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REMINISCENCES

OF

A SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN,

COMMENCING IN 1787.

BY PHILO SCOTUS.

*James G. ...*

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“I have considered the days of old, and the years that are past.”

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TO  
THE LORD GRAY, OF GRAY.

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MY DEAR LORD,

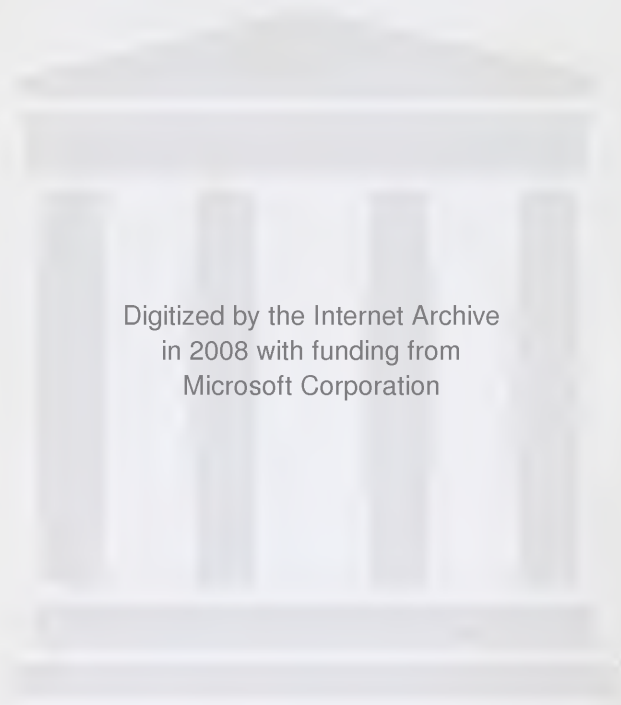
The sincere friendship which has ever existed between us, and the additional tie of near relationship, impel me to crave your Lordship's permission to dedicate to you the following Reminiscences of my life's experiences during a period of seventy-three years. Within that time much happiness has been given me in the recollection of the unvaried affection which my dear uncle and your lady mother ever bestowed upon me from my earliest boyhood, and now brings vividly to my mind the happy days of "lang sync."

With sincere and affectionate wishes that your Lordship and my dear niece Lady Gray may enjoy every earthly blessing,

I remain, my dear Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

PHILO SCOTUS.



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## P R E F A C E.

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My reasons for offering these Reminiscences to the world are selfish, for they enable me, whilst delineating the features of the past, to live, as it were, my life over again, with its many varying passages; and at the same time they recall, with much of heartfelt sorrow, the remembrance of those, so truly loved and mourned, who have now passed away to "the Land of the Leal."

PHILO SCOTUS.



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A SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN,

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“ I have considered the days of old, and the years that are past.”

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I WAS born in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, at eleven o'clock A.M., on the 13th of March, 1785. The bells of St. Andrew's Church were calling *douce* folk to worship, and *charivariéd* my entrance on the great stage of life. There is an old saying, “ that those born on Sunday pass through life with good fortune and happiness.” Thank God I cannot gainsay it; for, although the sunshine of my course has been sometimes obscured with clouds of affliction and ingratitude, yet I am thankful to say that now, in the seventy-fifth year of my age, I am enabled to skim o'er the days of my earthly pilgrimage with a grateful heart to the Almighty Creator of all. My father was the descendant of an ancient race, and chief of his family; my mother the daughter of a noble baron, the twelfth in direct descent inheriting the peerage and title of Gray: thus were their children nearly related to many families of ancient lineage and high station. I had several brothers and sisters, which death diminished to the number of six, of whom I was the Benjamin. My mother died in 1787; my father remained a widower

during the remainder of his life. My maternal grandmother was Lady Gray, heiress of the estate of Kinfauns. She possessed great firmness of mind and insight into character, with unvarying fixedness of purpose, to accomplish whatever appeared conducive to the happiness of those in whose welfare she was interested. During the troubles in Scotland in 1745, my grandfather was lord-lieutenant of Angusshire, and a friend to the Hanoverian dynasty. On the advance of the Duke of Cumberland into Scotland, to assume the command of the royal army, he halted at Dundee, remaining there two days. My grandfather immediately proceeded to pay his devoirs to the prince, attended by several of the deputy-lieutenants, and by many of the most influential gentlemen of the county of Angus. Their reception by the prince was haughty and most offensive, treating Lord Gray and the other gentlemen, both in language and manner, as if they were rebels and friends of Prince Charles. My grandfather, in consequence of this treatment, returned to his residence of Gray in a towering passion, and, in relating to Lady Gray the reception he had met with from the prince, exclaimed, "I will let that Hanoverian know I have as ancient blood in my veins as he can boast of, and that Scottish noblemen and gentlemen are not to be treated as if they were a pack of German *land loupers*. I will to-morrow stick a white cockade in my bonnet and join Prince Charles, who, papist or no papist, is of the old legitimate Stuart line of Scottish kings." My grandmother remained quiescent, wisely considering it was scant wisdom "to blow the coal to burn one's self;" so she let her lord stamp up and down the room, uttering every amount of anathema against the duke, intermixing such with scraps of Jacobite

songs, amongst which the one apparently most comforting to his *amour propre*, and which he sang with great vehemence, was—

“Wha hae they gotten to be their king,  
 But a puir bit German *lairdy*,  
 Wha, when they gaed to bring him *ower*,  
 Was delving in his kail yardie?”

In the evening Lord Gray wished to bathe his feet, as he felt symptoms of a cold from having got very wet in riding to Dundee, he therefore gave orders to his valet to that effect. It was then my grandmother showed her strength of mind and farsightedness. She informed the servant that she would herself attend to his lordship; accordingly, when he retired to his dressing-room she accompanied him, having previously desired the valet to place hot water at the door of the room. When all was prepared, and Lord Gray had placed his feet in the foot-tub, her ladyship brought in the almost boiling water, and poured the whole contents of the pitcher in one avalanche upon his legs and feet. A tremendous yell proved that her end was gained; the limbs were severely scalded, assistance was obtained, the sufferer was placed in bed, and the surgeon sent for, who, after administering palliatives to soothe the pain, gave positive orders that his lordship was to remain in bed until all symptoms of inflammation were reduced. Of course the intention to join Prince Charlie was abandoned for the time, and ere the incensed nobleman was again able “to boot and saddle,” his ire against the duke had cooled down, and the white cockade remained *perdu*. Thus, by a bold stroke (not for a husband, but for a husband’s welfare), the estates and title of Gray were preserved from forfeiture, and Lord Gray himself from

Tower Hill. My uncle, his son and successor, who I have often heard relate the story, used to add, "that whether or not his father ever became cognizant of the *warm proof* of his lady's care for his worldly interests, such never diminished the warm affection subsisting between the noble pair."

My paternal grandfather died in 1773, possessed of an estate in the county of Mid Lothian, which my father, as his eldest son, inherited. The mother of my father was the daughter of Sir Philip Anstruther, a baronet of ancient creation, in the county of Fife. Her eldest sister was married to the Earl of Traquair; her second sister to Mr. Loch, of Dry Law. My father was born in 1729, and at an early age was sent to Westminster School, and boarded with one of the Dames (as they were termed); a lady of the name of Douglas, who took a motherly charge of him. He always spoke of her with affection and gratitude. He had no inclination for Latinity, but yearned for a sword and red coat; so, after passing through the usual routine of Westminster scholastic studies, and having also acquired the accomplishments requisite in those days for a young gentleman of birth and station, he entered the army in 1754, as lieutenant in the second troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, commanded by the Earl of Harrington. Of this description of force there were only four troops, each commanded by a nobleman. The privates were principally the sons of yeomen of small landed estate, and paid each the sum of £100 for admission to this force. At the coronation of George III. my father carried the standard of the troop in which he served. In 1762 he was appointed head of the staff of Prince Charles of Mecklenburg (brother of Queen Charlotte), and accom-

panied his royal highness to Portugal, on the prince assuming a command in the Portuguese army (then commanded by the Count de Lipe), during the administration of that most able, but tyrannical minister, the Marquis de Pombal. At the termination of two years, Prince Charles resigned his command in the Portuguese army, and returned to England. My father accompanied his royal highness, and soon after rejoined the British army in Germany. In 1768 he was promoted to the rank of major. The Horse Grenadier Guards were reduced in consequence of the heavy expense of their appointments and pay. When this took effect he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and was appointed to the command of the 4th regiment of Irish Horse; and as a mark of the estimation in which his services and character as a soldier were held, his majesty George III., on my father retiring from the army, conferred on him the honour of knighthood, which at that period was held in high consideration, and equal to the K.C.B. of the present period. During the Seven Years' war he was on the staff of Prince Ferdinand, then commander-in-chief of the allied army, and afterwards aide-de-camp to General, afterwards Marquis of Townsend; he saw much service, and was present at the battles of Minden and Kirk Dinkerden.

My father had two brothers; the eldest entered the army, and was distinguished for his bravery at the battle of Emsdorff, when major of the 15th Light Dragoons, under the command of Sir William Erskine. This regiment was the first which was embodied as light dragoons, and were known under the *soubriquet* of "Elliot's Tailors." This gave rise to the following anecdote. At an entertainment given to the officers on the return

of the regiment from Germany, one of the guests inquired of Sir William Erskine the particulars of the desperate charge made by the 15th on a body of French cavalry who were drawn up within a field surrounded by high banks and hedges. Sir William, who was *brave* as he was *joyous*, and withal spoke broad Scotch, replied, "Weel ye see, when I received the order to charge, I gathered up my reins and roar'd out, 'Now, lads, there's the Mounseers! dinna spare them—at them, ye deevils—charge!' I rammed my horse Clutie at the hedge; he louped clean ow'r, and landed me in the thick o' the *mêlée*, whar my tailors were laying about them like mad, and *that brave fallow Ainslie* had just clove a Frenchman's head down to his stock-buckle. The Mounseers soon found they had enough, and as mony as were able made clean heels of it."

After serving throughout the war, my uncle was made king's aide-de-camp, and appointed Governor of Ostend; and in course of time acquired the rank of lieutenant-general, became Governor of the Scilly Islands, and colonel of the 13th regiment of foot. He died at the age of eighty-two. His brother Robert, after passing through different diplomatic grades, received the distinguished appointment of ambassador extraordinary to the Sublime Porte in 1790, the duties of which he fulfilled with great ability during a period of seven years. On being recalled, he was created a baronet, and, with Lord Paget (afterwards Marquis of Anglesey), sat in Parliament for Melbourne Port. Whilst ambassador at Constantinople, he effected a most important service for the East India Company, which they acknowledged by presenting to Sir Robert a superb service of plate. He was a man of determined



courage and great coolness, of which I shall now relate an instance. On a certain occasion, when writing a letter in the coffee-room of the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's Street (at that period a fashionable resort for the members of the *haute ton*), Sir Robert observed a person in the adjoining box (coffee-rooms being then divided into separate boxes) leaning over, and coolly perusing that which Sir Robert was writing; upon which, without appearing to notice this impertinence, Sir Robert continued his letter in the following terms:—"I would have written further, were it not for an impudent scoundrel who is reading from behind me that which I write." This brought from the Paul Pry the exclamation of, "How dare you, sir, call me a scoundrel?" Sir Robert replied, "You are a scoundrel. If you are offended, follow me." Upon which they retired into an adjoining room, drew their swords, and after a sharp rencontre Sir Robert wounded his impertinent opponent severely. Sir Robert lived to the great age of eighty-four, and was succeeded by his nephew, a son of the general. On the death of my mother my father sold his house in Edinburgh, and retired to his country seat.

I have stated that I was the Benjamin of my family, with the exception of my younger sister Annie. I was strong, healthy, and precocious, and gave much anxiety and trouble to my kind nurse Peggy, an instance of which I will relate. The roof of the stables was under repair, a ladder was raised up to enable the slater to reach a portion of it. The slater had gone to dinner, Peggy was engaged in a flirtation with Peter Neilens, the gardener, and had only eyes for Pate. Unobserved I began to mount, or rather crawl up the ladder, and had attained such a height as would have caused broken bones had I tumbled. When Peggy observed

my dangerous position, her Joe and herself were much alarmed and puzzled how to get me in safety from my perilous perch. Pate quietly ascended the ladder, while Peggy stood under with her apron spread out to receive me, in the event of my falling. Pate placed me within Peggy's grips, when she exclaimed, "Was there ever seen sic a ventersome bairn!" accompanied by a hearty shake and buffet as she carried me off to the nursery. Another instance. There was a sagacious honest tyke of a Newfoundland dog, named Terror, between whom and myself the closest friendship existed, and on whose care of me, and vigilance, Peggy placed much reliance. She frequently left me in Terror's charge while she went to dinner. On one occasion, when in the garden, I wandered away into an adjoining field accompanied by Terror: the day was sunny and warm, after toddling about I became tired, lay down and slept. When Peggy returned to the garden and did not find me, she ran to the servants' hall for aid to assist in searching for me. There was a general alarm, as there were ponds in the fields adjoining the gardens. After a very anxious search I was found fast asleep with Terror lying by me, and one of his large paws on my breast as a shield of protection. Peggy, who was in great alarm and grief, lifted me up, exclaiming, "Oh laddie, laddie, ye'll be the death o' me!" while tears ran down her *sonsy* cheeks. Many other anecdotes of my childish daring I could relate, but I refrain, although the recollection and narration of them renews in intense vividness some of the happiest portions of my early days.

In after life, when reflecting on the generally asserted opinion, that the awakening of the minds of children to certain feelings and impulses is denied by nature to a

more remote period than I humbly think is the case, my own experience and the recollections of my childhood lead me to the different conclusion, that nature is *not* niggardly in this respect, and that the minds of children even at three years of age are sufficiently opened to estimate both acts and consequences, which either protect from pain or confer pleasure. For example, when I scrambled up the ladder I anticipated pleasure; the same feeling which impelled me to expect such, would have prevented me from putting my finger into the fire, from an undefinable idea or warning that doing so would give me pain. When I toddled with Terror into the field I felt the anticipation of pleasure; I would not have done so under the anticipation of danger. I therefore think that if my mind had not been awakened to distinct and active feelings and impulsive calculations, I neither would have scrambled up the ladder or gone into the field.

On the recovery of George III., in 1789, Edinburgh was illuminated. I remember, as yesterday, the preparation in my father's house to join in this manifestation of loyalty: the fixing of the tin holders for the candles in the window frames; the discussion on these points between the housekeeper and butler; and my nurse, Peggy, lifting up her voice with, "It's a grand thing for the canel makers whan the king's sick, honest man." I recollect the pleasure I felt on looking at the illumination. If my mind and feelings had been (as many assert) yet unawakened in this my early childhood, such would have remained dormant.

At this time an occurrence took place which, as the newspapers express it, occasioned "a prodigious sensation." A person named Brodie, a member of the Town Council of Edinburgh and deacon of a Guild, and

considered affluent and of considerable influence with his fellow citizens, was brought to trial before the Court of Justiciary, and found guilty of breaking into the Excise Office in Edinburgh and stealing a large sum of money. He was condemned to be hanged on a certain day in October, on the scaffold at the west end of the Tolbooth, famed by Sir Walter Scott as "The Heart of Midlothian." The fatal day was stamped in my memory by the unusual gloom and silence of the maidens who attended upon my little sister and myself; even Peggy's lively, cheery song of "Jenny Nettles" was unheard. My sister and myself became impatient under this state of matters; we were fractious, and *whinged* and *yammered* to the great annoyance of our attendants. At length Peggy broke out with, "Oh bairns, bairns, ye little ken what's gaan on at the West end o' the lucken booths on this blessed day! To think that a 'sponsible man like Deacon Brodie is to be in the grips o' that dour deevil Jock Hech, the hangman, is awfu'! but we'r aa sinfu' craters, may the Lord be about hiz!" Peggy's moralising was beyond us, and by no means calmed down our peevishness, until we were amongst the flowers in the garden. Brodie was a dissipated, reckless fellow, a gambler, and cockfighter, which was quite unknown except to his associates, who were of the lowest grades of blackguardism. A man of the name of Smith suffered with him as *particeps criminis*.

Jock Hech the hangman was in early days a continual cause of dread and awe to my schoolfellows and myself. Jock was a cadaverous, down-looking fellow, with a most satanic scowl, as if he were ever thinking of the last looks of his victims as he adjusted the rope and covered their anguished countenances with the white

nightcap, ere he withdrew the fatal bolt. He was by trade a cobbler, and followed his calling in a house in the Fish Market Close. Many a time as a boy I looked with fear and horror at Jock as he sat at his door cobbling shoes. He escaped being hanged for robbery, by agreeing to fill the situation of public executioner. His wife was a huge, hard-featured woman, of whom we schoolboys stood in great dread. Jock made use of her as a bull-dog, to slip at us when we chaffed him in passing his stall; and *certes* we had to make a clean pair of heels when she was after us. Jock lived to a great age, but I scarcely think the usual legend of "He died beloved and respected," graced his headstone.

My brothers had now attained an age when it became requisite that they should choose a profession. Both declared for the army. My father immediately purchased for George (the eldest) an ensigncy in the 19th regiment of foot, and for Charles a cornetcy in the 4th regiment of Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hugonin, and quartered at Musselburgh, Perth, and Hamilton. An intimate companion of my eldest brother was Colin Halket, who, for his gallantry and distinguished conduct during the Peninsular war and at the battle of Waterloo, was promoted to the highest grades of his profession; he died, at a very advanced age, governor of Chelsea Hospital. His only brother, Hugh (but much his junior in years), was my constant playmate and friend. He entered the army at an early age, as ensign in the Scotch Brigade, which he accompanied to India. On his return from that service he was appointed to a lieutenancy in the Hanoverian Legion, and eventually attained the command of the light infantry battalion of that distinguished force, at

the head of which he served through the Peninsular campaigns, under the Duke of Wellington. At the battle of Waterloo, he led his battalion into the thickest of the fight, and in the most gallant manner made a French officer prisoner, after a determined personal hand to hand encounter. On the peace of 1815 he returned to Hanover (on the Hanoverian Legion being disbanded), where he still resides, and is now commander-in-chief of the army of that kingdom: thus has the playmate of my boyhood risen by his gallantry to the most distinguished rank of his profession, and has also received the decoration of G.C.B. from the Queen of England.

The father of these meritorious soldiers was of an ancient Scottish family, who had settled in Holland. He entered as lieutenant one of the Scotch regiments in the pay of that country, and in process of time attained the command of a battalion of that force. On the French republican army, under the command of Pichegreu, advancing to take possession of Holland, the British government recalled these regiments to Scotland, where they were re-formed under the designation of the Scotch Brigade, and the command in chief was conferred upon General Francis Dundas, a cousin-german of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, the *de facto* secretary of state for Scotland. This measure was considered very harsh and unjust towards Colonel Halket and the other officers of these regiments; but "might overcame right" in this instance, and the weak suffered. Colonel Halket, with his family, took up his residence at Drumsheugh (at that time nearly a mile from the new town of Edinburgh), in one of two small houses opposite to the grounds of the Earl of Moray. It was there that, with Hughie

Halket, I frequently passed my Saturday holiday. His father was the *beau idéal* of a soldier; tall in person, with a countenance which expressed great firmness and intelligence, tempered with much kindness and urbanity. He was advanced in years, and possessed a most gentlemanly bearing, with the unmistakable air of one who had mixed with the best society. To his dying day he always wore his cocked hat; and, as he passed along, his erect carriage and military air at once marked the soldier.

At the period of which I now treat, the extent of the new town of Edinburgh westward was very limited; there were then only five houses west of Castle Street, beyond which all was open ground as far as the Kirk Brae-Head Toll, the entrance to the road leading to the Queen's Ferry. This open ground went under the term of Braefoot's Parks, and through which the *Lang Gate*, leading from the Calton Hill on the east and westward to the Queen's-ferry Road, passed. It was along this *Lang Gate* that Clavers (Viscount Dundee) retreated with his dragoons, and halted them, while he climbed up the rock to the sally-port, on the west side of the castle, to have an interview with the Duke of Gordon, at that period governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, then besieged by the troops of the Scottish Parliament.

1790. Much excitement and regret was occasioned this year amongst the higher classes in Edinburgh by the death of Sir G. Ramsay, who fell in a duel with Captain Macrae: the cause of this unfortunate rencontre was, Captain Macrae beating one of Sir George's servants, who had been insolent to him. On that gentleman requiring Sir George to dismiss this servant, Sir George refused to do so; a meeting took place in consequence on the Links at Musselburgh, when on the

first fire Sir George fell, mortally wounded. Captain Macrae resided at Marionville, a villa near Edinburgh, and although reputed to be a bad-tempered and violent man, and professed duellist, he was received in the best society. After the duel, he fled to the Continent, was outlawed, and died, at an advanced age, at Hamburgh.

1791. The gallant 42nd regiment (the Royal Highlanders) were quartered in the Castle of Edinburgh during the early part of this year. Many of the officers being of my father's acquaintance (having met them on service during the Seven Years' war), he often received them at his house: my eldest brother was also on intimate terms with several of the younger officers, particularly Dewar of Vogrie. On an occasion when a large party were to dine at my father's, my brother was very wishful that Vogrie should be one of the *convives*. Unfortunately Vogrie was on duty that day, and could not leave the castle without permission of his commanding officer: this was a most annoying *contre-temps*. To the castle, therefore, went my brother, and proposed to Vogrie, that they should lower themselves over the walls, at a point where formerly existed a sally-port. This hazardous feat they effected, and after scrambling down the rock from the foot of the wall, they reached my father's house, in Prince's Street, safely,—rather damaged, however, in their lower garments, particularly Vogrie's kilt, having, as the sailors say, been obliged “to come down by the run,” at the steepest part of the descent. This was soon repaired, and they found the dinner party in high spirits, little thinking of the difficulty attending Vogrie's *return* to the castle. To scramble up the castle rock and ascend the wall was out of the question; neither did Vogrie feel up to such an attempt. To enter the castle by the gate, and pass



the main guard, without being challenged, was equally impossible. After much discussion, my father (an old campaigner) ordered a sedan-chair to be called, in which Vogrie was placed, wrapped in a blanket, with a white nightcap on his head. The chairmen (two strong-limbed sons of the Gael) were ordered, when challenged at the castle gate, to reply, "Ou its a sick shentleman offisher, wha's taen owr muckle a drap o' toddy, and been owr weel acquaint wi ta rugh side o' ta caasy." This satisfied the sentinel, and thus was Vogrie smuggled past the main guard, at which it was said his commanding officer winked. Be that as it may, Vogrie soon afterwards retired from the service.

Many of the officers of the 42nd were of the clan Fraser, amongst whom was Captain Fraser, who commanded the grenadier company. He had served from early youth in the gallant "*Forty Two*," and under the lamented Wolfe, led the grenadiers when they stormed the heights of Abraham. In all the actions where the Royal Highlanders were engaged during the Seven Years' war, he was distinguished for his gallantry. Two sons of his held commissions in the 42nd—the youngest, Simon, was considered the handsomest man in the regiment. The other members of the gallant veteran's family consisted of his wife, a most amiable matron, and an only daughter, the sweet and bonnie Sally. The motherly kindness of Mrs. Fraser to my companion Benjy Bartlet and myself, when we visited her and bonnie Sally, in the castle, I still remember with much gratitude. Their apartments were in the Great Square, where, in the olden time, the palace was situate, in one of the apartments of which the unfortunate Queen Mary was born. Mrs. Fraser, while administering with true Highland hospitality to our creature comforts,

delighted and interested our young imaginations with many a traditionary historic anecdote of the wrongs and sorrows, and melancholy fate, of the beautiful but erring Mary Stuart, narrated with a fervour and warmth in which we heartily participated. Captain Fraser was in manners and appearance the perfect Highland gentleman, and gallant soldier; yet, although he had served so long, was at this time no higher in rank than the eldest captain of his regiment. To account for this, it is necessary to look at the then existing position, and, as it were, the constitution of the Highland regiments. The financial state of the greater proportion of the Highland proprietors and gentry was, during the last century, very circumscribed and limited; and their mistaken and general feeling of degradation being attendant upon commercial pursuits, shut out every avenue of employment, excepting that of a soldier, for the younger branches of Highland families, to which the warlike disposition of the sons of the Gael ever impels them. The spirit and energy of clanship, although weakened and almost struck down by the severe measures of government, after the disastrous troubles of 1745, was still smouldering, and far from being extinguished; they were again awakened to life and vigour by the admirable statesmanship of the great Earl of Chatham, then at the head of the administration, who, by showing confidence in the Highlanders, brought into action feelings of loyalty towards a dynasty, to overthrow which, the best blood of the sons of the Gael had been freely shed. Lord Chatham appears to have discovered—by that intuitive knowledge of human nature given to those on whom Providence has bestowed the highest attributes of the human mind—the structure of the Celtic disposition to be a mixture of attachment, trust, caution, and suspicion. The first, with the second,

if once fixed in the Highlander's mind, become so intertwined in his mind and feelings, as never to be shaken; and although protected, as it were, by the two latter to a certain extent, were ever dominant, and devoted even to the death. It was under this conviction, and in the face of a host of difficulties and violent opposition, that Chatham again placed the claymore in the grasp of the Gael, and caused several regiments, entirely composed of Highlanders, to be embodied, under the command of high and influential chiefs of clans, and officered by cadets of their families. These wise and statesman-like measures, which opened the cherished profession of soldier to the sons of the Gael, were immediately and universally embraced; and in these regiments established a renewal of those powerful feelings of clanship, strengthened by relationship, amongst the officers and men, which immediately caused numbers to flock to their standards.

Another element connected with this measure of Lord Chatham's, was the prevention of promotion by purchase, and limiting it to the death, or other casualties. To this latter circumstance is to be attributed the well established fact, that with the Highland officer his regiment became his home during life; the idea of being separated from it never entered his thoughts; and when he attained the rank of lieutenant he generally married, his bride often the daughter of a brother officer, and, above all, of the same clan as himself. His sons and daughters were born in the regiment; and (as in the instance of Captain Fraser's family) the former became officers in it; and at last, if spared from death in the field of battle, or by the dispensation of Providence they died while yet in the regiment, they were carried to their last earthly resting-place by the

gallant men whom they had often led to the assault and deadly charge in a hard-fought field. Hence arose that attachment between officers and men, strengthened, as before remarked, by the high feelings of relationship and clanship, on which was founded the "*esprit de corps*," which is the root and mainspring of that moral and honourable conduct, combined with strict discipline, which have ever distinguished the Highland regiments.

Soon after this period the 42nd regiment embarked for Flanders, and the 53rd regiment (in which the late Lord Hill was then a lieutenant) marched into Edinburgh Castle. I remember accompanying my father to call upon Lieutenant Hill, whose barrack-room was in the portion of the old palace which immediately adjoined the chamber wherein it was supposed the ancient regalia of Scotland was deposited. My brothers were now ordered to join their regiments; when George proceeded to Tynemouth barracks, whence he immediately embarked with his regiment, the 19th foot, for Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where a large force was assembled, under the command of the Earl Moira, preparatory to embarkation, in order to make an attempt to land on the coast of France. Charles joined the 4th Dragoons, at Perth; his brother lieutenant (junior to him) was Fitzroy Somerset, distinguished in after life as military secretary to the Duke of Wellington throughout the Peninsular campaigns, and as Lord Raglan in command of the British forces in the Crimea. These separations broke into our family circle, and launched me out of the grade of childhood into that of boyhood, when I was placed under the tuition of worthy Mr. Fulton, to be (as it was then termed) instructed in English. His school-room was at the corner of North Hanover Street and Queen Street, overlooking the opposite

gardens, one of which was possessed by Mr. Adam Rowland, a distinguished member of the faculty of advocates, and particularly eminent as a sound lawyer and chamber counsel. He was of a shy, nervous temperament, which caused him to decline forensic practice, although possessed of talents and legal knowledge superior to many of his brethren who shone forth with brilliant oratory, in pleading before the courts. He was of a most kind and benevolent nature and disposition, ever ready to relieve distress, whether of mind or body. He was also most particular and neat in his dress. His house, and all within it, exhibited broadly the organs of order and method. For us schoolboys Mr. Rowland always had a kind smile and greeting; yet, boy-like (but without any feeling of disrespect), we gave him the *soubriquet* of "Snuggly." At this moment I think I see the worthy gentleman leaving his house for his afternoon walk, dressed in a well-arranged suit of brown coat and waistcoat, black silk breeches, and grey silk stockings, silver knee and shoe buckles; while ruffles adorned his wrists and the front of his shirt, and his shoes black and bright as if "Day & Martin" had then existed. He carried a gold-headed cane, which, as he walked, he swung about with a jaunty air. Thus lived and died the last representative of the ancient family of "Rowland of Luscar," in Fifeshire.

1794. Now an important change "came o'er the spirit of my dream," by my removal from the kind tuition of Mr. Fulton, to become a boarder in the scholastic establishment of Mr. Taylor, at Musselburgh, then considered the first in Scotland. The sons of the most influential classes formed the largest portion of my schoolfellows, among whom was David Ramsay, the youngest son of the late Earl of Dalhousie. David became

boarder on the same day as I did, and was of my own age. We at once assumed an air of superiority over each other which could only be decided by a battle, so at it we went; when, after a long and severe *tulzie*, with black eyes and bloody noses, I was declared victor. This at once gave me a certain standing amongst my schoolmates, but only to be maintained by many an after-fight. I was a stout, long-winded *birkie*, and never said no to a challenge.

David Ramsay was generous and kind-hearted, and possessed all the inherent gallantry and courage of "the Dalwosee race." He entered the army at an early age, as ensign in the 18th regiment of foot (which formed part of the force sent to attack the French West India Islands), when he fell a victim to the yellow fever.

At this period the number of boarders at Mr. Taylor's was very limited (not more than nine); they were increased to forty ere I left—of which number I have cause to believe that at this present time, 1850, only two besides myself exist. Amongst other recollections of my sojourn at Mr. Taylor's, the severity of the winter of 1794-5 stands prominent; such had not occurred for many years. The intensity of the frost and the heavy fall of snow were extreme; the roads were almost entirely blocked up, and as the snow-plough was at that period unknown, it required powerful strength of manual labour to clear the principal lines of roads for postal communication. The mails were forwarded in post-chaises, with six horses to each; the guard was inside, with the letter-bags piled up around him. Traffic by cross-roads was entirely suspended. The River Esk, at Musselburgh, was ice-bound for many weeks, to the great enjoyment of myself and schoolmates. Every instant out of school we were carcering

on it, skating and sliding, or watching the jolly curlers enjoying the roaring game, and now and then we opened a heavy fire of snow-balls on whoever came across us. Many a *girn*, or snare, we set to catch mavis and blackbirds, of whom numbers fell victims to us.

It was prior to this that a violent spirit of democracy and sedition (engendered by the French Revolution) became extensively prevalent amongst the middle and lower classes of the population of England and Scotland—even some of the members of the aristocracy were tinged with this mania. Associations were formed boldly expressing and disseminating revolutionary principles, one of which, under the designation of “Friends of the People,” was conspicuous for its ultraism, and the extent of its ramifications, particularly in Scotland. Government was well informed of these proceedings, and aware of the danger which thus threatened public order and the common weal, and every means and precaution was taken to crush and overcome such dangerous attempts. *Henry Dundas*, afterwards raised to the peerage as *Viscount Melville*, was at this time *de facto* secretary of state for Scotland. He was admirably adapted for the fulfilment of the difficult and onerous duties which in that situation devolved upon him: possessed of much talent, firmness, and temper, he combined with such, great *bonhommie*, and most pleasing and conciliatory manners; his extensive family connections further increased and strengthened the great and almost universal influence which he possessed with the highest and most powerful, as well as with a large proportion of the middle classes of his countrymen. As a natural consequence he was hated, yet feared, by the seditious and revolutionists, and also by a few of the higher ranks, who, from vanity and a spurious yearning

for popularity, were anxious and ambitious to be looked up to as “the Friends of the People,” and who declared for democracy and republicanism. I may here mention that the distinguishing badge of all who supported such principles was having their hair *closely cropped*, thus giving the *coup de grâce* to hair powder and a full dressed head of curls and queue, which was then so universally adopted, that no one of the rank of a gentleman could appear without such. Amongst the most conspicuous and ardent supporters of citizenship and republicanism was a noble lord of distinguished talent. Well do I remember, with several of my playmates, gazing with fear and wonder at the citizen earl, as he walked along George Street dressed, or rather, I should say, undressed, in a rough frock-coat, made of the cloth denominated “rap rascal.” His dark and sombre countenance, as we looked at him, caused our generally uproarious voices to drop into a whisper, and to exclaim (*sotto voce*), “Eh! what a fearsome-looking man. They say he wants to chop off the king’s head!” He was leaning on the arm of the Honourable Harry Erskine, famed for his wit, his talents, and his whiggish principles; and brother to the no less distinguished barrister, and after Chancellor, Tom Erskine. The noble citizen earl felt at the close of a long life the error of his former opinions, and gave the most strenuous opposition to the Reform Bill of 1832.

Another conspicuous whig and croppy was the Honourable Ramsay Maule. He was second son of the noble family of Dalhousie, and was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Panmure. He succeeded to the large possessions of his ancestor, which became forfeited in 1715, but were afterwards restored. In early life Ramsay Maule was distinguished by the *soubriquet*



of "the Generous Sportsman," and held a leading position amongst the *élite* of fashionable society. Possessed of an income exceeding that of any other commoner of his country, he was enabled to indulge every fancy, and gratify every whim. His beautiful and valuable stud of horses, his well-appointed carriages, the splendour of his style of living, at once marked his knowledge of *le savoir vivre*, and his fine and correct taste.

I have before mentioned his youngest brother as my school-fellow at Mr. Taylor's, and for whom "the Generous Sportsman" showed much affection and kindness. The delight with which we youngers witnessed this Cræsus brother, in his phaeton and four, dashing up to Mr. Taylor's to visit Davy, was extreme—as it secured to us a half holiday, and participation in the contents of a large basket of bonbons, which Davy, in the kindness of his nature, always shared with his schoolmates.

"The Generous Sportsman" was much given to indulge in practical jokes; the recital of these I remember listening to with great delight, as my father's butler and coachman, with infinite glee, related to me "the harum-scarum wark o' that merry wild devil Ramsay Maule;" one instance of which showed out broadly the teeming generosity and love of fun of this favoured child of fortune. His magnificent baronial residence of Brechin Castle was in the vicinity of the town of Montrose, where dwelt the mother of Joseph Hume, a man "known to fame." Mrs. Hume, in her widowed state, had a hard struggle to bring up her family: in aid of other means she was a dealer in crockery; on market-days she spread out on the pavement in front of her shop a large assortment of her brittle ware, to the sore temptation of housewives,

whose great pride and ambition is ever to be possessed of a handsome tea-set. This afforded an opportunity to indulge in a freak of fun just suited to Ramsay Maule, which he carried through by galloping into Montrose at the head of a group of his merry companions, and charging and careering through and through Widow Hume's cups and saucers, tureens and plates, &c., until, as the Yankees say, "all was one almighty smash." A handful of Sir William Forbes & Co.'s bank-notes, tossed to honest Mrs. Hume, with a cheery, kindly smile from "the Generous Sportsman," settled the account and result of his *sprees*. It was even whispered by the widow's gossips, that a repetition of "the weel faard honourable's daafen, wadna be ill ta'en."

To return from this digression. I have already stated that a determined and active spirit of sedition and democracy was extensively prevalent throughout England and Scotland, the first serious outbreak of which occurred in Edinburgh on the 4th of June, 1792 (the anniversary of the king's birthday), when, according to custom, the lord provost and magistrates, and the principal members of the influential classes, assembled in the Parliament House to drink his majesty's health. This demonstration of loyalty was most obnoxious to the democratic association of "the Friends of the People;" in consequence of which, they caused a numerous and riotous mob to assemble, who, after creating great confusion in the immediate vicinity of the Parliament House, proceeded to George's Square, with the determination to burn the effigy of Henry Dundas in front of the house of his mother, Mrs. Dundas, of Arniston, and afterwards to destroy the residence of the lord advocate, which immediately adjoined. The effigy was burnt, and other riotous acts effected, before

a party of the 31th regiment, then quartered in Edinburgh Castle, marched into the square. The Riot Act was then read by the sheriff, but without causing the dispersion of the mob, or a cessation of their proceedings. The military were then ordered to fire, when several of the mob were killed and wounded, which put an end to their outrages for that time. Next evening, however, the mob again assembled, and proceeded to Queen Street, with the intention of burning the house of Sir James Stirling, then filling the important position of lord provost. Again were the military marched from the castle, and signal guns fired to summon the 4th regiment of dragoons from Musselburgh, and a party of seamen from the *Hind* sloop of war, at anchor in Leith Roads, commanded by Captain Philip Durham. So powerful a demonstration of forces daunted the mob effectually, put an end to the riots, and re-established order and the quiet of the town.

I will now mention some particulars respecting the naval career of my relative Captain Durham. He was the youngest son of Mr. Durham, of Largo, a gentleman of much influence in the county of Fife, where his estate was situated. His eldest son entered the army, and lived to attain the rank of general. Philip preferred the naval profession, and at an early age was appointed a midshipman on board the *Trident*, of 64 guns; in due time he rose to the rank of lieutenant, and in that capacity joined the *Royal George*, on board of which he was serving when that noble man-of-war (at that period the largest in the British navy) sank at Spithead. Lieutenant Durham was amongst the few of her crew who were saved, and his escape from a watery grave was marked by certain and most interesting circumstances, which in after life he mentioned to me. On

the day on which the *Royal George* sank Lieutenant Durham was, in the course of duty, attending to the hoisting on board of a supply of provisions; whilst so occupied, he observed that the ship had a heavy list to starboard, quite unusual for a ship at anchor. He immediately jumped on the weather-quarter of the deck, when, observing the ship heeling over still more, he sang out, "The ship is sinking!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship capsized, upon which he sprang through one of the port-holes, followed by a marine, who, clinging to Lieutenant Durham, they sank together; with admirable presence of mind, Lieutenant Durham threw off his jacket and waistcoat (then grasped by the marine), which enabled him to rise to the surface, where he was picked up by a boat, and saved. The marine was drowned; some days afterwards his body rose to the surface, still grasping the waistcoat, *in the pocket of which there remained Lieutenant Durham's pencil-case.* This he showed to me when he had attained the rank of admiral, after a course of active and brilliant service, during which Captain Durham commanded the *Defiance*, of 74, in the glorious action of Trafalgar. He received the decoration of K.C.B., and closed his naval career as commander-in-chief at Portsmouth. He died at Naples, in 1844, in the eighty-third year of his age.

To return to the Edinburgh riots. On the second night of the proceedings of the mob, and when marching from the Old Town along the North Bridge to Queen Street, a circumstance occurred which showed forth the high estimation in which Mr. Alexander Wood, then at the head of the medical profession in Edinburgh, was held by all ranks of the community. On passing along the North Bridge, the mob overtook an elderly gentle-

man, very tall and thin, dressed in black, and wearing a cocked hat. Now, there was a very marked resemblance in this person to Sir James Stirling, the lord provost, whom the mob held in the most intense hatred. The night was very dark, little modified by the feeble flickering of a few oil lamps; whiskey had still further obscured the *clairvoyance* of the rioters, who at once seized, as they thought, the veritable Sir James, and immediately hoisted him up, with the determination to throw him over the bridge, when a roar from the supposed Sir James of, "The deevil's in ye, Callants—I am no Sir Jeems, but Lang Sandy Wood! Set me down, set me down, ye deevil's buckies!" Whereupon there was a universal shout of, "Oh! it's gude Sandy Wood!—ther's no a kinder or better man in aa Embro'; let him gang, let him gang!" on which Sandy went on his way rejoicing. Of this most worthy man more hereafter. During the second night of the riots my school-fellows and myself were roused out of a sound sleep by the trumpets of the 4th Dragoons sounding late at night in the street opposite to Mr. Taylor's: we rushed out of bed, threw up the windows, and shouted and hurrahed to the mustering dragoons, who in return cheered us heartily: but "we caught a Tartar"—the ushers were at us actively with the *taas* (leathern scourges), which they applied lustily, and soon drove us pellmell within our blankets. At this period the 4th Dragoons were mounted on black horses, who showed more of the breed of cart horses than of blood; their long tails swept the ground. The uniform was red, faced with green and silver lace; the coats single-breasted, with long full skirts; the waistcoat and breeches plush, of a pale yellow; the hats were cocked, and bound with white tape, in imitation of silver lace; which, with black

boots reaching to the knee, completed the uniform. The arms were a brace of pistols in holsters in front of the saddle, a heavy sword (quite straight) with a basket hilt, a musket (not a carbine), the butt end of which came behind the right arm, the muzzle placed in a leather socket outside of the foot. A part of their evolutions consisted in dismounting, and advancing in line in front of their horses (who were linked to each other), and going through the manual and platoon exercise—the sword exercise was then unknown. The trumpeters were Africans, dressed in a demi-oriental costume, and wearing turbans. This regiment served with distinction throughout the Peninsular war, from the battle of Talavera to that of Toulouse. In the former my second brother, as major, led the right squadron in that charge, when the 23rd Light Dragoons suffered so severely. We schoolboys were on very intimate terms with many of the privates of the 4th, and, on the approach and end of a review, an active exchange of cartridges for whiskey took place. During this year, and subsequently, I remained at Mr. Taylor's, when a great increase in the number of boarders enabled me to form intimate friendships with several of them.

In the same class with me was Willy Hope, the youngest son of Sir Archibald Hope. Willy, like myself, was little inclined to book lore; the tutor, named Hogg, under whose superintendence we tugged at "*Anno amavi*," and "*Proprie que maribus*," was a harsh, passionate man, and had a detestable habit of striking us on the head. We cordially detested him; but we had our revenge by the discovery of his base and immoral conduct, in seducing and deserting a beautiful girl, the only daughter of a most

respectable inhabitant of Musselburgh, and for which he was dismissed by Mr. Taylor. Willy Hope, although lame by the contraction of the muscles of his left leg, was full of spirits, and exceedingly active. His inclination being for a sailor's life, he joined one of the magnificent ships owned by the East India Company as a midshipman, or, as the middys of the royal navy contemptuously called them, "Guinea pigs." After passing through the usual routine of the different subordinate grades, he obtained the command of a ship, and was afterwards appointed to the lucrative situation of naval superintendent at Bombay, where he died of cholera, in the year 1830. His father, Sir Archibald, was a thorough representative of a Scottish gentleman; he possessed the estate of Pinky, and was proprietor of extensive collieries in the neighbourhood of Inveresk. He kept a pack of harriers, which were objects of great interest to us schoolboys. His huntsman we knew only as "Lang Tam," a surly fellow, who rejected all our efforts to be on intimate terms with him, and even shook his long whip at us if we attempted to run after his hounds when they passed Mr. Taylor's. Sir Archibald was a kind-hearted man, but very stern, which made us afraid of him; we were always well pleased when those of us who were invited by kind Lady Hope to drink tea at Pinky House found Sir Archibald absent: many a happy Saturday evening I passed there. Lady Hope's daughters were always kind, particularly Miss Grahamy, who aided me in my anxious endeavours to win the pool at commerce, upon which depended my after enjoyment of gingerbread cake and Gibraltar rock.

It was during the many previous years that the first ministerial charge of the parish of Inveresk was filled

by the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, the friend and intimate companion of John Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," and of all the distinguished *literati* of that day. Dr. Carlyle's figure was tall and commanding; his countenance combined the expression of high intellect, eloquence, and benevolence. His courteous and kind manner to all, together with that badge of stricken years, "full flowing silvered locks," inspired with respect and affection all who enjoyed his friendship or acquaintance. When the troubles in 1745 broke out, Dr. Carlyle was a student in the University of Edinburgh, and, with many of his class fellows and friends, was enrolled and joined one of the corps then raised to defend the city. When the prince's army advanced and took possession of Edinburgh, young Carlyle thought discretion the better part of valour, and retired to his father's, then parochial clergyman of the parish of Preston Pans. On the morning of the action between the royal forces, under Sir John Cope, and the Highland army, commanded by Prince Charles, which took place in the neighbourhood of Tranent and Port Seaton, young Carlyle ascended the tower of the church of Preston Pans, and from thence witnessed the rout of the royal troops, and the victory of the Highland army. In after years the reverend doctor used to relate with much humour his feelings on this occasion—"I took counsel," quoth the doctor, "with my father, and came to the resolution that, as my calling was unto peace, and not unto war, my inclinations and duty were not to dwell amongst 'the tents of Kedar,' but to wait in quietness until the troublous days had passed away." With this determination he completed his clerical studies, and, in the year 1748, was appointed as minister to the parish of Inveresk, where he faithfully fulfilled the duties of



pastor during the long period of fifty-seven years, when, at the age of eighty-three, he passed away, surrounded with the respect and affection of all his parishioners, and every class of the community amongst whom he had dwelt for so many years.

1793. The execution of Louis XVI., on the 21st of January in this year, gave intense force to feelings of execration throughout England and Scotland against the perpetrators of this foul crime and horrid murder; the following event gave full scope to such with us school-boys. A company of strolling players came to Musselburgh, and engaged and fitted up the Town Hall as a temporary theatre. The first piece which they brought out was "The Last Days and Execution of Louis XVI., King of France." Our master, Mr. Taylor, embraced this circumstance to impress upon the minds of his pupils, by a "scenic representation," the atrocity of this act of republican ferocity, by allowing a portion of them to witness the "mimic shadow of so cursed a deed." The announcement of Mr. Taylor's intention raised a hurricane of joy amongst the chosen few, of which I was one. I never had been inside a theatre—the only approach to dramatic representation which I ever witnessed was "Punch and Judy;" and even now, in "the sere and yellow leaf," I have infinite delight in taking a peep from behind a window-blind at the ancient and amusing mummery. It was, therefore, with an intermixture of indescribable delight and anxious wonder that I looked forward to being present in a real theatre, and seeing a real play. The longed-for evening at length arrived, when we juvenile supporters of "the legitimate drama" were marshalled forth in "best bib and tucker" by one of the ushers, and, with buoyant joy and expectation, marched to "the Theatre Royal of

Musselburgh.” The usher under whose control we were on this memorable evening was hump-backed, with eyes large and prominent, in addition to which he was conceited and tyrannical. We christened him, from his hump and large eyes, “Bouly Goggles,” and we sincerely detested him. On reaching the theatre we were welcomed by a comely matron, whose kind smile and sweet English accent and voice made us pay the admission most willingly. We passed on from her to a grim-looking man (the check-taker), after which we entered the pit. I have to this hour a vivid remembrance of the awe which came over my school-mates and myself when, with wondering eyes, we explored the surrounding gloom (only relieved by a row of tallow-candles), which made darkness visible, and through which appeared the green curtain, supported on each side by fluted columns. A number of the leading burghesses, with their *sonsy* wives, were near us. They communicated with each other in whispers, and with very solemn countenances, as if they expected to witness the real, instead of the mimic, representation of the execution of the king. Presently we were startled by the tinkle of a bell, and by observing the glare of an eye through a rent in the green curtain. This fixed our attention, and calmed down our restlessness of expectation, which Bouly Goggles had hitherto endeavoured to restrain by scowling looks, and significantly passing his hand along his cane. Immediately after this, Davy Tamson (to whose fiddle we danced “The Blackamoor Jig” and “Shant Trews,” under the tuition of Mr. Salmon) took his place in front of the pit, accompanied by Wully Rippet (as his second fiddle), when, after tuning, they struck up “Logie O’Buchan.” On hearing this we could no longer be restrained, and, in defiance

of Bouly Goggles' threatening looks we loudly exclaimed, "Eh, there is Davy Tamson and Wully Rippet—what ha'e they to do wi' cutten aff the king's head?" Bouly Goggles looked annihilation at us, but we cared not; and the kindly, hearty laugh of "the weel faard" matrons near us, with their exclamation of, "Oh! the bonny, cheery laddies!" made us quite reckless of the pains and penalties which shot forth from Bouly Goggles' eyes. The raising of the curtain brought us back to good behaviour; and, as the play proceeded, many a tear ran down our cheeks, when we saw the poor queen and the young dauphin and his sister take their last farewell of their afflicted father and king. The leading of the king to execution followed. The unhappy monarch was preceded by the executioner bearing a large axe; in this man we instantly recognised the grim check-taker, the sight of whom and his horrid look made our blood boil, and we inwardly vowed vengeance against him wherever we met him. But the awful scene was the funeral procession, after the execution, when the body of the murdered monarch was borne along on a hand-barrow, covered with a black pall, excepting the legs, which hung down in all the dislocation of death. In the bearers we recognised Tam Paterson the town drummer, and Jeemy Guild, Deacon Gray the baker's *ne'er do weel* 'prentice; they wore black cloaks (Pate, the tailor, whispered they were blue), black caps, like those worn by the *salees* of former days at funerals. Tam and Jeemy seemed ill at ease, and quarrelling; they could not step together, which requires great regularity, as in carrying sedan-chairs,—they jerked against each other, which made them stagger, added to which, their cloaks threatened to trip them up. On reaching the side, or wings of the stage,

Jeemy exclaimed rather loudly, "D—n the king! I'd rather carry a dizen baskets o'baps, than a dead king wi' his head chappit aff." Our young feelings were now uncontrollable. The mimic representation became in our thoughts and minds reality. We sprang up, shook our *neeves* (*Anglice*, fists), and screamed defiance at the executioner, and all those of the procession. Bouly Goggles was astounded, and it was not until Provost Cree shook his well-powdered *caput* at us that Bouly was roused to exertion, and rose from his degraded position to a sense of his duty. In a voice partaking of the bray of a donkey and the *gobling* of a *bubly joke* (turkey cock) he commanded us to leave the theatre: even this we resisted, until the kindly voices of the matrons exclaimed, "Just gang hame like gude laddies, and dinna stand out against authorities;" upon hearing which we arose very reluctantly, and marched out of the pit at the point of Bouly Goggles' cane, which, the moment we reached the street, he attempted to apply with intense vigour to the backs of those of us near to him; but it was *saue qui peut*—we started off at top speed. Goggles had no chance in the race, and we were safe in our dormitories when he reached Mr. Taylor's. Some of my school-mates, who participated in the excitement of this stirring scene, shared the glories of Waterloo. Five of them met a soldier's death.

Sedition and revolutionary attempts continued to increase in Scotland. Several of the most active movers of such were arrested and brought to trial. Amongst the most prominent was Thomas Muir, the eldest son of a gentleman of good estate and influence in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. After a long trial before the High Court of Justiciary, in Edinburgh,

Muir was found guilty, and sentenced to be transported to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

The repeated marching of several regiments through Musselburgh, to embark at Leith, in order to join the British army in Flanders, under the command of the Duke of York, kept us in continual excitement. One of these regiments was the 19th foot, of which we had been told that, in consequence of having in action turned their backs to the enemy, the colours of that regiment bore, as a memorial of their cowardice, the representation of a dog running away with his tail between his legs. We therefore watched with great anxiety the passing of the 19th through Musselburgh. Unfortunately, this took place very early in the morning. Their drums and fifes, however, aroused us out of a sound sleep, when we rushed to the windows; but, to our great mortification, the colours were furled, which at once proved to us the truth of the report. From that day, this regiment was denominated by us, "the Fougies."

Also at this time, the gallant 42nd Highlanders (waiting for transports) were quartered in Musselburgh. Several of the privates were billeted on Mr. Taylor, of whom was Hector Macintosh, as handsome a Highlander as ever wore a kilt. He was an especial favourite with all my school-mates and myself; and no less was he admired by the womenkind of the household, which occasioned to worthy Mrs. Taylor no slight anxiety lest any of her *lusses* should go off with the "braw and gallant lads of the Forty-twa." The light company was commanded by Captain Stirling, an intimate friend of my father's. He was very kind to me, and, by the present of a green light infantry feather, which he stuck in my cap, nearly enlisted me "to

follow the drum ;” but, as my decided predilection was for the navy, “ the scarlet fever ” was soon cured.

Captain Stirling (who got his commission in the 42nd when very young) served through the American war, and afterwards with the Duke of York in Flanders ; with Sir Ralph Abercromby, in Egypt ; and also throughout the Peninsular war. He was ever distinguished for his indomitable bravery and coolness in action. In the battle of Alexandria, he commanded the 42nd, when Buonaparte’s Invincibles were nearly annihilated, and their eagle taken by the gallant Highlanders. After the Peninsular war, he attained the rank of major-general, and retired from active service, shattered in health, and with the scars of many wounds received in “ hard-fought fields.” A brother veteran, who had served with him during many years in the 42nd, related to me (after the General’s death) several traits of his extraordinary coolness and gallant demeanour in action. At the battle of Corunna, where the 42nd were, as usual, in the thickest of the fray, General Stirling (then colonel in command of that regiment) walked about in front of his men under a continued and most severe fire, with as much coolness as on a mere parade. Some years after, I met and conversed with a colour-sergeant of the 42nd (who had been severely wounded at Corunna), respecting the position of the gallant Highlanders when the French advanced. His reply was most characteristic : “ Weel, yer honour, ye see, we were drawn up in line. Some o’ us had faan, for the cannon-shot came thick ; but no’ a man but stood as firm and dour as Craig Alachy (a high mountain in Badenoch, and the slogan cry of the clan Grant). The Cornel, honest man, just walked about in front o’ us wi’ a bit switch in his hand, as quietly as if

he had been on the parade on the Castle Hill o' Embro'. Naething anger'd him till we cam' to the charge; and then he was aye foremost, and just like a wild boar."

Another officer of this distinguished regiment was Major Dixon, of Kilboekie, who combined the active and efficient discharge of his regimental duties with all the attributes of a sincere friend and jolly messmate. To use the language of a reverend member of the kirk of Scotland, "Kilboekie's sederunts at the social board were never limited by the course of time, except when duty interfered." To the truth of this remark, his rosy, merry countenance avouched. An anecdote of an interview with his Royal Highness the Duke of York will best illustrate this:—"I am happy to see you, Kilboekie," said his Royal Highness; "you look as young and rosy as ever. Do tell me how much has the painting of your phiz cost you?"—"An' it please yer Royal Highness," quoth Kilboekie, "I canna weel say, for *it's no' finished yet.*"

The spirit of sedition was still manifest throughout Scotland. Of those who were conspicuous in disseminating these principles, and encouraging acts amounting to high treason, were Captain Johnston, a retired officer, who had served in America; Margarot, a tradesman in London; Skirving, a farmer; Watt, a wine merchant; Downie, a watchmaker; and Orrock, a blacksmith; most of whom resided in Edinburgh. Skirving and Margarot were brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. The trials of Watt and Downie took place before a Court of Oyer and Terminer. They had been removed from the common gaol to Edinburgh Castle, from whence they were brought, and placed at the bar before the judges of the Court of Justiciary, when, after a trial which

continued for several days, they were found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be executed. Downie was recommended to mercy. This act of the jury in favour of Downie was forced upon them by Fraser, one of their number, who positively starved them into his terms, and in favour of his friend Downie. Fraser was a tinsmith and a democrat, which he concealed so effectually as to be placed on the jury. I remember him well. In appearance he was a second Lambert; and, from his extreme obesity, appeared to have the power of the brown bear—to subsist on his fat for any period. He lived several years after this act of abstinence.

The execution of Watt took place on the 15th of October. The morning was cold and gloomy. There was much excitement amongst the middle and labouring classes; but the energetic measures taken by the magistrates of Edinburgh crushed all attempts at riot or disturbance of any kind. The execution took place at one o'clock. Several of my companions and myself took our stand, at an early hour, on the Castle Hill, which we maintained until the procession attendant upon the wretched man issued from the Castle upon the esplanade. Watt was seated on a hurdle painted black, drawn by a white horse. He was placed with his back to the horse, and immediately facing him sat that fearsome man, Jock Heeh, the hangman, holding erect a large axe. There were constables on each side of the hurdle, and the Argyleshire Regiment of Fencibles lined the street on each side along which the procession proceeded. The crowd of spectators was immense, amongst whom might be seen the fierce, sullen scowl of revolutionists, and the tears and pitying expression of many a woman. The great anxiety of my companions and myself was to get near to the wretched



criminal. After much jinking and squeezing we effected this, as the good-tempered Highlanders endured such, and allowed us to get close to the constables, and so near to the miserable criminal as oft to hear him sigh heavily as he passed. He wore a great coat, his stockings hanging loose upon his legs; a black hat on his head, from under which we observed a portion of the red cap, the emblem of the revolutionists. We were almost afraid to look at him, he seemed so pale and wretched; and we cowered down when Jock Heeh gave a grewsome look at us. We struggled on with the crowd to the fountain well, which was immediately in front of the scaffold, from whence we beheld the execution. When Jock Heeh held up Watt's head, streaming with blood, and exclaimed, "Behold the head of a traitor!" we fought our way out of the crowd, and ran home in a state of fear and excitement such as no one of us had ever before experienced. Watt was aged about thirty-six. The illegitimate son of a gentleman of fortune in the shire of Angus, Watt had adopted his mother's name, was well educated, and, in course of time, commenced wine merchant. His father having advanced to him sufficient capital, business prospered with him; but, unfortunately, he was imbued with violent revolutionary principles, and became an active member of the democratic association of "The Friends of the People," which led on to his destruction and final execution. His confession, which he wrote on the evening of his last day in this world, showed and proved the exceeding danger which the kingdom underwent from the dissemination and wide-spreading of those republican principles, which threatened the overthrow of kingly power and the substitution of a republic. Downie, who

had escaped from a similar fate with Watt, was imprisoned until the month of May, 1797, and then banished to Botany Bay, where he soon after died.

I have before mentioned the raising of several regiments of cavalry and infantry, which were denominated "Fencibles." Their service was not to extend beyond Great Britain and Ireland. One of these, the Cambridgeshire Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Adean, was quartered in Musselburgh. The colonel was a severe man, and martinet, and maintained discipline by the lash, without any consideration for the ignorance and folly of young recruits, of which the regiment, from being newly raised, was almost entirely composed.

On a sunny morning in the month of June, the word was passed amongst us that several privates of the Cambridgeshire were to be flogged at Pinky Burn (in days of old, the field of a battle between the English army, under the Duke of Somerset, and the Scotch, commanded by the Earl of Arran). Off we started for the scene of this abominable instance of military punishment. We found the regiment drawn up in a hollow square, in the centre of which one of the soldiers was tied up to a tree, and undergoing the horrid torture of being flogged, which was administered by one of the trumpeters, the sergeant-major standing on one side, and counting ten between each stroke of the cat-o'-nine-tails, on receiving which the suffering victim (whose back was an entire mass of mangled and bleeding flesh) screamed out for mercy to his obdurate colonel, who, in the midst of the other officers, looked on with a ferocious and savage countenance. On the prescribed number of lashes being completed, the poor soldier was loosed from the tree, and another tied up to undergo a similar punishment. He was a mere youth, and, on

the first stroke of the lash, screamed dreadfully; and after about twenty strokes he fainted, when the surgeon stepped up, felt his pulse, and ordered the punishment to cease—much to our relief, as, I may truly say, every stroke of the lash made our hearts beat and our blood boil with abhorrence at that which we witnessed. From that hour, Colonel Adean was looked on by all of us as a cruel, hard-hearted tyrant.

The Cambridgeshire were soon after sent to another station, and replaced by the "Windsor Foresters," commanded by Sir Nathaniel Duckenfield. The uniform of this regiment was scarlet, faced with green, with silver lace; they were mounted on bay horses, and appeared to us as the perfection of light dragoons. Many other regiments, both of cavalry and infantry fencibles, passed through Musselburgh: amongst which were the Durham Rangers, commanded by the Earl of Darlington (afterwards Duke of Cleveland); and the Ancient Britons, commanded by Sir Watkin Williams Wym. This latter regiment acquired afterwards a most unenviable notoriety, from their cruel and savage conduct when called upon to aid the civil power to suppress a disturbance which took place at the village of Tranent, on the balloting for the militia. The dress of this regiment, as well as throughout the army, was particularised by both officers and privates having their hair powdered, and tied behind in a thick queue, which was bound round with a roll of patent leather. The officers shirked this absurd appendage by having a false queue fastened inside behind their collar, which they removed when off duty.

Queues were universal in the navy. Jack was very proud and careful of his queue, and took pains to have

it thick and long. It often did him good service in the upsetting of a boat, or in falling overboard, by being caught hold of when he was in danger of sinking. I was often told of instances where, in boarding an enemy's vessel, the thick queue turned the edge and blow of a cutlass, and thus saved life.

1794. In the month of June of this year, Lord Howe obtained his glorious victory over the French fleet, which was a principal cause of daunting and weakening the revolutionary associations throughout Great Britain, and of a universal burst of loyalty and attachment to a kingly and constitutional government. The rejoicings in Edinburgh in honour of the victory (particularly the illuminations) were a source of uproarious delight to my school-mates and myself, as we perambulated the streets shouting and hurrahing to "the top of our bent."

Soon after this, the spirit of loyalty was manifested by the formation of regiments of volunteers, which was actively and extensively carried into effect. In Edinburgh, the impulse was universal. Numbers of the upper and middle classes enrolled their names, whereby a regiment of 1,000 strong was embodied; and, through the exertion of the officers (many of whom had served in regiments of the line during the American war), soon became well-disciplined and very efficient.

The sergeant-major, named Gould, was an old soldier, a devoted martinet, and excellent drill. His indefatigable endeavours to form slouching, round-shouldered citizens into soldiers well set-up, with toes out, shoulders back, and chests square to the front, proved his patience and perseverance. There were *savans* and philosophers amongst those he had to drill,

who, while Gould was counting "One, two—one, two," to the goose step, were occupied in endeavouring to square the circle, or solve some problem in conic sections, or, mayhap, pondering on Harvey's "Circulation of the Blood." On one occasion, when Dr. Gregory, then at the head of the medical profession in Edinburgh, was under drill, Gould's temper was sorely tried; and, at length, overcome by the Doctor's continual blunders in facing to the right instead of the left, not keeping step, and treading on the heels of his front rank man, Gould roared out, with violent emphasis, "I would rather drill a hundred country bumpkins than one philosopher!"

It was a source of continual amusement to my companions and myself to watch the drilling of the volunteers, which took place in the hall under the Assembly Rooms in George's Street. We sadly annoyed the embryo warriors by shouting out the words of command, in imitation of Gould, when we met any of them, and by burlesque imitations of their awkwardness in marching, and other movements. One of them, who was at once an extensive hosier and one of the baillies, and as such of the Town Council, incurred our intense dislike by his consequential strut and vulgar airs. He was short in stature, with a very prominent *ventre*; and the calves of his stumpy legs a Bath chairman might have envied; and, withal, he possessed the legitimate magisterial jowl, expressive of corporation dinners. On one occasion, he was so unwise as to endeavour to stop our worrying and teasing him, by an attempt to run after and seize one of us. It was "a tortoise after a hare." We immediately scattered, and, while he waddled after one, others of us got behind and tugged at his skirts, until

the poor baillie became breathless, and, as the Highland chairmen, who were near, expressed it: "Och! ta baily body might just as weel try to catch a shely on Ben Vorlich as yin o' thae young hempies, wha progs our hinder ends wi' prins, whan we'r carrying ta leddies in ta shires to ta 'semblies."

The uniform of this regiment was blue, faced with black velvet; the coat single-breasted, the waistcoat and breeches, white kerseymere; stockings, white thread; and short black gaiters, stiff black stock, and black hat and feather. On certain days, the drill took place on the meadows, when those privates who were shopkeepers delayed leaving their shops to the last moment, and sent their servant-women with their muskets and crossbelts to the meadows, to wait for them. It was endless fun for us to watch these unfortunate lasses—to worry and chaff them until they would, in passing the shop of an acquaintance, throw down the warlike trappings; and thus escape from our persecution.

The first review of this regiment took place on the farm of Pitton, about three miles north of Edinburgh. The commanding officer was Colonel Charles Hope, distinguished as a lawyer, and afterwards as Lord President of the Court of Session or Senators of the College of Justice. At the head of his regiment, he was the *beau idéal* of a soldier. The Right Hon. *Henry Dundas* enrolled his name as a private in the corps, which conferred great *éclat* upon it.

On returning from the review, the regiment encountered a bevy of Newhaven fishwives—a singular race, supposed to be the descendants of Jutlanders, who emigrated to the coast of Fifeshire during the reign of Malcolm Kenmore. The costume of these industrious

and hardy females is quite peculiar, and their language and expressions, as also the tones of their voice, indicate strongly their Scandinavian origin. They are joyous and well-favoured, and delight in joking and chaffing with the gentry. Their rencontre with the regiment of volunteers gave to them an ample opportunity to indulge in this their favourite propensity. They at once opened a heavy fire of it upon the blue-coated warriors. "See, Jenny," exclaimed one, "at the cornel. He's a weel faard, purpose-like man, nae doubt o' it. Losh me, yonder's that waaly draigled bodie, Tammy Couter. He's sair forefeuchan, and can scarce ha'd up his gun! The Lord keep me, Peggy Flockhart, if there's no' his Honour the great Harry Dundas wi' a gun ovr his shouter—a purpose-like man he is!" Such, and much more of the like, was given out, with uproarious laughter, by these merry "wives o' the Creel." The great Harry seemed, by his hearty manner, to enjoy the mirth; and the awakening of many a reminiscence of his youthful days, when, with the chosen of his companions, he enjoyed a dinner of "*crapit heads* and *Pandore oysters*" at Luckie Blackhall's hostelry, on a Saturday, at Newhaven.

In the month of August, of this year, a Russian squadron, consisting of eight line-of-battle ships and four frigates, anchored in Leith Roads. They were from Archangel, bound to Cronstadt. Whilst they remained, the habits of their crews were strange, and widely at variance from those of British seamen. Their method of rowing was very different from that of our blue jackets; and their fondness for train-oil was the cause of a complaint to the magistrates by the contractor for lighting the streets, occasioned by

the continual emptying of the oil in the lamps by the Russian seamen. It appeared they poured such upon minced cabbage, and enjoyed it as a great treat.

It was the first time a fleet of Russian men-of-war had ever anchored in Leith Roads, and the state of the ships, and appearance of their crews, were by no means favourable. The former were principally built of fir, were of large tonnage, and in very bad order. Many of the officers were Scotch, who had entered the Russian service under the patronage of Admiral Greig, justly considered as the founder of the Russian navy, and who was born either at Kirkaldy or Culross, on the shores of the Frith of Forth. After remaining a fortnight in Leith Roads, the Russian squadron departed for Cronstadt.

The democratic spirit was still active throughout Scotland, and was manifested whenever an opportunity offered. Such occurred at this time in the Edinburgh Theatre, where a furious riot took place, caused by the refusal of several persons in the pit to uncover when "God save the King" was played by the orchestra. The struggle and fighting between the "croppies" and the loyal portion of the audience was "fast and furious," and many severe wounds were given and received, the mob outside the theatre loudly participated, by aiding the wounded as they were carried out and placed in carriages, and escorting them to their residences.

There existed at this time, and during many prior years, a force for the protection of the town, denominated the "town guard;" it was composed of old soldiers who had served in America and Flanders, and was divided into companies, each under the command of a captain and lieutenant: it was a portion of the same force which



became historically famous by the part it acted in the endeavour to overpower the mob at the execution of Porteus, and which was followed by the death of that worthless man, who was hanged by the mob over a dyer's pole in the Grass-market. This semblance of martial law was a source of continual annoyance to the *gamins* of Edinburgh, which they took every means of showing, by annoying the privates whenever in their power, by which the irritable tempers of the old soldiers (the greater number Highlanders) were sorely tried. The town guard carried muskets on parade, but on ordinary duty they were armed with the Lochaber axe (a very formidable weapon, which was an object of greater dread to the mob than the musket). A private of this force was a thorough specimen (or, as the French express it, *le beau idéal*) of a Highland soldier and veteran. His name in Gaelic was Jan Dhu, in Saxon "Black John." He was born in Badenoch, a district of the Central Highlands, and entered "the Black Watch" (afterwards the 42nd regiment of Royal Highlanders) in early youth, and served through all the service of that distinguished regiment in America and Flanders. Jan Dhu was ever where the fire was the hottest. An anecdote I will now mention not only illustrates Jan's gallantry, but the feeling of deep respect and attachment from the privates to their officers, which was ever shown forth in the Highland regiments. During the operations of the royal army against the insurgent colonists, a party consisting of two companies of the 42nd, under the command of Captain Stirling, were ordered to storm a battery of the enemy, to effect which they advanced at day dawn. On reaching the battery the officers and men dashed forward to the assault. Jan Dhu (as ever, one of the foremost) attempted to scale the rampart; and in the

excitement of the moment, stepped before the captain, which roused the anger and indignation of Sergeant Hector Macintosh, who instantly seized Jan Dhu by the collar, and exclaimed, "D—n ye, Jan Dhu, hae ye nae mair manners than to gang afore the captain?" I remember listening with intense interest at my father's table, whilst Captain Stirling related this anecdote, and which he concluded by saying, "I admired Jan's gallantry; but the sergeant's punctilio I could have dispensed with, as at that moment a yellow faced Yankee was levelling his rifle at me; but my spring in front of Jan saved me, as the Yankee's ball passed through my shoulder instead of my head."

During a very serious riot in Edinburgh, on the first outbreak of the French Revolution, the town guard was called out, and, as usual, were insulted and pelted by the mob; one fellow, who was particularly outrageous, was laid lifeless on the causeway, by a blow from Jan Dhu's Lochaber axe. Jan used afterwards to say, "Ta dirty blackguard was for nae mair fechtain after I gied him a clamyhewitt wi' my axe." Jan lived to a great age, and was ever an object of dread to my companions and myself. In this year an encampment of troops was formed on the Links of Musselburgh and Fisher Row; the former consisted of the Sutherland Highland Fencibles (now the 93rd regiment), and several squadrons of the 4th Dragoons. Colonel Wemys, of Wemys, commanded the Highlanders, and Colonel Hugonin the dragoons. The Fisher Row encampment comprehended the Breadalbane and Grant Highland regiments of Fencibles, and two batteries of the Royal Artillery. The encampments were objects of incessant interest and amusement to us schoolboys, particularly the dragoons, whose horses were picketed, without any separation between them, in

rear of the men's tents; the result of which was a continual fight amongst the horses, in which the use of heels and teeth took place without stint.

We were generally present at the evening parades. On one occasion, when a patrol of the 4th Dragoons came to the front to be inspected by Colonel Hugonin, Lieutenant Dalbiac (who was in command of the patrol) could not bring his horse into line, upon which Colonel Hugonin called him to the front, severely reprimanded him, and concluded with, "You will return, sir, to the riding-school drill, and continue to attend it until your horsemanship is improved, and your horse under better command." Poor Lieutenant Dalbiac reined his horse back, appearing very much annoyed. Little thought either the colonel or lieutenant that the latter was to serve, with his regiment, throughout the Peninsular campaigns, to have the distinction of K.C.B. conferred upon him, and after the peace of 1815, to be appointed to the important situation of inspector of cavalry. Lieutenant Dalbiac was the son of an opulent London citizen; it was therefore neither family connection nor aristocratic influence which conferred on the son the honourable distinction of K.C.B.; it was his gallantry and merits as a soldier to which he owed it. He married the daughter of Colonel Dalton, a brother officer in the 4th Dragoons. Mrs. Dalbiac accompanied her husband to the Peninsula, and remained with him throughout the different campaigns in that country. On the night preceding the battle of Salamanca, she lay under the shelter of a gun, wrapped up in a military cloak. They had one child (a daughter), who became Duchess of Roxburg, beloved and admired by all who have the honour of her acquaintance.

Colonel Hugonin was the son of a distinguished

officer (by birth a German), who, when in command of the 4th Dragoons, and quartered at Canterbury, was ordered to march to London during the riots incited by Lord George Gordon, and to cross the river Thames at Westminster Bridge instead of London Bridge. He executed the march with great rapidity, and in Southwark encountered a dense and excited mob, which he passed through with great firmness and discretion, and without coming into collision with them. On reaching Westminster Bridge, he placed a strong rearguard across the entrance to it from the Surrey side, and likewise a similar guard on the Middlesex end of the bridge, thereby cutting off all communication between the mob in Southwark and Lambeth, and the one assembled in Parliament Street and the adjoining localities. The remaining portion of his regiment he caused to bivouac on the bridge, where they remained for two days, at the end of which period, the riotous proceedings having terminated by the arrest of Lord George Gordon, Colonel Hugonin was relieved, and his regiment marched into London, where it was reviewed by King George III.

I remember seeing the gallant veteran, when he came to inspect that portion of his regiment which was encamped at Musselburgh. He appeared very old and feeble, but as soon as he mounted his charger, all the spirit and energy of the brave soldier, who had served at Minden, showed forth. His son, the lieutenant-colonel, was not in favour with either my school-mates or myself. He was cold and stern in his demeanour, and never took any notice of us when we met with him, which was very different from the kindly conduct of the other officers, who delighted in setting us to run races, to jump, and spar, which often ended in bloody noses.

One of my uncles, the Hon. Francis Gray, afterwards Lord Gray, was a captain in the Breadalbane Fencibles, encamped on the Fisher Row Links; the major of the regiment was M'Lean of Muicht, father of the Miss M'Lean whose exceeding beauty created such a sensation in the fashionable circles of London and Edinburgh. She married a brother of Mr. Clarke of Comrie, and was cut off at an early age by one of those dreadful diseases which have hitherto baffled all medical skill and knowledge. Her father was a true Highlander, full of kindness and hospitality; he had served, with the usual bravery of the sons of the Gael, throughout the American war, and had married a lady from one of the American royalist families, who followed his fortunes, and underwent all the hardships of a soldier's wife, during that arduous struggle between Great Britain and her insurgent colonies. On my usual Saturday's visit to my kind uncle and aunt (who had lodgings in Fisher Row), I often met Major and Mrs. M'Lean, and listened with great interest to the details of the stirring scenes they had gone through in America. My dear uncle had a great regard for the major, while at the same time he played off many jokes upon him, particularly in sleight of hand tricks, such as passing money through a table, putting raw eggs into a hat and bringing them out boiled hard, &c., which quite mystified the worthy major, and positively roused the superstitious feelings with which all Highlanders are imbued. "Of a surety, captain," would the major say, after looking with a mixture of awe and gravity at my uncle, "I do not think it owre safe to be near ye, for surely, surely, thae cantrips, as ye call them, are nearer the deevil's lore than's canny." This good and gallant soldier ended his earthly career as Fort Major of the Tower of London.

1795. The regiment of Grant Fencibles was commanded by Sir James Grant, the chieftain of his clan, who afterwards succeeded to the earldom of Seafield; he was universally esteemed and respected by all who enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance, and by his clan and his regiment he was literally adored; being of a most kind and benevolent nature, with a quietness and regularity of temper and disposition which conferred happiness and contentment on all those over whom Providence had placed him. After his regiment was embodied, it was marched into the Lowlands, a country entirely strange and foreign to nearly the whole of the privates, the greater number of whom were ignorant of any other language than their native Gaelic, and had never quitted their ancestral glens. During the time that a part of the regiment was quartered at Dumfries, a feeling of discontent arose amongst the men at some supposed infringement of their pay and allowances; unfortunately the officer in command was hot-tempered, and, above all, was not a Highlander. Having ordered one of the men to be confined in the guard-house, for the purpose of being punished for some breach of discipline, a number of his comrades forced the sentry and freed the prisoner. This mutinous act rendered it necessary to call upon a party of the Ulster cavalry, then quartered in Dumfries, to assist in disarming the mutineers, which, after a considerable struggle, was effected, and five of the ringleaders secured. The regiment was immediately removed to the encampment at Fisher Row, where a general court-martial was assembled to try these men, when all the five were condemned to be shot. The morning of the execution I shall never forget: it was a beautiful bright sunny day in July, and when we were summoned to our studies a feeling of

restlessness and inattention pervaded the school-room : we had heard a rumour of what was to take place, and Mr. Taylor wisely gave way to our feelings, and dispersed the classes an hour before the usual time. On our leaving the house and reaching the street, it was evident that some most unusual event was about to occur: there was a crowd collected opposite the entrance to the jail, and the town constables (or officers, as they were called) were there stationed, carrying their halberds; a couple of mourning-coaches were in waiting close to the jail-steps, on each side of which a party of the 4th Dragoons were drawn up; there were also parties of the Breadalbane, the Sutherland, and Grant Fencibles, as also two pieces of artillery. On my inquiring of an honest baker what was the cause of all this mysterious preparation, he replied, "'Deed, callant, it's just for the takin' to Guland Links o' some Highland sodgers to be shot. Puir fallows! they little thought when they left Strathspey that this was to be the awfu' end on't: but gang whar ye see the folk opposite the window in the jail wi' the iron stanchels, and ye'll see ane of them wha's to suffer: I'm tel't his name's Frazer, he's a wild rampageous chield, and winna listen to the worthy minister who's doin' all he can to bring the puir crater to a sense o' his fearsome state." And accordingly we forced our way into the crowd, and there, sure enough, we saw the condemned Frazer apparently in a terrible passion, and the worthy minister in earnest and ardent expostulation with him, but to which Frazer paid no attention. In a short time afterwards the prisoners were brought out of the jail, and placed in the mourning-coaches, when the whole of the military marched off on the road to Guland Links. We were much excited, yet awed, by the melancholy

spectacle. One of the prisoners particularly interested our feelings and moved our pity; he was tall and handsome, in the very prime of life; and even in the awful position in which he was placed there was a sweetness, submission, and resignation in the expression of his countenance which excited the deepest interest in all who saw him, standing as it were on the verge of the grave; many a tear was shed at his sad fate. After the mournful procession had passed on we returned to our studies; but it was all in vain, our thoughts were fixed on the sad scene we had witnessed, and our hearts were filled with compassion and grief. Mr. Taylor saw it was hopeless to contend against nature, and wisely broke up the school and sent us, under charge of the ushers, to walk to Carberry Hill, the scene of the surrender of poor Mary Stuart to the insurgent nobles. Towards evening we looked with intense anxiety for the return of the military escort, and with eagerness to ascertain the ultimate fate of the condemned prisoners. At length, about seven o'clock, we saw the mourning-coaches approaching, escorted by the dragoons, and rushed to meet them, when, to our inexpressible relief and heartfelt joy we observed that two of the prisoners were in one of the mourning-coaches, accompanied by the clergyman, and that he in whom we were so deeply interested was one of the reprieved. He appeared to have his eyes intently fixed upon his Bible, whilst the worthy minister was in earnest conversation with him and his companion. When the coach drew up at the jail, our favourite looked round, on which we all nodded and smiled to him expressive of our happiness at his deliverance. We were afterwards told that Frazer behaved so furiously when ordered to kneel in front of the firing party, as to compel his being bound hand and foot before



being shot ; the other prisoners drew lots as to who was to suffer, when it fell upon Charles McIntosh, who at once knelt down and calmly submitted to his fate. In after days I was frequently in Strathspey, and often walked, when shooting, over the farm on which Frazer was born, and where he remained assisting his father till he enlisted in the Grant Fencibles. I was told that he was of a most turbulent temper and disposition, and his melancholy end created neither surprise nor commiseration.

Of all the troops encamped on the Links, the Sutherland Highlanders were our favourites ; both officers and men were very kind to us when we strolled amongst their tents. One of the sergeants—"Big Sam," as he was called—was a perfect giant, being upwards of seven feet in height, and proportionately stout. He entered the army during the American war, where he served with the Sutherland regiment of the line, in which he was a private. Some years afterwards, when the Sutherland Fencibles were raised, Big Sam was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and served in Ireland during the rebellion, until he was appointed, by order of George Prince of Wales, lodge porter at Carlton House ; but, after a brief period, Sam, finding so lazy and sedentary an occupation both hurtful to his health and distasteful to his feelings, resigned the situation, *and again "buckling a claymore to his side,"* rejoined his old companions in the Fencibles, now become the 93rd regiment. He was of a most kind and benevolent disposition, always happy when surrounded by us schoolboys, whom he allowed to climb up his monstrous limbs and mount upon his shoulders, where one or two of us would sit quite at our ease, looking on those below from the giddy height. Often and often has he lifted me up and held me

at arm's length on his "acre of hand." When the regiment was drawn up, Sam took his place on the right, and when in column marched at its head, the noblest specimen of a Highlander I ever remember, throughout a long life, to have seen. On the march he was always accompanied by a roe deer, which was so attached to him that it followed him everywhere, and from our being so much with Sam it became intimate with us. Samuel McDonald was born in the parish of Lairg, in the county of Sutherland, and was son of a cotter on the estate of the "chieftainess," the Countess of Sutherland, who, with that liberality and consideration towards her clansmen which she always exercised, allowed Big Sam two and sixpence per diem, wisely considering that so large a man required greater means of sustenance than his military pay would supply. He died in Guernsey in 1802.

The encampments, both at Musselburgh and Fisher Row were broken up in the winter of 1795, which made a sad blank to us, after the stirring times so large an assemblage of military had occasioned. The encampment at Dunbar was also broken up. Two squadrons of the 4th Dragoons (in which, as I have before mentioned, my second brother was a lieutenant) were stationed there. My father wishing to see him before the regiment marched into England, left Edinburgh for that purpose. One of his servants followed the carriage on horseback, accoutred with holster and pistols in front, and full housings over the saddle, with my father's crest at each corner in silver—such was in accordance with the customs of that period. I accompanied my father, who called for me at Musselburgh. Posting in those days was not rapid, as will appear when I state that we left Musselburgh at twelve o'clock, changed horses

and dined at Haddington, and reached the encampment at West Barns, two miles from Dunbar, at seven in the evening, having completed twenty-five miles in about six hours. After remaining a short time with my brother in his tent, we proceeded to the hotel at Dunbar, where we slept. Next morning I went with my brother again to the camp. General Francis Dundas was in command of it: it was composed of several regiments, and amongst them the Scotch Brigade, which, on the breaking up of the encampment, embarked at Leith for Spithead, from whence they proceeded to India, under the command of Colonel Ferrier, and were distinguished for their gallantry at the assault and capture of Seringapatam. I passed the forenoon, much to my delight, in rambling about the camp, and at dinner-time was placed by my father in the care of M. Baile, the Soyer of Scotland, who was at that time commissary-general and *chef de cuisine* to General Dundas. M. Baile had been *chef* in my grandfather's kitchen in France, and afterwards, on immigrating to Scotland, was employed in the same capacity in the household of General Scott (father of the Duchess of Portland), who resided on his estate of Balcombie, in Fifeshire.

I was constantly my father's companion, and when I had arrived at an age to understand and appreciate the many anecdotes with which his memory was stored, of persons with whom he had associated, or who were prominent characters in the society in which he mixed, he used to relate them to me; and though some sixty years have since passed away, I have retained, and can recall them as of yesterday. Amongst others, the following concerning M. Baile arises to my remembrance. On being engaged by General Scott as *chef de cuisine*, Baile left Edinburgh to proceed to the general's residence in

Fifeshire. At that period the roads in Scotland were in a very inefficient state, and in winter almost impassable, added to which a heavy fall of snow had rendered them still more so. After crossing the Frith of Forth, Baile hired a gig at Kinghorn: he could neither speak English nor Scotch, so as to be understood by the stolid *Jock Jaboz* who acted as driver. After they had proceeded many miles, the evening being very stormy, the horse became thoroughly knocked up, and could go no further; fortunately, this interruption to the poor Frenchman's journey occurred very near the residence of Mr. Durham of Largo, who was a thorough specimen of the Fife lairds of that day—very hospitable, and fond of the rough and round manners of the society amongst whom he lived. With great *bonhommie*, he possessed an abundant dash of that kind of humour which, though not refined, was much enjoyed. To the laird's residence, then, Baile proceeded, under the guidance of Jock, to claim shelter for the night. With a good address, and the lively, agreeable manners of a Frenchman, Baile was introduced to the laird as a gentleman on his way to Balcombie, the residence of General Scott. Neither the laird nor any of his family spoke, or even understood but very imperfectly, French. After repeated bowings, Baile introduced himself, saying, "Monseigneur, j'ai l'honneur d'être le chef de cuisine à Monseigneur le General Scott, et je suis à cette fois en route à son chateau, mais malheureusement il fait un temps si orageux, que je viens d'être arrêté en route." The honest laird seized upon the expression *chef de cuisine*, which he translated to himself as *chief cousin*, or cousin-german to General Scott, whereupon he shook M. Baile warmly by the hand, and expressed

great delight at the fortunate circumstance which had brought under his roof so near a relative of his good friend and neighbour the general; and immediately ordered refreshments to be laid out, and then introduced their neighbour's "chief cousin" to the ladies in the drawing-room. M. Baile, with the ready tact of a Frenchman, at once comprehended the mistake which the worthy laird had made between cook and cousin, and, by the quietness and propriety of his demeanour, established himself in the good graces of the laird and his family. After passing through an evening in which communication by imperfect verbal intercourse was assisted by bows and signs, M. Baile was conducted to the "chamber of Dias," from whence he descended next morning refreshed, though much surprised at the freak of fortune of which he was the subject. After indulging in the luxuries of a Scottish breakfast, he rose to continue his journey, when, to his further astonishment, he found the laird's carriage in waiting to convey him to his "cousin's" residence, where his arrival in this imposing manner created universal surprise; and, when accounted for by M. Baile, caused infinite amusement to the general and his family. For many an after day this adventure was a standing joke against the laird, who, when bantered on it, used to reply, "Weel, weel, deel ane a' o' ye is sae like a gentleman as to be ta'en for a cousin o' the general's, as was Moushier Baile."

After leaving the service of General Scott, Baile opened a tavern in Edinburgh, which was supported by all the influential society in Scotland, and it was from thence that he accompanied General Dundas to the camp at West Baring to preside over his *cuisine*.

To return from this digression, I was taken every care of by M. and Mdme. Baile until the afternoon, when

the general insisted (much to my regret) on my accompanying my father to dine with him in his tent, where a large party was assembled. In the evening there was a parade of all the troops, after which I returned with my father to Dunbar. Next morning the movement of the troops from the camp took place. The weather being very stormy, when the two squadrons of the 4th Dragoons marched into Dunbar, the men were drenched to the skin, but exceedingly glad to be removed from under canvas to the shelter of stone walls. We shortly after took leave of my brother, and returned to Edinburgh, dining at Haddington *en route*.

1796. In January of this year, the Comte d'Artois, brother of the unfortunate Louis XVI., arrived in Leith Roads, on board the *Jason* frigate, commanded by Captain Stirling. His royal highness, on landing, was received by Lord Adam Gordon, the commander-in-chief in Scotland; and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Leith Fort. The Prince proceeded at once to Holyrood House, when a similar salute was fired from Edinburgh Castle. The cause of the Count d'Artois' arrival in Scotland was for the purpose of avoiding the consequences of the strong measures which his creditors had determined to adopt against him. This he accomplished by taking up his abode at Holyrood, which was built in 1128 by King David I., and instituted by that monarch as a sanctuary and place of refuge for debtors. His royal highness was accompanied by a numerous *suite* of the *haute noblesse* of France: amongst whom were the Duc de Polignac, the Comte de Seran, and his son; also the Comte de Puisiguer, Monsieur Rebourgil, &c. The Duc d'Angoulême, only son of the Comte d'Artois, arrived soon after at Holyrood. The Comte d'Artois held *levées* twice

a-week, which my father frequently attended, and was always graciously received. From having resided much in France, he was well known to many of the nobility in the Prince's *suite*, with whom he now had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance—particularly the Duc de Polignac and the Comte de Seran. The latter, very soon after his arrival at Holyrood, suffered the severest affliction by the cruel fate of his son, who, after accompanying his father to Scotland, full of hope and loyal enthusiasm, had almost immediately quitted Edinburgh to join a party of royalists, for the purpose of landing on the French coast, to unite with the Chouans in their efforts to withstand the advances of Republicanism. Within a fortnight of his son's leaving Edinburgh, M. de Seran received the dreadful intelligence that this gallant young nobleman, with all his companions, had been surrounded by a party of the ferocious republicans, and brutally massacred.

I may here mention that the law agent employed by the creditors of the Comte d'Artois was Mr. C. Tait (father of the present most estimable Bishop of London), who made such arrangements with the Prince as enabled him, ere long, to leave the bounds of the sanctuary of Holyrood—which, although very extensive, including the King's Park and the beautiful mountain and lake scenery of Arthur's Seat, as well as Dudington Loch, was yet but a prison, and felt as such by the Prince. After he was freed from this restraint, he used frequently to walk, with his *suite*, in the streets of Edinburgh, where my school-fellows and myself often encountered him. We much admired the Comte's appearance, and doffed our bonnets to him, which he always affably acknowledged with a kind

smile, and seemed to enjoy watching us in all the wild exuberance of our youth and high spirits. Little did I think I should see him, in after years, return again to Holyrood, a frail and time-stricken man—fallen from his high estate through the mistaken advice of his ministers and his own obstinacy, the victim also of a designing priesthood of the deepest bigotry.

His intercourse with the surrounding nobility was but slight, and chiefly confined to the family of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch; but his *suite* mixed freely in the best circles of Edinburgh society, which, at that period, was much more select than it became in after times. A feeling of commiseration for the fallen French nobility and gentry of the Prince's *suite* was universal even amongst the lower orders, who, although with strong democratic tendencies, yet showed much respect for the noble exiles whenever they encountered them—probably remembering the intimate alliance which had ever existed between Scotland and France, more especially during the early days of their beloved and unfortunate Queen Mary; and also in later times, when the idol of the common people, Prince Charles Edward, had, prior to his misfortunes, found a home and an asylum in France.

The Duc d'Angoulême was of very retired habits, and seldom appeared in public, except at the morning drills of the 1st regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, which he attended regularly, when his royal highness's slight and delicate figure appeared in striking contrast with the stalwart form of Colonel Aytoun, who commanded the regiment.

1797. I must now return to my reminiscences of that most excellent and benevolent man, Sandy Wood. He was born in 1725, his father was a farmer,



and long tenant of lands the property of the town of Edinburgh, extending from the present Queen Street to Stockbridge. The farm-steading was situated on a portion of the present public gardens, which reach from North Frederick Street to Alban Place, and almost immediately opposite to the bottom of North Castle Street. The house was of two stories and thatched, the windows small, and the doorway opening from the farmyard. The out-buildings were very different from those we now see; they were built of rough rubble stone, and thatched, and the whole of the farm was unenclosed. Willy, the youngest son of Mr. Wood, managed the farm, as his father had reached an extreme old age. Willy had been in Russia, intended for commercial pursuits; but not fancying that calling, he returned to Scotland, and undertook the management of the farm. I was a great favourite of his, and, as I had by this time left Musselburgh to pursue my studies in Edinburgh, I passed much of my spare time with him. Like most Scotchmen, Willy was fond of rural sports, and generally, when in the fields, had his gun on his arm; the first bird I ever saw killed was a pigeon, shot by him in one of the fields belonging to his father's farm, and which now forms a part of Heriot's Row. As I formerly mentioned, his brother Sandy was tall and very active; he always dressed in black, wore a cocked hat set square to the front, and silver knee and shoe buckles: he was the first person who carried an umbrella in Edinburgh. His manners were tinged with a slight degree of bluntness, but kindness and warmth of heart shone strongly through it; he was the unvaried friend and protector of the poor, and after he had retired from a most extensive and lucrative professional practice, he might constantly be seen amongst

the obscure and densely-populated wynds in the old town of Edinburgh, mounting up the dark and dirty stairs leading to the miserable garrets, where, in squalor and poverty, lay some suffering victim of disease, whose misery and wretchedness Sandy did his best to assuage and relieve. For us youngsters he ever had a kind smile and playful recognition. "Weel, laddies," he would say, "wha o' ye got ye'r palmys yesterday?"—"No' one o' us, Master Wood."—"By my certes, then, the maister cheated himsel' or cheated you." I must explain that "palmys" was a scourging on the palm of the open hand with a leather strap, divided into several ends, and called "taws." Sandy's kindness was not restricted to his fellow-mortals, it extended over all creation. There was a large sheep which grazed in St. Andrew's Square, between whom and the good doctor there existed an intimate friendship, which showed forth the moment that Tam (so the sheep was named) saw his friend enter the square. An immediate "How's a' wi' you?" in hoarse bleatings on the part of the sheep, was responded to with, "Weel, my honest fallow, Tam, ther's a piece o' eake for ye; come awa', and tak' a walk!" at the same time opening one of the gates of the square, when out bounced Tam with many an awkward gambol, and away went the two, equally happy with each other.

Sandy Wood was the most attentive of sons, and never allowed a day to pass without calling at the thatched farm-house, to visit his aged parent. I happened, one day, to be waiting in the front of the house for my friend Willy, to accompany him to the fields: it was in the month of March, when the sowing of oats was in full activity, and Willy was carrying on a fierce war against rooks and pigeons. Near one of the

windows, on the outside of the house, a cage was hung, in which was a canary warbling forth its clear and beautiful notes, when down swooped a sparrow-hawk upon the cage, with murderous intent against the poor, timid warbler. At that moment, Sandy came out of the house, and saw what the hawk was about; when, with one stroke of the cane which he always carried, he struck down the hawk, who, it appears, was caught, from having entangled his talons in the wires of the cage. Sandy was in a towering rage; and, turning to me, who had run forward when he struck down the hawk, said: "There, laddie, mind ye, ever defend the weak, and stand up for the oppressed!" adding, with his usual kindness, "Weel, I'm no' shure if the puir hawk has na got 'Jeddert justice,' for he was only following his nature."

Many and many a time I have met Sandy Wood at Mr. Rocheads, at Inverleith, where, in childhood, boyhood, and manhood, I passed some of the happiest days of my life. I used to walk home with him, after dinner, to Edinburgh, when he gave me much good advice. He would say: "So ye're going to be a sailor, laddie, and fight for yeer king and country? Mind ye, there's muckle danger as weel as glory in a sailor's life; but I ha'e nae fear ye'll do credit to the race ye come frae. Be cheery and gude-tempered; never give an insult, and never pass one over. I wish I may live to see ye a captain." This excellent and most worthy man died in 1807, at the age of eighty-three. The following lines—part of an epitaph composed on him by Sir Alexander Boswell—commemorate the universal respect which he had inspired, and the sorrow felt by all at his death:—

“ But cold the heart which feels no genial glow  
Pondering on him whose ashes rest below,  
Who scorned, in honesty, the specious wiles  
Of dull importance, or of fawning smiles ;  
Who scouted feelings fettered and refined,  
But had an ample heart for all mankind.”

I continued my fondness for fishing, which was gratified by *carte blanche* given me by the Earl of Moray to follow this amusement at Lochend, the property of his lordship. Every Saturday during summer did I trudge off with my rod and basket, taking my course over the Calton Hill, and down, through the fields, to the Quarry Hill Road, leading to Leith, and so along the Abbey Hill, past Baron Norton's. The fields I crossed are now covered with terraces of handsome houses, and the road to Musselburgh no longer passes the worthy baron's house. The Lochend estate was the heritage of the brave and loyal Lord Balmerino, who laid down his life on Tower Hill, in 1746, in support of his lawful sovereign. His estates were confiscated, and became the property of the Earl of Moray. The old tower, or fortalice, was inhabited in the time of which I now speak by the family of the tenant of the lands, who was a stern man, and held in great fear by the young disciples of Isaac Walton, as he halloed his dogs after them when they attempted to poach in the loch. In winter, the scene on Lochend was most animated ; there the Edinburgh skating and curling clubs assembled—the first to display their dexterity in cutting inside and outside, the other to enjoy the hilarious and roaring game of curling. Dudingstone Loch was the rival of Lochend for those winter amusements ; but as there existed a greater number of springs

in the former than in the latter, more fatal accidents occurred.

The first time I witnessed one of these happened to one of my school-fellows, Bob Lumsden, who, in venturing too near the reeds which grew on one side of Lochend, where the ice was thin, fell through. I shall never forget my sensations when, on the alarm being given, I saw poor Bob's head alone visible, with his arms spread out, making efforts to raise himself upon the ice, which, however, repeatedly gave way. Bob was possessed of much quiet courage—he neither screamed out nor even appeared much alarmed; but persevered in his endeavours to extricate himself from his perilous position, which, under Providence, were at length successful; and Bob was once more on *terra firma*. The moment he landed, he was carried to the farmer's house, stripped, and put to bed, after which he soon recovered, and lived to be distinguished, in after years; as a gallant soldier in India.

As Dandie Dinmont said of his terriers Pepper and Mustard—"it's a' in the enterin'," so it was with me in rural and field sports. Willy Wood was my first instructor in the use of a gun, and awoke in me an intense delight for these amusements. This was encouraged by the great friendship which existed between my father's family and that of Mr. Rothead of Inverleith. At the period of my mother's death, I was in infancy; and Mrs. Rothead, who was her much-loved friend, immediately on this afflicting event taking place, had my brothers and sisters, as well as myself, much with her at Inverleith.

The character and excellences of this admirable lady have been sketched with a masterly hand in Lord Cockburn's "Memoirs," and I can confirm all that

he so pleasingly expresses. With most graceful and elegant manners, Mrs. Rothead combined infinite dignity; and while she required the courtesy and polish of good breeding from those admitted to her friendship and intimacy, she placed all at their ease by an entire absence of frigidity and stiffness, and by the great kindness and amiability of her expression. She excited in my boyish heart the warmest feelings of affection and respect, and I still retain a vivid remembrance of the motherly kindness she bestowed upon me. Her advice, indeed, was most valuable; and many who received it when entering on the stormy and uncertain sea of worldly struggles, found the recollection of it of infinite value when placed in situations of difficulty or danger.

Nature had bestowed on Mrs. Rothead many personal attractions, the remains of which continued with her to the last. She was the only daughter of Mr. Watson, of Muir House; her mother, a daughter of Lord Rae. She had two brothers—the eldest in the navy, and the other in the army. The former rose to the rank of admiral, and was much distinguished by his bravery and seamanship when in command of the British naval force in the East Indies; the latter, after much service in the Seven Years' war, became Quartermaster-General in North Britain, where he carried out great improvements in the roads and military stations. Admiral Watson discovered the passage to the south of Inchkeith, in the Frith of Forth, and commanded the first ship which sailed through it. Even in my schoolboy days, and up to 1803, vessels leaving Leith Roads for the eastward invariably steered to the north of Inchkeith, and so down the Frith of Forth. It was not until the passage

discovered by Admiral Watson had been carefully marked out by buoys that it became (as it now is) the passage through the Black Rocks, and to the south of Inchkeith.

I have remarked that my taste for field sports was encouraged by my constant visits to Inverleith, where the butler (Sheriff) combined with his duties as such the office of gamekeeper—or rather game-killer—for the close vicinity of the estate to Edinburgh would have required many gamekeepers: besides which the lands of Inverleith were much interlaced with those of Pilton, Muir House, &c.: therefore my friend Sheriff was no gamekeeper, but, as I have said, gamekiller. Every Saturday during the shooting season, from the time I attained the honour of being permitted to carry the game-bag, was I to be found at Inverleith—blow high, blow low, hail, rain, or snow, was all the same to the hardy boy which I was. If I did not pass the Friday night at Inverleith, I was sure to be there by early morning on Saturday; and as the breakfast in the dining-room was far too late for my craving appetite, the worthy old housekeeper supplied my creature comforts with the greatest care and attention. “There, my bonnie man, there’s for ye,” she would say, as she placed slice after slice of bread and butter well coated with currant jelly on my plate; “ye’r teeth’s langer than ye’r beard. It does me good to see the young, healthy speerit rising within ye; but wae’s me—wae’s me—I’ve seen ower many o’ youthful speerited laddies like ye’rsel’ gang forth wi’ a brave sparkle in their bonnie een, and return na mair, struck down in thae weary wars. There was cheery Franky Cunningham (ye put me muckle in mind o’ him,) used to sit whar ye sit enow, and tak’ his breakfast, and out to the gunning,

just like ye'rsel'; and when he came in frae the shooting, he was aye first in my room to change his shoon, for ye ken the leddy's ac partie'lar in seeing ye all neat and purpose-like. Weel, as I said, he gaed to the wars in 'Merica, and soon—soon—the news cam' hame o' his being killed in the bluidy battle o' Bunker's Hill. My leddy took it sair to heart, for she was fond, fond o' him; and the mair so as he was, like ye'rsel', a motherless bairn." In this kindly strain would worthy Mrs. Beaton hold forth, but, alas! to a deaf ear—all my thoughts being fixed on the tinkle of Mr. Rothead's bell, the signal for Sheriff to attend him in his dressing-room. Oh! how I used to yawn and wish the toilet were ended; but Mr. Rothead was particularly neat in his attire, and, like all the gentlemen of that day, had his hair dressed and powdered.

At length, Sheriff was free, and, with joyous heart, I slung the game-bag over my shoulder, and followed him to the fields, whilst the happy pointers, "Bob" and "Sal," careered around us. You may talk of human happiness—it is nothing to dog happiness, such as was Bob's and Sal's at that moment. Many a stubble we beat across, and many a potato and turnip field we waded through, ranging over the lands of Inverleith, Wester Pilton, and even as far as Royston (Caroline Park), sometimes with good fortune, sometimes the reverse. How my heart beat when Bob drew up to a point, and stood firm as if of stone, half-turning his head to where Sheriff was anxiously advancing, and Sal backing the point, but a little restless and impatient; and then the whirr of the rising partridges, and the report of the gun, the falling bird, and my rushing in and tumbling head over ears, with Bob and Sal, to seize it. There was no *down charge* in those days.



Now and then, but few and far between, we found a hare, when, if only wounded, it cost us a long chase, and made a heavy addition to the weight of the game-bag; but I did not feel it, and tugged away after Sheriff as manfully as if I had "slain the slain." We always returned home by four o'clock, when I changed my mud-bespattered garments for my dinner suit. Before, however, Sheriff unloaded, he always left a charge of powder in the barrels, which it was my reward to fire off. At first I blinked, but soon stood to it manfully. At length, Sheriff put a few pellets above the powder, when I levelled and fired determinedly at some sparrows, who, to my mortification and surprise, flew off unscathed.

1797. My father, who was the favourite pupil in equitation of the famed Sir William Meadows, was acknowledged to be the most perfect horseman amongst all his contemporaries in the Horse Grenadier Guards. He was equally distinguished for the elegance of his manners and address, to which his tall and handsome person, and the expressive intelligence and sweetness of his countenance, added force and every advantage; and his constant intercourse and intimacy with the highest in grade, created in him that settled polish which distinguished the *haut ton* of that day. Like most who served in the dragoons, he was passionately fond of horses, and considered an excellent judge of them. He had no *penchant* for field sports, but enjoyed witnessing racing; hence, to my great delight, the Edinburgh races (as they were termed) ensured me a week's holiday, and a most joyous and exciting pastime. The course was on the sands to the eastward of Leith, which caused a necessity for consulting the state of the tides on the Frith of Forth. The races took place

generally in July, and lasted a week, commencing on a Monday morning at nine o'clock, when the tide was low and the sands dry, the starting of the horses being an hour later on each subsequent day. The prizes were of £50 each, excepting on the Tuesday, when the King's Plate, of one hundred guineas, was run for.

Horse-racing in Scotland, at the period of which I now write, was not much patronised. The principal amateurs and supporters of the turf were the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Baird of New Baith, Mr. Hamilton of Wishaw, Sir Archibald Hope, Mr. Cathcart, and Sir Hedworth Williamson, this last-named gentleman being the only southern who sent horses to contend for prizes in Scotland. The course, from being daily submerged, was very heavy, which prevented the owners of valuable horses from exposing them to such a trial. Well do I remember the delight with which I heard, when I awoke on the Monday morning, the cry of "Here ye have a list o' the galloping horses, riders, and riders' liveries, wha are to rin ower the sands o' Leith this day!" I was not long in springing out of bed, and making a hasty toilet, and off to the stables to see if my leal friend John M'Kenzie (my father's coachman) was getting all ready. John was proud of his horses and carriage; and, with his new livery, well-cleaned harness, and bright polished panels, to use his own expression, "We'd nae gi'e the whip hand to ony man—na, not to his Majesty's coachman himsel', waar he on the sands o' Leith; in my opinion, his Majesty, honest man, might do waur than come." As the hour drew near for proceeding to Leith, my excitement increased—I could neither rest nor eat my breakfast—and every carriage that passed added to it. At length, John appeared at the door; and my father

and happy self took our seats. John was a "deacon of his craft," and handled the reins well.

The drive down to Leith (along what is termed Leith Walk) was most animated. Crowds of carriages and equestrians. Amongst the first which particularly attracted notice was that of an English gentleman named Sitwell. His turn-out was the first four-in-hand, driven by a gentleman, that had been seen in Edinburgh. Mr. Sitwell was the proprietor of an estate in Northumberland. He was young and handsome, with the bearing of a man of fashion, and became a leader of the *haut ton* in Edinburgh. He married a daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, Lord President of the Supreme Court of Session; another of whose daughters, having married Mr. Tait (of whom I have before made mention), became the mother of the present excellent Bishop of London.

On reaching the sands of Leith the scene was, to my boyish feelings, delightful. There was the usual crowd and bustle of a race-course—large numbers of people seated on the scaffolds, which were erected at convenient distances from the course, whose cheerful countenances and loud guffaws gave full assurance of their merriment. There was also the usual sprinkling of "rolly polly" men, ballad singers, recruiting parties, bagpipers, and organ-grinders, besides shows of wild beasts, &c. &c. The stand erected at the winning-post was for the accommodation of the Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh; and on one side of it was displayed a magnificent purse, decorated with a large bunch of ribbons, which was supposed to contain the prize of £50 given by the town of Edinburgh.

Soon after we had taken a favourable position for obtaining a view both of the course and the winning-

post, the *cortège* of the Lord Provost and magistrates arrived, in an old-fashioned glass coach, drawn by six horses, and driven by old John Hay, at that time the only coachman in Edinburgh who could drive four-in-hand. The postilion was of mature age, and portly figure, dressed in buckskins and boots, black cap, blue coatee, and red waistcoat; and, instead of the light whip of a Yorkshire postboy, this worthy carried a stout, long, riding-whip, which he bore aloft in the semblance of a sabre. There were four servants behind the coach, dressed in the livery of the town of Edinburgh and with large cocked hats; one of them was Archy Campbell, the terror of all evil-doers, and an object of peculiar alarm to the Edinburgh *gamins*.

After the Edinburgh dignitaries had taken possession of the stand, the ringing of a bell roused my expectations to a state of intense delight. The names of the horses which were to start were limited to two, viz., "Hercules," belonging to Sir Archibald Hope, and "Warly," to Mr. Cathcart. A second bell sounded, when the two competing horses were cantered past from the point where they were saddled, to the starting-post. "Now, boy," said my father, "keep your eyes open; they are off!" Oh my delight! as I saw them galloping away by what were called the back sands; sometimes one, then the other leading. My wishes were for Hercules. On they came; the excitement amongst the crowd was loud and furious; I joined in it most heartily, screaming out loudly for Hercules, but to my exceeding chagrin, who was defeated. However, as the race was for heats, my father's judgment reassured me; he said that Hercules was much less distressed than Warly. During the period between the heats, many of my father's acquaintances came up to the carriage,

amongst them his most intimate friend and old brother officer (in the Horse Grenadier Guards), Mr. Nesbit of Dirlton, or, as he was generally termed, Prince Nesbit. "Well, Phil," said Mr. N., "you still like the crack of the whip?" "Aye, aye, Willy," said my father, "I enjoy a race as much as ever, the more so as I have my Benjamin with me, who enters into it so gleefully; what would you give, Willy, to have such a one?"—and so they went on chaffing one another, as if they were still jolly subs. The bell for the second heat rang, the horses came to the post, off they went, Hercules still only second, I was terribly afraid, but John M'Kenzie, to whom I screamed out my distress, reassured me. "Ou, Maister Philip! nae fear o' Hercules, he'll gie Warly his *kail thro' the reek* in the back sands, or I'm mista'en." And sure enough, so it turned out, for to my great joy I saw Hercules take the lead and retain it, as he and Warly came thundering down the course, whipping and spurring, till they pulled up at the winning-post. The third and concluding heat was also won by Hercules; thus my satisfaction was complete. The day's sport ended, we returned to Edinburgh, but I was restless and unhinged, and had recourse to the stables, and a talk with John about the race. "Weel ye see, Maister Philip," said John, "it takes a hantle o' knowledge o' horse-flesh to judge o' a race, I'm thankfu' to say I'm no short o't. My father, honest man! was galloping groom a' his life to the Laird o' Dun, wha was a skeely man as ony in broad Scotland in a' that belonged to horses and hounds; and wi' a' reverence do I speak it, I was brought up at the feet o' Gamaliel, and tho' I say it, wha should na say it, I'll na turn my back to ony mon, be he king or kaizer, as respec's horses. Noo anent the race the day, I soon saw wi' a blink o' my ee

how it wa' to end. Hereules is a powerfu' neibor, wi' an awfu' spang ; and Jack Cairns, wha rode him, is a rea' skilfu', cunnin body, and soon saw the puir cat-ham'c sickle-hock'd creatur, Warly, had na chance wi' him. But Jack, as I said before, is a cunmin' body, and wad na let out how it was to end ; aiblins he had some siller himsel' on't (there's nae sayin') ; besides, he just did na like to mak' a bad race, and so, as the jockey craft say, brought puir Warly in handsome. A' weel, I'm happy Sir Archy wan the day ; he's a rale sportsman, and a cleever man, as is weel seen by how he manages thae black deevils his *kylers* (colliers) wi' his muckle huntin' whip, if they dinna do their wark ; but Sir Archy's a gude man for a' that, a grand judge o' a horse. What matters tho' he taigles a when kyler pagans, wha dinna ken a B fra a bull's fit ? But we'll hae a grand race the morn, for the king's hummer. I see frae the list that Hamilton o' Wishaw's horse, Maister Robert's, to start, and twa or three guid yins besides ; but gae in to yer dinner wi' Sir Philip, like a good laddie, for ye ken he likes puctuality ; it's near the hour, and it's no canny to anger him."

Next day was (as John had predicted) a glorious day. Several horses started, one of them, named Hambleton, belonged to Sir Hedworth Williamson ; the struggle for the prize was severe, but to the great and uproarious joy of the crowd, Hamilton of Wishaw's horse gained the day. The old Scottish feeling of hostility to the "Englishers" was still alive, and the thought that the horse of an Englishman was to carry off the "king's hundred" from the horse of a Scottish gentleman "o' the ancient bluid," was not to be endured. Besides, Mr. Hamilton was universally popular, he was generous and kind to his tenantry and the working classes, a thorough sports-

man, and, like Ramsay Maule, fond of practical jokes ; unfortunately he possessed a fiery temper, which on one occasion broke forth, and nearly occasioned very serious consequences. Mr. Hamilton was dining with a party of *convives* at Dun's Hotel, in St. Andrew's Square, and upon the principal waiter giving him a saucy reply, he rose from the table, seized the unfortunate waiter, and at once threw him out of the window, which, however, most fortunately was on a level with the street. This saved the man's life ; but he was so much battered and bruised that "Wishaw," in order to save law proceedings, had to pension him for life.

The race-week ended, so also my holidays. During the time there had been assemblies, and among other amusements the "competition of pipes." The former I was too young to attend, but to the latter I accompanied Mr. Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, and never shall I forget the awful *skirling* of those pipes ; it was really dreadful, and until the dancing of reels commenced, I wished myself a hundred miles away.

One of my intimate companions was Benjamin Bartlett, son of Captain Bartlett, who had served in the 70th regiment in America. Captain Bartlett's father was storekeeper in Edinburgh Castle ; born and bred an Englishman, he was thoroughly English in all his tastes and habits, and would as soon have forfeited his commission as not to have had a roast sirloin of beef on his table on a Sunday. I often accompanied Benjy to his grandfather's on that day. The worthy old gentleman took his three daughters, with Benjy and myself, to the Episcopal Chapel, in the Cowgate, and afterwards we returned to dinner, and enjoyed much "the roast beef of old England," to which we were called by the drums and fifes of the regiment quartered in the castle. At

this period there were a large number of French prisoners confined in that fortress, and their airing ground was what was called "the Butts," a large space of ground where, in days of old, archery was practised, and commanding a magnificent view of the country westward; but which is now the site of the barracks, a horrid mass of deformity, which the want of taste in Lord Adam Gordon caused to be erected. The prisoners, with that skill and ingenuity which marks the French character, manufactured a number of pretty toys, such as dominoes, scent-boxes, little ships, &c., from the bones of the beef served out to them as rations. These they exhibited in front of their place of confinement, generally on a Sunday, when numbers of the citizens, after forenoon service, visited the castle. Many of the prisoners showed great cleverness and humour in personifying the dress and manners of the *haute noblesse*, which the revolution had extinguished. One, in particular, appeared every Sunday *en grande tenue*, his coat and every part of his dress being made of paper, painted to imitate silk of various hues, and completed by his *chapeau bras* under his arm, and his *solitaire* and ruffles at breast and wrists; his manners were an excellent imitation of a Frenchman of fashion of the *ancien régime*. He made himself particularly agreeable to the womankind, and it was known that a young lady of good family became deeply in love with him, and urged her family to endeavour to procure his release. What was the after-fate of "Monseigneur le Marquis," as he was called, I cannot say, for an exchange of prisoners took place soon after.

1797. The glorious victory of Camperdown in this year, by the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Duncan, over the Dutch fleet, under Admiral De Winter, occasioned universal rejoicing, and the strongest manifesta-



tions of loyalty by all classes throughout the kingdom. In Scotland these gratulations were still further increased by the natural pride of country, and that the "laurel of victory" was around the brow of a Scotchman. Admiral Duncan was a thorough seaman, and a strict disciplinarian, but his firmness was tempered with much kindness, and the most ample justice to all under his command; he was consequently beloved and respected by every member of the noble profession to which he belonged. His victory of Camperdown added lustrous renown to his character, and the rejoicings in Edinburgh, where the family of the admiral resided, were not only marked by a brilliant and universal illumination, but by a most interesting procession, in which, with a host of my schoolmates, I joined, and which lighted up within us an irrepressible ambition to enter the same profession, and emulate the glorious deeds now celebrating. The procession was formed of the whole brigade of Edinburgh Volunteers, amounting to 3,000 men, which marched past the admiral's house, in St. George's Square, in the balcony of which stood the naval hero (to acknowledge the salute of the brigade), surrounded by many officers, of both army and navy, as well as by a host of admiring friends. Immediately following the volunteers was a long-boat mounted on a car, manned by the gallant blue jackets who belonged to the admiral's barge, and who had fought under him on the glorious day of Camperdown. The British colours were hoisted at the stern of the boat, with the Dutch colours beneath, the very same under which Admiral De Winter had fought and surrendered on that memorable day. But that which caused us the most excitement, and made our blood fly through our veins, and almost stopped our breathing, was the sight of two

smart *chappies* of middies, seated in the stern of the boat, in full uniform, with dirks by their sides, and cocked hats placed fore and aft on their heads; and then to hear the full chorus of the soupy and motherly wives, as they looked at the crew and the middies in the boat. "Hech! what grand cheilds they sailors are! A sodger's a sodger, and weel enough, but a sailor's the Joe for me, and thae bonny spirity laddies wi' their swords by their sides, and their cocked hats. Oh! what pridefu' mothers must thae be, wha own them; and to think they were in the midst o' the battle whar the Great Destroyer pays nac regard to gentle or simple, and whar the green grass is cut down, as weel as the ripe shock; it's waesome to think o' their young bluid, puir lambs! being poured out afore they ken either the joys or waes o' life. O'hon, O'hon! war's a fearsome thing, and I'm tell't it's a' the faut o' they hellico Frenchmen, that it's now rampaging thro' the world."

Immediately following the boat were the carriages of Lord Adam Gordon, commander-in-chief, the Lord Provost, and many others of rank and station; but the one on which all eyes were fixed was that of the gallant admiral, (who had now joined the procession,) being accompanied by Captain Inglis, of Red Hill, who was captain of the flagship the *Venerable* in the action. The procession moved through the principal streets surrounded by an immense crowd, whose cheers made "the welkin ring," and who at length, spite of the remonstrances of the admiral, took the horses from his carriage, and dragged it in triumph to his house in George Square.

The victory of Admiral, now created Lord, Duncan was quickly followed by that of Nelson, in the Bay of Aboukir, which was also celebrated with the greatest

enthusiasm throughout Great Britain. It was on a dull gloomy day in October when the gazette containing the account of the action in Aboukir Bay arrived in Edinburgh. My father, who, although an old soldier, rejoiced in every achievement of the navy, immediately dispatched me with a note of congratulation to his friend and relative the Earl of Moray (who resided in his beautiful villa and grounds of Drumsheugh, then at some distance from Edinburgh, but now covered with the fine buildings of Moray Place, Ainslie Place, &c.), with whom and my father a constant interchange of political feelings and opinions took place. The earl was always kind to me, and as I was the first to convey to him the news of the glorious victory our navy had again obtained, he showed his delight in a way most satisfactory to a schoolboy by *tipping* me handsomely, and sent me home rejoicing, bearing a pressing invitation to my father and sisters to dine with him that day to celebrate the victory. Such accordingly took place, and the interest and excitement of all at dinner were much increased by the circumstance of Miss Louis, a sister of the gallant captain who had commanded the *Minotaur* in the action, being present at the table; she was residing in the earl's family as a friend of the Lady Anne Stuart, his lordship's youngest daughter. A nephew of Miss Louis' was also on board the *Minotaur*, and as she stated him to be about the same age as myself, I felt all the pangs of envy and jealousy that *he* should have been in such a battle, and I denied such glory, more especially as that battle had been fought on the shores of a country so full of interest as the land of Egypt, which my reading of the Bible had invested with so much awe and sacred feelings. These ruminations rather damped my joy, and made me slip out of the

dining-room immediately after dinner, to get rid of them by joining my usual companions at a game of leap-frog, I spy, and other juvenile frolics. I may mention that this young midddy of the *Minotaur* rose to the rank of admiral, with the decoration of K.C.B. for distinguished services.

To show how entirely Aboukir Bay was a *terra incognita*, or rather a *mare incognita*, in those days, it was not laid down in the maps then published; and I remember, after a long discussion, and searching of maps by the earl and my father, I was sent to a gentleman of the name of Scott, who had for some years resided as consul at Alexandria, to beg he would enlighten them on the subject.

1798. In this year Sir Ralph Abercromby was appointed commander-in-chief for Scotland. He arrived at his residence in Edinburgh in the month of July. This appointment was most gratifying to the Scottish nation, and gave infinite energy to the military spirit displayed so universally by the population of every degree. Sir Ralph's family had long resided in Edinburgh, and when the gallant head of it rejoined them, after his long and meritorious services in the West Indies, he was warmly welcomed by all classes.

The different regiments of volunteers in Edinburgh, both infantry, artillery, and light horse, had become admirably disciplined, and were most anxious to display such before so good a judge as Sir Ralph, who gratified them by ordering a grand field-day of the whole brigade of the Edinburgh and Leith regiments. Accordingly, on a certain day in October, the troops assembled on parade in the New Town, and marched to Drylaw Mains, three miles to the north of Edinburgh; they consisted of light horse, artillery, and three regiments

of infantry, and one of Highland light infantry. The day was fine, with a clear, sharp air, well suited to rapid military movements. The review lasted many hours, as Sir Ralph, who was attended by General Vyse, and a brilliant suite, was desirous of seeing the *stuff* there was in these amateur soldiers. The Highlanders skirmished with great activity, and showed the usual excitement of the sons of the Gael when engaged in military operations; the well-fed citizen soldiers stood out pretty well until their inner man began to crave for their mid-day creature-comforts, when there was much falling out of the ranks, and visiting of the gude wives, who dispensed the most refreshing stoups of "tippenny," to the great comfort of the thirsty defenders of their country. Many a gibe and joke were bandied about amongst the attendant crowd of spectators at the expense of the volunteers, into which, of course, we youngsters fully entered, to the great disgust of our victims; but we had too much dread of the fiery tempers of the Highlanders to venture any of our jokes upon them, as we knew they would not bear it with the same stolid patience as the exhausted "*sair forefeuchan* town-bred sodgers," who appeared truly thankful when they again reached their usual parade-ground, with the prospect of being relieved from warlike harness.

Sir Ralph Abercromby was one of the sons of Mr. Abercromby, of Tullybody, an estate of moderate extent in the county of Clackmannan. He entered the army in 1756, as cornet in the 3rd Dragoons, and saw much service before he attained to the high rank in his profession which he afterwards so ably filled. Sir Ralph and my father had met on service during the Seven Years' war, and were intimate friends for the remainder of their lives. On Sir Ralph obtaining the command

in Scotland they were much together, talking over events of days gone by. Sir Ralph's youngest son, Alexander, was one of my intimates, a fine, spirited, cheerful lad, ever ready for any spree or frolic.

I remember I was sitting with my father one morning after breakfast, when Sir Ralph entered the room exclaiming, "Well, Sir Philip, any commands for London? I am called up by express, and am off to-night—there's something in the wind." The old friends parted with hearty good wishes. A few days afterwards the newspapers informed us of the projected expedition to the Helder, on the coast of Holland, under the command of Sir Ralph.

My companion Alexander having expressed an urgent wish to his father to be allowed to enter the army, Sir Ralph granted the desired permission, directing him to follow him to London as quickly as possible. Thus another of my school companions was at once launched into active life. Immediately on reaching London, Alick was attached as a volunteer to the 92nd Highlanders, under the command of the Marquis of Huntly, and embarked with that gallant regiment for the Helder, where, in the action of the 2nd of October, both the marquis and the young volunteer were wounded; happily, they both recovered, and Alick Abereromby lived to attain the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

This expedition to the Helder created great interest in Scotland, as the sons of many Scotch families were in regiments employed in it. My eldest brother was amongst the number, being captain of grenadiers of the 85th regiment. From the period of his entering the army at the age of eighteen as ensign in the 19th regiment, he was so fortunate as to be constantly on service,

commencing with the expedition under the Earl of Moira to the coast of France, afterwards throughout the campaigns of the army under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in the Netherlands, and again in the expedition to the Helder, where the 85th formed part of General Coute's brigade, and was heavily engaged at the battle of Alkmaer. My brother was mentioned as having shown the greatest gallantry, yet was so fortunate as to escape without a scratch in all these battles, though always forward in action. At Alkmaer, at the head of his grenadiers, he attacked and carried a field-work of the enemy, capturing the guns and destroying the battery.

The death of Colonel Hay, who was killed at the Helder, caused much sorrow amongst his friends and acquaintances; even boy as I was, I mourned for him greatly, as he had invariably shown me much kindness, when, with my friend Ben Bartlett, he found us running about the bastions of Edinburgh Castle, or peeping through the embrasures over the steep precipices of the Castle Rock, and throwing stones at the hawks circling round in mid-air, which the colonel, as well as ourselves, took delight in watching. At that time there was an eyry of hawks having their nest in the front of the Castle Rock, immediately facing the bottom of South Castle Street, in Prince's Street, which gave occupation to juvenile marksmen in their endeavour to dislodge them from their nests, or to bring them down while in pursuit of their prey, but which always ended in disappointment. I remember witnessing the rifle corps (or sharpshooters, as they were termed) of the North York Militia making the same attempt, but with a like unsuccessful result, which caused a great waste of powder

and ball, and a vast deal of angry swearing amongst the men.

Colonel Hay had for some time commanded the engineers in Scotland, but at the particular request of Sir Ralph Abercromby was appointed to accompany him to the Helder in command of the same corps, and, giving up his appointment in Scotland, he embarked with the troops of the first division under Sir Ralph on the expedition which terminated his useful career. On disembarking, Colonel Hay, with his usual energy and activity, was busily engaged in landing the artillery under a heavy fire from the enemy, when, in superintending the hoisting of an eight-pounder on its carriage, he was struck by a cannon-ball which shattered his right leg to such an extent as to require immediate amputation, under which the gallant and beloved colonel died, at the early age of forty. He had seen a great deal of active service in the Engineers, was lieutenant at the siege of Gibraltar, served under Sir Charles Grey and Sir Ralph Abercromby in the capture of the French West India Islands, and also under the Marquis of Cornwallis in Ireland.

I could mention a long list of gallant and esteemed men who at this time laid down their lives in the service of their country. Lieutenant-colonel Erskine, who fell at the battle of Alkmaer, much esteemed and lamented, was the eldest son of Mr. Erskine, of Cardross, and was an officer of great promise. But the one whose return to his native country in an apparently dying state I more particularly remember, from the circumstances attending it, and which are indelibly impressed on my memory, was Colonel Gordon, son of Lord Rockville, one of the senators of the College of Justice, or Court of Session.



A king's cutter had arrived in Leith, having on board several wounded officers, who were to be landed and brought to Edinburgh. My companions and myself immediately set off to Leith to witness the landing; but, on the way, we fell in with a sad procession, which made further advance on our part needless. It consisted of a party of seamen, bearing a cot slung on two poles, and carried on the shoulders of six sailors, who walked slowly and steadily. Within the cot we observed a very pale countenance, and a figure stretched at full length, covered with an officer's cloak. At the head of the cot walked a soldier, evidently a servant of the wounded officer; and by the side of it was the surgeon in attendance upon him, and under whose orders the sailors frequently halted, that he might administer a cordial to the apparently dying man. A party of marines marched on each side the cot, to keep off the crowd, who showed, by their quiet and subdued manner, how much they felt for the suffering invalid. There were several females amongst them, whose sorrow and lamentation was (as that of woman ever is) sincere and expressive. To one of these we applied to know who it was whom the sailors were so carefully carrying. "Oh, laddies, laddies!" she replied, "dinna ye ken? I'm tell't it's just Colonel Gordon, a son o' Lord Rockville, yin o' they paper lords; but no' that only, for he's the son na less o' the Yearl o' Aberdeen, and has ancient and noble bluid o' his veins. As I said before, the puir deein' offisher (for he's liker deein' than leevin', I'm thinking) is Colonel Gordon, who, they tell me, is a grand sodger and gude to his men, and was wounded in ane o' thae fearfu' battles that's been faughten ayont the sea in Holland, whar that worthy man Sir Ralph Abercromby was in chief command. Weel do I ken

Sir Ralph an' a' his family. I'm frae Meustry mysel', whar his worthy faither lived respektet for mony a lang year, and whar Sir Ralph an' a' his brothers and sisters war born and brought up. There war three brothers o' them—Ralph, Robert, and George. Weel do I mind when Ralph gaed awa' to the army. He was a stiff, stout laddie, and lookt weel in his grand sodjer's claites, wi' a broadsword by his side (for he wha a horse sodger, ye ken). His brother Rob gaed to the army, too, and became a great general, or governor, or what thae ca' it, in the Ingies. The youngest followed the callin' o' his worthy faither, and took to the law, and, at lang last, rose to be yin o' the Lords o' Session. Their faither had a long tack o' this warld : he gaed to his rest when he wha ninety-four years o' age, after seein' a' his sons great among the chief men o' the land. But the Lord hae a care o' me ! there's twal' hours chappit, and the gude man'll be hame to his kail at yin o'clock, an' he'll na be well pleased if he finds the key aneth the door ; so fare ye weel, Mistress Thamson. I'll come and tak' a cup o' tea wi' ye neist Sabbath, if I'm spared." We continued to follow the *cortège* until it reached Lord Rockville's house in Queen Street, where the wounded warrior was received by his weeping family, and carried gently in-doors. The crowd then dispersed, and we went to our homes.

1799. On the return of the British forces from the Helder—where, as usual, Sir Ralph proved his excellence as a general and his gallantry as a soldier—I had many opportunities of seeing him, in the frequent visits he paid my father, when I would listen with the deepest interest whilst he talked over with him the stirring scenes in which he had been engaged. Sir Ralph remained in

Edinburgh until June, 1800, when he was again called into active service. I was present, as before, when he came to take leave of my father; and they parted for the last time, as the command to which Sir Ralph was now appointed was that of the large force sent to Egypt, where, on the 21st of March, in the following year, the battle of Alexandria was fought, when the gallant general fell, mortally wounded, and died on the 28th, deeply mourned by his victorious army, and by all ranks throughout Great Britain.

In February of this year there was a violent storm, with a heavy fall of snow, which blocked up the roads, and interrupted the conveyance of the mails, besides putting a stop to all travelling. The storm was accompanied by several shocks of an earthquake at Comrie, in Perthshire. During the time the storm lasted, a number of the French prisoners made their escape from the Castle, by undermining the floor of their prison, and opening a communication with the drains which were carried under the castle walls, and down the rocks on which the Castle stands. The descent of the drain through which they effected their escape was exceedingly rapid, and of a long continuous extent before the outlet of it attained the North Loch. How the prisoners could endure the dreadful stench and want of air in the drains was wonderful; but the prospect of liberty enabled them to bear it. When they emerged from the drains, they dispersed over the country towards the sea, in the hope of procuring a boat, and then of being able to take possession of one of the small vessels which traded between Leith and the upper parts of the Frith of Forth.

It was on a Sunday morning the escape of the prisoners was discovered, when a party of the Shropshire

Militia, then quartered in the Castle, was immediately dispatched to scour the adjacent country, particularly towards the sea. On that day, I accompanied my father to dine at Inverleith House, and, on reaching the avenue leading to it, which was bounded on one side by the garden-wall, a soldier, fully armed, appeared on the top of it from the other side. My father at once stopped the carriage to inquire what the soldier was doing there. The reply was as follows: "Yer honour, I'm of the party sent out to catch them there waga-bound French prisoners, who broke their padrole, and escaped down the drains (the dirty rascals!) last night. Them there French chaps, yer honour, are made a deal of by the ladies who come to look at them on a Sunday, which makes the frog-eating wagabounds quite upish and saucy. Well, I only wish I may catch one—I'll soon shake the sance out of him, yer honour, or my name's not Jem Corbet." The unfortunate prisoners were all retaken, when probably Jem's threat was put in force.

We had scarcely finished dinner, when a hubbub was heard, and a servant announced that one of the French prisoners had been found concealed in the dog-kennel, and was now in custody of a soldier in front of the house; that he was in a very dirty condition, and could not speak a word of English. I was therefore sent to see him, as, from my father having caused me to be well grounded in French, and speaking it much to me, I was quite *au fait* as an interpreter. I found the wretched-looking prisoner in custody of Jem Corbet, who immediately began: "An' please you, sir, I heard the dogs snarling and growling as I passed the kennel, so I just thought I would see what was to do, when, sure enough, I sees the dirty frog-eating wagabound

lying all in a heap amongst them there pointers. (I never see handsomer, sir; and I ought to know about pointers, as my father was gamekeeper, and is still, if the old man's alive, to Squire Powis.) Well, sir, as I was a-saying, this here chap was lying there quite comfortable like, when I pokes him up with my bagonet, and orders him to surrender, which he does without more ado, when I marches him up here to the squire to know what I must do with him." After hearing Jem's report, I spoke to the prisoner. "Ah, monsieur," said he, "je suis un pauvre prisonnier! Moi, et cinq autres de mes compatriotes, d'échappé hier au soir du cachot dans château d'Edinburgh. Mais malheureusement nous ne connaissons pas la route qui conduit à la mer, et en consequence nous nous sommes égarés. Je viens d'être séparé de mes compatriotes, alors, j'aperçu ce château, et me suis réfugié dans le chenil. Ah, pauvre miserable que je suis, j'ai grand faim et soif." I asked him from what part of France he came, if he were a soldier, and where taken prisoner? He replied: "Monsieur, je suis du département de la Haute Garonne, je suis né dans la ville d'Agen, je m'appelle Pierre Guisot, je suis militaire, et j'ai servi pendant trois années dans un régiment de chasseurs à cheval, dans l'armée du Général Hoche, qui vient de débarquer sur les côtes d'Irlande, et après plusieurs combats nous avons été faite prisonniers—et voilà tout."

I returned to the dining-room and made my report, when Mr. Rothead kindly ordered refreshment to be given to Jem Corbet and his prisoner. After a time, I again went to see how matters stood, when, to my surprise, I found M. Pierre in the full swing of a Frenchman's gaiety, trilling love sonnets to the women -

servants, and full of *politesse* to Sheriff the butler, and even to Jem, who took it very like a bull-dog, which, when you pat him, is doubtful whether to bite or to wag his tail. When Pierre saw me approach, he made one of his bows, laying his hand upon his heart, and exclaimed: "Ah, monsieur, je vous prie d'assurer mes reconnoissance au seigneur de ce château, pour le traitement superbe, que je viens de recevoir. Morbleu! quel bon bœuf!—quel bière forte! C'est une grande bonté de sa part!" When turning to one of the womenkind (a very pretty lassie), he said, with a most insinuating smile, "Ma chere mademoiselle, faites moi l'honneur de valser chez moi?" springing up at the same time and singing the first bar of a waltz, and advancing towards her; but Jem interfered with, "Come, come, frog-eater, none of them there capers. Hands off is fair play; so gather yourself up and march—it's time I was off with you." Little Jessie stood giggling, and asking her fellow-servants, "What is't the man's for doin'?" The Frenchmen are grand hands at the dancin', but I'm tell't their na to lippen to," at the same time casting a tender look at Jem, who, if duty had permitted, would much have preferred chatting with Jessie to marching a dirty Frenchman as prisoner before him to Edinburgh Castle.

Connected with the escape of two French officers, also prisoners of war, a circumstance occurred at this time which created a great sensation, from the station which the gentleman who was accused of aiding in their escape, held, not only in society, but as one of the Episcopal clergy in Edinburgh. His name was Fitzsimon, a native of Ireland. He was an excellent preacher; and, from his pleasing and gentlemanly manners and address, was received in the best society.

He was brought to trial before the High Court of Justice, and found guilty of aiding and abetting the escape of prisoners of war, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The weather this spring was most severe and stormy—heavy gales of wind caused much loss of shipping. In the Frith of Forth several vessels were wrecked, one of which, the *Katherine* of Liverpool, was driven from her anchors, and went ashore on the Caereraig Rock, near Inchcolm, and almost instantly became a total wreck. The captain and all the crew were saved; but a young lad, son of a respectable gentleman in Liverpool, died immediately on landing, and was buried in the churchyard of Dalgetty. Many a time, in after years, have I looked on the poor boy's grave, having become well acquainted with his excellent parents, who long mourned their young son thus cut off when on (what sailors term) the trial voyage. The day the *Katherine* was lost, it blew a hurricane, with a continued and heavy fall of snow, and this in the middle of April.

It was during this year that I advanced out of boyhood, and all the joyous thoughtlessness of that happy age was to be succeeded by my first step on the slippery and uncertain course of life's struggles and occupations. This was also the case with several of my most intimate companions, who were to be scattered, as it were, on the world's broad surface, each to fulfil their appointed destinies. My predilection had always been for the naval profession, and for a stirring and active life, which was fed and excited by my father's recitals to me of all he had seen and experienced during his military service under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in the Seven Years' war, and with Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh, in Portugal.

After due consideration, my father determined that I should embark on what is termed a trial voyage; and, in furtherance of this object, he applied to his acquaintance, Captain Brisac, of the *Iris* frigate (then on the Leith station), to take me as a middy on the next sailing of a fleet for the Baltic under his convoy. To this request, Captain B. kindly acceded; and after being fitted out, I went on board in the month of July, with all the buoyant spirits of thirteen, and the vision of continually exciting scenes before me. These were, however, considerably dashed down by the reception I experienced from my brother middies (as reckless and larking a set of youngsters as ever wore jacket and trousers), whose great delight was in playing off all sorts of practical jokes, of the roughest kind, on any unfortunate youngster who came amongst them. It is needless to relate all I endured for the first week after I became a member of their mess in the cockpit. At the end of that time, I had fought with and conquered three of my messmates; and as, from my having been much on board the shipping in Leith harbour, I could mount the shrouds over the futtock shrouds, instead of going through the lubber's hole, this at once fixed my position, and afterwards I became as larkish and devil-me-caring as need be.

We sailed from Leith Roads in July, with a large fleet of merchantmen bound for different ports in the Baltic. The weather was beautiful; notwithstanding which, when we got outside of the Isle of May, and the frigate began to wash her face in blue water, I felt ugly symptoms of that overcoming scourge, sea sickness. Fortunately, for my comfort, these were very slight, and soon went off, much to the disappointment of my brother mids, who anticipated great fun from



seeing me on my beam ends. After running across the North Sea, we sighted and stood close in with the Naze of Norway—a bold, precipitous, and rocky coast; from thence we steered to round the Scaw reef, and entered the Cattegat, during which we had constantly to fire signal guns to warn the merchantmen to keep near our frigate, as there were many French privateers who dashed out from the Norwegian ports, and hung upon the rear of a convoy, and often picked up heavy sailing vessels, or those under the command of lazy and negligent captains.

On the fifth day after leaving Leith Roads we made the Cole Headland, on the Swedish coast, and towards evening passed between it and the Island of Zealand, on which occasion all on board who had not before passed the Cole, had to pay a fine to old Neptune, on the same principle as is the rule on crossing the line. Soon after, we came under the guns of Kronenburg Castle (in the gardens of which Shakspeare has laid the scene of the murder of Hamlet's father and king). It is defended by powerful batteries, and completely commands the fairway on the Danish shore of the Sound; such, however, can be avoided by keeping along the Swedish shore at Helsingfors, as was done by Nelson, when, in spite of the signals thrown out by the over-cautious Admiral Gambier (who remained at anchor near the Cole, with the largest portion of the men-of-war), Nelson stood on through the Sound, and brought up opposite Copenhagen, where he fought the heaviest action he was ever engaged in; but which resulted in the surrender of the Danish fleet and the breaking up of the northern coalition of Russia, France, and Denmark.

To carry out my father's plans for my visiting Cron-

stadt and Petersburg, he had arranged with Captain B. that I was to leave the frigate in Elsinore Roads, and embark on board the *Mary* of Leith, bound to St. Petersburg. This I accordingly effected, much to my regret, as I had become quite at home in my duties on board the *Iris*, and on kind and friendly terms with all the officers. The great difference between the discipline and smartness of a frigate and a merchant vessel was very striking to me the moment I stood on the deck of the *Mary*, but as the captain was a kind worthy man, and anxious to make me comfortable on board his ship, I soon became reconciled to the change. As the wind was unfavourable for that part of the channel between Elsinore and Copenhagen designated the Grounds, to navigate which in safety, requires a leading wind, the *Mary*, as well as all the other vessels bound for the Baltic ports, remained at anchor in Elsinore Roads. The captain took advantage of this for the purpose of going on shore; I accompanied him, and on landing was struck by the broad Scotch which I heard on all sides, from the boatmen, on the pier, and particularly by the women who sold fruit (of which there was a goodly display, especially of apples and pears); the vendors were very good-looking, and their dress much neater and more picturesque than I had been accustomed to notice amongst the same class in Edinburgh. Captain Taylor called upon the British Consul, Mr. Howden, to whom I was introduced, after which we proceeded to call on a merchant with whom Captain T. had some business to arrange, whose house was in the principal street of Elsinore. It was handsome and of large dimensions; we mounted by a staircase of massive oak, the balustrades of which were richly carved; this led us to the entrance of a large and well-proportioned saloon,

where we found the owner, with his wife and three daughters, who received us very kindly ; but as they only spoke Danish and a little French, it became incumbent upon me (who even at that early age spoke French with tolerable ease) to express *mes compliments* to the young ladies and their portly mamma, as my friend the captain had retired with Monsieur to the *comptoir*. I carried on a regular midddy's flirtation with *les demoiselles*, until *Monsieur le père* and the captain again appeared, when tea and coffee were served, with quantities of large cakes similar to gingerbread. We remained until nearly dark, when we took leave, and returned to the pier, where, according to the regulations of the municipalities of Elsinore, we had to embark in a shore boat, as no foreign boat was allowed to take off passengers, excepting those belonging to men-of-war. The night was very dark, and it blew great guns, but the boatmen were expert, steady fellows, and we were soon alongside and on board the *Mary*. The next morning, as the wind became fair, we got under weigh, and stood through the Grounds, running along the shore of the Island of Zealand (which appeared very beautiful, being well wooded and apparently highly cultivated), we passed the summer palace of Fredericsburg, soon after which we came in sight of Copenhagen, which I looked forward to visiting on my return from St. Petersburg. Towards evening we passed Falsterbo and entered the Baltic ; the weather was fine, and as we were now free from the trammels of the convoy, Captain Taylor cracked on the old *Mary*, and made good way. Next day we passed the Island of Bornholm, belonging to Denmark ; a ridge of hills, of considerable elevation, runs throughout its centre, and the shores are very rocky and precipitous ; there is a great want of wood, but the fields

showed the appearance of fertility and good cultivation. Several boats from the island ran alongside with fish, which we purchased, as likewise apples and other fruit. The boatmen resembled those of the fishing villages on the shores of the Frith of Forth. The weather, after leaving Bornholm, became wet and unpleasant, together with a head wind, which caused the detention and all the dulness and annoyance of tacking and working to windward, which in a heavy sailing merchantman (and not over well manned) is a great trial of patience, and destroyer of comfort. In a few days we sighted and stood in for the Island of Gothland, along whose shores we beat for an afternoon and night, without being visited by any of the shore boats, which we regretted, as our *ménage* was now limited to salt junk and half-starved poultry. The island, from the weather being wet and gloomy, looked bleak and sterile, we were not sorry, therefore, to leave it astern and stand on to make the Island of Dago, near the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, which we accomplished in a couple of days, and then, under the blessing of a change of wind, we exchanged the salt water of the Baltic for the turbid and brackish water of the Finland Gulf, the navigation of which is intricate and dangerous, owing to the many shoals and banks, formed by the fluvial drift and discharge from the numerous rivers which fall into it. These shoals (marked by buoys and flags) seemed continuous. Soon after entering the gulf, we fell in with the fleet of Russian men-of-war which are sent out every summer from Cronstadt to manœuvre, and to exercise their crews in seamanship. It was during a heavy squall of rain, wind, and thunder, that we found ourselves in the midst of them; and never was there a more perfect display of lubberly conduct than we witnessed on board the Russian ships. It was apparent

when the squall took them they were close hauled on a wind, when in place of either putting their helms up, squaring yards, and running away before it, or coming to the wind and heaving to, it was *saure qui peut*, sheets were let fly, helms put starboard and larboard, topsails remained still hoisted, leaving the sails to blow out of the bolt ropes. The ships were, of course, under no command, tumbling on board each other, and, as sailors say, all legs and arms. Our captain was under great alarm for fear of any of these great lumbering ships falling on board of us, and was most thankful when we got clear of them. As this squall took place nearly mid-channel between Revel and Sweaborg, the Russian admiral thought it best to bear up and repair damages at the latter naval station. The wind having settled fair, we soon ran our distance between Dago and Hogland, which is within a day's sail of Cronstadt. Captain Taylor, who was a steady, long-headed Scotchman, set the crew to work to heave overboard a quantity of ballast, in order to evade the heavy duty paid on entering Russian ports, charged according to the number of feet the vessel draws. The weather was fine, otherwise there would have been a considerable risk in thus lightening the ship; but the wind fortunately continuing favourable, we next morning squared yards and stood on for Cronstadt. About a mile before reaching the first battery, we were brought to, and boarded by a boat from the guard-ship, the crew of which were similar in dress and appearance to those I had formerly seen, belonging to the Russian men-of-war, in Leith Roads. The officer, on coming on deck, descended with Captain Taylor into the cabin, where, I conclude, all went smoothly, as after remaining there a very short time, they returned to the deck, and we pro-

ceeded without let or hindrance, and soon entered the merchant dock at Cronstadt, crowded with ships of all nations, though by far the largest portion were British. We took up a position between a very smart vessel, which hailed from Hull, and one of the old-fashioned craft named *pink*s, which hailed from London, and whose captain appeared as ancient and old-fashioned as the pink he commanded. The adjoining dock was that for the men-of-war, in which were some three-deckers; one, in particular, named *The Twelve Apostles*, appeared to me (who had never before seen a ship of that rate) to be enormous. The temperature at this period of the year in Russia is very high, owing to the limited absence of the sun below the horizon, and consequent shortness of the night, which allows the earth scarcely time to cool. This sweltering heat is most convenient and agreeable to the Russian bargemen, who instead of going below at night, spread a mat (such as the gardeners make use of to cover their frames) on the deck, on which they lay down, in the frock and trowsers they had worn all day, drawing over them a sheepskin coat. Before going to roost they covered a hunch of black bread with a thick layer of salt, and this with a large cucumber formed their supper. I was up very early next morning, and ascended to the main top-gallant-mast cross-trees, from whence I had a bird's-eye view of Cronstadt, with its docks and batteries, public buildings and streets, as well as numerous churches, the bells of which, as day advanced, kept up a continued ringing. In the distance I could see the spires of the cathedral and churches of St. Petersburg, and on the opposite shore of the Neva from Cronstadt, the imperial palace of Oranienbaum. After breakfast I accompanied the captain on shore, and while he was transacting the

necessary business with the British consul, Mr. Bowker, I strolled about the streets, or rather intended streets, for Cronstadt at this time did not possess many public buildings of consequence, and there were but few streets with continuous rows of houses. I was much struck with the uncouth appearance of the lower orders, who were generally listless, ill-favoured, and poorly clad; they had a depressed and cringing look, as if they were always tyrannized over and ill-treated; and what I observed on this my first day on Russian soil, was confirmed to me afterwards in the most disgusting manner. In walking on the border of one of the canals which at that time communicated with the different docks adjoining the mole, I saw a stout and rather respectably attired peasant approaching; at the same time, a man in uniform, apparently of the rank of sergeant, advanced from an opposite direction, and met the peasant, whom, to my astonishment and indignation, he attacked in the most savage manner, striking him with a heavy cane, and roaring out expressions of rage and coarseness against his unfortunate victim, who in the most abject and humble manner submitted to this treatment, merely bowing and bending down, and apparently entreating for mercy from his cowardly assailant. My blood boiled at witnessing this infamous scene: but as I could neither speak nor understand Russian, I could only look what I felt, which was the wish that I had strength to give the scoundrel in uniform a hearty thrashing. During my further stay in Petersburg and Cronstadt, I observed many similar instances of military tyranny. Another sight which made me feel grateful at not being a subject of the Czar, was observing the gangs of criminals who were employed on the public works, who in addition to their leg-irons,

had an iron collar fastened round their necks, projecting in front, and to which was attached an iron chain, descending to the ankles, and there connected with the leg-irons. Those of the criminals who had committed murder, had the division between the nostrils cut out, which thus marked the crime for which they were receiving punishment.

At the period of which I now write, the Emperor Paul was in the very height of his mad pranks, which at length ended in his murder. He had a rabid horror of republicanism, and a violent antipathy to all forms of government which did not embody ultra-despotism: hence his hostile feeling against Great Britain, which burst forth by fits and starts; at one time laying an embargo upon all ships belonging to that country, and at another, putting forth the decree against any of this nation in Russia wearing their hair cropped, and who were forced, under the penalty of banishment to Siberia, to wear cocked hats, instead of those of the usual shape. This decree gave rise to most amusing and absurd displays on the part of the captains of English merchant vessels, who, little accustomed to adorn themselves with such aristocratic head-gear, looked the very acme of disgust and awkwardness, particularly as the hat was ordered to be worn "square to the front," instead of what the sailors call "fore and aft." This occasioned continual rows with the police, to keep "Jack" obedient to the law; and many a hearty curse I used to hear from those hardy seamen, as they walked, or rather rolled along (sailor fashion) the streets of Petersburg and Cronstadt. As to myself, I delighted in the swagger of the cocked hat, and highly approved of the Czar's good taste.

I found my *séjour* both at Cronstadt and Petersburg



very delightful, and much regretted when it came to an end. There were, even at that time, many beautiful public buildings in Petersburg, particularly the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, (which was afterwards burnt), the Cathedral of "Our Lady of Kasan," &c. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great, placed on an enormous block of granite, was a constant source of admiration to me. During my stay, I accompanied Mr. Bowker (to whose kind attentions I had been recommended) to view the Hermitage Palace, where long resided that clever but most abandoned woman, the Empress Catherine II. This palace contained a valuable library and a museum, and was furnished and adorned with great splendour, the gardens were most extensive, and laid out with great taste. The granite quays and the numerous bridges connecting the different islands upon which a portion of St. Petersburg is built, as also the citadel and the many fine buildings, give it an air of grandeur and cheerfulness, to which its low swampy site by no means conduces. The river Neva, on the south bank of which the imperial city stands, often overflows its banks, and occasions dangerous and heavy inundations (in that of 1824, 15,000 lives were lost), and, as a consequence, dreadful distress and sickness among the lower classes of the population.

After passing a happy time in Petersburg, I returned to Cronstadt, and rejoined my friend Captain Taylor on board the *Mary*. It was at this time the fort of Cronslot was erecting, immediately in front of the docks of Cronstadt, commanding the channel leading up from Seskar, and covering the entire sea-front of the shore batteries (to which it is a powerful protection) from any approach or attack from an enemy's fleet. It is entirely built of huge blocks of granite, and when armed will mount a number of heavy guns.

The architects were two Scotch men, of the name of Fairbairn, who, like many others of their countrymen, had been induced to emigrate to Russia, where they soon acquire promotion in the service of the Czar, particularly in the navy, and as engineers. I received great kindness from the Messrs. Fairbairn, and passed every Sunday at the house of the elder brother, who was married to a lady from Fifeshire, and who entertained with true Scottish hospitality. I went repeatedly to Oranienbaum, which is a very extensive and handsome palace, situated, as I have said, on the shore opposite Cronstadt; the grounds and gardens, laid out after the English plan, are very beautiful, and kept in high order. I have mentioned the great heat in Russia during the month of July, which occasions frequent and severe thunderstorms; one occurred during my stay at Cronstadt. I had never before witnessed so tremendous a storm; during which the electric fluid struck two of the powder magazines, which exploded, followed by an atmospheric concussion which astounded all within its influence. Many lives were lost, and several of the drogers, or barges, in the dock, near the magazines, were sunk.

I now began to be as anxious to be again afloat, as I had previously been to land, and was delighted when the cargo of the *Mary* was on board, and the hatches battened down. In a few days afterwards we sailed from Cronstadt, with fine weather and a fair wind. At the entrance of the men-of-war dock, the *Venus* frigate was at anchor; she was looked upon with great pride by the Russians, not only owing to her handsome appearance, but more particularly from her having fought a heavy action, and captured one of the largest frigates belonging to Sweden. We had a good run down the

Gulf of Finland, and again passed Dago, and entered the Baltic Sea, sighted Gothland, on our starboard hand, and steered a course for Bornholm: unfortunately, we made it too far to the south, which obliged us to beat between it and Earholm during a whole day, in order to weather the north end of Bornholm, and lay our course for Falsterbo, and thence to the Sound, where we soon after came to anchor. Owing to contrary winds, and negotiations which were going on to arrange some dispute between the British and Danish governments, we remained nearly three weeks hanging by the anchor rings. During this interval, I accompanied the captain of the *Mary* to visit Copenhagen, my father having desired that I should be shown every place of interest. Copenhagen is certainly a beautiful city, and contains many noble buildings and squares, particularly the "Königs Neu Markt." The fortifications are very strong and extensive, especially the citadel called Fredrickshaven. I visited the Palace of Amalienburg, and Castle of Charlottenburg, both of which are very fine buildings. The latter contains a library of 400,000 volumes. I soon, however, tired of the sameness of wandering about the city, and was rejoiced when we returned to Elsinore and re-embarked on board the *Mary*. I looked anxiously for the arrival of the *Iris* frigate, which shortly after made its appearance, accompanied by the *Victor* sloop of war, and a large convoy of merchantmen. I immediately went on board the *Iris*, where I was received with kindness by the captain and other officers, and with glee by the middies, who were, of course, eager for an account of my adventures since we parted; and many a tough yarn I spun, to their great delight and edification. Owing to some difficulties (as it was reported) which occurred in the

negotiations I have previously mentioned as going on at this time, a considerable military force was marched into Kronborg Castle, and several Danish men-of-war took up their station in Elsinore Roads. This demonstration placed all on board the *Iris*, as well as the *Victor* and other British vessels of war in the same roadstead, on the alert, and gave us youngsters an ardent hope of a "serimmage" with the Danes. Fortunately for us this did not happen, as, from the overpowering force, both naval and military, to which we should have been opposed, we must certainly have been blown out of the water; the heavy batteries of Kronborg Castle were sufficient to do so, without the fire from the Danish men-of-war. But diplomacy put an end to our hopes and danger; and in a few days the *Iris* with the *Victor* got under weigh, having under convoy a very large fleet of merchantmen. The wind was fair until we reached the Scaw, when it headed us, and blew a very heavy gale; this necessitated the commodore, Captain Brisac, to make the signal for the fleet to bear up for the coast of Norway, and as the wind blew hard from the southwest (which made the Swedish coast a lee shore), we were forced to carry as heavy a press of sail as we dared in such a gale, in order to keep well to windward of it. During the night we ran across the Skager Rack, and in the morning were off the harbour of Osterrüsoer, in Norway. The fleet was much scattered, but before evening all were at anchor in the harbour, and a most magnificent and extensive one it proved; capable of containing numerous shipping, with great depth of water, and almost entirely land-locked; the entrance is very narrow, and requires a leading wind. The town of Osterrüsoer is of small extent, placed immediately under precipitous and wooded hills, one of which I

climbed in company with some other of my brother middies, and had a most extensive view seaward, but not inland, as ridges of wooded hills surrounded us, and cut off all view of the country.

At the end of three days, we again got under weigh, and stood out to sea. There was much bustle and confusion among the merchantmen, as each wished to lead out through the narrow passage from the harbour to seaward; the consequence of which was, that some were driven on the rocks, and wrecked. The weather, which was beautiful in the morning, changed to a raw north-east wind, with mist; but, as it was fair for the Frith of Forth, we stood on, firing signal guns continually for the fleet to carry more sail, in order to prevent any of them being cut off by French privateers, which were constantly hovering about between the coast of Norway and Scotland. On the third day after leaving Osterrüsoer, we came to an anchor in Leith Roads.

To revert to an earlier period. I have previously mentioned that my own predilection for the life of a sailor was strengthened in me by a similar feeling on the part of several of the favourite companions of my boyhood. Amongst these was Charlie Napier, whose ardent wishes were, however, opposed by his father (a retired post captain), who had other views for his son. This opposition was considered by us aspiring youngsters as a most tyrannical stretch of parental authority, and we determined to back up Charlie by accompanying him to his father's house in George Square, and endeavouring, by our persuasive eloquence, to move the gallant old captain to depart from his resolution. I remember well the awe we felt when we reached George Square, for, like Bob Acres, our bold resolve to face the captain had oozed out as we trudged along; and,

when about to be ushered into his presence, each endeavoured to give the *pas* and *entré* to his companions. On being in the captain's presence, our fears did not diminish, as he looked with stern surprise at our thus invading his sanctum. Charlie at length lifted up his voice, and reiterated his wish to don the middy's uniform, upon which we all took courage, and in urgent, though rather tremulous tones, supported our friend's petition. But it was in vain; we were dismissed, in no very courteous terms, by the gallant veteran, who declared, in unmistakable language, that Charlie never should be a sailor. How this apparently most positive decision came to be changed I cannot now remember, but, in a very brief period, Charlie announced to us, with unbounded joy, that his father had consented to his wishes.

My companions and myself had been, for some time, much interested in observing the refitting of the *Martin* sloop of war, which was in the dock at Leith for that purpose; and every spare moment we could command we were alongside, and watching the progress of her outfit. Our delight, therefore, was great when Charlie informed us he was to go on board her as a middy. Captain Sinclair, a brother of Lord Sinclair's, commanded the *Martin*. The first lieutenant, Mr. Lucas, was very kind to us youngsters, as also were the other officers, and we all greatly envied Charlie's good fortune in being appointed to her. Johnnie Brougham (the youngest brother of Lord Brougham) was also rated as a full middy on board the *Martin*.

Captain Napier's objection to Charlie's entering the navy is one proof, among many, of the limited scope of human foresight, and how little he could predict the brilliant destiny that awaited that son, who became one

of the most distinguished of his glorious profession, and yet one of the *most unjustly* treated of those who faithfully served their country.

The *Martin* sailed from Leith Roads in November, 1799, for a cruise in the North Sea, and afterwards came to anchor in Yarmouth Roads, when Charlie Napier found a letter ordering him to join a ship in the Mediterranean, which he accordingly did early in 1800. John Brougham, being disgusted with a sailor's life, also left the *Martin*, which vessel again sailed on a cruise, but was never afterwards heard of. Thus both escaped the certain fate to which they were doomed had they remained on her. It was conjectured that she must have been burnt during a cruise in the North Sea, and that every soul on board perished.

After I returned from my voyage to the Baltic, I resumed my studies by attending the College in Edinburgh. The professors who, at that period, conducted the different classes were men distinguished for their high talents, attainments, and European reputation. Among others were Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy; Robinson, Professor of Natural Philosophy; Blair, of Rhetoric; Dr. Gregory, of Physic; Playfair, Mathematics, &c. During my holidays, I was invited to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Angus Campbell to Dunstaffnage Castle (one of the ancient palaces of the kings of Scotland), but then in a very ruinous state. The portion of it which was habitable was very limited, situated on the north side of the interior square, consisting of a sitting-room and bedroom; and, on the east side, were some habitable bedrooms, overhanging the battlements, to which you ascended by a circular stair. I occupied one of these rooms; and as the castle was reported to be under the dominion of

brownies, ghosts, and fairies, and other inhabitants of the phantom world, I retired to my dormitory under feelings very much akin to fear: but as it was the height of summer, and the days in that latitude very long, I always got to bed by daylight; and long ere the brownies, &c., commenced their cantrips, I was fast asleep, and so continued until broad daylight awoke me, when I turned out, and, if the sun shone bright, adopted the battlements as my dressing-room, being at that time free from the tyranny of razors and hotwater.

The view from the battlements was magnificent, comprehending, to the north-west, the Isle of Mull; to the north, the hills of Morven, the Island of Lismore, the beautiful woods of Lochnell, and the rich country around. To the east was a portion of Assint, and beyond arose the magnificent mountain range of Cruachan. The broad sea of Lynne Loch extended from the shores of the Isle of Mull eastward towards Fort William; while Loch Etive nearly surrounded the point on which Dunstaffnage Castle was situated, and swept away to the dreaded Connel Ferry, and onwards past Ardchattan and Tynilt, at the foot of Cruachan. The castle was within three miles of the then very limited town of Oban, which I often visited, and where the remains of the ancient castle of Dunolly (in the olden times, the principal stronghold of the powerful clan M'Dougal, Lairds of Lorn,) were within a short distance of it. There were but slight vestiges standing, and the representative and direct descendant of that once powerful and numerous clan resided in a moderate-sized house in its immediate vicinity.

I passed a very idle, but pleasant, time at Dunstaffnage, varied by short excursions to Tobermory and the Sound of Mull, as also to the Island of Lismore. My



friend Mr. Campbell filled the official situation of collector of excise for Argyle, North, in which capacity he had at his command a very pretty fast-sailing schooner-yacht, to enable him to visit the different islands within the excise district under his charge. During the summer, I accompanied him in his visits to the Isles of Lismore, Mull, Coll, Tiree, and afterward to Skye, Lewis, Harris, Barra, and St. Kilda; and as the accommodations on board the yacht were most comfortable, and *mes compagnons de voyage* most kind and agreeable, I enjoyed such exceedingly, having had, from my earliest years, a love of fine scenery and an appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or art.

On weighing anchor from Dunstaffnage Castle, we stood for the Sound of Mull, at the entrance of which, and situated on a precipitous mount, washed by the sea, stands the ruins of Dowart Castle, in feudal times the stronghold of a powerful chieftain of the clan Maclean. Immediately in front, and at a short distance seaward from the castle, is a half-tide rock of some extent, entirely overflowed at full tide. It is called the "Lady Rock," from the following tradition:—

The chieftain of Dowart married a lady of the clan Campbell. She was young and beautiful, but the happiness of becoming a mother was denied to her. This occasioned bitter feelings of disappointment to her husband (who was most anxious for a son to hand down his name to posterity), and, in time, was the cause of such dislike to his innocent wife as, at length, amounted to detestation. He therefore resolved to destroy her, so that, by marrying again, his wishes might be attained. In those days, the Island of Mull was, as respected the means of communication with

the mainland of Scotland, difficult and dangerous, and intercourse with society rarely to be obtained. Hence, field sports and fishing were the sole occupations of the lord of Dowart, and household duties, varied only by needlework and embroidery, the employment of his lady, excepting when occasionally she accompanied her lord in his excursions up the Sound of Mull or to the Island of Lismore, situated a few miles to the eastward of the castle. It was during one of these excursions that he determined to accomplish his murderous designs, and for this purpose he proposed to his lady to accompany him on a fishing expedition in the neighbourhood of the Lady rock; and he arranged his horrid plans so as to be close to the rock at the time of ebb-tide, which would then allow of their landing and walking on it.

The evening being fine, the lady, utterly unconscious of evil designs, proposed landing, to which, of course, he gladly assented. When on the rock, she amused herself with gathering shells; whilst he, under pretence of continuing to fish, re-embarked in his boat, and, watching his opportunity, when his poor victim was still engaged in her innocent occupation, ordered his men to row back to the castle, leaving her on the rock to perish by a dreadful and lingering death. When aware of being thus deserted, she uttered the most piercing screams, which, although heard by her murderer, were entirely unheeded. By degrees, the shades of evening closed around in darkness, whilst the flood-tide began to encircle the rock, and gradually to cover even the spot on which she stood. Death approached nearer and nearer, but a merciful Providence watched over the innocent victim. Some persons proceeding down the Sound from Arross Castle (where her kinsman

Campbell resided) to Oban, on the mainland, heard her screams in the stillness of night, and instantly stood towards the point from whence they proceeded. By this time the rock was nearly covered with the flowing tide, and the beautiful and innocent lady of Maclean would have met a watery grave, as the water had even then reached her waist, and must very soon have overwhelmed her. She was immediately rescued by her kinsman, and conveyed with all speed to his Castle of Arross, situated on the bay so called in the Isle of Mull, and within about twenty miles of Dowart Castle.

The legend further relates that, at this time, a deadly feud existed between the lords of Dowart and Arross, to which this horrible action of Maclean's of course gave additional fierceness, and, on the part of the Campbells, caused a wish for immediate vengeance on the purposed murderer of their kinswoman. In order to gratify these feelings without hindrance, a strong force of the Campbells, headed by the laird of Arross himself, proceeded to Dowart Castle, accompanied by the Lady Maclean; and, in order to conceal their intentions, they advanced by the most intricate paths through the hills, which separated it from Arross, and so planned that they should reach Dowart Castle after nightfall. This they accomplished without any discovery being made of their approach. It was further arranged that when the advance of night yet more favoured concealment, a picked band of the Arross men, accompanied by the lady, *attired in the same dress she wore when deserted* on the rock, should advance to the castle; that one of them should wind his horn, and demand the hospitality always granted to wayfarers. This being carried into effect, the castellan replied to the challenge by opening the wicket adjoin-

ing the great gate, when the lady of Maclean (supposed by all within the castle to be beneath the waves of the sea) stood before him. He uttered a cry of terror, and fell back fainting and powerless, overcome with superstitious fears, upon which the rest of the castle-guard rushed forward ; but they likewise, on seeing, as they imagined, the ghost of their murdered lady, fled to the inner court of the castle, followed by Arross and his clan, and still headed by the lady. There they encountered the murderer Maclean, and some of his followers, but he also believing he beheld her whom he supposed to be no longer of this world, turned to fly, when he was overtaken by Arross, whose claymore laid him dead at his feet. This put an end to all defence of the castle, which was immediately set on fire by the Campbells, and burned to the ground ; whereupon Arross returned to his own castle, taking the remainder of the Macleans with him as prisoners.

After passing Dowart, we stood up the Sound, and landed at the point of Ardtornish, on the Morven shore, where are the ruins of the castle, once the stronghold of a cadet of the clan Campbell, but, at the time when I write, was a mere roofless ruin. As the evening was closed in, we again embarked, and sailed along the picturesque shores of Morven, here and there beautifully wooded, and bounded by a magnificent range of mountains. Young as I was, I had read Ossian with great delight ; and with my eyes resting upon the scenes of his heroic course, my mind was filled with enthusiasm, and my fancy portrayed the sounding of the shells, the clanking of swords, and the roar and strife of battle, on the very mountain sides now before my eyes.

After a further run of some miles, we entered the harbour of Tobermory (the principal town in Mull),

where we anchored ; and having landed, we took up our quarters at the inn, the landlord of which, being a Maclean, was a far-off cousin of his chief, and, as such, expected to be treated with the courtesy due to a gentleman—and, in good truth, he deserved to be so, as he possessed the natural refinement and good manners of a Highlander. With a frank and kindly bearing, and having in his youth been in the army, and seen service, he was full of information and anecdotes, which he related with good taste and *esprit*.

We remained at Tobermory a few days (as Mr. Campbell had business connected with his official duties to transact), during which I rambled about the shores of the harbour and the adjoining hills, carrying on a fierce warfare against seagulls and other birds, but generally with more noise than success. The harbour is completely land-locked, the entrance narrow, and the depth of water quite sufficient for ships of the largest class. During the early part of the war (after the French Revolution), this was proved by the *Cæsar* ship-of-the-line, 74 guns, anchoring in it. She was commanded by Captain Rodam Hume, an officer distinguished for his gallantry and seamanship. The sight of a ship-of-war of such a size gave rise to infinite fear amongst the simple-minded inhabitants, who had never before seen within their harbour any vessel larger than an Excise cutter. A general panic spread amongst them ; and gathering together their most portable valuables, they fled to the hills, from whence they dispatched a messenger to the minister of their parish (who resided at some distance), with the intelligence that a huge French man-of-war had cast anchor in the harbour, that a body of troops had landed and were pillaging the town, that all the inhabitants had fled to

the hills ; and they entreated the minister to come and make terms with the "mouusecrs," who, better to deceive them, had hoisted English colours.

The worthy minister left his manse with all speed for Tobermory. On his way, he encountered a host of his parishioners, who, in fear and trembling, pointed out, from the hill where they stood, the leviathan ship, and also several soldiers, in red coats, walking about in front of the Custom House. The minister, after putting up a prayer for protection to all, proceeded on his perilous mission. On his way, he met Mr. Low, the collector of customs, who was in sore distress. He was a man of the Lambert class—immensely fat—and of a most timid nature. He had, through extreme economy and miserly habits, amassed considerable wealth, which, it was supposed, he kept concealed in one of the cellars of the Custom House. On the *Cæsar* coming to anchor, the poor man was seized with intense alarm, and joined the crowd of his fugitive townsmen ; but they soon left him behind, and the minister found him seated by the wayside completely knocked up, and bewailing the utter ruin in which he supposed himself involved by this awful French invasion. The minister endeavoured to impress upon him the disgrace that awaited him for deserting his post, which he ought to have stood by to the death, and called upon him to accompany him to an interview with the supposed French commander. It was all in vain. He replied only by groans and lamentations, so the worthy minister left him, and proceeded on his way to Tobermory, on reaching which he discovered, to his great satisfaction, that the cause of the alarm and flight of his parishioners was not a French ship, but one of the noble wooden walls of Old England, and that the red coats, which had

been the innocent occasion of such terror, were a party of marines landed to protect his Majesty's Custom House.

Captain Hume received the good minister with much courtesy on board the *Cæsar*, and a gillie was immediately dispatched to set at rest the fears of the alarmed Tobermoriars, and recall them to their homes; to which they joyfully responded by returning in a body, with a bagpiper playing at their head. The poor collector was brought back more dead than alive; and he shortly after resigned his situation, and retired to his native place.

On leaving Tobermory, we shaped a course round the Point of Ardnamurchan. It was late in the evening when we got under weigh, blowing hard and very dark; but we had a good pilot on board, and next morning, when we turned out, we were running along the wild and rocky coast of Moidart, and steering for Loch Na-naugh, in the district of Arisaig, which we entered, and came to an anchor near the small hamlet of Borodale. It was here that Prince Charles landed (and was met by several Highland chieftains) when commencing his mad attempt to overthrow the Hanoverian dynasty (in the month of August, 1745), and, as the song goes—

“ Charlie Stuart, he cam’ at last,  
Sae far to set us free,  
And Donald’s arm was wanted then  
For Scotland and libertie.”

Owing to the influential and powerful clans of the Macdonalds, Macleods, and Macphersons, headed by their chiefs, having declared against moving, until supported by succours from France, every persuasion was

made use of to induce the Prince to re-embark, and return to France, by the assembled chiefs—more particularly by Macdonald of Moidart, who was accompanied by his youngest brother, who, in deference to his elder, stood aloof, but whose countenance showed the intense interest with which he listened to the discussion. He was one of the handsomest of his clan—tall, of great strength, and with a most resolute countenance. The Prince observed, and advanced towards him, and, taking him by the hand, said: “At least, if I may judge of you by your countenance, you will not desert your prince!” upon which, with an agitated yet determined voice, young Macdonald replied: “May my father’s son lie in a coward’s grave if he fight not to the last drop of his blood for his prince! I will follow your royal highness through life, and to death.” He nobly fulfilled his declaration, by following the unfortunate Prince throughout his brief but gallant attempt to regain the kingdom of his forefathers. After the disastrous day of Culloden, young Macdonald escaped to France, where he married; and from him descended the Marshal Macdonald, who served with so much distinction under Napoleon, and whose heroic course was never sullied either by cruelty or rapine, which but too often marked that of others of high name in the armies of France.

We landed at Borodale, and whilst refreshing ourselves, as best we might, at the so-called inn, we were visited by the Roman Catholic priest, a pleasant, well-informed man, who, owing to the population of the district, with but few exceptions, being of that persuasion, was looked up to with much consideration. I listened with delighted interest to his anecdotes of the Prince and his followers, and of the chieftains who assembled at Loch



Na-naugh to receive him on his landing. On the third morning after we had anchored, we got again under weigh, and proceeded towards Loch Hourne. The sun shone brightly, the wind was fair and moderate, when, in the midst of our enjoyment at breakfast, we felt that horrid sensation and grating sound which attends a vessel running upon a rock. We rushed upon deck, when we found the schooner cradled on a reef which extended around. The tide was falling, and immediate steps were taken to shore up the schooner, as we were told the reef was quite dry at low water. After thus securing her safety, we returned to the cabin, finished our breakfast, and then went on shore to pass away the time till evening, when, being high water, the schooner floated from the reef, and we re-embarked, and got safely out of the loch, and, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, stood up the Sound of Sleat, and entered Loch Hourne, where we let go the anchor opposite the house of Mr. Campbell (a cousin of my friend Dunstaffnage), where we received the kindest welcome and true Highland hospitality for two days, and after which we up anchor, and steered for the Narrows of Skye, through which we ran, leaving the Island of Sealpa on the larboard and Raza on the starboard hand. We reached the harbour of Portree in Skye (from its Celtic denomination of the *King's Port*). We expected a town of some size, but we found it little beyond a village of mean houses. We therefore remained on board, as the inn looked anything but inviting.

The day after we reached "King's Port," we set forth (accompanied by a Mr. M'Intyre) on a visit to Captain Campbell, of Kingsborough, situated on the shores of Loch Snizort, at a distance of about eight

miles from Portree. Captain Campbell had served for several years in the 42nd regiment, but had retired from the army to fill the more peaceful but responsible situation of commissioner to the Lord McDonald in the management of his lordship's extensive estates in Skye. The residence of Kingsborough had been recently built, and commanded an extensive view over the waters of Loch Snizort, an arm of the sea, and the distant country, bounded by a range of mountains of considerable elevation stretching towards Loch Folliart and the district of Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the chief of the Macleods.

Immediately adjoining Captain Campbell's new residence was the ancient house of Kingsborough, the scene of one of the most interesting events connected with the wanderings and ultimate escape of Prince Charles after the disastrous battle of Culloden. On being hunted, as it were, through the wilds of Loehaber, he escaped to the Isle of Skye, where he hoped to get on board one of the cruisers sent by the French government to the north coast of Scotland. In this he was disappointed, and, as a last resource, he proceeded to Kingsborough, where resided one of the clan Mac Donachy, on whose loyalty he knew he might depend. On reaching Kingsborough, the Prince found his enemies were in hot pursuit after him (having received information of his having escaped to Skye), and that it was to be no resting-place for him. On consulting with his host, it was decided, as his only chance of safety, to adopt the female garb, and, in that disguise, to proceed as the attendant of Macdonald's only daughter Flora, who was about to visit her kinswoman the Lady Macdonald, in Moidart. This plan was carried into immediate effect, when, after many alarms, the Prince and

his companion reached Lady Macdonald's house in safety.

It was with a feeling of intense interest that I repeatedly (during the two days we remained at Kingsborough) visited the ancient mansion and the bedroom which had been occupied by the Prince. It was at the top of the house, and *coomceiled*. There were two beds close to the wall, in one of which the Prince had reposed, and, in the other, the gillie who had guided him to Kingsborough. The beds had never since been removed; and the wife of the farm bailiff, who now resided in the old house, venerated the one of them hallowed in her mind by the Prince's occupation of it, and regarded it with feelings of devoted attachment and loyalty, such as the lady of Tullytoodlim regarded the chair in which the merry monarch had sat when he partook of the good lady's *déjeuné*.

After having enjoyed for some days the agreeable society of Captain Campbell and his family, we embarked on board the yacht, which had come round from Portree, and proceeded to Stornoway, the principal town in the Island of Lewis, the easternmost island of the Hebrides. We embarked in the evening, and, having a "top-sail breeze" and fair weather, we had run through the Great Minch and reached Stornoway, a distance of fifty miles, by the following morning. Stornoway being the largest town we were to visit in our excursion, I found much to see, and my time passed very pleasantly. In the immediate vicinity appeared the residence of The Lord Seaforth, who possessed the whole of the Island of Lewis. The house was large, but, as neither Lord Seaforth nor any of his family had resided there for some time, it had a dull and cheerless appearance, as also the gardens, which, owing to the

sea air and the severity of the climate, appeared very unproductive. We dined with Mr. McIver, the principal merchant at that time in Stornoway. Since these days the Island of Lewis has been purchased from the heirs of Lord Scaforth by Mr. Matheson, who by industry and successful trading in China became a millionaire, and, with the ever-existing attachment of a Scotchman to his native country, invested a large portion of his wealth in the purchase of this distant portion of her majesty's dominions. Mr. Matheson has caused the former house to be pulled down, and on its site Stornoway Castle has been erected.

Our next destination was to Rowdil, in the Island of Harris, for which we made sail with a spanking breeze, running along the shore of Lewis until we made the Island of Scalpa, at the entrance of Loch Tarbet, where we anchored; and, on landing, proceeded to the residence of a gentleman of the name of Campbell, where we were received with the courtesy and kindness so universal amongst the Highlanders. Our host had attained a great age, but even yet showed in his erect and powerful figure how liberal nature must have been to him in his youth and vigorous manhood. His countenance, although subdued by age, evinced much of that determination and firmness which had carried him through many a hard-fought day in the battle of life. We dined and spent the evening with him and his two daughters, who, although doomed to pass much of their life in this *Ultima Thule*, yet showed from their agreeable and interesting conversation that their minds were well stored, that their reading had been to good purpose. In the course of the evening they sang several coronachs, the soft and plaintive music of which is most affecting; the mode of accompaniment is to the Saxon singularly in-

teresting: a circle is formed, whereof each member extends to his neighbour a handkerchief, the ends of which are held by each; after a verse of the coronach is sung, all join in the recitative, keeping time by a gentle waving to and fro of the handkerchief. Although ignorant of the Gaelic, yet the sweet and melancholy tone in which the verses were sung made it perfectly evident they were recalling to the memory those who had gone to "the land of the leal," either on the battle-field in the land of strangers, or beneath the paternal roof-tree. I have mentioned our host was very aged. In his youth he had been an ardent sportsman, and even yet, when "he went to the hill," he proved that his aim was still true and deadly. An old pointer lay at his feet in the room where we sat; he was very old and quite deaf. It was delightful to see this faithful companion of Mr. Campbell's sporting days looking up from time to time at his master, with that affection which the eye of the dog so vividly expresses, and the quiet wag of his tail telling of contented happiness, when this glance of attachment was acknowledged by a look from his master—for it was only by signs Mr. Campbell communicated with his faithful companion, for no sound could penetrate honest Lutha's deafness.

After passing a most delightful day, we bade adieu to this amiable and interesting family, and returning on board, immediately getting under weigh, we passed the lighthouse placed on the east end of the Island of Scalpa, as a safeguard to vessels from the dangerous sunken rocks of Scarivore, which is almost in the fair way of vessels running either to the eastward or westward, between the Island of Harris and the coast of Ross-shire. We then stood away for the harbour of Rowdil, about thirty miles to the north-west, and at

the entrance of the sound of Harris, which we reached in the evening, and let go our anchor in the loch. We were shortly after boarded by the excise officer, who advised Mr. Campbell to trip the anchor, and run into the inner but safer harbour, as the look of the sky portended a storm; fortunately, his advice was followed. We had not been long in the harbour before the gale came away raging furiously and continuously during the whole of that night and the succeeding day. Rowdil appeared to be a poor wretched place, and the surrounding country an accumulation of bleak hills and black peat mosses.

When the gale moderated, a friend and relation of Mr. Campbell's came on board to invite us to visit him at his residence on the Island of Ensa, situated in the Sound of Harris, exposed to the whole force of heavy seas running in from the Atlantic on the north, and that of the Minch to the south. Mr. Campbell of Ensa was a hale, hearty man, renowned for his hospitality, as was his lady for her kindness and urbanity. Since the only manner of communication between Ensa and the adjoining islands was, of course, by water, *Ensa* (his Highland designation) arrived in a large stout boat, manned by six strong, brawny Highlanders, who might truly sing—

“My bed is on the mountain wave,  
My home is on the sea,”—

as, excepting on their paternal island, or short excursions to those in the immediate vicinity, the soles of their feet never touched mother earth. They were famed for their hardihood and expertness as boatmen; and these qualities were well tried amidst the stormy and tempestuous seas wherein they laboured as fishermen.

After the laird's boatmen had rested and refreshed, each with a *quaich* of mountain dew, we embarked for Ensa's island: but though heavy clouds threatened a return of the storm, and there was a heavy swell, Ensa and his hardy boatmen cared nothing for it, but pulled lustily forward amongst numerous reefs and sunken rocks, whilst Ensa showed exceeding skill in steering. We reached the island in the afternoon, and, after changing our garments, which the spray of the sea had drenched, we sat down with sharp and willing appetites to a most substantial dinner, to which the hill, the sea, and the pastures had freely contributed. We found our kind host and hostess amply deserving of the character they had obtained for hospitality, for, after a stay of three days, we had the greatest difficulty in obtaining their consent to our departure; but Mr. Campbell's official duties would not allow of a longer holiday, and after another hard pull down the Sound we returned to Rowdil, put to sea, and shaped a course for the Island of South Uist, there to pay a visit to Mr. McDonald of Boisdale, as we sailed along the coast of Harris, Benbecula, and North Uist, all of which showed a bleak and sterile country, bound in by an iron and rocky shore.

On reaching Loch Boisdale, we landed and walked to Mr. McDonald's residence, situated on the north shore of the island, and facing the Atlantic. Visitors from the mainland are about as rare and acceptable to the dwellers on these remote islands as are friends from the seaboard of the United States to squatters on the banks of the Missouri, or at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; we therefore received the usual hearty greeting from Boisdale and his family, and remained with them some days, during which I accompanied the ladies (mounted on shelties) along the extensive sands which bound to a

great distance the shores of the broad Atlantic; and in several places the beach was covered with the remains of wrecks which had drifted in from seaward, it might be even from ships wrecked on the coast of Labrador, which bore due north from South Uist, and without any land intervening. In after years I was told that Boisdale, from being what is termed Admiral of Uist, derived a very considerable revenue from the wreckage which drifted in upon the coast. Next morning, on going out, I found Mr. McDonald seated in an arm-chair, before which a number of the peasantry were assembled, two of whom were standing, bonnet in hand, evidently as complainant and defendant. Being ignorant of Gaelic, I could not understand the merits of their case, and so passed on. From his being sole justice of the peace within a district extending over a large portion of the adjoining islands, as well as Uist, Mr. McDonald's power was predominant; but he was said to exercise it with great justice and kindness. He had purchased the Island of Staffa as a heritage for his eldest son by his second marriage, whilst his estate of Boisdale would descend to his son Colonel McDonald, who had served with distinction in one of the Highland regiments, and at this time resided near his father; but, owing to his absence from home, we did not meet with him.

It was requisite for Mr. Campbell to pay an official visit to the Island of Barra, the southernmost of the Hebrides; orders were therefore sent for the yacht to proceed thence from its anchorage, whilst we made the passage in one of the large boats belonging to Boisdale, when, after saying our adieux, we embarked. The day, as is generally the case around these sea-girt islands, was gloomy, with a fog so thick as almost to prevent our seeing the length of the boat; we had no compass,



and therefore had to depend upon the knowledge and skill of our boatmen to steer clear of the numerous reefs of rock, many of them sunk at half-tide, with which the sound of Barra and South Uist abounds. Under these circumstances we felt rather anxious, until this was set at rest by our making a landfall on the small island of Longa, situated in the Sound midway between Barra and Uist, where, after resting our crew and passing the *quaich*, to their great refreshment, we again took oars in hand, and after another long pull landed at Kilbar, in Barra, and found the yacht snug at anchor. The laird of Barra being absent, we lived during our stay there on board; but, as he had given directions that we should be supplied with anything which we required from the manor-house, the house-keeper took care to keep us well furnished with vegetables and strawberries, and all the other northern fruits, together with plenty of rich cream. The Island of Barra and the adjacent group of small islets affords the best pasturage of any of the Hebrides islands; the black cattle bred on them are in great repute, and bring high prices in the southern markets. The climate is mild, and the snow never lies; but, from the island being quite open, and exposed to the influence of the North Atlantic, the gales of wind and winter storms are very heavy.

We remained at anchor four days, during which I rambled about the island, and had excellent sea-bird shooting, particularly at the large Arctic gulls; when Mr. Campbell, having concluded his official inspection, we proceeded to sea, steering for the Isle of Skye, but a heavy gale caught us, and forced us to run into Loch Namaddy, in North Uist, where we remained storm-bound several days. We found there the wreck of

a large West Indiaman, which had been driven ashore in the late gale, and totally broken up; she was on her passage from Barbadoes to a port on the east coast of England, and, having adopted a course through the Minch, between the mainland and the Hebrides, in preference to the English Channel, had met with this misfortune. The gale having at length moderated, and the weather appearing more settled, we got under weigh, and proceeded to sea; but no sooner had we cleared the headlands of Loch Namaddy, and opened the Minch, than the gale again came away furiously, and, as the sailors say, "With a fresh hand at the bellows." We stood on, however, steering for Loch Follart, in Skye, which we reached after being nearly swamped, as the heavy tumbling sea from the Minch was almost more than the little yacht could stand up to: as it was, we were almost under water the whole passage, and it was with great delight we ran up the loch, where the sea was comparatively smooth, and let go our anchor immediately below the Castle of Dungaven, the residence of the chieftain of the powerful clan McLeod. We hastened to the inn, where a change of dry garments and a dinner (far better than the appearance of the "hostel" gave us reason to expect) made us soon forget "the dangers of the seas." McLeod was gone south, the castle chimney was silent, and the hospitality which would have been most fully extended had the chieftain been at home we only experienced in imagination. The castle was then a moderate-sized building, situated on a precipitous mount above the shore of the loch, and commanding an extensive view seaward, and towards a range of mountains in the interior of Skye. As soon as the weather moderated we got under weigh, running through the Little Minch, along the

west coast of Skye, steering for the Island of Canna, which we passed, and then stood on towards Coll, and afterwards to the point of Ardnamuchan, at the entrance of Loch Sunnart; and from thence into the Sound of Mull, down which we sailed, and soon after passed Dowart Castle on our starboard, and the Island of Lismore on our larboard hand, from whence we ran across Loch Linnhe into Loch Etive, and let go our anchor under the old Castle of Dunstaffnage, after a delightful and varied tour.

I again took possession of my *brownie* haunted apartment in the western tower of the old castle, and amused myself with sea-fishing and shooting, sometimes accompanying Mr. Campbell in his journeys to Oban, Inverary, and Fort William, which were within his district. The drive to Inverary was through the varied and beautiful scenery of Lorn, in the course of which we had to cross Loch Awe, the borders of which was the scene of the celebrated battle between Robert the Bruce and Mac Dougall, the Lord of Lorn, in which the latter was totally defeated, and caused the downfall of the powerful clan MacDougall. The slogan, or war-cry, of the Campbells of Loch Awe was, "It's a far cry to Loch Awe!" Here also was the scene of the heroic struggle of clan Gregor-Vich-Alpin against their formidable neighbours, the clan Campbell. The ruins of the Castle of Kilchurn are situated on a rocky elevation at the head of the loch. It was first erected in 1440 by Sir John Campbell, of Glenorchy, and was of great extent, which is apparent from the remains which still exist. The present proprietor is the Marquis of Breadalbane. The approach to Inverary down Glen Ary is rich in woodland scenery; it skirts the River Ary, a clear and rapid Highland stream. We reached Inverary to

dinner, and much enjoyed the delicious treat of Loch Fine herring, which, for size and flavour, are superior to any other of the finny tribe. Shoals of this favourite fish annually visit Loch Fine, and give employment to numbers of fishermen and others, who are engaged in salting and preparing such for export to all parts of the world. We visited the Castle of Inverary and the adjacent beautiful and extensive park and woods, and “clam” the hill of Dùniquoich, so renowned in the reminiscences of cockney tourists.

The excursion to Fort William was very interesting. After crossing Loch Etive at the Connel Ferry, (the dread of wayfaring pedestrians,) we passed through the district of Appin, and crossing the ferry on Loch Creran, and another on Loch Leven, we proceeded along the shores of Loch Linnhe to Fort William—the towering mountains of Ben Nevis on our right, and on the opposite side of the loch the district of Ardgour, where, in Glen Finon, Prince Charlie first displayed his standard, and was joined by Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, who in vain endeavoured to persuade him to defer the attempt until a more fitting time. Ere we reached Fort William it had changed to what the Scotch term “a saft day,” in other words, a heavy rain, and we were glad “to take our ease in our inn,” which we found very comfortable, owing to “mine host” and his better half being from the south side of the Tweed. Whilst Mr. Campbell was occupied with his official duties, I walked to the fort, then garrisoned by a few invalids. My cicerone was a Captain Stuart, who, after the American war, remained some years in Canada, and lived much amongst the Indians. On returning to his native country, he published a very interesting account of his travels and adventures, the

frontispiece to which was the gallant captain, in kilt and philibeg, with a rifle in his hand of no less than *four barrels*, which he had persuaded a Birmingham gun-maker to manufacture for him, but which was the last which was made, as, from its great weight, there were few like the stalwart Stuart who could carry and use it.

After our return to Dunstaffnage, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell removed into Oban, then a very small village, the change to which place I much regretted, as it contracted my field sports. At this period there were neither butcher nor baker in Oban, and a post from the south reached it only three times in each week. I used to look anxiously for the arrival of Duncan M'Lean, the postman, who brought a supply of loaf bread from Inverary for my refection, as I had always an aversion to oat-cake. The harbour of Oban is well sheltered, having the Island of Kerrara in front, and the mainland sweeping round the bay, with the ruins of Castle Gylen guarding the entrance on the south side, and the Castle of Dunolly the entrance from Loch Linnhe. Oban enjoyed a very limited sea-traffic, the only arrivals which broke the monotony were the custom-house cutters, which at that period were of large tonnage and heavily armed, and they were employed continually in cruising and on the look-out for smugglers.

As the autumn was now advanced, and winter fast approaching, it was requisite that I should return home; and as the facilities for travelling were very restricted in those days, there being neither stage-coaches nor post-chaises beyond Stirling towards Argyleshire, it was determined that Mr. Campbell was to drive me in his gig to Inverary, from whence I was to cross Loch Fine, and walk through the district of Cowal to the shores of Loch Long, and thence by boat to Greenock. After saying

farewell to my kind friend Mrs. Campbell and her only child, Angus (a stout, hearty scion of the clan Campbell, and who in after life was created a baronet, and whose heir and successor is now a lieutenant in her Majesty's navy), I started on my journey home. In due time we reached Inverary, where we slept, and the next morning at daybreak Mr. Campbell put me on board a boat to cross Loch Fine to the opposite ferry-house at Strachur. I felt much on parting from him, for he had shown me invariable kindness, and we had passed many happy days together. On reaching Strachur, I prepared for my walk through Cowal to the ferry of Ardentiny, on the shores of Loch Long, a distance of fifteen miles. Being ignorant of the *carte du pays*, I hired a guide in the shape of a stout young Highlander, whose eyes glistened at the promise of half-a-crown as payment for a pleasant tramp over the heather. We started along a rugged path (which my guide preferred, as being shorter than what he termed the "horse road"), through a country by no means picturesque, until we reached the shores of Loch Long, when the magnificent range of mountains at its upper end came in sight, including those round Arrochar, Tarbet, and Cairn Dhu, amongst which the "Cobbler," and "Rest and be Thankful," stood out in grandeur. Before reaching Ardentiny, I overtook a son of one of the principal tenants on the Dunstaffnage estate, whom I had met at his father's house. He held a commission as lieutenant in the Clan Alpin Fencibles, and was then proceeding to rejoin, after leave of absence. He was a handsome young Highlander, and his cheerful, merry temper made the path appear much shorter and pleasanter. The ferry-boat had unfortunately sailed early in the forenoon, which threatened the necessity of our being obliged to

remain at Ardentiny until next day: our only chance of escaping this annoyance was to get on board any of the boats then occupied in herring-fishing on Loch Long, which might be passing on their way to Greenock. Fortunately for us, such occurred, and we got on board a boat, in which we soon accomplished the short voyage, and landed at Greenock, from whence, the next morning, I mounted the mail-coach, proceeded to Edinburgh, and reached in due time my father's, safe and sound, with many pleasant recollections of the happy summer I had passed.

I again commenced my studies, though at first I found them rather irksome after so many months of idleness; but I was naturally fond of reading, and *Sibbald's Library* (long established in the Parliament Close) gave me the command of plenty of books. I also resumed my Saturday walks to Leith. Edinburgh was still full of stir and life, with the military collected there, and with the reviews and sham battles which were constantly going on. The regiments of Volunteers at this time numbered upwards of 7,000 men; the Earl of Moira was then commander-in-chief in Scotland. Their military ardour in this mimic war at times assumed rather a serious aspect when the blood of the combatants became heated, which was particularly the case with the Highlanders, amongst whom were many of the sons and clansmen of those who had fought for Prince Charlie. Of one of these mimic battles I have a vivid remembrance: it was supposed to be an attempt of the French army to land on the south and east side of the town of Leith, and was opposed by the English army, under the command of Lord Moira, consisting of five regiments of Volunteers, amongst which was a regiment of riflemen, one regiment of volunteer cavalry, in which

Walter Scott was private, and a large force of artillery ; in addition to which were two regiments of the line, and two troops of horse artillery ; the whole force amounting to 10,000 men. The enemy's army was supposed to be on board a fleet of gunboats and other armed vessels which stood close in, and commenced the battle by opening a heavy fire upon the British army, then drawn up in a position along the sea beach, with a strong reserve in their rear, on Leith Links ; this was immediately replied to by the British artillery ; but as the increased depth of water from the flood tide enabled the French squadron to stand still closer in, their fire became much increased, and too powerful for the British, whose advanced line retired upon their reserves. The French were then supposed to have landed, and to have made a fierce attack upon the British position ; the battle became most exciting, and the roar of cannon and musketry tremendous. This continued for some time, until the French began to retreat, when by a flank movement, ordered by the commander-in-chief, and a charge of cavalry, they were driven back to the beach, and re-embarked, under cover of a heavy fire from the gunboats ; the French squadron then stood off, sailing along the coast towards Musselburgh Bay. The British army was immediately put in motion towards Portobello, and as the French vessels again stood in, the horse artillery unlimbered and opened fire, to which the French replied. After a time, the British having reached the rising ground above Portobello (which offered a very strong position), halted ; when much signalling took place between the French commodore and the gunboats, who thereupon ceased firing, stood off, and rejoined the other portion of the squadron, after which the whole made sail down the



Frith of Forth, and were soon out of sight. Thus ended the much-talked-of "Battle of Leith," which, with that of Craig Miller, and others, gave rise to such a warlike spirit, and longing for military life, amongst the youth of "Auld Reekie," that numbers hastened to escape from the desk, and other sedentary and peaceful occupations, and buckled on the claymore. Several rose to distinction in the Peninsular campaigns, others died on the field of battle.

It was at this time that my eldest sister was married to Lord Doune, eldest son of the Earl of Moray. Both my brothers got leave of absence from their regiments to be present on the occasion, which greatly added to my enjoyment. Shortly after the wedding I visited the "*nouveau mariés*," who were passing the honeymoon in Fifeshire. My father proposed that I should proceed to Queen's Ferry in that vehicle which, in after years, became renowned through the graphic pen of the great novelist of my country; but I rejected the proposal, declaring that I could in walking give it half-an-hour's start, and beat it to the Ferry. I therefore set forth on a bright frosty morning, full of health and spirits, and scarcely feeling that my feet touched the ground—so joyous did I feel, and so bounding and elastic was my step. At this period the road to the Queen's Ferry was from the end of Prince's Street past Drumsheugh, and so on by the Dean to the village of Mutton Hole, Barnton Dykes, and Crammond *Brig* (a very ancient structure, narrow and dangerous), famed in Scottish history as the scene, in April, 1567, of Earl Bothwell's seizure of Queen Mary, and his taking her, the same night, to the Castle of Dunbar—"not against her awn will," as Birrell hath it. Before reaching the Brig, I passed the lodge-gate of Brae Head House, the scene of another interesting event in Scottish history,

which occurred in the year 1452. King James II., when hunting on Crammond Moor, being separated from his attendants, was attacked by robbers; a yeoman named Howitson, and his two sons, who were at work in one of the adjoining fields, came to his rescue; and as a reward for their loyalty and bravery, the king gave to them a silver cup and a grant of the lands which had been the scene of the attempted violence, together with a large tract of the adjacent moor. The charter by which they were to hold these lands, expressed, "that on the coronation of the kings of Scotland, or other ceremony appertaining to the king's majesty, they were, on their bended knee, to present the silver cup, which had been the gift of the king, filled with spiced wine, for the refectiion of his majesty." The direct descendant of the brave yeoman being still in possession of Brae Head when George IV. visited Scotland, claimed this privilege, and at the banquet given by the town of Edinburgh to the king, presented on his bended knee the identical silver cup filled with spiced wine, and, as the chroniclers of the day set forth, "his majesty drank thereof with much gusto." After crossing Crammond Bridge,—near to which, on the shores of the Frith of Forth, was the Roman station of "Castra Alaterna,"—I passed the lodge-gate guarding the entrance to Barnbogle, the princely seat of the Earl of Roseberry, who had been the terror of my boyhood, when, with my companions, I invaded his domain, for the purpose of fishing in the river Ammon, which ran through the park, or for birds'-nesting in the extensive plantations. Fortunately for us, his lordship was usually dressed in a scarlet coat, which enabled the *videttes* whom we always placed on the look out, to give the signal of the earl's approach: when such took place, it was always *saue qui peut*, off we ran to the river,

dashed through it, and stood at gaze on the opposite bank, which was beyond his irate lordship's domain.

In the olden time, Barnbogle was the chosen field for duels, and it is narrated that one between Adam Bruntfield and James Carmichael, took place in the presence of 5,000 people, under licence from the king. His Majesty being also present. Two miles further on I reached that part of the road which first commands a view of the Frith of Forth, where, on a rising ground, is the remains of the stone cross erected by the pilgrims, as the spot from whence they had the first view of the Abbey of Dunfermline, where they went to worship at the shrine of St. Margaret. From thence I reached Queen's Ferry, and the inn at New Hall, adjoining which was the pier for the ferry-boats. After crossing the ferry, I proceeded on the old road over the Ferry Hills, to the quaint and ancient town of Inverkeithing, famed in history as the residence of King David and his queen, Margaret Drummond; and more recently as the scene of Cromwell's victory over the Covenanters. I perceived several antique-looking houses in the principal street, which, from their historical associations, are objects of interest. One is pointed out to the traveller as having been the birthplace of Viscount Dundee, so renowned under the name of Claverhouse. The palace in which King David resided, (like St. James's, in London,) little betokened the dwelling of royalty, and at the period of which I now write was inhabited by various artizans. Three miles further on, I reached Donibristle Park, the termination of my journey, and after changing my travel-stained garb, sat down at four o'clock, at that time the dinner hour of the highest classes in Scotland.

After remaining a few days in Fifeshire, I returned to Edinburgh, with Lord and Lady D. In due time,

we reached the ferry, where a boat was in readiness to convey us across to the New Hall's Inn, where we were received with that infinite respect and *bon-homme* which *then* marked the demeanour of the Scottish landlord, and is so graphically described by the great novelist in "The Antiquary." We found here the much-respected and confidential agent of Lord D.'s father, who, in accordance with the manners of the time, had come to welcome the son of the noble earl and his bride to the shores of Mid-Lothian. The dinner was very acceptable—at least to me, whose appetite, in my juvenile days, like Dugald Dalgetty's, was always ready for *proven*; and, as the host's claret was as famed as in the days of Oldenbuck, his lordship and Mr. M. seemed to enjoy a magnum of it infinitely; after discussing which, a separation of our party took place, Lord and Lady D. proceeding to their residence near Edinburgh, whilst I accompanied Mr. M. to my father's residence.

Being the constant companion of my father after leaving Mr. Taylor's seminary at Musselburgh, I consequently benefited greatly by his conversation, and the extensive and general information which he possessed on all subjects. He had read much—particularly history; and being of a very observant turn of mind, had garnered rich stores of knowledge relative to the different countries he had visited, as also of every event bearing on Scottish history. He delighted to relate anecdotes of those persons with whom he had come in contact, many of whom were among the leading characters of the day. Whilst aide-de-camp to Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, he had been much at court, and was frequently the bearer of confidential messages from the Prince to his sister Queen Charlotte. His relationship to many of the oldest families in Scotland,

enabled him to be well acquainted with all that related to the habits and manners of the highest circles of society in that country. He took especial pleasure in impressing on my mind everything relating to the history of Scotland, and in pointing out the site and scenes of any marked event. For instance, when we went to Dunbar (to take leave of my brother), he drew my attention to the ruins of Hailes Castle, near which the English army, commanded by Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI., defeated the Scottish army under Lord Hume, and, at the same time, pointed out Traprain Law, where the Scottish army was drawn up. The site of the battle of Dunbar—where Cromwell, through the rashness of Lesley, commanding the Scottish army, gained that decisive victory which at once gave Cromwell the mastery over the king's supporters, and the entire subjugation of Scotland—was another interesting theme, as well as many local historical facts of which Dunbar had been the scene, particularly those connected with the unfortunate Queen Mary, as well as when it was defended by Patrick, Earl of March, of whom an ancestor of my father's was the chosen and intimate friend.

In our frequent walks, also, in the environs of Edinburgh, he pointed out many remarkable places, such as the site of the stone on the Borough moor, into which the standard of the gallant James IV. was fixed, while mustering his army for carrying war into England, and which ended in his defeat and death on the fatal field of Flodden, commemorated so beautifully in the heart-stirring lament and song of—

“The flowers of the forest are a' shed awa!”

The old tower of Merehiston, where that distinguished philosopher Napier resided, and wrote his

logarithms, was pointed out to me. This most pleasing manner of instructing my mind stirred up within me an intense interest in ancient lore, which has increased with my years, and been to me a source of infinite gratification.

From my father also I heard many most amusing anecdotes connected with his service in the Seven Years' war, where, as I have previously mentioned, he was on the staff of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and of General, afterward Marquis of Townsend, son of the Viscountess Eleonora, whose sayings and doings Horace Walpole has given to the world in his delightful correspondence with Sir Horace Mann, General Conway, and Mr. Montagu.

General Townsend was brave, reckless, and witty; and possessed the faculty of portraying, by his pencil (in caricatures), the foibles and absurdities of those with whom he associated. He was generous, full of *bonhommie*, and withal a considerable *gourmand*. A standing toast with him after dinner was, "No legging or winging," which was quite in keeping with a sportsman. When in front of the enemy his constant practice was, after dinner, to mount his horse, and, attended by my father and his other aide-de-camp, Colonel Bowden, to ride as close to the enemy's picquets as he dared, and then commence quizzing, or, as the term now is, chaffing the Frenchmen. On one occasion, this had nearly been attended with very unpleasant consequences, particularly to my father. The general had dismounted, and placed himself in an attitude (which he never showed before the enemy when in action), by turning his back to the picquet, and exposing that part of his corpus which is not the seat of honour. The Frenchmen felt the insult, and their videttes fired. The general, in high glee,

called to my father to hold his horse while he mounted, in doing which my father dropped the bridle of his own horse, who thereupon turned and grazed towards the enemy. Fortunately when called to the horse stopped, upon which my father sprang into the saddle, and, amidst a shower of bullets galloped after the general, and made good his retreat. Had the Minié rifle been in use in those days, my father's chances of escape would have been small indeed.

I have mentioned Colonel Bowden as being on the general's staff; he was as far from the form of a light infantry man as it is possible to conceive, being a ton of sinful flesh, of which he made a constant joke. His good temper and lively humour, as well as his gentlemanly bearing, gave him the *entrée* to the best society; and many amusing anecdotes are recounted of him in the letters of Horace Walpole and others of his time.

On another of the after-dinner frolics of General Townsend, it was requisite to descend a steep path through a wooded ravine, at the further end of which was posted an advanced picquet of "Le Regiment de Vaiseau" of the French. On the general (who was on foot) and his staff being observed, the French sentinels fired, on hearing which, the officer commanding the picquet formed them, and advanced. Upon this, the general, considering "discretion was the better part of valour," retreated at what is called "double quick." The French, however, were equally alert, and gained the bottom of the ravine, up which the footpath ascended. The general was in advance, followed by the fat colonel, and then my father. The path was very steep, and overhung the ravine, from whence the French opened fire, during which the French officer

was heard to call out to his men, "Tuéz moi cet grand gros coquin!" Upon this, fat Bowden, though panting and blowing, and nearly winded, increased his exertions, and got under cover of the bushes. This, in a certain degree, cleared the path for my father; but as the firing became rapid and close, he, like an old campaigner, ensconced himself under the upper part of the path by lying down, so that the shot flew over him; on which he heard the general exclaim, "Poor Ainslie is down!" The French, on no longer seeing any one, returned to their former position, on which my father rose, and rejoined his general, who was delighted at the old soldier's manœuvre which my father had displayed.

An anecdote he related to me of Prince Ferdinand is interesting, as it shows the able tactics for which the Prince was so justly famed. During the campaign of 1761, the allied army under his command was opposed to the French army, commanded by the Marshal le Prince Soubise. On the opening of the campaign, the allied troops occupied the camp of Hobenover; the French that of Soeff. The Marshal Soubise showed great anxiety to ascertain the precise position of the allies, to effect which he was continually reconnoitring. On one occasion, he was observed by Prince Ferdinand, who, with a numerous staff, was visiting the important position on the heights of Kirk Denckern, occupied by the British division of the allied army under the command of Lord Granby. The Prince immediately dismounted, and ordering the *hunchback* (on whose shoulder he always rested his telescope) to draw near, observed that the marshal, with a large map before him, was in earnest conversation with his officers, and repeatedly pointing to the heights of Kirk Denckern, on



which Prince Ferdinand, turning to his staff, exclaimed, "Ah! voilà une très mauvais carte pour vous, Monsieur le Marechal!" and so it turned out, for, although the French army under Soubise made a fierce attack on the position of Kirk Denckern, and repeated it the following morning, when they were joined by that portion of the army under the command of Marshal Broglie, they were entirely defeated by the British, under the command of Lord Granby, supported by the Hanoverians under General Wulgenen. The French lost six stands of colours, twelve pieces of cannon, and three thousand men. The battalion of British Grenadiers, under Colonel Maxwell, took the entire French regiment of Rougé prisoners, with its cannon and colours. Prince Ferdinand, in general orders to the allied army, highly complimented Lord Granby and the British troops, and dispatched the account of the action by Major Wedderburn, to the British government.

My father took great pride and pleasure in his horses, and delighted to observe their habits and instincts. A circumstance he related to me with regard to their method of grazing occurred to him when proceeding, with General Townsend, to rejoin the army, and immediately prior to the opening of the campaign. The first evening after leaving their cantonments, and reaching an extensive heath towards nightfall, the general proposed to halt, and bivouac, instead of seeking quarters at the next village. This was joyfully acceded to, upon which a halt took place, when, after dismounting, and being refreshed by the contents of their haversacks, they rolled themselves in their cloaks, and lay down to enjoy a sound sleep in the beautiful starlight of a summer night; their horses, left in charge of their batmen, were turned out to graze on

the heath ; the bridles were taken off, but the saddles remained with the girths slackened.

At sunrise next morning, the general gave the order to mount, when, on my father's charger being brought to him, he discovered, to his great dismay, that his pistols, which had been left in the holsters, had fallen out. His batman, named Tam Anderson, a canny Scotchman, and withal a favourite of my father, was deservedly visited with a hearty scolding for his carelessness in not securing the pistols previously to turning out the horses to graze ; but Tom took it very coolly, and quietly said, " Weel, weel, yer honour, I'll no say but I'm to blame, but dinna ye fash yesel' about the pistols ; I'll soon find them. A horse aye turns his nose to the wind when he grazes !" upon which Tom, assisted by the other batmen, advanced with their faces to the wind, and spreading in a line on the track followed by the horses during the night, shortly discovered the pistols, which afterwards did good service in the battles of Kirk Denckern and Minden.

The evening after this adventure, the general and his staff took up their quarters, by invitation, at the castle of a German baron, where they were received with much pomp and ceremony. Next morning, my father, accompanied by the baron, in walking round the terraces adjoining the castle, admired the position of the church (surrounded by numerous houses and cottages), and remarked to the baron, "*Ma foi, monseigneur, la position de votre château est magnifique, et les environs extrêmement pittoresque.*" "Ah, oui, mon colonel," replied the baron, who was a harsh-looking, ill-favoured man ; "*ah, oui, toute les habitants de cette hamcaux sont mes esclaves.*" This reply so much disgusted my father that he was glad when

the general and his staff left the castle of this German tyrant.

I have mentioned that my father, on the breaking out of the war between Spain and Portugal in the year 1762, served as aide-de-camp and head of the staff to Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, who held the rank of lieutenant-general in the Portuguese army. At this period, Lisbon was almost in a state of ruin, occasioned by the dreadful earthquake of 1757. After reaching Lisbon, the Prince, proceeding in his carriage to attend a *levée* at the Palace, had a narrow escape of being thrown over the quays which bounded the river, owing to the mules which drew the carriage taking fright and running off. Fortunately, the Portuguese officer, who commanded the cavalry escorting the Prince, had the presence of mind to call to his men to cut the traces, which they effected, thus arresting the carriage, saved the Prince and my father, who accompanied him, from being drowned in the River Tagus.

In January, 1763, Prince Charles resigned his command in the Portuguese army, and returned to England in the *Venus* frigate, accompanied by his suite, shortly after which my father rejoined that part of the British army in Germany, under the command of Prince Ferdinand.

At this point I will diverge from the regular routine of my narrative, in order to give a slight sketch of the manners and customs of society, whether of the upper and middle classes, or of the lower orders, as they existed in Edinburgh, and in Scotland generally, at this time; and first, with regard to the higher classes, whose intercourse with the same grade in England was often very limited, and principally confined to those who from

intermarriage had become connected with the nobility or ancient gentry in the sister kingdom: hence the greater portion of the Scottish nobility and gentry passed the summer and autumn on their estates, and the winter months in Edinburgh, residing generally in St. Andrew's Square and the other principal streets of the "New Town," or in George's Square, and other parts of the Old Town, such as the Canongate, Brown's Square, and the environs towards the meadows. The New Town was then, as I have said, limited to St. Andrew's Square, Prince's Street, George Street, and Queen Street, the former only extending to a few houses west of Castle Street, and the two others nearly to a parallel extent. Charlotte Square was only commenced, and for a considerable period afterwards, there were but a few houses built and inhabited on the north side of it. The theatre, concerts, and assemblies, were well attended, and much hospitality existed in the giving dinners, and which, as I have mentioned, commenced at a very different hour from those of the present day. Private balls were much in vogue, where the invited (even those who wished to be considered the *élite* of fashion) were never later of appearing than eight or nine o'clock. Minuets and cotillons had disappeared, and as the waltz and quadrille were not yet in fashion, country dances and reels were universal. Sedan chairs were the general means of conveyance, as the entrance lobbies of the houses in the principal streets being of sufficient space to admit them, they were preferred to carriages, which occasioned exposure to the weather, causing great risk to the beautiful powdered head-dresses, decked out with ostrich feathers. Very long trains were universal in full dress, which gave great elegance and advantageous display to well-developed forms, and were managed with much grace

in dancing. The music was chiefly Scottish, the composition of Neil Gow, famed as the best and most spirited performer on the violin then in Scotland. It was the fashion on the marriage of any of the influential and leading classes for Neil Gow to compose, in honour of the lady, some air bearing her name, suitable either for a reel or a country dance; such as "Lady Charlotte Campbell's strathspey," "Lady Georgiana Gordon's reel," and so on. The assemblies were held in spacious rooms in George Street, and also in another assembly room in George's Square. This created great rivalry between the leaders of the *beau monde* residing in the New Town and those in the latter locality, which at length ended in the triumph of the former, and the sale of the assembly rooms in George's Square. The theatre was usually well attended, particularly on the Saturday evenings. This sounds strangely of a people so strict and stern in religious feeling and practice as the Scotch. The manager of the theatre was Stephen Kemble, the elder brother of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Stephen was an indifferent actor, of a figure so large and clumsy as enabled him to perform the part of Falstaff without stuffing; his voice, like that of all his family, was deep and sonorous, and his countenance capable of portraying deep and varied expressions; his acting was marred, not only by his awkward figure, but by a violence of gesticulation, and, as Hamlet expresses it,

"To tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,  
To split the ears of the groundlings."

His gifted brother and sister paid an annual visit to Edinburgh, where their appearance in several of their favourite characters ensured overflowing audiences, and a most comfortable addition to Stephen's exchequer.

At this period there were no watchmen in Edinburgh ; the only guardians of the public peace and safety being the town guard, of whom I have before made mention, and even their duty was only during the day. Not a sound of watchman's voice was to be heard throughout the night ; the inhabitants were then left to their own protection, and the streets, after midnight, were as silent as a city of the dead, excepting now and then an uproarious shout or bawling song from some jovial brother of the *toddy* bowl, wending his zigzag way to his home. Public conveyances consisted of hackney coaches and sedan chairs, within the town, in addition to which there were what were termed flys, and stage-coaches : there were also the London mail, and the Royal Charlotte, both drawn by four horses, and considered to make their journeys in a wonderfully expeditious manner. The former took the road through Berwick and York, carrying four inside, and one outside passenger, charging for the ticket £7 15s., and accomplishing the journey in three days and two nights. The Royal Charlotte followed the route by Coldstream, Cornhill, and Newcastle, and performed the journey in much the same time, but at a less charge. The public conveyances to the near neighbourhood of Edinburgh were heavy lumbering stage-coaches, drawn by two horses, and carrying six passengers inside, but with no accommodation for outsiders either on the roof or beside the driver. The rate of travelling by these vehicles was about three miles and a-half an hour, and they went between Musselburgh and Edinburgh four times in the day. There were also coaches to Leith. The journey to Glasgow (a much more serious affair) was accomplished in a post-chaise, with a pair of horses, and carrying three passengers, leaving Edinburgh in the morning,

and reaching the Kirk of Shotts in the evening; there the passengers slept, proceeding on their journey the following morning, and reaching Glasgow in the course of the afternoon. At the time of which I am writing, the pace began to be much accelerated, so that the distance was accomplished during the day. This continued to be the case till about fifteen years later, when a person of the name of Wordsworth, a native of Nottingham, settled in Edinburgh, and established himself as a horse-dealer and stage-coach proprietor; in which latter capacity he started the "Telegraph," a four-horse coach, to Glasgow, carrying four inside and four outside passengers; who, after breakfasting at Uphall, reached Glasgow about 2 P.M. The stage-coach to the Queen's Ferry, as I remember it in my boyhood, was the one so correctly and graphically described by Sir Walter Scott, in his delightful novel of "The Antiquary," and such may be taken as a type of the public means of travelling at that period in Scotland. There were two principal ferries across the Frith of Forth, viz., that of the Queen's Ferry, and the one from Leith to Kinghorn and Pettycur. The first was by large clumsy open boats, carrying a great square sail, and generally manned by three or four old men, who had, as it were, been born and bred at this ferry. They were usually an uncouth set, and much given to whiskey, and under no control except that which their interest demanded; very subservient and accommodating to the influential families residing in the neighbourhood, but, for the most part, uncivil to others: they were, however, skilful and hardy, and as the various and rapid runs of the tide, and a channel hampered with dangerous rocks, required a thorough knowledge of the navigation of the ferry, the public had, in a great measure, to submit to them.

During a period of many years only one accident had happened at the ferry, and I mention this as pointing out an instance where the interposition of Providence proved on what a slender thread hangs the life of man.

The father of the present Lord Gray, of Gray, when a young man, in proceeding from Kinfauns Castle (accompanied by his tutor) to Edinburgh, in order to pursue his collegiate studies, reached the Queen's Ferry at the moment when a boat laden with a number of cattle was leaving the pier to cross to the south side of the Frith. Mr. Gray immediately jumped on board, as also his tutor; but the latter, recollecting he had left his purse, containing a considerable sum, at the inn where their carriage drew up, stepped again on shore, at the same time requesting the boatmen to hold on until his return; this they refused to do, upon which Mr. Gray also landed, when the boat got under sail and proceeded. It was blowing hard at the time, with a heavy sea; a squall struck the boat, and the cattle pressing to leeward, caused the boat to capsize, when all on board were drowned.

The ferry from Leith to Kinghorn and Pettycur being six miles in extent, required a large class of vessels. They were of about fifty tons, sloop rigged, and well manned. The time of sailing from Leith was at nearly high water, and with the wind at any other quarter than north-north-east, they made the passage to Kinghorn in about an hour; sometimes, however, when it fell to a dead calm, or when it blew hard from the above point, the passage was very tedious, and as the cabin accommodation was rough and uncomfortable, the passengers were subjected to great annoyance and inconvenience, much aggravated by that terrible scourge sea-sickness, caused



by the heavy sea which came rolling up the Frith from the German Ocean.

The sedan chairs, which were in such constant requisition in Edinburgh, were stationed at the dwellings of their owners, which were generally in the lowest floors or stories at the several corners of the streets. The chairmen were universally Highlanders, principally from the braes of Athol and Badenoch—a strong and hardy set of men, universally honest and trustworthy: they, as it were, lived in the open air, and were always to be seen standing at the corner of the street adjoining their dwelling, and quite regardless of frost, snow, or cold. Their constant exposure to the weather seemed favourable to longevity, as they generally lived beyond the usual limits of life, so beautifully expressed by “the sweet singer of Israel.”

Edinburgh was at this time supplied with coals chiefly from the collieries of Sir Archibald Hope, near Musselburgh, the only mode of conveyance being by carts (direct from the pit’s mouth), which deposited their loads opposite to the dwellings of the purchasers, whence they were carried into the cellars by porters. The supply of water was very deficient; there was only one reservoir, near to the Castle Hill, from whence wooden pipes conveyed the water to the principal streets of the New Town; but the greater part of the Old Town was supplied by certain public wells, from whence the water was conveyed in small barrels, on men’s backs, to the different flats or *étages*, which, owing to the great height of the houses generally, was very laborious, and, in consequence, most expensive to the different inhabitants. I have already stated the extent of the New Town, which, as respected Queen Street, terminated to the eastward at North Street, David Street; beyond

this point the suburb of Broughton extended, including Picardy Place, so named from a body of French refugees, manufacturers of damask, having emigrated to Scotland and settled there on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That which is now York Place and Dundas Street were green fields; to the north, Bellevue, the residence of General Scott, of Balcombe, was situated, amidst park-like grounds extending to the village of Canon Mills. These are now covered with extensive streets, including Drummond Place, &c. An event connected with General Scott's establishment created great alarm in the winter of 1781. The "*chef de cuisine*"—predecessor of M. Baile—in the general's service (a Frenchman) was much addicted to gambling, to indulge which he proceeded, after his duties for the evening terminated, to a tavern situated in "Gabriel's Road," Edinburgh, where he was joined by those who, like himself, indulged to excess in the ruinous vice, and in which they appear to have passed the night. It is supposed that the unfortunate "chef" had, on one of these night orgies, been fortunate, and gained a large sum. Be that as it may, such is presumed to have been the cause of his murder by one or more of those gamblers who had lost their money to him. At early dawn the next morning his body was found at a small gate which opened into the grounds of Bellevue, with several deadly wounds upon it, and his pockets empty.

My predilection for the naval profession had been much increased and confirmed by my voyage to Petersburg; but "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream" about this time. My near relationship to the family of Stirling, of Keir, who possessed large estates in the Island of Jamaica, put a stop to my continuing in the navy, and fixed my future profession to be that

of a West Indian planter. This was occasioned by the arrival in England of my cousin Archibald Stirling, who immediately offered to my father to take me with him on his return to Jamaica, and to watch over and advance my interests in that path of life. Being naturally of an adventurous disposition, I at once acceded to my cousin's proposal,—but on the express condition that if, upon trial, I found the occupation of a planter distasteful to me, I was to be allowed to follow the original bent of my inclinations, and return to the navy. The requisite preparations for my outfit were forthwith commenced, and my passage taken in the ship *Lady Forbes*, of Leith, “letter of mark,” commanded by Captain Gourlay, one of the smartest seamen and most experienced navigators at that period in the mercantile marine. This was in the month of December, and, as the *Lady Forbes* was to sail in February, there was no time to lose in preparing for my departure. Both of my brothers happened to be then at home—the eldest had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the second that of major. This addition to the family circle was conducive of increased conviviality, and made the time pass cheerfully and swiftly away.

1804. At length the 8th of February, the day of my final departure, arrived; the *Lady Forbes* was to sail the following day. The taking leave of my father, whose constant companion I had been from my infancy, for whom I felt the warmest affection, and who, from his advanced age, I could not expect ever to see again, caused me heavy sorrow and a hard struggle; the parting also with my worthy old nurse Peggy, and her sobs and tears, almost unmanned me: seizing my father's hand, for *what proved to be the last time*, and giving poor Peggy a hearty kiss, and with a warm

adieu to my sisters, I quitted my happy home, with the "God bless you, my boy!" of my dear father, and "Oh, my bairn, dinna forget me!" of my loved old Peggy ringing in my ears. I joined my brothers at the house of Colonel Belches (who had ever been most kind to me, and presented a favourite terrier to me called Tom), from whence my brother Charles accompanied me to Leith, where Captain Dunbar, of the *Driver* sloop-of-war, met us, and embarked me on board his barge, which conveyed me alongside the *Lady Forbes*, in Leith Roads (then all ready for sea). There were several passengers on board, amongst whom were some elderly men returning again to Jamaica, after visiting their relatives in Scotland, and also young men proceeding, like myself, to join connexions there, and to fill situations already provided for them. The accommodation for passengers on board the *Lady Forbes* was very superior to most vessels at that period in the mercantile marine, and as I had a large cabin to myself, I was very comfortable. Being again afloat much mitigated the sorrow I felt at leaving home, and renewed my naturally buoyant spirits. The position of the anchorage of the *Lady Forbes* in Leith Roads commanded a full view of Edinburgh, and of the street in which my father's town house was situated; with a telescope I could see the drawing-room windows, and even fancied I could see my father himself looking through his glass at the *Lady Forbes*—so strongly was I impressed with this, that I sprang up the rigging and waved my hat. We remained at anchor all next day, and, as I considered myself an old sailor, I busied myself in looking through the ship, scanning the state of the rigging, and spinning yarns with the chief mate and the boatswain—both smart seamen. The crew were all able-

bodied, with the exception of three apprentices—active youngsters. Among the seamen were two who had been my shipmates in the *Iris* frigate, and had been paid off at the late peace; they soon made the rest of the crew acquainted with this fact, which caused me to be looked upon amongst them as a blue jacket, and not "a long shore landsman," for whom seamen have the greatest contempt. On the morning of the 10th of February the captain came on board, when the anchor was brought to the bows, and the ship got under weigh; the wind was from the south-west, with rain, which ceased towards noon, when the sun broke out brilliantly, and showed the magnificent position of Edinburgh, together with Arthur's Seat, and the other beautiful environs of Modern Athens. The coast of Fife also, along which we stood, lay basking in beauty: and, as we passed Wemyss Castle, I remembered that the unfortunate Mary Stuart's first interview with the luckless Darnley took place there. In passing Largo Bay, I thought of my relative Captain Philip Durham, whose father possessed the estate of Largo, and regretted that I was not with him on board his frigate the *Anson*, instead of proceeding to Jamaica to embark in a calling which might be distasteful to me. Then casting back a look at Auld Reekie, it might be for the last time, I obeyed the call to dinner, which, at my age, seldom came amiss, and was quickly responded to. Towards evening we were off the Isle of May, when a gun from the *Ranger* sloop-of-war caused our captain to give the order to heave-to; a boat from the *Ranger* was soon alongside, commanded by a lieutenant, who desired the crew of the *Lady Forbes* to be mustered, and of whom he made a very minute and rigorous inspection, after which he had some earnest conversation with Captain

Gourlay, and then descended into his boat and pulled off to rejoin his ship. Whilst on board our vessel all sail was again made, and we proceeded on our voyage.

Captain Gourlay had determined before leaving Leith to go what is termed "north about," instead of down the English Channel; a course was therefore shaped for the Orkney Islands, giving a wide berth to Rattern and Peter Head, on the coast of Banffshire, so as to have a good offing, which at this season of the year was very requisite, when heavy gales from the north-east were to be expected. This caused us to lose sight of the land—a novel thing to many of the passengers; and the weather being cold, with heavy falls of snow, much increased the discomfort of the land-lubbers. On the fifth day after quitting Leith Roads we sighted the land near Wick; it was covered with snow, and looked bleak and winterly. As Captain Gourlay intended to call at Stromness, it was requisite to cross the Pentland Frith, which, owing to the great rapidity of the tides setting in, both from the German Ocean and the Western Sea, occasions the navigation to be both difficult and dangerous, particularly as the set of the tide runs direct upon Pentland Skerries, a reef of rocks nearly in the midst of the east entrance to the Frith. A steady and brisk breeze of wind is therefore most requisite in order to ensure good steerage way and command of the ship, as a calm would leave her at the mercy of the tides, which frequently occasions shipwreck on the Skerries. The wind continued favourable as we coasted along the shores of Caitness, Noss Head, and Sinclair's Bay, and so on to Duncansby Head, the entrance of the Pentland Frith, where the dreaded Skerries, and the lighthouse upon them, came in view. The breeze being fresh, and every sail set, gave promise

of a rapid run across the Frith, and of reaching Stromness before evening ; but the old saying of “ the sea is uncertain as beauty’s smile ” was unfortunately verified in our case, for, soon after we entered the Frith, the wind entirely failed, and a dead calm ensued, which placed the good ship entirely at the mercy of the tide, before which she drifted in such a manner as to cause our captain great anxiety lest the *Lady Forbes* should prove another victim to those fatal Skerries. Many an eye was on the look-out even for a cat’s-paw of wind, and the slightest ripple on the water, and many a “ whistle and blow, good breeze ” was uttered by those who knew “ the dangers of the seas ; ” but all seemed in vain. At length I tried the experiment which sailors consider the last resource under such alarming circumstances, but in which they have great faith, of throwing a sixpence overboard ; and, strange to say, the enchantment seemed to work, for shortly afterwards a light breeze sprang up, the flapping topsails became filled, and the grin on the bluff, hardy countenance of the man at the wheel told there was good steerage way, and the ship under command. Every stitch of sail was set, and reef shaken out, in order to pass through the Frith before the tide turned, and began to flow from the westward ; the intention of calling at Stromness was abandoned, and a course due west was shaped. John o’ Groat’s House, on the Caithness coast, soon appeared, situated on a sandy bay, and the high land of Hoy, one of the Orkney Islands, in the distance. A signal gun was fired, which brought a pilot from Hoy to our assistance about nightfall, and the next morning I found, on coming on deck, the high land called “ the Old Man of Hoy ” was considerably astern of us, and the *Lady Forbes* plunging the fair countenance of her figure head in the blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

The ship was now hove to, and guns fired for a boat to take the pilot on shore. It was a considerable time before the boat was seen approaching, during which the poor old pilot was in sad terror, for Captain Gourlay threatened to square yards and proceed on our voyage, which would have perilled the carrying the old pilot to Jamaica—unless, indeed, we chanced to fall in with a homeward-bound vessel to convey him on his return to his Highland home. I never witnessed such relief from despair and fulness of joy as the old man's countenance portrayed, when going over the ship's side into the boat alongside, or the hearty cheers which his companion and himself gave when wishing us a good voyage. As soon as the boat was cast off, studding sails a'low and a'loft were set, and we went rejoicing on our seaward path. Towards evening we passed the desolate rocky islets of Barra and Rona, on which it is to be feared many a gallant ship has been wrecked, and many a brave heart found a watery grave. The situation of these rocky isles is in the Atlantic, forty miles due north from the Island of Lewis, and in the direct fair way of vessels steering for the entrance to the Minch; they are uninhabited, and only visited in summer by boatmen from the Hebrides, or the mainland of Sutherland, for the purpose of collecting the feathers and eggs from the nests of the sea-birds. As the evening closed in dark and gloomy, with an increasing gale, all on board felt happy when we left these islets far astern. During the night it continued to blow hard, but, as the wind was fair, and most of the landsmen had recovered from the scourge of sea-sickness, all turned out next morning in high spirits, and collected on the fore-castle, listening to the song of—

“The harder it blows,  
The faster she goes—  
So cheer up, my jolly brave boys !”



which the blue jackets are so fond of singing when the wind is fair. In a few days we got into the track of the homeward-bound, when a sharp look-out was necessary, in order to avoid either running on board or being run on board of, which must be the case when, as with us, vessels bowling along with a fair wind and squared yards are crossed by those taut-hauled and beating against a head wind—this, of all situations, tries Jack's temper, and makes him sulky and savage. A proof of this soon occurred to us. Night had set in dark as Erebus; my fellow passengers and myself, together with the captain, were sitting in the cabin, some engaged in reading, and others playing at backgammon and other games: all at once we heard a running about on deck, and the officer of the watch giving orders in a loud and hurried tone. Captain Gourlay immediately jumped up and ascended to the deck, where we all instantly followed, when we perceived a large ship so close to us that we could hear the voices of those on board; she was on a wind, close hauled, with the intention of passing under our stern, but, from keeping a bad look-out, was too near when she observed us; it was therefore with the greatest difficulty that she effected her purpose, in doing which she almost scraped our stern, and was so close that we saw by the light of her binnacle several persons on her quarter-deck, amongst them no doubt was her captain, to whom Captain Gourlay addressed, in no very gentle terms, his opinion of his lubberly conduct.

A fortnight had elapsed after this when we passed out of the variables into the trade winds, and experienced a delightful change in the temperature, from the cold breezes of the north to the sunny warmth of an approach to the equator. It was then for the first

time I saw flights of flying-fish, of which I had oftentimes read—some of them fell into the mainchains of the rigging. Another interesting sight was the appearance of dolphins, so often described and even sung by ancient poets, whose ever-varying tints and hues shine and gleam forth so brilliantly when in their native element, but entirely disappear when withdrawn from it. We also soon observed the dorsal fin of that tiger of the sea, the shark, who kept in the wake of the ship and made a prize of all the offal thrown overboard, but which led to his destruction through the temptation of an enticing piece of fat pork, within which was concealed a large barbed hook: we soon perceived him rush towards and swallow the bait, when it was “man the rope” and “haul away,” which we did with a will, and soon the huge monster was alongside, plunging and struggling fiercely. It required great caution in hoisting him up and laying him on deck, as a blow from the tail of these monsters is sufficient to knock down a man, and break limbs. A smashing blow of a hatchet soon rendered the creature powerless, and the knives of the crew speedily dispatched him. He was about ten feet in length, and the horrible display of his double row of teeth showed the certain death to any unfortunate victim who might come within his power. Some portions of the monster carcase were cooked and eaten by the crew, to whom any kind of fresh food was a welcome change from the daily salt beef and pork. Occasionally bonittas were seen around us, and now and then the harpoon was successful in securing one, which was a treat to the passengers as well as the crew, since their flesh is very palatable. Flights of Mother Cary’s chickens were daily in sight, to the great disgust of the blue jackets, as such generally betokens a gale of wind.

It is an extraordinary fact that these birds, found as they are thousands of miles from any land, must continually find their nutriment on the great ocean, and have no other place for rest or sleep than the stormy wave; the mystery is, where do they deposit their eggs and hatch them? All these occurrences, together with what is called shooting the sun (taking an observation at noon), to determine the latitude, and working the ship's course, gave me varied occupation and amusement. My daily walk up to the foretop-sail-yard was a favourite pastime, where I sat sweeping the horizon in the hope of discovering a sail, that I might have the satisfaction of being the first to sing out, "A sail on the starboard bow!" or on whatever quarter I perceived it.

As we got further south, the starry firmament increased in magnificence, and the brightness of the moonlight made our nights a second day. There were one or two good fiddlers amongst the steerage passengers who were in constant requisition, and to whose inspiring strains reels, country dances, and the Highland fling were danced from stem to stern with great mirth. As we drew near the line, or tropic, all those who had never crossed it looked forward with some dread to the rough ceremonies and homage which his godship Neptune demanded on that occasion. I made up my mind to conciliate the briny tyrant through the medium of a golden tribute. A series of provoking calms intervened, which are certainly much worse to endure than all the annoyances of a gale of wind. We also crossed occasionally the gulf stream, the cause of which has given occasion to much discussion amongst scientific men. It is easily distinguished by the quantity of what is termed gulf weed floating on it, and by a considerable ripple, which often causes alarm from the

fear that it betokens sunken rocks beneath : on one occasion, this was so marked that Captain Gourlay showed considerable anxiety, and had the lead hove. This is not to be wondered at, as, in all the charts of the Atlantic Sea, there are numbers of rocks laid down, the positive position of which has never been ascertained, although great exertions and pains have been taken by the commanders of vessels cruising for the express purpose ; yet there are nautical men who still contend for such being in existence, and as many ships, after leaving their port of departure, are never more heard of, it would give cause for a supposition whether some, at all events, of these missing ships may not have struck and foundered on some of these unknown rocks.

The anxiously-expected day on which the line was to be crossed at length arrived. Early in the morning the hatches and the door leading to the passengers' cabins were shut and secured ; presently we heard the ship hailed in a very loud and rough voice, with an order to heave to, which was immediately obeyed ; there was then a loud stamping on deck, and the marching about of many men : all this increased the fears and alarm of the passengers and fresh-water sailors amongst them. In a few minutes the door of the companion, at the top of the stairs leading from the cabins to the deck, was opened, when an awful and solemn voice proclaimed that his godship Neptune had come on board, to confer the freedom of the sea on those who had never before entered his dominions, and amongst the others, I was ordered to ascend to the deck to receive such. I was thereupon blindfolded, led up stairs and seated on a piece of board which was placed across a large tub filled with an abominable mixture of dirty water and other nastiness. As I had mollified his godship with my golden

offering, I escaped all the other ceremonies, excepting the semblance of being shaved with a piece of rusty hoop, and of having a brush full of tar thrust into my mouth when I replied to the interrogatories of Neptune as to my age, the place of my birth, &c., when my after freedom to all the privileges of the sea was solemnly pronounced by his godship. I was let down from my seat on the tub without being soused in its filthy contents, the bandage with which my eyes had been blinded was removed, and I reached the quarter-deck amidst buckets of sea-water thrown on me from all sides. I then witnessed the ordeal passed through by others, which was in many instances very severe, particularly to those of the crew who had for the first time crossed the line.

In about ten days afterwards, all on board began to talk of sighting land, and Captain Gourlay shaped his course for the Island of Martinique, which, although to the southward of Jamaica, he preferred to entering the Carribean Sea by the channel leading past the various islands of St. Croix, Guadaloupe, &c. The looking out for this promised land became the daily occupation of all those who, like myself, could mount and perch upon the foretop-sail and topgallant yards. One of the crew was constantly stationed on the foretop-mast crosstrees for the like purpose; and anxiously did he keep a look-out, as a bottle of rum was the guerdon to him who first sung out, "Land!" At length at sunset, on the evening of the 28th of March, the joyful announcement was received, when every eye was strained to catch a sight of it, but in vain; even with telescopes nothing was discernible—it was only the practised eye of a seaman which could distinguish it from the clouds: all therefore retired to the cabin, and passed the evening as

usual. I was up next morning by day-dawn; but I might as well have remained in bed, as, in spite of the wish of the officer on deck to point out to me that which he called land, I saw only a dull leaden bank of cloud and fog: I therefore returned to my cabin much disgusted, proceeded to dress, and remained reading till daylight brightened up, and the rising sun tinged what to my sight still appeared clouds. On going on deck again these all melted away, and the land of Martinique was plainly visible—even the mountains and valleys were easily distinguishable, and, as the ship stood on nearer to the land, I observed many buildings, around which, sloping to the sea, were extensive fields of bright green, which the captain informed me were sugar-canes. All appeared most beautiful, and gave me a pleasant anticipation of what I should see on reaching Jamaica; and, high as my ideas were then raised, they were afterwards fully realized by the magnificence and richness of the mountain and valley scenery of the islands within the tropics. At noon of the same day we neared the Diamond Rock. Towards sunset we saw the Island of St. Lucia to the westward, when a course was laid to make St. Domingo.

Hitherto all on board had been “merry as a marriage bell”—fore and aft cheerfulness and good temper were universal, but now a serious and alarming interruption took place. On the afternoon of the day the events of which I have just been narrating, two of the crew were ordered to repair some of the netting on the starboard side of the quarter-deck; the passengers were lounging about, whilst I was larking with old Gillespie (a fellow-passenger now on his return to Jamaica, after paying a last visit to Dunblane, the place of his birth, in Scotland). Captain Gourlay was sitting reading near to

where the two men were at work, when, on a sudden, he jumped up, seized one of them, and with tremendous force hurled him off the quarter-deck; the other instantly ran forward, shouting to others of the crew to stand by him and his shipmate against the —— tyrant of a skipper. General confusion was the consequence; a rush was made by the crew, headed by the two men, who evidently intended to cause a mutiny; all the passengers and ship's officers, as also the boatswain, carpenter, &c., rallied round the captain. On the first instant of the row, I jumped down into the captain's cabin, seized his cutlass and handed it to him, at the same time with the other passengers laying hold of the boarding-pikes, and any other weapons within reach, when the captain, followed by us, ran full tilt at the mutineers, who fortunately lost courage, turned tail, and ran forward. Captain Gourlay, who was a most powerful and determined man, made a cut at the leading mutineer, which, had it taken effect, would have cleft his skull in twain; but, luckily for himself, the man at that moment wheeled round, and the cutlass, instead of entering the man's skull, buried itself firmly into the fife-rail, which divides the quarter-deck from the main-deck, from whence it required great strength to draw it out. Most of the crew had by this time taken refuge in the fore-castle, from whence they were ordered up, man by man, and questioned by the captain as to the cause of their mutinous conduct; all of them at once declared they had been moved to it by the two men who had been at work on the quarter-deck, and who had been constantly urging them to resist the captain and officers, and stand up for what they called sailor's rights. Upon this the two leaders of the mutiny were put in irons, and the rest of the crew, after expressing

regret for their conduct, were ordered to return to their duty. In the evening, Captain Gourlay recalled to our remembrance the circumstance of an officer from the *Ranger* sloop-of-war having boarded the *Lady Forbes* at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, and that the cause of his doing so was information which had been transmitted from the Admiralty to Captain Clements, commanding at Leith, that two of the men who had been on board the *Hermione* when the crew rose against their officers and murdered them were supposed to be in Leith, with the intention of seeking employment in some ship fitting out for sea. The captain also said that he and his officers had been constantly watching the conduct of the two men before referred to, and, from expressions made use of by them, and their insolent and saucy conduct to Mr. Lamb, the chief officer, on the previous evening, when Martinique was sighted, he was convinced the suspicions of their having been the mutineers of the *Hermione* were correct, and he had purposely ordered them to the work on the quarter-deck that he might watch their expressions and conduct. We all felt most thankful that through the determined spirit and energy of Captain Gourlay we had escaped the great peril of the mutiny which had been threatened, and most willingly agreed to his request that we (the passengers) should assist in keeping watch over the scoundrels in irons until we reached Jamaica: we therefore divided our numbers into three watches, and, with a brace of pistols in our belts, and a cutlass sharp as a razor in hand, we entered upon the duty most willingly. The first watch commenced at 8 P. M., and so on until eight in the morning, when daylight and sunshine rendered a continuance of it unnecessary.

A few days after this exciting circumstance we made



Jacmel, in the Island of St. Domingo, and afterwards L'Isle La Vache, near Cape Tiburon, off which we fell in with three French frigates, one of which stood towards us, fired, and hoisted her colours. We replied by running up a swaggering ensign at the mizen-peak, and stood on for Jamaica. The French frigates were of a large class, but, in the opinion of our blue jackets, very clumsily handled—which proved to be the case, for, shortly afterwards, I read in the Jamaica paper that two out of the three had run ashore and been wrecked near Cape Tiburon.

Our voyage was now drawing to a close, and although the prospect of being again on *terra firma* is generally cheery, yet, as regarded myself, I cannot say I participated warmly in this feeling. I had passed a very happy time, and being devoted to the profession of a sailor, I would rather have continued as I then was than encounter the disappointments and trials which I should probably meet with in the new life upon which I was about to enter; but the time had gone past for such thoughts, and I therefore determined to put “a stout heart to a stiff bray,” and cheerfully to meet the future.

On the evening of the 2nd of April land came in sight, which proved to be Carrion Crow Hill, on the east end of Jamaica. All was hurry, bustle, and excitement amongst the passengers; as several of them were to be landed at different points ere we reached Falmouth Harbour, our ultimate destination. Next morning, on going on deck, we were close in with Annatto Bay, and for the first time, I may say, the Island of Jamaica lay before me in all its beauty. Numerous plantations, with their vivid green fields and bright white buildings, extended along the sea-shore, rising gradually upwards to gentle eminences, clothed

with park-like groves of trees, the deep green foliage of which gave promise of cool retreats from the fervid glare and heat of the torrid sunbeams. In the distance appeared the magnificent and lofty range of the Blue Mountains, rising to an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea. As the ship stood on, we saw many vessels beating to windward against the sea-breeze, which sets in about 9 A.M., much to the refreshment of the land population, who, in allusion to its invigorating powers, call it "the doctor;" it decreases in strength towards the afternoon, when it dies away entirely, and is succeeded by the land-wind—a merciful dispensation of Providence, which moderates the temperature, and enables those who come from northern climes to enjoy sleep.

On approaching Port Maria, in the parish of St. Mary's, we were brought to by the *Shark* brig of war, from whence an officer pulled alongside and boarded us. After a conversation with our captain, the two mutineers were removed from the quarter-deck, still handcuffed, and placed under the charge of the lieutenant of the *Shark*, who ordered them into the boat, and cast off from the *Lady Forbes*. I was much struck with the pale and sickly faces of the boat's crew—so different from my previous experience of sailors, and more particularly of my former shipmates in the *Iris* frigate. I afterwards learnt that the yellow fever had been very prevalent and destructive to the officers and crews of the men-of-war on the Jamaica station.

Several of my fellow-passengers, both cabin and steerage, landed at Annatto Bay. One of the latter was a stout, hearty man from the braes of Angus. On conversing with him during the passage, he told me he had been prosecuted for poaching, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine, which was commuted on his consenting to

emigrate to Jamaica. I pitied him exceedingly, as he spoke of his wife and bairns with much affection; and with tears running down his cheeks, he said to me, as I shook hands with him when he was about to leave the ship, "God bless ye, sir, wi' health and prosperity. If it hadna been for this limmer o' a gun" (holding up a fowling-piece), "I might hae been e' now wi' the gude wife and bonnie bairns, who I'll ne'er see mair." The poor fellow's words were prophetic, as I afterwards ascertained he died of yellow fever within a month after he landed.

The beauty of the country increased as we ran along the coast, passing Ochio Rios, St. Anne's Bay, Rio Bono, and many other small harbours. On the morning of the 4th of April, we reached the harbour of Falmouth, our destination. The entrance to it is difficult and dangerous (occasioned by a reef of rocks called the "Triangles"), and requires the experience of a pilot to convey the ship in safety into port. We waited, therefore, until Mr. Mayne, a pilot much respected, boarded us, and took command of the ship. The crew of his boat were all negroes—stout, hearty fellows—between whom and some of our sailors much chaffing and fore-castle wit passed. The pilot ordered the yards to be squared, and, in a brief space of time, the reef was passed, and the anchor let go in Falmouth Harbour.

After the ship was properly moored, and the greater number of the passengers had gone ashore, I landed with the captain, and proceeded to call upon Mr. Morison, a very old and respected friend of my relatives A. and R. Stirling. I was received with much kindness. He informed me that my cousin Robert Stirling was not yet returned from their estate in St. Mary's, but that their friend Mr. Baillie was ex-

pecting me. Captain Gourlay therefore piloted me to Mr. Baillie's house, where I was warmly welcomed by that gentleman, who invited me to remain as his visitor until Robert Stirling returned to his residence at Hamden.

Mr. Baillie's house was nearly the largest and handsomest in Falmouth. He filled the important and responsible situation of receiver-general of taxes, was also a magistrate, and one of the leading men in this district. He lived in excellent style. His establishment was presided over by an unmarried sister, from whom I experienced great kindness. On the whole, my first impressions and anticipations of my new sphere of life were favourable; and anything like home-sickness never intermixed with my feelings. It was not long before I strolled into the streets to look about me, and observe the peculiarities of the new scene with which I was surrounded.

There appeared to be several large shops, or, in Jamaica parlance, "stores," all open in front, and apparently filled with an *omnium gatherum*, consisting of silk mercery, woollen and linen drapery, hardware, saddlery, groceries, &c. I observed in some of the larger of the stores several gentlemen, who I opined were leading men in the country, carrying on a lively conversation, which, doubtless, was increased by potations of *sansgaree*, which was freely circulating amongst them. Their costume was of an airy and light description, consisting of white trousers and waistcoats, with coats of nankin and other light fabrics. They all wore hats with large broad brims, and, in one or two cases, the crown was raised above the brim by light wire or whalebone, thus admitting the air freely to the top of their *caputs*. There appeared to be much bustle

and excitement generally in the streets, which I found was occasioned by the expected arrival at Falmouth of the governor, Sir George Nugent, who had been lately appointed, and was on a tour of inspection round the island. Admiral Sir John Duckworth, who was in command of the fleet on the Jamaica station, was also expected to arrive with several ships of war.

Mr. Baillie filling, next to the custos or lord-lieutenant, the highest civil office, and also from being in command of the fort of Falmouth, prepared to lead the festivities by giving a ball on the evening of the day of the public banquet given to the governor and admiral by the *élite* of the Falmouth community. There was also to be a review of the Trelawny Militia, and other gay doings. All therefore was preparation and expectation, in which I fully participated, by assisting Miss Baillie in the decoration of the ball and supper-rooms, and witnessing the arrival of the men-of-war in the offing, and the preparations for the review.

I have mentioned Mr. Baillie's being commandant of the fort, which was situated so as to overlook the harbour, and prevent ships going to sea whose captains had omitted to pay the harbour dues. Mr. Baillie caused preparations to be made to fire a salute on the arrival of his excellency, which occasioned much alarm to Miss Baillie for the safety of the windows in her brother's house, several of which were glazed—a very unusual comfort at that time in Jamaica, except in Kingston. At length the governor arrived, escorted by Sir John Duckworth and his squadron, which came to an anchor off the harbour. Orders were immediately given for the review, and the final arrangements for the banquet and ball were completed.

I accompanied Miss Baillie to the review in her

“catherine,” a carriage nearly similar to a gig, but with a roof raised on rods, to give protection from the sun. The review was held in the vicinity of the town. The regiment of militia was drawn out in line, with a troop of light dragoons (also militia) on its right. There was a large concourse of spectators, white and black, the latter of whom appeared to enjoy the sight with a gaiety far exceeding that of their white brethren. There were several stands of gingerbread, cocoa-nuts, mangoes, &c., the sable owners of which pressed their wares with an excessive chattering, *empressement*, and exhilaration, which showed forth their white teeth brilliantly. The governor was accompanied by a numerous mounted staff, and also by the admiral, who, however, did not venture on horseback, preferring the safety of a catherine. Several of the captains and junior officers of the squadron were also present, and the young middies, with their usual devil-me-care fun, which was particularly relished and applauded by the female portion of the sable spectators. I should have delighted to join them, but my dignity and the position I filled as *cavalier servant* to Miss Baillic, forbade it. The review went off as most reviews do, with marching past and other trifling manœuvres, and concluded with firing by companies and a general volley, much to the derangement of the light dragoons, many of whose horses were seen galloping about the field without their cavaliers.

Whilst driving about the ground, I met with an old schoolfellow, who had, like myself, just landed in Jamaica from Scotland. He was with his uncle, Mr. Munroe, who chanced to be an intimate friend of my cousins; and, on Robert Scott introducing me to him, he immediately gave me a pressing invitation

to accompany Scott to his estate of Kinloss, and to remain there until my cousins returned to Hamden. Mr. Muuroe enforced his kind invitation by saying, "You must not remain in Falmouth, which, to a *Johnny Newcome*, is attended with the usual risk of a town." Mr. Baillie coincided in this opinion. It was therefore fixed that I should leave Falmouth for Kinloss the morning after the ball.

The banquet was a grand affair, and, as the term now is, came off brilliantly. It was given in the hall of the Court House, a spacious room, and what is of great consequence in the tropics, well ventilated and cool. Mr. Stewart, the *custos rotulorum* of the county of Cornwall (an office similar in importance to that of lord-lieutenant in England), presided, having the governor on his right and the admiral on his left. There was a very numerous attendance of the principal proprietors and inhabitants of Trelawny and the adjoining parish of St. James's. Mr. Baillie placed me next to himself at table, and, as he sat near the governor, I heard all the speeches and introduction to toasts, to which I listened with a mixture of admiration and awe. It was the first assemblage of the kind I had (as the French say) assisted at, and I felt exceedingly gratified at being present. As soon as the healths of the governor and admiral had been given and acknowledged, they bowed and retired, which was the signal for the general breaking up of the party.

I accompanied Mr. Baillie home, soon after which the saloons and ball-room were lighted up, and every preparation completed for the reception of the invited. On the entrance of the governor, the band of the 55th regiment (lately arrived from England) struck up the national anthem, when dancing commenced,

and was kept up with great spirit. French cotillons had gone out, and the quadrille, the waltz, and the polka, were yet in the womb of time. The good old country dances, therefore, were the order of the evening, diversified occasionally by highland reels, danced *con amore* by the fair daughters and hardy sons of the Gael. The morning hours were far advanced ere the joyous throng separated; and I, thoroughly tired out, gladly sought my pillow, where, protected by gauze netting from the merciless mosquitoes, I slept soundly, and awoke, next morning, with the pleasing anticipation of my ride to Kinloss, and my visit there.

I have mentioned that the 55th regiment had but lately arrived from England. A large detachment of them were quartered at Falmouth. They were mostly fine, strong, hearty men; and their ruddy cheeks and healthy looks appeared in strong contrast with the pale wan complexions and listless gait of those who were old residents under the wasting sun of a tropical climate. I used to watch the men of the 55th as they were marched, every morning, to the beach, where they were soon in *puris naturalibus*, plunging and swimming about in the cool waters of the sea, without any fear of sharks, against whose attacks they were protected by a cordon of boats, which were kept rowing about outside and to seaward of where the soldiers were bathing.

Another and most painful sight I was also a witness to, the daily passing by of a band of negroes who had been landed from a Liverpool Guinea-man the same week as the arrival of the *Lady Forbes*. There were both males and females amongst them. I perceived, with astonishment, no appearance of sorrow or unhappiness at their degraded and, what seemed to me, miserable condition. On the contrary, they all appeared to



be merry and cheerful, and, with that volubility so characteristic of the negro race, they kept up a noisy chattering, intermixed with laughter. They were composed of Cormantees and Eboes—the former tall and muscular, and of a determined and fiery temper; the latter much quieter and more tractable, but of a less powerful frame.

My friend Scott called for me the morning after the ball, and together we set out for Kinloss, Mr. Munroe having kindly mounted me. Mr. Baillie endeavoured to persuade us to defer setting out until the evening, when the heat of the day would be moderated; but like all youngers, full of buoyant spirits, we defied the sun, and rejected his advice. We started about noon, and went on our way rejoicing. We soon cleared the dusty streets of Falmouth, and proceeded to Martha Bray (of which Falmouth is the seaport). The road was bounded on the left by an extensive wooded marsh, through which ran a considerable river, which, rising in the interior and passing Martha Bray, falls into the sea at Falmouth. On the right were the cane-fields (or, as they are called, pieces) of the Holland estate, with the buildings and sugar-works. This is considered to be a very unhealthy station, and, indeed, it cannot be otherwise, as the cane-pieces as well as the buildings are on a dead flat, and exposed to the full influence of the miasma rising out of the marsh immediately in front. Soon after passing Holland, we heard uproarious peals of laughter, accompanied with loud and incessant chattering, the cause of which was soon apparent by the appearance of an infinite number of laundresses, who were carrying on their operations on the borders, or rather within the waters of the flowing stream; and by their mirth and hilarity, seemed greatly to enjoy their

occupation. They possessed a power of chaffing equal to any number of London cabmen, and shouted out their fun and jokes at us as we passed. The method of performing their work was most favourable to the destruction of linen, cotton, and other fabrics, inasmuch as not making use of any boiling water, but merely placing the garment they had been washing in the river, on a flat stone, they pounded away upon it without mercy, either with a wooden beetle or another smooth stone. Leaving these merry sable damsels to the enjoyment of their sayings and doings, we trotted on to Martha Bray, situated on a rising ground, or rather ridge, and containing several handsome houses, the residences of gentlemen engaged in commerce at Falmouth, but preferring to reside with their families in this agreeable locality, rather than in the hot and dusty streets of that town.

After passing Martha Bray, we crossed the river by a massive stone bridge, to the left of which appeared the house and buildings of Irvine Tower estate, surrounded by extensive and thriving cane-pieces, in which I saw, for the first time, a numerous gang (as it is termed) of negroes at work amongst the canes: the gang included both males and females; they were under the supervision of a principal negro, and also of a person called a book-keeper, whose pale face and superior dress at once proclaimed his European origin. He did not appear to be endued with either activity or energy, but, under the protection of an enormous broad-brimmed hat, seemed resting on support of a stick; the negroes, on the contrary, were laughing and joking with each other, and every now and then gave out the refrain of one of their songs to a very melodious air. The fences of the cane-pieces were low stone walls,

on the top of which were planted the pinguin, whose sharp protruding prickles formed an excellent and efficient fence against all intruders, whether bipeds or quadrupeds. I observed that the canes were in different stages, some just appearing above the ground, other patches in a more advanced state, while in larger numbers of the cane-pieces, the canes had been recently cut and gathered, and were already manufactured into sugar. As we proceeded, the day began to change, heavy black clouds appeared, evidently threatening both rain and thunder; we therefore increased our pace, as it is very unsafe for those who have freshly arrived to be exposed to getting wet. My friend Scott, who was acquainted with the road, having journeyed along it previously, on his way to Kinloss, urged our making all dispatch to reach Gloucester estate, where we might shelter until the storm had passed. Fortunately we effected this, and trotted into the yard of the buildings just as the rain began to descend, and without ceremony or apology, we entered the overseer's house. He was at dinner, and two book-keepers with him; he appeared a most uncouth person, and his manners were little superior to those of a common mechanic or labourer. He made no offer of hospitality, which we did not regret, as his dinner was composed of salt herrings and a piece of salt beef; there were neither vegetables nor bread on the table, the place of the latter was supplied by what in Jamaica is called bread-kind, viz., plantain, cut in an unripe state, and when used are roasted; they are very indigestible, and it requires time to be accustomed to them. Decanters of rum and lime-juice were there, which, when mixed together and sweetened, form a most agreeable beverage; but that which appeared to be in the highest estimation,

was London porter, of which the surly overseer and his two aids partook with intense gusto.

The moment the rain ceased we proceeded on our way, and soon entered the valley in which Kinloss, as well as several other estates, is situated. It was bounded on all sides by hills of a moderate height, on the slopes of which were cane-pieces interspersed with woodlands, still uncleared, and in their primeval state; and where the cotton, mahogany, and bread-fruit trees, as well as the cocoa-palm, grew in all their natural beauty and magnificence. The largest estate which we passed was called Duin Vale (Celtic for the dark or shut-in vale). It belonged to a Mr. Campbell, and had been long a family possession. Kinloss, and another estate at the upper embouchure of the vale, called Gibraltar, had also belonged to the same family, who settled in Jamaica soon after the troubles of 1715, and had received a grant of uncleared land, and almost unapproachable from the more settled districts, the only route being through primeval forests, and over a very rugged and hilly country. It was here, with that inexhaustible love of country and a mountain home, so unfailing in the heart of a true Highlander, that the progenitor of the present proprietor settled, and named the home of his exile the Duin Vale. And truly it must have been, at that period, both dark and shut in, before they began to clear it. Soon after passing Duin Vale we reached Kinloss, situated on the same ridge, and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Munroe with great kindness. As it was my first peep into the mode of living on a plantation, and as my future course of life might be intimately connected with it, I looked at all with anxious interest. The house (or, as it is ever called in Jamaica, the "great house," to dis-

tinguish it from the one inhabited by the overseer) was an erection of considerable extent, built entirely of wood, with a shingle roof. A verandah ran along one front, from which the hall, or principal apartment, entered, and out of which were the doors leading to the bedrooms. There were no ceilings to any of the apartments, neither were the windows glazed, merely having what are called "jalousies," or wooden shutters, similar to those used in Spain and Italy, and which can be opened or shut in such a degree as suits the inclination of the occupier of the apartments.

The view from the principal front of the house commanded a long stretch of the valley, and a range of precipitous hills, covered from the margin of the valley to the summit with a dense mass of primeval forest, within which the foot of man had never trod. From the other front of the house appeared extensive canepieces, which covered the rising ground, and as the crop was then being gathered, there was a large gang of negroes busily at work in that important and anxious occupation. Dinner was served soon after our arrival, and afforded me an insight into the usual family *ménage* of a planter. As fresh beef, or any other butcher's meat, would not, of course, keep under a tropical sun, and was therefore seldom attainable above once a week, the resources of the larder were limited to poultry and occasionally pork (the negroes being allowed to raise pigs), the deficiency being supplied by salt provisions, imported principally from Cork, and other parts of Ireland. The chief vegetables were yams and sweet potatoes, and there was no bread on the dinner-table but bread-kind and roasted plantains. In the second course, pies, or puddings, made of pumpkins, were standing dishes; and the fruits of the country made

delicious preserves. We had shaddocks, oranges, &c., for desert, and Madeira as the only wine, but accompanied with what is called "beverage" (lime-juice sweetened, to which is added a small portion of rum). Two active young negroes acted as butler and footman, and performed the duties exceedingly well. They were clothed in white cotton trowsers, and a jacket, or frock, of the same material, and were without either shoes or stockings, such being the general costume of house servants, excepting in towns, when a jacket of cloth is substituted for the white cotton. As the dinner hour was four o'clock, and there was no sitting over our wine, Scott and I sallied out to the cane-pieces, and afterwards to the sugar-works, where I saw, for the first time, the process of manufacturing sugar; we afterwards walked towards some woodland skirting a field of Indian corn, out of which we flushed a large flock of paroquets, which flew away across the valley, screaming and chattering as only paroquets can scream and chatter. It was sunset when we turned towards home, and as in those latitudes there is no twilight, but day at once sinks into night, we were lighted by the moon, whose light was nearly as clear and bright as the day. We were soon at the tea-table of our kind host and hostess, from whence we ere long adjourned to the shelter of our mosquito curtains.

Before dawn the next morning, I was awoke by a noise similar to the sound of a horn or trumpet, which is produced from blowing a conch shell (hence called shell-blow); having slept soundly, I jumped up and dressed, which operation was expedited by my not having yet been subjected to the tyranny of shaving. Ere I had completed my toilette, the dawn (which is equally as brief as the twilight) had given place to the rising

sun, "who came forth in all his glory, as a bridegroom from his chamber, rejoicing to run his course." Before breakfast, I walked to the works, where all was activity in carting canes from the fields to the mill, where they are ground, and the expressed juice conveyed to the boiling house. I ascertained that the work goes on (except the carting) through the whole night during the gathering of the crop, the negroes being told off into gangs, to be on working duty on alternate nights; but on this subject I shall enter more at length hereafter. At eight o'clock breakfast was served; consisting of the usual bread-kind, of roasted plantains, also yams and sweet potatoes, together with small round cakes, called journey-cakes, made of flour similar to scones of barley-meal in Scotland. There were also eggs and salt herrings, with excellent home-grown coffee; but tea was not at that time in general use.

After breakfast, Mr. Munroe retired to his counting-house, accompanied by my friend Scott, who was now to commence his duties as clerk to his uncle. Being thus left to my own devices, I sat down to relate to my dear father all that occurred to me since we parted (alas! for ever and aye) in the previous February. The view from my own room was delightful. The valley lay below, through which ran the public road, and where, every now and then, might be discerned travellers of every hue pursuing their way under the glare of the tropical sun. In front, my eye rested on the precipitous range of hills, covered with trees clothed with the richest foliage, amongst which occasionally appeared precipices of limestone. The air was quite still—not a sound was heard except when a flight of screaming paroquets flew across the valley, and took refuge within the dark shades of the opposite forest.

At noon the shell-blow was again heard announcing to the negroes the hour of dinner and of rest from their labours, and also changing the hands in the boiling-house.

On returning to the verandah, I found Mrs. Munroe surrounded by several negro children, to whom she was imparting instruction in needlework. They were merry little beings, and treated with great kindness by their benevolent mistress. After regaling on some shaddocks and oranges, accompanied by a little American biscuit called "crackers" (which are much and deservedly esteemed), by way of luncheon, I took my gun, and set off for the cane-pieces, hoping to get a shot at the paroquets. The sun was unclouded, but I felt no more inconvenience in walking under its blaze than if I had been under the sun of old Scotland.

In proceeding through the cane-pieces, my dog Tom, a constant attendant, who was ranging amongst the canes, gave tongue. I therefore kept a sharp look-out, expecting a rat to bolt across the road which divided the cane-pieces (denominated an "interval"), when, to my surprise, I perceived a black snake, of considerable size, glide from amongst the canes, and endeavour to cross the road. I immediately fired, which put an end to his travels. Tom sprung out of the canes, but would not do more than bay at the snake. On ascertaining it was quite dead, I took it up, and examined its mouth, within which I discovered two fangs. I was informed, however, that being perfectly free from poison, they are quite innocuous and harmless, as are all other of that tribe of reptiles in Jamaica. After this novel rencontre, I walked forward, taking care to keep Tom at heel, and avoid making the slightest noise; but it was all in vain, for the paroquets flew up



from among the corn-stalks and far out of shot, and as usual, screaming, took their flight across the valley. After experience told me of the extreme wariness of these birds, and of their always providing for their safety whilst on feed, by placing sentinels on the adjacent trees. After days of continual toil, I only shot one. The labour of stalking them is almost more fatiguing than stalking red deer on the Highland hills.

My visit to Kinloss extended to the 4th of May, during which I became acquainted with many of the neighbouring families, amongst whom was a Mrs. Campbell and her two daughters. The youngest I greatly admired. The mother was an American (of Philadelphia), and it was there that both her daughters were born. They came to pass some days at Kinloss, and arrived on horseback, their horses covered with nets to protect them from the flies (which are a pest in all tropical climates, and whose bite is most severe). The ladies wore poke bonnets, with deep capes, which covered their shoulders as well as the entire of the back of the bonnet. Their riding habits, and indeed their entire dress, with the exception of their veils, were white, and of a very light texture. Their luggage was carried in boxes, on the heads of the female attendants, who accompanied them on foot; they were quadroons—three removes from negro blood, and much fairer in complexion than mulattoes. They were attired in white flowing gowns, fashioned somewhat like a *robe de chambre*. They wore turbans, but were without either shoes or stockings.

My occupations at Kinloss were little varied. With my gun over my shoulder and Tom at my heels, I took long walks, until the hour of dinner approached, when I returned home. During these walks I frequently

came in contact with black snakes, which glided with great rapidity away into cover, and whom I allowed to go in peace. The numerous and different kinds of lizards interested and amused me as I watched their mode of trapping flies, which they prey upon, by inflating and protruding a kind of bag from under their throat, which, being usually of a scarlet colour, attracts and fascinates their victims, who light upon it, and are instantly engulfed.

The first evening after my arrival at Kinloss, I was surprised to observe, after nightfall, a number of lanterns (as I imagined) moving swiftly in the vicinity of the cane-pieces and corn-fields. I pointed them out to Scott, who, after enjoying a laugh at my *Johnny New-comism*, told me they were fireflies, who, by a beautiful provision of nature, are provided with a ball of bright light immediately behind each eye. This light, or phosphorescent ball, is so powerful as to enable those who place a number of them under a glass shade to read by the light so given out.

One of the great discomforts which attends living in the high temperature of the torrid zone is the being compelled to have doors and windows open after sunset, which admit clouds of mosquitoes and other noxious insects; but above all, as most repulsive and disagreeable, are the cockroaches, which, attracted by the light of the candles, surround and strike, in full flight, against the glass shades which protect the candles, and thus fall on your book or the table. The continual buzz of the mosquitoes is most irritating, and the sound of the hearty slaps given to the cheeks in the hope of annihilating these pests, proves how entirely the comfort of all they attack is at the mercy of these insatiate bloodsuckers. I have heard it suggested that a mask

might be worn as a defence against them, but that would be but a choice of evils—between being stifled or stung to death.

Mr. Munroe had occasion now and then to visit Fal-mouth, and kindly gave me a seat in his catherine, which I enjoyed as an agreeable change from the utter quiet of Kinloss. In one of our drives we visited Long Pond, an estate about ten miles from Kinloss, where resided, for several years, Francis Grant, one of the most influential men in the parish of Trelawny. On his return to his native country, he purchased the estate of Kilgraston, in Perthshire, and married a daughter of Mr. Oliphant, of Rossie, and became the father of several sons—his second, one of the most talented artists of the day, and the youngest the gallant General Sir Hope Grant, whose services in India have been most distinguished, and who is now in command of the army in China. The eldest succeeded his father to the family estate, and is universally respected.

At length my agreeable visit to my kind friends terminated, having received a letter from my cousin Robert, stating his intention of returning to Hamden on the 26th of April, and requesting I would meet him there on that day. It was therefore arranged that I should proceed to Hamden on horseback, accompanied by my friend Scott, the distance being about fifteen miles from Kinloss. The morning, as is usually the case at this season, was beautiful; and we set out in high spirits, calling, *en route*, on my old shipmate Gillespie, at the estate where he resided, and where he ended his days.

Proceeding onward, we visited the delightful villa (or, in Jamaica parlance, settlement) of Navarre, situated on a picturesque rising ground, amidst the delightful

shade of magnificent cotton-trees, interspersed with stately palms, bearing cocoa-nuts, and bread fruit, mangoes, and oranges were also around. Navarre had been built by Dr. Edgar, one of the most eminent medical men on the north side of Jamaica; and he had fitted it up with far more attention to comfort and convenience than is usually observed in that country. It was then uninhabited, as Dr. Edgar had purchased an estate in the parish of St. James's, where he resided, thus sacrificing to the ambition of being a landed proprietor, with all its anxieties and frequent disappointments, the useful and happy life he had enjoyed at Navarre.

Our next halt was at Good Hope, one of the estates of Mr. Thorpe, who ranked next to Simon Taylor as the richest and most extensive proprietor in Jamaica. Amongst the numerous buildings, I observed one of an imposing size and appearance, which, on inquiry, I found was appropriated as an hospital for the sick negro population throughout his different estates. After our horses had baited, and we had refreshed our inner man with oranges and shaddocks, we continued our ride over the same undulating country, far less varied and interesting than that surrounding Duin Vale and Kinloss. Our road led us through cane-pieces, from which the canes having been gathered, the remains were as unpicturesque as those of stubble-fields. The sun was so hot that Scott was compelled to take refuge under an umbrella, which cause no alarm to horses in Jamaica, they are so accustomed to their being spread above them. I did not feel the least inconvenience from the heat, and was inclined to laugh at his precaution.

Presently, we entered upon an extensive plain, known by the designation of the Queen of Spain's Valley,

around which, in the remote distance, were ridges of hills, of considerable elevation, and covered with wood. On at length reaching the boundary of the Hamden estate, we discerned a gentleman riding towards us, carrying, like my friend Scott, an open umbrella. On perceiving us, he stopped, and courteously inquired whether he was addressing the cousin of Mr. Stirling, who was that day expected at Hamden. On my replying in the affirmative, he introduced himself as Dr. Hewan, and informed me that he had just come from Hamden, and had learnt that my cousin Robert was not to arrive for some days, as he was still in St. Mary's, awaiting the arrival of his brother Archibald, whom he daily expected to land at that port on his passage from Scotland. Dr. Hewan, on observing that I did not carry an umbrella, cautioned me against exposing myself without proper protection to the intense heat of the sun. I said that it was no annoyance to me, I was proof against its power. "It may be so at present, young gentleman," he replied; "but it will not be long before you may have ample cause to change your opinion." How little did I then think that his prediction would be fulfilled.

Very pleasing were my first impressions of Hamden, my cousins' Jamaica home. We passed through extensive pastures, adorned with scattered groups and single trees of great size and beauty; a large piece of water, in the form of a lake, added to its parkish appearance. It was quite an English scene, and the cooing and occasional flight of pigeons increased the resemblance. Further on, a group of neat cottages appeared, almost buried under the rich vegetation of the plantain-tree and the spreading foliage of other trees and shrubs. These, I afterwards learnt, were the dwellings of negroes belong-

ing to the property. Soon after, we arrived at the residence of the overseer, whose house is surrounded by the different buildings appropriated to the various purposes of the estate.

The residence of Mr. Stirling, or, as I before mentioned, called, in Jamaica parlance, *the great house*, was within a short distance. It was of large dimensions, and built entirely of stone—a circumstance of rare occurrence in the country districts of Jamaica. The walls were very thick—a great advantage in so hot a climate, by adding to the coolness of the interior. The house contained a large hall running through its entire centre; to the right and left were other rooms, and further on, where a staircase ascended to an upper floor, were additional bedrooms. The windows were all glazed, and on each side of them were loopholes for defence, which were also on each side of the entrance-doors. Under the hall were spacious cellars and accommodation for men-servants; and, as a further means of defence, there were loopholes, or apertures, cut in the floors of the hall and bedrooms, to allow a fire of musketry being kept up against any assailants gaining possession of the cellars and rooms on the ground-floor of the house. The kitchen, as is always the case, was in an adjoining building.

The view from the house was extensive, over a very flat country, but bounded, as I have before mentioned, by hills of moderate elevation, except to the south-west, where appeared a ridge of much loftier hills, covered with forest. There were several extensive and valuable estates within sight (whose cane-pieces occupied large tracts of the valley), amongst which were Weston-favel, Dundee, Wemyss Castle, &c. Owing to there being several large ponds around Hamden (the evaporation

from which occasioned heavy fogs, and consequent dampness), it was considered far from healthy; and, as a proof of this, at a short distance in front of the great house appeared a tomb, shaded by a group of trees and shrubs, the last resting-place of Mr. Stirling, the eldest brother of my cousins, who died after a short residence at Hamden. The tomb was within an enclosure, where, before his death, a garden had been formed. It was now, however, abandoned, and covered with a tangled mass of wild creepers and undergrowth. As my time hung heavy on my hands, I set to work to endeavour to reinstate the garden; but I was a poor spadesman, and made but little progress, although I turned out every morning by daybreak: the intense fogs and heavy dews were very discouraging, and put an end to my horticultural fancy.

Owing to the long continuance of dry weather, the leaves on the growing canes became parched and as inflammable as straw. This occasioned great anxiety, from the fear of fire in the cane-pieces. Strict orders were given to the book-keepers and head negroes (who superintended the working gangs) to prevent smoking when near the cane-pieces. The fire shell had been blown and heard, and dense columns of smoke seen proceeding from neighbouring estates, which increased the necessity of using every precaution on the part of the overseer of the Hamden estate, but all was in vain. A fire broke out in a cane-piece near the works, on a Sunday forenoon. The fire shell immediately rang out the alarm. Unfortunately, the greater portion of the negroes had gone to the grounds where they cultivated vegetables for their own use, and which they were allowed to do every Saturday and Sunday. These grounds, or gardens, were situated on a mountain ridge,

at a distance of several miles. The force of negroes at hand was consequently very limited; the overseer and book-keepers, with the other white people, were but a small addition, though all turned out with a hearty determination to do their utmost; but, spite of every exertion, the fire extended rapidly, and raged with fury. The sun blazed with intense heat, and, as there was no fire-engine on the estate, the only chance of stopping the fire was by cutting down the canes adjoining, thus leaving a broad cleared circle around the burning canes, and thereby insulating the ground on which they grew. Fortunately, this measure proved effectual, and the fire, for want of food, became exhausted and extinguished.

In spite of the more than usually hot season, I continued apparently quite impervious to the sun's power, and took the same walking exercise as in Scotland. I have mentioned having observed numerous flocks of pigeons flying amongst the trees in the pastures. These were of two kinds—one very similar to the common blue pigeon of Scotland, the other a much larger and heavier bird, called "bald pate," from the upper portion of the head being almost bald. I commenced an active warfare against both, killing numbers of the smaller kinds; but the bald pates are so wary, and perch on the highest branches of the enormous cotton-trees, that, after an extensive expenditure of powder and shot, I only succeeded in bagging two. There were snipes in the marshy ground near the ponds, but they were too quick and erratic in their flight for any one inexperienced as myself in the best mode of getting at them. I was, however, more fortunate in my warfare against the aquatic birds, such as small teal, divers, &c., which frequented the different pieces of water in the pastures.



There were also quails, but they flushed with such a scream, that they rather fluttered and made my aim unsteady, and consequently unsuccessful.

I frequently visited the negro village, where the cleanliness and neatness of the cottages shone forth in most advantageous comparison with the untidiness and sluttishness of "the Mistress MacLartys" of Scotland. The greater portion of the negroes on the Hamden estate were born upon it, and, in several instances, could prove their descent from grandfathers and grandmothers. As such, they were designated creoles, of which they were exceedingly proud, and looked down with immeasurable contempt on those they called "new niggers," and those freshly imported from Africa. There were a few mulattoes, children of European fathers, such as overseers, book-keepers, and tradesmen. The females of these were employed in the household work of the great house, and as sempstresses, whilst such as were of mature age were employed as nurses during visitations of sickness, and always proved themselves invaluable in this capacity, being full of tenderness, kind, patient, and unwearied. Of this I can bear grateful testimony (of which hereafter). They were generally called by the endearing term of "Mammy," and were looked up to with great respect by the population on the estate. The word "mammy" is always made use of when speaking to or of either mothers or aged females amongst the negroes, and it is curious to observe how tenacious both males and females are in upholding and speaking of family connexion. You hear from two elderly negroes the following illustration of this:—"Marning, Mammy Sally." "Tank ye, Mammy Jemima, how do piccaninnies?" "Oh, dem berry well, tank ye.

How go Massa Archy?" "Oh, him berry, berry angry wi' that bad nigger Philip. Him eat dirt—him worse dan new nigger, and not of no family." This eating dirt, or devouring a white clay, or earth, is an unaccountable vice in negroes, which it is almost impossible to wean them from, and always brings on serious disease and death. The same destructive vice, according to Dr. Livingstone, is prevalent amongst several of the tribes he visited in Africa.

A great feeling of contempt predominates among the creole negroes towards the white individuals of lower degree, such as book-keepers, carpenters, or other mechanics employed on the estate; they designate these "bucera," and treat them with no respect; but of the overseer they generally stand in great awe, and the title they bestow on him is "bushu." The working gangs of negroes are under charge of a head negro, who is chosen for his steadiness and good conduct, and is always one of the old families. He is entrusted with considerable power, and receives, every evening, directions from the overseer respecting the work to be carried through on the succeeding day. He has one or two subordinate negroes to assist him.

The man who filled this situation on the Hamden estate was named Anthony,—a negro of powerful mind and intellect, which invariably showed itself in the many conversations I had with him. He and his forbears had been all born on the estate, hence his attachment to his master was not degraded by being that of a slave, but the pure and honest affection of a faithful and devoted servant. His thorough knowledge and appreciation of his master's character and disposition proved the powers of reflection and discrimination of which his mind was capable. On listening to him I

felt forcibly that it was education alone which gave me a certain amount of superiority over Anthony; whilst I was convinced that, had he enjoyed that blessing, his apparent intellectual powers would have been drawn forth, and he would have excelled in mental qualifications. Anthony was much respected by his master, and, as I afterwards ascertained, lived to an extreme old age.

At length, on the 15th of May, my cousins Archibald and Robert arrived at Hamden, and having welcomed me in the kindest manner, said it was their intention to send me to the estate called Retirement, in the parish of St. James, where I should be under the care and guidance of their excellent friend, Dr. Edgar, the attorney, or agent, on that property, and where I might also benefit by the instruction and knowledge of Mr. Reed, eminent as a planter, and possessed of kind and gentlemanly manners. My course being thus determined, I felt satisfied with my prospects for the future, and looked hopefully forward. I remained another month at Hamden, during which time I was introduced to several families resident on the neighbouring estates—particularly to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who resided on their estate of Belleville. I had known this gentleman in Edinburgh, where he had a handsome house in Charlotte Square, and lived in good style. Suspecting, from certain facts which came to his knowledge, that his estate in Jamaica was ill-managed, he had been induced to cross the Atlantic, when, after residing there a few months, and appointing another attorney to superintend his property, he returned to Scotland. He was a kind, agreeable man, and died in the prime of life, much regretted by his friends and acquaintance.

On the 21st of June I took leave of Hamden, and, accompanied by my cousin Robert, set out for Retirement estate. The distance from Hamden was sixteen miles. We performed the journey on horseback (I rode a very handsome nag, which had been presented to me by my cousin Archibald); the road led through a succession of estates. After passing the Glasgow estate, we came down upon the river adjoining the Orange estate, whose dwelling-house and works overhang its banks, which rise to a picturesque ridge of hillocks, and give a freshness and variety to the landscape. The river is of considerable size, and flows on to Montego Bay, where it discharges its waters into the sea. After passing the Orange estate, we crossed the river by a wooden bridge opposite to the Irwin estate, and from thence by a cross-road to Retirement, which we reached soon after noon. I was naturally very anxious to see the place of my future residence, and found it pleasantly situated on rising ground bounding a valley, through which ran the high-road from Montego Bay to a succession of estates in the interior, and so on to Maroon Town. Dr. Edgar had not arrived, I was therefore introduced to Mr. Reed, whose appearance and manners were superior to the general run of overseers. He conducted me to the room I was to occupy, which was as rough and ill-furnished as those usually occupied by the book-keepers. Having had a taste of the cable-tier and cock-pit accommodation, and a middy's life on board ships of war, I was not very fastidious in these matters, and therefore, after my trunks were placed, and some other necessary arrangements made, I sat down cheery and contented in my new domicile. My cousin, after a short stay, proceeded to Montego Bay, and I was left to fulfil the duties of a book-keeper, and gain by prac-

tical application the knowledge necessary for the good management of a West Indian estate. This term book-keeper is a most incorrect designation, as it has nothing to do with the keeping of books or accounts. Their duties are as follows—the one whose position is next to that of the overseer superintends the principal working gang in the field, or cane-piece, keeps a daily register of the labour done, and during the gathering of the crop, and the manufacture of sugar from the canes, closely attends to the distillation of rum from the skimming of the sugar-boilers, the molasses dropping from the sugar when packed into hogs-heads and placed in the curing-house, and whatever other refuse there is from the manufacture of sugar. The second book-keeper attends to the second working gang, which is chiefly composed of young negroes from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who have lighter work assigned them. Where three book-keepers are kept, which was the case at Retirement, the third has to superintend the youngest gang, which is composed of boys and girls of from twelve to fifteen years. Their work is of the lightest description, such as weeding amongst the young canes, and stripping off the decayed leaves and trash from the canes when nearly ready for cutting down. The book-keepers also by turns attend to the weekly distribution of salt fish and other provision to the negroes, and the taking care of all the different stores and supplies, such as clothing, medicine, wine, &c. During the securing of the crop, or, as in England termed, harvest, the duties of the two younger book-keepers are very heavy and laborious, and often produces sickness, and even death. From the day on which the cutting of the canes commences there is no cessation, except on the Sunday, to the work carried

on for securing the crop and manufacturing it into sugar—day and night it proceeds, and the two book-keepers must be constantly superintending these different operations, hence each of them must be up the whole of every second night. The following description of the routine of these heavy duties will show how laborious and harassing they are: we will distinguish the two book-keepers as A. and B. On Sunday evening at six o'clock work commences, and A. goes on what is termed spell, or superintending the operations carrying on at the works, and continues so until seven o'clock on Monday morning, when he is relieved by B.; but, instead of returning to his room for a little rest, he must immediately accompany the working gang, who are employed in cutting the canes, where he remains until noon, his breakfast being sent to him; then he returns, tired and worn out, to change his garments and rest until dinner, at two o'clock; after which he again proceeds to the cane-piece, and remains there till sundown, when he returns home to bed. As respects B., who relieved A. in the morning, he continues superintending the work carried on in the boiling-house and elsewhere at the works during the whole day (his dinner being sent to him) and following night, until Tuesday morning. From this it follows that B. is on duty twenty-four consecutive hours without rest, and A. the same, and are only in bed three nights in each week. Such is a sketch of the status and duties of a book-keeper in Jamaica, which, as I hoped one day to have an estate of my own to manage, it was necessary for me to fulfil, in order that I might acquire the knowledge requisite for the profitable management of such.

The situation of Retirement was, as I before mentioned, rather picturesque, and, from being on the

rising ground of a limestone ridge, was considered healthy. The cane-pieces were extensive, comprising those of the adjoining property of Haughton Towers, lately purchased by Sir Simon Clark, the proprietor of Retirement; a well wooded ridge of hills rose to the south of Retirement, extending westward for a considerable distance, upon which were situated several settlements, or small holdings, belonging chiefly to men in the class of mechanics, who, in their situations as masons, carpenters, or millwrights upon the large estate, had acquired sufficient means to settle down in ease and independence, several of them having gangs of negroes, who were hired out in the event of any pressure of work on the adjoining estates.

I was launched in my new calling, which, though so different to the way in which I had always hitherto passed my time, I entered upon willingly, being full of energy, and at all times fond of acquiring information, both practical and theoretic. While superintending the juvenile gang in the weeding, &c., under the broiling sun, I often suffered from an irritation of the skin called the prickly heat, which, though unpleasant in itself, is considered a safety-valve against fever. Mosquitoes also, particularly in the shade of the woods, are very annoying to most people, their sting sometimes causing troublesome, and even dangerous, sores: but their triumph over human comfort is in the night—woe betide the unfortunate wight, if a stray mosquito should chance to obtain admittance within the mosquito net, which is tucked all round the bed for the purpose of excluding them; there is an end to all chance of sleep or rest—the loudest pibroch ever played on the Highland hills could not more effectually drive away slumber than does the continual and most noisy buzzing of the

mosquito, that enemy to one's comfort; fortunately for me, my constitutional temperament was so much the reverse of inflammatory, that I suffered but slight annoyance from their sting. At the hour of noon the negroes rested from their labour, and their dinner was brought to them by the cooks appointed to that duty; and certainly their messes were most savoury and *piquant*, and willingly would I have participated, had it not been utterly out of the question, as lowering and degrading to a *buckra*. Each negro had a clean, neat calabash, or wooden bowl, to contain his dinner, which consisted of either a portion of salt herring, or a piece of pork stewed with *ockra* (a very nutritious and favourite vegetable), cocoas, and sweet potatoes, highly seasoned with bird peppers, &c. I always observed with pleasure the care they took, before commencing their meal, to wash their hands, as also when they had finished, and my thoughts often recurred to the labourers of my own country, who not only are sadly deficient in this most agreeable habit of cleanliness, but whose daily fare, as well as other appliances, are so very inferior to those of the negro; and I often afterwards wished that Wilberforce and his party had personally witnessed the treatment of the negro in this respect, as it might, or rather ought, to have mitigated the untruthful assertions upon which they founded their hostility to negro servitude: for, as far as I observed it, the condition of the negro appeared certainly better than that of the Scotch labourer. On the conclusion of their meal many of them took a nap, whilst the female portion usually proceeded to bathe in the pond which supplied the mill at the works. As for myself, I sauntered home, accompanied by my invariable companion Tommy, who, in hunting about,



frequently dragged forth from amongst the canes a large rat, which are very destructive to them. On the negroes counting out from the barrels the salt herrings, I observed how careful they were to avoid spilling any of the salt pickle on their skin or clothes. This dislike to salt also appears in other African tribes. At three o'clock, having dined in the interim, I returned with the negroes to the cane-pieces, when their labour and my supervision recommenced, and continued until sunset—six o'clock—after which I frequently took a walk to the Sheep-pen Hill, as it was named, from whence there was an extensive view over the adjacent country, towards Montego Bay and seaward. Sometimes I varied this by following the road leading to the ridge of hills, and a very pretty house and settlement called Charley's Mount, the property of a creole family named Lawrence, who traced their lineal descent from ancestors who were settled in Cromwell's time in Jamaica. After sunset there is none of the gloaming or twilight which is such a favourite time in Scotland, but, to compensate for this, the moon is so glorious and resplendent in its beauty, and the stars shine with such lustre and brilliancy that, added to the coolness of the evening air, after the scorching heat of the day, a walk at that hour is a source of real refreshment and enjoyment. On returning home, I would sit chatting for awhile in the piazza of our dwelling until the advent of supper, when, after the fatigues of the day, I was glad to seek the refreshment of sleep. Such was the routine of my life, with little variation, from Monday till Saturday—the latter day (being a holiday on the estate, when the negroes are allowed to work for themselves in their provision-ground, growing vegetables, pine-apples, &c.), I

usually rode to Montego Bay (a distance of five miles from Retirement), which, during the season, when the shipping were arriving from England, was full of life and gaiety. I sometimes remained there until Sunday evening, refreshing my inner man at the hostelry of a favourite hostess named Phœbe Williams, a kind, motherly woman.

After I had been upwards of a month at Retirement, I was called upon to join the militia, in accordance with the law of the island. Accordingly, being provided with one of the muskets, which every estate is bound to have in store, and a red coat, with its needful accompaniments, I was enrolled as a full private in the Midland Company of the St. James's Regiment. The usual drill took place every fortnight on the Irwin pastures, within two miles of Retirement, from ten o'clock until one, thus *hardening us* to the full blaze of the sun. I must say the general appearance of the corps was very far from having either a soldierly look, or soldierly smartness. Mr. Lawrence, the head of the before-mentioned creole family, was the captain; his brother the lieutenant; whilst the company was composed of the white population on the neighbouring estates and settlements.

It was in the July of that year, 1804, that a faithful negro, named George, brought me a note from my cousin Archibald, desiring me to come to Hamden as soon as possible. In compliance with this I determined to set out the following morning before dawn,—or rather by moonlight, accompanied, as usual, by Tommy, and attended by George on a mule with my portmanteau (there were no *sacs de nuits* in those days) strapped on a pillion behind him. To this hour I remember that ride in the fresh morning air,

almost like that of May in Scotland, with Tommy full of glee, hunting about as we pursued our way, and I full of present enjoyment, little dreaming of the sad affliction which was about to fall on me. I reached Hampden before breakfast, of which I partook with my cousin Robert, Archibald being still in his room. On going to see him, after I had breakfasted, he informed me in a very kind and feeling manner of the death of my beloved father, which had taken place, from a stroke of palsy, at his house in Edinburgh, on the 19th of May. This was indeed a heavy, heavy blow to me. Never was a parent more intensely loved than he was by me. My cousins had the highest respect and regard for him, particularly Archibald, down whose cheeks tears flowed abundantly whilst he read me the letter containing the sad tidings. I retired to my room, and then gave way to an agony of grief. My whole thoughts and mind had been ever occupied with the wish to act in such a manner as to gratify my father, and to return the affection which he had ever bestowed on me from my earliest years. His death much weakened my home feeling, and created a listlessness as regarded my future prospects in Jamaica, which made me sorely repent that I had not prevailed on my dear father to allow me to continue in the naval profession, which I had always preferred to any other mode of life, and which now, alas! I was too old to follow.

After remaining a short time at Hampden, until I had a little recovered the shock I had sustained, I returned to Retirement and resumed my customary duties. The weather, since the month of June, had become very oppressive from the increase of temperature, and much sickness was the consequence, both amongst the white and negro population; the complaints were principally

fever and influenza. At this season of the year (August) the cultivation of the estate became very interesting, both as respected the sugar-cane, the Indian corn, and the grass lands. The growth of the different series of such occupied my attention exceedingly: first there were the young canes, planted last spring, and which were now putting forth their young shoots; the next in succession were the canes denominated first retoons (corruption of returns), which had been cut last crop, the growth of which was more advanced than the young plants; the last were the canes which were advancing to the mature state, whereby they become fit for cutting and yielding the next supply of sugar. As I have before mentioned, Montego Bay was at this time a scene of great activity amongst the shipping, taking on board the produce of the last crop of sugar, rum, coffee, and pimenta, &c. The numerous heavily laden waggons, bringing these products from the different estates, increased the bustle and confusion in the streets. As there is no harbour at Montego Bay, the shipping remains at anchor opposite to the town, which causes the necessity of employing large boats, denominated drogers, to convey from the wharves to the shipping the different products of which their cargo consists. This not only caused a great delay and inconvenience, but a heavy expense, and sometimes serious loss, from the foundering of the drogers in proceeding from the shore to the shipping. An attempt had been made to constitute a company for the purpose of having a harbour formed, but it failed from a lack of subscribers.

The drilling of the militia was strictly attended to at this time, as the day for the annual review was approaching, and it was expected the governor, Sir

George Nugent, would be present on that occasion. My evening walk I continued to enjoy, and occasionally paid a visit to some of the settlers who were located on the wooded ridge above Retirement. One of these, Jack Sayer, was a thorough specimen of a sturdy John Bull. Jack had left his native village, in Hampshire, when he had completed his term of apprenticeship to the principal carpenter and builder in that vicinity, and after working at his trade for a couple of years in Bristol, he was engaged by the agent of a large estate in Jamaica; to go out in that capacity. On reaching Jamaica, Jack at once commenced his duties with energy, and a determination to give satisfaction to his employers. He carried such intention through, so as to ensure their approbation, and also a considerable increase of salary. After a space of ten years Jack found himself proprietor of half-a-dozen negroes, which determined him to commence jobbing carpenter and builder on his own account. Being successful, he was enabled, after a few more years, to purchase a piece of uncleared land above Retirement, on which he built a house of the description usually erected by settlers, and with sufficient ground around it to grow plantains, yams, and other bread kind, and also maize for his horse and poultry. Jack sat down from his labours a contented and happy man. In front of his house was a flagstaff, upon which, on every fourth of June (the king's birthday), he hoisted a swaggering St. George's ensign, and fired off a couple of four pounders, which had been given to him by one of his naval acquaintances. On Sundays also the ensign was hoisted, and on Jack's table were laid his Bible and prayer-book. I often strolled up to his settlement on a Sunday evening to have a chat about home; he of England, I of Scotland.

He had quite given up all thoughts of ever again leaving Jamaica; and as our eyes ranged over the rich and varied view, sweeping from the foot of the wooded ridge whereon Jack's house stood, towards Montego Bay, with the expanse of sea beyond, I thought Jack had judged wisely.

At length the period for the review of the militia arrived, the day was fixed, and as it was officially announced that the governor was to be present, every man was ordered to be in the ranks. Early on that morning, therefore, I proceeded to the place of rendezvous at Montego Bay, accompanied by the negro boy who generally attended on me, carrying my musket, &c. I found the town in a state of great excitement. After a hurried breakfast and toilet, on hearing the bugle sound the *assemblée* I proceeded (in full uniform, of which I was not a little proud) to the parade-ground, and fell in as right hand man of the company to which I belonged. After a strict inspection by the colonel, the word "march" was given, and we proceeded to the race-course, where the review was to take place (a distance of two miles from the bay). As we marched along, we passed the burial-ground of the military, in which appeared many newly-made graves. The detachment of the 55th regiment, quartered in the barracks, had been very sickly, and many of those stout, healthy men, whom I had seen in the fulness of energy on landing at Falmouth, lay there, stricken down by yellow fever.

The race-course is exceedingly picturesque, bounded on one side by gentle sloping woodlands, intermixed with cane-pieces and pasture-grounds, and on the opposite side by the deep blue sea, from whence came a refreshing breeze. About an hour after our regiment

had drawn up in position, the governor, General Sir George Nugent, appeared upon the ground, attended by a numerous staff, and was received with the usual honours. His excellency passed along the line, and minutely inspected the regiment, and then took up a position in front, when the regiment marched past in slow and quick time ; and, after some of the customary manœuvres, we again formed in line, and commenced firing by companies. By this time, it was getting towards three o'clock, and the heat of the sun became most powerful, whereupon his excellency sent orders, by one of his aides-de-camp (Captain Duckworth, who afterwards fell in the Peninsular war), that the review should terminate. Accordingly, the regiment marched back to Montego Bay, and was dismissed. I stood this my first military essay stoutly, which was far otherwise with many around me in the ranks, several of whom fainted from the heat, and were carried off the ground.

A ball was to come off in the evening, to which I accompanied my cousin Robert, who had come over from Hamden to meet the governor and be present at the festivities. The ball was a gay affair, and attended by his excellency with his *suite*, and all the families of influence in the neighbourhood. This was succeeded, next day, by races, which were generally considered the best in the island, owing to the spirited manner with which the proprietors of the neighbouring parishes of St. James's, Trelawny, and St. Elizabeth, attended to the breeding of horses, from dams and sires of the best blood imported from England.

The vicinity of Retirement to Montego Bay enabled me to be present during the three days that the races continued. It was a most amusing scene—so entirely

different to what I had been accustomed to see when I accompanied my dear father to Leith races. The excitement amongst the mulatto and negro population who were present was most graphic and entertaining: dressed in the extreme caricature of English fashion, the females in muslins and ribbons of the gayest colours, with caps and turbans of the smartest silks and stuffs, silk stockings, and always red shoes, to which the shortness of their dresses gave ample display, and, above all, the gay parasols of green or pink, which the sable beauties displayed with infinite pride. The gentlemen (as they termed themselves) shone forth in superfine blue coats, with large brass buttons of the fiercest mode and fashion; waistcoats of silk or satin, of the most gaudy pattern, set off by trousers of the whitest; but their feet were seldom troubled with the incumbrance of shoes or stockings, though their heads were adorned with hats, usually white. Their grotesque attempts to imitate the manners of the higher orders were most amusing—the bows, the grins, the “How do, marm?” of the gents, and the curtseys and “Berry well, tank you, sa,” of the ladies, and the “How do, beau?” of the gents to one another, with a very patronising wave of the large black hand, stuffed into a light-coloured glove a mile too small, afforded me endless amusement and mirth.

My principal attention, however, was of course given to the horses who were to start, and of which there were many in the highest condition, showing the care that had been taken in their breeding. There were only two jockeys of the white race, all others were of the sons of Ham. After great delay, owing to want of arrangement on the part of the stewards, the horses were saddled and mounted, and ready to start. The jockeys,



as regarded costume, were the same as at home, but without shoes, and, in this case, it enabled them to follow their invariable custom, when on horse-back, of taking one side of the stirrup-iron between their toes. On the word being given, off they went, and, as the course was circular, the horses passed in front of the stand twice during each race, which afforded the most favourable opportunity of observing the struggle. The yelling and screaming of the black and brown spectators was excessive, and their frantic gestures showed out the exceeding excitability of their natures.

The negro jockeys exercised but little skill in the management of their horses, pushing them to the utmost speed from the beginning, and appeared to have little or no idea of saving them at first, or waiting to take advantage of a particular moment for forcing them forward. The consequence was, the white jockeys had it all their own way, and, after a sharp struggle between them, the favourite horse "Nelson" came in victor.

There was a large assemblage of the *élite* of proprietors and planters in the grand stand, amongst whom there was much of that pale-faced, yet interesting, beauty which distinguishes those fair ones who are creoles or native-born, the oppressive heat of the tropics causing an extreme fragility of appearance and languor of manner, which, when accompanied with beauty, adds greatly to their charms. As regarded the equipages, they were of various descriptions—from catherines and phaetons to the dashing carriage-in-four. In one instance, a four-in-hand was driven by a gentleman who appeared to play the coachman with as much skill as if he had been a member of the Whip Club, at that time

nearly in its zenith. There were balls every evening, but I was wisely prevented from being present.

For some time past, considerable uncasiness had been felt by the proprietors of several estates situated near the boundaries of St. James's and St. Elizabeth's, in consequence of a considerable number of runaway negroes who were banded together in the woods and uncleared bush in the above localities, from whence they issued in the night, and committed great depredations on the provision grounds of the adjoining estates. Several of the watchmen appointed for the protection of these grounds had been attacked, and, in some instances, severely wounded. It was therefore determined to call out a company of the St. James's Regiment of Militia, and send them into the woods, to drive these vagabonds from their lurking-places.

The company to which I belonged was, to my infinite gratification, appointed for the duty. We were, in consequence, ordered to muster at Montego Bay, preparatory to starting to fulfil it, and were joined by a certain number of freed negroes, who were armed, and, under the denomination of "black shot," very efficient in woodland warfare. These acted as our pioneers in tracking the runaways through the bush, or, as it is called in the East Indies, "jungle."

After we had each received sixty rounds of ammunition, part of which was placed on the commissariat mules, which carried our provisions, we commenced our march to a barrack on the boundary of the parish of Hanover, which was our first night's halting-place. After crossing Great River, and passing through several estates, we plunged into the bush (the black shot in advance as guides), and began to ascend a ridge of thickly-wooded hills, through which we wended our way

in Indian file, and keeping the strictest silence, as we were then within the scene of some of the worst acts of the depredators.

Just at sundown, we reached our halting-place, a ruinous roofless building, which had many years before been erected as a station for troops, to keep in check the Maroons, settled at what was called Furry's Town. I may here mention that the Maroons were a body of runaway negroes, who, nearly a century prior to the time of which I am now writing, had so increased and become so formidable, as to induce government, in the year 1738, to enter into a treaty with them, by which they were put in possession of a large tract of mountainous and uncleared ground, where they built two large villages or towns, and remained quiet until 1795, when, through bad advice, they became so restless and mutinous as to require very prompt measures on the part of the governor (the Earl of Balcarras) in order to reduce them to submission. This they resisted, and broke out in open rebellion, attacking the troops sent to overawe them (and, in one instance, with success), and giving rise to a very serious and protracted struggle, which, however, owing to the promptitude and bravery of the troops, was at length overcome, and the whole of those who remained, banished to Cuba, where the Spanish government permitted them to settle.

From Furry's Town we patrolled the surrounding country which spread out towards the parish of Hanover on the west, St. Elizabeth's on the south, and Trelawny on the east side, without seeing any of the runaway negroes we were in quest of, although, from evident signs, such as the remains of fires, &c., we had every reason to believe they were not far from us.

*The black shot* exerted themselves to the utmost in their endeavours to trace them through the bush, but without effect. Our supply of provisions becoming much reduced, and the scarcity of water increasing to a distressing degree, the officer in command thought it too perilous for us to advance further into the woods, and gave the order to return to St. James's, which was effected with much suffering and difficulty, owing to some of our number being attacked with fever, and being totally without medical aid or any other means of relief. As to myself, I stood the campaign manfully, and returned to Retirement in the same good health as when I shouldered the musket.

Christmas time approached, which I was to spend with my cousins at Hamden. I looked forward to it with much interest, as being different in all respects from that season in Scotland, and, as I had been informed, was a complete saturnalia amongst the negroes, who enjoy a state of entire freedom during these holidays.

On the morning of the 20th, I started for Hamden, and found there much preparation in progress for celebrating the festive season after the manner peculiar to the country. On Christmas-day, a large distribution of clothing to the negroes took place, consisting of blue cloth, called peniston, hats, osnaburghs, handkerchiefs, &c. &c., together with a certain quantity of rice, flour, and sugar. Work was altogether suspended, and a oall was given on that evening to the negroes in the great house, or residence of their master, when, of course, all appeared in their best attire, which is at all times the gayest that can be obtained—the males resplendent, on this occasion, in the same costume I have before described as prevalent among the free blacks who were present on the race-course at Montego Bay,

and the females, with even additional finery, being frequently adorned with coral necklaces and ear-rings. Dancing was kept up with great spirit to the sound of the *tontom*, and much to the same tune, and with words of the same strain, as "Jump Jim Crow," &c., which were, some years since, such favourites with the *gamins* of London.

The delight and merriment of these sable beauties and their beaux was extreme, and their imitation of the courtesy and genteel manners of their superiors most amusing. There was also a decided *haut on bas* conduct on the part of these black brethren, who had either been born on the estate, and were consequently creoles, or were in situations of trust, such as being head over the working gangs, &c. ; in short, there was as decided a spirit of exclusiveness as amongst the *élite* of their white brothers.

During all the festivities, which lasted three days, I remarked, with much satisfaction, the entire absence of either gluttony or intemperance, although the liberality of their masters had placed within their power the means of indulging in either. At the end of that time, the negroes appeared quite satiated with amusement and idleness, and returned with cheerfulness to their usual labours.

After passing a week at Hamden, I went back to Retirement. The ripening of the canes betokening the near approach of the harvest, I looked forward with satisfaction to this time of greater activity, to relieve the monotony of my daily existence. The busy and important event of the gathering in of the crops, and the manufacture of sugar, &c., commenced in February, and was continued, as I before stated, without any intermission (except on Sunday), during both night and

day, till the whole was completed. On the bringing in of the canes from the field, they were taken at once to the mill, where they were crushed, and the expressed juice conveyed in pipes from thence to the boiling-house, where, after going through a certain process, the juice was discharged into large copper boilers, exposed to great heat, and, after being boiled for such a length of time as the skill and experience of the negro (who superintended the operation) deemed sufficient, the fire was withdrawn from under the boilers, and the granulated juice, having now become sugar, was carried in buckets to the curing-house, and there discharged into hogsheads, in order to allow the molasses to drain from it, and thereby to become in a fit state for shipping. This important work of gathering the crop lasted till towards the end of April, during which time every one on the estate had a great increase of labour, myself amongst the number, it being part of my duty, as I before described, to sit up three nights in the week, superintending the work which was going on. It did not, however, in any degree, affect my health; and as I was much interested in watching the proceedings, I was really sorry when, the busy time being over, we were once again reduced to the dull uniformity of our every-day life, diversified only by attending a drill of the militia, by a ride to Montego Bay, or a visit to my friend Dr. Edgar, who had now returned to his property, called Newman Hall, only a few miles from Retirement, the road to which was through an interesting valley, bounded by hills of considerable elevation, the principal of which was the scene of most of the stirring events connected with the rebellion of the Maroons, and near which was their most important settlements.

At Maroon Town, as it was called, barracks had been

built, and a considerable detachment of the 55th regiment were stationed there. When riding on the high road leading to Montego Bay, I frequently met privates of this regiment, sent as orderlies from the barracks there to Maroon Town, a distance of upwards of twenty miles, which the orderly was obliged, under pain of punishment, to perform in a certain time on foot. It was sad to see the poor fellows toiling along under the fierce blaze of a tropical sun, and loaded with the same regimentals and accoutrements as they would have worn in England, with the addition of a heavy bag of letters and despatches. This very unnecessary exposure of the health of the soldiers was the cause of much sickness and death amongst the men during their service at Montego Bay. The expense of employing a negro to execute this duty would have been but trifling, and the safety of the despatches secured by the negro's gratification and pride in being entrusted with such an important duty.

Early in the month of June, returning from drill, I felt very unwell, and thought it right to call on Dr. Drummond, who resided not far from Retirement; he pronounced me to be feverish, and prescribed for me; but, in spite of the prescription, the fever increased rapidly. After passing a wretched night, I was truly rejoiced to see my friend Dr. Edgar by my bed-side. He had been absent for a few days, in the parish of Hanover, overlooking the estates of Sir Simon Clark, of which he had the charge; and hearing of my illness on his return, he hastened to see me, and immediately caused my removal from the overseer's house to his own, where I was tended with the greatest care both by himself and Mrs. Edgar, as well as by an old mulatto woman, who was the most tender and skilful of nurses.

I soon felt the beneficial effects of the change, and of the medical knowledge and skill of Dr. Edgar, who was a most experienced physician, and possessed of intelligence and self-confidence quite in advance of his times. Dr. Drummond had attacked the fever with the now obsolete system of emetics, which only weakened and exhausted me. Large blisters were spread over my chest, which fortunately acted energetically, and reduced the fever.

I have still a vivid recollection of the delightful feeling when old Mammy Molly, my nurse, placed and changed the cold plantain leaf on the sore wound occasioned by the blister. During the action of the fever, my thirst, of course, was very great, and my longing for a hearty drink of cold water excessive. The expression of this desire brought a proof of the superiority of the new over the old system in the treatment of fevers. Dr. Drummond was most violently opposed to my wish being gratified, whilst Dr. Edgar, on the contrary, as strenuously supported me in my desire, and took the responsibility upon himself of gratifying me. Never shall I forget the delight with which I drank the delicious cold contents of the goblet which the kind old Molly held to my lips. The good effects were almost immediately apparent. I sank into a deep sleep, out of which I awoke with the fever greatly subdued, and, in a few days, it was totally overcome by the administration of bark; but I was so reduced I could only imbibe, as I lay prostrate, weak brandy-and-water, or hock, out of a tea-pot, by suction through the spout.

At the termination of three weeks, Dr. Edgar advised a change of air, and I was therefore removed to Hamden. The fatigue of the journey brought on a return of the fever, accompanied with ague, upon which Dr.



Hewan was called in, and at once decided that the air of Hamden would be most dangerous to me, as it was much loaded with damp and heavy fogs, owing to the flat surface and numerous ponds around; that I must therefore be again removed to higher ground. He, at the same time, kindly invited me to visit him at his house, which was charmingly situated on a ridge of hills a few miles from Hamden. From both the doctor and Mrs. Hewan I received the greatest kindness and attention, but after remaining with them about a fortnight without deriving any benefit, he decided that a more complete change must be tried, and it was therefore determined that I should be first taken to Mr. Bailey's at Falmouth, and from thence accompany him to the parish of St. Anne's, on a visit to his sister, married to an extensive proprietor named Hayne, residing at Bromley Pen, amidst the magnificent scenery around the base of Monte Diavalo, one of the loftiest of the famed Blue Mountains. Accordingly I joined Mr. Bailey, and proceeded with them on our journey.

The road from Falmouth to Bromley Pen ran occasionally along the sea-coast passing Duncan's Bay, Rio Bueno, St. Anne's Bay, and Ochio Rios, which gave us in full perfection the sea breeze (or, as it is called, the doctor); the sight of numerous vessels steering towards their ports of destination increased the interest of our wayfaring. We slept the first night at Rio Bueno, a small shipping port in the parish of Trelawny, and next morning proceeded more inland, amidst very bold and romantic scenery, along the banks of the Rio Bueno river, which rises in the upper and hilly district of Trelawny. We reached St. Anne's Bay to breakfast, and remained there some hours. There were several ships in the bay, taking on board their cargoes; and the town, although inferior

in extent and population to Falmouth, was still of importance as the principal shipping port of the extensive parish of St. Anne's. From St. Anne's Bay our road again continued along the coast and close to the shore for several miles, until towards evening, when we reached Harmony Hall, an estate belonging to a Mr. Blackgrove, entirely under cultivation of coffee and pimento. The house was large, and in furniture and arrangements more resembled a country gentleman's abode in England than the generality of houses in Jamaica. Mr. Blackgrove was a resident in England, but his agent (who lived at the Hall, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Bailey's,) gave us a hearty reception, insisting upon our remaining all night, to which I most joyfully acceded, as, although feeling stronger and better in every respect than when we commenced our journey, I was still very weak and languid, and subject to feverish attacks in the night. The house was situated on rising ground, about two miles from the sea, and surrounded by plantations of coffee and pimento, both more picturesque than the fields of sugar-canes, and from the bright green of their foliage, and the smooth grass around them, somewhat resembling a garden; and, indeed, the whole appearance brought *home scenes* very visibly before me. Mr. Blackgrove had paid great attention to the breeding of horses, and had imported from England sires of the best blood. His stock bore a high character, and carried away the greatest number of prizes at the race meetings where they appeared.

Next morning we proceeded to Ochio Rios, another small shipping port, where we rested a few hours, and then leaving the coast, we went onwards to the mountain *pen*, or *pasture farm*, of another of Mr. Bailey's friends, where we dined early, in order to proceed

to Bromley Pen in the cool of the evening. The road from Ochio Rios was one continued ascent, amidst the bold and beautiful scenery of the Ochio river, which abounded in brawling waterfalls, richness of foliage, and gaudy coloured and luxuriant flowering creepers, which add such a charm to a tropical landscape; whilst the woodlands are enlivened with the glancing hither and thither of birds with a plumage like the rainbow, and the flowers seem all alive with the lively little humming-bird, which appears never to rest, but is ever darting from flower to flower. As we gradually ascended and finally reached the highest altitude of the first hilly ridge of St. Mary's, which comes off as a spur from the Blue Mountains, we felt a marked and most agreeable bracing freshness in the air, increased as the sun declined in the horizon to a degree that caused me to button my coat and feel almost chilly. From this point the view opened out to us a rich and extensive valley, extending to the foot of the Blue Mountains, and bounded by Monte Diavalo. All before us were green and wooded pastures, interspersed with the residences of different proprietors, which, in distinction from the sugar and coffee estates, are called pens, and are entirely devoted to the breeding and raising of cattle and horses. Mr. Hayne's residence of Bromley Pen was situated amongst the richest pastures, and the stock raised on his pen was famed for its superiority. The sun was nearly set when we reached his house, where we received a most kind reception, and already I found the good effects of the colder temperature, in the appetite with which I partook of the abundant meal which was quickly set before us. As the evening wore on, I began almost to long for a fire, and on going to my room, was rejoiced to find a

blanket doing duty, in addition to the usual coverlet. I awoke in the morning exceedingly refreshed, after a more sound and healthful sleep than I had enjoyed since my first attack of yellow fever. As the sun arose, and dispersed the mists which rolled up Monte Diavalo, the view of the mountains and the valley, sweeping down from them, was magnificent, which, added to the bracing air, gave me a feeling of delight, as well as of health and energy, to which I had long been a stranger. My friend Mr. Bailey being obliged to proceed to Kingston on official business, left me under the care of his sister and Mr. Hayne. They fulfilled their charge with the greatest kindness. It was a source of much enjoyment to me, driving about the beautiful environs of Bromley Pen, which I could not avoid comparing with the sultry plains of Trelawny and St. James's, to which I must ere long return; the society of Mrs. Hayne, after having been so long deprived of such, enhanced the pleasure, and caused me to look forward with dismay to the termination of my visit to this lovely and pastoral valley, and the kind friends who had made it so agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. Hayne had but one son, who, at this time, was an infant, the joy of his parents' hearts, more especially his father's, whose first inquiry on returning from his ride through his grounds, was for his child, and was never tired of nursing and playing with him. This boy became in after years (under the cognomen of "Pea-green Hayne") a very prominent figure in the fashionable world; though an event which occurred during my stay under his parents' roof had nearly deprived posterity of the amusement they derived from the eccentricities of that most silly individual. On a certain day I was sitting quietly reading in my own

room, when I was roused by the screams of Mrs. Hayne and the negro servants. On rushing out to ascertain the cause, I found the lady in tears, and clasping her child in her arms, whilst the poor father stood by greatly agitated. As soon as I could obtain a reply from one of the nurses, I found that "little Massa Prinny" had fallen from his father's knee to the floor, and, they were afraid, must have been seriously injured; however, on the arrival of the medical attendant (who had been sent for express), and after he had made a complete examination of little Prinny, it was found there was neither dislocation nor broken bones, and all that was necessary was to put him in a warm bath, and then to bed, where he slept soundly, and free from fever or any other ill effects of his tumble.

Mr. Bailey returned from Kingston, and we left Bromley Pen, after a grateful leave-taking of my kind host and hostess, whom I quitted with much regret. We set forth on our homeward journey long before the morning mists had dispersed, and much did I long for "old Sol" to assume his power, as the damp air was most uncomfortable, and made me feel almost as chilly as if I had been in an easterly *har*, or fog, rolling up the Frith of Forth.

On reaching St. Anne's Bay, we found the races had just commenced; we therefore proceeded to the race-course, which was on the beach. All the *élite* of St. Anne's and the neighbourhood were there, as well as a host of the black population from the adjoining estates. There were several horses entered, which were generally in good condition. The favourite for the highest stake was "Nelson," which had been the winner at Montego Bay. He was bred by Mr. Blackgrove, whom I have previously mentioned as famed for

the superior breed of horses on his estates. Nelson was now ridden by a negro much advanced in years, but considered so good a jockey as to be able to compete successfully with his white opponents. As was expected, he won easily, and great was the joy among his black brethren on his success. At the conclusion of the race we resumed our journey to Falmouth, which we reached in safety; though not without my feeling, and suffering, from the different atmosphere there, as compared to that which I had been lately enjoying at Bromley. By the time I returned to Hamden I was again much oppressed with languor, which soon induced a return of low fever and ague; and all the usual remedies, with best medical advice, having failed, it was decided that a continuance in Jamaica would endanger my life; my return to Scotland on the first opportunity was therefore recommended. This, however, was more difficult to accomplish than such a transit would be in the present time, as, independent of the period occupied in the voyage, vessels which then traded to Jamaica had to wait until a sufficient fleet was assembled, and a convoy appointed to protect them against the French cruisers, who would always be on the look out for them. Fortunately for me, the *Lady Forbes* (commanded by Captain Gourlay), in which I had gone out to Jamaica, was at this time in Falmouth harbour, taking in cargo, preparatory to joining the fleet which was to sail for Great Britain in the month of August; and I therefore gladly embraced the opportunity of returning in her, and, in the meantime remained at Hamden, but still suffering from continued fever, and reduced to such a state of weakness as to cause my cousins great anxiety on my account.

After waiting some weeks, I at length received a summons from my kind friend Mr. Bailey to repair to

Falmouth, as the convoy was about to sail. Owing, however, to some delay on the part of the shipping agents at Rio Bueno, St. Anne's Bay, &c., we were delayed another fortnight, which I passed at Mr. Bailey's house, but with greatly increased sufferings in consequence of the stifling atmosphere of Falmouth. During our detention I witnessed an occurrence which, from the interest I had always taken in the navy, and the time I had formerly passed on board a man-of-war, occasioned to me the greatest excitement. Mr. Bailey, although a civilian, was governor of the fort, the site of which was immediately in front of his residence. A few mornings after my arrival at Falmouth, I was awakened by the entrance of my host into my room, and to my astonishment wearing his full uniform as governor of the fort. Upon my anxiously inquiring the reason of his appearance in that dignified garb at that early hour, he informed me that the *Désiré* frigate, commanded by Captain Ross, accompanied by a sloop of war, had dispatched a number of boats the preceding evening, when off Rio Bueno, for the purpose of reaching Falmouth before daybreak, in order to board the merchant vessels in the harbour, and press as many of their hands as were available without weakening to too great an extent their crews. These orders had been most effectively carried out, as, on looking from my window, which overlooked the fort, I discovered a large number of blue jackets assembled in the courtyard, guarded by a company of Royal Marines, whilst several marine and naval officers were standing by, and sentinels posted at the gate. After breakfast, several of the commanders of the merchant vessels called on Mr. Bailey to state their grievances, declaring that the safety of their ships was jeopardised by depriving them of part of their

crews, and requesting him as a magistrate, and holding the important position he did, to interfere in their behalf, and prevent the impressed men being removed from the fort, of which he, as governor, possessed the sole command. Mr. Bailey, while commiserating the situation in which they were placed, declared his inability to interfere to the extent they wished, but undertook to write to Captain Ross, pointing out to him the danger likely to accrue to the vessels from the impressment of so many of the men belonging to the crews, and the impossibility for them to procure others, as they were compelled immediately to join the homeward-bound fleet already assembling to proceed to sea, and stating the responsibility incurred by Captain Ross if he persisted in carrying off the impressed men. Mr. Bailey also advised that a deputation of the commanders should proceed to the *Désiré* frigate (then in the offing), to deliver his letter, and state their grievances to Captain Ross. His advice was immediately adopted, and shortly after I observed the boats containing the deputation of the merchant-captains pulling towards the *Désiré*: at the same time a gun was fired from the *Désiré* and a signal hoisted, which, being answered by the sloop of war, the result was all communication with the deputation was refused, who had to return to their vessels and submit to the loss of some of the picked men of their crews. When I next saw Captain Gourlay, I found his boatswain (a first-rate seaman) and another of his crew had been pressed, and brought into the fort. I regretted this, as the former was my shipmate on our voyage out to Jamaica, and was capital at spinning a yarn, relating to me his adventures and services during the former war.

At length I was summoned to embark, and was



carried down to the boat, accompanied by Captain Gourlay, to join the *Lady Forbes*, which, with other ships, had left the harbour early in the morning, and were then lying-to in the offing. I quitted Jamaica with regret, having passed many happy days there, and been treated with much affection by my cousins, and having received great kindness from their numerous friends. We soon pulled alongside and boarded the *Lady Forbes*, when I again took possession of the same berth which I occupied on my former passage in that ship. The *Lady Forbes* and other ships then bore up, and ran down the coast towards Montego Bay, the scenery of which again appeared in all its beauty as when, from the same deck upon which I then stood, I first saw and admired it—with this difference, that my eye now rested upon familiar scenes and dwellings, which I looked upon with grateful and pleasing recollections of the kind friends who resided within them. It struck me as a strange dispensation of Providence that so bright and sunny a land should be the grave of so many who visited it from other countries.

Towards evening, we came to anchor in Montego Bay, shortly after which we were boarded by the *Hunter* brig of war, commanded by Captain Inglefield, whose son in after years became distinguished as an Arctic navigator, under whose convoy we were with the other homeward-bound ships to join the homeward-bound off Negril Head, the west point of the island. As the sun went down, I looked towards my former *séjour* of Retirement, then full in view, when I again lived over in imagination many of the events and scenes I had passed through there.

At gun-fire next morning we got under weigh, and proceeded to join the large fleet of merchantmen

assembled at Negril Head under the convoy of the *Leviathan*, 74, Captain Baynton, and *Santa Margareta* frigate, 42, Captain Rathbone. We remained hove-to off Negril Head forty-eight hours, when at length the commodore, to our great joy, made the signal to bear up and shape a course for Cape St. Antoine, the west point of the Island of Cuba. There were 104 sail in the fleet, and, as the *Lady Forbes* was appointed to carry a pennant, and stationed on the lee and stern quarter of the fleet, we had an anxious time of it, as in general the commanders of merchantmen pay but slight attention to the signals even of the men-of-war under whose convoy they are, and far less to ships of their own class carrying pennants. In squally weather their inattention to this, particularly in the night, is attended with great danger in a crowded fleet, as, when a heavy squall comes on, those ships which are to windward put up their helm and run down, careless of runs on board of the vessels to leeward, in order to ease their crews from the necessity of reducing sail and rehoisting it when the squall is past. After leaving Negril Head, we passed in sight of the Little and Great Caymans, three small islets whose population, of about 200, employ their time in catching turtle, which they carry to Jamaica, and in assisting vessels too frequently wrecked on their coast, and (if all is true which is said of them) in piracy. These islets, from being perfectly flat, are not visible at any distance, hence the frequency of vessels steering for Cuba being wrecked upon them.

On the second day after passing the Caymans we sighted Cuba, and stood towards the Islands of Jardillias and Pinos, along which we steered towards Cape Corientas, after passing which we rounded Cape St. Antonio, and stood into the Gulf of Mexico. The south

coast of Cuba, as far as we could see it, appeared low, but with high lands in the distance, and densely wooded, with scarcely any appearance of cultivation. It is famed as the rendezvous of pirates, who find refuge and concealment within the deep and closely-wooded creeks in the Isles of Pinos and Jardinillas, as well as on the adjoining Cuban coast. The night was beautiful and the moon at full when we stood round the cape. Next morning we hauled upon a wind in order to beat through the Gulf of Florida, standing off and on between the coasts of Cuba and Florida. The current called the gulf stream, which always flows out of the Gulf of Mexico along the coast of Florida into the Atlantic, aided us slightly. The water in the Gulf of Mexico is so pure and clear that you can see to a great depth, which enabled me to observe the hulls of the ships near us down to the keels, as if they were high and dry. I could also perceive occasionally one or two large hawk-bill turtles floating at a great depth.

Here I must pause for a moment to relate the wonderful effects the sea air had had upon my health—already the fever was becoming subdued, and the weakness and languor which had made me incapable of the slightest exertion were rapidly passing away; thus was I enabled to observe with keen enjoyment the progress of our large fleet. I was never tired of watching the various manœuvres of the different vessels, and regarding with all the buoyancy of returning health after a long and dangerous sickness the various objects of interest around, and entering with zest and spirit into the course and management of the *Lady Forbes*, which I proudly compared with what I considered the indifferent sailing and lubberly management of some of the surrounding merchantmen.

We now stood in so close to the Havannahs as to observe the heavy batteries on each side of the entrance, which is so narrow as only to admit of one ship entering at a time. On standing over to the coast of Florida, the land is so low as to prevent its being visible unless close in with it, which called for great vigilance and caution on the part of the commodore. This he showed by making the signal to tack and stand off towards Cuba, as soon as the coast of Florida was observed by the look-out from the mast-head of the *Leviathan*.

On the second morning after entering the gulf, when off the Matanzas, on the Cuban shore, a white squall struck our ship, and nearly laid her on her beam ends. All seamen have a great dread of white squalls, which rise so suddenly as to give no notice of their approach, blow most fiercely, and striking a ship when probably under a press of canvas, place her in a situation of exceeding danger. Many a ship has foundered by being thus struck, from having all her sails thrown aback, thereby causing stern-way by their heavy pressure, and, in many cases, immediate foundering. The only chance is to ease the ship by cutting away both aloft and aloft, thus checking stern-way, and again placing the ship under command. We observed one or two of the ships near us after the squall, having lost their yards, and one with loss of foremast. From the Matanzas, the fleet soon cleared the gulf, leaving the Bahamas to starboard and Cape Florida to port, after which the commodore signalled to shape a course to clear the Bermudas and Cape Hatteras, on the coast of South Carolina. In these latitudes, violent thunder squalls are of frequent occurrence, which gave rise to the following favourite couplet of the blue jackets in allusion to the danger of this passage:—

“ If Bermudas let you pass,  
Stand by for Cape Hatteras.”

In so large a fleet, it is easy to imagine that many of the ships were heavy sailers, and commanded by careless captains, who lagged astern in spite of the continued signals from the commodore to make more sail. As the fleet stood on, we encountered some of the heavy thunderstorms to which I have before alluded, and which often came on after sunset, when total darkness prevailed, relieved only by flashes of the most vivid lightning. At such times, there was great risk of being run on board by ships to windward running to leeward, regardless of consequences, and it was only by keeping a very sharp look-out that this danger could be escaped. Happily, owing to Captain Gourlay being a good seaman and careful commander, we avoided the consequences of such, always marked on the morning after a squall by many of the ships suffering from loss of spars, &c.; the commodore was therefore frequently obliged to order the fleet to heave to, that the damaged ships might be repaired, thus occasioning serious detention.

When we reached lat.  $46^{\circ} 4'$  N. and long.  $37^{\circ} 30'$  W., we experienced a violent gale of wind, which dispersed the fleet. The *Lady Forbes* behaved well, and, with the exception of shipping one heavy sea, which swept away the bulwarks and nearly filled the cabin, she made good weather of it; but our captain was never off the deck during the forty-eight hours that the gale lasted, and it was not until the ship was hove to that he came below to change his drenched garments, and take the rest and refreshment of which he stood so much in need. Certes, there is no such discomfort either ashore or afloat as a ship in a heavy gale, with the cabin furni-

ture all tumbled higgledy-piggledy, and probably most of it thoroughly soaked from the shipping of seas, no possibility of a fire in the cook-house, consequently no dinner or other refreshment for the inner man except ship biscuit and mouldy cheese, washed down with rum grog. We endured this misery for two days, when the gale moderated, and, after a general scrubbing and re-arrangement to make things ship-shape, the vessel held on her course.

It was late on the evening of the third day when the look-out at our masthead reported sighting the commodore, and several of the fleet. On joining, we found many of them under jury masts. On the banks of Newfoundland, we encountered the usual heavy fogs, occasioning a continual ringing of bells and beating of drums, to prevent collision with other vessels, which it was almost impossible to discern even when close alongside. Fortunately, during these fogs, there is usually a calm; otherwise serious consequences must ensue from vessels running foul of each other.

We experienced much success in fishing for cod on the Banks, which made an agreeable change to the invariable daily fare of salt junk. Fifty years ago, when the war was at its height, luxuries were not very attainable even on board passenger ships. The numbers of cod-fish in this part of the ocean and their voracity are extraordinary. The moment the hook reaches a certain depth, you feel a hearty tug at it, and, on hauling up the line, a large cod-fish appears; and this is repeated as long as the hook is baited and sent down.

By this time, most of the crew had expended their stock of tobacco, and the *succedenum* they employed was neither very dainty nor agreeable; but, without

his tobacco, Jack is a miserable creature. The sail-maker (a thorough old salt) used to watch the captain, who, good-naturedly, only half-chewed his quid, and then placed it where old Alick's eyes were immediately upon it, and who, after making several tacks towards where the quid lay, pounced upon it, and deposited it between his own jaws.

Luckily, however, before we got into soundings, we were delighted in seeing a heavy frigate stand into the fleet, upon which the commodore made the signal to heave to, when immediately a whole cloud of boats from the different ships were seen pulling for the frigate, in order to purchase tobacco (of which the purser has always a large stock), as well as tea, of which Jack is as fond as an old woman. After this, the fleet again stood on until we struck soundings, when those vessels bound for Bristol and Liverpool, &c., shaped a course for Cape Clear, while those for London and other ports continued their course for the Land's End. The commodore left us here, as his ship the *Leviathan* had suffered severely in the gale. The *Santa Margareta* consequently was now our only protector.

On the 18th of October, to our great joy, the land of Old England was descried. This proved to be the Lizard Point on the coast of Cornwall, and, as the wind still continued fair, we ran on with squared yards until we made the Isle of Wight, off which we were boarded by several pilot-boats. I was struck with the healthy looks and ruddy complexion of the stout and hardy seamen who manned these boats, but whose services not being required, cast off, and continued their look-out for vessels bound to Portsmouth, &c.

In the evening, when close in with St. Catherine's Point, in the Isle of Wight, the signal was made by

our convoy, the *Santa Margareta* frigate, for all ships to come within hale. Captain Gourlay immediately complied, when the order was given us to keep a very sharp look out, as a signal was flying from Dunnose Head of many French privateers being in sight. This intimation caused great vigilance to be adopted on board the *Lady Forbes*, in which I heartily joined by keeping the deck, (loaded musket in hand,) until daylight next morning. Off Fairlight, we were brought to by the *Leyden* man-of-war, commanded by Sir Joseph York, father of the present Earl of Hardwick, when, after passing Beachy Head and Dungeness, we soon after sighted the chalk cliffs of Dover, when we hauled up to round the South Foreland, and stand into the Downs, which we expected to reach in a few hours; but we reckoned without our host, as the blockading squadron, consisting of the *Immortalité* frigate and several sloops of war, as well as one or two bomb ketches, the whole under the command of that distinguished officer Captain Owen, brought the fleet to off the South Foreland, and commenced boarding many of the ships for the purpose of impressing seamen.

As several of the vessels stood on without paying attention to the signal to heave to, the *Immortalité* and others of the squadron opened a sharp fire of musketry, which had the desired effect, but not without bringing the whizzing of balls closer to our ears than was either safe or agreeable. We were boarded by a boat from the *Immortalité*, and the lieutenant in command of it desired Captain Gourlay to muster his crew, which was accordingly done; but as all the best men of them had stowed away in the hold, those who drew up on the quarter-deck consisted of "old salts," unfit for men-of-war duty. There was one exception, however, who had



been a midshipman (but paid off at the peace); he was instantly seized upon by the lieutenant, and ordered into the boat, which he obeyed most reluctantly. In about an hour, the blockading squadron steered for the French coast. The *Lady Forbes* and the rest of the merchant fleet stood on, and, in the afternoon of the 18th of October, 1804, we let go our anchor in the Downs, in the midst of a number of men-of-war, commanded by Lord Keith, whose flag was flying on board the *Edgar*, 74 guns.

The threat of invasion, and the assembling of a large force at Boulogne, under the immediate command of Napoleon himself, occasioned the utmost vigilance all along the coast of Sussex and Kent, and the adjoining counties, as also by the cruisers in the Channel, and particularly by the squadron especially appointed to watch the French coast, (under the command of Captain Owen,) from Calais to Cape Grisner, and to blockade Boulogne—a most harassing duty, but which was carried through with the most damaging results to the French praams and flat-bottomed boats, upon whose large capacity, roomy decks, and small draught of water, Buonaparte placed his hopes and reliance for the conveyance of his immense army across the Channel to the shores of England.

Upon coming to anchor, and making all ship-shape after so long a voyage, I went on shore with Captain Gourlay, and, for the first time, I set my foot on English ground. We took up our quarters at the Griffin Inn, in Deal, and, after ordering dinner, I strolled through the streets, whilst the captain proceeded to apply to the naval officer in command for a convoy from the Downs to Leith, as also to engage a pilot and a shore-boat to attend upon us whilst we re-

mained at anchor. I was wishful to extend my walk to Walmer Castle, then the marine residence (in virtue of his office as warder of the Cinque Ports) of William Pitt, "the pilot who weathered the storm," and nearly fifty years afterwards, where the immortal spirit of the Great Duke passed from its last earthly tabernacle to "another and a better world." Time, however, did not permit me to accomplish this desire, so (as the sailors say) I hauled my wind, and returned through the churchyard, where many newly-made graves marked the last resting-places of the brave men who had fallen in the wild attempt of the heroic Nelson to cut out and destroy the praams, &c., in the harbour of Boulogne, but which proved too much even for the dash and spirit of British seamen under their favourite commander.

The streets were swarming with naval and military officers, and, on rejoining Captain Gourlay at the Griffin, I found several of his friends, commanders of ships, who had been with us in the fleet, waiting to join us at dinner. The weather was fine, but very cold, which, of course, we felt the more, coming as we did from the tropical climate of the West Indies; and we truly enjoyed a glowing sea-coal fire, round which Captain Gourlay's brother skippers took their wine *and spun their yarns*.

In the evening, we returned on board the *Lady Forbes*; and in doing so, encountered several of the man-of-war boats, which, commanded by officers, rowed guard every night, from sunset to daydawn, round the ships at anchor, in accordance with the sharp look-out kept by the men-of-war in the Downs. One of these boats boarded us every evening, and the lieutenant in command enjoyed extremely a glass of grog, in return for which he

gave us all the gossip afloat ; and, on condition of our keeping the stern windows well darkened, he did not insist upon our extinguishing all lights in the cabin at nightfall (otherwise strictly enforced), to prevent vessels being boarded and cut out by row-boats from French privateers, which had occurred even under the guns of the men-of-war at anchor.

After some days, the *Starling* gun-brig was appointed to convoy us to Yarmouth Roads only, after which we were to run our chance of capture by the French and Dutch privateers, which were continually cruising in the North Sea. As the *Lady Forbes* carried a letter of marque, was armed, and a warlike-looking craft, and her captain a gallant and determined man, the commanders of the other ships bound to the north appointed him commodore, and gave him a swaggering pennant to hoist when the *Starling* left us. Before leaving Jamaica, my cousins had given me an introduction, and letter of credit, to their correspondents in London, Messrs. Davidson and Graham, in the event of my wishing to visit the metropolis before proceeding to Scotland. I, however, preferred remaining with Captain Gourlay, and sharing with him the perils of the latter part of our voyage, to the fatigue of a land journey north.

At length we got under weigh, under convoy of the *Starling*, and shaped a course outside the Galloper Sand and Hapsburgh Gap. The fleet consisted of six sail, all heavily-laden West Indiamen. The *Starling* hailed the *Lady Forbes*, and desired Captain Gourlay to keep on the starboard bow, and fire a musket at any of the fleet attempting to go ahead. At my request, this office was given to me. I kept a bright look-out, and cracked away, in obedience to the commander's orders, at any ship who drew before our beam, which

occasioned a gun to be fired from the *Starling* at the offending craft.

Until midnight, the moon shone out brightly, but at that time a fog arose, which became so dense as to cause the pilot much anxiety, and to oblige him to keep the lead constantly going, as the course along the Galloper and Longsand is very narrow, and the floating lights were obscured by the fog. We were all therefore much relieved by the appearance of a sudden blaze of light thrown out by several of the fishing-boats through which we were running: on hailing them, their crews informed us of our exact position, and (as the sea term is) gave us "a fresh departure."

Towards the evening of the next day, we were outside of Yarmouth Roads, and passing the Hapsburgh Gap Sand, when the *Starling* fired a gun, hoisted her colours, and hauled in towards the Roads, upon which Captain Gourlay ordered the pennant to be run up, and assumed his duties as commodore. Fortunately the wind was fair from the south-south-east, which enabled us to carry on, going free, and as there was a dull sky, with considerable fog, we felt more at ease respecting the privateers, which we knew were cruising between the Dutch coast and Flamborough Head. One of these, commanded by a Dutchman named Blackman, had made many captures close in with the English coast. After passing the Dudgeon floating-light, on the forenoon of the day after parting company with the *Starling*, we observed a rakish-looking craft on our weather beam, who from her manœuvres, appeared to be trying our rate of sailing, by sometimes drawing ahead, and then dropping astern. Captain Gourlay now thought it time to show out warlike, by ordering a gun to be fired, and a signal made for the ships in company to keep

close to the commodore, and a reef to be taken in all the topsails at the same time (man-of-war fashion), to accomplish which the whole crew went aloft and laid out on the yards, while I stood on the bunt of the maintop-sail; old Alick, the sailmaker, fired one of the quarter-deck guns, and the captain took the helm. This display seemed to take the stranger by surprise, as he immediately hauled his wind and stood away for the Dutch coast. Next morning the weather continued cold and foggy, when the pilot ordered us to stand in for the land, in spite of Captain Gourlay's objections as to the impropriety of this step; but whether this evident mistake was owing to his having indulged in too stiff a glass of grog the previous night, or from his not having unbuckled his eyelids sufficiently, I am unable to say; however, he soon perceived he had mistaken the high land on the Durham coast, inside the Staple Isles, for the land above St. Abb's Head. A press of sail was instantly made to claw off the land, and as the wind, though south-east, was fortunately moderate, a good offing was attained. Towards evening next day, we opened the Frith of Forth, up which we ran with squared yards, and let go our anchor in Leith Roads on the 30th of October, after a tedious passage from Jamaica of three months and seven days. I was very impatient to land, but was compelled to wait till morning, when soon after sunrise a boat from New Haven enabled me to do so, and I proceeded to Leith, knocked up the servants of worthy Mr. Oliphant, collector of customs, who warmly welcomed me, and informed me that my brother-in-law, Lord Doune, and my uncle the Hon. Colonel Gray, had sent daily during the last week to ascertain if the *Lady Forbes* had arrived, as her arrival in the Downs had been

reported. After breakfast I proceeded with my faithful dog Tom in a post-chaise to my uncle's, at Easter Dudingstone, where I was received with the utmost kindness and affection; and shortly after Lord Doune joined the circle, to add his warm welcome to that of my other friends. The change in my appearance from a stout healthy lad to that of a lanky yellow-faced hobbledohoy, caused much sympathy, and many expressions of sorrow from my dear aunt and her excellent mother; with regrets that I should have been exposed to the evil effects of the deadly climate of the West Indies. After a short sojourn with these kind relatives, I accompanied my brother-in-law to Woodburn, where he was then residing, and found my sister and her first-born in good health, and most happy to see me, as it were, risen from the grave. Thus ended *this period of my life*, and I now more than ever regretted that my father had been induced to remove me from the profession of a sailor, for which I had always such a predilection. But I was too old again to enter the navy. The re-establishment of my health being the first consideration to be attended to, any further plan for my advancement in industrial life was put aside for the present, and I had a happy home with my sister and my kind cousin, Lord Doune. At first I suffered much from a return of intermittent fever and ague, but my native air and good constitution soon caused them to strike their colours, and I was enabled with increasing strength to enjoy the most exciting of all amusements, field-sports. I remember, even now in old age, the delight I experienced when, accompanied by a hardy old Highlander, I shouldered my gun, and with Don and Juno (two as staunch pointers as ever stood to a gun,) sped forth over the

extensive fields on the estate of the Marquis of Lothian (who had favoured me with permission to shoot over his lordship's manor of Newbattle), and thus commenced my first essay as a chasseur, as Jonathan hath it, on my own hook. I soon became a quick and deadly shot, and never returned from the field without a bag well filled; old Alister M'Laren continually calling on me to "take time," when, full of nervous anxiety, I walked up to the point with gun cocked and scarcely breathing. There is no situation which requires more steadiness of nerve than when a covey of partridges rise on the wing. It is then the young sportsman, in a state of flurry and eagerness, scarcely knows which of the birds to fire at, and often *blatters* off his gun, without taking aim, into the heart of the covey: old Alister's "Oh, honoured sir, that's na like a sportsman," soon cured me of this, and formed me into a good shot.

Lord Doune was fond of coursing; and his greyhounds, under the especial care of the stud groom, James Taylor, were of the best blood, and in the highest condition. Many a happy day's coursing we enjoyed in the fine open fields adjoining the Roman camp. In the succeeding spring and summer this was varied with trout-fishing in the Esk, which brought back in full vigour my fondness for that delightful and interesting sport, as in my early days at Musselburgh and Lochend. Often I walked to Arniston Bridge ere I wetted a line, and then fished down the Esk, amidst its beautiful scenery, passing the old baronial castle of the Earl of Dalhousie, which, with the surrounding landed estates, are the possessions of the noble and ancient race, descendants of the brave Dalwolsie, the friend of Robert Bruce, and his heroic companion in many a hard-fought field against England's Edward. The

present representative of that distinguished family has lately occupied for several years the important and honourable position of governor-general of India; and, as an acknowledgment of his talents as an administrator, has been raised to the dignity of Marquis.

Whilst residing at Woodburn I often rode into Edinburgh, to enjoy the society of my youthful friends, whom I had left (when I embarked for Jamaica) studying, and occupied with other pursuits, and whom I now found fired with martial ardour, and in military guise, determined "to die the death," when called upon, in defence of old Scotia. Amongst those gallant spirits I remember was Sir Walter Scott, an ardent and active member of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, and who, like many others of his legal brethren, used to plead the cause of his clients before the lords of session, in his uniform, which peeped out from under the toga of the advocate, like that of the warlike Bishop of St. Andrew's in the olden time, whose shirt of mail used to clatter beneath the sacred vestments. There was a large force of volunteers in Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian, forming an efficient army of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, under the command-in-chief of Earl Moira; Lords Dalhousie, Elphinstone, and other distinguished officers, having command of brigades and regiments. There was also a powerful squadron of line-of-battle ships, frigates, and gun-brigs, in Leith Roads, commanded by Admiral Vashen. My patriotism was roused to the purchase of a pair of pistols, of which I determined to make use by having a pop at the "mounseers" if they did land, my state of health preventing my joining any of the volunteer corps. But this universal martial ardour did not prevent the advancement of literature by the projection of the *Edinburgh*



*Review*, one of the most talented productions which ever issued from the press, even in Modern Athens, and which came forth from, and was carried forward by, the Whig party, who at that time numbered in its ranks writers of the most powerful and shining attributes; amongst whom were the Rev. Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, Horner, and Cockburn. The idea of this brilliant and important work originated with Sydney Smith, who, as he stated, propounded it to his colleagues in a garret in Buckleugh Place, where Jeffrey (then a briefless advocate) resided; and Sydney suggested for its motto, "We live by oatmeal," but this was negatived as too personal and national, and another adopted. Sydney undertook the situation of editor, but only as the *locum tenens* for Jeffrey. The sensation when the first number was issued was intense, and the second was looked for with equal anxiety; but great as was its success on chipping the shell, its proprietors could scarcely have foretold for their bantling such a long and brilliant career.

The friends with whom I was most intimate, and with whom a life-long friendship was then cemented (but who have, alas! now all passed away), were Frank Walker, afterwards Sir Francis Walker Drummond, Sandy Finlay, and John Cunningham. Many a happy day I passed with them in their lodgings, in George Street, which I shall ever recall with pleasure. John Cunningham, after practising at the bar for some years, with infinite ability, became a lord of session, and filled that high and honourable situation until his death, in 1854.

Towards the end of December I proceeded to Keir, to pay a visit to my relations. The Laird, who happened to be in Edinburgh, invited me to accompany him

on his return, which I was nothing loth to do. To give an idea of the rate of travelling in those days, in comparison with the present, I will describe our journey. We left Edinburgh, posting, at 10 A.M., reached Linlithgow (fifteen miles) at one o'clock, changed horses, and reached Falkirk about half-past three, again changed and proceeded to Airth Castle (the residence of Mr. Grahame), which, though only eight miles further, but being through the Carse of Falkirk and a most wretched road, occupied us two hours, thus arriving at our destination about half-past five o'clock, having taken more than seven hours to accomplish a distance of thirty-one miles. We found two of my cousins from Keir, on a visit at Airth Castle. This house (yelept Castle) was very old, and gave one an excellent idea of the residences of the gentry of Scotland in the olden time. My room was panelled with oak, black from age, and overlooked the churchyard. On separating for the night, Mrs. Grahame, mother of our host, who was the *beau idéal* of the kindly manners and high breeding of the Scottish lady, said to me, "I hope you are no afraid of ghaists, your neighbours in front of your windows will no disturb you; but nae doubt you've been accustomed to mony a sight of death an' the grave, in that woeful climate, Jamaica." I assured the kind lady that I feared neither ghost nor kirkyard. After a night of sound sleep, I rose at daybreak, and, in spite of the cold of a Scottish December, sallied forth to enjoy the extensive view from the park in which the castle stands. The range of the Ochil hills, visible from thence, was covered with snow. The river Forth was in front, and the Castle of Stirling stood out magnificently, as also the Abbey Craig, in the distance to the westward. The sound of the breakfast bell was most welcome, knowing that a blazing fire and

a Scotch breakfast awaited me. After remaining two days at Airth, I accompanied my cousins Marion and Jane to Keir, the Laird, as an old dragoon, preferring to journey on horseback.

I had not visited Keir since my early childhood, when I accompanied my father to welcome the Laird to his succession on the death of his father; I therefore felt much interest in revisiting it. Soon after noon, in a semi-frozen state from the intense cold, we arrived at our destination, when, round a blazing sea-coal fire, with the delightful society of my cousins, I was in a state of thorough enjoyment, to which the dressing-bell put an end. The dinner hour in those days was four o'clock, unless there were visitors at Keir (which was almost constantly the case), when the hour was five.

Next morning, on looking from my window, my eyes rested on the Abbey Craig, and further to the north, upon the bleak Sheriff Muir, where, in 1715, the well-known battle took place between the army of George I., commanded by the Duke of Argyle, and that of the friends and supporters of the Pretender, commanded by the Earl of Mar, when each of these generals considered his army defeated, and actually fled from the field of battle, Argyle to Stirling, and Mar to Auchterarder. Only slight changes had taken place in the house and grounds of Keir since I had last been there. I may here remark that the usual designation given to it at that time was "The Keir," which at once pointed to the fact of its having been a Roman station, or encampment—hence Keir, from the old British *caer*; which was further confirmed by its commanding position, as also by the sloping banks in the park, descending towards the Carse of Stirling, being denominated *camy bank*, from the *campus* adjoin-

ing. Had my mind and thoughts been imbued at that period with antiquarian lore, as was afterwards the case, I should not, with the thoughtlessness of youth, have coursed hares and shot partridges on the very spot where the Roman legions of Severus had encamped (and no doubt proceeded from thence to their grand encampment of Ardoch, five miles from their camp at the Keir), without the deepest interest being awakened by a scene so hallowed by ancient events. The time flew swiftly away in this happy visit to Keir; there was a continual succession of visitors; most, if not all of whom have gone to their last resting-place, one only within my knowledge remains—the mother of the present Duchess of Atholl, and at that period Miss Moray, of Abercairny. As the merry days—or, as they were termed in Scotland, “the daft days”—of Christmas and the New Year drew on, it was arranged that I was to accompany my cousins and the Laird to spend that joyous season at Abercairny, the residence of Colonel Moray. Thither accordingly we proceeded, and found assembled a houseful of relations, and several of the principal families in the district, amongst whom were Lady Perth, and her daughter; Miss Drummond, now Lady Willoughby D’Eresby; Mrs. Stewart, afterwards Lady Pulteney; Sir William Erskine, who commanded the cavalry in the Duke of Wellington’s army; Sir Thomas Stirling, an old veteran of the American war, &c. The eldest son of Abercairny and myself became great chums, and shot and coursed together every day. He was a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars. A pack of harriers, to which the colonel—or, as he was usually designated, Abercairny—was a subscriber, met near; a large field, principally composed of the cavaliers and fair ladies

from Abercairny, assembled at the meet, and it was there I made my first essay as a *chasseur*. A hare was soon found, when Abercairny gave the view hallo, and away went the merry harriers in full cry. As the pace was not fast, the pony on which I was mounted was able to keep up with the field; but the hare was soon lost in the plantations around Fern Tower, afterwards the residence of the gallant soldier, Sir David Baird, who married Miss Preston, the heiress of that beautiful estate.

Amongst our joyous merry-makings it was proposed to go *en masquerade* to Auchtertyre (the residence of Sir Peter Murray), and make an unexpected descent upon the party assembled there. The idea was eagerly caught at, and great was the amusement in preparing the dresses, and imagining the astonishment our sudden appearance would create. Our project was carried into effect one bright frosty night; the party consisted of about twenty, all dressed in character—there were game-keepers, fox-hunters, and hussars, as well as many black-eyed gipsies and bonnie Highland lasses; but the best sustained was the Hon. Charles Kinnaird (afterwards Lord Kinnaird, and father of the present peer), as an Irish footman. As to myself, I sported the blue jacket and trowsers, a character more german to me than any other. When all were ready, we set forth in four carriages, as merry a party as ever started on a Christmas frolic. The moon was at full, and shone bright as day. Auchtertyre was six miles from Abercairny, and as there was an intense frost, the roads were in excellent order, and the distance soon got over, enlivened as it was by the mirth of the party. Before reaching the house, the whole party descended from the carriages, and proceeded in silence to the house, when, in reply to our furious summons, the door was

opened by the amazed domestics, and all rushed into the hall, headed by Phelim O'Rourke (*alias* Charles Kinnaird), who, in the pure Donnybrook accent, demanded of the terrified butler that the party of *rale gentry* should be instantly marshalled to the drawing-room. The butler, however, illustrated the old saying, that "discretion is the better part of valour," by beating a hasty retreat to his own territories, in which he locked himself, leaving Phelim to find his own way and usher the party to the drawing-room, the door of which he threw open with a "Long life and more power to ye, my lords and ladies! Oh! and it's me own self who has the felicity to introduce to you as fine a specimen of the beautiful darlints and rale sons of auld Scotland as ever made y're bright eyes (saving the spectacles) twinkle." The drawing-room was filled with a large party, the feminine portion of whom were much terrified, and began screaming and running behind the sofas, whilst the gentlemen prepared to stand on the defensive: amongst the latter was Henry Dundas (Lord Melville), who showed his usual coolness by calmly rising from the card-table at which he was seated, removing his spectacles, and taking up the poker, prepared for action. But our masquerading costumes were not sufficient to prevent detection, when shouts of merry laughter succeeded the momentary alarm, and rang through the *salons*; on which the servants, recovering from their state of terror, came forth from their places of refuge, and a merry Christmas and happy new year was quaffed in goblets of claret, and other lady-like tipples. After remaining a short time we proceeded to Monzie Castle, where, by a previous hint from some of our fair *guisards*, we were expected to supper, which *certes* was a grateful sight, and which we enjoyed with

much gusto. In the midst of our refection a weel faard sony lass, in the national garb then worn by housemaids, entered the ancient hall, and rushing to the fireplace with broom and shovel, made a clean hearth-stone, to the surprise of all present, but particularly of our hostess, Mrs. Campbell, the mother of the gallant proprietor, whose deeds of arms with the 42nd Highlanders, at Quebec and elsewhere, had raised him to the rank of major-general. "Dear me," said the worthy lady, "what's a' this Jenny's about, making such a stour and clatter at the fireside—go away immediately and mend y'r manners;" upon which the supposed Jenny dashed down her brush, and throwing off her mutch and short gown, stood out before us Lady Mary Murray, in all her beauty and elegance. This amusing *jeu d'esprit* of Lady Mary still further increased our merriment, and made the old roof of the ancient hall ring with our laughter. At length, when some of the *sma' hours* had passed, we prepared to set forth on our return, but not till the old Scottish toast of "Happy to meet, sorry to part, but blithe to meet again," had been quaffed in rosy wine. We then entered our vehicles, and started for Abercairny, which we reached just when the grey dawn began to peep over the distant Grampians. Most of our party retired to bed, but James Murray and myself, after a hearty ablution and change of apparel, prepared to beat the covers for woodcocks, the only wood-shooting at that time in Scotland, as pheasants were not then bred, except at Lord Haddington's seat of Tynningham, in East Lothian, and one or two other domains.

After celebrating with due cheerfulness the close of the old, and commencement of the new year, the party assembled at Abercairny began to separate. I had

promised to pay a visit to my brother-in-law, Mr. Allen, of Errol Park, who was an entire stranger to me, having become the husband of my youngest sister during the time I was absent in Jamaica, and as Mr. Kinnaird was also proceeding to Errol, he offered to convey me to my destination. On the following Sunday, therefore, we left the hospitable mansion of Abercainry, where so many happy days had been passed. Our conveyance was a post-chaise from Crief, and a more miserable turn-out, as regarded carriage and horses, never before met my sight; "Jock Jaboz" would have disdained any connection with such a rattle-trap—the "Laird of Kippletrinan" would have been ashamed of it. After the loss of much time and talk in stowing our luggage on the roof and inside of the chaise, the driver mounted and took his seat on what he termed the jingle-board, which was hooked on to the upper part of the fore-springs, and on which he seemed to sit ill at ease. At length, after he had whooped and halloed, and applied much whip-cord to the seemingly starved horses, we set off at a kind of compromise between a walk and a trot. We had fifteen miles to accomplish before we reached "the fair city of Perth," which occupied four hours; and we were fortunate in achieving it in that time, as, towards the latter part of the road, the driver had to descend from his "jingle-board," and by walking, and a vigorous application of whip-cord, to urge on his wretched steeds to attain the desired goal. Mr. Kinnaird, whose rage had been at boiling-point all the way, now broke forth, and rated the unfortunate driver soundly for daring to bring such a miserable set out for his conveyance, to which the Jock Jaboz of Crief, indignantly snorting like a true Highlander, replied, "There's no twa better



pownies betwixt Edinbro' and Inverness (and that's a lang road) than them same; but they war a' the way at Breadalbane's Castle yestere'en, an' were sair forfeuchan tis mornin' or they cam for y're honour to Abercairny, so y're honour maun just pit up wi' it;" saying which the imperturbable Celt coolly walked away, and disappeared within the stable-yard of the George Inn (now yeledped hotel), from whence soon appeared a smart chaise, in which we took our seats, and rattled on, to make up for lost time, reaching Errol only just before the dressing-bell rang out its welcome sounds.

A large party from Meginch Castle and Fingask were assembled, and having received a most kind welcome from Mr. Allen and my sister, I prepared fully to enjoy myself. The position of Errol House struck me as very fine; but an intense frost pinched me terribly, and I longed for the bright sun of Jamaica. The neighbours were sufficiently numerous, and within such a distance as to make visiting easy and frequent. But at that period there was none of the splendour, either in the mansions or the style of living which in after years was so distinguished amongst the families in the Carse of Gowrie. Kinfauns Castle was just the stern fortalice and tower it had been for many by-gone generations; the then Lord Gray paid only short and occasional visits to it; the Hays of Leggieden, Drummonds of Meginch, Hunters of Glen Carse, Thrieplands of Fingask, Sir John Wedderburn of Ballendean, Lord Kinnaird (who, however, was seldom resident at Drimmony), and Mr. Paterson of Castle Huntley, were the principal proprietors of the Carse of Gowrie at this time. Castle Huntley, anciently Castle Lyon, placed in the centre of an extensive plain, stood out the faithful representative of the stronghold of baronial power in

days gone by; the massive centre tower was of great size and height, and several additions had been made to it, the whole forming a handsome and extensive residence, surrounded by a park of moderate extent, in which were trees of great size.

I remained some weeks at Errol, and then returned to Keir, paying a visit *en route* to Colonel and Mrs. Belshes, at their beautiful and romantic residence of Invermay. The scenery around, particularly on the banks of the May, is most beautiful, and the walks, planned with excellent taste, extending for miles, had been cut and formed along its banks. At Invermay I first enjoyed the sport of rabbit-shooting, which, from the quickness of the rabbit's movements (when in cover), requires a rapid shot; and being inexperienced, I often missed, which nettled me, particularly as my fellow-sportsman John, the colonel's second son, was an excellent shot. John studied for the bar, but soon tired of it, and went into the army, in which he saw much service, and became major-general.

On returning to Keir, the weather had become somewhat milder, and I was much out of doors, and made very frequent visits to Kippencross, distant only two miles from Keir, where Mr. Stirling and his family were residing. Being at that time in my eighteenth year, I of course became a willing slave to his very pretty, sprightly daughters, then just entering womanhood, and indulged in various romantic hopes and dreams with regard to the bonnie Mary—dreams so constantly experienced in youth, but so often ending in disappointment.

But spite of all these attractions, and the society of my cousins, to whom I was so warmly attached, I found this life of semi-idleness wearisome, and longed to be

up and doing, being endowed by nature with an energetic and ardent spirit. It was now too late in life to return to my first love (the navy), and I therefore requested my cousin to use his influence to get me into a mercantile house in Liverpool. In the meantime, Lord Doune and my sister desired me to make my home with them, and I therefore prepared to return to Woodburn, and to resume my fishings in the Esk, and companionship with my old chums in Edinburgh. Lord Doune had purchased the small property of Cambus Wallace, situated in the immediate vicinity of the village of Donne, and in the midst of his father's extensive estates. There was only a very moderately-sized house on the Cambus Wallace property, quite insufficient for Lord Doune's family, he therefore ordered a considerable addition to it to be built, which was commenced during my stay at Keir, and gave me some occupation in riding over to inspect the progress of the works. During the summer, the building being completed, Lord and Lady Doune left Woodburn for a time, and took up their abode at their new possession, the name of which was changed to Doune Lodge, and there for the present I also was located.

At this period the scenery of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs was but little known or frequented, and owing to the state of the road leading from Callender, and the very poor accommodation to be met with at the Trossachs (a humble thatched cottage being the only resting-place), very few tourists, and those principally pedestrians, visited this mountainous and beautiful district, since rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott's admirable poem of the "Lady of the Lake." My first visit to the Trossachs was in 1804, when I accompanied a large party from Cambus Wallace and Keir.

We picniced on the borders of the lake, under the shadow of Ben Venue. How well do I remember my first impressions of that glorious scene! The day was warm and sunny, and the utter repose of all around, only interrupted by the hum of the bee or the distant lowing of the cattle on the pastures of Achray, together with the bright and beautiful Loch Katrine sleeping, as it were, among the stern mountains which surrounded it, including, in the distance, the precipitous and bare summit of Ben Aan, upraising its craggy scalp—all which gave full scope to the delightful feeling of *far niente*, as we lay basking in the sunshine. The isle which Scott has made so famous as the spot where the knight of Snowden and fair Ellen first met lay before us, and away to the left the lake swept on towards the ruined fort of Inversnaid and to Gleglyle, once the mountain residence of Rob Roy.

As sunset approached, we turned our faces to “the low countrie,” and again skirted the beautiful scenery of Loch Vennachar, and Lamrick Mead, “the trysting place,” gentle Loch Achray, and Coilintegle—all so beautifully described in “The Lady of the Lake.” Passing through Callender, we reached Cambus Wallace after a day of real enjoyment.

At the period of which I now write, the population within the district around Loch Katrine, and a great part of Menteith, were thoroughly Highland in their feelings and habits, as also in their very limited knowledge or use of any other language than the Gaelic. As a specimen of the latter, I will give an instance of a kind of Gaelic-Saxon conversation which I had with a hardy, iron-framed son of the clan Alpine. We were lying stretched side by side under the warm sunshine on a green and sloping bank above the loch, when I said to

him, "Ye'il nae doubt be in the Callender volunteers?" "Ou, I my nanesel's tat, nae doubt." "Captain Campbell of Shean is ye'r captain?" "Ou, I, so she is, an' a grand sodger too!" "Ye'el hae heard that Bony's comin' to tak' the glens frae ye?" "Oh, let him come; it'll be a grand sport tat. Ginn we hae him at ta Corrie an Wrechkin!" on saying which, up sprang Hector M'Gregor, giving the snort peculiar to the Highlanders when their blood is up, and crushing down his bonnet firmly on his brow, which showed out all that eager determination to meet his foe, ever so predominant in a Highlander. This man afterwards enlisted in the 78th Highlanders, and, after seeing much service, was made colour-sergeant for his distinguished bravery, and, having been granted a pension, he died at an advanced age, in his native glen, and now lies in the kirkyard of Duncraggan, near the Brig o' Turk.

Fifty-five years have come and gone since that happy day was passed, and now when I write how changed is all around Loch Katrine! No longer does that quiet and repose, and that total absence of "the buzz and stir of men," linger in the seclusion of that mountain home. All is changed for the bustle of the busy outside world. Crowds of tourists range over its wooded shores, and find southern comforts in the well-conducted hotel at the Brig o' Turk, kept by a true Highlander, John M'Intyre, who, with his kind helpmate, are ever ready with their Highland welcome, and whose well-appointed four-in-hand coaches at the railway-station of Callender convey passengers to his hostelry. But the march of science does more. A steamboat rides upon the lake, and conveys the excited tourist from the beautiful scenery of the Trossachs to the upper end of the lake, from whence he reaches Loch Lomond. Civilization goes ahead, and much of the old world's interests pass away.

Before leaving this subject, let me remark that no one staying at the Brig o' Turk should pass on to the Trossachs until they have visited Glenfinglass, once a royal forest, granted by James V. to the Earls of Moray, and which still forms part of the extensive possessions of that noble family: the glen is to this day inhabited by the descendants in direct descent of the royal clan Stuart, whose occupancy as tenants has been continuously granted for generations from father to son by the successive and noble possessors of the estate, which is beautifully described by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake."

I remained at Cambus Wallace and Keir during the summer and autumn, enjoying the "gentle craft" and ranging over Uam Var and the braes of Doune, gun in hand, after the 12th of August had opened the campaign against grouse and black-cock. My trusty old Highlander, Alister M'Laren, always by my side, constantly calling to me to "tak' time," when the muir cock rose with a whirr, sorely trying to the nerve and steadiness of an eager shot.

The views from the Uam Var into the forest of Glen Artney, and over the magnificent range of the Grampians, commencing with Ben Mori, and sweeping on to Ben Vorlich, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venu, and ending with Ben Lomond, equals any mountain scenery my eye ever rested on either in the Pyrenees or other Alpine districts. Southwards lies the well-cultivated district of Menteith, with its beautiful and classic lake, and eastward the broad rich fields, through which the silvery waters of the Forth sweep on; and beyond, in all its height and strength, stands the noble Castle of Stirling, the scene of many an event and many a crime in Scottish history; and yet further to the south is the far-famed field of Bannockburn.

Ardent and eager, and deeply read as I was in Scottish lore, I often stood pondering in admiration of all around for a longer time than Alistair thought proper in a "lad of the gun;" when an "Ou, sir, *the sun winna stand still, as we hae't in Scripture*, so ye had better hunt on, for this moss is a sure haunt o' the muir fowl in sic a het day as this is." Alas! here now does the horrid scream of the steam-engine, on its way to Callender, startle the very echoes of Uam Var, and destroys all that quiet and repose which forms the very cradle of poetic feeling.

Towards the end of this year, the prospect of my leading a more useful and active life opened out before me. My kind cousin, Charles Stirling, had, through the interest of his friend Mr. Corrie, arranged for my entering a mercantile house in Liverpool. Accordingly, towards the end of December, on a clear, frosty morning, I took my seat in the coach for Carlisle, *en route* to Liverpool. The rate of travelling was but little improved since I before described it, and very different to what it afterwards became, even before the introduction of steam power, which now seems, to those who remember these old times, more like flying than travelling soberly along the surface of mother earth. On the eve of my journey, a circumstance occurred which caused me much temporary anxiety, and was an instance of most extraordinary good fortune. Lord Doune was residing at Woodburn at that time, and I had gone to Edinburgh to receive several letters of introduction to influential persons in Liverpool, as well as the wherewithal to pay the expenses of my journey. These I had deposited in a very handsome new pocket-book, shut by a large silver clasp, and which I placed in my pocket before taking my place beside the driver of

the Dalkeith stage-coach. The night was very dark and rain falling, but, full of high hopes and spirits, I heeded not, and kept up a rattling converse with my companion of the whip. On reaching Dalkeith, and descending from the coach-box to walk to Woodburn, I discovered, to my dismay, that my pocket-book, with all my treasures, was gone, and must have dropped from my pocket. In great distress, I hastened to Woodburn, and instantly sought out James Taylor, the stud groom, to whom I related my troubles, and begged his assistance, requesting him to take all the servants under his charge, and proceed to search the road from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, a distance of six miles. He entered upon his task with great good will, and, as it was getting late, I retired to bed, and, in spite of my loss, slept soundly until I was awake in the morning by James Taylor, who, with an ominous shake of his head, put an end to my hopes; but this was only a *ruse* of James's, for immediately thereupon he displayed the pocket-book before my delighted eyes, and proceeded to narrate the particulars of his successful search. With lantern in hand, they divided into two squads of three each, and crossed and recrossed the road like ships on different tacks, keeping within a few feet distance of each other. In this manner they had continued their search for five miles, when, within a mile of Edinburgh, the "Royal Charlotte" coach passed them on its way to Newcastle. Immediately after, one of the searchers, a trusty Highlander, roared out, "Here she's!" and lifted my runaway pocket-book from the mud in the road, which, although very much soiled, and open, still contained the cash and letters. The clasp of the lock was crushed, and bore the mark of a horse-shoe nail. It was therefore concluded that one of the coach-



horses had stepped upon the lock of the pocket-book, causing it to fly open, and thus, by exposing some of the letters, aided John Mackay's quick sight in discovering it. I have still the pocket-book in my possession, which often reminds me of my great good fortune in recovering it.

But to return to my travels. As I have mentioned, I took my seat in the Carlisle coach at 9 A.M., after taking leave of my kind brother-in-law, Lord Doune, and my sister, and shaking old Alister M'Laren heartily by the hand, whose downcast countenance showed the sorrow he felt at our parting. "Ochon, ochon!" said he "ye'll get na mair shootin' wha ye're goin' up in England, and ye'll forget a' I tellt ye about the gunnin'. Ye was comin to be ane o' the best shots I ever had the teachins o', but it's a' at an end noo; sac God bless y're honour, and may ye be as happy as I wish ye." I must say that I felt rather downcast at first, but the thought of being again actively employed, and being resident in such a stirring place as Liverpool, drove the blues from me, and as my fellow-travellers were pleasant, well-informed men, I soon recovered my spirits. The country through which we passed, although interesting as a rich pastoral district, looked very bleak under a wintry sky, and it was not until we opened upon the picturesque scenery of the Galla Water, that it improved. After changing horses at Bank House, we reached Selkirk, situated on the Ettrick, and where the Vale of Yarrow appears in all its wild and forest scenery. The fatal field of Philip-haugh was pointed out to me, where the hopes and success of the gallant and unfortunate Montrose were crushed for ever. After passing the Vale of Yarrow, all was as bleak as could well be, but on approaching Hawick, Teviot Dale appeared in great

richness and beauty. We dined at Hawick, after leaving which, we passed Branksome Tower, and Goldielands, of which the great novelist and poet of Scotland has given such graphic and admirable descriptions in more than one of his works, and also pointed out many a hard-fought field between the Scotch and English borderers.

After changing horses at Langholm the scenery became still more interesting, but as night had set in, we could only admire it under bright moonlight, which was, however, sufficient to show the beautiful reaches of the rapid Esk, and its richly wooded banks, and even to light up the old tower of Kilnochie, the residence, in feudal times, of that bold and gallant borderer Johnny Armstrong, who was hanged in front of his own fortalice, by the orders of James V., who himself witnessed the vile deed executed, exclaiming, "What is there that a king has that this reiver wants." The crime which poor Johnny had committed, and which was so fearfully punished, was simply that on the king drawing near Kilnochie, he had gone forth to meet him attended by all his numerous clan and followers, in full panoply, with the intention of showing all respect and honour to his sovereign, but which being misinterpreted by the king, had drawn down such bitter wrath and anger.

Before reaching Longton, we passed through the two toll-gates which marked the border frontier of England and Scotland. The beautiful residence and grounds of Netherby (the estate of Sir James Graham) gave me the first impression of English park scenery, with its long, sweeping glades of green pasture, scattered over with its large ancestral oaks and other masses of wood. Soon after passing Longton the lights of "merrie Carlisle" appeared in sight, much to our relief, as we

had been shut up sixteen hours in one of the ill-at-case old coaches common in those days. After crossing the bridge which spans the Esk, and is supposed to have been built by the Romans, we entered within the walls of Carlisle through an ancient gateway, and drove up to the principal inn. By this time it was midnight, when, after partaking of tea, I soon forgot, in sound sleep, all the occurrences of the past day. Next morning I proceeded to the coach-office, to secure a place to Liverpool, and on offering payment in *Scotch bank notes*, to my consternation the clerk refused to take them, and I was compelled to submit to his extortionate demand of five per cent. discount for English. At seven o'clock I took my place in the conveyance termed a long coach, which carried sixteen passengers in the inside, without any on the outside, and it is doubtless on the model of this vehicle that the modern omnibus is framed. "Merrie Carlisle" was soon left behind (the morning being frosty, the usual state of the roads was improved), and Harrowby Hill was passed, where many a brave Scottish borderer paid his life's ransom for herrying the fat heaves from the rich pastures of Cumberland. After changing horses at High Hesketh, we entered the extensive tract of Inglewood Forest, at that time generally uninclosed and uncultivated; but which in these days of improvement has been changed into fertile fields and extensive plantations. To the south-west, I now observed the range of Cumberland mountains, including Saddle Back and Skiddaw. About half-way from Carlisle we passed the remains of a supposed Roman station, around a portion of which appeared walls and entrance gates, of massive construction; to this the name of Old Penrith is given. On nearing the town of Penrith a portion of Ullswater appeared in the

distance, as also a continuation of the mountain range. Shortly after passing this ancient town we crossed the river Emont by a very old narrow bridge, one of the remains of the Roman possessions in this region, and entered Westmoreland. Further on was to be seen a large trench surrounding a circular plateau, which is known by the designation of "Arthur's Round Table." We here crossed the Lowther, a rapid stream, and immediately after Brougham Castle appeared, situated on rising ground in the midst of a well-wooded park, which, having long belonged to his family, gave in after years the title to Henry Brougham, when on his becoming lord chancellor he was raised to the peerage. Further on we passed the woods around Lowther Castle, where a magnificent mansion had been recently erected on the site of the ancient castle formerly inhabited by the first Lord Lonsdale, who, as Sir James Lowther, was created a peer, having presented to Government a line-of-battle ship of seventy-four guns, fitted out ready for sea. His lordship possessed great wealth, was of very eccentric habits, with a most tyrannical, overbearing temper. A proof of his eccentricity I will now mention. He was very fond of horses, and many of the best blood were bred on his estate, not one of which would he allow to be broken in, or even handled; the consequence was that at his death, several hundreds of these were in a state of as utter wildness as if they had been bred on the Pampas of South America. Numbers of horned cattle were also left by his command in the same untamed condition. After his death, when sales of both were attempted, very few purchasers were found, and a great many of both descriptions were given away amongst the tenants on the estate by his successor, a nobleman of a most kind

and amiable disposition. Another instance of Sir James's eccentric conduct was shown when, dreading an opposition to his being returned to parliament on an approaching dissolution, he caused two very extensive ranges of cottages to be built near the public road; thus creating a number of freeholders possessing county votes, which overcame all opposition at the succeeding election, and secured his return.

Between Brougham and Lowther we passed the village of Clifton, where a skirmish occurred between the retreating army of Prince Charles, and the advanced guard of the royal army, commanded by Colonel Honeywood, which is so graphically depicted by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley." The appearance of the country after passing Lowther became very bleak and uninteresting, till we reached the village of Shap, situated on the edge of extensive fells and moorlands, which brought Uam Var and the braes of Doune strongly before my mind. We dined at Shap, after leaving which we commenced ascending the fells, and amidst the heather which covered the hills and moorland, packs of grouse took flight as the coach passed near their basking-place. In winter this portion of the road between Shap and Kendal was at that time frequently rendered impassable by storms of snow, which blocked up the road, and made it necessary to open it either by manual labour or the snow-plough. This wild and highland country continued until we had passed High Barrow Bridge, when we began to descend into a rich pastoral district, which by degrees became well cultivated, and enclosed with hedgerows and trees. Soon after appeared the picturesque and fertile vale of the Ken, passing through which we reached the town of Kendal, famed in the olden time for the manufacture of a peculiar kind

of woollen cloth known by the name of "Kendal green," but now no longer in use. In the immediate vicinity are the remains of the castle in which Queen Catherine Parr was born. The principal and most influential inhabitants of Kendal are Quakers, who have introduced great order and cleanliness in the streets, and whose neat and trim dwellings adorn and beautify the town. From Kendal we proceeded to Burton; but by this time night had set in, and my fellow-passengers as well as myself enjoyed sound sleep, scarcely roused by the changing of horses, and it was not until we had entered the ancient town of Lancaster that we were roused into thorough wakefulness. Here we were to remain for the night; but first a substantial supper was to be discussed, one dish of which I had never before seen, composed of a fish called char, nearly allied to trout, and caught in the lakes of this district.

The following morning we continued our journey, but the country possessed few features of interest, excepting towards the sea and the *embouchure* of the River Lune. In passing Garstang I observed an old castle, once the residence and still the property of the Earls of Derby. After leaving Preston (the next place of any importance which we reached) the country became even more sterile and ill-cultivated, excepting at Rufford, where the fine park and handsome mansion of Sir Thomas Hesketh appeared like an oasis in the desert. The town of Ormskirk was our next stage; here is an ancient church with two spires, one of them erected by an Earl of Derby; and under the church is the mausoleum of that noble family. Eleven miles more brought us to the far-famed and important town of Liverpool. Prior, however, to reaching it, we stopped at Kirkdale, that one of my fellow-passengers

might alight: he informed us several robberies had lately taken place between that village and Liverpool. This intelligence put us quite on the *qui vive*, and caused us to make sundry arrangements for concealing our pocket-books and watches,—for, in those days, we knew that such a tale was but too likely to be true. However, Providence watched over us, and we reached our destination in safety, and took up our quarters at the Angel Inn, in Dale Street, “a hostelry” famed for good entertainment and civil treatment, which I tested by instantly ordering supper and a private sitting-room.

I was now entering upon the most important passage of my life; but, ere I proceed, I will sketch out some particulars of Liverpool as it was at the period of which I write. The abominable slave-trade was still in fearful activity, and Liverpool possessed the bad pre-eminence of being the principal commercial port from whence it was carried on. There was also a considerable trade with the West India colonies, particularly Jamaica; also with the United States of America; and an extensive timber trade with Canada and the British possessions in North America. Privateering was embarked in with great spirit; but still the principal and richest of her merchants were engaged in the slave-trade. There were docks giving ample accommodation to the numerous shipping, but the town was far different from what it has since become, possessing neither buildings of architectural beauty, nor wide and extensive thoroughfares. A confused cluster of narrow streets, or rather wynds, with dingy brick houses, formed the principal portion of it, with the exception of two or three more recently formed streets, such as St. Anne’s, Rodney, and Bold Street, showing that the town was already commencing its career of prosperity.

But to return to my personal narrative, imme-

diately after breakfast, on the morning following my arrival, I proceeded to deliver a letter of introduction to Mr. Corrie, at his handsome residence in the upper portion of the town. Though it was quite early when I made my visit, the servant informed me Mr. Corrie was gone to Goree. This startled me, as for a moment I concluded he was on a voyage to the coast of Africa; but the servant set me at ease by telling me that Goree was a range of warehouses at George Dock, where Mr. Corrie's counting-house was situated. I therefore at once proceeded there, presented my letter, and was received with great kindness by Mr. Corrie. He introduced me to his sons, and, after inviting me to dine with him, he proposed that his son William should show me the environs of Liverpool towards Everton. This we accordingly effected: the view from the point where Everton Church has since been erected struck me as very fine—it commanded the entrance to the Mersey, and a very extensive view seaward towards the Orm's Head, and also over the hundred of Wirall, in Cheshire, and, in the far distance, the range of the Welsh mountains, including Penmaenmawr and Snowdon. In passing through Everton my companion pointed out to me a small cottage which had been the head-quarters of Prince Rupert when he besieged Liverpool. Further on, we passed a very handsome mansion called St. Domingo, built by a ship's carpenter named Sparling, who, in consequence of the capture of a very richly-laden Dutch Indiaman by a privateer called the St. Domingo, of which he was owner, was suddenly raised from a humble station to one of great opulence. His Royal Highness Prince William of Gloucester, who commanded the troops in the Liverpool district, was then residing at St. Domingo.

The following morning I called on Mr. Corrie by



appointment, when we proceeded to Messrs. Addison and Bagotts', in whose mercantile establishment I was to be received, in order to acquire a knowledge of mercantile transactions. Their business was entirely with the Island of Jamaica, where their relations were proprietors of several extensive sugar-plantations, the produce of which was regularly consigned to Messrs. A. and B. Our next proceeding was to seek a home for me, and for this purpose we went to the house of a widow lady named Turnstall, well known to Mr. Corrie, who was in the habit of taking boarders. He was well satisfied to find there was a vacancy in her house, and that consequently I could be admitted, as he entertained a high opinion of the old lady, and assured me I should be very comfortable as an inmate of her establishment. As soon, therefore, as the terms were arranged, I caused my luggage to be brought from the "Angel," and took possession of my new domicile.

Next morning, at nine o'clock, I proceeded to the counting-house of Messrs. A. and B., and was installed in my new occupation, which, from my residence in Jamaica and knowledge of shipping, and matters connected with that island, came very easy to me, and caused both partners to consult me on various subjects, both with regard to shipping and their transactions with Jamaica.

At this period those engaged in commerce lived in the town, not far from their counting-houses, and commenced business often as early as eight o'clock in the morning; the dinner-hour was four, after which they returned to their counting-houses and remained until nine o'clock, or often much later, if business required them to do so. Now-a-days all this is changed—every person, whether merchant or broker, lives in

the country, comes into town about ten o'clock, goes on change at four, after which mounts an omnibus and proceeds to his dwelling, often situated at a distance of six miles from his counting-house, leaving to a clerk the conclusion of the remaining business and duties of the day, which, in former times of more active industry, would have been carried through under the eye of the principal. This mode of acting may procure for them the *otium* of a country life, but it may be questioned if it adds to their financial prosperity.

My first duty, after entering the counting-house of Messrs. A. and B., was to attend to the landing of a cargo of sugar and other products from Jamaica, and, as it was of importance to have this carried through with every dispatch, the discharging of the cargo was commenced at six o'clock, even during the dark December mornings: owing to my previously-formed early habits, both at sea and in Jamaica, this did not in the least either fatigue or annoy me. The consequence was that the ship was cleared of her cargo and ready for another voyage in a much shorter time than had usually been the case, and I received much laudation from Messrs. A. and B. Thus, my time being fully occupied, and my engagements being of a stirring nature, which suited my active disposition, the days passed rapidly and agreeably. I dined every Sunday with Mr. Corrie, after accompanying his family to church (of which he made a very particular point), and passed the evening very pleasantly. At his house I used to meet many young men who had been introduced to Mr. Corrie, and were engaged in similar occupations as I was; they were principally from that part of Scotland (the county of Dumfries) in which Mr. Corrie's paternal property was situated.

At the period of my becoming a denizen of Liverpool, the war with France was being carried forward with the utmost vigour and determination; and it may be said, that Great Britain, at that time, was "a world in arms." In Liverpool, there were no less than three regiments of volunteer infantry, a regiment of light horse, a rifle corps, and a force of artillery, besides the artillery who manned the guns in the fort for the protection of the river. I was solicited to enter one of these corps, but never having had any *penchant* for the calling of a soldier or the rub-a-dub of the drum, I declined, at the same time intimating that, in the event of "Johnny Crapeaud's" attacking Liverpool, I would at once stand to a gun either in the fort or on board any armed vessel or gun-boat.

Prince William of Gloucester frequently inspected and reviewed the regiments of volunteers, generally on the sands along the shores of the river, which sometimes occasioned their manœuvres to be sadly interfered with by the flood-tide, much to the damaging of the white trowsers and other portions of the gay uniforms, and giving the military aspirants a cold bath even to their knees, to the great delight of the "roughs" and assembled lookers-on, who chaffed the poor draggled "defenders of their country" without mercy.

For my own part, business and inclination alike induced me to be constantly among the shipping in the several docks, which, at that time, consisted of the King and Queen's Dock, the Salt House Dock, the old dock, the dry dock, and George's Dock, to the northward of which the shore commenced in front of some scattered houses leading to the fort, which was of considerable extent and strength. After passing the fort, the shore and sands were continuous towards Crosby,

and so on towards Formby Point. At this period, the opposite coast of Cheshire was covered with fields interspersed with hedgerows and extensive commons leading on towards the village of Wallesey. There were very few gentlemen's residences. The remains of the ruins of Birkenhead Priory and the Woodside and Seacombe ferry-houses, with a few cottages at Poulton, included all the dwellings. From the Seacombe ferry-house towards the entrance of the Mersey there were one or two villas, and at the Rock Point were the powder-magazine and some cottages. Such, fifty years ago, was the surface state of the Cheshire coast opposite Liverpool, which has since become covered with handsome streets and squares, and also with extensive docks, besides a large accumulation of handsome villa residences between Poulton and Wallesey, including the district named New Brighton, which in itself forms a large town, near the Rock, where a large fort has been erected.

At a distance of three miles from Birkenhead is Bidston Hill, part of the ridge extending from Wallesey Pool towards the borders of the River Dee. On this hill are erected a long range of poles belonging to the leading merchants and shipowners of Liverpool, on each of which is hoisted the distinguishing flag of the party to whom the signal pole belongs when any of their homeward-bound vessels appear in sight; and as Bidston Hill commands a very extensive prospect seaward, extending from the Orm's Head on the Welsh coast westward, to the Lancashire shore northward, including the entrance of the Ribble, and also towards the Isle of Man, the person in charge of the flags is enabled to discover vessels far to seaward, and thus, by hoisting the signal belonging to the owner of the approaching ship, to give

notice of its arrival, which has often allayed many anxious fears regarding the safety of vessels overdue, and occasionally saved the insurance.

Soon after the commencement of my engagement with Messrs. A. and B., Mr. A. proposed that I should accompany him to Bidston Hill, for the purpose of arranging for a signal pole he wished to have erected there. I was heartily glad of the proposal, as it was long since I had enjoyed a walk into the country. We accordingly proceeded to George's Dock pier, and embarked in one of the ferry-boats to Woodside, and from thence we pursued our way by continuous stile paths through the fields to Bidston. I had never before seen this system of stile paths, and wondered much at the farmers allowing that which appeared to me to be a serious trespass. Mr. A. cleared up this matter, and was much surprised when I told him that our farmers and proprietors in Scotland would not endure anything of the kind.

I greatly enjoyed the fine and extensive view from the hill, and, after Mr. A. had arranged with the keeper of the signal-poles as to a position for that for his firm, we retraced our steps and recrossed the Mersey from Birkenhead. As a fleet was hourly expected from Jamaica, I kept a bright look-out towards Bidston, and was much gratified when, at length, I discovered the colours run up by which Messrs. A. and B.'s signal was distinguished. On the following day, the fleet arrived, amongst which were two vessels belonging to them, laden with produce from Jamaica. One of the captains was a Jamaica acquaintance. A hearty recognition ensued, and much *talkee talkee* about mutual friends took place.

It was at this period that government caused ships

employed in the slave-trade to be put under certain regulations and restrictions as respected their tonnage and accommodation between decks (particularly as to height), so as to insure freer ventilation and more individual space for the miserable negroes in their passage from the coast of Guinea to our West Indian colonies. An acquaintance of mine was the owner of several vessels employed in this horrid traffic, and on my expressing the utter abhorrence which I felt at the crowding and misery of the poor negroes during what was called the middle passage, he begged me to go with him on board a ship he was then fitting out for the coast of Africa, that I might see for myself what he had done to avert some of this wretchedness. I accordingly accompanied him to look at her. The vessel was one of 500 tons burden, with a flush deck, and in all respects as regarded outfit was perfect; but, on going between decks I found full cause for the late interference and new regulations of government, inasmuch, as even under the carrying out of these improvements, the actual height between decks under the beams was only four feet, which entirely precluded the unfortunate negroes from standing up, and forced them to continue, for the greater part of the twenty-four hours, in almost a crouching posture: on my pointing this out, and expressing my opinion of the cruelty of thus treating the unfortunate beings, the owner of the ship exclaimed in true Doric dialect, "Ah, ye'r far wrang. In het weather, the mair they sit the better; and I'm sure naebody but a supporter o' that wily scoundrel Wilberforce could but agree that the niggers will be vera comfortable betwixt these decks." There was no use in carrying out any observations further than by saying, "Well, G., your ideas of comfort and my own differ

very broadly, and I wish you were obliged to test yours by trying the comfort of such accommodation as you have provided between these decks in the middle passage."

Several of the principal merchants of Liverpool at this period had commanded ships (or Guinea-men, as they were termed) employed in the slave-trade, by which they had amassed large fortunes. The then Mayor of Liverpool was an instance, and I may truly add, his countenance and the vulgar coarseness of his manners did not belie the occupation by which he had successfully worshipped Mammon. I must however admit that he was an exception to the generality of those who had followed the same calling, as many of them in their manners and conversation were very different.

Liverpool was, at this time, famed for the number of ships of heavy tonnage which came into its docks, particularly those employed in trading to the West Indies. They were heavily armed and well-commanded, and, as sailing in fleets under convoy was tedious, and the consequent detention occasioned a great increase of expense, many of these vessels sailed alone, and with letters of marque, under the denomination of "running ships," and there were frequent instances of their beating off heavy French privateers after severe actions. One of these, named the *Heathcote*, was particularly distinguished in her passage from Demerara, by proving victorious in an action with a very heavily-armed privateer, although not without severe loss in killed and wounded. Amongst the number of the former was the nephew of the owner, a young man much respected. I went on board the *Heathcote* on her arrival in dock, and perceived, from the number of grape-shot embedded in her

bulwarks, how severe had been the action. The *Prince William of Gloucester* (so named after his royal highness, who, as I before mentioned, was commander of the troops in the Liverpool district) had been equally distinguished in an action against the enemy.

At this period the power of steam was yet unknown, either on railroads or afloat, navigation had to depend upon the winds for dispatch, and the transit of goods from the interior were forwarded by canal communication. Several instances of the great detention and loss to sea-going ships, occasioned by the delay of having to wait for a fair wind occurred. One in particular I remember. It was the custom for running ships, when they had completed the taking on board their cargoes and were nearly ready for sea, to haul out of dock and drop down to the mouth of the Mersey, in order to take on board their gunpowder and complete their crews. On the occasion to which I allude there were two ships bound to Barbadoes similarly at anchor at the magazines, and quite ready for sea, waiting for a fair wind. One commanded by an unmarried, dashing, dare-devil sailor, the other by a steady, cautious, and excellent seaman, but a married man. The former slept on board his ship, the latter at his home in Liverpool, depending, if a change of wind occurred, to be called up by the coxswain of his boat's crew. Unfortunately, the coxswain, though he had no wife to love, loved a glass of grog too well: the consequence was, he slept in (as the sailors say), and when he awoke, and hurried to muster the boat's crew, it was dead low-water, and the boat lay high and dry on the beach. The captain, on at length reaching his ship, was, as may be well believed, furious, particularly when he discovered the other ship had taken immediate advantage of the slight



slant of easterly wind at the height of the tide, which had enabled her to get through the narrow channel between the sandbanks of Hoylake and the Leasoes on the main, and get away to sea, whilst the tide having turned, and low water intervened, and the wind having returned to its old quarter north-west, rendered the moving of the other ship from her anchors utterly impossible; but misfortune did not cease here, for the wind continued in the same quarter without any change for the long period of eight weeks, so there, at her anchorings, hung the unfortunate detained vessel, whilst her former consort, who had got to sea and made a quick passage, had reached Barbadoes, discharged her outward cargo, taken in her fresh cargo, and returned and found the unlucky victim of his coxswain's love of grog positively still at anchor, waiting for a fair wind. Now these are facts, and not the mere "spinning a yarn," and may be attested by some resident as old as I am in Liverpool.

Liverpool had been long represented in parliament by General Tarleton and General Gascoigne, the former of a family who had long engaged in commerce, the latter a son of Bamber Gascoigne, of Childwell Hall, and proprietor of extensive estates in the vicinity. General Tarleton had been distinguished as commanding, during the American war, a corps of cavalry called "Tarleton's Legion." General Gascoigne had served in the Guards, and was wounded in the action near Dunkirk, under the command of the Duke of York. General Tarleton was supported by the commercial interest and operatives, such as the ship carpenters, sailmakers, ropers, &c. &c. The corporation gave their support and interest always to General Gascoigne. A dissolution of parliament at this time created an active

canvass of the constituency, owing to a declared intention of the whigs and dissenters to bring forward as their representative Mr. Roscoe, the distinguished author of "Lorenzo de Medici," who was of very humble birth, his father having filled the situation of coachman to Mrs. Hardman of Allerton, and afterwards resided in Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, where his son William was born. His remarkable talents had endeared him to a certain class among his fellow-townsmen, who were proud of the genius and talent which had raised him to a high standing among literary men. Consequently they exerted all their energies to bring him in as their representative to parliament: the contest was most severe, and continued nine days, when William Roscoe and General Gascoigne were returned.

I had eagerly engaged in the struggle on behalf of General Tarleton, and joined heartily in the daily skirmishes and fights in front of the hustings. General Tarleton had, when in America, been severely wounded in a hand to hand fight with a party of Yankees, losing nearly all his right hand. In his electioneering canvass this stood him in good stead, as, in shaking hands with the voters, he always presented his crippled fist (as the sailors term it), but the fair damsels of the fish-market, who were ardent and most influential supporters of Tarleton's, always insisted on a hearty smack of the warrior's lips, as well as a shake of the wounded paw; but this time all would not do, and the defeated general retired from the hustings in great disgust, and never came forward again.

Soon after this stirring event, George Prince of Wales, accompanied by his brother the Duke of Clarence, paid a visit to the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley Park, the princely seat of that noble family, within six

miles of Liverpool, immediately on their arrival, it was intimated to the mayor that the princes intended honouring the town with a visit. This, of course, created a great sensation amongst the inhabitants of the old town, and instant preparations were set on foot to receive the royal party with every demonstration of respect and loyalty. Unfortunately, when the day arrived, it was cold and gloomy, which caused the carriages conveying the royal visitors to be closed, much to the disappointment, and I may add disgust (particularly of the female portion), of the thousands who had assembled to welcome their royal highnesses, and at the same time gratify their own feelings of loyalty and curiosity. Happily, however, the day cleared up, which enabled the princes to quit their carriages, and walk round some of the docks, and also to visit the Botanic Gardens.

The noble and princely figure and deportment of "the first gentleman in Europe" appeared to great advantage, and induced bursts of hearty cheering from the crowds which followed and surrounded him, whilst many an earnest "God bless you!" and other heartfelt expressions of loyalty must have been truly gratifying to him. The sailor brother smiled, bowed, and nodded with his usual kind familiarity, more particularly to the large proportion of "Lancashire witches" who were collected together on the occasion.

Whilst viewing the docks, the royal party went on board an American ship commanded by Captain Bainbridge, who afterwards, when war broke out between Great Britain and America, in command of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, overcame the British frigate *Macedonian*, commanded by Captain Carden, after a very hard-fought action, in which great gallantry was

displayed on both sides. After partaking of a banquet at the Town Hall, the princes returned to Knowsley, escorted by a party of the Liverpool light horse, under the command of Major Falkner.

I continued actively employed in my regular duties until these were disagreeably interrupted by a severe attack of scarlet fever; fortunately I had previously removed from Mrs. Turnstall's to lodgings in Hope Street, a more airy situation, with larger rooms than in Mount Pleasant, and where my landlady paid me every attention. The system of sponging with cold water and vinegar, in fevers, had just been introduced by Dr. Curry, a physician of great eminence, resident in Liverpool. My medical attendant ordered it in my case, and the relief which it gave me I can never forget. A fortnight's struggle, under Providence, brought me through, although exceedingly weakened and reduced.

The 23rd Light Dragoons arrived in Liverpool at this time, to embark for Ireland. My connection, Captain Allen, commanded a troop in it, and on his arrival he came immediately to see me, and as soon as I could bear the fatigue drove me out in his curriole; fortunately for me the wind continued adverse to the sailing of the transports for upwards of a fortnight, during which time I so well recovered as to be able to ride out with Captain Allen, who mounted me on a favourite horse, named "Toddy," of which I have further to relate hereafter. At length the wind became fair, when I had to say farewell to Captain Allen and other kind friends in the 23rd. This regiment afterwards greatly distinguished itself in the hard-fought battle of Talavera, when Captain A. was wounded and taken prisoner in a gallant but unfortunate charge, which occasioned a most destructive loss to the 23rd. In that

charge "Toddy" was ridden by his master. Now Toddy was famed as a first-rate fencer, whether as regarded stone walls, timber, or brooks; this he showed out more conspicuously than was either wished for or intended by Captain A. After the charge was ordered, and just as the utmost speed was given to it, a very broad and deep ditch (before unseen) appeared directly in front of the 23rd, and between them and a body of French cavalry to the attack of which they were advancing; General Anson, who commanded the British cavalry, ordered the trumpeters instantly to sound a halt, but it was too late, for many of the 23rd, with true English pluck, had already cleared the ditch, though too few to make any impression on the enemy. Amongst those who succeeded in this act of gallantry was Captain Allen, Toddy having cleared the ditch at a bound, and landed his rider in the midst of a regiment of Polish Lancers, one of whom instantly levelled his pistol at Captain A.; fortunately it missed fire, whereupon he was taken prisoner, and then and there separated from Toddy, never to meet again, as poor Toddy became the prize of his master's captor.

A friend for whom I had much regard lodged with me in Hope Street; he was of a family of good station in the county of Galway. We possessed the same fondness for reading and literary pursuits, and on every occasion when our duties admitted, we took long walks in the surrounding country. At this period Childwall Hill, some miles distant from Liverpool, was an entire waste, covered with heath, whins, and heather, and without a single building of any kind upon it. The views from it were very extensive and beautiful, sweeping over a large extent of well-cultivated country to the north and east. The range of Welsh mountains were

also in sight, as well as large portions of Cheshire, and in the distance a part of Staffordshire. This was a favourite excursion of ours, and we much enjoyed the excellent bread and cheese and ale wherewith we refreshed our inner man at the *hostelrie* close to the church of Childwall. After many years' absence from Liverpool, I again visited Childwall Hill: what an alteration had taken place! An inclosure act had divided it into portions, whereon the citizens of Liverpool had erected villas of every style of architecture.

My great fondness for everything connected with nauticals induced me at this time to propose to my Irish friend Casey and his brother, as well as to some others of our acquaintance, that we should unite in the purchase of a sailing boat, such as would now be called a yacht. My proposition being heartily acceded to, I was deputed to look out for, and purchase, a suitable craft, and to have her fitted out as a cutter. I was delighted with the task entrusted to me, and lost no time in visiting the different ship-builders' yards, where, after due research, I found a boat admirably adapted to our purpose. When the purchase was completed, a meeting of the "proprietary" was held, and the boat duly named the *Game Cock*, a well-carved representation of the pugnacious bird being placed on her bow. A few weeks afterwards it was ready for sea, and we occupied all our spare time in cruising about the river; and sorry I am to say, Sunday was the day most frequently devoted to this amusement.

I have before mentioned that my worthy friend Mr. Corrie was very particular in causing my attendance at church; and as I felt the greatest respect and regard for him and his family, I always accompanied them to

the parish church of St. Peter's, and consequently was prevented from joining my nautical friends in their Sunday excursions. I have lived to remember with deep gratitude the consequence of my thus attending the house of God, rather than being forgetful of the sacred duty enjoined by the fourth commandment.

On a certain Sunday, my friend Casey, his brother, and four other friends, embarked on board the *Game Cock*, and stood down the river as far as the Rock Perch; the day was dull and the sky lowering, with now and then heavy gusts of wind. The boatman who always accompanied us when cruising, being an old experienced hand, advised them to put about and return to their anchorage. His advice was followed, but without shortening sail; the consequence was, that on opening the entrance to the Wallasey Pool, a heavy squall struck the *Game Cock*, and caused an immediate upset, all on board being plunged into the river. Assistance was immediately sent from Seacombe Ferry, and from George's Dock; but the tide was rushing down so rapidly, that although the crews of the boats pulled with all their might, four only out of seven were saved: the others, it was supposed, had gone down with the boat; the brother of my friend Casey (a most expert swimmer) being amongst the lost. Casey himself, who could scarcely swim, was saved, owing to his admirable coolness and presence of mind, by throwing himself on his back, thus floating and drifting with the tide till a boat reached him. This afflicting event put an end to our nautical excursions.

As might be expected, my continual intimacy with Mr. C. and his family gave rise to a natural feeling of attachment to one of his daughters, which became reciprocal; and with the approbation and consent of her

family ended in my becoming, in the month of May, 1807, the husband of Mr. Corrie's fifth daughter Bridget, the excellence of whose character and disposition gave to me the unutterable blessing of thirty-five years of the truest wedded happiness.

Our first residence was near the village of Wavertree, from whence we removed to Beach Farm, where I indulged my fondness for agricultural pursuits, though certainly not to my profit; still, much to my gratification, and also to the improvement of the farming around me, as I was the first to introduce in that district the culture of Swedish turnips in drills, and the making use of lime as a manure, also the system of draining: all of which I had acquired partly by study, and partly from the observations I had made during the different periods when I was either residing in or visiting Scotland.

In the year 1812 a dissolution of parliament occasioned another election of representatives for Liverpool. Of existing members Mr. Roscoe declined to stand again; General Gascoigne and the former defeated candidate, General Tarleton, were therefore brought forward and proposed by their respective friends; and the whig interest was represented by Henry Brougham and the Right Hon. T. Creevy; whilst a third and very influential party nominated George Canning. The contest lasted eight days, commencing on the 8th of October and ending on the 16th; and amidst so many opposing interests (though General Tarleton retired after the first day's polling) the struggle was tremendous, but ended in the triumphant return of Mr. Canning and General Gascoigne. Whilst the election continued, there was much rioting, and the different parties often fought desperately in front of the hustings, occasioning



in two instances the death of individuals. Mr. John Gladstone (father of *William Ewart Gladstone*, now a *leading statesman of his country*) was chairman of Mr. Canning's committee, and by his excellent arrangements a principal cause of Mr. Canning's success; but an overwhelming amount of obloquy was showered upon Mr. Gladstone by the whig party for having deserted their cause, as he had previously been a *most strenuous supporter of Mr. Roscoe, and as such was considered a decided whig*. For years afterwards, whenever he appeared at any public meeting, this feeling was shown in a most violent manner; I was witness to an instance of this at a meeting summoned for the purpose of opposing a continuance of the income-tax, which Lord Liverpool and the administration were anxious to continue; the opposition to which by the public was designated by Lord Castlereagh as "*an ignorant impatience of taxation, and turning their backs on themselves*." Mr. Gladstone supported ministers, and brought down upon himself a crushing attack by a person named Casey, who possessed a power of eloquence and sarcasm which was terrible to all who came under his lash. Gladstone, who was a very indifferent speaker, made but a sorry attempt at reply, and had to leave the meeting amidst hisses and the yelling of "Wha wants me," and other expressive slang. *Strange that his son, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, has shown the same unsteadiness and vacillation in politics as his father; and after denouncing the very tax which his father at one time supported, has not only smoothed over his former horror of that tax, but has positively in his official position increased "that immoral and detested impost."*—So much for the elasticity of the conscience of statesmen!

1814. The alteration in the charter of the East India Company opened up new sources of employment for British shipping. Mr. Gladstone took immediate advantage of this opening for free trade by fitting out the *Kingsmill*, to take in a cargo for Calcutta, of which glass bottles formed a large proportion. The voyage was very successful and remunerative, and caused many other of the principal mercantile houses to embark in similar commercial operations, which occasioned great stir and activity in Liverpool.

I omitted in the proper place to state that the principal farmers in Cheshire were under contract to supply the leading cheesemongers in London with all the cheese made in their respective dairies, the amount of which was so extensive as to require four ships of the best class to convey it to London; the vessels were known under the designation of *cheese ships*, and performed their voyages with rapidity and success. The opening of railways of course put an end to this trade: but I believe that even now, as was the case then, the best Cheshire cheese is only to be procured in London.

I before mentioned that on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey, extending from Wallasey Pool to the Rock Perch, and at the entrance of that river, the sole habitations were confined to the ferry-house at Seacombe and four other dwellings; also Mr. Penketh's residence, near what was called the Codling Gap, and a few cottages near the powder magazines. In addition to these, two gentlemen named Twenlow and McDowal caused to be erected a house for each near the Rock Perch, and shortly afterwards the Rev. Mr. Warburton had a dwelling of considerable size built for him in the same vicinity. These continued for many years to be the only habitations, on the site of that which is now the

densely-populated marine hamlet of New Brighton; near it has been erected a battery of heavy guns, *à fleur d'eau*, to defend the entrance to the Mersey.

1816. At this period there was no means of communicating with the Cheshire coast except by hiring a boat at Liverpool, or crossing by the ferry to Seacombe, and from thence walking either along the shore or by the lanes leading to the Rock Perch and magazines; since the introduction of steam the ferries at Egremont, and also at the rock and New Brighton, have been established; and between the river and Wallasey a church and many handsome residences have been built. The fields, where, as late as 1818, I used to have excellent partridge-shooting, are now covered with nearly a continuous town. As respects the Lancashire coast of the Mersey a similar change has taken place,—numerous villas occupy the whole distance from Rimrose to Beacon's Gutter, which, until 1818, was an entire waste of sand-hills, extending to Waterloo and onwards to Seaforth: Mr. John Gladstone, after purchasing a considerable extent of this waste land, carried forward most spirited improvements, whereby a barren surface was converted into grain-yielding fields and rich pastures; he at the same time caused a church to be erected, as well as a residence for himself; and his example was followed by many other of the wealthy denizens of Liverpool, who had villas built in this pleasant locality, commanding extensive views seaward, and affording the advantage of sea-bathing. Further on were the villages of Bootle and Crosby, and within a moderate distance is Ince House, the residence of Mr. Blundell, whose father brought together within its walls an extensive collection of pictures of the first class, also

many valuable specimens of Grecian and Roman sculpture, as well as rare coins, and other archæological treasures.

During my rambles I met with a Scotchman named Buchanan, who followed the calling of a fisherman, and resided at a small village called Moelse, situated on the sea-shore of Cheshire. In conversing with him, he mentioned having found at low water a number of what he called rings amongst the roots and stems of decayed fir-trees, which covered an extensive surface along the shore opposite to Moelse, but which rings were only to be found at the lowest pitch of spring-tides. Being an ardent student of whatever related to the olden time, I requested Buchanan to call upon me and bring the *rings* which he had discovered. On his doing so, I found them to be Roman fibulæ, together with a few coins; I immediately retained Buchanan, and urged him to continue his researches at every spring-tide, which he fulfilled, and put me in possession of numerous specimens of fibulæ, consisting of brooches in the shape of the heads of spears, and circular ones of different patterns, some of them still showing the blue enamel with which they had been ornamented; he brought also a large collection of brass keys of different shapes and sizes. I often visited this submerged forest, which ancient records mention as having extended from Formby Point on the Lancashire coast, and to have covered all those sand-banks, such as Burbo, Hoyle, &c., extending to Hoylbro' Island, at the mouth of the River Dee, which there is every reason to suppose, like the Goodwin Sands, were at one time covered with forest, or under cultivation, prior to being submerged by some convulsion of the elements. Buchanan also brought me a number of small leaden crosses, which had probably been

distributed by the monks on Hoylbro' Island, called by Camden, "*Ile-Bree, formerly a cell of monks.*" I refrain from going more at large into the interesting subject of the submerged forest and supposed Roman station, but, from conjecture, we would presume that the convulsion which caused such must have been most sudden and awful, and which I humbly think can alone account for the large collection of fibulæ and other matters connected with daily requirement and use which has been found. I am gratified to say the Rev. Dr. Hume, D.C.L., incumbent of one of the largest parishes in Liverpool, has been occupied for some time investigating this most interesting subject, and is preparing for the press a work relative to it, which, in addition to his other publications regarding the topography of the sea-coast of Lancashire and Cheshire, will prove a most valuable and acceptable addition to archæological lore.

On first settling in Liverpool I received letters of introduction to Mr. John Gladstone, who had become a leading member of the mercantile class in that town—a position he attained by being admitted as a partner in the influential respected house of "Edgar Corrie and Co.," afterwards "Corrie, Gladstone, and Bradshaw." Mr. Gladstone possessed excellent abilities, which enabled him to attain his then status, from having commenced his career as a clerk in a mercantile house at Dantzic. His father, who was a respectable and industrious man residing in the town of Leith, followed the calling of a dealer in corn and oatmeal, had a numerous family, of whom John was either the eldest or second son. I remember seeing his father occupied with his business in a shop situated in the Sheriff Bray of Leith: an anecdote connected with this worthy man I will now relate, "and tell the tale as it was told to me." At a

period of scarcity, owing to deficient crops, there was much discontent and rioting amongst the working and lower orders, during which they attacked all who, like Thomas Gladstone, dealt in corn and oatmeal, and who were accused of hoarding quantities of each. This feeling burst forth with great violence against Gladstone, when the rioters broke into his shop, seized him, and were proceeding to put him to death by the ignoble process of hanging, when fortunately the sheriff, a determined and courageous man (father of that distinguished judge, Henry Cockburn), galloped into the midst of the mob, seized hold of Gladstone, and rescued him from a most perilous situation. Sheriff Cockburn was afterwards raised to the dignity of a baron of the Court of Exchequer, and used to narrate this adventure with great glee.

In the year 1811 I experienced a severe affliction by the death of my second brother Charles. He had served in the army from the early age of seventeen, when he entered the 4th Dragoons as lieutenant, and having attained the rank of major, commanded the right squadron of his regiment during the hard-fought battles of Talavera and Busaco. He afterwards served as deputy adjutant-general on the staff of Lord Combermere throughout the campaign in Spain, when he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and appointed adjutant-general to the British army in Sicily, where he died at Messina soon after his arrival, from a complaint formed during his service in Spain. He left a son and daughter, the former has been many years in the army, and having been a brigadier-general in India, is now in command of the 14th Hussars. The latter married her cousin, the present Lord Gray, of Gray.

During my residence in Liverpool I formed many

friendships ; one of these has endured for fifty years without the semblance of diminution of attachment, or one unkindly feeling. Of all the men I ever knew, Joshua Walker is the most imbued with unchanging steadiness and strength of friendship, and of unvarying anxiety to contribute to the welfare of those to whom he is attached. Possessing a cheerful and most equable temper, he is ever anxious to promote whatever tends to the welfare and gratification of his friends. To my infinite regret he left Liverpool to become a partner in a banking-house in London ; but although our intercourse became less frequent, our friendship continued unabated.

In the year 1822 Colonel Inglis, the husband of my second sister, died. He was a most worthy man, an excellent soldier, and served in the 39th regiment at the siege of Gibraltar. He left two daughters, the youngest of whom married Captain Hay, possessed of the estate of Seggieden, in Perthshire. The brother of Colonel Inglis commanded the 57th regiment in the battle of Albuera, when it suffered severely from the determined courage with which it resisted repeated attacks of the enemy. This regiment has been since distinguished by the *soubriquet* of "Die Hards;" this arose from the commanding officer, Colonel William Inglis, calling out to his men, "*Die hard, my boys!*" when attacked and almost cut to pieces. Colonel Inglis, for his distinguished bravery and the severe wounds he received, was created a K.C.B. He married a daughter of General Raymond, and left two sons. The eldest, William, commanded as lieutenant-colonel the 57th regiment in the action of Inkermann. The second son, Raymond, is major of the second battalion of Welsh Fusiliers.

I have postponed until now an account of one of the most pleasing recollections of my boyish days, in order that I might prominently express feelings of respect and attachment occasioned by my intimate and warm friendship with members of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Niel Ferguson. It was in the happy days of boyhood, when enjoying our rough and noisy games on a summer evening in George Street, in which we were encouraged by the kindly notice and benevolent smiles of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, while taking their accustomed evening walk, accompanied by several of their children. Mr. Ferguson filled the important legal situation of sheriff of Fifeshire, to which he was appointed by government, owing to their knowledge of his high legal status, and the unswerving courage and firmness of his character, so requisite at a period when democratic and revolutionary principles abounded in Scotland; these demanded the utmost determination and activity on the part of those who filled the important position of sheriff. Well did Mr. Ferguson prove the correctness of the confidence which government reposed in him. Prompt and indefatigable in the discharge of his onerous duties, combined with great humanity to those on whom he was called to inflict the severities of the law, he yet commanded the respect and fear of all whose democratic and revolutionary principles he was bound to crush and punish. Mr. Ferguson continued to be sheriff of Fifeshire, when, on the death of one of the lords of session and senators of the College of Justice, government resolved to confer upon Mr. Ferguson this honourable and important situation, as an acknowledgment of the high sense they entertained of the manner he had fulfilled his duties as sheriff of Fifeshire. But, alas! a higher decree had gone forth, and almost at the



very moment when the signature of government was to be attached to the commission containing the appointment of Mr. Ferguson, *that worthy and excellent man was laid low in death.* One universal wail of sorrow and sympathy went forth from his sincerely attached friends, as well as from the community amongst whom he lived, and spoke to the attributes of his character as a husband, father, friend, and Christian gentleman. Mr. Ferguson was born in Blair of Athol, son of a much respected minister of the Established Church of Scotland. After being called to the bar, he married a lady possessed of an estate in Fifeshire, who combined with the utmost benevolence and warmth of heart the most open hand of charity towards the poor. "The mantle" of his beloved father descended with much grace on the eldest son of his respected parent, who settled in Canada, and purchased a large tract of land in that country, which is now called Fergus Town, and where by his knowledge of agriculture "he has made the wilderness a smiling field." Mr. Ferguson is now a leading member of the legislature of Upper Canada.

1824. The failing health of our only child determined us to try the effects of a southern climate; we therefore left home, proceeding to Oxford, where we paid a visit to my excellent and valued friend the Rev. H. Foulks, Principal of Jesus' College, from whence we journeyed to Southampton, in order to embark for Havre. After passing two days there (then very different in extent and facilities for shipping from what it has since become), we embarked on board the *Camilla*, at that time the only steam-packet in communication with Havre. The day was beautifully fine, which was fortunate, as (from the very moderate dimensions of the

vessel, both on deck and in the cabin), had the weather been unfavourable, we should have suffered much inconvenience. We left Southampton on the day rendered memorable by the struggle for the championship of England between Crib and Molyneux: the termination of a severe battle gave Tom Crib the victory. The sail down the Southampton Water gave us extensive views of the Hampshire coast, extending eastward towards Netley Abbey, and a country well cultivated and with extensive woodlands, also several gentlemen's residences, surrounded with ancestral oaks, amidst varied park scenery; while to the westward appeared the New Forest, as also many beautifully-situated houses on the ridges sweeping up from the river's banks, and extending to the forest. On nearing the termination of the Southampton Water, Calshot Castle appeared on a spit of land washed by the tide, and commanding the entrance from the Solent. There were apparently heavy cannon mounted *en barbette* on the ramparts, and from the number of sentinels the garrison must have been numerous. Immediately on passing Calshot Castle we entered the Solent, when the Isle of Wight came into view, which well merits the epithet of "the beautiful." We kept close to the Hampshire shore, as the captain expected several passengers to embark at Portsmouth. In this expectation he was disappointed, upon which we stood over towards the Isle of Wight, passing Ryde in the distance, at that time of moderate extent. Breakfast was now served, which was very plentiful, and, as the sea was quite calm, great justice was done to it. We steamed through Spithead, after which we stood to seaward, passing the Nab Light, and leaving the Isle of Wight astern. The day continued as

favourable as possible, and although the usual swell of the sea in crossing the Channel occasioned slight seasickness to some of the passengers, amongst others to our dear child, yet on the whole there was not much annoyance. Towards sunset we looked out for the coast of France, which (as an old sailor, on mounting the shrouds) I discovered looming high about thirty miles a-head. This distance was soon run down, when we entered between the high capes, and shortly afterwards were alongside the quay, in the harbour of Havre. We immediately landed and proceeded to the hotel, where we had secured rooms.

We remained two days in Havre, fully occupied with passing our luggage through the custom-house, and having a *limonier* fitted to our carriage, to enable us to post with three horses instead of four. Early on the third morning we proceeded *en route* to Rouen and Paris. Our first stage was Bolbeck, where we breakfasted, and for the first time marked the great difference, as respected cleanliness and neatness, between a country inn in England, and an inn, or as it generally is termed, *hôtel*, in France.

Our route lay through a very rich district of Normandy, where the grouping of farm-houses and cottages in the midst of orchards, as also the large unenclosed fields at a considerable distance from the farm-buildings, reminded me of many parts of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. I also observed that the high-road was occasionally bordered with apple-trees, and that it appeared divided into portions, under the care of labourers upon whose hats a brass plate was affixed, with the word *cantonnière* engraved on it. The approach to Rouen, and the view of it from the hill before descending to the Seine, are beautiful; and the fine

sweep of that river, spanned by the ancient stone bridge (which was built in 1167 by Matilda, daughter of Henry I.), as also the Boulevards, lined with spreading trees, give a character to the entrance of the town peculiarly grand and interesting. We drove to an excellent hotel, where we enjoyed "our ease in our inn," our creature-comforts being the *chef-d'œuvre* of an admirable *chef*. I walked out in the evening to the cathedral, a magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture, containing many fine monuments, and the tomb of Richard I. of England, within which his "lion heart" was enclosed. The Hotel de Ville I remarked is of good Italian architecture. I also visited "*La Place de la Pucelle*," where the heroic Joan of Arc was burnt, in presence of the cardinal of Winchester and other prelates.

Next morning we proceeded on our journey through a country by no means either picturesque or well cultivated, and were greatly disappointed in the appearance of the vineyards, which possess no more beauty than gooseberry bushes. It is only in the south of France they at all realize the expectations formed of them. From Rouen we continued our journey on the *grande route* to Paris; passing through Louviers, famous for its woollen manufactures; Gaillon, and also Rosney, where Sully, the favourite minister of Henry IV., was born, and in later years (on the restoration of the Bourbons), the château became the occasional residence of the Duchesse de Berri.

We slept at Mante, and next day reached St. Germain-en-Laye, where we remained a day or two, admiring the views from the terrace, and visiting the château in which James II. of England closed his unworthy career, surrounded by many of the Scottish

nobles, who preferred a wretched life of exile to a dereliction of those principles of loyalty which bound them to their unworthy sovereign. From St. Germain we proceeded to Versailles, and so on through Arpagon and Etampes, rendered infamous by the excesses committed there by the revolutionists in 1793, when many of the inhabitants were murdered. After passing Artenais we entered the extensive plain of La Beauce, called "the granary of France"—and well does it deserve the designation, as the whole country in every direction was covered with enormous crops of wheat. There were no fences or enclosures, and the farmsteadings were at great distances from each other. After leaving this most interesting district, we reached Orleans, and drove to the Hôtel de France, where we remained two days, during which time we visited all that is the most worth seeing in that ancient capital, including the Cathedral, Hôtel de Ville, College of Justice, &c. ; also the public library, which contained a large collection of valuable books. The River Seine is inferior in breadth to the Thames, but is the means of considerable traffic with Nantes, Rochelle, &c. It is crossed by a handsome bridge of nine arches. The walls around the town extend to three miles. The streets are narrow, and the principal of them, which includes La Rue Royale, terminate in a large square. There are manufactories of stockings and hats, as well as extensive tanneries. The bishop's palace is handsome and imposing in style of architecture and position. Orleans is one of the oldest towns in France; it was besieged by Attila in 450, and by the English in 1428, during which Joan of Arc rendered such remarkable aid to the French army by her heroism. In 1563 it was again besieged, when the Duc de Guise was killed.

In continuing our journey to Tours we passed through Beaugency, and reached in the evening the ancient town of Blois, the position of which is very fine, on rising ground above the right bank of the Loire. The castle must have been of great strength, and its remains are still very extensive. Within its walls Louis XII. was born; and it was the scene of the assassination of the Duc de Guise and his brother the cardinal, by order of Henry III., on the 23rd of December, 1588, who was instigated to the horrid act by Catherine de Medicis. Owing to the position of the town most of the streets are *en pente*, unapproachable by carriages, and ascended by flights of steps. There are several fountains, which are supplied by an aqueduct cut through rock, supposed to be the work of the Romans. We visited the cathedral, which is of moderate size, and also the episcopal palace, which commands from the terrace along its front, a magnificent view over a rich country, extending as far as Chambord and Chaumont. The *route* from Blois was through hills covered with vines, and at times past numerous willow beds; and also along La Levée, a colossal dyke, erected at an early period to restrain the waters of the Loire within its bed, and to save the adjacent country from its destructive inundations. The Château of Chaumont, which we passed, was for a time the residence of Catherine de Medicis. On reaching the hamlet of Veuves, we entered the province of Touraine, and the department of Indre-et-Loire; after which we reached the town of Amboise, surmounted by its castle, formerly the residence of many of the kings of France. Near to it are traces of a Roman station, and also several large caves supposed to have been used as granaries. The Duc de Choiseul, when banished from the court of Louis XV.,

resided at his magnificent Château of Chantélope, in the vicinity of Amboise, but of which there are no longer any remains; a pagoda of considerable dimensions still stands in that which was formerly the park, and which included a large extent of the forest. At Frillière we noticed the beacon tower called *Lanterne de la Roche Corbon*, erected on the top of a projecting promontory, for the purpose of communicating by signals in former times with the Château d'Amboise. The village of Roche Corbon is near, a number of the dwellings of the villagers being cut out of the adjoining limestone rocks. On the *route* we passed several villas, interspersed with gardens, placed on the banks of the Loire, and almost immediately afterwards the Cathedral of Tours appeared in sight. We observed near the river a gate-house and the crumbling foundation of an ancient wall and pillars, the remains of the Abbey of Marmoutiers, once one of the richest in France, and founded by St. Martin. We then crossed the Loire by a handsome stone bridge, entered Tours, and drove to the Hôtel de Faisan, where we remained until I had procured an *appartement*.

I had letters of introduction to Dr. Conolly, at that time practising with the greatest success as a physician at Tours; the unwearied attention and kindness he showed our beloved child, and the interest he manifested towards her, ensured my own and her mother's warmest gratitude, and laid the foundation of a friendship which has continued with him and his amiable wife to this hour. Any one who visited Tours during the time Dr. Conolly resided and practised there, will remember not only how much his medical skill was valued, but how greatly his society and that of Mrs. Conolly was universally appreciated. They quitted France on the

breaking out of the revolution in 1830, and settled at Cheltenham.

Tours has always been a favourite *séjour* of the English. We found this to be particularly the case at the time of our arrival; there were several dignitaries of the Church of England residing there: amongst others were Dr. Lindsay, the Bishop of Kildare, with his lady, and their son Colonel Lindsay, with all of whom we became acquainted. Amongst the English clergy Gerard Noel was conspicuous, not only as a preacher and a member of the strictly evangelical party, but as showing much indiscretion in his zeal to proselytize the Roman Catholics, which brought him into very difficult and unpleasant discussions with the Bishop of Tours, who was at all times desirous of showing every courtesy and kindness to the Protestant residents, and the members of the congregation under the ministry of Mr. Waye (a brother of Mr. Lewis Waye). As an instance of this I may mention, that on the bishop's being informed of the great annoyance to Mr. Waye's congregation caused by the noise of *fiacres* and other carriages passing along the street in front of their place of worship, he immediately requested the *préfet* to give orders to the *gens d'armes* to prevent such, and which was strictly enforced. The furious persecution of the clergy by the republican government during the revolution of 1789, caused many of them to take refuge in England; amongst others the bishop effected his escape from France, and took up his residence at Oxford, where for several years he followed the occupation of teacher of his native language, and acquired the respect and esteem of all who were of his acquaintance. On the restoration of the Bourbons he returned to France, and was appointed to the bishopric of Tours,



where, by his urbanity and hospitality to the English, he showed his gratitude for the kindness which he had experienced when an emigrant in England. He died soon after we arrived at Tours, universally esteemed and regretted.

On our taking up our residence at Tours, we found the leading members of the English community were Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and his son Captain Cochrane,\* Sir James and Lady Strong, the Hon. Martin Hawke, and others of rank and influence. An atrocious attempt to assassinate Captain Cochrane occurred at this time, by a soldier in an infantry regiment stationed there, the particulars of which I will now relate. On a Sunday afternoon, Captain Cochrane was seated in one of the *salons* of the residence of his father Sir Alexander; the day was exceedingly hot, and the captain was quietly reading with all the doors thrown open, when a French soldier entered the *salon*, and after making use of most abusive language, and accusing Captain Cochrane of causing him to be flogged when one of the band on board the frigate commanded by Captain Cochrane, he drew his sword and attacked him: fortunately there was a large table in the *salon*, which the captain made use of as a barrier between himself and his assailant, and thus gained time to call for the assistance of the servants in the adjoining part of the house. Their appearance caused the soldier to retreat; not, however, before he was disarmed by the coachman (an Englishman). An immediate complaint was lodged with General D'Estavinét, and a demand made for the punishment of the soldier, but although this was promised, it was never carried out, so far as was generally known.

\* The Captain Cochrane I write of, is now Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, K.C.B., who has served with much distinction, and is now enjoying the *otium* in his beautiful residence in the Isle of Wight.

At this period there were several of the Irish who had taken part in the last rebellion in Ireland in exile here : we used to see them walking together, appearing down-cast and unhappy. The late Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly (who resided for some time and lived *en prince* at Tours), with all that chivalrous spirit and high nobility of feeling which ever distinguished his Grace, showed to these mistaken and unfortunate men much kindness, and through his influence with the British government some of those, whose cases admitted of extenuating circumstances, were permitted to return to their native country.

We found that much friendly intercourse existed between the English and French society, which occasioned a continual round of balls and *soirées*, as well as dinner-parties, and also (I regret to say,) much gambling, particularly at *écarté*; whist was just beginning to be appreciated by the French.

Tours, being the capital of the *département* of the Indre-et-Loire, was the centre of a military *arrondissement*. Several regiments of dragoons and infantry were stationed there, under the command of the Generals Donadicu and D'Estavinét. The barracks were extensive, but it required an order from *l'état major* to gain admission, which was seldom granted. The officers of the different regiments visited much amongst the English. I made the acquaintance of several, and found them generally agreeable and well-informed, particularly a M. E——, a lieutenant in *les dragons de la Saone*, who occupied his leisure hours in writing a poem on the misfortunes and death of *La belle Marie, la reine de France et d'Ecosse*. In the same regiment was Viscomte Martigné, who was on friendly terms with several of the English, but whose society I avoided. A quarrel with M. E——, in consequence of Martigné's

refusal to pay the price of a horse which he had purchased from M. E——, ended in a duel. It took place in the vicinity of L'Avenue de Grammont, and was conducted according to the French law of duelling, the principals being placed at a considerable number of paces from each other, and receiving at the same time a pistol loaded by their respective seconds, after which each advanced towards their opponent, and fired when they thought proper. M. E—— accordingly advanced several paces towards the Viscomte and fired without effect; on which Martigné likewise walked to within a short distance of his antagonist and fired, the ball from his pistol wounding E—— in the head, but without immediate fatal consequences, as it circled round between the scalp and the skull, and was extracted above the ear. He was quickly removed to the barracks, where, after lingering for several weeks, he died, sincerely mourned by his brother officers, and an extensive circle of acquaintances. Martigné was soon after removed to another regiment.

Amongst the other means of amusement for passing away the winter months, a subscription pack of hounds was established, under the mastership of that thorough sportsman, the Honourable Martin Hawke, which gave excellent sport in hunting the wild boar and wolf amidst the surrounding woodlands; and as several of the subscribers were mounted on English horses (which at this time were few and far between in France), those who bestrode them created much astonishment amongst the French by taking heavy leaps over stone walls and other fences—the French always reined up when encountering either. The *sanglier*, or wild boar, although in appearance a short, heavy-looking animal, shows great speed when before the hounds, while at the

same time he is fierce and dangerous when brought to bay, and defends himself courageously, (and often with fatal result to both dogs and horses,) by the use of his tusks, which are exceedingly strong and sharp, and with which he inflicts dangerous and deadly wounds. It is therefore necessary to carry a gun when hunting the wild boar, in order to be prepared against the attacks, which he frequently makes when hard pressed or in *debouching* from his lair. Le Bois de Chataigné was a favourite meet, as its great extent afforded good cover, particularly for wolves, in hunting which we often had good sport.

Tours has ever been termed "the garden of France," and the richness of its soil, and the beauty and diversity of the country around, well warrant the appellation. It is told of that cruel, yet talented monarch, Louis XI., that on the approach of old age, he sent forth a command to all the most renowned of the medical profession in Touraine, to examine and ascertain which was the most salubrious district in that province. After much and anxious inquiry they declared such to be Monte Richard, in the vicinity of Amboise, and accordingly Louis took immediate steps to remove thither from Loches, where he resided, and where he had rendered his name infamous by his cruelty, and the dreadful dungeons and *oubliettes* which he had caused to be excavated to an immense depth under the castle, also by ordering the construction of iron cages, which were so formed as to render it impossible for the wretched prisoners enclosed in them either to lie down or to stand upright. It is recorded that Cardinal Baluc was the inventor of these fearful instruments of torture, and that on a certain occasion, when it was discovered he had betrayed some of his tyrannical master's secrets, he was himself

confined in one of them for eight years. I may here mention, that during the first war with China, when the British troops were commanded by Lord Saltoun, some of the English who fell into the power of the Chinese (and amongst whom was Captain Anstruther), were confined in iron cages described as similar in construction to those of Cardinal Balue. Captain Anstruther, after being publicly exhibited in different districts, obtained his release by exercising his admirable artistic talent in taking portraits of the Chinese officials in whose custody he was placed ; after which he rejoined the English forces.

During my residence in Tours I often visited "*Plessis le Tour*," and after reading the description of it by Sir Walter Scott in "*Quentin Durward*," I approached it with the high hope of seeing realized the graphic description which the great novelist warranted me to expect. But I looked in vain for the surrounding battlements, the deep fosses, the drawbridges, and other means of defence of the feudal palace, and only saw a mean, brick-built dwelling. Yet my disappointment soon dispersed in admiration of that genius, whose power of imagination and richness of description had reared up so true and vivid a picture of the castellated residence of Louis XI., and portrayed in life-like actuality the mind and acts of that man, who stood forth as one of the ablest and wildest of all the most renowned sovereigns of that period, and who at the same time was the slave of the darkest bigotry, and actuated by the foulest and most abhorrent passions of the human mind. It is ascertained and believed that Sir Walter had never visited Tours, or seen the river *flowing near*, or any of the spots he has described ; and yet so entirely has he taken possession of the minds of those born and residing in the

vicinity, as to force them to doubt their own experience and knowledge, and to fill up the scenes to which Scott has given, as it were, life and being, by actually thinking that they had remained in blindness and ignorance amid the stirring scenes and historical facts in which their ancestors had lived; and now, when the *mist* in which they were surrounded had been as it were dispersed, they looked for the *tree* where the earthly career of Quentin Durward had been nearly ended, as if it really existed.

The country around Tours being interspersed with hill, and dale, and woodlands, affords varied and most pleasing walks and rides, particularly on the hilly ridges towards Avertin and Béré, where, on crossing the river Cher, you reach the Château de Chénonceaux, built by Francis I. It stands partly on the bridge by which the Cher is crossed, consequently the river runs under a portion of the château. The gardens around are stiff and formal; the interior of the château, however, is interesting, and remains unaltered since it was built, retaining much of the old furniture, china, glass, &c. Diana de Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II., resided here, but at his death was dispossessed by Catherine de Medicis, who also occasionally took up her abode within its ancient walls.

The whole vicinity of Tours abounds with places of historical importance, which give an interest to the excursions in this locality that the scenery alone could not create. The Château d'Amboise was a favourite resort with me, not only from the fine position of the castle and the town, but as the theatre of many stirring events in French history. In the gardens there is a beautiful chapel, built by Anne of Brittany, the florid Gothic of which is *unique*. I often entered the Cathed-

dral of Tours during divine service, and listened to the music and chanting, which was well performed, and gives that attraction and solemnity to the Roman Catholic service which was a great means of keeping alive the very feeble religious feeling at that time existing in France. I constantly remarked the dislike, almost amounting to hatred, towards the restored dynasty of the Bourbons, and the contemptuous expression by almost every class when mention was made either of the king or any of the royal family. During our residence at Tours, the troops which formed the army that crossed the Pyrenees under the command of the Duc d'Angoulême returned from Spain, and afforded me an opportunity of comparing both the French cavalry and infantry with our own. The dragoons were men of moderate stature, as also the *chasseurs à cheval*; whilst the regiments of cuirassiers were composed of tall, powerful men, generally Alsacians, and mounted on large Norman horses. The infantry were men of much less stature than the British soldier of that day, and I remarked how much shorter were their arms than either the English, Scotch, or Irish; not one of them could (like Rob Roy) have fastened their garters without stooping. There appeared a degree of familiarity between the officers and men, particularly with those of the rank of lieutenant, which is never seen in our service. Perhaps this is partly occasioned by the conscription causing young men of good families to serve in the ranks, also that there are many officers in the French service who have risen from the ranks. I often attended the parade of the infantry, and also watched the men when at drill, and particularly remarked the activity of the *tirailleurs* when skirmishing.

There are few public buildings of any importance in

Tours except the cathedral, which is of stately dimensions and of ancient date: it was finally completed in the reign of St. Louis, whose armorial bearings are represented in the beautiful stained-glass windows, as also those of his mother, Blanche of Castile. There are several interesting monuments in the cathedral, amongst which that in marble to the memory of two children of Charles VIII. and Anne of Bretagne, is conspicuous.

The only remains of the vast and ancient Cathedral of St. Martin le Tours are two towers in the Rue de St. Martin, one containing the clock called the Tour de St. Martin, or d'Orologe, the other the Tower of Charlemagne, whose wife, Luitgarde, is supposed to be buried under it. Prior to the revolution of 1789, the extent of the cathedral was very great, and the treasures it contained in precious metals and jewels were of enormous value; but at that fatal time of misery and destructiveness in France, all were carried away, and the cathedral which had stood for twelve centuries was entirely destroyed, with the exception of the before-mentioned towers.

The silk manufactures established by Louis XI. were famed throughout Europe until the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when large numbers of the manufacturing classes, being compelled on account of their religion to fly from France, sought and found refuge and protection in the Protestant countries of Holland and England, and established themselves in large numbers in Lyons and London, forming the foundations of the world-renowned manufactories of Lyons and Spitalfields: henceforth the silk manufactory of Tours was almost entirely destroyed, and the prosperity of the city suffered in consequence. To the English, Touraine is interesting, as having been a part of the dower settled



on Mary Queen of Scots on her marriage with the Dauphin of France.

1825. Whilst at Tours I received a communication from the projectors of the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, requesting me to join them in carrying out this important undertaking. I consented to do so, and for this purpose prepared immediately to return for a time to England, to meet the committee in London; before setting off, I applied to my friend Sir James Strong (then, as I have before mentioned, residing at Tours), for letters of introduction to his friends and connections amongst the peerage; Sir James very kindly acceded to my request, and the numerous introductions with which he favoured me were of the greatest importance in facilitating the object I had in view. On reaching London I found the members of the committee established at the Union Hotel, in Cockspur Street, which afforded me great convenience from its vicinity to the Union Club, of which I had been a member from its formation. The duty which the committee requested me to undertake was that of canvassing the peers, and as I had the honour of a personal acquaintance and connexion with several of them, and the letters of Sir James Strong gave me an introduction to many others, I undertook the office readily. The struggle to attain our object was most severe, and carried forward at great trouble and expense, but, owing to the powerful opposition of the Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Stafford, and other persons of influence who had property contiguous to the projected line, we were defeated in the House of Commons, and lost the bill for that session, after an expenditure of about £40,000. Still the promoters of this great undertaking were not to be daunted, and

determined to make another effort to obtain their bill during the next session of Parliament.

After remaining at Tours upwards of a year, and the health of our dear child being in no degree better, we determined, by the advice of our friend Dr. Conolly, to proceed to the Pyrenees, in the hope that change to the bracing air of Barège would prove more beneficial than the climate of Touraine. We therefore left Tours in the month of April, and proceeded in the first instance to Bordeaux. Our route lay through Montbazou, Sorignuy, and St. Maure. The day was very fine, but hot, and fatiguing for our dear invalid; we therefore rested for a short time at St. Maure, and then proceeded, changing horses at Châtelherault, where we were surrounded by women, hawkers of knives, scissors, &c., for which this town is famed. Châtelherault gives the title of duke to the ducal house of Hamilton. We crossed the Vienne, which is here navigable, and afterwards entered the valley of the Clain, through which that stream runs amidst a rocky and picturesque ravine, and after passing Barris de Nintre and Clain, &c., we arrived at Poitiers, and rested at L'Hôtel de France. The position of this town is on a mount of considerable elevation, surmounted by the Prefecture, and Palais de Justice. The streets are steep, descending to the small river Clain, and there is little stir in the streets, as Poitiers does not boast of any manufactures, and but little trade. I visited the cathedral, supposed to have been founded by Henry II. of England. There are two towers attached to it; but although similar in form, they are of different dimensions, which has a singular effect. Several fine painted windows are in the cathedral. There are many other churches in Poitiers, but that of St. Randeconde was especially

pointed out to me, as in a vault under it is deposited the black coffin of that saint, around which, in the month of August, thousands of pilgrims of the lower orders assemble to kiss the marble sarcophagus, and bring their sick children in the belief that they will be cured. There are other symbols of superstition within this church, particularly the one called *le pas de Dieu*—so styled because it is said to bear the impress of the footmark of our Saviour, which is covered over by an iron case to protect it.

In the town the remains of a Roman amphitheatre exist, but from having been much built over, they are nearly obliterated. I afterwards walked to the Promenade, from whence there is an interesting view into the valley of the Clain, but the terraces are ill kept and dirty. Poitiers has always been a favourite pilgrimage for the sons of old England, on account of the renowned victory gained there by the English, commanded by the Black Prince, over the French army: the battle is supposed to have been fought under the walls of the town.

We continued our route the following morning on the road to Angoulême. In the distance we observed the low-lying and wooded country of La Vendée. There were but few features of interest in this day's journey, excepting the remains of the Abbey founded by Charlemagne, at Charroux. We rested at Ruffec (famed for its *pâtés de perdrix aux truffes*), and afterwards proceeded through the valley of the Touvres, where is situated the Château of La Rochefoucauld, which escaped destruction during the Revolution; but, as we were desirous of reaching Angoulême as speedily as possible, we passed on without visiting it, and soon entered the ancient capital of the Département de Charente. It was late when we

arrived, and I had only time to ascend to the upper town and enjoy the view from the ancient ramparts, and afterwards to visit the market-place, where stands the castle, which in the olden time was the residence of the Countess d'Angoulême, and the birthplace of Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre. In walking along a part of the ramparts I was surprised to observe "Le Café de Stuart," and I was induced to enter and inquire of the proprietor the reason of the designation. He was very civil and intelligent, and stated his belief that it was so named in consequence of being frequented many years ago by the *élèves* of a military school which then existed, and amongst whom was *un jeune Ecossais* named Stuart, a great favourite and leader with his fellow pupils. On my return to England, and on visiting my relations in Scotland, I ascertained that this *jeune Ecossais* was now Sir James Stuart, of Coltness, a distinguished cavalry officer of the British army, who had received his education at Angoulême. Some years afterwards, I met him at Fordel House, the residence of Sir Philip Durham, when *le jeune élève* had become a general officer, and was colonel of that famed regiment, the Scots Greys. He was then in his seventy-eighth year, and invariably travelled on horseback, however great the distance, Lady Stuart following in her carriage. He died at Cheltenham in his ninetieth year.

Angoulême was also interesting to me, as in its neighbourhood were the estates and château of the Comte de Montalembert, who had married my aunt, the youngest sister of my father, and who died there in the year 1790. An ancestor of the Comte de Montalembert had gained much fame as the inventor of a new system of fortification. Ravillac, the assassin

of Henry IV., was born at Angoulême, as well as *Poltrot*, who shot the *Duc de Guise* (*Balafré*).

After passing the night at Angoulême, we continued our journey to Bordeaux. The country was uninteresting, except from the extensive fields of Indian corn, which caused us to remember we were in a southern clime. The next night we rested at Barbesieux, and proceeded the following morning through a country of sterile and heathy commons, with plantations of fir-trees. We were told that in very hot weather the oxen are protected from the flies by having coats fitted to them, and the asses were *breeched* for the same reason. On arriving at Cubsac, on the right bank of the river Dordogne, we embarked on board a large barge, when, after a very tedious passage, we landed in the district called *Entre Deux Mers*, and proceeding through vineyards and cornfields, Bordeaux soon appeared in view. We then descended gently to the foot of the hill, from whence a straight avenue led on to the fine bridge of seventeen arches spanning the river Garonne; and after passing along it we entered Bordeaux, and drove to the *Hôtel de Paris*.

We remained a week in Bordeaux, as there were some of my relations residing in it whom I wished to see; I had also letters of introduction to several of the principal merchants, from whom we received great kindness and attention. Bordeaux possessed much interest with me on account of my grandfather having resided there, and having purchased the estate of *Durfour*, in the *Medoc*, and also a villa in the neighbourhood, named *Tolance*.

My first visit was to *M. Guetier* (the head of one of the most important commercial houses in Bordeaux), as I was anxious to see some of the *Caves* in which were

deposited enormous stocks of claret and other wines. M. Guetier in the kindest manner not only gratified me in this particular, but explained to me the method of what is termed to *travailler* the clarets after they are delivered into the caves from the vineyards, and which accounted to me for the difference of flavour one meets with in clarets.

On walking along the quays in the early morning I observed the officials called "wine-tasters," appointed by government to taste the wines landed on the quays prior to their passing into possession of the purchasers. The method adopted by the tasters is curious: out of each hogshead, or cask, a sample was drawn, a portion of which the taster merely sipped (not swallowing), and then ejected it. If he approved the quality of the wine, the cask had a distinguishing mark put on it; but if, in his opinion, the quality was inferior, the cask was rolled to one side as rejected. The taster mentioned to me that they never ate or drank before they commenced their duties.

M. Guetier resided at a beautiful villa in the vicinity of Bordeaux, to which he invited us to dine on the Sunday. When we arrived at Bordeaux, I was delighted to find my old friend and schoolfellow John Brougham staying there, for the purpose of making large purchases of claret for his establishment at Leith. On account of the delicate state of health in which our beloved child was, Mrs. A. was prevented from availing herself of M. Guetier's hospitality—I therefore accompanied my friend Brougham. On reaching the villa, we found a large party of both ladies and gentlemen assembled, all of whom were either playing at *le jeu de billards*, or walking in the garden and grounds. On being presented to Madame Guetier, she asked me whe-

ther I would join the party in the billiard-room, or walk in the garden. On my replying that I preferred the latter, Madame Guetier said, "*Ah, Monsieur Ainslie, les Ecossais sont très rigoureux de l'observance de Dimanche ! mais, peut-être, vous avez raison.*" The gardens and grounds were laid out with much taste, the dinner and wines were *recherché*, and the society lively and agreeable ; so the day passed most pleasantly, and we enjoyed the walk back to Bordeaux in the evening exceedingly. On entering the street in which is the theatre, I perceived it to be lighted up, and of course the performance going on. Brougham proposed we should enter it, but I decidedly refused thus to desecrate the Sunday, and went home, where I had only been a few minutes when the *garçon* entered our *salon*, saying, "*Monsieur ! il y a un feu horrible à cet moment sur le quai de Chartrone.*" Upon which I immediately called for Brougham, and we started off to the scene of the fire, which, being very extensive, was alarming. We found a large concourse of persons assembled. We spoke to one of the *gens-d'armes* who was regulating the crowd, and causing numbers of them to be placed on the "chain" for the purpose of carrying water, which, in accordance with the municipal law of France, all lookers-on at a fire are subject to ; we were therefore fortunate in escaping from this duty.

During our stay in Bordeaux a grand *fête* was given in the Allée de Tournée, to which I went, though unprovided with a ticket of admission ; but on mentioning to the officer in command of the *gensd'armes* that I was an Englishman and a stranger, I was immediately admitted, and a seat provided for me in a situation to see the fireworks.

The theatre of Bordeaux has always been considered

a specimen of pure Grecian architecture; but I must confess to having felt disappointment in this, as there is a peculiarity in the appearance of the interior, occasioned by each of the boxes in the first tier standing out as a balcony, which gives a heaviness to the remainder of the house. The performance was excellent, the performers being of the first grade, having come to Bordeaux on the closing of the theatres in Paris. The Cathedral of St. André is said to have been erected by the English; there are two fine spires at the north end. Richard II. of England was christened in this cathedral; the marriage of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria was also solemnized within its walls. There are other fine buildings, such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Tour de Peyberland, 200 feet in height, supported by buttresses, and diminishing from its base until it terminates in a circular dome; and the churches of St. Croix, St. Michael, &c. There is also a fragment of an amphitheatre, supposed to have been built in the reign of the Emperor Gallienus by Tetricus, one of the thirty tyrants. There is a gallery of paintings in the Hôtel de Ville. The Bourse is an extensive building covered with glass. The markets are excellent, and famed for much to delight the *gourmand*, such as *royan*, *ceps* (a kind of mushroom), *mûriers* (a small bird similar to the Boca-fica), and ortolans. It was the cherry season when we were there, and the abundance of them was extraordinary. The working people ate them in great quantities with bread for their breakfast; and I constantly observed, when taking that meal, that they invariably swallowed the stones. The climate of Bordeaux is said to be unhealthy, the heat in summer being excessive, and supposed by some to be nearly as great as that of Calcutta. Be that as it may, I felt no inconvenience



from it, and during our stay there took as much out-of-door exercise as at home.

I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Cunliffe, son of Sir Foster Cunliffe, and grandson of Sir David Kinloch, a Scottish baronet. Mr. Cunliffe had been in India, but loss of health had obliged him to return to Europe, after which he settled as a wine merchant at Bordeaux. I was gratified to find that he afterwards became one of the leading merchants there.

At length our pleasant *séjour* in Bordeaux came to an end, and we proceeded on our journey to Pau. On leaving Bordeaux we passed many villas and vineyards, and the country was varied and became open and covered with heath. We passed Bouseant and La Prade; near the latter hamlet is the château where Montesquieu was born. At Castre the road was some little distance from the Garonne, which we observed to be so shallow at this point as to compel the horses drawing the barges to wade in the water. The next stage was Bazas, an ancient town; the country around was bearing heavy crops of Indian corn. Between Bazas and Captieux the road was very bad, and in the midst of sandy wastes and pine woods. We now entered the district called the Landes, where we noticed flocks of very miserable-looking sheep, berded by shepherds who, in order to acquire a considerable elevation over the flat sandy surface, raise themselves on stilts, which enables them to overlook their flocks. As we had no expectation of such a sight, it caused us much astonishment, particularly as now and then they moved upon their stilts with much speed; it is said that they go at times as quickly as a horse can trot. They were clothed in sheepskins, and carry a long pole, which they stick into the ground when they desire to

rest, and leaning against it, they give an occasional eye to their flocks, whilst they pursue their invariable occupation of knitting stockings. From a rising ground near Bolac we had the first view of the Pyrenean mountains, and as we knew they were at a distance of nearly eighty miles, we at first took them merely for clouds, until the postilion, pointing to them, exclaimed, "Monsieur, voilà les Pyrénées!" We changed horses at Bolac, which is situated amidst extensive pine forests, and we remarked here the manner of obtaining turpentine from the pines, by making an incision in the tree, from which the turpentine freely exuded.

After leaving Bolac, our route lay through an undulating country interspersed with woods of beautiful chestnuts and oaks, and shortly after Roquefort came in sight, placed in a commanding and picturesque situation. We reached it after ascending a steep hill and crossing the river Douze. The inn was occupied by a number of French officers, who most obligingly gave up the best apartments to us. They were *en route* to Bayonne. I walked out in the course of the evening with one of them, who proved a well-informed, agreeable man; he had served in the disastrous campaign in Russia, and was wounded at Smolensk. He described the sufferings of the French army on the retreat as dreadful; but still their attachment to Napoleon and their admiration of his talents were intense. Doubtless this arose in part from the love of glory which is inherent in the French character, and which received such gratification from the former success of their chief.

Our next resting-place was Monte de Marzan, the chief town in the department of the Landes. We crossed the river Medouse, which is navigable to the town, and is a feeder of the Canal des Landes. After the Duke

of Wellington's victory at Orthez, a portion of the British army took possession of Monte de Marzan, from whence they advanced to Bordeaux, under the command of the Earl of Dalhousie, (the father of the late governor-general of India). I may mention that it was here that my brother, General Ainslie, acquired that valuable relic of feudal times, a ring of massive gold, which there is the strongest evidence to show was the signet ring of Edward the Black Prince. It was found by a labourer employed in clearing away the remains of the foundation of an ancient monastic edifice, and sold by him to the person from whom it was purchased by my brother. L'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres de France requested General Ainslie to write a memoir relative to this ring, which I have since translated into English.

We rested a short time at Monte de Marzan, and then proceeded through the towns of Grenade and St. Sèvres, when we entered the valley of the Adour, along which we observed ploughs at work drawn by oxen, which were *sheeted*, and a cover hanging before their eyes composed of sheepskin, to protect them from the flies. Along the *côteau* which skirted the road there were vineyards, the vines trained upon trellises, and at such a distance from each other as to admit of ploughing between the rows. We felt much interest in passing along this valley, since it was here that a division of the British army, under the command of Lord Hill, engaged and defeated a detachment of the French on their retreat from Orthez; after which, Lord Hill crossed the Adour and took possession of the magazines at Aire. There are the remains of a bridge at Aire, but we crossed the river in a barge, and ascended a steep hill to a plateau, on which we observed a

seminary for the education of youths intended for the priesthood. The country through which we now passed appeared ill cultivated, but interspersed with some fine timber trees, and the roads were bordered with rows of laurel, which was a great relief to the eye from the glare of the limestone soil. The magnificent views of the Pyrenean mountains, which appeared on our ascending different eminences, diversified the tedium of the road to Garlin; after which the stage to Aurillac passed through a beautiful country of hill and dale, affording varied and extensive views, till within a short distance of Pau, when we crossed an ugly plain, and at length arrived at that far-famed place, very weary and worn with the tedious journey from Bordeaux under a broiling sun.

The position of Pau on a lofty ridge is very commanding, and the views of the Pyrenees from the *Place Royale* are truly magnificent, as they combine the Pic du Midi de Pau and the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, besides a continuous mountain range of great altitude, and a varied outline of precipitous and beautiful peaks and summits. The climate of Pau is very variable, the medium temperature being about 70°. As the ancient capital of Béarn and Navarre, there are many historical events connected with it, the most interesting of which are those relating to Henry IV. "Le Bon Roi," as he was called, was born in the ancient castle which stands upon a ridge overlooking, on the right bank of the river, the Gave de Pau, and a deep ravine, through which runs a small stream which joins the Gave. The castle is in a very dilapidated condition, and it would appear as if little or nothing had been done to repair or preserve it since it was sacked by the republicans in 1793. The cradle in which "Le Bon Roi" was rocked

is a large tortoise-shell, and was most fortunately preserved when the revolutionists so wantonly destroyed every vestige of royalty. I examined this royal cradle with deep interest, as also the room in the second story, where Henry first saw the light: the view of the Pyrenees from this chamber I thought superior to that from any other point of view. Amongst other noticeable sights is the house in which the father of Bernadotte followed his calling of a saddler, and in which the future King of Sweden was born.

During our stay at Pau I visited the Haras, where the breeding stud for rearing horses for the French army is kept. The establishment seemed to me to be very ill regulated in all respects, the stables being dirty and badly ventilated, the stud grooms lazy and ignorant, and the breeding stock in very bad condition. Doubtless, if the Haras is still retained, it will now be in very different order, as the present emperor has introduced the English method of managing horses so much amongst his own stud, and employs a Scotchman as the head of it.

General Palafax, the hero of Saragossa, lived near the Hôtel de Paris, at which we were staying, and I frequently met him on the Promenade in the Place Royale: he was a stout active man, moderate in height, with a quick eye and expressive countenance.

We had the good fortune to witness a "Fête Dieu" during our short sojourn in Pau. The procession was numerous, and consisted of the highest grade of the Romish clergy and numerous priests, as likewise a crowd of the populace: there were also several penitents wearing long white dresses, which covered their heads and faces and descended to their feet; each carried a large wax taper. A band of music preceded the procession, and

a corps of infantry was drawn up on each side of the principal street through which the procession passed.

We consulted Dr. Playfair, the English physician then resident in Pau, respecting the health of our dear child, and he recommended our immediately proceeding to Barèges: we accordingly set out the following morning, and *en route* we passed through a rich country enlivened by several villages, near to which were crosses erected, representing the Saviour the size of life. The cultivation of maize seemed extensively carried forward, and vineyards were numerous: amongst others that of Jurançon, famed for the wine produced from it, and of which Henry IV. yearly sent a present to Queen Elizabeth. We met many peasants carrying baskets of fruit and vegetables to Pau, containing strawberries, &c., but the grapes were as yet unripe. We drove through the village of Coarrase, where Henry IV. was nursed, and where he passed his boyhood. The remains of the tower in which he resided with his nurse, La Baronne de Missans, appeared prettily situated on an adjoining mount.

At Lestelle we crossed the Gave, which in this part is very rapid; the drive thence from Nay was exceedingly beautiful, the hills covered with brushwood. Near to the bridge where we crossed, there was a large *seminaire* for the education of priests, named Betharran, the entrance to which was adorned with two handsome statues; and on the rising ground behind the *seminaire* called *Calvary*, there was an enormous cross with the figure of our Saviour the size of life, and painted to resemble the human figure, with the adjuncts of a cock in the act of crowing, together with the spear, sponge, and crown of thorns, all attached to the cross: a more dis-

gusting exhibition of a miserable superstition I never witnessed.

We changed horses at Léstelle; they were very inferior, and the postilion *mal à droit*, and as the road ran along the steep bank of the river without any protection of wall or rail, I was far from comfortable. We had now fairly entered the Pyrenees, the road keeping close to the Gave, whose clear and rapid stream over a bed of mica-schist brought strongly to my remembrance the river Teith near Doune, in Perthshire. On the right the range of the Pyrenees rose in great magnificence, and occasionally receding from the river, gave space for beautiful wooded knolls, deep ravines, and well cultivated strathes, dotted with hamlets peeping from under the shade of large oaks and chestnuts. On the left of the road the ground rose abruptly, interspersed with woodlands and fields of Indian corn, wheat, oats, and barley, all nearly fit for the sickle, these being surrounded by cherry and other fruit trees.

After passing St. Pé, the town and castle of Lourdes came into view, charmingly situated. We soon entered it, and drove to an excellent inn without the town, on the road to Pierfitte and Argelez, where we remained until the next day. Like many other picturesque towns, a closer inspection of Lourdes proved it to be dirty, and apparently unhealthy. The castle, placed on a high mount, is now insignificant as a fortress, and only used as a state prison. Within its walls the Earl of Elgin (father of the present ambassador to China) was confined for a considerable period, having been seized by the orders of Napoleon when passing through France on his return from Constantinople, where he had been residing for some years as ambassador to the

Sublime Porte. History records that when the Black Prince took possession of Aquitaine, he was so struck with the strength of the castle, that he determined to fortify it, and appointed Sir Pierre Arnant to hold it, which he succeeded in doing, against repeated attacks of the Duc d'Anjou and others. After our arrival at Lourdes a most violent storm of thunder, with vivid lightning and torrents of rain, occurred, the consequences of which we encountered further on in our journey. The master of the hotel where we remained had been *chef de cuisine* to Marshal Soult, and served up to us some *chef-d'œuvre* at dinner; he expressed to me a great desire to obtain an engagement in the establishment of "*un grand seigneur en Angleterre.*"

Next morning, the weather having cleared up, we proceeded *en route* to Barèges, passing a large marble quarry. The road here took a sharp turn, and a gentle rise opened to our view the lovely valley leading to Argelez. To the right I observed the remains of several towers, held in days of feudal power and border warfare, and through the valley the Gave de Pau meandered in a broad and rapid stream; to the left rose a range of mountains the peaks of which (of a great height) were in many places covered with snow, whilst their sides were studded with houses amidst trees of large size, and surrounded with beautiful enclosures of corn already becoming golden, and meadows of the freshest green; in front rose the abrupt and nearly precipitous summit of the Pic du Midi de Viscos, which seemed like a huge colossus turbaned with snow to guard the gorge leading to the valley of Luz and Canterets, and around whose base were scattered numerous villages buried in groves and thickets of chestnuts, walnuts, and oaks. The valley continued to widen and



improve in richness. We passed the ruins of the Castle of Vidalez, perched upon an insulated hill, shortly after which we reached the small hamlet of Ajos, and from thence arrived at Argelez, the principal town of the *département*. It is delightfully situated, and there is an appearance of neatness in the buildings, and of cheerfulness amongst the inhabitants, which confirmed the accounts of its prosperity and increasing importance. We now approached nearer to the mountains which we had so much admired at a distance, and which tended more and more to impress us with their grandeur and magnificence.

Our road from Argelez to Pierfitte wound through one of the most lovely valleys my eyes ever rested on, and the constant succession of hamlets peeping from amidst groves of the finest trees added much to the gaiety of the landscape. About a mile before we reached Pierfitte we perceived the Abbey of St. Savin, situated on a wooded hill, and backed by a ridge of mountains. On arriving at Pierfitte, the valley became narrowed to a point, and the mountains around seemed to bar all further progress; the Pic du Midi de Viscos rose immediately in front, insulated as it were from the other mountains, and stood forth beautiful in outline and magnificent in height: very far up its sides appeared cottages and enclosures, whilst almost to its very summit were scattered here and there patches of brushwood finely contrasted with the rugged rocks which jutted forth, and were surrounded with the freshest verdure.

We changed horses at Pierfitte, and, as the post regulations required that we should take an additional horse, we became aware that our road would soon be amongst the "mountain and the flood." On renewing

our journey, we perceived to our right the road leading to Canterets, which entered a gorge in the mountains so narrow, and dark, and deep, that it seemed to us more like the entrance to a cavern than anything else. After leaving Pierfitte, we first crossed the Gave de Pau by a handsome bridge, and then entering the gorge, began our ascent of the mountains, and although prepared by all we had seen since leaving Lourdes for the finest display of nature's glories, yet our expectations, high as they had been raised, were more than realised by the wonderful combination of mountain, wood, and water which was before our eyes. The road (a masterpiece of engineering skill) lay along a shelf, or rather rocky gallery, above the river, which roared and dashed along its bed a great depth below us. The mountains to the right and left rose above our heads almost perpendicularly, their tops covered with snow, and burnished with the rays of the morning sun, but which, although it was now nearly nine o'clock, had not yet penetrated into the dark and deep ravine along the sides of which we were winding at a foot's pace. The road was excellent, and well protected from the deep gulf on one side by a strong wall. Here and there, however, in consequence of the storm of the previous night, the torrents had swept down from the mountains above us masses of stone and gravel, which, carrying all before them, and tearing away portions of the road and wall, rendered it impassable, until the *cantonniers* (who were constantly on the alert) had repaired it by temporary means. This occurred at three different spots, obliging us all to leave the carriage; we, however, got past in safety, although within an inch of precipices many hundred feet in perpendicular depth. As we proceeded up the side of the ravine, the various points

of view increased in grandeur and picturesque effect; the heavy storm had swelled all the torrents, which, rushing down the sides of the mountains, appeared like ribands of silver waving over drapery of the most vivid green. We could hear the roaring of the river far below us, but the great height of the precipices on each side of the gorge through which it forced its way, and the mass of wood with which they were covered almost entirely, prevented our seeing it excepting now and then, when its white spray, dashing from rock to rock at 200 feet below the wall over which we peeped, made us feel that nature often thus, in her greatest magnificence, is beyond the ken of, and unapproachable by, man.

After threading our road for seven miles along this "chosen way," during which we crossed seven bridges, —one of which, in ultra distinction of the horrible magnificence of the ravine, or rather chasm, which it crosses, is denominated the *Pont d'Enfer*,—we entered a plain in which appeared the small town of Luz, very prettily situated in the midst of rich meadows and fields of wheat and rye. To the left, at the foot of the mountains, and overhanging the Gave, appeared St. Sauveur, well-known for the excellent qualities of its medicinal springs and baths, to which invalids resort from every part of Europe during the month of May.

The road to Barèges leads up a narrow valley to the left, down which tumbles the Bastan, now a small rivulet, but which in winter becomes very formidable from the mass of water falling into it, the effects of the torrents rising in the surrounding mountains. The Castle of St. Marie, strongly situated upon an insulated rock, was near. The first part of our road was rather pretty and easy of ascent, but shortly after it

became very steep, and the hills on each side were bleak and sterile, until at length we reached Barèges, situated in the very midst of the ravine, and looking gloomy to the utmost degree after the lovely scenes we had passed through to reach it. The season had scarcely commenced, I was therefore enabled to secure one of the best lodgings in the place. The baths are renowned for their cures in cases of gun-shot wounds, and the French government has provided accommodation for soldiers who have been wounded in battle. The water contains a principle called *Barègine*, which chemists assert is not to be found in any other mineral water, and to which they attribute its singular property of healing wounds. A number of military, both officers and soldiers, arrived almost immediately after we had settled at Barèges, which to a certain extent somewhat dispelled the dulness of the place, though intercourse with them was far from agreeable; we therefore rejoiced when our friends Sir James and Lady Strong, Sir William and Lady Hoste, and other English tourists made their appearance, by their arrival affording us more congenial society.

Amongst the French who came to Barèges, either for the benefit of its waters or for the sake of change and amusement, was the Comtesse de la Rochejacqueline, who greatly promoted the amusements of this hitherto dull place by getting up picnics and shooting-parties, when her skill with the rifle usually exceeded all her competitors. Owing to the persecution which her family had undergone during the revolutionary war in La Vendée, she held all who had served under Napoleon in bitter hatred, and excluded all the French officers from her society, which she entirely confined to the English and a few French friends of the restored Bourbons. This

exclusive conduct on the part of the Comtesse had nearly occasioned a quarrel between the English and French, and threatened to end in duelling, had not her departure from Barèges put a stop to this disagreeable state of things.

I walked much in the environs, climbing the surrounding mountains, and ascending to the summit of the Pic de Bergons, which commands a most extensive view over the range of the Pyrenees.

Accompanied by Sir James and Lady Strong, and other *compatriots*, a visit to the Cirque de Gavarnie was accomplished, which well repaid the trouble a *trajet* of fifteen miles, both going and returning, occasioned us. The route was along the banks of the Gave de Gavarnie, sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left. After leaving Luz and the bridge leading to St. Sauveur, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery commenced,—through woodlands and precipitous rocks, with high mountain peaks above and deep chasms below of 400 feet sheer descent into the roaring Gave. The Pas de l'Eschelle tried our nerves; after which we crossed several narrow bridges,—amongst them the Bridge of Sia, of one arch raised on the top of another. On reaching the village of Gèdre (where we breakfasted) a magnificent view of the Pyrenees burst upon us, including the Tour de Marboré and the Brèche de Roland, above the Cirque de Gavarnie. Leaving Gèdre, we passed the entrance to the Val d'Heás, one of the deepest and most extensive valleys of the Pyrenees, and after riding between hedges of box we reached the Chaos, the path through which was amidst a labyrinth of enormous blocks of gneiss one above another, thrown down by an *éboulement* from the neighbouring mountains, which swept down to the Gave in infinite con-

fusion. As we left the Chaos the road skirted the mountain of Piméné, rising to an altitude of more than 9,000 feet. We then crossed the bridge of Barrégni, when the peaks and glaciers of Vignomale were visible for a short time. At length we arrived at Gavarnie, well pleased to dismount from our mules, whose inveterate habit of continually keeping on the verge of the ravines and abysses along the route, is most trying to the temper and nerves; but experience has proved that it is dangerous to interfere with this habit. We stopped at the miserable *auberge*, and after visiting the church, where we saw the skulls of twelve Templars who were beheaded in the reign of Philip le Bel, we proceeded to view the Cirque, at a distance of three miles from the village of Gavarnie. We were obliged to cross several streamlets, and to make our way along a very rough valley covered with a collection of loose stones and gravel, until at last we arrived within the Cirque. To our left were a series of precipices reaching to a great height, down which several cascades like white threads descend, one of which is reported to be the highest in Europe: but it is more like a sheet of spray than a waterfall. The entire bottom of the Cirque is filled with the *débris* which has fallen from the surrounding mountain precipices. In the midst is the famed Pont de Neige—an accumulation of frozen snow, beneath which the Gave flows on in its usual course. I proceeded to cross this bridge of snow, but our guide remonstrated so strongly as to the danger of doing so, that I was compelled to desist. To the east of the Cirque is the mountain called the Cylandre, so named from its peculiar shape; it is estimated at the height of 10,000 feet, and its base is surrounded by the Great Glacier. Having accomplished the object of our

journey, we now returned to the inn at Gavarnie, where we obtained what refreshment the wretched place could supply, and for which the *aubergiste* attempted to charge exorbitantly; but this we determinedly resisted, and he was compelled to lower his demand. The sun was nearly setting when we turned towards Barèges, which added much to the beauty of the scenery through which we had again to pass, and ere we reached Luz the moon had risen, and shone forth most brightly over the Pic de Bergons and the adjacent mountains. On our arrival the whole party assembled to a *petit souper*, very acceptable after our semi-starvation at Gavarnie.

A promenade is formed along the sides of a rising ground above Barèges, and there is a thick plantation of trees, or rather bushes, around it.

After a stay of a few weeks Sir James and Lady Strong, and the friends who were travelling with them, determined to proceed to Bagnères de Bigorre, and I arranged to accompany them for the purpose of securing lodgings there, to which we could remove our dear invalid when her stay at Barèges had been sufficiently protracted. It had been fixed that we should follow the route by the Pass of Tourmalete, instead of that by Lourdes, and as this road was impassable for carriages at the time appointed, the whole party set forth on horseback with the exception of one lady, who, being in delicate health, was unable to bear the fatigue of riding, and was therefore carried in a *chaise à porteur*. The distance from Barèges to Bagnères is computed at eighteen miles, and the ascent of the bridle-path along which we travelled on the left bank of the Bastan (which is here a very rapid torrent) was both steep and rough. As we continued our route, we crossed a

small valley leading towards the Pic du Midi de Bigorre. The path was so narrow as scarcely to allow our horses to pass, and at length became so steep that it was carried up a series of zigzags over a road of shivered shale. To our right we observed the mountains of Caubère, Campana, and the Pic d'Espada, and soon after the summit of the pass was attained, when the Vale of Grip opened before us, with its beautiful pastures. We passed several shepherds tending their flocks, followed by magnificent dogs of great size, marked in a similar manner to the English fox-hound; they are powerful and savage, and are a great protection to the flocks from the wolves and brown bears which come down from the mountains in winter. We descended into the valley by the same kind of zigzag path by which we had ascended on the other side, and passed several hamlets near to the cascades, for which the valley is celebrated, and reached Grip, a moderate-sized village, where we rested for a short time at the small *auberge*. The path now widened out into a road sufficient for carriages, and at St. Marie we entered the Val de Campan, where there are valuable marble quarries, some rare specimens of which were used in the Palace of Versailles. On leaving the village of Campan we noticed a mansion of considerable size, and were told it was called St. Paul, and was the property of an Englishman.

Shortly after quitting the valley we arrived at Bagnères, and dismounted at the Hôtel de France. In the evening I walked out and agreed for an *appartement* in the house of M. Vignart, of which we were to have possession in the ensuing week. After remaining another day at Bagnères, I took leave of my friends, and returned to Barèges again by the Pass of the Tour-



malet, with increased admiration of the noble scenery through which I passed. It was by this road that Madame de Maintenon journeyed from Barèges to Bagnères de Bigorre with the Duc de Maine, the natural son of Louis XIV., who had been cured of lameness by the use of the waters at the former place. The other road, by way of Lourdes, was not at that period in existence.

Our dear invalid not having derived any benefit either from the mountain air or the use of the baths, we determined at once to quit Barèges, and try the effect of Bagnères de Bigorre. As we could not take our carriage by the Pass of the Tourmalet, we proceeded to retrace our former route to Lourdes, where we changed horses, and proceeded through a varied and undulating country, richly cultivated, and passing several villages, amongst others Pousac, where a church similar to the one at Lourdes forms an interesting object. We approached Bagnères by the left bank of the Adour. At a short distance before us appeared the Camp de Cæsar, on an adjoining height. We found our *appartement* cheerful and comfortable, with an extensive view over the distant Pyrenees, and, nearer to us, the Penné de l'Hyéris.

Our landlord, M. V., was an extensive manufacturer of the *crêpe de Barèges*, which is so generally worn in England. He was a great admirer of the English, and proved himself so by his kindness in protecting an English officer under the following trying circumstances. After the peace of 1815, and the withdrawal of the army of occupation from France, a number of English officers were placed on half-pay in consequence of a large reduction of British regiments: many of these remained in different parts of France, as

they could live with much greater economy there than in England. Amongst others, one who had gone through all the Peninsular campaigns, and who had been wounded at Waterloo, came to reside at Bagnères, and took an apartment in the house of M. Vignart. Soon after this a French officer (whose parents resided in Bagnères) returned home, unfortunately possessing that bitter hatred of the English which was at that period so general in France. On hearing that an English officer had taken up his residence in Bagnères, he expressed his determination to insult and challenge him. The former of these resolves he executed in the public room at Frasati's Hôtel; the consequence of this was a duel, which the Frenchman declared should be *à l'outrance*. They met in a field immediately adjoining the town, a crowd of his fellow townsmen accompanying the Frenchman, and denouncing the English officer in the most outrageous terms, who was unattended even by a second, but expressed his willingness to trust to the honour and fair dealing of his opponent's second. After the usual arrangements as to the distance, &c., the principals took their ground and fired, when the French officer fell, having been shot through the head. Upon this melancholy termination to the duel, the mob were on the point of seizing the Englishman, with the declared intention of putting him to death, but M. Vignart instantly sprang forward, and threatened to shoot the first man who attempted so foul an act; and this, with the equally determined conduct of the gentleman who had acted as second to the unfortunate Frenchman, daunted the crowd, and the opportune arrival of the *gendarmérie* drove them back, and enabled the English officer to obtain refuge in the house of M. Vignart. Still there existed a declared intention

on the part of the Frenchmen to fulfil their acts of vengeance, and it was only owing to the positive declaration of M. Vignart that he would shoot the first man who endeavoured to enter his house for the purpose of injuring his guest, that they refrained from the attempt. A few days afterwards the English officer, disguised in the uniform of a *gend'arme*, effected his escape from Bagnères.

After becoming settled I resumed my usual walks, and having hired a pony, to enable our dear child to take exercise, I accompanied her in short excursions, particularly on the Mont Olivet, from whence there are charming views of the surrounding country, which is an intermixture of mountain and valley, combining that of the Pic du Midi, the Pic de Montaigu, and others of the Pyrenean range, with the Val de Campan and the Val de l'Esponne. The Val de Campan is, as it were, the termination of the Plain of Tarbes, and is well cultivated; but as regards its highly-vaunted scenery, this is entirely confined to that portion of it within the Val de l'Esponne, with the Pic de Montaigu rising behind it. The River Adour, which runs through the valley towards Bagnères and Tarbes, is of moderate size: on its left bank is the road to the Plombières, and the remains of the ancient Abbey of Escaladieu; also to the ruins of the Castle of Mauvezin, placed on a detached mount. One of my favourite excursions was to the Penné de l'Hyéris, as the views from its summit are extensive and beautiful. The road which leads to it is through woodlands containing fine specimens of oaks, beech, and pines of the largest size, with frequent vistas opening to the view the lofty ranges of mountains; while the Camp de Cæsar, the plain of Tarbes, and the Val de Campan, are, as it were, immediately under it.

The ascent of the Penné de l'Hyéris, though steep, is easily attained on horseback, or rather on pony-back, and the distance from Bagnères is scarcely more than four miles. I frequently extended my rides up the Val de l'Esponne, through which a streamlet runs amidst corn-fields, pastures, and woods of birch and pine. The Pic du Midi appears in great magnificence from the valley, and as I was wishful to ascend it from that side instead of from the Tourmalet and the Lac d'Oncet, I arranged to do so. Leaving Bagnères, therefore, after an early breakfast, I proceeded by the Val de l'Esponne, passing by the Château de St. Paul and Baudéan. After reaching the village of l'Esponne I crossed the streamlet, and began a very steep ascent up a path leading to the pastures at the base of the Pic. In the midst of these I came upon a cluster of shepherds' huts, where I put up my pony and engaged a lad, a son of one of the shepherds, to act as a guide in my further ascent. The weather, which had previously promised all I wished, now began to change to mist and heavy rain; but, as the wind blew vigorously, I still hoped to attain the summit of the Pic, and pushed forwards with energy, rising higher and higher up the sides of the mountain, and occasionally, when the mist lifted, gaining an instant's peep of the glorious views which appeared for a moment only to be again shut up in mist: but, in spite of the great drawback such weather was to my enjoyment, I determined to persevere, though evidently quite contrary to the wishes of my youthful guide, who continued to hold forth in his peculiar *patois*, little of which I understood, when a shot, which sounded close to us, and nearer than was agreeable, caused my guide to scream out at the top of his voice; he was answered, and shortly after a *chasseur* stood before me. He was

looking, he said, for chamois, one of which he had seen and fired at. He resided at Bagnères, and had been three days on the mountain, but without success. The rain continuing to descend in torrents, and being completely wet through, I reluctantly gave up all further attempts to proceed, and, with my back to the blast, returned to the shepherds' huts, where, before a blazing fire, I attempted in some degree to dry my saturated garments, and to satisfy the hunger and thirst (the long walk had produced) with a bowl of rich milk and rye-bread, with which the shepherds regaled me. At the same time they advised me not to defer returning to l'Esponne, as they were fearful the heavy rain would have increased the streamlet to a deep and rapid river. I thereupon remounted my pony, and commenced the descent to the valley. I found the path in several places washed away, and scarcely passable with safety. On reaching the brink of the stream, the alarm which the shepherds had expressed was verified, as the water which in the morning scarcely touched the knees of my pony was now a broad and rapid river; and as I did not possess the *penchant* of Sir Walter Scott, who tells us of his delight in plunging into a river "roaring from bank to brae," I by no means enjoyed the prospect before me: but, as every moment's delay increased the danger, I turned the pony's head up stream and plunged in, when, after a heavy struggle, with the roaring torrent over my saddle-bow, I reached the opposite side in safety; the only inconvenience that occurred being the breaking of my mountain barometer.

In my conversation with the shepherds, whilst sitting beside their blazing fire, I ascertained that their habits and occupations were almost precisely similar to those

of which we read in Holy Writ. In the spring, when they ascertain that the grass on the mountain pastures is sufficiently advanced, they collect their flocks and herds, with which they have passed the winter in the lower valleys, and, together with their wives and children, prepare to ascend the mountains. I was much interested in observing them when passing through Bagnères, and their order of proceeding. The shepherds (as of old) walked at the head of their flocks, accompanied by their beautiful and powerful dogs, the cattle and sheep following without any fear or alarm, and, as it were, depending for protection on their canine friends; the families of the shepherds brought up the rear, mounted on mules or donkeys, and always carrying (with other articles) one or two large copper pans. On reaching the pastures, they take possession of the huts they left in the autumn, when descending into the valleys. Every week a supply of rye bread is sent them by their employers, which, with milk and cheese, the produce of their dairy, amply provides for their simple wants. During the day, from sunrise to sunset, the shepherds are with their flocks on the high pastures, whilst their wives are occupied in making cheese and attending to the produce of the dairy. When taking my mountain walks and rides, I frequently stopped to converse with those of the shepherds who could speak French, for their *patois* was most difficult to comprehend. I always found them cheerful and civil, and they appeared pleased at my joining them as they followed their flocks, and complimented me on the ease with which I climbed the hill. I told them I was a Scotchman, and afterwards, when I met them they exclaimed, "Ah, voilà Monsieur le Montagnard Ecossais!"

Bagnères de Bigorre is so well known as a favourite resort of those who seek either health or amusement, that it is unnecessary to repeat here all that is so well described in numerous narrations by tourists and hand-books. We found it an agreeable *sejour*, and had our minds been free from the wearing anxiety caused by the waning health of our beloved child, we should have been amused by observing the numerous visitors, not only from different parts of France, but also from other countries, even including America, who commence to arrive in June, and remain until the increasing cold and storms of October oblige them to seek a warmer and more genial climate. The arrangements of the establishments for bathing and the use of the mineral waters are very complete, and the scene every morning, when the visitors assemble at *Le Salut*, is gay in the extreme: this, the most fashionable of the baths, is about a mile from Bagnères, at the foot of the Monné hill, and approached through a pretty valley and an avenue of poplars. There is a chalybeate spring, almost the only one in the Pyrenees, called "Fontaine Ferrugineuse," situated on the side of Mont Olivet.

The streets of Bagnères possess the great and desirable advantage of having streams of water flowing through them, and you may see numbers of housewives employed in washing linen and household utensils at the sides of the streets. There are, as in most parts of France, large quantities of pigs kept by the labouring and other classes in Bagnères, which, from the custom of having them driven out into the woodlands soon after daylight, occasioned a serenade of squeaking and grunting, much to the annoyance of those who preferred quiet and repose to the morning sunshine. No sooner had the horn of the swineherd sounded than the door

of every sty was thrown open, and out rushed the pigs to the general rendezvous in the Place des Cochons; and amidst congratulatory squeaks from one to the other, the swinish multitude were led forth to a large pool, where the herd threw water over them, and where they wallowed in extreme delight until driven forth to the adjoining woodlands, in which they remained till sunset.

Having been disappointed in accomplishing the ascent of the Pic du Midi from the Val de l'Esponne, I determined to follow the more frequented route, which lay partly by the Tourmalet and Lac d'Oncet. I therefore left Bagnères very early in the morning, in order to reach the Pic, if possible, soon after sunrise. The time usually occupied in reaching the summit is about five hours. The path is in many places very steep and narrow, which calls for great caution on the part of both horse and horseman. On arriving within about 300 feet of the top, it is necessary to dismount and make the remaining portion of the ascent on foot. My ill fortune in my first attempt was most fully made up to me by the beautiful morning and brilliant sunshine which shone forth soon after I stood on the top of the mountain, at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet above the sea. The views, although magnificent and extensive, appeared to me to be less varied than those from the Penné de l'Hyéris, and the Pic de Montaigu—probably my former visits to these prevented my realizing the expectations I had previously formed of those from the Pic du Midi; still it was impossible to avoid being deeply impressed with the extent and variety of the views which the bright and clear atmosphere brought out so distinctly. There was no snow on the mountain, except in the crevasses, but the



air felt sharp and keen, and very different from the valley in which Bagnères is situated. After fortifying my inner man with such creature-comforts as my havresack afforded, I retraced my steps to the place where I had left my pony, and descended to Grip, and from thence back to Bagnères.

The only promenade besides the one leading to the Avenue de Salut is the Constous, in the centre of the town, surrounded with trees. This is the favourite evening promenade for the residents and visitors. The habits of those who form the gay portion of pleasure-seekers is much as follows :—After their return from the bath and a breakfast of *café au lait*, a *déjeuner à la fourchette* succeeds, at which there is a reunion of friends and acquaintances, when parties are formed for excursions on pony or mule-back to the neighbouring villages or valleys, particularly to that of Campan, or to the heights of Plombières, or to the remains of the ancient Abbey of Escaladien. On returning from this sight-seeing, an early dinner completed this portion of the day; after which they remained *perdu* till the evening, when they joined the promenade on the Constous, which is crowded with the *élite*, who appeared *en grande tenue*, and in the latest and most attractive of Parisian fashions. Sunset called many away to the balls or concerts at Frascati's, or to the theatre—thus ending a day of fashionable life at Bagnères.

With the exception of a promenade in the evening, or short excursions in the environs, our days were chiefly passed in watching over the fading health of our beloved child, and in receiving visits from the few English who were at that time staying at Bagnères—amongst whom was my old and valued friend Captain Donald Mackay, R.N. (a brother of Lord Reay), whose

society and sympathy cheered and consoled us under the ever-increasing fear we were suffering. Captain Mackay entered warmly into our feelings, and urgently advised us to remove to Biarritz, where the sea-air and change of scene he imagined might prove beneficial to the dear invalid. In the meantime, he proposed that I should accompany him in a short excursion into Spain, and my dear wife warmly seconded the proposition, as she had observed that my health was giving way under the weary watching and continual anxiety. I gave my consent very reluctantly, but not without first consulting Dr. Draper, the English physician at Bagnères, who assured me he did not see that any immediate change for the worse was to be apprehended, and strongly advised me to accompany Mackay in the proposed expedition.

We accordingly set forth, taking the route through Campan and St. Marie to Arreau. The morning was beautiful, and the fresh bracing air, as we ascended the valley leading to St. Marie, roused me from the state of low spirits which pressed upon me when leaving Bagnères. On our right the Pic du Midi stood forth in grandeur, and on the left was the Penné de l'Hyéris, clothed with extensive woodlands along the mountain ridge. After passing Campan our road lay through the Val de Louron to the cottages of Paillote, in the midst of green pastures and surrounded by extensive forests. From thence we ascended through dense pine woods of ancient growth and great size, by a bridle path leading to the Hourquette d'Aspin, obtaining occasional glimpses of the Pic d'Arbizon as we mounted higher and higher. The view from the top of the Hourquette d'Aspin is extensive, commanding the peaks of distant mountains, even to the Monte Maudits, and the snowy

Pic of the Maladetta. From the Hourquette the road is very steep, and winds continually, with occasional rapid descents, until the head of the valley in which Arreau is situated is attained. Here we rested and dined; but not in much comfort, as the *auberge* was dirty, and the *traitement* very *médiocre*. The town is of very moderate size, but we greatly admired its situation in the picturesque Val d'Aure.

As we were still several miles from Bagnères de Luchon, we hired a guide in order that we might proceed by the shorter road through the Porte de Pierfitte, which, although steep, and by no means in good order, commands extensive and beautiful views over the Val de Louron. After proceeding on our journey we continued to ascend towards Pierfitte, enjoying the interesting scenery below us, where the river Neste flowed through the valley, and where we observed the remains of several feudal castles perched on precipitous rocks, placed there in olden times to defend the passes into Spain. Our road now led us through narrow lanes bordered by trees and hedgerows to Estraville and other villages, and we reached Loudreville, where a watchtower of a square and castellated form dominated the valley. The sun set in great beauty, and lighted up the different *pics* on the frontiers of Spain; but as there were still several miles between us and Bagnères de Luchon, and it began to grow dark by the time we reached St. Avertin, we sincerely wished our journey to terminate. The road continued bad and very steep, and, as the darkness increased, it was difficult either to trace the road or even to see our guide, who was in advance of us. The dashing and roaring of a river which we were approaching made us still more cautious, from knowing we had to cross it before reaching our

destination. When walking out the following morning we saw that there had indeed been much need for caution, as we found that the entrance to the bridge by which we crossed was without any wall or rail to protect wayfarers in the darkness from falling down the precipices which bounded the river.

On arriving at Bagnères de Luchon we took up our quarters at l'Hôtel de Londres, where the accommodation was all we could desire, and where we enjoyed a night of sound repose after the fatigues of the previous day, and next morning arose much refreshed, and proceeded to view the scenery around. Bagnères de Luchon is situated on a plain of considerable extent, and surrounded by high mountains with serrated ridges, in strong contrast to the well cultivated valley below. Still it is wanting in the varied scenery which makes Bagnères de Bigorre such a delightful place of sojourn, and the town itself is very inferior, both as regards its buildings and streets—the Allée des Bains, bordered with lime-trees, is the principal promenade; there are one or two others shaded by poplars, which afford a shelter from the sun, and at the same time give to the promenaders a fine view of the mountains which almost enclose the town. There are excellent baths situated at the end of the Grande Allée, and near to a wooded hill called Super Bagnères. The baths are sulphurous, and esteemed beneficial in cases of rheumatism, &c. The Romans must have been acquainted with these baths, as many altars with inscriptions, and dedicated to the god Lixoni, have been discovered near.

We met with only one party of English at De Luchon, who had lodgings on the Grande Allée, and with whom we dined. The Abbé Le Begue, who was the *cicerone* of the party (and, like many of his brethren

of the tonsure, thoroughly understood the *savoir vivre*), gave me this piece of advice—always to order for dinner that for which the *département* was *renommé*, either as regarded the *cuisine* or the *vendange*. We passed a pleasant evening; and as the Abbé's companions, the Messrs. Clark, intended ascending to the Porte de Venasque, they arranged to accompany us so far on our route into Spain. We made several excursions together to the Lac Seculego and to the Hermitage, Viella, &c. The weather was very fine, and as the season had not commenced for the arrival of visitors from Paris and other parts, we found the quiet of De Luchon most agreeable, as being free from the constant excitement which prevails wherever the French do congregate.

Having hired a guide, and made arrangements for proceeding to cross the frontier into Spain, we left Bagnères de Luchon at four o'clock on a beautiful moonlight morning, accompanied by the Messrs. Clark (the good Abbé had a hatred of early rising), and proceeded through the valley and along the banks of the Pique until we reached the Castel Vieilh, when we crossed the river, and continued our route through forests of beech, interspersed with yews and fir-trees. When daylight increased, we were enabled to observe through the branches of the woodlands the high and precipitous crags on the opposite banks of the river. Our guide, who was incessantly talking, and, like a Gascon, laudatory of himself and his hair-breadth escapes and adventures, all at once began to cough as if he were choking, and upon inquiry of the cause, he replied, "Ah, Messieurs! e'est le maudit canaille des mouches: je vous prie de me donner une petite goutte d'eau de vie;" which potent remedy worked an instantaneous

eure. I found afterwards that guides are very subject to such fits of choking, for which a *petite goutte d'eau de vie* is the certain specific.

After a continued gentle ascent we arrived at the Hospice de Bagnères, a miserable house built of stone, where we rested our horses for half an hour, to strengthen them for the fatiguing climb before them. The sun had arisen with great splendour, and shone upon the magnificent and serrated Pic de Picades. As there was no temptation to linger at the Hospice, I left my horse in charge of the guide, and at once commenced the ascent on foot. After crossing the Pique by a wooden bridge in front of the Hospice, the path commenced with a series of zigzags, often approaching the foot of the bare and rugged Pic, and formed of the shale and *débris* washed down from the mountains, and consequently very fatiguing. All around appeared an intense solitude. On looking back, when I had attained a considerable height, I saw my fellow-travellers just leaving the Hospice; I therefore sat down and amused myself with sketching the scenery of precipice and mountain lying before me, until I was rejoined by my friends, when we continued to toil up the ascent till we reached some Tarns apparently of great depth, and to which the ice still clung. Here we determined to breakfast, for which the keen air of the mountains and long ride from Bagnères had amply prepared us: the basket was therefore opened, and the various contents (selected for us by the worthy son of the church, the Abbé Le Begue) spread out on the grassy bank at the edge of the Tarn: to these we did ample justice; all was mirth and gaiety. We remained a considerable time enjoying the *far niente*, when our guide called out, "A la route, Messieurs!" and, without further delay,

we prepared to continue our climb up the steep path on the side of the mountain, when the sound of a rushing wind told us we were near the Porte de Venasque; still the wall of rocks in front and above us seemed to shut out all further progress. On reaching a steep turn of the path, the Porte appeared—a narrow gate about the width of a chamber-door, cut through the Penna Blanca at an elevation of about 8,000 feet above the sea. We all dismounted and clambered up to the Porte, when I stood with one foot in France, the other in Spain—the wind was moderate, otherwise I could not have accomplished this feat. We here took leave of the Messrs. Clark, who returned to Bagnères, whilst Captain Mackay and myself, with our guide, passed through the Porte and continued our route into Spain. The view at this point was magnificent, and burst all at once upon us, not a vestige of it having appeared until we crossed the frontier between the two countries, which is marked by an iron cross. The range of the Pyrenees dividing France from Spain lay before us, and, towering above all, the gigantic Maladetta appeared covered with snow, and standing forth grim and dreary, rising directly out of the Val d'Essera. The glaciers upon it are exceedingly dangerous, from the crevasses which abound in them. The guide pointed out to us the spot where, just a year previously, a man named Barron had perished, being *enfoncé*, from the snow giving way when crossing a crevasse. He was guide to two French gentlemen, they heard his cries as he sank and was perishing, without having the power to render him any assistance.

We now descended a very steep and narrow path cut out in traverses on the Penna Blanca, having the mountains of Navarre and Arragon before us. The scenery

was much more grand and interesting than on the French side. At the bottom of the descent is a hospice (or rather a *posada*), where we found some carabineers posted to prevent smuggling, which they told us was carried on to a great extent between France and Spain. We then forded one or two small torrents, which rise in the mountains to the right, and fall into the river Essera, along whose banks, by a narrow and difficult path, we continued our route to Venasque. The river is very rapid, and over its rocky bottom occasional waterfalls occur. The mountains are lofty, and on the side of the one on the left, which descends to the river, we observed a large and gloomy-looking building, in which our guide told us were baths, much frequented by the neighbouring population: we sincerely pitied those doomed to make use of such, and reside in so melancholy a *sejour*. Very frequently we had to pass the remains of a wall formed of turf, with an *abatti* in front, raised as a measure of defence against the French army when it threatened to invade Spain, at the commencement of the French revolution. These defences nearly closed up the path, and it was with considerable difficulty, and even danger, that our horses crept round the end, which hung over the precipitous bank of the river, being scarp'd sheer down. We passed extensive woodlands on the sides of the mountains to the right, where we observed several persons employed in the making of charcoal; they seemed to be wretchedly poor. At length by a turn in the road Venasque appeared, surmounted by its castle. We then met several peasants seemingly returning from their daily labour, and who saluted us with the usual greeting of "Usted con Dios:" they were tall and athletic, and carried themselves with that proud air which is remarkable even



among the poorest of the Spanish people. The path now became wider, passing through rounded hillocks covered with boxwood of great size; here and there we skirted fields of a chocolate-coloured loam, carrying crops of different kinds, but apparently more indebted to the natural richness of the soil than to good husbandry.

On entering Venasque, we found the same style of defences we had passed *en route* built across several of the streets, leaving only a small space at one end to admit of passing. In the principal street—the “Calle Mayor”—we stopped at the only *venta*, and left our horses, and then proceeded to what in England is denominated a private hotel, but at such may I never again be doomed to stop; the old expressive saying of “mine ease in mine inn” was never meant to apply to Spain—the reverse is the reading of it. On ascending to the *premier étage*, and making the expected bow to Madame the hostess, we expressed in French our wishes as to bed-rooms and *traitement*, but found her almost oblivious of that universal language; and, as Mackay and myself were not very conversant with Spanish, we had difficulty in making our wishes understood. I therefore employed a practical mode of interpreting, by entering the principal salon, where I observed several doors, naturally concluding that they opened into bed-rooms. I made another bow to Madame and pointed to them, which she appeared to understand by opening the one nearest at hand, where, to our great surprise, on the bed lay a priest with shaven crown and in full canonicals—a rosy-jowled son of the church, reading what I imagined to be his *bréviare*. He immediately arose upon Madame expressing a few words to him, in which *Inglesi* formed a part, and tucking up his gown,

he passed us with more of a scowl than a smile. I fixed on the priest's lair, with the adjoining room for Mackay and myself, and at the same time made expressive signs for a removal of the bed-linen, &c. After ordering our dinner, taking care to steer as clear as possible of oil and garlic, and other condiments in Spanish cookery, we proceeded to arrange our dress preparatory to setting forth to see the town, and also to call on one of the Hidalgos, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction. His residence appeared to be of ancient date, and was ornamented with coats-of-arms, &c. He received us with great civility, but with all the formal dignity which marks the Spanish gentleman; he was seated in a handsome hall, in conversation with several of his acquaintance, to whom he introduced us. After speaking of our *trajet* from the Porte de Venasque, we entered on more general topics (as our host as well as his friends all spoke French fluently), but I observed they used much reserve if anything respecting the political position of England and Spain was touched upon—though at the same time they expressed themselves most warmly towards our nation. On our mentioning our intention of proceeding to Zaragoza and Pampeluna, one and all shook their heads, and strongly advised our giving up such intention, which at this time was absolutely dangerous, owing to the late attempt of the friends of Don Miguel and other enemies of the Queen to create a revolution. We therefore agreed to give serious consideration to their advice, which was the more requisite, as not only had we omitted to have our passports viséed before leaving Bagnères de Bigorre, but we had even forgotten to bring them. After further conversation, the don offered his services to show us

the church, the only building worth seeing in Venasque. We accordingly accompanied him through the streets leading to it. The church is built in the Romanesque style of architecture—the interior much ornamented with carving, gilding, &c. Before entering, our kind *cicerone* delicately hinted his wish that we should dip our fingers in the “holy water” contained in the font near the door, and we hesitated not to comply with such a simple request. The service was going on when we reached the church, and I immediately recognised in the officiating priest the same we had disturbed when taking his *siesta*; he also recollected us, and kept his eye fixed upon us during the remainder of the service. On quitting the church we expressed a wish to visit the castle, as, from its position, we expected a commanding view; but our Spanish friend told us that such could not be, as no one was ever admitted to enter within its gates without the express permission of the governor. The fortifications and outworks, as far as we could judge, seemed to be extensive and strongly built, and there were on the ramparts quantities of large stones wherewith to cast down on the assailants in case of an assault. After strolling about various parts of the town, our attention was called to observe several houses of apparently ancient date, with armorial bearings over their gates, as in the case of the house belonging to the Spanish gentleman whose acquaintance we had made. We here took leave of him, and returned to our inn to endeavour “to make a dinner” (as it is termed) off the very sorry and ill-cooked viands of which it was composed; the wine was but little more to our taste, being the worst kind of Beni Carlo, and tasted strongly of the Boraccio.

Afterwards we sallied forth to make inquiries respect-

ing the road to Barbastro, where we were informed a fair was to be held in the course of a few days, and at which we determined to be present. We found the daughter of the post-master preparing to mount her mule (one of the finest animals I ever saw), worthy to bear the charming specimen of Arragonese beauty who stood by its side, and who was well versed in the language of the fan, which she managed with infinite grace and an air of Spanish coquetry. As she spoke French with ease, we obtained from her much information regarding our route to Barbastro: she strongly advised us to attend the fair at that place. After exchanging with us "Usted con Dios," she proceeded on her way, attended by a stout Arragonese peasant, who escorted her by the side of her mule.

After a walk in the environs, we returned to our hotel, and enjoyed the beautiful evening and the setting sun on the surrounding mountains. At a late hour we retired to our bed-rooms; but, as respected myself, not to rest, as I was a welcome offering to hordes of greedy animalcula of various kinds, who attacked me savagely and prevented all chance of sleep. After tossing and tumbling about for some time, I got up, and throwing my dressing-gown around me, took refuge in an arm-chair, and obtained some rest till day appeared, when I went into Mackay's room, who was sleeping soundly, quite impervious to the assaults of the enemy, whose attacks upon his thick cuticle did not appear to make the least impression. The sun soon came forth, as a giant rejoicing to run his course, when a bath and toilet, and a cup of such chocolate as is only to be met with in Spain refreshed me. Our breakfast consisted of *saucisses*, *jambon de Bayonne*, and excellent bread, after discussing which we enjoyed a walk along the

sides of the hilly environs. We met several strings of mules laden with bales of merchandize proceeding to Barbastro: they were driven by their owners, stout athletic men, who gave us the usual salutation. We observed several soldiers fishing in the Essera, with the hope of adding to the circumscribed rations which their slender pay afforded them. On the sides of the mountains, flocks of merino sheep were grazing, and in the valleys there were extensive fields enclosed with stone walls, the crops of which had been reaped. In the market were delicious figs, melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes; also quantities of haricot beans and other vegetables. There did not appear to be any shops in the streets—except one adjoining the post-office, where I purchased a pretty silk kerchief as a *souvenir* of Spain.

After dinner we received a visit from our Spanish acquaintance, who passed the evening with us, and expressed himself much satisfied when we told him of our intention to confine our further tour to Barbastro. He gave us a letter of introduction to some of his friends residing there, and on wishing us “Buenos notehes,” he retired.

After breakfast the following morning I busied myself in preparing for our journey to Barbastro, and in writing letters, having heard from her dear mother that our loved one was no worse. Mackay, like all sailors, was wishful to be going a-head, so next day we got under way at five o'clock in the morning, and proceeded along the valley leading to Barbastro, between mountains of some elevation, and through a varied country rich in soil, and which, from the stubble, appeared to have rendered plentiful crops. We passed through several villages, and overtook numbers of people and heavily-laden mules, all proceeding to the same destination as

ourselves. Towards noon we baited our horses, and refreshed ourselves with bread, water-melons and other fruit, at a *venta* in one of the wayside villages. Near sunset we arrived at Barbastro, which is a town of considerable size, surrounded with walls, above which we observed the tower of the cathedral. It was fortunate our acquaintance Don —, of Venasque, had furnished us with letters of introduction to his friend Don —, at Barbastro, as the *venta* was crowded, and from its appearance would have proved a sorry *hospitium*. We, therefore, after leaving our horses and guide there, proceeded to deliver our introductory letter to Don —, who, from the style of his residence, we at once saw was a Hidalgo of rank. He received us very kindly, mentioned that he expected us, and had secured apartments for our accommodation in a house near his own; at the same time giving us an invitation to join his family circle at their different meals, and also to the *tertulias* in the evening in his *salons*. After partaking of a slight refreshment with him and his family (which consisted of his lady and two daughters), we retired and took possession of the apartments prepared for us, and found them very superior to those at Venasque. So after sending for our *sacs de nuit*, we gladly sought our rest.

Next morning, before breakfast, we walked to the market-place, which was crowded with the populace from the different districts, and even from France. The costume of the peasants from various localities was extremely picturesque, and set off the tall and handsome figures of the men to great advantage. We extended our walk through some of the principal streets, which were full of life and variety of scenes, and then returned to the residence of our hospitable

acquaintance, to whose *déjeûner* we were warmly welcomed. Our host and his family spoke French fluently, we were therefore able to enjoy their society. The young ladies had read the French translations of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and as they understood both Mackay and myself were Scotch, they anxiously required explanation of many terms and words which the French translation did not bring out clearly to them. They were truly Spanish beauties, with all the liveliness and *espièglerie* for which they are famed. I was not in spirits to converse with them with sufficient *esprit*, so I left them to the jolly sailor Mackay, and turned to my host, from whom I gathered much information respecting the system of agriculture usually pursued in Spain, and particularly regarding the treatment of their valuable merino sheep.

Towards noon we proceeded to view the cathedral, which is of moderate size, with a good deal of gilding and carving in the interior. It contains several fine pictures, one of which our host, who had accompanied us, pointed out as a Murillo; the chanting was good, and the tones of the organ rich and solemn. We afterwards walked on a part of the surrounding walls, which may at one period have been powerful as a defence, but were now much dilapidated. We again visited the fair, where there was apparently much buying and selling going on, particularly amongst the dealers in horses, and with all that noise and asseveration of truth and its reverse, so peculiar to that fraternity. The show of horses was large, and amongst them I noticed several with a dash of Moorish and Arab blood. There were no shows—not even Punch and Judy; but a French charlatan held forth large promises as a dentist, and curer of all the ills that flesh is heir to; whilst his

attendant, who acted as a kind of clown, was a humorous fellow, and even moved the risibility of the grave and stolid Spaniards. After dining *chez-nous*, we went to the *tertulia* at the house of Don —, where there was a numerous assembly of the *élite* of Barbastro and the surrounding district, amongst which the grace and beauty of the Spanish *senorittas* shone out with dazzling effect. The *senors* were intently occupied with their favourite game of *mouti*, and doubloons were rapidly exchanged. Ices, and fruit, and other slight refreshments were handed round, when all dispersed.

Next morning, when again breakfasting with Don —, we mentioned our wish to proceed to Zaragoza, and from thence to Pampeluna, and so back to Bagnères de Bigorre, but were met with a most earnest request that we would desist from doing so, as our want of passports, independent of the state of the country, would be sure to cause us many difficulties, if not place us in the unpleasant situation of being arrested by the authorities; we determined therefore to return to Venasque without proceeding further into Spain. The coming to this decision afforded me much relief, as I became exceedingly uneasy when I thought of increasing the distance from my temporary home.

After again passing the evening with the Don and his agreeable family, and expressing the gratification we had experienced from their courtesy and kindness, we returned to our apartments, and made the requisite preparation for leaving Barbastro at an early hour on the following morning, which we accordingly effected. On the route to Venasque were a number of persons returning from the fair, who saluted us kindly, and at the *venta*, where it was requisite to bait our horses, there was dancing and playing on the guitar, and much



merriment going on. A tiresome ride brought us to Venasque, where we engaged for the night the same rooms we had previously occupied. By daylight next morning we again mounted our nags, and proceeded along the banks of the Essera. About two miles on our route we found two carabineers posted to watch the Porte de Plan and the Neste, through which much smuggling from France is carried on. The morning was bright, and we enjoyed the scenery, as well as the ascent of the Penna Blanca, and again passed into France through the Porte de Venasque, from whence the hospital was soon reached, where our horses were baited. After half-an-hour's rest, we proceeded along the banks of the river Pique, through the beautiful scenery with which they abound, leaving the Castel Vieilh on our right, and at length again reached the Hôtel de Londres, at Bagnères de Luchon.

We found the Messrs. Clark and their friend the Abbé had set off for Toulouse. On applying at the post-office there was no letter for me, which greatly increased my anxiety; I therefore determined to return to Bagnères de Bigorre the following morning. Having said farewell to my friend Mackay (who intended to visit Toulouse before returning to Bagnères de Bigorre), I retired to rest. It was very stormy, with heavy rain, when I arose before daylight, to proceed on my dreary journey; after procuring a cup of coffee, I mounted and left De Luchon. I had no guide, and as I had travelled the road from St. Avertin during a dark night, I had some difficulty in finding my way; but having what is termed "a good eye to a country," I made, as the sailors say, a good landfall; and passing through several villages, I crossed the river Neste into the Val de Louron at Vielle, where, on a high mount, are the remains of a

castle of some size. The rain continued to fall in torrents; I therefore determined to rest for awhile at the inn at Arreau. - On reaching the town I found the streets crowded in consequence of a fair, from which I feared I should find but sorry accommodation: this proving to be the case, I remained but a short time, and again proceeded on my journey, but not by the route we had previously taken over the Hourquette d'Aspin, but by a bridle-road leading into the Val d'Aure, which, although steep and ill-defined, led through picturesque woodlands and pastures along the lower spurs of the Pic d'Arbizon. On arriving at the cottages of Paillole, I dismounted and remained some time to bait and rest my horse. The rain had now ceased, and the sun broke out and shone bright and warm, which produced real enjoyment after the drenching rain of the morning. When passing through the woodlands, after quitting Arreau, I flushed a *cog de Bruyères*, which, although it much resembles the grouse of the Scottish moors (excepting in being larger), is very different and inferior in flavour. Towards evening I passed through St. Marie and Campan to Bagnères, where I arrived about sunset, and found much cause for anxiety in the rapid and alarming change which had taken place in the state of our dear invalid. I immediately sent for Dr. Draper, who confirmed our worst fears and deprived us of all hope. I did not see our loved one that night, but when I stood by her bedside next morning I knew "the fatal decree" had gone forth, and that a few days if not hours, would take from us that beloved child, who for seventeen years had been our earthly joy and comfort. Still she was cheerful, and welcomed me with that sweet affection which she had ever expressed. Dr. Draper visited her frequently, but held out no hope,

as she became weaker and weaker. On the next day Hysteria appeared, and that evening, Sunday, the 11th of September, her pure spirit left this world for that blest region "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The separation from our beloved child was terrible to bear, but the consoling hope that through the merits of our Saviour we might hope to meet again was our best consolation and support.

At this period the bigotry of Charles X. had given increased power to the Roman Catholic clergy of France; and they exerted it with intense vigour in every way against the Protestants, particularly as respected the period for the burial of the dead, and the hour at which such should take place. On the evening of the death of our Dear one, notice was given me that the interment must take place next morning. I immediately requested Dr. Draper to call on the *sous-préfet* to remonstrate against such a harsh and unchristian proceeding: when, after much persuasion, he was induced to allow the melancholy duty to be postponed until the second morning; but, at the same time, notified, that the funeral must take place before day-dawn, and that the coffin must be carried by four paupers belonging to the hospital. In granting this slight delay, we were told that the *préfet* ran much risk, as the Bishop of Tarbes was one of the bitterest enemies and persecutors of the Protestants.

At day-dawn, on the second morning after our dear child had been taken from us, the interment took place, and was attended by our sympathizing and kind friend Captain Mackay (who had returned to Bagnères), and the worthy Vignart, our landlord. In the particular portion of the cemetery allotted to Protestants our

beloved child's remains were laid in her last earthly resting-place; a head-stone, which, with much difficulty, our friend Colonel Lindsay got permission afterwards to have erected, now marks the grave. The remains of an American gentleman, who died a few days previously, lie by her side.

As remaining at Bagnères could only add to our sorrow, by bringing before us vivid and mournful recollections of the heavy loss we had sustained, we determined to leave it for England immediately; and, in order to soften the bitter remembrance of the disappointment of the hopes we had in some degree cherished when on our journey to Bagnères, we arranged to take the route by Tarbes, Auch, Périgueux, Limoges, &c., to Tours, and thence to Paris, instead of the more usual one through Bordeaux. On leaving Bagnères we had to pass the cemetery where our loved one was laid; it was draining the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs. We reached Auch to sleep, whence, next morning before continuing our melancholy journey, we looked back upon the range of the Pyrenees, and the Pic de Bigorre, for the last time. The day was beautiful, and the country rich and well cultivated, and, as the *vendange* was in full operation, there was much activity in the vineyards, and in carting the grapes to the villages. On arriving at Agen, we found my near relation M. Philip de Montbrisson at the hotel. He pressed us to visit his mother (who was a sister of my father's) at her beautiful residence of De Montbrisson, but neither our spirits nor our time would admit of our doing so, which was a great disappointment to us, as she was now upwards of eighty, and I had no expectation of being again able to visit her, or another relative, le Viscomte de Vivens, whose estate was also in that part of France,

and from whom we had received an urgent invitation.

The hotel was full, so we were obliged to go on to Villeneuve d'Agen, to which, after saying farewell to Philip de Montbrisson, we proceeded on a lovely moonlight evening, and found comfortable quarters. Next morning we set off for Perigueux, through the same rich country full of vineyards, and all around busy in the *vendange*. I was most thankful when we reached Perigueux, as the heartfelt grief and suffering of the dear mourning mother had brought on such an alarming attack of headache, as amounted almost to apoplexy. Severe bleeding, and the continual, anxious nursing of her worthy, attached attendant, Kenyon, and the comfortable accommodation and rest at the Hôtel de France, gave her relief, and enabled us to continue our journey next morning to Limoges. We changed horses at Chalus, famed in history as the place where the lion-hearted Richard received his fatal wound when besieging the Castle of Chabrol, the ruins of which still remain.

Towards evening we reached Limoges, where we passed the night; but, unfortunately, we arrived when the general in command of the troops in the *département* had been reviewing those stationed at Limoges, and afterwards giving a banquet to the officers at the inn where we stopped, thus occasioning much bustle and confusion, and obliging us to put up with very indifferent accommodation. Had inclination and time admitted, we should have remained the next day, as there is much to be seen of interest in the town, which, from having been a place of importance during the time of the Romans, possesses an amphitheatre and other works of that people. There is also a cathedral, and a handsome episcopal palace. The Limousin is famed for a superior

breed of horses, on which, as being well-bred and of good action, the hussars and chasseurs-à-cheval of the French army are always mounted. A night of much discomfort made us glad to be *en route* by daylight next morning. After sunrise, we observed the country around as being bleak and sterile; and, at Morterol, where we breakfasted, the *auberge* was dirty, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, the charges were high. The day became gloomy, and heavy rain fell, which still further increased the dreary appearance of the scene. We were therefore glad when we reached Argenton, a town of considerable size, situated on the river Creuze, in the *département* de l'Indre. Here we passed the night, and next morning proceeded to Chateauroux, a large town, where extensive manufactories of cloth and iron are carried on. We changed horses, and, leaving the direct road to Paris, pursued the way to Tours, through Chatillon and Loches. The castle of Loches was one of the palatial residences of Louis XI., and the scene of many of his tyrannical and cruel acts. James V. of Scotland was married here to his first bride, the lovely Madeline of France. There are still many remains of the castle, as also of the Norman Keep; and the town contains some monuments of great interest, particularly that erected to the memory of Agnes Sorrel.

On quitting Loches, our route was a continuation of the pretty valley of the Indre, through Cormery, when, after crossing Le Cher, and passing along the Avenue de Grammont, we once more entered Tours, which we had left with hope, and now returned to in mourning and sorrow. Our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Conolly, came to us immediately. The meeting was a melancholy one; but their heartfelt sympathy was most grateful

and soothing to us. We remained at Tours a week, during which Dr. Conolly proposed that I should accompany him to Chinon and Fontevault, to which I agreed: Sir James Strong (who was also at Tours) offered to join us in our excursion. We accordingly fulfilled this intention, passing through Azay le Rideau, in the vicinity of which we saw the château, built in the reign of Francis I., and one of the most interesting remains of the castellated manor-houses in France. Afterwards our route lay through the forest of Chinon, until we reached that town. Having secured rooms at the Hôtel de France, we walked out to view the ruined castle, so long the residence of our Plantagenet kings, and the scene of the death of our Henry II., and many other interesting historical events. Its position is on a high rock above the town, and, from being scarped on three sides, and faced with strong walls from the bottom to the top of the cliff, must have been quite impregnable prior to the discovery of gunpowder. Above the entrance, that part of the castle which contains the royal apartments is still habitable, and the room in which Joan of Arc unfolded to Charles the Dauphin "the secrets known only to God and himself," is shown by the guide. The view from the walls is varied, extending over the fertile valley of the Vienne. On descending from the castle we drove to the Château de Richelieu, of which there are but very few remains, as, after the revolution of 1790, it was purchased by a company of speculators, denominated "The Bande Noir," who unroofed and pulled it down, selling the materials, and also the furniture and pictures. The Cardinal de Richelieu had expended an enormous sum upon it. The situation of the château is flat and unpicturesque. We returned to Chinon, and after dinner strolled out, when we had

a perfect view of the comet, which was visible this year (1825).

Early next morning we started for the Abbey of Fontevault, proceeding along the banks of the Vienne, and passing several villages, amongst others, Tezay, where the church is of very venerable appearance, and must be of great antiquity. We turned up a wooded valley, and arrived at the once extensive and rich Abbey of Fontevault, founded by a Breton monk, and within whose walls one hundred and fifty nuns and seventy monks were ruled over by a lady abbess of birth and station. We stopped at the village, and then walked to the abbey, now converted into a *maison de force*. We were immediately permitted to visit the church, within which, in the south transept, are the tombs of several of our Plantagenet kings. During the Revolution many of the monuments were destroyed, and the contents of two of the graves rifled; still the effigies (in spite of the attempts to obliterate them) bear evidence of their having been portraits, and retain remains of gilding and colouring. Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion are without armour, and in their robes; Richard is of lofty stature, with a broad forehead, his hair cut short, and a moustache and beard. It would be well to have these effigies removed to Westminster Abbey, to which (it is probable) the French government would make no objection.

We were informed by the governor of the prison, or *maison de force*, that amongst the prisoners there was an Englishman; at the same time he added, "Il est un très mauvais sujet:" however, we requested permission to see him, which was immediately acceded to. When the prisoner made his appearance, he told us a long rigmarole story of his having been



confined there in consequence of having knocked down the captain of the ship of which he was one of the crew, and who had ill-used him. He earnestly entreated us to forward a petition which he had already prepared to the English Ambassador at Paris, begging of him to obtain his release ; however, we declined interfering in the matter, feeling sure that the man deserved the punishment that had been awarded him, but endeavoured to sooth his disappointment by bestowing a "tip."

After leaving Fontevrault we returned to Chinon, and the following morning drove along the valley of the Vienne to Champigny, where is an ancient chapel of Gothic architecture, containing the life of St. Louis in rich and beautiful stained glass, occupying four windows. To our regret and astonishment we found the chapel filled with empty wine-casks, and the adjoining yard turned into a cooperage. The proprietor was on the spot, and gave a very unwilling and sulky assent to our request for permission to enter the chapel and look at the windows : he was the only discourteous Frenchman we had encountered. The banks of the Vienne are rich and well cultivated, and the vineyards extensive, and produce the favourite *vin de Champigny*. On leaving the chapel we returned to Chinon, where we dined, and in the evening proceeded through the forest to Azayle-Rideau, and so to Tours. On the second morning, thereafter, we said adieu to our many kind and sympathizing friends there, and set out for Paris.

We slept the first night at Château Dun, having passed through Vendôme, where we observed the ruins of the Castle of the Ducs de Vendôme. The following morning our route was through Chartres, here we rested a short time, that we might examine the beautiful cathedral,

which is quite unique as regards its size, its painted glass, and its remarkable rose windows. Henry IV. was crowned here in 1594. Further on we passed Maintenon, the estate given by Louis XIV. to the widow of Scarron, and from which she derived the title of marquise. The castle stands on the river Eure, and within it is shown the bed-room of Madame de Maintenon, where hangs her portrait. Rambouillet was our next stage; it is surrounded by an extensive forest, amidst which stands the château, formerly a residence of the kings of France. After changing horses, we were stopped about a mile from the town by a *gendarme à cheval*, who informed us that the king (Charles X.) was shooting in the forest, and until he had crossed over a portion of it, we must not proceed. In a short time we heard firing, and soon afterwards another *gendarme* galloped out of the forest and gave us permission to continue our journey. After four *postes de route*, we arrived at Versailles, and drove to the Hôtel de France, which we found very comfortable, and where we stayed the night. Next morning, after breakfast, we passed through Sèvres on our way to Paris. We secured apartments at l'Hôtel Britanique, in the Rue de la Paix, which was then a very good hotel and much frequented. The Rue de la Paix was at that time only partially built, one side of it being nearly without houses, and the Boulevard des Italiens was not commenced. Charles X. kept up a part of the etiquette which existed before the Revolution, such as passing along the glass gallery overlooking the Tuileries gardens after mass, &c.; I did not observe any enthusiasm amongst the few spectators who were present, but severe expressions were uttered against his majesty's confessor, who walked immediately before the king. It was quite

evident from all I saw and heard, that the Bourbons were even then exceedingly unpopular; and this at length broke out when the bigotry of Charles X., and his minister the Prince de Polignac, with other members of his cabinet, drove him from the throne, and compelled him once again to seek an asylum and refuge at Holyrood. I may here mention that the Prince de Polignac afterwards became the husband of Miss Barbara Campbell, the second daughter of the proprietor of an estate in the Scottish Highlands.

After remaining three days in Paris, we set out for Boulogne by the *grande route*, sleeping the first night at Beauvais, the second at Amiens, and on the third evening reaching our destination. In consequence of the stormy state of the weather, we were detained three days before we could embark, which gave me the opportunity of visiting the old town, the walls of which command extensive views over the surrounding country and also seaward, as well as the chalky cliffs of Old England. The only remains of Buonaparte's boasted flotilla, was one of the praams lying half buried in sand in the upper part of the harbour. The steamer in which we embarked was a small one, and the accommodation in the cabin very limited, a great contrast to those which have since been established on that passage. There was a heavy sea in the Channel, which drove the few passengers who had embarked down to the cabin: as for myself, I never suffered from the "mal de mer," and therefore kept upon deck. There was a risk of the tide failing us before we reached Dover, which happily was not the case, although the captain told me there was not more than six inches under the steamer's keel when we entered the harbour. On landing we took up our quarters at the Ship, an

excellent inn, and although our dearest earthly treasure was taken from us and left in a foreign land, yet we thanked God we were once again in England. Next morning our carriage was landed (for things were not managed thirty years ago in the rapid way they are at present), and our baggage passed through the custom house, when we immediately left Dover, sleeping at Dartford, and afterwards posting through London to Coventry, from whence we travelled the whole night, and arrived next day at the residence of my brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Corrie, in Liverpool.

And now, kind reader, I have brought to a conclusion, and, as it were, re-lived thirty-four years of my earthly pilgrimage. If that which I have related meets with approval, I will proceed forward, and resume the relation of interesting public events, and much connected with my personal comfort and experience during my subsequent residence of twenty-four years in Scotland.

PHILO SCOTUS.

THE END.







