THE BOTHIE OF TOPER-NA-FUOSICH: A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL

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The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich: A Long-vacation Pastoral by Arthur Hugh Clough

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ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

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THE

BOTHIE

OF

TOPER-NA-FUOSICH.

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Nunc formosissimus annus.

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1848.



NOTE.

THE reader is warned to expect every kind of irregularity in these modern hexameters: spondaic lines, so called, are almost the rule; and a word will often require to be transposed by the voice from the end of one line to the beginning of the next.

MY LONG-VACATION PUPILS

WILL I HOPE ALLOW ME TO INSCRIBE THIS TRIFLE TO THEM, AND WILL NOT, I TRUST, BE DISPLEASED IF IN A FICTION, PURELY FICTION, THEY ARE HERE AND THERE REMINDED OF TIMES WE ENJOYED TOGETHER.

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Socii cratera coronant.

I was the afternoon; and the sports were all but over.

Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer;
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,
Eight stout shepherds and gillies had run, two wondrous quickly;
Run too the course on the level had been; the leaping was over:
Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,
Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,
Turning the clansmen about, who stood with upraised elbows;
Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran.
It was four of the clock, and the sports were all but over,
Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in dressing.

Hope was the first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His Honour;

For the postman made out he was son to the Earl of Ilay,

(As indeed he was, to the younger brother, the Colonel,)

Treated him therefore with special respect; doffed bonnet, and ever

Called him his Honour: his Honour he therefore was at the cottage.

Always his Honour at least, sometimes the Viscount of Ilay.

Hope was first, his Honour, and next to his Honour the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,

White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waistcoat

Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it;

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled;

Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but topping in Plays and Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work of a lady, Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay, Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician, This was his title from Adam because of the words he invented, Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the party, Master in all that was new, of whate'er was recherché and racy, Master of newest inventions, and ready deviser of newer;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him the Piper. Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the matutine bathing; of course too Arthur Audley, the bather par excellence, glory of headers, Arthur they called him for love and for euphony; so were they bathing, There where in mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.

There were they bathing and dressing; it was but a step from the cottage, Only the road and larches and ruinous millstead between.

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam; on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, splendescent as god of Olympus;
Blue, half-doubtfully blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie finely adjusted,
Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet of women:
When for ten minutes already the fourwheel had stood at the gateway,
He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian chamber.

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of the clansmen's meeting. So in the fourwheel they came; and Donald the innkeeper showed them Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four tables were in it; Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised from the level, These for Chairman and Croupier, and gentry fit to be with them, Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie and peasant. Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet assembled; Keepers a dozen at least; the Marquis's targeted gillies; Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the drunkard; Many with silver brooches, and some with those brilliant crystals Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the Cairn-Gorm; But with snuff-boxes all, and all their boxes using. Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established Minister standing, One to say grace before, the other after the dinner; Catholic Priest; for many still clung to the Ancient Worship. And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a chapel; So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other, but silent, One to say grace before, the other after the dinner. Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering Factor, Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute and stately, Hither from lodge and bothiet in all the adjoining shootings Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes and blue books, Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of the forest,

Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Railway Committee.

Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl and Croupier,

And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long-looked for, himself too

Eager, the gray, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the Chief and the Chairman.

Then was the dinner served, and the Minister asked a blessing,
And to the viands before them with knife and with fork they beset them;
Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton; and grouse succeeding;
Such was the feast, with whiskey of course, and at top and bottom
Small decanters of Sherry, not overchoice, for the gentry.
So to the viands before them with laughter and chat they beset them.
And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly been sated,
Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God thanks for the dinner.
Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-mixed toddy,
And, with the bottles and glasses before them, they sat digesting,
Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts and speeches.

Spare me, O mighty Remembrance | for words to the task were unequal, Spare me, O mistress of Song! nor bid me recount minutely All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed tempting toddy, Bid me not show in detail, grimace and gesture painting, How were healths proposed and drunk with all the honours, Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three thrice over, Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all, and Keepers; Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from grammar-defiers Long constructions strange and plusquam-thucydidean, Tell, how as sudden torrent in time of speat * in the mountain Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the roughest, Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in the gallop, Crossing from this to that, with one leg bere, one yonder, So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the torrent, All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting of syntax, Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of Sir Hector. Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as ever, How the noble Croupier would wind up his word with a whistle, How the Marquis of Ayr, with quaint gesticulation, Floundering on through game and mess-room recollections, Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted gillies,