

Kellie Law:

A Poem.

Hugh Hutchinsone

"Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls."

Thomson —

September — 1848.

Hellie Law.

Introduction.

This Law is situated in the
Shire of Gize and Parish of Carnbee. The view
from the summit is extensive and delight-
ful. Immediately below us we see a
long level stripe of land extending east
and west about 12 miles, and from
the range of hills of which the Law on
which we stand is a portion to the sea,
about 4 miles broad. This level piece
of land lying along the east coast of
Gize and extending from about the
town of Largo to Craik, is perhaps
as highly cultivated as any portion
of Scotland. It is studded with
the seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen
some of whom are Colonel Lindsay—
Sir Henry Baskiner—Sir Wyndham Austriker—
Sir Ralph Austriker—Lord Wm Douglas—

Mr Limeon - Mr Smith and others. The scenery is improved and diversified by Kelcongahar Loch & Church - Balcarres Tower - St. Monance Church - and old Kellie Castle formerly the residence of the Earls of Kellie. In this same patch of land lie here and there scattered over its surface the towns and villages of Colonsburgh - Kelcongahar - Elie - St. Monance - Arncrook - Pittenweem - Anstruther - and Crail. Some of these are however concealed from our view. Raising our eyes beyond our own immediate neighbourhood, and looking across the water, we see away in the south west Edinburgh with its clouds of smoke, and on a clear day its Castle, Nelson's Monument - Salisbury Crags and Arthur's seat. Then the whole coast of East Lothian from Edinburgh as far as St. Abbs Head in Berwickshire lies

immediately before our view to the south - with the Lammermoor hills in the back ground; and along the coast, North Berwick Law and the Bass Rock, standing prominent to the eye.

You have also the whole Firth of Forth with its numberless vessels from the small fishing boat to the powerful Steamer - all perhaps sailing as quietly as a swan upon a lake. There are also the islands of Inchkeith to the right, and May to the left, both of which send forth their beacon lights at night.

Turning round to the north, you will see the Firth of Tay and the coast of Forfarshire as far as where the Achil or Liddons run into the sea at ^{Montrose?} Stonehaven. You see in the extreme distance the Grampians in Perthshire, and nearer the Liddons in Forfarshire.

Without dwelling on the picture thus presented, I might say that such a view you could hardly equal any where; and considering the rich and

highly cultivated land and she
trading and fishing on the deep;
and the opposite coast with its
greenfields and distant mountains
as if it were a foreign country—
the whole presents a most grand
and diversified picture of sea and
land— animated by the life you
see every where pervading the pros-
pect whether rolling on the wave
or toiling in the field, and all per-
haps glowing beneath the enliven-
ing beams of the sun, which makes
you sit down upon the grassy
height, and dwell upon the scene a-
round you, and impress its prominent
features in your imagination forever—
remembering your own insignificance
and the boundless works of your great
Creator!

Of many bonny hills in life
O'er which I've wandered oft in life,
Though some are famed from earliest age
And some adorn the poets page,
And some for battles— some for love—
And some for summits clothed above
With waving trees or pasture green,
Or loveliest prospect to be seen;
Yet memory holds, of all I saw,
No one so dear as Kellie Law. 10

It is not for its lofty views
Though that may be excelled by few.
Its conic form— its pasture green
Exclude romance or fairy scene.
No blooming heath perfumes the air—
Nor cypress nor wildwood linger here—
No aged tree— no hoary rock
That braves the lightning's vivid shock—
No frowning height— no awful steep—
No treacherous chasm wide and deep— 20
No babbling stream its music makes—
No wild bird from its cover rakes—
Not one of all these things appear
Which render other hills so dear;
But still I think from what I saw
That there are charms round Kellie Law.

Its shape I've said is somewhat round
 With here and there some rising ground;
 But when you seem to gain its height
 And gaze around to view the sight, 30
 Another hill above is seen
 With valley deep that lies between,
 And while you rest your breath to draw,
 Before you still lies Kallie Law.

The valley crossed, with little pain
 Your former height you'll soon regain.
 At last on Kallie Law you stand
 And view the fair surrounding land
 That stretches far on every side —
 A prospect cheering, rich, and wide, 40
 The Law itself you now behold,
 Its summit towering high and bold.
 'Tis clothed with pasture rich and good;
 Its steepest slopes affording food
 For herds of sheep or lowing kine
 That feast and fatten here so fine.
 Around its sides you valleys see
 And little dells that lovely be,
 Adorned with daisy and blue bell
 And flowers wild that suit so well; 50
 Perhaps some one may look so sweet,
 Counting to share its calm retreat,
 That subtly you may declare
 If time and this hard world would spare

Come moments sweet you here would spend
 And linger till the day should end.

If now perchance you raise your eye
 And view the prospect far and nigh,
 Whatever charms the Law before
 May have possessed, now trebly more, 60
 For such a scene as meets the view,
 Life's ancient realm or Scotland too
 Can scarcely equal or excel,
 Such varied beauties o'er it dwell!

Immediately before your eyes
 Toward the south, extending lies,
 A level land that thus may reach
 Between you and the sounding beach;
 And east and west from Largo bay
 To the "East Keuk" as people say, 70
 Extending thus along the coast
 So rich and fine you well may boast
 That such cannot be found in life,
 Nor seen perhaps in all your life!
 Castles and seats of every date —
 Some hoar with age — some built of late,
 The frequent towns along the shore —
 Plantations rich that stud it o'er, —
 The tower — the lake — the whale so ripe
 With wealth and peace, and busy life, 80

That when you once she whole survey
You'll testify to all I say.

The noble Frisk of Forth with all
Its toiling vessels great and small,
The little isles Inchkeith and May—
So these your next attention pay,
For greatly they enhance the view—
So pleasing and so varied too.
Towards the west Auld Reekie's volumes
Of blackening smoke, and lofty columns, 90
With Arthur's Seat and Castle hill
And Pentland heights beyond them still,
Are clearly seen without assistance
By naked eye through great the distance.

Now straight before you o'er the sea
East Lothian's coast you plain may see,
And as along the shore you pass
Your gazing eye you'll see the Bass,
That hoary rock so steep and bold,
So famous in the days of old; 100
Where many a noble martyr found
A dungeon dark and chains that bound

His body there in sad controul,
But not his pure and suffering soul
That winged its Heaven-ward flight on high
And left a land of tyranny.

West of the Bass, North Berwick ~~Head~~
And other things attention draw;
With Lothian's rich and waving fields
A proof what bounteous nature yields; 110
The hills of Lammern Moor behind
Complete a picture to your mind.

But let us leave the Frisk of Forth
And turn and gaze towards the north.
The Crampian peaks you may descrie
Piercing the clouds and azure sky,
The Lidlaw hills in Forfarshire
And Forfar's coast you may admire,
And the Bell Rock far out at sea
In weather clear you'll also see; 120
But if a glass you lend your eye,
The towns and villages that lie
Along the low & sandy beach
Will all be brought within your reach.

But now no longer need we dwell
 Upon a picture which may well
 Call forth your admiration great
 And linger long in memory's seat.
 Though many objects, sometimes rare,
 And others pleasing here and there, 130
 Lie scattered o'er the prospect round,
 Which from us has no notice found;
 Aft' still from what we have related,
 And other things we have not stated,
 Some faint idea you may form
 Of all the beauties that adorn
 The general landscape, fair & grand—
 Diversified by sea and land,
 Which so earnest admiration draw
 From all that stand on Kellie Land! 140

But I have said that Kellie Land,
 Among the many hills I saw,
 Is not so pleasing for its view
 Though that may be excelled by few;
 Nor for the beauties that adorn
 Its grassy slopes—its pleasing form...

But chiefly it is prized by me
 For reasons that may stronger be;—
 It is that friends who then were near,
 Whose memory ever will be dear,— 150
 Did climb with me its steep ascent,
 And round its summit straying went,
 Participating in the joy—
 The happiness without alloy,
 Which nature from her bosom sends
 For lofty, wise, and noble ends,
 To thrill the heart of man, & wake
 His tender sympathies awake,
 When fair creation's charms are seen
 And friendships mingle in the scene; 160
 When other eyes are gazing too
 Whose glowing beams are prized by you,
 When nature's beauties thus appear,
 No wonder they are held more dear.

When I remember all the past,
 Its joys too pleasing long to last;
 When I recall the beaming faces
 That now no longer fill their places;

The homes - she walks - the sunny hills -
 With grief she bosom sadly fills, 170
 For now no more I'll hear the voice
 That could the drooping heart rejoice,
 No more shall friendship's eye suffused
 Distil the tear it ne'er refused;
 No more the intercourse so sweet,
 Or happy friends we loved to meet
 Along the changeful varied road
 Of life that's past o'er which we've trod,
 Shall ever I again behold!
 Alas! how soon they all grow old! 180
 But let us never yield to fear,
 The future yet may bright appear.
 Though misfortune should bedim the eye
 As o'er the past we gently sigh,
 Yet pleasing hope should cheer us up,
 And make us prize the varied cup
 Of griefs and pleasures, hopes & fears,
 That mark this checkered vale of tears.

And now, sweet Nellie Law, no more.
 O'er thee perhaps I'll ever stray; 190
 Yet were I on a foreign shore,
 Thy visioned scenes I'll oft portray.
 I'll think of friends that once were near
 And all thy beauties fair surveyed;
 I'll dream of those that still are dear
 Whose memory fresh shall never fade.
 Farewell! my last adieu I take
 Of all the joys and friends I saw;
 But memory often, for their sake,
 Will wander back to Nellie Law 200.

Belliston

Sept 26th 12 o'clk - midnight
 1848





