# ELGIN:

AND

# A GUIDE TO ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

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## A GUIDE TO ELGIN CATHEDRAL,

ONCE DENOMINATED

## The Lantern of the North.

TOGETHER WITH SOME PIOUS AND RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS WITHIN THE OLD WALLS, EVOKED BY THE RESIDENT SPIRIT OF THE RUINS.

BY THE

OLD CICERONE OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.


LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
1866.

TO

# ELGIN MEN

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

As a peace-offering for the free manner of using them all, long, long ago, by chasing them with well-rosined, rattling old leathern apron, and threatening spade, and the unceremonious mode of treating some of them to ignominious, but wholesome visitations of shoe-leather, in their roistering days of boyhood, for their roguish attacks on my ward, the sacred ruins of the old Cathedral,—the following imperfect lucubrations are respectfully dedicated by their

FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

JOHN SHANKS.

# PREFACE.

A PREFACE, whatever purpose it may at one time have served, seems useful now almost solely as forming a preservative to the book. A certain number of leaves at the beginning must be turned over unread, and were not a preface there, the rejection might be made at the expense of the subject of the work itself.

The *preface* is, therefore, looked upon by the reader as the husk of the nut, which must be peeled off and thrown away before he can get at the kernel; and is regarded by the writer as the tub thrown overboard to the whale to preserve the ship.

I wish, therefore, to assure the reader that he will find nothing here of any importance, as I intend to write a certain given number of words with as little meaning as possible; and I am desir-

ous to make this bargain with him—that provided he commence at what is called the introduction, (which cannot be spared, as it is part and parcel of the work,) I will agree to let him turn over the whole of the preface without any ceremony.

It is usual to introduce into the preface an apology for the publication of a book. The author commonly informs his readers that the work originally was begun solely for his own amusement, without the most remote view to publication; tells them that it really consists of a few scattered thoughts only, carelessly thrown together—not by any means, of course, up to the mark of the writer's abilities—presenting thus a fair subject for the kind indulgence of the critic; and assures them that he had only, with the utmost reluctance, put it into print at the pressing solicitation of some of his friends. Now, that is precisely the converse of my case. So far from this profound work being originally undertaken for my own amusement, I desire to assure you, worthy reader, that I had a view to publication at the first moment I sat down to write—nay, a good while before I did sit down; that it has been no amusement to me, I promise you, but an unheard-of source of

labour; that it has cost me an immense amount of thought and study, so that the connexion was like to drive me distracted; that now, however, having manured the subject with my brains, and watered it with tears of anxiety, I have produced a crop that—(I have been making some nice mathematical calculations)—will astonish the world, and strike the critic dumb with wonder and admiration. Moreover, that so far from exhibiting the MS., or taking the advice of my friends, in order to receive their expected pressing for my permission for its appearing in print, I have never shown it to a single soul, but sedulously kept the very design a profound secret, from a dread that my friends would certainly have disadvised its publication. As an offering to modesty, however, and an oblation to the critics, I have wished to make it appear as if (and have been trying to persuade myself, too, that) the work was intended expressly for natives; whereas, doubtless, in my heart of hearts, I hope that it will be read and admired by all the world. From my intimate knowledge of Elgin, and particularly of its Cathedral, for nearly a century, I flatter myself that I have acquired such an acquaintance with the localities as to

qualify me for being a safe guide. I am not disposed, therefore, to make any apology.

## EXORDIUM.

There is a desire in the mind of every person after truth. I find my little grand nephews and nieces, upon hearing any little story read to them, inquire, "Is it true?" Even the most inveterate romance or novel reader would be greatly stinted of his pleasure were he prevented from deceiving himself with the impression that the main features at least of his favourite piece are founded on fact.

My readers will doubtless, therefore, be delighted to be assured that the whole contained in the following pages is real and positive truth. There may be some things that may be taken in the light of romance, and others regarded as fables. I honestly assure the reader there is nothing either of the one or the other. The extraordinary *rising* of the Strathspey Highlandmen, as described in the work, charged as it was with tragical facts, and furnished with a hair-spring trigger, at a date so recent that it is within the memory of all but the very boys of the district, certainly does look ro-

mantic, and truly is a little incredible to those who are not personally cognisant of the fact. Yet nevertheless it is true to the most minute particular.

The episode of May or "Mysie" Gillan, as she was familiarly called, also is a fact, only a little amplified; and the other local illustrations, such, for instance, as "my friend's" idea of the drama, were all actual occurrences.

Concerning the prelections contained in the piece, possibly the most striking and novel, and that which perhaps will most require explanation, is the view of what is called the "social evil." In explanation, let me relate a short incident. A friend of mine lately had occasion to go to a neighbouring town. He hired a horse, which proved perverse and capricious. After proceeding a mile or two the animal refused to go any way but backwards. Finding his whip of no avail, my friend adroitly turned the head of his stubborn beast in the opposite direction to his destination, and bestowing a pretty smart scutical admonition, he found himself forthwith proceeding at a very fair pace after the tail—my friend saying to himself, "Well, I want to go to Fochabers, and provided I

get there well, it matters very little *how* I get, I shall *make the most of it;*" and thus he proceeded till his bearer got over his pet. Well, if the "social evil" be an *evil,* and if you cannot all at once change the state of the social circumstances out of which it is engendered, why not directly put the evil down? But we find that, notwithstanding all its deprecation, it is *not put down.* Why, then —if you cannot put it down, or if it be expedient to tolerate and wink at it—*make the most of it.* So long as it is extant, it surely is better to have it under strict and regular rules than to let it remain in a condition abnormal and empirical—a condition forming a fountain of impurity, from which flows a river that runs through the community, imparting an incalculable amount of physical and moral misery, wretchedness, and degradation.

As to the other prelections and opinions contained in the following pages, especially those connected with the Cathedral, they are simply *breathings* after truth, by one who has had little opportunity, and has still less ability, to explore the great realities contained in them. The author, the humble cicerone, has no superstition, he trusts, in his composition; neither is he imbued, he hopes,

with servile veneration. Yet these imperfect effusions, (for which he *has* to apologise,) are called up by the relation subsisting betwixt the subject of them and his special province. His mind is strongly impressed with, and is sensitive to, the great and solemn truths of religion; and the prelections are called into existence by the vivifying spirit falling on a congenial nidus. They are evoked by the resident spirit of the ruins.

The Cathedral—the chief subject of the following pages—is not the admiration of strangers only, who might be struck by its appearance for the first time; it is also the admiration of, and has been a source of permanent attraction to, the natives of the district. As far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century, Florence Wilson, a native of Elgin, wrote a treatise, entitled *De Animi Tranquillitate Dialogus*, in which he describes his Temple of Tranquillity. Mackenzie, in his Lives and Characters of Scottish Writers, supposes this to have been the Cathedral, and Mr Lettice entertained the same opinion. He characterises the work of Wilson (or Volusenus, as he called himself) as "highly interesting, inasmuch as the temple itself is supposed to describe the old

Cathedral of Elgin as it appeared in the days of its prosperity, in the author's youth, and at that time one of the finest monuments of ecclesiastical grandeur in the island."* Although Gough,† with greater probability, perhaps, conjectures that it was at the Lady Hill that Volusenus placed his temple, yet he admires, and partially describes the Cathedral as a magnificent structure.

It may not be altogether out of place to give an outline of the site of this temple, from a memoir of Volusenus, by my friend and townsman Dr James Taylor. The scene of our author's dream, which is stated to have resulted from the discussion of a passage of Horace with a fellow-student, was a flowery meadow situated in a remote corner of Britain, which he describes as possessing a very pleasing aspect, and producing an abundance of fruit, and as presenting, as the more prominent features of the landscape, low hills covered with wood, and a lake frequented by swans. In the vicinity of this plain or meadow there was a hill of moderate height and easy ascent, upon which

* European Magazine, A.D. 1775, vol. xxvii., p. 87.

† See Camden's Britannia: Additions by Gough, vol. iii., p. 249.

stood a splendid edifice, which appeared to be built in the form of a temple. In a circuitous course, near the base of the hill, flowed a shallow or fordable limpid stream, in which several kinds of the finny tribe were seen to sport. On the plain, extending from the base of the hill to beyond the river, and upon the declivity of the hill itself, there were, besides common trees, myrtles, laurels, cypresses, and turpentine trees;* while close by were apple, nut, and other fruit trees of several kinds. Birds, perched upon the trees and shrubs, enlivened the scene with their song. On the side of the hill were some springs of water, and the air blowing pleasantly, caused a low, shrill sound as it passed among the leaves.

"Neither," says Mr Rhind, in his Sketches of Moray, "has the high estimate of the Cathedral, even as a ruin, lost any of its force in modern times. On the contrary, it forms a prominent object amid the mass of feelings of local attachment which wind about the heart of every Morayshire

* Elgin, it will be seen, even at the period referred to, was a beautiful place, and *well supplied with trees*—a feature which, unfortunately, from the *necessity* of some proprietors and the *vandalism* of others, threatens by and by to disappear.

man. We have heard of a native of the county," continues Mr Rhind, "who early in life emigrated to America, and who, during a sojourn of upwards of forty years in a strange land, still retained such lively impressions of the 'chan'ry kirk,' that he could call up most vividly in his imagination almost every turret and stone of the building, and which he described to his listening family around his winter hearth as one of the seven wonders of the world. Age and infirmity would not permit him to revisit the scene himself; but as the next substitute to beholding it with his own eyes, he sent his son, that he might come back to him laden with fresh images and grateful tidings of his beloved country."

But it may be asked, Why issue such a guide-book, or what good reason is there for publishing anything at all on the subject?

To this question my answer is:—Saving London and the other capitals of the kingdom, there is no place in this country that has, within the last century, been in more people's mouths than ELGIN. Doubtless this fact has been brought about by accidental circumstances, in which the place had intrinsically no share; but such cir-

cumstances in no respect unfavourably affect, but rather have tended considerably to increase, the sphere of its notoriety.

ELGIN has been much indebted for its fame to the talents and industry of the noblemen who have borne its name. ELGIN *Marbles* have long enjoyed a large share of celebrity with those who knew, and with those who did not know, whether the locality did or did not supply the subject of notoriety;* and the brilliant career of the late lamented Earl of Elgin, in regard to the discharge of the duties of those offices both at home, in the domestic polity, and abroad, in the colonial and foreign relations of the country, which he so successfully administered, contributed in no inconsiderable degree to increase the halo of observation with which the name of ELGIN is surrounded.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL has, throughout the kingdom, for many centuries, been a household word; and ELGIN *Sandstones*, which have recently set the scientific world together by the ears, threaten to dispute the palm of renown with the *Elgin Marbles*.

* Many excellent and worthy citizens of London, occupying high social positions, believe that "Elgin is a great place for marble."

As this little book may happen to come into the hands of those who know nothing about the locality, excepting by the name, of which they have heard so much, and curiosity being naturally excited in the minds of such people to know what sort of a place it is, what it is like and where it lies—to such readers, therefore, a description of the place may not be unnecessary.

Our magnificent Cathedral is my proper province; but, as I am an Elgin man, and am intimately acquainted with everything connected with the place, I shall be glad to throw by my last and lapstone, and perform the part of cicerone to any worthy person to all parts of the city. If my auditor happen to be an old townsman, he will very soon recognise the old landmarks from my description. If a stranger, the dry details of localities may be tedious to him; and I will therefore relieve, and endeavour to enliven, the description of the place by occasional pictures of salient points connected with the social manners of the inhabitants, as we get along.

But first let us see what the inhabitants are, and whence they come.

# CONTENTS.

# INTRODUCTION.

## ETHNOGRAPHY OF ELGIN.

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN, have you never observed in the street a swarthy wight, with hair as black as jet hanging in profusion in screw curls over his shoulders, with a black beard and moustache, and with rings in his ears, grinding music out of a box? Doubtless, you have; and this person you at once set down as a foreigner. You are right; he is so; and he has his proper abode on the continent of Europe, far away from Elgin. But you are not so apt to consider that within the bosom of the island which you inhabit, and situated within an hour or two's journey of your own abode, are a people existing far more alien in race, in blood, in feelings, and in habits than is this swarthy, music-grinding, jet-eyed, black-haired stranger.

But let us calmly examine this subject. Ethnology is a science which has received much consideration of late; perhaps properly and justly so; but it is at least possible, in the consideration, to

withhold paying due regard to the influence of breeding and hygiene.

The two great original families into which the population of this country, and indeed of Europe, is arbitrarily classed, are the CELTIC and the GOTHIC. The first is generally admitted to be pure and simple, and they were without doubt the original inhabitants of these islands; and were expelled and supplanted by the next succeeding westward-tending wave of human migration—it "being demonstrated," as Dr Browne says in his "History of the Highlands," "that the Scots of Ireland, or *Scoticæ gentes* of Porphyry, as a branch of the great Celtic family, passed over at a very early period from the shores of Britain into Ireland." The other is considered to be heterogeneous, and to be subdivided into various tribes, such as Scandinavians, Saxons, Angles, Teutons, &c., and they came as usurpers and interlopers at a much later ethnological period.

I have examined piles of authorities without being satisfied with the account given therein of the origin of the population of this country. None of these authorities appears to me to go to the fountainhead in accounting for the origin of the Celtic and Gothic families. Suppose we went back a couple of thousand years, and found an authentic record of those families inhabiting certain respective territories, with boundaries as minutely

defined as to satisfy a modern legal conveyancer, it appears to me, we are, nevertheless, as much at a loss as ever in accounting for the peculiarities of race; and I am not quite satisfied that we should be at the bottom of the problem were the period to be doubled. Were it shown that there were two original progenitors, *Celt* and *Goth*, each with well-defined distinctive personal peculiarities, I could then, indeed, all the better understand the position of the hereditary qualities of their respective families. But although I am not here going to deny the possibility of proving that there were several distinct original progenitors of mankind—being quite open to conviction on that point—yet, until some more satisfactory proof be exhibited of that position, I am content in the meantime to accept the authority of Moses, as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis.

Well, since there is admittedly no authority to guide us in the ethnographical history of those early ages of the human race which I have referred to, I think it would be proper to accept the induction of common sense in the matter. Whether the human race proceeded originally from a single pair, or from more sources than one pair, does not here affect the question. Man would be produced in a latitude possessing circumstances most congenial and fitted to his nature and requirements. Where that spot exists, it cannot

now be ascertained; but it doubtless was somewhere between the tropics, where the earth most readily accords her spontaneous gifts. Increase of population would necessarily demand increase of room; and, in process of time, in this, as in every other case of competition, in the "struggle for existence" the weaker would go to the wall—that is, in this case, would be pushed to less favoured places. The science of biology has already amply proved the correctness of the description of the Latin poet, where he asserts that, when the noble lords of the creation first appeared on the incipient stage of life, "they crept forth as animals on the dank earth, a dumb and dirty herd, and fought for their acorns and their sties with their nails and fists."* This being the type at that time of the most gifted of the human race, it is exceedingly difficult to entertain a lofty estimate of their inferiors, who, infirm in body, and weak in mind, would be driven to more inhospitable holdings; and thus, by this species of expulsion, was the Celtic family separated. As time passed on, and as room again came into request, progress, according to the poet, had so vastly improved the intellectual powers of man as to enable him to fabricate "a club" to fight with. Possessed of this formidable warlike weapon, therefore, the second swarm sallied out

* Hor., lib. i. sat. iii. 99.

in search of adventures, driving the imbecile aborigines before them. And now was revealed and made plain to the world that paradox, the *advantage of disadvantages*, by which "necessity" became the "mother of invention." An analogous instance is to be found in our Scotch husbandry, where indifferent land and high rents have stimulated and brought into operation, in the struggle for agricultural existence, an amount of skill and activity that lay quite latent under less stringent circumstances; verifying to a certain extent the correctness of that famous maxim of the factor or land-steward of a noble northern proprietor, in answer to applications for reduction of rent—that "high rents make wealthy tenants." Our adventurers, finding that in their new possession mother earth did not yield her gifts so readily, were obliged to call fresh faculties into play, developing in some small degree the rude germ of the arts; and then, says the poet, "they fought with regular arms, which the progress of improvement had enabled them to forge." By these means the Gothic family acquired an ascendancy, not only over the first swarm, but also over the parent hive.

Previous to the Roman invasion, in the first century, there is not a particle of history existing treating of these parts; before that period the whole is a mass of fable and fancy. Since that epoch, however, history is clear, or at least it is

possible, by collation of the various authorities, to arrive at an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants sufficiently correct and authentic. It is therefore unnecessary to insist upon so patent a subject; but there are sometimes points so minute and apparently so insignificant in history, as well as in other sciences, that they have been almost entirely overlooked; and yet, like the pebble directing the river at its source, they have been the cause of immensely important results. In order to arrive at a proper idea of the particular race to which the good citizens of this town and county belong, it may be proper to take a cursory view of that of the other parts of Scotland.

These are the tame days of rural police, railroads, and electric telegraphs. But the writer remembers well, and some of the more ancient of his inspectors may perhaps also recollect the time when bands of vagrants roved the country, temporarily encamping in the corner of a wood, or in a cave, or in some other convenient place; Hell's-Hole, or the Cove, as it is called, one of the caves of Covesea—a retreat at the sea-margin, not far from Elgin—being, as is well-known, a particularly favourite resort. These vagrants, called *cairds*, or *tinkers*, were somewhat of the same character as the gipsies in the southern parts of the island, and were the terror and annoyance of the sur-

rounding country, from their predatory attacks on the poultry-yards; a source of anxiety to the staid, honest inhabitants, which the convenience of obtaining repairs on their tin-pans, and the replenishment of the cupboard with horn-spoons, but very inadequately compensated. Upon the belief, therefore, that my reader is now aware of, and has in his mind, this class of society, I proceed to notice one of the most important events that ever happened in the history of this great country. That is, the settlement, on the coast of Argyle, of a colony of this same cattle from Ireland, about the year of grace 258.

It is perhaps difficult to define what a "gentleman" is; but in the idea of it that many of us hold, (and in some instances act on,) viz., that it is a person who learns no trade, is bred to no employment, does not do anything, and can do nothing, except kindly assist in the occasional employment of consuming the fruits of the earth; on this principle, the band of adventurers under consideration were the choicest set of gentlemen in the whole country; they were, indeed, the very pink of gentility; for beyond a science which they had somehow acquired, and had reduced to practice—viz., that of appropriating other people's property—they could not do a mortal thing. They were precisely in every respect like those companies of cairds which I have above called atten-

tion to, the only difference being, that they were ignorant of tin-plate working and horn-spoon making, — a useful but vulgar art which our modern cairds have acquired at the expense of their gentility.*

The inhabitants of Ireland were more original and primitive than those of our shores. The Irish were, in fact, of what is called the Celtic family, which means that they were nearest to the original type of mankind of any that had reached the north. There exists a very grave misconception, however, in supposing that originality necessarily implies optimity. Our poets and painters have erred egregiously in representing the original pair of the human race as approaching perfection. Our father Adam, and our excellent common mother Eve, as specimens of humanity, had no claim whatever to that condition. They were queerer, scraggier, more original-looking animals than are to be found at the present day among the Boschesmans of Namaqualand, or the aborigines of the recesses of New Holland; and it is pretty certain even that they were black. As a rule, perfection is in progress, and, along with all other articles of production, *man* follows the general law.

* Another proof of the meeting and similarity, if not identity of extremes, is in the evidence perfectly common, that the slip-shod, careless gait, the easy manners and reckless habits of beggars and cairds are precisely similar to those of the aristocracy.

In the progress of a physiological comparison betwixt the lower animals and the specimen of mankind that inhabited Ireland, at the period referred to, casting from his mind the self-evident but heterodox axiom, that the mental capacity of the series is different only in degree, and gracefully adopting the pious principle that, specially, "man is animated and enlightened by a ray from the divinity;" casting, we say, such impious facts from his mind, discarding the vain induction of his unassisted reason, and the unsatisfactory testimony of his senses, and piously believing whatever is told him, the patient student of zoology, by the powerful assistance of this excellent prejudice, would doubtless, after long, attentive, and minute observation, have discovered a notable intellectual preponderance in favour of the "lords of the creation;" yet the worthy inhabitants being of the *Celtic*, or what may be called the *rudimental type*—a portion of the spume, or first frothy effervescence of human procreation—the superiority, it must be confessed, was not so obvious in their case as it would be in that of the *primates* of a later production. But in every deep there are yet degrees of inferiority; and among even the Irish there were some found who, to the general negative condition of absence of intellect and honest stupidity, joined the possession of certain positive bad qualities. This trait of character of these gentry at

length made the place too hot to hold them, and they left their country for their country's good.

This first colony, or immigration, of Irish cairds consisted of several scores of the most miserable-looking savages that you could see on a summer day. Had the colony been of any importance, our ancestors would have instantly expelled the intruders, but its safety lay in its insignificance, and no notice was taken of it. Indeed, its very existence was unknown for a considerable time after its advent; for the new colonists, under the potent influence of fear, abstained from exercising their peculiar talent in the way of appropriation for many a day, and secretively continued to burrow in the caves and holes about where they landed, contenting themselves with catching and subsisting on the raw flesh of rats, rabbits, and other wild animals. Impelled by necessity, through the growing scarcity of provisions from their increasing numbers, they at length stealthily ventured out on predatory incursions to the neighbouring poultry-yards. In these midnight invasions, if their cunning and their cautiousness did not carry the varlets clear off, there was no pity shown to their skins; and it was even a merciful dispensation of providence for their poor naked posteriors, that sole-leather had not then come in fashion. At last, these petty depredations grew to such a height as to become intolerable; and after the

colony had burrowed in the rocks and recesses of Argyle for two centuries, the inhabitants rose in a body, one fine morning, and ignominiously bundled the whole pack, neck and crop, across the channel.

Bad as their treatment had been by the patient PICTS,* (the inhabitants of the peninsula,) who, unless in cases of necessity, seldom went further than the administration of kicks and cuffs, their condition was immeasurably worse in their own country. The fact was, they found it impossible to make a living there at all; for besides the cruel treatment to which they were subjected when detected in the practice of their profession, they found there was indeed but little to practise on. What made the case still more hopeless and desperate, was the startling discovery they very quickly made, that since the settlement of the colony abroad, the frogs, toads, cockroaches, and other such game, which had to their forefathers proved such a steady, unfailing source of supply to fall back on in cases of need, and which indeed had formed at all times a most valuable adjuvant to the cuisine, had all been eaten up—not one solitary pair of any of those unhappy species being left to continue the race; which I am credibly

* Or more properly *Pechs*, so called, as some suppose, from the Saxon *fechtan*, to fight, they being good fighters, but evidently rather from the forcible and audible expiration they made when dealing their opponents a blow when fighting.

informed is the case in Ireland to this day. They therefore resolved to return, cost what it would.

It is recorded in the 22d chapter of 1st Samuel, for our improvement, that David, the man after God's own heart, when at Adullam (like the present worthy imperial ruler of the Tuileries when at Boulogne) meditated ambitious designs upon the existing dynasty—to rule which (after a long series of abstruse calculations) he had at length come to the conclusion was better than keeping the sheep—he raised a company of recruits to serve his purposes, to whom he gave letters of marque and a roving commission. The sound of liberty and unlimited licence soon attracted numbers to his standard; for we read with reverence in the second verse, that "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them." We will, Shem-and-Japheth-like, tenderly go backwards with our pious mantle over the *respectability* of this ragged regiment, but the *efficiency* of it would seem abundantly to warrant the policy of its enrolment; for as its constituents might be better, but could be none worse off under any circumstances, we may believe no essay, however desperate, would be shirked by them, seeing that the most of them had already cheated the gallows.

In much the same way was this new colony raised in Ireland. It is recorded by the Irish historians, for our edification, that three lazy fellows, who would do anything rather than employ their hands at honest labour, sons of one Erc or Eric, and called respectively Fergus, Angus, and Lorn, while idly lounging about the country, standing with their hands in their pockets, loutishly hanging over the labourers and listening to their tales while engaged at their active employment; having thus gathered from the garrulous old tenants the honeyed accounts of the country from which they had been expelled, with mouths a-watering at the thoughts of such abundance, forthwith began to represent to their starving countrymen that in this transfretan El Dorado there was plenty to eat and drink, and that a good breakfast was always obtainable at the low cost of a cow-hiding. These "loafers," therefore, incontinently set about beating up for recruits, and the key-note, "GU LEOR" —which, being interpreted, means plenty—that they sounded in their career, symphoniously re-sounded a responsive chord in empty bellies. They went about in this way throughout the whole country, attracting congenial spirits like magnets rolled in iron filings; and every artist who had failed in business, or, in other words, who had become too notorious to get any opportunity to steal—every gentleman who had got his ears cropped "for

building churches"—every one who was in distress—every one who was in debt—michers, malcontents, outlaws, rooks, robertsmen, picaroons, poachers, blacklegs, blackguards, and broken men of all descriptions, who were daily in danger of dying of inanition, and to whom any change was a fortune—all flocked to their banner; and so thoroughly did they separate and take off the scum of society, that no other nation on the face of the earth ever got such a purification; and Ireland, which albeit previously had been like the contents of a brewer's fermenting vat, became, in consequence of the removal of such leaven, from that day forth, even until the present, an eminently honest, quiet, contented, peaceable nation.

I ought to mention here that the previous colony got from such of the Irish historians as thought it worth while being taken any notice of, the name of *Dalriad*, that is, "the tribe or portion of Riad," (the name of the scroyle who was called their leader,)* but they were familiarly known by the name of *Scots*, indicative of their character, meaning "vagrants," or "vagabonds." They were ultimately taken to the field by the Picts in their wars with the Romans, (by whom they were called

* The evidence respecting this man's existence is too strong and convincing to leave doubt of his being a real personage, although the writer was at one time disposed to regard him as a myth.

Attacotti,) and, as locomotive human sand-bags, were found to be most valuable to the army in superseding the necessity of the labour of carrying clumsy munitions, being marched conveniently about, and their persons being passively taken as occasion required, and used as gabions, fascines, and bavins, in stopping breaches, closing gaps, making epaulements, or filling up fossæ, in the progress of military operations, (a locomotive sand-bag corps being an improvement, by the by, that might be profitably introduced into the modern land-transport service, for the use of the engineering department, and for which improvement I reserve my right to take out a patent.) In the view of profiting by this piece of useful service, (which was the only service the race was capable of rendering,) the generous Picts did not offer any opposition to the settlement of the second colony of these vagrants.

This second colony of Irish cairds, therefore, arrived about the beginning of the sixth century, being piloted over by a few of the remaining old Adamites who had suffered expulsion from the garden of Eden half a century before.

And here let me deplore the difficulties that philosophers encounter when they hazard a favourite theory. Here am I in a dilemma in my theory of progression at the very outset. On that principle it may well be expected some improvement might

have taken place in the course of nearly three centuries. So far from this being the case, however, the first colony—though, God knows, they were none of the most classic—might, nevertheless, to the second have served as models for their Venuses and Apollos. I do not pretend to account for this physiological anomaly; but I cannot, at the same time, suppress the fact, that to all the wretched specimens of humanity (since the days of the first rude couple recorded in history, Adam and Eve) that ever belonged to any age or country, these new adventurers were, both physically and morally, immeasurably inferior; the nearest, now-a-days, that they can be compared to, in point of personal appearance, being perhaps that type of the modern Highlander, roguishly painted by *Punch*, as represented by the Duke of Athole's gamekeepers.*

This horde, then, spread themselves out from Cantyre northwards on the west coast, and in process of time increased in numbers, and occupied by degrees the whole of Argyle, Bute, Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, (excepting the fishing population along the margin of these counties, who are almost exclusively Scandinavian,) and the

* The author here displays a shameful amount of ignorance of the laws of biology, not to know that what he calls an "anomaly" is only a notable cumulate instance of *atavism*.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Hebrides, and a considerable portion of the counties of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Angus, and Nairn; with the southern parts of Forfar, Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, and the north-west corner of Caithness—infesting the recesses and fastnesses of the mountains; in fact, all those parts which the Picts never occupied, finding them of no earthly use (and so, after all, they are not entitled to much credit for their tolerance and hospitality.) The "Scots" lived for themselves among themselves, without the slightest intermixture with their neighbours—the ungallant Picts experiencing, indeed, a sort of involuntary shudder on accidentally falling upon any stray wanderer of their women, even as did Du Chaillu in the wilderness, at a later historical period, in his rencontres with the gorilla. Having in some measure settled down, they had, after a time, contrived to frame some sort of rudimentary laws for social guidance; but the great proportion of the population could not comprehend the nature or meaning of any law whatever beyond the mandate of their master, at whose feet they lay crouched on their bellies, looking up in his face, watching his eyes, like a spaniel waiting the order of his owner. Tighernach, O'Flaherty, and other Irish historians, give a list of the *kings* of this colony of Dalriada, from Fergus and Lorn down to the reign of Kenneth, when that monarch was

abstracted by the Picts and placed on the throne, in virtue of the right of his grandmother, in 843.

It is really difficult to arrive at the proper idea of the term *king*, from the tyranny of our prejudices; and some people may smile to hear the heads of this horde dignified by that title. We believe, however, there is a habitual misconception here. *What is a king?* Johnson defines it to be "a monarch, a supreme governor," which definition is adduced from Pope the rhymer. Following up the pursuit of this word, we find that "monarch" is defined as "one superior to the rest of his kind;" which definition, from Dryden the poet, I think may be accepted as conclusive. Regal pre-eminence, therefore, is relative, not absolute; and as those Dalriad sovereigns were superior only to the rest of their race, the Picts, fearless and careless, plainly perceived that in order to distance definitively the shores of imbecility, these mighty monarchs would have to make good a pretty long offing. We are amused to see youngsters playing at leap-frog; and, when pressing cares and concerns are not present, we are tickled, pleased, and perhaps interested, to fix our attention on an infant housewife industriously engaged, with much importance, in the preparation of a batch of dirt-pies. The Picts, therefore, looked on amused at the royal pantomime; and so long as the government of the country permitted

the performance, we may assume that these Dalriadic monarchs, possessing as they did the elements both of superiority and supremacy, and a regalia as complete as civilians usually bestow, were as veritable kings as is the head of any of the courts of Europe. There is a report in that celebrated work, under the authorship of Mr Joseph Miller, that gives an account of a ramble of some English sailors in a distant island. In their excursion they stumbled upon the royal palace. It was a cave; the throne was a block of wood, on which, in passive dignity, sate his Majesty, who happened to be at dinner. In front of his Majesty was an attendant, holding in his hands a large wooden dish, which contained something like hasty-pudding. On one side of the throne stood a courtier, feeding his Majesty with a wooden spoon. Another courtier attended the throne on the converse side, holding in his hands also a large spoon, with which he caught the falling fragments that escaped his Majesty's mouth, and deftly directed them into the proper port of entry. The king, upon the appearance of the sailors, assuming his full dignity, inquired at them, "Do they talk much of me in England?"

In like manner, the royal palace of Dalriada was admirably adapted to the conventionalism of the court, which at that period (rather different from court etiquette at the present day) drew its inspi-

ration and received its form from the requirements of the *kitchen*. The palace was not a fixed, but was a changeable or circuit residence; sometimes it was an imperial cave, sometimes the sheltered corner of a kingly wood, and anon the lee side of a royal hillock. In this peripatetic palace the elements of supremacy and superiority in the monarch were sufficiently apparent. In the purveyance department, if success happened to be crowned by the capture of a sheep or a cow, the court was "on clover;" but if a hen-roost only blest the fortunes of the day, the noblesse were content to put up with the bones and the pickings. It went hard, however, if his Majesty failed in falling in with a dinner of some kind or other.

And here I may take leave, in passing, to remark, how nice a thing it is to be a king! And this opens up (we may say, *per saltum*) the question of *descent*. The circumstance of *birth*, or descent, is quite different from that of *breeding*. In breeding, the great object of regard and imitation is a *type*. Birth or descent, on the other hand, is constituted by the *number of generations you can count backwards*. Physiologists generally will not dispute the justice of your nepotic claims; but if you did not know your grandfather, the social fiction is that you never had one. It is not, I believe, that you really did in fact possess no such

progenitor, but the principle of *birth* lies in the *showing of it.* In rolling your ball backwards, it is not indispensable neither that it stop at some superior specimen of the race. And it is here that the difference betwixt *birth* and *breeding* is seen. One might justly be proud of being descended from such a type as Shakespeare, or Bacon, or Newton, or Goldsmith, or Burns, or James Watt, or Humphrey Davy, or George Stephenson, or Robert Peel; but in *birth* such an origin is not at all necessary. The greater number of our best *families* date their rise, not from any such superior sample of the race, but from some one who possessed the aggressive faculties in excess, and who was, in consequence, a more unscrupulous thief than his neighbours—an invader of poultry yards, and a lifter of sheep and black cattle, to such an extent that the blaze of his crimes lighted up the greece of the descent of his posterity, while the descendants of his honest neighbours and contemporaries toddled downwards in darkness and obscurity.

In the case under consideration, however, we have the singular anomaly of the ancestors or actors being notable *for nothing.* Chance, or their good fortune, or their guardian angel, or their laziness prompted them to start the scheme we have endeavoured to describe, under no more ambitious motive than the easy obtainment of their daily

bread; and while sharper wits and more accomplished priggers have wasted their talents and consumed their energies to no purpose, and after ingenious and unheard-of exploits and unrequited herculean achievements, finally fell exhausted on a midden, in a gallant but unsuccessful foray for bones, or sunk by the side of a hedge in the profitless project of extracting nutriment by mastication from a kail-castock, the descendants of these fortunate fellows have had their food bound to their heads to the latest generations. How nice a thing it is to be a king!

But to return. Pinkerton states, that of the list of Dalriad monarchs, one portion may be regarded as distinct and clear, and the other as obscure and doubtful. Having myself attempted to make good the list of those kings, by collating them from different sources, I must confess I do not find any such clearness as Pinkerton assumes in the matter, the whole appearing to me a mass of inextricable confusion. The only wonder, indeed, is how any notice could have been taken of them at all; and to a judgment on this point, one may be in some measure guided by our personal local knowledge; for with all our improved facilities for reporting, and our other increased advantages of intercommunication for obtaining information now-a-days, what minute record or accurate knowledge do we at the present day possess of the

captains (or "kings," as they are called) of those bands of tinkers or gipsies that now do, or lately did, perambulate the country? We may, therefore, I think, reasonably infer that in making up their lists, the historians of those times have drawn pretty freely on their imagination. There is, indeed, little or no reliance to be placed in the annals of the period under consideration, although there is one thing pretty certain, viz., that these Dalriads made various essays to get into the plains. Those attempts, for a time, were not regarded of much importance, and were easily frustrated, the aggressors being driven back to their fastnesses by the shouts and clamour the Picts were in the practice of employing to frighten away the crows and other numerous wild birds from their cornfields; but gradually the incursions acquired more and more impudence, till the Picts were in some instances actually obliged to resort to kicks and cuffs. At length these insolent attempts proceeded to such a height, that the executive found itself called on to interfere, and accordingly, about 740, Ungust I. sent a party of military (or *police*, as they would be termed now-a-days) and put Dungal and Ferach, the two sons of Selvach, in chains, and they were never heard of afterwards.

Considering the elements of which such a people were composed, it might naturally be

imagined that they would prove very troublesome neighbours. That, indeed, was the case; but true to the traditions of the tinker tribe in all ages, their domestic discords afforded them full employment in tearing and scratching each other's faces; so that by their intestine quarrels, in so far as regarded others, the measure of their mischief was greatly modified. At length, affording another proof of the *moral power that means of any kind possesses*, these Dalriads becoming possessed of a certain influence through the pure force of numbers, Eochoid III., or Achy, latinised Achaius, a very good man, from "natural selection," about the middle of the eighth century, obtained in marriage Urgusia, the daughter of Urguis, or Werguist, or Vergust, or Fergus, a Pictish prince. This has been disputed, but it is susceptible of proof, and it is morally certain that it was Pictish princes that ruled Dalriada from this period forward; for, about the year 842, Brudi VII., son of Vered, or, as some call him, Dergard, became insane, and a successor being wanted, the Picts went, and coolly plucked Kenneth, the grandson of Achy, out of the *soi-disant* throne of Dalriada, and, in right of his grandmother, placed him on the throne of the kingdom.

We now approach that particular epoch which forms one of the most curious points in history.

So curious is it, indeed, that although the circumstances are as transparent as they possibly can be, yet the fact has been almost uniformly misapprehended.

I will endeavour faintly to illustrate this matter. Suppose there were a party in a certain house, and suppose the lights were suddenly extinguished, would the company be thereby annihilated? Or, again, there is an epoch in history which, although not precisely similar to that which we are treating of, yet presents many points of resemblance, seven centuries later. In the year 1603, Scotland gave a king to England; James VI. was translated to the English throne, under the title of James I. Let us imagine for a moment that there were then no records, but that the history of such important events as this translation was transmitted to posterity by the unsatisfactory and eliptical medium of tradition, or the redundant and perverted ornations of the poets. Under such circumstances it would not require the lapse of ten centuries to confound and pervert the simple fact that *Scotland afforded a sovereign to England, and voluntarily agreed to become a province of the kingdom;* for had the new king, or some other interested party, only changed the name, and called the kingdom SCOTLAND, the result would have been that, at the time we write, a period of less than three centuries, tradition would not only have had *England con-*

*quered by the Scots*, but the *Anglo-Saxon race would cruelly to a man have been poetically exterminated!* Such is the case with respect to the Scots and Picts.

With the exception of the Celtic population, comprehended within that circumscribed and perfectly well-defined portion of the Highlands already alluded to, *at this moment* THE WHOLE OF THE INHABITANTS OF SCOTLAND ARE PICTS.

The question here pertinently presents itself, How then did the kingdom come to be called Scotland? The elements of the answer to this query will be gathered in the prologue. The Picts were unfortunately not only not addicted to literature, but rather, in common with the other northern Goths of Scandinavia, were (with the exception of the remote colony of Iceland) long remarkable for their contempt of letters, which they regarded as an effeminate pursuit, beneath the notice of warriors. No historian, therefore, about this period appeared among them for many centuries. The only records of the time were kept in Ireland. Kenneth having been plucked out of the mock throne of the Dalreudini, or Scots, as they were nicknamed, the Irish jocularly began to call the country Scotland, after its Scottish king. This nomenclature, which was begun in jest, gradually grew into earnest, and about the early

part of the eleventh century it appears to have been established.

But how, it may be asked, did the belief arise that the Picts were conquered, and even exterminated by the Dalriads? When the serious historian, like ourselves, recounts and accounts for facts, it is not his province also to account for fables. But we may state that the story took its rise in this wise:—When Kenneth came to the crown, he found there were in Galloway a portion of Picts who lived and ruled independently. Resolved to make a united kingdom of Picts, as well as of Scots, he incontinently turned his attention towards the reduction of these independent and refractory freebooters, and after a time brought them under subjection. The Irish annalists, who, as we have said, were the sole historians of the period, having ere this sportively bestowed the *sobriquet* of *Scots* upon the Picts, after their new king, regarded these independent or Galloway men as the only Picts. These having been subdued, the story went abroad that the Picts were conquered by the Scots, and the true thread of the facts was ultimately ravelled, tangled, and lost sight of. After the subjugation of the Galloway men, the whole kingdom got the name of Scotland; but those southern, riotous Picts were, long afterwards, distinguished from the rest by the title of

the "Wild Scot of Galloway." As to the matter of the *extermination*, it has its rise in a much later period, and owes its origin to the element of wonder or supernaturality existing in the human mind, which forms the basis of that species of incident called *romance*, whose proper and favourite food is impracticabilities, and whose natural *habitat* is the glowing and imaginative but inexperienced wards of the nursery.

The secretive, subtile, crafty nature of his grandfather's race, joined to the trusting, open, honest simplicity of that of his grandmother, meeting and uniting in due and proper proportions, formed a neutral compound of social worth and political sagacity in the person of Kenneth. He saw at once the impropriety of the abuse of good nature and implicit confidence exhibited by his predecessors in tolerating a display of pseudo-royalty by a sept, however insignificant, within the kingdom. He comprehended at a glance the dangerous political error of thus permitting the pantomime of *imperium in imperio*, and resolved to put a stop to it. He accordingly interdicted the farce forthwith; and *the denizens of Dalriada never sported a sovereign from that day till the present.*

How recent writers, with the full knowledge of territorial boundary, could have imagined that a victorious people should be pent up within limits

prescribed by the vanquished, is one of the anomalies of the human mind that is not easy to be satisfactorily accounted for, and almost drives one to the belief of the postulate of the splenetic Pinkerton, that Celtic understanding, or *modus cogitandi*, is in the inverse ratio of that of all other people. We, Picts, and others of the Gothic race, have uniformly been in the habit of believing that it would be the vanquished that would be hemmed in by the victors.

In the "History of the Highlands," by Dr James Browne, the author says, (p. 68, vol. i.), "As the Picts were unable to resist the arms of Kenneth the Scottish king, he carried into execution a project he had long entertained of uniting the Scots and Picts, and placing both crowns on his head." The author believes, however, that "the ridiculous story about the total extermination of the Picts by the Scots has long since been exploded. They were recognised," he says, "as a distinct people even in the tenth century, but before the twelfth they lost their characteristic nominal distinction by being *amalgamated* with the Scots, *their conquerors*."

Let us see how this amalgamation was effected, and how this same author makes the conquered treat their conquerors.

At page 99 the author says, "Having little intercourse with the rest of the world, and (having

been) *pent up for many centuries* within the Grampian range, the Highlanders acquired a peculiar character." Again, at p. 389, "The nature of the country which they occupied, and the motives which induced the Celts to make it their refuge, almost necessarily prescribed the form of their institutions. *Unable to contend with the overwhelming numbers who had driven them from the plains,** yet anxious to maintain their independence and prevent intermixture with strangers, they defended themselves in their great natural strongholds," &c.†

It may be supposed that this "penning" or cooping up has reference solely to the earlier history and weaker condition of the Highlanders or Dalreudini, as such state is consistent only with the condition of inferiority; but that in the natural order of events, before such a complete victory could be gained, such a thorough subjugation be effected, and such an "amalgamation" as Dr Browne refers to *ante*, could be brought about and accomplished, they must have become powerful, and the doors of their prison must previously have been effectually burst open by these conquering Dalriads. This is a perfectly natural and,

* The Doctor here makes special reference to, and bitterly complains of, the agrarian clamour made by the Picts which we alluded to at p. 23.

† "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans," vol. iv. p. 389.

indeed, inevitable conclusion; and it might, further, be reasonably imagined that the fortunate victors would at once rush out from those sterile and uncomfortable fastnesses wherein they had been so long confined, and would occupy and enjoy the envied open country which they had previously made so many desperate but unfortunate and ineffectual attempts to gain. Let us examine and see whether this was the case.

The same author, after enumerating the north British tribes, at p. 5, vol. i., and describing the miserable range of country known as the Highlands of Scotland, which, he states, almost solely "consists of rocks, and appears at a distance to be uninterrupted, but is broken by straths and glens," goes on to describe the territorial boundaries, and says, "This line of demarcation between the Highlands and Lowlands has kept the inhabitants of these two divisions of Scotland so distinct, 'that for seven centuries,' as General Stewart observes, 'Birnam Hill, at the entrance into Athole, has formed the boundary between the Lowlands and Highlands, and between the Saxon and Gaelic languages. On the southern and eastern sides of the hill breeches are worn, and the Scotch lowland dialect spoken with as broad an accent as in Mid-Lothian. On the northern and western sides are found the Gaelic, the kilt, and the plaid, with all the peculiarities of High-

land character. The Gaelic is universal as the common dialect in use among the people on the Highland side of the boundary. This applies to the whole range of the Grampians, as, for example, at General Campbell of Monzie's gate nothing but Scotch is spoken, while at less than a mile distant on the hill to the northward we meet with Gaelic.'" This was the condition of the country when General Stewart wrote his "Sketches" in 1822, so that up to that date Dr Browne proves there was not only no amalgamation, but, on the other hand, that there was a strict and thorough distinction and extrusion; and those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, must know and be conscious that no description could be more graphic and truthful even at the passing day. How shabbily those vanquished Picts seem to have treated their victorious conquerors!

Although the identity of origin of the Highlanders and the Irish seems to be by historical and philological evidence established beyond dispute, there notwithstanding exist certain physiological and psychological traits of character possessed by each people respectively, so utterly at variance as to beget grave doubts on the matter. I am not aware whether any other has ever suggested the same doubts, but the points of difference are so prominent and palpable as to be open to the most casual observer. Indeed, those traits of

character are involved that go to form what is called the "genius" of a people; and this fact of difference of genius, although no inference may have been previously drawn, is a matter of daily observation and remark.

The Irish are known to be a lively, thoughtless, careless race; the Highlanders to be a sedate, thoughtful, *canny* people.

The Highlandman takes out his words and looks at each one on all the sides of it before he speaks them; the Irishman never knows what words he has got until they be spoken.

The heart of the Hibernian is ever at his mouth, and his secret is carried in his open hand; the Highlandman's heart, according to the testimony of the ablest anatomists, is situated in the neighbourhood of the *os sacrum*, and his secret sits in the very centre of it, within such a multiplicity of envelopes, as to resemble the necromancer's pea in the innermost of a nest of pill boxes. Speaking phrenologically, the Highlander has an extravagant endowment of cautiousness and secretiveness; while in the Irishman these organs are but very moderately developed. In short, the *genius* of the two races seems to be as diverse as it is possible to be.

This evident and remarkable difference being so unequivocal as sufficiently to overcome and supersede any inference of identity drawn from

the similarity of language, seeing it is not an adventitious but a real and essential distinction—for, as Dr M'Culloch correctly remarks, "Languages may be cast off or assumed, but the form and constitution never"—a very pertinent question here presents itself, Can the historical testimony be true and the philological evidence be available then, when there exists such a constitutional difference in character? Notwithstanding the palpable and essential difference referred to, we believe the postulate that the two races are of common origin to be quite true; and for a satisfactory answer to the question, we have only to go back and gather up the materials thrown down in the foregoing pages.

I trust it shall not be said of me, that in any moot-point I ever concealed or suppressed an argument of a partisan. Conduct such as that would be utterly unworthy of the impartial historian. Instead of suppression, I purpose rather to give the *ipsissima verba* of some of those writers who have spoken against and in favour of this excellent race; and I shall, first, adduce two as representing the adverse side. Dr M'Culloch, in his "Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland," says, "It is the breed which is the only steady criterion of national descent. Mixture may often introduce difficulties into the use of this test, but it will not cause any that are insuperable. Here, as I for-

merly intimated, nature cannot err; and had the philologists in question been equally physiologists, we might have been spared half the never-ending volumes which I have waded through, wading through fiction and nonsense. As well might we hope to see a negro race become white, as to find a Goth converted into a Celt through any descent."

In like manner, Pinkerton says, "No doubt, a Celtic understanding will always be a Celtic understanding, and that folly imputed to the Celts by the Greeks and Romans remains unimpaired." Again: "To derive Latin words from Celtic is a sure mark of a Celtic understanding, which always judges by the inverse ratio of reasoning." Again: "The Celtic, I will venture to say, is of all languages the most confused, as the Celts are of all savages the most deficient in understanding." Again: "The Celts being indeed mere savages, and worse than the savages of America." Once more: "The Celts being natural savages, and regarded as such by the writers of all ages"—"for they are savages—have been savages since the world began, and will be for ever savages, while a separate people, that is, while themselves, and of unmixed blood."*

Now, how much truth soever there may be in the foregoing asseverations, we hesitate not to say,

* "Inquiry into the History of Scotland Preceding the Reign of Malcome III.," *passim*.

that the tone assumed by Mr Pinkerton is not consonant with that of the judicious and dignified historian; and for such asseverations we should at least expect that Mr Pinkerton would have been prepared to adduce some proof. We will now present some extracts from parties on the other side.

Dr James Browne, in his "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans," whom I have quoted elsewhere, says of the Highlanders, "Having little intercourse with the rest of the world, and pent up for many centuries within the Grampian range." Again: "Anxious to maintain their independence, and *prevent intercourse with strangers*, they defended themselves in their great natural strongholds," &c.

Furthermore, Mr James Grant, himself a most acute and worthy cross from the Celt, in his "Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael," says, "If the Highlanders of Scotland have preserved themselves from conquest, and a foreign admixture of people." This is spoken apparently hypothetically, or provisionally, but that it is meant for an absolute averment, is explained from the context. For, at page 29, quoting from Sullivan's Letters, where it is said, "'The world is a great wilderness, wherein mankind have wandered and jostled one another about from the creation; and it would be difficult to point out the country which is at this day in the hands of its

first inhabitants. No original stock is perhaps anywhere to be traced.' In this view of things," says Mr Grant, "the Greeks and Romans could not boast of being possessed of an original language. A claim to such originality can be truly maintained only by *an unmixed* people. *Such, we will venture to affirm, are to be found at this day in the Highlands of Scotland.*"

Here, therefore, from the concurrent testimony of able, candid, and unprejudiced men, we have at once a key to the secret of Celtic inferiority.

It will be seen, from the valuable testimony of Dr Browne, that "the division of the country into so many straths and valleys and islands, separated from one another by mountains or arms of the sea, necessarily gave rise to *various distinct societies;* and individuals of superior property, courage, or ability naturally became their chiefs, that is, at once their lawgivers, their judges, and their military leaders." "The whole race was thus broken into many individual masses, possessing a community of customs and character, but placed under different jurisdictions;" and "every district became a petty independent state."* Which statement of facts is most ably corroborated by Mr James Grant.

Thus it is perfectly apparent that the Highlanders are a pure, original, and unmixed people;

* "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans," vol. iv. pp. 389, 390.

that they were pent up within the Grampian range of mountains; that they have consequently had no intercourse with the rest of mankind, and only hostilely among the several communities of themselves. Under such circumstances of segregation—the form of their peculiar institutions being almost necessarily prescribed by such seclusion, as Dr Browne aptly expresses it—they necessarily began and continued to breed-in-and-in, like so many neglected herds of black cattle on so many ill-managed farms; congenital defects and bad qualities, instead of being diluted and corrected by the introduction of stock possessing properties of an opposite nature, being every succeeding generation aggravated, strengthened, and intensified.

And here permit me a short digression, in order to draw the attention of that excellent society, the Social Science Congress, to the expediency of lending their powerful assistance to the correction of an error involved in this important matter. It is a strange fact that, even at this day, the whole civilised world, with the almost solitary exception of Scotland, which (with the exception of its laws) is now merged in England, miss the only sensible view of the institution of marriage, in its social aspect—viz., that of its being simply a civil contract; and all, without any exception, overlook its political importance as a moral lever to

work out the elevation of the species. It is almost universally regarded in a religious point of view, and its consummation is solemnised by a religious ceremony. This may be considered as, if senseless, at least harmless, but it has more in it than at first sight appears. No political means are taken by the state for the improvement of the species; the selection of the matrimonial parties is dependent on individual choice, and is therefore guided and governed solely by individual interest. This individual interest consists of comforts, titles, or distinction, or the political or pecuniary means of purchasing such advantages withal; and the personal, mental, or physical qualities of the chosen parties to the conjugal congress are, of course, therefore of secondary consideration—pure love even seldom running a smooth course. In the settled belief in the ecclesiastical mystification that marriage "is an honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His Church,"* the parties devoutly blind their eyes, and, on leaving the chapel, many incontinently set to work sowing tares,—trusting implicitly that, in virtue of the *benediction* pronounced on the institution, they will be blessed with a crop of wheat. The far greater number piously take this for granted, and

* "Book of Common Prayer—Solemnisation of Matrimony."

never think for themselves in the matter; and when the tares duly came up, instead of the expected crop, the disappointment is with pious resignation submissively sighed down, as being one of the "inscrutable ways of Providence, against which man cannot contend." As our legislators are grown in the community, and taken from the mass, the respectable number of such make-weights influences the legislature, and thus is the evil perpetuated.

Admitting the existence of minor objects, the grand design of marriage indisputably is, the *improvement of the species by the settled basis thereby afforded for carrying out scientifically the principles of propagation.* This question seems not only a proper subject for, but a peremptory duty of the state; for, as Schiller (in remarking that the *state* itself is not an *end*) says, it is "important as a condition under which the object of man's existence may be accomplished, and this object is no less than the development and improvement of all the powers of his nature."* The subject is not difficult, but, in one of its phases at least, is exceedingly practicable; for the principles of propagation are not problematical, but are so well-known as to be reduced to a system, and breeding has now assumed the rank of a science. Curiously

* Essay entitled "Die Gesetzgebung des Lycurgus und Solon."

enough, this wished-for consummation has been brought about solely by the ministers to the inferior animals (and, as regards this portion of animated nature, it doubtless must continue an important matter, till a royal road be discovered to the production of *proteine* from the circumambient inorganic elements.) But important though this branch of the science is in itself, the great merit these pioneers of improvement possess is the pointing out to the legislators, for the lords of the creation, the proper path to the practical solution of the immeasurably more momentous problem of the improvement of mankind. Breeders know how to correct in the progeny any defect in the ancestor; and it is a known fact that a bird-fancier even can *breed to a feather.* M'Combie of Tillyfour, or the Earl of Southesk, would never be guilty of the gignological errors that disgrace and ruin the human race; and it is thus anomalous that man should bring his intellect to bear upon the improvement of all species but his own.

"A husbandman will sow none but the best and choicest seed upon his land; he will not rear a bull nor a horse except he be right shapen in all parts, or permit him to cover a mare except he be well assured of his breed. We make choice of the best rams for our sheep, rear the neatest kine, and keep the best dogs; '*quanto id diligentius in procreandis liberis observandum :*' and how careful

then should we be in the begetting of our children!" Thus spake old Burton; and he adds, "Some countries have been so chary in this behalf, so stern, that if a child were crooked or deformed in body or mind, they made him away; so did the Indians of old; and many other well-governed commonwealths, according to the description of those times. Heretofore, in Scotland, according to Hector Boethius, if any were visited with the falling sickness, madness, gout, leprosy, or any other dangerous disease which was likely to be propagated from the father to the son, he was instantly gelded; a woman kept from all company of men: and if, by chance, having some such disease, she were found to be with child, she, with her brood, were buried alive. A severe doom, one might say," continues Burton, "and not to be used among Christians, yet more to be looked into than it is. For now by our too much facility in this kind in giving way for all to marry that will, too much liberty and indulgence in tolerating all sorts, there is a vast confusion of hereditary diseases, no family secure, no man entirely free from some grievous infirmity or other. When no choice is had, but still the eldest must marry, as so many stallions of the race; or, if rich, be they fools or dizzards, lame or maimed, unable, intemperate, dissolute, exhausted through riot, '*jure hereditario sapere jubentur*,' they must be wise and

able by inheritance. It comes to pass that our generation is corrupt, we have many weak persons both in body and mind, many feral diseases raging among us, crazed families, '*parentes peremptores*,' our fathers bad, and we are like to be worse."

Old Burton is thus eloquent on the physical integrity, but the mental improvement of the race is a desideratum equally important.

The maudlin conventional delicacy in which this subject is shrouded has hitherto prevented it from being looked fairly in the face; but it is now high time to approach and grapple with the subject like men of sense, and not be led away by puling sentimentality, or the fear of offending mawmish delicacy or starched conventional rules of propriety, from fairly meeting and treating a great and important physiological and social question. Weak though we be, we hesitate not to take the bull by the horns. The cruel expedients referred to by Burton, at which our better nature revolts, would never be adopted now-a-days to obviate the faults of the existing system, but this philosophic age is surely equal to the emergency. To the monstrous tyranny of our conventionalism is much of the error due, and vastly will our race be beholden to the modern political Hercules who strangles and breaks the back of this hydra and cerberus combined. By the present empirical, anomalous, and unsatisfactory social system, habits

are engendered and fostered, by which, as is well-known, manhood is menaced at its core. Through the fear entertained of sustaining physical disadvantage, or incurring moral censure, consequent unnatural and ineffectual conservative and retentive attempts by our virtuous youth also are made ; of the futility of which the high religious authority of the apostle* assures us ; and which assurance the experience of every healthy adult man abundantly corroborates and confirms. Something should be done too, out of benevolence, for the weak and imperfect. Inferior samples will always be produced, and these, instead of being of the dullest, are often found endowed with the most delicate sensibility. Our age, happily, is dead against cruelty in all its forms ; and were but its prejudices cast aside, it would at once concede it is fair that the special feelings which a beneficent God has given such inferior samples in common with the choicest of their kind, should be respected, and receive their due gratification, at the same time that the perpetuation of such samples should be prevented for the common good. For such class, under such circumstances, as well as for that class which the artificial nature of the social habits of this country dooms to protracted celibacy, from the difficulty of providing for a family unless under the unpleasant alternative of bringing unhappiness upon

* 1 Cor. vii. 9.

individuals, or charge to the community, and for the obviation of the growing crime of infanticide from the sense of shame—for such unhappy class, and for many good causes and considerations, the dedication of a Cytheræan temple, under state supervision and protection, is an expedient institution, or social safety-valve, humanely and imperatively called for; and the devoted priestesses—many of whose types (even under present circumstances) possess the milk of human kindness running to waste, and, in the highest perfection, that disinterested affection which forms the finest feature in the female character, aimlessly and unworthily lavished—no longer innocent victims of base and interested treachery, nor dedicated through necessity, nor, as at present, ungallantly, unmeritedly, and ungenerously subjected, by a cruel conventionalism, to the most heartless and brutal ignominy, should be spontaneous devotees, and raised, as they deserve to be, to the highest pinnacle of honour and esteem for their noble and self-abandoned devotion. By this means a direct impediment would be put to the infamous trade of those execrable wretches who practise on the innocent and inexperienced the heartless crimes of seduction and deceit; and also a reflex blow would be struck at the present anomalous combination of tolerated immorality, and sickening, mawkish, imbecile reprehension. These and kin-

dred subjects, therefore, we earnestly recommend to the attention of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in the hope that some steps may be taken to induce the legislature to move in the important matter of Gignology.

Notwithstanding our best directed efforts in the application of the most approved systems and modes of education and training, and in a position under the most favourable circumstances, little indeed can be done to alter or improve the *individual.* It is *in gemma* that any such improvement can be effected;—and it is WE, and not their contemporaries, *that can mould and modify the minds of unborn generations.*

But to return from this digression (which has extended to a greater length than we intended) to the respected race under consideration, we are bound to assert that, imperfect as is the empirical practice of crossing, the absence or neglect of crossing under any circumstances, (or breeding-in-and-in,) is yet infinitely more injurious and deteriorating. The infusion of fresh blood, even by chance, tends to the improvement of the race; as may be seen in a small way in the partial fusion that recently has taken place in consequence of the clearings in some places, and through the facilities of intercourse on the boundary line betwixt the two races. Dr M'Cul-

loch, in his chapter upon the "Origin and Races of the Highlands," vol. iv., remarks: "And generally it is true that the beauty of the females predominates on the line which allows the high and low countries to intermix." The same improvement, under similar circumstances, has been observed in all ages. Old Burton, whom I have already quoted, says on this subject: "For sure I think it hath been ordered by God's especial providence, that in all ages there should be, as usually there is, once in six hundred years, a transmigration of nations to amend and purify their blood, as we alter seed upon our land; and that there should be, as it were, an inundation of those northern Goth and Vandals, and many such like people, which come out of that continent of Scandia and Sarmatia (as some suppose,) and overran, as a deluge, most part of Europe and Africa, to alter for our good our complexions, which were much defaced with hereditary infirmities, which by our lust and intemperance we had contracted — a sound generation of strong and able men were sent among us, (as these northern men usually are,) innocuous, free from riot, and free from diseases, to qualify and amend our race." The convergent tendency of the practice of breeding-in-and-in, on the other hand, has been uniformly and universally condemned; for, as Mr William Millar, A.M., in a lecture delivered at Thurso in 1862,

for the benefit of the Thurso Benevolent Institution,* most justly says : " A pure race is necessarily one-sided, and therefore comparatively weak. It is by nations drawn out of several peoples, *who have each contributed some peculiar element of strength,* that most can be done ;" and the injurious consequences of the centripetal practice may nationally be seen, not only in the race under consideration, but in the stationary state or retrograde tendency of other races of an Eastern origin, such as the Chinese, the Jews, and the Gipsies.

Let us now, however, collect the established facts related, and apply the principles laid down in the foregoing pages.

We have seen that, to begin with, the Celtic family is of the first or rudimental type of the human kind, and is therefore, originally, of an inferior stamen. We have seen that, low in the scale as this race naturally is, there are particular individuals of it which are yet inferior to the general class ; that such subordinate samples were in the case under consideration separated by a social process from the mass ; and that a certain object being in view, namely, indiscriminate appropriation, and the means of evading its legal

* This is a most meritorious production. It was published afterwards in Thurso, and the pamphlet deserves extensive circulation.

consequences, the said process "selected" the elements requisite to attain that object, which were, namely, acquisitiveness, cautiousness, and secretiveness—qualities or elements in the human character, excellent in themselves, but under sedulous training for unlimited exercise ready enough to run to abuse. We have seen that, after this selection, no foreign intermixture—no infusion of fresh blood—was ever made or wished for; and although it had been desired, any such purpose could not, from the secluded state and peculiar circumstances of the race, possibly have been accomplished. We thus see that a "variation" having been obtained by a process of "social selection," a field was found for performing a gignological experiment on a scale of magnitude befitting the importance of the occasion in all its integrity, and under circumstances of isolation, not only from the original stock, but from all the world besides, the most favourable that could by possibility be desired or devised by the most careful, ardent, and enthusiastic physiologist.

Nothing now remains to be done, therefore, but to illustrate the principles thus laid down, and prove by scientific deduction the position submitted to probation, and arrogantly and gratuitously assumed by Pinkerton:—

In the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1813, is a paper communicated by Colonel

Humphrey to the President of the Royal Society, "On a New Variety in the Breed of Sheep," giving an account of a very remarkable breed of sheep which was at one time well known in the Northern States of America, and which went by the name of the Ancon or otter breed of sheep. It is thus referred to by Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered by him to the working classes in 1863, "On our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature."

"In the year 1791," narrates the professor, "there was a farmer of the name of Seth Wright in Massachusetts, who had a flock of sheep, consisting of a ram and some twelve or thirteen ewes. Of this flock of ewes, one at the breeding time bore a lamb, which was very singularly formed; it had a very long body, very short legs, and those legs were bowed. It was a matter of moment to Seth Wright to obtain a breed of sheep like that accidental variety, for this reason: in that part of Massachusetts where Seth Wright was living, the fields were separated by fences, and the sheep, which were very active and robust, would roam abroad, and without difficulty jump over these fences into other people's farms. As a matter of course this exuberant activity on the part of the sheep constantly gave rise to all sorts of quarrels, bickerings, and contention among the farmers of the neighbourhood; so it occurred to

Seth Wright that if he could get a stock of sheep like those with the bandy legs, they would not be able to jump over the fences so readily, and he acted upon that idea. He killed his old ram, and as soon as the young one arrived at maturity he bred altogether from it. . . . . In consequence of this, in the course of a very few years, the farmer was able to get a considerable flock of this variety, and a large number of them were spread throughout Massachusetts. You see," corollarises the professor, "that these facts illustrate perfectly well what may be done if you take care to breed from stocks that are similar to each other. After having got a variation, *take care to keep that variation distinct from the original stock, and make them breed together, and then you may almost certainly produce a race whose tendency to continue the variation is exceedingly strong.*

"This is what is called 'selection,'" concludes the professor; "and our breeds of cattle, dogs, (Highlanders), and fowls are obtained by precisely the same process as Seth Wright bred his Ancon sheep."

We have thus a complete solution of the problem respecting the community of origin of the Irish and the Highlanders, with an explanation of the opposite or apparently antagonistic physiological and psychological traits of character possessed by the two peoples respectively, so satisfactory as

to remove all doubts of their identity—at once a proof of the correctness of philology and science, and a notable demonstration of the truth of history!

This matter being satisfactorily settled, necessity calls me not to dwell much longer on this highly respected and numerically important race (who, unlike their Eastern brethren, the exclusive and unsociable Jews, *would* take our daughters and give their daughters unto us) to whom my heart yearns, and my sympathies overflow with cordial loving-kindness, and with a feeling of regret at their dejected position, which is more their misfortune than their fault. In a physiological point of view, they are likewise important as a pure original race; an element of the utmost moment to the student of physiology in his gignological calculations, and a desideratum of our breeders of black cattle and short-horns, which they have unfortunately never been able to obviate; for although they have agreed to adopt the Aberdeenshire breed as original, there is not the slightest proof of the fact of its originality, and it is accepted arbitrarily just as a starting point. To the Highlander, therefore, henceforward, for proof of the effects of culture, must the attention of the scientific world be turned with greater interest even than to the fact that in the tiny and insignificant sea-cole is the germ of the gigantic

cabbage! George Stephenson asserted that he found little difficulty in "engineering" matter; but he confessed his utter inability to "engineer" *men.* This disability will no longer exist. How consolatory, therefore, must it be to the physiological engineer to know that he is not now to be wafted about without compass or rudder, by every wind of circumstances over which he has no control! And what a triumph, that his productions are to be no longer the sport of chance, or the result of empiricism, but that he possesses established data—certain settled points—by the aid of which he can, at will, turn out men and women—the highest specimens of animated nature—*to order,* with as great certainty as the shipwright lays down a keel respectively for a punt, a lugger, or a clipper, a corvette, a frigate, or a ship of the line!

There is one particular which I wish to explain here, in order to prevent any misunderstanding on the subject. I have, with reference to our Highland population, more than once alluded to the habits, and to the practice of breeding, of black cattle. To the candid and charitable reader I shall doubtless appear in my proper character, in the double capacity of historian and philosopher. But some censorious people, out of ignorance, or malice, or peradventure jealousy, may run to the belief that I am putting on a level this excellent and important race and those most useful animals.

I beg I may be understood indignantly to disclaim any such invidious intention; and I here distinctly desire to state, that I take it as a personal insult to be supposed to harbour ideas of comparison so odious, and so derogative to the native dignity of man!

It is not often that I am thus flurried out of my propriety, or tempted to peril the dignity of the historian and philosopher. But such a one is nevertheless invested with the fallible attributes of frail mortality, and such insinuations are enough to overset the patience of wiser men than I.

When one's choler is once aroused, one is apt to speak out. Permit me then to say that this worthy race has been too often unjustly maligned, and many unfair and vulgar jests have been passed upon them, and it is therefore but fair and just that I should set them right with my countrymen. I must therefore assure my fellow-citizens and others whom it may concern, that they are not to suppose the Highlands to be nearly so filthy as has been represented. When I had occasion to go to the capital of the Highlands for the first time, in the earlier part of the present century, from the impression such stories had made upon me, I was afraid to sleep on a bed; but I soon found that I had no just cause for apprehension. The town even at that date, all things considered, was wonderfully clean; and I can assure my readers that

they may now resign themselves to the soporous sheets without a shudder. As to the *musical* qualification, about which so many jokes have been cracked, I can assert that it is not nearly so general as it was wont to be; that, indeed, from many families it has almost disappeared, and that whatever may be its merits, it is now a comparatively rare accomplishment. I am likewise assured by a friend who has had every opportunity of obtaining correct information, and on whose veracity I can place reliance, that the social manners of the better sort (as they are called—such as the chiefs, the lairds, and others, for instance) are, in respect of cleanliness, not much different from those of other people, and that they themselves, and even their children, are washed with soap and water every day. These are gratifying facts which should be generally known.

I must now take leave of this excellent race, (which, indeed, I introduced only relatively and incidentally,) in order to proceed to the consideration of our Pictish composition. Before doing so, I crave leave to refer just to one solitary circumstance connected with our Highland brethren, showing the conventional influence that has already been exerted by the Celtic family on this vast and mighty nation—an influence the effects of which cannot be foreseen or predicted in their

probable bearings on the future destinies of the human race!

It will be in the knowledge of every one that more than a century ago a rebellion against the existing dynasty of this country was hatched and brought out in the Highlands. This rebellion, after a time, was completely crushed, many of the poor common Highlanders having perished in the struggle, and some of the nobility being afterwards hanged. It was presumed by the Government that the existing system of Highland manners, customs, mode of living, and even fashion of dress, as keeping alive clannish associations, contributed much to foster rebellious tendencies, and many of those manners and customs and the form of dress were accordingly proscribed by Act of Parliament. By the statute 20 Geo. II. c. 39, it was enacted, with reference to the Highland costume, that from and after the first day of August 1747, any person, whether man or boy, within Scotland, who should, on any pretence whatever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called the Highland clothes, namely, the plaid, philibeg, or little kilt, trowse, shoulder-belts, or any part of the Highland garb, should be imprisoned for six months; and on being convicted for a second offence, be transported to any of his Majesty's plantations abroad for seven years.

The Highlands generally were then under dis-

favour, and the stroke fell alike upon well and ill-affected therein; so that, as Dr Johnson remarked, "the loyal clans murmured with an appearance of justice, that after having defended the king, they were forbidden to defend themselves, and that the swords should be forfeited which had been legally employed." No place of trust could be accorded to any who had the slightest shadow of a blot on his escutcheon, and even the kilt (as we have seen) subjected the wearer to pains and penalties. The two ends of a string are farthest apart, but bring them round and they join together; so true is it that "extremes meet." Our gracious Queen now is pleased to show the choicest favour to the descendants specially of the rankest rebels, in order to evince her entire confidence in their loyalty; and as a compliment to the Highlands generally, and to serve as a "kiss for a blow," the Highland garb is not only admitted now into fashionable society, but has received court favour, and is even worn by royalty. The astounding results that may accrue to the world from a fashion enforced by such august authority it is impossible to conjecture!

If we examine for an instant the real nature of the Highland costume, independent of such favourable reception on the one hand, or of hostile Acts of Parliament on the other, I fear we shall fail to find in it anything particularly recommendatory to the requirements of genteel society. One can-

not help admiring, therefore, the gracefulness of the royal compliment, seeing it is one of the disagreeable instances of conventional homage that a sovereign has to pay to his subjects. As to the Highland dress, considered in its real, and not its conventional character, the very nature of it affords another criterion of the mental calibre of the race that had originally designed it, for by its extremely easy manipulation and nature of self-adjustment, it is admirably adapted, and is indeed employed by us in the Lowlands, for the use of very little boys and *innocents*, who, during the calls of nature, cannot manage the details of their small clothes.

I shall here take leave to put a test to ascertain whether this fashionable article of dress be absolutely or relatively proper. Before proceeding with my illustration, however, I would ask masters of ceremonies whether there be any inadmissible colour for a kilt; and I presume I may take it for granted there is not—that all colours are admissible, and that any new pattern is an acceptable contribution, and would be hailed as an additional variety. Having, therefore, settled the question of *colour*, I proceed with my illustration to say, that I would be the last man to shock the sensibility of the most delicate person; but, surely, what is practised may be allowed to be described. Suppose, then, I were invited to a

ball at the Mansion-house next Lord Mayor's day. Well, suppose I should step into an ante-room, slip off my breeches, and incontinently appear in the ball-room in my shirt—what would be the upshot? Why, I should be ejected by a policeman and tried next day before a magistrate for indecent exposure of my person. Why so? We have already settled the question of colour, and found that *white*, or *Shanks' tartan*, was quite admissible, and I will answer for it that the proportions of my shirt are as extensive and ample, and the texture of it is as close and opaque as those qualities of any kilt in the room. Yes, but it is a *shirt;* and that is wrong. Oh, then, there is something *in a name* after all;—*call it a kilt* and it is *all right!*

"The more refined Britons of present days," says Mr Grant,* "are not reconciled to the dress of the descendants of the ancient Gael, as worn in modern times;" and he goes on to say, that "the exposure of any portion of the *inferior* members of the body is still accounted as a symptom of rudeness and barbarity." Mr Grant wrote in 1814, and such, doubtless, was the simplicity of the ideas that prevailed in his day; but, honest man! little did he think, that in a few short years the caprice of society would regard the free exposure of those very members as the pink of

* "Origin and Descent of the Gael."

gentility. It is manifestly true that fashions, like comets, run in a round, and sometimes describe pretty wide orbits. We are evidently at precisely the same point of fashion mentioned by the venerable and sapient Gildas, who flourished about the middle of the sixth century, when he, with detestation and abhorrence, describes the barbarians of his time as having "magis vultus pilis, quam corporem pudenda, pudendisque proxima vestibus tegentes."

Thus have we endeavoured to record, amongst other Scottish subjects, the adoption of the Highland costume into the fashionable world, although it has nothing intrinsic to recommend it—not being extremely well suited either to the manners of modest people or the requirements of genteel society,—the order of its adoption being a compliment paid by the Queen to the clans, and a compliment paid to the Queen by the people. We have also endeavoured to anticipate and shadow forth the important results that might take place from a fashion enforced by such respectable authority.

But there is yet one subject, which, either from ignorance or inadvertency, has been entirely overlooked. Presuming, on pretty sure grounds, that the neglect has proceeded from ignorance, and that a proper knowledge of the matter would obviate the omission, I will crave the reader's

patience for a very short time longer; but as the illustration necessary to a proper comprehension of the subject referred to may take up some time and try the reader's patience, I hereby promise it shall be the last digression till we finish this division of the work.

Well, to proceed: I have already had occasion to apologise for the use of subjects which the habitual tastes, the moral prejudices, or the conventional forms or fashions of society had extruded. The subject I am about to introduce is, by some unaccountable cause, one of this character. It is regarded as so rude, so vulgar, so disgusting, so repulsive to ears polite, and at present is so universally tabooed, that I am almost afraid to breathe the verbal symbol by which it is expressed, even though such expression were attempted *sotto voce*, in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner. The subject I allude to, worthy reader, is a peculiar sort of departure from the normal state of the animal economy. This peculiar state is defined by Professor Gibert as being "characterised by small vesicles slightly elevated above the surface of the skin, transparent at their summit, and containing a serous and viscous liquid. These vesicles," continues the professor, "may develop themselves in all parts of the body; but they prefer seizing upon and, especially at their commencement, occupying the

intervals between the fingers and the articular folds of the limbs." It has been called *psora*, from a Greek word of that name. Our friends, the French, call it *gale*, doubtless from its Gaelic origin. In Scotland, the name is derived classically from the Latin word *scabies*.

In contradistinction to the opinions of many recent writers as to this disease being one of a merely local nature, several of the ancients raised it to a much higher degree of importance. Galen attributed it to a saline and stagnant state of the fluids, and reckoned it among the signs of the *passio melancholica*, from which many various forms of disease took their origin. Frederick Hoffmann refers to the authority of many ancient authors to prove that asthma, chronic rheumatism, gout, continued fever, ashyetic attacks, mania, tubercles, &c., frequently follow the suppression of psora, and disappear again upon its return to the surface. In modern times, Wagner, Autenrieth, and Wenzel have particularly directed their attention to the investigation of the subject. According to Von Autenrieth, the majority of pulmonary consumptions arise from ill-treated psora, and Wenzel has enumerated twelve diseases as frequently arising from the same cause, viz., ulcers of the legs, various inflammations, pulmonary phthisis, dropsy, chlorosis, homoptysis, cataract, melancholy, mania, paralysis, contortion

of the neck, and epilepsy. Schmidtmann saw anasarca and ascites twice arising from its suppression; and in another case an habitual gastralgia from the suppression of a chronic pemphigus, the remains of an ill-cured scabies. Professor Albers, of Bonn, also gives a case of organic disease of the heart arising from a similar cause. Moreover, the greatest practical physician in Germany, Professor Schönlein, of Berlin, said, (*Medical Times* of 27th April 1844,) "I will confess that I myself entertain no doubt respecting the existence of *after*, or secondary diseases of scabies, and I base this opinion upon my own observations, and on many observations of other physicians of undoubted credibility." And Hahnemann, the illustrious author of the homœopathic system of medicine, assigns to psora the origin of seven-eighths of all the chronic diseases to which the human body is liable.

It will thus, I trust, be very clearly seen, from the evidence I have adduced that, *the itch* (for that is the plain English name) is not the insignificant vulgar disease that it is usually ascribed to be. The common opinion is that it is simply a disease of the skin. I have shown that it is by no means so superficial a disorder. I have, from etymology, drawn its descent from classical antiquity, proving it to be not an upstart of anomalous modern growth, but a gentle disease of good birth; and,

instead of being the vulgar, plebeian disease it is commonly considered to be, I will directly adduce abundantly satisfactory evidence, I trust, of its good breeding. I flatter myself that, instead of being an obscure, abject, despicable disorder, superficially situated, and readily removable by butter and brimstone, the complaint under consideration is a well-descended disease, and is of such grave and momentous importance, and of such unquestionable respectability, as fully to qualify and entitle it to rank with nervousness, biliousness, liver complaint, gout, or any other respectably connected or essentially aristocratic disorder.

But although the favourable reception of this thing ("for," says Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S, "I can hardly call it *disease*,") has somehow now unaccountably receded in public estimation, it was not always measured by such an unworthy standard. Formed as it is by the presence of an insect, our discerning and scientific Highland forefathers seem to have been quite taken with its symmetry. And this is no great wonder, for, says Dr Wilson, "if we could divest our minds of a certain prejudice, we should, I think, accord to an animal, such as I am now describing, the epithet 'beautiful,' and perhaps 'elegant.' The zoologist," continues he, "cannot do otherwise, and there are parts of its organisation that evince a marvellous beauty of structure." In consequence, our fore-

fathers seem, from their more extensive patronage of the little creature, to have been much more alive to the beauties of nature than their more obtuse, and less discriminating descendants. Moreover, the feeling connected with the disorder seems to be delectable; for, says the beforementioned high authority on the economy of the skin, "the itching is not the painful symptom I have had occasion to describe in connexion with the dry pimples;" and, accordingly, for this reason, it seems the protection of the beautiful and elegant little animal has obtained in very high and imposing positions.

Our sage and worthy monarch, James I., had a dislike to tobacco to such an inveterate degree, as even to impel him to employ his royal intellect in writing against it. In his "Counterblast to Tobacco," he says that the use of it is "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof neerest resembling the horrible stygian smoake of the pit that is bottomless." But he amply made up for his want of the "weed" by other modes of personal gratification, and, *inter alia*, according to the aforesaid high authority on the skin, (Erasmus Wilson) the excellent, shrewd, and discriminating royal debauchee, upon his translation to the identical throne which is now so gracefully and worthily

filled by our gracious Queen, carried the *sensation* we are treating of with him from Scotland: but with the secretiveness habitual to Scotsmen, and the conservatism of individual pleasure so characteristic of that monarch, with all his profusion and prodigality, he never once communicated the subject to any, even of the Court, but with the greedy parsimony of the miser, most ungenerously kept it all to himself, declaring that "the itch was fitted only for kings," the scratching being so exquisite an enjoyment.

But it may naturally be asked, what does all this research tend to, as it may be assumed I have been proceeding in a manner "highly classic, profoundly erudite, but nothing at all to any purpose?" My purpose, worthy reader, may be quickly developed, but it is, nevertheless, one of immense importance to the interests of the *beau monde.* I have shown that essentially, and in its nature, the Highland costume is not a desirable dress, and that its adoption by our gracious Queen was purely through compliment. I have likewise shown—and I now also breathe under less restraint, for I trust I have secured for it a more favourable feeling—that, on the other hand, psora, gale, the itch, or (from a classical predilection common to the country) what we call in Scotland "the *scab,*" instead of being a despicable and worthless, is a highly important disorder, and, withal,

has been honoured with royal patronage; and my purpose is—with all due ceremony and submission—to introduce it to the favourable notice of fashionable society. Would that this introduction, instead of to mine, had fallen to the favoured hands of a Forbes, a Fergusson, or a Clark! But the intrinsic excellence of the subject, corroborated by the royal recommendation aforesaid, will approve itself: and what a proud day will it be for the humble cicerone of Elgin Cathedral, that in England, among the other Scottish orphans—Scotch whisky, Scotch scenery, Scotch physicians, Scotch music, Scotch dancing, Scotch shooting, Scotch costume—he ministered successfully in recommending the adoption and patronage of the Scotch fiddle!

To conclude:—We have already said that, with the exception of the Highlands, the whole of the inhabitants of Scotland of the present day are Picts. This is true; but it is only meant as a *base*. There has been in many parts of Scotland a considerable amount of *crossing*, and the inhabitants of some places are more purely Pictish than those of other places. This is asserted of the Buchan district, for instance, of which it is averred the inhabitants are more exclusively Pictish than those of any other place in Scotland. Whether such be the case or not, that district has the

character of sterling honesty, and open hearty hospitality—the inhabitants being reported, also, to evince a strong inclination to attend to their own business in preference to other people's.

With respect to the inhabitants of this county, Pictish is the base; but there is a very great variety of crosses, depending on a number of circumstances.

1. That the Picts are Goths, and came from Scandinavia, there can be no doubt. Shaw, the historian of Moray, quoting from Bede and Nennius, says, "The Picts thus coming from Scandia about the mouth of the Baltic Sea, had an easy course to Shetland and Orkney, and thence to the Continent (of Great Britain, he means,) where it is by all acknowledged they possessed the eastern coast, southward to Tweed, and consequently they inhabited the plains of Moray."

2. In the early part of the tenth century, about the year 927, this province was conquered by Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, who founded Elgin.

3. From time to time various incursions were made by the Danes, who had many settlements of shorter or longer duration, and who doubtless left the print of their progeny in the province.

4. In the beginning of the tenth century, Ralph or Rollo—one of those Scandinavian rovers who frequently infested the Scotch and English seaboards, and sometimes made incursions on more

southern shores—effected a settlement with his followers in France. Charles III., finding himself unable to resist the invader, judged it his safer policy quietly to cede to him a portion of his possessions. This he accordingly did at St Clair sur Epte, and the ceded province was, by its new possessors, named Normandy. One hundred and sixty years afterwards the descendants of this same settlement came over under Duke William and conquered England, in the battle of Hastings, in which the brave Harold lost his kingdom and his life (improving the English breed, by the by, by adding Scandinavian sail to the Saxon ballast.)

5. The original inhabitants of Moray seem to have been somewhat turbulent like the Galloway men. "This is confirmed," says the author of a *Survey of the Province of Moray*, published in 1793—a very excellent and generally authentic little work—"by their killing King Malcolm I. at Ulrin, which, by the chartulary of Moray, is the Castle of Forres.* They also murdered King Duffus at Forres, about 966, when he came to punish them for their crimes. They rebelled in the reign of Malcolm IV., who, about 1160, led an

* This is in opposition to the authority of Pinkerton; who, however, in a foot note in his "Inquiry into the History of Scotland, Preceding the Reign of Malcolm III.," seems afterwards to tend to the same opinion as the author of the "Survey of Moray."

army against them. They submitted; but to break their future licentiousness, in 1161 he transplanted all those engaged in the insurrection into the other counties of Scotland, from Caithness to Galloway." In order to replenish the waste occasioned by this transportation, the author states that "the king granted their lands to others, who founded new families, of whom many of the present inhabitants are descended."

Edgar Atheling, despairing of recovering the crown lost by the defeat of Harold at Hastings, took his departure, without making any attempt to regain it, along with his mother and sisters, for Hungary. Adverse winds drove them into the Frith of Forth, and they took refuge in a small port, afterwards named the Queensferry, in memory of Queen Margaret. Malcolm III., or *Caenmore*, on hearing of the distress of the illustrious fugitives, hastened to meet them, and invited them to Dunfermline, where they were hospitably entertained. Margaret, one of Edgar's sisters, was a princess of great virtues and accomplishments. She at once won the heart of Malcolm, and the offer of his hand was accepted. Malcolm, from this circumstance, and the fact of his having been formerly a guest at the English Court, received with open arms many Saxon exiles. "The reign of Malcolm Kenmore," says the Rev. Alexander Geddes, LL.D., "seems to have been the first period

of a general denisation of Saxons in Scotland. That monarch had been bred in England, and married an English princess. Her retinue were all English: English, in consequence, would become the language of the court. The courtiers would carry it to their respective homes; their domestics would be ambitious to speak the language of their masters; and thus it would be gradually introduced into every fashionable circle. Many Saxons likewise left England on account of the Norman oppression, and very naturally took refuge in the neighbouring country, where they had all reason to hope for a friendly reception. Commerce and intermarriages became now frequent between the two nations; and that chain of predisposing causes was begun to be forged, which has since happily united them into one kingdom." * And Hoveden, a writer of the twelfth century, informs us that in his time the Lowlands of Scotland were so filled with common people of English extraction, that they were to be seen in every hamlet and cottage in that country. †

This line of policy was continued by Malcolm's successors, both to Saxon and Norman families,

* "Dissertation on the Scoto-Saxon Dialect." Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

† His words are, "Repleta est ergo Scotia servis et ancillis Anglici generis, ita ut etiam usque hodie, nulla, non dico villula, sed nec domuncula sine his valeat invenire."—*Hoveden*, p. 452. Ed. Francof.

as well as to adventurers from Flanders and other parts of the continent; and it was then that a wholesale transmigration of Saxons took place to fill up the void left by the transportation of the Moray malcontents by Malcolm IV.

The synthesis of the ethnic composition of an Elgin man may therefore summarily be stated as follows :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gothic | Scandinavian, | Pictish, | .5 |
| | | Norwegian, | .1 |
| | | Danish, | .05 |
| | Scandinavian passed through a French filter, | Norman, | .1 |
| | | Saxon, | .25 |
| | | Celtic, a trace. | |
| | Integer—an Elgin man, | | 1. |

## ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF ELGIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING that, in local histories, it is usual to begin with the etymology of the name of the locality, it appears to me that that attention is not bestowed which the importance of the subject demands. Juliet, soliloquising on the merits of her lover, who pertains to a hostile house, asks herself, "What's in a name?" It is true that the name of a place can exert no influence on its inhabitants; it could not, for example, alter the manners, customs, or any other social condition or circumstantial fact connected with the inhabitants of this little burgh, supposing that the burgh went by any other name than that of Elgin, any more than that a rose would smell less sweet if called by any other name; yet, in an archæological point of view, the derivation of the name of a place is valuable and significant, inasmuch as it often gives an index to the manners, customs, degree of civilisation, or some peculiarity of the social condition of the original founders.

Various etymologies and interpretations of the name have been suggested. Whitaker, in his

"Genuine History of the Britons Asserted," says that Elgin signifies a peninsula;* and Bullet asserts that *El* is a town, and *gin* agreeable.† This is precisely in accordance with the fact, Elgin being a very agreeable town; and would seem to settle the question, were it not that the author of the Statistical Account of Elgin overthrows Bullet's opinion by an argument founded on the circumstance that, were it correct, there would be hundreds of places of the same name. It has also been suggested that the derivation is probably from Helgy, general of the army of Sigurd the Norwayan Earl of Orkney, who, about the year 927, conquered Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and Moray. Tradition has it that he built a town in the southern part of Moray, which is

* The words of Whitaker, which will be found at p. 130 of his work, are as follows:—"Selgovae appears, from Ptolemy, to be Elgovae with a prefix, being written by him Selgovae in one place, and Elgovae in another. And the root of the name is therefore to be sought in Elgovae, and is probably this. The estuary formed by the river Eden was pretty certainly denominated S. Alga, Av, or the Noble Water, as Ireland has been denominated Inis Alga in Irish, and a peninsula on the banks of the Lossie, in Scotland, seems to have been called Elgin formerly." In a foot-note to this the author says, "So another peninsula, formed by the streams of the Lossie and Spey, seems to have been called Inis, an island, having the two villages of Innes and Ince in it." We do not know in what position Elgin may have been at the time of Noah's flood—it is quite within the limits of possibility that it might *then* have been a peninsula.

† "Mémoires sur la Langue Celtique," vol. i. p. 397.

presumed to be Elgin; and this is corroborated by the fact that Elgin is situated to the south of Duffeyrus, or the burgh in Duffus, where the Norwayans had a harbour for their shipping.*

Shaw, in his "History of the Province of Moray," says, "The meaning of the word *Elgin* is uncertain. In British, *Hely, i.e.*, to hunt, and *Fin, i.e.*, fair, *q.* a pleasant forest, a hunting place. Or, in Saxon, *Hely*, holy, and *Dun*, a hill. So *Helyun* (throwing out *d* to soften the sound) is a *holy hill.*" There cannot be a question about the holiness of Elgin. Agreeable and inviting in climate as it is, and fertile in soil, the ministers of heaven, who possessed at once a tolerably correct estimate of the conveniences and comforts of both worlds, having the country all before them where to choose, took pretty good care not to overlook the merits of this "well-watered" locality, as is abundantly evident from the remains of ecclesiastical establishments scattered over the district. So far, therefore, this derivation would appear to be correct, but it so happens (independently of the fact of Elgin being situated on a plain, and not on a hill) that there does exist a place having the very name *Heldun* in the vicinity of Elgin, which perfectly agrees with the etymology, combines with the element of holiness, neutralises the suppo-

* "Rerum Orcadiensum Historia a Thermodo Torsæo," pp. 12, 13, 28, 31, 113.

sition of the historian, and allows *Elgin* to precipitate.

I do not know whether the principle that produces the trait of character to which I am about to allude be inherent and original in the human mind, or if it be superimposed on it by education (taking education in its strict and proper sense, which is, namely, the impression of surrounding circumstances); but it so happens that in searching for what we want, we are generally impressed with the belief that it is far off and difficult to be obtained, overlooking the frequently occurring fact that the desideratum is often to be found at our very feet.

Akin to this, if it be not the self-same principle, is the straining after the making words of the most homely home-growth appear to be exotics of rare and far-away origin. For instance, the word "villain" seems the simplest that can well be conceived, inasmuch as it is composed of two plain English words, while, notwithstanding, our etymologists think it necessary to run all over Europe for its composition. They will have it derived from the Italian and Spanish word *villano*, or from the Norman *vilaint*. They also derive the plain word "ruffian" from the French word *raffiné*, meaning refined, and from the Italian word *ruffiano*, a pimp. Bailey, in addition, derives villain from the Latin *villanus*, or of *vilis*, vile, or

*villa*, a village; and the word ruffian he further takes from *rufier*, (Danish,) a lecher, or *rofvere*, a robber.

Now, amidst all these learned derivations, the true origin of *villain* appears to any simple Englishman to be two English words, *vile one*, shortened and corrupted into vile 'un, villain; and it is equally apparent that the word *ruffian* is derived from the good English words *rough one*, shortened and corrupted into rough 'un, ruffian.

In like manner, it appears to me that the name of the town or city which forms the subject of this most accurate history, is one of the simplest that can well be imagined, being nothing else than a combination of the representatives of the two great families of malt and spirituous liquors, viz., "ale" and "gin" (corrupted and shortened from *juniper*) —the pronunciation being simply hardened, thickened, or *offuscated*, just as it is rendered (as every good jolly citizen well knows) at a certain stage of the use of that beverage. I might here give some proof that the Earls of Moray had long an assize of ale in the burgh, and also some conclusive evidence, from our Scandinavian origin, of our intimacy with the other beverage which formerly assisted in gladdening the hearts of our worthy *forebeers*, and has the honour of contributing to the nomenclature of the good town, (and which is merely the representative name of a more modern

native spirit;) but it would be quite supererogatory as bearing on the point at issue, the onomatopæia of the etymon being too clear and simple to require any corrobative probation.

I cannot, however, omit to notice the material support I receive in this solution of the vexed question from the erudite author of the old Statistical Account of the neighbouring parish of Birnie. The same difference of opinion obtained, and the same display of profound learning was elicited, with respect to the etymology of the name of this parish as with that of Elgin. This conflict of opinions is cut short, and the brilliant coruscation of sparks which resulted from the learned collision is at once lost to sight in the flood of light which the worthy author above quoted throws on the question, by stepping quietly in with the simplest solution in the world. "Birnie," says he, "is derived from 'burn' and 'nigh,' that is, near a burn," (there being a burn, or small stream of water, running within at least three miles of the premises!) Like Columbus's demonstration with the egg, this solution of the problem must have impressed all with astonishment that they never did see it before. Nothing can be more simple, and at the same time more clear and conclusive than this explication of the question by the sensible, learned, and worthy statistician! Indeed, it may serve as

a key to all future questions in etymology, and we may affirm with Pope (the rhymer) that

> "The clue thus found unravels all the rest;
> The prospect clears."

I judge it quite superfluous to say another word on the subject; and will quickly conclude this dissertation with the simple remark that were moral proof wanting to remove the scruples of any doubter with respect to the true origin of the discriminative appellation of our ancient city, as bestowed on it by its original founders, after the names of their favourite beverages, the tender conscience of such sceptic must be fully satisfied by the knowledge of the fact, that the prevailing taste of the worthy ancestors has been duly inherited by the descendants.

## CHAPTER I.

### BOUNDARIES OF ELGIN.

HAVING shown, and I trust satisfactorily, the etymology of the name, and the origin of the population of Elgin, we shall now proceed to the work by describing the appearance of the town and the boundaries of the district. And here I would stay for one passing moment to pay a just tribute of acknowledgment to Professor Innes, for the glowing but truthful manner in which he touched upon this subject in his lecture delivered before the members of the Literary and Scientific Association of Elgin on the 23d October 1860; which lecture being now printed, I most earnestly urge all Elgin men to read. First, we shall describe the boundaries.

Elgin lies in 57½° north latitude, and 2° 25′ west longitude, being situated in the north-east quarter of that part of England, commonly called Scotland. The town is situated on a plain, having the hilly part of the county at the south, the eminences of Quarrywood and Heldun at the west, the champaign

country of St Andrews Lhanbryd at the east, and the ridge of Newspynie at the north. It lies almost embosomed among the surrounding hills, or rather eminences, (for they scarcely deserve the name of hills) in a snug retreat upon a sandstone and limestone bottom,—a circumstance which geologists believe may account for the mildness of climate which Elgin has all along enjoyed. The whole of the lower portion of Morayshire partakes of this amenity of climate, but there is in the appearance of the south, the east, and the west nothing to call for any particular notice. The north side, however, besides the fact of its comprehending the fine champaign district of Duffus, demands more particular attention, from the circumstance, in a great measure, of its being the highway from Elgin to the seaside—a place of resort of the good citizens from time immemorial.

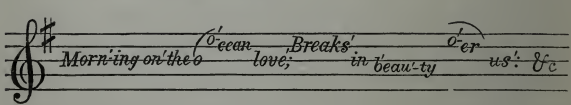
On the north lie the parishes of Newspynie and Duffus, which form the northern boundary. Passing through Duffus, you very soon come to the shores of the Moray Frith, with its sparkling green waters, fantastic rocks and caves, and beautiful white sands. This is Covesea—the place where the good citizens of Elgin have from time immemorial lost their health—at least they have been uniformly in the habit, annually, of repairing thither to find it. Those who have not had the good fortune to see this pretty, fantastic spot can form but

a faint notion of its beauties. It is the common custom now, when summer arrives, for many of those citizens who repair to the seaside for health or pleasure, to take advantage of a part of the coast that is accessible by that most useful, but most commonplace and prosaic of all modes of conveyance, the railway—(for there is a railway long ago to that quarter,—a notable instance of positive and tangible cumulative benefit derived from speculative individual energy, enterprise, and cupidity.) Formerly, however, nothing was available but horse vehicles, and instead of the ease of procuring comforts such as are experienced now-a-days at seaside quarters, supplies of necessaries had then to be obtained with some little difficulty. Once set down there, the mind did not feel that consciousness of facility of removal at any hour with which the vicinity of a railway impresses it. The pilgrim found himself in reality removed from the factitiousness of city life, and unmistakably relieved from the cares of business and conventionalisms of society; and as conveniences had to be procured with an effort, and appliances for comforts had to be extemporised, instead of simulating the listless luxury of the drawing-room, the denizen found that the situation possessed all the piquancy of a prolonged pic-nic. Nothing could allay more effectually the disturbance of the palpitating heart, the throbbing head,

and nervous system lashed into excitation by the storms of polemics and the worry of business, than sauntering along the long, even reaches of pure white sand, studded with shells, and contemplating the gentle action of the sea-margin, as the undulating wavelet comes rippling up to kiss the feet in the bright summer noonday sun. The mind sympathises with, and is soothed by the soft diapason murmur of the waters; and the alternative examination of the fantastic rocks and caves with which the place abounds, serves to afford it a variety of employment. Sir Robert's Stable, the Gull's Castle, Hell's Hole, and the Clucking Pow, all invite attention and examination. The afternoon repast over, it was usual to sit on the warm grassy knoll of a high projecting cliff in the mellow light of the evening sun, and observe the crowds of boats emerging from the different harbours along the frith to prosecute the herring-fishing, till the whole sea became studded with the fleet. The spectator would thus sit musing on such a scene, while the shades of evening would gradually gather around him; silently deeper would the dimness grow, and the outlines of surrounding objects getting more and more imperfect, approaching darkness would finally warn him to retire to his humble couch.

But it is in the morning that the glories of the place are best seen. Rising early, fresh from

dreamless sleep, and proceeding to some projecting rock or lofty eminence which commands the whole panorama of the frith, a scene of peculiar beauty presents itself. The rising sun falling on the cheek, and warming the bracing morning air, strikes obliquely across the clear sparkling waters, which respond by a long train of reflected light. All is pure, all is fresh, all is lively; the bracing air of the morning comes wafted over the sea, laden with that peculiar, pleasant sea-weed odour which is experienced on approaching the coast; and the outlines of distant objects not yet being enveloped in their meridian haze, are clearly and sharply delineated against the azure sky. With the very seasonable and requisite accompaniment of a sandwich in one's pocket every sense is gratified, life is thought once more to be worth the enjoyment, and one is tempted to break out into the song—




I must here also speak of the peculiar beauty of the parish of Duffus. There are here no high hills, nor deep hollow glens, nor ugly, bleak, barren, uncultivated moors, that form such an agreeable variety to, and are consequently so much admired by, the English tourist and sports-

man—the latter too frequently now-a-days, by the way, merging into the licensed game-dealer.

And here let me cursorily remark, in passing, the bad influence these uncultivated moors exert on the country. Heather is the bane of Scotland, inasmuch as it harbours creatures called *game*, which some idle people take pleasure in killing; —and of the "success" of which people, at such pastime, there is a disgusting chronicle paraded and gloated over in the local newspapers, although its extent falls immeasurably short of the spirited destruction of wood-pigeons by the Sheriff and his companions in "The Pioneers," or even the number within the twelvemonth of sheep and oxen slaughtered by one of the professional *abatteurs* of our own little city. The majority of Scotch (or, at least, of Celtic) landlords are helplessly—even laughably—poor, and can ill afford encouragement to improve their lands by cultivation. Cultivation, or the "making two blades of grass grow where only one blade grew before," mainly contributes to the happiness of the race; and the man who has practised such successful cultivation has been rightly termed a "benefactor to his species." We should misrepresent Scotch lairds if we should say they are ignorant of this, and we should do them great injustice if we did not accord them credit for manfully endeavouring to become such benefactors. Only there is an awkward circumstance

involved in the matter, to the effect that such cultivation has not an immediate but only a deferred effect, and advantage is artfully taken of the poor proprietor's necessities. A bait held up and flapped in his face by a rich Englishman, for the use of moor and heather, of a sum of money, finding its way at once to the pocket, equivalent, perhaps, to a fair agricultural rent for the same breadth of arable land, is a cruel temptation to a needy man, and is by far too potent for the poor, resisting, struggling, yielding "benefactor;" and the parties to this paction, especially the wily tempter, on the principle of Dr Adam Smith, amplified and proved *ad nauseam* by Mr Malthus—that not inanimate things only, but sentient and (perhaps) immortal beings, are regularly produced on the incontrovertible postulate, that *the supply is regulated by the demand, and the demand commensurate with the means of subsistence*—are guilty of a moral delinquency of such grave dimensions, that, by comparison, the worst case of the natural loves and simple sexual congress of young, healthy, happy, well-fed rural lads and lasses, wailed and howled over though it be by parsons, parochial registrars, and editors of local newspapers, dwindles into absolute insignificance.

To return: in the *howe* of Duffus there is nothing but a plain champaign country fronting

the south, defended from the northern breezes by the rising ground skirting the sea. There it is, nestling in the sunshine, teeming with grain, and swarming with cattle. No better idea of rural life can be realised than, in a soft summer evening, by seating one's self at Quarrywood, overlooking the district. The calmness of the hour will enable the listener to hear all the characteristic clamour of country life, as he takes in with his eye the panorama spread out at his feet. He will hear the whistling of the ploughman returning from his labours in the turnip field, the *low* of the cattle, and the "*ho!*" of the herd-boy as he drives them to the fold, or perchance the sounds of a flute, or the indistinct terms of some order shouted from a distant farm-yard. It is a plain pastoral and agricultural district, every foot of which is cultivated and waving with the richest verdure. There is no grandeur or magnificence in the picture in the shape of rushing cascades, or deep ravines, or rugged cliffs, or frowning mountains; there is no dark Loch-na-gar nor lofty Ben-Lomond within its plain precincts. There is in that simple and peaceful land no stirring theme for the poet or the painter; but *there* will be found in perfection the sublimity of plainness, the grandeur of simplicity, the beauty of usefulness,—the poetry of corn.

## CHAPTER II.

### DESCRIPTION OF LOCALITIES OF ELGIN.

Towns, like houses, are built upon the prevailing idea which is conformable with the exigencies of the time. At present, when every man sits securely under his own vine, the prevalent idea in the building of a house is the observance of sanitary laws, with large windows for the admittance of light and air; while at a former period, the idea was security from violence, with small windows for facilitating the repulsion of the invader. The same idea obtained with regard to towns; and this being an ancient burgh, with abundance of stores, liable to be plundered at any moment, the town naturally took the form most consistent with the nature of defence. A single street, of which the town, till lately, from time immemorial, consisted, was run longitudinally from east to west, while narrow lanes struck out transversely from each side at right angles—at the openings of which the whole of the inhabitants of the lane or close could repair to repel any attempt at invasion upon their pig-

geries and hen-roosts—the idea giving the plan of the burgh somewhat of the fantastical appearance of the bones of a flounder. These lanes or closes came, in process of time, to be lined with fine rich dung, through which the traveller had to wind his way in a sinuous direction; the dung, as did the waters of the Red Sea to the children of Israel, forming a wall unto him, even on his right hand and on his left.

And here let me stop for a moment, to hesitatingly offer a passing practical remark on the nature of faith, about which so much has been said by divines. The gospel apophthegm respecting the removal of mountains is not such a hyperbole as it is generally considered to be; it means that if sufficient confidence in the possibility of an undertaking is present, the best means will persistently be used for successfully effecting the object. By means of faith sometimes the weakest instruments, to common apprehension, will work wonders. A weak woman once changed the whole fortune of grim war. The Maid of Orleans *believed* she could do certain things, and *she did them.* Descending to small things, I recollect, when a school-boy, I used to practise, as school-boys frequently do, jumping over a paling. The conditions of Farmer William's paling and of my physical frame respectively were always alike—that is, the paling al-

ways stood at the same height, and my joints and sinews were uniformly lithe and limber. But my moral condition was not uniformly the same. The day that I believed I could do the feat, and unhesitatingly tried it, I was invariably successful; the day I had any doubt on the subject, I uniformly failed in the attempt. *Faith* is simply *confidence*, and it is a notable *tonic*. Our worthy burghal ancestors, whose sole hygiene consisted in praying to the Lord, and keeping their bowels open, had not the most remote idea that they were labouring in a more dangerous occupation than Hall & Sons' Powder Mills, or Joyce's Manufactory of Percussion Caps, and that they were assiduously replenishing Pandora's box with elements of destruction, compared with which Armstrong guns and Whitworth shells, and even Mallet's mortars, are but nursery toys, or harmless pop-guns. Our fathers laboured industriously in this field, raising the choicest specimens of typhus fever, dysentery, cholera, and other mortal distempers with perfect impunity; the crop being all garnered up for future occasion, and added to the general stock,—for at this time science, with her thousand blessings, had not, Epimetheus-like, opened the box and developed the contents. Beyond an attack of indigestion or sick stomach and headache, after a council or corporation dinner, or a case of bellyache, from want of shoes, among the juvenile portion of

the population, disease in the burgh, up till this time, was positively unknown. Physiology had not yet inculcated the fact that frightful epidemics are directly occasioned and produced through neglect of the observance of sanitary laws. Our worthy ancestors, therefore, covered *cap-à-pie* with an invulnerable crust of ignorance, like a tortoise in its shell, waddled through this labyrinth of dung, without fear or reproach, with as little detriment to health as does the salamander disport in the flames, a frog in the mire, or a fish in the water. No sooner had a correct knowledge of the true state of matters been imparted, however, and this panoply been dissolved by the inculcation of physiological knowledge, than the whole community was suddenly seized with a violent tremor, and typhus fever broke out incontinently in various places throughout the burgh. The disease had, it is true, in many instances, up-hill work to perform, in consequence of the sturdy, stubborn state of health of the general community; but by dint of incessant agitation and sweeping and scraping, in season and out of season, and continually stirring the stench, with perpetual lectures on the poisonous and unhealthy nature of the effluvium, an atony reducing the nervous condition considerably below the normal standard was at length by the authorities managed to be superinduced, and (although cholera, thank God, has never succeeded in making a lodg-

ment, yet) since that period, notwithstanding that the burgh is now as tidy a clean little burgh as any in the kingdom, typhus fever has had no good reason to complain of the want of a fair share of success, compared with that which it has enjoyed in other healthy towns in the country.

Of late years the spirit of enterprise and improvement has possessed the citizens in a notable degree, and new streets have been formed, and the town has been thereby considerably extended. If there be any truth in the opinion that beauty consists in variety, these new streets are surely remarkably beautiful; for the shape, size, and situation of the houses that constitute these new streets are varied and irregular beyond the powers of description.

If the tourist please, we shall now proceed to take a look at the individual objects that are of interest in the burgh. In doing so, we shall begin at the west end, and proceed along till we at length usher the wondering and admiring traveller into the RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

At the west end, the most prominent object that presents itself is that beautiful green mound called Lady Hill, which no Elgin *loon*, wherever in after life his lot may be cast, will ever forget; for there has he sported and played, and spent the morning of life thoughtless and free. In what

place, and in what situation in life, are not to be found Elgin men? They are, and have hitherto been, found in all parts of the habitable globe, from the frozen north to the sunny south, and have been distinguished alike in the college, the camp, and the senate. But wherever they may have roamed, and whatever situation they may have filled, under the modifying influence, it may be, of distinguished position, and devout in the worship of the stilted and factitious deities that dance attendance at the court of conventionalism, still will this green mound be a landmark in their recollection. To the CATHEDRAL at the east end, without any question, is the town more indebted than to any other object of interest which it contains; but to the real Elgin man, from Florence Wilson downwards, nothing surpasses the Lady Hill, associated as it is with home, health, happiness, hope, and long summer days; and his fondest remembrance returns untravelled to his gambols on its grassy slopes, and his adjournment from thence to lave his limbs in the Lossie.

This mound, which is in shape the frustum of a cone, is about 100 feet high, 600 yards in circumference at the base, and about 200 yards at the summit. It rises so abruptly out of the plain, that it serves as a puzzle to explain satisfactorily the cause of its elevation. A favourite explanation of the good old remaining inhabitants, who have still

some reminiscences of those golden days of simplicity and ease which obtained in the burgh before the revelations of science of the nineteenth century broke upon the world, rendering their neophytes more wise, more enlightened, and more unhappy, is that the plague, or "pest," descended in a visible form, and condensed into a ball—just as the genie in Arabian tale did into the vase or tub on which King Solomon stamped his seal,—so that one adventurous burgher got overturned on the unwelcome visitant a load of sand, which soon, by the industry of the inhabitants, accumulated to the present dimensions of the mound. Another theory which is offered by the good wives of the place is, that when a frail and inexperienced daughter of the community happened, in the generous and undesigning impulse of her young nature, to anticipate the parson, and take breakfast before grace, the Church compelled such erring magdalen to carry a basketful of earth from Birnie, as an expiation of her heinous offence against the Holy Virgin; from which mode of penance some shrewd mathematicians have suggested the possibility, from actual measurement, of ascertaining the precise number of those agamous reprobates, called bastard bairns, which have, from time to time, dishonoured and disgraced this excellent ecclesiastical city.

But I do not, by any means, assert that this is

the true solution of the question; indeed, I must be permitted to say that I entertain grave doubts on the subject, and I confess I am rather inclined to the opinion that the origin of the mound can be explained from natural causes. It would appear that at one time the whole plain below Birnie was one vast lake,* formed and fed by the Lossie and the Lochty, now called the Blackburn, and dammed back into Mosstowie. During this period the elevation called Lady Hill was joined to the grounds of Morriston. How long this continued it is impossible to know, as we have not the same correct data for the solution of this physical problem, as we have for that of the social one above related; but true it is, and of verity, that the waters of this lake, so long pent up, at length losing all patience at the vexatious delay, burst through the barrier of this sandy weir at the Hangman's Ford, carrying away all before them, betwixt Lady Hill and Braemorriston, and forming for a time a mighty river, bound for the sea over the channel of the Blackfriars Haugh. As this river subsided into ordinary dimensions, it left the base of the mound at its western and northern aspects in the circular form in which it now appears, from the abrasive action of its waters. The remaining portion of the base of the mound was

* See Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's account of the Moray Floods of 1829.

artificial—being dug down in later times in order to form the fosse of the fort which was subsequently built on the top of the mount, and of which a portion of the ruins yet remains.

At what time this fort was built record is silent, and of its origin and early history we are indeed but little indebted even to tradition. Its subsequent history is very satisfactorily given by Dr James Taylor, late of the E.I.C.S., in a small but very elaborate work, printed for private circulation among his friends, and for sale for the benefit of the Elgin Scientific Association. This excellent work, entitled "Edward I. of England in the North of Scotland," is well worthy of more extended circulation.

We have already referred to the taste evinced for generous liquors by the primitive inhabitants of this ancient burgh. This predilection was shared in by our Saxon and Scandinavian forefathers, in common with all the nations where the vine did not grow. It is supposed that the art of brewing was known to Noah, who, we are credibly informed, like a good jolly fellow, celebrated his deliverance from the waters by a right hearty bouse.* This could not have been from the grape, for it would have taken several years to make the vine productive, while after the flood a warm sun would raise barley, so that it would

* Genesis ix. 21.

be possible to get malt in six weeks. The subject is alluded to by Diodorus Siculus, in his first book, in these terms, "Wherever the vine," says he, "was not found in Egypt, Osiris taught how to prepare a corn-wine from grain, which, when properly made, was but little inferior in taste or smell to the wine made from the grape." The Romans, who also were acquainted with the art, are believed to have introduced it into this country upon its conquest by Julius Cæsar, 55 B.C. In order to point out the predilection for this beverage, the unlimited indulgence in which was believed to constitute one of the pleasures of Paradise, we may refer, in passing, to an ode composed by the last king of Scandinavia, Rogner Lodbrog, the celebrated viking, or pirate, who, in making a descent on the Northumbrian coast, about the year 764, was taken prisoner. He was cast into a dungeon, and said to have been put to death by the bites of adders thrown into his cell. In the midst of his torments he composed the ode referred to, being an evidence at once of his tastes and his creed.

Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, in 1640, says, "The drink of these provinces is beer, either with hops, or more commonly without hops, after the old manner. There is plenty of foreign wine, and cheap enough, in all the towns. I remember when I was a boy, on my way home from Paris, finding

wine at Rouen much dearer than it sold, a few months afterwards, on the Moray coast. But, besides, they have their native liquor called *aqua vitæ;* and when that is to be had, which is seldom wanting, they reject even the most generous wines. This liquor is distilled from beer *mixed with aromatic plants* [*ex. gr.*, the juniper.] It is made almost everywhere, and in such abundance that there is plenty for all. *They swallow it in large draughts,* to the astonishment of strangers, for it is exceeding strong. Even the better classes are intemperate, and the ladies are not free from this disgrace." * The term "ale" is said to be derived from the Danish "aela," or with greater probability from the Saxon "eale." For this liquor, in the ancient burgh of Elgin, an assize was established, which was held by the Earls of Moray. In this fort or castle on the top of the mound did this court hold, for judging in all questions touching this favourite beverage, and for the purpose of insuring its purity, and regulating its price. †

* Oh! Oh! for shame, ungallant Sir Robert!

† Latterly the town seems to have got the matter into their own hands. In the year 1547 the Town Council found it necessary to enact sundry sound and salutary laws. They that year prohibited and discharged all widows from marrying without the consent of the Provost and Bailies: and, at the same time, as they found it expedient for the maintenance of peace and good order within the burgh, to appoint *two hangmen;* they also appointed *eight tasters of ale.* The laborious duty of these

Elgin has reaped considerable advantage from the enterprise and *amor patriæ* of her sons. At the west end of the town, on rising ground, is an hospital or infirmary, founded by Dr Gray, who acquired a fortune abroad, and left by his will £20,000, for the purpose of endowing an hospital for the sick of the poor of the town of Elgin and vicinity. This foundation has been of immense benefit to the class for whose advantage the donor designed it.

As we proceed eastward, there do not, for some distance, appear any buildings worthy of particular notice. The chief feature that first attracts attention, indeed, from all parts of the town, is the vast number of churches. About, or shortly after, the year 1843, especially, they sprang up like mushrooms, not only in Elgin, but over all the

officers was to judge and pronounce upon the quality of this indispensable beverage, which they did doubtless with a scrupulous regard to justice. At all events, any shortcoming in quality was rigorously dealt with, for it is recorded that "gif she (that is, any of the *browster wives*) makes a washy or evil ail, she sall be fined in an unlaw of aucht shillings, and be placed on the cock stule." The appointment of such an apparently unnecessarily large number of these judicial functionaries proceeded from a desire to secure competency in the administration of the office; for it had been complained by the burgesses, that the officers, when "tasting," had "sae filled their bellies that they lost the taste o' their mou's, and were unable to pronounce a discreet opinion" upon the favourite beverage.

In 1581 the Council "ordainit that the best ale that can be brewed be sold at 1d. per gallon."

country. In so far as regards the architectural erection of sandstone and mortar, this is very well, and is exceeding good in enlivening a place. From the recognised form of the buildings, too, an innocent stranger would be led to suppose this a sure sign of a religious community. It may be so; but some irreverent and irreligious reprobates, acquainted with the local ecclesiastical history of that period, have scarcely scrupled to assert, in the fulness of their impiety, that these architectural edifices, instead of beautifying the moral landscape, and internally exhibiting a Christian love and harmony, were rather like pimples on a pretty face, disfiguring a fair skin, and giving evidence of the irritability and feverish heat within.

However this may be, it is certain that the same innocent stranger would be wofully perplexed to find the right road, with so many sign-boards, each indicating "*sic itur ad astra*," and all pointing in different directions. He would be apt to be confused, just as one is with the bawling of touters and cabmen at a railway terminus, shouting, "English Hotel," "Scotch Hotel," "Baptist," "Free," "Independent"—each proclaiming the name, and inviting the traveller to the comforts of his respective constituent hostelry; till, deafened by the pious Babel, the disgusted traveller, with guide-book in hand, picks up his portmanteau,

takes the road by himself, and starts for heaven on his "own hook."

With all these erections, where is the Christian spirit? Protestant Christians, (the *distinctive adjective* is an ugly inconsistency, or rather it looks like a contradiction in terms,) in their intemperate, and we fear unchristian, zeal against the Pope, never consider that by opposing the infusion of reason and common sense into religion, they are themselves making use of the most effectual means for maintaining the integrity of the Vatican. I regard his Holiness as the representative *par excellence* of the *orthodox* religion, and the only difference betwixt him and other sects is, that *he is consistent;* but Protestants, by consenting to the introduction of common sense into religion —that is, by accepting, without modification, the precepts of Jesus Christ (who, when He lived, was looked upon as the greatest heretic that ever ran, and whose doctrines—let me say it quietly—were till lately even in my own Puritan conventicle, regarded as a shade too latitudinarian)—by accepting, I say, *pur et simple*, the precepts of Jesus Christ, and by abstaining from stigmatising as heretics and infidels those who differ from themselves, in wishing to do so, would do more to destroy the prestige of the Pope than all the polemical vituperations (so unchristian in character!) with which they have assailed him. To be

sure, by destroying his existence, they would, Samson-like, immolate their own, but the *felo-de-se* would be a noble sacrifice in the cause of truth!

As we approach the centre of the town, we see on the north side a very nice, chaste building, which was erected, and is used by the Trinity Lodge of Free Masons.

"Masonry, glorious masonry!" We have here seen men, in other respects sensible enough, with ludicrous solemnity performing tricks fitted for the meridian of childhood or the boards of a very minor theatre. Those "children of a larger growth" assume the principle of benefaction. On what ground? Does masonry *intellectualise?* Does it *moralise?* Science exerts its beneficial effects by dissemination; the ground of condition of existence of the divine principle of Christianity is *catholicity.* How does masonry manage to effect the same end on a diametrically opposite principle? Is masonry referred to by the Apostle John in the 18th verse of the second chapter of his First Epistle?

There is also a Market-place erected by a joint-stock company, which comprehends the usual conveniences and appliances on a convenient though unpretending scale, and includes also a Theatre.

There seems to exist a curious idea on the subject of the drama, which I may here notice. A popular writer gives an advice to young ladies thus :—"If you go to a play at all, let it be to a tragedy ;" and, further, Addison bestows unqualified praise on the tragic muse. He says, "As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments." Now I must say, that on this question I entertain from Mr Addison a totally different opinion. A tragedy is amongst the last things I should go to see myself, or should recommend to be seen by others. It has, I believe, been very properly remarked, that the lustre of the almost superhuman intellect of Shakespeare has blinded our eyes to the abstract merits of the subject. A play contains, or ought to contain, a *moral;* but we shall fail to find such in any one of the productions of the immortal bard in the domain of Melpomene. The whole of Shakespeare's plays stand out by themselves, from all others, beyond all comparison, a stupendous intellectual stereogram; and they stand, too, erect of themselves, a tower, without any subserviency of the moral sentiments or domestic affections. They are a mighty engine that speaks direct to the head, without any tendency to enlarge or improve the heart. Tragedy is the representation of scenes or

subjects calculated to produce a disagreeable impression on the sentiments or affections, and it exhibits the most repulsive points of human character. It is the production and representation of heart-breaking and harrowing scenes,—a creation quite as needless as the evoked frogs of the Egyptian magicians, there being, God knows, fully enough in the land already.

Tragic representation may indeed tend, among other means, to improve the intellect, but there is no great necessity for such teaching. Our ordinary schools are fully equal to that effect; the great desideratum being, not an intellectual, but a *moral* education. This is ostensibly the province of the pulpit, and it has had a fair trial. On this subject let me record a pertinent incident.

Some few years ago I had an excellent friend, who is now gone from the world and his sorrowing family. He was a very devout and pious person, and we were drawn much together from our mutual strictness and sympathetic severity in religious matters. My friend had a pious and wholesome horror of the stage, deduced from all sources except his own observation and experience; and so thoroughly orthodox was he, that rather than occupy the polluted pews of a theatre, he would, I am quite convinced, have cheerfully taken his place beside the devoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery fur-

nace. One day, on my retiring gloomily from the deep devotions of the conventicle, I was surprised to meet my friend with a cheerful, florid tint, and a decided smile on his visage—a carnal colour and contour which I had never observed before (but once on a lawful occasion, permitted and sanctioned by the Church) to mar the solemn sanctity and sallow religious hue of his worthy face. He, indeed, surprised me beyond measure; for he had that pleased, perplexed, and astonished look in which he appeared at breakfast to his joyous friends the morning after his marriage—and in which I believe every devout, soul-subdued, well-regulated, pious man appears immediately on effecting his escape from the undefiled, ineffable, and ensnaring embraces of a virtuous young female the first time in his life; or, as I can suppose (for I am totally unacquainted with the orgies,) the neodamode to wear when, in the possession of light, he issues from the sublime and unutterable mysteries of the mason lodge! "What *can* be the meaning of this!" cried I. "Oh!" says he, rubbing his hands in glee, (the preliminary *sigh*, that was formerly uniformly given on his making any remark, being on this occasion absent,) "I have passed *such* a pleasant hour, and I am so gratified! Why *weren't* you there?" It was the annual examination of the Academy, it would appear; and I at length contrived to gather from my

friend's incoherent explanations that he had been listening to two young lads rehearsing a scene from Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons." "Alas! alas! my friend," screamed I, "*you have been at the theatre.*"

And, notwithstanding my friend's fervid and indignant denial, it was even so! And such is the case with the world generally, with respect to the drama. Whilst its power is denied, its influence is felt by all, but more especially by unsophisticated and unconventionalised youth; and that the younger portion of the community take more with them from the theatre than from the pulpit has become a proverb. It has of late, however, been much ignored, by a combination of various causes. Some new-fangled form of entertainment presents itself, and presently such becomes the favourite with the higher classes, eager to escape from the amusements of the vulgar herd —the only recommendation it possesses being that it is exotic and unintelligible, *absurdity* even being no serious objection. Having thus received the stamp of *ton*, it soon finds its way, and is retailed second-hand among the lower classes, who would then be below the mark to know about anything else—talking of being at the theatre being as vulgar as would be dancing round a May-pole!

Again, with another class, their zealous *pastors*, who are shrewd enough to foresee the future sapping of their own citadel by this engine,

exert their utmost power to put it down, with all the Jesuitry that churchmen have ever employed. Under the prejudice derived from this ecclesiastical impression, the *flocks* cannot judge fairly of its merits; and if they do go at all to the theatre, they go in such a spirit as if they should require absolution for it from their father-confessor. To such an extent does this feeling obtain, even in this little burgh, that if anything else whatever is represented in the theatre, there would be no attendance were it not piously disguised. A "sale of soft goods" would command no attendance, even of the fair sex, if the bills announced that such sale was to take place in the *theatre;* in such cases the place must always be called the *"Concert Hall."*

The opera, and plays possessing meretricious scenery, startling situations, and sensational points, have thus greatly superseded the sensible drama, and in like manner the general feeling all over the country, formed from the combined and kindred elements of cant and conventionalism, has led to the fashionable and pious expedient of spoiling a play under the concealed and clumsy form of *"readings."* If each actor take his fit and proper part, and the play be performed as near to perfection as possible, the public would not go to hear it; but should *one* actor attempt the impossible feat of taking *every part,* and thus inevitably botch the piece, his bungles would be rewarded by crowded

houses. This is precisely the case, in other respects, with us who are strict and pious Presbyterians. *Good* music in church cannot be tolerated because it pleases the *flesh*, being, as it is, a gratification befitting a carnal and unrenewed heart; and, therefore, in order to be thoroughly orthodox, (and a fitting and proper oblation to God Almighty, who, you know, is a *Spirit*,) the offering of the choir must studiously be performed a little out of time and a trifle out of tune. It was a modification of the same feeling that held possession of my worthy friend whom I have referred to, in his religiously eschewing, through ecclesiastical conventionalism, the more perfect form of dramatic performances. He had, during the whole course of a long and pious life, been uniformly walking on the orthodox carpet of the Church, trained and exercised in all the stern, severe, and self-denying observances of our pure and holy religion befitting a renewed spirit, till that morning, when unguardedly, and peradventure prayerlessly, he had strayed on the little green syren sod of nature, where (in native, carnal, and unconscious innocence) his faithful heart beat responsive to the sympathetic chord of the rude representation—the crude germ of the drama—he had listened to!

This incident which I have just recorded (which was an actual occurrence) is particularly instructive respecting the power of the *drama*. Properly

regulated, and turned in a right direction, the Thalian drama constitutes a moral instrument superior in power to anything else yet employed. Why, then, be led away by absurd doctrines or silly prejudices from the reformation, adoption, and thorough application of such a mighty engine for good? Why continue to yield a blind and senseless adherence to modes of action once on a day, doubtless, expedient, according to existing circumstances, but now palpably and even admittedly inadequate, and in the possession of nothing but jejune veneration to recommend them? Let us illustrate this position by a catholic appeal to the experience of every one.

We now enjoy, by the means of scientific knowledge, improved facilities to the various comforts and conveniences, even of common life, compared with what we possessed a century ago. Who, for example, now-a-days, in lighting his pipe or kindling a fire, would prefer to the sure but simple lucifer-match the blundering flint and steel (but the modernised Highland chief, with air of ludicrous pride and solemn stolidity, emulating the savage manners of his ancestors?) Who, in undertaking a journey, would disregard the railway, and adopt the lumbering chariot of the preceding century? Who would now use the oily lamp or the greasy candle that can get the benefit of gas? What newspaper so absurd now-a-days, in forwarding an express

message, as to employ the galloping courier, with relays of horses, disregarding the incomparable advantages of the electric telegraph? We have said that a moral training is the ostensible province of the pulpit, and that it has had a fair trial. It has had its day. The whole machinery of the Church is now totally superseded by superior didascalic means. The divine doctor and advocate of Christianity, eighteen centuries ago, adopted it, under existing circumstances, as a *means to an end.* The selfish and clumsy bungling of ecclesiastics has superseded and sacrificed the *end* for the *means.* Who but churchmen would, under altered circumstances, prefer the flat, stale, and unprofitable pulpit homily—the effete and worn-out drivelling didactics of a superannuated system —to the superlative means derivable from the inestimable blessing of the invention of printing, (in the pursuit and ultimate attainment of *truth,* in the preserving, accumulating, transmitting, and thus rendering available knowledge acquired during the march of human progress,) and the didascalic power of the drama? I speak not of the drama in its intellectual bearing, in its faithful historical instruction, or in its forcible representation and favourable means of development of the fine arts; but I speak of it in its *moral* aspect, and *as it should be;* and in that perfect state (in which it ought to be the endeavour of every phil-

anthropist to place it)—on the assumption of the possession by the patient of the indispensable requisite of a favourable cerebral endowment (which can be secured only by attention to the principles of propagation)—I hold it to be a mighty moral engine for instruction, and correction of life and manners, or instrument of education, possessing, perhaps, all the conditions which the subject demands.

As we proceed onwards to the east, towards the CATHEDRAL, we pass several buildings of architectural value certainly, including a very pretty Grecian temple in the middle of the High Street, used as the Established Church; but, otherwise, deserving of no particular notice. The first object that calls for attention is an obelisk or pillar towards the east end of the High Street. This is the LITTLE CROSS; and it points out the former bounds of the College, or what was ecclesiastical property, at the west. It was on the steps surrounding the base of this pillar, as well as on the dais of a similar erection on the High Street called the *Muckle Cross*, now removed, that our worthy burghal ancestors, tradesmen and merchants, in days of yore, leaving their "half-door on the bar," used to meet together, not to discuss politics, but, in the loving-kindness and simplicity of their honest hearts, to quaff their mugs of ale

to the health and safe recovery of the last burgher's wife brought to bed—an important and interesting event, which, like the arrival at Bethlehem of Naomi, and of Ruth, the lovely Moabitess, was sufficient to "move all the city." The history of the origin of this pillar is as follows :—

A raid was made on the 3d of July 1402, by Alexander M'Donald, third son of the Lord of the Isles, with a parcel of ragamuffins of the lowest—that is, the most original—Celtic type to be had in the Highlands. The outrage originated in no such gentlemanly motive as that which incited the destruction of the obnoxious property of the Church by the Wolf of Badenoch at a previous period; but was purely an exercise of the Highland accomplishment of thieving; and the robbery fell chiefly on the houses of the Canons, as being the fattest, best provided, snug little nests in the community. The charge of arson which has been made is, however, not deserved; for those fellows were too busy helping themselves to take up their time with the unprofitable employment of fire-raising. The cathedral and the whole of the college at this time were plundered as well as a good many other houses in the town. It was not an unfrequent occurrence at this period, and long afterwards, for these Highland caterans to make themselves rich upon the spoils of the burgh; but this particular act in the social drama seems to

have been unprecedented, from its magnitude, and from the recklessness and impudence with which it was perpetrated, as well as from the amount of squalor, vermin, and dirt possessed by the actors. The depredators, after stealing everything worth carrying away, left nothing in return, but some rare-looking rags of clothing which they had exchanged for suits of the burghers'. These vestments were found lying in the houses in such an unheard-of state of filth and vermin that, after innumerable ineffectual attempts at cleansing their premises, the unhappy Canons had no alternative left them to overcome the difficulty and rid themselves of the vermin than burn their houses to the ground. For some years afterwards, a stray specimen would occasionally be seen of this curious variety of the order *parasita,* and which were popularly known as "Lord M'Donald's breed;" but they have long since disappeared.

I recollect well of an intimate friend of mine (now, alas! gone,) who was well acquainted with the Highlands, assuring me that there existed there—even in his day—a Celtic variety of the *pediculus* (familiarly called *ghillies,* or *bhody sehervants*) of a marvellous size and swiftness; at the sametime I must confess that the story does to me look very like a jest at the expense of the Highlanders. He told me that the young gentlemen in the Highlands had a rather original

toilette. They were generally occupied with weightier and more important matters than unprofitable and troublesome ablution, and "change of linen;" but that once or twice a year, when those troublesome "body servants" would impertinently accumulate to an uncalled-for extent, and begin to deport themselves insolently towards their superiors, these young men, under a sense of injury from abused goodness and patient long-suffering, in order to quell the insurrection would, in their hot displeasure, repair to a juniper, or a rough heather bush, a prudent distance from their respective mansions, and would there, in a moment of great wrath and indignation, roll themselves about till almost the last rebel would be dislodged. That upon receiving this *brevi manu* writ of ejectment, these detested outcasts, disputing the legality of the proceedings, would incontinently make a vigorous attempt to regain their lost position; and that then a brisk exciting race homewards would take place—many of these stout parasites keeping pace for an incredible distance with their late constituents!

I do not, however, wish to impress this on the implicit faith of my inspector on the veracity of an historian, because, although it was communicated to me by an excellent friend as an extraordinary fact in natural history, yet I confess I had some slight misgivings on the subject; and

further, I must be candid enough to own that, in spite of all the laborious and painful researches which I instituted and carried out for many years, I have never yet had the good fortune to meet with any of this singular breed in my own personal experience.

For this piece of thievery of the son of the Lord of the Isles he was excommunicated, but some months afterwards was absolved, and he and his officers presented a sum of gold (which they had stolen from some other place) for repairing the loss and damage, a part of which sum was applied to the erection of a cross and a bell where the bounds of the college begin towards the town. There is no evidence on record as to the time the present pillar was erected, although it is manifestly a construction later than the original erection, which is said to have been removed many years ago as a popish relic. The bell has long since disappeared.

We are now close to the policies, and within a short distance of the mansion of Grant Lodge, a seat of the Earl of Seafield. And with this place is connected an episode in the history of Elgin, not only extraordinary in the annals of the burgh, but quite unparalleled in the history of the kingdom within the last century.

Had the event occurred even in the early part

of last century, when the manners and customs of the country were a little different from what they now are, when there were still occasional struggles for the mastery between might and right, and when the law had not yet entirely emerged in its majesty from its militant state; then, certainly, the astonishment would not be so great that such an occurrence should have taken place: but that it should have come to pass in the middle of the nineteenth century, with the manners and customs of the people precisely the same as at present—so lately, in fact, that it can be remembered by all except the very boys of the present generation—truly is a little incredible to those who are not personally cognisant of the fact.

As this extraordinary incident forms a most interesting point and memorable land-mark in the history, not only of the burgh but of this country, I trust I shall be excused for endeavouring to make it as plain and intelligible as possible.

This is eminently a peaceful burgh. For a long course of years even a private quarrel issuing in a broken head was of rare occurrence. Speculative as well as practical demonstrations of combativeness were unheard of. Polemical discussions were to the peaceable tradesman, the honest shopkeeper, and the community at large, utterly unknown; and even by the better informed classes vexed questions

were seldom mooted; and all this was easily accounted for. No effect can be produced without a cause; and at that time there existed no bone of contention to disturb the tranquillity of the peaceful little burgh.

The course of events, however, at length began to assume a different aspect. The French war, which had but lately ceased, had created a belligerent spirit among the people by their dwelling on its details—newspapers and other periodical publications had become rife, rendering the community more civilised, more enlightened, and more discontented; and, above all, politics, that goddess of discord, had thrown her apple among the honest burghers, and set them all together by the ears.

In order to arrive at a proper understanding of this interesting episode, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of the general position of affairs about this particular period.

In the beginning of the year 1820, the death of George III. occasioned a dissolution of Parliament. On that occasion two candidates offered themselves for acceptance for the representation of the Elgin district of burghs—Mr Farquharson of Finzean, and General Sir Alexander Duff of Delgaty. Mr Farquharson was put forward (instead of Mr Robert Grant, brother of Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, who declined to

come when he heard that the burghs were to be contested) by the party to which he belonged. He was supported by the House of Grant on public principle, with all the warmth and more than the zeal of private grounds. Seeing the intense interest taken by them in the matter, it might well have been supposed that considerations of private friendship and of benefits already received might have had some little influence in biassing the minds of the burghers; for the family had been long resident in the place. The patriarchal Sir James Grant, truthfully termed *the good*, "was," as General Stewart in his Sketches truly says—quoting a character given an unfortunate monarch by a celebrated judge and historian—"the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian of the district, to which he was an honour and a blessing;" and we may add, the best patron Elgin tradesmen were ever blessed with, for most of them were mainly supported by his liberality and bounty. The traditions of the family had the misfortune, however, to have had a tendency uniformly towards supporting the existing laws, while Sir Alexander Duff was favourable to a modicum of reform. This was tickling the sides of our worthy townsmen too much for them to keep from laughing. They had been predisposed for this mood by the current of affairs for

sometime back, yet all was theory, all was dreaminess, all was speculation; but here was now something practical and tangible. It was therefore not at all surprising that our citizens should give full effect to the bent of their disposition. Their extravagance, however, and their awkwardness might in a great measure be attributed to the novelty of their position. They had been up to the present time under the voluntary restraints of subordination and good government—they had all along been decent, sober, quiet, peaceable, plodding, industrious burghers; and now, all at once, they were placed in a new position. They were like a recruit who has just for the first time got on his regimentals, anxious to prove his courage by the amount of his swearing; or a young nobleman escaped from the university, and sent on the grand tour; or a herd of cattle just let loose in the spring, after being housed all the winter; or a man who had got drunk for the first time in his life.

The irregularities of which our good citizens were guilty were doubtless in a great measure chargeable on the Earl of Fife. Not that this was intentional on the part of his lordship, (for nobody could charge that amiable and excellent nobleman with wittingly causing pain to any creature,) but instead of checking the flame which the fantasies of reform had fanned in the burgh by pouring on the fire a pailful of water, it so

happened that his lordship by mistake most unfortunately poured a pailful of oil.

But I am apprehensive that I have not yet made myself intelligible in what I promised, or that I have not sufficiently explained the cause of the incident which forms the subject of this episode; for there are many, very many, of my townsmen who perfectly recollect this most memorable *rising*, who yet are profoundly ignorant of the sources from whence it sprung. I must therefore, I presume, condescend to be somewhat more particular, and enter a little further into detail. It has been already stated that our worthy townsmen caught their *politico-mania* from the infectious epidemic that was raging about that period. It is a law of our nature, that of whatever we have been long accustomed to, our economy cannot all at once accommodate itself to the opposite condition. This is referrible to the physical condition of our nature, such as the circumstance of the eye being unable to accommodate itself all at once to the new condition on suddenly emerging from darkness to light, or *vice versa;* but it is equally applicable to entology, with regard to the formation of our ideas. We find that those who are accustomed to look at and examine large or extensive objects are at fault with small things, even of the same nature, of which a practical exemplification would be found if an engineer of a line-of-battle steamer

were put to repair the mechanism of a watch. But it is not alone the inability that obtains, there exists a certain sympathy betwixt the mind and the subject contemplated, by which the mind partakes of the nature and qualities of that subject; so that upon entertaining a magnificent subject for some length of time, the mind is marvellously expanded, elevated, and enlarged, and afterwards treats small or petty subjects with contempt. This was precisely the case with our honest townsmen. They had been so long contemplating the affairs of government, that they disdained any longer to take up their time with the affairs of common life. Their tools—those instruments by which they formerly used to make an honest shilling—were now looked upon with utter contempt. Counters, consequently, were abandoned; headles, treddles, awls, and bodkins were kicked to the devil; and our worthy citizens turned their attention wholly to the affairs of the State.

My heart is grieved, and I feel the same sort of sickness that a judge would experience on passing sentence on his intimate friend, when compelled thus by the veracity of the impartial historian to recount the follies with which my brother townsmen were at this time chargeable. Fain would I pass over in silence this portion of our history, and compassionately draw a curtain over the foibles of my brethren, even as Shem and Japheth

veiled our common father Noah, when at one time he appeared rather a trifle to disadvantage in his tent, but that the stern behest of truth forbids. Fain would I here assume the office of Mentor, and beseech you, my beloved fellow-townsmen, should such circumstances again occur, to keep quietly to your respective occupations. You will find that, though you render a government the most signal service by generously giving up your trade, you will not get thanks for it. The most thankless fellows in the world those government people are!

Having now, as I would willingly flatter myself, by explaining the causes that gave rise to the vagaries of my brother townsmen on this occasion, secured for them a more favourable opinion in the eyes of the world than it might have otherwise been inclined to entertain, I proceed to my subject. Our worthy citizens having, as I have already stated, abandoned their several occupations, proceeded incontinently to enter upon and busy themselves exceedingly with the affairs of the State, which, in plain, simple truth, means nothing more than that they entered upon a course of the most loutish, lubberly, downright idleness —frequented public-houses, vehemently discussed politics, got into villainous, noisy, discordant brawls, spent their money, and usually went reeling home in the middle of the night to a crying wife and a set of supperless children.

Sir Alexander Duff and his brother, Lord Fife, beheld with regret this ruinous demonstration of loyalty and disinterested patriotism, and were anxious to avert it. His lordship accordingly adopted a plan similar to that which we have seen resorted to by an indulgent father in the case of a naughty child—giving it a lollypop, and bidding it be a good boy, and go get his task. He gave orders to his jewellers and his haberdashers to furnish a gold ring, a gown piece, or a silk handkerchief to every citizen's wife and every citizen's daughter who should demand any of these articles, without distinction or discrimination. This expedient had a directly contrary effect to what his lordship had anticipated. Instead of restoring our townsmen to order, peace, and industry, by gratifying, calming, and tranquillising their excited minds, it acted similarly to a narcotic draught, given in cerebral disease, when it fails in producing its wonted soporific effect, it put them fairly out of their wits; and every citizen, and every citizen's son, whose wife or whose sister had participated in his lordship's bounty, conceived the whimsical and singular notion that they were bound to break everybody's head who did not happen to be in his lordship's interest—*out of pure gratitude.*

Not content with abusing, insulting, and befouling many people whom they knew to enter-

tain opinions different from their own, and *everybody whom they didn't know anything about*, they proceeded to higher game. At the period whereof we write, and long afterwards, the election of the representatives of the country in Parliament was confined to heritable proprietors of a certain qualification for county members or knights of shires, and the town councils for burgh members. Each burgh of a district then had the privilege of being the returning burgh in turn, which gave it the advantage of a casting vote in case of an equality of suffrages; and each council elected a delegate, who proceeded to the returning burgh and gave his voice in favour of the candidate, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of his constituents. Such being the electoral constitution, it will readily be perceived that when matters were nearly balanced, it was very easy to turn an election. As there were only seventeen in each burgh at most, it was no difficult matter to ascertain determinately how a vote was to go; and if the parties in the council were nearly equal, it was only taking means to put a voter or two out of the way to turn the scale to either side and secure an election. Such precisely was the case at this time in the Elgin district. There were five burghs in the district—namely, Elgin, Cullen, Banff, Inverury, and Kintore. Two of these only were favourable to Sir Alexander Duff; and as three,

therefore, supported the Grant interest, our Elgin patriots foresaw as much as if a councillor or two were not put out of the way, Sir Alexander would infallibly lose his return.

Consistently with the magnanimous fantasies which occupied their minds, our worthy townsmen sought and courted deeds of mighty import. Had Sir Alexander Duff forgone his manifest character, and condescended to bribe the electors, our townsmen would have spurned the deed. No, our worthy citizens were actuated by purer and more honourable motives; and permit me to say, that it is consistent with the liberal, enlightened, and purely moral spirit which the glorious measure of reform has inculcated and disseminated. Bribery receives no quarter in its insidious attempts to influence an election; but there is no special prohibition to practising breaking heads to any extent, in order to compass the same purpose; which is quite proper, as De Quincey entertained a sympathetic sentiment for the generosity of highwaymen; and Ainsworth, a fashionable novelist of the day, very properly laments the growth of the more light-fingered gentry, and deplores the decadency of the open, gentlemanly, and generous old highwaymen of the last century.

It was precisely in this open, honourable, and gentlemanly manner that our townsmen proceeded in the present instance. They scorned the ignoble

spirit of creeping, and sneaking, and hiding, and skulking, and filching a man's pocket like lubbers in the dark; they admired the noble spirit of taking the highway and running all hazards. A voter or two *must* be put out of the way; and our townsmen, under a clear and confirmed conviction of the manifold evils of the abominable, immoral, and secret practice of bribery and corruption, pounced upon Bailie Francis Taylor and Councillor Robert Dick, two of the worthiest men within the burgh, and carried them off *in the face of the staring sun.*

However much our townsmen were deserving of approbation for their bold and honourable conduct, and how signal a service soever such an adventure adroitly managed was calculated to perform, it turned out nevertheless one of the arrantest pieces of apprentice work that ever tyro botched his master's materials withal.

It happened that, in their zeal to perform their task satisfactorily and efficiently, and being unlike those lazy, slothful, unthrifty persons who leave over their business till the proper time, our industrious townsmen entered upon their arduous undertaking a blessed week at least before the time at which the absence of their booty was at all called for. The prey were carried across the frith to Ross-shire in a herring boat; and our townsmen, within four-and-twenty hours after

their landing, were put to a dead stand what in the name of perplexity they should do with them. Thus often when we have an object in view do we push onwards in the excitement of the pursuit recklessly and persistently; we are all on the *qui vive;* our senses are sharpened and our wits are keen; and we press forward with the utmost self-abandonment, thoughtless and reckless of the consequences of victory! In such way has many a poor man, I have no doubt, when in the heyday of courtship, urged the fair one closely and importunately, and been at length surprised and thunderstruck at the fair measure of his success. Our worthy citizens only now felt the difficulty of their position. The abstraction had been managed with consummate skill and in the greatest glee, but now they were perfectly nonplussed with their success. In this dilemma they held a cabinet council, and debated what was best to be done; the result of which deliberation was a resolution that the prisoners should be liberated on parole. The captives were accordingly called in, and a promise extracted from them that they should not return to Elgin until the election should be over. Our townsmen then proceeded homewards, and on arrival an affecting meeting, it is said, took place between them and their wives, who congratulated them lovingly on their safe escape from the perils of travel. I may anticipate the *political* result of

this chivalrous adventure. The day of the election arrived, and the honest bailie, with the most provoking scrupulousness, kept his word; for it so happened that, being eldest bailie, he was in possession of the writ upon the authority of which the election proceeded, and the writ not being forthcoming there could be no legal election. Consequently there was no delegate from Elgin, which was therefore not represented; and Cullen being in the interest of Colonel Grant, and being the returning burgh, Sir Alexander lost his return.

But all these freaks and fancies of our worthy citizens which I have recorded do not bear directly on the subject of the incident herein recorded, although they were doubtless accessories, and had an oblique influence thereon. Had our townsmen stopped here, all might have been well; but unfortunately their hands were now fairly in it, and they did not know where to stop.

As when a country school released from task, the clamorous elements so long pent up are eager to expend their muscular power so long accumulate, the noisy urchins scamper here and there, bounce right against some door, and then anon enforce a passage through a neighbouring hedge, and tread a plot of pease but lately sowed; they romp about and cry and scream and shout and frighten all the poultry near the place: yet all this malversation may be wrought and more; geese

may be frightened, gardens may be trod, hedges and doors subjected to assault, and decent neighbours seriously annoyed, and all the mischief practised with impunity: till in an evil hour a reckless scheme to storm a hornet's nest is overtured. No sooner said than done; the beardless rout quickly set to work, and bent upon their aim, with thoughtless application heedless toil, till all at once they find a desperate cloud of angry insects buzzing round their ears.

Just so our worthy townsmen. Had they gone no further than discussing politics with their fellow-townsmen, however obstreperously, all might have been well; they might have cast out among themselves, and made it up again at convenience; they might have even annoyed all the casual strangers coming to town on an errand, and compelled them to pronounce their *shibboleth*, in order to test their right of immunity from a ducking or befouling (as the case might be)—which our townsmen about this time were in the habit of awarding occasionally; nay, I doubt not they might even have stolen a councillor or two with impunity (saving and excepting the consequences that might result from the infraction of the "laws of this and every other well-governed realm")—although, to be sure, that was going very near the quick. I say, our worthy townsmen might have practised all this—and even ventured a little further. I doubt

not—and yet escaped scot free: but, alas! they did not stop here. Whether it was without any assignable reason at all that the rash step was taken—for there are many of our actions so purely mechanical, that we ourselves cannot discover their cause or motive—or whether it was for pure fun, to pass away the time and afford them healthful exercise—or whether it was from a chivalrous and warlike spirit to beard the lion in his den, and provoke opposition—or whether it was thoughtlessness, or idleness, sheer mischief, or the devil himself that prompted them to such a harebrained, inconsiderate, and ever-to-be-lamented act, I have never been able precisely to discover.

It is but fair here to state that some of our most respected citizens offer a very plausible *rationale*, intended at the same time as an apology, for the conduct of their brethren engaged in this inconsiderate step. They state that this being before the time that horses are turned out to grass, (it being in the month of March,) and getting corn and dry food, and standing much in need of physic, these animals had furnished our townsmen with a most convenient missile, with the use of which at this time the burghers, by constant practice among themselves, and particularly at strangers, had become amazingly expert. The apologists further assert, that it was not at all from caprice or a blind impulse that the conduct of our townsmen pro-

ceeded in this instance, but that the step was taken calmy and deliberately, and solely with a view to test the utmost effect of their artillery.

Whether this explanation be correct or not, or whether, should it be correct, it form any ground for extenuation or excuse, I shall not stay to inquire, but shall leave it to the discrimination of my readers and of posterity. One thing is certain, that whatever the motive might have been, the effects were dire and most eventful, and had well-nigh brought about the total subversion of this ancient burgh. The unfortunate ACT, which was fraught with such direful consequences to the burgh, WAS, that on Saturday, the eleventh day of March, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and twenty, a party of our citizens proceeded to Grant Lodge, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, and commenced a vigorous attack on that edifice with balls of dirt.

I now proceed to relate the deplorable consequences which that mad and inconsiderate step of our townsmen produced. But, previously, in order to be able to entertain a proper and just idea of the subject, and how such a rising occurred in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the general manners and customs were identical with those of the present day, it may, perhaps, be necessary again to take a short view of the character of the chiefs, and the habits and customs of the common

people that formerly inhabited the Highlands, and which habits and customs even at the period of the occurrence of the extraordinary *rising* which forms the subject of this part of our work, in no inconsiderable degree maintained their influence.

At the present day, in traversing the Highlands you will find the chieftains and Highland lairds variously endowed. You will meet with some who possess many of the qualities of the gentleman. They are well informed and polite, and the principal incongruous circumstance you observe is the enunciation of sensible remarks from an exterior of folly—the anomaly of hearing a sober, sensible sermon from the clown of Astley's Amphitheatre. The character of these men has been modified by a mixture of Scandinavian blood; and they have retained little that is Celtic, beyond their ludicrous and extravagant vanity, or love of approbation,—the evidence of the existence of which develops itself chiefly in a love for tawdry and ridiculous clothing, and amounts almost to a disease; and as the dulness of intellect and awkwardness of manner which they affect are only artificial and assumed, one cannot help feeling contempt for such affectation. There are others, however, to be found who are no shams, and to whom, in consequence, such contempt will not apply; whose pure blood is innocent of adjection or commixture; whose brain is of the genuine

Neanderthal type; and who command respect from the possession of real, honest, unaffected, primeval stupidity.

Having thus briefly alluded to the personal qualities of the chiefs, we shall now attempt to give a sketch of the character and the habits of the clansmen, with their necessary connexion with the chiefs at the period of the occurrence which we record, and previously. We who live under regular laws, and whose various pursuits are inimical to the fixed principles of attachment which formed such a remarkable feature in the Highland character, cannot easily form a proper conception of the results which sprung from those principles.

The Earl of Selkirk, in his "Observations on the State of the Highlands," accounts for this trait of character in the following way. "The devoted attachment of the common people to their chiefs," says he, "though described in terms of astonishment by contemporary writers, was an effect easily deducible from the general principles of human nature. Among the poor in civilised countries there is, perhaps, no circumstance more severely felt than the neglect they meet with from persons of superior condition, and which appears to stigmatise them as of an inferior species; and if, in the hour of distress, they meet with an unexpected degree of sympathy, the attention bestowed on their situation is often more soothing than direct

benefit conferred, without any sensibility or concern. When a person of rank treats his inferiors with cordiality and shows an interest in their welfare, it is seldom that in any country this behaviour is not repaid by gratitude and affection. This was particularly to be expected among the Highlanders, a people naturally of acute feelings, habituated to sentiments of a romantic and poetical cast; in them the condescending manners and kindness of their chief excited an attachment bordering on enthusiasm." However, this sympathy of the chiefs does not seem to have been the genuine offspring of a purely spontaneous kind and benevolent spirit, so much as studied policy; for we learn from his lordship, in another part of his work, that "the authority of the chief, however great, was not of that absolute kind which has sometimes been imagined, and could not have been maintained without an unremitting attention to all the arts of popularity. Condescending manners were necessary in every individual of whatever rank; the meanest expected to be treated as a gentleman, and almost as an equal." And we have an amusing incident recorded in a work which his lordship quotes, of a certain chief who would very willingly have waived the ceremony of being taken by the hand by some tatterdemalions whom he had met by chance, because it was in the presence of an English gentleman of high station, to whom the

chief had often boasted of the despotic power he had over his clan—the reluctance on the part of the chief producing evident surprise and chagrin in the countenances of his clansmen.

Perhaps there may be some truth in this *rationale*, as given by his lordship, of the peculiarity in Highland character. But the effects of the attachment on the conduct of the common people are more clearly shown in a work, published in 1754, entitled, "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London." "The ordinary Highlanders," says he, (vol. ii., p. 91,) "esteem it the most sublime degree of virtue to love their chief, and pay him a blind obedience, although it be in opposition to the Government, the laws of the kingdom, or even to the law of God. He is their idol; and, as they profess to know no *king* but him, (*I was going further*,) so will they say, they ought to do whatever he commands without inquiry. Next to this love of their chief is that of the particular branch from whence they sprung, and in a third degree to those of the whole clan or name, whom they will assist, right or wrong, against those of any other tribe with which they are at variance; to whom their enmity, like that of exasperated brothers, is most outrageous."

This is further elucidated, and the real cause of attachment probably more happily illustrated

than was done by Lord Selkirk, in a pamphlet, published in 1748, entitled, "A Letter to a Noble Lord, containing a Plan for effectually uniting and sincerely attaching the Highlanders to the British Constitution and Revolution Settlement." "My lord," says the writer, (p. 14, *et seq.*,) "the Highlanders have been oppressed and enslaved by their chiefs, yet oppressed and enslaved after such a manner that they have joyfully submitted to their tyrants, and gloried, nay, triumphed in their base and ignominious servitude. The large, extensive, and universal property of their chiefs, and the manner in which they planted and tenanted that property, was indeed the cause of great influence and power on the one hand, as it was of great poverty and ignorance on the other; and by this method alone the people might have been induced, through mere fear and dread, to a submission and compliance with the will and command of their lords; but, my lord, the connexions prevailing there have yet a deeper and stronger root, that of family, blood, relationship, kindred.

"The chief, who is the eldest branch of the first stock, is considered as the guardian, protector, and father of his clan. The relationship runs from him, and is counted through innumerable degrees to the very remotest and lowest slave of the tribe. The blood is honourable to the last; and the meanest clown on the mountains will maintain his title

of alliance at the point of his sword. In this manner, my lord, the various tribes and clans of the Highlands consider themselves as so many separate and distinct families, each family having one common interest, one great aim, one principal and ultimate end in view, which is, the honour, the dignity, the interest of the chief; and a discipline suitable to these notions and principles is observed; for, from the earliest moments of their youth, they are instructed what degree of blood and relationship they bear to him; informed of the honour thereby accruing to themselves; and taught that all respect and veneration is due to him, as being the representative of that extensive family of which themselves are but parts, and as being the head by which the energy, dignity, and power of the clan is exerted and displayed. They see but everywhere a universal and constant obedience paid him, an obedience which all think themselves honoured in paying, as it is paid to their own blood, the head and fountain of their kindred.

"Habit and example," continues the writer, "fix and rivet these principles in the heart: and what finally cements and binds this union between the chief and his clan, is a maxim invariably pursued, *that whoever insults or injures the most insignificant member of the clan, wounds the honour and reputation of the family; insomuch that the chief*

*and his whole family or clan look upon themselves as most sacredly bound to revenge and wipe off every such injury and insult, even at the hazard and expense of the last drop of their blood.*"

Thus we have a complete key and clue to the right comprehension of the extraordinary *rising* which is herein recorded, and which was the result of a circumstance (offensive, it is true, but) apparently of so trivial a nature, that, without the foregoing sketch of Highland customs and Highland character, many might be at a loss to reconcile the effect and magnitude of the result with the adequateness of the cause.

But I must here remark, that the cause referred to, however trivial it may seem to be, is not, as some have asserted it is, without its parallel in the annals of warfare. To account for the suddenness of the movement, and the unanimity and devotedness of the action, joined to the knowledge of the fact happening in our own well-governed country, and in the nineteenth century;—to account, I say, satisfactorily for those circumstances, a knowledge of the peculiar conditions which, conjointly, formed the modifying agent in the Highland character is doubtless required; but that such is at all necessary, as far as regards the adequateness of the offence to the production of the result on the general principles of warfare, is by no means the case. As the question has been a good deal agitated in

the burgh, and the justification for proceeding to hostilities questioned, I shall here examine, and give a few short abstracts of, the historical causes of war.

I may instance the Trojan war; but I will not insist on it, as it is a question among the learned whether such a war ever existed, except in the brain of the poet, who, it is assumed, gave it as a moral fable to show that the safety and welfare of a nation depend on the harmony of its rulers: although, for my own part, I regard it as being as veritable a war as ever was on the face of the earth. This was caused, as all the world knows, by a woman, named Helen, a notorious strumpet, running away from her husband with another man.

The war between the Ammonites and Israelites, as we have it on the authority of the holy Scriptures, was caused by the former *cutting off the beards of the ambassadors of David the king.*

In like manner was begun the war of the Romans with the Tarentines, because the latter had committed an abuse upon the ambassadors of Rome.

Similar to the foregoing was the war between the Commonwealth of England and the Republic of Holland in 1652, which was caused by the disrespect with which the convoys of the Commonwealth had been entertained at the Hague.

Somewhat similar, too, is the circumstance of

the Czar attacking Charles of Sweden because the former had not been treated with sufficient respect, —*even although he had made his journey in disguise.*

A long war was caused between Prussia and Austria from a satirical expression of Frederick about *three women.**

The famous war of Dakes and Gabrah, which lasted forty years, was occasioned by *two horses.*†

I could give many more instances of equally grave causes of war with the foregoing, including the late American civil war, which originated in an *idea* not very well defined or understood, although it ultimately assumed the shape of the abolition of slavery, but I shall offer only one; not, indeed, on account of the magnitude of it, (for it is comparatively trifling,) but merely because it occurred in our own province. It happened betwixt the MacIntoshes and Munroes in the year 1454; and I give it upon the authority of Shaw. "John Munro, tutor of Fowles," says he, "in his return from Edinburgh, rested upon a meadow in Strathardale; and both he and his servants falling asleep, the owner of the meadow cut off the tails of his horses. This he resented as the Turks would resent the cutting off their horses' tails, which they reckon a grievous offence. He returned soon with

* "Thiebault's Memoirs."

† Pocock's Specimen, p. 48, (quoted by Gibbon.)

three hundred and fifty men, spoiled Strathardale, and drove away their cattle."

Thus it is quite clear that there was sufficient justification for the commencement of hostilities on the general principles of warfare; for it is evident from the foregoing examples that there is no want of historical precedent, the offence of our townsmen being of a nature as grave, solemn, and aggravated as that of any which in general gives rise to the most righteous wars. To proceed—

There is no nation in the world where the sanctity of the Sabbath is more strictly kept, at least in the outward appearance, than in Scotland, notwithstanding the wailings of Willison and others for its desecration: and in no place in Scotland is the rule better observed than in the shire of Moray. Half a century ago this observance attained to a much greater degree than it does at present. The Sunday was then indeed a day of perfect repose—the only sign of anything like active life that broke the stillness of the scene was the solemn sound of the Sabbath bell—the slow wending of the worshippers to the parish church, and their measured and melancholy march back again. The very air of the Sunday bore a softness and serenity not observable on the other days of the week, which, doubtless, was owing to the absence of all puffing and blowing, blustering, brawling, and

bargain-making,—the active bustle of business, which tends greatly to give an impetus to the motion of the atmosphere.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day! (says the poet:)
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester morn bloom'd waving in the breeze:
The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.

. . . . . .

With dove-like wings peace o'er the burgh broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Has ceased: all, all around is quietness.

Such a day was Sunday, the 12th day of March 1820. It dawned in all the serenity of a Scottish Sabbath. The inhabitants of the burgh passed their matins in peace. As the day advanced, however, dark, lowering rumours, undefined though ominous indications, presented themselves of something portentous about to happen.

As in a warm and sultry summer day, when every whispering breeze is hushed to rest, and not a leaf is stirring on its stem; when cattle herds lie dozing in the heat, and all creation seems in soft repose, and universal stillness reigns around, a lumbering sound at intervals is heard along the farmost kenmark of the sky. Day wanes apace,

and now the sounds increase, but still seem too remote to cause alarm. Night now comes on: the denizens of earth betake themselves to rest in trust and peace;—when in the middle of the pitchy night a storm breaks over their devoted heads, to equal which strained recollection tries comparison and all its tests in vain: roar follows flash, and flash succeeds to roar, and rain, and sleet, and snow, and hail, and ice, descend with utter ruin in their track.

Just so the inhabitants of the burgh of Elgin. During the day of Sunday vague rumours were afloat that the Highlandmen were to make a descent upon the town. These reports were related with an air of mystery and importance, and listened to with an aspect of wonder and fear, while neither the relater nor the listener believed a word of the story.

The event, however, had not been altogether unanticipated. The state of politics, joined with certain implied but significant threats and murmurs, rendered such an occurrence at least probable, and provision to a certain extent had been made against it, in respect that resolutions had been passed that the *habile* portion of the inhabitants, in case their services should be needed, should turn out for the protection of the burgh. Still, the advent of the nineteenth century formed a secretly conscious feeling of security in the minds

of the community against the likelihood of any such invasion; and although provision had been made for such a contingency, yet the belief of its occurrence was more a feeling fostered to frighten themselves—that feeling of terror which young ladies love to indulge in by reading romances, or children experience by listening to ghost stories—than any actual persuasion of its probability, that held possession of their minds. With the accents of terror, therefore, on their lips, and a feeling of security in their hearts, the inhabitants fell asleep. In the middle of the night, however, a sudden and unusual noise aroused them from their slumbers. The rush of people, the tread of footsteps, the roll of drums, and the clang of trumpets, mixed up and blended strangely with the dreams of the burghers, which partook of the *bizarrerie* of the expressions and feelings with which the confused and dubious citizens had lain down. Scared from their repose and in the confusion of ideas produced by the sudden and universal tumult which formed such an extraordinary sequel to the solemn sanctity of the sacred day which was scarcely ended, the inhabitants inadvertently neglected to avail themselves of the friendly services of the toilet; and rushing out into the streets to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, (of which they, nevertheless, had but little doubt,) the burgh of Elgin presented, for a time, the appearance of the closing scene at

Herculaneum, which Bulwer has so powerfully depicted in his "Last Days of Pompeii."

Having little time to stay, as we shall be in hot work presently, I will just take the opportunity of this temporary consternation, (very natural and excusable under the circumstances,) and before they rally and demand all hands to be at their post, to snatch as much time as to communicate shortly by what means this *rising*, of which we have given the approximate cause, was immediately effected.

The mansion of Grant Lodge having sustained a vigorous attack, as we have already stated, Lady Anne Grant, alarmed at the formidable bombardment, and we will not answer, but it may just be within the range of possibility, incited in some degree by pride of family and the impatience of her sex, forthwith despatched a messenger to Castle Grant to communicate the information that hostilities had actually commenced, and that the family mansion at Elgin was in danger. Strathspey was already as a magazine of gunpowder, and required nothing but a match to make an explosion. The message produced the effect in an instant. The messenger arrived before divine service was over, and thus opportunely gave effect to the watchword, "Craigellachie,"* which was faithfully given from

* "Every clan had a stated place of rendezvous where they met when called by their chief. The manner of convocating

the pulpits : the ministers offering up a short prayer for success in Gaelic—as being best understood by the guardian angel who presides over Strathspey—and the congregations were abruptly dismissed. Forthwith might be seen gathering from all directions, from over the shoulders of the hills, as in the palmy days of clanship, the retainers of the House of Grant, "to the rescue;" and such was the celerity of their movements, that within two hours the first body at the rendezvous mustered to the number of 1500 men, and was ready to commence its march; while the fiery-cross was forwarded to Glen Urquhart, and summonses were sent to Cullen and the other possessions of the house, to call up the retainers in those districts, and effect a general rising.

Having now got the Highlandmen fairly raised, I must return for a short time to Elgin to see how

them on a sudden emergent was by the fiery-cross. The chief ordered two men to be despatched, one to the upper, and the other to the lower end of his land, each carrying a pole or staff, with a cross-tree in the upper end of it, and that end burnt black. As they came to any village or house, they cried aloud the military cry of the clan, and all who heard it armed quickly, and repaired to the place of rendezvous. If the runner became fatigued, another must take the pole. Every clan had a peculiar cry of war, by hearing which they were convocated to the place of general meeting. The cry of the Macdonalds was *Freich, i.e.*, heather—of the Macphersons, *Craigubhie*—of the Mackenzies, *Tullick-ard*—of the Grants, *Craig Elachie*. And this was the cry of him that carried the fiery-cross."—SHAW'S *History of Moray*, part v., p. 275.

they are preparing there for the dire contest. The rulers of the burgh had not been caught napping; they had anticipated something of the sort, as we have said, and had been quietly providing against it. The citizens, likewise, after the first shock of surprise was over, occasioned through the terrible invasion of the sanctity of the holy Sabbath by the unusual din of musical instruments, that had so suddenly roused them from their slumbers before the sacred day was ended, in consequence of the momentous information conveyed by the vidette as after mentioned—we say, after the surprise so suddenly occasioned had subsided, our citizens as quickly braced up and resolutely prepared for the conflict.

Colonel Stewart had placed around the burgh some pickets, and had stationed at Knockando, fourteen miles from Elgin, an outpost to give warning in case of a movement on the part of the enemy. Sergeant Inkson, who acted in the capacity of vidette, having faithfully performed his public duty during the day, and having some indispensable little private matters to settle previous to retiring to his repose, had unbuckled his armour and had stepped to the side of a neighbouring hedge, for the same purpose as that for which King Saul entered the cave of the sheep-cotes, (as recorded in the 24th chapter of Samuel.) Whilst there, industriously engaged in the commendable occupa-

tion of "covering his feet," the worthy sergeant smelt an unpleasant and unusual odour, which partook much of the nature of that of asafœtida. Looking in the direction of the wind, and listening attentively, he could distinctly hear a crunching sound, like that which proceeds from a fold of cattle immediately after being served with green provisions, or, to the sergeant's practised ear, (he having been abroad in foreign parts,) more nearly resembling that which attends the advent of a band of locusts. Attracted by the extraordinary nature of these phenomena, the sergeant proceeded cautiously in the direction of them, and coming under cover of a plantation that skirted the road, about half-a-mile from his post, he could plainly perceive a body of armed men issuing from a corner of the wood, each having a turnip in one hand and an onion in the other. Each man, also, as he emerged, was covered over with the scales or loose portions of the bark of the fir; which adventitious embellishment, the sergeant could observe, was acquired by a certain odd but vigorous action, *adossee*, which hundreds were performing against the trees. From these unequivocal indications, the sergeant had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the formidable body were none other than the redoubtable Highlandmen. Being anxious to ascertain their number, the sergeant waited till the whole troop had passed, as he judged he could very easily dis-

tance them, calculating from his knowledge of the fact that, besides there being various paling-stakes alongside of the road, there were two plantations by the way between them and their destination. The truth was, that the poor Highlandmen having been called out in such a hurry, had had no time to take dinner, and had therefore taken the precaution to fill their pouches with onions, which, together with the turnips that so temptingly bordered the sides of the road, acting upon empty stomachs, occasioned flatulency and eructation, and had produced that effluvium which, wafted on the wind, had assailed the sergeant's sense of smell, and thus led to the discovery of the party.

Sergeant Inkson lost no time in saddling his horse in order to communicate the important information to head-quarters; and such was the rapidity of his flight over the Mannoch Hill, that he reached the burgh in the unheard-of short space of three hours, his noble steed, it is reported, like Richard Turpin's celebrated mare at York, falling under him dead, upon his reaching the colonel's quarters.

Upon receipt of these startling tidings, the men-at-arms were quickly formed in order of battle. The magistrates and council were thrust into the Tolbooth and guarded by a strong body of musketry, in case an attempt should be made to carry them off. A strong detachment under Major Car-

michael defended the west entrance of the burgh; while Captain Duff, R.N., got down to the river in a boat armed to the teeth, in case of an attempt on the town by water being made on the part of the enemy. The entry to the town from the south, by Moss Street, was guarded by the main body of the troops under Colonel Stewart. The bustle and confusion occasioned by these military manœuvres and evolutions being over, a deep and anxious pause ensued—breathless and silent as that which supervenes to the lightning's flash—observed, as it were, instinctively, to ascertain by the sequence of the report the imminence of the danger. In less than an hour afterwards the pickets fell back on the town. Now was the time for action—now the moment for deadly strife! The burgh raised its back as does the generous mastiff when he comes upon the tiger's lair in the African jungle, or as the offended cat when an unmannerly stranger cur surreptitiously rummages her mistress's pantry. A buzzing could be heard in the interior similar to that which is given forth by a thriving bee-hive, when it is suddenly shaken on a summer evening; and a rustling went through the whole line of troops like that which is observed in a decent congregation upon the delivery of the text—putting out-of-hand their nose-blowing, coughing, and sneezing for the more attentive consideration of the succeeding discourse. Presently the High-

landmen made their appearance, marching with great pomp and ceremony in regular Highland order, proudly led on by Captain Grant, and the *elite* of Strathspey, with their heads uncommonly high.

Those who have not had the fortunate opportunity of examining Celtic movements or Celtic manners, even under ordinary circumstances, can form but a very faint conception of the prodigious manifestation of pride that was developed on this unusually important occasion. Such dignity of deportment—such superb and stately strutting—such observation of grotesque gravity—such exhibition of the costume of the clan—such display of rings, stars, and brooches made of the native topas got on the hill of Cairngorm—and such imperturbable elevation of personal air and mien, and preservation of unbroken general order, was possibly never seen before nor since; the whole movement falling precisely under Sir Alexander Boswell's minute description of a Highland congress :—

"Come the Grants of Tullochgorm,
Wi' their pipers gaun before 'em,
Proud the mithers are that bore 'em,
Feedle-fa-fum.

"Next the Grants of Rothiemurchus,
Every man a sword and durk has,
Every man as proud 's a Turk is,
Feedle-deedle-dum."

The difference from Sir Alexander's admirable, but in some degree light and facetious description, being on this occasion the awful solemnity that prevailed, inseparable from the dreadful character and intent of the mission; and that, instead of the precedent pipers, the whole of the present party, without exception, were adroitly manipulating a lively air, with astonishing vigour, on the Scotch fiddle. So that it is allowed on all hands to have been the most extensive band of music that had visited the burgh since the time that Alexander Macdonald of the Isles infested it with his band of scabbed blackguards, assailing the hen-roosts and otherwise making themselves rich on the spoils of the town; from which piece of thievery, by the way, may be traced the rise and origin of sundry proud and respectable Highland families.

No sooner did the files of the enemy come fully into view than one-third of our troops went off in search of more powder. The enemy marched directly along Moss Street, and, nothing daunted, came full against the line of our troops that occupied that thoroughfare termed "The Backside," (since called South Street and Greyfriars Street.) Pausing for a moment when within beards-pulling distance, and observing our troops in a state of trepidation from vehemence of bravery, to such a degree as to be actually gnashing their teeth, the leaders instinctively swerved aside, and, rushing

down "The Backside," followed by the whole body, in a few minutes they were safely ensconced within the walls of the policies of Grant Lodge.

Here we will leave them in the meantime, and take breath: seizing the opportunity, at the same time, to contradict certain evil reports that have been circulated, and remove the bad impression occasioned by sundry wicked jests that have been practised respecting the conduct of our gallant citizens in this memorable affair. In the first place, the tactics of Captain Duff have been unfavourably animadverted upon respecting his naval defence of the town, because, say the critics, he was going out of the line of defence altogether; for the town might have been taken, sacked, and burnt, without ever coming near to him, and almost without his knowledge, unless, indeed, the enemy should have thought it necessary to go out of their way just for the purpose of fighting him, as Don Quixote attacked the windmills. Now, to this we answer that, besides the fact of the worthy captain being a naval man, and instinctively taking to the water like a duck, there is a perfect precedent for his mode of defence in the garrison of Fort George, which has been so ingeniously contrived that it would cost a foreign enemy no little trouble and risk to get at it, whilst such enemy could effect a landing in hundreds of places

without ever coming near it; and the only purpose he could have in view in instituting a series of inquiries concerning its whereabouts, searching it out, and toiling and threading his way up the Moray Firth to get at it, would be to fight and take the chance of being beaten—which doubtless a generous and chivalrous enemy would encounter. There is no question but the captain had this precedent in his eye; and he is completely borne out by it. Another wicked report has been circulated, to the effect that when the enemy came in view, a third or more of our soldiers deserted and ran off. This is not the case,—they did not desert, but went away for a very necessary purpose. To be sure, there is one circumstance that, without explanation, would seem to favour the assertion, and that is, that they never came back: but the fact is as I have stated, namely, that when such a prodigious body broke upon their sight, and knowing the immense importance of having a sufficient supply of ammunition, they went away for more powder, and their time had been taken up in searching for it in vaults and cellars underground, below beds, in potato pits, and in other such places, where, of course, powder is usually deposited out of the reach of fire. Another cause for ridicule to those who have been disposed to be merry is, the allegation that when the enemy came up and bearded our soldiers, they were trembling

to such a degree that their teeth were chattering, which some believed to be the effect of the night air upon our raw troops, while others attributed it purely to fear. Now the fact is, their perturbation proceeded from a very different cause than either of these. It is well known to medical men, and others, doubtless, that trembling is the effect of other causes besides cold and fear. These agents depress or lower the nervous condition below the ordinary standard, while valour or bravery raises it as much above the natural pitch, and thus produces the same abnormal effect. It was the vehemence or excess of courage, therefore, that affected our troops on seeing their foe, and produced the shaking so much sneered at; and it was the intensity of enthusiasm, or ardour of impatience, that occasioned their teeth to chatter: so that I think I am justified in rendering it as above, viz., that they were *gnashing their teeth* to get at them. The cavillers think they are strengthened in their position from the fact that when this memorable affair was all over, the fire-arms of the soldiers were found somewhat curiously loaded — the greater number being charged, some only with ball, others with powder and no ball, some with the powder uppermost, and some containing several charges above each other, one musket being found to contain no fewer than five. All which, they allege, was the effect of confusion, occasioned by fear;

whereas it is manifest it rather evidenced the indications of design in coolly trying effects—the state of the musket referred to having been caused by an experiment, instituted, doubtless, with the view of killing five Highlandmen at once.

We must now return to the Highlandmen. After the cessation of the sudden panic of the leaders, occasioned by the formidable and desperate reception they had received, as before mentioned, by which a direction was given to the movement towards Grant Lodge, their intention was to deploy in the parks there, and then return to the combat with redoubled force. But an epidemic which had long before begun to manifest itself, but which, (like colds and other diseases,) from the prevalent excitement, as is often observed during the active operations of an army, had not been able to overcome the vital powers, now, when the excitement was temporarily suspended, began to rage with terrible violence among the troops; in short, not a man escaped its fury. The medical adviser of the family was instantly summoned to render his assistance, and after putting a few questions respecting regimen, &c., the doctor was not long in drawing his diagnosis. He remarked that this disorder was the most difficult to cure of any that he had ever had occasion to battle with; that, indeed, he had never seen a permanent cure effected; all that could be done

was to ease the distressing symptoms by affording temporary relief. This he engaged to do, and to that end he prescribed pills made of equal parts of fresh muscle and crumb of bread. These medicaments could not be procured in such quantity nor prepared with such despatch, however, as the number of the patients and the virulence of the disorder demanded; and had homœopathy been at that time in practice, the most effectual cure on the isopathic principle would have been to recommend the patients to chew the softest side of their tongues. The doctor was ignorant of this mode of cure, however, and as a substitute for the other prescription, he recommended a linctus composed as follows:—

℞—Farina avenæ sativæ;
Aqua pura;
Misce: detur ad libitum:

and to be followed by three scruples of *aqua vitæ*.

The disease was by these medicines successfully combated without the loss of a single patient; the treatment being conducted and the cure consummated completely, according to the maxim of Asclepiades, *cito, tuto, et jucunde,* (as cited by the elegant Celsus,) and the assault on the town, which had been for a time unavoidably suspended, was now about to be proceeded with.

The clan were deploying for this purpose in the

park, examining the state of their firelocks, adjusting their dirks and side-arms, and making ready to renew the attack. Beautiful and symmetrical was that compact band of warriors—the best blood of Strathspey! Critically correct was their military order of arrangement, and still more noble was the bold bearing of the clan, clad as they were in their jewelled and ostentatious tartan! They were listening to the inspiriting addresses of their leaders, and on the point of marching out to the assault, when a new obstacle presented itself. It was not possible for a movement of the extent of that of which we treat, even in those days, before the era of railways and electric telegraphs, to proceed far without observation. Accordingly, it came to the ears of our worthy sheriff, Sir George Abercromby; and that active judicial functionary, though then drawn to years, lost no time in proceeding to the scene of action. He appeared at Grant Lodge as the party were preparing for the attack, as we have just related. In passing them he simply called out, "Stir not a step!" Whether or not any occult influence may be in the tone of authority, I know not; but certain it is, that although nobody knew anything about the identity of the interlocutor, the talismanic command, nevertheless, had something of the same effect as the sight of Medusa's head, for every soul seemed to be turned to stone. Sir

George proceeded directly to the mansion, and demanded an audience of Lady Anne Grant. He rebuked her sharply for her imprudence, represented to her the legal consequences of the act she had originated, told her that her noble and excellent brother's estates were in danger of perpetual forfeiture, and that she herself might be found guilty of sedition. He then went up to the party, who were still standing like statues in the precise position which they took at the moment when he ordered them not to stir. The effect of his command had indeed been miraculous! Here one of the leaders, who had been caught haranguing the troops, might be seen with his mouth still wide open, temporarily baked in the attitude of a silent stump orator. There stood another who, having had complimentarily put his hand up to his hat, had never got it down again. A third, who had been gorgonised in the action of walking proudly round the ranks, was still performing the goose-step. The whole body of troops had been arrested in the active performance of the national music, and, of all things in the world, looked like a monster band of violin players, all attention, with their bow-hands at their left ears, ready, at a signal from their leader, to dash into a modern overture. The demesmerising reappearance of the sheriff released the party from their rigidity. The address of that excellent and worthy judicial functionary was

pointed and energetic, and deserves to be preserved to the letter.

With his lower lip a little pushed upwards, the outer angles of his mouth drawn down, and his brow lowered, eyeing the party askance with a look of ineffable contempt—"Gentlemen," said he, addressing the leaders of the movement,—some of whom were ministers of the everlasting gospel, who had previously given effect to the address to the clan from their respective pulpits, recommended in prayer the expedition to the care of Providence, and were now rendering material aid in the strife, like Balaam, the son of Beor—"Gentlemen," said the sheriff to the leaders of the movement,—standing clad in their jewelled, proudest, most imposing vestments, with their hats in their hands, scratching their heads, and looking like so many naughty schoolboys brought up to be whipped,—"do you know the pickle ye have brought yourselves into? Do you know that you have rendered yourselves liable to be tried on a charge of sedition, petty treason, or mobbing, and brought your necks in danger? that should such trial proceed, you would, at the very least, undoubtedly be sent to Botany Bay? I address myself to you, gentlemen, who are leaders in this illegal and unprecedented insurrection, in the belief that I speak to individuals who have been vouchsafed, by the great Disposer of all things, with as much of that divine

principle, which exalts and elevates man above the lower animals, termed *reason*, as will at least serve to assist you to comprehend the meaning of what I assert t' ye. For, as to these fellows ye have brought, that are thus gnawing their fingers and looking so intently on vacancy—and that other set of a higher caste, whose doublets are dripping with saliva at the sight of yonder distant turnip field—it would be as useless to waste words *on them* as it would be on the *pediculi* that are disporting on your coats." Rising higher in his tone, stamping his foot, and addressing leaders and all indiscriminately, "Swyth ye,"* said the sheriff; "get ye home every one o' ye; and if there be any damage done to poultry, turnips, or the bark of trees, I will have a score of the leaders of ye hanged, as a warning to posterity!"

Simultaneously with the exalted tone of voice of the sheriff (given forth from that feeble and attenuated body, yet so well remembered by many of our citizens) was there a rush made towards the gate by the whole party, each making a sudden start or leap, and looking like a marauding dog who sees the staff suddenly raised to strike him, upon his being discovered in a foraging expedition for

* This is not an English phrase which was made use of by the worthy sheriff, but is a very significant and expressive Scotch one, and will be found in Jamieson's Dictionary. It is never applied in Morayshire, however, to any but dogs.

bones in some concealed dunghill. Some people affirm that several of the party gave a yelp. Without waiting on ceremony for precedence, order, or arrangement, forthwith pell-mell onward they press, in one undistinguishable mass, their necks all stretched out in the direction of Strathspey, leaders and all, treading on each other's heels, every one trying to get first, and fearing to look behind him; the whole dense moving mass enveloped in a cloud of dust,—bearing all before them, like a troop of unwieldy elephants scared by the hunter in the African jungle, or a drove of black cattle with tails erect in a burning July day, among which a panic has been raised by their implacable tormentor, the breeze-fly.

And so effectual was the address of the sheriff, and, in consequence, so rapid the flight of the party, that it must be recorded to posterity as a notable fact, that there was not a single hen-roost sacked, nor were there more than two acres of turnips devoured during the whole retreat. And so ended this notable expedition.

As we pass along towards the east end of the burgh, we may observe the ruins of the church of the Grey Friars, surrounded with fine old trees. The proprietor, Captain Stewart, has, with singular good taste and discrimination, opened up the large park for the purposes of building, as the progress

of improvement demanded the concession; but not a single tree has been touched, nor an object of interest sacrificed.

At the east end of the burgh is to be seen a large and commodious building, which has inscribed on it—"THE ELGIN INSTITUTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF OLD AGE AND EDUCATION OF YOUTH." In connexion with this building I shall take leave to relate an authentic tale.

Without bringing any accusation against, or wishing to convey an impression by comparison unfavourable to the Scottish peasantry of the present day, we must assert and admire the integrity and beautiful simplicity of character of that class of the community in the Lowlands of Scotland a hundred years ago. At that period, and long afterwards, before the era of improved facilities for locomotion, which unconsciously impress the mind with independence of place, the country somewhat represented, socially, a desert island in the sea, accidentally peopled by a handful of rescued mariners; where the few denizens are thrown on their own resources, and the principle of reciprocity which obtains among them is not that of *interest*, through which, with Mr Yorick, we frequently wish Monsieur Dessein at the devil, but the reciprocity of kindness, and the

exchange and interchange of mutual good offices, the direct offspring of the higher sentiments. With them no social dodder of conventionalism had yet cramped, choked, and strangled the simple tendencies and natural genial action of the human heart. Independence, too, was a prominent feature in the character of the Lowland Scotch peasant, resulting doubtless from his position: begging and thieving were rare indeed; the propensity to these modes of adjuvancy being confined specially to certain families, which ran their descent quite distinctly, in their respective channels, through the community. Well—

About the year 1730 there lived a fair specimen of this class in the neighbouring parish of Drainey, a worthy couple of the name of Gilzean or Gillan. They had a small croft, and kept a cow, and the guidman was occasionally employed at labouring work on the neighbouring farms, while the goodwife thriftily managed the domestic affairs of the household. They had one daughter, an only child, in whom the care, the attention, and the happiness of the worthy couple centred. Comforts—such simple, natural comforts as were known amongst the class at that period—were amply enjoyed: there was in the pantry plenty of milk, and in the *girnal* plenty of meal, and plenty of kail and cabbage in the garden: and by this staple of a leal Scotchman's food, aided by the sauce supplied

by the exercise of honest labour in the open air, and the possession of a quiet conscience, the happy household sat down to their modest meals with a stomach that needed none of that sort of assistance now rendered by Lazenby, nor any other of those condiments that modern civilisation has found it necessary to introduce and employ for the stimulation of a sated taste, or the restoration of a palled appetite.

The old couple loved their child to distraction; yet, nevertheless, was her education not neglected; the fondness of the parents had not tended, as is too often the case, to render the daughter good for nothing. And here let me shortly notice the system of female education followed now-a-days. It is now, among the middle classes, a point of aspiration to get above their trade. They would rather not allude at all to the calling by which they earn their daily bread, but, if it must be mentioned, it must receive a genteeler appellation than it was wont to get. Dealers, therefore, who sell tea and sugar over a counter, are not grocers now, they are "merchants." Weavers (particularly those who happen to have more looms than they can work by their own hand) are now "manufacturers;" tailors are "clothiers;" shoemakers are "leather merchants," or, at the very least, "*boot*makers, (a *shoe* being now altogether out of the question;) barbers are "hairdressers," or "perfumers;" and

in a public journal, plying its vocation not far from this place, in the announcement of a marriage lately, a bumbailiff was designated, "Officer of Her Majesty's Commissariat of the Counties of Elgin and Nairn," (which sounded amazingly loud at a distance ;) and a similar announcement, in the same newspaper, transformed at once into the magniloquent *imago* of "Excavator" an honest grub of a labourer in a freestone quarry.

The tendency of all this with tradesmen is not only to make them ashamed of honest labour, of which they have—and all have—reason to be proud, but it has the deplorable effect of making their daughters place everything useful beneath their notice. By a system of education aptly fitted to the prevailing taste of the parents, and while the "accomplishments" which the daughters acquire are of no practical value to themselves or to their families in after life, the idea is tacitly impressed that to be possessed of the vulgar ability to cook a steak for the mouth of their future husband, or make a shirt for his back, it would betray the grossest indication of rudeness and vulgarity.

Such demoralisation did not follow the parental fondness of the worthy couple under consideration. May Gillan was not taught painting, as are our modern young ladies, who contrive to banter nature, as Washington Irving says, out of countenance by representing her "tricked out in all

the tawdry finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico rocks, red grass, and clouds that look like old clothes sent adrift by the tempest;" or embroidery, by describing on satin or muslin flowers of a nondescript kind, in which the great art is to make them as unlike nature as possible, and by which the dreadful guilt of any breach of the second commandment is entirely avoided. Her education and her accomplishments were of a vulgar, useful, and substantial nature. The details of the household were in a great measure delegated to the young damsel when she grew up to years of discretion, and she also became a proficient in the practical accomplishment of *spinning*. The young maiden was universally acknowledged to be pretty. She was about the middle size, had a pleasing, open, ingenuous countenance, with a profusion of beautiful flaxen hair hanging over her shoulders.

As the old people concentrated their care and attention on their only child, in like manner did the young damsel expend her duties and distribute her affections on the parents. Their will was her law, every wish of theirs was implicitly obeyed, and every act of hers tended to their comfort and happiness.

But such is the strength of the propensity connected with the preservation of the species, that it will frequently overcome every other consideration.

The damsel had seen and become acquainted with a young man belonging to the neighbouring parish of Lhanbryd, and an intimacy of a particular kind had sprung up betwixt the pair. Andrew Anderson, the young man referred to, finding his proposals rejected by the old couple to whom he had made application in proper form, in a fit of despair enlisted into a regiment lying quartered in Elgin. The young lady seemed to be actuated all at once with an amount of self-control which she never before exercised. The filial tears which the prayers and entreaties of the old people drew forth in abundance, did nevertheless fail to wash out the resolution of the maiden, who had determined at all hazards to follow the fortunes of the young soldier, and they were accordingly married in the year 1745.

Shortly afterwards, the regiment being ordered abroad, May Gillan left the country along with her husband, and suffered many of the privations and vicissitudes that commonly fall to the lot of a soldier's wife. Practical though the nature of her education had been, and plain though the fare was to which she had been accustomed, the care and tenderness, nevertheless, experienced in the quiet parental abode had but ill fitted her to endure the hardships of a wandering life. This inability was increased by the cares consequent on her becoming a mother, a son having been born the following

year. Her health likewise began to suffer, and the amount of her difficulties increased to such a degree that the resolution was formed to apply for leave for her to go home to the old cottage in Drainey, till such time as the cessation of the disturbances of the period, or a change of regimental orders, should happily enable the husband to join his spouse under more favourable circumstances. Arrangements were accordingly made, and leave being obtained, the young wife set out on her return home.

It is only those who have tasted the sweets of liberty after captivity, or who have experienced the pleasant gratification of the desire that produces home-sickness in the nostalgic exile, that could duly appreciate the light and airy feeling that the young wife experienced when, after the smart of parting with her husband was assuaged, she had fairly set out for the old parental abode. Pictures of her early life and of her happy days floated before her fervid imagination, and served to beguile the tedium of the voyage. At length she reached the shores of Great Britain, but far from her native parish; and the experience of travelling in those days, even to the wealthy, was none of the pleasantest. To this poor wanderer the journey was irksome and fatiguing in the extreme. The whole of the land journey from Deal was performed on foot, with the exception of what small portions were passed in some good country-

man's cart, a favour she occasionally fell in with; and which kind office, to the credit of our labouring population, was, in general, cheerfully accorded. The disadvantages of the road were enhanced also by the cares requisite to be bestowed on the young child which she carried in her arms, and whose infantile comforts, notwithstanding all her endeavours, were necessarily but spare. The thought, however, of soon reaching the goal which contained all the comforts she required cheered her on, and she at length approached by slow and painful stages that joyful point of her journey where the recognised landmarks greet one like old familiar faces—a point which will be known to my countrymen by the phrase, "within kent bounds." Her heart beat high as the familiar spots of the landscape successively developed themselves, and became more and more apparent, and her strength, which through fatigue and privation had been considerably impaired, seemed to gather fresh accession from the touch of her native soil. She arrived at length in her county town of old Elgin, whither her parents in her early days had frequently carried her, and from whence, on their errands on the weekly market-days to dispose of their superabundant produce, and to purchase what provision the little croft did not supply, they had brought her the tangible evidence of their parental affection in weekly "fairings."

All these minute but touching circumstances rushed into her recollection as she recognised the Cross, the venerable old church in the High Street, and other prominent objects, as old friends. But some miles had yet to be travelled ere she should reach the goal of her hopes, and forward she pressed in all the eagerness of delight to the old cottage, which was one place in the midst of a hollow, cold, and callous world where she would occasion an agreeable surprise, and receive a smiling, substantial, and cordial welcome. She had not now the weary feeling of the footsore traveller which she had experienced at the close of each day's fag during her journey, for she almost flew with her burden. As she approached within sight of the cottage, the tumult of her feelings quite overpowered her senses; and without noticing any difference in the exterior of the old dwelling-place, she stood before the door! Her pent-up feelings were too full to be endured, but she hoped directly to disembosom her griefs and her joys in the arms of her dear parents. The door was shut, and it did not open to her touch as it was wont to do. She made several attempts in vain, but, yielding to her impatient efforts, the door at length gave way—and she rushed into the apartment which, for many a day, had been the field of her maiden avocations. . . . It was only now that her eagerness permitted her to perceive some indications that, under other

circumstances, would have been sufficient evidence to her at the first that the inmates had removed to some other premises. The house was empty, the walls were damp, and a portion was dilapidated, and the hearth was cold. She sat down upon the old stone, called in Morayshire a *sunk*, which sat by the old fireplace, that used to furnish a smiling plenty and shed a comfortable influence over a happy family. Mingled with her fears, a thousand familiar scenes rushed into her recollection, as from this wonted and familiar point of view she took a survey of the desolate dwelling.

> "Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
> Oft had its roof with peals of laughter rung;
> When round the modest board, in due degree,
> They sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
> The heart's light laughter crown'd the rustic jest;
> And all was sunshine in each simple breast."

A few minutes only had she sat here, however, when a countryman who had observed her enter the old cottage came up, and looked in at the paneless window. "'Oman," says he, "fat are ye seekin' here?" Without paying the least regard to the identity of the inquisitor, in her haste and anxiety to obtain information that engrossed every other consideration, "Ken ye onything o' my father?" frantically inquired she. "Losh!" says the man, "are ye John Gillan's dother come hame again? Ay div I, lassie," continued he, "I ken weel enouch faur yer father is, but I doubt ye'll need to seek

him in anither place—yer mither and him's baith lyin' aside ither in the kirkyard o' Kinethart." The fountain of her tears—the tangible representation of her joys and griefs—which was ready to gush out on her father's bosom, never overflowed its channel, not a drop escaped her eye, and thus no safety-valve was opened for "the o'erfraught heart:" she did not swoon, and thus mercifully obtain a respite for the burning brain by a temporary nepenthe: the strain was too much for the endurance of frail humanity; and casting one wild look around the room after receipt of the fatal intelligence, with a fearful calmness of manner she picked up the helpless little babe which was lying on the floor, and went out from the old cottage into the world a hopeless maniac.

. . . . . .

The following additional particulars are condensed from a memoir in the *Elgin Courier* of 28th February 1851:—

"May or Marjory Gillan, in passing through the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, (for at that time the walls enclosing the burying-ground were in a very dilapidated condition, and a common footpath ran from the gate to the north-east corner,) fixed on the lavatory as her future home. This small chamber, then, as now, was in a complete state of repair, having a chimney and window, and the roof, as well as the walls, of solid masonry. The *pis-*

*cina*, or stone-basin used by the priests for washing their hands on ceremonial occasions, being of an elongated form, was converted into a crib for the child; and here, in this cold cradle, amid desolation, ruin, and partial exposure to the angry elements, as they lashed in at the narrow paneless window, and along the naked passage, fed and protected by a weak, but warm-hearted woman, in many respects as helpless as himself, was this heir of indigence nursed. The forlorn condition of the interesting pair excited, as well it might, the sympathies of the benevolent, and they were seldom allowed to be without plenty of food and clothing. The boy appears to have been very deserving, and 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' provided him with friends so soon as their interposition was necessary. He was early put to school, where, by filling the office of 'pauper' or poor boy—that is, cleaning the school-room and performing other menial duties—he received his education as a recompense. He filled this humble situation in the old Grammar and 'Sang' schools; and, judging from his successful career in after life, he appears to have been an apt and industrious scholar.

"Although for a considerable period after her return to Morayshire, Marjory Gilzean lived in the lavatory of the Cathedral, it appears that latterly —probably after her son had left to push his for-

tune—she made occasional journeys through the country. She occupied herself in spinning lint, or linen yarn; and in her peregrinations she carried her wheel along with her. . . . . Of her wanderings there is little known. At one period she left Elgin, and appears to have resided for some time in an old house in the vicinity of Ballindalloch. Here, between the fruits of her industry at the spinning-wheel and the neighbours' kindness, life wore comfortably with her for a season; but another fatuous female who had formerly lodged in the same place, became jealous, imagining herself slighted by Marjory's presence, and so tormented the poor creature that she was fain to quit the debatable ground. Having returned to Elgin, she found shelter in a wooden shed, which stood near to the Little Cross, and on the south side of South College Street. Some mischievous persons, however, destroyed this frail tenement, and she ultimately returned to her old quarters in the Cathedral. . . . . Old age was creeping on apace, and she began to look about her for a more comfortable home, or at least to some one on a share of whose sympathies she might rely. A young woman, who had been a servant in a family that Marjory frequented, and who had always shown her great kindness, having recently married a man of the name of Macleod, was now living in Stotfield. To this old and tried friend Marjory Gilzean turned

her attention. She met with a cordial welcome from both husband and wife; and the good offices which she there received were so consonant with her feelings, that with the exception of a few days' wandering now and then, this hospitable roof became her permanent home. . . . . Wherever she was known, the character given her was that of a 'harmless, inoffensive creature.' Indeed, her amiable qualities, irrespective of her melancholy history, seldom failed to excite the strongest sympathy. She was also of a religious turn of mind, which increased with the advances of age. Her fate in this world had been one of severe disappointment and suffering; and she was not unmindful to prepare for a better land, where these are unknown. One evening, during the harvest of 1790, she came to Stotfield, complaining of indisposition; Mrs Macleod put her to bed, and administered to her comforts. At her earnest request a messenger was despatched for the minister, but unfortunately he could not be found;—an elder was next thought of, but those in the vicinity, as well as her landlord, were gone to sea. Mrs Macleod endeavoured to supply their place to the best of her ability, and read several suitable portions of Scripture, which greatly consoled her. During the night she grew worse, and next morning her spirit forsook its frail tenement, and all her trials and wanderings were over. . . . .

"We are happy to state," concludes the *Elgin Courier*, "that on perusing the preceding account of Marjory Gilzean, the Trustees of the Elgin Institution resolved to erect a monument to her memory, over her grave in Kinnedar, which was done a short time after, with the following inscription :—

'SACRED
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
MARJORY GILZEAN OR ANDERSON,
Who Died at Stotfield in 1790,
And whose Remains Lie here Interred.

THIS STONE IS ERECTED
BY
THE TRUSTEES OF HER SON,
GENERAL ANDERSON,
The Benevolent Founder of the Noble and Useful Institution,
which was opened at Elgin in 1832,
For the Education of Youth, and the Support of Old Age.'"

Taking a turn for a very short distance beyond the burgh, at the east, we come to an ancient relic, but one not the most complimentary to our ancestors. It is a circular pool, known as the Order or Ordeal Pot. "This deep pool," says Mr Rhind, in his Sketches of Moray, "which lies in the hollow ground to the eastward of the Cathedral, has long been well known to every schoolboy. Strange ideas of its awful depth, and dark legends of its history have ever haunted the minds of boyhood. We

fear there may be too good grounds for supposing that here some of those disgraceful tragedies may have been consummated which disfigure even the most barbarous ages, and cast a deep stain on the intellect of man. We have no authentic records regarding the history of this period. Tradition suggests, however, that it may formerly have been called the Ordeal Pot, a place where witches were tried; and that the common name of the present day may be a corruption."

The following extract from an old MS. may be interesting as alluding to the spot:—

"The whilk day ane great multitude rushinge thorough the Pannis Port, surroundit ye pool, and hither wis draggit thorough ye stoure ye said Marjory Bysseth in sore plight, wid her grey hairis hanging loose, and crying, 'Pitie, pitie.' Now Maister Wyseman, the samin clerk who had stode up at her tryal, stepped forward, and saide, I kno thys womyan to have been ane peaceable and unoffendyng ane, living in ye privacy of her widowhode, and skaithing or gainsaying no ane. Quhat have ye furthir to say again her? Then there was gret murmuryng and displeausance among ye peopel, but Maister Wyseman standing firme, agen asked, Quhat furthir have ye again her? Then did ye Friares agen repeate how that she had muttered her aves backward, and others that the maukin started at Bareflet had been traced to her dwellinge, and how that the aforesaid cattel had died by her connivance. Bot shee, hearing this, cried the more, 'Pitie, pitie, I am guiltlesse of ye fause crymes, never sae muche as thought of be me.' Then suddenlie there was ane motion in ye croud, and ye peopel parting on ilk syde, ane leper came doun frae ye hous, and in ye face of ye peopel bared his hand and his hale arm, ye which

was wythered, and covered over with scurfs, most pityeous to behold ; and he saide, 'At ye day of Penticost last past, thys woman did giv unto me ane shell of oyntment, with ye which I anoynted my hand to cure ane imposthume which had come over it, and beholde from that daye furthe untyll thys it hath shrunke and wythered as you see it now.' Whereupon ye croud closed rounde, and becam clamorous; but ye saide Marjory Bysseth cried pyteously that God had forsaken her—that she had meanyed gude only, and not evil—that the oyntment was ane gift of her husband who had ben beyond seas, and that it was ane gift to him from ane holy man and true, and that she had given it free of reward or hyre, wishing only that it mote be of gude ; but that gif gude was to be payed backe with evil sorrow, and gif Sathan mot not have his owin. Whereupon the people did press roun' and becam clamorous, and they take ye woman and drag her amid mony tears and cryes to the pool and crie 'To tryal, to tryal;' and so they plonge her into ye water. And quhen, as she went doun in ye water, ther was ane gret shout ; bot as she rose agayn, and raised up her armes, as gif she would have come up, there was silence for ane space when againe she went doun with ane bublinge noise they shouted finallie, 'To Sathan's kyngdome she hath gone,' and forthwith went their wayes."

Whether or not the account here given of "Maister Wyseman" be apocryphal, is of little or no consequence ; similar instances, even under more distressing circumstances, we know to have been rife, and they would yet be common were it not that the schoolmaster has happily outgrown the parson ; or, in other words, that the intelligence of the people has succeeded in beating down superstition, the outwork of that formidable stronghold,

THE ORDER OF CLERGY. May God grant how soon intelligence may increase so that true religion, or Christianity, may be cleared of all such encumbrances, and have no more reason to cry out, "Save me from my friends!" *

It would be easy enough to recount, but it might be tedious, as it certainly would be disagreeable and repugnant to the feelings to examine, the details of the revolting cruelties which have been practised, and the shocking sacrifice of human life which has been perpetrated under the plea of doing God service by obtemperating a text in the Old Testament.† It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that persecutions for witchcraft began to prevail in Europe. After that time, and down nearly to the eighteenth century, the

* The author has been studying the Revelation in the quiet recesses of the Cathedral. It appears to him that all commentators on the Apocalypse assume, first of all, some representative of the Beast, or Man of Sin, or Antichrist, and then try to make everything square with such assumption. The author has from historical evidence and the induction of common sense, endeavoured to interpret this portion of scriptural clairvoyance in a sensible and rational manner. The *Pope* has been universally assumed as the *Man of Sin* by clerical and professedly Christian (Protestant) commentators. The author, in his correct and normal mode of solution of the problem—in first assuming the Beast to be *x*,—has proved the truth of the conclusion haply arrived at by the empirical mode adopted by the commentators referred to, viz., that the Pope is Antichrist—*but that only inasmuch as his Holiness is the true, consistent, and genuine type and representative of the whole universal* ORDER OF CLERGY.

† Exodus xxii. 18.

sacrifice of life was sickening. George Combe says:—"Germany was so fertile a soil for the supernatural that, from the publication of Innocent's bull to the suppression of prosecution for witchcraft, the number of victims could not be less than 100,000!"*

England was not free from the same madness. Barrington, in his observation on the statute of 20th Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the number of individuals put to death in England on the charge of witchcraft at 30,000: and so lately as the year 1716 a Mrs Hicks, and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil!

And Scotland—ay, of course, religious Scotland—comes in for her share of such atrocities. So late even as 1722 an execution for witchcraft took place at Dornoch. The statute against the offence was finally repealed in 1735.

We have a horror at slavery; we are surprised that the Southern States of America could have maintained the practice, as they affect to have done not only on interested, but on equitable principles; and we are particularly shocked at ministers of religion defending it on Scripture grounds. Slavery is indefensible; it is bad in its nature, and its consequences are lamentable. But

* "Constitution of Man," (but quoted there on the authority of Professor Moir of Edinburgh.)

superstition—especially that phase of it we are treating of, which has produced consequences such as we have seen to involve the mortal lives of hundreds of thousands of innocent and helpless human victims—is not for one moment to be placed in the same criminal category. What, then, are we to think of the following?—"So little light did the Bible afford regarding the atrocity of the proceedings against witches," says the afore-mentioned writer, "that the Secession Church of Scotland, comprising many intelligent clergymen, and a large number of the most serious and religious of the people, complained, in their annual confession of personal and national sins, (printed in an act of their associate presbytery at Edinburgh in 1743,) of the penal statutes against witches having been repealed by Act of Parliament, *contrary to the express law of God!* This defection is classed by Dr John Brown of Haddington, one of the great leaders of the Secession Church about the middle and end of last century, among 'the practical backslidings from the once attained to and covenanted work of reformation, which have happened in the preceding and present age as abuses of the singular favours of God.'"

"From the horridness of the crime," says Sir George Mackenzie in his Criminal Law, "I do conclude that, of all crimes, it requires the clearest

relevancy and most convincing probature; and I condemn, next to the wretches themselves, those cruel and too forward judges who *burn persons by thousands* as guilty of this crime." Although this opinion of Sir George Mackenzie had the effect of lessening the number of trials for witchcraft, and perhaps was given for that end, it yet acknowledges the existence of the crime; while it is evident *there is not, never was, and never can be, in the nature of things, such a crime as witchcraft.*

Taking it for granted, for the sake of illustration, that the power attributable to witchcraft was obtainable by leaguing with, or selling the soul to, the devil, as it was wont to be said such was occasionally the case, why, were such a thing possible, it could only be hailed as a notable discovery in natural science! What a magnificent bargain would it be could a man, for such an absurd consideration, produce a new *prime mover!* *

There is no means (that is not immoral) under heaven reprehensible, but every means permissible, for the production of *power.* And it is not only to our advantage, but, in the words of good Archbishop Whately, it is our *duty*—"We are bound," says he, "to use our natural faculties in the search

* Faust is said to have sold his soul to the devil, (a clerical scandal!) If he did so, the benefits derived from the bargain have been more splendid, substantial, and enduring, and have bestowed a greater amount of happiness, than any other achievement of the human race.

after *all that is within the reach* of these faculties." The establishment of the crime of witchcraft is originally and essentially an *instrument of priest-craft for the prevention of power passing into any other channel than the church*—it was the crime of sporting on clerical preserves without a licence.

Although the day of such revolting cruelties is past, yet notwithstanding the flood of light shed on the nineteenth century, dark shadows of superstition still remain; and it is to be deplored that this is not exclusively confined to the illiterate. It shows the power of early impressions. The idea is shaped in childhood, and is gradually hardened or baked, as Carlyle would say, in after life in the form moulded by the schoolmaster. We hear in our infancy legends about fairies, and witches, and ghosts, and the devil, and water-kelpies, and many more good people of both the Eastern and Scandinavian world; and then we read at school about gods, and demi-gods, and all the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome: and notwithstanding the subsequent correction of the intellect, the impression of reality can never be entirely obliterated.

There is something beautiful in the delusion, too, perhaps, when the intellect is not overpowered; that is, when the judgment permits the fancy to play before it; but when the intellect suffers deposition, and the abbot of unreason usurps

the throne, the case is altered. It is bad enough at the best, even when reason is allowed to escape a prisoner at large; but when it is taken bound to the conqueror's chariot wheels, made to grind in the prison house, and compelled to do other dirty work, the case is deplorable indeed. It is bad when the judgment of the unlearned and unlettered rustic, who has not had the blessing of the means of discriminating between facts and fallacies, is perverted through ignorance; but when *learning* is brought to bear on the point, not to correct, but to confuse, the abuse is deeply to be lamented. We confess we cannot account for this phase of the matter on any other principle than the supposition of its being a lingering vestige of the classical charm of the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome, such as, Delilah-like, with quips and cranks enamoured the fancy, and bound with classical cords the intellect of the acute, and, in some respects, the mighty mind of David Hume, so as to induce him, when almost *in articulo mortis*, to crack jests to his sorrowing friends about Charon and his boat.

We fear that it is this heathenish mythological *ignis fatuus* that misleads when—with grief we believe we cannot be gainsaid in the assertion, however incredible it may seem—a remnant of men, even of learning and piety, actually at this day believe in the existence of the devil! This is

the more to be deplored, as learning in such cases is not wanting to correct the erring, unlettered mind, but has been pressed into the service in order to aid the deception. To such unhappy minds, therefore, there is no lever to work on, and although we feel the pang of the mariner who escapes from a sinking ship with the consciousness of leaving some helpless being in the hold behind him, yet we fear it is a hopeless case, and that all that can be done is to leave those unhappy men to their fate—to die out—and reason with others who are not yet so fettered with prejudices as to preclude all hope of their reaching the shore of truth.

We apprehend that the idea of the existence of these mythological beings has its origin in the knowledge of the forms of government which have obtained on the earth from a very early period. All the Eastern nations seem to have been much given to personification, or that rhetorical form of speech called *prosopopœia*, by which substantives of all kinds, and even abstract ideas and events, were personified, and ultimately deified. Thus we have in ancient mythology the god of the sea, the god of love, the god of war, of wind, of music, &c.; and, figuratively, we have in the Bible the angel of peace, of the covenant, the destroying angel, &c. The "destroying angel" that is said to have cut off many of the people of Israel in conse-

quence of the alleged sin of David in ordering them to be numbered, was, doubtless, pestilence from some coincident cause; and (making allowance for the exercise of the function of wonder) the angel that destroyed the Assyrians was possibly some deleterious exhalation or gas. Thus, in the same language, a brimstone-match would be the destroying angel to a hive of bees. It is all very well when, in like manner, our modern god of evil is regarded figuratively only, as the personification of *the spirit of* (or proclivity to) *evil* that exists in the world—the abuse of the aggressive faculties hypostasised; but it is deplorable when this figure is mythologically exalted into an actual abstract entity, furnished with a "local habitation and a name."

From this spot we get a beautiful eastern view of the old CATHEDRAL. A number of fine old trees still lend their aid to ornament its gray towers; but a splendid avenue running up to it was lately felled by a newfangled proprietor, through a miserable combination of parsimony and want of taste.

Every sensible proprietor respects old trees. Perfectly passive as they are, and in the possession of no ostensible means of defence, their safety lies in his consciousness that he has not the power of reproduction, although he possesses the means

to destroy. "There is something," says Washington Irving in his Sketch Book, "about stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that 'money could do much with stone and mortar; but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks.'" This is perfectly true: even the CATHEDRAL itself might, in a comparatively short space of time, be restored in all its pristine magnificence and entirety; but who, among the sons of men, will reproduce, when felled, that vegetable of five centuries, planted by the hand of Bishop Bar, an hour before the fixed process of nature?

We must now return towards the CATHEDRAL.

## CHAPTER III.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

We shall here give a history and description of the Cathedral, chiefly from Shaw's "History of Moray":—In the primitive Christian Church, the bishop sat as preses in the confessus or college of presbyters, in a cathedra or chair allotted to him. The pride and vanity of after ages, when bishops affected to imitate the grandeur of princes, turned the humble cathedra into a throne. The bishop's own church, in which he officiated, was called "the cathedral church of the diocese." It is probable that the first six bishops of Moray had no fixed cathedral, or place of residence, but served in Birnie, Spynie, or Kinnedar as they affected. Bishop Bricius insinuates as much, and mentioning Birnie first, seems to hint that it was the bishop's church. It is a pleasant well-aired situation, within two miles of the town of Elgin; and the fourth bishop was there buried. The present church of Birnie is built with a choir and nave; but it does not appear to be the fabric that was

there in those early times. There are no vestiges or tradition of a palace, except a place called "the Castle-hill." Probably the revenues in those days were so small and so precarious, as we shall see, that they did not admit of stately churches or palaces.

The first six bishops having shifted from one place to another, as fancy or conveniency prompted them, Bishop Bricius, who was consecrated in the year 1203, applied to Pope Innocent to have a cathedral fixed for the bishops of Moray. The Pope appointed the Bishops of St Andrews and Brechin and the Abbot of Lindores to repair to Moray, and to declare the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Spynie, to be the cathedral of the diocese in all time coming, which they accordingly did. But it does not appear in what year this was done; yet it must have been betwixt the year 1203, when Bricius was consecrated, and 1216, when Pope Innocent III. died. Bricius instituted a college of canons, eight in number, at Spynie.

This choice of a cathedral did not please Bishop Andrew Moray, immediate successor to Bricius; for, having come to the episcopate in 1223, he, next year, represented to Pope Honorius that Spynie was a solitary place, far from the necessaries of life, and that divine service was much neglected, while the canons were obliged to travel a distance to purchase the necessary provisions;

and therefore craved that the cathedral might be translated from Spynie to the church of the Holy Trinity, which stood a little north-east of the town of Elgin. To induce the Pontiff the more readily to comply, the bishop signified that it not only was the desire of the chapter of the diocese, but likewise of the King of Scotland, Alexander II.

The Pope cheerfully granted the request; and, by his apostolic bull or mandate, dated the 10th day of April 1224, empowered the Bishop of Caithness, with the Abbot of Kinross, and the Dean of Rosemarkie, to make the desired translation, if they should find it useful. In obedience to which mandate, the said bishop and dean met at the church of the Holy Trinity, near Elgin, on the 14th of the kalends of August, *i.e.*, July 19th, in the said year 1224, and finding the necessity and usefulness of the translation as represented, declared and appointed the said church of the Holy Trinity to be the cathedral church of the episcopal diocese of Moray, and so to remain in all time coming.

Bishop Andrew Moray is said to have laid the foundation-stone of the cathedral church on the very day in which it was declared, viz., 19th July 1224. And, as he lived eighteen years after, it cannot be doubted that he greatly advanced, if not finished, the building. It does not appear what was the model or what the dimensions of the

church as first built, though it is probable it was in the form common to cathedral churches, viz., the form of a Passion cross, with a spacious choir and nave.

It had stood 166 years* from the year of its foundation, when it was totally burnt and destroyed, as follows:—In the time of Bishop Alexander Barr, Alexander Stewart, son of King Robert II., Lord Badenoch, commonly called "the Wolf of Badenoch," seized on the bishop's lands of that county, and, keeping violent possession of them, was excommunicated. In resentment of which, in the month of May 1390, he burnt the town of Forres, with the choir of the church and the manse of the archdeacon. And, in June that same year, he burnt the town of Elgin, the church of St Giles, the Hospital of Maison Dieu, and the cathedral church, with eighteen houses of the canons and chaplains in the college of Elgin. For this wickedness the Lord Badenoch was justly prosecuted, and obliged to make due reparation. Upon his humble submission, he was absolved by Walter Trail, Bishop of St Andrews, in the Black Friars' Church in Perth, being first received at the door, and again before the high altar, in presence of the

* According to Fordun, the Cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1270, but whether by accident or design is not known, as no particulars are given. All that is said is, "Eodem anno combusta est ecclesia de Elgyn et ædificia canonicorum."

king and many of the nobility, on condition that he should make satisfaction to the Bishop and Church of Moray, and obtain absolution from the Pope.

At the present day, as well as at the time in which he lived, with respect to the burning of the cathedral there is little else than unmitigated reprehension of the character of the "Wolfe of Badenoch." We confess we do not share in such reprobation. We certainly deplore the act he committed in the destruction of such a splendid work of art, but we cannot but admire, at the same time, the boldness of spirit and determination of purpose which that noble malefactor continued to display under the trying and singular circumstances in which he was placed.

It must be taken into account that the predilection for the fine arts that obtains with us had but little influence with a rude warrior in a rude age, with the law of might in his hands; so that the only controlling power for the prevention of such an outrage as he contemplated, was the terror inspired by the vengeance of the Church. We who live in these days, in this peaceful island, sitting securely under our spiritual vine and fig, and few to make us afraid, cannot properly appreciate the amount of priestly influence that prevailed at the date to which we refer, previous to the era of the omnipotent power of the press, when the leech and the priest were the sole trustees respectively

of the body and the soul. The patient had no means to get a knowledge of physiology or any other of the liberal arts, in order to enable him to check in the one case, or of acquiring such extended information as could successfully grapple with the tyrant manacles of his common sense, that alone could guide him in the other. Our privileges are great in these latter days, and ought to direct us thankfully to a due appreciation of the calm coolness and complacency with which we should receive on our devoted heads the tremendous anathema of the Holy Father of the Church, which erst made monarchs tremble on their thrones, (and yet makes even some emperors shake in their shoes,) compared with that of a denizen of the fourteenth century. This (and the fear which the several popes of our respective congregations inspire some of us with) should lead us to entertain some idea of the amount of moral courage displayed by the Lord of Badenoch in his contempt of the curse of the Church.

At this distance of time, with possession only of the faint and eliptical memorials of those doings, the "dry bones" of history are filled up, from a knowledge of human nature, by the novelist; and, in the present instance, the incarnation is very adroitly performed by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his romance of "The Wolfe of Badenoch." That the Earl of Buchan did not at once

quail under the papal bull is amply evident from his carrying out determinedly, under its upatic shade, his programme of the destruction of the Elgin Cathedral, after his distraint of the Church lands in Badenoch, and his burning of the burgh of Forres; and we are at a loss, therefore, to account for his ultimate change of conduct. The novelist supplies the desideratum. We well know the sympathy which our moral or mental partake with our bodily faculties. Modern missionaries and tract-deliverers, in their exulting accounts of converted infidels, do not give sufficient weight to the absence of *tone* in the mental faculties when the body is *in extremis*. Weakness is then the common predicate of both body and mind, and *fear* is the natural concomitant of such condition. "Let a man," says a contemporary of Broussais, contravening that celebrated physician's practice of blood-letting,—"Let a man of iron constitution, on whom neither physical nor mental affections seem capable of making any severe impression, let such a one take a fever—bleed him, and treat him in the usual antiphlogistic way, and this iron man shall become weak as an hysterical woman—the creaking of a door shall thrill through him—the slightest annoyance wound him to the quick—a little subject of grief melt him to tears. Many a brave fellow," says the writer, "have I seen thus reduced."

It is precisely this combination of circumstances that is seized by the novelist to bring about the demoralisation of the courageous and haughty earl. By an incident natural enough in the process of the destruction of the ecclesiastical edifices, he is led to the belief that several of his sons had perished in the flames. This, and some other annoying circumstances occurring when he gets home, conspire to throw him into a *causus*, when—thus accidentally rendered pliant and plastic by the dew of disease—a wily and politic ecclesiastic is made to work miraculously and successfully with his lever of *fear* on the noble patient's naturally obdurate and refractory clay. Even then, however, when he was prevailed on to receive a visit from the bishop, the purpose of securing the contrition of, and obtaining reparation from, the stern Wolfe might not have been effected had a different mode been adopted by the injured dignitary. Had the worthy bishop, on his visit to Lochindorb on the noble patient's convalescence, showed any hateur, the purpose of his visit would have been entirely defeated. What was inaugurated by the partial, crooked, and equivocal policy of *fear*, required to be consummated by the universal and straightforward principle of *love*. The good man, on observing "the Wolfe" proceeding to drink the unpalatable draught of holding his stirrup while he should dismount, jumped from his saddle to prevent the

obeisance, and, notwithstanding the almost irreparable injuries he had received at the hands of his host, gave him a kind, warm, and cordial salute. To the Wolfe's formal demand for forgiveness, the worthy man says, in a true catholic spirit,—"The mercy of God was never refused to a repentant sinner; and as for the forgiveness of a fallible being like me, I wot I do lack too much of God's pardon to dare refuse it to a fellow-sinner." The earl had all along been under the impression that Bishop Bar was the very incarnation of pride and arrogance, and regarded him too as his implacable and mortal enemy. The obdurate Wolfe was therefore not prepared for this kind reception, and his haughty spirit was subdued in an instant. What the denunciations of the clergy, the thunders of the Vatican, and even the ostracism of his compeers had failed to achieve, was at once effected by the Christian spirit of kindness. The whirlwind, or the earthquake, or the fire, would have been utterly unequal to the task that was easily accomplished by the still small voice. "My lord bishop," replied the Wolfe, "I am ready to submit to whatsoever penance it may please thee to enjoin me." The assumption is naturally made, and the corresponding incidents are skilfully handled. The details of the plot, as told in that romance, give a better practical illustration than the infinitesimal doses from a thousand pulpits of that eternal catholic

religion which (from its having been interpreted and enforced by that divine denouncer of shams, decrier of creeds, and spurner of special sects) is called Christian; and which religion—whether dimly discernible in the twilight of the Pentateuch, obviously visible in the Veds, clearly cropping out in the Four Books of Confucius, found in the faith of Islam, palpably perceptible in the practice of the Red Indian of the Far West,* or seen in full meridian lustre in the divine Sermon on the Mount —is ever one and the same.

Bishop Bar began the rebuilding of the church, and every canon contributed. Bishop Spynie continued the work. Bishop Innes founded the great steeple in the middle of the church, and greatly advanced the work. The church being rebuilt, it remained entire for many years, but about the year 1506 the great steeple fell. Bishop Foreman began to rebuild it, but the work was not finished before the year 1538, and then the height of the tower, including the spire, was 198 feet.

The church, when entire, was inferior to few in Europe. It stood due east and west, in the form of a Passion or Jerusalem cross, ornamented with

* "I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not."—*Speech of an Indian (Pagan) Chief.* (Quoted by Washington Irving in "The Sketch Book.")

five towers; the choir and altar facing the east, the transepts or cross wings on the north and south, and the grand entrance to the west. The two western towers are of massive but elegant proportions, and form the most entire part of the ruins. Between these is the great gate or entrance, ornamented on each side with eight plain and eight fluted pilasters, with a flight of steps leading by two valves to the interior. Above the gate is a large central window, twenty-eight feet high, which originally was filled up by mullions and rich tracery. There are also to be seen several niches and recesses, which were occupied by statuary.

Entering the great gateway by a flight of steps, the nave of the church occupies the centre. On each side a row of stately pillars rose up in the middle to support the roof; but they have all fallen —the foundation alone, and a few of the pedestals, pointing out their situation.

The walls of the great central tower occupied the space between the nave and choir, and on each side were the transepts. East of the transepts the choir extends to the chancel, from which it was separated by a screen. Below the eastern windows the grand altar was situated. It was lighted up by a double row of slender windows, with pointed arches, five above and five below—the whole surmounted by a large circular window, with rich ornamental

tracery. The choir and nave were also lighted by two rows of windows, the lower and larger ones belonged to the aisles, the upper ones ranged along the side walls and a gallery immediately below, and communicating with these windows extended over the whole building.

On the north is the entrance to the Chapter-house, through an arched apartment called the *sacristy*, where the vessels and materials used at the altar were deposited, and where a richly carved stone basin called *piscina* was placed, the use of which was to contain water for the priest previous to the celebration of the mass, as also to receive the consecrated water used at their ceremonies, and hence called the holy water. The windows were glazed with tinted glass, bearing various figures and devices, fused masses of which have been dug out of the ruins, where they had lain probably since the conflagration of 1390. High-toned bells also must have been in the steeples, for Bishop Bar alludes to them as part of the lost accompaniments of the destroyed Cathedral.

The Chapter-house, commonly called the Apprentice Aisle, a curious piece of architecture, stands on the north side of the church, and communicates with the choir by a vaulted vestry. The plan is an octagon thirty-four feet high, and the diagonal breadth within walls thirty-seven feet. It is arched and vaulted at the top, and the whole arched roof is supported

by one pillar in the centre of the apartment. Arched pillars from every angle terminate in the grand pillar. This pillar, nine feet in circumference, is crusted over with sixteen pilasters or small pillars, alternately round and fluted, and twenty-four feet high, adorned with a chapiter from which arise sixteen round pillars, that spread along the roof and join at top with the pillars rising from every side of the octolateral figure. There is a large window, every side of seven, and the eighth communicates with the choir.

This venerable ruin, says Mr Rhind in his Sketches, is the boast of Moray, and when entire and in its pristine splendour, must have been the chief glory and highest ornament of the district. At a period when the country was comparatively rude and uncultivated, when the dwellings of the mass of the people were mere temporary huts, and even the castles of the chiefs and nobles possessed no architectural beauty, and were devoid of taste and ornament, the solemn grandeur of such a pile, and the sacred purposes with which it was associated, must have inspired an awe and reverence of which we can form but a very faint conception.

When entire, indeed, and in its pristine glory, the magnificent temple must have afforded a splendid spectacle. A vast dome, extending from the western entrance to the high altar, a length of 289 feet—with its richly ornamented arches crossing

and re-crossing each other, to lean for support on the double rows of stately massive pillars—the mellowed light streaming in at the gorgeous windows above, and flickering below amid the deep and dark shades of the pointed aisles, while the tapers of the lighted-up altar twinkled through the rolling clouds of incense—the paintings on the walls—the solemn tones of the chanted mass—the rich modulated music of the choir—and the gorgeous dresses and imposing ceremonies and processions of a priesthood sedulous of every adjunct to dazzle and elevate the fancy—must have deeply impressed with awe and veneration a people in a remote region—in a semi-barbarous age—with nothing around them, or even in their uninformed imaginations in the slightest degree to compare with such splendour. No wonder that the people were proud of such a structure, or that the clergy became attached to it. It was a fit scene for a Latin author of the period, writing on the "tranquillity of the soul," to select for his "Temple of Peace," and under its walls to lay the scene of his philosophical dialogues.*

The final ruin of the Cathedral was brought on, as Mr Leslie in his "Manual of the Antiquities of Moray," p. 28, very truly says, "neither by arrogant resentment nor, as has by some been ignorantly believed, by frantic enthusiasm in the burst of re-

* Volusenus, Scotus. De Animi Tranquillitate.

formation against popish idolatry," but "by the ambitious rapacity of an usurper." For the maintenance of the troops against the Queen the Privy Council of the Regent Murray passed an order to the effect, "That seeing provisioun must be maid for the entertaining of the men of weir quhais service cannot be sparit quhile the rebellious and disobedient subjictis troublaris of the commonweil in all partis of this realm be reducit," &c., therefore appointing the lead to be taken from the Cathedral churches "in Abirdene and Elgyne, and sauld and disponit upon for sustentation of the said men of weir."

Had the amount of the subject been considerable, the barbarity of the act might have been excusable on the plea of State necessity, but the whole sum realised, as is recorded by Dr Johnson, in his Tour through the North, was about £100 sterling, or not the cost of a single experiment with a pet Armstrong at Shoeburyness. The act for meanness was unprecedented, and has no parallel in modern times.

The last circumstance connected with the demolition of this sacred fane is as follows :—

"On Monday, Dec. 28, 1640, by the order of the General Assembly, Gilbert Ross, minister at Elgin, accompanied with the young Laird of Innes, the Laird of Brodie, and some others, without authority brake down the timber partition wall dividing the Kirk of Elgin frae the Quire whilk had stood over since the Reformation near seven score years or

above. On the west side was painted in excellent colours, illuminated with stars of bright gold, the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. This piece was so excellently done, that the colours never faded, but kept hail and sound as at the beginning, notwithstanding this college or channery-kirk wanted the roof since the Reformation, and no hail windows therein to save the same from storm, snow, sleet, or wet, whilk myself saw, and marvellous to consider, on the other side of this wall towards the east was drawn the day of judgment; but all is thrown to the ground. It was said their minister caused to bring home to his house the timber thereof, and burn the same for serving his kitchen, and other uses; but each night the fire went out wherein it was burnt, and could not be kept in to kindle the morning fire as use is, whereat the servant marvelled, and thereupon the minister left off and forbore to bring in or burn any more of that timber in his house.

"This was remarked and spoke through Elgin, and creditably reported to myself."—*John Spalding*, vol. i., anno 1640, p. 280.

This, decidedly, is the "most unkindest cut of all"—it is the old sick lion battered by the heels of the ass!

"This ruin," says Mr Rhind, "thus remained in a greatly neglected state till about 1820, when the attention of the barons of her Majesty's exchequer was directed to it, and a sum of money was granted for its repair and preservation. In consequence of this, the walls of the whole building, and every place exposed to the weather, received a judicious and thorough repair. The Chapter-house was roofed in, and the foundation cleared of rubbish and se-

cured, so that in its present condition it promises yet to last many centuries."

On approaching the Cathedral at the west, one is shocked to observe the incongruity displayed in the erection used for the gatekeeper's house; and, in looking through the ruins, to observe also some very commonplace buildings in close proximity of a totally different style.

The good work of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods and Forests will not be completed, therefore, until they buy up and remove that disgrace to the pile, the contiguous *brewery* which they have hitherto tolerated, and raze to the ground that incongruous *porter lodge*, the erection of which they themselves inadvertently authorised.

Before entering the ruins, let us take a look at the surrounding abodes of the dead. This is not a solitary subject of examination, but one that forms everywhere a monument to the frailness of humanity. It may, therefore, be considered unnecessary to interpolate among the specialties of which we treat, a subject of such universal occurrence. It is true; but strange though it may seem, it is for that reason that I introduce it. Let it be remembered that I address myself to Elgin men; citizens and brothers throughout the world. Here, then, citizens and brothers! quiet, silent, undis-

turbed, lie all that remains of those who, in early life, long, long ago were all that were dear to you; they are here sleeping their last long sleep, secure and safe from the cares and toils of a troubled world, while you are far, far away, perhaps, fighting the battle of life in the land of the stranger.

The more one looks into this matter, the less surprise one will feel at the regard that has been paid to it by almost every nation. We cease to wonder how Jacob gave such particular directions respecting his sepulture in the family tomb of Machpelah, or how Joseph enjoined his brethren to carry up his bones with them on their exodus from the land of Egypt. We cease to wonder, too, at the motive which stimulated exertion to produce those surprising results of art and labour that we see in the pyramids of Egypt. We have a clue, likewise, to the taxation of the intellect in the Egyptians and the Peruvians of old, and, as is seen in the post-pliocene grotto of Aurignac, an evidence of the feelings even of people of a pre-Adamite period in their attempts to render permanent the material and visible forms of those beings with whom they had enjoyed the pleasure of social intercourse—who had so long engaged with the actors in the interchange of human affections, tastes, sentiments, feelings, and opinions; and, inversely, we cannot help feeling somewhat disappointed at the apathy of the moderns in this respect.

Many are the instances that might be adduced of the disagreeable and painful affection of the passions and sentiments in the various relations of love, friendship, or kindred; when the attachments that have received perhaps the tenacity of time are ruthlessly rent asunder, each tender tie giving forth a silver sound, a minor twang, as its feeble plaint proclaims its final severance. Let us take an instance from the domestic circle. Suppose the subject may be she on whom one's infant care depended: when you recollect that when in the early morn of life, gazing on a face which hung over your infant sorrows and joys, and saw on that face tracings which no sight but the microscopic eye of childhood could detect of the impressions of the kindly emotions of the maternal mind developing themselves on the countenance—these in after years gradually taking the decided and obvious form of fixed features, and at last passing into the lines and furrows of old age. When one sees these lines on a face which never looked on him but with fondness, no longer animated, but motionless and rigid under the cold hand of death, can it be otherwise than likely that a desire should exist to perpetuate the impression of those lineaments thus associated with all that is bright, pleasant, and happy, in the early morning of existence!

Or it may be an interesting and amiable child

that has been nipped in the bud, just as he was springing into intelligence. It is sad, as a recent writer has remarked, but still a relief to the oppressed heart, to steal into the chamber of death, and gaze upon the object of so much affection; to behold the set features, destitute of that wonted expression so like a sunbeam while in life, it is true, but still beautiful, even in death, and tranquil and pleasant as in a placid sleep.

> He who hath bent him o'er the dead
> Ere the first day of death is fled,
> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress,
> (Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
> And mark'd the mild angelic air,
> The rapture of repose that's there,
> The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
> The langour of the placid cheek—

He who has done so will feel with what intensity then comes the desire for the wand of the magician to convert that beautiful body, in all its pallid loveliness and symmetry, into the indestructible marble for permanent possession! And although no attempt, (beyond an unsatisfactory picture or photograph,) is made in modern times to realise and fix the visible, tangible form whence all those kindnesses emanated, and those beauties flowed—yet, brothers of Elgin, I doubt not you will appreciate my evidence that such sacred relics as I have

shadowed out, and other kindred forms, repose in peace in the old family burial-place beneath this verdant sod on which I am at present standing!

This place is suggestive of much thought and contemplation. How many generations have in their turn passed away and been brought hither "to sleep with their fathers!" A generation are actively plying the affairs of life: they pass away, indeed, as a "vapour," and their places are filled by others, who in their turn give way to their successors; and this continues apparently in an eternal round, verifying the words of the "wise man," that "one generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth."

How wonderfully hath the Almighty Creator of all things placed living agencies in apt relation to the external world in which they live! How beautifully do they respond to the laws which He had originally circumscribed for their government and action, in order to make them subservient to His almighty designs! A hen sits on eggs, she knows not why, and when she unconsciously brings the brood to life, she tends them with most sedulous care. As soon as her charge can tend themselves her attention is no longer bestowed, except to drive them away, (thus ministering to the principle of divergence, or centrifugal distribution,) and her concern is turned to the production of another brood. In like manner, a horse, a

man, a dog, feels an irresistible impulse to the performance of an act which, from ecclesiastical ignorance and presumption, has, as regards the human animal, been proscribed as sinful, and blasphemously characterised as "degrading" and "unclean," while it is virtuous, religious, holy—an act specially instituted by the great and good God to work out His unsearchable designs, and which yet impiously and ascetically is called *sinful*, for the same reason that in the praises of the sanctuary certain worthy religionists (whom I have elsewhere referred to) purposely disorder the conditions necessary to the integrity of the diatonic scale—the reason being, because it is alleged *good* music *must* be sinful, seeing that it pleases the ear, (which is the flesh.*) It is

* Had the act referred to in the text been dirty, disagreeable, or painful, it would in that case have been looked upon and approached with great veneration; but seeing that the Almighty, in His beneficent providence, has made *pleasure* essential in the actions He has appointed for the preservation both of the *individual* and of the *species*, God's free gifts cannot be accepted as they are bestowed. The idea is, that it is *too much of a good thing*.

This economical idea is originally and intrinsically in its nature *Scotch*, and has its form shaped out from the practical difficulty experienced by the worthy inhabitants of those northern parts in *making the ends of the year to meet*. Scotchmen cannot form a proper conception of the depths of the fund of the Almighty's beneficence. Frugal from necessity, they naturally run to the habitual belief that He cannot afford the sons of men anything *agreeable*—that any little *goodeamus* given would make serious inroads on His means, and risk the condition of bankruptcy!

eminently an unskilful action, and has not received its shape from the laws of intellect nor the training of education—the Creator making the creature the direct instrument to subserve His purpose. The actor has no choice—he is impelled to it he knows not why, and he could never, from the insignificant and apparently inadequate means employed, *a priori* contemplate or anticipate the stupendous result; but more than any other which has been evolved and defined by the eternal laws of the Creator, does this act minister to God's providence in the moral world. This act is original, absolute, positive, and indispensable. Marriage is simply an establishment founded on policy and expediency—there is nothing holy, venerable, or sacred about it. As regards the parties, it does not stand any higher than any other bargain or contract constituted by mutual promises and consent, which, in all cases, should be strictly and faithfully observed. The act in question is a *sine qua non:* nothing else, in the nature of things, can supply its place. But should the conditions and results contemplated by marriage be found to be better accomplished otherwise, that institution would be no longer indispensable.

I am strongly inclined here, even at the risk of a charge of impertinency and irrelevancy, to endeavour to clear this act from the indignity it has suffered from ignorance and prejudice, and to

show the absurdity of the usual mode of its purification. I should like every one calmly to consider how it can be altered in its character, changed in its nature, by the simple *repetition of a few words.* This is eminently the ecclesiastical logical *non sequitur*—an effect assumed to be producible from an inadequate cause.

In the course of my desultory reading, I have just fallen upon an incident which, though doubtless not so apt as if it had been carefully selected, I give at random as an illustration to serve for a better. It is published in the Dublin Transactions, by Dr Pickels of Cork. The subject of the case was a young woman, named Mary Riordan. When she was about fifteen, two popular Catholic priests died, and she was told by some old women that if she would drink daily for a certain time a quantity of water mixed with clay taken from their graves, she would be for ever secure from disease and sin. The girl implicitly followed this prescription, and took from time to time large quantities of the draught.

Well, what was the result? Did the prescription effect its intended purpose? There is, it is true, a lamentable absence of evidence with respect to the *sin* (and it is, therefore, charitably to be hoped it proved a sound prophylactic;) but as to the *disease,* the result was as follows:—The girl in process of time came to have a burning pain in

the stomach, and began to throw up incredible numbers of grubs and maggots, chiefly of the insect called the churchyard beetle. "Of the larvæ of the beetle," says Dr Pickels, "I am sure I considerably underrate when I say that not less than 700 have been thrown up from the stomach at different times since the commencement of my attendance. A great proportion were destroyed by herself to avoid publicity; many, too, escaped immediately by running into holes in the floor. Upwards of ninety were submitted to Dr Thomson's examination, (the author of Zoological Researches, &c.;) nearly all of which I saw myself thrown up at different times. The average size was about an inch and a half in length, and four lines and a half in girth. The larvæ of the dipterous insect, though voided only about seven or eight times, according to her account, came up almost literally in myriads. They were alive and moving."

Now, it will not require a ghost come from the dead to anticipate what the objection to this will be. But, oh! my Protestant brethren, do not, I beseech you, insist on the objection. Do not characterise this incident as the offspring of popular ignorance and Catholic superstition. I assure you such *non-sequitur* expectation (as this cure was,) is not strictly confined to these social and religious conditions. It has likewise existence in the atmosphere of Protestant learned ecclesiastical

authority. If you should sow thistle-seed, would you expect from it a crop of wheat? I do not, I assure you, wish to insult you by asking a question so trite. You would not expect any such unnatural crop, I am sure; and yet, strange enough, you do expect results equally illogical and extraordinary. I shall record an instance:—

The Protestant ecclesiastical application of those institutes, called the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist, is a notable instance of the perpetuation of the expectation here referred to. Jesus Christ—the simplicity and purity of whose principles entitle Him to divinity, from whom emanated no doctrines that carried not with them common sense and dialectical accuracy, and who may be justly said, from the truth of whose teaching, to be the incarnation of the Word of God—recommended on His divine authority the physiological value of *cleanliness*, by attention to the economy of the skin, as conducive to *physical health and happiness*, (which indication, indeed, is so valuable, that in systems of religion, borrowed or stolen from the Christian—such as the Mohammedan—"cleanliness" is not only accounted "next to godliness," but is identical with it—ablution forming a part of their solemn daily ritual;) and, as a bequest to mankind, presented to His friends a practical illustration of His precepts, and almost with His dying breath pressed the practice of *sociality* as the grand

lever of UNIVERSAL LOVE, which had been the constant and daily theme of his life-long didactics. By enforcing institutionally these two leading principles, as representatives of their respective provinces, he sought to inculcate the virtues and secure the blessings respectively of *ethics* and *hygiène*. Christ would now look on with astonishment at the extravagant expectation from the exhibition of His simple but physiologically-correct hygeian prescription, and survey with pity the illogical application of His last legacy!

A variety of the same *non-sequitur* pleading gave occasion to assert, once on a day, that the killing of a few church parasites, about A.M. 3930, had the effect of spoiling the weather half a century afterwards; and the immolation of some innocent persons was in consequence recommended as an infallible recipe to produce rain, on such indisputable authority, (as those may see who will consult the 21st chapter of 2d Samuel,) that it was eagerly seized and adopted by that wily, excellent, and far-seeing politician, David the King, as a nice, handy expedient to get rid, without incurring odium or obloquy, of an obnoxious and suspected rival house. The same dogma is held still in all the churches; and its existence may be known by the necessity for national *fasts* under church sanction, which are indispensable for counteracting certain meteorological and other natural phenomena

that occasionally occur in the shape of high winds or storms, drought, potato disease, cholera, typhus fever, rinderpest, all of which phenomena, it would seem, have, in the nature of things, an intimate and necessary connexion with the moral fact of, and are directly occasioned and produced by, John Brown robbing James Smith's hen-roost, and by other similar grievous national sins and moral delinquencies.

Mr William Fairbairn, F.R.S., in his experiments in testing the integrity of cast-iron girders, found that a certain given girder would bear a certain weight uninjured, and stood a certain number of shocks of a determinate force each entire, but broke at the next succeeding shock of the same force. Hanging up a half dozen fellows of a morning, in a dry season, would not, we apprehend, be permitted, even for a royal *experimentum crucis*, now-a-days; but it might be an interesting experiment reverentially to ascertain whether a cast-iron girder would give way under a certain definite number of sacred anathemas respectively by Pope Pius IX., Dr Langley, Dr Cook, Dr Cumming, or Dr Candlish.

We can perceive without much difficulty, as we have elsewhere remarked, that the universe is governed by certain laws originally defined and impressed on it by the Creator; that the normal operation of those laws produces harmony in na-

ture; and that upon the contravention of any of those laws, whether physical or moral, the peculiar manifestation of defection of such infringed law invariably presents itself. (This is *sin;* and its *consequences.*) We have no sufficient reason to give implicit credence to the assertion of an original or radical difference in the peculiar manifestation of defection, in consequence of the infraction of any of those laws from that of the present at any point of time,—a belief in such anomaly having its origin induced by the strong, stifling, overpowering prejudice which the Church in all ages has organised by sowing such "tares" amongst the seed of good ideas, in order to be germinated and fostered by the earliest operations of the infant brain; and, instead of weeding out the spurious crop, taking care interestedly to hoe, cultivate, and perpetuate it. Gold, therefore, we strongly apprehend, will remain gold, and lead will remain lead, and cast-iron girders will remain intact, after any amount of ecclesiastical logomachy.

The act in question, which has occasioned this apology, will also, we presume, in like manner, be nowise changed in its nature by the previous repetition of certain words, though charged with all the virtue of the Church, whether should the repetition of such words assume, respectively, the form of a *sacrament* or of a *ceremony.* That unhappiness in the world may be produced by the

neglect or infraction of certain ethical or certain conventional laws, or of the social and civil legal obligation connected with this act, is possible, nay, even unhappily too common, but this is chargeable solely on such neglect or infraction, and nowise on the act *per se;* and such unhappiness can be equally produced by the abnormality of operation of any of the graces, benevolence, veneration, faith, hope, or charity.

Before proceeding further, there is a matter german to this, if it be not the same, which we will just notice, but very delicately, as it is the sheet-anchor of the hope in a future state of many worthy persons. Faith, or belief, is not within our own power—we cannot voluntarily doubt and believe just as we please. But supposing that faith was voluntary, and that, among other things, we firmly believed that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of mankind, what is required in such a belief? Is a hard, dry belief in—a simple disposition of the mind to regard as true, that moral fact, all that is required? If so, what will be the consequences? Will such belief produce physical results and effect organic changes in animal tissues? It may: God alone knows! We should hesitate to predicate with assurance upon anything that does not involve a contradiction in terms. This state of mind once induced, whatever the duration be, whether established for a short or a long period, may, at

any given time, produce structural changes, or a physical revolution in the animal economy. One thing, at all events, we may safely say without fear of contradiction, and that is, that there is no salvation—such as what we commonly understand salvation to be—obtainable in any other way than through Him; for we may confidently assert that "there is NONE OTHER NAME under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." But what we are rather inclined to suppose *saving faith* in Jesus Christ to be, is an admiration of the purity of His life, an estimation of the truth and beauty of His didactics, and a rational and moral belief in the efficacy of His doctrines, if followed up and practised, to produce *moral happiness.* This conviction will have a tendency to induce a line of conduct in the believer commensurate with that of the subject of his belief; which conduct the apostle James (who comes nearest of all to Christ in practical virtue) regards as the *evidence of faith.* This will render mankind HAPPY while in their sphere of action and duty—while a cog in the wheel of the great universal machine—leaving futurity, whatever befall, implicitly to the Almighty Ruler and Disposer of all things.

[But after all, may there not be something *real* in the death and resurrection of Christ? May not Christ have discovered a way of superseding

*death*, though we may not be sure of the *modus operandi?*

To sing exulting hymns and songs about having conquered death is, to be sure, in the present state of circumstances, a ludicrous and pitiable exhibition. It is on a par with a man lying in the kennel bound hand and foot, insanely screeching out at the top of his voice, that he has now put his captors fairly *hors de combat!* But can no *rational* solution be arrived at? Was Jesus Christ really and literally killed, as is recorded in the Gospels? And did He really and literally rise from the dead, and afterwards speak and act, and then ascend or disappear, as is also there recorded? If He was killed, and if, after such an event, He did perform vital actions, (and, notwithstanding a certain amount of modern hostile criticism, I am far from believing such a thing impossible, independently of what is called a miracle,) it is certain there must have been causes for such phenomena; and a knowledge of such causes, although at present it is wanting, is nevertheless attainable. As what is called a *miracle*, there is really no such thing; a miracle being nothing else than the subversion of settled convictions by the testimony of a *natural operation, different from any operation of which a knowledge has been acquired from previous experience:* for there never was anything done on the face of the earth, in the predicament

of vital statistics, that was not within the limits of nature, and recognisable and practicable by the natural faculties of man. Discover this discoverable arcanum, and then the triumphant—although at present secretly unsatisfactory—song, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" will no longer, as it is at present, be a ridiculous and empty, though a solemn bravado, but will be the sober proclamation of an accomplished *fact.*]

On the first projection of this little piece, we resolved to utterly ignore and disregard conventional trammels of all kinds, whether social or ecclesiastical, and to treat and judge every subject that might happen to come up on its own intrinsic merits, no matter how much opposed the judgment might be to venerable or respectable prejudice. In proceeding with our apology for the act we have endeavoured to clear, therefore, we may observe, that it is curious to observe on what slight grounds a prejudice sometimes arises, if indeed any foundation at all is discernible. Some Bible characters are under ecclesiastical ban, although it is hard to discover the evidence of their condemnation. For example, there is a character mentioned in Genesis of the name of Nimrod. The only information we have of him at all is that he was a "mighty hunter." Hunting is a

species of employment that does not, in these modern days, necessarily carry proscription along with it; and yet the ecclesiastical feeling to that man is unfavourable.

I have taken this only as an illustration to show that it is sometimes not on evidence, but on prejudice, that some clerical judgments rest. This is the case with the subject under observation.

Fornication has been universally held by ecclesiastical authorities to be one of the most heinous of sins. We boldly assert the contrary. Inversely, chastity at the best is only negative and gubernatory—there is no positive moral goodness or virtue in its much-lauded observance. The quality of continence, abstractly, is respectable, and is rateable precisely with the self-denying habits of holy men and hermits, who, whilome, voluntarily, and without any necessity, lived on bread and water, sat on the cold ground, and walked a certain distance daily barefoot, or with pebbles in their shoes.

God forbid that I should say aught that might be misconstrued, or erroneously judged unfavourable in the slightest degree to the interests or safeguards of true virtue or morality: and, therefore, I must explain my meaning; premising and asserting, at the same time, (as I have noted elsewhere,) that it is becoming to grapple with the subject like sensible men, and not be deterred by prejudice, or the fear of offending mawkish delicacy,

from discussing in a proper spirit an important moral and social question.

Fornication, then, can be wrong only in two ways. In the first place, there may be a social or political error committed when poor persons beget children to be supported by the public, (although it is possible begetting children, being a natural law, is the primary and paramount principle, and the proper provision for them is the duty of the State,) but this is equally an error with respect to poor married persons, (and the same error generally applies to married persons as to fornicators respecting indiscriminate propagation, or a want of due regard to health or cerebral development;) and, in the second place, there may be a breach of faith on the part of the male, in making use of promises for seduction not afterwards fulfilled, which would be morally sinful, inasmuch as it is calculated to produce unhappiness. But it is not in the *act*, but in the *breach of faith* where the *sin* lies; and such may be committed by unprincipled persons under every state of circumstances.

And here, in passing, we cannot help coming with our feeble efforts to attempt to assist in stemming the current of that sickening and mawmish pseudo-moral horror setting in from the newspaper press and the public registrar, under the auspices of the legislature and the sanction of the Church, about the immorality in Scotland in this respect

among the younger portion of the community. A newspaper, in giving the number of illegitimate children in the quarterly returns, weeps, or is elated, according as the county in which it plies its vocation is regarded as foul or clean; that is, has a greater or less proportionate number of these agamites to the population than other counties have: and the howl is taken up at honest farmers' meetings on the immorality of farm servants by some aspiring spruce young agriculturist anxious to make some little show in the world. None know better, however, than those honest, primitive-living souls, (who constitute the greater proportion of such meetings, and who stare and gape at the reading of such an essay without knowing what to think or make of it,) the effect of good feeding and pure air on the health of animals: and, deny it who may, that a young man and a young woman, healthy from good feeding, exercise, pure air, and other favourable physical conditions, with the possession of opportunity, should not discharge a function so strongly implanted in their nature by the Almighty Creator to minister to His praise by subserving His designs, is as absurd, unphysiological, and impious to suppose, as it would be idle to preach to a hungry ox or a famished goose to abstain from eating grass or corn. The shoe does not pinch where those excellent moralists suppose it does: the error lies solely in the artificial and ill-regu-

lated condition of society by which provision cannot be made sufficiently early for marriage. Editors of newspapers, therefore, should rather look in that direction : and we strongly and earnestly recommend the problem to the attention of politicians and members of the Social Science Congress. But nature is nature in all ages, and is so vivacious as to live under the worst political system, and will occasionally crop out through the smothering influence of ecclesiastical ban, civil penalties, and the entanglement of conventional rules :

> Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret,
> Et mala perumpet furtim fastidia victrix.

To return, however. Man being thus as the clay in the hand of the potter, there cannot be a doubt that this state of things which we have endeavoured to shadow forth suggests the probability that each human atom, as it is brought up from the state of supine matter to act in the production of events through what may be termed cerebration, or the function of that wonderful and inexplicable modification or condition of matter, the brain, is elected to minister in the almighty plan, and, having fulfilled its mission and subserved its purpose, passes away, and is resolved into its original elements, becoming part and parcel of the planet from which it emerged—having, however, before finally passing away, secured im-

mortality by stamping its impress on creation; for it is astounding to think that not an individual atom of humanity—not a "bubble of the earth"—that ever was called to the surface of existence to "fret his hour on the stage," however humble his capacity may have been, ay, even though like a nameless pebble on the sea-shore, but has exerted a certain determinate influence on the great universal plan that modifies it proportionally to all eternity, by impingement on his fellow-atoms. The helpless heart is scathed between the longing anxiety, the ardent desire, the burning wish to enjoy a longer term of existence than that which experience teaches us to count on in our present state, and in that existence to enjoy the society of those we love, on the one hand, and the utter absence of all evidence, not only of such sort as to convince us morally, but even to afford a ray of hope to guide us to the proof of such a state, on the other.

But although, beyond all controversy, that referred to above is the most philosophical aspect of the question, and although we unfortunately possess no proof whatever to the contrary, yet I have ever held the vulgar belief that some respect ought to be paid to universal tradition, however improbative. If, therefore, there be any tradition more general than another, a tradition that is indeed universal with regard both to time and place, it is that of a belief in *immortality* in the ordinary ac-

ceptation of the term—a life of consciousness beyond the grave. In the production of this tradition it may, indeed, be possible that the wish may have been father to the thought; but, nevertheless, the idea even then is consolatory to our feelings, and speaks home to our most ardent aspirations. Let philosophers, then, if they like, continue to draw their severe deductions, "if ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and, conforming to the divine gospel-maxim of humility, we shall be happier than the wisest if we be like little children, auguring and dreaming from the flight of the dor-beetle of the glory of the morrow, and pleased in the meantime with the beauty of every little wild-flower that we meet in our way!

Let us now, at a little distance, survey the mouldering RUINS of the MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL.

To the contemplative student this forms a teeming theme for reflection. In viewing these sombre relics, one is forcibly impressed with the evidence they instruct of the existence of a well meant and pious, but mistaken notion, that seems to have pervaded all ages, respecting the *mode* of serving the Deity. The elements in our mental composition that go to make up a religious impression are powerful sources of action, and in ages when they were less even than they are now under the regulating influence of the intellect, the erection and

establishment of majestic fabrics, of the grandeur of which these ruins tell, cease to be causes of wonder.

In religious matters we are, in our day, in a transition state, which is in many respects the worst state of any. Not but that, strictly speaking, perhaps everything at all times is and has been in a state of transition, and will continue to be so as long as physical agents are at work, and while mental improvement (which, perhaps, is interminable) urges the necessity of cognate moral conditions. But what I mean is, with reference to that well-known revolution in *ecclesiastics* which happened in Europe about three centuries ago, and which is analogous to that revolution in *politics* (facetiously termed the *reform* bill) which occurred in England in the year 1832. Good old Catholicism and genuine old Toryism lived and thrived in peace on the summit of their respective hills till their evil genius jostled them and toppled them off. Both of them are at this day performing a series of gymnastics, shaped and modified by the force of moral gravity and the nature of the declivity, and are instinctively catching at, and for a time spasmodically holding by, any bush or brier that may happen to interpose its friendly presence to their downward progress. Gracefulness in attitude or propriety in action are results hardly to be looked for in such a somersault.

It is thus that I say we are, as regards ecclesiastical polity, in a *transition state;* and in such a state no good results can be expected. If in the palmy days of Popery a certain erroneous idea prevailed, that idea at least was decently clothed, and the means and appliances which were used for that end, and to the existence of which these ruins give testimony, are, without all controversy, entitled to our respect. The excellent advice of Solomon to the effect that "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," although peradventure inculcated without any express reference to this subject, applies notwithstanding with equal force here. What is worth doing is worth doing well; and we like to see respectable qualities called into action even in a bad cause. At this moment the same erroneous idea prevails in what is comically called the *Reformed* Church, as formerly did obtain in the Primitive Church, respecting the *direct* worship of the Deity; but, instead of proceeding upon the principle of getting the work, where this solemnity is to be observed, well done at whatever cost, the great aim now-a-days seems to be to get the work done at the smallest possible expense; in other words, the guiding principle is—*economy.*

If you have never seen such a reality, you can at least fancy the instance of a man possessing a goodly inheritance and a great estate. His cellars teem with wine. His equipage astounds the curi-

ous gaze. His horses and his dogs are fully fed and sleek, and seem no end for numbers. His household staff are clad in plush and gold, and carry looks devoid of thought and care of aught but the approaching dinner. But there is a limit to all sublunary things, and there is nothing stable under the sun. We shall suppose some sweeping change to come over this state of matters: the great man with the princely fortune is stripped of almost all his estate, and dies in comparative poverty. What estimate should we form of the son then, who, instead of modifying his mind to his circumstances, and prudently reducing his establishment within the limits of his income, keeps up a hollow appearance of magnificence, in his father's tarnished livery, in which there is nothing but the external form?

## CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL—(*continued.*)

But let us now prepare to enter the ruins of this magnificent edifice, which was once termed "The Lantern of the North."

We are now within the Choir.

No music now peals its volume of harmony through the reverberating aisles. Not a sound is to be heard. The scene is silent as the surrounding graves. But the stillness of the moment enables us to restore it in imagination. Though we may entertain it in fancy, it is yet impossible to express the conception of the grand effect of that department of the service with its instruments and highest trained voices giving full effect to the works of the greatest masters of the day.

In enlisting music into the service of the sanctuary, the true end and effect seem to be lost sight of. Let us examine this for a moment. *What is music?* Music is the artful arrangement of agreeable sounds. When the air is disturbed or put in motion by—or receives impulses from—some in-

strument vibrating, waves or undulations are produced termed *sounds*, which, under the modification of determinate periods of pitch and duration, and when connected together by certain natural relations, are capable of producing a pleasurable sensation when received on the sensorium, through the auditory nerve. Although this pleasurable sensation is in the ratio of the appreciation of the effects, and this appreciation depends altogether on the cerebral constitution of the patient, yet there are few persons so constituted as not to derive pleasure from music in a greater or less degree, or on whom it has not a certain determinate influence.*

As the air undulates symmetrically with the impulse of the vibrating instrument, and the drum of the ear responds synchronously to the pulsations of the air, so does the mind sympathise with a strain of music. By a major lively air the mind is roused or enlivened, and by a slow mournful minor air the mind is soothed or depressed. It is a law of cause and effect among created elements, impressed on them originally by the Great First Cause, and the human brain forms a link in the material causation.

* As a musical piece, as well as being an evidence of the genius or mental peculiarity of the agent who composes it, is to communicate the subject to the patient or object, precisely similar to a literal or oral piece, music has, not inaptly, been called the *language of sounds.*

But although such impressions obtain with respect to our finite and created minds, it is not so with the Creator. The erroneous idea that it is so has been prevalent in all ages, and, specially, it is at the present day seen in the Church of Rome in the worshipping of images, which Church has, therefore, been most falsely and absurdly charged by Protestants with committing a heinous sin. It was the fault of the Hebrews, when, in the time of Moses and Aaron, they set up and worshipped the golden calf. *The worship was not a sin*—that is, it did not infringe the rules either of morality or physics (although it might contravene an ecclesiastical dogma)—*it was a weakness.* It was well-intended; it was *the sentiment of veneration assuming the sensible attitude of devotion; but expressed blindly and without the guidance of the intellect.* In like manner, the prevalent idea with respect to the use of music in the service of the Church is, that God will be pleased with that which is calculated to affect *our* finite minds—that the Almighty Creator would be gratified by the motion of the air which He himself hath made!

But the use of music in the Church has a determinate effect independently of its mistaken purpose. It can have no effect on the Almighty; but it has a reflex influence on ourselves. Music is calculated to produce in the mind certain established conditions, and is thus an element in Church

service to the effect of preparing the mind for the proper entertainment, or, technically speaking, bringing it into the *key*, of the succeeding discourse. And here, we may remark in passing, that we cannot for the life of us comprehend why music has been distinguished into *sacred* and *secular*.* The separation is authorised neither by *music* nor *theology*. There is no such distinction in nature. Music is capable of producing certain states of mind. If, therefore, in a certain frame of mind we can better entertain some proposition, it matters not what particular tones be used to effect the purpose of inducing such frame of mind. It signifies not what combination of musical principles be adopted to bring the mind into the fittest state for the contemplation of the Deity. The worship of the Deity is sadly misunderstood! It is not by the use of any number of fulsome laudatory adjectives, or encomiastic predicates, albeit served up with the garniture of music, however delectable, that God is worshipped: the Almighty "desireth mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt-offerings;" but God is "glorified" and "praised" by the legitimate use and exercise of, not one only, but all the faculties He has bestowed on us; and is "feared," and "served," and "loved," and "worshipped," solely by and through

* The truth is, the distinction made betwixt *sacred* and *secular*, abstractly, is absurd.

the means we employ to secure the well-being of creation, particularly the happiness of our sentient fellow-creatures.

Indulge me here with a short exegetical remark on this matter. The *direct* worship of the Almighty has its origin in the spirit of *satrapism;* and although such *cultus* might be well enough adapted for the meridian of the human race while in the ethnical era of childhood, it should, now when mankind has historically outgrown the age of imbecility, be reformed and improved by the growth of reason, and the consequent results of knowledge and truth.

The *first table* (as it is called) of the decalogue inculcated the direct praise of God. The Almighty is there made, as it were, to point out His weak side by informing man of His prodigious love of approbation. By a ritual appointed at a later date by the priests, and by songs sung by the poets, strictly commensurate and in conformity with this alleged divine information, the excellence of the works of the Almighty was directed to be loudly proclaimed. He himself was to be styled a great king, a glorious monarch, superior to all the kings of the earth in power, and majesty, and might. He was to be ascribed a mighty counsellor, far exceeding all other counsellors, or diplomatists, or states-

men, in wisdom and foresight and prudence. And the secretly conscious impression conveyed by the tenor of the *cultus* naturally (though privily, and uniformly without confession) is, that the Almighty would sit, as it were, rubbing His hands, listening with a gratified, pleased, and most complacent smile on His countenance, ready to burst out into a smothered laugh of delight, to hear His acts and qualifications thus approved. And, further, the said table intimates and asserts that God was so excessively jealous of His honour in this respect, and was such a glutton of praise, that He would not permit one atom of His lawful tribute to pass by Him to any other person; and if any recalcitrant or disloyal flunkey should withhold the most inappreciable portion of the darling incense, that He would at once change the form of His countenance, sternly knit His brows, clench His jaws, grind His iron teeth, and with a spasmodic shriek would spring and wreak His vengeance on the unhappy smuggler. And so dreadfully angry would He be for any such cheat attempted to be practised on Him, that He would not be content with the destruction of the defaulters themselves, but that He would have vengeance even on their offspring, although quite innocent of the fraud; and so extraordinarily implacable would He be that He would not be satisfied till He should have vengeance down to the third, ay, even to the

fourth generation of the descendants of the fraudulent miscreants. Such is the despicable impression conveyed of the character of the Great First Cause, whose united attributes is PERFECTION, by the erroneous inculcation of a *direct cultus !*

It will be perceived that when we thus give the matter a slight turn, affording an opportunity of seeing it in another point of view than that to which habit has reconciled us, we are apt, from its striking novelty, to regard the version as blasphemous, and to look upon it with horror; while to any calmly reflective person it will at once be perceived that the identity of the subject is preserved in all its integrity, and that the blasphemy—for blasphemy undoubtedly there is—is chargeable solely on the original.

But if the direct worship of the Deity was an error, when to that end the well-intended and grandest display was made of inadapted means that ever could be misemployed for a solemn purpose, what shall we say of the present state of what is called church music, more especially such as is employed in the Kirk of Scotland? We utterly repudiate the hackneyed maxim that "comparisons are odious" as untrue; but if ever comparison tended to render an illustrated subject odious, it must surely do so in the present case. It is in a place such as this, in which we presently stand, that we can best contemplate such a subject. We

can restore in imagination the organ with its thousand stops, pealing forth its volumes of sweetest sounds, corroborated by a full band of choristers, whose voices, trained to the highest point of perfection, mingle in the general orchestral harmony. Such a display could not fail to have had a powerful effect in modifying the mental condition of the listeners.

But what, we repeat, shall we say of the music of our Church, which is called the Kirk of Scotland? The subject naturally makes one an adept in the art of sinking. I must come down to the lower regions of sober prose, and state, with confusion of face, to any stranger into whose hands this may by some odd chance happen to come, for my countrymen, with shame, know as well as I do that music certainly is employed in the service of the Church of Scotland; but instead of making it a fitting portion of divine service it is there scarcely in the form. It is music which cannot affect God or man, except by inducing in the mortal mind a feeling of pity or ridicule; but, holding the principle that music *is necessary* for the praise of God in the service of the sanctuary, the use of it, as practised in the Kirk of Scotland, is a prudent, thrifty proceeding to have it at the least possible cost—a *canny*, economical attempt to satisfy and please the Almighty Creator and Author of music with a penny whistle.

Before I quit this subject, on which I have been induced to enter, I shall crave the patience of the reader for a very brief period, in order that I may set myself right with regard to an objection that may be raised to the simple view here enunciated of the praise of the Deity. I have asserted that the Almighty is praised and glorified by the proper use and exercise, not of one organ only, but of *all the faculties* He hath given us.* The objection is, therefore, pertinent, that as the exercise of one, or at most a few only, of the aggregate number of the faculties vouchsafed us can admittedly be performed at one time, and that as I have asserted the use or exercise of our faculties to be divine praise, therefore music, being the exercise of the faculties that combine and form a musical capacity, *inter alia,* is praise to God. The use of this objection is made to show that the performance of music is praise to God upon my own principles. Now, this is quite logical and unanswerable. I cannot deny the force of the objection. But let me be heard once more. I do not deny that the exercise of the musical faculty is divine praise; I only grieve that God's praise should be confined to this most charming faculty. Music is the exercise of tune and time, with that, perhaps, of some other mental faculties lending their assistance. But we have, besides this, other powers and faculties; we

* P. 234.

have, for instance, the power or faculty of the *muscles.*

I doubt not the objectors will imagine they have got me into an awkward corner. "Just let us see, say they, where this will land you: it resolves itself into nothing more or less than this, —if such be the case, why not praise God by the performance of gymnastics? Why not get up balls or assemblies ostensibly for the praise of God, in which, indeed, the exercise of several faculties can be combined? If such be the case, let architects take a hint that in all future plans of churches and chapels there be an apartment devoted to a ball-room." Permit me to answer: I doubt not this will be considered a good joke at my expense; but what thing is so odd that custom and habit do not reconcile us to it? And among others, had the practice been continued, the use of dancing in the Church would not now have been sneered at any more than it was when Michal was rebuked for her talent in the taunting way, when the ark was brought home to Jerusalem, in order to moderate the excessive good fortune, and get a share of the good things going the way of Obed-edom the Gittite.

Dancing, when introduced into mixed assemblies, has been reprobated by many men professing superior godliness, on account of the impure thoughts it is said to create, and from its immoral tendencies. It is not very easy to comprehend

what is meant by impure thoughts and immoral tendencies, unless it be those which tend to produce unhappiness. The author has not danced much during the present century, but in his younger days he was a bit of a beau, and frequently attended balls. He states that he never experienced anything but harmless happiness, (unless when, mayhap, he exercised a little too much his gastrocnemius and soleus muscles.) He can truly say that dancing forms a very excellent mode of *praise*, and although not calculated for *solemnity*, it is not therefore objectionable, as solemness is only *one* condition of the mind. It forms the mental condition that prompted the peculiar *grace** after the supper of the peasant of Mount Taurira. The writer wishes to repeat the assurance that "to the pure all things are pure," and desires, further, to complete the text by saying that "unto them that are defiled is nothing pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled." We should be ever ready to pity and excuse poor human nature, but truth, at the same time, obliges us to point out its defects. By this postulate of the apostle we have a correct criterion of character, and by its indication are constrained, with a sigh, to assume that in the life, activity, and general hilarity of a ball-room, such excellent godly persons as have experienced feelings of de-

* Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

sire of sexual congress in a place so antagonistic to the feeling, have an unhappy predominant natural tendency to libidiny.

But let us walk on. We are now in THE CHANCEL.

Here the words of "truth and soberness" were spoken to the listening audience. Let us for a moment consider what those words were. Very little different, indeed, were they from those of the present day. Two sets of duties were assumed then, as they are now: those were—the duty we owe to God, and the duty we owe to man. Both the *primitive* and *reformed* "churches" seem alike to have overlooked the new commandment given by Jesus Christ, consolidating all desultory moral rules, and which comprehends the whole duty of man. The only difference betwixt the churches being this—that the *first* consistently enough pleaded the possession of apostolic authority, through the order of succession, for what they said and did; of the *second*, one church claims apostolic authority without exercising its powers, while the others, of all denominations, inconsistently and arrogantly exercise the powers of such authority not only without pleading the possession of it, but under the distinct disclaimer of ever having obtained any such authority. Of all forms of religion, there is none so beautifully consistent

with itself as that called the Roman Catholic religion, as any unprejudiced person will perceive by minutely examining the system of it, which condition is still more apparent from the foil of the inconsistencies and glaring absurdities in all other forms incontinently cropping out at every point; and such absurdities will remain till those forms be placed on a rational basis.

But to return. We have said that the *eleventh* commandment has been overlooked. Let us, when we are here, consider what the proper duty of man is. In this, happily, the task is not difficult. The consolidated code, at one fell sweep, abrogated the absurd and blasphemous *first table*, as it is called, which most impiously made the Almighty Creator not only to have "like passions" as ourselves, but weakly to act under the influence of the lowest of them. The duty we owe to God, then, or the *first table*, is merged in the *new commandment*, which shows us that the *direct* worship of the Deity was indeed beyond the scope of the natural faculties of man, and that God can only be served by a strict observance of physical and moral laws tending to universal happiness.

One point may be noticed here which may seem to be contradictory or anomalous, and that is with regard to *prayer*. However much it may seem so to come, it is nevertheless certain that nothing

does come by *chance.* I shall endeavour to illustrate this by a very common and well-known employment. I refer to the game of dice. Many will suppose there can be nothing else than chance in that. They are mistaken: indeed there is, properly, no such thing as *chance,* unless by it we mean *inability of calculation.* There is no chance in dice-playing; it is all subject to calculation. A die is put into the box, rattled, and thrown. If we knew how it was deposited, that is, what number was uppermost when put in,—if we could calculate the exact force used to move the die in order to make it turn in its corners,—observe and calculate the direction the hand makes it take, and, knowing this far, calculate the force with which it is thrown on the table, and the number of turns it takes in falling,—if we could make all these calculations with certainty, we could tell the number that would remain uppermost after these operations are performed. It is all amenable to the laws of mathematics, motion, and gravity. But we *cannot* calculate all this,—or, at least, we have not yet been able to do so,—and we consequently bestow the term *chance* on the empirical result. There is nothing in the world but is, in like manner, capable of *calculation;* even *cerebration,* or the working of the human brain and consequent human action, is liable to regular laws, for man uniformly acts upon the stronger motive. It

is in this way that a certain distance in that direction is got, when, by long experience and consequent knowledge of a man's character, we sometimes predict correctly how he will act in certain cases or under certain circumstances; and it is this that enables us to mould the actions of the lower animals to our will—to make the physically strong horse be guided and governed by the morally strong, but physically weak man,—all tending to prove the truth of the maxim, that "knowledge is power."

Were knowledge perfect and complete, prayer might be unnecessary. The universe is governed by fixed, immutable laws, and from the necessary scope of these immutable laws any single event that has come to pass, or will come to pass at any point of duration, was determined from eternity. From this it may be inferred that prayer must, first, be ineffectual and invalid, in respect, that being posterior in date, it cannot alter any event that has been predetermined and foreknown to happen; and, secondly, needless, inasmuch as the object of the petition will come to pass if predetermined so, and if not so predetermined, prayer will not affect its occurrence.

Indeed, this has been deliberately settled by the Church of Scotland itself. In a sermon on prayer by the Rev. William Leechman, D.D., Principal and Professor of Divinity in the College of Glas-

gow, the following passage occurs:—"It is objected," says he, "that since God is infinite in goodness, He is always disposed to bestow on His creatures whatever is proper for them; and since He is infinite in wisdom, He will always choose the fittest time and best manner of bestowing it. To what purpose, then, do we entreat Him to do what He certainly will do without any solicitation or importunity?" Dr Leechman was prosecuted for the alleged heresy of this doctrine before the Presbytery of Glasgow in February 1744. The opinion of the Presbytery was unfavourable; but the question was appealed to the Synod, which "found no reason to charge the said professor with any unsoundness in the faith expressed in the passage of the sermon complained of." The case was afterwards carried by appeal to the General Assembly, and they confirmed the judgment of the Synod, and "prohibited the Presbytery of Glasgow to commence, or carry on, any further or other proceedings against the professor on account of that sermon."

Since this decision, the views delivered by Professor Leechman have been unhesitatingly taught by Scotch divines. Blair says, "To what purpose, it may be urged, is homage addressed to a Being whose purpose is unalterably fixed; to whom our righteousness extendeth not; whom by no arguments we can persuade, and by no supplications

we can mollify?" And the same view has been taken by Lord Kames, who says, "The Being that made the world governs it by laws that are inflexible, because they are the best; and to imagine that He can be moved by prayers, oblations, or sacrifices, to vary His plan of government, is an impious thought, degrading the Deity to a level with ourselves." The apology for prayer these authors offer is, that it has a reflex action on the petitioner.

I have given these quotations on the accuracy of Mr Combe, who strongly supports the same views. I am obliged to disagree entirely with this carpenter-philosophic aspect of the matter, even although pointed out by such respectable authority. I believe these writers go quite beside the question.

When we administer to a patient a dose of sulphate of zinc, or of sulphate of soda, we have faith in the use of those medicines; and we are not impressed with the belief that their action or operation will alter or change the predetermined course of nature. We know that those medicines act respectively on the stomach and the intestines, by an operation determined though inexplicable. But if such an administration have not a sequence contrary to, or modifying, the established course of nature, why may not the same be predicated of *prayer?* I do not assert that the Church of Scotland, and others who hold an opinion opposite to

the possibility here expressed, have the burden of proving lying on them; but from the plain sense of Scripture, the universal practice and impression of all ages and all countries, civilised and savage, and the secret and apparently innate feeling, too, in the individual mind, I think, fortified as we are by such authority, we may respectfully ask such opponents to prove that prayer is not in less apt relation to its purpose than the exhibition of medicines is, or is not in such sort that the fulfilment of it may follow, as a natural sequence, without the necessity of a modification of the established order of nature.

By prayer, however, we do not mean the repetition of a certain number of words (such as those used in the exercise of begging,) according to conventional rules, by the saying over of which form of words at deathbed, death, or grievous personal calamity, the "decent customs of society" are said to be observed. Nor do we mean the weekly lip-labour of the pulpit, where the form of words has been written, re-written, pared and polished, and then handsomely mouthed for the purpose of successfully meeting the strictures of the critic. Nor do we mean a paction for political or other such excellent purpose, such as was after the year 1843 entered into by a certain holy church, by the which, at a certain preconcerted minute of time, the whole office-bearers, wherever situated, were,

on the principle of mechanical dynamics, to take a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together"—(an experiment, however, we may remark in passing, that probably was damaged in its desired effect through the clumsiness of some members in outlying districts with badly kept clocks—and not having the advantage of the song, as sailors have at the capstan—in pulling "out of time;" an error which might be amended by practice, and might probably still further be improved, now-a-days—taking the cue from the time gun of the Royal Observatory—by a judicious employment of the electric telegraph.) All these pious and excellent modes or forms of prayer, and others of a similar nature, including that most ingenious mechanical contrivance for economising devotional labour exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1862, called the Praying Wheel of Thibet,* are exceeding good of their kind and highly respectable; there being just one trifling drawback connected with them, which is, that they will not be effectual—

"Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

But what we mean is an honest, earnest, anxious, fervid, intense desire, whether expressed in words or not, directly addressed to the Deity.

* Exhibited in case 12, in the cluster of small courts which surrounded the northern entrance to the Horticultural Gardens. This was a most ingenious contrivance for reducing devotional labour to a minimum.

Prayer, therefore, is in the first place proper, in respect of the relation in which finite, created, and imperfect beings stand to the Almighty; and, secondly, (contrary to, or at least beside, the opinions of the Church of Scotland, George Combe, Lord Kames, and others,) apt and expedient, inasmuch as it is premature to deny the power of prayer.

We are yet even ignorant of the power of the *silent will*. There is a vast unexplored field—a *terra incognita*—lying in that direction, with indications only as yet intimating to us that there are more things on earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Adminicles of evidence have come to our cognisance tending to the belief that man is intimately connected with the system of the universe, and however inexplicable the *nexus* may be, in the present imperfect state of our knowledge, it is nevertheless not the less true, and it is for the psychological traveller a most interesting field of operation and discovery. Some carpenter-philosophers there are who judge everything by the test of mathematical calculation, and who build up and dovetail blocks of facts with which they are acquainted, but who utterly ignore the possibility of the existence of anything else which they do not know, or cannot comprehend; and what is much worse, will not examine and investigate in case anything bearing on the existence of any new or

unknown facts might tend to unsettle their pre-established system. Such philosophers have with a holy horror adopted for their motto the hackneyed, but flagrantly absurd and untrue quotation about "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread," forgetting or ignorant that man is not only entitled, but called on to examine everything which the nature of his faculties will admit of, the ultimate legitimate extent of his examination eliminating itself—which takes place when it becomes *ultra vires*.

Being still within the chancel, and inspired with the spirit of the place, we may further remark an error in ecclesiastical didactics, very common and, unfortunately, now-a-days, getting very prevalent. The teaching is to the effect that the paramount interest is that of "the immortal soul." In carrying out this purpose very extraordinary expedients are recommended and put in practice. It seems to be taken for granted, that in securing the interest of "the soul," it is an indispensable requisite that a man must be good for nothing else, and that he entirely overlook the present for the future. In this way, going about idle, delivering silly (or what are called *religious*) tracts, that tend to nothing but recommend the same pointless policy, if they tend to anything, and attending prayer meetings in one continued round, are what is held to be the

sole safety of immortal interests. The tendency of this is to leave the proper business of life, with all its duties and responsibilities, utterly ignored and neglected.

Involved in this also is a new phase of ecclesiastical power. It is not the power of dogma founded on authority—it is the influence acquired from a knowledge of the weak points of human nature; it is not the rough, royal, roaring lion openly seizing his prey by a *coup de patte*—it is the sly, slimy, secretive boa-constrictor slowly ensnaring its victims in the silent, sinuous entanglements of its insidious folds; it is not the old, open highwayman *demanding* from all and sundry the contents of their pockets—it is the modern swindler going about among the susceptible with a pitiable story and a begging petition. The subject becomes *fashionable*, and laymen take it up, and meetings are held at which the great aim is, by observing and practising a little physiological knowledge, to produce *an effect* by bringing about the greatest amount of *physical and moral prostration*. In this matter it is evident there are two parties—*rogues* and *dupes*. But there is yet another hermaphrodite class, viz., *fools*, who, acting under a greater endowment of feelings than of intellect, well-meaningly perform alternately to a certain extent the office of either party. This process is

said to be a *revival of religion.* Let all calmly consider whether it *be religion.* Religion is simply *normal conduct.* Man ought, therefore, to comport himself so that his conduct may have a tendency to promote the greatest amount of good, and thus produce the greatest amount of happiness. We are placed here with all our faculties in apt relation to surrounding objects, and we are enjoined to properly act our part. In observing a normal course of conduct in our sublunary sphere we fulfil the great end of our being, and we have no business to look beyond it. We are in Cimmerian darkness, and know nothing about what we shall be. Neither can we know; the subject being apparently beyond the reach of our faculties, (at any rate the course adopted by these people is singularly incommensurate with the end in view,) and beyond the legitimate and natural instinct to extend the span of our existence, it is, by the "evangelical" practice, useless, and, by unprofitably wasting valuable time, sinful to make any such futile attempt. *This is the* CHRISTIAN RELIGION: Jesus Christ emphatically inculcates it: He says, "Take no thought for the morrow;" ACT YOUR PART PROPERLY HERE, *and leave the rest to God.*

Having now walked around, and surveyed from every point of view the interior of those magnifi-

cent ruins—having entered into and examined the architectural beauties and decorations of the Chapter-house, or "Apprentice Aisle," with its fluted, pilastered columns, and groined, veined, and vaulted dome—having mounted the western towers, and from their summits surveyed the surrounding scenery and the objects of interest, which we have here faithfully, but, I fear, feebly and faintly endeavoured to describe; and being now summoned by the calls of our several interests to act our parts in the world wherever and howsoever a gracious Providence has directed our lot, we proceed to depart—you to your respective employments, and I to my stall, and we take leave of the Ruins. Then, farewell, as the last cicerone apostrophises, farewell! Though the sun in his meridian splendour shall no more spread his mellowed light through thy gorgeous, stained, and painted windows, and flicker amid thy deep and dark, shaded aisles—though no more shall be seen the tapers of thy lit up altar, twinkling through the rolling clouds of incense—nor be heard any more the music of the choir, or the solemn tones of the chanted mass—nor shall witness be borne to the imposing ceremonies and processions of the priesthood, as in days of old; yea, even though thy gray walls are discoloured by damps, and crumbling with age—though the hoary moss has

gathered over many an inscription, and the sharp touches of the chisel are gone for ever, and although there be a melancholy pleasure associated with the evidences of thy decay; still can we, in imagination, revert to the days when the deep-toned organ pealed through thy groined and richly-fretted aisles, wafting the soul to heaven on the wings of melody, and elevating the devotional feelings of the sincere worshipper!

THE END.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, ROBERTS, AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH.