

THE SCOTS CANADIAN

Issue XLII

Newsletter of the Scottish Studies Society: ISSN No. 1491-2759

Spring 2016

Alice Munro named Scot of the Year as 2016 marks the Foundation's 30th Anniversary

It was back in 1986 that the Scottish Studies Foundation was first established as a registered Canadian charity and thanks to the support from our members and other donors we are still at work supporting the Scots-Canadian community at the academic level.

We are delighted that Alice Munro will be helping us to celebrate our 30th anniversary by agreeing to be our Scot of the Year, especially shortly after her receiving the prestigious Nobel Prize in Literature on December 10, 2013. We are in the process of organizing a special event for this special anniversary and will keep you posted once plans are firmed up.

I'm sure all of you know that Alice is a Canadian short story writer and that her work has revolutionized the structure of short stories, especially in its ability to move forward and backward in time.

Alice was born on July 10, 1931 and raised on a farm outside of Wingham, Ontario. Her father, Robert Eric Laidlaw, was a fox and mink farmer, and her mother, Anne Clarke Laidlaw (née Chamney), was a schoolteacher. Her Scots ancestry can be traced back to the Scottish Borders.

Alice began writing as a teenager, publishing her first story, *The Dimensions of a Shadow*, in 1950 while studying English and journalism at the University of Western Ontario under a two-year scholarship. During this period she worked as a waitress, a tobacco picker, and a library clerk.

In 1951, she left the university, where she had been majoring in English since 1949, to marry fellow student James Munro. They then moved to Dundarave, West Vancouver, for where James had obtained a job in a department store. In 1963, the couple moved to Victoria, where they opened Munro's Books, which is still in operation.

Her first book of short stories was published in 1968 and since then she has published fifteen more. Her work frequently appears in magazines including *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and *The Paris Review*. She divorced in 1972 and moved back to Ontario to take up a post as writer-in-residence at the University of Western Ontario, a position she later held at the

university of British Columbia and at the University of Queensland.

She married Gerald Fremlin in 1976 and moved to his hometown of Clinton, Ontario, not far from Wingham. Gerald died in April, 2013. Alice has recently announced her retirement from writing and continues to live in Clinton.

Many of Alice's stories are set in Huron County, Ontario. Her strong regional focus is one of the features of her fiction. Another is her frequent use of the omniscient narrator who serves to make sense of the world. Many compare Alice's small-town settings to writers from the rural South of the United States. As in the works of William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor, her characters often confront deep-rooted customs and traditions, but the reaction of Alice's characters is generally less intense than their Southern counterparts. Her male characters tend to capture the essence of the everyman, while her female characters are more complex. Much of her work exemplifies the literary genre known as Southern Ontario Gothic.

A frequent theme of her work, particularly evident in her early stories, has been the dilemmas of a girl coming of age and coming to terms with her family and the small town she grew up in. In recent work such as *Hateship, Friendship, Courtship, Loveship, Marriage* (2001) and *Runaway* (2004) she has shifted her focus to the travails of middle age, of women alone, and of the elderly. It is a mark of her style for characters to experience a revelation that sheds light on, and gives meaning to, an apparently ordinary event.

Alice's prose reveals the ambiguities of life: "ironic and serious at the same time," "mottoes of godliness and honour and flaming bigotry," "special, useless knowledge," "tones of shrill and happy outrage," "the bad taste, the heartlessness, the joy of it." Her style places the fantastic next to the ordinary, with each undercutting the



Alice Munro: the first Canadian to receive the Nobel Prize in Literature

other in ways that simply and effortlessly evoke life.

Many critics have asserted that Munro's stories often have the emotional and literary depth of novels. Some have asked whether Munro actually writes short stories or novels. Alex Keegan, writing in *Eclectica*, gave a simple answer: "Who cares? In most Munro stories there is as much as in many novels."

Alice is noted for her longtime association with editor and publisher Douglas Gibson. Douglas received our Scot of the Year Award in 2005 and is also a former Foundation board member. When Douglas left Macmillan of Canada in 1986 to launch his own Douglas Gibson Books imprint at McClelland and Stewart, Munro returned the advance that Macmillan had already paid her for *The Progress of Love* so that she could follow Douglas to the new company and they have retained their professional association ever since. When Douglas published his book *Stories about Storytellers* in 2011, Alice wrote the introduction and his latest book *Across Canada by Story* has a chapter entitled *Alice Munro Country*.

To this day Douglas often makes public appearances on Alice's behalf when her health prevents her from appearing personally.

From the Chair

I am grateful to the Editor for this opportunity to update members of the Foundation on developments here at the Guelph Centre for Scottish Studies.

In September, we announced our aspiration to establish a Genealogical and Family History Institute to enable the Centre better to promote, support and advance research and research-based teaching about Scottish Canadian history and families. In the month of December, we had the opportunity to participate in a University crowdfunding experiment, in which we invited potential donors to support our desire to work towards establishing a new repository for the storage of genealogical data collected by people researching Scottish Canadian families. The appeal ran throughout December; and, thanks to the tremendous generosity of some twenty donors, we were successful in raising over \$1600 before Hogmanay, funds which we will now invest in our Repository Project.

I have been impressed by the fundraising success achieved by this brief appeal, but it scarcely rivals the steady and invaluable support that the Centre enjoys each year from the Foundation. It is our hope that the awareness raised by the crowdfunding appeal will encourage people who support our aims to seek membership in the Foundation.

As we approach the first anniversary of the launch of the Scottish Chapbooks website (<http://scottishchapbooks.org>), I hope by now that all members have had the opportunity to browse through the collection of digitized

chapbooks and identified some favourites. The website is just wonderful, showcasing our impressive assemblage of these endlessly interesting little publications which have so much to say about what mattered to Scots, what entertained them, and what provoked them, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when so many of our Scottish ancestors emigrated to Canada.

In the fall, I had the opportunity to lead the "Topics in Scottish History" masters-level course at Guelph. No doubt because the website has made them so accessible, a number of the students chose to analyze a chapbook as one of the components of the course. The examples they chose engaged in religious argument, discussed magic and witches, related episodes of Scottish history, or told stories from Scottish and international literature, subjects that represent the tip of the iceberg where chapbooks are concerned. It is to the Foundation, as well as to the Jane Grier Family Fund, that all of us interested in Scottish history owe the digitization of our chapbook collection and its presentation in this magnificent format on the Web, where users of all sorts, from all over the world, can appreciate it. I hope that members feel the full measure of the pride to which they are entitled for having made the website possible, and can take time from their busy lives to enjoy the chapbooks that they have given to the world.

Of course, the Scottish Chapbooks website is only the beginning of the ambitious digitization plan that the Foundation is currently supporting, and as other parts of our archival collection receive similar attention, the final results will represent a singular, monumental achievement on the part of the Scottish Studies Foundation, and one which will leave generations of future researchers in its debt.

I would like to take this opportunity to let members know that our 2016 Spring Colloquium will be held on Saturday, April 9, 2016, and will feature papers showcasing the research currently

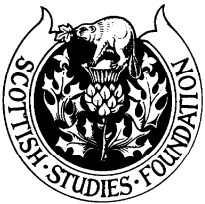


At the University of Guelph's 2015 Fall Colloquium Left to right: Prof. James Fraser, Michael Newton, Lewis MacKinnon, Allan Kennedy, Prof. Ewen Cameron

being undertaken at Guelph by graduate students in the Centre for Scottish Studies. Fuller details will be provided as soon as they have been finalized. As has become traditional in recent years, this event will be hosted once again by our friends at Knox College, University of Toronto. We hope to see many members there: please consider coming along to hear the fruits of the research projects of students who, in many cases, have received the invaluable support of Foundation generosity.

In closing, I would observe that this is the time of year when we begin hearing from prospective new graduate students seeking admission to the Scottish Studies programme, and happily, we have received a number of applications and approaches already. Enthusiasm for undertaking Scottish Studies research at Guelph shows no signs of abating, and to those who have done so much to make that research possible, we send our warmest hopes for peace, health and happiness in 2016, and our profoundest, enduring and ongoing gratitude.

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The Meeting of Burns and Scott

In this extract from "The Life of Robert Burns" by J. G. Lockhard (1794-1854), Sir Walter Scott relates his one and only meeting with Robert Burns in 1787. Scott was 15 years old at the time, Burns was 28.

As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*.* I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner; but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man.

As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

*"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew.
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears."*



"Affliction," from a drawing by Henry William Bunbury. It was print of this that caused Burns to shed tears.



"The Meeting of Burns and Scott"
Oil on canvas painting by Charles Hardie, 1893

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present; he mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, i.e. none of your modern agriculturists who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough.

There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the

most distinguished men of my time.

His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty.

I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh; but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was doubtless national predilection in his estimate.

This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the Laird. I do not speak in *malam partem*, when I say, I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. ■

*Translates as "I have seen the great man but did not know him."

They Sell Onions, Don't They?

Adapted from an article by Norman Ball

Growing up in Scotland in the 1940s and '50s, I was always intrigued when, every summer, men with bicycles laden with onions would appear on the streets and go around knocking at doors trying to sell them. What was even more intriguing was that these men were from France and, as a young child, I rather naively marveled at how they could have pedaled their bikes all that way!

They were known as "Onion Johnnies" and the book published in 2002: *Onion Johnnies: Personal Recollections by Nine French Onion Johnnies of their Working Lives in Scotland*, by Ian MacDougall, represents an astounding effort by the Scottish Working People's History Trust and the European Ethnological Research Centre and is a fascinating account of this unusual aspect of international enterprise.

As the only seasonal immigrant onion sellers in Britain, Onion Johnnies all came from a relatively small area of Brittany, particularly from Roscoff and neighbouring villages such as St Pol de Léon. In the past, life in Brittany had never been easy as it was at the mercy of the vicissitudes of the sardine catch and as the area grew more onions than the regional market could absorb, exports were crucial.

The origins of the Johnnies and their "oignons roses" or pink onions can be found in the decade or more after the Napoleonic Wars ended in 1815 at Waterloo with the first Johnnies setting out from Santec in 1828 to cross the Channel to sell onions in Britain.

It appears that the trade arose out of the rescue from drowning at Roscoff of British royal personages and the consequent grant of permission to local people to sell their onions on the other side of the Channel. The Johnnies' annual migration across the Channel to England, Wales and Scotland, took place regularly toward the end of July and in early August. With their strings and bunches festooned over the handlebars and rear wheels of their bicycles, the Onion Johnnies were instantly recognizable wherever they went in Scotland.

At first, Onion Johnnies travelled to Great Britain by sailboat with a cargo of freshly harvested pink onions and perhaps some shallots and garlic. Later, ferries and trains replaced the sailboats. This trade peaked in the late 1920s—when 9,000 tons of onions were sold in the UK by 1,400 Johnnies—before gradually petering out.

Many in the onion trade were connected by family ties and were organized with

ouvriers (workers) under a patron (boss). The patron had to find a shop or warehouse to serve as a base for storing and preparing the onions for sale, as well as to provide rudimentary living space for the sellers. The patron also determined the daily quotas that the ouvriers had to sell, some of whom were less than 10 years old.

Initially, ouvriers pushed two-wheeled handcarts or charrettes and then loaded sticks, or batons, with onions. They carried the batons over their shoulders, going from house to house, knocking on doors. A freshly loaded baton could weigh as much as 50 or 60 pounds, providing the Onion Johnnies with strong incentive to sell the onions quickly.

Living conditions were spartan. Home base was often an old shop, lined with stacks of onions. When eight-year-old Jean Saout arrived in Glasgow in the 1920s, his father was a patron. Jean recalls that they used a big shop: "My father and I and all the Onion Johnnies slept there... We slept on straw and we had blankets to cover ourselves with... But you slept well, you slept well."

In 1930, 13-year-old Jean Milin began working full-time as an Onion Johnny in Leith: "There were no beds—only straw... we all slept together in a row on the straw, like herrings or sardines! I was the youngest and I was in the middle of the row. You had covers, blankets. But we also had a sack or bag to sleep in—a sleeping bag. Oh, it was very comfortable. We were there all together, quite warm in the straw, so we didn't feel the cold." The facilities included a small kitchen, a table to eat on, a tap with running water, and (wonder of wonders) a flush toilet downstairs. But not all the Onion Johnnies enjoyed such amenities.

Conditions improved somewhat in the late 1940s. Some Johnnies who worked out of vans and if they were away for more than a day, stayed overnight in hotels that bought onions from them. However, they were the exception. Yves Rolland was a teenage Johnny who worked from a base in Maritime Street, Leith, in the 1960s: "The shop was full of onions. So at that time we slept in very cramped conditions. Have you ever had rats running on top of you?"

The young ouvriers received no cash for their work; their share was sent home to their parents. Those who were paid directly generally received wages only at the end of the onion-selling season. No wonder that when householders asked the cost of onions, the ouvrier would give the price and then say, "and a penny for myself."

The days could be long, as ouvriers seldom returned to home base until all the onions were sold. Looking back on his work as an ouvrier in Leith in the 1950s, Yves Rolland could remember leaving the shop at five in the morning and not returning until



A typical Onion Johnnie

"about half past-ten at night." But, he added, "That wasn't a normal day's work. It depended how lucky you were. But normally it was round about seven or eight at night when we used to finish. Most days the leaving time from the shop or the base was from about six, half-past six in the morning."

The long hours of Monday to Friday were shortened on Saturday to midday or mid-afternoon. Sundays were for "stringing the onions or...gathering rushes from the fields for stringing them." Straw or hay from nearby fields might also be used.

Numerous photos show Onion Johnnies with strings of onions slung over bicycles, which by the 1930s were replacing handcarts and batons. It was still hard work, as some routes covered long distances with a heavy load. After the Second World War, vans became more common. They were employed as mobile depots from which the Johnnies, lifting out their laden bikes once that day's destination was reached, could pedal their rounds and return to the van again for fresh supplies if needed. Onion-laden bicycles also travelled on trains and tramcars.

To people in Scotland, Onion Johnnies seemed stereotypically French: often seen with beret, bicycle, and striped shirts. But they represented the specific culture of Brittany, and spoke Breton, the Celtic language similar to Welsh, rather than French.

The life of a Johnnie was one of hard work: Jean Milin summed it up with "We Onion Johnnies were always working. It was a hard life." Claude Quimerech stated, "We simply didn't have plenty money! It was very hard, very, very hard."

Jean Saout strikes one as a thoughtful workman. In 1965 when he was 52 years old and had been an Onion Johnny in Glasgow

for more than 40 years, he retired from the job, but not from working: "Well, I never got rich selling onions, ah, no! I just made enough to live on and to drink a little glass of wine. But I never wanted to change my job, never. I never had any ambitions to do any other job like being a seaman or working on the railways. It was the same when I was working the other months of the year with the vegetables at home in Brittany." Years later, aged 86, he told an interviewer: "The life of the Onion Johnnies was hard—and it was hard for their wives and families at home, too. But you had to live as best you could. I wouldn't like to begin all over again, though at least one doesn't have to sleep on straw any more! I don't regret having worked as an Onion Johnnie at Glasgow. But it was a hard job, too hard."

Whenever we get nostalgic about the past, we do well to remember how hard things were for many people. The sight of an Onion Johnny pushing his bicycle may conjure up "the good old days" for many in England and Scotland, but this was hard, lonely work for little pay, with only a sack of straw to sleep on at night. ■

The Fairy Boy of Leith

By George Douglas

The story of the Fairy boy of Leith tells of a boy living in the port town of Leith, then adjacent to Edinburgh, who was famous because each week he would disappear into a hill where he was reputed to commune with the fairy folk; to dance, sing and feast.

The story has been retold a number of times, possibly most famously in Sir Walter Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian* but the original story can be traced back to a 17th century account in Richard Bovet's *Pandaemonium or the Devil's Cloister* (1684).

All of the stories follow the same basic tale; that Captain George Burton, whilst staying in Leith, came across a boy known locally as the "Fairy Boy" who had been given the gift of second sight by the fairies. Every Thursday night, the boy would go to Calton Hill (then a remote place between Leith and Edinburgh) where he would enter the hill through huge gates, only visible to those with "the fairy gift" and commune with the fairies. At these gatherings the boy would play drums for the little folk who danced and feasted. One Thursday night, the Captain, and some acquaintances, held the boy in conversation, hoping to avert his trip to the hill, but the boy gave them the slip, but was found and brought back to the house, where upon he managed to slip away for a second time. There the story ends with most accounts stating that the boy made off to

Calton Hill to once again meet with the fairy folk.

But Bovet's original account differs considerably. His book is a collection of stories from around the British Isles, with the Fairy Boy story being taken from a letter written to Bovet "by my worthy friend Captain George Burton in his own hand." The letter is transcribed by Bovet, with his own conclusions on it.

The letter tells of the experience of Captain Burton when he was based in Leith, with the events recounted occurring in 1648 or 1649 at the latest, some 15 years prior to the letter being written! Burton would regularly meet acquaintances at a house where they would drink wine. It was owned by a woman who was, in Burton's words, of good reputation, and it was her who told Burton of the "fairy boy," a child who had the gift of second sight. The woman showed him the boy who was playing in the street. Burton guessed he was not more than ten or eleven years old. At this point we learn a bit about the character of Burton, and see the differences between the original account and the more Romantic later, modern versions. Burton's letter states that he coerced the boy into the house with money and "smooth words." Once inside, and in the presence of diverse people, Burton demanded of the boy several "Astrological Questions" which the boy then answered with "great subtility." Burton notes that the boy was more intelligent than he expected for someone of his age. During this, the boy starts to drum his fingers on the table. Burton asks if the boy can beat a drum. The boy replies that he can drum "as well as any man in Scotland for every Thursday night I beat all points to a fort of people that use to meet under Yonder Hill, pointing to the great Hill between Edinburgh (sic) and Leith."

Burton pursues this line of enquiry by asking what company the boy has there, and he replies that there is a great company of men and woman who are entertained with many types of music, and feast on meat. He even goes on to say that on many times they are carried to France or Holland in a night and return again, enjoying the pleasures of those countries; something more reminiscent of the stories from the witchcraft trials rather than of fairies. Burton then demanded to know how the boy got under the hill, and was told that there were a great pair of gates, invisible to others, beyond which were rooms large enough to accommodate most of Scotland.

Eventually Burton is told by the owner, that no one could keep the boy from his Thursday night rendezvous, and so Burton promises the boy money to meet with him in the afternoon of the following Thursday. Burton goes on to state that he arrived at the rendezvous with a group of acquaintances to

prevent the boy leaving. The boy answered many questions without wanting to leave until 11 pm when he left the room without anyone noticing. When they do, Burton said that he "hasted to the door, and took hold of him and so returned him into the same room." Later in the evening, as Burton and his acquaintances were watching the boy, suddenly he was gone; Burton followed him out into the street where the boy made a noise, as if he had been set upon. As people gathered to see what the commotion was, Burton lost sight of the boy. Nothing is said about where the boy goes or what happens to him, all that is mentioned is that he disappears in a crowd after shouting that he is being attacked. And so ends Burton's letter.

Bovet adds his conclusions, stating how well known and trustworthy Burton is; that he is a well known figure in commerce circles in London, and that there is no need for Bovet to justify Burton's integrity. Bovet concedes that he is not sure whether or not the boy had a corporeal or dream experience, and in concluding, he says that it's strange that the boy runs away considering he was given the temptation of wine and money to keep him there, noting that money and wine are a powerful temptation to lads of his age.

There is little useful information in the original account which can indicate whether the story is true or not, with the exception of one point. Burton alleges that the boy went to "Yonder Hill," interpreted as Calton Hill. These days Calton Hill is in the centre of Edinburgh but back then, before Leith became part of Edinburgh, it was between the two areas. Calton Hill sat dominant, amongst the farmland and fields, and in the 18th century the boundaries between Leith and Edinburgh were shrinking and a hundred years later the two were almost joined together. Calton Hill then, as now, has remained relatively undeveloped. So did the boy indeed enter into the Hill?

In the 1790s Herman Lion was a Jewish merchant living in Edinburgh at the end of the 18th century. Sometime after 1791 he started looking for a burial plot for himself and his wife. Being Jewish he did not want to be buried in a Christian burial site and appealed to the Town Council to sell himself a piece of land on Calton Hill, and eventually they agreed. 200 years later, the site of Lion's tomb was rediscovered. The Edinburgh Evening News told the story of two men in the Observatory complex on top of the hill. Apparently they climbed through a rabbit hole and ended up in the tomb. Their description of Lion's tomb implies that it may have originally been a cave or fissure. So perhaps this is the cave that the Fairy Boy told everyone that he danced in with the fairy folk. ■

The Gudeman of Ballangeich

From an 1861 review of the book "James the Fifth; or, the Gudeman of Ballangeich. His Poetry and Adventures" by James Paterson. Published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

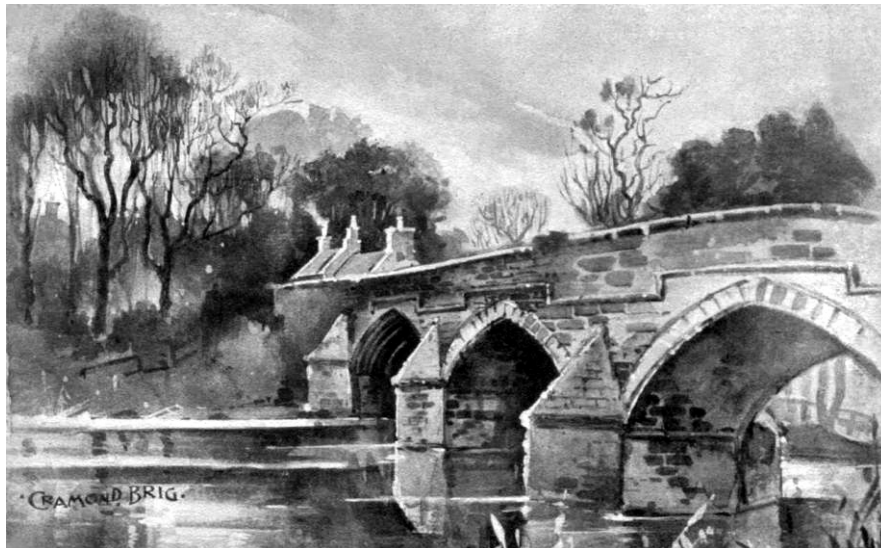
On the north-west side of Stirling Castle is a steep path, leading to the town of that name. This path, in Nimmo's "History of Stirling," is called Ballochgiech, which is probably, says Mr. Paterson, the correct form of the word, though Ballangeich is the usual mode of pronouncing it. It means the stormy or windy pass.

The term "Gudeman" was the customary designation given to a small proprietor, who was immediately dependent on the Crown, but who held from a vassal. Combining these two names into one, the frolic-loving King of Scotland, James V, when travelling incognito, generally assumed the title of the "Gudeman of Ballangeich." James was fond of adventure; he was a bold gallant; a successful lover; a dexterous swordsman, sometimes attacking banditti singly, or supported only with a few of his courtly attendants.

Who does not remember the famous single fight, in perhaps the most finished poem of Walter Scott, "The Lady of the Lake," when Fitz-James, our wandering king, encountered Rhoderick Dhu? In a note to the same poem, quoted by Mr. Paterson, we may read how the merry monarch, beset by relations or lovers of his mistress, as he returned from his rendezvous, took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended bravely with his sword, till a peasant, who was thrashing in a neighbouring barn, hearing the noise, sallied out, and taking part with the weaker side, did such good execution with his flail, that he dispersed the king's assailants, thus probably saving his sovereign's life. We may read further, how, as a reward for his services, the peasant, on inquiring at the Palace of Holyrood for the Gudeman of Ballangeich, was gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, to be held on condition of presenting a ewer, basin and towel, as he had done in the barn, after the broil, for the king to wash his hands when he should happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond.

James has other pleasant names beside this of the Gudeman of Ballangeich. That of "Snowdoun's Knight" is, we believe, due solely to the poetical invention of the Ariosto of the North; and here we may observe in passing, that Snowdoun, celebrated in Sir David Lyndsay's *Complaint of the Paping's*, is a traditional name of Stirling Castle.

Another title of this favourite monarch is still more honourable. Happily, too, it is not fictitious. From his sympathies with the



Cramond Brig near Edinburgh where King James V was saved from assailants by John Howison, an event immortalized in Sir Walter Scott's poem "Lady of the Lake."

people, his attention to their wants, and his zeal in endeavouring to elevate their position, James V won the proud designation of "King of the Commons." Kind, jocular, and condescending, he mixed with the peasantry, chatted by their fireside, studied their character, patronized their amusements, and sought their social improvement. Often disguising himself as a gaberlunzie, or a wandering minstrel, he "ranted and sang" with a hearty good will, in the cottages of the humblest of his subjects, and learned wisdom in the huts where poor men lie.

In his agreeable and rather gossiping than judicial biography of this popular king, Mr. Paterson aims to bring out all his fine qualities and princely accomplishments. A brilliant adventurer, the Fifth James was also a poet of no mean order. Dempster, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, extols James V as a poet of rare genius, and identifies him as the author of a "Heroic Poem on the Rural Dances of Falkirk," evidently a mistake for Christ's Kirk. Bishop Gibson, who was the first to publish this poem in 1691, but without mentioning the source from which he derived it, seemingly acquiesced in the supposition that it was written by James V, and was supported by Watson, Mackenzie, Ruddiman and others. Ramsey, on the authority of Bannatyne, was the first to subscribe it to James V, and was followed by Tytler, Pinkerton, and Ellis. There does not appear to us to be any positive evidence for the authorship. Mr. Paterson, however, shows the untrustworthiness of the Bannatyne manuscript, and makes out something like a presumption of authorship in favour of James V.

The other poetical effusions attributed to the minstrel king, are "The Gaberlunzie Man," and "The Jollie Beggar." There is

unquestionable ability exhibited in these somewhat free poems; a drollery, a gaiety, a rhythm, and a song, that do the author the highest credit. King James or any other king, might well be proud of such writing; of the poetry we mean, for the morality is not unexceptionable.

Morality, indeed, was not James's forte. Like his father he had a number of illegitimate children. In this respect, however, he was no worse than the majority of the Reforming as well as of the Catholic nobility. Mr. Paterson has some peculiar observations on this subject. "The last to argue in favour of libertinism," he yet questions whether crimes, not in themselves criminal, should be made so by conventional enactment. Certainly if licentiousness is not criminal "according to nature," it should not be made so, either by legislation in church or state, or by the censorship of public opinion. But we cannot consent to treat the subject in this way. The philosopher is bound to show either the criminality or non-criminality of an action. It does not follow that because an action is criminal it ought to be punished by law; but it certainly ought to incur popular reprobation. If, on the other hand, it be not criminal, we ought not to make it criminal, by any artificial process, parliamentary or other. Mr. Paterson does not go into the religious question; neither shall we. It is due to him to say that he calls for an impartial administration of law and opinion, and an equal division of the penalty and odium attached to the "crime," between the erring lords and frail ladies of creation.

To James V must be accorded the merit of patriotic rule and management. Besides the encouragement of national literature and music, he was zealous in promoting the material interests of the country. For this purpose he engaged foreign miners of skill,

concluded commercial treaties, pastured large flocks of sheep in Ettrick forest, and made considerable efforts to improve the breed of horses. Mr. Paterson further commends this "patriot king" for his love of justice and firmness of purpose. He found his kingdom distracted with family feuds, and overrun with high-handed noble and baronial plunderers.

One principal object with James, therefore, was to restrain the marauding aristocrats of Scotland, to break up the factions, and to restore peace and security. In prosecuting these ends, James sometimes exhibited extreme severity, as in the case of the famous Johnnie Armstrong, of ballad fame, who, with thirty-six, or perhaps even forty-eight, of his followers, was hanged on a clump of trees in a little hollow, where they had met with a view of soliciting the royal pardon. James was no less severe in the case of Lady Glammis, who was tried, condemned, and executed for "conspiring the king's death by poison, and aiding and intercommuning with the Douglasses, her uncles and brothers."

Among the improvements originating in James's love of justice, Mr. Paterson enumerates the edicts for the regulation and purification of the inferior courts, as well as for the better education of the judges and executors of the law; the first printed acts of Parliament, which by the king's order were circulated among the sheriffs, that they might be read to the people. Under his auspices, too, the machinery of the law was amended, and a regular record of the criminal court, called the Books of Adjournal, was instituted.

James also erected the first Register House that ever had existence in Scotland. Against certain accusations the parsimony and persecutions attributed to James V, our author protests, maintaining that the king was naturally liberal and generous, and defending him against the allegations of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Lindsay. In the Edzell case Mr. Paterson states the facts in such a manner as to place the transaction in a very different light from that represented by Lord Lindsay. James, he argues, in reality conferred a favour on Dell, by sanctioning the new investiture of the Crawford estates, by which the proper heirs were overleaped, in consequence of their unnatural conduct, the king in pursuance of his policy of circumscribing the great baronies, stipulating for the surrender of the earldom, its fiefs and honours, on Edzell's succession. In this, as in other instances, it is not easy to pronounce any positive opinion on Mr. Paterson's success. The evidence is not very conclusive, either way; and the facts may be construed so as to accord either with his view or that of Lord Lindsay.

Still, if the king was somewhat rigorous in his exactions, his demands may have been

prompted by the supposed exigencies of his position, as the coercer of a "rampant, vindictive, and ignorant feudal aristocracy," and not by mere love of money or lust of spoliation.

Mr. Paterson's narrative, though not severely historical, indicates care and research. In the composition of his little volume he has drawn on Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, the Privy Seal Register, and Treasurer's Accounts. The result of his inquiries is an unpretending little volume, in which, after briefly sketching the state of Scotland during the king's nonage, he describes his position under the Douglasses, his conduct as a free king, after his emancipation from that faction; investigates his merits and demerits as man, ruler, and author, vindicates his good fame, explains his policy, and concludes with a general estimate of his character, interspersing incident and anecdote in his expository recital.

James V was twice married; his first queen, the youthful and delicate Magdalene, died 7th July 1537. His second, Mary of Guise, landed near St. Andrews in May, 1538, but she was married, according to our author, not in that year, as is generally supposed, but, as the inscription in the ruins of Falkland Palace testifies, in 1537; or, more accurately, the stone-date refers to a proxy marriage in France, not to its celebration after the Queen's arrival at St. Andrews. James himself died 13th December 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age and the twenty-ninth of his reign.

The defeat of Solway Moss, for which he was himself responsible, appears to have broken his heart. His melancholy words, as he lay dying, with his thoughts wandering back to the time when the daughter of Bruce brought to his ancestor the dowry of a kingdom, "It came with a lass and it will pass with a lass," contrast sadly with these gay rhymes of the gallant adventurer poet:

*"He took a horn frae his side,
and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
came skipping o'er the hill,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
Sae late into the nicht;
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright."*

Aye, the king had sung his last song; he was never more to wander through that windy pass, "sae late into the nicht," with the merry moon gleaming over him, but to go down into a darker deeper night, whither we all, kings and beggars, must one day repair to join "The Gudeman of Ballangeich." ■

Dear Days of Old



*Home no more home to me,
whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver,
I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind
over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain,
and my roof is in the dust.*

*Loved of wise men
was the shade of my roof-tree.
The true word of welcome
was spoken in the door —
Dear days of old,
with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old,
you come again no more.*

*Home was home then, my dear,
full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear,
happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright
glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song,
built a palace in the wild.*

*Now, when day dawns
on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house,
and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand,
now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts,
that loved the place of old.*

*Spring shall come, come again,
calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain,
bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom
over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream
through the even-flowing hours.*

*Fair the day shine
as it shone on my childhood --
Fair shine the day
on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there
and twitter in the chimney --
But I go for ever
and come again no more.*

Robert Louis Stevenson

