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Porty.

THE LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

The Captain is walking his quarter deck,
With a trowled brow and a bended neck;
One eye is down through the hatchway east,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
Of our skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!¹

The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bun-bust woman brought out tospithead;
"Sil, since the good ship sailed away,
He read that letter three times a day;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a skipper may read in his degree,
And the seal is so black and so broad, and so fat,
As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat:
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
"Curse the old woman—she thotks me so!"²

He passes now, for the topmen hail,
"On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!"³
That grim old captain he turns his quick,
And bows through his trumpet for hairy faced Dick.

"The breeze is blowing—huzza! huzza!
The breeze is blowing—away away!
The breeze is blowing—a race! a race!
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase!
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly—
Oh, where will be then young Hamilton Tighe!"⁴

"—On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
With his sword in his hand, and his face at his knee,
Cookswain, or boatswain, or roofer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe!"

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a gingerbread and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade;
He stands by the breech of a long carromade,
The lustre glows in his bonny hand,
Waiting that grim old skipper's command.

The bullets are flying—huzza! huzza!
The bullets are flying—away! away!
The party boards the moon by the chains,
And are over their buckles in hood and brains;
On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
Young Hamilton Tighe,
Waxes his cutlass high,
And Captain's Cupressid bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, lustock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking skipper's command—
A wink comes sly
From that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe!

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
And his eyes and handmaidens comb at her call:
"Now haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'st with his head on his knee!"

The maidens smile, and, her thoughts to destroy,
They bring her a little pale mealy-faced boy,
And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother dear,
Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year."

"The lady has don'd her mantle and hood,
Ere is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood—
"Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my stepson's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung up on high,
Orate pro anima Hamilton Tighe!"

Her coach and four
Draws up to the door,
With her groom, and her footman, and half a score
more;

The lady steps into her coach alone,
And they hear her sigh and they hear her groan;
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's one rides with her who's never slept in!
All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick;
And the groom and the footmen wonder and say,
"What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?"
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in, and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees.

"Tis ever the same, in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That lady murtherer talks to the air,
And her eye is fixed on an empty chair!
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
"She talks to a man with never a head."

There's an old yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
That he seems to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and fumes,
For all his knaves stand upside down,
And the lack of Club flow like rain down;
Get into the kings, and the aces, and all the best trumps,
Get into the hands of the other old frumps;
While close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway, there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out at the door;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And rusty phials and rusty razors,
And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband a hairy-faced man!
That hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pigtail is wither'd and gone;
And he cries, "Take away that lubberly chap!
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap!"
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
"What a run old covey is Hairy-faced Dick!"

That Admiral, lady, and hairy-faced man,
May say what they please, and may do what they
can;
But one thing seems remarkably clear—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,
But whenever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe.

THE HEN-PECKED MAN.

FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDER.

Every one has heard the phrase "Go to Birgham!" which signifies much the same as bidding you go to a worse place. The phrase is familiar not only on the Borders, but throughout all Scotland, and has been in use for more than five hundred years, having taken its rise from Birgham being the place where the Scotch nobility were when they dastardly betrayed their country into the hands of the first Edward; and the people despising the conduct and the cowardice of the nobles, have rendered the saying—"Go to Birgham!" an expression of contempt until this day. Many, however, may have heard the saying, and ever used it, who know not that Birgham is a small village beautifully situated on the north side of the Tweed, about midway between Coldstream and Kelso, though if I should say that the village itself is beautiful, I should be speaking on the wrong side of the truth. Yet there may be many who have both heard the saying and seen the village, who never heard of little Patie O'richton, the bicker-maker. Patie was of diminutive stature, and he followed the profession, (if the members of the learned professions be not offended at my using the term,) of a cooper or bicker-maker in Birgham for many years. His neighbours used to say of him—"the poor body's hen-pecked."

Patie was in the habit of attending the neighbouring fairs with the water clogs, cream bowies, bickers, piggies, and other articles of his manufacture. It was Dunsie fair, and Patie said he "had done extraordinary" week—the said fair had been beyond what he expected." His success might be attributed to the circumstance that when out of the sight and hearing of his better half, for every bicker he sold, he gave his customers half a dozen of jakes into the bargain. Every one therefore liked to deal with little Patie. The fair being over, he retired with a crosy to a public-house in the Castle Wynd, to crack off old stories over a glass, and inquire into each other's welfare. It was seldom they met, and it was as seldom that Patie dared to indulge in a single glass; but on the day in question, he thought they could manage another gill, and another was brought. Whether the sight of it reminded him of his domestic miseries and of what awaited him at home I cannot tell, but after drinking another glass, and pronouncing the squits excellent, he thus addressed his friend—

"Ah Robin, (his friend's name was Robin Roughhead,) ye're a happy man—ye're maister in your ain house, and ye've a wife that adores and obeys ye, ut I'm nae better than wachery at my ain fireside. I'll declare I'm wachery, and I'm bairns laugh at me—I'm treated like an outlan' body and a fool. Though without me they might gang and beg, there's a nae mar respect paid to me than if I were a pair o' auld bacchals flung into a corner. Fifteen years sene I conldna believe it o' Tibby, though ony body had sworn it to me; I firmly believe that a good wife is the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon a man upon this earth. I can imagine it by the treasure that my father had in my mother; for though the best may be hoarded between them occasionally, and I'm no saying that they hadna, yet they were just like passing showers to make the kisses o' the sun upon the earth more sweet after them. Her whole study was to please him and to

make him comfortable. She was never happy but when he was happy; an' he was just the same wi' her. I've heard him say that she was worth untold gold. But O Robin! if I think that a guid wife is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy, weel do I ken that a scolding, domineering wife is his greatest curse. It's a terrible thing to be snoodled in your ain house—naebody can form an idea o' it but they wae experience it.

Ye remember when I first got acquainted wi' Tibby, she was doing the bandage work up at Riselaw. I first saw her in coming out o' Feeles kirk at day, and I really thought that I had never seen a better-faured or a more gallant-looking lass. Her cheeks were red and white like a half-ripe strawberry, or rather I should say like a cherry, and she seemed as modest and meek as a lamb. It wasna very long until I drew up, and though she didna gie me ony great encouragement at first, yet in a week or two, after the ice was fairly broken, she became remarkably civil, and gied me her oxter on a Sunday. We used to saunter about the loosings, no saying meikle, but unco happy; and I was aye restless when I was out of her sight. Ye may guess that the shoemaker was nae loser if during the six months that I ran four times a week, wet or dry, between Birgham and Riselaw. But the term-time was drawing nigh, and I put the important question, and pressed her to name the day. She hung her head, and she no seemed to ken well what to say, for she was sae mint and sae gentle then, that ye wad hae said—"butter wadna melt in Rielaw's?" And when I pressed her more and more urgently—
"I'll just leave it to yourself," Peter," says she.

I thought my heart wad louped out at my mouth—I believe there wasna a man sae fairly diseased wi' joy in this world afore, I fairly diseased again, and cut as many antics as a merry-andrew. "O Tibby," says I,

"I'm owre happy now—I o'and my head!
This gift o' joy is like to be my death."

"Weel, I got the house set up, the wedding-day came, and everything passed ower as agreeably as ony body could desire. I thought Tibby turning bonnier and bonnier. For the first five or six days after the wedding, every thing was 'hunny' and 'my love,' and 'Tibby dear,' or 'Peter dear.' But matters didna stand lang at this. It was on a Saturday night I mind, just b-fore I was goun to drop work, that three or four acquaintances came into the shop to wish me joy, and they insisted that I should pay off for the wedding. Ye ken I never was behind hand, and I agreed that I wad just fling on my coat and step up wi' them to Orange Lane. So I gaed into the house and took down my market coat, which was hingin behind the bed, and after that I gaed to the kist to take out a shilling or two—fo up to that time Tibby had not usurped the office o' Chancellor to Exchequer. I did it as cannily as I could, but she had suspected something, and heard the jinking o' the siller.

"What are ye doing Patie?" says she—
"where are ye goun?"

"I had never heard her voice hae such a sound before, save the first time I drew up to her, when it was rather sharp than agreeable.

"Oh, my dear," says I, "I'm just goun up to Orange Lane for a wee while."

"To Orange Lane!" says she, "what in the name o' fortune's goun to take ye there?"
"Hi my," says I, "it's just a neighbour lad or twa that's dropped in to wish us joy, and ye ken we canna but be neighbour-like."

"Aye! the sorry joy them!" says she, and neighbour too!—an' how meikle will that cost ye?"

"Hoot Tibby, said I, for I was quite astonished at her, ye no understand things woman."
"No understand them!" said she, "I wish to goodness that ye wad understand them though! If that's the way ye intend to make the siller flee, it's time there were somebody to take care o' it."

I had put the siller in my pocket, and I was goun to the door mair surprised than I can weel express, when she cried to me—

"Mind what ye spend, and see that ye dinna stop."

"Ye need be under nae apprehension o' that hinny," said I, wishing to pacify her.

"See that it be sae," cried she, as I shut the door.

I joined my neighbours in a state o' greater uneasiness of mind than I had experienced for a length o' time. I could not help thinking but that Tibby had rather early begun to take the upper hand, and it was what I never expected from her. However, I was saying, we went up to Orange Lane, and we sat down, and a gill brought on another, Tibby's health and mine were drank, we had several capital songs, and I daresay it was weel on for ten o'clock before we rose to gang away. I was nae mair afflicted wi' drink than I am at this moment. But somehow or other, I was uneasy at the idea of facing Tibby. I thought it wad be a terrible thing to quarrel wi' her. I opened the door, and bolting it after me, slipped in half on the edge o' my foot. She was wi' her hand at her habit by the side o' the fire, but she never let on that she either saw or heard me; she didna speak a single word. If ever there was a woman

"Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,"

it was her that night. I drew in a chair, and though I was half-fear'd to speak—

"What's the matter my pet?" says I,

"what's happened ye?"

But she sat looking into the fire, and never let on she had heard me. "Een's ye like Meg dolls," thought I, as Allan Ramsay says, but I durstna say it, for I saw that there was a storm brewing. At last I ventured to say again—

"What ails ye Tibby dear—are ye not weel?"

"Weel!" cried she, "wha can be weel? Is this the way ye mean to carry on? What a time o' night is this to keep a body to, waiting and fretting on o' yeo their lane. Do ye no think shame o' yourself?"

"Hoot woman," says I, "I'm surprised at ye; I'm sure ye hae naething to make a wark about, it's no late yet."

"I dinna ken what ye ca' late," said she, "it wadna be late among your cronies nae doubt, but if it's no late it's early, for I warrant it's morning."

"Nonsense!" said I.

"Dinna tell me it's nonsense," said she, "for I'll be spoken to in nae such way, I'll let ye ken that. But how meikle has it cost ye? Ye wad be treating them nae doubt—and how meikle hae ye spent, if it be a fair question?"

"Toots, Tibby!" said I, "where's the cause for a' this? What great deal could it cost me?"

"But, hair by hair makes the carle's head bare," added she, "and mind ye that—and mind that ye've a house to keep about your head now. But if ye canna do it, I maun do it for ye—sae gie me the key o' that kist—gie me it instantly, and I'll take care how ye goun drinking wi' ony body and treating them till morning again."

"For the sake of peace I gied her the key, for she was speaking sae loud that I thought the neighbours wad hear—and she had nae sooner got it, than away she gaed to the kist and counted every shilling. I had nae great abundance of the mair than I'm now; and—

"Is that a' ye hae?" said she, "an' yet ye'll think o' goun drinking and treating folk frae Saturday night till Sabbath morning! If this is the life ye intend to lead, I wish to goodness I had never had ony thing to say to ye."

"And if this is the life ye intend to lead me," thought I, "I wish the same thing."

But that was but the beginning o' my slavery. From that hour to this, she has continued on from bad to worse. No man living can form an idea o' what I've suffered but myself. In a morning, or rather I may say in a forenoon for it was aye nine or ten o'clock before she got up, she sat down to her tea and while scones and butter, while I had to be content wi' a scrimpetticker o' brise, and sour milk for kitchin. Now was this the worst o' it, for when I came in frae my wark for my breakfast, morning after morning the fire was black out, and there had I, before I could get a bite to put in my mouth, to bend down on