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## THE EXILE'S VISIONS OF HOME.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A vision of green woods and sunny braes,—  
A vision of bright waters and fair fields,—  
Of primrose paths, and lonely hedgerow ways,  
Orchards and huts—such as the woodman builds  
Among the autumnal forests!—Memory strays  
To England, and through Fancy's glass discovers  
The treasures of the past—the wealth of days,  
Whose time misspent around me, ghostlike, hovers—  
Chiding, with grave rebuke and solemn tone,  
For wasted seasons, now for ever gone!

A vision of home-gardens, rich and rare,  
Flowers on the stem and fruits upon the bough,  
And glad eyes glancing from redundant hair,  
And frank young voices, true and mirthful now,  
Too soon to learn craft's lesson, sorrow's strain,  
Taught in that cruel school—the world!—Around  
I look on scenes I ne'er may see again,  
Save thus in fancy. Yonder hill, tree-crown'd—  
That moor remote, where mosses gaily show  
Brown, orange, lilac tints, blent in one gorgeous glow!

And there are forms beloved, with gentle eyes,  
And hands that welcome me with pressure kind;—  
O! let me sleep for ever,—never rise  
From the rapt dreams, which thus my senses bind!  
But Truth—that slowly, sorrowfully steals  
Through the strange dazzling mists of blinding Error—  
Arouses me to watchfulness, reveals  
The far-off land I pine in—and in terror  
I shut my eyes,—but shut my eyes in vain,—  
Fancy, hath fled, and shattered Memory's chain!

## JENNY TAMSON'S SURPRISE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE are sayings which become proverbial, and form what I may call the floating wisdom of mankind: and there are sayings of a limited nature, which, like the voice of the stream, are heard but in the district whence they arose. From one of these latter my little story comes.

Some years ago—but in matters of truth it is well to be particular—on the eleventh of July 1831, I wandered into a valley on the Scottish side of the Tweed, with which some of my school-boy feelings were connected. I had been a round score of years away, and all seemed altered: the hills, and the streams were all that remained to me, and I set down the changes which man or time had wrought on what I loved, as personal injuries. "See," I said to myself, "the old family of Drumcoltrum is gone, and the new proprietor has cast down their tower, where the wild-hawk built for a century beyond the reach of the most venturesome school-boy: and here too—the little stream which once made its way southward through a fragrant wilderness of hawthorn and hazel, and beneath whose overhanging banks of turf I used to grope for trouts—is now confined between two straight walls of stone, and lifts up its imprisoned voice, with a tone in which there is something of lament: And what is this? Why the Trysting-tree, hung in summer with garlands of honeysuckle, and beneath whose shade I first committed the double folly of love and rhyme,—is stubbed out by the merciless hoe of this bone-manuring lord, and here lies its venerable trunk withering in the sun, with the names of a hundred lovers, and the rhymes of ten district bards, obliterated for ever." I could look on this no longer; so turned my steps into a little wild rocky ravine, on whose flinty sides I was sure improvement would break its teeth if it tried them.

Here matters went more to my mind: I took off my hat, and kneeling, drank heartily from a clear cool spring, at which a thousand school-boys, as well as wild-deer, had drunk in their day; when I looked up, the old cottage stood before me, where I now and then supped curds and cream: the same thin blue smoke seemed ascending from its wattled and rope-bound chimney: the hedge of wild plum which hemmed in the kale-yard and afforded shelter for some hives of bees, was not a hand-breadth higher than when I was last in the land: nay, I imagined the very birr of the spinning-wheel of its thrifty inmate sitting at the door in the sunshine, was the same, and the same, certainly, the air which she was crooning. I was at the old woman's elbow before she saw

me. She started so as almost to upset the wheel, and exclaimed, "Heh, sirs! this is Jenny Tamson's surprise owre again."

"Jenny Tamson's surprise," I said, "and what sort of surprise was that, dame?"

"Eh! and wha are ye that comes sae far to ask so little?" she answered, tartly. "Ye'll be one of thae travellers who come and clink down an auld wife's words and looks with pencils and keel-vines, into a book of travels, and come owre us a' wi' a Jenny Tamson's surprise.—Awa' wi' ye."

"No, no, Elspith," I said, holding out my hand, "ye are far mista'en in me, as the ballad says, which ye used to sing, and to which I listened, when I should have been learning the Proof Catechism. Know ye not the cheep of the bird that grew up under your own wing?"

"God guide me!" she exclaimed, "and have I seen one of my ain burn-bank bairns for a stranger frae the Trent or the Thames? Ye meikle gowk! ye hae gi'en me a waur surprise than Jenny Tamson gat."

"Jenny Tamson's surprise again," I said; "why Elspith, this saying has grown up in the land since I left it!"

"A'tweel has it," replied the old dame, "and meikle beside that: were a' things to stand still, think ye, because ye were awa? But yere grown up, and I am grown down, and Jenny Tamson has waured us baith, for she's grown a lady."

"What!" I inquired, "is she one of the Thomsons of the Butterhole-brae, and cousin to the Thomsons of Nether-bar-fegan?"

"The same, lad, the same," said Elspith; "but ye mauna ca' her Jenny Tamson ony mair: she's my lady now, and carries her head aboon us a': and Butterhole brae has changed its name; they call it Bellevue, nae less; and for a reeky hovel wi' a sour hole at the door, there's a braw structure wi' pillars and girle-whirlies at the head, and a grand flight of polished steps, wi' an approach through the policies. As I gade by the other day, instead of the cheep of the sparrow under the thatch, there was the music of lute and dulcimer; but, wad ye believe it, the poor fowk, wha hate to see ane step at ane stride into a lady, ca' the place Bonnie Bellevue when they ask for an amous; but nae sooner is my lady's back turned, than they cry, 'Jenny Tamson's surprise—Jenny Tamson's surprise!' and so the word goes round the land."

"Well, Elspith," I said, "this is all new to me, and, I see, not very pleasing to you; what! did you expect to become a lady through the love of some young lord, like those you loved to sing about in ballads?"

"Me!" exclaimed she, "nae sic notion ever came into my pow: no but what I think the Howiesons are as worthy of the name of lady as ony Tamson that ever sauld butter light o' weight in Dumfries market. But wherefore should I desire to change my lot? Do I not sit as saft and live as bein and snug—thanks be to you—and sleep as sound—thanks be to God and a good conscience—as if I were Lady Howieson, of Howlet-glen, and had a dozen fowls' feathers in my tappin, and a half dozen idle sluts to wait on me? Na, na; I hope fortune winna come Jenny Tamson's surprise owre me."

"I trust, Elspith," I said "that fortune will not be so spiteful; but you forget I am fasting; you owe me a bowl of curds and cream. I never get such curds and cream as yours any where."

"If I were sixty years younger, my lad," she answered, "ye might hope to come owre me with a blaw i' my lug like that, But, God forgie me, why should I say such things? Is not this house and all that is in it your ain sax times told, and why should a bondwoman who owes life and all that make life sweet, to your own kind heart, not hasten to do her best to please one that she prays for duly night and morning?"

"It is owing to your prayers, Elspith," I said, taking her old withered hand in mine, "that I prosper—but these are excellent curds: I think your skill increases with your age; but sit down beside me now, and tell me about Jenny Tamson's surprise. I long to hear by what strange road she walked into distinction."

"By a road not strange, but straight and beautiful," said Elspith; "her ain loveliness and her ain merits; but ye shall judge for yourself. Ye see when douce John Tamson of the Butterhole-brae died, he left but ae child, this Jenny,—my lady now I mauna ca' her,—to heir his property; for he had beside the land, which is gravelly and stony enough to justify the saying, that it was the riddings of Nithsdale, some sheep on the hills, some cows in the byre, and some bonds in the bank. Now the lassie was fair to look upon, and mild and gentle to all, rich and poor; at the school she was

up wi' the best at the lessons: in the dance ye wad hae thought her feet and the fiddle were sisters twin; and in the kirk her voice was sae sweet and melodious, that Tam Wilson, the preacher, said they might brag in the episcopal kirk how well they worshipped God, by means of that machine called the organ; but in ae note o' Jenny Tamson's voice there was mair real rapture than in a whole St. Paul's Cathedral of pipes and whistles. Ye mauna think now that the lassie was a demure creature wi' a solemn psalm-singing look: she could be serious and thoughtful; but in truth she was equal to ony thing, and whatever mode she was in, she tempered all with such discretion and propriety, that the whole dale said, 'Jenny Tamson will make a capital market if her mother will let her.'

"Her mother, however, was na sic a fool as folk took her to be: she kend a light pound of butter frae a heavy one, and hawlock wool from hiplock; what they meant was, that she wad drive the poor lassie into some bargain, where the whole question was of bonds and not of hearts, and the quantity of land more carefully measured than the amount of affection. Weel, ye see, the lassie grew up as I said, fair to look upon, and when she was eighteen ye wadna hae seen the like o' her in a simmer-day's riding: she gaed to the kirk and was one of the doucest there: she went to the fair, and she was aye the nandsomest; and she went to the harvest-dance, and seemed to trip at over men's hearts; and yet she cared for nobody, when a' fowk cared for her. It would look liesome like, were I to tell the names and numbers of those who pined for her: there was sic riding and rinning as seen never saw. Butterhole-brae was like a cried fair; young men thought she would like health and strength, and the rapture of youth; old men imagined she would prefer the wisdom of years; while harum-scarum Tam Frizell cried, 'Stand all aside, Jenny prefers a half-and-half man, ane that's neither auld nor young, like me.'

"But not one of them was Jenny's choice; her refusal drove Jamie Corson to the sea, where a tempest rose and swallowed him up: had she raised the storm, there might have been reason in her sorrow; but she had a tender heart, owre tender, for she cried when wee Andrew Dobie died in a delirium of drink with toasting her health in brandy. 'Another half-mutchkin,' he cried, 'the thoughts of Jenny Tamson's beauty mak me mair drouthy than ordinar.'

"Her cruelty, as a rhymor called it in song, was the talk of the country side, and more than ane said, her pride would get a downcome: but no downcome came: her mither took her to task; it was an awful thing to hear them at it, as my ain niece, Peg Paterson, then ane of her servants, tauld me; for if ever a mither sought to sell her daughter to the devil, and Luckie tried it that day; and this brings me to Jenny Tamson's surprise.

"'Jenny,' she said, 'the crop is profitable; the butter and cheese have risen in the market; black-cattle, as well as sheep, have done us a good turn; and we are richer since your father's death by a full thousand pounds. Now all this is for Jenny Tamson, yet she gangs maiden both to kirk and market, and forgets that men of substance sigh for her, and that her, mither was a wedded wife and mair at her years.'

"'My dear mother,' said Jenny, 'you had the choice of your own heart: there is not a man in all the vale that I wish to oall mine.'

"'The choice of my heart!' exclaimed the other, 'when had woman ony sic choice? She is a slave to her parents or to custom; she cannot go up to a young fellow, and say, Lad, I love you;—she maun wait for those that fortune may send her; and when did fortune take a young thing's part, and send her the lad she loved? Na, na, Jenny, I had no choice of my own; your father was warmer with liquor than with love, when he came and wooed me: my father was by the side of the punchbowl when he gave his consent, and more was thought about the luck-penny, and the exchange of commodities, than about your poor trembling-hearted mother.'

"'Oh, mother, you make me sad to hear you!' said Jenny, shuddering at this dark page in the chapter of domestic history.

"'Weel, but ye mauna be sad, my bonnie woman,' said her mother in a soothing voice; 'for here comes the Laird of Tulzieknowe; no so young as he was ten years since, but descended from a renowned house; they had fame in border story, the lairds of Tulzieknowe—Jenny, he will make a husband of the best.'

"'Before Jenny could say a word by way of answer, the laird had sprung from his horse, and, booted and spurred, with a wa-