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THE
PICTURE
OF A
Scottish Baron Court,
A
DRAMATIC POEM.

BY PATRICK ANDERSON,
PHYSICIAN TO CHARLES THE FIRST.

WITH
ORIGINAL NOTES.

Edinburgh:

PRINTED BY AND FOR D. WEBSTER AND SON,
HORSE WYND.

1821.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF THE

AUTHOR.

ALTHOUGH we have been at considerable pains to ascertain where and when the Author was born, yet we have not been fortunate enough to meet with any thing satisfactory on the subject. But we are certain, that he was established as a physician in Edinburgh in 1618; at what time he was appointed physician to Charles the First, we have not learned. He lived in that house, Milne's Court, opposite the head of the West

137385

Bow, at present inhabited by Mr Mein, bookseller, where his pills are still sold. There is a portrait of the Doctor and his daughter Katharine, both in the custody of Mr Mein.

In 1618, he published a small Tract, entitled, “ The Colde Spring of King-horne Craig ; his admirable and new tryed properties, so far fourth as are yet found true by experience. Written by PATRIK ANDERSON, Dr. of Physick. *Diso orbi, quod quisque sibi.*—Edinburgh, printed by Thomas Finlason, printer to the king’s most excellent majestie, 1618. From my house, at Edinb. the 8th of October, 1618.”

This book is not paged, but contains five sheets of small quarto, with some remarks on other mineral wells in Scot-

land; and, in 1635, another Tract, in Latin, entitled, “Grana Angelica Hoc est Pilularum hujus nominis insignis utilitas. Quibus etiam accesserunt alia quædam paucula de durioris alvi incommodis propter materiæ cognationem, ac vice supplementi in sine adjuncta studiis ac labore. PAT. ANDERSONI, Med. ac Phys. Edenburgens, priorum amicorum jussu publici juris conscripta.—An opobalsami nihil est in Gilhade? An medicus nullus est ibi? Nam cur non convaluit populus meus. *Jerem. viii. 11.* Edenburghi, excudebat Hæredes Andræ Hart, 1635.”

In the advocates library, is a MS. history of his in two volumes, under the title of “The Historie of Scotland, since the death of King James the First,

where Boethius left off, untill the death of King James the Sixt, of happie memorie, cairfullie and most faithfullie collected and digested into six bookes.”

“The Copie of a Baron’s Court” was published after his death, and, if we may hazard a conjecture, from a copy furnished by Mr Thomas Weir, surgeon, who succeeded the Doctor in his business, and lived in the house the Doctor occupied. The original Pill receipt was communicate to that gentleman by Mrs Katharine Anderson, the Doctor’s only surviving issue, in 1686; and, if we are not mistaken, the style of printing seems to be about that period.

This is a satirical poem, in which the Author lashes the prodigality and folly of a country laird, who has involved

himself in embarrassments by mismanagement and want of economy. The Lady is drawn with a proper share of pride and high notions of true gentility. The principal character in the piece is the Baillie, who is here dressed up in "a little brief authority." The will of the Laird appears to be the only law he was acquainted with, and his pleasure the sole rule of his conduct. He is, however, full enough of himself, and, to those below him, he has plenty of insolence. John Davidson appears to know him thoroughly, and by his equivocal replies, puts him in a *fret*. The Chamberlain is a known one, that has sufficient discernment to see his own interest, and wisdom enough to pursue it. The characters are drawn from the life, as they

appeared at the period the Poem was written. The tenants are a set of poor lifeless dispirited mortals, sorely afraid of the Laird's wrath, and miserably poor, as was the general case at that time. A vein of humour pervades the whole piece, which is truly picturesque of a Baron Baillie's Court.

The Baron Court is faithfully reprinted from the only copy I ever saw, and the old orthography strictly adhered to.

D. WEBSTER.

THE
COPIE
OF A
Baron's Court,

NEWLY TRANSLATED BY
WHATS-YOU-CALL-HIM,

CLERK TO THE SAME.



PRINTED AT MELICON, BESIDE PARNASSUS, AND
ARE TO BE SOLD IN CALEDONIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher of the following Poem is credibly informed, that the Author thereof, was the learned and facetious Mr PATRICK ANDERSON, Dr of Medicine; who, besides his other works, both Historical and Physical, wrote a book in Latin, 8vo, printed at Edinburgh in 1685, entitled, “ *Grana Angelica,*” concerning the nature and use of these famous pills, which are now commonly sold by the name of *Anderson’s Pills.*

THE
COPIE
OF A
Baron's Court.

BARON, BAILLIE, *and* OFFICER.

BAIL.—God save your worship!—BAR.—Welcome, Baillie, how

Does *Kate*, my aunt, and *Will*, my godson do?

What news abroad? How sells the bear I pray?

BAIL.—The prices rises every market-day.

BAR.—Good news y'faith; come sirra, fill some ale.

OFF.—He loves the tongue that tells him such a tale.

BAR.—Good, Baillie, pull him home, it's white I think,

You are not dry, or loves not well our drink.

BAIL.—O, Sir, it's strong !——BAR.—And yet our
brewster says,

It is a fault comfortable always ;
And this I think myself, for now I see,
Wine is a stranger unto each degree.

OFF.—And long may it be so, for we could want it.

BAIL.—You speak the truth, I think the Laird
will grant it :

But, O ! the tender stomachs are opprest
With crudities, and mine among the rest.

BAR.—Drink *Aquavitae*, Baillie, that's no fault,
The spirit of drink is now confin'd in malt ;
As for myself, I can as well be merry,
With the *bear pickle*, as the *Spanish berry*.

BAIL.—But let me interrupt your worship—why
Did Jack, your footman, call me hastily ?

BAR.—Some disappointments makes me malcontent,
I cannot live, and live not on my rent ;
My court and jurisdiction are as free
As any, not exceeding my degree ;
And you, Sir, Baillie, know that I can do it,
My old infestments lead me justly to it.

BAIL.—Not to offend your worship in effect,
 I dare be bold it is your own neglect ;
 Your predecessors, of good memory,
 Did manage matters with audacity ;
 Your power, Sir, is not a whit abridg'd,
 Nor yet was theirs more amply priviledg'd.

BAB.—You're right, indeed, and I forsooth resent
 it,

And possibly shall make some to repent it.

BAIL.—Sir, hold a *Court*, that we may clearly see,
 Th' alledg'd abuses of the barony.

—Go, Officer, and warn the tenants in,

And where we ended, let us now begin ;—

If with your Worship's pleasure it could rest,
 To countenance the Court yourself, 'twere best.

BAB.—Go to, Sir Baillie, for I must confess,

You are sufficient for the business ;

I'll to the hunting.—Hey dogs ! hey dogs ! hey !

Great pity were to lose so brave a day.

BAILLIE, CHAMBERLAIN, and CLERK.

CHAM.—Goodmorrow, Baillie.—BAIL.—You're
the trout I wish'd,

If for a great one I had all day fish'd;

Whence came you last? If asked it may be

CHAM.—From compassing my master's baronie.

BAIL.—I cry for mercy, I am thick of hearing.

CHAM.—Sir, you may mend it by a double speering.

BAIL.—From *conquessing*, I thought your speech
had been.

CHAM.—Play on your friends.—BAIL.—Yet such
play has been seen :

But to the purpose—is your book about you.

CHAM.—A *psalm-book*, Sir, lo, there is one! what,
doubt you

The moon is at the full.—BAIL.—So may some
say,

The Laird was like for to go mad the day :

It is your book, man, of receipts I mean.

CHAM.—Excuse me, Sir, it was by me mista'en,
What needs a book of that kind of condition,
I have discharges of my intromission.

BAIL.—That's not the matter, I would only see
The count of *rest*, if any *rests* there be,
The Laird complains, and hath some cause I trow ;
At *Whitsunday*, his worship hath ado,
And yet his mails and dutys come not in,
Till that the *Kalends* of the next year rin ;
This stains his credit, damnifies his state,
And this abuse is bred but of the late.

CHAM.—The roomes are rental'd to so high avail,
The tenants termly cannot pay their hail,
The bygone years (you know, Sir), have been ill.

BAIL.—They do not so (you'll grant); continue
still.

CHAM.—I cannot help't, I poind, arrest, remove,
And all I do is for the Laird's behoove.

BAIL.—But give me leave, he much condemns
your sleuth.

CHAM.—You jest, I hope, pray, Sir, tell the truth.

BAIL.—And adds this more (for he envies your
pelf),

Indeed he could be Chamberlain himself,

CHAM.—Good, *Chamberlain!* y'faith, ev'n let him
try,

If he can gain more by that craft nor I.

BAIL.—Lend him but twenty pieces, I'll be plain,
Ye shall be friends yet or the morn again.

CHAM.—He's hungry, but mysell shall never fill him,
Pay my advancements, take my office till him.

CLERK.—Ye're gentlemen of great experience,
I humbly would entreat your patience—

I wonder oft at one thing, that's to see

Such alterations in this poor countrie ;

This gentleman, whose Court we are to hold,

His father conquest, but this man hath sold ;

Yet at his death, he left his living free,

And ten for one he kept in familie,

Brave gentlemen, with double horse and boys,

He filled the causeway with complete nonvoys ;

His son hath but a footman and a page,

To whom he pays but little or no wage,

And if he ride to any public place,
His train is pack'd up in a leathern case. *

CHAM.—It's good to have the grace of God, you
know,

But here I halt, and let my passion go.

BAIL.—Good Chamberlain, this text you should
refer

For to be handled by the minister:

We'll go no higher, Clerk, but since you speer

The cause of this great alteration here,

I will not undertake to tell you all,

But some that seems to be most principal.

This gentleman, of whom we now discourse,

(For I have ever known him from his nourse),

When that his father yielded up the ghost,

He was of age but fifteen years at most;

Then he began to rattle and to reel,

And kick'd against the college with his hael,

Horse, hawks, and dogs, with guns and such munition,

Began to get his morning repetition.

* A Portmanteau.

And thus he liv'd, till he was twenty year,
 His tutors found his pastime was too dear,
 They did resolve to send him unto France,
 To learn to parle, handle arms, and dance ;
 But what a rank this ruleless youth kept there,
 Will now be seen upon his son and heir,
 He *salted* so the riggs with charges vain,
 No rain that falls can make them *fresh* again.

LADY, BAILLIE, CHAMBERLAIN, CLERK, *and*
 OFFICER.

OFF.—Madam, the members of the Court are met,
 All is not right, the Chamberlain doth fret.

LADY.—Where are they now?—OFF.—Below
 into the hall.

LADY.—Incontinent I will go see them all.

BAIL.—God save your ladyship.—LADY.—And
 you, Sir Baillie,

The Lãird hath won, and you must pay the failzie.

BAIL.—What is the matter?—LADY.—I did
lay a crown,

You should not come before the day at noon.

BAIL.—But I durst lay the best ox in my pleugh,
Madam, your tenants think it soon enough.

LADY.—Good Bailie, fleg them, fleg them, fleg
them thieves,

They multiply upon us, terribly grieves;

It's *Lammas* now, and yet we want our *ferm*,

My husband bought a fleet horse at the *term*,

And I myself did sell a score of *hags*,

To buy three couple of these *English dogs*,

In case the Laird with *caption* he were prest,

He may hunt on to *Berwick* with the best.

BAIL.—God shield your Ladyship! but too much
cares.

LADY.—I love not *hunting*, that brings home no
hares.

BAIL.—The gentleman is generously dispos'd,

You need not think all that's in hazard lose'd.

LADY.—This is a fault remediless in men,

Which you, Sir Bailie, perfectly do ken;

Find me, 'mongst twenty, one in all his life,
 That will take counsel from his wedded wife ;
 Though women be not educate at schools,
 I'm sure they are not all created fools ;
 To make him free, I will'd him sell a town,
 Tho' of the worth he would give somewhat down :
 It's misery to see a man so set,
 To rack his rental and obscure his debt,
 This is my verdict to the day I die—
 A man hath no more rent than he hath free :
 The Chamberlain, I trow, is of my mind.

CHAM.—I never think to meddle in that kind.

LADY.—I hope directly I did never wrong you.

CHAM.—I'll shift for one, hereafter part among you.

BAIL.—Courage, Madam, redeem the time bygone,
 There's earth enough to build the dyke upon.

You have a son, a son of expectation,
 A *braver youth* is not in this our nation ;
 Descended of the best of *Baron's blood*,
 His tocher yet may make all matters good.

LADY.—And marry with his equals too.—BAIL.

—No, no,

Your Ladyship did not hear me say so.

Go match him with some wealthy merchant's child,
So that the wench be beautiful and mild ;
Thus shall you have some twenty thousand pound,
Which will relieve the burden of the ground.

LADY.—That were the pathway (God forbid), to
wrong us,

There's too much else of *Burgess blood* among us ;
Away with all that's got with perjury,
Light weights, false measures, and with usury,
E're I disgrace his parentage a jot,
I'll rather sell if 'twere untill my coat.

BAIL.—I must confess, he is a lusty lad,
But money now is ill for to be had.

LADY.—I scorn that ever my posterity,
Degener should from true gentility.

BAIL.—Gentility is nothing else, Madam,
But wealth continued in a house and name ;
Empires beginning had, and endings too,
So hath the race of ancient Barons now ;
Fatalities are some times so prepared,
That Laird turns no man, merchant turns a Laird ;

Baron's, you see, of singularity,
For means do mix with popularity.

LADY.—We will advise.—BAIL.—It's good to
advise indeed,

Angels * will breed you an immortal seed.

BARON, LADY, BAILLIE, OFFICER, and TENANTS.

OFF.—Sir Baillie, all the tenants are conven'd.

BAIL.—Clerk, fence the Court.—TEN.—The
great God be our friend ;

For any thing that we can see or say,
No mercy is for none of us this day.

CLERK.—Silence: I fence, and I forbid in plain,
In the behalf of our dread sovereign,
And in the name of the right honourable
The *Laird* and *Baillie*, sitting at this table ;
That none presume to speak, tho' for a friend,
Unless that leave be asked, and obteen'd.

* *Angels*, a gold coin.

BAIL.—Go forward quickly, and read on the rolls,
That we may know the *rest* of farn years bolls.

CLEEK.—*John Paterson, John Paterson,*

John Dunkison, John Davison,

Tom Taylor, and his Brother,

Will Walker, and his Mother,

The old *Gudewife*, and her son *Gibbie,*

John Jamisson, and stinking Tibbie,

The Over Town, and Nether Town,

The Wester Town, and Cottar Town,

The Foul Foord, and the Miln Town,

Brank Fornent him, and the Hill Town,

The Mutton Hole, and Reek thou there,

The Windy Walls, and Whissell Bare.

OFF.—They are all present.

TEN.—Here, Sir Baillie, here,

We cannot run no faster to appeer.

BAIL.—*John Davison*, come tell me what's your *rest*,

For you are one I know can pay it best.

J. DAVISON.—*Rest*, said you, Baillie, marry God
be lo'ed,

My neighbours kens I get but little o'et.

BAIL.—Behold, that villain rightly understands,
 And yet unrightly answers my demands;
 I must speak *Scots*, Swinger, let it be shawen
 Unto the Court, what thou art justly awen *.

J. DAVISON.—My awen, † I thank you, little or
 nothing,

Was ever mine since you began to reign.

BAIL.—God's pity, how can flesh and blood abide
 him,

The rascal has so many holes to hide him.

OFF.—The Laird is lighted, for it's more nor noon,
 And asked me if that the Court was done.

BAIL.—Intreat his Worship humbly to come in,
 He's come in time, I pray thee fellow rin.—

Your Worship's welcome, I have been full neer
 Your Baillie, Sir, I think this twenty year,
 And yet such knav'ry did I never see,
 Under pretext of plain simplicitie ;

John Davison, as each man hears and sees,
 He cuts me off with *Amphibologies*.

Owing.

† My own.

J. DAVIDSON.—I jamph a boll! or yet a peck!

[no! no!

I'd rather, Baillie, brake my leg in two;

God bless the Laird! I trow his Worship knaws,

I am a man that hath no *happer gaws*;

To tell you, Sir, the clipped veritie,

I had a *stag*, a bonnie beast to see,

Our good young master, the young Laird I mean,

In a good time, he ~~cut him~~ ~~hert~~ yestreen;

Whose price, he said, his father would allow,

And this compleats my bygone mails I trow.

BAB.—Pass from him Baillie, for this time, I swear,

If that I chance to live another year,

I'll teach them better manners.—Clerk, call on.

LADY.—A word, my heart, you's go again anon.

OFF.—Behold the Lady's tender love, I'll lay

She's fear'd her son shall get a blow to day.

BAIL.—We will be doing till the Laird return,

Let them make moan who have best cause to mourn.

Tom Taylor, answer quickly and compeer,

What are you *resting* for your bygone year.

TOM TAYLOR.—At Pasch I lent the Lady twenty pound,

In payment of the duty of the ground ;

Before you all in public, I protest,

I owe no more, and this compleats my *rest*.

BAIL.—Call for the Laird, I do not understand
This form of payment, that's from hand to hand.

LADY.—Go, Officer, round in the Baillie's ear,
That he would pass from poor *Tom Taylor* there.

BAIL.—It shall be so, *Will Walker*, what say you,
It's not your fashion to advance I trow.

W. WAK.—God help me, Sir, I cannot well deny,
And yet I have my summer meal to buy.

BAIL.—Go, Officer, and poind his house with speed,
He's not so poor as he doth peep, indeed ;

I mov'd the Laird to give him some thing down,
Yet notwithstanding he will play the lown.

Call on the Tenants of *Old Whissell Bare* :

How now ! I think, I see none of them there,

Cause note them absent.—*Windy Walls* compare,

What are you *resting* for the foresaid year ?

TEN.—More nor our room can pay, as you well ken,

If you exact it, we're but *herried men*.

BAIL.—I cannot let these crafty villains pass; I'll tell you, Clerk, the story as it was,—

The Laird that's dead, a Baron of good worth,
Whose conscience did bear his credit forth
In all his *conquesses*, and in this too;

This town, I mean, which they do labour now,
The same companions did give up that day
The rental, which they now refuse to pay.

Go, Officer, and poynd them, man by man,
I'll meet their craft the best way that I can.

BAR.—I'm come again to see how matters falls.

BAIL.—We're at the tenants of the *Windy Walls*.

TEN.—The *Windy Walls* a place and name most fit,

And so is seen on us poor men in it.

BAR.—I know your shifts, so did my father too.

TEN.—We're in your will, do what you list to do.

BAR.—It's notour that I lent you money here
To pay your debts, and pay a stronger feer?

I'm born to sett you land, so that you pay,
But not to entertain you, tho' I may.

BAIL.—Call on the tenants of the *Over Town*.

TEN.—Here's our discharges, Bailie.—BAIL.—

Lay them down,

They *rest* nothing, indeed.—BAR.—Go take
them in,

And with the best ale roundly pack their skin;

These are the lads that I may lippen till,—

Go to your dinners, eat and drink your fill.

OFF.—The rest, Sir Bailie, have discharges too.

BAIL.—That likes me well, we have the less to do,

Unlaw the absents, and see that ye poynd

The tenants *resting*, as you was enjoyn'd.

CLERK.—Sir Bailie, please you have not ended all,

There are some bills yet of complaint to call.

BAIL.—Be short, then, Clerk, I cannot stay, say on.

CLERK.—*John Denkison*, against *John Davison*.

BAIL.—That *John Davison*, he is a pakie knave,

He doth molest us more than all the lave.

J. DAVISON.—I never had a pack in all my life,

But one I wasted wooing of my wife.

BAIL.—Your Worship hears, who can abide his
mocks?

BAR.—Go, Officer, and put him in the stocks.

CLERK.—As also, Baillie, here poor *Maggie Beans*,
Upon *Will Wagget's* heavily compleans.

OFF.—That is a wonder, ask at *Sandy Sim*,
For she did only love *John Dick* and him.

BAIL.—What is the matter? quickly *Meg* say on.

MAG BEANS.—*Will Wagget's* is the man I plean
upon,

He promis'd me good bear to sow, indeed,

Yet he conceiv'd me, Sir, with rotten seed;

Hold you that reason, Baillie?—BAIL.—No,

It is a common cause, none will say so.

What say you, Will?—WILL WAG.—I swear
by *Saint Muff*!

In all my stack I had no better stuff.

BAIL.—Without all question you must pay her
loss.

WILL WAG.—I'll do no less, because I am her goss.

LADY.—Now for my interest, Baillie, I compare,

We have a kid thief to our Webster here,

A greater knave lives not, I think, nor he,
Cause punish him and that examplarily.

WEBSTER.—Baillie! now for the love of God, but
hear me.

BAIL.—What would you say? stand by, let him
come near me.

WEBSTER.—It's not so much for any imputation,
The Lady hath unto my occupation,
As for my daughter, who but went away,
Out of her service the last *Whitsunday*,
Who at her going, when she crav'd her fee,
The Lady lock'd a gown up privily,
Which was into my daughter's keeping, so
Her fee thus poynded, she got leave to go:
Judge you, Sir Baillie, for I cannot read,
If this be not a crying sin indeed.

BAIL.—If that be true, I think Madam you wrong
him.

LADY.—I know as much, Sir Baillie, as would
hang him.

BAIL.—Into this ground you shall no longer sit,
Wherefore I warn you presently to flit.

WEBSTER.—Must it be so, for any thing I see,
My bounty's like unto my daughter's fee.

OFF.—Go get you gone in time, if you be wise,
Lest you pass to the knowledge of *Assise*.

BAIL.—To speak the truth, good servants now are
scant,

Their fees likewise are grown exorbitant.

CLERK.—It is no marvel, Sir, tho' it be so.

BAR.—Tell me the reason, Clerk, before you go.

CLERK.—Where Barons went to keep some four,
some three,

They snedded have some superfluity ;

One serves the cure, perhaps of little valour,

The Laird his jackman is—the Lady's taylor ;

The Steward, Cook, and Brewster, now are one,

All gallant fellows to the wars are gone ;

In one man's person, this pluralitie,

Makes men indeed to crave a larger fee ;

And Lady's gentlewomen, (as they call them),

A world of gifts must now-a-days befall them ;

To sew, to spin, weave pearline, and knit shanks,

To page the Laird, and win the Steward's thanks ;

She must be rare in all these handy trades,
 Cast off her gown, and syne go make the beds;
 At all occasions she must still be ready,
 Or else she is not meet to serve my Lady.

BAIL.—Clerk, by your leave, I'll teach the Laird
 a trick,

Request you see, instead of presse go thick;
 Offer unto some captain, two or three,
 Of *Yeomen*, men within the Barony,
 By violence e're they aboard be brought,
 They'll rather stay and serve the Laird for nought.

TEN.—Baillie, forsooth your counsell ay was good,
 Ane heavy curse we give you to conclude.

BAIL.—Your Worship will take you for me I trow.

BAR.—Such casualties belong to you.

BAIL.—Sir, I request you for the clerk provide
 them.

CLERK.—Nay, rather Sir, betwixt you two divide
 them.

LADY.—Clerks ay are knaves, take up your books
 and gilt,

You fash the Laird, your dinner, Sir, is spilt.

BAR.—Up, stay the pleugh, and let us kill a
mouse,

I and the Baillie, must have one carouse.

Vibet Post Funera Virtus.

FINIS.

NOTES
AND
Explanation
OF WORDS
IN THE
COPIE OF A BARON'S COURT.

With the bear pickle, as the Spanish berry.

Page 14.

The Baron here pretends to be as well pleased with whisky as wine, and insinuates to the Baillie, that the one is as good for tender stomachs as the other.

D

Hey dogs ! hey dogs ! hey !

Page 15.

Notwithstanding the urgency of the Baron's affairs, he would not loose the opportunity of a fine day for hunting, for business of any kind.

From conquessing I thought your speech had been

Page 16.

Purchasing, or otherwise acquiring land, than by inheritance.

It is your book, man, of receipts I mean.

Page 17.

The rent-roll, with the various payments, so as he might know the deficiencies.

The roomes are rental d to so high avail.

Page 17.

The farms are let at too high rent, that the tenants cannot pay the whole on the term day.

His father conquest, but this man hath sold.

Page 18.

His father acquired property.

To learn to parle.

Page 20.

To learn to speak French.

He salted so the riggs with charges vain.

Page 20.

He so mortgaged the estate by prodigal expenses, that no future circumstances were likely to relieve it.

Incontinent.

Page 20.

Presently, without delay.

Pay the failzie.

Page 20.

Pay the forfeit of the wager.

Fleg them, thieves,

That multiply upon us, termly grieves.

Page 21.

Terrify the rascals that puts us to so much trouble every term to collect the rent.

In case the laird with caption he were prest.

Page 21.

In case there was a warrant to arrest the Laird

for debt, he might hunt on in style to Berwick, cross the Tweed, and so get out of their clutches.

I love not hunting, that brings home no hares.

Page 21.

No law-suits that cannot enforce payment of the debt.

There's too much else of Burgess blood among us.

Page 23.

Burgess blood would contaminate theirs. The lady is indignant at riches that is acquired by *light weights, false measures, and usury*, but does not scruple to cheat her maids out of their wages, and refuses to pay her tradesmens' accounts. Other conduct would be to *degener* from true gentility!

The rest of farn year's bolls.

Page 25.

The balance of last year's rent.

Rest, said you, Baillie.

Page 25.

John Davison pretends to mistake the Baillie, and, instead of what was *resting* or unpaid of last year's rent, John answers as if the Baillie had asked what rest he had from labour.

I must speak Scots, Swinger, let it be shawen.

Page 26.

A lazy idle swindler, one who lives by specious pretences.

My awen, I thank you, little or nothing.

Page 26.

Here again John pretends to misapprehend the Baillie, as little or nothing could be called his own since he had any power.

He cuts me off with Amphibologies.

Page 26.

He makes sport, or cuts him short, with pretended mistakes, double meanings, and equivocal expressions.

I jamph a boll ! or yet a peck ! no, no !

Page 27.

To evade payment, to cheat, or miscount a boll.

I am a man that hath no happer gaws.

Page 27.

Chinks or crevices in the hopper through which the meal drops into a sly corner, and appropriate by the miller to his own use. John here uses it in a figurative meaning ; he was a man that never had recourse to low mean tricks, his conduct was always fair and open. John, with his pretended mistakes, seems to have hit the Baillie on the *sair* heel.

To tell you, Sir, the clipped veritie.

Page 27.

The naked truth, without disguise, as a new clipped sheep.

And yet I have my summer meal to buy.

Page 28.

On muir farms, after bad seasons, it was no uncommon thing for the crop to be so deficient, that there was not corn enough to support the family until next harvest.

If you exact it, we're but herried men.

Page 29.

To herrie a bird's nest, is to carry of nest and young together ; a farmer is herried when the stocking of the farm is sequestrated and roused off by the Laird, and the family turned out.

That John Davison, he is a paukie knave.

Page 30.

John's mistakes gets him into a scrape here; he replies as if the Baillie had been talking of a pack of goods, which he pretends was wasted in courtship. For this witticism, the Baron ordered him to be put in the stocks.

I swear by Saint Muff.

Page 31.

A saint of Catholic extraction, perhaps of a far more ancient family. At the reformation, when all the other saints in the calendar were turned adrift and their statues broke and demolished, *Saint Muff* alone was retained, and continued to guard and ornament the exterior of the *Kirk of Scotland*, as in primitive times.

I'll do no less, because I am her goss.

Page 31.

Her gossip. Her lover.

My bounty's like unto my daughter's fee.

Page 33.

Country weavers were formerly paid a considerable part of their wages in meal, butter, meal-seeds, or meal-bran, &c. this was called bounty. Although this good lady held the gain that arose from "*light weights, false measures, and usury,*" in sufficient abhorrence, she was not equally indignant at such as could be got by putting a gown among her servant maid's cloths, in order to cheat the poor girl out of her wages ; nor to retain her weaver's perquisites under the pretext that he had stolen her yarn. The Baillie, who is a mere echo of the Laird and Lady, orders the poor webster to flit presently, or worse should befall him.

The knowledge of Assise.

Page 33.

So trial by jury was then called. Which jury, it is most likely, would be like the Baillie, nothing more than a different channel for the Laird's own opinion.

All gallant fellows to the wars are gone.

Page 33.

This line, in our opinion, throws some light on the date of the poem. These wars could be no other than those of the covenanters, which lasted, in one shape or another, from 1640 to 1660,

*Baillie, forsooth, your counsell aye was good,
Ane heavy curse we give you to conclude.*

Page 34]

¶ The Baillie advised the Laird to make a show as if he intended to raise men for the army by force,

and that the young men, rather than be dragged into the service, would serve the Laird gratis. The tenants, in bitter sarcasm, call this good counsel, and wish him a heavy curse for his pains; which the Baillie very generously wishes to transfer wholly to the Laird, who most properly reminds the Baillie, that they were the perquisites of office, and belonged to himself of right.

Up, stay the pleugh, and let us kill a mouse.

Page 35.

This entertainment, which was preparing for the Baillie, was worthy of the services he had rendered; the mountain had laboured, and a mouse was all that it had brought forth, so it was ordered to be killed for the Baillie's dinner.

END OF THE NOTES.

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