Figure 1 Portrait Of Dougal Graham From Woodcut in 1774 (3rd) Edition of 'History of the Rebellion.'

The humorous chap-books of Scotland, Volumes 1-2 by John Fraser page 156

TO

THE READER.

If thou dost care, with me for guide,
A little while to turn aside,
From present times and modern books,
To old and unremembered nooks
In Scottish history,—list, the while
An idle hour I strive to wile
With pictures of an age long flown,
When George the First was on the throne;
Ere steam was used, or car was seen,
And folk got wed at Gretna Green;
When chapmen plied a thriving trade
In news and laces, well displayed;
And made their rounds from door to door,
Retailing all the local lore,

The simple gossip of the times,
With snatches of forgotten rhymes;
And told in ready prose or verse
The tales I afterwards rehearse,—
Rude-fashioned tales—of which, I fear,
Some may offend a modern ear,—
But racy of the soil, and rich
In pawky humour, and in traits
Of Scottish character and ways,
That well deserve historic niche.
Of these, and more, I fain would tell.
But most of him who ‘bore the bell;
Though all unknown he be to fame,
The “skellat bellman,” Dougal Graham,
Who wrote the tales I now relate,
And sang the Stuart’s hapless fate.
Coarse though he was, in language rude.
He strove to work his country good;
Brought fact and fiction both to light,
That but for him had perished quite;
Embalmed the manners of his age
In many a coarse but graphic page;
And showed,—what better pens pass by,—
How poor folk live and love and die.
Now, when his fame is all forgot,
And even Scotchmen name him not,
With faltering voice your leave, I crave,
To lay this chaplet on his grave.

THE AUTHOR.

81 *Madison Avenue, New York,*
May 1st, 1874.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DOUGAL GRAHAM, THE GREAT CHAP-WRITER.

§ 1. DOUGAL GRAHAM, sometimes called ‘John Falkirk’ or ‘the Scot’s piper,’ was born at Raploch, in Stirlingshire, in or about the year 1724. His parents were so poor as to be unable to send him to school, and Dougal was forced to trust pretty much to chance for his instruction. Of his early history, as in the case of many greater men, nothing is known; but it was almost certainly one of trials and hardship. To judge from his appearance in after years, Dougal must have been a queer, grotesque-looking urchin,— hunch-backed, lame, wizened, and old beyond his years. A curious chapter might be written on the reflex influence of mind and body, in cases where pre-eminent talent or genius is accompanied by physical deformity. Poor Graham’s life is a case in point. As will be presently established, he possessed a large share of genuine talent, closely approximating to genius; and it is more than likely that, in childhood, the contemptuous pity and rude unfeeling taunts of his relatives and companions, with reference to his stunted and abnormal growth, tended to sharpen and embitter his quick and restless mind. At any rate, Dougal’s lines did not fall in the most pleasant places. When other children were sporting in the sunshine and nest-hunting through the woods, the youthful Æsop was compelled to labour for a living. Unapprenticed to any special trade—his parents being too poor or too indifferent to undertake the necessary trouble and expense—he had to turn his hand to any odd job that came up, from running for water to the well, to herding cattle. How long he remained at Raploch it is impossible to say. In the preface to his history of the Rebellion, he informs his readers, that the work had been

> “Composed by the poet Dougal Graham;
> In Stirlingshire he lives at hame.”

The probability is that, during the first twenty or thirty years of his life, having no fixed trade or residence, he made his father’s house his headquarters, from which to migrate to the various places, where he succeeded in obtaining employment. The next glimpse we get of him is in the character of farm servant, and general man-of-all-work, with a small farmer in

Campsie, a village in the neighbourhood, of Glasgow. So late as 1811, strangers were shown the traces of a turf cottage, on the side of the hill above the old place, which were said to be the remains of the house in which Dougal for some time lived. His natural disposition, and his inability to follow any definite occupation, combined with that restless activity and curiosity so frequently characteristic of sharp wits, soon caused him to turn pedlar or chapman, in which humble but useful capacity he perambulated the counties of Stirling and Lanark; in most of the hamlets and farm-steadings of which, his shambling, one-sided, sturdy little figure was a familiar and welcome object. To this general popularity Dougal's manner, which well-fitted him for a successful salesman, mainly contributed, for

> "Of witty jokes he had good store,
> Johnson could not have pleased you more,
> Or with loud laughter made you roar
>
> As he could do.
> He had still something ne'er before
> Exposed to view."

This eulogium, being from his epitaph, might be regarded with suspicion, were it not confirmed by other evidence. It was during this period of his life that he became so intimate with the private life and ways of the humble classes, and picked up the vast fund of jest and story which he subsequently worked up into his connected and humorous narratives. In what glorious bouts did not Dougal engage, what time, his pocket being not quite empty, he fell in with that witty rogue *John Cheap, the Chapman,* or his friend *Lothian Tom,* or the wandering quack-doctor, and the four drouthy[1] originals foregathered together in the first change-house, therein to tell stories and sing songs, and drink strong ale until they had only fourpence-halfpenny left between them, and they were all hopelessly, helplessly, mortally drunk! Yet were these spiritual engagements not without their attractions, for each of the four adventurers was full of the latest gossip, political and social, of the district from which he had last come; and Dougal, with his pungent sarcasm, broad wit, grotesque humour, and mad verses, was a veritable Falstaff and Joe Miller combined—for, are we not told that he was

> "The wittiest fellow in his time,
> Either for prose or making rhyme?"

All the world is familiar with the famous '45, and the gallant, but fruitless and misguided efforts of Prince Charles Stuart to recover the throne of his grandfather. To the standard of the young Prince flocked not a few of Scotland's noblest, with a vast rabble of men and women who were certainly not noble, being attracted to the camp or the battle-field much in the same way as ravens are attracted by the presence of carrion. Among these brave, and mercenary followers of a forlorn hope, limped the restless little pedlar, whose strong Jacobite predilections and wish to turn an honest penny—characteristic surely, and much to be admired in a poetical chapman—had caused him to leave Glasgow early in 1745, to follow the misfortunes of the belligerents. It would be interesting to follow Dougal's martial achievements; his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach; his heroic conduct in saving the life of Prince Charles, and cleaving the rascally Hanoverian assailant to the chin; but it must be confessed Dougal did none of these things, his position having been a much humbler and less heroic one than that of soldier. If popular tradition is to be relied on, he was

[1] *Scot* thirsty or dry

only a camp follower; though *which* camp, it might have puzzled Dougal himself to say. He appears to have paid court indifferently to either side, with a leaning towards the Jacobites, particularly when fortune seemed to smile upon them, and sold his wares with philosophic impartiality to all comers who could pay for them. The late Mr. McVean thought there was not sufficient evidence for believing that Dougal was actively engaged in the rebellion, basing his doubts on the opinion of an old man and his acquaintances, who had known Dougal well, and who believed that the latter was merely a follower of the army, and had carried a pack of small wares.

In any case, it is clear from Dougal's own statement, that he was a privileged person, and an eye-witness of the excesses of both armies.

"*I've seen* the men call'd Highland rogues,
With Lowland men make *shange* a brogs,
Sup kail and brose, and fling the cogs

Out at the door;

Take cocks, hens, sheep and hogs,

And pay nought for.

I see'd a Highlander, 'twas right drole,
With a string o' puddings hung on a pole,
Whipp'd o'er his shoulder, skipp'd like a sole,

Caused Maggy bann,

L'ap o'er the midden and midden-hole,

And off he ran.

I see'd the soldiers at Linton Brig,
Because the man was not a Whig,

Of meat and drink, leave not a skig

Within his door.

They burnt his very hat and wig,

And thump't him sore."

He also saw them murdering in cold blood at Preston and Falkirk, and in the preface to his history affirms that he had been an eye-witness to most of the movements of the armies, from the first crossing by the rebels of the Ford of Frew to their final defeat at Culloden. At times, too, when compelled, Dougal probably lent a hand in the packing and removal of the war luggage and *impedimenta*, and perhaps, on a rare occasion, tackled some diminutive combatant who had straggled from the main body and showed signs of the white feather; but it must be borne in mind that his deformities unfitted him for the *role* of Ivanhoe or Coeur-

de-Lion, and that political inconsistency is not confined to pedlars. From the 13th of September, 1745, when the rebels first crossed the ford of Frew near Doune, until that bright April morn, in the following year, when the Stuart cause went down forever amid smoke and flame on the fatal field of Culloden, Dougal was a constant and careful spectator of the course of events.

These experiences he turned to immediate and profitable account. From the disastrous field of Drummossie Muir he escaped with all speed, and no little difficulty, to Glasgow, where he at once set to work to prepare a metrical account of the rebellion, in which he had played a somewhat subordinate part. That Dougal lost no time in the composition of his work is evidenced by the fact that the history was in the printer's hands early in the Autumn of 1746, and was published in September of the same year, as witness the original advertisement in the Glasgow *Courant*[2] of the 29th of that month:

> NOTICE.—There is to be sold by James Duncan, Printer, in Glasgow, in the Saltmercat, the second shop below Gibson's Wynd, a Book entitled, "A full and particular account of the late rebellion, in the years 1745 and 1746, beginning with the Pretender's embarking for Scotland, and then an account of every Battle, Siege, or Skirmish that has happened in either Scotland or England, to which is added several addresses and epistles to the Pope, Pagans, Poets, and Pretender, all in metre;" price fourpence. But any booksellers or packmen may have them easier from the said James Duncan, or the author, D. Graham. The like has not been done since the days of David Lindsay.

The history proved a success, the advertisement showing that the author contemplated a peripatetic sale, and invited packmen to purchase on easier terms than those advertised; and since then innumerable editions have been issued from the Falkirk, Stirling, Paisley, Aberdeen and Glasgow presses. Of these it would be almost impossible to furnish a list, but the following notes will indicate the popularity of the work. In 1752 appeared a second edition (Glasgow); in 1774 a third; in 1787 a fifth (Glasgow); in 1803 a seventh (Glasgow); in 1808 an eighth (Glasgow); in 1812 a ninth (Falkirk); and in 1828 the twentieth. The latest was published some twenty years ago, by Mr. Murdoch, an Aberdeen publisher, at sixpence a copy. A peculiar interest attaches to the two first editions, owing to their excessive rarity, and the fact that they differ materially from all later versions.

Of this difference and its cause there are two accounts. According to one of these, Dougal was a devoted loyalist, and wrote the history originally from a Hanoverian point of view. By the time a third edition was called for, however, the author's views had changed, and he greatly softened, and curtailed many passages in the earlier editions, which had reflected strongly on the Jacobites and Highlanders. Mr. Peter McKenzie, in his *Old Reminiscences of Glasgow and the West of Scotland*, affirms that "Dougal, the bellman, who held considerable sway in the city at that memorable date (1745) was a devoted loyalist and admirer of 'Great George our King.'" But this statement is inaccurate on the face of it, and is probably a loose and distorted recollection of some tradition which had been told Mr. McKenzie. This suspicion is confirmed by a blunder into which that writer falls a few lines farther on (p. 152) in confounding Dougal Graham with 'Bell Geordie,' and making the former a man of eighty years of age in 1790, when he had been in his grave eleven years. More definite, but hardly more conclusive, is the evidence of Mr. McVean. "The History of the Rebellion," he writes, "published by Dougal in 1752, differs very much from the third edition, published in 1774. This last *appears* to have been greatly altered and enlarged, and many curious passages in the earlier *edition* are suppressed in this. In 1752 Dougal talks of the rebels with a great deal of

[2] The Glasgow Courant did not exist in 1746. Perhaps it was the Glasgow Journal.

virulence; in 1774 he softens his tone, and occasionally introduces apologies for their conduct." It will be observed here that Mr. McVean's statements are not based on personal knowledge and examination of the two editions, of the last of which he says that, 'It *appears* to have been altered and enlarged.' But there is another point which throws doubt on the accuracy of the passage, viz.: the strange omission to notice the first, and therefore the principal edition of the history, which was published in 1746 —six years previous to the earliest version with which Mr. McVean seems to have been acquainted. In comparing the third edition with the original text, Mr. McVean says that 'many curious passages in the earlier *edition* are suppressed in this.' Why not *editions,* when there were two of them? The second account is the more popular, and likely to be true, although, in the absence of the two first editions, it is impossible to decide either way. According to this theory, Dougal was at heart an adherent of the Pretender, and when he returned to Glasgow, after the battle of Culloden, to resume his pedling, and to write his history, his Jacobite enthusiasm had in no way cooled.

Unlike many men more celebrated, whose figures bulk largely in history, Dougal did not allow misfortunes and disgrace to cool the fervor of his political convictions. In the confusion and turmoil of a campaign, where a man's creed is so often called in question, to the manifest danger of his head, it was but natural that he should exercise a little diplomacy in his dealings with hotheaded belligerents. But, to his honour, be it said, when clear of the smoke and perils of warfare, and safe at home in dear old St. Mungo, he stood up stoutly for the fallen cause, and infused an amount of Jacobitic ardor into his metrical productions that must have led many of his readers to regard him in the fight of one of the most renowned paladins of the late Stuart Court. So far, so good; but alas! for the stability of human principles, a few years later the office, vacant, of bellman to the city of Glasgow fell and as the Magistrates, being stout Protestants and strong Hanoverians, looked with suspicion, amounting even to positive disgust, on the supporters of Prince Charles, Dougal thought it prudent to sacrifice, to some extent, his political convictions to the honours of place. So he foreswore the Pretender, at least in public; revised his famous history, by the newer and truer light of a more liberal interpretation of events; and was appointed to the vacant office. Dr. Strang, referring to Graham's experiences in the campaign, remarks. "In this neutral situation (of suttler) he could act on either side, and it is credibly believed he did so; for, while his after circumstances in life forced him to declare himself boldly on the side of the high Protestant party of Glasgow, it is more than hinted that he had, in the outset of his career, exhibited a strong desire for Prince Charlie's success." George Caldwell, the well-known Paisley publisher, for whom Dougal wrote so many of his tracts, informed Motherwell that Graham had great difficulty in obtaining the bellmanship, owing to the magistrates having an ill-brew against Jacobites and Highlanders; and more than hints that Dougal had been actually in the service of the Pretender. This theory is also supported by local tradition, though that does not go for much, and by the internal evidence of the third edition, and the whole circumstances of Dougal's life. Whether the two first editions were Jacobite or Hanoverian, there is undoubtedly a strong leaning to the former side in all subsequent versions, which have a wonderfully strong look of having been written by an ardent well-wisher of the Stuarts, who was yet compelled from policy or fear to veil his love. As to the occasional explosions against Highlanders, these on the whole are good-natured and humorous; and it must be borne in mind that the kilted natives of the North were held in deep and general aversion by their brethren of the South, during the greater part of last century. The second edition was probably identical in substance with the first, but longer, owing to the narrative being brought down to a more recent date. As the original was published in September, 1746, it could not treat of events that took place in the two following months, and even years, and which are

recorded in the third, and probably, though with less fullness, in the second edition, which followed the first after an interval of six years. Events have been anticipated in order to show why the two first editions of Graham's history differ from later versions, and possess a distinct historical interest of their own. Unfortunately, it is now all but impossible to get a sight of the original text. Local antiquarians have applied to every imaginable quarter, and spent months in exploring out-of-the-way nooks, provincial book-stalls, and dust covered shelves in country libraries, but without success. The Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, and that of Glasgow University, contain only the eighth edition, which is perhaps the best known and most common of all. Yet, at least a few copies of the original history *must* be hidden somewhere. So late as 1830, the author of 'Waverly' had one in his possession, a facsimile of which he intended to publish, with the view of presenting it to the Maitland Club, but sickness intervened to derange his plans, and two years later, death stepped in and snatched the pen from the great magician. It is not yet too late, of course, to hope for the recovery of the book, in which there were surely many good points, when so shrewd a judge as Scott meant to publish it, saying, that "it contained some traits and circumstances of manner worth preserving." The fortunate person who succeeds in laying his hands on it may well exclaim with Thomas Hearne, when he happened on an old MS., "O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy Providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy Providence, and one act yesterday, when *I unexpectedly met with these old MSS.*, for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake." It is not improbable, however, that the revised copy of the history differs but slightly from the original. Occasional passages, with a strong Jacobite tinge, would be modified, and perhaps, here and there, a line or two deleted, but the two versions are very likely the same in substance.

§ 4. The third edition consists of 5,376 lines, 189 pages, in Hudibrastic metre, arranged in 15 chapters, followed by three short miscellaneous pieces. Fronting the title page is the full length wood cut, representing the author, which is reproduced in our frontispiece, and the title runs as follows: "An Impartial History of the Rise, Progress, and Extinction of the late Rebellion in Britain, in the years 1745 and 1746, giving an Account of every Battle, Skirmish, and Siege, from the time of the Pretender's coming out of France until he landed in France again, with Plans of the. Battles of Prestonpans, Clifton, Falkirk, and Culloden, together with a Description of the Dangers and Travels of the Pretender through the Highland Isles, after the Break at Culloden.' By D. Graham. The third edition, with amendments. Glasgow: Printed by John Robertson, MDCCLXXIV." Campbell, in his history of Scottish poetry, dismisses Graham with contemptuous brevity, and in a manner that shows how little he knew of the history of the work. "In 1787, An Impartial History of the Rebellion in Britain in the years 1745 and 1746, by Douglas Graham, (fifth edition) was printed, at Glasgow, by John Robertson. This history is in a Hudibrastic metre. This is a sorry performance." This notice, though brief, contains two mis-statements in point of fact, and if the critic's own more elaborate compilation were criticised with equal uncharitableness, the verdict would not, perhaps, be much less severe. Dougal Graham was certainly no poet, but his account, though generally ungrammatical, and never rising into poetry, is written in an easy, and, at times, vigorous and graphic style. It possesses, besides, a certain historical value of its own, as containing many curious particulars, not elsewhere reported, based in a large measure, on the personal experiences of a sensible, quick-witted, intelligent observer of many of the principal incidents, in one of the most romantic passages in history. The verses, rude as they are, are lighted up by an admirable *naiveté* and humour, all the more delightful from their frequent

unconsciousness. Many examples might be given, but the following may suffice. Writing of the Highland rebels, the historian says:

"As hunger will make men to steal,
Forsooth they took both brose and kail,
And when refresh'd they maroh'd away,
Yet some indeed forgot to pay."

Again, there is a certain grim humour in the lines about the defeated royalists at Prestonpans:

"Altho' they did for quarter cry,
The vulgar clans made this reply,
Quarter yon curs't soldier's mad,
It is o'er soon to go to bed."

Much in the same strain is the lament of the hungry English soldier, when trudging wearily over bad roads along with the Pretender's troops in their disastrous retreat from England:

"Woe worth the Scots, for they can feed
On drinking water and eating bread;
Their irony Boles do never tire
On stony ground, or dub or mire;
Beef or pudding they never mind,
Them Scots can leave (live) on *snuffing wind.*
For me, my belly clings to my back,
Since I have joined this hellish pack.
If in this state all soldiers be,
The devil be soldier again for me."

The Highland 'Vicars of Bray' are neatly rapped across the knuckles in the verse:

"And when Duke William gain'd the day,
It was for him, they then did say;
But if Charles had chanc'd to prevail,
Some think they'd told another tale."

This is deliciously Scotch. The next two extracts are given with some hesitation, as it is doubtful whether they should he interpreted in a serious, or half comical, half sarcastic light. The rebels besieged Fort Augustus with great vigor, but all their artillery, including a *great* twelve-pounder, made comparatively little impression:

"Except (that) the cohorns and other bombs,
Broke some roofs, beat down two *lums*;
Three men, indeed, they did disable,
And killed a poor horse in a stable."

Maddened by this unaccountable want of success, the assailants redoubled their exertions,

"And in a rage, before they tir'd,
Near two hundred royal were fired,

And sixteen cannons, ‘gainst the fort,
As afterwards they did report;
Yet did no harm was worth a fig,
But a poor soldier lost his leg.”

Under the same category of half unconscious humour, fall the three which follow. Conspicuous amid the plunder seized by the royal troops at the battle of Culloden was:

“— the baggage and military chest,
(Its contents did of naught consist).”

The next might furnish a subject for the weird pencil of Gustave Dore:

“Soon after this the siege gave o’er,
The cannons all off carriage driven,
And trenches with the rocks made even;
Then to all those who went to see,
Like a potato field it seemed to be;
Many dead bodies in’t were found,
White noses sticking thro’ the ground.”

Prince Charles having escaped to France, was commanded by the French King to quit that country, and, refusing to leave, was imprisoned. This was a little too much even for Stewart obstinacy, so

“Finding that it must be so,
He freely did consent to go.”

Many of the similes, again, remind one of the early masters in their intense simplicity. Thus Charles wondered,

“That Hawley was turned such a cow,
As flee when none was to pursue.”

The wretches, who crawled like ghouls over the field of battle to plunder, and rob, and kill, are reproved with amusing—one might almost fancy sympathetic—mildness.

“With durks and skians they tell a-sticking,
For which they well deserv’d a kicking.”

Of a large fort that was erected to defend Fort William, we are told,

“Dunghill-like, on a rock ‘twas laid,
In form of a potato bed.”

Not less humorous is Flora MacDonald’s heroic resolution on behalf of Charlie, when

she

"Vow'd by all was dear within her,
She'd him relieve if they should skin her."

Or the description of the parting of the Prince and Lochiel:

"They wept, they kiss'd, and off he goes,
While drops of blood fell from his nose."

Or the naive confession of Charles' faithful follower, the brave Sullivan, in justification of his somewhat hasty flight:

"For's life was preciouser to him
Than all the Princes in Christendom."

Or our author's contemptuous estimate of certain foreigners,

"Three companies of Guise's therein,
'Gainst Highland fury not worth a pin."

For really strong and graphic description, the accounts of the fording of the Esk and the Spey, the march of Gordon's troops South from Aberdeen, the battle of Falkirk Muir, the feet-washing by the fugitive Prince, and the minute and . Hoggarthian picture of the Hessians, are well worth being studied; and once read are not easily forgotten.

§ 5. But, to return, Dougal went back to Glasgow in the summer of 1746, to resume his peddling, and write his history. In 1752 he styles himself 'Dougal Graham, merchant,'—'merchant' being then used as a synonym for pedlar, and not in the large and important modern acceptation of the term. A rhyming merchant could not expect to be rich, and Dougal says:

"You Papists are a cursed race,
And this I tell you to your face;
And your images of gold so fine
Their curses come on me and mine.
Likewise themselves at any rate,
For money now is ill to get.
I have run my money to an en',
And have nouther *(sic)* paper nor pen
To write thir lines the way you see me,
And there's none for to supplie me."

For some time Dougal seems to have combined the two functions of hawker and author, in which character he wrote and sold his *Magnum Opus,* and many of his earlier popular penny histories. At this time, hawking was a profession, not a trade. The fewness and badness of the roads, the rarity of even the rudest kind of conveyance, the non-existence of a cheap post, and the great distance of country hamlets from any market place or town, rendered the chapman or pedlar a necessity of everyday life. Hence—if a genial, witty, gossiping fellow, who could entertain the good-wife with all the latest news and 'clish-ma-claver' of the country side, at the same time that he disposed of his wares—*John Cheap* was a welcome and important

personage at every fireside. Many of his tribe made large fortunes, and founded what are now among the houses of Glasgow's Merchant Princes.

John Cheap himself, according to his biographer, 'turned chapman, when very young, in hopes of being rich when he became old;' and Sir Walter Scott, in his *Kenilworth*, describes the trade as one of considerable importance. A pedlar, who arrived at the dignity of travelling with a packhorse, was indeed a person of no small consequence, and of equal social position with the most substantial yeoman or franklin whom he might meet in his wanderings. Between the riding and the walking packman there was all the difference that now exists between the large wholesale merchant and the petty dealer in small wares—a distinction which is well brought out in the concluding episode of *Lothian Tom's* experiences, where the country damsel expresses her contempt for him as a mere walking bagman, and not a pack-horse merchant.

Dougal, therefore, must not be looked down upon by fastidious moderns because he carried a pack. Does not Mr. Buskin sell his own works, and was not the blind old bard of Chios a peripatetic vendor of ballads? But the witty packman had a soul above buttons and small wares. As his productions began to grow in popular favour, their author began, doubtless, to think that it became not the dignity of an historian to mete out tape with a vulgar ell-wand. So, at length, he threw off the pack forever, in order to devote himself to higher pursuits. In the neighbourhood of the Saltmarket he set up a small press, and composed and printed a great variety of popular works in prose and verse, including the famous *Turnimspike*, *John Hielandman*, and the *Courtship of Jockey and Maggy*. His success was such that the native publishers began to give him commissions, and he turned out a large amount of work for the Saltmarket press, and that of Paisley, Stirling, Falkirk, and Kilmarnock. He was most largely employed, perhaps, by Mr. George Caldwell, already mentioned, whose name appears on the title-pages of a large number of the early editions of Dougal's works. On the 14th of June, 1764, the following advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Journal:*

Notice.—Whereas, Jean Stark, spouse to Dougal Graham, ale seller, above the Cross, Glasgow, has parted from her husband, he thinks it proper to inform the public that she be inhibit by him from contracting debt in his name, or yet receiving any debt due to him, after this present day.

It is doubtful if the Dougal Graham here named is the Dougal Graham of history, though there are traditions to the effect that, at one time of his career, Dougal had some connection with the spirit trade. In one sense, he was always a large dealer in spirits, but it is not so certain that he was actually a publican. His marriage is more doubtful still, not because in itself unlikely, but from the absence of all, evidence or tradition on the point. If he did marry Jean Stark, it was quite natural that his spouse and himself should quarrel. Great men, from Job and Socrates to Byron and Shelley, have been proverbially unfortunate in their wives, and it is not to be supposed that Dougal was an exception to the rule. In the absence of other evidence on the point, however, it will be safer to conclude that the advertisement above quoted did not refer to *the* Dougal Graham, but to an unfortunate namesake, whose domestic relations were not as happy as they might have been. The probability is that Dougal continued to write and print until sometime about the year 1772 or 1773, when the office of city bellman fell vacant. The precise date of this event has not been ascertained. Mr. McVean calculates that it could not have been earlier than 1770, as an old gentleman of his acquaintance remembered no fewer than four individuals, all of whom held the office before Dougal, and after the year 1764. Now, if this be so, it is not likely that there were four different bellmen in as many years, and it will be within the mark to fix the date of Dougal's appointment, at least, not sooner than 1772.

§ 6. Previous to the year 1780 the office was of great importance, compared to what it became in later years, when the introduction of handbills, advertisements, and daily papers, led to its gradual decay and final abolition. When yet stage-coaches were the exception, it was the custom to send the bellman through the city to proclaim the arrival of the various mails; and things of the most trifling nature were made publicly known by the same medium. The post was, consequently, no sinecure, being, moreover, one of considerable honour. It was the bellman's duty, in the first place, to ring the 'skellat' bell, (in itself an article of prodigious antiquity, which had been handed-down through countless generations) and in the next place, he had to attend all meetings or councils, bell in hand, and arrayed in gorgeous scarlet livery, resembling that worn by the trumpeters, who herald the arrival of the Lords of Justiciary at the Assizes. For the performance of these duties the *incumbent* received £10 a year, besides many valuable perquisites. Thus, for the announcement of every movement of importance he received one silver sixpence, paid down to him in his 'loof;' for each sale on a magisterial warrant, one shilling; and when the herring boats came in on the 4th of June, the King's birthday, with fish from the Gareloch, the bellman reaped a rich harvest of sixpences and shillings, for announcing the arrival of the "brave caller herrings," the first string of which he had to carry to His Honour the Water Bailie. It was of importance, therefore, that the person elected to so onerous an office, should have a clear, sonorous voice, and a retentive memory, to ensure which the appointment was decided by a public competitive examination. The place usually set apart for this trial of skill, which was held in presence of the civil authorities, was the court behind the old Town's Hospital, near the Clyde, and the thesis given out to the competitors was not infrequently the announcement of the arrival of the herring at the Broomielaw. In 1772, owing to various causes, the struggle for the place was keener than usual, and the introduction of various personal and political considerations, helped not a little to embitter the contest. At the first blush, Dougal seemed to stand head and shoulder above all rivals. His literary reputation, his ready wit, his good memory, his sharp voice, and his general popularity, were all in his favour. But Dougal's antecedents were against him. He was known to be the author of a history in which the Pretender was painted in warm and sympathetic colours, and it was more than suspected that he had not only drawn pen, but sword, on behalf of Charley. This was a veritable lion in the path, for the Glasgow Bailies, as became personages of so much civil and social distinction, were Protestant and Georgian to a man, and regarded all who sympathised with the Stuart line much as in older times, a rabid supporter of Popery and the Inquisition, would have looked upon a Lutheran or a Baptist. The loyalty of Glasgow was, indeed, traditional. Years before, in 1715 and 1745, her magistrates had boldly and without any hesitation declared for the house of Hanover, and three years later, in 1775, when the American War of Independence broke out, her citizens, at their own expense, raised a battalion, one thousand strong, known in military annals as the 83rd.

So Dougal, with all his literary reputation to back him, had an uphill fight for the place. But difficulties were made to be conquered, and Dougal's genius was equal to the occasion. As George Caldwell told Motherwell, the poet, "Dougal in his youth was in the Pretender's service, and on that account, he had a sair faught to get the place o' bellman, for the Glasgow Bailies had an ill brew o' the Highlanders, and were just downright wicked against onybody that had melled wi' the Rebels; but Dougie was a pawky chield, and managed to wyse them over to his ain interests, pretending that he was a staunch King's man, and pressed into the Prince's service sair against his will, and when he was naithing mair than a hafhins callant, that scarcely kent his left haund frae his richt, or a B frae a Bull's fit." Doubtless, also, he called upon each of the magistrates and explained away the objectionable passages in his history, at the same time impressing the Bailie with a sense of his own merits and

attainments; and promising, perhaps, as a final clincher to his argument, to revise and modify his historical epic, as he certainly did in the third edition, which was published four years later. At any rate, Dougal was successful, for after the other candidates had cried and bawled, he surpassed them all, by roaring at the top of his voice—

"Caller herring at the Broomielaw,
Three a penny—three a penny,"

adding with a grim sarcasm, that derived additional point from the fact that it was not yet the herring season:—

''Indeed, my friends,
But it's a' a blessum,
For the herring's no catch'd,
And the boat's no come!"

A similar story is told of Dougal's great successor, just mentioned, Bell Geordie, whose caustic humour, rhyming abilities, and loquacious impudence, made him a public favourite. On the occasion of Geordie competing for the office of assistant-bellman, a large crowd assembled, and the notice to be called out ran as follows:

NOTICE There has just arrived at the Broomielaw, a boat-load of fine fresh herrings, selling at three a penny. — (Lingle, lingle, lingle.)

After several competitors had given a specimen of their talents, it came to the turn of Geordie, who boldly seized the bell, and, having given it a vigorous triple shake, roared the proclamation prescribed, in a stentorian voice, and added:—

"Now, my gude folks, this cry is all a hum,
For herrings in the boat are yet to come;
Therefore, ye needna fash to gang awa'
To seek sic dainties at the Broomielaw;
But if they come, and I'm town-crier then,
I'll tinkle thrice my bell to let you ken."

Accordingly, Dougal was elected unanimously, and performed his official duties during the rest of his life with perfect satisfaction to his superiors and constituents. Everything, indeed, that is known of him, goes to show that he was the "Prince of Bellmen," superior even to his rival in renown, Bell Geordie. His quaint, but effective elocution, and his rhyming notices, invariably attracted large crowds of admiring youth to listen to his voluminous "O Yes ! O Yes's!"

Like his more distinguished professional brethren elsewhere, Dougal possessed an easy assurance of manner, combined with a frequent drollery, that made his hearers excuse his impudence for the sake of its wit. Many anecdotes were at one time in circulation, illustrating these traits in his character; but, almost without exception, these have perished, or been incorporated in popular collections of facetiæ. The only one which has been handed down in this connection is the following, two versions of which are given in the old chap-books. One day towards the close of the American War of Independence, as Dougal was shouting some notice in the Gallowgate, opposite the Saracen's Head Inn, in which several officers of the

42nd Regiment, then newly home from America, were dining, one of them threw up the window, and putting out his head, cried ‘chaffingly:’ “What’s that you’ve got on your back, Dougal?” in unfeeling allusion to poor Dougal’s hump.

“It’s Bunker Hill,” was the retort, “do you choose to mount?”

It must have been a goodly sight to see Dougal in his official robes, the cynosure of every eye in the busy Trongate, or the life and soul of the company in Mrs. McLarty’s ‘wee bit public,’ where he and his cronies were wont to quench their native thirst. His must, indeed, have been a grotesque figure. ‘A wee bit gash body under five feet high;’ with a round, broad, red and much-seamed face; a prominent nose, truncated *à la Punch;* an Æsopian hump on one shoulder, and a large protuberance on one breast; legs of unequal length and peculiar shape; a long scarlet coat hanging down from the shoulders to the ground; blue breeches set off by white stockings, and large brilliantly buckled shoes: with an imposing cocked hat perched fiercely on one side of the massive head.

§ 7. But Dougal did not permit the delights of office to stifle his literary aspirations. He still kept his printing establishment and wrote voluminously. In addition to the ‘Turnimspike,’ and ‘John Hielandman’s remarks on Glasgow’—already referred to,—the former of which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was sufficient of itself to ‘entitle its author to immortality,’—the following may be assigned to this period of his life:

1. Lothian Tom.
2. John Falkirk’s Witticisms.
3. John Falkirk’s Cariches.
4. Janet Clinker’s Orations, or Grannie McNab’s Lectures.
5. John Cheap, the Chapman.
6. Leper, the Taylor.
7. The Grand Solemnity of the Taylor’s Funeral.
8. The History of the Haveral Wives.
9. The Coalman’s Courtship.
10. Silly Tom.

But these form only a moiety of Dougal’s productions, for he was a most voluminous, and, according to McVean, a ready writer. A diligent collector might still find as many of Dougal’s poems as would fill a volume. Mr. Caldwell, a most competent authority, affirms that “Dougal was an unco glib body at the pen, and could screed aff a bit penny history in less than nae time. A’ his works took weel; they were level to the meanest capacity, and had plenty o’ coarse jokes to season them. I never kent a history o’ Dougal’s that stack in the sale yet, and we were aye fain to get a hand o’ some new piece frae him. Dougal was a lang time skellat bellman ‘o Glasgow, and wrate the maist pairt o’ his histories there.” Another authority says that he wrote only when in the vein, and with marvellous facility; and Dr. Strang, on the authority, it is to be presumed, of Mr. McVean, says that Dougal—like Buchan the chronicler of Peterhead—commonly expressed his thoughts right off in type, sitting not at his desk but at the printer’s case. From all of which it would almost appear that the unappreciative citizens of St. Mungo had in their midst, they not knowing, a bellman who united in himself the humour of Rabelais and the fluency of De Vega.

§ 8. Dougal seems to have written almost to the last day of his life. In all probability, indeed, his last malady seized him when in double harness,—sitting at his desk editing some new

facetious story, arrayed in his scarlet coat and blue breeches. At any rate the original edition of the second part of his *Leper the Taylor* was published in 1779; on the twentieth day of July in which year Graham died. Amid the noise and tumult of foreign wars, the great Roman Catholic Emancipation struggle, the eruption of Vesuvius, and the startling invasion of the Frith of Forth, by the redoubtable 'Paul Jones,' the poor bellman was allowed to slip away without so much as a passing obituary notice in the local papers. But although the editorial magnates of the Glasgow *Mercury* did not think the matter of sufficient importance to warrant the insertion of a couple of lines, unpaid, the author of so many famous and notable histories was not allowed to depart 'unhonoured and unsung.' Witness the elegy on his death, written in the same verse as Ferguson's on *Gregory,* and Burns' on *Tain Samson,* from which the following extracts are taken:

"ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF THE WITTY POET AND BELLMAN."

"Ye mothers fond! O be not blate
To mourn poor Dougal's hapless fate,
Oftimes you know he did you get

Your wander'd weans;

To find them out, both soon and late.

He spared no pains.

Our footmen now sad tune may sing,
For none like him the streets made ring,
Nor quick intelligence could bring

Of caller fish,

Of salmon, herring, cod or ling.

Just to their wish.

The Bull Inn and the Saracen,
Were both well served with him at e'en,
As oftimes we have heard and seen

Him call retour,

For E'nburg, Greenock, and Irvine,

At any hour.

The honest wives he pleased right weel
When he did cry bran new cheap meal,
Cheap butter, barley, cheese and veal,

Was selling fast.

They often called him ‘lucky chiel,’

As he went past.

Had any rambler in the night,
Broken a lamp, and then ta’en flight,
Dougal would bring the same to light

‘Gainst the next day,

Which made the drunk, mischievous wight

Right dearly pay.

It is well known unto his praise,
He well deserved the poet’s bays.
So sweet was his harmonious lays;

Loud-sounding fame

Alone can tell, how all his days

He bore that name.

Of witty jokes he had such store,
Johnson could not have pleased you more;
Or with loud laughter made you roar

As he could do;

He had still something ne’er before

Exposed to view.”

§ 9. The above comprises all that is known of the life and history of this remarkable man. His character must be judged mainly from the internal evidence of his writings. One of the early editions of *John Falkirk’s Cariches*[3] contained a preface, part of which has been already quoted, confirming the tradition that still survives, as well as Motherwell’s expressed belief, that one of the commonest of Dougal’s many nicknames was ‘John Falkirk.’ “‘John Falkirk,’ commonly called the ‘*Scots’ Piper,*’ was a curious, little, witty fellow, with a round face and a broad nose. None of his companions could answer the many witty questions he proposed to them, therefore he became the wonder of the age in which he lived. Being born of mean parents he got no education, therefore his witty invention was truly natural; and being bred to no business, he was under the necessity of using his genius in the composition of several small books, of which the following Cariches was one which he disposed of for his support. He became the author of many small tracts, and the following curious and diverting pieces are said to be of his composition, viz.: ‘The History of John Cheap the Cheapman;’ ‘The History of Haveral Wives;’ ‘Janet Clinker’s Orations;’ ‘John Falkirk’s Witty Jokes;’ ‘Jocky

[3] Catechism

and Maggy's Courtship;' 'The Proverbs of the Pride of Women;' 'History of Lothian Tom,' with many others, which are well known in Scotland, England and Ireland." It is certain, therefore, that Dougal was a fellow of infinite jest, quick at retort, always ready for fun, and flowing over with caustic wit and pawky humour; no better evidence of which could be desired, than his verses entitled 'John Hielandman.'

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S REMARKS ON SCOTLAND.

Her nainsel unto Glasgow went,
An erran' there to see 't;
And she ne'er pe saw a ponier town,
Was stan'ing on her feet.

For a' the houses that be tere,
Pe thieket wi' plue stanes,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
No fa' to prack her panes.

She'll gang upon a staney road,
A street they do him ca',
And when me seek the shapman's house,
Her name be on the wa'.

I gang to seek a snish tamback,
And standing at the corse,
And tere I saw a dead man,
Was riding on a horse.

And Oh! he pe a poor man,
And no hae money claise,
Te progs be worn aff her feet,
And me see a' his taes.

Te horse had up his muckle fit,
For to gie me a shap,
And gaped wi' his great mouth,
To grip me by the tap.

He had a staff into his hand,
To fight me an he could.
Put hersel' pe rin awa' frae him,
His horse be unco' proud.

But I be rin around about,
And stand about the guard,

Where I see the diel chap the hours,[4]
Tan me grow unco' fear'd.

Ohon! Ohon ! her nainsel said,
And whaie will me go rin?
for yonder pe te plack man,
Tat purns te fouks for sin.

I'll no pe stay nae longer tere,
But fast I'm rin awa';
An' see te man a thrawing reaps,
Beside the Proomie-law.

An' Oh! she be a lang tedder,
I speir fat they do wi't;
He said, To hang the Highlandmans,
For stealing o' their meat.

Hout, hersel's an honest shentleman,
I'm never yet be steal,
But whan I meet a muckle purse,
I like her unco', weel.

Tan fare you weel you saucy loon,
I fain your skin would pay,
I came to your town the morn, but,
And I'll gang out yesterday.

Tan she'l gaed to her quarter house,
The toor was unco' pra'.
For tere they had a cow's husband,
Was pricket on the wa'.

O tere we gat a shappin ale,
And tan we gat a supper,
A filthy choud o' chappit meat,
Was boil'd amang a butter.

It was a filthy, dirty beef,
His bains was like te horn;
She was a calf wanting the skin,
Before that he was born.

Next day I'm gang upon the kirk,
To hear a lawland preach,

---

[4] At that time a clockmaker in Irongate had a figure of the devil which struck the hours.

And mony a pony sang the'l sing,
Tere pooks they did him teach.

And tere I saw a ponny mattam,
Wi' feathers on her wame,
I wonder an' she be gaun to flee,
Or what be in her min'.

Another mattams follow her,
Wha's nerse was round her cogs;
And clitter, clatter, cries her feet,
She had on iron brogues.

And tere I saw another mattam,
Into a tarry sack,
And twa poor mans be carry her,
Wi' rapes about hims neck.

She pe sae fu' o' fanity,
As no gang on the grun',
Put twa poor mans pe carry her,
In a barrow covered abune.

Some had a fish tail till her mouth,
And some pe had a bonnet,
Put my Shannet and Donald's wife,
Wad rather hae a bonnock.

In a similar vein is the *Turnimspike*, which Sir Walter Scott thought sufficiently meritorious to immortalise its author, even if he had written nothing else, and of which an incomplete version was published by Burns.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

''Hersell pe Highland shentleman.
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man:
And many alterations seen,
Amang te Lawland whig, man.

Fal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the breeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith man's nerse be locket,
Ohon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in de Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on de cager;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
Me never saw de like, man;
They make a lang road on the crund.
And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

An' wow she pe a ponnie road,
Like Loudon corn-riggs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
(In troth they'll no be sheaper;)
For naught put gaun upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse then by te head,
And tere tey mak her stan', man;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw his purse,
And pay him what him likes, man;
I'll see a shudgement on his toor,
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near to your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her."

Fal, &c.

§ 10. That Dougal loved good ale, may be gathered from his own confession, from his traditional reputation, and from his works. There, *John Cheap, Leper, The Coalman's Marriage,* etc, literally reek of the odours of the tavern, and whether it be a courtship, a

wedding, a christening, a funeral, a birth, or the ‘swapping’ of an old horse, the *dramatis personae* are made to wade through a sea of ale. Curiously enough whiskey is seldom mentioned, although it can hardly be doubted that so good a judge of liquor as Dougal was not unfamiliar with the flavour of Islay and Campbelton. Although a man of letters, and having some pretentions to being considered a poet, Dougal’s tastes and nature were of the earth. His talk is ever of the table, and he seldom takes his eyes from the brose or kailpot. Doubtless, poor Dougal, in his many severe and friendless tramps through the country, with empty pack and emptier stomach,—foot-sore, houseless and worn,—had suffered much from the pangs of hunger, and was thus led to attach paramount importance to plenty food and a warm bed. In his great History he dwells more upon the want of food and ‘proper apartments’ than upon the real horrors of war, and sees nothing in the trials of the Prince deserving of so much, and such constant sympathy, as the scarcity of victual and the absence of blankets, which he had so frequently to encounter. With what a sympathetic groan does he pity the poor rebels,—

“The men half mad for want of pay
Had little to eat, what’s worse, I say?”

Clearly, in Dougal’s opinion, nothing. Over and over again does the hungry camp suttler harp on the same string:

“They had no meat, mutton or beef,
Of cheese and butter no relief;
The cry among them night and day,
Was, *Give me money, meat and pay.”*

So, too, the only occasions on which Dougal ever shows any appreciable amount of poetic fervour in recounting the hardships of the Pretender, is when he bewails the absence of beef. Other things might be borne; all hope of ever reconquering an ancestral throne might perish; his most leal friends might die like dogs by the hands of the common hangman, and still the deserted Prince might contrive to live in comparative comfort; but how was it possible that he could have a stomach for anything, when he had not anything for his stomach! Of a verity, Dougal was in the right, and knew, better even than Spenser, ‘what hell it is in fasting long to bide.’ But it may be doubted if Dougal fasted as much as more important personages. His code of ethics, never a severe one, had been indefinitely relaxed by the experiences of camp life; and one can hardly resist the conclusion that he himself was not the least active of the ‘many of Charley’s crew,’ who, he writes,

“indeed, were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy;
They cocks and hens, and churn and cheese,
Did kill and eat, when they could seize.”

There is some confusion here between the live and inanimate stock, but the object and ultimate results were much the same. “The Highlanders,” says the preface, “STEALT, RAIVT, AND SIPPPD THE KIRN,—I really think pinching Hunger caused most of the disorders.” The emphasizing of hunger by capitalizing the initial letter deserves attention. Still more significant is the naive apology for what the Prussians called, in the late war, ‘requisitions,’ and the French, ‘theft,’ but which Dougal, less hardened, than the one, and more cautious than the other, merely talks of as a ‘failing.’

"Some of them paid like honest men,
Others did not, I tell you plain;
But this I have so fair to say,
They duly got their weekly pay;
But yet when plunder came in use,
They spared neither duck nor goose;
Batter, cheese, beef, or mutton,
All was theirs that could be gotten.
Pocks of meal, hens and cockies,
They made that country bare of cluckies.
Made many a Carlin whinge and girn,
By crowdie of her meal and kirn;
All this they did before their eyes.
"*Guidwife cum sup here an ye please."*
I own indeed it was a failing;
But yet I cannot call it stealing:
Because some folk refused to sell—
How long now cou'd ye fast yoursel'?
For the hungry came, chas'd out the fu',
Where meat was found this was their due."

The confidential character of the 'now,' and the calm, settled air of conviction with which the third last line is brought in to clench the argument, are particularly characteristic. But if, under the pressure of dire necessity, and, after a time, perhaps, from mere force of habit, Dougal allowed himself to take provisions on very long credit, the horrors of war did not harden the natural though rough kindliness of his nature. It is with the hungry that he most frequently sympathises, and he can also afford tears for the hardships and death of poor persons and those who were slain in battle. It is with a visible shudder that he narrates how clergymen from the pulpit read aloud the proclamation, forbidding any one to shelter or give meat or drink to a rebel on pain of death:

"Of this act I know not what to say.
Since Solomon speaks another way,
And great, yea wiser King than he.
Bid us to feed our enemie,
And give him water for to drink:
For me I know not what to think."

Doubtless there is some little touch of the Jacobite in this, but there is also a good deal of heart and sound morality. The question of Dougal's political opinions has been already touched upon. He lived and died a humble but devoted adherent of the Stuart cause. Even the revised version of his History, in spite of its talk about rebels, and its 'Quaker's Addresses' on the iniquities of Popery, breathes the spirit of an earnest Jacobite. In some respects no doubt Dougal's opinions changed. The allurements and responsibilities of office caused him to tone down his early confessions, and when he donned the scarlet robe of bellman he abandoned in a measure his public attachment to a ruined cause, but to the last he had a kindly word for Charles, and in the 'wee sma' hours ayont the twal", when boozing with his own familiar cronies, think ye that the old camp-follower of the Stuarts did not drink brimming bumpers to Him 'across the water!' There were two other circumstances, however, which somewhat slackened Dougal's Jacobite zeal,—his hatred of Highlanders and Popery.

Of the latter he has not one good word to say, and as to the former they were his constant aversion. Yet he could be just at times, in spite of his prejudices, as witness the lines:

"But one thing of Highlanders I see,
Is them they serve they'll faithful be,
For those who served King George, just here,
'Gainst rebels proved most severe;
And rebels, who afterward did list,
Loyaller hearts no man could trust;
And, ev'n the conquering of this field,
Unto the English I will not yield."

On the subject of Popery, Dougal is less generous. The Pope, the Pagan, the Turk and the Devil are by him regarded as birds of a feather. He has no doubt on the subject, asseverating with great emphasis that

"By Yea and Nay the Popes are thieves,
And he's as stupid that believes
These roguish priests, who pardons sell,
Or yet pray back a soul from hell.
He's surely of the devil's kind,

Who thus deludes the vulgar blind:
And who adheres to such a college.
Will be destroy'd for lack of knowledge.
With Bead and Wafers, the Devil's batter.
Your musty Mass. and Holy Water.
Wherewith ye blind the souls of men.
For to increase your worldly gain.
Done with pretence of holiness:
O hypocrites, why live you thus?
You thump, you mump, with face awray.
And at one time you rob and pray.
Pretend so much to chastitie,
None of your priests can married be,
Yet run like rams, and lead lewd lives.
Ye're but a pack of thieves:

[Folk dread your] 'power of curse and bless,'
You thus put modesty in distress,
Pretending miracles and charms.
To keep from evil spirits' harms,
Such as clover leaves, and branch of yew,
Will keep the devil from man or cow,
And that Holy Water has such effect
As make him run and break his neck;
Ay, to the vulgar too you'll tell
Of sending letters to heaven or hell,
Brings half burnt souls from Purgatory,
For gold you'll harle them out in hurry,

And those who cannot money raise,
You'll do it for butter, beef or cheese;
But they may there stay eternalie,
Whose friends will not pay you a fee:
I think a stronger delusion
Was never in any ages known,
The Turk, the Pagan, and the Jew,
More mercy have to show than you;

Your ceremonies so ye cook,
The devil gets none but poor fo'k,
Who cannot pay the priest his fee:
Accurs'd be such belief for me."

§ 11. Having now discussed at considerable length Graham's life and character, it only remains to determine his position as a writer of fiction, and to vindicate for him a respectable and abiding place in the somewhat scanty ranks of purely Scottish humorists. As a proof that the foregoing estimate of his abilities and literary importance is not singular, the two following criticisms, the one by Scott and the other by Motherwell, are given entire. In a letter to Dr. Strang, Chamberlain to the city of Glasgow, dated 10th May, 1830, Sir Walter writes:— "Neither had I the least idea of his [Graham's] being the author of so much of our Bibliotheque Bleue as you ascribe to him, embracing unquestionably several coarse but excessively meritorious pieces of popular humour. The *Turnamspike* alone was sufficient to entitle him to immortality. I had, in my early life, a great collection of these cheap books, and had six volumes of them bought before I was ten years old, comprehending most of the most rare and curious of our popular tracts." Still more emphatic is the testimony of Motherwell, who had a much better acquaintance with the subject than Scott. "However slightingly we esteem his [Graham's] metrical powers, we really believe he has conscientiously and honestly detailed the events which came under his observation. It is not, however, on the merits of this work, that Graham's fame rests. Had he written only it, we believe he never would have occupied our thoughts for a moment; but as one who subsequently contributed largely to the amusement of the lower classes of his countrymen, we love to think of the facetious bellman. To his rich vein of gross, comic humour, laughable and vulgar description, great shrewdness of observation, and strong, though immeasurably coarse sense, every one of us, after getting out of toy books and fairy tales, has owed much. In truth, it is no exaggeration when we state, that he who desires to acquire a thorough knowledge of low Scottish life, vulgar manners, national characteristics and popular jokes, must devote his days and nights to the study of *John Cheap the Chapman"* &c, &c, *&c,* "all the productions of Dougal's fertile brain, and his unwearied application to the cultivation of vulgar literature. To refined taste Dougal had no pretensions. His indelicacy is notorious—his coarseness an abomination—but they are characteristic of the class for whom he wrote.' He is thoroughly embued with the national humours and peculiarities of his countrymen of the humblest class, and his pictures of their manners, modes of thinking and conversation are always sketched with a strong and faithful pencil.

Indeed, the uncommon popularity the chap-books above noted have acquired, entitles them, in many a point of view, to the regard of the moralist, and the literary historian. We meet with them on every stall, and in every cottage. They are essentially the Library of Entertaining Knowledge to our peasantry, and have maintained their ground in the affections of the people, notwithstanding the attempt of religious, political, or learned associations, to displace

them, by substituting more elegant and wholesome literature in their stead." And again, in the same article (1824):— "In thus directing public attention to the obscure labours of this caterer for vulgar taste, we think ourselves entitled to some credit, for sure enough the little information we have been enabled to give concerning them, would, in a short while, have been wholly lost, and in some hundred years hence, to ascertain the author of the tracts we have enumerated, would have been as idle an endeavour, as it would now be for a book collector to attempt the recovery of the famous library of Captain Cox of Kenilworth." It is unnecessary to add much to Motherwell's just and admirable criticism. Coarse as Graham's writings undoubtedly are, and indecent even for the outspoken age, the manners and conversation of which they too faithfully reflect, it is the coarseness of a rude and healthy nature, not the veneered and loathsome sensualism of French type. It is the vulgar frankness of Chaucer, not the insinuated poison of Ouida; the half unconscious revelations of the savage who is ignorant of the etiquette of good society, not the thin and suggestive drapery of the ballet girl who selects the can-can as the medium of her art. These remarks are not to be taken as implying the innocence of Graham's works. Coarse and not altogether profitable even at the tune of their production, when their large utterances gave little or no offence, they are now unsuited to the more reserved, though not perhaps much healthier, tastes of the public. But happily this ugly element does not predominate. It but smutches a page here and there, leaving the rest clean and fresh.

The most valuable of Graham's productions are also the most original: for they are not, like *George Buchanan* and *Simple John,* mere compilations of stolen facetiæ, but fresh and faithful transcripts of his own homely experience. Such are the *Haveral Wives*, *Jockey and Maggy's Courtship, John Cheap the Chapman,* the *Coalman's Courtship,* and *Lothian Tom.* On these five, Dougal's main chance of being remembered rests. He possessed this advantage over the ordinary historian; that the latter from his superior height and position seldom condescended to enter the huts of the poor, and when he did enter, the inmates were frightened into their 'Sunday clothes and manners' by his stately and majestic presence. But Dougal, being himself one of the poorest, introduces us into the most secret, domestic, and every-day life and thoughts of the lower classes of last century. Nothing is hidden from him. He is treated with a familiarity which shows that his hosts have no wish to hide anything. Then, too, he made his reader familiar not only with their mode of life, but with the peculiarities of their dialect, and in this way shed a not unfrequent light on philology. Add to these virtues that Dougal is never out of humour, always laughing and gossiping, drinking and telling old tales. His laughter, also, is contagious; we cannot contain ourselves. All his stories are full of people who laugh 'like to burst,' and one cannot help but join them in their cacchinations. Nor are his sketches wanting in dramatic power. The characters are full of individuality and life, rendered more significant by a local flavour of demeanor and dialect. More than one of them might have afforded models for some of the raciest of Scott's creations, and all of them are instinct with genuine humour and vitality. All this will be discussed at greater length when the tales themselves come to be analysed. But what has been written is surely a sufficient vindication of this volume; the material collected in which it would be impossible to obtain fifty years hence. There are not a few who, if the choice were offered them, would vastly prefer to spend an hour or two over a modest tumbler, with this quaint, coarse, deformed, greedy, kindly, humorous old bellman, and hear him discuss his hair-breadth escapes at Prestonpans and Falkirk, and his merry rambles with *John Cheap* and drouthy Tom, than they would dine off turtle and French kick-shaws and unsatisfying Chablis with many of the producers of modern poetry and fiction. It is not to be expected of course, that every one will go quite so far as this, but it may be hoped that the most indifferent reader

of this book will have found some little instruction and pleasure in following thus far the adventures and writings of *Dougal Graham,* ‘the skellat bellman of Glasgow.’