

the grim and bloody struggle round Dunkeld Cathedral. Scott wrongly assumed him to have been the father of Pope's friend Cleland.

But for the low *literature* in Scotland, Cleland would never be named amongst poets. Still, his uncouth verses—mainly satirical—record the temper of the times, and have a considerable linguistic interest. What he wrote was not old Scots, nor the Scots of Ramsay and Burns, but an imperfect English stuffed full of Scots words, forms, and locutions—*gaunt* (yawn), *spear* (ask), *thir* (these), *kenn*, *lith*, *sawerff*; *thou's* (thou art), *thou wear's* (thou wearest), *sawen* (sown), *cul'd* (curbed), *lough* (laughed). Further, words spelt as English ones must be pronounced as Scotch in order to rhyme—thus, *wool* rhymes with *true*, *dissecting* with *checking*, *enacts* them with *takes* them (pronounced *enacts* them, *taks* them), *guard* with *laird*. *Snuzzing* (sneezing) is already used for snuff; in *cock his coots* for 'grip his ankles' we have an odd combination of Scottish Ciceronianism and the mere vernacular; and 'makes the thrush bush [tuft of rushes] keep the cow' is an interesting echo of the famous vow of James I. of Scotland.

Cleland's *Poems and Verses* appeared in a small volume in 1697, and contain nine stanzas written by him as 'An Addition to the Lines of "Hollow my Fancie" when he was a student at St Andrews.' The anonymous poem so named was well known before the middle of the century, and Cleland's addition falls far below the humble literary level of the original. The first two stanzas given below are from the earliest set of words.

From 'Hallo, my Fancy.'

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a-gadding,
Running maddling;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling
Here I do espy;
Each another jostling,
Every one turmoiling,
Th' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head because he's out of fashion.
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phaeton,
I'll mount Phœbus' chair,
Having ne'er a hat on.
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the air.

I am would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
And see how they on foamy bits are playing;
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? . . .

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
Stay thou at home with me;
I can thee no longer follow,
Thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me;

It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring;
For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing;
Thou's welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me.

From Cleland's pen less dexterous than his sword, we have also one or two elegies—as on the famous Covenanter McWard—rhymed epistles, and other occasional verses, but the bulk of the book is occupied with two 'mock poems' or satires, one 'Upon the Expedition of the Highland Host, who came to destroy the Western Shires in Winter 1678,' and another on the Episcopal clergy who 'met to consult about the Test in 1681.' The Highlanders, regarded then by all Lowlanders as savages on the level of the mere Irish, were—in spite of the earnest protest of the landed gentlemen of the west—let loose on the Covenanted shires to suppress conventicles, and to this end had free quarters amongst the country-folk, and were empowered to seize horses and ammunition, and, if necessary, 'to kill, wound, apprehend, and imprison' Nonconformists. The following (in which the 'she'll' and the 'nainsell' show that the jokes against the Highlander trying to speak Lowland Scotch were early stereotyped) describes

The Highland Host.

But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirkie standarts; parti-coloured
Who lead the van and drove the rear, led
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trows, and pirkie plaides,
And good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe, fold
Adorn'd with a tobacco pipe;
With durk, and snap-work, and snuff-mill, snaphance, pistol
A bagg which they with onions fill,
And, as their strick ol-servers say, strict
A tupe-horn filled with usquebay; ram's-horn
A slashed-out coat beneath their plaides,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the country can afford—
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fights with all these arms at once?
It's marvelous how in such weather,
Ov'r hill and hope they came together; valley
How in such stormes they came so farr;
The reason is they're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it doth their sheep protect.
But least ye doubt that this is true, lest
They're just the colour of tar'd wool. pron. 'av