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John Dunlop

DUNLOP OF THAT ILK.

MEMORABILIA

OF THE

FAMILIES OF DUNLOP,

With Special Reference to JOHN DUNLOP of Rosebank (author of the songs, O! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, and Here's to the year that's awa'), Doctor WILLIAM DUNLOP, "The Tiger," and JAMES DUNLOP, Astronomer Royal at Paramatta; with the whole of the SONGS, and a Large Selection from the POEMS, of JOHN DUNLOP,

BY

Ex-Bailie ARCHIBALD DUNLOP.

With Three Portraits.

(PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS)
KERR AND RICHARDSON, LIMITED, GLASGOW.

1898.

Memorabilia of the Families

OF

DUNLOP,

BY

EX-BAILIE ARCHIBALD DUNLOP.

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been transacted in former times, is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge.—*Johnson*

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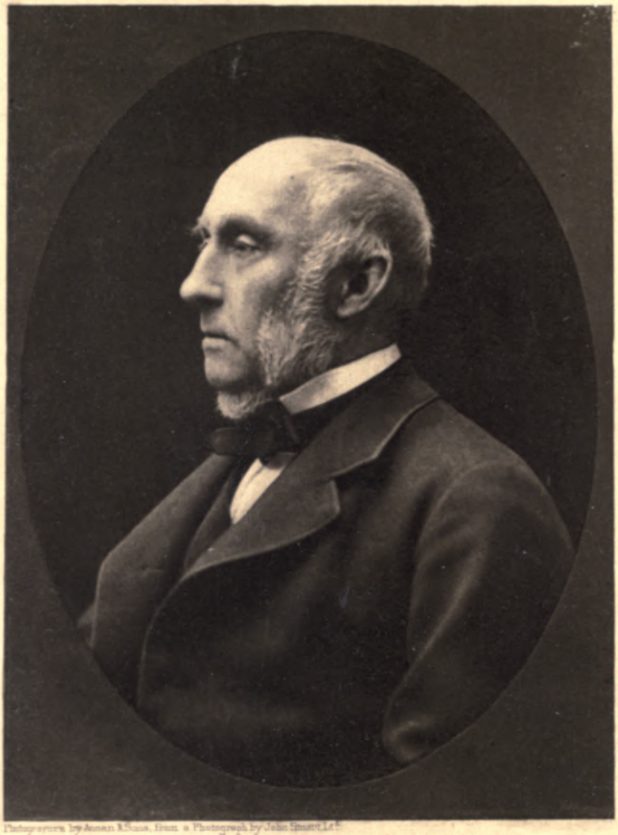

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James Dunlop

To the Memory of

JAMES DUNLOP, of Tollcross,

Born 1811, Died 1893,

WHOSE ancestors took a prominent part in the civil and religious struggles of Scotland, and was himself, in the course of a long life, eminently representative of the Garnkirk branch of the family, the mercantile and official relations of which with Glasgow have contributed to its progress and prosperity—these Memorabilia are dedicated.

PREFACE.

—o—

When about ten years ago the late James Dunlop of Tollcross favoured me with the perusal of a series of documents bearing upon the history of the Dunlop family, I had no idea that the result of my reading would take its present shape.

Claiming no direct descent from Dunlop of that Ilk, but inspired by a veneration for the name itself, and appreciating the force of a Frenchman's witticism, "Names are things," the present publication has been undertaken. Should, therefore, this unpretentious contribution to the literature of a Name lead to a further study of local family records, the main purpose of these *memorabilia* will have been served. I have to acknowledge obligation to George Gray, Esq., Town Clerk of Rutherglen, etc., and Miss Jane M. Dunlop of Tollcross, for valuable assistance.

ARCHD. DUNLOP.

Cragdarroch, Cove,
Dumbartonshire, February, 1898.

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ERRATA.

Page xi., eleventh line from top, for "Port-Glasgow" read "Greenock."

Page 9, last line, for "*Barranfield*" read "*Barrowfield.*"

Page 66, "Limited space alone prevents further allusion to them" to follow "gallery of distinguished men," on opposite page.

Page 89, sixth line from bottom of page, for "*sae*" read "*say.*"

Page 96, fourth line from bottom of page, for "*purthy*" read "*furthy.*"

CONTENTS.

SONGS AND POEMS.

POEMS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE SONGS AND POEMS OF JOHN DUNLOP OF ROSEBANK.

———:———

First Edition—Ten Copies—Greenock, ... 1817.
Second Edition—Ten Copies—Greenock, ... 1818.
Third Edition—Fifty Copies—Edinburgh,... 1836.

The Title of the Edinburgh Edition is—"Poems on Several Occasions from 1793 to 1816."

The only copy known of the two vols. (1817–1818) is in the Library at Abbotsford, and was presented to "Walter Scott, Esq.," by the author in 1818.

MEMORABILIA
OF THE DUNLOPS.

THE annals of a people, the memoirs of a life, the vast treasures of history, have their origin in that desire to know what has happened to other men, which only yields to the desire of relating what we know about ourselves.

The world, it has been said, is upheld by the veracity of good men. We are ever disposed to live under the shadow of such ancestral superiors. Our lands, our children, are called by their names; their sayings have come down to us in the form of quaint maxims; and tangible memorials of their worth are to be found in our homes. Almost every incident in our daily life recalls something to remind us fondly of them.

In these *memorabilia* of some notable members of the ancient family of Dunlop, it is the writer's design to select for illustration, from among their records, those who have been distinguished in public or mercantile life, and especially the few who by their contributions to the world of letters have adorned the name they bear.

Some fabulous theories regarding the origin of the name "Dunlop" obtained currency in olden times, but competent authorities nowadays agree that the patronymic of this

old family,' like many others in Scotland, is derived from locality. Chalmers avers that the name "Dunlop" has its root in the Celtic word "dunlaib," signifying "the hill at the bending or winding." There is a hill, or "dun," in the vicinity of the village of Dunlop, near which a small stream called the Glazert describes such a bend, as if to render the place still characteristic of its etymology.

The lands in Cunningham on which the pastoral estate of Dunlop is situated were originally possessed by the De Morvilles, a Norman family, of whom they were held by Dom Godfrey De Ross, a nobleman of good repute, who dwelt there, and under whose jurisdiction the Sheriffdom of Ayr and Kyle was placed during the minority of David II. Boarland, Hunthall, or Dunlop Hill, as the place has at various times been designated, still bears faint traces of a fortified residence of this legal functionary, who, joining with the Baliol faction against Bruce in the contest for the Scottish Crown, forfeited his possessions, which during the reign of David II. were further reduced. Hunthall was a name applied to the residence of Dunlop of that Ilk in subsequent times, suggesting that the original Dunlop had been Huntsman to De Ross. This circumstance has led a local historian to assume that the "Dunlop" acting as Huntsman in the adjoining forest-covered land was a "Servitour."

The country, prior to the De Morvilles' possession of it, is believed to have had a Celtic population. It may, therefore, be assumed that the Huntsman was of the same racial descent. Forfeiture of possessions naturally followed the Baliol upheaval in Cunningham, and it is within the range of historical probability the sagacious Huntsman,

whether of Norman or Celtic extraction, acquired these lands, and became entitled to use the style and patronymic by which his descendants have become known to us.

The first of the name "Dunlop" of whom we have reliable evidence is Dom Gulielmus de Dunlop, who appears in a notarial copy of an inquest now in the Charter Chest of the Burgh of Irvine, in a cause betwixt the Burgh and Dom Godfrey de Ross, in 1260, regarding lands held by them from De Ross. This submission took place before four Barons named De Boll (or Baliol), Dom de Gray, Dom de Fleming, and Dom de Crawford. Other Barons being named by mutual agreement, and several of them styled simply "Majister," in the foregoing inquiry, thus so early as 1260 we have the word "Dom," or "Dominus," applied to Gulielmus Dunlop, implying an equality of title with the Baliols and Crawfords of that early period on the part of William Dunlop, and thus also disposing of the imputed "Servitour."

The next of the name is Neil Fitz-Robert de Dulap who in 1296 appears in the Ragimonds Roll for that year and whom Nisbet conjectures to be Dunlop of that Ilk. "Delap" or "Dulop" is the vernacular pronunciation of "Dunlop" throughout Ayrshire and other districts of Scotland where the name abounds to this day. In Ireland, "Dunlop" is variously spelt "Dulap" and "Dunlap," the United States, too, having eminent professional and mercantile men who write their name "Dunlap."

For about 200 years the link in the chain of the Dunlop of Dunlop is so broken that only about 1460, on the appearance of Constantine Dunlop, grandson of the Alex-

ander Dunlop to whom Rymer refers as of that Ilk, in the reign of James I. of Scotland, have we such reliable data as will warrant the construction of a pedigree of Dunlop of Dunlop reaching onward through the Garnkirk development of their name and mercantile achievements. Setting aside all controversy concerning the unreliable character of the evidence as to the identity of some of the earlier Dunlop families prior to the appearance of Constantine (whose own father is unknown to us, though his grandfather's existence is clearly established), what we do ascertain, through the mists of inference and deduction of the old race of Dunlop, discloses to us that their anxiety to re-possess their ancestral possession, which had been lost for a time amidst reversals of fortune and alienations, was prompted by a lofty ambition to recover the natural inheritance of the family. Their territorial possessions in those days were comparatively small, still they were evidently a shrewd race of men, in whom, probably, were united "the greed of the laird with the craft of the merchant," qualities which have lost nothing by transmission to successors who have made their name and fame historic in the chronicles of the West of Scotland. In a very able contribution by the late Colin Dunlop Donald, entitled "The Dunlop Mansion in Argyle Street," we have the fruits of his laborious researches in the "Privy Council Register" and "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," where some younger members of the Dunlop family play a not very creditable part. These extracts reveal a curious condition of lawlessness prevailing during the close of the sixteenth century among the Dunlops and many other contemporary Ayrshire families.

James Dunlop, who married a daughter of Hamilton of Orbieston about 1540, had two sons, James and Allan, who are described as unruly youths, which they probably were, and nothing more. Allan the younger had the "original wickedness" to perpetrate a piracy on the coast of Fairlie, which a modern reader might readily, and perhaps justly, call a frolicsome lark, seeing that no blood was spilt. This adventure of a party of fast young fellows during the sixteenth century, as recorded in the "Register of the Privy Council," is so "picturesque" that no apology is required for its insertion in the language of that time among these *memorabilia*:—

"Anent oure soverane Lordis letters, rasit at the instance of Lyon la Blankschew, indweller in Bertangne [Brittany], maister of ane Schip callit the Perundaill, of Morbian mak and mention [name]. That quhair in the month of October last bipast, he arryvit at the port and havin of Irwin, ladin with certane greit [coarse] salt and uther marchandice pertening to divers indivellaris of the town of Irwin, and becaus of the dangeare for schippis to remane in the oppin raid foranent the same, eftir the said 'Lyon' had disburynnit his said schip of ane greit part of her laidyning he causit transport hir to the raid of Littill Cumray under the Lord of Fairleis place upoun hir ankir neirby the schoir on the esit syde within half ane flicht schot to land, to remane thair quhill wind and weddir mycht serve for hir returning agane to the portis of Bertaigne, hoping in the mentyme to have sustenit na stay, troubill, persute, nor impediment in respect of the gude friendschip and amytie standing betwixt the realmis of France and Scotland.

"Nochtwithstanding, Allan Dunlop, sone to Dunlop of that Ilk, Robert Craufurd in Glasgow, Johnne Boyd in Menyboill, Thomas Andersoun marinar in Glasgow, James Craufurde in Innerkip, James Pawtoun pyper in Largs, Henry Prestoun in Air, Allane Mure in Irwin, Gawin Hammiltoun in Glasgow, Costene Rankene in Largis, Archibald Aitkin in Air, Johnne Millar in Innerkip, Williame Kery and Williame Bell wuth utheris their complices to the nowmer of XXIII. personis, or thairby, with ane greit boit burdit and enterit perforce in Lyonis schip upon the XXII. day of October last bipast about midnicht, took the samyn with hir apparalling and furnissing and careit hir with certane pure marinaris being thairintill to Lumlasche within the Yle of Arrane, quhair they set them all on land, the said Lyon with the conter maister and merchant [supercargo] being in this menetyme within the said toun of Irwin, as ane testimoniall of the Provest and Baillies of the same declaring the haill premisses to be of veritie at mair lenth proportis.

"Quhilkis personis spuilyearis [spoilers] foirsaidis hes alreddy, at the leist intendis schortlie to depart to the seyis with his said schip in oppin robbery quhair upon forder inconvenient is abill to follow to the brek of the gude peace and bringing on of weare gif tymous remeid be not providit. [The persons complained upon, and also John Craufurd, brother of Thomas Craufurd, of Jordanhill, by whose persuasion 'it is bruitit' the deed was committed, failing to appear to answer to the complaint, are denounced rebels.]"

The affair does not come up again in the Privy Council

Register, so presumably Lyon got back the "Perundaill," and returned to Morbian rejoicing.

Allan Dunlop and his crew of twenty-three scapegraces, having got full command of the "Perundaill's" wine bunkers, after a jolly carousal, with a Largs piper on board, possibly cruised round the Isle of Arran, and very probably returned to Lamlash Bay, where they had landed the poor French sailors, and delivered up the stolen craft to them, minus the stores consumed, and wended their way to their respective places of abode, rejoicing in the successful issue of their piratical adventure.

James Dunlop, "the auld son," was often in trouble, as the "Privy Council Register" discloses, arising from family squabbles of intensely human interest to the parties immediately concerned, but certainly to nobody else now.

It is perhaps worthy of remark, in connection with the prolific family of Dunlop, that from the earliest known period of their history, though the pastoral domain of Dunlop was not extensive, and their reputed wealth was inconsiderable, still, amid all the vicissitudes incident to those unsettled times, their social position enabled the race to contract matrimonial alliances with the best blood of Ayrshire—a characteristic which has distinguished the family of Dunlop not less in later than in earlier times. Constantine Dunlop, who died in 1505, left a daughter, Janet, who married James Stuart, Sheriff of Bute, great grandson of King Robert II. After that period, we find members of the family allied to a Douglas, a Maxwell, a Lyon of Glammis, a Hamilton of Orbieston, a Montgomerie, and a Cunningham of Glencairn.

James Dunlop of Dunlop succeeded to the ancestral estate in 1596, by his marriage with Jean, a daughter of Sir James Somerville of Cambusnethan. They had five sons, and at least two daughters :—

1.—James, the oldest, who succeeded to the estate in 1617.

2.—Alexander, whose identity can only be proved by his being named with his brothers as curators in a marriage contract of their niece.

3.—John, who purchased the lands of Garnkirk, and was the founder of the Glasgow branch of the family.

4.—William, to whom his father conveyed the lands of Bloak.

5.—Thomas, who purchased Househill.

6.—Dorothy, who married James Stewart, Merchant, Glasgow.

7.—Christian, who married Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

The authority for this list of James Dunlop's family, which differs to some extent from that of some local historians, who place John second instead of third, is the late John Buchanan, LL.D., whose elaborate researches into the history of the Dunlops of Garnkirk, and their descendants, are contained in a manuscript volume in the possession of the family of the late James Dunlop of Tollcross, which forms a reliable source of information regarding the Garnkirk Dunlop pedigree.

It is to be hoped that this manuscript may one day be printed in its entirety (as a contribution not only to the

History of Glasgow, but to that of the many Glasgow families with whom the Dunlops intermarried), before "decay's effacing fingers" dim the fine penmanship of our distinguished antiquary.

It may be worthy of notice here, in connection with John Dunlop's collateral relations, that his mother, Jean Somerville, had three sisters, one of whom—Nicolas—was married to Walter, first Lord Blantyre, and was grandmother of the beautiful Lady Frances Theresa Stewart, Duchess of Richmond, with whom Charles the II. was so deeply and hopelessly enamoured. The other two sisters were connected by marriage with the Skenes and the Whitfords of Lanarkshire. So much for the family relations of John Dunlop of "Garnkirk."

He himself became a Merchant, and was very prosperous. His Burgess ticket is dated Glasgow, 18th July, 1631. There are reasons for believing that he was a foreign Merchant, trading to Holland, as many Scotsmen did at that time. Being a younger son, he could not have much patrimony, so that the very considerable fortune which he possessed must have been the result of his own mercantile enterprise. He also improved his monetary position by marrying a rich widow, Bessie Dunlop, her first husband being John Muck'ldane,* Merchant Burgess of Glasgow, who died in 1630. John Dunlop appears to have invested the greater part, if not the whole, of his wife's fortune soon after the marriage, in the purchase of Garnkirk. This

*With reference to Muck'ldane, Dr Buchanan alludes to his having a sister married to Arthur Or, and they had a son named John Or.

Could this John be the first of the three John Orrs of Barranfield?

estate is in the parish of Cadder in Lanarkshire. In early times, the lands formed part of the extensive possessions of the Church, and were first secularised in 1537, during the reign of James VI.

The Stirlings of Cadder had been identified from an early period as owners of the lands of Garnkirk. John Stirling, of the Balquharrage branch of the family, fued them from the Commendator of Glasgow, in 1587. He had several sons, who, after Garnkirk was sold to John Dunlop in 1634, settled in Glasgow, and became distinguished among its mercantile aristocracy.

Besides being a Merchant Burgess, John Dunlop appears to have been a sort of banker, or dealer in money, and seems to have lent large sums to various parties, showing his possession of wealth independently of his wife's fortune. This money-lending propensity proved, however, to be a source of annoyance and litigation during his latter days—amongst others, through a loan to Patrick Simpson (afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow), amounting to about £1066 sterling, and also a large sum lent to his cousin, Dr Whytford, Sub-Dean of Glasgow, afterwards Bishop of Brechin. From the character of the securities held from these clerics, disputes afterwards arose, and he was subjected to actions in the Court of Session, lasting for years, which were not finally closed at his death. Ultimately, however, he and his son James were absolved from the claims sought to be declared against them.

Still, further, John Dunlop had to interfere in the matters of his eldest brother, James Dunlop of that Ilk, who, being opposed to the views of Charles II., in attempting to force

Episcopacy on Scotland, had made open resistance. This action rendered it expedient for James to convey Dunlop to his brother John in trust. He appears to have taken possession of the estate in 1663, though five years afterwards he resigned it in favour of his nephew. He also lent money to the Laird, his brother. There is a bond by James to John, dated at Dunlop Place, 2nd February, 1634, for 1,000 merks "for expeding of my lawful affairs and business." It conveys the plenishing in the house of Dunlop in security. This bond was stated "to be written by Mr Alexander Dunlop my brother," and both he and Thomas Dunlop of Househill subscribe as witnesses.

John Dunlop died intestate in March, 1662, the amount of the Inventory being only £190, and the debts due by him £106. The smallness of the personal estate naturally excites surprise, and may have arisen from John Dunlop having conveyed his means (during life) to save the quot payable to the Bishop on the means of a deceased person. This grievous charge amounted to one-twentieth part of the moveables, without deducting the debts at the time of the decease. It was a monstrous injustice, which was not remedied till the Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1669, whereby the quot was made chargeable on the free estate only, and was abolished entirely in 1701. James Dunlop, the son and sole beneficiary, having been a writer in Glasgow, very likely advised his father to save to his successor payment of the quot altogether, by divesting himself of his means during his own lifetime. This conjecture has an air of probability about it, when it is remembered that John Dunlop was then in the toils of litigation with the Bishop in the Court of Session.

Turning from this lengthy notice of John Dunlop of Garnkirk, which is very much abridged from family papers, Alexander Dunlop, his senior brother, falls to be noticed as the member of the family from whom has sprung the clerical and professional members of the Auchenskaith branch.

Paterson, in his "Ayrshire Families," makes no reference to Alexander, while Dr. Buchanan incontestibly proves his identity as the second son of his father, and senior brother to John of Garnkirk.

He is supposed to have been the father of the Dunlop of the same name (Alexander) who was appointed one of the ministers of the Abbey Church of Paisley in 1644, as recorded in the Minute Book of the Paisley Presbytery, and who died at Paisley in 1677. In the "Statistical Account of Scotland" the Rev. Robert M'Nair, Minister of the First Charge in the Abbey Church of Paisley, in alluding to him, states "Mr Dunlop was of the house of Dunlop in Ayrshire, Principal Dunlop of Glasgow was the son of this Alexander, the Paisley Minister."

Woodrow, in his copious allusions to the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, supplies the following abridged notice of his character and attainments—"I hear it remarked of him that he was a man as eminent in his time for many things as any one man"

He was distinguished for learning in all the points of scholastic and practical divinity, was an able preacher, and besides, singularly qualified to deal with persons suffering from mental distress, pleasant in conversation, and very frank and communicative. Of his son William, who became Principal of Glasgow University, and Historiographer for Scotland—he was very young when his father died—speaking of him prior

to his decease, he said "As far as Will. is concerned, he fills all my 'caumes,' answers all my expectations." Standing by his father's bedside weeping, when he was dying, he said "William, thou was always a good son to me; the Lord bless thee; my blessing be upon thee."

Contemporary ministers concur in high commendation of Mr Dunlop of the Abbey Church, Paisley. During the beginning of his ministry his style of preaching was calm and subdued, but as he advanced in life, though assailed with bodily weakness, he became more vehement in manner—in short, was a powerful preacher, and to the last days of his ministry, prosecuted his studies with intense youthful ardour.

After the sad wrench to the covenanting Presbyterians caused by the "Pentland Hill Rising," he was depressed in spirit. His preaching then became marked by a kind of *groan* at the end of a sentence. A distinguished neighbour minister, who was accustomed to assist in the Abbey Church at communion seasons, said of him—"Many a good word he *groaned* over my head this day."

Principal Dunlop wrote a descriptive account of Renfrewshire, which is referred to in Crawford's History of that county as the work of a reverend and curious antiquary. He had also an interesting correspondence, still existing in MS., regarding the "Improvement of the Fisheries on the River Clyde," which might probably be of some interest in these days, when the purification of the river has become a burning local question.

Dr Dennistoun, younger of Dennistoun, in a biographical notice of Principal William Dunlop, eldest son of Rev. Alexander Dunlop of Paisley, states that he was an active

supporter of the moderate Covenanting party, and continued all through life devoted to the principles of his early love. His mother, Elizabeth, was a daughter of William Mure of Glanderston, and his surroundings were among the Ayrshire families, who were ardently attached to the Presbyterian cause, many of them being sufferers in the "Killing Times." He became a minister of the Church of Scotland at a critical juncture of her history. Despairing of any relief from the oppressions of that period, the new and promising settlements in America offered him, and others whose opinions he shared, an asylum where they enjoyed that liberty of conscience they were denied at home.

Along with other friends, he then emigrated to Carolina. Naturally shrewd, and of an active temperament, his influence with his party was far beyond what might be expected of such a young man.

His marriage with Sarah, sister to the celebrated Principal Carstairs, contributed to bring out the heroic and saintly influence of a devoted wife, who afterwards joined him in his exile.

On arrival in America, he quickly adapted himself to the altered circumstances of his position, and, while performing the functions of his sacred calling, became an officer of a Militia Regiment raised for the protection of the peace of the country, besides occupying himself with mercantile pursuits.

On returning to his native land in 1690, after the Revolution Settlement of 1688, various clerical appointments were offered him, but he accepted the Principalship of Glasgow University, to which William III. had presented

him in recognition of his own and his brother-in-law's (Mr Carstairs') valuable services. In the discharge of the important duties of this office, Principal Dunlop was ever faithful to the interests of the University, seeking for the promotion of the public rather than his own benefit. His influence at Court procured a grant of £300 per annum to help the then impoverished condition of the College revenues.

In 1693 he was appointed Historiographer for Scotland, with the modest salary of £40 per annum. "Cut off in the prime of life, he left behind him a name distinguished by the rarely united excellencies of an eminent scholar, an accomplished antiquary, a shrewd merchant, a brave soldier, an able politician, a zealous divine, and an able man."

Of his two sons who succeeded him, Alexander became eminent as a Professor of Greek in the same University with which his father was connected. Cosmo Innes, in his "Sketches of Early Scotch History," when describing his mode of teaching Greek, states, "He taught Verney's Grammar in the Bajan or junior class, and occupied the whole session chiefly with it, the authors whom he named being evidently *read* only as illustrative and subordinate to the elementary instruction." Mr Dunlop was for a long time Professor of Greek, and was esteemed for his knowledge of the language and his manner of teaching it

William Dunlop filled the Chair of Divinity and Church History in the University of Edinburgh. He is reported to have been a learned and eloquent minister, but is chiefly known by his publication (in 1719) of a "Collection of Confessions of Faith," and an elaborate dissertation on the

"Value of Creeds." He died in Edinburgh in 1720, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

To resume in a summary way a further notice of the notable members of the Dunlop family. James Dunlop having got back from his uncle the lands assigned to him, the Laird of Garnkirk's connection with the estate of Dunlop was now severed. James the beneficiary became, like many other gentlemen in Ayrshire, a warm supporter of the Presbyterian party. About the time of the Pentland Rising he made over to the Earl of Dundonald a large portion of his lands, to avoid forfeiture; he was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, and was only released on granting a heavy bond to keep the peace.

His son Alexander did not succeed to the estate. He too was a heavy sufferer in those times. Suspected of having been out at Bothwell Brig, he was arrested, and had to give up a portion of the lands granted him by his father-in-law. He very soon afterwards emigrated to South Carolina, where he was appointed Sheriff. His son and successor, John, acquired from the Earl of Dundonald the property assigned to him by his grandfather, and was succeeded by his brother Francis, who is known (along with other gentlemen) as having been a witness to the deposition of the Scottish Regalia in the Castle of Edinburgh at the time of the Union, in 1707. He took an active part against the Chevalier in 1715, by raising a regiment of cavalry for the King's service. John, his eldest son, succeeded to the estate of Dunlop, and married the last surviving daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, whose mother was a daughter of Col. Agnew of Lochryan. This Mrs Dunlop

is the lady who is celebrated as the early friend and correspondent of Robert Burns, a woman whose genius and talents appear to have been second only to those of the world-famed poet himself. It is a singular fact that so highly did Burns appreciate the merits and friendship of this amiable lady, his letters to her are couched in a more serious and moral tone, almost approaching to awe, than those to any of his other female correspondents.

Mrs Dunlop was among the first to discover the marvellous genius of the poet, and stood his firm friend and even adviser through good and evil report to the end of his chequered life. No wonder then that the friends and admirers of Burns have enshrined the memory of Frances Ann Dunlop of Dunlop in the inmost recesses of their hearts.

Few of her letters to Burns have been preserved, and Mrs Burns, having been once asked if she could account for their not being forthcoming, replied that Robert had taken it into his head that Mrs Dunlop had deserted him, and during a fit of despondency to which he was often subject, he threw a lot of her letters and "mony mair" into the fire.

Mrs Dunlop's eldest son succeeded to the estate of his maternal grandfather, and took the name and title of Wallace of Craigie. James, her third son, succeeded in 1784 to the estate of Dunlop. He entered upon a military career, and served in the American war, where he attained the rank of Major. Afterwards he went to India as Captain of 79th Regiment, commanding an assaulting column at the siege of Seringapatam, where he was severely wounded.

Returning to England, he attained the rank of Major-General, and was appointed to the command of a Brigade in Wellington's Army in the Peninsula. In 1815 he was elected Member for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

At his death James Dunlop was succeeded by his son, John Dunlop, who was at one time an officer in the Grenadier Guards. He was twice married, his second wife being Harriet Primrose, eldest daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. He represented the County of Ayr in Parliament, and was created a Baronet in 1838.

By his first wife he had a son, James Dunlop, who succeeded as second Baronet. He entered the Coldstream Guards, and became Major in 1855, was present throughout the Crimean War, and wore the medal and clasps for the Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. He died unmarried in 1858, when the title became extinct.

Following the career of the Glasgow branch of the family, we find there were four successive Dunlops of Garnkirk in the direct line between 1634 and 1769, when the last laird died, three of these being named James, and the eldest no doubt christened after his grandfather, James of that Ilk. James, the only son of the first laird, was trained to the law. He married, during his father's lifetime, Elizabeth, daughter of James Roberton of Bedlay, afterwards Lord Bedlay, her maternal uncle being Alexander Cunningham of Craigends.

Of this marriage there were nine children—six sons, (1) James, the eldest, (2) John, (3) William, (4) Alexander, (5) Thomas, (6) Archibald; and three daughters.

In the voluminous "Dunlop Papers" which had belonged

to the late Mrs Patrick, and afterwards in a condensed form to the late James Dunlop of Tollcross, Dr John Buchanan states that there are among them numerous letters from three of these young men, John, William, and Archibald, addressed to their parents, during the period of their education in London and in Rotterdam, preparatory to a commercial career. Of these long and interesting epistles,* which are couched in terms of affectionate regard for their parents, only brief extracts can be afforded space for in this volume.

John was sent to London to be trained for a mercantile life, and specially to acquire a knowledge of "book holding" (book-keeping). He remained there from January, 1682, till March, 1683. His letters evince much prudence, thrift, and a strong desire by "self help" to push forward in the world. His first intention was to embark on a trading voyage, as was common in those days, to Cadiz and the Straits, but, abandoning that project, he, with consent of his parents, resolved to proceed to New York. His father to this end advanced him, as his patrimony, £130, and provided with a small assortment of linens and other goods, selected as suitable for that market by an experienced London Quaker, he left the Thames in a ship commanded by another Quaker, named Richardson, in March, 1683.

On the 15th June he writes:—"We made the land of

*The address on one of John Dunlop's letters is curious. In those days there was no post office in Glasgow. "For the Laird of 'Garnkirk' to be left at James Campbell's, vintner, Edinburgh, Scotland, to be sent to Glasgow."

The paper is *coarse* folio, and John Dunlop often urges his friends when writing him to use similar paper, so that they may have plenty of room.

Mariland and yt same night we came within the Capes into the Bay of Dellawar (Delaware), where, after we had got up into ye river, we stayed upon yt account of our many passengers until ye letter end of June, and we came here to New York upon July 5th." He tells his father, that, within one week after his arrival, he had disposed of all his stock "for present monie, and now I have not one farthing worth to dispose of, nor has lost neither by bad debtors or mony anie thing. Qth is a great matter for a stranger in ye place."

He then sent to England a quantity of furs and peltries, consigned to merchants in London. The bill of lading was in favour of his father, and is still in the heart of the letter, dated New York, 4th August, 1683. He writes that it was his original intention to have invested all the moneys of his adventure in produce and peltries, and return to England, but that he had changed his mind, and reserving the remaining two-thirds of his money he invested it in flour, with which he sailed to Curaçoa, one of the Leeward Islands, and Jamaica.

His last letter to his father, dated New York, August, 1683, states that he expects to be back in England by the end of the year, but he never returned, as he died at Curaçoa of fever in November, 1683. One Duncan Glen writes under date Edinburgh, July, 1684, stating "that he had carried his head to the grave, all his effects were in safe keeping." His father ultimately received their value, amounting to about £170.

This young man appears to have had a promising career before him, and was possessed of great decision of character;

his letters to his father show much intelligence, those to his mother being singularly beautiful in sentiment.

William Dunlop, the third son of James of Garnkirk, was also intended for a mercantile life, and so was sent to Holland in 1681 to acquire a commercial education (specially book holding). As in those days there was great intercourse between the two countries, many Scotsmen were settled in Rotterdam and other Dutch towns as merchants, besides many others who found refuge there from the persecutions which had been raging at home. The appointment of a Conservator to protect the interests of Scottish commerce formed part of Scotland's early commercial policy.

In one of his earliest letters, William mentions that a James Dunlop,* his cousin, probably of the Househill family, was settled in Rotterdam; this cousin and his wife were very kind to him, as shown in many little acts of attention

*In Blair's Glasgow Necropolis, p. 56, there is an allusion to a James Dunlop of Rotterdam, who may be the same person :—"Like the Dunlops and Buchanans, the Bogles are one of the oldest and most respectable families connected with this City, in proof of which it may be mentioned that James Bogle, merchant in Glasgow, was selected by the estates of the Scottish Parliament at the time of the Revolution in 1688, along with James Dunlop of Rotterdam, and George Clarke, merchant in Edinburgh, for the delicate and responsible duty of importing not less than 'ten thousand' stand of arms for the use of his Majesty's subjects in this Kingdom."

The families of Dunlop of more modern date are numerous throughout Holland, but specially in Rotterdam and the Dutch Colonies.

Intermarrying with Dutch families, they form a prominent class amongst the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers of Holland. (Of them more anon.) In Woodrow's collections there is a letter by Sir James Stewart, afterwards Lord Advocate, to Mr William Carstairs, then in Holland. It is addressed—"For Mr James Dunlop, Merchant in Rotterdam, send this pr post to yer Cussin at Leyden, delay it not." "This James Dunlop was a son of Rev. Alexander Dunlop of Paisley, and may not be of Househill, but the Auchenskaith branch of Dunlops." So writes Rev. Dr Burns of Paisley, editor of Woodrow's "Church History" (1835).

to their relative. He had left home about a year earlier than his elder brother John, and there is much of a tender domestic feeling in his correspondence which is difficult to abridge. William and John were fondly attached brothers, who never met again, after leaving Garnkirk. John in writing to his father alludes frequently to William, who had gone on a trading voyage to the coast of Spain, and the Straits, and doubtless his brother's success had influenced him to try the same coast before changing his mind and sailing on the fatal trip to Curaçoa.

William writes to his mother from Rotterdam in October, 1681:—"I being to remain here all the Winter, I expect with the first occasion ane good Kelt Cott, who thinks it may be more convenient to make it at home nor hire abroad, and lyne it weel for the Winter, put on it a good button, and mak James Wedderspoon to make it handsomely, also two pair of stockens and two pair of shoes, the one strong to wire here in Winter, the other very hansom to come home with in the Springe."

Like John, William wrote a good hand, the penmanship of both brothers evidencing a decided superiority in the tuition and style of London and Rotterdam over that of Scotland. In one of his letters to his father, he beseeches that he may be authorised to "get ane perewick [perewig] before I come home, my hair being very thin." In another (May, 1681) he details the expense of living in Rotterdam thus:—"We pay hire at school 100 full dollars in year for our dayet, and also 40 Gulders for Book holding, and to the wife, which is custom, a silver spoon, and a tin chamber-pot, which, all the half year shall come to 173 Gulders, for

if I should stay only a quarter, he should have the 40 Gulders for Bookholding, the spoon and the chamberpot therefore loving father my remaining hire half a year, shall be more than I remained but a quarter 62 Gulders 10 stuyerrs, for my dyat in quarter."

William was desirous to remain longer in Holland than was originally contemplated and adds that, if allowed to do so till the ensuing spring, "I think I might keep any man's book." Hence the foregoing argument and calculation. Again, he explains the nature of "dyat":—"Loving father we have at school got verie good dyat have had my stomack verie extraordinar weel our dyat being always flesch, fisch, butter, cheese, I must at sometimes tak som cakies, but as sparing as I can, which I think you will allow me, for this is a scherp country, therefore I nid speak no nor more." William was learning Dutch, with which his letters are flavoured.

He comments upon his dress as follows:—"Loving father mind [mine] clothes yt I got at my sisters marriage [about two years previously] shall soon be skuffed, becaus I have not another sout, that I can put on, for you know, mind other clothes is so short, that I cannot put them on without mind riding cott, be above them and yt I cannot indure ye vader, is so vehement warm, and if it please Got yt I shall be in this country in ye Winter season, I shall not be able to wear them for stritness becaus I cannot put on an little cott beneath them. There are 5 Scotsmen here at School with me."

He suggests the following improvement in his attire:—"For ane rug (Rough Cote) I would be varie desyrous of

it if you get it over wt a fitt occasion. James Widderspoon knows my measure, therefor I would reather make it at home, and lyne it after your own fancie, send it with two pair of schoes and two pair of my mothers stockens wt the first occasion, for it is now wating kold. My humble service and the verie love of my heart presented to you my loving father, and to my dear tenderhearted mother, to my two dear billies, James and John, to my sister and brother-in-law, to all the rest of my brethern and sisters and to my two Aunts."

William Dunlop returned to Scotland (in 1682) well versed in "bookholding," and, his handwriting being vastly improved, his peculiar form of writing the initial letter of his name—"W"—has in after times served to decide his identity when met with in witnessing an attestation of a deed. After a short stay in Garnkirk, he seems to have engaged in trading on the coast of Spain, and turns up again in Holland. He is supposed to have been successful, and became resident in Glasgow as a merchant, but little is known of him or of his family from the Patrick papers.

Archibald Dunlop, the fifth son, was called after his mother's eldest brother, Archibald Roberton of Bedlay. Some glimpses of his history are derived from letters to his father, and, like his brothers William and John, he embarked on the same kind of foreign trading. After making two successful voyages, both from New York and Boston, he contemplated a third voyage, which he very graphically outlines, as the following extract from a long letter will show:—

'I have bought a quarter pairt of a Ketch about 66

Tons burthen, which ye rest of the Owners with myself intend for a trading voing [voyage] upon the Coast 'Crocus' [Carracas] among the Spaniards, if it please God I should return safe I shall quickly after see you.

"Ye rest of the owners are very pressing to have me goe ye voige in her, but I am yet unresolved what to do, in regaird it is infinitely worse than death, to be made a captive, by a people in whom there is not the least sense of honour, and from whome thair prisoners have never received anything, but ye most severe barbarities, however when I again consider that money which I came abroad ye World for, is to be made among these inhuman butchers, this gives me new desires to go upon ye designe, but when I am absolutely determined what to do in this matter, shall by ye first opportunity thereafter write you."

He adds that he expected to be home "next summer at furthest, and in the meantime sends a Bill of Exchange by Thomas Cosford, Merchant in Edinburgh, (who is uncle to Sd. Cosford, and has ye manegement of his estate in his absence) for £220 current monie of Scotland, payable as you'll find by perusing of ye bill unto yourself or assigns ye 29th day of July next ensuing," which is twelve months after date of his bills. "This bill," he states, "is ye first froints [fruits] of American voiges into Europe."

The letter further states that he had made his will, constituting his brother James his heir, in case of death. In a letter to him, he requests—"When you write, let me know how your Wife and children doe, and if your son Jammie and daughters are all alive.

"Brother please give my humble duty to my Uncle

Bedlay and his lady, to my Cousin young Bedlay and his lady, and write Mis Jean Hamilton, who is (for I dare own it unto you now without blushes) the only person that ever invaded my repose, if she is married, tell her from me, that I shall always pray that she may always possess ye most perfect joys that a married state is capable to afford. Give my love to my old Auntie, and her daughter Jennie Herbertson, which after my sincere love to yourself Wife and children is all from Brother,

"Your loving Brother and humble Servant,

"ARCHIBALD DUNLOP."

There is no further trace of Archibald in the Dunlop Papers, and no indication whether he actually went to Carracas, or what became of him. So much for the three enterprising sons, notable members of Dunlop of that Ilk, and grandsons of John Dunlop, first Laird of Garnkirk.

Jean was the eldest daughter of James Dunlop of Garnkirk, as already stated, and was twice married. Her first husband, who was Robert Campbell of North Woodside, a son of Colin Campbell of Blythswood, was a Merchant in Glasgow, and died in June, 1694, aged 47. After being a widow for three years, she was married secondly to Patrick Coutts, Merchant, Edinburgh. The contract of this marriage was witnessed as follows:—

1.—David, Earl of Southesk.

2.—Sir James Scougall, one of the Lords of Session.

3.—Sir Robert Dickson.

4.—James Roberton, Advocate, of Bedlay.

5.—Wm. Dunlop, Principal of Glasgow College.

6.—Thomas Dunlop, Chirurgeon, Edinburgh, his brother.

7.—William Livingston, Aberdeen.

8.—Alexander Pyper, Merchant, Montrose.

By this marriage, Jean Dunlop, who predeceased her husband, had two sons and one daughter. The oldest son, John (born July, 1699), became a Banker in Edinburgh, and Lord Provost of that city in 1742. He was father of Thomas, who went to London and founded there the well-known banking firm of Coutts & Co.*

Hence Jean Dunlop was grandmother of the millionaire Coutts, and great-great-grandmother of Georgina Angela Burdett, Baroness Burdett Coutts.

Resuming observations on the Dunlops of Garnkirk. About the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries the family records of this prolific race and its collateral branches and intermarriages with the merchant princes and landed gentry of the West of Scotland afford abundant materials for genealogical study.

The lawyer laird of Garnkirk's son, styled the third laird, married Lillias Campbell, of the North Woodside

* Low of Montrose, in his "Notes on the Coutts Family," published in 1892, writes regarding the origin of this notable family :—

"Slightly over two hundred and fifty years ago, there lived and died, as far as we know, in the 'Auld brughe' of Montrose, a woman Janet Ochiltree. Like many more of her sex, she was anxious to enter the matrimonial state, and, a suitable partner having been obtained, she was 'joined in the bond of marriage, acceptable to God, and dear to man,' to an honest burgher named William Coutts. They were blessed in their life with three children.

"Regarding this interesting couple little information has been handed down to us, but Janet Ochiltree died in 1638, and her husband, William Coutts, forty years later. He had been a Town Councillor in Montrose, 1657 and 1663.

"From this loving couple, whose early history is shrouded in mystery, have descended the illustrious family of Coutts, from whom sprang Patrick Coutts, fourth son of Provost John Coutts, who married Jean Dunlop in 1677. Her husband was known as a corn dealer and foreign merchant in Edinburgh, the founder of the illustrious family of financiers of European fame."

Campbells, who was the mother of sixteen children, and died at the age of thirty-four years. Some local authorities have questioned the possibility of such marvellous fecundity, but the carefully prepared record by the husband of this lady, among the Dunlop Papers, shows twin births occurring more than once, and completely removes any occasion for doubt that may have arisen on that subject.

James Dunlop was succeeded by his eldest son, James, who sold the estate of Garnkirk to his nephew James, who died in 1769.

We now turn to Colin Dunlop, his younger brother (the thirteenth child of the third laird James), born in 1716, who derived his name, Colin, from the Campbells of Blythswood. He married Martha Bogle, one of a name famous in early Glasgow annals, her mother being a daughter of Provost George Murdoch, who built the Mansion House known as the Buck's Head Hotel, so that Mrs Colin was "very Glasgow of very Glasgow."

Colin Dunlop, who was very successful as a Virginian merchant in his day, and a large importer of tobacco, was one of the six gentlemen who founded the first native Bank in Glasgow, known as the "Ship Bank," and which was afterwards merged into the Union Bank.

The Dunlop Mansion in Argyle Street, adjoining the one belonging to Provost George Murdoch, was built by him, and Dunlop Street, which ran past it, was named after him. He claimed the privilege of parading on the "plainstones" in front of the Exchange as a tobacco don, arrayed in scarlet cloak, and carrying a rattan. He bought the estate of Carmyle, and graduated in the Municipal Parliament of

Glasgow as Bailie, Lord Dean of Guild, and Lord Provost, in 1770, and died in 1777.

He had two sons and one daughter. (Of the second son, John Dunlop of Rosebank, more hereafter.) James, the eldest son, married Miss Buchanan of the Drumpellier family, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. Colin, the eldest son, born in 1775, passed advocate, but never practised. He acquired the Clyde Iron Works from his father's Trustees, and is the Colin Dunlop immortalised in Sandy Roger's *jeu d'esprit*, of which a few stanzas are appended:—

COLIN DULAP.

We're muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap,
We're muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap;
Ye're truly a worthy auld patriot chap
To enlighten your country sae, Colin Dulap.

Ye patronise *lear*, and ye propagate *licht*,
To guide erring man in the way that is *richt*;
Ne'er under a bushel your candle you clap,
But let it *lowe* openly, Colin Dulap.

A *burning* and *shining licht* close by the Clyde,
Illuming the country around, far and wide,
Ye bleeze like a beacon upon a hill tap—
A general benefit, Colin Dulap.

We pay for the sun, and we pay for the moon,
We pay for ilk starnie that blinks frae aboon;
But your kindly licht never cost us a rap;
'Tis as free as the air to us, Colin Dulap.

The sun I like weel, gin the sun wad bide still,
But then ilka nicht he slides doun 'yont the hill,
Like a plump ruddy carl gaun tae tak his bit nap.
You never forsake us sae, Colin Dulap.

The moon does fu' weel, when the moon's in the lift,
But, oh! the loose limmer tak's mony a shift,
Whiles here and whiles there, and whiles under a hap,
But yours is the steady licht Colin Dulap.

Aye, often I'm muekle behodden to you,
While ramblin' along between sober an' fou ;
Wi' a stoiter to this side, to that side a stap,
Ye show me the gate aye, guid Colin Dulap.

I canna weel reckon how long ye hae shin'd,
But I'm sure it's as long as my mither has mind ;
And in a' that long while there has ne'er been a gap
In your body o' licht, Canty Colin Dulap.

Oh, long may ye shine to enlighten us here,
And when you depart for some new unknown sphere'
That to shine on more glorious may still be your hap
Is the prayer o' your weelwisher, Colin Dulap.

In Gardner's reprint of Rodger's poem (1897) edited by Robert Ford, the editor says :—"None of Rodger's humorous pieces appeal more successfully to the denizens of the west of Scotland than the foregoing. The amiable and accomplished individual to whom it refers was the late Mr Colin Dunlop, for many years the principal proprietor of Clyde Iron Works, near Glasgow, whose smelting furnaces send out, in particular states of the atmosphere, an immense volume of light. The verses are expressive of the gratitude of a supposed half-tipsy country man, who, 'trauchlin' homewards from Glasgow market, finds the light in question act as a lamp to his feet and a guide to his path."

Colin became a prominent and popular leader of the Whig party of his day in the West of Scotland, and in 1855 was elected to represent Glasgow in Parliament, as one of its Members. He died unmarried in 1857.

JOHN DUNLOP OF ROSEBANK.

These *memorabilia* of an old Scottish family would be very incomplete if special reference to John Dunlop of Rosebank,* along with selections from his poetic effusions,

* This lovely spot, situated on the left bank of the River Clyde, near Cambuslang, was owned about the beginning of last century by Lord Provost Peter Murdoch and Mary Luke of Claythorn.

Their daughter, Margaret Murdoch, married Lord President Sir Thomas

were not embodied. Perhaps no member of this family has a stronger claim to be thus distinguished.

* He was the youngest son of Colin Dunlop of Carmyle, where he was born on the 1st December, 1755. Early in life he married Jessie Miller, daughter of Lord Glenlee, President of the Court of Session, by whom he had an only son, Colin J. Dunlop, Sheriff of Renfrewshire, author of the "History of Fiction," etc.

After completing a classical education, he entered upon a commercial career as a partner of his father's mercantile house—Colin Dunlop & Sons—of which his only brother, James, who afterwards became laird of Garnkirk, was also a partner. This firm was among the leading importers of tobacco in the City of Glasgow in their day. In Jones' Directory for 1787 we afterwards find John Dunlop in business on his own account, trading as John Dunlop & Co., Leech's Court, Trongate.

Entering the Town Council in 1784, he became successively a Bailie (in 1785-88), Lord Dean of Guild (in 1792-93), and Lord Provost (in 1794-95).

Miller of Glenlee, and towards the close of the century Rosebank became the possession of John Dunlop, their son-in law.

The romantic character of this domain, with its umbrageous wood, lent itself to artificial embellishment, and, in the hand of its new proprietor, his appreciation of natural beauty led to its mansion house and grounds being made one of the most attractive residences on the Clyde.

In 1801, Rosebank became, by purchase, the property of David Dale, of New Lanark celebrity.

The Caledonian Railway Company, in the course of their operations, acquired it, and divided the ground into two parts. The portion containing the mansion was sold to the Messrs Dunlop of Clyde Iron works, who soon afterwards disposed of it to J. Bain of Morriston.

* The accompanying portrait of John Dunlop is from a well-known painting by Sir Henry Raeburn.

During his municipal career he was a Director of Stirling's Library, a position for which his literary tastes eminently fitted him.

The building of Saltmarket Bridge was a project with which the Lord Dean has been justly credited; and, in raising funds for its construction, he had the hearty support of the monied classes of the community.

Possibly it is safe to affirm regarding him that no citizen who has since 1795 occupied the Lord Provost's chair excelled him in the possession of those intellectual gifts and that ripe scholarship which shed a lustre on the reign of some of our highest civic dignitaries.

When Lord Dean of Guild, he became identified with the promotion of a scheme for the better regulation of the City Police Force, which he advocated with so much ability and zeal at the Council Board that the patrons of the "Dogberries" employed a local artist to lampoon him in the following rhyme:---

"The plan was in the council moved
By an affected fop
Who came from the Turkish Don
And so knicknamed Dunlop,
Who struts still in the present rank
Dull Councillors among,
Because he apes the Turkie's dance
And eke the peacock's song."

Town Councillors of the John Dunlop type, in those as in more recent times, had to run the gauntlet of satirical abuse before judicious reforms could be carried to a successful issue.

It was when Dean of Guild that his influence with the

British Government led to his being deputed by the Merchants' House as their representative to the Commissioners appointed for issuing Exchequer Bills with a view to obtain an extension to the West of Scotland of financial facilities (at that time only enjoyed by English merchants), a measure of relief that was urgently needed during a period of disturbed mercantile credit. The records of the Merchants' House bear that Lord Dean of Guild Dunlop was successful in his negociations with the Commissioners, and that he had thereby earned the gratitude of his mercantile constituents.

The facetious chronicler, Senex, in "Past and Present," has supplied us with a remarkable instance of Lord Provost Dunlop's promptitude and humanity, of which the narrator was an eye-witness. The incident is rather gruesome in its details, though not without point, perhaps warning, to timid bailies, who naturally shrink from even witnessing the fulfilment of the due behests of law.

Jock Sutherland, a poor silly creature pitted with small-pox, with a most cadaverous countenance, timid and nervous, was the hangman of the time. A man named M'Millan was executed for murder at the Cross of Glasgow. The magistrates in attendance were congregated on the stair-head of the Town House, and the scaffold erected adjoining it, both being on the same level.

Sutherland with difficulty had adjusted the rope about the criminal's neck, and had drawn the cap over the face, when, having descended from the platform on which the criminal stood, in order to await the signal for withdrawing the bolt, the signal was given, and the handkerchief dropped

sooner than was expected. Sutherland's nerve had failed him. In a state of great consternation he continued fumbling at the bolt, and attempted in vain to draw it, while the poor criminal was kept standing in a dreadful state of suspense, waiting the result of the fatal signal.

The crowd now began to murmur, on observing which Lord Provost Dunlop suddenly rushed out from amongst the magistracy, and, pushing Sutherland aside, in a moment withdrew the bolt, and the culprit was no more.

The Provost received great credit for his active humanity on this occasion.

The working classes, however, ever ready to scoff at those high in office, were used to call John Dunlop "Our Hangman, the Lord Provost."

It was during the terrible crisis of the French Revolution John Dunlop held Municipal office. He was unpopular with the working classes in consequence of his pronounced Conservatism. Although a few of his colleagues in the Council, and Deacons of the Crafts, were "Foxites," and sympathised with French ideas as to the people being the true source of sovereignty, the Provost held the Imperial opinions of Pitt, and continued to the end of his life to defend Tory principles.

When he accepted a Custom House appointment, his lips on politics were, of course, sealed. The tenor, however, of what may be termed his political ballads bear distinct evidence that during his official life his leanings were towards the "Pittites." The Melvilles and Dundases were his steady friends, and he lived under their benign influence at a time when their patronage and sway in Scotland were in the ascendant.

When a young man, he became one of the founders of what is known in our civic social history as the famous "Hodge Podge Club." Among the aspirants to public and professional distinction connected with this aristocratic coterie there were not a few who had a claim to be dubbed sparkling wits.

It was when a member of this club that the poetical bias of John Dunlop was developed. Some of his sweetest lyrics—his jovial and humorous compositions—were suggested by incidents arising from his personal relations with this brilliant galaxy of mirth and song. He not only composed some fine songs in the Scottish language, but, like Tom Moore, sang them with that rare grace and power which distinguishes a professional from an amateur vocalist.

It is perhaps as singular as it is noteworthy that the "Hodge Podge Club," originating with a few young men distinguished by literary tastes and desirous of cultivating a correct style of composition, as well as improving themselves in the art of public speaking, should have adopted such a gastronomic title for their club.

As time wore on, there were added to their symposium lighter enjoyments and political discussions while sitting around that steaming condiment which rendered the name of the club afterwards more appropriate.

Dr Strang, the historian of "Glasgow and its Clubs," writes:—"These knots of social and congenial spirits were linked together by a cabalistic name or a common cordiality, and met—for politics, pastime, and pleasure—under the roof of some well-known hostelry." Hence the festive character this literary society gradually assumed; and hence,

too, we discover that eminent professional men, as well as leading merchants of the city, in those days were led to seek the stimulating excitement of club life rather than the quieter enjoyments of the domestic circle.

The amiability and versatile talents of John Dunlop made him a welcome guest at social functions; yet, with all these fascinations, he was, as an author, a very modest man.

Dr Rodgers, who had examined his manuscript collections of original poems and songs, thus writes—"Possessed of fine poetic tastes and an elegant fancy, he composed verses on every variety of theme, with fertility and power. A vein of humour pervades the majority of the compositions. In the elegiac strain he is eminently plaintive." He concludes by emphasising the author's claim to take no mean rank among Caledonian lyrists.

During the past 70 years only two of his productions have floated down to us on the stream of song, and they continue still to be appreciated by all lovers of Scottish melodies, viz., "O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee," and "Here's to the year that's awa."

"To withhold from publication," writes the same judicious critic, "selections from his numerous compositions will be an injustice to the public, who are, after all, the true arbiters on a question of literary merit."

The rhyming afflatus was wide spread among the members of the Hodge Podge Club, as the contributions of several of them contained in Mr Dunlop's manuscript volumes, inscribed by his own hand, amply prove. Dr Moore, the father of Sir John Moore, was *facile princeps* the poet

laureate of the club. His piquant description of the *personnel* of its leading members is still regarded as a valuable memento of the rhyming faculty of the author of "Zelluco" and "View of Society and Manners in Italy," etc.

After hitting off the peculiarlties of several prominent members, he touches up the lyrist in the following verse:—

> "A hogshead rolls forward the worthiest among;
> What growling and grumbling it makes at the bung!
> 'Tis as jolly a cask as ever loaded the ground;
> 'Tis plump John Dunlop with his belly so round."

On Dr Moore leaving Glasgow, Mr Dunlop was by common consent regarded his successor as bard of the club, and on its fiftieth anniversary he composed and sang a song, which has continued to be sung ever since at the anniversary gatherings of the Hodge Podge Club.

A young member (Mr J. Murdoch), adopting the strain of the absent poet laureate, has thus pourtrayed the bard at a later period of his life:—

> "What versatile talents in Dunlop prevail!
> Thou genius of Hodge Podge, friend of mixture, all hail!
> A merchant, a sportsman, a mayor, a collector,
> Squire, captain and poet, politician and factor!"

After the outbreak of the American War, tobacco importers in Glasgow were severely smitten, and the utter collapse of many tobacco houses followed. J. Dunlop & Co., among others, were involved in the commercial crash.

The friendship of the Melvilles procured for him at this crisis the Collectorship of Customs at Borrowstonness, from whence he was transferred to Port-Glasgow.

It was during his residence at Kinneil, Linlithgowshire,

that he found leisure to cultivate the muses, and perhaps the most meritorious of his compositions date from the time he resided there while acting as Collector of Customs at Bo'ness.

After his removal to Port-Glasgow, he published, in 1817 and 1818, a collection of his original poems, in two volumes, octavo (printed by Donaldson & Macfarlan, Greenock). Ten copies only of each volume were issued for private circulation amongst his most intimate friends.

From the dedication of the poems to the Hon. Henry Dundas of Arniston, his shrinking from publicity as an author becomes apparent, as he states he is desirous that his two volumes should be regarded as manuscripts put into his friends' hands only for perusal at a leisure moment. To his friend Sir Walter Scott he presented copies, and the only place where the two books can meantime be found is in the Abbotsford Library.

Through the kindness of the Hon. J. C. Maxwell Scott, the writer was permitted on several occcasions to make selections from them for this publication.

In 1836 a slender volume of select poetry by J. Dunlop was published in Edinburgh anonymously, though believed to have been edited by his son, the Sheriff. Fifty copies were issued for private circulation. This small book contains poems of a romantic character, founded upon incidents in Spanish story, and which are not included in the two-volume edition, nor are they to be found in his father's manuscripts.

Prior to the decease of James Dunlop of Tollcross, the writer was privileged to peruse four manuscript volumes

of poetry by his relative. These are to some extent the basis of his published poems in the two-volume edition, although some of his finest compositions never got beyond manuscript.

The author of these "poetic trifles," as he calls them, was a voluminous writer, from grave to gay in style, and somewhat varied in merit. He had been well grounded in the Latin classics, and was, besides, familiar with current literature in several Continental languages.

During the twenty-two years of his Collectorship of Customs, his official work was very much of a routine character, affording him leisure for literary studies and supervision of the publication of his two volumes of original poems.*

While he resided in Port-Glasgow, he moved amongst the best society in the County of Renfrew, mingling with them in their festive gatherings, sharing in the excitement of the hunting field, and, besides, taking an active part in the Volunteer and Yeomanry movement in the County, which these exciting times both at home and abroad brought about throughout the Kingdom.

It was scarcely a month prior to his decease when the Commissioners of Customs in Edinburgh, hearing of Collector Dunlop's indisposition, appointed a Greenock official

* Description of the two volumes of original poems referred to, published in Greenock in 1817-18 by Donaldson & Macfarlan :—

Ten copies of each octavo volume only were printed for private circulation. A copy of the two volumes was presented to Sir Walter Scott in 1818, the inscription, in a round bold hand, on the title page bearing—"To WALTER SCOTT, ESQ., FROM J. DUNLOP." On the title page is printed—"They are well enough for a gentleman to read amongst his friends" *(Boswell's Life of Johnson)*.

to take up his duties along with that of Comptroller. Probably no Collector was appointed to succeed Mr Dunlop at Port-Glasgow.

On the 4th September following (1820), he passed away, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

His remains were interred in the High Church burying ground of Glasgow, on 8th September, 1820.

A selection from the poems and songs of John Dunlop will be found at the end of the *Memorabilia*.

JOHN COLIN DUNLOP, SHERIFF OF RENFREWSHIRE.

John Colin Dunlop was the only son of John Dunlop of Rosebank. Born in 1786, he was called to the Scottish Bar in 1807, when he was but a "stripling," as his father fondly styles him in his "Ode to my Son's Wig."

During the eight years that he paced the Hall of Parliament House, his literary and linguistic pursuits must have occupied a vast portion of his time; still, though his connection with the Bar as an Advocate was merely nominal, he was appointed (in July, 1816) Sheriff of Renfrewshire, one of the most important counties in Scotland.

In person he was of middle stature, of slim and youthful proportions, with a pale, thoughtful face, and a pleasant shrill voice resembling that of his grandfather, Lord Glenlee.

On his first appearance among the Procurators of his respective Courts, he met with a hearty welcome. He was easy of access, urbane in manner, and averse to display

on the bench, where, wearing neither gown nor wig, he sat with his hat on his head.

As a lawyer he was regarded as sound and judicious, clear and lucid in speech, never aspiring to flights of eloquence. His words flowed fluently and gracefully. His interlocutors were generally acquiesced in; comparatively few of them had been appealed to a higher Court during his Sheriffdom.

He was, however, better known in the world of letters, by his various literary works, than in the judicial circle. His taste for elegant literature was inherited from his father, whose rhyming, if not his poetical, talent he to some extent shared. His "History of Fiction" (from the earliest Greek romances to the novels of the time in which he wrote, in the year 1814) entitles him to be ranked among the elegant scholars of his day.

Contemporary critics assailed his first effort with great virulence. Christopher North, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, came chivalrously to the author's rescue by proclaiming that, despite its alleged defects, John Colin Dunlop's is the most complete and useful history of prose fiction we possess.

His other principal literary undertakings consisted of a "History of Roman Literature" and "Memoirs of Spain," which were published about 1823.

In one of his father's early manuscript books are to be found some juvenile rhymes written by John Colin's own hand, in conjunction with that of his clever cousin, Miss Murdoch, daughter of Lord Provost Peter Murdoch, of which some specimens are here introduced.

Whether Sheriff Dunlop at a later period of his life added to his prose productions anything in a poetic vein cannot now be ascertained, but in the 50-copies edition—a slender volume of his father's select poems, which he edited for private circulation—there are a few spirited pieces, descriptive of romantic Spanish incidents, that flavour strongly of the historian's Iberian studies.

He was cut off by an acute inflammatory ailment, on the 26th January, 1842, aged fifty-six years, and the County of Renfrew, where he was highly esteemed as a judge and a man, was suddenly deprived of his services while in the full vigour of his faculties. He died unmarried.

Lord Cockburn's "Memorials" contain a graceful allusion to the demise of Sheriff Dunlop:—"He was an excellent reader and thinker. Had he lived a few years longer, doubtless his retired and studious habits would have led to more matured literary productions. Besides the old classics, he was versed in the literature, as well as the language, of France, Italy, Spain, and Germany. Gentle, amiable, cheerful, and a good talker, every one loved Dunlop; and, with the exception of a relative who was always trying to swindle him, there was no one whom Dunlop did not love."

The Auchenskaith branch of the Dunlops, represented by the Rev. Alex. Dunlop of Paisley, whose immediate descendants played a prominent part in the ecclesiastical movements in Scotland both before and after the Revolution Settlement of 1688, was succeeded by the Keppoch-Gairbraid

families, some of whom rendered important public services to their country.

John Dunlop, of H.M. Customs, Greenock, son of Alex. Dunlop, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, was born in 1730, and married a daughter of the Rev. James Fisher of Maybole.

An eminent local annalist informs us that this Customs House official, besides being an accomplished scholar, was during his lifetime highly esteemed by the community of Greenock for his benevolent character, integrity, and the possession of sound common sense. Dying in 1805, he left a son, Alex. Dunlop of Keppoch, Dumbartonshire, born in 1766, who became banker in Greenock. He was twice married — first to Janet, daughter of Robert Graham of Gairbraid, and afterwards to Margaret, daughter of William Colquhoun of Edinbarnet.

By his first wife he had three sons and one daughter— (1) John, who was known as the Temperance Reformer; (2) Robert, a Captain in the R.N.; (3) Dr William, yclept in literary society as "The Tiger;" (4) Janet, who died unmarried.

By his second marriage he had four sons and five daughters —(1) Hutchison, who died unmarried; (2) Alexander, M.P. for Greenock; (3) Allan; (4) Andrew. The three sons 2, 3, and 4 were married, but only 2 and 4 left issue.

The five daughters, viz., Margaret, Jane, Helen, Mary, and Elizabeth, were all married, and left issue.

Helen Boyle, the third daughter, was the mother of the Very Rev. Dr. Story of Glasgow University.

Verily, it might be said of the denizens of "Old

Greenock" at that time, the name "Dunlop" was "familiar in their mouths as household words."

JOHN DUNLOP, TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

John Dunlop of Gairbraid, County Dumbarton, was the eldest son of Alexander Dunlop of Keppoch. Born in 1789, he married Janet Napier Dunlmore of the Ballikinrain family, by whom he acquired a moderate fortune. Educated for the legal profession, he was long known as a partner of the firm of Stewart & Dunlop, Solicitors, Greenock.

Inheriting a share of his grandfather's intellectual ability and philanthropic ardour, he was in early life full of schemes for the education and elevation of the working classes. In promoting these, he developed that indomitable zeal which characterised him throughout his long laborious life.

About 60 years ago Mr Fraser, an American Temperance Revivalist, visited Scotland. His stirring addresses on the evils of the drinking usages prevailing in the United States, as well as in this country, awakened a deep interest in Greenock.

John Dunlop's sympathies were at once enlisted. He followed the American's lead in a crusade against the drinking usages of Scotland, with which his name and fame became identified throughout the United Kingdom.

Alone and single-handed he fought a Titanic battle against "Scotland's curse." Amid great discouragement, and often signal discomfiture, still he returned to the struggle with renewed energy, as if defeat alone inspired defiance.

On one occasion, when addressing a meeting in Rochdale (where John Bright delivered his maiden speech), raising his right hand, he exclaimed, with intense earnestness and deep emotion, "No person can have an adequate idea of the difficulties I had to encounter in the beginning of the temperance movement. I felt at times as if I would have to abandon it in despair; everything seemed against me."

He still struggled on in the consciousness of the rectitude of the position he had assumed. The first fruit of his toils was the formation of a Temperance Society in Maryhill, on the family estate of Gairbraid.

Defeated in his efforts to make headway in Glasgow, he turned his attention to his native town, Greenock, where he ultimately succeeded in founding an Association. The benefits accruing induced a grateful community to place his portrait in the main hall of the Temperance Institute.

In the course of a few years he left Greenock, and took up his residence in London, where, during the last thirty years of his life, he devoted his time and talents in aiding the temperance movement throughout England.

His contributions to temperance literature were copious and varied in style; they were distinguished by cogency of argument and philosophic acumen. Many of his works are still regarded as referential authorities on temperance questions.

His claim to be designated a Christian patriot and philanthropist has never been questioned, while his disinterested services rendered to the cause of social reform

throughout Britain entitle him to rank, if not as the first, at least amongst the foremost, of the heroes of the temperance reformation.

He died in London, in December, 1868, in the eighteenth year of his age, leaving issue—two sons, viz., Alexander Graham and William Carstairs Dunlop.

DR WILLIAM DUNLOP.

("THE TIGER.")

A facetious, sympathising critic, when referring to the portrait* of Dr William Dunlop, "The Tiger," in Maclise's "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Men," suggests to his readers the following string of interrogatories: — "What manner of man is this? Whence came he? What has he done to be entitled to a place among distinguished *litterateurs*? To what deed of daring in the jungle did he owe this appellation of 'The Tiger'?"

Anent his origin, suffice it to state, our hero was the third son of Alexander Dunlop of Keppoch, born towards the close of the last century. He was accustomed to trace an ancestry for his family from the records of the Ragimuns Roll.

Looking at his portrait (by Alfred Crowquill), for boldness of outline and firmness of touch the "Gallery" presents few more striking specimens than that of "The Tiger," while the energy displayed in the expression of the face,

* Of which the opposite is a copy.


Yours truly
W. Dunlop

and the natural language of the attitude, indicate that the original must have been a man about whom something more could have been written, had it then been known.

After graduating in the schools of his native country as a disciple of Esculapius, he obtained a commission as surgeon in the Connaught Rangers, and was actively engaged with his regiment in the campaigns against the Americans in 1813, 1814, and 1815. Forgotten as these battles are nowadays, outside of America, there was some hard fighting, in which the Connaught surgeon, laying down the lancet for the bayonet, played a not unconspicuous part.

Peace having been arranged between the belligerents, he went with his regiment to Calcutta. Manifold were his occupations in the land of the Moguls.

To his convivial and charioteering propensities and his military and medical duties were added the editing of a local newspaper, and writing for *Blackwood* sketches of Indian life, etc., under the *nom de plume* of "Colin Ballantyne, R.N." And, incongruous as it may seem, he contracted at that time to exterminate with his rifle the tigers which infested an island in the Ganges called Saugor, whilst with his pen he fell with equal fury upon the "Cobbler," as he called Silk Buckingham, to whose expulsion from India, and the suppression of his newspaper, he mainly contributed.

After having killed an immense number of these royal game, he was, by universal consent of the natives, called "The Tiger"—not because of any resemblance he had to the "king of the cats," but as a memento of his bold achievement. By this sobriquet he was ever afterwards

known and addressed by fond friends in India and by his literary confreres in this country.

Overtaken by jungle fever, he came home on half-pay, settling in Edinburgh, where he gave a course of lectures on medical jurisprudence. The mixture of fun, learning, law and science, blended with spicy witticisms, marked his prelections in the memories of those who heard them.

Leaving Edinburgh along with his bosom friend, J. Gibson Lockhart, he arrived in London, where he led a miscellaneous kind of life, turning his hand with facility to anything and everything. His versatility was unbounded. He engaged in newspaper editing and magazine writing, with indifferent success, though evincing no lack of intelligence amid all his eccentricity of manner.

An incident occurred when he was editor of the *British Press* newspaper which is altogether characteristic of the man :—

The accession of M. de Villele to the Ministry of France was regarded as one of the most important events that had happened since the restoration of the Bourbons. The news arrived in London at night, and all the other newspapers were next morning full of observations on the affair, written under portentous gloom, profound knowledge, and *doubtless* with political sagacity.

The anti-Gallican "Tiger," probably interested at the time more in home concerns than that of France, dismissed the whole affair in a whiff.

"We perceive," he wrote, "that there is a change of Ministry in France. We have heard of no earthquake in consequence." Not another word.

Beyond question, he was treating the matter most philosophically, as all political affairs ought to be by men of sense. Not so, however, thought the proprietors of the *British Press*. The editor's views did not coincide with theirs. A rupture followed, and he left the concern in disgust.

The year 1825 was famous in the commercial history of London for the flotation of undertakings in brick, iron, salt, etc., without "limited liability." With some of these schemes, as a promoter, the doctor was identified. He accepted the situation of superintendent of a salt company in Cheshire. Beyond what he obtained as salary, he appears to have made nothing from this or any other of the bubble companies with which he had been connected.

Falling in with his congenial friend and countryman, John Galt, in 1826, he entered heartily into the promotion of his scheme known as 'The Canada Company." Accepting an appointment under him, he accompanied Galt to his "Toronto paradise."

Although this colonising venture brought the novelist much chagrin and disappointment, and ultimately led to his abandoning the Dominion, "The Tiger," now installed as Grand Warden of the Dark Forest, remained there, and became distinguished as a chopper, the founder of cities on Lake Huron, as well as counsellor, friend and guide to emigrants and settlers in Upper Canada.

Dr Moir ("Delta"), in his biography of Galt, makes some pleasing allusions to his literary friend, Dr Dunlop, while in company with John Galt on his way to Canada. On their arrival at Quebec, which was at the time filled with

Highland Regiments, they felt themselves quite at home. Winter in these regions suspends all business, and pleasure takes its place.

The amateurs of the regiment having a theatre, Galt wrote a humorous piece for them, in which a Highlander was introduced. Dr Dunlop performed the part admirably, and received the plaudits of a very intelligent audience.

The many-sided "Tiger" was the centre of attraction throughout Galt's operations on the lakes and in the forests of Upper Canada, infusing hilarity and hopefulness among their companions during their early adventures in that virgin land.

Gairbread Log-House, at Colborne Township (Huron district), the residence of Dr William Dunlop and his naval brother, Captain Robert, was the centre of the life of the district, where jovial entertainment, mingled with a rough though genial hospitality, was dispensed.

Hard drinking was the order of those days, to which private stills and cheap liquor contributed.

Still, the house was the home, the meeting place, and a refuge for all comers. "Have you had dinner?" was the Doctor's unfailing greeting to all passers-by. "Will you tak' a drink? No man must go from my house either hungry or dry."

In 1832, Dr Dunlop sent forth a manual (published by John Murray, London) entitled "Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada," consisting of one hundred and twenty-six pages, for the use of emigrants, by a "Backwoodsman."

"A pleasanter little book never came out of the press—full of information of all kinds, full of sagacity, brimful of pungent humour.

"It is a voice speaking to us from the forests of Canada —from the centre of woods that have seen generation after generation of men pass away into the ocean of eternity.

"As Niagara rushing into the gulf below, pleasant does the voice of the writer burst upon our ears, even as the voice of a friend whom we thought we had lost for ever. 'As cold waters are to a thirsty land so is good news from a far country.'"

A literary friend, when noticing the contents of the "Backwoodsman's" tiny volume, indulges in the foregoing eulogistic strain.

Another, in the same terms of commendation, substantially writes:—

"The 'Backwoodsman' is a well-informed man on the subject he so fondly dilates. Dozens of light pamphlets have been scattered broadcast, and scores of heavy tomes have thudded the ground, all about the Canadas, but here is the best of the whole lot, written by a man who can handle his quill as well as his hatchet, and is in every sense a 'chopper.'

"The object of these Canadian sketches is of itself sufficient to show that he is a good man, and the method by which he has attained it proves that he is an able one, it being "to give such information to emigrants [during those early times] that they may not be disappointed on their arrival in Canada; that they may know how to proceed, and where to go, and not, as too often happens, waste their time and money in great towns, making fruitless inquiries of people just as ignorant as themselves, with this difference, that they are aware of their ignorance, whereas their advisers

think they know something about the matter, and thereby often unintentionally mislead and deceive them."

The Doctor's book contains a racy introduction and nine short chapters, each having an appropriate motto title-page, such as "Ships," "Colonies and Commerce," "Napoleon." To this motto Christopher North facetiously suggested the addition of "*Multum in parvo.*"

Extracts from any one of the chapters may be taken as fairly representative of the "manner of the man" who wrote them.

One of the chapters on emigration has an appropriate motto:—

> "Bake me a bannock, roast me a collop,
> And I'll go pouse my fortune."
> *(Scotch Nursery Tale.)*

After enumerating the class of mechanics and artisans suitable for Canada, he states:—

"A friend of mine asserts that weavers make *better* farmers for this country than agricultural labourers, alleging as a cause that, as they have no prejudices to overcome, they get at once into the customs of the country, as copied from their neighbours, and, being in the habit of *thinking*, improve on them.

"But my friend is from Paisley, and consequently prejudiced in favour of weavers. However, there is no denying that the weavers from Lanark and Renfrew shires are very good and very prosperous settlers. They make the best choppers in the province, because, to a man, they can chop with either hand forward, and by changing their hand they relieve themselves and obtain a rest.

"This ambidextrousness is ascribed by their countrymen —how justly I know not—to their habit of using both hands equally in throwing the shuttle.

"'Verily,' says a '*Seestu*' reviewer, 'a people who by their advanced "*thinking*" give a tone to the politics of Europe should be pre-eminently fitted to outstrip the Red Indian of Upper Canada in chopping and tilling!'

"A man of fortune ought not to come to Canada. It is emphatically the poor man's country, but it would be difficult to make it the country of the rich. Though the necessaries, and most of the luxuries, of life are cheaply and easily procured, yet the elegancies of life—refined or literary society, public amusements, first-rate libraries, collections of the fine arts, and many things that are accounted almost as necessaries of life by the higher ranks —belong of necessity to a state of society more advanced than the Canadian. It is a good country for a poor man to acquire a living in, or for a man of small fortune to economise and provide for his family, but I can conceive no possibility of its becoming, for centuries to come, a fitting stage for the heroes or heroines of the fashionable novels of Bulwer or young D'Israeli."

The "Backwoodsman's" views regarding children from six to twelve years of age being sent out to Canada under a qualified superintendent would have met with a hearty response from Mr Quarrier, had he begun his noble work so early in the century.

"The possibility of the children being ill-treated is hardly a supposable case in this country. Their labour is too valuable for their master lightly to risk the life of it

by ill-usage, when the boy could so easily abscond; and in this country the fault of fathers and masters leans more to the side of a total disregard of Solomon's advice as to the propriety of using the rod for the purpose of promoting infantile morality than an over-zealous conformity with the *dicta* of the inspired writer. Besides, public opinion would always side with the child, who must be considered as a ward of the king."

After very minute details of what the emigrant is to bring, and to omit bringing, with him, he continues:—

"Bring no mahogany furniture. Our own black walnut makes handsome furniture, and possesses the great advantage over its more costly and exotic neighbour in that it does not so easily stain—a property which saves much scrubbing and not a little *scolding* in families."

After many useful instructions to the emigrant as to tools, medicines, anti-scorbutic remedies, and clothing, he bids him come early in the spring, with the earliest ships that sail; and, above all, passengers of all grades, cabin or steerage, should "ascertain that the captain with whom they sail is a sober man, for serious accidents may, and have, occurred from drunkenness of officers of the ship."

"But," Christopher North in his funny mood remarks, "how is the emigrant to ascertain the officer's sobriety? Perhaps by the colour of his nose; yet the proboscis is often a gay deceiver, etc.

"There are many civil, good-tempered, sober captains of regular traders between Montreal, the Mersey, and the Clyde, and we are glad to hear it; but, in preference to them all, the 'Backwoodsman,' *experto crede Gulielmo*, strongly

recommends my worthy, though diminutive, friend, Capt. Holridge of the *Silas Richards*."

Having made interesting observations on the climate of Upper Canada, he adds:—

"Pulmonary consumption—the scourge alike of Britain and the sea-coast of America—is so rare in Upper Canada that in eight years' residence the 'Backwoodsman' has not seen as many cases of that disease as he has in a day's visit to a provincial infirmary at home. ["Here," says Christopher, "he lets out the doctor."] You never hear a churchyard cough, and in the cathedral at Montreal, where from three to four thousand people assemble every Sunday, the service is seldom interrupted by those universal fits of a suppressed *hoast* which in Scotland so often strangle the sermon."

Under each chapter he mingles caustic humour with sound practical advice to emigrants.

Treating of field sports in Canada, he states:—

"Having settled yourself and got things into tolerable order, you will next begin to think how you may amuse your leisure hours. In the midst of forests abounding with game, and lakes and rivers teeming with fish, the gun and the rod naturally suggest themselves—not merely as an innocent way of passing an hour, but as a means of adding an additional savouriness to the family larder. There have arrived in the province, within these last three years, perhaps 15,000 English agricultural labourers, and it is no great stretch of imagination to suppose that every twentieth man among them, when at home, was a poacher, or at least had some practical knowledge of the use of a fowling-piece;

yet, when these fellows have been a few months in Canada, they no more think of shooting than if they were Cockneys. And why? Because here it would not only be a harmless amusement, but an honest, respectable, and useful mode of making the two ends of the year meet, while there it was fraught with danger both to life and character.

"Accordingly, we find that York, the capital of our province, on the banks of a lake and surrounded by a forest, is almost without anything like a regular supply of fish or game; and, when you do by accident stumble on a brace of partridges or a couple of wild ducks, you pay more for them than you would do in almost any part of Great Britain, London excepted.

"In fact, unless a man is himself a sportsman, or has friends who are so, and send him game, he may live seven years in York, and, with the exception of an occasional haunch or saddle of venison, never see game on his table. I wonder [says "The Tiger"] would a total repeal of the game laws produce anything of a similar effect at home."

With quoting and abridging from the "Backwoodsman's" charming little book we must, like Christopher North, cry a halt, believing that enough has been culled from it to warrant Dr William Dunlop, "The Tiger," occupying a prominent place in these *Memorabilia.**

* An old literary and convivial crony, meeting with Dr Dunlop in London about 1830, writes :—

"This remarkable biped, who is now here for a few weeks to worry Goderich and Howick on some Canadian embroglio with the Colonial Department, stands 6 feet 3 inches; 2 feet 8 inches across the shoulders. The calf is just 20 inches in circumference ('*Ex pede Herculem*'), his head crowned with red locks.

"Farewell, noble savage! wild as thy woods. When shall we again revel in the rich luxuriance of thy anecdotes or shake under the Titanic bray of thy

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

The following, according to the *Toronto Herald*, is the will of Dr William Dunlop, at one time a Member of the Legislature of Upper Canada:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body and mind, which my friends who do not flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills.

"I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other property I may be possessed of, to my sisters, Helen Boyle Story, Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former because she is married to a minister, whom (may God help him) she henpecks, the latter because she is married to nobody; nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market rife.

"And, also, I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements upon the farm, providing always that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved; and, if either of these should die without issue, the other is to inherit the whole.

"I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereafter mentioned.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of 'Old John,' as the representative of the family. I would have

laughter? Sooner, perhaps, than expected, for verily on the day of thy departure I meditate to beat up thy jungle. *Deus dabit volo.* Though Toryism were expelled from all the rest of the globe, it would find shelter in the log house of Dunlop."

left it to Old John himself, but he would have melted it down to make temperance medals, and that would have been a sacrilege. However, I have left him my big horn snuff-box; he can only make temperance horn spoons out of that.

"I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Betsy Hamilton of Woodhall, and when she knows as much of the spirit as she does of the letter, she will be a much better Christian than she is.

"I leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at same time to give up Whigging and Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily possess him.

"I leave my brother-in-law, Allan, my punch bowl, as he is a big gausy man, and likely to do credit to it.

"I leave to Parson Chirussie my big silver snuff-box I got from the Simcoe Militia, as a small token of my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken.

"I leave to John Caddell a silver tea-pot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been 'jingling wally,' that he may yet learn to read with them.

"I leave my silver cup with the sovereign at the bottom of it to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid, and pious, and therefore necessarily given to horning; and also my grandfather's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff."

In 1835, the Doctor made the following codicil to his will:—

"In the name of God, Amen. This is my codicil to my will already made. Notwithstanding any other devise contained in my will already executed, I hereby give and devise unto my good friend and sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop (widow of my late brother, Captain R. G. Dunlop, of the Royal Navy), all my dwelling-house and garden, with the close piece or parcel of meadow or pasture land adjoining thereto, and other the appurtenances to the said house belonging, to hold to her for and during the term of her natural life, without any impeachment of waste, hereby revoking my said will in so far as any devise therein may be repugnant to this present devise, and in all other respects hereby confirming my said will.

"Witness my hand and seal this fourteenth day of February, 1845.

"WILLIAM DUNLOP."

The following inscription, carved on the memorial cairn, supplies all that is required regarding these two Dunlops:—

"Here lies the body of
ROBERT GRAHAM DUNLOP, Esquire,
Commander, Royal Navy, M.P.P.,
honouring and serving his King and country
in every quarter of the globe.
Died at Gairbraid on 28th February,
1841,
in the 51st year of his age.

Also to the Memory of
DOCTOR WILLIAM DUNLOP,
a man of surprising talent,
knowledge and benevolence.
Born in Scotland, 1792.
He served in the army in Canada and India,
and thereafter distinguished himself as
an author and man of letters.
He settled in Canada permanently in 1826,
and for more than twenty years engaged in
public and philanthropic affairs,
succeeding his brother, Captain Dunlop,
as Member of the Provincial Parliament,
and taking successful interest in the affairs of Canada,
and died, regretted by many friends,
1848."

ALEXANDER MURRAY DUNLOP.

Alexander Colquhoun Stirling Dunlop was the second son of Alexander Dunlop of Keppoch, by his second marriage with Margaret Colquhoun Stirling of Edinbarnet.

While graduating for the legal profession, he is reputed to have been an ardent student. His predilection for the study of parochial and church law was early developed.

Doubtless the prominent part taken in troublous times by some of his ancestors, in the defence of the Church of Scotland, had an influence in determining his bias in a direction where his calmness, wisdom, and firmness secured for him at a momentous epoch the character of gracefulness

as a partisan, combined with the demeanour of a thorough gentleman. The companions of his youthful days esteemed him as a singularly amiable boy.

Perhaps it may be no invasion of the sancity of domestic life to note "a prattling tenderness" prevailing in the Keppoch family that led them to call the second son "Sandy Dunlop" and "Uncle Sandy," names by which he was familiarly known in Greenock, and which are used by "Wull, the Backwoodsman" when designating "my brother Sandy" as a residuary legatee in his remarkable "Last Will and Testament," drafted in 1832 at Lake Huron, in Upper Canada.

Called to the Bar in 1820, he became distinguished among lawyers, while editing the Court of Session Reports known as "Shaw and Dunlop's."

In 1844 he married Elizabeth Esther Murray, daughter of John Murray, of Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, on whose death, in 1866, he assumed the name of Murray; and, on the decease of his cousin, he succeeded to the estate of Law and Edinbarnet.

In 1845, and again in 1847, he contested the representation of his native town—Greenock—without success. Like his forebears, he was then a Tory.

In 1852 he was successful, and for fifteen years represented Greenock satisfactorily. He was now a thorough Liberal.

In Parliament he maintained an independent position, and his name became then, and is still, associated with several Acts affecting Scotland, of a useful and humane character, which he was successful in getting placed upon the Statute Book.

Although supporting loyally the Liberal party when in office, he declined appointments in connection with the Government and his own profession, to which his services and abilities justly entitled him. The history of the struggle which brought the "Free Church" into existence in 1843 will be but imperfectly understood if the name of Alexander Dunlop, the great legal general in that conflict, be eliminated. Lord Cockburn, in referring to him in his Memorials, writes —"He was the purest of enthusiasts, and the generous devotion with which he gave himself to this cause retarded, and probably arrested, the success of his very considerable talents and learning; but a crust of bread and a cup of cold water would satisfy all the worldly desires of the disinterested A. C. S. M. Dunlop."

In 1868 he retired from Parliament, and the remainder of his days he spent on his estate of Corsock, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, where he died on 1st September, 1870.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM DUNLOP,

Alexander Graham Dunlop of Gairbraid was the eldest son of John Dunlop, the Temperance Reformer, born 6th March, 1814. Married, first, Esther Ritchie Cooper of Ballindalloch, who died in 1844; and, second, Mary Guize Gordon, eldest daughter of the Honourable William Gordon, Senior Member of Her Majesty's Council in Jamaica.

Neither had issue.

He was long engaged in the Consular and Diplomatic Service, and had a very distinguished career. During the

year 1868, the London Journals contained very flattering encomiums regarding the eminent services rendered to his country by Consul Dunlop.

Lord Stanley and the Ministry of that time were congratulated on his promotion from the post of Consul at Cadiz to the more important one of Consul General and Judge at Havana, an appointment which gave the utmost satisfaction to British merchants having business relations with Cuba.

Mr Dunlop was esteemed as a tried public servant, noted for the assiduous discharge of his duties, and for many valuable consular reports on commercial and financial subjects.

At Vienna, Pesth, Constantinople, Candia, Cairo, and Cadiz, he had never failed to distinguish himself by his judicious protection and promotion of British interests, regardless of fatigue and private expenditure.

The revolution that occurred in Hungary in 1848-49, and its consequences, are well known to all who are acquainted with the military operations that took place in Southern Europe at that period.

The intervention of Russia in aiding Austria, when a force of two hundred thousand men crossed the borders of Hungary, and were there reinforced by sixty thousand Austrians, crushed the rising hopes of Kossuth and his compatriots; the grand heroic epoch of that Hungarian struggle for freedom now hastened to its tragic close.

Austria, inflated by her triumphs, dictated her own terms to Hungary, and only a very restricted autonomy was conceded to that ancient kingdom.

Heartburnings and disaffection naturally followed; the condition of the population was one of discontent—the precursor of another revolution.

At this crisis the British Government charged Alexander Graham Dunlop with a special commission to Hungary. The reports which he forwarded to the Foreign Office gave dire offence to the Austrian Ministry, but nevertheless the line of policy sketched in these remarkable reports, and the suggestions of their writer for the permanent pacification of Hungary had been adopted and carried out to the letter by Count Beust, the representative of Austria at the Court of St. James'.

The writer can well remember that on his first visit to Buda Pesth, twenty years ago, in his interview with Arminius Vambéry, the distinguished traveller and linguist, being asked if he was any connection of the celebrated Philo-Hungarian, Mr Dunlop, "who rendered such valuable aid to my native country in 1861," he replied he was only one of the same name. Limited space alone prevents further allusion to them.

In the discussions that took place in Parliament on what is known as the "Tornado Outrage" Consul Dunlop at Cadiz was warmly eulogised by members of both Houses for his moderate and yet firm conduct and language used.

His judicious action with reference to slavery in the Spanish West Indies was in perfect accord with the enlightened views of a Christian patriot, qualities which he doubtless inherited from his philanthropic father.

He retired from the diplomatic service in 1877, and died in London on 27th July, 1892.

A reader of these *Memorabilia* at this stage may say, and that truly, that the writer has not exhausted the catalogue of notable members of the ancient family of Dunlop, and may at same time with equal truth affirm that, outside a direct descent from the old stock, there are to be found within the United Kingdom, our Colonies, America, Holland, and our Indian Empire, representatives of the name whose record justly entitles them to occupy a prominent place among the cadets of Dunlop in their gallery of distinguished men.

In Holland and her Colonial dependencies the name Dunlop largely prevails. The commercial intercourse between Scotland and Holland at a very early period led many enterprising Scotsmen to settle there, amongst whom would naturally be found adventurous Dunlops.

During the 17th century it has been already noted that Rotterdam, the birthplace of Erasmus, was celebrated for its Academies, to which Scottish merchants were wont to send their sons to board and to be trained for a mercantile life. Amongst these were sons of the Dunlop families from Scotland.

Some of the name settled in Holland, and by intermarriage with Dutch families tended doubtless to the prevalence of the name.

On the writer's first visit to Holland, about 12 years ago, he was astonished to find himself in contact with business men in Amsterdam and Rotterdam named Dunlop, or their immediate Dutch relatives. Seeking a clue to this discovery, Samuel Dunlop, merchant in Rotterdam, kindly

furnished him with a pedigree of his family, from which the following information is derived.

Captain David Dunlop, born at Fenwick, Ayrshire, in 1732, was for a long time engaged in the coasting trade between Holland and France. He was married to a Dutch lady within the historical Scotch Church, Rotterdam, in 1753. The issue was a large family of sons and daughters.

In a voyage from Holland to a northern French port, undertaken by Captain Dunlop, they were overtaken by a violent storm, their ship was driven on the sands and became a wreck. The Captain and his son James, who acted as mate, were both drowned; their bodies were afterwards washed ashore, and were buried at Calais. A watch found on the Captain's person was sent to his eldest son David in Rotterdam, and was long regarded by the family as an interesting relic of their ancestor.

The decendants of Captain David Dunlop were prolific and long lived. From them have sprung a race of Bankers and Merchants who are well known in South and North Holland, as well as in Java and Batavia.

JAMES DUNLOP, ASTRONOMER.

As a fitting pendant to these Dunlop notanda, the career of an eminent astronomer, who sprang from the humbler ranks of life, and attained to great distinction by his stellar observations in the Southern Hemisphere, falls appropiately to be noticed.

James Dunlop, Astronomer Royal at Paramatta, New South Wales, was the son of John Dunlop, hand-loom weaver at Dalry, Ayrshire, and was born there in 1793.

Like many other men of genius, he is reputed to have inherited his talents from his mother, Janet Boyle, an eccentric, "though bye-ordinar clever woman." His father, during his latter years, suffered from a lingering disease that incapacitated him from contributing to the support of his family.

James had in consequence, when only fourteen years of age, to leave home, and found employment in a thread factory in the neighbouring town of Beith. His natural aptitude for mechanics was there early developed. During his intervals of leisure he constructed turning lathes, telescopes, and reflectors from such materials as his limited means afforded. The ingenuity he displayed attracted the attention of his employers and fellow workmen, who discerned in him the dawning of a distinguished scientist.

During the several years he followed his occupation in Ayrshire, the prosecution of his favourite pursuits suffered no abatement.

Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, whose enthusiasm in astronomical science was unbounded, was appointed Governor of New South Wales. He had previously made the acquaintance of James Dunlop, and selected him to become assistant astronomer at Paramatta. Along with his wife he accompanied Sir Thomas, sailing from London in 1821. They arrived at Sydney in November of that year.

It is well known among astronomers that the Governor's love of the science and determination to share in the work

led to the Observatory at Paramatta being built alongside the Government House, which was mainly supported by his own means, and where every spare moment of his time was devoted to the pursuit of his favourite study.

While Dunlop was only assistant under the chief astronomer at the Observatory, he was doubtless a protegé of the Governor, who had discovered his latent abilities before leaving Scotland, and although but a tyro in the "work of observing," he very soon became familiar with the instruments, and under the training of Sir Thomas he was eventually as much his associate as assistant.

The chief astronomer at Paramatta having retired, and the Governor after six years' service going home to Scotland, Dunlop continued for a few years at the Observatory as chief astronomer.

In June 1822, he recaptured Encke's comet on its first predicted return, a signal service to cometary astronomy. In the few years that followed he had made 40,000 observations, and a catalogue of 7,385 stars. The further details of his discoveries occupy an important place in the records of astronomical journals in this country.

In 1827 he left New South Wales, and on arrival in Scotland, joined Sir Thomas Brisbane at Makerston, near Kelso, where an observatory had been erected.

During the four years he remained in Scotland, he continued to associate with Sir Thomas at his observatory, contributing to establish his own, and to increase the European fame of the Laird of Makerston, by the results of their joint discoveries.

The British Government having purchased from Sir

Thomas the observatory with its astronomical equipment at Paramatta, James Dunlop was appointed Astronomer Royal with a salary of £300 per annum. He again left this country for Sydney to resume his observations, where he had achieved his first triumphs.

Before leaving for New South Wales, his splendid achievements led the Royal Astronomical Society of London, in 1821, to confer upon him its highest honour by giving him its gold medal.

Sir John Herschell, the President, in making the presentation, when alluding to Mr Dunlop's services, and the departure of his principal from the Colony, leaving the Observatory under his sole charge, made the following eloquent observations:—

"In such cases it is not only the head which plans, but the hand which faithfully and promptly executes, that claims our approval; in him were combined qualities rendering him of all others the very individual fitted for the duties imposed, zealous, active, ready, but, above all—and the combination is not an ordinary one—industrious and methodical.

"The nebulous as well as the siderial heavens have occupied his attention, not in a 'fits and starts' manner, but continuous, perseveringly, and besides, in the prosecution of this most difficult and delicate branch of astronomy, he has availed himself of his own resources in the literal sense, the instruments which he used being not only his own, but the work of his own hands."

He received two other medals, one from the King of Denmark in 1833, and another from the Royal Institute

of France in 1835, and at the same time was elected a corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

On his arrival at Paramatta, he found the Observatory and its instruments in a doleful state of confusion and decay; he immediately set to work with his own hands restoring the structure, repairing the instruments, and was ere long enabled to pursue his astronomical observations with comfort.

His reports regarding further cometary and stellar discoveries from 1832 till 1847 created great interest among astronomers throughout the world.

At length his health gave way, and he felt compelled to resign his appointment in August, 1847, retiring, along with Mrs Dunlop, to their farm at Boora Boora, Brisbane Water, one of the loveliest sequestered spots in the Colony, where he spent the last year of his life, and died, after a brief illness, in September, 1848.

Shortly after his decease, the following commemorative lines appeared in a Sydney newspaper from the pen of "Delta" (Moir):—

"When duller sons of clay return to earth,
Mourned by the crape and sable garb alone,
The son of genius, child of heavenly birth,
Returns to skies that claim him as their own.

"He but approaches those dear realms of light
By his keen eye long anxiously surveyed;
Death is the period of his dreary night,
Where mortal darkness casts her deepest shade.

"One solitary light amid the gloom,
A spark that found no kindred fuel here,
One flower that could not in a desert bloom,
Is gone. Dunlop, thy memory claims a tear.

To a biographic sketch by an affectionate relative—John Service, Esq., Sydney—published in 1890, the writer is indebted for the main details referring to James Dunlop, Astronomer Royal at Paramatta. With a loving hand and a tender heart he has written a graphic account of the career of his uncle, along with a picturesque description of the place of his sepulture:—

"He sleeps in a typical Australian spot in the churchyard of Kincumber. Roses cluster round the grave, and near it are drooping acasias and lemon trees. The woods resound with the locusts' and the many strange cries of the bush.

"The weird call of the crow and the sweet cadences of the bell-birds mingle curiously together. Splendid blue mountain parrots flit from tree to tree, and, as the eye roves, charmed, from the nameless flowers with gorgeous dyes, it rests upon a sapphire sea, only equalled in the splendour and intensity of its colour by the cloudless vault of heaven above."

SONGS,

WITH A

Selection from his other Poems, etc.,

BY

JOHN DUNLOP,

OF ROSEBANK

Dedication

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT DUNDAS OF ARNISTON, CHIEF BARON OF SCOTLAND, &c.

"My Dear Chief Baron,

"Without leave asked or given, but presuming on many years of uninterrupted friendship, I address these volumes to your Lordship, and can assure you that the poems which they contain from my own pen (if such trifles can be called poems) have been committed to print with great hesitation and diffidence. I have not, however, insulted the dignity of the press by publication, having ten copies only to be thrown off for particular friends on whose indulgence I can rely.

"My reason for printing arose from the detached manuscripts having got into a wider circulation than I could have supposed possible, and having met with some of my own productions so lengthened or abridged, so beautified or deformed, that I hardly knew them.

"Had the collection been destined for a bookseller's shelf, I would not have inserted so many of my own things, as I could not in conscience have palmed them on the public for the much better *thing* called *cash*; but, as the volumes are intended for partial friends only, I feel less difficulty in bestowing "a little of my tediousness" (as Dogberry says) on your Worships.

"Perhaps a lurking desire of seeing myself in print may have had some share in this rash proceeding, for I am well aware how much truth is contained in the old observation, '*Haud cuiquam injucunda que cantat ipse*,' and I do not think it would be good taste to plead an exception to the general rule.

"Without any affectation, I can safely say that the merits of my poems are extremely slight, that they are very unequal, and that nothing more can be said of them, if so much, than is expressed in my motto—'They are well enough for a gentleman to read amongst his own friends."

"To your Lordship's good nature I consider no appeal necessary in behalf either of my sense or nonsense, and I therefore indulge the hope that the collection may contribute to your amusement on a rainy day, or even aspire to divert the still more serious *tedium vitae* of a post-chaise.

"Although it has not been the established practice, so far as I know, to speak truth in epistles dedicatory, I must inform your Lordship that these volumes would not have born their present address had your uncle and father-in law, the late Lord Melville, been still alive, as I certainly would have embraced the only opportunity I have ever had of expressing to his Lordship in *print* my admiration of his public character, my delight at having been honoured with his private friendship, and my utmost gratitude for many kind and important favours.

"I remain, My Dear Lord,

"With the greatest regard,

"Your sincere friend and humble servant,

"JOHN DUNLOP."

[POSTSCRIPT TO PRECEDING DEDICATORY PREFACE ALLUDING TO THE TWO VOLUMES OF ORIGINAL POEMS.]

"Some of the poems in this collection have been inserted without my having an opportunity of obtaining leave from the authors, which, I hope, they will have the goodness to excuse as the books may be considered in the light of a manuscript."*

*In these two volumes there are pieces of poetry ascribed to Burns, Tannahill, Walter Scott, Lord Palmerston, and several other friends and correspondents of Mr Dunlop, stated to be original, and that were never published. Most of these are to be found in the four-volume MS., with author's name given.

It is this fact he refers to when mentioning in his dedicatory preface the insertion of other than his own compositions in the two volumes published at Greenock in 1817 and 1818.

In 1818 John Dunlop edited, for a son of Sir James and the Honourable Lady Frances Stewart, some letters addressed to them by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in consequence of a more than friendly interest she took in their affairs while exiles in Italy, using all her influence with the English Government to effect their restoration to their native homes. These letters were published solely for the use of their immediate relatives. The editorial part of the work is distinguished by great elegance of style, besides being an earnest vindication of the character of the distinguished pair. In his elegiac compositions connected with the members of this suffering family, John Dunlop has specially excelled in exquisite tenderness and pathos.

Prologue.

(In the 1st Volume of Original Poems in Abbotsford Library.)

Harp of the winds, whose minstrelsy divine
Allures the voice of nature from the breeze,
What earthly music can outrival thine?
So touch the listening ear—the senses please;
So thrill the nerves—the ardent fancy seize.

I send thee not (my book) into the world
To brave the censures of rude critics hurled
On works of merit far transcending mine.
No, no! for thee I've drawn the prudent line,
That partial eyes alone may glance along
Nor scorn the Muse who boasts no lyre divine
To tempt the bitter sneer of Envy's tongue,
But, wrapt in friendship's arms, still chaunts her simple song.

Full oft, my little book! when crossed with care,
Or when the hailstorm on my lattice struck,
Hast thou my solace been; or, when the air
In summer cooled the glade and curled the brook,
Then to the grove I flew, or lonely nook
Removed from all this world of grief and pain,
And, while the rose and birch their odours shook
Around, essayed to sing my feeble strain,
Nor always in the ear of friendship sung in vain.

* * * * * * * *

ON THE WIDOW RITCHIE'S VEHEMENT COURTSHIP OF BLYTHSWOOD.

TUNE—"Wap at the widow, my laddie."

The widow can walk, and the widow can rin,
To the market and corse, frae the brig to the green,
Just liken to blear out her bonnie blue een,
In blinking on Blythswood, her laddie.

The widow's as canny as any in toun,
And a horn cutty kens frae a braw siller spoon,
For it's naething but draw in her stool and sit doun
When yoked wi' Blythswood, her laddie.

The widow's fu' dorty and saucy, I trow,
And it's no every cad that gets preeing her mou;
Sic ambrosial kissing's no ilka ane's due,
And she hains it for Blythswood, her laddie.

The widow is fifty (some say she is mair),
And tho' she be fifty she thinks hersel fair,
But she'll ne'er rock a cradle nor dandle an heir,
Tho' she buckles with Blythswood, her laddie.

Then, pity us a'! we'll hear naething but jeers
When the taylyour comes hame wi' his thumble and sheers
And claps himsel doun amang a' the forebears
Of Blythswood, the widow's fair laddie.

GREENOCK HUSSARS.

TUNE—"Here's to the maid,' etc.

Some ladies run mad
For a sodger lad,
Some are bewitched by a tar, sir,
And there is no shame
In the annals of fame
To coquet with a Greenock Hussar, sir.

Some love the dragoons
Who Napoleon platoons
In the plains of Iberia o'erthrew, sir;
Some die for the blades
Who demolished the heads
Of his legions at fam'd Waterloo, sir.

To Glasgow some run
For flirtation and fun,
With lace and embroidery and stars, sir;
But why should we roam,
When nearer at home
We can flirt with the Greenock Hussars, sir?

The seventh and the tenth
Are forgotten at length,
Outrivalled in love and in war, sir;
For who so gallant,
When a lady's in want
Of a beau, as a Greenock Hussar, sir!

On Kellyburn braes,
Spite of whiskers and stays,
Of laurels and orders and stars, sir,
Now nothing goes doun
Like a charming dragoon
In the shape of a Greenock Hussar, sir.

THE RIVER CLYDE.

(April, 1807.)

TUNE—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Ilk southern Shepherd tunes his reed
To sing the braes o' Yarrow,
The streams of Teviot and of Tweed;
In verse they hae nae marrow.
Unsung nae Border burnie plays
Among the greenwoods smiling,
Nor Border maid unheeded strays
Wi' a' her charms beguiling.

Shall western waters flow unsung,
And beauty vainly blossom,
While silver Clyde demands my song?
As pure as Peggie's bosom,
Tweed and Teviot's Cowden Knowes
May wave their broom sae yellow,
But Clyde! through banks majestic flows
'Mang gowden treasures mellow.

Flow, flow, ye streams forever pure,
Frae Tintock to the ocean,
Where luve wi' levelled arrows sure
First set my heart in motion.
I'd ne'er envy the charms of Tweed
Were Peggy but my marrow,
Whose beauties Border charms exceed
As Clyde surpasses Yarrow.

WE'RE A' WRANG.

(Political Squib.)

We're a' wrang, we're a' wrang,
We're a' wrang, thegether;
Deil confound our Councillors
And hang them in a tether.

They first made waur, and then sought peace,
Atween hands smoored sedition,
And syne they stoppéd Geordie's lugs
To London's *liel* petition.

We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

Then doon wi' Portland and wi' Pitt,
Wi' Grenville and Dundas, sir;
And, as for Sawney Wedderburn,
He's weel kent for an ass, sir.

We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

Let Palinurus Petty come,
Wha Janus-like can row, sir;
He keeps a'e face upo' the stern,
The tither on the prow, sir.

We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

Let Sergeant-Major Moira march.
Wha can sae weel command, sir.
He is a statesman thorough bred;
Wha's wit is muckle maun, sir.

We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

Since Maister Pitt to keep the cash
Is thought but rather silly, O,
My trouth, he maun resign the keys
To Metaphoric Willy, O.

We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

In France they're acting tragedy,
We're playing farce at home, sir,
So Sheridan maun play a part,
Or else 'twere meikle shame, sir.

We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

For ever bless the people's man,
Though he be black-a-vice, sir,
Wha kens fu' weel to rule the State
Or wag a box and dice, sir.
We're a wrang, etc., etc.

Wi' gamesters, players, misers, sure,
We canna miss to thrive, sir;
Wi' sic'like cattle at the helm
We'll all be weel belive, sir.
We're a' wrang, etc., etc.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE.

(To its ain tune.)

The sun had set ayont the hill,
The air was hush'd, and a' was still,
When I gaed forth wi' right good will
To my ain kind dearie.

I saw her winding doon the burn,
And blest her steps at ilka turn;
Though eve, the blush was like the morn,
Of my ain kind dearie.

She glinted through the flow'ring shaw,
And by the thorn wi' blossoms braw;
The sweetest bud amang them a'
Was my ain kind dearie.

Gae search the garden and the grove,
Through flaunting arbours vainly rove,
Gi'e me the birken bower and love
Wi' my ain kind dearie.

Gi'e me the birken bower and love
Wi' my ain kind dearie.

ON PURCHASING A PONEY FROM THE MINISTER OF KILMALCOLM AND BEING ASKED TO MAKE A SONG UPON HIM. (March, 1801.)

TUNE—"Honest Dermot."

For many long years I have searched for a horse,
But changed, every trial, from better to worse.
I tried at the cross, at the market and fair,
But vain was my pursuit, for nothing was there;
At length I fell in, at the end of my roam,
With the minister's poney of Kilmalcolm.
Kilmalcolm! Kilmalcolm!
With the minister's poney of Kilmalcolm.

He is round as a turnip, and whiter than snow,
And the minister's poney like lightning can go:
His neck's like a rainbow, his ears like a fox,
Like a razor his withers, his legs are like rocks;
And whene'er I go out, I come merrily home,
On the minister's poney of Kilmalcolm.

He is always in order, and sleek as a mouse,
At *fog* or at grass, in the straw yard or house;
Like a racer and hunter he gallops and leaps,
And his wind and his speed like a greyhound he keeps.
No occasion for body cloths, brush, or a comb,
Has the minister's poney of Kilmalcolm.

Though silver his mane, from the years that are bye,
The fire of a four-year-old darts from his eye;
His motions are vigorous, active, and light,
And his nostrils might serve for a flambeau at night,
On the back you may sit just as snug as at home
Of the minister's poney of Kilmalcolm.
Kilmalcolm! Kilmalcolm!
Of the minister's poney of Kilmalcolm.

FAUSE MARIE. (June, 1802.)

A'e winter night a weary wight
Wan o'er the frozen lea,
Mourning amain wi' grief and pain,
And a' for a fause Marie.

The blast sae bauld, the frost sae cauld,
Gart tears drap frae his e'e,
But the storm was sweet to the scalding weet
That fell for a fause Marie.

"Thou hast run awa, frae house and ha',
Frae bed and board wi' me;
Thou hast left thy hame to follow shame,
Like a wanton fause Marie.

"The fleeching croon of a noble loon
Hath wiled thee to his snare;
Thou'st left thy luve a knave to prove,
And joy for dool and care.

"Thou hast me forsook; I dread to brook
Disaster and despair,
Rebel rebukes for loyal looks,
Foul words and deeds for fair.

"On a thorny bed thou hast laid thy head,
Whaur a sword hings by a hair;
Thy heart thou'st placed on a dreary waste,
Waesome! for ever mair.

"Fause though thou art, thy Willie's heart
Can ne'er be fause to thee;
But gin thy mate come in my gait,
He's nae mair mate Marie."

COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF THE HODGE PODGE CLUB GIVING A BALL. (1813.)

(To its ain tune).

The genius of "Hodge Podge," in frolicksome mood,
Though nearly approaching his grand climacterick,
Devised in his wisdom that dancing was good,
And bravely resolved to promulgate this edict—
"Pipe, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute.
Ye have drunk long enough; we'll have dancing to boot,
For I will and command that my son should entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Then up sprang the "father" and friend of us all,
Demanding his pumps in a terrible fury.
"From whence," cried the genius, "that thundering call?
And wherefore, dear Peter, this desperate hurry?"
"Mighty genius! believe
I your mandate receive
With submission and awe; but you'll doubtless perceive
There's no time to be lost if you'd have me entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

"That maxim so general, prudent, and sage,
Is prompted by nature and founded on truth;
At once it embraces the interests of age,
And promotes in their zenith the pleasures of youth.
Then, Venus, give ear,
And, oh, be not severe;
Be gracious and kind while due homage we swear,
For a smile from your lips can persuade us to twine
Your favourite myrtle with Bacchus's vine."

"Behold," said the goddess, "these beauties around!
By them, not by me, must the answer be given,
For *here* I am placed on debateable ground,
Though unrivalled my charms in the regions of heaven.

But, if I might advise
From my throne in the skies,
Let my daughters propitiate the myrtle I prize,
Nor sternly prohibit its branches to twine
Round the tree that *perchance* may be clasped by the vine."

Long, long, may the vine and the myrtle unite
Their blessings to lavish on mortals below;
And, while we enjoy the alternate delight,
Let us worship the gods for the good they bestow.
Let the nectar of Jove
Flow unenvied above;
Every bowl that we drain is replenished by Love,
Our Club the symposium where Venus shall twine
The flowers of the myrtle with Bacchus's vine.

SUNG ON THE 16TH NOVEMBER, 1807, AT THE HODGE PODGE CLUB, ON LORD PROVOST PETER MURDOCH ATTAINING HIS FIFTY YEARS' MEMBERSHIP.

(To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne.")

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of lang syne.

We twa hae quaffed the social bowl,
And drunk the claret wine,
And, gude be praised, we're drinking yet
As we did lang syne.

Chorus—Should auld acquaintance, etc.

We twa hae lo'ed the lassies weel,
But why should we repine?
The blude rins calder frae the heart
Than it did lang syne.

Chorus—Should auld acquaintance, etc.

But round the heart of a' that's here,
As well as yours and mine,
The flame of friendship kindly glows,
And warm as lang syne.

Chorus—Should auld acquaintance, etc.

Though mony a winter storm ye've seen,
And mony a summer shine,
Lang may we pledge your flowing cup
As we did lang syne.

Chorus—Should auld acquaintance, etc.

Then, let us join, my trusty freen,
Our willing hands with thine,
And drink to proven friendship yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus—Should auld acquaintance, etc.

WRITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE PRECEDING.

John Anderson*, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
For I'm reckoned in this countryside a perfect evergreen;
Ye wad let me ken I'm auld, John, and why should ye do so?
Have mercy on my frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, I'm nae sae auld's ye trow,
And its a' to please the twa *Delaps* ye dinna see me fow;
It's true I'm *wearing on*, John, but wha can sae like me,
That the bonniest lassies i' the land they winna let me be.

John Anderson, my jo, John, I've widow, maid, and wife,
This blessed moment fleechin' me, out o' my very life;
A lass o' high degree, John, sweet, beautiful, and young,
Has sent me sic a dose o' luve, I canna haud my tongue.

*The John Anderson here referred to was at that time *Preses* of the Hodge Podge Club, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University, and founder of Anderson's College.

John Anderson, my jo, John, I've weathered weel the blast,
And mony a canty day, John, i' the clubroom we hae past;
These fifty years and mair, John, it's been my heart's delight,
And now I'm father of the flock by undisputed right.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we see our bairn's bairns
As merry there as we hae been, we'll tak them in our airms;
We'll tell them o'er the flowing bowl to keep dull care aloof,
And as we've preed the pudding, John, we'll put them to the proof.

John Anderson, my jo, John, as *preses* of the day
To every member o' the club my thanks you will convey;
For the honour they hae done me, John, ye'll tell them ane and a'
That I hae a spunk o' daffin' yet, and while I've breath to draw,

I will meet with them, and laugh with them, and speed the lively glass,
And as lang's I keep my senses, John, I'll toast a bonnie lass,
For I'm no sae cauld, nor yet sae bauld; I've another tale to tell, John,
And if by Eild your blude's congealed, ye'll answer for yersel, John.

IN RETURN TO THE PRECEDING.

TUNE—"Haud awa frae me, Donald."

Trouth, ye waur us a', my friend!
Trouth, ye waur us a', Peter!
The deil a youngster o' the Club
Can half sae crously craw, Peter.

It makes me fain to hear you tell,
Though snow lie on your pow, Peter,
That still a bonnie lassie's een
Can set you in a low, Peter.

How lucky thou in beauty's *smile*
Frae "maid o' high degree," Peter,
For whiles sic lassies only *laugh*
At youths like you and me, Peter.

The blude that rushes round the heart
When manhood's in its prime, Peter,
They ken fu' weel, forgets to flow
When drained by Father Time, Peter.

My locks, I own, are lyart grey
By twa and fifty years, Peter;
And now that o'er my head they've flown,
At luve I'm *rather* sweer, Peter.

The lasses winna on me look
(I answer for *mysel*, Peter);
But, though their hearts were ne'er sae kind,
I wadna kiss and tell, Peter.

Come, let us leave to younger folks
Of luve the sports and joys, Peter,
Content to see our former fire
Reviving in our boys, Peter.

But fill the smiling beverage high,
Let *friendship* fill the bowl, Peter;
We'll change the frenzy of the heart
For the reason of the soul, Peter.

Then round the social board we'll press
(A wee drap in our e'e, Peter),
And, though we canna *kiss*, we'll *toast*,
Your "maid o' high degree," Peter.

Like sportsmen when the chase is o'er,
We'll hunt life's game again, Peter,
Recall the sports and pleasures past,
And drown the thoughts of pain, Peter.

SONG.

(2nd November, 1805.)

To the tune of "The Weary Pund o' Tow."

Chorus.

The lass sae fair, the lass sae rare,
Who lives out ower the knowe,
Soft may she rest, and aye be blest,
Whaure'er she spins her tow.

Aft may the kind caress o' love,
Gar a' her lillies glow,
But ne'er may blame mix any shame,
Like motes amang the tow.
Chorus—The lass sae fair, etc.

Aft may she hear the sigh sincere
That sets the heart alow,
And aye her share be free from care
Or ravelled hasps o' tow.
Chorus—The lass sae fair, etc.

Lang may she bloom, and ne'er may gloom
O'ercast her bonnie brow;
But true luve's arms surround her charms,
Whaure'er she spins her tow.
Chorus—The lass sae fair, etc.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

The trumpet sounds, I must away,
In camps to court Bellona,
But, sighing deep, my charmer leave,
Adieu, *ma chere* madonna!

'Tis glory calls me, dry thy tears,
My faith shall never waver;
And after victory I'll return
Mae worthy of thy favour.

Restrain thy rage, O! god of love,
Thy power must yield to duty,
And though I glow with soft desire
For war, I fly from beauty.

Mars left thy mother for the field,
With ardent passion burning,
But found his triumphs in her arms
Redoubled, when returning.

Chorus.

The martial drum and merry fife,
A soldier's life and duty,
The charms of glory in the field,
At home the charms of beauty.

WAR.

(February 1815.)

TUNE—"The Prince and Duke of Perth, where they go, where they go.'

For twenty years and more,
Bloody war,
Bloody war,
For twenty years and more,
Bloody war;
For twenty years and more
We heard the cannons roar,
Bloody war!

A tyrant on a throne
We have seen,
We have seen,
A tyrant on a throne
We have seen—
A tyrant on the throne
Who thought the earth his own,
But now is hardly known
To have been.

Who rang the loud alarm
To be free?
To be free?
Who rang the loud alarm
To be free?
'Twas Britain brake the charm,
And with her red right arm
She rang the loud alarm
To be free.

The battle van she led
Of the brave,
Of the brave,
The battle van she led
Of the brave;
The battle van she led
Till tyranny lay dead,
And glory crowned the head
Of the brave.

Give honour to the brave
Where they lie,
Where they lie,
Give honour to the brave
Where they lie;
Give honour to the brave,
And sacred be the grave,
On land or on the wave,
Where they lie.

SONG.

O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
Troth I daurna tell;
O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
Ask it o' yersel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
And bonnier lassies see,
O dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me,
And, O, I'm sure my heart would break
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

TO THE GREENOCK HUNTERS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LATE BALL (October, 1819).

A Ballad by the Laureate of the Hunt.

Ye hunters of Greenock! ye Nimrods so rare
On foot and on horseback, who frighten the hare!
Ye beaux! who, in breeches of brimstone so gay,
Bewitch all the ladies, attend to my lay.
Fal di ral laddi, etc.

The ball you have sported your laureate shall sing
(But, ah! how unfit for so charming a thing),
Where belles of the borough and belles of the shire
Combined all their beauties to set us on fire.
Fal di ral, etc.

The first on record is the noble Dunmore,
From her mountains and glens on the opposite shore,
Where Taste, with a touch of her wonderful hand,
Has mellowed the rude, and emboldened the grand.
Fal di ral, etc.

Those manners delightful, those features so fine,
With their glow and expression so truly divine,
Have challenged from Time his permission to pass
And continue to charm us in youthful *Dundas.*
Fal di ral, etc.

What a splendid turn-out from Ardgowan was there!—
Two brides, and the lady herself, I declare,
Who plainly considered (though civil to all)
Her brides and her daughter the gems of the ball.
Fal di ral, etc.

On Kelly the bard is unwilling to touch—
A theme where his verse would be raving too much.
But silence will often our feelings display
Beyond all the praises a poet can pay.
Fal di ral, etc.

The sportsmen of Greenock, though vastly polite,
Ne'er offered "the muse of the glebe" an invite,
Who light in the dance would have tripped it along,
And have cheered the repast with a smile and a song.
Fal di ral, etc.

The misses of Greenock must shine in the *gros*,
Since of beauty their town is a perfect depôt,
And Cupid, I fear, would bewilder my song,
Were I called to select from so brilliant a throng.
Fal di ral, etc.

Some rolled in their coach, others trod upon patten;
Some rustled in silks, others glistened in satin;
But all who deployed were so tippy and smart
That the beaux in their *brimstones* lost many a heart.
Fal di ral, etc.

I would praise all the men, if I possibly could—
The Bailie so *purthy*; thy modesty, Wood.
And *Mac* was so fond of philandering the fair,
For his soul he would not give his spleuchan the air.
Fal di ral, etc.

The males of Blackhall took the floor to a man,
But the Knight, I maintain, is still king of the clan;
And Maxwell, the juvenile knight of the shire,
Showed his person and parts for the nymphs to admire.
Fal di ral, etc.

The supper and wines did great credit to Park,
But could not of merriment kindle a spark.
When we know it's genteel to be mute as a fish,
What mouth would unclose but to mumble a dish?
Fal di ral, etc.

To this rhyming review from your laureate and friend,
Ye foot and horse hunters of Greenock, attend,
Nor barter your cargo of mercantile jokes
For the humdrum assortment of quality folks.
Fal di ral, etc.

In future beware, and consider the past
(The sutor should stick by his awl and his last),
And if ye'd be merry, I counsel ye all,
Have nothing to do with a quality ball.
Fal di ral, laddi, etc.

---

*KATE OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk, on the plains of Coleraine,
When she saw me, she stumbled,
Her pitcher it tumbled,
And all her *sweet* buttermilk *watered* the plain.

"Oh! what shall I do, now? 'Twas looking at you, now!
Such a pitcher I shall never find in Coleraine;
'Twas the pride of my dairy,
Oh! Barney M'Leary;
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

* This song, written in a manuscript book by John Dunlop, is only assumed to be his composition.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That breaking her pitcher should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her
Before I did leave her,
And she vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas haymaking season. I can't tell the reason
(Misfortunes they never come singly, 'tis plain),
But a short time thereafter
Of Kitty's disaster
The divil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE BRAVE.

(Written during an illumination on account of the constant and brilliant success of our arms by land and sea.)

Farewell to the brave!
In a warrior's grave
The hopes of our country are lying;
But on their cold bed
Ere the victors were laid,
They heard that our foemen were flying.

O'er the tombs of the brave,
In the field or the wave,
Why, why should their country be weeping!
Why with tear-streaming eyes
And weak womanish cries
Break *their* rest who in glory are sleeping?

Thrice blest be the brave!
Who, our honour to save,
Courted death in the conflict of danger;
For their country to fight
They were bold in their might,
And determined to die or avenge her.

On the sea-beaten shore,*
The wide wave looking o'er,
The widow and virgin are mourning;
But the *brave*, could they hear,
Would prohibit the tear,
And exult in the beacon that's burning.

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO GENERAL SIR JAMES STEWART IN A FIT OF THE GOUT.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Oh, thou who in a gouty fit
Like patience can contented sit,
And never pree a denty bit,
But laugh and tell a story,
Lang may ye live, and lang enjoy
The sweets of life without alloy,
But pleasure every hour employ
To chase *memento mori.*

But since your thoughts devolve from war,
And fasten on a roof of tar,
May failure ne'er your projects mar,
But success gild them fairly.
On railroads may we ca' and ride,
Frae Berwick to the banks of Clyde,
And Fiorin's perennial pride
In Scotia flourish rarely.

"On Norway's coast the widowed dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May long look o'er the shipless sea
Before her mate appears."
Hardiknute.

Then, while we live and laugh on earth,
Fu' aften round some social hearth,
May you and I maintain our berth,
The ruby wine before us;
And, just to keep our spirits up,
Enjoy the mirth-inspiring sup,
While prudence mantles in the cup,
Though merry, yet decorous.

We'll welcome a' our cronies ben,
We'll think on ilka friend that's gaen
And bless the days when we were *fain*,
(O! "Bella Amorosa");
We'll drink to Wellington and Grahame,
To every gallant son of fame,
And fill a bumper when we name
Busaco and Barosa!!!

THE BROOM.

(May, 1805.)

'Twas on a Monday morning
The day appointed was
That I gaed doun amang the broom
To meet my bonnie lass.
Sae blythe and merry was my heart
To bear her companie—
And she'll again come to the broom
For to meet wi' me.

I looked o'er my left shoulder,
To see what I could see,
And there I spied mine ain true love
Come linking o'er the lea,

His little bonnet on his head,
  His kilt out o'er his knee,
And he's coming skipping thro' the broom
  For to meet wi' me.

How sweet's the meeting 'mang the broom
  When true love warms the heart;
How sweet's the kiss that seals the vow
  We never mair shall part.
My blessings on the bonny broom
  Until the day I die,
And may the bush for ever bloom
  Where Sandy met wi' me.

TO MISS JANE FORBES.

(Written at Kelly, 6th September, 1816.)

TUNE — "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

Of a' the waters in the west,
  There's nane like Kelly Burn,
That runs by rock and hazel shaw
  Wi' mony a wild return.
Frae purple brae it winds away
  To join the streams of Clyde,
And, as it flows, salutes the *rose*
  That blushes by its side.

The *rose* that by the burnie clear
  Sheds a' its sweet perfume,
And nestles deep in Kelly Glen
  Among the yellow broom,
In gladsome hour still busks the bower
  Where love delights to reign,
And, sunward spread, adorns the shade
  That shields the charms of *Jane*.

THE BROOM OF KELLY.

(1808.)

(Composed at Kelly, where John Dunlop was a frequent guest of the Wallace family.)

TUNE—"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray."

Let others sing of Cowden Knowes
And a' their broom sae bonny,
But I delight in Kelly braes
And broom, surpassing ony.

Chorus.

O, Kelly Burn and Kelly braes,
Where waves the yellow broom, sir,
But Kelly bower exceeds my praise,
Where other *beauties* bloom, sir.

On Kelly braes, how saft and sweet
The hazel shaw sae green, sir;
But safter still, and sweeter far,
The leddies' azure een, sir.

When bathed in dew, the yellow broom
Delightful is to see, sir;
But the gowden glist of beauty's locks
Is fairer far to me, sir.

The velvet bud, with rosy hue,
Adorns the verdant bushes;
But what's the rose's bloom, compared
With beauty's rising blushes!

The lily and the rose combine
Their varied colours finely,
But ne'er, unless in Kelly bower,
Were blended sae divinely!

Long may the broom, and every flower,
On braes of Kelly blow, sir,
And the sweetest rose that scents the bower
In matchless beauty glow, sir.

A NEW SONG.

(1794.)

To the tune of "Bumpers, Squire Jones."

Ye democrats all
Who love to be told where sedition's in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted,
With anarchy's roar.
Be sure you repair
To the reading room, where
You will Jacobins find of high note and renown,
Who will teach you to dance
The true *Carmagnole* prance
On religion and law, and "the rights of the Crown"!

Thou *webster so stout,
With plenty of words, though devoid of all sense,
Who mak'st such a rout
'Bout workmen just starving—
Not earning a farthing,
Much less a few pence—
'Tis a very great pity
You can't in this city
Get the cash of the lieges to give as your own;
And thus by a job,
Get fast hold of the mob,
And cry "Down, my brave boys, with the
'Rights of the Crown'!"

† Ye men erudite!
Who are paid by the king as instructors of youth,
You are perfectly right
To cry up Tom Paine,

* A certain democratic weaver.

† Professors (at least some of them) of Glasgow College.

And his doctrines explain
As infallible truth.
Then never be quiet,
But kick up a riot;
And, when once you've the seeds of democracy sown,
The mob, full of knowledge,
And regard for the College,
Will relieve you of teinds and "the power of the Crown."

* Ye writers so wise!
Who live by the laws you wish to explode,
You doubtless despise
(With all your great learning
And mighty discerning)
Antiquity's code.
Then, take it by storm;
Introduce a reform:
Let you and your 'prentices lay the *law down;*
But be sure, when you alter,
Expunge the word "halter,"
For your necks must be spared, though escheat to the Crown.

Then, patriots, come;
The school of sedition is open for you;
Let us emulate Rome,
Where Sylla and Marius,
With fortunes so various,
Their countrymen slew.
Shall man be the "pigeon"
Of law and religion?
Shall Humanity claim British hearts for her own?
No; let anarchy flourish
While blood shall it nourish,
And let mercy expire as "a right of the Crown."

* There were at that time a great many democratic writers, or attorneys, in Glasgow.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE REVIEW OF RENFREWSHIRE YEOMANRY, 9TH AUGUST, 1796, AND SUNG AT THE BALL AFTER THE REVIEW.

TUNE—"Gee ho! Dobbin," etc.

When Europe resounded with hostile alarms,
And the Genius of Britain called loudly—"To arms!
To arms, all ye loyal, ye gallant, ye brave,
Your king to defend, and your country to save"—
George for ever! George for ever! George for ever!
Huzza! Huzza!—

The mandate like lightning pervaded the isle,
Which observing, the goddess exclaimed with a smile—
"How happy the king and the nation must be
Whose subjects are loyal and gallant and free!"
George for ever! etc.

In the moment the kingdom was all in array,
And the sons of sedition were struck with dismay,
While discord—defeated, and banished our shore—
Shall never succeed in disturbing us more.
George for ever! etc.

But, should the fell demon her engines employ,
Our land to regain and our peace to annoy,
Let us join hand in hand, and resolve in a ring
To be true to ourselves, to our country and king.
George for ever! etc.

Inspired with these feelings, let "Monsieur" advance
With his laurels profuse and his *lilies* of France.
How vain are such trophies, since we can oppose
The glorious conjunction of *thistle* and *rose!*
George for ever! etc.

To the sons of the sea let a bumper be crowned ;
With hearty good will shall that bumper go round.
May we emulate them when we combat on shore,
And, if we can equal, we need not do more.
George for ever, etc.

Let a goblet be filled to the health of the lad
Who carries the musket and wears the cockade.
Who follows the colours his * Baron bestows,
Whose heart with the fervour of loyalty glows.
George for ever ! etc.

May the spirit of Renfrewshire spread through the land,
With such hearts to obey, and such heads to command,
While again we join hands and triumphantly sing
Our soldiers and sailors, our statesmen and king.
George for ever ! etc.

BALLAD
WRITTEN AT PAISLEY ON THE 6TH APRIL, 1820, BY A VETERAN.

To the tune of "Maggie Lauder."

The Radicals cam' here yestreen,
A' linkit in a raw, sir,
Wi' lantern chafts and glow'ring een ;
Fu' crously did they craw, sir.

They sware by a' "the rights of men"
They'd kill and eat us a', sir,
But soon they changed their killing plan—
Took leg, and ran awa, sir.

* The Prince of Wales is Baron of Renfrew, and made the corps of Yeomanry a present of their colours.

Shall wabsters wield the empire's rod
O'er nobles, King, and law, sir?
And *scorners* on the Kirk of God
Lay sacrilegious paw, sir?

Shall loons wha scarce can read or write
Ding doon the crown and altar
Without achieving as their right
The gallows and a halter?

It winna last, it canna last,
This mad rebellious splore, sir;
It soon maun meet a withering blast,
This scene of rude uproar, sir.

The scum may bubble at the top,
But there it downa stay, sir,
And to the bottom ilka drop
Shall sink for gude and aye, sir.

A cleg a cannon isna like,
To weed the ranks o' war, sir,
Nor yet a weaver and his paike
A charger and hussar, sir,

Of British chivalry the flower,
Wha quenched Napoleon's star, sir,
And laid his banners in the stour,
In battlefield afar, sir.

His Prince's drum the *veteran* hears,
And starts to arms again, sir;
He laughs at sticks and stanes and spears
Wha clear'd the fields o' Spain, sir.

The Yoeman and the Volunteer
Bang forward, ane and a' sir.
Then come, my boys! a sodger's cheer
To * "sour milks" and * "sea maws," sir.

SUNG AT THE BALL GIVEN BY THE LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HUNT, 10TH MARCH, 1802.

To its ain tune.

Ye hunters! ye hunters! the foxhounds who follow,
Attend to my counsels and prayer;
For horses and hounds your devotions give over,
And kneel at the shrine of the fair.

Leave Sweetlip and Beauty, and Favourite and Fair-Maid, †
Whom oft through the woods ye pursue;
For once leave the intricate mazes of reynard,
And hark! to the game that's in view.

Here *fav'rites* and *fair-maids* and *sweet-lips* alluring
Let sportsmen with rapture regard,
And while through the maze of the dance ye pursue them,
Their smiles be the sportsman's reward.

Ye ladies! ye ladies! oh, fly not before us,
Nor leave us behind in disgrace;
When the pursuit and pleasure of life is your favour,
We'd die if thrown out in the chase.

Then, forward! hark! forward! ‡ "our hope is not broken"
(That motto forbids our despair),
For hope is a blossom that's nourished by beauty,
And its sun is a smile from the fair.

* The Radicals at Paisley called the Ayrshire Yeomanry "sour milks," and the 1st Port-Glasgow Volunteers "sea maws."
† Names of dogs.
‡ The motto of the Earl of Hopetoun ("*Spes non fractu*"). His Lordship is Patron of the Hunt.

VERSES
SUNG AT A MEETING OF LINLITHGOWSHIRE YEOMANRY, 18TH JUNE, 1798.

TUNE—"Over the water to Charlie."

In this fortunate isle, under heaven's best smile,
Every man may live free and contented—
May safely recline in the shade of his vine,
And each year find his produce augmented.
If honest, though poor, we're of justice secure;
Fair Freedom has nought to alarm her;
The peasant stands clear of the prince and the peer,
And the King, my brave boys, is a * farmer.

How happy are we who see Liberty's tree
Grow and flourish, though not of our planting!
Who, under its arms, feel its blessings and charms,
Nor think training and pruning are wanting!
Since we're blest with the fruit, let us nourish the root
That repays us our due cultivation;
Then up to the skies the "perennial" shall rise,
And its branches extend o'er the nation.

But since demagogues wild to our monarchy mild
Have assumed of Rebellion the armour,
Their rage to restrain, and our rights to maintain,
We appeal to the yeoman and farmer.
Now let the roof ring with a health to the King;
To Britannia! (no foeman shall harm her);
To our soldiers so brave; to the sons of the wave;
Not forgetting the yoeman and farmer.

* George III.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

(December, 1798.)

O, here's to the year that's awa ;
Let us drink it in strong and in sma'.
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed
In the days of the year that's awa.
Chorus—And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed
In the days of the year that's awa.

O, here's to the soger wha bled,
To the sailor wha bravely did fa' ;
Their fame is alive, tho' their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa.
Chorus—Their fame is alive, tho' their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa.

O, here's to the friend we can trust
When the storms of adversity blaw ;
May he join in our song, and lie nearest our heart,
Nor depart like the year that's awa.
Chorus—May he join in our song, and lie nearest our heart,
Nor depart like the year that's away.

SONG
FOR THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HODGE PODGE CLUB. (1802.)

Again we meet in social glee,
Though fifty years be o'er,
And press around the flowing bowl
To drain its juice once more,
Whilst Friendship, hovering round the board,
Applauds the festive vein,
And whispers every joyous soul—
"Come, fill your glass again."

Though Time with rude resistless step
Hath marched our phalanx through,
And claimed from those we loved so well
The debt to Nature due,
Why should we mourn o'er life's decline?
Or why perplex the brain?
For hark! those guardian spirits cry—
"Fill high the glass again."

To your remembrance, brethren dear,
The goblet charged behold;
You've gone the way we all must take—
The timid and the bold.
But e'er the slippery path we tread,
Let none that's here disdain
To seize what courage wine can give,
And fill the glass again.

Long may we quaff the circling bowl
In mirthful mood below;
And may we meet, what time we part,
Such friends where'er we go—
In youth, in manhood, and in age—
Whose hearts unchanged remain,
Who wisely prize the present joy,
And crown the cup again.

A FRAGMENT.

Ye're no sae vera kind, my lad,
As bygane days ye've been;
Your tryst wi' me ye didna haud
Beside thon burn yestreen.
Whan first ye bade me to the glen
To tell the love ye bore me,
I mind fu' weel, my lad, that then
Ye cam a while afore me.

SONG.

(1802.)

TUNE—"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray."

"At true luve's bidding, wilt thou gae
To yonder holme sae lee, lassie,
Where Avon wimples roun' the brae,
And live wi' luve and me, lassie?"

"I canna gang, I darena gang;
I'm rede o' luve and thee, laddie.
My minnie's gear is a' gane wrang;
She downa tocher me, laddie."

"The diamonds in thy bonnie een
Are wealth eneuch for me, lassie;
And Grandeur, busked in silken sheen,
Shall envy you and me, lassie."

"My een, subdued by passing years,
For gowd ye'd gladly gie, laddie,
And let their diamonds melt in tears,
For loss o' luve and thee, laddie."

"Tho' gowd the greedy packman guides,
It ne'er had weight wi' me, lassie;
In nature's glen, where pleasance bides,
Frae thoughts o' pelf we're free, lassie."

"Oh, lead me to your leesome bower,
Where Avon glides sae fine, laddie;
And lang may luve appreive the hour
That links my fate to thine, laddie."

SONG.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kane."

The stream of the Liffy, in life's happy morning,
Ran, pure as my heart, from its source to the sea,
And flowers of the shamrock its green banks adorning
Were sweeter by far than the myrtle to me.

To O'Brien I listened, and fondly believed him,
No doubt in my breast, and no cloud on my brow,
And ne'er in a word or a thought have deceived him—
Unchanged in my love from that moment till now.

But long has delight from this bosom been parted,
Long withered the roses of life to my view.
Oh! sad was my fate, by O'Brien deserted—
No kiss on my lip! in my ear no adieu!

SONG

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF MR PITT'S BIRTHDAY.

(1816.)

Though Time, with all destroying power,
Rolls years on years away,
And even in this exulting hour
Devotes us to decay,
Yet to redeem that tyrant's wrath
Resounds the voice of Fame,
Who gives her loudest trumpet breath
With Pitt's immortal name.

The battle shout is heard no more
Through Europe's wide domain,
And Peace proclaims on every shore
Her joy-inspiring reign.

Our gallant ship rides safe at last
O'er all the storms of war,
Though, 'mid the fury of the blast,
She lost her leading star.

Let nations join the votive strain,
And grateful turn to thee,
Whose counsels burst Oppression's chain,
And bade mankind be free.
Thy voice, alas! no more we hear,
To win our fond acclaim,
But Memory prompts the patriot tear
At thy immortal name.

HALLOWE'EN:
A BALLAD WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.
(1810.)

Once more, thirty-first of October,
All hail to your auld-fashioned mirth—
Those pastimes baith playfu' and sober
To which Hallowe'ening gi'es birth.
Though autumn be ready to leave us,
And winter blinks in at the door,
Oh, why should such prospects bereave us
Of joy and good humour in store?

When Jeannie on Hallowmas e'ening
Slips out 'mang the kail in the yaird,
May fortune accord to her gleaning
A castock weel worthy regaird;
And when on the door o' the hallan
Her stock she has cannily laid,
May it mint at the name of a callan
Weel-favoured and boordly and braid.

If bauldly the maiden should wander,
And douk her sark sleeve in the burn,
As she drys it, her laddie, *sans prendre*,
At midnight the linen will turn;
And when in the goustie Killogie
Her clue she is tempted to throw,
Her jo, she may swear, will be vogie
To "kepp" it, and answer below.

Three luggies are ranged on a cutty
For her wha's in want of a mate—
The fu' and the toom and the sooty—
To tell them the dark biddings o' fate.
And when the fresh egg has been broken,
And mixed wi' the water so clear,
She may ken by the mystical token
Her fate, and the fate of her dear.

As she ogles her three-neukit glassie,
Wi' * Leadington candle and kame,
His shadow will smile on the lassie
Wha's destined to welcome her hame.
And if to the barn she should venture,
To riddle three wechtfu' o' nocht,
Her *intended* will speedily enter,
And † thrid the twa doors like a thocht.

Twa hazels behold in the ingle,
In flames that sae cheerily blend,
And twa dorties that winna commingle—
Dowff, doited, and dour to the end.
Awa' wi' sic lads and sic lasses,
Wi' wooers sae cauldrife and dull!
Kiss, kiss the sweet cup as it passes,
And aye haud it reaming and full!

Chorus—Awa' wi' sic lads, etc.

* A place celebrated for candle-making.

† Tie the two doors.

TO MISS JANE FORBES, (SPINNING).

(October, 1816.)

TUNE—"There's nae luck aboot the hoose."

A charming spinster dwells on Clyde;
They ca' her Bonnie Jane,
The Muse's theme, the Cupid's pride,
For marrow has she nane.

She neatly whisks about the wheel,
To twist the linen twine,
And weel can work wi' rock and reel
To mak' the napery fine.

She sings, and every bird is mute,
Wi' envious rage o'ergane;
The mavis daurna haud dispute
Wi' Kelly's bonnie Jane.

She dances like a wood nymph wild
Upon the verdant plain;
And Nature, charmed to see her child,
Cries—"There's my dochter Jane."

To win a blythe blink frae her e'e,
My heart's in meikle pain,
But sair she glooms on hapless me,
Though sweet's the smile of Jane.

Had she remained on Bogie's banks
The pride of northern swain,
I'd gi'en to a' the gods my thanks,
Nor tholed the scorn of Jane.

But, bonniest lass! in Hymen's bands,
I trow, you'll soon be fain,
For Love wad spring to join his hands
Wi' those of Kelly's Jane.

And may the lad that leads you forth
Ne'er love but you alane,
And shower his blessings on the north,
That fostered bonnie Jane,

SELECTION OF POEMS

BY

JOHN DUNLOP, of Rosebank.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE PICTURE GALLERIES AT HAMILTON PALACE.

(1793.)

Damna tamen ceteres reparant celestia lunæ ;
Non ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo Tullus, Dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Horace.

The moon renews her orb with growing light ;
But, when we sink into the shades of night—
Where all the good, the rich, the brave, are laid—
Our best remains are ashes and a shade.

Stranger ! of high renown or humble name,
In this fair chronicle inscribe thy name,
Assured *that* name shall live from age to age,
At least unsullied in this candid page.

Then, stranger ! cast a rapid glance around,
And view these walls with mimic nature crowned.
Mimic indeed ! for all you here survey—
The mighty monarch and the courtier gay,
The peerless dame, the soldier frank and brave—
Have shared one common destiny—the grave.
And, still, each trophied hall you glide along
Presents a bright but visionary throng !

No more shall every grace enchanting smile
Around the charming figure of *Argyle;* *
Nor shall fair *Coventry* again impart
Love's brightest flame to the beholder's heart.
No more *Gustavus,* gallant, glorious Swede!
Shalt thou thy native bands triumphant lead;
Nor thou, great *Hamilton!* support his throne,
Eager to share in dangers not thine own—
Eager to guard, in fields of foreign fight,
Religion's cause from Bigotry and Might.†

That monarch on the milk-white steed behold! ‡
How hard his fate!—betrayed, abandoned, sold!
Traitors, turned judges, doom their king to bleed;
Rebels and fanatics applaud the deed;
Whilst through the land a crimson torrent flows,
And Honour mourns her darling son, *Montrose*—
Mourns for the loss of Wor'ster's fatal day,
And *Lanark's Lord,* laid breathless in the clay.
He led his bands where raged the fiercest fight,
And met his death-wound in the Prince's sight;
He fell, like Falkland, with foreboding mind—
Recalled from earth, and all to heaven resigned.§

In vain the Iberian tyrant grasps at Fame; ‖
Deceit, revenge, and murder blot his name.
Armadas sunk or scattered by the storm,
With Alva's acts of blood, his life deform;
And the fell poison of a despot's reign
Hath long its dead'ning venom shed o'er Spain.

* The names of the portraits are printed in italics.

† In 1631, James, Marquis of Hamilton, raised and led a band of 6000 men for the service of Gustavus Adolphus, in his wars in Germany.

‡ Portrait of Charles I., by Vandyck.

§ See his "Prayers and Meditations," written on the night preceding the Battle of Worcester, in Burnet's "Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton," book vii., p. 428.

‖ Portrait of Philip II. grasping a figure of Fame, by Titian.

Here soft Madonnas bend with aspect mild,
In fond maternal rapture, o'er the CHILD;
There sainted forms their meek adoring eyes
Raise, with bright hope, to warm and glowing skies,
Or seem to listen, while they ardent gaze,
To seraph hymns of ecstacy and praise!

But see! where low the faithful martyr bends;
That shower of vengeful stones his sufferings ends,
While, with fleet pinion, from his blest abode,
Descends the angel-messenger of God.
Onward he flies. Before him all is night;
Behind him stream long tracks of golden light. *

Not without cause the Jewish prophet quakes
While savage clamour all the cavern shakes.
His limbs convulsed, his face aghast with fear,
Devout he prays, and Heaven inclines an ear.
Secure he sits, though monsters roar around,
And human carnage strews the ensanguined ground. †

Lo! where proud Ilium's heaven-built walls arise,
A mighty bulwark towering to the skies,
The fair Andromache, o'erwhelmed with fears,
Displays her tender pledge, 'mid floods of tears;
Conjures her hero, as he values Troy,
His faithful wife, and blooming infant boy,
For one short day to shun the field's alarms,
And pass the night encircled in her arms.
"Vain are thy fears," the softened warrior cries,
Nature's last tribute quivering in his eyes;
"Vain are thy words; for, hark! the trumpet calls,
And hostile Greece assails our hallowed walls.
Glory commands; my wife, my son, adieu;
I haste to conquer, bleed, or die for you." ‡

* The Stoning of St. Stephen, from Annibal Carracci.
† Daniel in the Lions' Den, by Rubens.
‡ Parting of Hector and Andromache, by Gavin Hamilton.

Now, stranger! mark what glowing walls display
The bloom of spring and heaven's cerulean ray.
Here may the eye of cultured taste explore
The waving woodland and the winding shore.
O'er the blue hills the lights and shadows fly,
And varied tints amuse the gazing eye;
Here beams the mountain's brow, and there the glade
Rests in the purple of retiring shade,
While down the verdant vale yon mimic rill
Glides ever on—so beautiful, so still.

Nor should those lines the graver's plates supply
Pass unregarded by the stranger's eye.
What though the artist may not match the blaze
Of Titian's glowing tints and golden rays,
Nor pour the current of the purple blood,
Nor spread the foliage of the vernal wood!
Yet in the faithful lineaments we trace
Carracci's vigour and Correggio's grace.
There we approach Salvator's gloomy den,
'Mid giant cliffs, secluded far from men;
There Veronese's stately domes surprise,
And with ideal space delude the eyes;
Whilst all the angel forms that Guido drew
The graver's imitative draughts renew.

Now, stranger! turn thine eyes to yon alcove
Sacred to Paphian *Venus*, queen of love. *
There while she stands in almost breathing stone
(Modest her gesture, tho' unbound her zone),
Should'st thou demand why still our looks we raise
To that pale form with fond admiring gaze!
'Tis ancient genius all the charm imparts
And sends the sense of beauty to our hearts.

* A statue of the Venus de Medici

Could living merit here obtain a place,
Or female charms adorned with ease and grace—
A finished taste to native talent joined,
The gentlest manners, yet the firmest mind—
Then might the fair ELIZA justly claim
That homage here reserved for ancient fame.

ADIEU TO KINNEIL.

(1803.)

Farewell, ye hospitable walls and towers!
Long may ye grace the banks of Fortha's tide;
Ye venerable groves! ye shady bowers!
Long may ye bloom by winding Avon's side. *

May every blossom, bathed in morning dew,
Give more delightful fragrance to the gale,
And may the sun impart his brightest hue
To every flower that blows in Avon's vale.

May every fountain, wandering rill, and stream,
Glide purer crystal, as the current flows;
And should a minstrel on their margin dream,
Lull him, ye liquid murmurs! in repose.

May the rude pipe and village carol gay
With more melodious music charm the ear,
And may the vocal chorus from the spray
Breathe sweeter strains—tho' I no more shall hear.

Oft may your gates at friendship's call unclose;
Still on misfortune may your influence shine,
Your shades give shelter to another's woes,
And soothe his sorrows as they softened mine.

* The Avon joins the Firth of Forth near Kinneil.

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION, AND WHEN THE VOLUNTEERS WERE BEING EMBODIED.

(1804.)

"Heard you that martial trump, my son,
While hunting o'er the hill?
Heard you the brazen blast, my boy,
That blew so loud and shrill?"

"I heard the breath of war, my sire,
When hunting on the hill;
I heard the bugle-horn that blew
Three blasts so loud and shrill."

"The first, my boy, was for your King,
The next your native land;
The last was sounded for a home
That ne'er knew spoiler's hand.

"Saw you, my son, the beacon's blaze,
Of Scotia's foes the dread?
Saw you the flame of battle rise
On hill and mountain head—

"Repeated from the ramparts high
Of castle, fort, and tower;
Repeated in the peaceful vale
Prepared for danger's hour?" *

"I saw, my sire, the signal's blaze,
And, as it flashed on high,
The flame of freedom fired my heart,
And kindled in my eye.

"I saw the peaceful valleys shine
With war's refulgent arms,
And heard the mellow flageolet
Give voice to war's alarms."

* Such signals were frequent at the time, in consequence of false alarms with regard to the movements of the French flotillas.

"Resign, my boy, the sylvan chase,
The stag and fallow deer;
Hang on the wall thy hunter's shaft,
And grasp the Scottish spear.

"For never shall the braggart's tongue
Of conquered Scotland tell,
Nor shall Invasion's foot profane
Our mountain's heather-bell.

"The thistle bristles on the rock,
The sea beats round our shore,
And hearts beat high, as they were wont
To throb in days of yore,

"When Bruce's spear and Wallace' sword
The spoiler's step repelled,
And Stirling's towers beheld the pride
Of English Edward quelled.

"Ye heroes! from your airy halls,
Your sons in arms behold,
Whose banners fly in Freedom's cause,
Like yours in times of old.

"We seek not conquest—fear not death;
We combat to be free;
And the last drop that warms our heart
Shall flow 'for Liberty.'" *

TO MY SON'S WIG, ON HIS PASSING LAWYER—SHERIFF DUNLOP, RENFREWSHIRE (10th March, 1807).

Thou venerable badge of law,
Symbol of wisdom! struck with awe,
Thy hoary locks I see.
Oh, shed thy sapience on *his* head
Who underneath thy curls must plead
And strive to earn a fee.

* Supposed to have been Sir William Wallace's motto.

Let not these waving braids bedeck
And flow in vain around his neck;
Thy powerful sanction give!
Kindly concede some legal fame
To his hereditary claim,
And let the stripling live.

Forbid the lawyer's lounging walk,
Of Outer House the gossip talk;
Let him attend *within*,
Where from the Bench, with willing ear,
Or from the Bar, the boy may hear,
And learn ere he begin.

With Mansfield's genius fire the youth,
Adorned with Blackstone's taste and truth
And Rosslyn's power to charm;
With Campbell's legal talents rare,
Give him the nervous sense of Blair,
His worth, and friendship warm.

Let Erskine's wit, with winning smile,
The dreary forms of law beguile;
Let modesty and learning,
Derived from Miller, be his praise,
And every merit doubly raise,
With men of sound discerning.

Render him candid, generous, free,
Courteous, and kind—Dundas! like thee—
At this my fond petition;
But ne'er let Melville's mightier name,
Though grand with honour, rank, and fame,
Betray him to ambition.

Had'st thou one only gift in store—
Integrity—I'd ask no more,
Though in a threadbare gown;
But in thy plenitude bestow
His grandsire's robe of spotless snow,
And all my wishes crown.

FRIEDLAND.

The sun had set in human blood
On Poland's hostile plain,
And night had settled on the flood
That flowed from thousands slain.

The life-destroying blast no more
A sudden gleam displayed,
And the loud cannon's awful roar
'Mong distant hills decayed.

The drum that drowns the sufferer's groan
Now rolled the late *tuptoo*;
And, wafted on each parting moan,
A warrior's spirit flew.

When 'cross the gloom a feeble ray
The glimmering taper throws,
To mark Matilda's doubtful way,
Deep-sorrowing as she goes.

O'er friend and foe she steps by turns—
The dying and the dead—
And where th' expiring charger spurns
His prostrate master's head;

For here, in every dreadful form,
Death marshalled all his train,
The weary wanderer's sense to storm,
And fire her tortured brain.

The war-wolf howls, the vulture shrieks,
Around their human prey;
Her spoils the blood-stained plunderer seeks,
More savage far than they.

Nor rank, nor age, nor gallant deeds,
Her cruel stroke restrain;
At every blow a victim bleeds,
For Mercy sues in vain.

Dauntless, the matron perseveres,
By black Despair impelled,
Rising above a woman's fears,
Her heart to bursting swelled,

Till, bathed in blood, she finds at length
Her brave, her darling son,
Fled all his beauty, all his strength,
His race for ever run—

The sport of glory and of war
At Friedland doomed to die,
While mad Ambition rolls her car,
Nor heeds her soldier's sigh!

Her aid a mother vainly plies;
The breasts she chafes is cold.
"Ah! never cold before," she cries,
"To me that heart so bold.

"The lustre of thine eye is fled,
And mute that tuneful tongue,
Thy heart to me and pity dead,
That powerful arm unstrung.

"Must we then part? and here, forlorn,
Thy widowed mother stay?—
Her son at Friedland from her torn,
Her lord on Lodi's day!

"Oh, fly not! sacred spirit; hear!"
(She grasped his sword, and cried),
"I'll lead the *way*, though dark and drear"
(Then like a Roman died).

The morning came, with golden light,
And brightened tower and tree,
But the bloody field of Friedland fight
Seemed deadly dark to me.

EPITAPH ON MRS. ELIZABETH STEWART, AUNT OF GENERAL SIR JAMES STEWART OF COLTNESS.

(1803.

For beauty and for youth, let others weep,
Laid by the shaft of death in life's last sleep;
Though neither youth nor beauty slumber here,
Yet age and virtue claim a parting tear
The spot to consecrate where wisdom lies—
Wit without malice, truth without disguise.

Here rests religion, void of vain pretence,
Founded on reason, and matured by sense;
With every Christian attribute adorned;
By all who knew and felt its influence, mourned.

Blessed be the heart that heaves the generous sigh,
Sacred the drop that springs from sorrow's eye;
Yet reason shall our selfish grief restrain,
And check the tear which flows, alas! in vain.

Far now removed from scenes of sighs and tears,
Thy holy spirit dwells in heavenly spheres—
Welcomed by angels to their bright abode,
Pure as themselves, and reconciled to God.

WINTER: OR ROGER AND RAB.

It is a dark December day;
Roger now and Rab foregather,
And, as they jog alang the way,
Roger bans the winter weather.

ROGER.

"Mischanter grip ye by the snout,
Winter! misleirt, rampaugin' lout!
Wha maks sae meikle din and rout
Roun' oor stackyaird,
Tirring and blawin' a' about
Without regaird.

"Nor lum nor rigging dost thou spare;
O' lime and thack thou peels them bare.
Raips, divots, harrows, laid wi' care
To haud things doun,
Thou swirls them a' into the air,
Out-ower the moon.

"Wi' cranreuch sleet and driftin' snaw,
And whiles wi' weet—an unco jaw,
Eneuch to smoor or drown us a'—
Thou comest like wud;
Syne thou lockest up, wi' frozen paw,
Baith eard and flood.

"Thy nights sae langsum, doure, and dark
(Whan witch and warlock work their wark,
And auld Mahoun, wi' rairing bark,
His cantraps plays)
Gar mony a chiel, though ne'er sae stark,
Douk 'neth the claes."

RAB.

"Hoot, Roger, haud your jawnering gab,
And dinna peenge sae sair, and sab,
But listen for a while to Rab,
Wha likes fu' weel
Whan winter nips him by the neb—
Auld-farrand chiel!

"Fair-fa thee, halesome canty carl!
There's nae a spat in a' the warl'
That wadna bliss thy gowl and snarl
Whan fell disease
In Death's black chariot taks a hurl
Ayont the seas.

'The sun may bleeze aboon the line,
And ripen diamonds i' the mine;
He but augments the wretch's pine
Wha peghing meanes,
And for a'e frozen gem o' thine,
Cauld Winter! granes.

"But, waesucks! he will vainly cry;
Winter careers anither sky,
Where Death contagious darena try
His smittal pranks,
Nor spread, for lads like us, his ply
O' venomed fancks.

"And though but short are winter days,
How blythe at e'en the ingle's blaze,
Blinkin' wi' bright though fitfu' rays
Athort the room!
While crack, and sangs, and merry says,
Lang nights consume.

"And while on furms beside the wa'
Cosy we sit wi' lasses braw,
We carena for the blasts that blaw
About the bigging,
And reck not o' the wreaths o' snaw
That theek the rigging.

"I'd rather hae the like o' this—
The freensome jibe, the willing kiss—
Nor a' that Southrons brag o' bliss
In shady bowers,
Where serpent Luve will sting or hiss
Amang the flowers.

"Our benisons are free frae stealth;
Our hills supply the breeze o' health;
We row in plenty, peace, and wealth,
While gladness rings;
And winter lends a heartsome tilth
To sic braw things.

"Wi' a' his vain paraud and racket,
The daintiest Southron ere was clacket
Wad swap his silken, slavish jacket
(And be right glad)
For Caledonia's worset fecket
And freedom's plaid.

"Sae, Roger, whist! Nae lan' can be
Without dishorts o' some degree.
Come, let us taste the barley bree;
Though no like wine,
It foams, my freen, but for the free;
Sae ne'er repine."

THE TEARS OF GEORGE'S SQUARE.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF COMMISSIONER COCHRANE TAKING A RIDE INTO ENGLAND AND WALES.

(Addressed to himself.)

From the gay city, on his favourite nag—
His theme and pride, his comfort and his brag—
Forth issues Cochrane, eager to explore
Hill, dale, and forest seldom trod before.

To unfrequented paths he turns his eyes,
Tempted by warmer gales and brighter skies;
His devious range decrees through Anglia's vales
To play the hermit 'mong the cliffs of Wales.

Far, far removed from prying mortals' ken,
From ladies' parties and the clubs of men,
Deep sighs and hollow murmurs fill the air,
And consternation reigns in George's Square,

Where fair ones marvel how a man polite
From rocks and mountains should derive delight,
Forget the former blaze of * *number nine*,
And search for treasures in retirement's mine,
To bards prefer the book an inn affords,
And eggs and bacon to luxurious boards.

The Club, astonished, think he can't exist,
No suppers going, and no shilling whist.
Dark Veitch turns pale; and, as for Mrs Blair,
She hears the tidings with a doubtful stare;
Miss Betsy Robertson does nought but pine,
And Court-of-Session Craig forgets to dine.
Nor papers please, nor French romance delights;
Not even Crebillon cheers his languid nights.
Miss Trotter changes colour, and from sallow
Varies her tint to love-lorn green and yellow.
Mackenzie writes no more; the man of feeling
Weeps for his loss as if he'd lost a shilling.
The Todds, both young and old, are full of grief,
And at the Bar poor Blair forgets his brief;
Even † Camperdown—that two-and-forty pounder—
For once in silence wails, as mute's a flounder.

The gude Sir Patrick Inglis feels a pang,
And Lyon grinds in wrath his hungry fang;
No smoking pancake, and no dumpling sweet,

* The resort of a well-known gambling club at Fortune's, of which Mr Cochrane was a member.

† Admiral Lord Duncan.

For three long months that hungry fang shall greet;
Nor onions young, down-shred with gustful care,
To zest the cold and early cucumber;
Nor roast, nor boil, nor stew, nor *fricassee*;
No Bordeaux claret, and no Pekoe tea.
Poor Doctor Hamilton neglects his hat,
Deprived of morning and of evening chat—
A man of woe, o'erwhelmed with spleen and vapour,
Denied to read the Custom House newspaper.
And Sim, so dull, so proud, so hearty,
Can speak of France no more and Bonaparte.

EPITAPH ON ALEXANDER STEVENSON, M.D.

(Written by desire of the Hodge Podge Club, of which he was a member.)

Let hireling bards, on splendid marbles, tell
How kings and heroes lived, or how they fell;
To private worth this humble stone we raise,
Inscribed by Friendship with no venal praise.

Profuse in bounty, and in feeling kind,
Was he whose hallowed dust lies here enshrined;
No lure could lead from honour to depart,
Mild were his manners, tender was his heart.

Joy and good humour filled his honest soul,
When mirth and fancy sparkled round the bowl;
And when dull care sat brooding on the brim,
The recreant fled his merriment and whim.

Friendship shall mourn, and Medicine long deplore
The heart that glows, the hand that heals, no more;
Whilst every reader joins the general tear,
For gentle, generous Stevenson lies here.

TO THE LAST CENTURY.

(1st January, 1801.)

Fareweel, thou auld and wizen'd wicht!
I'm glad thou'rt fairly out o' sicht,
For mony a towmont, day and nicht,
Thou'st grieved me sair,
And left me in a sorry plicht
Wi' dool and care;

Wi' mony a mote hast mixed my tow,
In mony a tulzie brak my pow,
And wi' mislucks, and unco scrow,
Hast gart me girn,
While winning, withered wirrycow!
Thy ravelled pirn.

But haith! I didna thole my lane,
For at mischief thou aye wast fain,
And mony a chiel hast thou gart grane,
And hizzy braw,
Chirting their marrow frae the bane
Wi' iron paw.

Philosophers of feckless breed
Threped fernyear that thou wast dead, *
But, trusting to Sir Isaac's creed,
Thou, till the streen,
Did'st neither bow thy liard head
Nor close thine een.

May thy young "Billy," now the "Laird,"
Treat us wi' something like regaird,
Nor skelp us out o' his kailyaird
This gey wee while,
For, trowth, we're no that weel prepared
To loup the stile,

* Strange as it may seem, it was at this time seriously disputed whethe the new century commenced in January, 1800, or January, 1801.

TO THE SHADE OF WALLACE, ON SEEING HIS SWORD IN DUMBARTON CASTLE.

(November, 1807.)

Spirit of the mighty dead,
Wielder of this weapon dread,
Hover round the soldier's head—
Who fights for Liberty!

Nerve his arm, his heart inspire;
Fill it with thy sacred fire;
Edge his blade with lightning dire—
Who fights for Liberty!

Guard him, and in battle guide;
Honour be his aim and pride;
Combat by the warrior's side—
Who fights for Liberty!

Blessed for ever be the brave;
Freedom's flag shall o'er him wave.
Life be his beyond the grave—
Who fights for Liberty!

May his sword no scabbard know
While his country has a foe;
And if fate should lay him low—
Who fights for Liberty—

Let his deeds in story shine;
Deign to join his name with thine—
Brightest gem in freedom's shrine—
Who died for Liberty!

And when glory's records tell
How Wallace fought and Wallace fell,
Let fame repeat the soldier's knell—
Who died for Liberty!

LINES
ON GEORGE M'CALL RETIRING FROM THE "OYSTER CLUB" IN GLASGOW (1812).

[His letter of demission ended with four verses—wretched poetical lines.]

The Oyster Club, in sable clad,
Laments for George M'Call,
Who, swan-like, his own requiem sings.
Weep! Weep!! ye oysters all.
Tiny Lochrians! huge Pandores!
Forget him, if you can;
He was, creation must confess,
An oyster of a man!!

THE WOUNDED TAILOR.

List to my verse. A tailor—as we're told—
Smit with the love of fame and martial glory,
Followed the camp, like any lion bold,
And on the head was wounded (says the story).
The surgeon for his *brains* expressed just fear.
"Be not alarmed," says Snip, with half a sneer;
"Had they been **there*, by Jove, I'd not been here."

* Pointing to his head.

ADDRESS.
WILLIAM HEPBURN, THE GROOM, TO THE ROBIN REDBREAST THAT HAD FREQUENTED THE STABLE FOR SEVERAL WINTERS.

Thou'rt welcome to thine ancient hame,
Whaur many a time thou'st filled thy wame,
And seen me at the horses's kame,
My bonnie bird.
To do thee skaith wad be a shame,
Upon my word.

Thy wee bit pick was never missed
Out of the muckle gurnel kist ;
And aft it saved thy life, I wist,
When winter cauld
Cam', wrapt in frost and snow and mist,
Wi' blast sae bauld.

On Ruby's back, for a' his reels,
Thou sat fu' crouse—for a' his squeals—
When I did rub his head or heels
Wi' peching sair,
Gi'eing to a' the meikle deils
Each throwart hair.

Whene'er I thought the time was lang,
I listened to thy simple sang ;
And, though it never loudly rang,
It aye was sweet.
Oh, may'st thou ne'er from * baudron's fang
Thy ruin meet.

Look where she slinks wi' gesture slee ;
I fear she'll stop thy artless glee,
And make a dainty meal o' thee,
My winsome burdy,
And then nae mair thou'lt hop and flee
On horse's hurdy.

If half the wiles o' life thou kent,
Thou wad, I'm sure, tak' better tent,
Nor gi'e me reason to lament
That thou dids't skip
Sae near, my bonnie innocent,
Thon tiger's lip.

* The cat.

A better fate thy kindred a'
(For kindness to the bairnies twa *)
Deserve frae mankind great and sma'.
But cats!—aye hungry!—
Bid them *keep in* their greedy paw;
Forsooth! they're angry.

Sae have I heard, and felt, and seen—
A luckless *bard* stript o' his skin
For faut o' wit and better een.
And syne the skinner
Wad lay the † wyte, wi' muckle din,
On him, puir sinner.

LINES
WRITTEN ON MY BIRTHDAY, 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1815, WHEN I WAS SIXTY YEARS OF AGE.

"Winters threescore—a withering lapse of time—
Have blanched these scattered hairs with frost and snow,
Urged by the venom of an Indian clime,
But more by sad turmoil, and wreck, and woe,
The destiny of youth and eld below."
Then, captious carl, wherefore dost thou whine,
Since the decrees of Heaven have ordered so—
That dregs still mingle with the purest wine,
Even in the cup of kings? Cease, carl, to repine.
The days and years that Time hath o'er thee rolled,
Contemplate with a calm unjaundiced eye;
Some, surely, have been blent with streaks of gold
Amid the tissue of adversity
Whose web thou'st wove, but not despairingly,
Hope chanting high to luve, prosperity;
And, though the nymph was coy, the blythesome sound
Chequered the toilsome task until the clue was wound.

* Babes in the wood.
† Blame.

During thy boisterous voyage o'er the deep,
Did not a *friend* stand forth amid the gale
To break the fury of the billows' sweep,
Steady the helm, and trim the tattered sail,
Till in safe haven moored thy galliot frail?
To *him*, oh! grateful turn, with deep emotion
(Thousands may turn with thee), his shade to hail.
'Twas Melville saved thee on life's troubled ocean,
And from thy pallid lip dashed care's corroding potion,
To cheer the weary pilgrimage of life.
How few can boast the blessing of a friend!
How many sink in error, fall in strife,
Or, peevish, as their witless way they bend,
When treacherous seas and sands their snares extend,
Shivering from want, or burning with disease,
No comfort in their stinted cup to blend,
Nor ray to light them to a bed of ease!—
Their fate the winter storm, *thy* lot the summer breeze!
* Scan not, with prescient niceness, future tears,
Nor damp the pleasure of the fleeting hour;
True wisdom strives to chase intrusive fears
(Forbidding guests!) from meek contentment's bower,
Where blooms of human life the sweetest flower;
Where sorrow may forget to watch and weep,
No canker to torment or to devour;
Where care may close his eyes in slumber deep,
And in Meconian wave his anxious senses steep.
Cease, carl, to repine; cherish content;
Free is thy fortune from the fangs of care.
Time taps thy shoulder—true—yet art thou lent
Of life's supply abundance and to spare
For bounded wishes and a simple fare.
Albeit no longer teems for thee the vine,
And, thrice forbid, the viand rich and rare,
Yet comfort bids thine evening faggot shine,
Fanned by domestic peace. Cease, carl, to repine.

* I find there is the following line in "Psyche":—
"See not, with fatal prescience, future tears."

THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND.

(September, 1815.)

I looked on Waterloo's wide plain,
By death with bloody footsteps trodden;
In heaps beheld my heroes slain,
And mused upon the field of Flodden.

Why, valour! why, my darling son,
Distract my heart with joy and sorrow?—
That glories in the battle won;
But, ah! what woes the battle follow!

Yestreen, a strain my bugles blew—
How different from the dirge of Flodden!
And *here* my conquering banner flew—
Not tarnished as at sad Culloden.

There vengeance dealt a cruel stroke;
No suppliant saw the light of morrow,
For slumbering mercy never woke
To touch the victor's soul with sorrow.

My "Forest flowers," that gaily bloomed,
Fell, withered, on the field of Flodden,
And many a mountain pine was doomed
To rue the tempest of Culloden.

Ye war-pipes, peal "The Gathering" high;
No strain from thee Lament will borrow;
The fallen brave deserve a sigh,
But triumph drowns the voice of sorrow.

SPORT.

Sport! harbinger of health, relief from care,
Whether enjoyed on mountain, moor, or stream,
In dale, in brake, on ocean, or in air,
Youth's gay pursuit, and age's pleasing dream,

Still, joy-inspiring sport, thou art my theme!
The pensive lamp let poring schoolmen waste,
And wake long nights to earn a vain esteem,
While from my heather bed I bound in haste,
Roused by the lark, to hail the morn's reviving beam.

Yet have I known the wisest quench the lamp,
Impatient for the sport approaching morn,
And bold defiance bid to cold and damp,
Dashing the pearly dewdrop from the thorn,
To the shrill music of the early horn;
Blest union! wisdom, health, and sport combined,
Sly reynard's brush in cap of knowledge worn;
Such marvels days of yore recall to mind,
Down the swift stream of time irrevocably borne.

Blythe, at the dawn, the sportsman mounts his steed;
And, hark! the yelling pack to cover flies;
Eager he sees the waste of reynard's speed,
And shouts his triumph when the traitor dies,
While echo to the voice and horn replies.
Perchance he joys to hear the heath-cock crow,
And mark his ebon plumage, glancing, rise,
To lay with levelled tube his glories low;
Or see him spring transfixed like arrow to the skies.

But now the sun declines on Auchinfoyle,*
And one long day of moorland pastime ends—
A various day of pleasure and of toil.
From shealings low the evening smoke ascends,
And home his way the weary sportsman wends.
Oh! emblem meet of fragile man's career,
Who his vain hours in sport and labour spends—
The same, alas! a day, a month, a year.
Fate every joy with toil and disappointment blends.

* A moorland farm in Renfrewshire.

THE COUNTY BALL.

Oh, thou, Terpischore, attend!—
Queen of the light fantastic toe,
Adroit the flexile knee to bend
In measure solemn, soft, and slow;
Or, frolicsome, with careless swing,
To whirl around the airy ring—
Behold thy votaries, one and all.
Haste to enjoy the County Ball.

The clock sounds eight; the tapers blaze,
Aided by turpentine their rays;
And, 'mid the aromatic smell,
Bursts forth the prelude's cheering swell.
In coaches, chariots, cars, and gigs,
Bent to be merry all as griggs,
A gay and motley group appears,
Of various stations, charms, and years.

There "Ceremony's master" stands,
White kid adorning both his hands,
Intent to guide the timid fair
O'er all the perils of the stair.
The dread "Directress" next advances,
Here smiles, but there reproving glances,
Whilst o'er the well-chalked floor we see
The mystic types of masonry.

Then, sauntering o'er the floor, the fop
Selects the beauty of the hop;
And, hark! the exhilerating sound
Makes every heel and toe rebound.
The note from viol and from bass
Now brightens up the darkest face;
The tambourine and clarinet
Denote the time to join or set;

And oft, at intervals, the bray
Of bagpipe prompts the light Strathspey.
The fingers snap as dancers fly,
And cut and caper charm the eye.

The fair who for a moment stop
Amid the pleasures of the hop
Soon o'er the floor again advance
To lead the mazes of the dance,
Enlivened by the proferred aid
Of negus, tea, or lemonade.

Twelve strikes the clock, and from below
The steams of savoury viands flow—
Rounds, joints, and pies, with tongues and ham,
Ducklings, green pease, and legs of lamb,
Lobsters, soup of vermicelli,
Every kind of cake and jelly.
These grace the bottom, top, and side,
While in the centre flows a tide
Of syllabub, mine hostess' pride.
But who can sing the eager work,
The deafening clang of knife and fork,
The laces torn, the satins soiled,
The muslins, silks, and linens spoiled?

At length the signal to depart
Sends grief to every miss's heart.
"My Lady's carriage stops the way"
Forbids the hope of longer stay.
And now for bonnets, muffs, and shawls,
The beau vociferously bawls,
Or eager searches round and round
For tippets nowhere to be found,
While with "Gude nicht, and joy to all," *
The drowsy fiddlers close the County Ball.

* An old Scotch tune.

SPRING.

(1801.)

Again grim Winter seeks the Polar zone,
To rear 'mid Arctic cliffs his ice-built throne;
And, loosed at length, the streams from crystal chains
With liquid murmurs wind through smiling plains.
Fair Spring with balmy breath revives the bowers,
And strews on Nature's lap the laughing flowers;
She bids them open to celestial dyes,
And o'er the meads in glittering glory rise.

At this soft season of the genial breeze,
Of shining vales, and gay reviving trees,
When some sweet air had curled the limpid brook,
And from the flowers their mingled fragrance shook,
Oft I the din of strife and war's alarms
Inglorious shunned, to gaze on nature's charms.
Oft I essayed to tune my harmless strain,
Nor in the ear of Friendship tuned in vain.

ON PASSING THE SCOTCH BORDER AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

(1794.)

Dear Scotia! to thy barren bounds
A wandering son returns;
Though bleak thy hills, and keen thy blast,
For thee his bosom burns.

To clearer skies and warmer climes
The pilgrim needs must roam;
He travelled far to please his eyes,
But left his heart at home.

Returned at last, his eager steps
To Glota's vale he bends;
Sweet vale! the scene of youthful sports,
The haunt of early friends,

Thy groves and streams, thy hills and dales,
A southern sun despise,
Illumed and gladdened by the rays
That beam from Laura's eyes.

Visions of bliss, and dreams of love!
He bade you all adieu;
Wild were his visions, wild his hopes,
But Laura proves them true.

THE WORLD AGAINST US!

(December, 1807.)

The world against us! Hear, ye Britons, hear!
Nor let the tidings strike a careless ear;
No idle threatenings these, no vain alarms.
Against an island all the world in arms!

Let their vindictive cannon idly roar;
The sea, our barrier, sacred as our shore;
Sacred the rights our fathers fought to gain,
Nor shall their sons to guard them fight in vain.

Thus swells the storm the billows of the deep
To shake the granite rock with furious sweep,
But the proud cliff the fruitless shock disdains,
Repels the tempest, and protects the plains.

THE YEW TREE AT CROOKSTON

(December, 1806)

TO THE OLD CASTLE,

Where it is said Mary Queen of Scotland and Darnley retired soon after their marriage. The yew now in ruins (as well as the castle) seems to have been very large. Tradition says that the favourite seat of the lovers was a kind of arbour, raised in a cleft of the tree, among the branches.

[Addressed to Ann, Lady Stuart of Castlemilk, the chief of the Stuarts, who, with all the beauty, talents, and accomplishments of Mary, would have behaved in prosperity with more prudence, and in adversity with equal fortitude and dignity.]

My kind, respected, venerable friend,
The world and all its glories have an end!
Lo! how I shiver! blasted, bleak, and bare—
Darnley's delight, and Royal Mary's care—
My ever-verdant glossy foliage fled,
My vigour wasted, and my honours dead.
Fragrant perfumes from gay *parterres* no more
Breathe round my trunk, and every branch explore;
No more I stand the proudest of the grove,
The forest's envy, chosen seat of love!

Still to my friend I turn a languid eye,
And muse on all our splendour with a sigh;
Still on the mouldering portal fondly gaze,
And view the sunbeams on thy turrets blaze—
Those towers once brightened by a warmer fire—
The purple light of love, and young desire.

When from thy chambers, seeking new delight,
The Royal lovers met my ravished sight,
When to my arms in nature's blushing pride
Enraptured Darnley led a willing bride,
I saw, I felt, their bliss through all my frame,
Whether below the tender blade they pressed
Or sought the bower among the branches dressed,
Where Fancy bade a rustic arbour rise
Sacred to Venus! safe from human eyes.

Unhappy pair! the transitory joy
Fled their embrace ere love had time to cloy—
Their tale a warning theme to after times
Of love and hate, of follies and of crimes.

Thrice hapless Mary! pierced by every dart
With which malignant envy tears the heart,
Destined a sad memorial to display
Of beauty graced with grandeur in decay!
O thou! extolled, exalted, and adored,
Beloved, betrayed, deserted, and deplored,
Doomed to endure a vengeful rival's hate,
Dissembled pity, and a deadly fate!
Let those to Mary's fate refuse a tear
Who give to partial doubt a willing ear
Or, proudly righteous, safely tread the way
Where pleasure pleads not, nor temptations stray,
Where passion yields to prudence, love to fame,
Where youth is free from folly, age from blame.

WHERE TRUE LOVE IS TO BE FOUND.

(1796.)

Love flies the haunts of pomp and power,
To find the calm retreat;
Loathing, he leaves the velvet couch
To seek the moss-grown seat.

Splendid attire and gilded crowns
Can ne'er with love accord,
But russet robes and rosy wreathes
His purest joys afford.

From pride, from business, and from care,
His greatest sorrows flow;
When these usurp the heart of man,
That heart he ne'er can know.

In the lone vale, and cottage neat,
The god delights to dwell;
Sweet is the murmur of the brook,
And sweet the woodland dell.

In spring the Cupid gaily roams
The verdant lawn or hill,
And marks the flow'rets that adorn
The margin of the rill.

When summer comes, he seeks the stream,
And close embow'ring grove,
While rapture speaks in every breeze,
And echo answers love.

Autumnal skies the fever cools;
He joins the jovial crew
Who follow Dian through the woods
And sylvan joys pursue.

In winter, round a cheerful hearth,
He various blessings blends—
The nymph beloved, the table neath
Good wine, and steady friends.

A VERSIFIED LETTER FROM JOHN COLIN DUNLOP TO MISS MURDOCH, THANKING HER FOR A PRESENT OF "ENTERTAINING EXTRACTS."

(August, 1797.)

[Miss Murdoch, Cousin of Sheriff Dunlop, was a rhymster, and frequently corresponded playfully in that form, more particularly with her cousin, the Sheriff. The two specimens which follow may not be unacceptable as a pendant to the poems and songs of "ROSEBANK."]

I thank you for your charming book,
Which gives my library a look
(That library which I adore)
Much smarter than it had before.

For, me! I have not yet had time
Either to read its prose or rhyme,
Being engaged with great Montrose
And Frances happiness and woes.
My father, though, has read it through,
And likes it, for it's vastly new—
Perhaps because it came from you.

After you left us (I must tell),
Your mother, and your sister Bell,
Mamma, and I, took all a trip
To Port Bo'ness, to see a ship,
Where we were entertained on board,
By Captain Hunter, like a lord,
While Captain Oliphant and Cæsar *
Diverted us beyond all measure.

* Name of a favourite dog

Then we to General Maxwell went,
Which makes my mother loud lament,
Because you did not with us dine
And guzzle the dessert so fine,
Nor taste the charming brandy wine.

I hear you're going to Dunkeld,
And hope that while you are afield
You'll (with your matron, Mrs Wright)
See many a fine and wond'rous sight,
And that she'll find, when she gets home,
The *status quo* of Snivelling Tom!

MISS MURDOCH'S ANSWER TO JOHN COLIN DUNLOP'S LETTER.

Dear Colin, I've at last begun
To answer your poetic fun
And tell you how we all admire
The labours of the son and sire.
Co-partners in the rhyming trade,
Will you admit a scribbling maid
Already honoured with th' *eclat*
Of pilfering from your sage papa.
I'm glad the fictions and the facts
Collected in the said *Extracts*
Are thought so proper and *perfite*;

But you've been really impolite
In leaving them so long unread,
Free to the comments of your dad.
Can you compare the great Montrose
To gifts from ladies to their beaux,
Or think a woman can get over

The marked neglect of such a lover?
I did not envy you your trip
To Port Bo'ness to see the ship,
And fear that even my sister Bell,
Who loves coal smoke exceeding well,
Would think you'd landed her in h——.

For what with Oliphanty's smokings,
And scrambling over herring firkins,
Popping each dirty hole her pow in,
To catch a glink of Bailie Cowan—
I'll ponder, for I'm loathe to tell
The mad exploits of Isabel.

With joy your friendly heart will bound
To hear my fortune's twenty pound.
Although the cash is not yet paid,
My worthy friend asleep is laid.
God rest her *domestic*, drunken soul,
No more to empty glass or bowl.
Like Tibby Fowler, I expeck
That a' the men their necks will break
To court me now; and many a shaver
Will bore me wi' his fulsome claver.
But now, my dearest boy, adieu;
My heart shall never stray from you.