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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF SCOTLAND

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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY

HENRY GREY GRAHAM

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TO MY WIFE

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

THE issue of a new edition of this work affords the opportunity for making some slight alterations, chiefly in the correction of a few almost inevitable slips of the pen, the eye, or the memory,—two or three of which have not escaped the notice of friendly critics and of critical friends. It is necessary to respect and to possess those qualities of a literary and historical conscience, which the choleric Sir Arthur Wardour dreaded and despised in his friend, the laird of Monkbarns, as "a pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact, and a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory." Occasional repetitions of facts in the course of this book are due to the desire to make each chapter describing special phases of social life as complete in itself as possible. Some reviewers have observed and regretted the omission of an account of the intellectual development of the country during the period. This want we may yet supply in a separate volume, treating of the literature and men of letters of Scotland in the eighteenth century.

HENRY GREY GRAHAM.

February 1900.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

In Scotland during the eighteenth century there were only two outstanding events which, after the Union, specially belong to its history—the Rebellion of '15 and the Rebellion of '45. Besides these rebellions, we find as State affairs of Scotland chiefly obscure intrigues of factions, Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Jacobite; measures managed by leaders of Scottish business, who were servile followers of English ministries; manœuvres of Scots nobles and placemen who travel southwards on horseback or in coach to win favour with great statesmen at Westminster or courtiers at St. James's—figures not very real to us to-day as they flit across the stage, "transient and embarrassed phantoms." To the end of the century—when Henry Dundas was "uncrowned King" of Scotland, pulling every political wire, and making local magnates and voters in town and country obsequiously move like puppets at his will—political life in North Britain was virtually non-existent.

This book, however, does not treat of stirring and striking episodes such as the Rebellions, with their elements of high romance not unalloyed with dingy intrigue: for these a sketch would be too little, and here a history would be too much. Still less does it concern itself with the ways of politicians, who often mistook state craftiness for statecraft, from the pettifogging schemers at the beginning of the century to the dictatorship and despotic party domination at the close: these

interested the country a little at that time, but they interest us very little to-day. The following pages treat of the social condition of the country—chiefly in the Lowlands—and the internal changes through which it passed during a hundred years, with details which the historian dismisses with impatience as unconsidered trifles marring the dignity of his theme and disturbing the flow of his narrative. Yet, after all, it is in the inner life of a community that its real history is to be found—in the homes, and habits, and labours of the peasantry; in the modes, and manners, and thoughts of society; what the people believed and what they practised; how they farmed and how they traded; how the poor were relieved; how their children were taught, how their bodies were nourished, and how their souls were tended. On this last subject it may be thought that too much has been said—that the religious and ecclesiastical state of Scotland has been dealt with on a scale too large and disproportionate. It must, however, be remembered that such a part—too large and disproportionate—it also formed in the existence and concerns of the people. No doubt many of the religious ways and habits, the old-world theology, have long ago vanished, leaving only memories, humorous, pathetic, or bitter, behind them; curious convictions that once were charged with dangerous force in sectarian polemics are now cold and harmless, like exploded shells on an old battlefield. But it is impossible to understand the character and conduct of the Scottish people without knowing those bygone customs and beliefs which were once full of intense vitality. Nowhere were Church spirit so keen, Church influence so far-reaching, and Church affairs so intimate, as in Scotland.

Probably no period was so quietly eventful in shaping the fortunes and character of the country as the eighteenth century. Others are more distinguished by striking incidents, others are more full of the din and tumult and strife which arrest attention and are treated as crises, although they may neither stir the

depths nor affect the course of a people's life; but in that century there was a continuous revolution going on—a gradual transformation in manners, customs, opinions, among every class; the rise and progress of agricultural, commercial, and intellectual energy, that turned waste and barren tracts to fertile fields—stagnant towns to centres of busy trade—a lethargic, slovenly populace to an active, enterprising race—an utterly impoverished country to a prosperous land. These facts constitute the real history of the Scots in the eighteenth century.

The literature of the period, which developed so marvellously after the middle of the century, is only slightly indicated in this study of the time. It is a subject full of interest and importance; but, though it came within the scope of this work, it could not be put within the bounds of its space.

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SOCIAL LIFE OF SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

COUNTRY SOCIETY AND COUNTRY LIFE

1700–1750

I

Scotland, although geographically separated from England by only an invisible march here and a narrow river there, was socially far separated by immemorial antagonism, by bitter historical traditions, by strength of inveterate prejudice, by diversity of laws, by opposition of Church creed and polity, by hostile interests in trade, by contrast in ways of living, tone of thought, and mode of speech.

Feelings and usages had become part of life and character which were peculiarly Scottish, forming the undefinable quality of nationality; and these had become intensified and confirmed by political jealousy, and maintained with patriotic animosity—all which had the effect of giving a striking individuality to the people. This contrast and this separation continued very long after the Union of 1707, which united the governments, but could not unite the two peoples. Intercourse between them was slight, always intermittent, and seldom pleasant even in the highest classes. Dislike of everything English was keen in the North; a contempt of everything Scottish was bitter in the South. Communication with England was rare even

among people of quality; for distances were great, roads were execrable, and the cost of travelling and lodging was appalling to people who, in all ranks, high and low, were miserably poor.

All these barriers kept Scotland in a state of isolation. The country could modify little and learn little, even if inclined to change, by contact with another state of civilisation; and so it happened that half of the eighteenth century elapsed with few peculiar habits and national customs having passed away.

The few Englishmen who journeyed to North Britain, from spirit of adventurous curiosity or from stress of business, entered upon the expedition with the air of heroic courage with which a modern traveller sets forth to explore the wild region of a savage land. If the tourist entered Scotland by way of Berwick and the Lothians, he did not at first meet much to shock him by ugly contrast. If he entered by Dumfriesshire and the moors of Galloway, he was at once filled with dismay by the dismal change from his own country—the landscape a bleak and bare solitude, destitute of trees, abounding in heather and morass and barren hills; soil where cultivation was found only in dirty patches of crops, on ground surrounded by heather and bog; regions where the inhabitants spoke an uncouth dialect, were dressed in rags, lived in hovels, and fed on grain, with which he fed his horses; and when night fell, and he reached a town of dirty thatched huts, and gained refuge in a miserable abode that passed for an inn, only to get a bed he could not sleep in, and fare he could not eat, his disgust was inexpressible. After he had departed, and finally reached his English home in safety, he wrote down his adventures as a modern explorer pens his experiences in Darkest Africa; and then he uttered frankly to the world his vehement emotions. It is thus one English gentleman, escaping to his native soil, summed up his impressions of the North: "I passed to English ground, and hope I may never go to such a country again. I thank God I never saw such another, and must conclude with poet Cleveland—

> Had Cain been Scot, God had ne'er changed his doom,
> Not made him wander, but confined him home."[1]

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[1] *Journey through North of England and Scotland in* 1704, p. 65, privately printed, Edin. 1818.

It was in such a way that travellers up to the middle of the century—and, indeed, for a long while after—were accustomed to speak of North Britain. Meanwhile, to the stay-at-home Englishman, Scotland remained a *terra incognita*. Rumour exaggerated all its terrors, and prejudice believed in them long after they had passed away.[1] Not even in the wild scenery did the traveller see anything of beauty or sublimity, but rather forms of ugliness and gloom which deepened his dislike of the land. In vain did Nature present its finest and grandest aspects to his gaze—the roaring torrent, the towering mountain height, the boundless moor rich in purple glory. Mr. Edward Burt, travelling in the service of Marshal Wade, was quite disposed to speak fair of the country and its people; but a Highland landscape only awakened abhorrence in the cultivated Englishman, who preferred Rosamond's Pond to any loch, and Primrose Hill to every mountain. "The huge naked rocks, being just above the heath, produce the disagreeable appearance of a scabbed head." That is his ruthless comment. He concludes what he calls "the disagreeable subject" of the appearance of the mountains by saying, "There is not much variety in it, but gloomy spaces, different rocks, and heath high and low. To cast one's eye from an eminence towards a group of them, they appear still one above the other, fainter and fainter according to aerial perspective, and the whole of a dismal brown drawing upon a dirty purple, and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom."[2] The love of nature in its wild aspects did not inspire the clever agent of Marshal Wade, who liked better to level the heights and make rough places smooth than to look on them. Not yet did such scenery attract travellers and kindle enthusiasm. They described the Dumfriesshire hills as "presenting a most hideous aspect"; mountains as "black and frightful"; and Goldsmith, in 1753, had nothing to say of the characteristic features of Scottish scenery except that "hills and rocks intercept every prospect."[3]

[1] Burt, i. 5. Much later in the century it was true that "English ministers did not know much more of Scotland than they did of Tartary."—Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, i. 48.

[2] Burt, i. 285.

[3] "Drumlanrig is like a fine picture in a dirty grotto. It is environed with mountains which have the wildest and most hideous aspect of any in all the south

Leaving the habits and modes of life of the peasantry to be described elsewhere, we turn to the manners of country society at a time when the number of modest estates was great, and smaller gentry abounded. Their tastes were frugal, and their notions, like their incomes, narrow. A gentleman might have a property wide in range of land, but producing rents miserably mean, derived from some small "mailings" or crofts more fertile in weeds than in grain, which formed little oases in vast expanses of unreclaimed moor, hill, and bog, and were let at a rental from 1s. to 3s. an acre. A Scots landowner in the early part of the century was wealthy with a rent-roll of £500, rich with an income of from £300 to £200, well off with £100 or £80; and many gentlemen of good degree and long pedigree had to preserve their station with £50 to £20 a year.[1] Nor was this rental paid in money. Half of it or two-thirds was paid in kind[2]—so many sheep, eggs, poultry; so many bolls of barley, oats, or pease. When the term of Whitsunday or Martinmas came round, the half-starved horses of the tenants were to be seen, in unsteady cavalcade, stumbling slowly along the bridle-paths, one man guiding every two emaciated beasts, which laboured under their burdens of one boll each. The grain was deposited in the girnal or granary attached to the house, and there it remained till it was consumed by the household, or sold in the market to produce the money which was sorely needed for home expenditure; though

part of Scotland."—*Tour in Great Britain*, iv. 124. "From Kilsyth we mounted the hills, black and frightful as they are, to find the roads over the moors and mountains to Stirling."—*Ibid.* p. 152. Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, i. 438.

[1] "There are a great many [estates] in Scotland from £100 to £20, and some less, possessed by gentlemen of very good families." "The laird retains half of his land in his hand, and lets the rest, of which 400 acres may produce £50 value."—*Essay on Ways and Means of Enclosing*, etc., p. 117: Edin. 1729.

[2] In *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of March 15, 1742, among advertisements of roups of land, is that land and barony of Kerco and Ballathie, in Perthshire, which gives fair sample of the forms of rental: "£1785 Scots in money, 33 bolls bear, 48 bolls meal, 7 bolls malt, 14 salmon fishes, a mill-swine, 32 poultry fowls, 12 capons, and 48 dargues" (days' work). Among the forfeited estates of 1715, ranging from Lords Winton, Southesk, and Panmure, with rental of over £3000 a year, to lairds with a rental from £80 to £50, from a half to two-thirds was paid in kind. Sir John Preston of Prestonhall had an income of £230, only £68 being in coin, the rest in grain, straw, and poultry. Sir David Threipland of Fingask had an income of £537, all but £147 being paid in grain, yarn, geese, hens, and chickens.—Murray's *York Buildings Company*, p. 121.

too often it was spoilt by long keeping in the hope of getting a better price, or half eaten by the rats.

Mansion-houses, of course, varied greatly in style and dimensions, according to the rank and income of their owners—from the massive castellated buildings of nobles and chiefs, many dating from the sixteenth century, with their turrets and battlements, big courtyards, half-dried moats and iron gateways, down to the more homely dwelling of two storeys, devoid of dignity from the floor to the corbel-stepped gable roof. The great proportion of the homes of the gentry were of the latter class. Love of natural scenery was then an unborn emotion, and therefore they were usually erected in situations where they were sheltered from the blasts that swept across the unprotected land, in a hollow or by the side of a hill, which, looking south, got all the sunshine; for, the owners being utterly heedless of any beauty of position, and quite indifferent to the picturesque, the backs of the houses might be turned deliberately to a lovely river, or the house built within a stone-throw of a fine prospect, which occupants could not see, quite content with gazing upon some bare and ugly moor.[1] Though the land was generally barren of woods, without hedge or tree far as the eye could reach, round many country houses in the lowlands, especially in the Lothians, clumps of trees planted for shelter—ash, elm, sycamore—clustered so close to the walls that they blocked out light and air from the small narrow windows, with their tiny three-cornered panes of glass. Yet, though it had been an old practice in counties which were better cultivated to rear bands of trees for protection from the storm, most country houses were still entirely exposed, because the practice of planting round the houses set in after the Revolution, and only became common after the Union, when the eyes of Scots gentlemen were opened to English ways.[2] Beside the house was the inevitable dovecot—a tower of masonry, from which

[1] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 100.

[2] It is a common mistake to date the practice of planting round mansions from the Union, for it was of much older period in the Lothians and more cultivated counties. *Sheriffdom of Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire compiled in* 1710, by W. Hamilton of Wishaw, 1731; Crawford's *Description of Renfrewshire*, 1720; Kirke's *Account of Tour in Scotland in* 1677. After the Revolution it became

came the devastating clouds of pigeons to fill themselves on the meagre crops of the tenant, and afterwards to fill the larder of the laird.[1] In few places were there lawns or avenues to add amenity, and the fields were ploughed up to the front door or gate of the little court. The courtyard at the homes of smaller lairds was usually formed by the house having a projecting granary and byre on one side, a projecting stable and barn on the other, while in the open space stood the midden, in which the midden-fowls feasted and nursed their broods among nettles and docks growing all around. Behind or beside each house, in the ill-kept and neglected garden, grew a great variety of shrubs and flowers, partly for pleasure, but mainly for use. Many flowers were there, once familiar and loved, which have long been uprooted from our borders and our memories, whose very names are forgotten save the few enshrined in old songs.[2] Beside the familiar hollyhock, pink, columbine, and primrose, were the virgin's-bower, campion, throat-wort, bear's-ears, wall-pellitory, and spider-wort—these for show, for scent and colour. Others were there as "sweet herbs," used for cooking or for physic—the pennyroyal, clary, rosemary, sweet-basil, fennel, beside the sage, mint, and wild-marjoram. But no country garden was complete without its plentiful stock of "physick herbs," which were always used for simples, gargarisms, confections, and vomitories, in the primitive pharmacopœia of the age. There were found the hyssop, camomile, and hore-hound, cat-mint, elacampine, "blessed thissell," "stinking arag," rue and celandine, which were in constant request in time of sickness.[3] Among vegetables many of our commonest were not found, as they only came into use or cultivation later in the century. Turnips—or "neeps," as

more common. "Noblemen have of late run into planting, parking, and gardening:"—Macky's *Journey through Scotland*, 1729, p. 272; Ramsay, ii. 100; *Spalding Miscellany*, ii. 97.

[1] In Fifeshire at the end of the century there were 320 dovecots belonging to mansions, and these, containing 36,000 pairs of breeding pigeons, were estimated to consume 4000 or 5000 bolls of grain every year. Besides these there were the ruins of many disused other dovecots, which in the early part of the century had abounded.—Thomson's *Agriculture of Fifeshire.*

[2] Reid's *Scots Gardner*, 1683, p. 109.

[3] Moncrieff of Tippermalloch's *Poor Man's Physician*, 3rd edition, 1731.

they were always called—were only in a few gardens; onions were in none, being all imported from Holland or Flanders; and only at the residences of a few rich and enterprising gentlemen were potatoes grown. Round the gardens, with their orchards, grew the nursery of trees, which were carefully nourished and sheltered under the delusion that they were too delicate to bear exposure in the open fields.

Within the houses of the gentry, except those of high rank or fortune, arrangements were of the plainest and furniture was rude. The rooms were low-ceiled, the joists and beams often covered with deal boards, the walls with their dingy plaster often void of adornment—paper-hangings being as yet unknown,—though in large mansions the walls were covered with tapestry, arras, panels of wood, or gilt leather.[1] The windows had no sash or pulley; the rooms had no bell-pulls; and though on the dining-table lay the hand-bell, it was seldom used, because a poker or a heel was quite sufficient to summon the domestics, with a knock audible through unlathed walls and undeafened floors. No carpets covered these floors, and, indeed, even after the middle of the century many houses of pretension remained without them, except in the public rooms.[2] The bedrooms rarely had grates, the fuel of turf or peat being kindled on the wide open hearth; and only some of the chambers were what were called "fire-rooms," for many were destitute of fireplaces. The beds were closed like a box in the wall, or in recesses with sliding doors, which imprisoned and stifled the sleeper; others stood out in the room[3] with curtains of plaiding which the household had spun, as protection from the cold and draughts which came from ill-jointed windows and doors with ill-fitting "snecks." As houses were incommodious and hospitality was exuberant, it was usual for two gentlemen or two ladies, however unknown

[1] Ramsay, ii. 98, etc.

[2] "I have been told that 60 or 70 years ago (*i.e.* 1756) no more than two carpets existed in the whole town of Jedburgh."—Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 337. A friend told Ramsay of Ochtertyre that when a boy at Edinburgh he saw the first carpet at the house of Sir Thomas Nicholson, who had lived much abroad (Ramsay, ii. 98). At Cawdor House in 1716 only the "king's room" had a carpet (*Thanes of Cawdor*, 418).

[3] In great houses the beds were not in the wall, but had these heavy hangings.

to each other they might be, to sleep together, lying overwhelmed with the burden of from six to ten pair of Scots blankets. Even in the drawing-room it was usual to have a closed bed, which was used by the guests.[1] Excepting on state occasions the dining-room in average-sized country houses was unused, left dark, dull, and musty, unventilated by the sashless windows, while dingy ancestral portraits stared vacantly on the empty apartment from their black frames. It was in the bedroom the family lived chiefly. There they took their meals, there they saw their friends, there at night the family gathered round the hearth, with its high-polished brass grate, which stood detached from the back and sides of the fireplace ornamented with tiles. There the girls spun, and lads learned the rules of Despauter's *Latin Grammar;* and only after "family exercises" did the household disperse, and the heads of the family were left to rest and to sleep in the exhausted air.

People rose early in these old days in both town and country, for the temptation was small to sit up late at night when there were few and very dull books to read, and few mortals who cared to read them, even if the room had not been sombre in the dim gleam of tallow candles. By five or six o'clock the laird was up, having taken his "morning"—a glass of ale or brandy, over which he reverently said a grace which was brief when he was alone, and longer when he was in company—before he visited his "policy," and his stable and fields.[2] When breakfast was served, at eight o'clock, he was ready for the substantial fare of "skink" or water gruel, supplemented by collops or mutton, aided with ale.[3] The bread consisted of oatmeal cakes or barley bannocks: wheaten bread was scarce, and rarely used except as a dainty. At

[1] Somerville, p. 333. "July 7, 1703, to James Gourlay for ye two snecks to ye bed in the drawing-room, 14s."—*Account Book of Foulis of Ravelston*, p. 329. In 1745, in Inverness, there was only one house which contained a room without a bed—that in which Prince Charles lodged. In 1716 the "inventar" of Cawdor Castle mentions the "mid-chamber or drawing-room" having an "arras hanging and a bed of brown cloath curtains" (*Thanes of Cawdor*, p. 418).

[2] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 67.

[3] Somerville, p. 330. Between 1680 and 1730 "no mention of wheaten bread in use except among the wealthy."—Hector's *Judicial Records of Renfrewshire.*

twelve or at one o'clock came dinner, at which the master of the house, hat on head, presided in his high-backed chair. Plain and monotonous was the fare at a meal which was ill-served and worse cooked, and all put on table at once, except with persons of great rank and wealth, who had two courses. Each person was served with a wooden or a pewter plate; and only when the dinner hours were later and two courses were introduced did china or earthenware plates appear to suit the more fashionable habits.[1]

The food consisted incessantly of broth, or kail, of beef or mutton, the broth being made of "groats," which were oats stripped of their husks at the mill, or of bear or barley which had been beaten at the knocking-stone in the morning, and hence known as "knockit bear," for as yet barley mills were not introduced into Scotland.[2] Only in summer or autumn could fresh meat be had; for, as all the cattle were kept under cover during winter and spring, and fed on straw or mashed whins, the flesh of the half-starved emaciated brutes was utterly worthless as food.[3] To obtain a supply for store at Martinmas, therefore, the "mart" was killed; each household had cows and sheep slaughtered and salted sufficient to last till next May; and on this salted

[1] Among household accounts in the *Roses of Kilravock* in 1706 is one from the pewterer at Edinburgh for "broth trenchers, 2 dozen English trenchers, assets of English peuther" (p. 394). Somerville, p. 336. In the "Inventar" of Thunderton in 1708 there are only 6 broth plates, 12 flesh plates, 12 white and blue "leam" (*i.e.* loam or earthen) plates; the rest are "timber" or pewter (Dunbar's *Social Life in Former Days in Morayshire*, p. 205). *Hist. of Carluke*, p. 18.

[2] Ramsay, ii. 70; Somerville, p. 332. Mrs. Calderwood of Polton, patriotic in her dishes, her sentiments, and her sense of smell, comments disparagingly on the fare in London in 1756: "As for their victualls they make such a work about I cannot enter into the taste of them, or rather I think they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste that if you shut your eyes you will not know by either taste or smell what you are eating. The lamb and veall are blanched in water. The smell of dinner will never intimate what it is on table. No such effluvia as beef or cabbadge was ever found in London"—the last sentence written evidently with a glow of national superiority, p. 33. The culinary art of Holland cannot make up to this excellent lady for the absence of Scots dishes: "I thought I had not got a dinner since I left home for want of broath," p. 52 (*Journey*).

[3] "For half the year in many towns of Scotland there is no beef or mutton to be seen in their shambles, and if any, it is like carrion meat, yet dearer than ever I saw in England."—*Essays on Ways and Means of Enclosing*, p. 131.

meat, with pitiless monotony, day by day and month after month, families patiently subsisted until the cattle, having returned to pasture, were restored to health, and they could get fresh beef again. Besides this stale diet there were the "kain" hens, which formed part of the laird's rent from his tenants—food which became not less intolerably tiresome to the palate. Some relief was found occasionally in muir-fowl and other game, which abounded in the moors in days when poachers were unknown.[1] Vegetables were not served on table, potatoes and turnips being almost unattainable; and the "neeps" or parsnips and greens were only used as ingredients in the kail. Sweets there were none; dessert was unknown. To accompany this simple but not attractive repast, there was strong ale in ample supply, and sometimes sack or claret, which was good and cheap at a shilling the chopin when it came duty-free from France. To serve for the family, there was in many a household only one glass or tankard, which was handed on to the next person in succession as each finished his draught.[2]

At seven or eight o'clock came supper—a substantial meal of the dinner type, with ale and claret. But before that repast was the essential "four hours," the name being derived from the time of refreshment in every house from the highest to the lowest. Ladies took their ale and wine; and if there were guests, as a delicacy a few slices of wheaten bread were cut and handed with cake to the company. Tea during the first quarter of the century was a rarity and a precious luxury, of which friends would send a pound from abroad as a costly gift.[3] When green tea sold at 25s. and Bohea at 30s. a pound, it was beyond the reach of frugal fortunes. In time,

[1] The consumption of "kain" poultry was a burden to the palate by its iteration. It being said that the best way to keep Lent would be to eat what was least agreeable, a stout Episcopalian said he would therefore keep Lent on kain hens (Ramsay, ii. 69).

[2] In reference to this practice Mr. Adam Petrie gives admirable advice: "Be sure to wipe your mouth before you drink, and when you drink hold in your breath till you have done. I have seen some colour the glass with their breath, which is certainly very loathsome to the company."—*Rules of Good Deportment*, 1720.

[3] Somerville, p. 329. In accounts at Thunderton in 1709-10 loaf-sugar was 1s. 6d. a pound; green tea, £1 : 5s.; a pound of coffee beans, 7s. 6d. (Dunbar's

however, it became more attainable through the enterprise of smugglers, and the common people could buy it for three or four shillings from the shop, or from the cadger, who had in his creels supplies drawn from a mysterious source on which silence was prudently kept.

The fashion of tea-drinking, becoming common about 1720, had to make its way against vehement opposition. The patriotic condemned tea as a foreign drink hurtful to national industry; the old-fashioned protested against it as a new-fangled folly; the robust scorned it as an effeminate practice; magistrates, ministers, and energetic laymen put it in the same malignant category as smuggled spirits, anathematised its use by the poor, among whom (they warned them) it would assuredly produce "corruption of morals and debility of constitution."[1] It is not surprising that men like Lord President Forbes should denounce the "vile drug" with special energy. It was a contemptible beverage to him and his brother "Bumper John." They had been "the most plentiful drinkers in the north," and in Culloden House had had the custom of prizing off the top of each successive cask of claret, and placing it in the hall to be emptied in pailfuls.[2]

By 1729 Mackintosh of Borlum laments the sadly changed times. "When I came to my friend's house of a morning, I used to be asked if I had my morning draught yet? I am now asked if I have had my tea? And in lieu of the big

Social Life, p. 195). In 1705 green tea was advertised as sold at 16s. and Bohea at 30s. a pound by George Scott, goldsmith, Luckenbooths, who sold chocolate at 3s. 6d. (Chambers' *Traditions*, i. 13).

[1] Medical men regarded tea with disfavour. Commended in lethargic diseases, headaches, gouts, and gravel, it was considered hurtful to weak constitutions if much used, "causing tremblings and shakings of the head and hands, loss of appetite, vapours, and other nervous diseases."—Alston's *Lectures on Materia Medica*, 1770, ii. 234. Even in 1793 a minister mourns that "the views of the capital are beginning to spread among the people, and the introduction of these baneful articles to the poor of tea and whisky will soon produce the corruption of morals and debility of constitution which are so severely felt in every parish, and will soon materially impair the real strength and population of Scotland."—Currie, *Stat. Acct. of Scotland.*

[2] Forbes of Culloden uttered his contempt of tea vigorously in *Culloden Papers*, p. 180; *Some Considerations on the present State of Scotland*, 1743 (by Duncan Forbes); Burton's *Lives of Lovat and Forbes*, p. 368; Omond's *Lord Advocates*, i. 320. £40 of claret was drunk in one month, when the highest price was 16s. or 18s. a dozen.

quaigh with strong ale and toast, and after a dram of good wholesome Scots spirits, there is now the tea-kettle put to the fire, the tea-table and silver and china equippage brought in, and marmalade and cream." In spite of all scorn, by 1750 the most stalwart and conservative had succumbed to its attractions, and tea (tempered with brandy) took the place of ale as a necessity at every breakfast-table.[1]

The spirit of these old days was eminently hospitable, and exuberantly hearty. Living in the country, where occupation was dull and amusements were few, and intercourse with the outer world was impeded by lack of roads, the gentry found the sight of friends extremely welcome. Neighbours were wont to come, "without sending word," on horseback; and in the effusiveness of hospitality there was shown a "pressing" of guests to stay to eat and to drink, which it was a meanness to omit and offence to resist.[2] The bashful ate till full to repletion; the amiable and obsequious fed in meek compliance; the stalwart only dared to refuse, and the prudent saved themselves by keeping something always on their plate. There was in this friendly intercourse no display, and no change in food was made or was possible to make. Then, as always, were the inevitable dishes—broth, beef, and hens.[3] All that was requisite was to have enough for all; and neighbours considerately arrived in ample time to allow of an extra supply being cooked by one o'clock. They were taken round the "policy" to pass the hour, while the servant looked for the dog that turned the spit, which cunningly hid himself whenever he perceived by culinary preparations that his disagreeable services would be required;

[1] [Mackintosh of Borlum's] *Essay on Ways and Means of Enclosing*, etc., 1729, p. 232.

[2] Mrs. Calderwood's *Journey*, p. 227; Somerville, p. 369; Ramsay, ii. 67.

[3] Only in the highest and wealthiest classes were there two courses. At the table of the Duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth in 1701 were present the family, Lords Rothes, Haddington, Elcho, and three gentlemen. Dinner, 1st course—300 oysters, bacon, and pease pottage, haggis with calf's pluck, beef, collops, mutton roasted, 3 joints, fricassée of 5 chickens, and roasted goose; 2nd course—5 wild fowl, 5 chickens, buttered crabs, tarts, 4 roasted hares (at officers' table, beef, 2 joints, 2 roasted rabbits). At supper—Joint of mutton, roasted rabbits. Breakfast—2 joints in collops, 4 quarters of roasted lamb, 2 roasted capons.—Arnot's *Edinburgh*, p. 200.

and soon the guests heard the familiar sound of screeching which they recognised too well as intimately connected with their approaching meal. Ale was the chief beverage in which they indulged at dinner and supper; but there was claret too, which was served in pewter stoups. The glasses might be few, but the drink was plentiful, and when days of refinement came old topers mourned over these departed times when "there were fewer glasses and more bottles." By 1730 there had come changes which worthies deplored. So the laird of Borlum again laments that, though incomes had become no larger, customs had become more expensive. "Formerly I had been served with two or three substantial dishes of beef, mutton, and fowl, garnished with their own wholesome gravy. I am now served up little expensive ashets with English pickles, Indian mangoes, and anchovy sauces. . . . In lieu of the good substantial large flagon or quart stoup from the barrel, there comes to the by-table a basket or armful of bottles; and if the ale is never so strong, old, and pale, it is seldom good enough for the second service without a glass of claret. If the wine is not out or bad there must be at least bottles a piece of it; if it is out or bad there must be a snaker of sack or brandy punch." At all which gross extravagance this "lover of his country," as he styles himself, has his patriotic soul vexed within him.

II

Rough and rude were the manners of the early part of the century, as well as the fare.[1] No carving knife or fork was employed, the host dividing the meat with his own; and

[1] *Rules of Good Deportment*, by Adam Petrie, Edinburgh, 1720.—"Do not sip your drink in taking 3 or 4 draughts of it. Do not lick your fingers nor dirty your napkins. If you are obliged to eat off one dish let your superiors begin. It is rude to take snuff at table when others are eating, for the particles of it being driven from the nose by the breath is most unpleasant. I have known some drive it the breadth of the whole table. Servants should not scratch or shrug their shoulders, nor appear with dirty hands, nor lean on their master's chair." Petrie, led by the success of his manual of etiquette, published his *Rules of Good Deportment for Church Officers* (1730), in which there is much good sense, and dedicated it to Sir Hew Dalrymple, Lord President, "as a testimony of my respect to your lordship for being so kind in speaking always (when occasion offered) favourably of my book of manners."

when the more refined implements came into use, Lord Auchinleck sneered at the new-fangled superfine fashion. Those at table took the succulent bones in their fingers and picked them carefully—a practice which gave occasion to the custom in certain households of handing water in a basin for each person to clean his hands after the meal.[1] The guests were apt to convey their food to their mouths at the end of their knives—a Scots practice which provoked the wrath of Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry (Prior's "Kitty beautiful and young"), who was wont to shriek out in agony as she watched her country friends at Drumlanrig performing their accustomed operation; and, beseeching them not to cut their throats, her imperious Grace would send a servant with a spoon and fork on a salver to their rescue and rebuke.[2] In 1720 Mr. Adam Petrie, tutor, "stickit minister," and schoolmaster, published his charmingly naïve *Rules of Good Deportment for the Use of Youth*, wherein he gave admirable advice on manners which he had himself picked up when acting as chaplain to a family of good degree. His manual strikes us as somewhat rudimentary in its principles; but doubtless in his own day his counsels came to many as a flash of revelation. Solemnly he gives his important rules: "You must drink out your glass that others may not have your blown drink, and do it with as little noise as possible," for one glass had to pass round the company; "do not gnaw your bones too clean"; "it is indecent to fill the mouth too full; such cramming is more suitable for a beast than a rational creature"; "be sure to throw nothing on the floor; it is uncivil and disobliging"; "it is rude to suck your meat out of a spoon with an ungrateful noise"; "to wipe the nose or sweat off the face with a table napkin is most rude." In this manner does this worthy and obsequious pedagogue—for it must be owned he is obsequious even to grovelling before "superiors"—at once

[1] Petrie's *Rules of Good Deportment.*—"When water is presented after meat, you may, after your superiors have begun, dip the corner of your napkin in the water, and wipe your mouth with it, holding the other end of your napkin between you and the company, that you may do it as imperceptibly as you can, and then rub your fingers, holding your hands down upon your knees. Superiors may do it more openly." In Scots speech a "napkin" was a handkerchief.

[2] Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh*, i. 295.

incite the youth of his time to good deportment, and suggest to us that the deportment of his age stood in considerable need of amendment.

In simple and unpretentious establishments the frugality of the dining-room was repeated in the kitchen. Even in houses of high position the women servants went without shoes or stockings, clad in short worsted petticoats or dresses of coarse plaiding. Their wages were about 15s. to 20s. a year, supplemented by a gown or a pair of shoes, which were chiefly worn on Sunday at kirk. In the mansions of people of rank the cook was paid between £2 and £3, and the housekeeper, like the chaplain, had £5 a year. Only gentlemen of fortune had men servants, who had as wages about £2 a year and a suit of gaudy livery to wear out.[1] The nobleman driving in his lumbering coach, brought over from Holland, had two of these men to stand behind armed with long poles, which might any moment be called into request when the vehicle capsized in some deep rut or over a huge stone; the "running footman," with a staff, went on in front to see that the road was clear, and as the coach with six horses slowly proceeded his difficulty was not to keep pace with it, but to avoid so far outstripping it as to lose sight of it in the distance far behind.[2] In more moderate style, the laird when he went a journey took with him one of his labouring men, who rode behind carrying the cloak bag; and the ladies rode on pillions or on their own nags, a bag or a little portmanteau easily containing their simple wardrobe for a visit.

The tedium of the country needed its diversion, and gentlemen of the richer class indulged in hawking with eagerness, and at home had their games at bowls, for a bowling-green was the usual adjunct to every country-house. Not yet had the taste for planting spread among the lairds; and the enclosing of land and rearing of hedges—the plants being imported from Holland—was only the hobby of the few enterprising "improvers." They loved, however, to raise

[1] House servants at Cawdor in 1716:—Chaplain, 100 merks; butler, 60; cook, 60; "cotchman," 30; 2 footmen, 50; 2 gentlemen, 150; and chamber-maid, dairy and byre women, each 15; the gardener, 12 bolls; shepherd, 5 bolls; maltman, 10 bolls.—*Thanes of Cawdor* (Spalding Club).

[2] Chambers' *Threiplands of Fingask.*

trees around their mansions, and to form them in clusters to shield them from the winds. This planting was, indeed, done sparingly and cautiously; and, comparing their very humble efforts to rear saplings with the lavish ventures of a later generation, we find something touching in the simple records of old account books of the time, recording the tiny orders sent to the one nurseryman in Edinburgh and the minute sums expended[1] for "a pund of ackorns," "a pund of beitch masts," "2 ounces of silver fir seed," "4 ounces of pitch pine." One of the first signs of growing refinement was the new taste for flower gardens, which had been fostered by John Reid, the quaker gardener, at the end of the previous century, while the keeper of the Botanical Gardens had encouraged "the knowledge of herbs amongst the nobility and gentry," and reared for sale "many curious annuals, fine flowers, and other plants, not ordinary in this country." Wealthier proprietors, whose eyes had been charmed by the fantastic and ingenious grounds at Dutch residences, when they had been in exile at the Hague before the Revolution, began at their seats to make gardens with prim beds and curious labyrinthine mazes, alleys of yew and cedar, holly and laurel.[2] They cut their shrubs into quaint shapes of peacocks, pagodas, and urns; they made the tortured shrubs form tortuous paths; and dearly they loved to lead their friends, before dinner was ready, through the lanes, which took an hour to traverse and only covered two or three acres, deriving unmitigated satisfaction at watching their courteous neighbour's fiftieth-time well-simulated surprise at losing himself in the maze and suddenly finding himself at the gate.[3] These whim-

[1] "1707.—To 2 pund ackorns to sett at Woodhall, 12s. (Scots)"; "To a pund of beitch masts, £1 10s. (Scots)."—*Account Book of Foulis of Ravelston*, p. 447. Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 148. Amongst seeds ordered for Cawdor Castle in 1736, "1 lb. of ackorns, Flanders onions, and Dutch parsneeps."—*Book of Thanes of Cawdor*, p. 425.

[2] *Scots Gardner*, by J. Reid, 1683.

[3] *Arniston Memoirs:* Scott's *Miscellaneous Works: Periodical Criticism* (Landscape Gardening), etc., v. 88. In the early style, everything, lawns, gardens, must be symmetrical and arranged in geometrical figures into parallels and triangles. The house must be the centre to which all walks, trees, and hedges converge: "as the sun is the centre of the world, as the heart is the centre of the man, as the nose is the centre of the face, and it is unseemly to see a man wanting a leg, ane

sical horticultural puzzles, the stiff prim parterres—marvels of "topiarian" art which had seemed ideals of art and of beauty,—lasted in fashion for many a day. By the latter part of the century, however, the grotesque old yews and hollies had become neglected; they forgot what manner of beast and object they once had been, having become tangled and shapeless; and when after 1760 a newly-created admiration for nature had arisen, the old shrubs were uprooted, the borders, where amid the weeds the intricate geometrical forms could still be traced, were ruthlessly dug up, and old formal designs changed to the "admired disorder" of nature.

With incomes small and tastes simple, gentry dressed in a plain, homely, and even coarse way. At home, or even to kirk and market, a gentleman went about in homespun clothing and home-made woollen shirt,[1] which had been spun by his wife, family and servants, and woven by the village "wabster." When, in later days, their sons, who had seen a little of the world in Edinburgh, or had studied in Leyden or Paris, despised the rude garments of their elders, and began to wear Holland material for shirts, the old men were only induced to put the luxurious stuff on their shoulders and arms above the homely woollen, which they changed but seldom. Not less simple in their ways were the ladies, who spun the material of much of their clothing and made it into dresses at home. If they bought material, it was country-woven, and a lady of rank was quite satisfied to get a "Musselburgh stuff" gown by the carrier at the cost of 8s.[2] Day by day in kitchen and room there was heard the flutter of the

arm, etc., or his nose standing on one side of his face or not straight . . . just so with a man's house, gardens, courts, if regularity is not observed."—*Scots Gardner*, 1683. Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 7.

[1] Maxwell of Munches' Recollections of 1720 in Murray's *Literary History of Galloway;* Macky's *Journey through Scotland*, 1729, p. 271.

[2] "Table and body linen seldom changed and but coarse, except for extraordinary occasions, moving necks and sleeves of better kind being then used only by the best."—*Spalding Miscellany*, i. p. 97. (Sir Alex. Grant of Monymusk's *Recollections of about* 1720); *Caldwell Papers*, i. 260. When Drummond of Blair was congratulated on the accomplishments of his son, the old man replied that he knew nothing his son had learned on his travels but "to cast a sark every day and to eat his kail twice"—alluding to the customary method of all "supping" their broth from the same dish.—Ramsay, ii. 65.

rock and reel, till these gave way about 1730 to the whir of the spinning-wheel, making the yarn of the wool and linen till the amount of plaiding and linen filled every press and box, sufficient to "plenish" the homes of a dozen brides, whose part it was to bring a full store of napery to their husbands' houses. Plain and demure of dress as the lairds and their families might be at home, gentlefolks had their bright and gay costume, which was seen in its full glory at baptisms, marriages, and (in the early days of the century) at burials. While the plain-living and quiet-fashioned were content to go to kirk in the black kelt coat of their ladies' making, others, though they went about in the morning in greasy night-caps, coats out at elbows, and dirty night or dressing-gowns,[1] in public appeared in their coat and waistcoat trimmed with silver or gold, their silk stockings and jack-boots, with periwig or Ramilies wig, surmounted by the laced three-cornered hat. The ladies of fashion sallied forth in their hoops, which in Queen Anne's time were four or five yards in circumference, covered with dress of silk or petticoats of velvet or silk bound with gold or silver lace, pinners on their heads of brocade or costly lace of Flanders.[2] But however desirous to be in fashion, every Scots lady had that essential part of national costume, the plaid, wrapped loosely about the head and body, made either of silk or of wool with a silken lining of bright green or scarlet, while the common people wore their gaudy-coloured plaids of coarse worsted. These plaids were the ordinary costume of the ladies, as characteristic and national as the mantillas of Spain, up to the middle of the century, when at last they gave way to silk and velvet cloaks.[3] About 1725 and 1730 the homely ways were being broken in upon. The younger men, by contact with the Scottish capital,

[1] Somerville, p. 329 ; Ramsay, ii. 84.

[2] A flowing periwig was a costly article. Foulis of Ravelston pays in 1704 for "a new long perwig 7 guineas and a halfe"; a dress-wig cost him only £14 : 6s. Scots, or a guinea ; a new hat £7 Scots ; a bob-wig, a guinea.—*Account Books*, pp. 325, 362. In 1734 a bob-wig is £1 : 10s ; cue-wig, ribbons and rose, £1 : 10s.—*Roses of Kilravock* (Spalding Club), p. 410.

[3] Burt's *Letters*, i. 82 ; Macky's *Journey through Scotland*, p. 276. Allan Ramsay in his "Tartana" deprecates any change in the favourite national costume (*Poems*, ii. 87) ; Ramsay, ii. 88.

or even by acquaintance with continental life, where they spent two or three years studying law or medicine at Utrecht. Leyden, or Paris, had acquired other tastes. When abroad they had patriotically vaunted the superiority of everything Scottish; when they returned they surperciliously lauded everything foreign. "I find," says that most shrewd lady, Mrs Calderwood of Polton, "I find it is the truest way of obtaining to the philosophical principle of despising everything in the world, first to send a young man abroad to despise the Continent, and to bring him back to despise his own island."[1] These young men of *mode* winced under the old rough habits of dress and society at home, and tried to assume a finer style, displaying their new fashions, their red stockings and red-heeled shoes, much to the scandal of the older generation, who thought it was the road to ruin. To quote again our Laird of Borlum: "Where I saw the gentleman, lady and children dressed clean and neat in home-spun stuffs of her own sheep's growth and women's spinning, I see now the ladies dressed in French and Italian silks and brocades and the laird and his son in English broadcloth."[2] But, in extenuation of this extravagance, it must be considered that ladies' dresses did not in Scotland last so short a time as nowadays: fashions did not then change so rapidly that a style and shape admired in one season became the "fright" and atrocity of the next. The dress which a Scots lady wore when middle age had come upon her had probably been part of her wedding trousseau, and ever since had been put on with care, "put past" with caution, aired with anxiety, and worn with ceremony.[3] Two suits or costumes formed the

[1] Mrs. Calderwood's *Journey*, p. 118.

[2] *Essay on Enclosing*, etc., p. 232.—"In every mouth we hear 'The country is mightily improved since the Union.' And if you ask wherein, you are told, 'If I don't see how much more handsomely the gentry live now than before the Union in dress, table and house furniture? . . . This epidemick, this increase of spending—but to be modish and well-bred, I ought to have said this new improvement—has in these 20 years strangely over-run the nation in the very remotest corners" (p. 235).

[3] Ramsay, ii. 90. In richer families the outfitting was on a scale then deemed handsome. When the daughter of the Laird of Kilravock was married the "marriadge" bill cost £66 sterling, including "floured silk stuff at 13s. 6d., grien galloons, whit persian taffety for gown or cot at 7s. 6d., laced shoes at 5s., green silk shaggrin for tryming at 6s., a mask at 2s. 4d., and patches at 1s."—*Roses of Kilravock*, p. 390. The tocher was 9000 merks.

wardrobe of a lady for long years, even in Edinburgh society. Young ladies, daughters of gentlemen of good position and means, were content with one silk gown, and occasional use of the mother's, which she had got when she was as young as they.

Fortunately, in the early decades of the century, fashions did not alter with bewildering swiftness even in England: years passed by without any striking change in the modes of the day.[1] Queen Anne cared little for style, and retained in her dull court the costumes of William and Mary. George I., leaving his uncomfortable consort in Hanover, imported his two favourites, who were too obscure and stupid to lead any society, and too ugly—the one too lean, the other too fat—to follow any fashion. And so habits and dresses then, and under George II., had transformations few and slow. Even if they had changed, it would after all have made little difference—it took long time for the ways of London to reach provincial seats of Scotland, and for country tailors to copy the newest modes of St. James's. What greater evidence of the simplicity and frugality of the period can there be than in the fact that millinery was almost an unknown occupation in Scotland, and that in Edinburgh in 1720 there was only one milliner for its fashionable circles.[2] When ladies were not able to frame dresses for themselves, it was the occupation of tailors to make them, and these tradesmen resented and resisted the encroachments of mantua-makers on their business and what they deemed their legal privileges. In rural districts the tailor came with his apprentices on his rounds to every house, made up the stuff into suits for the young gentlemen and dresses for the ladies, being paid his 2d. or 3d. a day and food. Materials were not easy to be got, for the shopkeepers of country towns, in their little earth-floored, dark, thatched houses, had little room for varied wares, and little capital

[1] Fairholt's *History of Costume*, 1860, pp. 287, 293.

[2] Ramsay, i. 163. The tailors of Perth prosecuted mantua-makers as intruders on monopoly got from William the Lion of making men's and women's apparel. They lost their suit. Boswell, afterwards Lord Auchinleck, was counsel for the milliners. The Elgin tailor's bill to the Laird of Thunderton in 1719 shows that he made "stiched night-gowns," and for her ladyship "scarlet clocks and stitched stees."—Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 195.

wherewith to set up a stock, and few customers to buy it. It was therefore usually by the carrier who conveyed goods on horseback from the distant city that the long-waited-for stuff was brought. For in those days even the carriers between Edinburgh and Glasgow had baskets or creels for their parcels on either side of the horse, while they sat between. Packmen came round with their wallets containing a strictly limited assortment of wares for cottage and mansion.[1] Travelling weavers arrived every now and then to buy from ladies and cottage women the yarn they had made, and to sell to them in exchange tempting webs for the household. Thus the quaint homely life went on.

III

When boys were old enough they were sent to the parish school, or to the nearest grammar school, where the Latinity was better, though the class of scholars was the same. Thither at six or seven o'clock in the morning they trudged, carrying their dinner with them, and not returning till evening, for the school hours were portentously long. Often the sons of great houses boarded with the teacher of the burgh school; lodging, food, and education cost but a few pounds.[2] In fine fraternity boys of all ranks met in wholesome rivalry. The son of the nobleman and the son of the carpenter sat in the same room, and had the same instruction; the tenant and the laird alike paid half a crown or three shillings a quarter for their boys' tuition at the burgh school, and the laced clothes of the lord's heir were soon as shabby and as little regarded as the ragged clothes of the blacksmith's son. Roughness, vulgarities of tone and manner, were doubtless the results of this promiscuous association, all speaking the same broad Scots tongue. But much was rubbed off when youths went to college and entered society. Otherwise, a boor the lad began, and a boor

[1] *Glasgow Past and Present*, ii. 69.

[2] Ramsay, ii. 57; *Arniston Memoirs;* Sir John Clerk of Penicuik's *Memoirs*. William Murray and his brother were boarded by their father, Lord Stormont, in 1717, with the Master of Perth Burgh School—the quarterly payment and board for the two boys being £60 Scots (or about £5).—Campbell's *Lives of Chief Justices*, 1874, iii. 166.

he ended.[1] The friendly contact in boyhood, like the friendly intercourse of the laird with his people, and the lady with her servants over the spinning, wrought a kindliness and attachment to the family, which was a marked and pleasant feature in old stay-at-home Scottish society. The intimate acquaintance of even ladies of high rank and family with the ways, the talk, the customs, the sentiments of the people, shows itself most strikingly in the songs, so steeped in Scottish life and spirit, written by the high born—Lady Anne Lindsay, Mrs. Cockburn, Lady Nairne—in much later period. It was not without love of, and familiar association with, the common folk that any one could write "Auld Robin Gray," the "Laird o' Cockpen," "Robin Adair." Yet, with all this familiarity, there was not lacking respect for the family of the "big house." The gentleman was inseparable in the people's regard from his land, by the name of which the laird was called; while his wife bore the title of "lady," not of "Mrs.," and was spoken of as her "leddyship" in full deference. To be "Mr. and Mrs. Shaw of Balgarran" was a commonplace thing; but to be called "Balgarran" and "My Lady Balgarran" was indeed a satisfaction.

The education of girls was more rudimentary, far more practical than intellectual or artistic; to sew, to knit, to spin, were the chief accomplishments for a lady's hands. To read, to write—both very badly—to play a little on the viol or virginal, and do some tambour work, were the highest feminine achievements. At home a chaplain probably taught the infantile lessons, and sometimes acted as tutor and examined in the Scriptures and Catechism. If a governess was required she could be got cheap; that she was extremely ignorant was a mere matter of detail. For five pounds sterling and a frock an instructor of youth with all educational requirements could be hired for the highest families; and she was quite acceptable although she knew nothing of literature or languages, and could not even write or spell respectably in her own tongue. The Lady Thunderton in 1710, for example, accepts

[1] "The school fees at Dunse when I attended school (1752) were for reading, 1s.; for reading and writing, 1s. 6d.; for Latin, 2s. 6d. per quarter. The same fees were, I believe, charged at Kelso and Hawick."—Somerville's *Own Life* p. 348.

the services of the lady who applied for her situation, and thus stated her qualifications: "I can sow white and coloured seam, dress head suits, play on treble and gambo, viol, virginal and minicords, at threttie pund [Scots] and gown and coat; or then fourtie pund and shoes and linen." Anxious for the post, this accomplished spinster offers "to serve half a year on trial conform."[1] After acquiring some scraps of misinformation, which left them perfectly ignorant or delightfully erroneous, the daughters were sent to a country town which could boast of a mistress of refined education, where they were cheaply taught, lodged, and boarded;[2] or they were sent to Edinburgh, where, in some lofty flat in the Lawnmarket closes, the requisite branches of polite instruction were taught by a mistress, who, being a poor member of a family of quality, became "a mistress of manners," and took pupils not because she had anything she could teach, but because she had too little income to live on. There from stately lips the girl learned deportment, dancing, knitting, and music; how to handle "gambo" and virginal, to go through a minuet, to carry her fan with grace, to put on her mask with propriety, to sip her tea without making a noise, to sit in her chair without touching the back. When young ladies returned home as "finished" they resumed their household work, relearned its duties and unlearned their lessons, and remained throughout their days uncontaminated by literature.[3] All this Arcadian ignorance made them the

[1] Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 14.

[2] The fees for education and board in a young lady's school in a country town were modest, though, judging from the spelling and grammar of the receipts, the teaching was short of perfection. The following is a receipt for board and education of two young ladies at Dyke: "Received the soum of four pund Scots, and that for Alex. Dunbar of Belmachedie his two daughters (Meg and Ket), their current quarter colledge fie, as witnes my hand at Dyke the 22nd Dec. 1709, Alex. Nicolson." "Two pound sterlin, and that for Alex. Dunbar of Belmuchitie his daughters Meg and Kett, their quarterlie board, and that by me, Janet Dunbar. In witnes wherof I have subscybed day and date as above written, Janet Dunbar."—Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 16. Here is the account "to laird of Kilraick for his daughter Margaret's board and education in Edinburgh in 1700. One quarter bord, £60 [Scots]; drawing one quarter, 14s. 10d.; one quarter singing, playing, and virginalls, £11 : 12s.; one quarter writing, £6;" charges also for "satine seame, wax fruitts."—*Roses of Kilravock* (Spalding Club), p. 388.

[3] In *Thanes of Cawdor*, p. 397, is given a lady's library of the more pious type: "Lady Cawdor, her books taken, 18th Sept. 1705—Alain's *Godly Fear*,

more acceptable in society, for a lady so learned as to have read Addison, Steele, and Pope was regarded with trepidation by the men, whose acquaintance with letters was the Sabbath hearing of discourses from Durham, Rutherford, and Flavel of godly memory but ghastly prolixity.

In the old homes in those days life wore a grave and sombre aspect. In Presbyterian families especially was this the case; for the taint of a grim creed and the rigid spirit of the Church was still over the land. It was an age of austerity and probation.[1] Severity was the characteristic of school discipline, which often amounted to brutality, and rigour was the note of all family training, in which the Solomonic maxim against sparing the rod and spoiling the child was orthodoxly followed. As the Church taught that God was constantly punishing His children on earth for their eternal good, parents copied Providence with painful exactitude, and children worked out their domestic salvation with fear and trembling. Authority and fear were the only means to win obedience, and parental love, deep as it must have been, was sternly concealed. This was the prevailing spirit of family life till late in the century. "My children from the youngest to the eldest loves me and fears me as sinners dread death. My look is law."[2] These words of the vigorously-minded Lady Strange express the hard, austere spirit prevailing in many a household and the dismal discipline of every nursery,

Balm of Gilead, *Sighs from Hell*; Guthrie's *Christian's Great Interest*; Geddes' *Saint's Recreation*; Brown's *Swan Song*, etc., with *Art of Complaisance*, *Book of Palmistry*, *Rules of Civility*," etc.

[1] The vivid memories of the hard, austere training of old days are found in Miss Mure of Caldwell's *Reminiscences*; *Caldwell Papers*. Similar were Lady Anne Barnard's impressions: "It was not the system to treat children with tenderness. Everything was done by authority and correction. I have been told by my grandmother that this was so in a still greater degree with the former generation, when no child was allowed to speak before or sit down in company of their parents. This I well remember, that a mother who influenced her children to do right through their affection was at Balcarras reckoned to be unprincipled and careless, and accused of a willingness to save herself trouble if she abolished the rod, and of forgetfulness of the laws of nature by allowing children to look on their parents as their friends and companions."—*Lives of the Lindsays*, ii. 304. To same effect, Somerville's *Life*, p. 348; Fergusson's *Henry Erskine*, p. 62; Lady Minto's *Life of Sir G. Elliot, first Lord Minto*, i. 22.

[2] Dennistoun's *Life of Strange*, i. 309.

the memory of which was burned into many minds that lived to see more genial times. In the household the head of the family was regarded with awe as at table he presided with his hat on, and as he sat in his exclusive seat at the chimney-corner. In his presence the young people spoke in fearful whispers, and stood respectfully before him and answered his questions with humbleness. There was no companionship between them, no confidences, little expression of affection between children and parents. This distance of manner had its inevitable results—pleasures indulged in furtively, mirth which was boisterous beyond parental earshot, speech which was coarse, manners unrefined, and ways that were rustic.

Most families of any station had their chaplains, who had miscellaneous duties and an equivocal position for a salary of £5 "with board and washing," the same wages as were given to the butler and housekeeper in great families.[1] The duties were to conduct family worship, at meals to say graces, which were too long to be said fluently by lairds whose speech was more colloquial than devotional, also to teach the children the Catechism and examine scripturally the servants on the Sabbath. The chaplain was usually a young man studying for the Church, or an elderly probationer who had failed to get one. Besides his religious functions he acted as tutor to the children and made himself generally useful in the family. When at a nobleman's table he knew his part, which was to rise when the table-cloth was removed, and, making obeisance, respectfully to remove himself as well.[2] On Sunday the rules and exercises were pious and fatiguing.[3] The order of the day began at nine o'clock with "exercises" conducted by the chaplain, after which all regularly set forth at ten o'clock to church, returning at half-past twelve. Then followed prayers by the chaplain,

[1] In 1702 Foulis of Ravelston's chaplain has £80 Scots. Many gentlemen still kept chaplains, or "governors," in 1760.—Somerville, p. 363. In the list of "servants' fees" in 1709 is the chaplain at 100 merks at Cawdor House.—*Book of Thanes of Cawdor; Account Book of Sir J. Foulis*, p. 13.

[2] Petrie's *Rules of Good Deportment*.

[3] *Caldwell Papers*, i. 260. Such was the order of the day in the household of Lord Advocate Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees (died 1713).—Omond's *Lord Advocates of Scotland*, i. 279.

succeeded by a little cold meat or an egg—no cooking being allowed—and after the slender repast all returned at two to church.[1] About four or five o'clock they all came back to the house, when each retired to private devotions and meditation, except the children and servants, who were convened by the chaplain and examined in religious knowledge. This lasted till six o'clock, when all sat down to a substantial hot supper, for which long abstinence had prepared them, and they remained at table till eight. Then there followed singing, reading, prayers, conducted by the head of the house. "This," says Miss Mure of Caldwell, "was the common order in all well-regulated houses up to 1730." In the days when the strain of piety was still strong, and the old fervour was still vivid in society, it was the practice to retire at certain hours for private meditation and prayer. Every country house had a special chamber or closet to which the head of the household withdrew ostensibly for pious communion, and even in the houses in Edinburgh flats, scanty as the accommodation was, there was a tiny closet or oratory, lighted dimly through a narrow window.[2] This religious fashion died out with many another old devout habit about the middle of the century, and

[1] In many cases, when the church was far from the laird's (or lord's) residence, he had a cold collation served in the room at the kirk adjoining his "loft." In this room he and his friends lunched or dined "between sermons," the food being carried by the serving-man or brought from the change-house in the village.—Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 212. "For bread, eall and brandie at ye kirk, 6 shillings (Scots), Oct. 1706."—*Account Book of Foulis of Ravelston.* In these rooms there were fireplaces, and they were warm, while the church was unheated and miserably cold. Such a private fire was the only possible cause of any Scottish church being burnt, as in case of Borthwick Church. An indignant Episcopalian describes the church at Fintray—built in 1703 by Sir W. Forbes of Craigievar—as "having an aisle for the family wherein there is also a room for their use, and again within it a hearth, cupboard, etc., so that people may eat and drink, and even smoke in it if they will—a profaneness unheard of in antiquity and worthy of the age we live in, for since the Revolution the like liberty has been taken in several churches in the south."—*View of the Diocese of Aberdeen* (Spalding Club), p. 245.

[2] Chambers' *Ancient Architecture of Edinburgh.* When the vivacious and outspoken Mrs. Calderwood of Polton was in Flanders in 1756 she observed pityingly the superstitious ways of the natives—"the maddest ideots about papistry that ever was,"—and she attributes their habit of going to church during the week to "mumell their prayers" to the fact that "there is no closet in any room."—*Journey*, p. 178.

the closets were turned to purposes more secular and probably more sincere.

In the homes of lairds of the Episcopalian persuasion a more genial atmosphere was found, less religious austerity, less Sabbatarian rigour. They took the pleasures of life less sadly, and the enjoyments of earth, dancing, concerts, even theatres, were in their eyes harmless and delightful.[1] In their book-shelves—never very crowded—beside works of decorous history and classics were romances, plays, and poems, which no pious Presbyterian would allow to pollute his room. Whilst on Sunday the Presbyterian gentleman took a sparing refection of bread and an egg or cold beef, "between sermons," merely to allay the acute pangs of hunger, reserving his energies and carnal appetite for the supper, the other, after going to his "meeting-house," had a substantial meal at mid-day, having no scruples. Hence it was a common saying that "if you would live well on Sunday you must take an Episcopalian dinner and a Presbyterian supper."[2] Yet many old Episcopalians, especially if they were Jacobites, observed religious fasts and ceremonies as strictly as any high-flying Presbyterian observed his days of humiliation. The Jacobites and non-jurors managed strangely to associate the right divine of the papistical Stuarts with the right divine of Protestant prelacy, and loved to assume great deference for ecclesiastical rules, days, and seasons, more to spite the Whigs than to please their consciences. Christmas was to them a time of reunion, of much family and neighbourly festivity, which lasted during the week which they called *par excellence* the "holidays," though these were contemptuously nicknamed by the others the "daft days." During Lent the straitest of the sect tried their loyal best to fast, which they did by refraining at least from snuff. If they went into a chapel which had been licensed, and therefore recognised the reigning monarch, they would enter the tainted edifice only on condition that when His Hanoverian Majesty was being prayed for they might rise from their knees, on pretext of searching their coat-pockets for their snuff-box, over which

[1] "The Episcopalian ladies are more cheerful in their demeanour than the Presbyterian."—Burt's *Letters*, i. 206.

[2] *Ibid.* i. 204.

they fumbled till the petition for "long life" to his objectionable majesty was ended.[1] Meanwhile the old Presbyterians despised keeping "Yule" as a miserable superstition, approved highly of schoolmistresses who gave parties to their pupils on Good Friday, spoke of the goose as a "superstitious bird";[2] and parish ministers had been known to visit their people in the North, where prelatic follies might linger, on the forenoon of the 25th of December to see and to smell if any erroneous preparations were going on for a better dinner, and any savoury pots were on the fire for a Popish feast.[3]

These Jacobite families had their own customs, their own prejudices, their special loyalties, with which no Whig stranger could intermingle. They loved to consort with their own kind, having a political and ecclesiastical creed and antipathy in common, where, as the glass went round, they could pledge the true king and curse the Hanoverian intruder. It was unpleasant in Whig society, when every one gave a health and every one must cheer a sentiment, to be obliged to save their consciences by secretly passing the bumper across the water-jug, to signify they drank to the king "over the water." Presbyterianism with its gloom, and its ministers with their severity and woeful piety, moved them with wrath or stirred them to mirth. Merriment went round the supper-table as some rollicking voice broke out with the lay of the "Cameronian's (or Presbyterian's) cat,"[4] with its most doleful tragedy:—

> There was a Cameronian cat was hunting for his prey,
> And in the house she catched a mouse, upon the Sabbath day.
>
> The Whig, being offended at such an act profane,
> Laid by his book, his cat he took, and bound it with a chain.
>
> "Assure thyself that for this deed thou blood for blood shalt pay,
> For killing of the Lord's own mouse, upon the Sabbath day."
>
> And straight to execution poor baudrons he was drawn,
> And high hanged up upon a tree,—Mess John he sung a psalm.

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[1] *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, p. 385; Burt's *Letters*, i. 205.

[2] Ramsay, ii. 73; Somerville, p. 345.

[3] Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 128; Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, 3rd edit. p. 294.

[4] Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1819, p. 209. Scott, in *Fasti Eccles. Scot.*, identifies the hero of the song with a minister in the north of Scotland.

Where was there such pleasant intercourse as in these Jacobite circles? There was full-bodied heartiness in their hates and a cheerfulness in their kinships; their absurd prejudices had a flavour of lovable quaintness. Their unshaken belief in the virtues and kingly graces of the Stuarts had a touching idolatry. There could not be seen a spot in the son, nor yet the grandson, of James; and ladies, who sang charming Jacobite songs, to still more charming airs, wrote Jacobite letters, in which they raved wildly and spelt lamentably. What fire fills the elderly bosom of Miss Christian Threipland[1] as she expresses her ardent enthusiasm!—"Oh, had you beheld my Hero, you must confess him a Gift from heaven. I never saw such vivacity, such piercing Wit, worn with a fine Judgement and an active Genius. . . . In short, madam, he is the Top of perfection and Heaven's darling." Woe to the heedless who unguardedly spoke of the Prince as Pretender! "*Pretender*, indeed! and be dawm'd to ye!"[2] flared out Lady Strange, as she eyed with scorn a maligner, who began to wish he had never been born. Thus they swore by the Stuarts, as they swore at the Georges.

IV

Paid as the lairds were chiefly "in kind," there was little money at their disposal, and even after the grain rent had been sold in the market, it produced but little.[3] It is not surprising, therefore, that the gentry were miserably poor. The nobles and lairds were constantly at their wits' end to get means to pay their way, and were obliged to live sparingly. It was a tradition[4] that in the days of Scots Parliament at the beginning of the century, when the session closed, the

[1] R. Chambers' *Threiplands of Fingask*, p. 43.

[2] Dennistoun's *Life of Sir Robert Strange*, ii. 213.

[3] Lord Strathmore about 1690 inherited one of the largest estates in Scotland, which was valued at 560 chalders victual and 100 merks of rent.—*Book of the Records of Glamis*, Introd. p. 64.

[4] Burton's *Hist. of Scot.* 1689-1748, i. 421. The modesty of the incomes of the most eminent of professional society is evidenced by the fact that before the Union the Lord President had £500 a year, and the fifteen judges only £200, though five had £100 additional. After the Union the salaries were raised to £1000 and £500 respectively.

Canongate jail was crowded with peers, whom their creditors could seize the moment the period of immunity had ceased. When in difficulties it was hard to raise money by any expedient. There were no banks except in Edinburgh, and from these little aid could be got. Although some shopkeepers[1] offered to lend money on good security, the chief means of raising funds was through the country "writers," who found money which was lent on wadset—the land mortgaged becoming the possession of the lender if the debt was not paid by a certain date. Many a laird who had tried in vain to save money for "tochers" to his daughters was forced at their marriage to mortgage his property,[2] and lived with the load of wadset upon his mind and land. Hardly a laird or lord was free of debt, or had an estate unburdened. He could not borrow a few pounds without getting two or three neighbours to become security as "cautioners." There was many an interview in the taverns of Edinburgh or county towns, when business was transacted over ale or wine with the lawyer, discussing anxiously the ways of finding means.

There was little coin in circulation in the country; and in the scarcity bonds and bills were negotiable as substitutes. Cases were not infrequent of these bonds being bought by persons who disliked the issuer or liked his land, and forced him to part with his acres to meet his liabilities.[3] Too many of the landowners had those possessions which were traditionally ascribed to the Fifeshire lairds: "a pickle land, a mickle debt, a doocot and a lawsuit."[4] Coins in the first half of the

[1] In 1730 James Blair, merchant at the head of the Saltmarket, Glasgow, announces that at his shop "all persons who have occasion to buy and sell bills of exchange, or want money to borrow, or have money to lend on interest, or have sort of goods to sell, or want to buy any kind of goods," etc. "may deliver their commands."

[2] Burt's *Letters*, i. 240.—"The portion or tocher of a laird's eldest daughter is looked upon as a handsome one if it amounts to 1000 merks, which is £55 : 11 : 1½, and 10,000 merks, or £555 : 11 : 1, is generally esteemed no bad tocher for a daughter of the lower rank of quality."

[3] *Book of Records of Glamis*, Introduction.

[4] An unpublished letter of Jean Carnegy, Lady Kinfauns, to her factor shows the inconveniences of a victual rent. "Sir . . . I doo indeed think the pryces of the victuall are so low that it may very well be called a Drugg; but since it is universally soo, and there is noo hopes of its rysing it can't be helped, and considering the quantity I have to dispose of is but small, and that putting the

century were not sufficient for the currency needs of the country; gold was never seen; silver was exceedingly scarce, especially after all the Scots coinage had been called in subsequent to the Union. In default of Scots or English money, foreign coins were in ready use, and money which came from Holland, Spain, and France was welcome, though it was far from plentiful, because the imports much exceeded the exports. Leg-dollars, rix-dollars, guilders and ducatoons[1] were of service as home currency; but these became still scarcer, owing to their being drawn to England for the wars. The gentleman when he paid his physician paid him "five duccadoons," or a "jacobus," as substitute for a guinea. Although the Bank of Scotland, and after 1727 the Royal Bank, issued £1 notes, even that represented a sum which merchants and their customers found it highly inconvenient[2] to change, while the owner of a £10 note might ransack half a dozen county towns without finding a merchant with silver enough to cash it.[3] For any one travelling this dearth of coins was a serious difficulty; and as he could get no accommodation by banking accounts, he put his money in his saddle or carriage-bags, to last him till his return. A great nobleman like the Duke of Roxburgh, when living in London as Secretary for Scotland in 1720, used to have £100 monthly sent to him from home by waggon;[4] but modest members of Parliament were in sore straits when their frugal finances vanished in southern society like snow in sunshine. No wonder it was difficult to get the Scots members to attend to their duties at Westminster, and the piteous appeals to undergo the expense and trouble of travelling and staying in the south were sent in vain by the Secretary for Scotland. It was owing to this stress for money that gentlemen often paid their tradesmen, as they themselves

meall in girnill must be both troublesome and expensive, and that it would be very inconvenient for the Tennents to oblige them to keep their oats in their hands, I referr it to yourself to dispose of it to the best advantage you can. 25th Ffebruary 1725."

[1] *Account Book of Foulis of Ravelston.* The foreign monies in frequent use were leg-dollars = £2 : 16s. Scots, rix-dollars = £2 : 18s. Scots, guilders = £1 : 2 : Scots, ducatoons = £3 : 10s. Scots.

[2] *The £1 Note*, by W. Graham; Kerr's *Hist. of Scottish Banking.*

[3] *Letters of Two Centuries*, edited by Fraser Mackintosh, p. 213.

[4] Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 353.

were paid by their tenants, "in kind." The weaver, the blacksmith, and the joiner were allowed as part wages so many firlots of oats or of barley; and sometimes the pay of mechanics about the house was reckoned in so much grain a year.[1] The lack of metal currency was a chronic distress in Scotland, and caused incessant inconvenience long after the increase of rents and the growth of trade had relieved every class from poverty.

The great domestic problem in every age with parents is how to get their daughters "off" and how to get their sons "on." Especially perplexing was this question in the first half of the century, when there were extremely few openings for the sons of gentlemen, little trade, a meagre commerce, and few industries; when the army called forth little enthusiasm in the Scots to fight the battles of the English; when the colonies had not yet opened their avenues to fortune. Many a gentleman sent his eldest son after being at college to a lawyer's office to pick up some knowledge of law and business useful for his future estate. Unfortunately, he often acquired just enough legal lore to make him litigious all his days, to be ever alert to raise actions against aggressive neighbours, and in his rubicund age to rejoice in having many a "guid-ganging plea."[2] Legal processes were incessant, for legal precedents were not plentiful enough to give clear guidance—thereby adding to the glorious uncertainty of the law, and to the certainty of fortunes for lawyers. Younger

[1] *Arniston Memoirs*, p. 50. At Arniston, farm labourers, wright, smith, and even "bedall" figure in the factor's books for so many bolls of grain yearly. Even in 1780 the practice was not abandoned. At Cawdor House the gardener is paid 12 bolls, the shepherd 5 bolls, and the maltster 10 bolls of oats yearly as wages.—*Book of Thanes of Cawdor.*

[2] The law dealt out its decisions with imperturbable deliberation in those days. A process of spuilzie of 6 bolls of seed oats committed by Major Fraser continued before the Court of Session for twelve or thirteen years.—*Major Fraser's Manuscript*, ii. 101. Another case—spuilzie of horses from Laird of Thunderton in 1716—gained decree in favour of aggrieved party against Lord Lovat and his kinsman six years after; but the process still went on for fifty years, long after the litigants were dead. Law-pleas became heirlooms. Arch. Dunbar began proceedings against Lovat in 1722, and died in 1733, leaving his debts and his process to his daughters. In 1749 it was conveyed to Arch. Dunbar of Newton, three years after the chief debtor, Lord Lovat, was beheaded. The amount of original decree was £88; by 1749 it had risen to £249.—*Ibid.* i. 83-84.

sons had a small range of employments to choose from in the absence of commerce and colonial enterprise. The professions were open; but till near the middle of the century medicine was little taught in the country, and those who wished to learn this subject required to study it in the medical schools of Leyden, or Paris. The Church, of course, was a shut career to the Episcopalian by its polity, and an unattractive career to many a Presbyterian from its austerity and fanaticism. The law—especially the Bar—was the best profession for a gentleman's son who wished to live by his brains and associate with his equals. But even that was for the few. It was therefore in trade that younger sons of good family often sought a livelihood.[1] It was not considered below their dignity to become apprentices to shopkeepers, who under the vaguely comprehensive title of "merchant" might deal in anything from tallow-candles to brocade, from tobacco to Tay pearls. In small low-ceilinged rooms in a second or third flat in the Edinburgh High Street the best merchants had their shops. Silversmiths, clothiers, woollen drapers, were frequently men of high birth and social position. The brother of a proud land proprietor did not disdain to sell in his cramped, ill-lighted wareroom so many yards of shalloons or "Kilmarnocks"; for in those days a gentleman's son felt it as natural to fall into trade as for a rich tradesman to rise out of it. Country towns like Elgin or Inverness had their "merchants," *alias* shopkeepers, who were often connected with the best families in the country, who

[1] Many curious illustrations of this union of trade with high lineage and good family can be given. Among the silk mercers in Edinburgh were "John Hope and Co."—Hope being younger son of Hope of Rankeillor, the partners, Stewart and Lindsay, sons of landed proprietors; among the drapers was the firm of "Lindsay and Douglas"—the former younger son of Lindsay of Eaglescairney, the latter of Douglas of Garvaldfoot; and the firm of "Douglas and Inglis"—the one being son of Douglas of Fingask, the other was younger son of Sir John Inglis of Cramond, and succeeded to the baronetcy. Another firm which dealt in cloth in a small warehouse in a flat was "Hamilton and Dalrymple," the latter being younger brother of Lord Hailes. The leading partner of Stewart, Wallace and Stoddart, was Stewart of Dunearn.—Chambers' *Edinburgh Merchants of Old Times*. In 1678 the son of Sir Ludovic Gordon, the premier baronet of Scotland, finished his apprenticeship to R. Blackwood, merchant, burgess of Edinburgh, learning "his airt and trade of merchandizing."—Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 140. Kerr of Boughtrigg, jeweller, and afterwards M.P., married the daughter of Lord Charles Kerr.—Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, i. 104.

sold linen and wine, lent money, and, perhaps, finally bought an estate. The lady reduced in fortune who, in Inverness, followed the business of milliner and dressmaker, to pay off her father's debts, was not less respected and visited by my Lady Lovat because she made and charged for stays and stomachers.[1] It was thought quite natural that, though Balgarran had been three hundred years in the family, the Lady Balgarran should advertise that "she and her daughters, having attained to great perfection in making and twisting sewing threed which is cheap and white," sold it at "from fivepence to six shillings an ounce."[2] It was not rare for lads of good degree in those impecunious times even to become "hecklers" or flax-dressers, to serve apprenticeship to joiners and ship-carpenters.[3] The fact that the sons of men of good family often followed the calling of village tradesmen is the clearest proof of the poverty in which gentry were often sunk. Hessian officers stationed in the Highlands after the Rebellion of '45 were astonished to find innkeepers able to converse with them in Latin, these doubtless being men of good birth who were obliged to follow any occupation—even in a wretched mountain hostelry—which would give them a livelihood. Even noblemen were occasionally reduced to the sorest straits of poverty, when their lands were burdened with debts and wadsets.

[1] *Letters of Two Centuries*, p. 244.

[2] Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 510.

[3] Cases of the reduction of men of good birth to lowly occupations are far from uncommon. Wemyss, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, son of Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, began life as a "heckler" or flax-dresser. Sir Michael Malcolm, who married the daughter of Lord Bathurst, had been trained as a joiner in London.—Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh*, ii. pp. 33, 47. In 1710 Mr. Dunbar at Inverness writes to his cousin Dunbar of Thunderton a letter of introduction for and by William Macleod, "a joiner to his employment, that lived in this place a year following his trade, has served his apprenticeship in Edinburgh, and thrie yeares a journeyman in London; he is brother of Donald Macleod of Geanies, and coosin german of Catbolls [these being two of the principal families of the Macleod clan], and as I understand is in tearms of marriadge with our coosin Christian Dumbreck and goes yr lenth of purpose to ask your consent and countenance."—Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 143. In 1732 Lord Strathnaver writes to the master builder at Sheerness recommending the son of a brother officer, Major Dunbar: "The young man has choysed the employment of a ship-carpenter, let me know on what terms you accept the young gentleman."—*Ibid.* 2nd series, p. 126. See *Bishop Forbes' Diary and Church of Moray*, p. 244; Burton's *Life of David Hume*, i. 197; Dennistoun's *Life of Sir R. Strange*, i. 70.

One other reason, however, may be given for the fact that sons of gentlemen of position held humble places in life. That was the scruple which staunch Jacobites entertained at entering any occupation which required them to take the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverian king. This objection closed to these very conscientious persons the Bar (although it was regarded as sorely tainted with Jacobitism), and it closed against them also the army and every government post. In their necessity not a few became shopkeepers or tenants of small farms on the estates of elder brothers, or other branches of the family, where they lived humbly in a mean thatched farmhouse, and tilled a poor hundred acres, though they were members of the best families in the land.[1]

The Highland gentleman when reduced to poverty, or in difficulty of finding occupation, rarely bemeaned himself so far as to become a manufacturer or shopkeeper. He would take a farm, become a small tacksman or wadsetter of a chief, or keep an inn. A gentleman of Highland blood scorned to handle an ell-wand, but he would fill an ale-stoup; and many a remote hostelry in the north was kept by a cadet of good family, who was versed in manners and scholarship, and served his customers with superb condescension.[2] Yet one more occupation was deemed not unworthy of the dignity of Highland gentry; for at Crieff Trysts, where the droves of black cattle were brought from far-off glen and strath to be bought by English graziers, there were to be seen, selling their oxen, gentlemen of long pedigree, "mightily civil-dressed in their slashed waistcoats, trousings and blue bonnets, with their poniards and broadswords, all speaking Irish."[3] When taunted by his brother, Lord Seafield, with carrying on such

[1] Gleig's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, p. vii.; Tytler's *Life of Lord Kames*, vol. i.

[2] Burt's *Letters*, i. 66.—"It is not uncommon to see a lord dismount from his horse, and taking one of these gentlemen in his arms make him as many compliments as if he were his brother peer, and the reason is that the ale-house keeper is of as good family as any in Scotland, and perhaps taken his degree of master of arts in a university." Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 518, note; Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, 1822, ii. p. xxx. Major Fraser, who was henchman and friend of Lord Lovat, was reduced to keep an inn in Inverness.—*Major Fraser's Manuscript*, edit. by Fergusson, ii. 119.

[3] *Journey through Scotland*, 1729, p. 194.

an ignoble trade, Patrick Ogilvie, in allusion to the share and profit his lordship had in the Union, replied, "My lord, it is better to sell nowt than nations."

V

Bearing in mind the deep impecuniosity of this period, the homely habits and frugal ways of the gentlefolk, we cannot be surprised that the fine arts met with little encouragement. The architecture outside the houses was of the plainest, and they wished no better; while decoration within seemed a sad waste of money, and they had none to squander. On the room walls were hanging stiff wooden portraits of the heads of the family, with no particular expression, and with particularly poor skill. That Art may grow it is necessary that there should be taste; that an artist may live it is necessary that there be patrons; but in order that there be patrons it is further necessary that there should be money. Unfortunately, Scotland lacked all these requisites—money, taste, and patrons. Since that one true Scots artist, George Jamesone of Aberdeen, died in 1644, there was hardly one existing north of the Tweed; and the "Scottish Vandyke," trained in the studio of Rubens, had been content to execute brilliant portraits of his noble employers at the modest rate of "twenty-three shillings sterling, colour and claith included"; or if he supplied the frame or "muller," at the charge of "thirty-four shillings sterling," which made the value of the artist's work only twice the cost of the carpenter's frame. What more vivid evidence of the artistic destitution of the country could be found than in the long gallery at Holyrood, with its rows of well-varnished effigies of crowned heads of Scotland, beginning with Fergus I., 350 B.C., all presenting a suspicious similarity of nasal feature as striking as the hereditary "Austrian lip" of the House of Hapsburg? For such a national work no native artist could be found, and in 1684 the Duke of York engaged the Dutchman Jacob de Witt for the not extravagant sum of £250 to paint a hundred and fifty royal effigies within two years, which was duly accomplished with a skill proportionate to the price of the job

At the beginning of the eighteenth century one artist

was enough to satisfy the artistic cravings of the country, and even he was a foreigner. Induced by the promise of customers to venture from London, the Spaniard, Juan Bautista Medina, had come to the unknown north, bringing with him in a smack to Leith an ample supply of canvasses containing "bodies and postures," male and female, ready painted, to which the heads of his future clients were to be affixed. For twenty years this "Kneller of the north," Sir John Medina—for he had been knighted by the Duke of Queensberry before the Union of 1707—was engaged, till his death in 1710, making likenesses of all who cared or could afford to have them painted: now busy in his ill-lighted room in an Edinburgh flat, immortalising the features of the nobility and gentry, and of the merchants, with their wives; now travelling painfully along the deplorable bridle-paths to almost inaccessible country mansions, with his man behind him in charge of canvasses and colours and frames. The knight was ready—for he was a capable artist, as his works prove—to copy skilfully the visages of the living, or to limn imaginary likenesses of defunct ancestors to please the family vanity, and cover the walls of his customers, adding the required countenances to the already painted human trunks which he had in stock, at £10 a piece, or £3 for a copy. He was willing to accommodate his subjects with Roman armour, or laced high ruffs and farthingales, or contemporary perukes and embroidered coats, to suit their taste and their period. There was no demand for any other sort of picture. Classic themes no laird would look at; mythological subjects none could understand; besides, propriety would be shocked with anything nude, and orthodoxy horrified at anything pagan. Portraits, and portraits alone, of the dead or living could attract a customer. Jacobites, too, across the water and at home, were anxious to have portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, and by their commissions kept some poor men busy. From the brush of John Medina, the shiftless son of the knight, in lucid intervals of sobriety, and from Alexander, the descendant of the illustrious Jamesone, came, besides likenesses of nobles and gentlemen, many representations of Queen Mary,[1] which descendants

[1] Burton's *Life of Hume*, i. 234.

of the purchasers came in time to treasure in the vain imagination that they were veritable original copies from life of the unfortunate monarch, whose head was executed as ruthlessly on canvas as she herself had been executed at Fotheringay.

But all this work so poorly paid could not keep more than two or three men with average appetites, and whenever an artist discovered any talent in himself, he fled the impoverished country to cities where money was less scarce and people were more liberal. Only one was left after Sir John Medina died. William Aikman had been at his easel since 1712, in his High Street close, a laird by rank, a good painter by craft, a clubbable man, and a man of fashion and pleasantry, as one sees in his portrait, with affable well-bred visage under his flowing Wycherley wig. To his door not a few customers came up the steep scale staircase, and his hand was engaged depicting features of lords and lairds and ladies, with their silks and satins, Flanders lace, periwigs and powder, whose portraits are to-day cherished ancestral heirlooms in many an old mansion. But ten years were enough to weary Aikman of a poor business and customers that grudged to be immortalised at £10 for a painted yard of canvas, "forbye a frame"; and he quitted Edinburgh amid valedictory regrets, suppers, and poetical epistles from Allan Ramsay and others, and went to London to get society and fortune, to rival the great Sir Godfrey Kneller, till in 1731 he died, and was interred in Greyfriars' Churchyard—for Scotland was good enough to be buried in but not good enough to live in. Behind him in Edinburgh he had left two or three practitioners whose names are shadows to-day, most of whose works, after hanging on dining-room walls, retreated to bedrooms, from bedrooms to garrets, and finally, at "displenishing sales" of country seats, found themselves in retired and dusty nooks of old picture shops.[1]

Such was the condition of art in the first half of the century. Landscapes had no interest for an age which had

[1] Rose of Kilravock furnishes his portrait-gallery cheaply in 1727: "Cash paid to Mr. Watt for Lady Kilraick's picture, £1:10s."—*Roses of Kilravock*, p. 404.

no eye for the picturesque, planted no trees, and admired no scenery. For that branch of the business there was no demand whatever, unless for "house decoration," which was a fashion then affected by persons of quality. "Landskips with figures" were inserted at that period in the panels of doors, on wainscots and window-shutters, by house painters; and near Allan Ramsay's shop in the High Street in a flat lived "old Norrie," whose skill and trade were so considerable in ornamenting town residences of the richer classes with these panel designs that he has been called the first of the Scots landscape school of painting. While, owing to the parsimonious treatment of art, there were few native painters at work, gentlemen employed occasionally travelling foreigners, who came north, executed a few portraits, and then gladly returned to their more genial climates.[1]

VI

Nothing tended to preserve intact the traditional ways and the provincial and stay-at-home habits of the gentry so much as the difficulty of leaving home, and the wretched roads that hindered communication with towns, and therefore kept them from having intercourse with the world. The highways were tracks of mire in wet weather and marshes in winter, till the frost had made them sheets of ice, covered with drifted snow; when rain fell the flat ground became lakes with islands of stone, and the declivities became cataracts. Even towns were often connected only by pack-roads, on which horses stumbled perilously along, and carriages could not pass at all,[2] over unenclosed land and moorland, where, after rain, it was difficult to trace any beaten track. When snow set in, each country house was blockaded; there was nothing

[1] Brydall's *Hist. of Art in Scotland;* Stirling-Maxwell's *Annals of Artists in Spain*, vol. iii.; Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, 1862, vol. ii.; Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh;* Cunningham's *British Painters.*

[2] When early in the century Hugh, Earl of Loudoun, was conveyed as a child to Edinburgh, he was put in a pannier slung across the back of a horse, accompanied by a servant riding on another horse. His journey occupied the most of a week.—Tytler and Watson's *Songstresses of Scot.* i. 286.

to look on but the bleak, white, treeless waste. Then it was that the isolated household appreciated the advantage of having within doors the great store of salted meat, the girnals full of grain to make their "groats" and "knockit bear," their brew-house to supply the ale. When communication was so hard, and roads were miserable, coaches were of little service, and were the luxury only of the few who were rich. In 1720 there were no chariots or chaises to be found north of the Tay; and when the first chaise was seen in 1725 in Inverness drawn by its six horses, the excitement created was immense. As it rumbled along the Highlanders rushed from their huts, and unbonneted with abject reverence before the coachman, whom they took for the principal personage on the equipage.[1]

In spite of Marshal Wade's great work in making 260 miles of roads, in many districts it was still a dangerous expedition if the mist fell in the North—when the postilion went by tracks he could not see, in a region he did not know, in search of a wright or smith he could not find, to mend a vehicle shaken to pieces by ruts, and with axle-tree broken by boulders.

Such a disastrous journey Simon, Lord Lovat, vividly describes in 1740, having set forth with his two daughters from Inverness to Edinburgh. Before starting, two or three days had been spent in repairing his carriage, and for precaution he brought his wheelwright as far as Aviemore, when he was assured that the chariot was safe enough to carry to London. "But I was not eight miles from the place when on the plain road the axle-tree of the hind wheels broke in two, so that my two girls were forced to go on bare horses behind the footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself though I was very tender. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by force of men, where I got an English wheelwright and a smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot . . . and I was not gone four miles from Ruthven when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach." Again it was mended, and he got to Castle Drummond, where he was storm-stayed

[1] *Spalding Miscellany*, i. 100; Burt's *Letters*, i. 7.

"by the most tempestuous weather of wind and rain I ever remember." Setting forth, "I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond when the axle-tree of my fore wheels broke in two in the midst of the hill betwixt Drummond and the bridge of Erdoch, and we were forced to sit in the hill with a boisterous day till Chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down the strath and bring wrights, carts, and smiths to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forced to stay five or six hours till there was a new axle-tree made, so that it was dark night before we came to Dumblain, which is but eight miles from Castle Drummond, all much fatigued."[1] At last they reach Edinburgh in safety, having taken eleven days for the journey. Such misadventures were apt to occur when chariots were rattled to bits on the execrable roads. Even when travelling on horseback the laird of Thunderton took five or six days to come from Morayshire to Edinburgh, about 150 miles;[2] and travelling on horseback was the only way on which journeys could in many frequented districts be made. If, however, a lady was old or delicate she might be conveyed in a sedan-chair, three porters being employed, one to take the place of the porter who was first exhausted.[3] Slowly and infrequently coaches passed along the most used thoroughfare. To perform the journey of sixteen miles between Edinburgh and Haddington[4] at the middle of the century occupied a whole winter's day for a coach with four horses. Not till 1749 did a stage-coach begin to run between Edinburgh and Glasgow.[5] Twice a week it started, each passenger paying 9s. 6d. and allowed one stone of luggage, and it took twelve hours to accomplish the journey of forty-six miles; nor was this speed exceeded till thirty years later. But even this was an enormous improvement in rapidity on previous days, when a coach and six horses spent a day and a half on the road. The state of the highways made the transit of carts well-nigh impossible in most parts of the year;

[1] *Spalding Miscellany*, i. 5. [2] Dunbar's *Social Life*, i. 35.

[3] Chambers' *Threiplands of Fingask*, p. 36.

[4] Robertson's *Rural Recollections*.

[5] *Scots Magazine*, 1749, p. 253; *Glasgow Past and Present*, ii. 436. In 1749 a caravan was started to go between Edinburgh and Glasgow, going and returning twice a week, each person to pay 5s. fare.—*Scots Magazine*, 1749, p. 459.

and it was not till the middle of the century that carriers began to ply regularly from town to town with their wares and their parcels. Before then many tracts of the lowlands, with big villages and considerable populations, were almost without intercommunication, save by the cadgers, who sat on horse-back with creels on each side carrying goods and letters. Even about 1770 the carrier took a fortnight to go to and from Selkirk and Edinburgh, conveying a load six hundred-weight at a time, and this journey he could never accomplish in winter, and in the dry weather he drove along the channels of the Gala water, as being more traversable than the main road.[1]

As for travelling to far-off London, the obstacles were too great for poor persons, too perilous for nervous persons, to undertake the expedition. It was expensive, it was tedious, it was adventurous. To relieve the weariness of the long journey, Sir Richard Steele when he came to Scotland brought his French master to teach him the language of Paris on the way; and that it was a costly as well as a weary process is proved by the fact that this luxurious knight and his brother commissioners (of inquiry on forfeited estates) in 1717 were allowed £50 each for travelling expenses to Edinburgh—each clerk having the more modest allowance of £12.[2] In fact, to travel that road, spending fourteen days on the way, in a "closs bodyed carriage and sex horses," cost two gentlemen in 1725 the sum of "thretty pounds stirling."[3] Apprehensive of perils on the road, preparations for defence against English highwaymen were made. Mrs. Calderwood of Polton records how in 1756 she set off for the metropolis in her own

[1] Robertson's *Rural Recollections*, p. 40.

[2] Aitken's *Life of Steele*, ii. 151; Murray's *The York Buildings Company*, p. 36.

[3] Here is a contract for travelling in 1725: "London, May 15. Received from Col. W. Grant and Patrick Duff, Esq., sex guinies of earnest for a good closs bodyed coach and sex horses to sett out for Edinburgh from London on Monday 17th May, to travel sex dayes to York to rest their two dayes and travel two dayes and a half to Newcastle, and three or four days from that to Edinburgh as the roads will allow, and to make for the said coach thretty pounds stirling. The half to hand, and the other in Edinburgh, and the earnest to be forfeited if the gentlemen do not keep punctuality (signed Thos. Green)."—*Scottish Antiquary*, ii. 182.

post-chaise, attended by her faithful man-servant on horseback, who had pistols in his holsters, and a stout broadsword by his side. The lady had provided herself with a case of pistols to use if attacked on the lonely moorland roads.[1] Persons who needed to hire a chaise had the utmost difficulty in procuring a conveyance, even if they could afford it. Occasional chances occurred of getting from Edinburgh to London by return coaches drawn by six horses, which were duly advertised as ready to receive passengers.[2] Even in 1758 there were no four-wheeled chaises to be got for hire till arriving at Durham, for these conveyances were still in their infancy, and the two-wheeled carriages called "the Italian," lacerating to the frame, had been given up as instruments of torture.[3]

Scots members of Parliament could not usually afford to drive to Westminster, for the cost would have hopelessly burdened their sorely wadsetted lands; they therefore rode their own horses. Even John Duke of Argyll is said to have strapped the skirts of his coat round his waist and dashed on horseback through the worst storms of winter on his southward way. "Jupiter" Carlyle describes how he and other ministers convoyed as far as Wooler John Home, setting off with the play of *Douglas* in one of his borrowed leather saddle-bags, and a "clean shirt and night-cap" in the other, on a snowy morning of February 1755.[4] With the costliness of travelling to face, many Scotsmen who had no money to waste found it the best plan to buy cheaply a horse to ride and then to sell it—at a profit if they could—on reaching their destination. It was in this manner that William Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield) started forth in 1717, at the age of sixteen, on his eventful journey to London, on his little horse, with the paternal instructions of Lord

[1] Mrs. Calderwood's *Letters and Journals.*

[2] Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 408.

[3] Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 331; Wright's *Life of General Wolfe*, p. 263. 'I must tell you that I was beat to pieces in the new post-chaises or machines that are purposely constructed to torture the unhappy creatures that are placed in them. I was forced at last to have recourse to post-horses." So in 1747 Major Wolfe describes his experiences of travelling between Scotland and England.

[4] Carlyle's *Autobiography;* Omond's *Lord Advocates of Scotland*, i. 327.

Stormont to sell his pony on his arrival to pay his expenses.[1] Dr. Skene of Aberdeen in 1753 bought a mare for eight guineas, and after he had been eighteen days on the road (his expenses amounting to four guineas) he disposed of his animal for the price he had paid for it.[2] When even these means were beyond the reach of the poor traveller's purse he might journey, as Tobias Smollett did in 1739, partly by waggon, partly on the pack-horses he overtook on the road, and the rest of the way on foot.[3] Till Grantham was reached, 110 miles from London, one found no turnpike road, coach and horse going by a narrow causeway, with soft unmade earth on either side, and constantly forced to stop to allow the long strings of thirty or forty pack-horses that blocked the way to squeeze by, as they carried their merchandise to the towns.[4] But for those who could afford it, there was the one stage-coach which up to 1754 started from the Grassmarket once a month, making in twelve or sixteen days the passage to London, which was accompanied by such perils, real or imaginary, that timid passengers made their wills before setting forth.[5] At that time, however, a private chaise sometimes would traverse the route at the rapid rate of only six days.

In consequence of the small number of passengers on the roads in those days of bad travelling, the inns in Scotland were miserable in the extreme. In country towns they were mean hovels, with dirty rooms, dirty food, and dirty attendants.[6] The Englishman, as he saw the servants without shoes or stockings, as he looked at the greasy tables without a cover, and saw the butter thick with cow-hairs, the coarse meal served without a knife and fork, so that he had to use his fingers or a clasp-knife, the one glass or tin can handed

[1] Campbell's *Lives of the Chief-Justices*, 1874, iii. 170.

[2] Smiles' *Lives of the Engineers*, iii. 25.

[3] Smollett's *Roderick Random*, chap. viii.

[4] *New Stat. Acct. Scotland* (Lanark), p. 206.

[5] Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 63. There appeared the following advertisement in *Edinburgh Courant*, July 1, 1754: "The Edinburgh stage-coach for the better accommodation of passengers will be altered to a neat genteel two-end glass machine hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy to go in 10 days in summer and 12 in winter on every alternate Tuesday."—Grant's *Old and New Edinburgh*, ii. 15.

[6] Burt's *Letters*, i. 13, 143; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1766.

round the company from mouth to mouth, his gorge rose. The contrast with the English hostelries was terrible—there everything was charming for its cleanliness, comfort, cosiness, and cooking. It was the wearied traveller's haven of rest after long dusty stages, associated with ease and civility, good drink, good fare, good beds, and good company beside the genial parlour fire. But in Scotland the hostelries even in large towns afforded more entertainment for beast than for man. They were more fit for stabling than for lodging.[1] Even when Captain Topham arrived in Edinburgh in 1774, and was recommended to one of the best inns in the city, he was driven out of it by the dirt and discomfort, by the rooms filled with carters and drovers, the filthy bedrooms, the smells and sights, and he sought refuge in a lodging in a fourth or fifth flat, slightly less unpleasant, and a vast deal dearer. It would therefore seem that the condition of these houses had little improved since the beginning of the century. With eloquent emotion Dr. Johnson was wont to speak of the delightful comforts of an English tavern; it is not in similar strains he could speak of Scottish inns. When in 1773 the lexicographer came north, he was lodged, till Boswell took him to James's Court, in the "White Horse"[2] in the Canongate, which was bad though the best in the town; but with more luck he went to the "Saracen's Head" in Glasgow, built twenty years before, which was the first inn in the west that ever gave decent accommodation. The redeeming feature of these places was their cheapness—the tavern ordinary was only 4d., and the claret —the only thing Englishmen could praise—was good and cheap, costing only 1s. a quart in the early years of the century.[3]

[1] *Journey to North of England and Scotland in* 1704, privately printed 1818; Macky's *Journey through Scotland*, 1729; *Humphrey Clinker; Letters from Edinburgh*, 1776. Hostelries in Edinburgh were meant rather for putting up horses than travellers, who were expected to seek lodgings elsewhere. In St. Mary's Wynd an inn had stabling for 100 horses, and a shed for 20 carriages.

[2] It degenerated into a carrier's inn, and ceased to be even fit for that—"A base hovel," Sir W. Scott calls it.—Boswell's *Johnson* (Croker's edit.), 1848, p. 297.

[3] Foulis of Ravelston enters in his Accompt Books: "To dinner with the President and oyr [other] lords of Session £1 : 7s. Scots" (p. 351). Tavern Bill of Dunbar of Thunderton in 1700: "Item for 20 dayes dyet to yourself and servant £07.08.00."—Dunbar's *Social Life*, p. 39. Carlyle pays 3s. 6d. for four days' board and lodging at an inn.—Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 98.

Communication by letter in the first half of the century was as slow and uncertain as by person, and correspondence was rare between town and country people. The marvels of cacography in the old epistles amply testify that their writers wrote with difficulty and spelt by chance.[1] After the Union of 1707 the post was reformed in Scotland. The whole establishment cost only £1000 yearly; the general postmaster stationed in Edinburgh having a salary of £200, and, employing an accountant and two clerks, he managed easily the entire postal business. For several years one letter-carrier was found sufficient to distribute all the letters in Edinburgh, though in later years the staff was increased to three. As the closes were labyrinthine, the flats high, the houses unnumbered, the addresses of the vaguest, it is evident that the correspondence for a population of 30,000 must have been extremely limited.[2] The London mail-bag in the early part of the century was sometimes found to contain only one letter, and this even occurred once so late as 1746. Six days were spent by post-boys on the road to London,[3] when they carried their small consignment in a portmanteau behind them, and it sometimes occurred that in crossing a river the post-boy, horse, and bags disappeared and were never seen again; and in the confusion of an inn refreshment, it happened that the letters were returned.[4] All letters were at first conveyed

[1] Joyce's *Hist. of Post Office;* Lang's *Hist. of Post Office in Scotland.* "I was informed 60 years ago (*i.e.* 1760) by officials who had been employed in the post-office that Provost Alexander, the only banker at the beginning of the century, had often received a solitary letter by the London mail."—Somerville's *Own Life,* p. 536. Chambers' *Minor Antiquities of Edin.* p. 204.

[2] Specimens of addresses of letters in 1702: "ffor Mr. Arch. Dumbar of Thunderstown to be left at Captain Dumbar's writing chamber at the Iron Revell third storie below the cross north end of the closs at Edinburgh"; "ffor Captain Phillip Anstruther of New Grange atte his lodgeing a litle above the fountain well south side of the street Edenbourgh."—Dunbar's *Social Life,* p. 34. In 1781 there were six letter-carriers in Edinburgh.—Lang's *Hist.*

[3] Strange to say, the post established in 1635 took half the time performing the journey between London and Edinburgh, doing it in three days.—Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* p. 537. In 1790 letters conveyed between these two cities in four days.—*Ibid.* p. 536.

[4] In 1725 and in 1733, 1734, the post-boy was drowned or fell off his horse in the river; in 1720, 1728, the mail-bag was returned with same letters.—Chambers' *Annals,* iii. 513.

to towns by foot-runners—who never ran—carrying them as far as Thurso and Inverness. They set out twice a week to Glasgow, leaving on Tuesday and Thursday at twelve o'clock at night and arriving on the evening of the next day; but by 1717 there was begun a horse-post, which left at eight at night and arrived at six next morning—its appearance in Trongate being announced to the citizens by the firing of a gun. Some years later, to the more distant towns, post-boys went on horseback instead of on foot as of old. Thrice a week they set forth on their sorry nags to the largest towns, and twice a week to the smaller, while those letter-carriers who still went on foot went only once a week to their several places. Slowly the post-boys ambled on, stopping two nights on the road from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, pausing leisurely to refresh themselves and rest their horses; for it was not till 1750 that bags were carried on from stage to stage by different postmen and by fresh relays of horses to the far-out offices. There were only thirty-four post-towns for some time in all Scotland,[1] and the difficulty was for people to know how to get letters or to learn that there were letters to get. The postman dared not deliver them to any person on the way, but must carry them to the terminal post-office, where they might remain uncalled for in dust and obscurity till chance discovered their existence to their owners. Cadgers and carriers could bring them more easily and more safely, and often did so, though in violation of the law, which forbade under penalty any such infringement of the monopoly of the State. When this slow and unsure transmission of news prevailed it was inevitable that tidings of public events penetrated fitfully to remoter districts.[2] Ministers supplicated for the king's long life weeks after his lamented Majesty had

[1] For some years after 1707. The postmasters of Haddington and Cockburnspath had a salary of £50, being on the main line to England, while those of Glasgow and Aberdeen had £25 each, those of Dundee, Montrose, and Inverness £15, and those of Ayr and Dumfries only £12.—Joyce's *Hist. of Post Office.* In 1781 there were 140 post-offices, and in 1791, 164.—Lang's *Hist. of Post Office in Scotland.* Revenue of Post-Office in Scotland in 1707 was £1194; in 1754, £8927; in 1776, £31,000.—Arnot's *Hist.* p. 541.

[2] Before 1756 there was no post-office in the Hebrides, and not one in all the West Highlands beyond the Chain.—Walker's *Econ. Hist. of Hebrides,* ii. 336.

been buried; and in the long specific prayers "many a time," it was said by a long-sufferer, "I thanked God for giving us a glorious victory when we had been shamefully beaten, for inspiring courage in the troops when they had run away; for success granted to our arms in battles that were never fought, for deliverance from plots that were never formed." Few would have the charming frankness of the Highland minister of Alness, who, finding that his information had been erroneous, said from the pulpit, "My brethren, it was a' lees I tell't ye last Sabbath."[1]

Owing to the infrequency of travelling, there was at least one class of criminals from which Scotland was exempt, and that was of highwaymen. That fraternity, so large and prosperous beyond the border, was here unknown; they would have grown weary of waiting for passengers to waylay, and died of poverty from finding so little to plunder from their persons.

VII

Amid the resources of civilisation, one of the least trustworthy, though the most self-confident, was that of medicine. The gross empiricism of its practitioners, the lack of scientific knowledge, the use of preposterous methods, the ignorance of all rational remedies, were as marked as in the middle ages.[2] The sciences of physic and surgery were in their infancy, and till 1726 in Edinburgh and 1740 in Glasgow there was

[1] *Letters from a Blacksmith*, etc., 1759; *Memoirs of a Highland Lady* (Miss Grant of Rothiemurchus), p. 192.

[2] The fees were not exorbitant. Charges of Kenneth Mackenzie, "Chyr Aporie" in Elgin, 1719-20, to the laird of Thunderton: "Cephalick powder, 2s. Scots; 2 oz. centaury, 4s.; vomitory, 10s.; ane pott of ane elecuary, 14s.; gargarism, £1 : 16s."—Dunbar's *Social Life*, i. 21. Fees charged in 1721 by a practitioner of chyme and medicine against patients who refused to pay: "1, to J. W., six pounds Scots as being for severall tymes letting blood of his wyffe and giving phisick to her, and my paines in going 3 severall tymes to his house being 4 miles distant frae myne. 2, W. N., a guinie as being a moderate and reasonable satisfaction for my paines and expenses in making up plaisters and other medicaments to performing a cure upon his nose when the same was cut off by J. Bartholemew as alledged—deducting 2 shills. sterg. paid. 3, J. H., eleven pounds Scots as being for my paines in being severall tymes to his house using drugs and severall medicaments to him when he was under a consumption and wherof I cured him."—Hector's *Judicial Records*, p. 102.

no University school or qualified professor. Those men only could get any insight into their profession who went abroad to study at Leyden under Boerhaave or in Paris. Others learned their art in the sickroom of the patient, or in the shops of chirurgeons. But as a rule the art of healing was in the hands of the chirurgeon-apothecaries, who had learned the little they knew when serving their apprenticeship to uneducated country surgeons, who acted as general practitioners, and whose drugs they had made up in the closets where they wielded the pestle. It is true that their fees were small, and it once was usual for a doctor to get the gift of a hat or "propynes" of malt or meal for services; yet there was ample need for all the skill and knowledge of the profession in those days, when sanitation was unknown, when the mansions of the greatest were without the most rudimentary and essential conveniences of cleanliness, when there were epidemics which passed with fatal virulence over the population, when ague arose yearly from the marshy soil, disabling its thousands, when small-pox ravaged the community, and fevers came through filth. Ladies were troubled with the "vapours," and it must be owned that neither ladies nor gentlemen were free from the trouble of the itch.[1] When sickness broke out the chirurgeon-apothecary was sent for, and came with his lancets, boluses, confections, and electuaries in his saddle-bags, and the big sand-glass in his capacious skirt pocket to count the patient's pulse.[2]

The inevitable panacea for almost every disease, according to the practice of the age, was, of course, "blood-letting"; and in those days there was more bloodshed in peace than in time of war. Even in perfect health a gentleman thought that he could not preserve his constitution unless at certain seasons of the year he was "let blood." There is no more frequent charge in medical bills than for phlebotomising, and there is one item which seems mysterious in old household account-books—"to drink money to the surgeon's man to take away the pellets," the "pellets" being the little leaden

[1] "To Miss Helen Crosbie, cure for vapours and itch, £6 : 6s." ; "The Sheriff of Moray for itch, £6 : 9s. Scots," are items in a doctor's bills at the end of the preceding century.—*Scot. Society of Antiquaries*, iv. 181. Other items are for "scrofulous chouks" (cheeks), "liviters," and "cockhecticks."

[2] Chambers' *Traditions*, i. 105.

compasses used for two or three days to prevent undue bleeding. Had a child the "kink-hoast" (whooping-cough)? Then five leeches must be put behind the ear. Had he the headache? Then ten or twelve leeches must be placed round the temple. Cures for the various diseases were not far to seek—spiders, frogs, worms, and "slaters," or wood-lice, were to be got in the shrubbery;[1] physic herbs, such as Solomon's seal, agrimony, rosemary, and pennyroyal, were growing in the garden; and from these were made at once confections, electuaries, and vomitories.[2] For jaundice as an admirable cure were prescribed burnt earthworms in a decoction of wormwood, while consumption was counteracted by "colewort well boiled and often eaten," or "by snails boiled in cow's milk." A case of convulsions was treated with an application of sheep's lungs, or by young pigeons, whelps, or chickens "slit in the middle." If the doctor found his patient in an attack of palsy, he would anoint the part affected with a "preparation of camomile, white lilies, an hyperion of bour-tree and rue, earthworms and goose grease." "The person suffering from pleurisy must take a ball of horse's dung, well dried, beat into powder, drink it, and he will be cured"—so said Dr. Clark, the most fashionable physician in Edinburgh, whose fee was a guinea in days when guineas were extremely scarce.[3] The same eminent doctor—a skilful practitioner and a fine classical scholar to boot—gave a well-paid direction to Sir Robert Gordon in 1739 to cure his son: "Give him twice a day the juice of twenty slatters squeezed through a muslin bag." These "slaters," alias millepeds, alias wood-lice, were in constant

[1] Bufo, or toad, was used inwardly for dropsy and outwardly for carbuncles; slaters, otherwise wood-lice, or church bugs, were commended for colic, convulsions, and cancer, for palsy, headaches, and epilepsy; earthworms—"to preserve them the longest and fattest ought to be slit up, well washed, and then dried"—used for spasms, jaundice, or gout; vipers prescribed for dysentery, ague, and small-pox; excreta of sheep, horse, sow, and dog made up in decoctions and drunk for various ailments.—*Lectures on Materia Medica*, from MS. of Dr. Chas. Alston, Professor of Botany, Edinburgh, 2 vols. 1776.

[2] In 1712 there is an account of "the laird of Kilriack [Kilravock] yr., debtor to A. Paterson, chyr-apothecaire at Inverness, for tussilago flower, maiden-hair, mousear, horse-tail, St. John's wort, pennyroyal, althea root, white lily root, fenugreek seed," as herbs for medicine.—*The Roses of Kilravock* (Spalding Club), p. 399.

[3] *Social Life in Morayshire*, 2nd series, p. 145.

request, the servant being sent out to the garden to upturn stones, under which the vermin nestled, and to gather them for bottling. That the quantity of them in demand was enormous we may see from a prescription by the great Dr. Pitcairn to heal the scurvy: "Take 2 lbs. of shavings of sarfa cut and sliced, boil in 3 gallons of wort, put barm in it, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of crude antimony, with 4 ounces sharp-leaved docks, barrel it, then put in dried rosemary with the juice of 400 or 500 sclaters squeezed through linen into the barrel. When it is 20 days bottled drink it." Ague, the dreaded trouble in those marshy days, was combated by drugs which left the disease triumphant; for these concoctions were "mousear beaten with salt and vinegar applied to the wrists," or "a little bit of ox-dung drunk with half a scruple of masterwort." When Dr. Archibald Pitcairn is consulted in 1704 on a case of small-pox, he writes, "for the use of the noble and honourable family of March," a prescription wherein he recommends—"after the pox appears and fever is gone steep a handful of sheep's purles in a large mutchkin of hysop water, then pour it off and sweeten it with syrup of red poppies, and then drink it." Other medicines in common use contained brains of hares and foxes, snails burnt in the shell, powder of human skull and Egyptian mummy, burnt hoofs of horses, calcined cockle-shells, pigeon's blood, ashes of little frogs—like to the diabolical contents of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*.[1]

If the country mansion contained, as it usually did, a copy of *The Poor Man's Physician*, by the famous John Moncrieff of Tippermalloch,[2] besides these remedies might be learned other cures, of which the surgeon was probably doubtful,

[1] Wodrow informs his wife that bezoar—concretion formed in the stomach of goats—is taken to cure small-pox. He bids her "let blood if your stitch continue and take a vomitic."—*Correspondence*, 1726. The *Pharmacopœia* of Royal College of Physicians, London, 1728, recommends such remedies as above; *Materia Medica* of 1744 for Edinburgh retains them. Pitcairn asserted that the doctors did not know how to treat small-pox, and laughed heartily at the two physicians who, he asserts, had killed by their treatment Sir R. Sibbald's daughters, while his own was as preposterous.—Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 31.

[2] "*The Poor Man's Physician; or, the Receits of the famous John Moncrief of Tippermalloch*, being a choice collection of simple and easy remedies for most distempers, very useful to all persons, especially those of a poorer condition. Third edit. carefully corrected and amended, to which is added the method of curing the small-pox and scurvy by the eminent Dr. Arch. Pitcairn." Edinburgh, 1731.

but in which the people still retained their faith intact. Here was to be read as remedy for "falling sickness" in children: "Take a little black sucking puppy (but for a girl take a bitch whelp), choke it, open it, take out the gall, put it all to the child in the time of the fit with a little tile-tree flower water, and you shall see him cured as it were by a miracle presently." For the whitlow in the finger: "Stop the finger into a cat's ear and it will be whole in half an hour." In case of pestilential fever: "Have a cataplasm of snails beaten and put to the soles of the feet." For watery humour in the eyes: "Put pigeon's blood hot to the eyes, or a young caller pigeon slit in the back." Among the concoctions, centauries, and vomitories are ingredients which it would be hateful, disgusting, to describe—not to speak of swallowing—which were recommended far on in the century by country practitioners, even after they were being discredited by the more enlightened men of the profession.[1] It says much for the vigorous constitutions of the people that under such a barbarous state of the "healing art" the rate of mortality of our forefathers was so moderate.

When any one was out of health or spirits a wiser and favourite recommendation was for the patient to go to Moffat Wells—the Buxton of Scotland—or to the "goat's milk."[2] In spite of difficulties from execrable roads, they travelled on horseback into the Highlands, where they drank the milk of goats as a sovereign cure for many an ailment. In those times many gentlemen went "to the goat's whey" annually, as now they go to Harrogate.

VIII

It was a dangerous thing to be ill, an expensive thing to die, and often a ruinous thing to be buried—the cost of a funeral sometimes being equal to a year's rental.[3] Whenever

[1] Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, ii. 564 *sq.*

[2] "In June," Wodrow writes in 1726 to Lord Grange, "all the ministers about Glasgow were out of town at the goat's-milk."—*Analecta Scotica*, ii. 196. Thomson's *Life of Cullen; Arniston Memoirs*, p. 93.

[3] At John Grierson of Lag's death among the expenses are mentioned "2 bottels clarit when the sear cloath was put on; 1 bottel of clarit when the

the breath was out of the body the preparations were made: the winding-sheet of wool, the woollen stockings for the corpse's feet; the lyke-wake or watching by the dead night and day by watchers who received their frequent refreshment; the body laid out on view for all who wished to see the "corp" in the room, with chairs and other furniture covered with white linen. When means allowed it the chirurgeon half-embalmed the body and provided a cerecloth to envelope the corpse.[1] The invitations to the funeral having been sent out on folio gilt-edged sheets, friends came from far and near to pay their last respects to his memory, and their last attentions to his cellar. The feast was lavish and prolonged—the minister saying the blessing over the meat at vast length, which constituted the whole of his funeral service, and in which he "improved the occasion" with equal solemnity and prolixity. The glass went round with giddying rapidity. The sack, claret and ale from the stoups disappeared, and too often the mourners sat till they could not stand, and then with funereal hilarity or sodden solemnity the company followed the remains to the grave.[2] Drinking was the favourite vice of the century; it brought no shame, and it seemed to impair no constitution. A man who had himself enjoyed immensely many a festivity at his bosom friends' funerals was anxious that his neighbours should enjoy equally unstinted satisfaction at his own death. "For God's sake, give them a hearty drink" were a dying laird's touching

grave cloaths was put on," and at "the coffining where the ladys was 1 bottel clarit, 2 bottels white wine and 1 bottel canary." In fact, every stage of the ceremony was punctuated with drink.—Fergusson's *Laird of Lag*, p. 252.

[1] The "cerecloth" put on the body after a modified embalming, used among richer classes. In 1720 "ane large cerecloth £66 : 13 : 4 Scots" (£5 : 11s.) was the charge by the surgeon; in 1790 it cost £10 : 10s.—Duncan's *Faculty of Physicians in Glasgow*, p. 95. "Sear claith, oyl, frankincense, and other necessars" charged in 1716.—*Thanes of Cawdor*, p. 416. In 1699 "For 2 cearcloths for your ladies' corps £80, and oil and incense £4."—*Roses of Kilravock*, p. 388.

[2] In 1704 Lord Whitelaw, judge, was buried at the cost of £5189 Scots, or £423 sterg., nearly equal to two years' salary in those days.—Ramsay's *Scot. and Scotsmen*, ii. 74; Fergusson's *Laird of Lag*, pp. 251, 252. At the funeral entertainment of John Grierson of Lag there disappeared 8 dozen of wine, not to speak of potations of ale; at Sir Robert Grierson's obsequies there are charged by the innkeeper 10 doz. wine—leaving a copious drain in his own cellar to be accounted for. The "vivers" appear in a portentous bill of "rost geese" and turkeys, dish of neat's tongue, 2 doz. "mincht pies, rost pigg, tearts," capons, barrel of oysters, calf's head stewed with wine, etc. etc.

last words to his son.[1] No wonder English officers witnessing these functions pronounced "a Scots funeral to be merrier than an English wedding." The obsequies of a Highland laird or chief was a still more sumptuous affair. All friends and kinsmen within a hundred miles attended, and all the retainers and vassals were present.[2] The entertaining of guests continued for several days. A toast-master was chosen from the company at the feast; the healths were drunk vociferously, although the thanks returned were not always coherent; liquor was emptied in hogsheads. At last the cortège, miles long, set out to the kirkyard, perhaps many miles away, with torches flaring, coronachs chanting, or pibrochs wailing. No wonder many tales were told of such an event happening often, as did really occur at the funeral of the mother of Forbes of Culloden, of the party arriving at the grave only to discover that the corpse had been left behind.[3]

In the Lowlands, in quieter style the procession passed on, while the kirk bell, hanging on a tree, was jerked into fitful tolling by the beadle. The ladies (who in the beginning of the century were clad in their gayest and brightest dresses) walked to the kirkyard gate, while only the male mourners stood by the grave.[4] If a gentleman had lost his wife, etiquette and supposed emotion alike required that the husband should remain disconsolate behind in the house, in dangerous proximity to the consolatory drink left by the departed guests.[5]

In Highlands and Lowlands it was a great occasion for the poor, the blue-gowns, and the vagrants. Usually a laird left in his will so much meal to be distributed to the poor at his burial, and every beggar or cripple within a radius of fifty miles, who had scented his prey from afar, assembled for the chance of food or drink.[6] The presence of this ragged, greedy,

[1] Ramsay, ii. 75; Somerville, p. 372.

[2] Burt's *Letters*, i. 219.

[3] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 75; Burton's *Lives of Lovat and Forbes*, p. 302.

[4] *Caldwell Papers*, i. 260.

[5] In 1789 James Boswell writes after the death of his wife: "It is not customary in Scotland for a husband to attend his wife's funeral; but I resolved, if I possibly could, to do the last honours myself."—*Boswelliana*, p. 151, edited by C. Rogers.

[6] At the funeral of Alexander, Earl of Eglinton, in 1723, there assembled

clamorous crowd in the courtyard added a sordid element to the scene.

When the death occurred in a family of high standing the door of the church in which the deceased gentleman was wont to worship was painted black, and decorated with white patches, resembling big commas or pears or tadpoles, which were meant to represent tears of the afflicted family for the loss of the departed.[1]

When the accounts were rendered the expenses were portentous—the bills for mourning, food, drink, and carriages amounting to formidable dimensions,—and were not easy to defray out of an income which was probably two-thirds paid in sheep, oats, capons, eggs; and certainly the heavily wadsedett estate could not bear one burden more. There was little to set by for tocherless daughters, or for sons who must seek a living in any occupation, however humble. The widow, be she wife of noble, baronet, or simple laird, was provided with a jointure which needed painful economy.[2] Many a dowager-countess in an Edinburgh flat kept her little state on £100 a year, and a laird's or baronet's wife managed to maintain a genial but frugal hospitality on an allowance of £50 or £40; nor was it thought unjust that a country gentleman, who had received with his wife a handsome tocher or dowry of 3000 merks, should leave her an annuity of 300 merks, £16, as a sufficient provision. Thus people lived, died, were buried, and bequeathed in the olden days.

between 900 and 1000 beggars, many of them from Ireland, as £30 was left for distribution in alms.—Chambers' *Annals*, iii. 555.

[1] *Parish of Shotts*, by W. Grossart, p. 207:—"1742, June 28. For colouring and tearing the church doors and lettering them, and colouring and tearing the wall opposite to your burial-place and lettering the same, 8s. Scots" (account to the laird of Murdoston). This custom of covering the house front door with black drapery covered with tears in silver paper prevailed in France. Warrender's *Marchmont and the Homes of Polwarth*, p. 13. "Painting the doors at Nairn for the funeral" is a charge in 1755 at the death of a laird of Kilravock.—*Roses of Kilravock*, p. 428.

[2] The laird of Bemersyde leaves his widow a jointure of 1300 merks, and there was expended at his funeral £142, including £62 mourning articles from Kelso for his daughters, down to 16s. 8d. for a boll of meal to the poor and 2s. for the bell-man.—Russell's *Haigs of Bemersyde*. Sir James Smollett of Bonhill in 1735 leaves his widow a jointure of £44 : 8 : 10.—Chambers' *Life of Smollett*, p. 217. Curious instances of these small provisions are given in Murray's *Old Cardross*, p. 86.

CHAPTER II

COUNTRY SOCIETY AND COUNTRY LIFE

1750-1800

I

Until about 1760 the life of Scottish country society remained frugal, homely, and provincial. At that period, however, there were distinct signs of a great change coming over tastes, manners, and habits. Wider interests began to stir in the country, more comfortable ways of living to be adopted by the people. The rise of fortunes, which we have elsewhere described, due to the sudden increase of rental from land and profits from trade, wrought a transformation in the style, tone, and domestic economy of Scotland.

As old country houses became decayed or insufficient for the more exacting tastes of the age, new mansions were built which contrasted strangely with the homely homes of simpler days—homes which, if not broken down to form byres and dykes, were left to be occupied by the farmers, with ruder ways even than their lairdly predecessors. The low-ceilinged rooms, the dark and draughty passages, the narrow, sashless, small-paned windows, the walls six to eight feet thick, were absent from the new mansions, which, if they had little architectural beauty, had more light, more space, more comfort. By the disappearance of the old houses the country lost little in picturesqueness, for very many had been hopelessly common-place, with little that was quaint save in the crow-stepped gables and rounded turrets. What was characteristic and striking in ancient Scotch building was to be found chiefly in the larger

mansions, stately and spacious, with their corbelled turrets, ornamented dormers, and pointed gables. Many of these, fortunately, remain to add to the architectural beauty of the country, and to show the taste and skill of master masons in the seventeenth century who designed and built many of them. Unhappily, for lovers of the picturesque, many old quaint peel-tower residences were removed to make way for houses of an "improved" class, which consisted of the mock classic, and accorded with the highest taste of the period.[1]

There were equal changes going on within the walls. In the old rooms had been the rough, solid furniture, which had been made by the joiners in the country towns, or in the big woodyards of Edinburgh or Glasgow, where there was a supply of timber kept ready for every purpose, from axles to sideboards, from joists to tables, and household articles were made by the carpenters to suit each customer—and fine oak pieces they often were, which, after being discarded, another generation began to prize.[2] By the middle of the century there were two upholsterers set up in business in the High Street, Edinburgh, who imported goods from England, and gratified the new demand for carpets and drawing-room furniture of finer finish. The walls of the rooms either had remained coloured plaster or had their nakedness covered in rich houses with arras, or leather, for paper was almost never seen, and never made in Scotland. In 1745 an adventurous tradesman began a business in "painted paper for hanging walls" in Edinburgh—the maker confining himself to two colours with designs of a rudimentary taste.[3] The recess-beds with plaiding curtains vanished from drawing-room and bedroom; the pewter plates and dishes went the way of their "timber" predecessors, and china and delf came in their stead, greatly to the encouragement of the struggling industry in Leith and Glasgow; the pewter "stoups" in which claret had

[1] Macgibbon and Ross's *Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*, ii. 579; v. 555, 562-63.

[2] Such was the timber-yard kept in Glasgow by the brother-in-law of John and William Hunter, the great anatomists, called "Amen" Buchanan, from having been precentor in the episcopal meeting-house.—Paget's *Life of John Hunter*, p. 35.

[3] Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, 1789, p. 600.

been served, when bottles cost 4d. each, gave place to green glass bottles, which the glass-blowers in Leith were then making.

The hours of dinner rose from one o'clock of the early part of the century to two, and even to three o'clock in fashionable circles, and with the change of hour came grateful changes of service and diet. The food was not always now put down on table all at once, and two courses came to tempt the palate and appease the appetite.[1] The improvement in agriculture enabled people to have fresh meat all the year round, so that it was no longer necessary to kill the "mart" and subsist on salted beef or mutton for half the year. Only quaint-fashioned gentry followed the olden ways. There was Lord Polkemmet, who, with his docile household, methodically ate the animal from nose to tail, going down one side and up the other, till, to the relief of the family, the salt carcass was finished—only, however, making way for another. The memories of those old-world experiences lasted in the minds of persons who survived to more luxurious days. The ancient lady who still continued in the next century the venerable custom, and whose ox killed in November lasted her half the year, because she partook of it only with friends on Sunday, not long before her death urged her neighbour, Sir Thomas Lauder, to dine with her next Sabbath, as her earthly career was nearly run, saying, in vivid metaphor, "For eh, Sir Thamas, we're terrible near the tail end noo!"[2]

Yet even with a more varied mode of diet, though the everlasting broth (or "broath"—for so all society spelt and pronounced it) and the salt meat and "kain hens" were not inevitable at a repast, there were still severe plainness in the cooking and monotony in the fare; while haggis, cockyleeky, singed sheep's head, friars' chicken, and cabbiclaw simultaneously allured the appetite.[3] Even at a nobleman's

[1] The fare in houses of men of position and wealth can be learned from the culinary records of Arniston House in 1748, when Lord President Dundas lived: "Dec. 4, Sunday—Cockyleeky, boiled beef and greens, roast goose (2 bottles of claret, 2 white wine, 2 strong ale). Supper—Mutton stewed with turnips, drawn eggs (1 bottle claret, 1 white wine, 1 strong ale). Monday, dinner—Pea soup, boiled turkey, roast beef, apple pie. Supper—Mutton steak, drawn eggs, and gravy potatoes, my lord's broath. Tuesday, dinner—Sheep's-head broth, shoulder of mutton, roast goose, smothered rabbits."—Omond's *Arniston Memoirs*, p. 108.

[2] Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 66.

[3] Topham's *Letters*, p. 156.

table about 1760 [1] there might be no vegetables seen; and the English traveller, about 1770, alleged that the turnips—still always called "neeps"—appeared as dessert.[2] Things, however, changed a little later, and it could no longer be maliciously asserted that the Scots had no fruit but turnips.

Country sports and occupations had somewhat changed. Hawking was growing out of fashion;[3] and gentlemen prided themselves less on the merits of their falcons. But shooting became more a pursuit; for besides the abundant sport on the wide-spreading moors, if there were fewer wild duck in morass and bog, there were partridges in fields where the newly-grown turnips, potatoes, and corn gave cover, which a few years before they would have sought for in vain in the bare waste or marsh. Agriculture and forestry had become a new pastime and occupation in the country. Gentlemen were everywhere busy improving their residences, as much outside as inside; and where ploughed fields and heathery wastes had come up to the courtyard or front door, were now avenues of lime, or oak, or elm. Planting and farming, in fact, had become the absorbing passion of lairds, young and old; and a very expensive one they often found it. They planted in every hollow and on every hill, and eagerly watched their saplings grow to trees, to the dismay of the farmers, who regarded them as destructive to the soil and the crops. Lords of Session, when they came back from the law-courts to their country houses, were full of eagerness to return to their woods. Lord Kames and Lord Dunsinane, the moment they arrived at their homes, although it was dark, were out with lanterns in their hands to see how the trees had grown since last they saw them; and Lord Auchinleck was up every morning by five o'clock and in the "policy" pruning his young wood. No longer did lairds buy, as their fathers had bought, acorns by the pound, and chestnut seed by the ounce, to rear in the shrubbery. They

[1] Wesley writes in 1780: "When I was in Scotland first [1762], even at a nobleman's table we had only flesh meat of one kind, and no vegetables of any kind; but now they are as plentiful here as in England."—*Journal*, vol. iv. p. 418.

[2] *Humphrey Clinker*; Topham's *Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 229.

[3] About 1750 in the *Caledonian Mercury* advertisements are still frequent of the finding or the loss of hawks, "with bells and silver vervels."

planted them in thousands and tens of thousands in the open ground.

With increase of incomes, and through wider intercourse with society, there came more expenses—the taste for dressing better, entertaining more, and travelling farther, which the improved roads now permitted. There is clear witness to the change in coaching ways in the fact[1] that formerly all the coaches or chaises were brought over expensively from Holland, France, or England; that only in 1738 a coach-work was first set up in Edinburgh by a man trained in London, whence he brought north the tools which had hitherto been unknown in the city. Now, where their fathers had modestly gone on horseback, with ladies on pillion behind, the richer lairds had their coach, with their horses of a finer breed than the ill-groomed, small, yet clumsy brutes which had sufficed in the past. Though households were conducted on less frugal order than before, when servants even in the wealthier establishments had salt meat three days a week, and broth or soup-maigre the rest, wages were moderate, even in a mansion of high degree.[2]

There was one pernicious custom—the giving of "vails" or presents, which really had the effect of keeping down the wages of men-servants. This obnoxious system was even more inveterate and burdensome in England, where it was impossible to dine at a rich man's board without having heavy social blackmail silently extorted. The impecunious author could not dine with his noble patron, nor the half-starved, full-familied curate dine with his bishop, without leaving behind him a guinea in the hands of menials much richer than himself; and, in consequence, was forced to pawn his watch, if he had one, or do without dinner the rest of the week, to defray the expense of sitting at his lordship's table for an hour. The departing guest

[1] Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 599.—Before the end of the century Edinburgh built coaches which were exported to principal towns on the Baltic and to St. Petersburg. "In 1783 a thousand crane-backed carriages ordered for Paris." —Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, iv. 35.

[2] House servants at Gordonston in 1740 were paid: "Two gentlemen, £10; five maids, £5 : 6 : 4; two cooks, £5; two porters, £3; groom, £5 : 5s." In 1758 the English housekeeper—who arrives riding pillion—had £7 "for wedges, including tea and sugar."—Dunbar's *Social Life in Former Times*, 2nd series, p. 156.

had to run the gauntlet of a row of expectant men in livery, and two or three guineas was a common sum—ten guineas not an unknown sum—to leave with footmen after being entertained at a great man's house.

This also was the practice in Scotland, although on a scale proportionate to its more limited means. There was an incessant social tax of "drink money," "card money," "guest money," which was becoming intolerable. The origin of the practice can in Scotland be traced to the old custom of giving ale or drink-money to every one who did a service, or performed any work. In old account-books of the early part of the century the entries are constant of so much ale being given, or money to buy it. If a man brought to the laird's house a pair of shoes, or an account for its payment, there was given "drink money," or "a gill of ale," or "pigtail tobacco"; if the mason had built the churchyard dyke, or the wright had set up a pew, the Kirk-Session allowed him "drink money"; if the workmen had repaired a causeway, or mended the town clock, the Town Council handed them "drink money."[1] As a matter of course, the servants in houses shared with servants outside the pleasant custom. It could be borne as long as it amounted only to a few pence; but contact with English fashion had brought larger expectations to the menial's countenance, and heavier demands on the guest's purse. At last the gentlemen in Scotland rebelled against this system, and resolved that they would continue it no longer, preferring rather to give higher wages to their servants than allow them to sponge on the forced liberality of their friends. Gentlemen in Aberdeenshire and Midlothian, and members of the Bar—most of whom were persons connected with the best families in the country—bound themselves no longer to give or allow their servants to receive "guest money" in future. The resolution was carried out with such determination that the rapacious practice was at once put an end to, and higher wages were given to the men of livery.[2]

[1] "To the wright to drink for making and setting up caise for the knock on the stairs, 5s. Scots."; "¼ lib pigtail for workman."—*Account Book of Sir J. Foulis*, pp. 57, 371. In estimate for repairing Morton kirk, 1722, is included 'item, to a morning drink each day, or 18d. per rood more, £6 : 1 : 3."—*Morton Presby. Records.*

[2] Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 375. The beginning of the movement towards

Not so in England. Though, following the example of Scottish gentry, the Grand Jury of Northumberland, and also of Wiltshire, pledged themselves to discourage all giving of vails, the private resolution of some economical country gentlemen could not change the custom of fashionable society.[1]

II

As the century advanced, as the roads were improved, as communication between different parts of the country became easier, the intercourse of town and country people became more frequent, and old provincialism of life, speech, dress, and manners diminished.

Gradually the means of communication by stage-coaches increased between the important towns, as by the rise of wealth and improvement of roads the number of travellers increased.[2] The slow pace of olden times was quickened in the new period. When the famous failure of Fordyce in London was announced on that Black Monday in June 1772, bringing disaster to almost every private bank and to many thousands in Scotland, the calamitous news was brought down by a gentleman posting in the short space of forty-three hours, for he travelled night and day.[3] By 1786 there had been made a remarkable improve-

abolishing vails Arnot attributes to incidents connected with the performances of Townley's farce of *High Life below Stairs* in 1759; when the footmen, who were allowed to frequent the gallery free, while their masters sat in the boxes, were filled with resentment at the ridicule cast on their ways, pretensions, and extortions. They presented a threatening letter to the manager, Mr. Love, who next night coolly read the menace from the stage. The footmen disturbed the play with their din and wild noise, till they were driven out of the house, and the privilege of gratis admission was withdrawn. A similar incident, if not the very one ascribed to Edinburgh, occurred in Drury Lane Theatre.

[1] Lecky's *Hist. of England*, i. 572; Roberts' *Social Hist. of Southern Counties* pp. 32, 34. As Sir Richard Steele passed with Bishop Hoadly from a duke's house through a formidable row of lackeys in waiting, conscious that he had no money to give, and more need to borrow, he told them instead that he should be delighted to see them any night at Drury Lane to see his play.

[2] For the fly from Edinburgh to Aberdeen the fare was £2 : 2s.

[3] *Scots Magazine*, June 1772. The partner in Forbes' Bank set forth after an embezzling clerk, and made the journey to London in forty hours, allowing two hours in Newcastle, and some time in York.—*Memoirs of a Banking House*, p. 57.

ment on the old arrangements and the old speed. Instead of the coach that had gone once a month from Edinburgh to London, taking from twelve to sixteen days on the expedition, there were two coaches which started from the Grassmarket every day, and arrived at the Capital in sixty hours.[1] Even Glasgow at last came in touch with London. Although its population had increased with rapid strides, alike in numbers and in prosperity, until 1788[2] there was no direct transit to London for a population of 60,000. Any one who wished to travel southwards was obliged to ride the whole way, or to set sail from Borrowstounness by a trading vessel, which in foul weather was a month on the voyage from the town; or to ride to Newcastle, where he found the ponderous Newcastle waggon, with six wheels and eight horses, which carried heavy goods, and such passengers as could find accommodation under the canvas with the straw-littered floor. Twenty-five miles a day it made on its lumbering course, and it took eighteen days to finish the journey, stopping two Sundays on the road. If these means were not expeditious enough, the more luxurious citizen took the stage-coach (day's journey) to Edinburgh, whence he travelled south. The citizen who had made a tour so remarkable, to a destination so remote, became an object of interest to his fellow-townsmen.[3] By 1788 enterprise was sufficiently awakened to venture on the establishment of a direct stage-coach to run from Glasgow to London; and this, being one of the quick coaches lately instituted by Palmer, performed the journey of 405 miles in sixty-five hours, at the cost of £4:16s. to each inside passenger.[4] Swifter arrangements had also brought the west country nearer to the

[1] Creech mentions as a remarkable fact that in 1782 a person may set out on Sunday afternoon—"after divine service" he is careful to add—from Edinburgh, may stay a whole day in London, and be again in Edinburgh on Saturday at six in the morning.—*Fugitive Pieces*, p. 68.

[2] *Glasgow Past and Present*, ii. 144; Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow*, p. 132.

[3] The stage-coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow in twelve hours, starting at eight o'clock in the morning—the fare 12s. for each passenger, and 10d. a stone for all luggage in excess of one stone. The coach from Edinburgh to Stirling cost 8s.—*Scots Magazine*, 1766, p. 273. In 1799 the speed was increased, till it only took six hours between Edinburgh and Glasgow.—Chambers' *Dom. Annals*, iii. 612.

[4] Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow*, p. 132; *Glasgow Past and Present*, iii. 436.

east, and by the end of the century Glasgow folk could be carried by stage-coach to Edinburgh in six hours.

With this greater speed of communication, and the more frequent intercourse of society and interchange of business, the wretched hovels which had long done duty for inns, and the miserable hostelries which alone had offered accommodation to travellers, began to disappear. In Edinburgh, comfortable, cleanly houses, which bore the name, then strange in Scotland, of "hotels," were built;[1] and many Englishmen who, bent on pleasure or on business, began to travel north of the border towards the end of the century, had experiences different from, and incalculably pleasanter than, those of their countrymen who in less progressive times had ventured on Scottish soil and sojourned in malodorous Scottish inns. Not that the comparative improvement in food, attendance, rooms, and beds in North Britain could satisfy any one accustomed to those charming old hostelries in the south, where comfort reigned over all; for still in some remote districts and far-off towns, even into the nineteenth century, the disorder and dirt of olden times showed few signs of disappearing, and the traveller resigned himself to the disagreeables of each tavern in his route, in vain hopes that the next might compensate for the miseries of the last.

The post increased in speed and frequency as roads became more passable, and correspondents became more numerous. The letters had been carried to Glasgow by a post-boy on horseback; but in 1797, it is triumphantly said, "they are now carried in a single horse-chaise by a person properly armed." Edinburgh by 1780 had no less than six letter-carriers to distribute among a population of 70,000 souls; and throughout the country, instead of having only thirty-four post-towns as at the beginning of the century, there were a hundred and sixty-four at its close. This intercommunication of town with town, and country with city, was affecting the whole social life.[2]

[1] Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 69; Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.

[2] In 1765 the postage of letters carried on stage (50 miles) was reduced in England from 3d. to 1d., and in Scotland from 2d. to 1d.—Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 540. Letters carried from Edinburgh to London in 1790 in four days.—*Ibid.* p. 536.

III

We have seen how in the early part of the century it was extremely difficult to find occupation for sons at home, or a career abroad, which could afford them a decent livelihood, far less gain them a fortune. The common jibe was that when a Scotsman left his native soil he never cared to return, and that though he might die for his country he would not live in it. Certainly at that period there was some semblance of truth in the taunt. There was no employment for a man of genius or ambition in a country so poor. A man of enterprise went to London to try his fortune as naturally as a clever Breton goes to Paris. Brilliant poets and politicians, painters, doctors, and architects would have starved at home or died in obscurity, and they sought, therefore, their careers four hundred miles off. Had Dr. Cheyne, famed as physician and bon-vivant, remained in Scotland, the poor fees he would have got could never have allowed him to attain his huge bulk of thirty stone, nor could he with that Falstaffian frame of his have been able to pant up a turnpike stair, and squeeze through narrow entries to his patients in an Edinburgh fourth flat. So to England he went; to be followed, by and by, by Dr. Armstrong to find patients for his physic and patrons for his verse, and still later by the Hunters to gain great reputations, and by the Fordyces to make pleasant fortunes and profitable practices, while Dr. Cullen wrought laboriously at home to earn small fees. Frugal town councils cared not to spend money in magnificent public buildings, still less in churches, to ornament a city, and gentlemen rarely reared mansions worthy of their estate; wherefore architects capable of brilliant designs would have been confined to making plans which a respectable stone-mason could have drawn. Though distinguished draughtsmen did occasionally do work—and good work—in their own country, it was abroad they studied their art and in England they practised it—James Gibb, who became architect of Radcliffe Library at Oxford and St. Martin's Church in London; Robert Mylne, who designed Blackfriars Bridge; and the brothers Adam, who had no scope

for their talents at home, any more than James Watt for his inventive genius. It was in England Scots artists—Aikman, Strange, Ramsay—sought their public and their patrons. Colin Maclaurin, the brilliant young natural philosopher, eagerly had given up his pittance of £50 a year as Professor of Mathematics to become travelling tutor to a young gentleman; David Hume was glad to become governor to a hopelessly imbecile peer; and, later still, Adam Smith quitted his chair in the University of Glasgow to earn a better living as travelling companion to a youthful duke.

With the development of trade, however, bringing increase of wealth, there came more encouragement at home to men of talent and energy in professions and business and commerce; while for the adventurous there were being opened avenues to fortunes far afield in India and the Indies, where they planted and bought estates, and returned to buy properties and settle down as rich lairds. By the end of the century Scots gentlemen not merely secured good posts for their sons, but their influence was able to get good posts for even their dependants, as cadets in the army and civil servants in the "Company"; and many sons of crofters and mechanics were sent abroad, where they won reputations and fortunes and titles.[1]

Nor was there any department of business or any profession in England where Scots were not found making careers with a pertinacious success, which brought on them and their country many a jeer from southern lips and lampoons from Grub Street. Sir Pertinax Macsycophant of Macklin's *Man of the World*,[2] who makes his way by cunning, cringing, and

[1] "How many of these fine lads did my father and Charles Grant send out to India! Some that throve, some that only passed, some that made a name we were all proud of, and not one that I heard of that disgraced the homely rearing of their humbly-positioned but gentle-born parents. . . . Sir Charles Forbes was the son of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire. Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls, was a mere peasant—his uncles floated my father's timber down the Spey. General William Grant was a footboy in my uncle Rothie's family. Sir Colquhoun Grant, though a wood-setter's child, was but poorly reared. Sir William Macgregor, whose history was most romantic of all, was such another. The list could be easily lengthened did my memory serve."—*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, p. 99 (Miss Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus).

[2] The original title of the piece was the "True-born Scotsman," which was

wily persistence, by "booing and aye booing," and Sir Archy Macsarcasm with his cantankerous soul in *Love à la Mode*, contrasting with the generous Irishman of the play, were considered admirably accurate portraits of the typical North Briton. In fact, it would have been regarded as incongruous to put on the stage or in a satire a Scotsman without meanness and pawkiness, or to mention Scotland without allusion to its filth and its poverty, as it would have been to represent a Jew without his red beard and his sibilant "cent per cent," or Teague without his blunders and his brogue. The unpopularity of Lord Bute, the royal favourite, was more owing to his being a Scotsman than to being an incompetent statesman. That a Scots regiment should be called out to put down a Wilkes riot in London stirred popular indignation more than proposing to employ Red Indians to put down the white rebels in America. So extreme was this national antipathy that when Garrick produced Home's *Fatal Discovery*, he was obliged to conceal its source and make an Oxford student stand godfather to the play; and the success of the piece instantly ceased when the Scotsman, greedy of praise, proclaimed his authorship.[1]

This antipathy was reciprocated heartily. Scotsmen winced under the sneers, and they were embittered by the spleen of those "factious barbarians," as David Hume called them. In patriotic effort to magnify their own qualities, they preposterously over-rated everything and everybody Scottish, till the unread and unreadable *Epigoniad* of Wilkie—that grotesque lout of genius—was declared by Hume and many compatriots worthy of a place beside *Paradise Lost*, and Home's *Douglas* was proclaimed as fine a play as *Macbeth*—which its author thoroughly believed. Time ended these international reprisals, and brought peace to this uncivil war.

prohibited. Horace Walpole said he had heard there was little merit in the play except the resemblance of Sir Pertinax to twenty thousand Scotsmen.—*Letters*, vol. viii. p. 44.

[1] Mackenzie's *Life and Writings of Home*, p. 63.

IV

Amid the many important economical and social changes which came gradually over the country—growing wealth wider knowledge of the world, greater appreciation of the gains of civilisation—we may expect to find a larger appreciation of art. This expectation is but moderately fulfilled. While we have seen that artists had scanty encouragement from gentlemen who were too poor to pay for pictures and too uncivilised to care for them, in the latter half of the century they at least could earn a livelihood, and country houses began to show upon their walls paintings—not very many, not very precious—where thirty years before had been blank wastes of dingy-coloured plaster or discoloured oak. Several youths had been engaged in drawing in that poor little "school" in Edinburgh that called itself an "academy," under the patronage of St. Luke, where they aimed at greatness and often ended as house-painters, copying "bustoes" and poor reproductions under a querulous and ill-paid teacher. There they gained all their acquaintance with the achievements of art, supplemented by seeing in a country house fourth-rate pictures picked up by gentlemen on their foreign tours. Patrons helped impecunious promising youths to go to Rome—the studio of the world—where they first beheld the masterpieces of Italy, sorely to their humbling.

In 1736 Allan Ramsay, settled in his Luckenbooth bookshop, wrote to his friend John Smibert—another of Scotland's deserting painters: "My son Allan has been pursuing his studies since he was a dozen years auld, has been with Mr. Haffridg in London for two years; has been since at home painting like a Raphael, sets off for the Seat of the Beast beyond the Alps. I am sweer to part with him."[1] So young Allan went off to Rome, where the Scots classic painter Gavin Hamilton—another deserter—received all his young countrymen with welcome. In a few years Ramsay returned to Edinburgh to paint admirable portraits full of veracity, expression, and force, as well as to become a man of letters and of

[1] *The Gentle Shepherd*, with Illustrations of the Scenery, 1814, i. 64.

fashion. Judges, lords, and gentry he limned, and his portraits perpetuate the notable features of a generation before Raeburn practised his skill. But what was there in Scotland to satisfy a man of ambition? The demand for pictures was limited and the pay was poor. When a laird had his own portrait and his wife's taken, or a lord of session was depicted, complacent in his new robes, his desire to encourage art was satiated, for low ceilings and small rooms gave little accommodation for frames, especially in Edinburgh flats. So Scotland again lost in 1756 its only competent artist, and London absorbed the neat, keen-eyed, hot-tempered, genial Ramsay—a scholar, a linguist, a conversationalist, whom even Johnson praised in spite of his being a Scotsman, who gained success, becoming master painter to George III., whose frequent portraits he painted, and whose repast of boiled mutton and turnips he ate when his royal master had finished, while Queen Charlotte conversed in German with her favourite polyglot artist.[1]

When Scotland was in an utterly forlorn state as regards art, a project unhappily entered into the heads of worthy Andrew and Robert Foulis, most excellent printers, whose scholarly editions of classics in beautiful type and accurate texts were winning honour to them. This project was to found a great school of art in Glasgow—the seat of tobacco, tape, and the sugar trade. In their pilgrimages abroad to visit libraries and examine editions of classics, they collected some pictures which the good artless men thought rare bargains of great value; they secured a room in the hospitable precincts of the college; they hired two or three teachers, and opened their academy to develop art in 1753. Some scholars did come to learn designing, and made copies of pictures and "bustoes," which were sold to encourage native talent. Unluckily, tobacco lords cared little for fine arts; pictures did not go off; and students did not come in. Though the enthusiasm of the estimable founders was hard to damp, the crisis came at last to this misplaced venture. Among the closing scenes of the tragedy was the spectacle of a waggon lumbering along the road to London in 1775, accompanied by Robert Foulis (his

[1] Cunningham's *British Painters*, v. 34; Chambers' *Eminent Scotsmen* (*sub voce*).

brother, fortunately, was dead), and his faithful man beside him, escorting, as it had been a hearse, the freight of spurious masterpieces and unsold copies. After an Exhibition, which had scarcely a spectator, there followed the auction by the remorseless hammer, which knocked down for fabulously low prices cherished "Raphaels" that Raphael never saw. Then came the end. Robert Foulis felt the hand of death upon him, and when Dr. William Hunter, to cheer his forlorn friend, had offered to get the king to see the Exhibition, he answered, "It doesn't signify. I shall soon be in the presence of the King of kings"—which was true, for the poor man fell ill and died in Edinburgh as he was proceeding on his disconsolate journey home.[1]

Still, one or two of the lads who had sat in the benches of the now dismantled academy were to win some little fame. There was James Tassie, the stone-mason, who learned modelling, and afterwards made his name by his charming medallion portraits and beautiful imitations of gems and cameos in his secret "white enamel paste." There, too, David Allan, the queer, mean-looking, pock-pitted, threadbare lad, served seven years' apprenticeship, who after his return from Rome turned his hand to depicting rural life. His illustrations of Scots songs, which delighted Burns, and his drawings for the *Gentle Shepherd*, giving admirable representations of cottage interiors, of rural ways and humours and habits, displayed a genuine Hogarthian humour, with such sad absence of grace that, as Allan Cunningham says, his shepherdesses were more adapted to scare crows than to allure lovers.[2] For this almost forgotten artist can be claimed the merit of being the earliest of Scottish genre painters, the precursor of those delineators of domestic scenes and humours of whom Wilkie was the greatest.

In the now deserted rooms for a time had also studied Alexander Runciman, who after his return from Rome abandoned his beloved landscape-painting, because no one cared for it, and became as full of enthusiasm for the favourite

[1] *Notices of Literary Hist. of Glasgow* (Maitland Club), p. 40.

[2] Cunningham's *British Painters*, vi. 21; *The Gentle Shepherd*, with Illustrations of the Scenery, an Appendix containing the Memoirs of David Allan, the Scots Hogarth, 2 vols. 1814.

classic historical scenes which then filled acres of canvas in the Royal Academy, but found place in few country houses in Scotland; for what mortal could long endure the sight upon his walls of "Sigismunda weeping over the heart of Tancred," or "Job in distress," or that theme on which every historical painter of the day tried his skill, "Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus"? Into Runciman's studio men of letters and law—Robertson and Kames and Monboddo—loved to come to chat and watch at work the exuberant man brimming over with interest in everything. Ambitious of emulating the work of Michel Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, he set to work to paint for his friend Sir John Clerk of Penicuik scenes from Ossian, which since 1762 kindled admiration in enthusiastic bosoms for the mist and mystery of the north, the moaning ocean on the wind-swept Isles, the magniloquent, shadowy, and melancholy heroes. The scaffold was raised, and there he lay, lying in painful postures—contracting a disease from which he ultimately died one day as he entered his house in 1785.

Portrait-painters were usually sure of customers in Edinburgh; and amongst others David Martin, who has perpetuated for us the features of Jupiter Carlyle, Lord Kames, Hume, Benjamin Franklin, was painting and engraving for forty years. But in 1785 another artist arose to eclipse all rivals—Henry Raeburn, who left his goldsmith's shop to study design entirely by himself; for Martin would not show him how to mix colours, though he lent him pictures to copy. When only twenty-two he began to practise his art, and everything prospered with the "lad in George Street," as envious Martin spoke of him with a snarl, from the time he set up his easel and the young pretty widow called to have her portrait taken, with the result that in a month's time she made an admirable picture and began to be an admirable wife. To the studio in George Street, and afterwards in York Place, what a wonderful succession and variety of customers came to sit upon that high platform on which the painter placed them, and felt his dark keen eye fixed on them as he stepped back to contemplate his subject, resting his chin on his fingers, as he stands in his own portrait, before applying his swift, unerring strokes to the canvas! Everybody who

was anybody sat to him—nobles and gentlemen to add to a family gallery, rubicund judges, shrewd writers and advocates whose faces bespoke "an excellent practice," ministers and professors of note, men of letters and science, Highland chiefs "all plaided and plumed," young ladies who still were beauties and old ladies who had once been toasts, from whose "speaking likenesses" one almost expects to hear the good Scots tongue speak forth.[1]

Yet another artist has his distinct place in the social life of Scotland—the first of its landscape-painters. Alexander Nasmyth had returned to his native Edinburgh from Ramsay's studio, where he had been one of the five assistants that filled in the details and backgrounds for the busy court portrait-painter. Of course he took to painting portraits, and to him we owe the precious sketch of his friend Robert Burns in 1787. He had, however, cause to abandon that department. His political opinions were pronounced—the keen "rights of man" type of the day—and he lacked the gift of holding his tongue. Naturally, douce citizens and Tory lairds were wroth at listening to wild utterances, which they could not resent without spoiling their reposeful expression. Nasmyth, therefore, prudently turned from depicting the features of customers whom he made irascible to painting the face of nature, which betrays no emotion. It was a well-timed change. Appreciation of beauty and wildness in scenery was springing up. No longer would anybody except painter Northcote pass over Mt. Cenis with night-cowl drawn tight over his eyes, not caring for one glimpse of Alpine glory. Gray, the poet, returned from his Highland tour in 1765 proclaiming that "the mountains were ecstatic and ought to be visited once a year. None but these monstrous children of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror."[2] By 1780 Englishmen were touring through Scotland, and knew more of its lochs and mountains which Johnson had called "protuberances," than Scotsmen themselves. Country gentlemen were busy improving their grounds and adding picturesqueness to their homes, and with this taste Nasmyth's landscapes harmonised. Noblemen and

[1] Cunningham's *British Painters*, v. 204; Chambers' *Eminent Scotsmen.*

[2] *Gray's Works* (Gosse's edition), vol. iii. p. 223.

lairds consulted him how to set out their "policies" to advantage, and no better counsellor could be got than he who had inherited from his father the taste of an architect, and transmitted to his son James, the notable engineer, his skill as mechanic. When the Duke of Atholl consulted him as to how he could get trees planted in inaccessible spots, he got tin canisters, filled them with seed, and fired them from a little cannon towards the required nooks, where the seeds sprang up and in time became stalwart trees.[1]

For the first time in many a town and country house were to be seen pictures of Scots woodland or mountain scenery, due to the hand of Nasmyth, who founded a school of landscape-painting which had true scholars in his own son Patrick and Thomson of Duddingston.[2]

Still, notwithstanding these efforts to spread art and increase taste, when the next century began the public were without interest in it; and it is said there was no market for any pictures except portraits by Raeburn.[3]

V

After this digression into the region of art we return to the common ways and manners of society, in which time was working many a change.

Ladies, after the middle of the century, were altering greatly in habits, taste, and dress.[4] By the more easy and frequent intercourse with towns, city modes were passing into every rural mansion. The national plaid was abandoned about 1750 and no longer graced their forms and piquantly hid their features; and in chip hats, toupees, and sacques, they followed the style of Edinburgh, which had been copied from London. Education changed slowly, and they still left school ignorant of geography, history, and grammar, though they

[1] *Autobiography of James Nasmyth*, edited by Smiles.

[2] Baird's *Life of Thomson of Duddingston;* Brydall's *Hist.*

[3] Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 244.

[4] In 1750 there were only six milliners in Edinburgh.—Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen.* Two sisters of Thomson, author of the *Seasons*, had become mantua makers.

spelt more respectably and spoke a little less broadly. They might know occasionally a little Italian—just enough to misunderstand it.[1] They were deft with their fingers at sewing cambric and plying their tambouring. The old instruments of the mothers or grandmothers, viol and virginal, remained as lumber in the garrets, and they played on the harpsichord and spinet, to which they sang their plaintive Jacobite songs and made their audience weep in sentiment over Prince Charlie, who was busy drinking himself to death at Florence. But after the pianoforte was introduced into England in 1767, that instrument took the place of the dear old jingling wires of the spinet, from which the nimble reels and strathspeys had come with infinite spirit to stir feet to merry measure at the unceremonious gatherings in many a country house, when, after the dance was over, half a dozen damsels would sleep together in some small bedroom, and the men in dishevelment were content to pass the night in a barn or stable loft. At last spinet and harpsichord were sold at roups for a few shillings to tradesmen and farmers for their daughters to practise on, or to act as sideboards. Now to the piano were sung other songs—those which, united to delightful airs, came with a rush of feminine lyric genius from Lady Anne Lindsay, Miss Elliot, Mrs. Cockburn, and Mrs. Hunter—the two "sets" of "Flowers of the Forest," "Auld Robin Gray," "My mother bids me bind my hair," which charmed the tea-parties when the century was old. From the society balls the minuet had gone with the primmer public manners of the past, and the reel and country dance had become popular to suit a freer age.

Observers of manners and lovers of the past were noticing and deploring the rise of new and livelier ways. Of old there had been amid woman-kind a dignity and stateliness in deportment, begotten of the severe discipline of the nursery, the rigour of the home, and precision of those gentlewomen of high

[1] At the end of the century Italian was often made one of the items of young ladies' accomplishments. About 1775 the young ladies of Gask were taught by a governess, who was hired at a salary of from 10 to 12 guineas a year to impart the practice of "ye needle, principles of religion and loyalty, a good carriage, and talking tolerable good English."—Oliphant's *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*.

birth who taught in high flats all feminine accomplishments. If they snuffed it was with formality; if they spoke broad Scots it was without vulgarity; if they said things—and they did say them—that sounded improper to a new generation, their behaviour was a model of propriety, for they had been reared sternly.[1] By 1780, when these ladies had become frail and wrinkled and old, the austerity of home training, the aloofness of parent and children, so painfully characteristic of former days in Scotland,[2] had passed off, to the regret of many old-fashioned folk. Dr. Gregory, an admirable physician, and without doubt an admirable father, spoke of these changes with sorrow: "Every one who can remember a few years back will be sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by gentlemen to ladies. Their drawing-rooms are deserted, and after dinner the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. The behaviour of ladies in the last age was reserved and stately; it would now be considered ridiculously stiff and formal. It certainly had the effect of making them respected."[3] Probably to many to-day the social ease, whose advent was so lamented, would seem after all stiff as starch and buckram.

[1] On the tastes and topics of ladies, about 1750, see letters concerning horse-breeding by a lady of rank in Dunbar's *Social Life of Morayshire*. Speaking of ladies previous to 1730, Miss Mure says: "The ladies were indelicate and vulgar in their manners, and even after '45 they did not change much and were indelicate in married ones."—*Caldwell Papers*, i. 262. She speaks of young ladies in the boisterous merriment of a marriage or christening getting "intoxicated"; but perhaps there was a milder Scots meaning in the word, for we find James Boswell with subtle refinement explaining to his friend Temple, "I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated."—*Letters of Boswell*, p. 209.

[2] *Lives of the Lindsays*, ii. 304; Dennistoun's *Life of Sir R. Strange;* Lady Minto's *Life of Sir Gilbert Elliot*, i. 15; Fergusson's *Henry Erskine*, p. 62. Miss Violet MacShake in Miss Ferrier's *Marriage* expresses these old family relationships in a forcible way, strikingly like that of Miss Mure of Caldwell (*Caldwell Papers*, i. 260): "I' my grandfather's time, as I have heard him tell, ilka maister o' a faamily had his ain sate in his ain hoose; aye, an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land; an' had his ain dish an' wus aye helpit first an' keepit up his authority as a man should do. Paurents were paurents then—bairns daurdna' set up their gabs afore them as they dae noo."—ii. 126 (1818). For strangely reserved terms between Joanna Baillie's parents and their family see Tytler and Watson's *Songstresses of Scotland*, ii. p. 183.

[3] *A Father's Legacy to his Daughter*, 1774.

Whether the old days were better than the new may be a matter of doubt. Englishmen found Scots ladies charmingly frank and natural, and more intelligible than their elders, as they gave up broad Scots words and retained only the Scots cadence;[1] but certainly the former school of gentlewomen was far more picturesque and more quaint, more interesting to look at and more entertaining to listen to. They might be poor—they usually were; they might as dowagers live, like Lady Lovat, in a small flat on £140 a year, and be able, like that high-born and high-residenced dame, to put only a penny or half-penny in the "brod" on Sabbath when they went to the fashionable Tron Kirk of Edinburgh; they might go out in pattens and bargain in emphatic vernacular over a fishwife's creel at the "stair foot," and be lighted home with a lantern to the "close mouth" when the tea-party was over, to save sixpence for a sedan-chair; but in city and jointure houses in country towns, with their tea and card parties, they wondrously maintained their dignity. They talked of things with blandness on which a reticent age keeps silence; they had read Aphra Behn's plays and spoke freely of *Tom Jones*, which the young generation would shut with a slam of disapproval, or hide under the sofa cushion when a visitor came in;[2] they punctuated their caustic sayings with a big pinch of snuff,

[1] The Scots tongue was no longer heard in its purity and its breadth from the lips of the younger people in 1774. Speaking of this date, Dr. Johnson writes: "The conversation of the Scots grows every day less displeasing to the English ear. Their peculiarities wear fast away; their dialect is likely to become in half a century provincial and rustic even to themselves. The great, the learned, the ambitious, and the vain all cultivate the English phrases and the English pronunciation. In splendid companies Scots is not much heard, except now and then from an old lady."—*Journey to the Western Islands*, 1791. It is evident that those who met Dr. Samuel tried to speak their best and not their usual. "Scots literati write English as a foreign language, though Edinburgh society manifest an anxiety to rid themselves of Scots accent."—P. 22. Topham's *Letters*, 1776.

[2] When old Miss Keith of Ravelston got at her request Mrs. Behn's works to read, she returned them with the words: "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and if you will take my advice you will put her in the fire; for I find it impossible to get through the first novel. But is it not an odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which sixty years ago I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?"—*Life of Sir W. Scott*, vi. 406.

and sometimes confirmed them with a rattling oath.[1] But, for all, they were as upright as they were downright; their manners were stiff as their stomachers, and their morals as erect as their figures, which they kept bolt upright without touching the backs of the chairs—for so they had been disciplined under the tuition of the Honourable Mrs. Ogilvie, that sister-in-law of Lord Seafield whose boarding-school was the pink of feminine perfection.

Changing times were affecting the men also; the uncouthness and provincialism were disappearing from their manners, their attire, and their speech; but some habits of the past were becoming, as in English society, worse instead of wiser. Drinking had always been a favourite occupation. At dinners, public and private, solemn and genial, at christenings, weddings, and funerals, they drank with equal vigour and perfect impartiality. When the chief beverage was ale the effects were not so disastrous or so lasting; when dinners were at one o'clock or two, the drinking could not be prolonged, for the business of the afternoon hindered protracted sittings. But when dinner hours advanced to three or four o'clock, and they took claret, and still worse when all drank port, the parties continued at the board till late at night, in genial company, and he was reckoned a poor host indeed who allowed his friends to leave the dining-room sober. In these circles the wine was seldom placed on the table at dinner, but required each time to be called for, and then it was drunk with the formula of each gentleman asking another to drink with him. This was the invariable process gone through: there was the glance across the table to a friend, the pantomimic lifting or the glass, the inviting words, "A glass of wine with you, sir?" and congenially they drank each other's health. Such was the custom in good society, though not in the very highest life.

[1] Of the vigour of speech with which genuine ladies of old times expressed themselves, many stories are told; see above, p. 29.—Dennistoun's *Life of Sir R. Strange*, ii. 213. A dame of distinguished family of that period when driving home one night was awakened by the carriage being stopped by the coachman who told her he had seen "a fa'in' star." "And what hae ye to do wi' the stars I wad like to ken?" said his mistress. "Drive on this moment and be damned to you"—adding in a lower tone, as was her wont, "as Sir John wad ha' said if he had been alive, honest man."—Stirling-Maxwell's *Miscellaneous Essays*, 1891, p. 160.

When the table was cleared of viands, and the glasses once more were set on the shining mahogany, each person proposed the health of every other person present severally, and thus if there were ten guests there were ninety healths drunk, with serious consequences to the health of all. There were also rounds of toasts, each gentleman naming an absent lady, each lady an absent gentleman. Next followed "sentiments," as another excuse for further imbibing. Each person was called on in turn to propose a wish called a "sentiment"—it might be some crisp sentence, a poetic phrase, a jovial proverb, or, as generally, a fatuous moral reflection. Each guest proposed such a fine utterance as "May the hand of charity wipe the tears of sorrow," "May the pleasures of the night bear the reflection of the morning," or, in homely vernacular, the sentiment might be, "May waur ne'er be amang us," "May the wind of adversity ne'er blaw open our door," and then followed applause and a drink. Practised diners-out had their own invariable sentences, which were loyally reserved to them as a favourite song to a singer. As every one must take part in the round of sentiments—the youngest, the shyest, the least inventive—it was an agonising ordeal to many. After the ladies had left the room the conviviality, with jest and story and song, began with renewed vigour; so that gentlemen did not join the ladies, not being producible in the drawing-room.[1] That in these days and nights of hard potations country guests found their way home through pitch-dark rugged roads, shows that the horses were more rational than their riders. Fortunately, by the end of the century society became more sensible and less noisy. The deplorably idiotic custom of "sentiment-giving" was given up, to the intense relief of old and young, and incessant toasts were only lingering in the practice of stupid old-fashioned veterans in geniality. The hard drinking considerably sobered down in Scotland as in England, and the most arduous feats of a bibulous generation had become memories, leaving, however, their most vivid traces in features, as of Henry Dundas, "tinged with convivial purple."

[1] Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, 1863, pp. 67-72; Cockburn's *Memorials of his Times*, p. 35; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1766; Fergusson's *Henry Erskine and his Times*, p. 213; Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow*.

In spite of the lapse of time and disappearance of many old homely traits of living, to the end there were many quaint aspects of the past in Scots country life. The pedlars still came round with their packs, though no longer had the lady any yarn of her own spinning to exchange for webs of linen; the survivors of the old gaberlunzies, clad in their blue gowns, called still with wallets over their shoulders to receive meat and meal at the door, and retail gossip and stories in the kitchen. There was a kindly attachment of domestics who served for small wages, and, achieving longevity, passed down as heirlooms in a family through two generations, living and dying as the familiar and garrulous tyrants of a household.

Scottish—ineffaceably Scottish—remained many types of society, especially in the country houses and manses, in spite of the advent of modern innovations, and that frequent intercourse with the wider world which was fast polishing the race into conventional shape. In no other country, surely, did there exist such marked individuality of character. Each one might retain his or her peculiarity, his or her whim of mind, oddity of life, or fancy of dress, in country seat or city flat. This striking originality of nature was found alike in judge and laird and minister, and in their spouses. The country swarmed with "originals" in every rank, in town and village. One can see what special personality there was as we look at sketches, which seem to us caricatures, of Edinburgh notables, etched by John Kay the barber so cleverly, which, any time after 1783, when stuck up in his little shop window in Parliament Square, attracted in the morning groups of citizens, who recognised with laughter some well-known local figure with each peculiarity emphasised, and pronounced every quaint likeness "capital"—except their own. One meets with these distinct characteristics in those ladies and gentlemen of the decline of the century who live in Lord Cockburn's charming pages. One notes them in the portraits and the stories of the bench of judges—a veritable menagerie of oddities, chokeful of whims, absurdities, and strange idiosyncrasies, and of queer humour, conscious or unconscious, in dignitaries without dignity. Where else could attain to high position and exist in sedate and sensible company a Braxfield,

a Polkemmet, an Eskgrove, and a Hermand? The old race, with their old-world ways, which was at last leaving the earth, luckily survived long enough to be portrayed by the master touch of Sir Henry Raeburn, from whose canvasses so many faces with distinctively Scots features and qualities—gentlemen in their high collars, ruffled shirts, and powdered hair or wigs, and dames in old picturesque attire of a bygone day—look down from the walls of many mansions upon a later and a conventional generation. It is difficult to say which was more fortunate—the sitters who had such a superb artist to paint them, or the artist who had such admirable figures to copy.

CHAPTER III

TOWN LIFE—EDINBURGH

I

The height of Edinburgh's glory was before the Union of 1707, in the days when meetings of the Scots Parliament drew to the capital nobles and persons of quality from every county, when periodically the city was full of the richest, most notable, and best-bred people in the land, and the dingy High Street and Canongate were brightened by gentlemen in their brave attire, by ladies rustling in their hoops, brocade dresses, and brilliant coloured plaids, by big coaches gorgeous in their gilding, and lackeys splendid in their livery. For the capital of a miserably poor country, Edinburgh had then a wonderful display of wealth and fashion. After 1707 all this was sadly changed. "There is the end of an auld sang," said Lord Chancellor Seafield in jest, whether light or bitter, when the Treaty of Union was concluded; but it was a "song" that lingered long in the hearts of those who knew it well, associated with a long eventful history, and leaving many regretful memories behind it. No more was the full concourse of men and ladies of high degree to make society brilliant with the chatter of right honourable voices, the glint of bright eyes from behind the masks, the jostling of innumerable sedan-chairs in the busy thoroughfare, where nobles and caddies, judges and beggars, forced their way with equal persistency. Instead of the throng of 145 nobles and 160 commoners, who often with their families and attendants filled the town with life and business, there went to Westminster the sixteen

representative peers and sixty members of Parliament, travelling reluctantly and tediously and expensively by the wretched roads, and lodging in London at ruinous charges—and all for what? To find themselves obscure and unhonoured in the crowd of English society and the unfamiliar intrigues of English politics, where they were despised for their poverty, ridiculed for their speech, sneered at for their manners, and ignored in spite of their votes by the Ministers and Government.[1]

No wonder the Union was specially unpopular in Edinburgh, for it deprived the city of national dignity, carried from citizens their fashions, and spoiled their trade. A gloom fell over the Scots capital: society was dull, business was duller still,[2] the lodgings once filled with persons of quality were left empty—many decayed for want of tenants, some fell almost into ruin.[3] For many a year there was little social life, scanty intellectual culture, and few traces of business enterprise. Gaiety and amusement were indulged in only under the censure of the Church and the depressing air of that gloomy piety which held undisputed and fuller sway when the influence of rank and fashion no longer existed to counteract it.

[1] "It was one of the melancholyist sights to any that have any sense of an antient nobility to see them going throu for votes and making partys, and giving their votes to others who once had their own vote."—Wodrow's *Analecta*, i. 308. "In the beginning of this month [September 1711] I hear a generall dissatisfaction our nobility that was at last Parliament have at their treatment at London. They complean they are only made use of as tools among the English, and cast by when their party designs are over."—*Ibid.* i. 348. In great dudgeon in 1712 the Scots members met together and expressed "high resentment of the uncivil haughty treatment they met with from the English."—*Lockhart Papers*, i. 417. Principal Robertson remarked to Dr. Somerville, "'Our members suffered immediately after the Union. The want of the English language and their uncouth manners were much against them. None of them were men of parts, and they never opened their lips but on Scottish business, and then said little." Lord Onslow (formerly Speaker) said to him, 'Dr. Robertson, they were odd-looking dull men. I remember them well.'"—Somerville's *Own Life and Times*, p. 271.

[2] Allan Ramsay's *Poems*, 1877, i. 169. This desolation is deplored in 1717:—

> O Canongate, poor elritch hole!
> What loss, what crosses dost thou thole,
> London and death gar thee look droll,
> And hing thy head.
>
> "Elegy on Lucky Wood."

[3] Maitland's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, 1756.

The town, all enclosed within the city walls, chiefly consisted of one long street—Canongate and High Street—that stretched a mile long from Holyrood to Castle, with the low-lying parallel Cowgate. From this main thoroughfare branched off innumerable closes and wynds, in which lived a dense population, gentle and simple.[1] There was something impressive in the houses towering to ten to twelve stories in height of that extended street, though its continuity was then broken midway by the Netherbow Port—the Temple Bar of Edinburgh—with its huge iron gateway. There was picturesqueness in the houses, whose wooden-faced gables were turned to the streets, the projecting upper story making piazzas below. But the few visitors from England were impressed far more by its dirt and dinginess than by its quaint beauty, by the streets which were filthy, the causeways rugged and broken, the big gurgling gutters in which ran the refuse of a crowded population, and among which the pigs poked their snouts in grunting satisfaction for garbage. By ten o'clock each night the filth collected in each household was poured from the high windows, and fell in malodorous plash upon the pavement, and not seldom on unwary passers-by. At the warning call of "Gardy loo" (*Gardez l'eau*) from servants preparing to outpour the contents of stoups, pots, and cans, the passengers beneath would agonisingly cry out "Haud yer hand"; but too often the shout was unheard or too late, and a drenched periwig and besmirched three-cornered hat were borne dripping and ill-scented home. At the dreaded hour when the domestic abominations were flung out, when the smells (known as the "flowers of Edinburgh") filled the air, the citizens burnt their sheets of brown paper[2] to neutralise the odours of the outside, which penetrated their rooms within. On the ground all night the dirt and ordure lay awaiting the few and leisurely scavengers, who came nominally at seven o'clock next morning with wheel-barrows to remove it. But ere that

[1] Contemporary descriptions of Edinburgh in the first half of the century:—*Journey through North of England and Scotland in* 1704, privately printed 1818; Macky's *Journey through Scotland*, 1729; *Tour through Great Britain* (begun by Defoe), iv. 88; Burt's *Letters from the North*, i. 18.

[2] Dealers in brown paper are said to have made no little profit by selling that article for deodorising purposes.—Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, ii. 4.

morning hour the streets were becoming thronged, for people rose and business began early, and the shopkeepers, treading cautiously amid the filth and over the teeming gutters, had set forth to open their booths. Worst of all was the Sunday, when strict piety forbade all work, deeming that street-cleansing was neither an act of necessity nor one of mercy, and required the dirt to remain till Monday morning.

While high overhead towered the houses in the air, many in the Lawnmarket had pillared piazzas on the ground floor, under which were the open booths where merchants showed their wares. Others spread them on the pavement in front of their shops, and in the middle of the street near St. Giles were open spaces, where on stalls the special crafts displayed their goods—woollen stuffs, linen, or pots—for the shops were too small and too obscure to accommodate or show off the modest stores their owners possessed. In the second or third flat of the Luckenbooths—a row of tall narrow houses standing in front of St. Giles and blocking the High Street—the best tradesmen had their shops, at a rental of which the very highest rate was £15,[1] and not a few of these shopkeepers, notwithstanding their humble rooms and slender stock of goods, were members of high Scots county families. Others in good position had their business in cellars or little chambers on the basement, to which the customers descended by worn stone steps, and in which there was little space to turn and little light to see by. High up in front of the houses were the strange signs, painted in colours on black ground, each tradesman picturing thereon the article in which he chiefly dealt—the effigy of a quarter loaf showed that in that flat there traded a baker; over the window above a periwig advertised the presence of a barber; the likeness of a cheese or firkin of butter, of stays, or of a petticoat, pointed out to the people where were to be got the articles they sought.[2] Few goods were kept in stock, and the customer for silk, cloth, or jewellery must give his order betimes, and patiently wait

[1] Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh*, ii. 352; Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*.

[2] Topham's *Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 28.

till it came its slow course from London by waggon, or from Holland or Flanders by the boat to Leith three months afterwards.

In the flats of the lofty houses in wynds or facing the High Street the populace dwelt, who reached their various lodgings by the steep and narrow "scale" staircases, which were really upright streets. On the same building lived families of all grades and classes, each in its flat in the same stair—the sweep and caddie in the cellars, poor mechanics in the garrets, while in the intermediate stories might live a noble, a lord of session, a doctor, or city minister, a dowager countess, or writer; higher up, over their heads, lived shopkeepers, dancing masters, or clerks. The rents of these mansions varied curiously in the same close, or same stair, from the cellars and garrets paying £12 Scots (18s.) to the best-class chambers paying £300 Scots (£20). But the common rent of a gentleman's dwelling in the first half of the century was £8 or £10 a year. Lord President Dundas used to say that even when his income was 20,000 merks (£1000), he lived in a house at £100 Scots (£8 : 6 : 8) and had only two roasts a week.[1] But living was then plain, for incomes were small; a minister in his city charge in the middle of the century and a professor in the University were thought well off with £100 or £130 a year, while a lord of session had a salary of £500. The dark, narrow stairs, with their stone steps worn and sloping with traffic, were filthy to tread on; and on reaching the flat where lodged an advocate in extensive practice, eyes and nose encountered at the door the "dirty luggies" in which were deposited the contents which, as St. Giles' bells rang out ten o'clock, were to be precipitated from the windows.[2] On the door, instead of a bell or knocker, was a "risp," which consisted of a notched or twisted rod of iron with a ring attached, which the visitor rasped up and down upon the

[1] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 28.

[2] *Tour through Great Britain*, iv. 88; *Humphrey Clinker*. The Town Council, in August 1745, "considering that inasmuch as the several Acts on the throwing of foul water, filth, dirt, and other nastiness in the high streets, vennels, and closes had not been put into due execution, direct each family would now provide vessels in the houses for holding their excrements and foul water at least for 48 hours, under penalty of 4s. Scots."

notches till the door was opened by a maidservant, probably with neither shoes nor stockings.[1]

The rooms within were entered from a narrow, ill-lighted lobby, and were low-ceilinged, deriving light from the spare windows which long before sunset had faded into gloom. Sometimes in the public rooms there were signs of dignity and art, in the elaborately stuccoed ceiling, the finely carved massive marble mantelpiece, the walls oak-panelled or covered with gilt leather, with landscape panels from the hand of "old Norrie," the decorator; but usually the rooms were plain and poor, crammed with furniture for which there was no space. The accommodation in a mansion of high class would be six rooms, including the kitchen. Far on in the century in the public rooms there were beds, concealed during day by curtains. Campbell of Succoth, an eminent lawyer, lived in his flat in James's Court, where his clerks worked in a little closet without a fire-place, and when the Duke of Argyll and other big clients dined with him, they were received in Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's bedroom.[2] Partly from economy, partly from lack of space, the staff of servants was extremely limited,[3] for often one—and there was no accommodation for more than two—did the work of the household on a wage of

[1] Chambers' *Traditions*, i. 236. Called a "craw," because it made a rasping noise like a crow.

> Here in these chambers ever dull and dark
> The lady gay received her gayer spark,
> Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread
> Trembled at opening casements overhead;
> And when in safety at her porch he trod,
> He seized the risp and rasped the twisted rod.
>
> "Ancient Royalty," Sir Alex. Boswell's *Poems*.

[2] *Memoirs and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier*, p. 11.

[3] Lord Alemoor (died 1776) lived in a second flat of Covenant Close, with five rooms and kitchen, yet kept a carriage.—Chambers' *Traditions*, i. 186. Bruce of Kennet, before he rose to the Bench, lived in a flat in Forester's Wynd, Lawnmarket, at a rent of £11, containing three rooms and a kitchen; one room was "my lady's," another a consulting room or study, the third their bedroom, while their maid (who was their only servant except the nurse) slept under the kitchen dresser; their serving man slept out of the house, and the nurse and children had beds in the study, which were removed during the day. In later days Lord Kennet removed (1764) to a house of great gentility of two flats in Horse Wynd.—Chambers' *Minor Antiquities*, Introd. xxx. John Coutts, Lord Provost, had in 1743 his residence, his banking business, and civic feasts in President's Close, High Street, consisting of five rooms.—Forbes' *Memoirs of a Banking House*.

20s. a year and a gown. In the house of a gentleman who luxuriously kept his carriage the servant slept under a dresser in the kitchen, while his man slept over the stable; and in the flat occupied by an eminent judge the maid slept as best she could in a drawer in the kitchen which was shut up during the day.[1] Owing to the scantiness of space, the nurse and children would probably sleep in the study, if such existed, the beds being removed during the day, when the lord of session worked over his charges or the nobleman saw his friends, while the lady in her bedroom was entertaining her guests at tea.[2]

The air in these low rooms was not extremely fresh, especially when it came from those windows which opened into fetid closes or wynds, which were so narrow that the inhabitants could converse easily and exchange friendly cups of tea with their neighbours on the other side. The long precipitous stairs were crowded all day long with men, women, and children belonging to the various flats passing up and down—masons, judges, dancing masters, countesses, barbers, and advocates, all encountered each other in the narrow passage. Besides the residents there was the stream of porters carrying coals, the Musselburgh fishwives with their creels, the sweeps, the men and women conveying the daily supply of water for each flat, barbers' boys with retrimmed wigs, the various people bent on business or on pleasure, on errands and visits for the several landings, all jostling unceremoniously as they squeezed past one another. It was no easy task for brilliantly dressed ladies to crush their hoops, four or five yards in circumference, up the scale-stairs, or to keep them uncontaminated by the dirt abounding on the steps. So confined were some of the stairs that it was sometimes impossible, when death came, to get the coffin down; and when a passage was too narrow for

[1] Nor was the cleanliness of those unsalubrious abodes above suspicion, and it was not uncommon for lodgings to be advertised as possessing the special virtue of being "free from bugs." It is with this recommendation that Lord Kilkerran announces his flat to be let at £20.—Chambers' *Traditions*, ii. 235.

[2] "The fashion of the House in Edinbro' was so small at that time [1697] that there was turned up beds with curtains drawn round them in most of the best rooms of the house."—Warrender's *Marchmont and House of Polwarth*, p. 157.

that purpose, the power was possessed by legal servitude for the tenant of a house so situated to get entry through the adjacent house, and bring the coffin down its more commodious stair.[1]

Curiously uncomfortable and mean as these abodes seem to a more civilised and luxurious age, they were ideal residences to many in that frugal age.[2] So familiar, so natural, was this kind of dwelling in their eyes that the tale was told —truly or not—of a Scottish gentleman who paid his first visit to London, and, taking his lodging in the uppermost story of a house, was surprised to find that the higher he went the cheaper it was. When a friend told him he had made a mistake, he replied that he "kenned very weel what gentility was, and when he had lived a' his life in a sixth story he wasna come to London to live on the grund."[3]

The hours for rising were early in these old times, and the city was astir by five o'clock in the morning. Before the St. Giles' bells had sounded seven the shops were open, the shutters were flung back on their hinges, and over the half-door the tradesmen were leaning, chatting to their neighbours, and receiving the last news; while citizens walked down to the little post-office, situated up a stair, to get the letters just brought in by the post-runner from Glasgow or Aberdeen, instead of waiting till they were distributed through the town by the single letter-carrier of the city, or even the three carriers who were installed in 1717. In the taverns the doctors were seeing their patients. Up till 1713 the celebrated physician Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, was to be found in the dingy under-

[1] This was done when Sir W. Scott's aunt, Mrs. Rutherfurd, died in Hyndford Close.

[2] The accommodation contained in mansions of the highest order can be learned from an advertisement of 1753. "To be let, a very convenient lodging, pleasantly situated amidst gardens on the north side of the Cannongate, belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Panmure, and lately possessed by the Countess of Aberdeen, consisting of a large dining-room, a drawing-room, 3 very good bedrooms with closets, and other conveniences on the same floor; above is very good garrets with vents, and below a very convenient kitchen, cellars, etc., all enclosed within a handsome courtyard."—Chambers' *Minor Antiquities*, p. 252. This dwelling, so flatteringly described, or part of it, was afterwards occupied by Adam Smith, and was more impartially spoken of as a "melancholy, dingy abode."

[3] Topham's *Letters*, p. 11.

ground cellar, called from its darkness the "groping office," near St. Giles'. Early every morning, by six o'clock, President Dalrymple had seen his agent, and gone over a dozen cases before his breakfast. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour, with its substantial meal of mutton, collops, and fowl, with libations of ale, and sometimes sack, claret, or brandy—tea not being used at that meal till about 1730.[1] The citizen shut his shop, or left his wife to tend it, when the St. Giles' bells rang at half-past eleven—a well-known sound which was known as the "gill-bells," because each went to his favourite tavern to take his "meridian," consisting of a gill of brandy, or a tin of ale. Little these citizens heeded the music-bells, which meanwhile overhead were playing the bright charming tunes to which wiser folk were all listening.[2] The dinner hour was at one o'clock till 1745, when it was being changed to two, though the humbler shopkeepers dined at twelve. The wonted fare in winter was broth, salt beef, boiled fowls; for only the wealthy could afford to get fresh beef at high prices until the summer, when the arrival of any supply of beef for sale was announced in the streets by the bellman.[3]

By two o'clock all citizens wended their way down their respective stairs to their places of business, reopened the doors, and hung up the key on a nail on the lintel[4]—a practice which afforded the notorious burglar, Deacon Brodie, in 1780, opportunities of taking impressions of the keys on putty. By the early afternoon the streets were crowded, for into the main thoroughfare the inhabitants of the city poured. Later in the century an Englishman describes the scene: "So great a crowd

[1] That tea was in vogue about 1720, and was soon established as a fashion, is shown by Allan Ramsay entitling his collection of songs (the first volume of which appeared in 1724) the *Tea Table Miscellany*.

[2] Burt's *Letters* (i. 191) speak of the music bells that played to great perfection Italian, Scots, Irish, and English tunes, heard over all the city between eleven and twelve o'clock.

[3] In winter fresh meat was practically unattainable, although, as a writer in 1729 says, rich and fastidious gentlemen used to send to Berwick for beef or veal, at the enormous rate of 7d. a pound for the coarsest meat (the summer price being 1½d. or 2d. a pound), as there was none to be got at home.—*Essays on Enclosing*, etc., 1729, p. 132. There died in 1799 a caddie or market porter who remembered in his youth when the fact of beef being for sale in Edinburgh was publicly announced by a bellman.—Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 76.

[4] Chambers' *Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, p. 166.

of people are nowhere else confined in so small a space, which makes their streets as much crowded every day as others are at a fair."[1] There were few coaches, fortunately, in the narrow steep streets; but there were sedan-chairs swaying in all directions, borne by Highland porters, spluttering Gaelic execrations on those who impeded their progress. There were ladies in gigantic hoops sweeping the sides of the causeway, their head and shoulders covered with their gay silken plaids, scarlet and green, their faces with complexions heightened by patches, and concealed by black velvet masks which were held close by a string, whose buttoned end was held by the teeth. In their hands they bore huge green paper fans to ward off the sun; by their side hung the little bags which held the snuff they freely used; their feet shod in red shoes, with heels three inches high, with which they tripped nimbly on the steep decline and over filthy places.[2] There were stately old ladies, with their pattens on feet and canes in hand, walking with precision and dignity; judges with their wigs on head and hats under their arm; advocates in their gowns on way to the courts in Parliament House; ministers in their blue or gray coats, bands, wigs, and three-cornered hats. At the Cross (near St. Giles') the merchants assembled to transact business, and to exchange news and snuff-boxes; while physicians, lawyers, and men about town met them as at an open-air club, and joined citizens in the gossip of the city.[3] In the town there was a fine *camaraderie*—the friendliness and familiarity of a place where every one knew everybody. From early morning, when they awoke on the doorsteps on which they had slept, till night, when they lighted the way in the dark streets with paper lanterns, the caddies were to be seen—impudent, ragged, alert, and swift—carrying messages and parcels to any part of the town for a penny—very poor, but marvellously honest, for whatever was stolen or lost when in custody of these caddies was refunded by their society.[4] They knew every place and

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1766, p. 211.

[2] Somerville's *Own Life*, chap. ix.; Chambers' *Traditions*.

[3] Burt's *Letters;* Forbes' *Memoirs of a Banking House*, p. 26.

[4] Burt's *Letters*, i. 21; Topham's *Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 81; *Humphrey Clinker; Glasgow Past and Present*, ii. 150.

person; they could tell who had arrived last in town, where they lodged, and how long they were to stay; they were invaluable as detectives, for the haunts of the lowest and the doings of the thieves were as familiar to them as the names of the guests at the Lord President's supper party the previous night, and the condition of insobriety of each gentleman when he stumbled home in the morning.

Such were the street scenes in Edinburgh throughout half of the century—indeed, with curiously few changed phases till about 1780, when the tide of fashion was setting towards the new town. Generations came and went, fashions of dress changed, many old habits and manners passed away; but the homely, frank, convivial outdoor life remained much the same,[1] where every face was known, and few domestic secrets were hid.

At four o'clock the ladies had their refection, for the "four hours" all over Scotland, and with all ranks, was a necessary refreshment of the day. In the largest houses the hostess received her visitors in the drawing-room; but in smaller flats she was obliged, as in the country, to see them in her bedroom. Till about 1720 ladies had drunk their ale or claret; but when tea came into vogue that beverage became a necessity, and wine was reserved for the gentlemen. On the mahogany tea-table were liliputian cups for the expensive beverage, with spoons all numbered, lest in the confusion, when every cup was returned before a fresh helping was served to any, the wrong cup should be given; fine linen napkins were handed to each guest to preserve their gowns from speck and spot.[2] By eight o'clock all visitors had gone, for the supper hour had come; the maids had arrived with the pattens for the elderly ladies, and lanterns to light their mistresses to their homes in the dark wynds and stairs. When citizens began their copious suppers, they ate and drank till late, and guests departed not

[1] Mr. Adam Petrie gives his important advice on etiquette: "If a lady of quality advance to you and tender her cheek, you are only to pretend to salute her by putting your head to her hood; when she advances make her a low bow, and when you retreat give her another. *Note.*—In France they salute ladies on the cheek; but in Britain and Ireland they salute on the lips. But ladies give their inferiors their cheek only."—*Rules of Good Deportment*, Edin. 1720.

[2] Boswell's *Ancient Royalty*.

too soberly, while the servant guided their meandering footsteps and held a candle or lantern to light them to the "mouth" of the close.[1]

II

The amusements of the town during the early part of the century were neither varied nor lively. For this dulness and social sombreness the Church and popular piety were responsible. All gaiety was looked on with grim censure. Kirk-Sessions uttered anathemas against all worldly pleasure, exercised tyrannical sway over every day of the week and over every action of the people. Sabbath was the special day when every act and moment of existence were watched; the doing of any work, the indulgence of the slightest recreation, was forbidden; the "vaguing" or loitering in the streets or on the Castle hill, the mere "gazing idlely" out of the windows, was a subject of condemnation and occasion of threats of discipline by Kirk-Sessions, and of fine by magistrates.[2] To secure the perfect observance of the Lord's Day, the bailies had "seizers" or compurgators, appointed at the instance of the Church, who took hold of any one "during sermons" who dared to neglect divine service and forthwith reported him to the general Kirk-Session. In the evening the patrol watched the streets, which usually in those days were deserted like a city of the dead; followed any belated passenger's echoing footsteps, peered down wynds, looked up stairs for any lurking transgressors of the law of Mount Sinai.[3] The "kirk treasurer," appointed by the Session, whose very name was at once a subject of mockery and an object of terror, was ever on the alert for scandals and culprits that brought in fines and fees. The voice of the Church was stern against the barbers who on Sabbath furtively carried the gentlemen's wigs all ready trimmed for worship, or went to shave them into tidiness. This demand for the services of

[1] *Account Books of Foulis of Ravelston*, p. 301, notes in 1703 that Sir John gives "to Marquess of Tweedall's servant that held out ye light in the closs-head when I went to see him," 14s. 6d. Scots as "drink money."

[2] *King's Pious Proclamations*, etc., 1727, p. 17.

[3] Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 203; Burt's *Letters*, i. 80; Allan Ramsay's *Poems*, i. 158.

barbers made that craft one of the largest and most prosperous in the community; for gentlemen, instead of "barbourising" themselves, to use the expression of the day, were dependent on their servants or their wig-makers to shave their heads. Possibly there were some who acted like Sir John Foulis of Ravelston, who, quite innocent of any sense of humour, ordered his boy to buy a sheep's head and soap that he might thereon learn how to barberise the head of his master.[1]

Every pleasure of the week-day was watched and reprobated as grimly as were all desecrations of the Sabbath—the theatre, dancing, the club. The last was a source of horror to the pious in the early part of the century, as being the scene of hideous orgies, and resort of those who ridiculed the Kirk and the Whigs without any principles on either Church or politics. The names that these re-unions bore—the "Sulphur Club," the "Hell-Fire Club," the "Horn Club," the "Demireps"—had a dare-devil and dare-kirk sound; the free talk of their members, their ribald verses, their blaspheming songs, as wildly rumoured abroad, became the scandal of the town, while the iniquities of the Hell-Fire Club were considered past mention—like the later goings-on at Medmenham Abbey—and as deserving divine judgment. "Lord pity us," moans Mr. Robert Wodrow: "wickedness is come to a terrible height." The words and jests and verses of Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, as malicious gossip related them, at these terrible saturnalia, flouting at religion and even at the ministers, were matters of sore grief.[2]

Theatre there was none for a long while in Edinburgh; but occasionally travelling companies came from England, under the leadership of the famous comedian Tony Ashton, in 1715, and again in 1726, and in successive years—"filling up our cup

[1] *Account Book of Foulis of Ravelston* (Scottish Hist. Society), p. 301. "To Jeamie Gray, to buy a sheap's head and soap to learn him to barberise me 3s. 6d. (Scots)"; "To a lad who barbarised me, 5s."—such are frequent items in this household book.

[2] "At Edinburgh I hear Dr. Pitcairn and several others do meet regularly every Lord's day and read the Scripture in order to lampoon and ridicule it"—thus writes Wodrow in 1711 (*Analecta*, i. 323). Certainly Pitcairn lampooned the fanatical clergy, while he was an admiring friend of Principal Carstairs. What he thought of them may be seen in his coarse and scurrilous play *The Assembly*.

of sin," groaned the ministers. Horror was felt that some judges and nobles, who were ruling elders in the Church, had been present; and that, notwithstanding the intimation of some clergy that they would refuse the communion to those who frequented this nursery of Satan, the attendance when the *Mourning Bride* was performed had been grievously great.[1] "A vast deal of money in this time of scarcity is spent most wickedly," records Wodrow, "especially as there is such a choak for money." One has more sympathy with those who condemned the less edifying plays of Congreve rather than this respectable and lugubrious tragedy from a witty and lively pen. Fortunately, even the broadest pieces of Wycherley were almost harmless, as they were listened to by feminine ears far too unsophisticated to catch the gross innuendo uttered in high London accents which they could not understand.[2]

In 1736 Allan Ramsay was anxious to add to his many occupations of ex-wigmaker, poet, and librarian, that of theatre-manager, and built a play-house in Carrubber's Close, which was opened only to be summarily shut under the influence of clergy and magistrates.[3] In vain the versatile little citizen brought his complaint for loss of money before the Court of Session: he got only the subtle verdict that, "though he had been damaged, he had not been injured." The career of the drama in Edinburgh was precarious and chequered. Denounced by the ministers, discouraged by the magistrates, the theatre received no license. But, evasive of the law, plays were performed in the Taylors' Hall, and, to escape the legal penalty,

[1] "I am informed," writes Wodrow in 1731, "that the English strollers are [*sic*] a prodigiouse sumn of money in the town of Edinburgh. It's incredible what number of chairs with men are carryed to these places, and it is certain that for some weeks they made fifty pound sterling every night, and they will be coming home from them even of the Saturnday evenings at one of the morning. This is a most scandalouse way of disposing of our money when we are in such a choak for money; and it's a dreadfull corruption of our youth and ane ilett (eyelet) to prodigality and vanity and the money spent in cloaths for attending."—*Analecta*, iv. 214.

[2] A young lady from the country who had been to the theatre when the *Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* were played, when told that "these were not proper plays for young women," replied, "They *did* nothing wrong that I saw, and as for what they *said* it was high English and I couldn't understand it."—Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 63.

[3] Wilson's *Memorials*, i. 198.

were advertised as being given "gratis" after a concert.[1] The entertainment was announced as "a concert of musick with a play between the acts," and the prudest might go and enjoy Vanbrugh's *Provoked Husband* and Wycherley's unsavoury *Country Wife* under guise of innocently listening to Corelli's sonatas. It was in 1756 that the town was delighted and the Church horrified by the performance of the tragedy of *Douglas* from the pen of Mr. John Home, minister of Athelstaneford, given in the presence of several brother ministers of the Gospel.[2] The Edinburgh Presbytery drew up its exhortation that "all within its bounds discourage the illegal and dangerous entertainments of the stage, and restrain those under their influence from frequenting such seminaries of vice and folly." Other Presbyteries censured or suspended ministers for their profane audacity in attending such improper places, and the delinquents received their rebukes solemnly in public and laughed at them heartily in private. Meanwhile Home quietly resigned his living to escape deposition, and allowed the Church to fume at a play so immoral and irreligious, which, it was alleged, encouraged suicide, and contained impious expressions and mock prayers, and even "horrid swearing."[3] But in spite of all solemn reprobation society raved over its marvellous beauties, and at the tea-parties ladies recited the opening soliloquy to entranced companies—

> And you fair dames of merry England,
> As fast your tears did flow.

In spite of all the excitement of the godly, the very fact that ministers and elders dared to countenance a stage play showed

[1] Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 364 ; Jackson's *History of Scottish Stage*, p. 31. *Caledonian Mercury*, December 13, 1750, advertises—"At the Concert Hall in the Cannongate, to-morrow, will be performed (*gratis*) the TRAGICAL HISTORY OF RICHARD III., containing the distresses and death of K. Henry VI. of Gloucester, the murder of the Princes in the Tower, the memorable battle of Bosworth field, with many more historical Passages . . . to which will be added (*gratis*) a Pantomime entertainment in grotesque characters called MERLIN or the BRITISH ENCHANTER, etc."

[2] Carlyle's *Autobiography ;* Somerville's *Own Life and Times ;* Mackenzie's *Life and Writings of John Home ; Scots Magazine*, xix. p. 18.

[3] Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 377. The oath that was reprobated was "by Him that died upon the accursed tree."

that the old bigotry was beginning to lose its hold. The people thronged the play-house till the Church in despair ceased to fulminate at the pit of a theatre as leading to the pit that is bottomless, and at last, in 1764, a theatre was licensed and set up on a field which had been the scene of Whitfield's fervid religious meetings.

Gentlemen had their other amusements on which, fortunately, the religious world laid no embargo. They had their golf, their archery, their horse-races on Leith sands—which the most scrupulous magistrates did not hesitate to encourage by presenting cups as prizes.[1] There were also the less praiseworthy cock-pits resorted to by high and low, eagerly; and, later in the century, might be seen Deacon Brodie, fresh from committing a burglary, and Henry Mackenzie, just come from inditing a tearful scene of his "Man of Feeling," watching their "mains." Strange to say, the clergy who were ready to denounce all carnal pleasure, even in the decorous form of a minuet, uttered no complaint against the coarse and demoralising sport of cock-fighting. Why this ecclesiastical reticence? Obviously because every one had been accustomed to that sport at every parish school. Every minister in his boyish days had himself indulged in it, when on Fastern Eve or Shrove Tuesday he had proudly brought his own favourite cock under his arm to pit against those of his schoolmates, while the master looked on and annexed the corpses of the slaughtered fowls to replenish his scanty table.

Other entertainments were regarded less leniently. When in 1725 the enterprising little Allan Ramsay opened a circulating library[2]—the first ever formed in the kingdom—in the first floor of a "land" in the Luckenbooths, the arrival and circulation of profane books from London was regarded with opprobrium. Not content with the pious literature of their fathers, the citizens now revelled in ungodly plays, poems, and scurrilous pamphlets. Again Mr. Wodrow uttered, in his jeremiads, the feelings of his party, lamenting that "profaneness is come to a great height; all the villanous, profane, and obscene books and plays printed at London by Curle and

[1] Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 363.

[2] The second circulating library was founded in London in 1740.

others are got down by Allan Ramsay and lent out for an easy price to young boys, servant girls of the better sort, and gentlemen, and vice and obscenity are dreadfully propagated."[1] Instigated by that virtuous censor of morals, Lord Grange, the magistrates sent some of their number to inspect the pernicious shelves; but, forewarned, the wily librarian kept out of sight the worst of his stock, and the civic detectives saw only an array of decorous works before them.

III

In the dearth of public pleasures, the worldly energies of society found expression in concerts and dancing assemblies. The private houses were far too small to allow of dancing-parties. There was not space enough for a country dance or minuet, no place wherein to pile up the superabundant furniture, no room for guests to sit, or refreshments to be eaten, or be-hooped ladies to move. Late in the century, when dresses were of more moderate dimensions, the amiable old lady, Mrs. Cockburn, singer of the "Flowers of the Forest," did for the nonce have a dance for young folk in her flat in Blair Close. There in her straitened quarters twenty-two guests assembled, "nine couples on the floor." "Our fiddlers," she writes to her friend, "sat where the cupboard is, and they danced in both rooms; the table was stuffed into the window, and we had plenty of room. It made the bairns all vastly happy."[2]

Few, however, had the ingenuity or good-nature of this old gentlewoman: so from 1710, when the first assembly was opened, it was at public balls that society met.[3] The pulpits rang with denunciations of this seductive temptation to sin, lust, and worldliness; "promiscuous dancing" was condemned as an incentive to sensuality, and these rooms were pictured as nurseries of vice. But, in spite of all, society danced, and dancing-masters drove as flourishing a business as the barbers. These dancing teachers gave their own balls, in bigger rooms of a wynd. Tickets cost 2s. 6d.; dancing began at five

[1] Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii. 515.
[2] Tytler and Watson's *Songstresses of Scotland*, i. p. 110.
[3] Wilson's *Memorials*, ii. 23.

o'clock and went on till ten or eleven. There was also the assembly in the West Bow, in a flat facing the grim and haunted lodging of the wizard Major Weir; and in the narrow lane, from four o'clock,[1] there was a crowd of sedan-chairs with their gaily attired occupants, the noisy mob pressing to witness the fine sight, the objurgations in safe Gaelic of competing chairmen, the clanking of the swords of gentlemen in bright silken coats. Up the winding turnpike stair to a flat ladies ascended, holding up their hoops to gain difficult entrance by the narrow passage. For these articles of raiment were enormous and capacious, as young Robert Strange the Jacobite engraver found, when beneath the hoop of his betrothed, the vigorous-minded Isabella Lumsden, he sought concealment from his pursuers, while she sat quietly spinning in seeming innocence before the baffled searchers.

In this poor incommodious room, and, after 1720, in the Assembly Close, off the High Street,[2] the dancing revels took place, while the ministers uttered their solemn, ineffectual warning. Under the patronage of ladies of high degree, such as my Lady Panmure, or beautiful Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, the minuet and the country dance went on with stiffness and with state in the low-roofed, hot, ill-ventilated room to the meagre music of a few fiddlers. By eleven o'clock the company dispersed, the stream of fashion poured down the dark stair, and then, as the Countess of Eglinton, lovely herself, and her seven lovely daughters were borne off in their sedan-chairs, the gentlemen with drawn swords escorted them to their lodgings in Jack's Land.

Years passed on; new leaders of fashion came as the old departed. In the middle of the century, as the companies

[1] Burt's *Letters*, i. 186; Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh;* Chambers' *Traditions;* Ramsay's *Poems*, "The Assembly"; Wilson's *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*, i. 307; Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker;* Wilson's *Memorials*, i. 199; Topham's *Letters*, p. 198.

[2] "They have an assembley at Edinburgh, where every Thursday they meet and dance from four till eleven at night. It is half-a-crown, and whatever tea, coffee, chocalate, biscuit, etc., they call for, they must pay as the managers direct; and they are the Countess of Panmure, Lady Newhall, the President's lady, and the Lady Drumpellier. The ministers are preaching against it, and say it will be another horning order." So in 1727 Miss A. Stewart writes to Mrs. Dunbar in *Social Life of Morayshire*, 118.

arrived up the stairs to the ballroom, at the entrance stood the old glover, Lord Kirkcudbright, selling white gloves to the dancers as they entered.[1] At the end of the room sat the majestic figure of Miss Nicky Murray (sister of Lord Mansfield), decorated with a gold medal as insignia of her office as Lady Directress, in which capacity she exercised undisputed sway.

Each partner had been chosen by a gentleman before the ball, the selection being made at some private party, when all the fans were placed in a cocked hat, and the owner of fan picked out became the partner for the night—each having a shrewd guess who was the fair owner of the fan he took.[2] The tickets were then bought by the gentleman, who sometimes had one or two oranges stowed away in his coat pocket for the refreshment of his lady, who sucked them during pauses of conversation and intervals in the dance—a succulent process which she varied by presenting to her nose delicate pinches of snuff, which she extracted from the dainty snuff-box hanging by her side.[3] The customary price for the ticket was two shillings and sixpence, not defraying the modest expenses of tea and coffee which were consumed in the card-room, and the proceeds of the ball were devoted to charity—especially to the new Royal Infirmary, which was enlisting popular interest.

Oliver Goldsmith, in 1753, then a poor student at college, one evening spent one of his few half-crowns—probably borrowed—to attend this fashionable gathering, which he describes as deplorably dull.[4] "When the stranger enters the dancing-room he sees one end of the room taken up by ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves, and at the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be. The ladies may ogle and the gentlemen may sigh, but an embargo is laid upon any close converse. At length the lady directress pitches

[1] Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh*, ii. 108. At the election of peers for House of Lords his lordship claimed his right to vote, and at the ball which closed the ceremonial the old glover joined his brother peers. The title was legally confirmed to his son.—Wilson's *Old Edinburgh*, i. 70.

[2] Boswell's *Ancient Royalty*.

[3] Fergusson's *Henry Erskine and his Times*, p. 119.

[4] Letter from Goldsmith in Forster's *Life and Times of O. Goldsmith*, i. pp. 52, 433.

upon a gentleman and lady to a minuet, which they perform with a formality approaching to despondency. After five or six couples have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand for the country dance, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress. So they dance much and say nothing, and this concludes an assembly." Thus graphically, if not without exaggeration, Oliver tells his experiences. But a very ugly youth, with no attractions to speak of, and with no friends to speak to and no lady to dance with, even though he was clad, according to the tailor's ledger still extant, in a suit of "sky bleu sattin, rich black genoa velvett, best superfine clarett coloured cloth," was not likely to enjoy himself heartily at a gathering which was so exclusive that any man who ventured therein without the passport of position or birth was shown by the aristocratic Miss Nicky that his appearance was at least a surprise. Neither in that room, nor in the larger apartment to which dancers adjourned in 1756 in Bell's Wynd, was dignity dissociated from discomfort at these balls; from the draughty stair-case came the cold air, the smoke of the flambeaux of footmen stationed at the entry, and the rooms were crowded on occasions when a supper was laid in one dancing apartment.[1] As the St. Giles' bells sounded eleven, the despotic Miss Nicky with firm dignity waved her fan, the music ceased, the concourse dispersed, the gentlemen saw their partners home to their flats, and thereafter adjourned to some tavern to drink and each to toast the lady of his choice. Each man proposed his own as the loveliest of her sex, drank to her glory, vowing to die in her defence, the one who drank most and fell prone last being the victor. Thus one after another followed in tipsy folly the barbarous custom called "saving the ladies," till the chivalrous party became helplessly drunk.[2]

With all their inconveniences and social crudities, in spite of all their shabbiness and discomfort, these entertainments, at which modern nerves shudder, were the charm of Edinburgh fashion, and lived long in the memories of old people, who remembered the bright days when they were young.

[1] Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* p. 382.

[2] This rough custom had died out by 1790. Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 68.

Alas! these rooms—sources of so much mirth and matrimony—were deserted after Miss Nicky Murray ceased to reign. Elderly ladies and gentlemen saw the old festive rooms fallen to low estate, and the town sweeps and decrepit city guard tenanting and profaning the dear old rooms.[1] In 1777 the assemblies forsook the old High Street, and met in George Street in the new town, whither the tide of fashion was beginning to flow.

There was another aspect of ancient Edinburgh society, which presents the fairer and more refined conditions of a life which had much that was coarse in manners and uncultivated in tone. Music was one of the favourite tastes of fashionable circles, especially when played by the distinguished amateurs of society.[2] In a tavern—the "Cross Keys"—ladies and gentlemen from 1718 met in the afternoons to hear their musical friends, who gave "consorts," at which the best Italian sonatas were played on flute, hautbois, violoncello, and harpsichord. Artistic noblemen and lairds who had travelled to the melodious south brought the pieces which they (aided by professional musicians) performed to an enthusiastic throng of beauties, who went into raptures as my Lords Colvil and Haddington sat down to the harpsichord or the 'cello. When these grew old, others took their place in seat and platform in St. Cecilia's Hall in the dingy, dirty Cowgate. The songs of the country, too, were not neglected either at these public reunions or at tea-parties in the flats, to which the sedan-chairs bore their be-hooped, be-powdered occupants, where they partook of fare as simple as the airs they sang. Without accompaniment, each vocalist in turn sang those songs—now plaintive, now merry, sad, humorous, or lilting—and many a party was moved to tears at charming strains which told of the artificial woes of a Strephon or Chloe, or the humbler griefs and loves of a Maggie or Jenny, redolent of the byre.[3] Cards lost their attraction to silk-coated beaux when Scots melodies, old and yet ever fresh, were poured

[1] Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, 1877, ii. 156.

[2] Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 434.

[3] Chambers' *Scottish Songs*, Introd. vol. i. p. 58; Allan Cunningham's *Scottish Songs*, 1818, Introd. vol. i.

forth. It was to suit this taste that Allan Ramsay published in 1724 his *Tea-Table Miscellany*,[1] in which the familiar tunes were retained to familiar words, or set to verses which were made more clean to satisfy a more modest age. But in truth, though he had lengthened the skirts of the "high-kilted muse" to fit her for the drawing-room, he had not done enough; but, in truth, the period was one which allowed free expression and allusions, and wanton themes and words, which might well have made the fair singer blush. He dedicated this first volume of his *Miscellany*—

> To ilka lovely British lass,
> Frae ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
> Down to ilk bonny singing Bess
> That dances barefoot on the green.

But though he plumes himself that all uncleanness and ribaldry have been kept out, "that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet no affront,"[2] there is much that is better fitted for "barefooted Bess" than my "lady Charlotte," though probably her ladyship saw no harm.

Nor were the higher classes content with singing Scots songs: not a few accomplished men "trifled with the Muses" in a highly condescending way, and composed excellent verses to old melodies, which Ramsay had inserted in his collection, though, of course, they were too gentlemanly to publish them themselves, and join the vulgar herd of ballad-writers. My Lord Binning, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Hamilton of Bangour, and others contributed to the taste for lyrics; while Scots melodies passed with William Thomson, the former hautbois player in Edinburgh concerts, to London, where his *Orpheus Caledonius* made them so popular that Gay, in his *Beggar's Opera* and other pieces, set his songs to these tunes to the delight of English ears.[3]

Drinking and tavern-frequenting form, in contrast to this artistic aspect of society, a curious characteristic of Scottish

[1] The first volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany* appeared in 1724, the fourth volume in 1740. Stenhouse's *Illustrations of Lyrics and Music of Scotland*.

[2] Preface to fourteenth edition of *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

[3] In Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, *Polly*, and *Achilles*, there are many of these tuneful airs put to the English poet's verses.

town life. In Edinburgh, accommodation being extremely limited in the dwelling-houses, there were no rooms in which to transact business with clients or to give entertainments to friends. Men were therefore obliged to resort to the tavern or coffee-house, where the charges were moderate and the rooms were convenient.[1] In these hostelries in the narrow wynds off the High Street tradesmen made their settlements, and drank with their customers to "wet" a bargain. Silversmiths located in Parliament Close made arrangements in John's Coffee-House to supply the present of silver spoons ordered by the bridegroom for his bride, and drank on the occasion a cup of ale at his customer's cost. There again he met his customer to hand over the spoons just arrived from London—for his own stock was small—and then they drank at his own expense, as the bill was being paid. In Paxton's dingy tavern magistrates met to "splice the rope"—the convivial term for the entertainment at which they arranged the details for a hanging. In the tavern advocates met with the writers, when, according to etiquette, the member of the bar had the choice of the morning beverage—usually sherry in a mutchkin stoup—before the case was discussed;[2] and, if the cause was won, client, lawyer, and advocate fraternised once more to celebrate the triumph. So essential was this convivial process that the first and last items in a lawyer's account were the charges of the tavern bill. In the simpler, ruder days, about 1730, Lord Kames says that when the French wine was put down in a tin pint vessel a single drinking-glass served a company for an entire evening, and the first persons who called for a fresh glass with each new pint were considered too luxurious.[3]

In taverns the Lord Provost had his guests to dinner and to supper, where they could drink deeper and longer than in his private house.[4] During the annual meetings of the

[1] Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh;* Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh.*

[2] Somerville's *Own Life and Times*, p. 373.

[3] Kames' *Sketches of Man*, 1807, i. 507. A Scots pint was two quarts English.

[4] John Coutts, merchant and banker, in 1743 was the first Lord Provost who did the honours of the city by entertaining strangers at his own table. "Unfortunately, he was thus led into excesses of the table and other indulgences which at length hurt his constitution."—Forbes' *Memoirs of a Banking House*, p. 4.

General Assembly of the Church they were swarming with ministers and elders, who, after long parting, quaffed, with a preliminary grace, their friend's good health at meeting. It might happen there was a dispute as to the right of patronage between two lairds or lords; and the rival claimants for the right to appoint the parish minister each sought to win over to his side the ministers before whom his case came to be tried in the Assembly. They regaled those whose votes they wanted freely at breakfast, at dinner, or any other time, in a tavern, while some interested lady of quality also invited them to tea; and after being bribed by her grace and her blandishments, the worthy country ministers would descend the turnpike stair loud in praise of her "leddyship," and proceed to vote convincedly in favour of my lord. No function was so great that it could not be celebrated in those dark rooms in unsalubrious wynds; no functionary was so lofty in rank and position that he could not reside in those unpretentious places of entertainment.[1] In Clerihew's or Fortune's Inn the Lord High Commissioner held his receptions, and gave his dinner-parties for the members of the General Assembly and the magnates of the town, and thence the procession in limp dignity walked with a bevy of ladies behind to the ecclesiastical senate in St. Giles'.

Often, however, the transaction of business was more the excuse than the reason for attendance in taverns. It was a convivial age, and it was a drinking society.[2] When St. Giles'

[1] Simon Lord Lovat interests himself in securing the settlement of a minister at Duffus, by winning the suffrages of some ministers—"prettie men" he knew personally—to support the claim of Dunbar of Newton to be patron against that of Gordon of Gordonston. Each rival party feasts the ministers at the General Assembly to bribe them to give their votes in his favour. Dunbar's agent in Edinburgh writes: "[Mrs. Dunbar] had a multitude of the ministers at tea every day with her. Sir R. Gordon kept open table at Mrs. Herdman's for the clergy always at dinner, and they were bidden resort for breakfast, and call for what they pleased on his account. We, on the other hand, invited and entertained as many ministers as we could for three or four successive nights at supper in a tavern, which comes to no small expens; but since so much hath been wared on this case, and now that it was to receive a final decision, I thought it was a pity to lose for that."—Dunbar's *Social Life in Morayshire*, p. 253.

[2] Sir William Forbes mentions as a singular evidence of the steadiness of Mr. Coutts the banker, that he did not recollect to have ever seen him but once

bells played out half-past eleven in the morning each citizen went to get a gill of ale, which was known as his "meridian," although before breakfast he had paid a similar visit, and in the course of the day he went not seldom with his customers to drink over their bargains. It is not surprising that he was unable to transact his business at times, however highly respectable he might be. In the evening citizens were back at their familiar haunt to spend the evening with congenial friends over a simple fare, with ale or claret, till the town guard beat the ten o'clock drum, warning all decent burghers to withdraw soberly to bed. In the early part of the century the civic law prohibiting all persons from being in taverns and change-houses, cellars, etc., after ten o'clock at night, under penalties at the discretion of the magistrates, according to the degree of their contumacy,[1] was a rule prudently obeyed, and as the tattoo on the drum echoed up the High Street and down the Canongate the inns and cellars disgorged their convivial contents, and in varied stages of inebriety the citizens departed stumbling on the uneven causeway, the younger loiterers repeating with unsteady voice the refrain of the last toping song. In the dark streets came the various companies, young clerks and roystering bucks, and, not infrequently, old merchants and unsober judges,[2] who also made the wynds vocal with their bacchanalian strains. It was a risky homeward journey, for it was the dreaded hour for precipitating from the windows the domestic abominations, and before the cry

in the counting-house disguised with liquor and incapable of transacting business. —*Memoirs of a Banking House*, p. 10.

[1] The old Municipal Act enjoined that "whereas the not obliging persons to repair timeously to their lodgings at night is one of the greatest causes of the abounding drunkenness, uncleanness, night revellings, and other immoralities and disorders both in the houses and in the streets, and is a great hindrance to sober persons in the worship of God in secret, and in their families . . . therefore they prohibit all persons from being in taverns, cellars, etc., after 10 o'clock at night, under penalties at the discretion of the magistrates, according to degree of contumacy," etc.—Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 193.

[2] "When the noisy ten hours drum
Gars a' your trades gae dandering hame,
Gie a' to merriment and glee,
Wi' sang and glass they fley the power
O' care that wad harass the hour."

"Auld Reekie" in Fergusson's *Poems;* also "Caller Oysters."

of warning could be heeded by unstable topers, the awful contents had fallen to make their dishevelled persons still more deplorable.[1]

Later in the century the ten o'clock signal might sound, but the topers sat on, magistrates being the most habitual violators of their own laws, and men drank not merely "from the gill-bell to the drum," but long after. Clubs there were of all kinds—for wits and cits, for solid traders and spendthrift youths, for judges and clerks, for men of law, men of letters, and men of leisure—clubs bearing strange names, whose meaning is lost and fine humour has evaporated; but though the company varied, the purpose was ever the same. It must be said that the expenditure of time was the chief expense, for the favourite dishes were cheap—minced collops, rizared haddocks or tripe, a fluke or roasted skate and onions, for which the sum of sixpence was charged. The "Spendthrift Club" enjoyed itself immensely at fourpence half-penny a head.[2]

The meagre comfort and cramped room in the lofty, airless flats can alone explain the delight of men of all sorts and conditions nightly frequenting the convivial retreats—dirty, mean dens, often so dark that even by day candles were lighted to enable the visitor to see his way. Nightly passing into the narrow entry of Anchor Close, gentlemen entered the portal of Douglas's tavern—having inscribed on the stone above the door the irrelevant legend, "O Lord, in Thee is all my trust,"[3]—and they went through a dark passage, through the kitchen, to the dismal apartment of their frugal orgies, where they ordered "a crum o' tripe, twa three peas, and bit lug o' haddock." In such cellars they were happy; lords, lawyers, lairds met and had their high jinks, and the mirth was loud and the stories

[1] "How long can it be suffered," wrote John Wesley in his *Journal* in 1762, "that all manner of filth should be flung into the streets? How long shall the capital city of Scotland and the chief street of it stink worse than a common sewer?"—*Journal*, iii. p. 52; *Humphrey Clinker*. This terrible practice was continued to the end of the century in spite of the laws of magistrates and the curses of passengers.—*Glasgow Past and Present;* Bristed's *Tour to the Highlands*, 1803, vol. i. p. 28.

[2] Chambers' *Traditions*, ii. 264; R. Fergusson's *Poems*.

[3] This, or Clerihew's, was the scene of Councillor Pleydell's "high jinks" in *Guy Mannering*.

and jests were broad.[1] In one room might be assembled judges relaxing their intellects after deciding subtle points on feudal law, while in the other their clerks caroused, retailing their lordships' Parliament House jokes of yesterday. Lords of Session might indulge with impunity in bacchanalian nights, and waken with brain clear to unravel an intricate case of multiplepoinding next morning; but such ongoings played sad havoc with feebler constitutions. They ruined the health of poor Robert Fergusson the poet, and were more than even Robert Burns could stand in too frequent and too late sittings at the Crochallan Club or in the tavern of John Dowie—most suave of hosts—where judges resorted for their "meridian" in the day, and impecunious men of letters assembled at night, sitting in the narrow little room ominously named the "coffin."[2]

In course of time fashions changed, though social tastes remained the same both in England and in Scotland. The hour for dining up till about 1745 was one o'clock; then it was advanced to two, about 1760 to three o'clock, and in fashionable circles it was even so late as four o'clock.[3] As the dinner-hour became later the style of the repast improved, and consisted of two courses, displaying more variety of fare and more skill in culinary art, though Capt. Topham, with dismay and Anglican loathing, beheld on table the national dishes of solan goose, cocky leeky, sheep's head, and haggis. The advancement of the hour of dinner involved not a few changes in social habits. No longer did merchants and lawyers return as of old to their warehouses or their law-courts after dining. They sat leisurely

[1] Haunts—

> Where ye can get
> A crum o' tripe, ham, dish o' pease,
> An egg, or, cauler frae the seas,
> A fluke or whitin',
> A nice beefsteak; or ye may get
> A guid buffed herring, reisted skate
> An' ingans, an' (though past its date)
> A cut o' veal.—Chambers' *Minor Antiquities*, p. 10.

So Hunter of Blackness describes "Dowie's Tavern."—Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, ii. 3.

[2] It is said that one of Burns's exclamations on his deathbed was, "O these Edinburgh gentles—if it hadna been for them I had a constitution would have stood onything!"—Chambers' *Traditions*, ii. 241.

[3] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 67.

over their wine, in which port gradually took the place of claret. When there were guests the company sat on after the ladies had retired and caroused at length, and did not break up till every bottle was empty and every guest was full. The gentlemen seldom cared or were able to appear in the drawing-room, and how they got home after leaving the convivial board, and back to their lofty flats by precipitous stairs, is more than we can tell and more than they could themselves remember.

There was a free rollicking life in those old days amongst old and young. Nor did ladies hesitate at times to follow the jocund ways of the stronger sex. In company with gentlemen, in wild spirits they would go into the oyster cellars in "laigh" shops, dirty, squalid rooms below the street, and by the flickering light of guttering tallow candles regale themselves on raw oysters and porter, and dance together in the sordid cell, which echoed with their laughter and the clatter of their high-heeled shoes—the voice of Jean Maxwell, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, loudest and merriest of all. Then escorted home, they allowed their partners to adjourn once more, and with punch and brandy toast their "flames" with hiccoughing chivalry.[1] "The misses are the most rotten part of the society," wrote in disapproval the most proper and stately Lady Elliot of Minto.

But in spite of all such vagaries, the social life in some of its moral aspects stands out conspicuously pure compared with that of England.[2] Scandals of married life were few, and brought down social disgrace when they did occur, and the character of womanhood in the middle and higher orders was singularly honourable. Speech was certainly not refined, and was often strangely lacking in delicacy; but the conduct was strict, though the tongue seemed free. Girls, town-bred and country-

[1] Chambers' *Traditions;* Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 340; Fergusson's *Henry Erskine*, p. 119. Topham's *Letters from Edinburgh*, pp. 128-131:—"The women, who, to do them justice, are much more entertaining than their neighbours in England, discovered a great deal of vivacity and fondness for repartee. The general ease with which they conducted themselves, the innocent freedom of their manners, and the unaffected good nature, all conspired to make one forget that we were regaling in a cellar."—*Songstresses of Scotland*, i. 213.

[2] *Gentleman's Mag.* 1766; Topham's *Letters.*

bred alike, had some provincialism peculiar to their country and the homely life of Scots-bred damsels. They had a frankness and simplicity which showed itself in retaining the old custom of greeting ladies and gentlemen with a kiss as a mere courtesy—a practice which shocked Captain Topham when he visited Edinburgh in 1774, not because it was unpleasant, but because it was indiscriminate.[1] But the charm of their manners, their face, and even their speech—in spite of its Scots accents and idioms—was the theme of every English visitor, who was supercilious on all other subjects that were Scottish.[2] The complexions, fresh and free from paint; their manners, natural and free from artifice; the sprightliness of their talk; the fineness of their face and figure; the firm tread of their steps, "with joints extended and the toes out," —on these English travellers dilate with admiration throughout the century. People whose minds went back to an earlier time, when style was stiff and ways were prim and manners stately, lamented about 1770 that these were passing away, and that freer, less dignified airs and ways were coming into fashion. But then, lovers of the past are not the wisest and most impartial judges of the present.

After 1760 there came more country gentlemen and noblemen to reside during winter in Edinburgh and take lodgings in Forester's Wynd or Jack's Land. The rise of rents, owing to agricultural improvements, had enabled many now to resort to fashionable society and city life who had been secluded in country houses on narrow incomes.[3] These came with their families to frequent the assemblies, where their presence was welcomed by the bland beams of Miss Murray; and their presence made still more gay St. Cecilia's Hall, where the music of Handel and Corelli was performed on violins by gentlemen, with no little skill, under the guidance of Lord

[1] Topham's *Letters;* Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 371.

[2] *Journey through Scotland*, 1729, p. 276.—This writer had "never seen in any country an assembly of greater beauties." Burt's *Letters;* Topham's *Letters; Gentleman's Magazine*, 1766, p. 166; Bristed's *Tour to the Highlands*, ii. 322.

[3] Since 1769 the Canongate included amongst its inhabitants 2 dukes, 16 earls, 2 dowager countesses, 7 lords, 7 lords of session, 13 baronets, 4 commanders of forces, 4 men of eminence (Adam Smith, Dr. Gregory, and others). —Grant's *Old and New Edinburgh*, ii. p. 17.

Kelly—so skilful in composing minuets—whose jovial, coarse, purple face was always seen at these amateur performances. There a brilliant company met—vivid in Lord Cockburn's memories of his boyhood—gentlemen with their side curls, frills and ruffles and silver buckles, matrons in their hoops and splendid satin, girls in high-heeled shoes, powdered hair, and lofty head-dresses.[1]

IV

Besides a social life not always refined and dignified, there gradually appeared signs of literary interest, though they were not very clear or brilliant. In the early part of the century Edinburgh—which implies all Scotland—was well-nigh destitute of literature. The strife—political, social, and religious—had been too long and loud for the voices of poets to be heard; the turmoil of parties was too keen for quiet culture to flourish; the condition of society was too poor, and the taste of the country too rough, for letters to be cultivated. In bygone generations the press had been busy, and printing had been excellent; but when the century began, except a few pamphlets, and inconsiderable works on law, or politics and controversy, nothing was printed except poor editions of favourite devotional works in execrable type. The widow of Anderson, the late king's master printer, claimed inheritance of his patent, giving a practical monopoly of printing Bibles, catechisms, school-books, editions of notable divinity and Bibles, with power to prevent the importation of editions from abroad.[2] Vigorously she prosecuted publishers in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and far-off Aberdeen; although it was vehemently protested that her folios of Poole's *Annotations* and Flavel's works—the great authorities of ministers—were "voluminous blotches"; that her Bibles were scandals—bad type, bad spelling, full of blasphemous

[1] Arnot's *Hist.* 381; Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 29; Chambers' *Traditions.* "Indeed," wrote Topham, "the degree of attachment which is shown to music in this country exceeds belief. It is not only the principal entertainment but the constant topic of every conversation, and it is necessary not only to be a lover of it, but to be possessed of a knowledge of the science to make oneself agreeable to society."—*Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 396.

[2] *Art of Printing*, by James Watson, Edin. 1712.

blunders, shameful mangling of Holy Writ, fearful printing, where italic and roman were confusedly blended in the same word, and lines where all words ran into each other to form stupendous hieroglyphics.[1] No wonder; for she kept no corrector of the press. The importunate widow only gave way when law and patience could endure her exactions no longer. The best printers of the time were Jacobites; but in many a cellar there were printers, working creaking old machines brought from Holland, to whom Whigs and Presbyterians sent their manuscripts, which came forth in mean pamphlets, with paper, type, and shape miserable to behold.

But, after all, there was little literature to suffer from these troubles. Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, scholar and physician and wit, got his verses and Latin elegies printed on sheets, and handed them to his friends, and a few writers of little importance had a furtive publicity. But the first literature worthy to survive came from the little wig-maker's shop at the sign of the Mercury in the High Street—satires and songs that were printed on broadsides, and sold for a penny. Since 1711 Allan Ramsay had been writing, making wigs, if not "barberising" customers in his night-cap, albeit he boasted his descent from the honourable house of Dalhousie. In 1721 his collected poems were published; in 1725 his *Gentle Shepherd* appeared. He had given up his wigs and his curling-tongs, and transferred the books he had begun to sell to the flat in the Luckenbooths, over which he placed his new sign—the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. He filled his shelves with books for sale, conspicuous among them his edition of the *Gentle Shepherd* from Ruddiman's press in "Turkey clad"; and he got from London a supply of works to lend out on his forming the first circulating library in the country. His shop was the resort of all that were literary and genial; his presence the merriest and vainest at the Easy Club, where "men of parts" recited their own verses and heard mild essays, and men of good fellowship sang jovially, and drank copiously, till long past "the drum." No figure

[1] Here are samples given by Principal Lee: "Whyshoulditbethoug tathing-incredible w^t^you, y^t^ God should raise the dead?" "&adamselcameuntohim.' —*Memorial of Bible Societies in Scotland*, 1824, p. 166.

was more familiar in the streets than the poet's, then "a dapper, neat little man of five feet four"; in mellower years, a squat form with big paunch, fair round wig above a humorous countenance, expressive of great self-satisfaction. Where could Mr. John Gay,[1] when visiting her eccentric Grace the Duchess of Queensberry, find more congenial talk than in the brother poet's shop? There the English bard—remembered as "a pleasant little man in a tye-wig," paunchy like his friend—exchanged news of the London world of letters for explanation of obscure words in the ex-wigmaker's Scots, and gazed from the window with amusement at the gay, busy throng that promenaded the High Street from one to two o'clock each day.[2]

Successful as Ramsay was with his poems, which brought fame and guineas to his till, there was scanty encouragement for letters—no patrons worth an author's obsequious dedication, few book-lovers to subscribe for even the smallest edition of a work, no public that cared to buy. Wisely, in 1725, James Thomson went to England with his poem on *Winter* in his pocket. Eleven years later Smollett set off to London by pack-horse with his surgeon's lancets and his *Regicide* in his bag. There, too, Malloch had gone to seek scope for his talents in English society, and had changed his name to Mallet to suit the English ears. Meanwhile, booksellers in obscure booths in Parliament Close dealt mainly in divinity—Durham on *The Song of Solomon*, *The Balm of Gilead*, Rutherford's *Letters*, historical tractates, vehement pamphlets of scholars and divines, and poorly printed classics imported for schools from Holland. The news of the day was sparingly conveyed in puny sheets twice a week, the chief being the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* (first issued in 1718), in the interest of the Whigs, and the *Caledonian Mercury* (which appeared in 1720), favoured by the Tories. But it was difficult to extract any interest from those newspapers that gave no news, containing a London letter giving meagre tidings of what had happened long before, or never happened at all, intelligence of a vessel

[1] *Gentle Shepherd*, with Illustrations of Scenery, 2 vols. 1814; *Poems* of Allan Ramsay, 2 vols. 1800.

[2] Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*, i. 199.

arrived with timber and tallow yesterday at Leith, and advertisements of half a dozen "roups" next week.[1]

Besides men of pretty wit who wrote verses and gentlemen who were antiquaries, there were some threadbare scholars—usually portentous pedants—who had failed as schoolmasters or missed a church, and paid their lodgings by writing vituperative pamphlets on grammar or politics or history. Stumping along the causeway was William Lauder, an excellent scholar and an exceeding scoundrel, who vainly tried for posts in every school and university, wrote malignant treatises, and left for London, where he published, under a commendatory preface by Dr. Johnson, his forged Latin originals to prove *Paradise Lost* a vile plagiarism, much to the excitement of literary circles. Not a pleasant man to look on as he passed down the High Street, with his wooden leg, "sallow complexion, large rolling eyes, stentorian voice, and sanguine [that is villanous] temper."[2]

Best of all the band of scholars was the erudite Jacobite Thomas Ruddiman, who had been brought by Dr. Pitcairn from his schoolhouse at Laurencekirk and a salary of £5 paid in oatmeal. Since 1700 he had lived in Edinburgh, beginning his career with an income of £8 as assistant in Advocates' Library, in dark rooms in Milne Square. He sold books by auction, corrected for the press, taught and boarded pupils, set up a printing press, conducted a newspaper, wrote historic treatises and pamphlets against every opponent who belittled the merits of Arthur Johnston's Latinity or the iniquities of George Buchanan's politics, issued classics, and compiled schoolbooks (among them his famous *Latin Rudiments*), till he became nearly blind, and died at eighty-three in 1757. No more worthy man lived in the city than the old scholar, who on Sundays, in the Episcopal meeting-house in Gray's Close, was to be seen with "his curled grizzle wig, yellow cloth coat, scarlet waistcoat, decorated with broad gold lace, and shirt with very deep ruffles"—for he had become a prosperous man, as was the great grammarian's due.

[1] In 1739 the *Caledonian Mercury*, printed by Ruddiman, had a circulation of only 1400 every week.—Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 143, where is much information about previous Scots newspapers. *Literary Hist. of Glasgow* (Maitland Club).

[2] Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, pp. 150, 274.

But of real literature, save the poems of Ramsay, there were still few signs; till, in 1738, there appeared in London a *Treatise of Human Nature* by David Hume, then twenty-five years old. It fell, as the author cheerfully confesses, "still-born from the press"; which did not discourage him from publishing, within a few years, those philosophical essays which slowly established his name in literature and his place in sceptical philosophy, creating a panic fright in orthodox circles, which was borne with placidity by the simple-souled and good-humoured philosopher—verily, the "mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled" a creed.[1]

After the middle of the century there was a wider awakening of intellectual life in Edinburgh, and in Scotland generally. Hume was busy with his *History of England*, which began to appear in 1754; his friend Home was writing his tragedy of *Douglas* in his manse at Athelstaneford; Dr. Robertson was engaged with his *History of Scotland*, which was to make him famous in the winter of 1759. Adam Ferguson, Hugh Blair, Adam Smith, and others, were soon to make Edinburgh a literary centre and literature a matter of fashion to gentlemen. At that time the effort was not to write Scots, but to learn to write English. Home, Reid, Robertson strove indefatigably to clear their pages of every provincial idiom, and every Scotsman anxiously consulted English friends for guidance and correction. They fairly succeeded, but not without pains, for Dr. Beattie owned that "we who live in Scotland are obliged to study English for books like a dead language which we can understand but cannot speak. Our style smells of the lamp and we are slaves of the language, and are continually afraid of committing gross blunders."[2] Accordingly the author of the *Minstrel* had pored over Addison, Swift, and Lord Lyttleton to learn to write this foreign tongue—labours which met their reward, when he became the idol of blue-stockings in London, and fashionable circles mistook an "elegant writer" for a profound philosopher. Naturally these authors published their

[1] Burton's *Life of Hume*, 2 vols., 1840; *Letters of D. Hume*, edited by Hill p. 107.

[2] Letter to Lord Glenbervie, Forbes' *Life of Beattie*, vol. ii. 243. See *Letters of David Hume* (edited by Hill), p. 105.

works in London, but as naturally they chose countrymen to publish them, for eminent Scots booksellers abounded in the capital—Millar, Strahan, and Murray.

Intellectual activity was spreading in all circles. The Select Society, founded by the versatile and energetic Allan Ramsay, the portrait-painter, changed in 1755 to the Society for Encouraging Art, Science, and Industry. Noblemen, lairds, judges, ministers, advocates, engaged in these meetings—not unconnected with suppers and claret—for promoting husbandry, linen trade, and the fostering of art—which it did by offering prizes for drawings that never won them.[1] At the Bar there were men of wit and forensic ability who afterwards made themselves conspicuous on the bench or even famous in the senate; there were men of science and philosophy who redeemed the University from the obscurity under which it had lain for generations; and ecclesiastics of distinction who by their good-breeding rebutted the wholesale charges of uncouthness against the clergy, and by their tolerance were to relieve them from the indiscriminate taunt of fanaticism. These men were well-known figures in the crowded streets of Edinburgh. As one looked, about 1771, down from the lofty windows in the High Street, opposite the place where the old Market Cross had stood near St. Giles', and where the citizens and townsfolk most did congregate, there were more men of note to be seen in an afternoon than could have before been seen in a century. There appeared the ponderous figure of David Hume, his fat body encased in brown coat and waistcoat, toiling up the street, and walking with him Principal Robertson, in his single-breasted black coat, cauliflower wig, cocked hat, and clerical bands—divine and deist on the best of terms. Gently through the crowd glided a tiny stooping form, with arms hanging limp like a bird with shot wings, with a placid sweet face, surmounted by a brown wig and cocked hat, who was Dr. John Erskine, most saintly of ministers and gentlest of saints. Past him would brush with rough jest, in loud rasping voice, the truculent figure, clad in gown and wig, of Robert Macqueen (afterwards Lord Braxfield), with a fierce humour glowering from his shaggy eyebrows. Among the throng the tall figure

[1] Allan Cunningham's *Lives of British Painters*; Tytler's *Life of Lord Kames*.

of Lord Kames, begowned and bewigged, with hat under his arm, might be seen stooping in eager converse with a very dirty caddie, from whom he is extracting all the gossip of the town; and Dr. Adam Smith, who had crossed by ferry from Kirkcaldy, ascended the street oblivious and vacant-eyed, his lips moving in that almost audible smiling converse with himself, which made an old woman mistake him for an idiot, and exclaim to her neighbour in pity, "Ay, an' he's weel put on too." Dr. Hugh Blair was there, self-complacent, self-conscious, with wig perfect in every curl, and dress in fine precision; and there strode by Dr. Alexander Webster, the brightest talker, most unctuous preacher, steadiest drinker, most able business man of the old city, who made the plans for the new town, loved by the saints of the Tolbooth Kirk and the sinners of the High Street flats. In his sedan-chair was borne the great physician Dr. Cullen, known everywhere by his strange pendulous lips, in a huge peruke beneath his capacious hat, his big coat flaps sticking out with the huge sand-glass by which he counted his patients' pulses.[1] Dr. Black, the great chemist, went on his way to lecture at the College, greeting old cronies with a charming smile on his benign face; and if the rain was threatening, Lord Monboddo, the learned whimsical judge (whose *Origin of Language* had just appeared, showing how mankind had gradually shed their primeval tails). [illegible] judge's wig into a sedan-chair to keep it dry, while he himself walked quietly home in the rain; for not till 1782 did Mr. Alexander Wood, the surgeon, appear with the first umbrella, a huge gingham apparatus, in Edinburgh streets.[2] James Boswell came by from James' Court, fussy of manner, rubicund of face, with a self-important look bent on some unimportant errand, thinking over a song for the "Soaping Club" that night. These and many others pass along of a spring afternoon in 1771, to join the gossiping cluster of citizens and merchants and bankers and bucks, who stood with their hands in their muffs. But none of these aristocrats of literary society cast any regard on the poor, shabbily-dressed copying clerk that threaded his way through

[1] Chambers' *Traditions*, i. 105.
[2] Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, ii. 368.

the High Street crowd with his law papers, who for but two years was to write Scots poems and songs of the truest ring, before Burns wrote them surpassingly, and after too fond carouses o' nights, was to die in 1774 on the straw of a madhouse, at the age of twenty-four, when ended the short pathetic career of Robert Fergusson.

Other notables resorted to Creech's bookshop, in the premises at the Luckenbooths, below old Allan Ramsay's flat; where gathered daily the quidnuncs of the town, to see the newest books from London, and to hear of the newest arrivals from the country, or to chat with the worthy bibliopole as he stood on the steps. At supper-parties of judges and nobles, or eminent lawyers, were to be met the best of good company —Dr. Adam Ferguson; Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet; Dr. Gregory; John Home, when my Lord Bute could set him free from his sight; Lord Elibank, most cultivated and literary of peers, when he spent the winter in Scotland; Henry Erskine, brightest and wittiest of men at the bar; and Andrew Crosbie, the Councillor Pleydell of *Guy Mannering,* great as a pleader, as a talker, and as a toper. At these reunions in Edinburgh flats, over collops, boiled fowls, and claret, met the literati— whom deep-drinking Lord Kellie, with his purple-faced laugh, nicknamed the *eaterati.*[1] Ladies were there who, all unknown, had written songs that all society was singing. Lady Anne Lindsay heard her own ballad "Auld Robin Gray" sung to the accompaniment of the harp, and applauded by companies who were unaware that the bright blushing girl in the corner had written it; and as she looked down from the window of the lofty flat where the old Lady Balcarres dwelt, she could see a company of dancing dogs acting in the streets the little song-drama.[2] At card-parties of quality Miss Jean Elliot, possessed of a stately carriage becoming her family, often listened to her own exquisite "Flowers of the Forest," ("I've heard them lilting"), on whose authorship she too kept dignified silence; for with aristocratic reserve these ladies cared as little

[1] *Lives of the Lindsays*, ii. 320.

[2] *Lives of the Lindsays*, ii. 393; *Songstresses of Scotland*, i. 207, ii. 24. With equal success Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie, who died in 1727, concealed her authorship of *Hardyknute*, which for over a century literary experts lauded as an ancient ballad of rare beauty.

to join the herd of writers as Miss Oliphant of Gask, who kept the secret for forty years of having written "The Land o' the Leal"—content to write "by stealth, and blush to find it fame." No more intelligent company was to be found than in the rooms of poorly-jointured ladies—such as that of Dowager Lady Balcarres, who received her company in the bedroom, with a neat coverlet over the bed, while against one of the posts lent her consequential servant John, who handed the tea-kettle and joined in the conversation.[1]

The growth of literature, in which was required the art of writing English,—for authors addressed an English public—and the more frequent communication between England and Scotland, made both the lettered and the fashionable classes painfully conscious that their vernacular had sunk from a national language of which to be proud, into a provincial dialect of which to be ashamed. Of old every one spoke Scots; and from the lips of well-bred ladies it fell pleasingly, if not quite intelligibly, on southern ears. Now, however, it was awkward for a man of letters to lapse into solecisms, and for a man of fashion to flounder hopelessly in Scotticisms. The member for a Scottish county felt himself uncouth in London society, and when he rose in the House of Commons he dreaded the supercilious smile at the sound of an unknown tongue. Advocates pleading before the Lords saw that they created amazement by the strange pronunciation of Latin, and still stranger pronunciation of the king's English.[2] Three Lords of Justiciary were ordered to appear at the bar of the House of Lords about the Porteous mob. "Brethren," said Lord Dun pompously, as he supped with his fellow-judges, "I am sorry to say neither of you will be understood by the House to-morrow. I am, you well know, in a different situation, having made the English language my particular study." To-morrow came, when Lord Royston was hardly intelligible; as for my Lord Dun, Lord Kames used gleefully to tell, "Deil ae word from beginning to end did the English understand of his speech." When the Hon. Charles Townshend, who had married the Dowager Lady Dalkeith, had been admitted a member of the Edinburgh Select Society, which

[1] Chambers' *Threiplands of Fingask*, p. 58.
[2] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 543.

consisted of the foremost men of ability and position, he protested that he could not understand what they said in their debates, and cruelly suggested that an interpreter should be employed. "Why," asked he, "can you not learn to speak the English language as you have learned to write it?" for it had been the anxiety of his literary friends Hume and Robertson to weed out every provincialism from their historical pages.

In 1761 it happened that Mr. Thomas Sheridan,[1] actor, stage-manager, and elocutionist, came to lecture on rhetoric and the art of speaking, and delivered twelve lectures in St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel. To that consecrated but not solemnising building in the dismal Carrubber's Wynd resorted about three hundred gentlemen, nobles, judges, divines, advocates, and men of fashion. With the docility of children they gave ear to these pretentious discourses, in which the self-confident orator, in rich Irish brogue, taught pure English pronunciation to a broad-Scots-speaking assembly. Gravely they listened as he profoundly explained how "the next progression of number is when the same note is repeated; but in such a way that one makes a more sensible impression on the ear than the other by being more forcibly struck and therefore having a greater degree of loudness—as *tĭ-tum*, or *tum-tĭ-tūm-tĭ*, and when the weak notes precede a more forcible one, as *tă-tă-tum;* or when they follow as *tūm-tĭ-tĭ*, *tum-tĭ-tĭ*," and so on. Carefully, meekly, his audience practised the "*tum-ti-ti-tum*" in their rooms, with all the success that would attend a ploughman's earnest efforts to learn a gavotte. Availing himself of the zeal of the hour, Mr. Sheridan adroitly secured subscriptions for the forthcoming publication of his stimulating lectures, which only saw the light after persistent dunning by the subscribers, who got their copies when their patience and their Anglican accents were wearing away.

Meanwhile, full of enthusiasm, the members of the Select Society, originated chiefly for literary discussion, changed its name finally into the "Society for Promoting the Reading and Speaking of the English Language";[2] and next year, at their

[1] Ritchie's *Life of David Hume*, 1807, p. 95; *Scottish Journal*, ii.; Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, 1857, vii. p. 364; *Scots Magazine*, 1761, p. 391.

[2] The prospectus is not encouraging: "As the intercourse between this part of Great Britain and the capital daily increases, gentlemen have long been sensible

request, Sheridan sent a teacher from London to instruct them in correct pronunciation. Young advocates like Wedderburn, and mature judges like Kames; noble lords—Galloway, Eglinton, Errol; literary men like Hume, Blair, and Robertson, all began to try to syllable their words aright, to the sarcastic amusement of the old-fashioned at their efforts to rid themselves of the old tongue without being able to learn the new. In two years members seceded from the transformed society, subscriptions fell into arrears, and the committee with sulky dignity reported that the condition of affairs "serves to confirm an observation that has sometimes been made that in Scotland every disinterested plan of public utility is slighted as soon as it loses the charm of novelty." Most of these gentlemen in despair spoke broad colloquial Scots to their dying day, however carefully they might speak decent English in fine southern society, at the bar, or in the pulpit. The vernacular was racy on the lips of Henry Erskine, kindly and genial in the talk of Principal Robertson, delightfully vivid and expressive in the converse of high-bred dames possessed of astringent humour, while it added grotesqueness to the preposterous utterances of Lord Hermand, and appropriate brutality to those of Lord Braxfield.

As time wore on the broad Scots wore off from the talk of men of education and ladies of refinement.[1] The younger and more ambitious by 1770 were trying to prune their conversation of Scots phrases, and spoke English, as the Duke of Wellington spoke French, "with a great deal of courage," and most of them succeeded enough to merit the tepid praise earned by James Boswell from Johnson when he asked his illustrious friend what he thought of his speech: "Sir, your pronunciation is not offensive." Nor did the Scots accents fall unpleasantly on the English ears, especially when it fell

of the disadvantage under which they labour from the imperfect knowledge of the English language and the impropriety with which they speak in. . . . Experience hath convinced Scotsmen that it is not impossible for persons born and educated in this country to acquire such as to write it with considerable purity. But with regard to speaking with propriety it has generally been taken for granted that there was no prospect of attempting anything with any prospect of success."—Ritchie's *Life of Hume*, 1807, p. 95.

[1] See *ante*, p. 76.

from pretty lips. After the memorable visit of the great lexicographer to Edinburgh in 1773, immense pains were taken by governesses and teachers in private and public ladies' schools to instruct their pupils in the most correct and refined manner of pronouncing syllables and words. The efforts were more confusing than successful.

V

As the broad Scots was narrowing, the narrow old religion was broadening: owing very much to the same causes—contact with English life, and larger intercourse with the world. The strict and inquisitorial discipline of former times could not be maintained if there had been any disposition to exercise it in a population which was increasing, till at the close of the century it numbered above 80,000 people. Up to 1760 the Sunday was a day of rigorous observance, of deep solemnity, when the streets were deserted save in multitudinous going to and coming from the worship where attendance was obligatory as a religious duty and as a badge of respectability—even David Hume, the arch-infidel, was to be seen "sitting under" Principal Robertson in Greyfriars'. By 1780 or 1790, however, a great change had come over the religious habits of society, and the pews, which of old had been always sedately full, were deserted by men of fashion. Henry Mackenzie—the "Man of Feeling"[1]—contrasts the days of his boyhood, when "I well remember the reverential silence of the streets, the tip-toe kind of fear with which when any accident prevented my attendance at church I used to pass through them," with the later and regardless days of the century, when the streets were noisy and gay, and the church was neglected by the gentry; when, unabashed and unrebuked, the barbers bore the wigs to their customers and came to shave them on the Lord's Day; and gentlemen even dared to play cards on Sunday to the subversion of all pious traditions and propriety.[2]

[1] Mackenzie's *Life and Writings of John Home*, p. 44.

[2] Among the unpublished MSS. of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk is a "Letter addressed to Mr. Mirror," evidently intended to appear in the *Mirror*, purporting to be dated from Perthshire, April 1, 1779, by a gentleman recently returned

The theatre also had greatly lost its stigma, and the clergy had ceased to ban it. In fact, when Mrs. Siddons came to act, ministers went in such numbers that the General Assembly, then sitting, was half-deserted by its members; and pious sober-minded citizens were induced to go, though with fear and trembling, to the perilous playhouse, for the tragedy queen had made it almost respectable.[1] A staid old lawyer was persuaded to visit the theatre for the first time in his life to see the great actress in *Venice Preserved.* When the catastrophe came he turned to his daughter and asked if this was a comedy or a tragedy? "Bless me! papa, a tragedy to be sure!" "So I thought," remarked the worthy man; "for I am beginning to feel a commotion."

Other tastes had changed, though not always for the better. Mr. William Creech, who in his bookshop in the Luckenbooths met with wits, citizens, and literati, and from his windows, which looked down the long High Street, watched a tide of humanity as ever-flowing if not so varied as that which rejoiced Dr. Johnson in Fleet Street, saw and heard much to bewail about 1780-1790, in a degenerate age[2]—cock-pits increasing and church attendance diminishing, people that were worldly and ministers that were lax in their visitations; but at any rate he does own that immoderate drinking and "pushing the bottle" was in 1790 going out of fashion with educated people, "pressing" was not so common,

from the continent:—"Mr. Mirror, it was with great pleasure that I observed in one of your papers a side thrust against playing at cards on Sunday, which with many other modes of vice we have learned from the people on the Continent, and which I am very sorry to see prevails much more amongst us now than it did twenty years ago when I left the country. . . . I had heard before I returned to my native land that there was a great change with respect to the rigorous observation of the Sabbath, and I found it so on experience. A man may now shave himself on Sunday morning, and powder his hair and walk after church time, and even visit his neighbours without giving offence, which was very far from being the case in my youth. But I little dreamed that it would have been possible for Presbyterians to have so far lowered the ideal of the morality of the Sabbath as to have played at cards on any part of that day. . . . I am one of those who think it very wrong to shock the people with whom I live. . . . I go to the parish church on Sunday lest the people should think me a heathen or an infidel, and I continue to say grace tho' it be left off as ungenteel by many of my neighbours."

[1] Jackson's *Hist. of Scot. Stage*, p. 125; Kay's *Original Portraits*, i. 132.

[2] *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 108.

and every one was allowed at table to do as he pleased in filling or drinking his glass.

While society was making its own rules for the morals and manners of fashionable circles, a decrepit police was trying to maintain good order in the city, and to suppress crime. It might be supposed that in a town abounding in intricate wynds, dingy closes, and dark stairs, and with a large class steeped in poverty, lawlessness and robbery would be common. But, on the contrary, there seems to have prevailed a remarkable immunity from crime. The fact that every one knew everybody, the intimate contact of high and low, rich and poor, may have served as a sort of social detectivism, and made theft rare, by the comparative ease with which culprits could be watched. The charge of order and the preservation of the lieges was committed to a small and effete band of city guards, consisting of 120 men all told—very few of whom were kept on duty, the others acting more usefully as porters or scavengers. A long low building that blocked and disfigured the High Street, opposite the Tolbooth, formed the headquarters of these old Highlanders, most of them discharged soldiers, who guarded the lives and adorned the processions of the city, armed with preposterous Lochaber axes. They were sources of mirth rather than of safety, these much provoked worthies, nicknamed the "town rottens" (or "rats"), who never could catch an offender, and poured forth their futile Gaelic oaths at urchins who sorely mocked them.[1] Outside the shed in which they were stationed was a wooden horse, which drunkards were made ignominiously to bestride; and under the shed was a cellar, to which disturbers of the civic peace were consigned at night.

Such a system of police, which might have served in a little town, had become ludicrous long before it was superseded by more stalwart men to look after a city with a wider radius and large population. Yet in spite of all, throughout the century—as, indeed, through all the country—there were very few serious offences. Housebreaking and robbery are said to have been extremely rare, and with complete sense of security people seldom thought of locking their doors at

[1] Chambers' *Traditions;* Kay's *Portraits;* Wilson's *Memorials*

night.[1] Except in such seasons as when the notorious Deacon Brodie and his confederates perpetrated their burglaries (1783-1787), there was little danger felt. In the Tolbooth prison, among its few inmates were more debtors than criminals; and years passed by without any execution, though robbery was a capital offence. Probably the chief, most venial, and most prevailing offence was drunkenness.[2]

By 1770 there were signs setting in of the approaching transformation of Edinburgh—in the city and society. It was full time, for the crowd of inhabitants was now denser, and the streets and wynds were as malodorous as ever. One night arm-in-arm Boswell and Dr. Johnson marched slowly up the High Street, inhaling the "evening effluvia." Then the great man grumbled into the ear of his friend, "Sir, I can smell you in the dark!" The town, which had remained within its ancient bounds and walls for 250 years, was becoming too circumscribed for its population, which filled the streets that had grown in height instead of length; spaces behind the Canongate and High Street, once occupied by pleasant gardens, had long been built over by wynds and courts, and no more room was left for its increasing inhabitants to build on. About 1760 there had been erected squares of "self-contained" houses south of the town, to which some richer families resorted; and yet, though only a few minutes' walk from their business and their friends, Brown Square and George Square were considered terribly out of the way, so that gentlemen required to take refreshment in the tavern before the journey. In 1772 the North Bridge was finished, and access to a new district became easier, while old merchants spoke with astonishment about the enormous rents of £30 or £40 which ambitious rivals were paying for shops beside the "Brig." Plans by that time had been formed for streets on the other side of the "Nor' Loch" (the lake or swamp now the Princes Street Gardens); but slow progress was made till 1780, when new streets were springing up, and

[1] Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, pp. 106-108. "During the winter 1790-92 there was not a robbery, housebreaking, shopbreaking, nor a theft publicly known to the amount of forty shillings within the city of Edinburgh; not a person accused of a capital crime, and in jail only twenty for petty offences, and nineteen confined for small debts."

[2] Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 335.

houses in Princes Street, George Street, and Queen Street were advancing westward. From the old flats descended in gradual exodus persons of position and quality, who, instead of a modest rental of £15 or £20, were able now, through advancing wealth and larger incomes, to pay £100 for mansions which contrasted strangely with the mean and dirty abodes from which they emerged. They left those dwellings where there had been little cleanliness or comfort, where fetid air brought sickness and death to young lives, where infectious diseases passed like wildfire through the inmates of a crowded common stair, bringing havoc to many a household.[1]

Town and town-life underwent a revolution, and many a quaintly pleasant and picturesque feature of Scottish society soon became a mere memory. Fortunately, the old taverns lost their "genteel" company, and gentlemen met temperately at home in their spacious dining-rooms, instead of in miserable cellars, over their mutchkin and glass. The sedan-chairs were becoming worn out, like the chairmen who had carried in them so many fair occupants, with towering powdered headdresses, to the dance, and for 6d. an hour had shaken their burdens over the causeway, and up closes where no carriage could enter. These were being discarded for hackney coaches that drove swiftly along handsome though unfinished streets; but for many a year some ladies of the olden type still were borne along to their tea-parties in the venerable chairs of their grandmothers.[2] Other changes came—some that were not grateful. The delightful old simplicity of manners, the unceremonious friendliness, the genial gatherings around the tea-table, where the company discussed their "fifty friends within five hundred yards";[3]

[1] Sir W. Scott's *Provincial Antiquities:* Edinburgh.

[2] Up to 1850 one or two of these antique equipages were used in St. Andrews and Edinburgh.

[3] All this quaint simplicity had gone, leaving only far-off memories of the old days:—

> Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
> Barely a mullen for mice or for rattens;
> The thrifty housewife to the Fleshmarket paced,
> Her equippage a' just a guid pair o' pattens.
>
> Folk were as gude then and friends were as leal,
> Though coaches were scant with their cattle a-cantrin;
> Right air, we were tell't by the housemaid or chiel,
> "Sic, an' ye please, here's your lass and your lantern."
>
> "Change in Edinburgh," Sir Alex. Boswell's *Poetical Works.*

the familiar intercourse and sympathy between rich and poor, formed by proximity in the same turnpike stair; the quaint old dowager ladies of rank and poverty, who, on "small genteel incomes," and with one maid-servant, kept up a tiny establishment and gave slender entertainments in a fourth flat,—all these passed away for ever.

By the close of the century these "lands," in multitudinous closes, were becoming deserted by the upper classes. Although some clung on tenaciously to their patrimonial tenements, the bulk of quality and fashion had gone to reside on the other side of the swampy North Loch, quitting for ever the old haunts where so long a teeming friendly population of gentle and simple had dwelt, leaving for ever ancient flats associated with ages of dirt and dignity, of smells and social mirth. The old rooms received new occupants—pawnbrokers lived where lords of session had dwelt; washerwomen cleaned clothes in chambers where fine ladies had worn them; mechanics, with their squalling brats, occupied apartments whose decorated mantelpieces and painted ceilings told of departed greatness—rooms where in bygone days the gayest of the town had met, when they were scenes of all that had been brightest and merriest of olden life.[1]

With the New Town of Edinburgh began a new social existence in Scotland.

[1] "In 1763 people of quality and fashion lived in houses which in 1783 were inhabited by tradesmen or by people in humble and ordinary life. The Lord Justice-Clerk Tinwald's house was possessed by a French teacher, Lord President Craigie's house by a rouping wife or saleswoman of old furniture, and Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation."—Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 64.

CHAPTER IV

TOWN LIFE—GLASGOW

I

Previous to the Union of 1707 Glasgow possessed no industrial life or energy; its population was little over 12,500, having rapidly diminished from the number of 14,600 which had peopled the city in 1660.[1] When the seventeenth century closed, its prosperity was so decayed that many of the better class of houses were unoccupied, and those which were inhabited were let at a third of their former rents; the trade was mean, and the commerce was insignificant, for the citizens owned no more than fifteen vessels, whose aggregate tonnage was 1182 tons, the largest ship having a burden of only 160 tons.

The shallow channel of the Clyde, with its many sand-banks, could not admit any vessel farther up the river than fourteen miles from the Broomielaw—then, as its name suggests, the flat banks covered with "broom," as Birkenhead was with "birches,"—and up and down the stream only small boats could ply.[2] Any ship engaged in foreign trade required, therefore, to load and unload her cargo at harbours distant from the town, whence goods were conveyed along the ill-made tracks on little pack-horses, which bore on their feeble backs with difficulty a load of two hundredweight at a time.

[1] Denholm's *Hist. of Glasgow*, 1804, p. 110.

[2] In 1775 the Clyde was deepened, so that vessels drawing 6 feet of water could be brought to Glasgow, and in 1798 vessels drawing 9½ feet.—Cleland's *Rise and Progress of Glasgow*, p. 113.

From Dumbarton, many miles away, or from Port Glasgow (since 1705 by name and for convenience intended to be the port of the city), the freights were borne laboriously along, while such bulky materials as timber from Norway were transported on boats on the river. The trade engaged in was insignificant alike in quantity and in kind—dried herring and salmon, stockings, sheep skins, coarse serges, tarred rope, consigned to Norway, France, and Holland. The industries were rudimentary and unskilled. On the Firth were great numbers of men fishing for the abundant salmon and herring, which, when dried or salted, were sent abroad or sold to the people, being a principal article of their food, and the repast of labourers, seamen, and reapers in the harvest.[1] In the little town weavers were engaged, partly on linen, but chiefly on woollen stuffs, the oldest and most characteristic product being the making of plaiding—a coarse fabric of which the worthy citizens of St. Mungo were so vastly proud, that in 1715 the magistrates resolved to send "a swatch of plaiding to the Princess of Wales as the manufacture belonging to this place."[2] For Her Royal Highness's instruction they thoughtfully explain, that these plaids are "such as is generally used in Scotland, and as worn by the women as covers when they goe abroad, and by some men as morning guns [gowns], and for hangings for bed-chambers."

These were but the beginnings of a new life.[3] Ten years later linen manufacture began to be a staple of industry in the West of Scotland; the sound of the shuttle was heard in street after street from two thousand looms through the open doors from morning till night, engaged in making linen, lawn, and cambric. 1735 saw the first tape or incle factory in the kingdom set up under the enterprising Harvey, who had wormed out the secret of its production in Holland, and brought over two looms and a Dutch workman to initiate

[1] Spreull's *Accompt Current*, etc., 1705; Denholm's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 402. For sustenance of the seamen seven herrings were allowed to each man.—Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 234.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 247.

[3] On the various industries of Glasgow, in their rise and progress, local histories are full of many but necessarily monotonous facts. Gibson, Brown, Denholm, Macgeorge, and others, state the story with conscientious detail in books whose pages it is needless to cite particularly.

his countrymen into the process. There were the signs of activity everywhere—the making of glass, shoes, pottery, ropes, and carpets. A short distance from the Trongate, then surrounded by orchards and fields, there was a factory for making candles, and as the goods were carried to customers through the "rigs" of the field, the district became known by the name, which the dingy street reared on its ground still bears, of the "Candlerigs." So busy was the little city that it is said in 1750 "every child was at work, and not a beggar was to be seen."[1]

But for the chief cause of this extraordinary development we must go back to the Union of 1707.[2] Before that event there was no scope for commercial energy or enterprise for Glasgow. How could it compete in foreign trade with towns on the east coast? Its few vessels required to sail with baffling winds all round the north of the country before making for the ports of Holland or Norway, while vessels from Leith or Dundee sailed quickly and directly over. At the same time the English laws had prohibited all Scots trading with America and the Indies, to which their ships could sail right across the Atlantic.[3] This obstacle was removed by that Union, which was received with a howl of national indignation. Quickly taking advantage of the change, a few men put their little capital together, got goods for barter, chartered a small vessel from Whitehaven, and sent her forth beyond the seas. The captain acted as supercargo, set out for Virginia, where he stayed till his cargo was disposed of, and returned with rum and tobacco and some money, which (tradition says) he handed to his employers in a stocking.[4]

[1] Gibson's *Hist. of Glasgow*, 1777.

[2] The humble scale on which business was conducted in these old days is indicated by the anxious comment of Wodrow from his manse at Eastwood, a few miles away from the city, whose bold ventures stagger him as tempting Providence. In 1709 he writes: "In the beginning of this month [November] Borrowstounness and Glasgow have suffered very much by the fleet going to Holland, it being taken by the French. It is said that in all there is £80,000 sterling lost there, whereof Glasgow has £10,000. I wish trading persons may see the language of this providence."—*Analecta*, i. 218. In 1727 there were trade losses amounting to £27,000, which causes Mr. Wodrow to exclaim: "It's a wonder to me how they pull throo."—*Ibid.* iii. 452.

[3] *Tour through Great Britain*, begun by Defoe, 1756, vol. iv.

[4] *New Stat. Acct. of Scotland*, vi. 231.

The method in which the early transactions of these trading ventures were conducted was a model of simplicity and self-protecting caution. The prudent shopkeepers bargained with those who supplied them with manufactures for sale, that they should not be paid till the vessels returned with their cargoes to Port Glasgow. By this ingenious arrangement, with which weavers and fish-curers were obliged to comply, they who furnished the goods ran most of the risk, while the astute traders got most of the profits, and paced the Trongate with easy mind till the ships they did not own, and the cargoes for which others had paid, returned safely home.

These vessels were usually hired from Whitehaven, for the citizens had no vessels of their own fit for long sea-voyages till 1718, when the first vessel owned by a Glasgow merchant crossed the Atlantic. Even up till 1735 the good citizens could only boast of fifteen vessels of their own, engaged in the Virginian trade. But activity increased year by year. Ships set forth with home manufactures, and returned laden with rich cargoes of colonial products. Glasgow became the source from which agents of the Farmers-General bought all the tobacco that entered France;[1] and in 1772 more than half of all the tobacco imported into the kingdom was brought to Glasgow, making these Virginia merchants the most prosperous men in Scotland.[2] Such were the rising fortunes of Glasgow: let us look at its social life, characteristic of the burghal ways of the century.

II

At the beginning of the century Glasgow, with its population of about 12,500 inhabitants, formed a small community with houses clustered within a few hundred yards of the Market Cross. "It has," says Edward Burt, who saw it in 1726, "a spacious carrefour where stands the cross, and going round it you have by turns the views of the four streets that in regular

[1] Forbes' *History of a Banking House.*

[2] In 1772 Glasgow imported no less than 49,000 out of the entire 90,000 hogsheads which were imported into the kingdom. Smollett states in *Humphrey Clinker* (1771) that Mr. John Glassford had twenty-five vessels engaged in the Virginia traffic with trade to half a million.

angles proceed from thence. The houses are faced with ashlar stone; they are well sashed, all of one model, and piazzas rise round them on either side, which gives a good air to the buildings. There are some handsome streets; but the extreme parts of the town are mean and disagreeable to the eye." The town seemed to him "the most uniform and prettiest" he had ever seen. All other visitors were impressed as favourably as this English engineer officer by the beauty and charm of the little city, so pleasantly situated by the green banks of the Clyde.[1] The first historian of Glasgow, in 1736, gives quite an idyllic picture of his town as "surrounded with cornfields, kitchen and flower gardens and beautiful orchards, abounding with fruits of all sorts, which, by reason of the open and large streets, send forth a pleasant, odoriferous smell."[2] Beside the substantial houses of the well-to-do citizens, with quaint picturesque Flemish architecture and crow-stepped gables, however, stood mean, dirty, and broken-down hovels to mar the beauty of the town; while in the streets stood middens, against which magistrates vainly objected,[3] and in the gutters remained garbage seriously to spoil the "odoriferous smell" of the fruit and flower-scented air.

The Trongate was the centre of life and business. Colonnades extended along the basement floors of the houses on both sides of the four principal streets that formed a cross, and under the shadow of the pillars supporting the piazzas were the small and dingy shops, entered by half doors, over which the merchants leaned waiting for customers or chatting with their neighbours. Inside, the wares were miscellaneous, though the choice was slender—shalloons and dried fish, yarn and candles, and brocades. The highest rent of these rooms, where the goods of the best Glasgow "merchants" or shopkeepers were sold, was, in 1712, only £5, while humbler warerooms were let at 12s. The price of these modest mercantile houses may be understood by the fact that two hundred and twenty shops were rented at a total sum of £623.[4]

[1] Burt's *Letters*, i. 22; Defoe's *Tour through Great Britain*, iv. 117 (8th edition); Morer's *Short Account of Scot.* 1702.

[2] M'Ure's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 122.

[3] Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 266.

[4] *Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, xi.

The dwelling-houses of the wealthiest class of citizens were chiefly in flats, entered by turnpike stairs, dark, narrow, and unsalubrious, for which the rent was merely £100 Scots, or £8 : 6 : 8 sterling. In Spreull's Land in the Trongate lived ten families on the "common stair," including three ladies of title—one being Lady Glencairn—in their respective "landings"; and their ladyships did not consider they paid too little for their dwellings when they gave the high rent of £10 a year.

Shops for provisions were not then to be found, and ladies set forth in the morning, wending their way cautiously in pattens over the mire and past the dunghills, to the booths and stalls in the road, after their servants had come back from filling their stoups and jugs at the public draw-wells, where they had waited with the crowd of other barefooted maidens for their turn.[1] Twice a week the small supply of flesh came for sale that was sufficient to supply their wants, because from Martinmas till May the only meat used was salted. And on the rare arrival of fresh meat in winter, the bellman went along the streets announcing the exciting fact.[2]

The ways of the town were simple, for trade, until nearly the middle of the century, made slow progress, and even those who were prosperous retained the old fashions of their fathers. At six o'clock in the morning a gun was fired, which intimated that the post-runner (and after 1717 the more expeditious post-horse) had arrived with letters from Edinburgh, and citizens set forth to the little shop where the merchant who acted for £12 a year as postmaster handed out the small supply of correspondence. Thereafter they returned to breakfast, and after a repast on porridge, herring, and ale, took their stand at the shop door, or their seat in the dingy little warehouse, till at half-past eleven the music-bells of the Tron played their pleasant tunes, which, like the St. Giles' bells of Edinburgh, were a signal for merchants and tradesmen to adjourn to their favourite taverns to drink their "meridian"

[1] "There is plenty of water," says M'Ure in 1736, "there being several water wells in several closses of the toun, besides sixteen public wells which serve the city night and day as need requires."—*History of Glasgow.*

[2] Strang's *Clubs*, p. 13; Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 293.

of ale or brandy—an operation which, the liquor being served in a pewter tankard, was popularly styled "pewthering." At mid-day, or one o'clock, having turned the key and shut up their shops, they dined on the inevitable broth and salt beef, or the boiled fowls, bought by the lady near the Cross that morning for threepence each. Dinner over, with its beverage of ale or "twopenny," the doors of shop and wareroom were reopened till eight o'clock, when the citizens, having finished business for the day, in companies of four or five, resorted to the little tavern rooms, where they drank and gossiped, and discussed the prices of serges, the weft and warp of fine lawn, the arrival of a vessel at Port Glasgow with fir deals from Sweden, or the chances of sale of tallow with Norway. By nine o'clock, however, they usually returned home to supper, to family worship, and to bed.[1]

Very frugal and plain were the modes of living in those early days, and the ways of private folk and public functionaries were extremely unpretentious. When affairs commercially were "looking up," a careful liberality was displayed, and the Town Council in 1720 were even induced to requite the Lord Provost's services in a rising city by allowing him a salary of £20 sterling, "because the chief magistrate whiles in that station is obligt to keep a post suitable thereto, and cannot but be at considerable charge in furnishing his house with wine for the entertainment of gentlemen who may have occasion to wait upon him at his house."[2] It was in the same spirit of municipal munificence distinguishing these bailies that they occasionally sent a gift of local products or imports to legal and political friends of the city. Thus they now and then sent by the carrier a barrel of herring to advocates who had served in pleas at the Parliament House, or the handsome award, in the beginning of the century, of 4 lbs. of tobacco to the "town's friend in Edinburgh"—at a cost to the city of 4s. 3d. sterling. On the same economical scale as civic affairs was the private life of gentlemen conducted.[3] They entertained little, and seldom gave dinners, except to English riders

[1] Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow, passim*; *New Stat. Acct. of Scotland*; Bannatyne's *Reminiscences*, vi. 230.

[2] Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 223.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 237.

or bagmen, or to their kith and kin in homely gatherings at supper at New Year.

While the men had their meetings with friends at the taverns, ladies had their quieter assemblies at home, where, after 1725, tea became the fashionable beverage. At the "four hours" visitors dropped in, were received in the bedroom, and partook of the tea out of the precious and fragile cups, the treasured china of the hostess, who with delicate handling washed them as the door closed behind the last departed guest. Parties could not be large in those flats, consisting of four or five small rooms, with their little windows that let in meagre light, though, being ill-sashed—if sashed at all—they let in ample draughts of air. Of course, the family lived in the main bedroom, where they had their meals and where they received their visitors. Only when special company was expected was the one unaired and seldom-used public room prepared.[1] This was the ordinary style of living even of very prosperous merchants, although a somewhat more luxurious mode was adopted by those wealthier gentlemen who were making large fortunes in the Virginia trade, and had handsome mansions with the "odoriferous" gardens and orchards, lauded by worthy M'Ure, the town historian, such as stood on the spot now covered by St. Enoch's Square.

The houses being so incommodious, professional men could not conveniently see their clients and patients at home, and merchants could not in their crowded little shops or warerooms transact business with their customers. It was, therefore, to the coffee-houses or taverns that they resorted, where they could bargain and barter, talk and consult. There patients met the chirurgeons and got advice as to the potions, vomitories, and gargarisms they should take; there clients saw the lawyers, and over their ale or wine made their testament or drew up a Memorial to their "Lordships" in Edinburgh; and there merchants arranged with country tradesmen their supply of serges. Every transaction was carried out with the accompaniment of ale or brandy, or a chopin of claret. Pious and well ordered, as befitted such a religious district, the citizens would sanctify their drams by saying a grace over them, and a minister, if

[1] *New Stat. Acct. of Scotland*, vi. 230.

present, would be respectfully asked to "ask a blessing" or "say a few words," which he did at considerable length before they partook of a tin of ale or mutchkin of claret. This was the proper preliminary to selling a horse or a supply of Kilmarnock bonnets.[1]

III

Speaking of Glasgow society as he remembered it in his student days, in 1746, and speaking somewhat superciliously, Dr. Alexander Carlyle says: "There were only a few families of ancient citizens pretending to be gentlemen, and a few others who were recent settlers there who had obtained wealth and consideration in trade. The rest were shopkeepers and mechanics and successful pedlars, who occupied large ware-rooms full of manufactures of all sorts to furnish a cargo for Virginia. Their manner of life was coarse and vulgar."[2] They certainly were simple and provincial, and the fashions of far-off London and their echoes from aristocratic Edinburgh rarely travelled to the banks of the Clyde. Unpretentiously its young ladies went to schools for learning the art of spinning flax, fine yarn, and making cambric. Like explorers in a strange realm of science, they attended the lessons of the distinguished teacher who advertised himself in 1740 as having been "regularly educated under His Majesty's cook," and able to teach the "art of making pastry, confectionary, candying, pickling, and of making sillabubs, gellies, and broath of all sorts, and also of dressing and ordering a table." Doubtless it was because the magistrates were longing for a change from the perpetual and depressing sameness in their home fare that they allowed this culinary artist from Buckingham Palace £10 yearly "during pleasure." The results were not conspicuous for success.

Literature was not a matter of widespread interest in this trading community, although under the eye of the learned professors of the University—that venerable building in the High Street, with its grim grey-stoned quadrangles. Books

[1] Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow*, p. 102.
[2] Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 74.

were few, and they were sold in little shops, dealing chiefly in chap-books, sealing-wax, stationery, and fishing-rods, exposed at the window beside poor college classics in gray pasteboard covers, devout works such as Willison's *Afflicted Man's Companion*, Boston's *Fourfold State*, and Gray's *Sermons*—books which Glasgow publishers were always reprinting, for the people dearly loved to read them. The few men of reading could get their books by the cadger from Edinburgh, or by boat from London *via* Bo'ness, or from Robert Foulis after he set up selling books in 1741. Art was far from the thoughts and taste of this society, engrossed in selling tobacco, fingrams, shoes and linen. And when the brothers Foulis started their Academy for the furthering of the Fine Arts, only three merchants lent them money for a fantastic scheme which, they knew, could bring no profits to their till. Citizens travelled as little in those days as they read, for means of journeying were few and expensive. Not till 1749 did a stage-coach begin to run over the ill-kept road to Edinburgh twice a week, occupying twelve hours on the way, for which a charge of 9s. was made; though a less pretentious caravan could bear them slowly along on springless wheels for 5s. only.

The city had a reputation for sanctity to keep up. The covenanting spirit had ever been keenest in the West country; its sturdiest upholders had been the westland Whigs; and western mobs had no more delightful and conscientious pursuit than to raid an Episcopal meeting-house or to chivvy its minister. In 1712 richly it enjoyed hustling "Amen" Cockburn and his wife from their home because the curate read prayers at funerals in a black gown, till they fled the town in terror. With highly approved promptitude did the magistrates in 1728 silence a nonjuring minister who "prays not for the king," and had set up to preach in a private house "closs opposit to the colledge." He vanished at once upon a threat of six months' imprisonment, and the town was purged again of Prelacy.[1]

Simultaneously with the apparition of the Episcopal preacher was the appearance of Tony Ashton and his strollers—two

[1] Wodrow's *Analecta*, ii. 247, iv. 9.

iniquities in one month, which, as Wodrow reflects, is "pretty singular." The players held their performances; but it was felt a godly consolation that they "did not make so much as to pay their musick." Theatrical entertainments always aroused popular indignation in the West. The weavers destroyed the wooden booth in which Love, Digges, and Mrs. Ward intended to appear one night in 1752. Twelve years later no site would scrupulous citizens let within the royal bounds for a playhouse, and a crowd set fire to the temporary erection in which Mrs. Bellamy was to act. That there was, however, a worldly as well as godly section in the community is proved by the fact that, her wardrobe having been burnt, from her admirers forty gowns were sent to the great actress.[1]

Hand in hand did ministers, elders, and magistrates walk together in fraternal zeal for piety. Whatever the Kirk-Session desired in the way of discipline the Town Council enforced by penalties. Vigilance unremitting was exercised on the outgoings and incomings of the people. To secure proper observance of the Sabbath, compurgators, or "bum-bailies," patrolled the streets and wynds on Saturday night to see that by ten o'clock all folk were quietly at home; and if incautious sounds betokening untimely revelry issued from behind a door, or a stream of light from chinks of a window-shutter betrayed a jovial company within, they entered and broke up the party which dared to be happy so near the Lord's own day. On Sabbath, as in other towns, the seizers, or elders, in their turn perambulated the streets during divine service, and visited the Green in the evening, haling all "vaguers" to kirk or session.[2] The profound stillness of the Sabbath was preternatural, except when the multitudinous tramp of heavy shoes came from a vast voiceless throng of churchgoers. In these streets of which the patrols "made a solitude and called it peace," at all other hours no persons passed, no sound was heard, no dog dared bark. In the mirk

[1] Denholm's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 342; Jackson's *Hist. of Scottish Stage*, pp. 97, 102.

[2] This tyrannical practice was continued till 1780, when a city magnate was taken into custody for walking on the Green, whereupon he raised and gained an action for damages at the Court of Session. The ancient institution was thus mercifully removed.—*New Stat. Acct. of Scot.* vi. 231.

Sabbath nights no lamp was lit, because all but profane persons were engaged in solemn exercises at home. During the day the window-shutters were, in strict households, just opened enough to let inmates see to walk about the room, or to read the Bible by sitting close to the window-panes.

There were "praying societies" also, which became more numerous and intense after the Cambuslang "Wark" of 1742. Companies of twenty or thirty of the devout met together; they bewailed the wickedness and profligacy of the age, and they profusely prayed for the overcoming of Satan.[1] Most of the city ministers were of the fanatical high-flying party in the Church; certainly they did not favourably impress young Wolfe, then stationed in Glasgow with his detachment of soldiers. A well-disposed man, this young officer frequented the kirk; but he writes in 1749 to his mother describing them as "excessive blockheads, so truly and obstinately dull that they shut out knowledge at every entrance."[2] It was such a community that, even so late as 1764, Professor Reid, fresh from Aberdeen University, condemned as "Bœotian in their understanding, fanatical in their religion, and clownish in their dress and manners."[3] Science might have suffered severely if the petty piety of the day had always caught its transgressors. It was lucky or providential that the "seizers" did not catch James Watt, when one eventful Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1765 he walked on the forbidden Green thinking over his unborn engine, and "just as he got to the herd's house" the "idea of a steam condenser flashed upon his mind." One hesitates to think what disastrous effect the interruption of a "bum-bailie" might have had on the invention of steam-engines, and on the industry and science of the future.[4]

Whether from natural sedateness or from the wholesome

[1] *Diary of George Brown, Merchant*, 1743-1752, for private circulation.

[2] Wright's *Life of General Wolfe*. In 1753 Wolfe writes: "The inhabitants retain still all the religion they ever had, I daresay with less ostentation and mockery of devotion, for which they are justly remarkable" (p. 128).

[3] Reid's *Works*, edited by Hamilton, p. 41.

[4] Smiles' *Lives of Boulton and Watt*, chap. iv. An English traveller in 1770 observes that "the inhabitants have been remarkable for their strictness in attending to the public and private worship of God, so that going past their doors of an evening you may hear so many singing psalms that you are apt to imagine yourself in church."—Spencer's *Complete English Traveller*, p. 599.

influences of piety, the people were a well-ordered folk, and crime was almost unknown. Sobriety was then the characteristic of the race. In 1764 Professor Reid could still picture the morals of the city in favourable terms: "Though their religion is of a gloomy and enthusiastic cast, it makes them tame and sober. I have not heard either of a house or a head broken, of a pocket picked or any flagrant crime, since I came here. I have not heard any swearing in the streets, nor even seen a man drunk (excepting, *inter nos,* one professor) since I came."[1] This remarkable quietude and propriety, to whatever cause it might be due, could not be attributed to the vigilance and efficiency of the police at any rate. The whole town's safety and order were entrusted to the unpaid and reluctant burghers who were called on to act as city guard, and possessed all the irregularity and effeteness of amateur performers. Every citizen who was between the years of eighteen and sixty and paid a yearly rent amounting to £3 annually (a rule in those days which made the guard rather exclusive) was required to take his turn at the duty. On tuck of drum the gentleman was at his post at ten o'clock at night, and strolled with weary tread and yawning gait along the Trongate and High Street, and up the pitch-dark lanes of winter nights, where not a lamp was burning, till three or four o'clock in the morning. After that hour, in the obscure and unprotected mornings, the city was without a police, and the tired and hungry guardians of the peace were snug and snoring in their box-beds.[2] The better to secure order in the burgh, all young men and women and servants were strictly forbidden to be in the streets "under cloud of nights" in companies, and all strangers staying either in private or in public houses were obliged to give in their names by ten o'clock at night to the captain of the city guard.[3]

In this way were affairs conducted with perfect simplicity

[1] Reid's *Works,* edited by Hamilton, 1863, p. 40.

[2] In 1788 a small police force—at an annual cost of £135—was associated with the citizens in public duty.—Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow,* p. 292.

[3] On "Saturnsday, 7th Dec. 1745," a city merchant of great piety records in his Diary: "Read the fourteenth chapter of Corinthians; then went to keep the city guard at ten o'clock at night, where I continued till near four in the morning, when I went to bed."—*Diary of George Brown,* p. 41.

in those guileless days. Up to 1750 the city may be said to have been unlighted,[1] for the few smoky tallow-candle lamps which flickered here and there at long intervals only served to intensify the gloom rather than to relieve it, and cautious citizens required till 1780 to light themselves in the darkness by carrying "bowats" or lanthorns in their hands,[2] while ladies in their pattens were accompanied, like the timorous Bailie Nicol Jarvie, along the Saltmarket by their maid bearing the flickering lamp. There were no hackney coaches then, and only a few sedan-chairs, to convey old ladies to the kirk or young ladies with spacious hoops to the dance. Unpaved, uncausewayed, the streets even till late in the century must have been rugged and filthy, full of ruts in dry weather and of mire in wet; for the city, growing with its population in wealth, was satisfied to leave the maintenance and cleansing of "streets, causeways, vennels, and lanes, the highways and roads, within and about the city, and territories thereof," to the labour of only two men.[3]

IV

In the middle of the century there appeared distinct signs of social improvement, enterprise, and luxury. The city had now about 19,000 inhabitants. Hitherto the shopkeeper supplied miscellaneously shoes, lanterns, stay-laces, or silks; the merchant could accommodate customers with wedding rings and the best green tea. But the social fashions of the world were beginning to invade Glasgow, and the inhabitants were full of interest when a shoemaker, a silversmith, and a haberdasher opened their shops in the Trongate in 1750, and ladies, instead of waiting for the carrier from Edinburgh to bring special articles, could now put on their pattens and go across to the new shop. There were now mantua-makers,

[1] In 1780 the magistrates agreed to put up nine lamps on the south side of the Trongate on condition that the proprietors laid a foot pavement.—Macgregor's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 290.

[2] *New Stat. Acct. Scot.* vi. 232; Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 290; Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 75.

[3] In 1777 the Council enacted that "a third person should be employed along with the said two men."—Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 292.

who made cloaks for the living and "dressed dead corpses"; who sold "dead flannels" for the deceased and burial crapes for the survivors, after the newest Edinburgh style.[1]

Soon thereafter the walls of the shops broke out into an eruption of signboards, and there dangled and creaked in the air from poles, red lions and blue swans, cross keys, golden fleeces, golden breeches, golden gloves, till the magistrates, in course of time, ordered their removal, as obscuring the light of their new lamps at night. But amid all these signs of progress the city was unconscious that there was living in it one who was to promote the trade and commerce of the West more than the whole band of merchants and tobacco-lords put together.[2] James Watt had come from Greenock in 1754 and sought employment in the little shop of a mechanic who called himself an "optician," because he mended and sold spectacles, fiddles, fishing-rods and tackle; and after a brief sojourn in London in 1756 he returned to Glasgow, where the Corporation of Hammermen refused to allow him to set up business, because he was neither the son of a burgess nor the apprentice to a citizen. The College professors, however, sensible of his rare capacity, had allowed the young mechanic to have his workshop in their precincts, and there, to eke out a living, he made and repaired any article his customers wanted. Though hardly knowing one tune from another, he mended fiddles, flutes, and guitars, as well as spectacles and quadrants; while his shop was frequented by students who lent him books, and by professors like Robert Simson, Adam Smith, Cullen, and Black, discussing with him scientific questions as he wrought at his trade. Near him in the quadrangle was the book and printing-shop of the admirable brothers Foulis, who sold new books in their shop and old books by auction, and printed the classics and works of poets in magnificent type and with rare accuracy of text, to delight the hearts of scholars and book-lovers. This

[1] Strang's *Clubs*, p. 71. An advertisement in 1747 announces: "James Hodge continues to sell burial crapes ready made, and his wife's niece who lives with him dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having been educated by her and perfected at Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived, and has brought with her all the newest and best fashions."—Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow*, p. 152.

[2] Smiles' *Lives of Boulton and Watt*.

was the haunt of all who valued literature, good talk, and pleasant company.[1]

As the age of religious tyranny died out, the genial qualities of the people crept out into light. In the city there were clubs bearing fantastic titles for all classes of men—men of letters, doctors, merchants. Professor Robert Simson the great mathematician, Dr. Moore, the literary physician, Dr. Cullen, Adam Smith, were allured from their abodes as readily as jovial tradesmen to their favourite taverns, where they could have their much-loved banquets on hen-broth, composed of two or three howtowdies (*Anglicè*, fowls), black beans, a haggis, a crab-pie, with ample punch. Taverns at night resounded with lively songs and with the easily provoked mirth of citizens whose ideal of humour is that quality called "jocosity"—apparently so delightful to the circle in which it originates, and so incomprehensible to those who are outside. By 1753, evidently, customs had much changed from the austere past, for Wolfe writes home: "We have plays, concerts, and balls, public and private, with dinners and suppers of the most execrable food on earth, and wine that approaches to poison. The men drink till they are excessively drunk." So speaks the typical English tourist. Dancing assemblies attracted the whole rank and fashion from the West; daughters and sons of ancient county families came by coach or on horse-back from their country mansions to balls that began at five o'clock and lasted till eleven, mingling with a touch of condescension with the new families of prosperous merchants, who were in time to buy their ancestral acres from their impecunious fathers. Social customs were not always perfectly refined; for even in later days, when assemblies began at eight o'clock, the regulations request that "gentlemen do not appear in their boots," and that they "leave their sticks at the bar."

Fashion at its best and fullest and fairest was seen on the Green by the river banks on fine evenings, where moved an animated throng—ladies in hoops and silks and powder and long green fans, and men in bright-coloured coats and scarlet waistcoats and powdered hair, whose clothes did not—though their manners might—suggest the stockings, tar, and consign-

[1] *Literary Notices of Glasgow* (Maitland Club).

ments of red-herring that they handled in the shop and warehouse an hour before.

By 1760 wealth had grown apace; the cargoes of rum and tobacco from Virginia and Maryland and the West Indies were bringing fortunes to traders. These men formed a distinct caste by themselves. Magnates of the city, arbiters of fortune, leaders of society, those aristocrats of the Saltmarket, gave themselves airs of supreme importance. "Pride in their port," they regarded their fellow-townsmen as utterly inferior, although they or their fathers had themselves sold dried herring or "wicked candles" in a shop beneath the Trongate pillars. On the "plainstones"—the only pavement then in Glasgow—in the middle of the street fronting the Trongate piazza, those Virginia traders—known as tobacco-lords—strutted in business hours, clad in scarlet cloaks, cocked hats, and powdered wigs, bearing with portly grace gold-headed canes in their hands. On "the top of the causeway," which they arrogated to themselves, and which citizens obsequiously conceded, they might be accosted by a city minister, a doctor, or a professor from the University, without giving rebuff; but for others of lower trade to come "between the wind and their nobility" was a liberty not to be permitted, and for common feet to tread these stones was sacrilege. If a shopkeeper wished to confer with a Virginia merchant, he did not venture to come up to speak to him, but stood at the side of the street or in the gutter, meekly waiting to catch the great man's eye and deferentially indicate his desire to speak to his tobacco-lordship. A world of subtle difference lay between a tradesman and a trader.[1] They certainly were prosperous these men; yet many of them lived till near the close of the century in flats, and there at a rental of £6 to £12 a year. The wealthier men occupied fine mansions, near the busy old streets, inside iron railings and walls, which enclosed gardens and orchards, which have long been covered with densely populated thoroughfares and dull warehouses. Large fortunes were acquired by them, good marriages were made, and fine estates were bought. Everything seemed in their favour till the American war in 1776 broke out and ruined the great

[1] *Glasgow Past and Present.*

Virginia trade. Disastrous failures followed, princely fortunes were lost, and many who had dominated society for thirty or forty years had to struggle on with small incomes and to sink into obscurity.[1] Other trades took their place. Sugar from the West Indies, cotton for the mills, calico printing, muslin weaving, and cotton spinning, were employing thousands, and manufactures all around the city brought new wealth to new men, and fortunes were not found only in a small set, but diffused widely: the old exclusiveness of society disappeared, and time-honoured distinctions and purse-proud prejudices passed away that had severed foreign merchants and home manufacturers and tradesmen into distinct ranks.[2]

V

Other social changes came as the town developed, till in 1790 town and suburb had gained a population of sixty-two thousand; as new lines of handsome streets spread over the green fields, as rich families moved from the small flats of their youth to "self-contained" houses, and closer and more frequent communication brought them in contact with the outside world.[3] Shops arose to suit every taste and supply every want. Sedan-chairs began to give place to hackney coaches; no longer when rain fell with local fluency did everybody rush for shelter in the stair "closes"; but from the year 1783, when a Glasgow doctor displayed for the first time a yellow umbrella which he brought from Paris, there were seen everywhere the bulky rain-proof implements of yellow and green glazed linen. There was more air of luxury, though the dinners were still of one course. The hour for repast had advanced to two, and after 1770 in some high circles to three o'clock. It was not, however, till 1786 that a lady of light and leading, imitating the ways of Edinburgh,

[1] "After the American war was over the tobacco trade never regained its old dimensions in Scotland, for the States on gaining independence largely exported the tobacco of Virginia and Maryland direct to the different markets of Europe." —Bruce's *Report on the Union*, Appendix, p. 692.

[2] Denholm's *Hist.* p. 429; *Glasgow Past and Present*, v. 2-4.

[3] The rents of dwelling-houses in flats about 1780 ranged from £6 to £12; shops and booths from £10 to £20.—Strang's *Clubs*, p. 91.

gave her guests dinner in two courses—an innovation which was regarded as gross extravagance, although it was meekly explained by the offender that she only divided the meal into two and presented no more dishes in two courses than others put down in one.[1] Society had its tea-parties, where the company met at five o'clock, played cards till nine, when they supped; and then, as the ladies withdrew to bed or to the drawing-room, the host and his friends drank their punch, or claret; and bowl followed bowl and toast followed toast till the small hours of morning. About this period, when the century was far advanced, moral and religious changes for the worse had come into vogue. Sedate men deplored, after 1770, that men swore terribly who aimed at fashion—uttering oaths that had come from London *via* Edinburgh, though spoken with the stronger accent of the West; there also came a habit of drinking, even less restrainedly than of old, amongst all classes, and men of society were often mighty drinkers under too hospitable roofs, where servants were in waiting to loose the cravats of recumbent and unconscious guests.[2] With these symptoms of moral disruption there was ominous laxity in church observance. Of old every pew had been full, and collections for the poor large; now the seats were often sadly empty, and the "plate" at the kirk door was slenderly filled. It is true that these lamented defections of piety were temporary phases of society in Scotland, and that when the next century came, the city resumed much of its former sobriety, and settled down to quiet ways again. But it was no longer the small, homely, provincial old town—Glasgow of 1707, with its population of 12,500, had changed beyond all recognition in 1800 into a city of nearly 80,000 people, with its streets, containing handsome mansions, covering vast spaces that a few years before were cornfields and orchards; and changing the fashionable residences of the olden time into the dingy warehouses of the new and prosperous age.[3]

[1] *New Stat. Acct. Scot.* vi. 230 (Dugald Bannatyne's *Recollections*).

[2] *New Stat. Acct.* vi. 232; Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow*.

[3] Population of Glasgow in 1660, 14,678; in 1708, 12,766; in 1740, 17,043; 1763, 28,300; 1780, 42,833; 1791, 66,575; in 1801, 77,385. Rental in 1712, £7840; in 1803, £81,484.—Macgregor's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 531; Denholm's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 230.

CHAPTER V

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

1700–1750

I

The eighteenth century opened in Scotland with dark and dismal prospects. From one end of the country to the other the poorer classes of its population of above a million were in misery, hunger, and in the shadow of death. The seasons since August 1696 had been seasons of blight and famine, and the memory of these "dark years," these "ill," or "hungry years," as they were significantly called—or "King William's years," as some Jacobites styled them—lingered in the people's minds for generations. During these disastrous times the crops were blighted by easterly "haars" or mists, by sunless, drenching summers, by storms, and by early bitter frosts and deep snow in autumn. For seven years this calamitous weather continued—the corn rarely ripening, and the green, withered grain being shorn in December amidst pouring rain or pelting snow-storms. Even in the months of January and February, in some districts many of the starving people were still trying to reap the remains of their ruined crops of oats, blighted by the frosts, and perished from weakness, cold, and hunger. The sheep and oxen died in thousands, the prices of everything among a peasantry that had nothing went up to famine pitch, and a large proportion of the population in rural districts was destroyed by disease and want. During these "hungry years," as starvation stared the people in the face, the instincts of self-preservation overpowered all other feelings,

and even natural affection became extinct in crowds of men and women forced to prowl and fight for their food like beasts. People in the North sold their children to slavery in the plantations for victuals; men struggled with their sisters for a morsel of bread; many were so weak and dispirited that they had neither heart nor strength to bury their dead. A man was seen carrying the corpse of his father on his back half way to the churchyard, and throwing it down at a farmer's door, he exclaimed, "I can carry it no farther. For God's sake bury the corpse, or put it, if you like, on the dyke of your kailyard to keep out the sheep."[1] On the roads were to be seen dead bodies with a morsel of raw flesh in their mouths, and dying mothers lying with starved infants which had sucked dry breasts; while numbers, dreading lest their bodies should be exposed to the birds, crawled, when they felt the approach of death, to the kirkyard, that they might have some better chance of being buried when death overtook them. In these very churchyards, which, owing to their too abundant replenishing, were the only fertile spots in the land, old and young struggled together for the nettles, docks, and grass in spring; while they gathered greedily the loathed snails in summer and stored them for the winter's use.[2] Even in the streets of towns starving men fell down and died.[3] "Through the long continuance of these manifold judgments," says the pious, credulous, ungrammatical, but quite veracious historian, Patrick Walker,[4] "deaths and burials were so common that the living wearied of the burying of the dead. I have seen corpses drawn on sleds, many neither having coffins nor winding-sheets. I was one of four who carried the corpse of a young woman a mile of way, and when we came to the grave an honest man came and said, 'You must go and help me to bury my son; he is lien dead these two days; otherwise I will be obliged to bury him in my own yard.' We went, and there were eight of us had two miles to carry the corpse of

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scotland*, vi. 18, Monquhidder, Kilmuir-Easter, Kilsyth. The people in their eagerness eat the corn grains raw.—Fletcher's *Second Discourse;* Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, i.

[2] *Stat. Acct.*, West Linton, i. 145.

[3] Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 272.

[4] *Biograph. Presbyteriana*, ii. 24.

this young man, many neighbours looking on, but none to help. I was credibly informed that in the north two sisters on a Monday's morning were found carrying the corpse of their brother with bearing ropes, none offering to help. I have seen some walking about till the sun-setting, and to-morrow about 6 o'clock in the summer's morning found dead, their head lying on their hands, and mice and rats having eaten a great part of their hands and arms." These grimly vivid memories gain ample confirmation from records of the time and traditions of the people that survived for generations.[1]

In the earlier part of the century, when the poor were not interred in coffins, they were only carried to the grave in the parish coffin; and in those "dark years" the bottom of the public "kist" was on hinges to allow of the bodies being dropped more expeditiously into the shallow graves.[2] Records of Kirk-Sessions shed their grim light upon those sad days, and such an entry as this from Cullen Records makes the past vivid:—"1699, 8th May: George Stevenson, offischer, for making poor folk's graves, 14s. 6d. [Scots, or 1s. 2½d. sterling]. 19th July: Given to the bedall for burying severall poor objects who died of the famine and brought dead to the churchyard, 15s. 7th August: Given to the officer for burying some poor objects dyed through scarcity, 6s."[3] Often there

[1] "1699.—A complaint given by the elders against the generalitie of the people that they are become so inhuman and unchristian as would not so much as help to the churchyard with the dead bodies of poor persons who are daylie dying before them, being invited thereto; which scandal and unchristianitie the minister did sharply reprehend from the pulpit, holding out the danger of persistence (which God in His mercy prevent), and warning them that those who refused to attend a buriall would not only be lyable to Church censure, but punishment through civill magistrates" (Session Records of Drumoak).—Henderson's *Lower Deeside*, p. 102. In 1699 pulpit intimations from Commissioners of Supply to all persons to bury the "corps of the poor timously under failzie of 20s. to those persons adjacent to where they dye."—Cramond's *Church of Deskford.*

[2] In ill years many buried only in winding-sheets, for which the Session gives 1s. 6d. Scots.—Cramond's *Presby. of Fordyce*, p. 30.

[3] Carruthers' *Highland Note-Book:* "A maiden lady in Garmouth, Morayshire, whose name is still gratefully embalmed in traditional recollections of the peasantry, provided shrouds for such as wandered to her door to die; and so anxious were the poor to avail themselves of this last privilege, that they journeyed far and near that they might be secure of decent interment" (p. 165).—Cramond's *Hist. of Cullen*, p. 138.

was no time and no people to carry the corpses, which were buried together in great holes. Of those who survived the horrors of starvation, many "poor objects" died of the diseases which hunger had engendered.

The scenes of continuous misery roused the ever alert superstitious feelings of the people, who, of course, discerned in the misty springs, the sunless summers, the disastrous autumns, and pitiless winters, with their prolonged intense frosts and deep snows, tokens of divine wrath on a backsliding generation;[1] and with vigilant piety they found special evidence of God's judgment in the miseries which overtook those families in low-lying fertile districts who had raised the price of provisions, and were therefore regarded as carrion crows who had fattened on the poor. Imaginative memories could recall the prophetic utterances of covenanting leaders, which were invested with those circumstantial details with which people always adorn inspired words remembered after the events. Had not godly Donald Cargill, as he stood upon the green braes of Upper Bankside, in Clydesdale, in May, 1661,[2] not only foretold his own fate, but also prophesied to his awe-struck congregation: "You shall see cleanness of teeth and many a pale blue face which shall put thousands to their graves in Scotland with unheard of natures of fluxes and fevers and otherwise, and there shall be great distress in the land and wrath upon this people"? Did not the sainted Master Alexander Peden[3] foretell like troubles when he proclaimed that "so long as the lads are on the hills and in glens and caves"—that is, so long as the persecution lasted—"you will have bannocks o'er night; but if ever they are beneath the beild of the brae you will have clean teeth and many a black pale face in Scotland"? None dared to doubt the inspiration and authenticity of such portentous prophecies as these.

[1] Bad seasons were invariably regarded as God's judgments. "Drumoak, 1689, March 24.—In respect of the coldness and prodigious frostiness and unkyndliness of the season of the year the minister preached from Micah vi. 9. 1709, June 5.—Fast intimated for the unseasonable coldness of the weather and the great loss of flocks and catell, and many spiritual plagues in all ranks."—Henderson's *Lower Deeside*, p. 99.

[2] Walker's, *Biog. Presby.* ii. 24.

[3] Wodrow's *Analecta.*

At the height of the scarcity the Privy Council allowed foreign grain to enter free into the ports, while exportation of grain was prohibited under heavy penalty—which was surely a superfluous order. Officers searched out all stored supplies and exposed them at fixed prices. Commissioners of Supply ordained the maximum charges for all grain in 1699, fixing £17 Scots (28s. sterling) a boll for wheat, and 16s. 6d. Scots for each half stone of oatmeal.[1] Every owner of grain was forced, under pain of forfeiture of his whole stock, to thresh all the grain in his girnels—not to sell even a peck as it was conveyed along the roads. Yet with hungry eyes the folk saw the food exposed in the market at prices they could not pay. "I have seen," says Patrick Walker,[2] "when meal was sold in markets women clapping their hands and tearing the clothes off their heads, crying, 'How shall we go home and see our children die of hunger?'"

Fierce denunciations were uttered by the clergy, and severe punishment was dealt by the magistrates on all forestallers,[3] whose conduct was regarded with utter horror by an age possessed of very erroneous notions of political economy, but possessed of very accurate opinions of human nature. Edicts were read from pulpits and proclaimed at market-crosses stating the maximum sums at which grain was to be sold, on pain of prosecution as "occurrers" or usurers. Such men were looked on with detestation by the people, and stories were told long after of farmers who had kept their meal rotting till it rose to famine price, and had sent to prison famishing children for taking kail out of their yards, and were themselves by divine judgment reduced to destitution, and forced to beg for meat at the doors of those they had left to starve. To mitigate the distress, the Church appointed days of fast and humiliation "because of Sabbath breaking, drunkenness, and the general and particular iniquities which had brought this divine wrath on the land," and with much more practical purpose they recommended "cheerful and liberal" collections for the indigent in every parish. But, unfortunately, those

[1] In Cromarty oats, which in good years cost 5s., rose to 54s.—Sir J. Sinclair's *Agric. of Northern Counties*, p. 8.

[2] *Biog. Presby.* ii. 27.

[3] *Annals of Hawick*, p. 107.

who were told to give "cheerfully and liberally" were themselves "indigent"; the incomes of the lairds depended on the grain, the loss of which had impoverished themselves as well as the people.

It was in the midst of this period of distress, in 1698, that Fletcher of Saltoun described the woeful state of the land: two hundred thousand vagrants "begging from door to door, half of these belonging to the wild, brutalised, savage race of nomads, the other half families whom poverty and famine had driven to want, while thousands of our people are at this day dying for want of food." So disastrous were those "ill years" to the rural population,[1] that it is related of parishes in Mid-Lothian that 300 out of 900 persons died; of parishes in the North that out of sixteen families on one farm no fewer than thirteen perished; of an estate which gave work to 119 persons that only three families (including the proprietor's) survived; of districts once well populated that "not a smoke remained"; and villages disappeared into ruins.[2] Many parishes were reduced to a half or even a third of their former inhabitants. The consequences of these "dark years were far-reaching and long lasting.

The land had not recovered from its troubles when the terrible famine of 1709 came to bring ruin on farmers and starvation to the people—the crops and cattle destroyed by continuous disastrous weather. To counteract the cupidity of forestallers, all owners of grain were ordered to bring it without reserve to the market on a certain day, on which the Edinburgh magistrates commanded it to be sold in quantities not exceeding a firlot at 12s. Scots a peck, and

[1] Sir William Menzies, who farmed the Excise of Scotland at this period, had fallen into large arrears (£60,000) to the Government. He was prosecuted for payment by the Privy Council. He exonerated himself by pleading that famine arising from natural causes or the hand of God superseded all contracts, and in support of his plea undertook to prove that from 1697 to 1705 the crops were inadequate to the support of the people; that several thousands of the poor had actually perished of starvation; that as many more had emigrated, and that multitudes were compelled to have recourse to unnatural food, such as wild spinage, snails, etc.—Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 305.

[2] Walker's *Biog. Presbyter.*; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Duthill, iv. 316, Kilmuir-Easter, vi. 190. "In parish of Kininvie only three smoking cottages were left." —Carruther's *Highland Note-Book*, p. 164.

Town Councils in other towns tried to meet the necessities of the people by fixing the prices within their jurisdiction.[1] The result of these dearths was that great tracts of country formerly under cultivation were soon covered with heather, as if they had never been under the plough, not to be reclaimed for eighty years after. As the tenants had been driven to destitution and landlords to debt, there were no means of replenishing deserted farms or money to rent them, although landlords in their despair offered a team of oxen or milk cows to induce men to take the ground. In Aberdeenshire many who quitted their crofts entered into the stocking factories, crowds quitted the country; many left Ayrshire and Galloway for Ireland; while beggars swarmed in every town and village.[2]

II

The country presented in those days little that was picturesque to the eye of the English traveller as he rode precariously by the roads that were but ill-made tracks on which his horse could barely keep its footing, or the traveller keep his seat, with his swinging, lurching, leathern saddle-bags. It was treeless and bare; the land was marshy and full of bogs; instead of meadows with flocks feeding were wild moors stretching far and wide on the rising ground, and here and there a patch of soil rescued from the waste, on which lumbered teams of eight or ten oxen tethered to an uncouth plough. But what struck him most was the sight of huge yokes of oxen dragging the plough far up the steep hillsides in almost inaccessible places; and on his asking why? he learnt that the farmer was obliged to till the dry, steep braes because the ground below was hopelessly swampy.[3] In later times, ignorant of this simple reason, persons who observed on high

[1] "1709.—Wheat had advanced to £12 : 10s. Scots (£1 : 0 : 10) per boll, and the bakers were authorised in Glasgow to reduce the weight of bread of the 12 penny loaf to 8 oz. 1 dwt."—Macgregor's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 291.

[2] Robertson's *General View of Agriculture*, 1794, p. 50; *Coltness Collection;* Fullarton's *Agric. Ayrshire*, p. 8, etc.

[3] Morer, who travelled in 1689, says: "It is almost incredible how much of the mountains they plough, while the declensions—I had almost said precipices—

hillsides and mountain declivities, even on the flanks of Schiehallion, marks of ancient furrows, sentimentally fancied that these were signs of fine cultivation by a once prosperous people, who had been driven from their quiet valleys. These supposed proofs of prosperity were, however, really tokens of poverty. The imagined signs of an energetic husbandry were evidence of wretched want of cultivation; telling of an undrained soil, of deep, wide morasses, filled with rushes and inhabited by lapwings, which had forced the poor husbandmen in their despair to this high farming in the only dry spaces they could find, which ill-requited seed-time and labour.[1] Equal marks of poverty met the traveller's eye in the natives clad in blue rags, their skin browned with dirt, their gait listless; in the horses—dwarfish, lean, and hungry; the cattle, emaciated and stunted; the miserable hovels of turf and stone; the poor patches of tilled land, abounding in thistles and nettles in the ridges. Nor was the ugliness of the social aspects redeemed in the traveller's eyes by grandeur of scenery. On the contrary, the rugged, desolate mountains, the gloomy glens, filled him only with disgust: the taste for wildness of nature was not yet born—nor was it born till late in the century.

In such a country, whenever seasons were bad and crops were blighted the peasantry were always reduced to extremity. Years of dearth came often, and as in 1709, and 1740, and 1760, the condition of the people was woeful. If we ask why this was, and why such a disastrous state of the people occurred in Scotland, while England was almost entirely free from it, we find the explanation—not in the unpropitious northern climate, in its excess of rain, and mist, and cold—but in the barbarous mode of its agriculture. When we consider the style of farming, the utter ignorance of or prejudice against every rational method of cultivation, we

are such that to my mind it puts 'em even to greater difficulty to carry on their work than they need be at in draining the valleys."—*Short Account;* Stewart's *Sketches*, i. xli.

[1] Logan's *Scottish Gael*, vol. ii.: "One reason urged against winter ploughing was, that so much of the ground tilled being in declivities, the winter rain would wash the soil down into the morasses lying below."—Walker's *Hebrides and Highlands*, i. 180.

begin to understand how and why farmers were unable to bear up against bad seasons, and even in good ones had barely sufficient food for the support of the population; and how Fletcher of Saltoun could say that such unproductive soils were rackrented at from 2s. 6d. to 1s. an acre.

The land attached to each farm was divided into "infield" and "outfield"; that nearest the house being the croft or "infield," to which all the care was devoted. Although manure from towns was so little valued that it was flung into the nearest river, whatever manure was used was put upon this infield, to improve which the farmer would even unthatch his peat-covered home; making the soil so rank that it was luxuriant only in weeds. (Lime was scarcely known as an aid to the soil before 1730.) Here was a constant succession of two crops, one year oats, next year barley; or in some parts, as in Galloway, the ground grew, with the exception of a ridge of flax, only bere or barley for four or six years without intermission—every third ridge receiving each year all the nourishment.[1]

Six times larger than the "infield" was the "outfield,"—wretched, ill-kept, untended ground,—each portion of which was put perpetually into oats, or, more usually, for three years in succession; and thereafter it lay for another three or four years, or even six years[2] fallow, acquiring a rich "natural grass" of weeds, moss, thistles, on which the horses, sheep, and black cattle fed. Ground was cultivated till it produced only two seeds for every one sown; the third year being called the "wersh crop," as it was miserable alike in quantity and in quality.[3] In consequence of the different treatment and condition of the two parts of a holding the values differed enormously. The infield might be let at 3s. an acre, while the outfield was rented at only 1s. 6d., or even at 1s. an acre.[4] Still, however, in spite of all disastrous experience of centuries

[1] Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, p. 449; *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. 6.

[2] *Stat. Acct.*, Caputh, ix. 455.

[3] *Select Transactions of Society of Improvers of Agric.*, edited by Maxwell, Edin. 1740, p. 214; *Ure's Agric. of Dumbartonshire*, p. 45. "Land was cultivated if it produced 2 seeds, 4 seeds was reckoned a noble return."—Murray's *Lit. Hist. of Galloway*, p. 168. In some districts only two seeds produced for one sown up to end of century.—*Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Balquhidder, vi. 93.

[4] In Forfarshire in 1750 the infield let from 4s. to 10s., while the outfield let at only 1s. 6d. an acre.

people clung to their ancient system, and their faith was embalmed in those popular wise saws which condense so much popular stupidity :—

> "If land be three years out and three years in,
> T'will keep in good heart till the deil grow blin'."

The grain most sown was the poorest and least prolific kind, which was abandoned almost everywhere but in Scotland. It was the gray oats, which at its best only gave increase of three seeds for one; and bere, which, although the least nutritious of all barley, was grown because it was believed to be the only sort that would flourish in the soil.[1]

There were no enclosures, neither dyke nor hedge between fields, or even between farms; so that when harvest began, or the cereals were young, the cattle either required to be tethered, or the whole cattle of the various tenants were tended by herds (with the number of the different flocks notched on the clubs they wielded), who took them out every morning over the same route, where they picked up whatever whins or weeds they could find, and after being chased out of every unenclosed tempting field of corn, were brought back at night half famished and wholly exhausted.[2] When the harvest was over the cattle wandered over all the place, till the land became a dirty, dreary common; the whole ground being saturated with the water which stood in the holes made by thei: hoofs. The horses and oxen, being fed in winter on straw or boiled chaff, were so weak and emaciated that when yoked to the plough in spring they helplessly fell into bogs and furrows; even although, to fit them more thoroughly for their work, they had been first copiously bled by a "skilful hand."[3] Cattle at the time of their return to the pasture, after the long confinement and starving of winter, were mere skeletons, and required to be lifted on their legs when put into the grass, where they could barely totter. This period and this annual operation, when all neighbours were summoned to carry and support the poor beasts, were known as the "Lifting."

[1] *S. A. S.*, Kilmarnock, ii. 689.

[2] Alexander's *Notes and Sketches of Northern Rural Life*, pp. 17, 75.

[3] *Agric. of Forfarshire*, by G. Dempster, 1794, p. 2; *Agric. of Forfar*, by Rogers, 1793, p. 4; *Parish of Carluke*, p. 239.

The methods of tillage were supremely clumsy and primitive. The ploughs were enormous, unwieldy constructions which, being all made of wood, except the coulter and share, could be made in a forenoon for a shilling. Each plough was drawn by four or six meagre oxen and two horses, like shelties; or even by twelve oxen—two, or three, or four abreast.[1] As they dragged it along a whole band of men attended to keep them going. One man who held the plough required to be strong enough to bear the shock of collision with "sit-fast" stones; another led the team, walking backwards in order to stop the cattle when the plough banged against a frequent boulder; a third went in front with a triangular spade to "mend the land" and fill up the hollows; and yet a fourth, as "gadman," was armed with a long pole with sharp point to goad the lagging beasts, and was required to exercise his skill of loud, clear, tuneful whistling to stimulate them to their work.[2] With all this huge cortége, a plough scratched half an acre a day, and scratched it very poorly. The harrows, made entirely of wood,—"more fit," as Lord Kames said, "to raise laughter than to raise soil,"[3]—had been in some districts dragged by the tails of the horses, until the barbarous practice was condemned by the Privy Council. These wooden harrows, made at the cost of 7d., were in high esteem, from its being thought impossible for iron teeth to produce a good crop. The harness[4] consisted of collars and saddles made of straw, and of ropes made either of hair cut from horses' tails or of rushes from which the pith had been stripped.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle to progress in agriculture was the almost universal system of "run-rig." The fields were divided into separate "rigs" or ridges, which were cultivated by different tenants.[5] One small field might be divided into

[1] Donaldson's *Agric. of Morayshire*, 1793, p. 76.

[2] A. Dickson's *Treatise on Agric.* 1765, i. p. 244. Hence arose the north-east country proverb, "Muckle whistlin' and little red land," signifying much effort and little result (Gregor's *Folk-Lore*, p. 180); equivalent to the saying, "Mickle din and little woo." The phrase was applied to a popular preacher with more sound than substance.—Macfarlane's *Life of Dr. G. Lawson*, p. 22.

[3] *Gentleman Farmer*, p. 48, 6th edit.

[4] Anderson's *Survey of Agric.*, p. 25; *History of Galloway*, ii. chap. v.; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Gigha.

[5] Fletcher's *Second Discourse;* Pennant's *Tour*, ii. 201. In ignorance of the

an occupancy of from four to eight persons, and a farm with a combined rent of £50 might have eighteen tenants, amongst whom the land was redivided by lot each year or put up for auction. The tenants had their cottages clustered together, forming what was called the farm "town." The quarrels and the misunderstandings between these men were violent and incessant.[1] As no operation could begin without mutual help with horses, and oxen, and men, and common arrangement as to crops, they required all to be agreed as to the day and hour of beginning labour, the times and mode of ploughing, sowing, reaping. But as each had his own obstinate opinion on each of these matters, the bickering might cause the lapse of weeks before all consented to work together, and if possible, to spite each other. So jealous were they of their neighbours, that each one made his rig as high as possible, so that none of the soil should be carried to his neighbour's ground; and in consequence that which accumulated on the top was never stirred deeper than the shallow ploughshare could scrape; while the seed lost on the sides in harvest was hardly worth gathering. The ridges—each alternate ridge having a different tenant—were usually 20 feet wide, and often as wide as 40 feet, crooked like a prolonged S, and very high. Only the crown of the rig, which was full of stones, was ploughed, and half the width of the ridges and the ground between them were taken up with huge "baulks" or open spaces filled with briars, nettles, stones, and water.[2] How could any waste land be reclaimed under such a system? If one man dared to cultivate a neglected bit of ground, the others denounced him for infringing on their right of grazing on the outfields. How could he begin the growing

origin of this custom (then decaying in England) in village communities (which were transformed into villan holdings in the Middle Ages) it was fancied that it arose for the purpose of mutual defence from the enemy—an end secured by common interest in the soil.—*Interest of Scotland Considered*, 1733; *St. Acct. Scot.*, Wick, p. 26; *St. Acct.*, Ayton, i. 31.

[1] Robertson's *Survey of S. District of Perthshire*, p. 18.

[2] Fullerton's *Survey of Ayrshire*, p. 41; Ure's *Dumbartonshire*, p. 15; *Survey of Ross-shire*, p. 209; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Kilwinning, xi. 151. "Even up to 1756 in Clydesdale, near Glasgow, the baulks between the rigs were mostly covered with heath, broom, whins, growing among stones."—Brown's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 170.

of any new crop? The others, viewing every innovation with the contempt which comes from that feeling of superiority which ignorance and stupidity produce, would refuse to join him. Having no lease, he had no motive to improve land which next year might be in the hands of another man to whom it fell by lot. He could not store hay for the cattle, because the instant the harvest was over the whole land became open pasturage for the whole township.[1] Yet, in spite of its absurdity, the people were so devoted to their "run-rig," or "stuck-run-way" plan, that if twenty fields were allotted to twenty farmers, they would rather have a twentieth share in twenty fields than have one field each to himself.

The customs regarding times and seasons for conducting farming operations were of the most rigid order: traditions and usages had acquired a sanctity and force which few dared to gainsay. It was not permissible to begin ploughing until spring, as the undrained soil was too wet to allow of it earlier. No farmer would yoke a plough till Candlemas, and many would not begin till the 10th of March—some not till the 20th of March—having a profound reverence for days and seasons in agriculture, though an equally profound horror of them in religion.[2] The consequence of this rule was that the gray oats were not usually sown till April, even up to the close of the century, and it was often May before the "bigg" or four rowed barley was put into the ground, and in many places the year had advanced as far as the end of May or beginning of June before the bere was sown.

In those days, when the soil and minds of the farmers were equally uncultivated, everything was ruled by ancient ways.[3] Greatly they believed in the traditions of the elders, which pronounced that "it was not too late to sow when the leaves of ash cover the pyot's (magpie's) nest"—which was the month of June.[4] They protested that if it were sown earlier it would be smothered by the marigold, wild mustard,

[1] Pennant's *Tour*, ii. 201; Robertson's *Southern Districts of Perthshire*, p. 118, p. 308.

[2] Walker's *Hebrides and Highlands*, i. 200; Ure's *Rutherglen*, p. 180; Marshall's *Agric. of Central Highlands*, p. 46; Fullerton's *Agric. Ayrshire.*

[3] *Stat. Acct. Scotland*, xiv. 10, Chirnside.

[4] Marshall's *Central Highlands*, p. 40.

and thistles, and everyone believed that the seed sown in February would be certainly killed by the frost. Accordingly, none was put into the earth till the first of April,[1] and the result was that the grain—and the worst grain was carefully reserved for seed—did not mature till the autumn gales set in. It is not surprising that frequently the ground produced only about two bolls on an acre, which did not repay the time and labour.

III

With a system so atrocious, with land uncleaned, unlimed unmanured, undrained, it frequently happened that the yield could not feed the inhabitants of the district, and men renting from forty to a hundred acres needed to buy meal for their families. In consequence of the bulk of their crops consisting of only gray oats, when meal failed them—which always happened when bad seasons came—the people were in destitution and despair. In such straits the town-folk were reduced to the sparest rations, and country people bled the half-starved cattle to mix the blood with a little meal—a practice which in many quarters began in dire necessity and was continued as a matter of taste.[2]

The people lay at the mercy of the seasons; for if their oats were destroyed or barley blighted—their only two products—they had nothing else to live upon—for pease, though grown only supplied a little meal: a week of rain, a night of storm, a premature frost or snow, might reduce them to the point of starvation. This helplessness fostered in them a sense of awe and dependence on Providence, which gave a peculiar power to

[1] Russell's *Haigs of Bemersyde*, p. 484; Ure's *Dumbartonshire*, vii. 180.

[2] Fullerton's *Agric. of Ayrshire*, p. 8. "During these times when potatoes were not generally raised in the country, there was for the most part a great scarcity of food, bordering on famine; for the stewartry of Kirkcudbright and county of Dumfries there was not as much victual as was necessary for supplying the inhabitants; and the chief part of what was required for the purpose was brought from the sandbanks of Esk on tumbling carts on Wednesdays, and when the waters rose by reason of spates, and there being no bridges, so the carts could not come with the meal. I have seen the tradesmen's wives in the streets of Dumfries crying because there was none to get."—Letter of Maxwell of Munches, referring to 1725-1735, in Murray's *Lit. Hist. Galloway*, p. 338.

ministers, whose voice in prayer could stay the fury of the elements and dispel the withering "haar" and mist over the marshy soil, and make the sun break forth. It was quite a common experience, when the snow was drifting over the wild moors, and the people were in dismay with only a few days' food for their cattle, that the minister wrestling in prayer seemed to avert the impending ruin. In such a period, Mr. Thomas Boston, in the bleak parish of Ettrick, records: "The Lord was with us in praying and preaching from Joel i. 18, 'Now do the beasts groan, etc.'[1] The Lord graciously heard our prayers. The morrow was no ill day; but on the Friday the thaw came by a west wind." Unfortunately, piety did not uproot the inveterate sluggishness of farmer and labourer: it seemed rather to dignify dirt and to consecrate laziness. The people believed that disease was due to the hand of God, instead of being due to the want of using their own hands.[2] They held that every season of dearth was owing to Providence rather than to their own improvidence. They protested that weeds were a consequence of Adam's fall, and that to remove docks, wild mustard, and nettles was to undo the divine curse. They threshed the corn with the flail, and winnowed it by throwing it up in the air, rather than use the outlandish fanners which Meikle had set up in 1710; because "it was making Devil's wind," contravened Scripture, which said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and took the "power out o' the hands o' the Almichty." The ancient mills for grinding oats, it was believed, had been piously placed by their forefathers where they could be worked according to God's order, without artificially embanking the water or turning it from its natural course, which would be sinful: Providence ordained the site, man had only to discover it. Pious feeling gave rise to one conviction finer than those prejudices—the belief that it was wrong to gather and glean too exactly all the ears of corn in fields, because birds should be fed as well as man, and some of the bounty of Providence should be left for the fowls of the air.[3]

[1] *Memoirs.*

[2] Ure's *Hist. of Rutherglen;* Ure's *East Kilbride*, 1793, p. 198.

[3] Gregor's *Folk-Lore of North-East of Scot.*, p. 183.

In other ways religious feelings and Christian ordinances ministered to idleness, fostered prejudice, and depressed and hampered agriculture. When "sacramental seasons" came round and set in with their usual severity, the workpeople would sometimes attend four or six communions in succession in surrounding parishes. This indeed was a right they claimed by compact as well as a privilege. They trudged over moor and mountain, over bogs and streams, to any parish where communion was to be celebrated under a popular minister beloved on the "Occasions," as the communions were called, till a place with a normal population of 400 was seething with a crowd of 2000. They stayed in the parish in barns, or byres, or lay in open air from Thursday till Tuesday, attending the "preachings." Farmers were obliged to kill sheep for the ministers; to supply oatmeal to feed the hungry communicants; to get straw to furnish beds for the strangers, and food for their horses—no light task when there was scarcely grain enough for their own families or straw enough for their own cattle.[1] Often the Kirk-Sessions met in prayer and perplexity as to how to supply this multitude, on whom they had pity, when they had so few "vivers" for themselves. A popular gospel preacher was a most expensive parochial luxury, for he attracted crowds who consumed their victuals. These protracted holy days and holy fairs encouraged men and women to desert their fields and their farm duties at the most critical periods of the year; leaving their crops to run

[1] Mr. Thomas Boston in 1731 has 777 communicants at his sacrament in Ettrick: "There are nine score strangers at Midgehop; four score of them W. Blaik entertained, having before baked for them half a boll of meal for bread, bought 4s. 3d. worth of bread, and killed 3 lambs and made 30 beds." Another summer: "The people being stinted for victual to entertain their families I could not find it in my heart to burden them through strangers resorting to them in such summers. When it was considered in the Session before the summer came in, it was declared there would not be hay or straw to make beds for the strangers, which touched me to the heart on their account."—*Memoirs*. On another occasion he relates that before the communion "Satan stirred up the spirit of some neighbours against me and my works, apprehending that there would be a great gathering, whereby the corn would suffer." At Creech, in Sutherland, 1714, the people attended in such numbers, even going 50 miles to communion, that the introduction of strangers became so burdensome to the parishioners that the ministers were induced to have the communion only every two years.—Scott's *Fasti Eccles.*, part v. p. 334.

risk from all ravages of ill weather. Such devout exercises certainly did not conduce to agricultural progress and intelligence: they made the people much poorer, if more pious.[1]

IV

The rental of the land was paid chiefly in kind, and was exacted in ingeniously vexatious ways. Partly as a cause of this practice, and partly as a consequence of it, money was extremely scarce in Scotland amongst every class.[2] An estate of £300 yearly rental would often have only £40 paid in money, and that in silver, for no gold was to be seen; the rest was paid in so many bolls of meal, so many sheep, hens, and eggs, butter, and cheese, besides so many days' ploughing and reaping. In Caithness it was partly paid in "cazzies," or baskets for carrying food, ropes for drawing ploughs, and heather tethers for thatching. The result of this method of payment was that money was too rare with lairds, and provisions were too copious. This led to prodigality, waste, and debt. Landlords required huge granaries to store their rents "in kind," and ministers had large girnals to contain their stipends;[3] and it is evident that the massive hospitality rife amongst the landed gentry of olden times was greatly

[1] "I have seen," says a shrewd observer, "above 3000 people on one of those occasions, but supposing that one with another there are only 1500, and that each of them might earn 6d. a day, every sacrament by its three idle days will cost the country about £112 sterling, not including the days that they, living at a great distance, must lose in coming and going, and the losses the farmer must sustain when occasion happens in the hay harvest or seed time, the men of business when they chance to fall on mercat days, or the tradesmen when any particular piece of work requires dispatch. Now, supposing the sacrament only administered twice a year in all our churches, those occasions, as they are at present managed, will cost Scotland about £225,000 sterlg., an immense sum for sermons." —*Letter of Blacksmith to Minister and Elders*, Lond. 1759.

[2] See rents of forfeited estates in Murray's *York Buildings Co.* "Rental of Lochnew estate, 1734.—Dundonnie lands paid £11 : 2 : 2¾ silver rent, 2 bolls meal, 2 bolls bear, 1 wether, 1 lamb, 1 stone butter (rental in 1862 was £292). Auchnotroch farm paid £5 : 11 : 11 silver rent, 2 bolls meal, 2 bolls bear, 1 lamb, 2 quarters butter, 12 chickens (rental in 1862 was £165)".—*Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, p. 528. On Kirklands, in Strathblane, in 1726 there were 14 tenants who paid £482 Scots, 8 bolls meal, 9 hens, 1 dozen capons, 28 days' shearing.—Guthrie-Smith's *Strathblane*, p. 317.

[3] At Tarland Lord Aberdeen had a girnal to hold 600 bolls.

owing to those inconvenient superabundant supplies of grain, mutton, poultry, and fish. Stewart of Appin[1] was said to have received in rent an ox for every week, a goat or sheep for every day of the year, while he had fowls, cheese, eggs, past all reckoning. It was a relief, therefore, for such proprietors to dispense them to the guests that filled their houses and emptied their larders.

The exactions to which tenants were subjected were hard to bear. Whatever the season was, "kain"[2] eggs and fowls must be sent to the "big house," every egg being cautiously examined by the lady, who measured them with rings of different sizes,[3]—those that passed the first being reckoned twelve to the dozen; but fifteen of the second size and eighteen of the third were required to count as a dozen. The poor tenant, therefore, was compelled to keep a great stock of midden fowls which ate up his meagre crops and grain.[4] But far worse to endure were the demands on the time and labour of the farmers, which were exacted as "customs." They remind us of the oppressions and exactions borne by the peasants of France under the *ancien régime*, which stirred the fury of the people against the *noblesse*. Indeed, the burdens and *corvées* under stay-at-home lairds were hardly less harassing, if they were more tolerable, than those under absentee nobles. One of the worst hardships was connected with multures or grindings. Almost all the land was "thirlled" or "astricted" to particular mills on the estate by old feudal rights.[5] Every particle of grain must be taken to these mills except the seed corn; and for his due the miller exacted every eleventh peck, and in some places, such as Dumfriesshire and Ross-shire, every eighth peck, whether the grain was ground by him or not, while the servant took as "knaveship" a forpit (one-fourth of a peck) out of every boll. Some of the old astricted mills were placed on streams which

[1] Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, i. 46.

[2] "Kain," from the French *cens*.

[3] Wight's *Present State of Husbandry*, iv. p. 53.

[4] In some districts at the beginning of the century the landlord was also entitled, under feudal privileges, to take the herial horse, or best ox, or other article of value, from the widow of the tenant.—*Hereditary Sheriffs*, p. 519.

[5] *Agric. of Ross-shire*, p. 125; Bryce-Johnstone's *Agric. of Dumfriesshire*, pp. 88-106.

dried up in summer, and if the farmer, not being able to wait till the rain came to move the wheel, sent his grain to another mill which was working, he paid two multures—one to the mill which ground his corn, and another to the "thirlled" mill which could *not* grind it.[1] If the poor man ventured to sell his oats unground he was prosecuted for depriving the miller of his due. If the air was too calm to drive the windmill, too frosty, or too wet, the grain was kept in the mill so long that it was destroyed by the vermin. What made these rules almost unbearable was the insolence and negligence of the millers, against whom popular dislike and suspicion were inveterate. Had they not side-sleeves to secrete furtive extracts of meal?[2] Had they not small pokes hung to receive further snatches of grain from their reluctant customers? Had they not unstamped measures of dubious accuracy to measure their dues? So the people in their anger hinted. The miller could demand on solemn oath a statement of every pea and barley corn given to the horses or dropped to the hens.

It might be supposed that a system so iniquitous could not long survive the rise of prosperity and progress of independence in Scotland after the middle of the century; yet in many places such restrictions continued till its close. An authority, writing in 1795,[3] declares that "what with want of water at one time and want of wind at another, I have known instances of these persons being forced to travel to a distance of three miles to a mill three or four times over, to be employed a whole week for grinding half-a-dozen bolls of meal. In short, there is not in this island such a complete remain of feudal despotism as in the practice respecting mills in Aberdeenshire. I have seen poor farmers by vexation and despair reduced to tears to supplicate from the miller what they ought to have demanded from him."[4] Besides all these obligations to the miller, the farmers were further bound to drive material for repairing the mill, to thatch it, to carry mill-stones for it,

[1] Ure's *Dumbartonshire*, p. 102; *Agric. of Ross-shire*, p. 121.

[2] *Parish of Shotts*, p. 221; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, iv. 245. The "miller" is a prosperous character in old Scots songs: such as "O merry is the maid that marries the miller."

[3] Robertson's *Agric. of Aberdeenshire*, p. 48.

[4] Johnstone's *Agric. of Dumfriesshire*, Appendix 43; Webster's *Agric. of Galloway*, p. 37.

and to clean the mill-lead, half a mile long, which the miller's own cattle had broken down.

Yet more burdens were laid upon the farmers' shoulders—irksome services which they had to render to the landlord. They had to till, to manure, to sow, and to reap his infield, to cart peat for his fires, to thatch part of his houses, to supply "simmons" or straw and heather ropes for fastening his roofs and stacks, and at the most critical moment of their own harvesting they might be called away with their men and oxen to render their allotted number of days' shearing or "leading in" for the laird. After all these exasperating demands upon his time and earnings the farmer rarely looked for profits from his husbandry—only enough to exist upon. All his produce went, according to the bitter saying, into three shares: "Ane to saw, ane to gnaw, and ane to pay the laird witha'."[1]

While the tenants were poor and oppressed—yet less by tyranny of superiors than by the tyranny of custom—the landowners themselves were deplorably poor and needy; for being paid chiefly in kind, they had little silver to spend; their incomes were small, owing to the miserable condition of farming; and the smallness of their incomes in turn prevented their developing industry, adopting new methods, and improving their properties, however they might desire it. The laird had no credit on which to raise funds;[2] he could not get a loan of even the smallest sum, unless he got several other lairds or men of substance to become security for him; he could only obtain loans on "wadset"—a legal arrangement which put estates in pawn, binding the owner to surrender his property if he could not meet the lender's claims on a specified date. In the dearth of money it was not unusual for a gentleman to assign to another the debts which were due to him, so that bills and bonds in default of money became regular paper currency. On other occasions the grain stored in the girnals was given in payment of other goods, and the tradesmen were paid in so many firlots oats and barley, owing to dearth of coin.[3] For the same reason in the Highlands

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Bendochy.
[2] Fullarton's *Agric. of Ayrshire.*
[3] *Book of Glamis*, Scottish Hist. Society, p. 64; *Farmer's Mag.* 1804.

there was only a trade by barter, and in districts in the Lowlands, it is said, masters paid their nailmakers in nails, and they in turn bartered them for bread or drink at the ale-house.[1]

The want of enterprise, the persistence in inveterate ways, and the reluctance to improve the soil and reclaim waste land, or to enclose, was excused and explained by some farmers in those days by the fact that, having no leases, they might be turned out of their land any year, or their rents might be raised the moment they had by their exertions and outlay improved the ground.[2] In East Lothian, where the leases had been introduced about the beginning of the century amongst an enterprising class,[3] and under an enterprising laird, there had been a marked improvement in the farming, greater activity, and more experiments with turnips and other produce. But the hesitation to alter old methods was less due to want of security of reaping the fruit of their labour, than to prejudice, indolence, and obstinacy in retaining old and easy customs.

There was nothing which hindered agricultural progress more than the difficulty of communication and conveyance between farms and towns for markets and seaports. The produce was carried in sacks on horseback, or in later years on tumbrils, which were sledges on tumbling wheels of solid wood revolving with the wooden axle-trees.[4] These vehicles, in the north, were so small that in a narrow passage the carter could lift them, for they held little more than a wheelbarrow, though they suited the meagre, thistle-fed beasts that dragged them. They had wheels a foot and a half in diameter, made of three pieces of wood pinned together like the lid of a butter firkin, which quickly wore out, and became utterly shapeless. Yet even these modes of conveyance were a triumph

[1] Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, bk. i. chap. iv.

[2] P. 124, *Husbandry Anatomised*, by Jas. Donaldson, 1697—the first book on husbandry published in Scotland ; *Essay on Ways and Means of Enclosing*, 1729.

[3] One of the first to introduce leases was Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk in 1698, and his son John—called the "Father of Scottish Husbandry," continued and extended this arrangement with results strikingly successful.—*Farmer's Mag.* 1704 ; Hepburn's *Agric. of East Lothian.*

[4] Burt's *Letters*, i. 13 ; *Tour thro' Britain*, iv. 13.

of mechanism when the century was young. Carts were a later institution,[1] and when in 1723 one carried a tiny load of coals from East Kilbride to Cambuslang, "crowds of people," it is recorded, "went out to see the wonderful machine; they looked with surprise and returned with astonishment." Yet in many parts of the Lowlands they did not come into common use until 1760; while in the northern districts sledges and creels, borne on the backs of women, were employed to the end of the century.

However admirable the invention was seen to be, it was of no practical use as long as the roads were so bad that carts could not be driven in them.[2] In driest weather highways were unfit for carriages, and in wet weather were almost impassable even by horses—deep ruts of mire, covered with big stones, now winding up heights, now zig-zagging down steep hills, to avoid the swamps and bogs. It was this hazardous state of paths and highways which obliged judges to "ride on circuit"; and this practice, which was begun as a physical necessity, was conservatively continued as a most dignified habit; so[3] that in 1744 Lord Dun resigned his judgeship because he was no longer able to ride. It was therefore needless to introduce carts till the tracks were fit for them, seeing that on their first employment the drivers required to carry spades to fill up the ruts and holes to allow them to advance a hundred yards. When Lord Cathcart, so late as 1753, offered carts to his tenants in Ayrshire, the roads were so execrable that few accepted them as a gift.

By statute, from 1719, able-bodied men in every district were enjoined to give six days' labour in improving the highways—hence called "Statute Labour roads"; but this Act was quietly ignored, and in most places the utmost effort made was a few hours' grudging labour on what was called "Parish road day,"[4] when the male inhabitants turned out for

[1] Ure's *Rutherglen and East Kilbride*, p. 187.

[2] The carts used about 1780 were wholly made of birch without any iron, costing 6s. 8d. in Nairnshire. A farmer in 1743 got two carts for 7s., "which will give a notion of the quality, seeing that in 1800 a cart cost £10."—"Husbandry of Forfarshire," *Farmer's Mag.*, Feb. and May 1806.

[3] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, i. 86.

[4] Campbell's *Balmerino and its Abbey*, p. 240.

their perfunctory and ineffectual task. The famous efforts of General Wade, begun in 1726, only affected 260 miles of the main Highland routes; where, however, the marvellous change enabled Burt in 1739[1] to rejoice that he travelled roads "smooth as Constitution Hill," which a few years before were dangerous from stones and deep ruts in dry weather, and became hopeless bogs or brawling watercourses in rain.[2] Yet the Highlanders angrily grumbled at the change; complaining bitterly that the gravel wore away the unshod horses' hoofs, which hitherto had gone so lightly over the springy heather, while there was not a forge to make or mend a shoe within fifty miles.

So long as the roads continued in this miserable state carts, it is evident, were of no avail, and everything was carried on the backs of horses. Farmers could only convey their oats and barley to market at the tardy rate of one boll a day on horseback.[3] In the Lowlands it was a hard day's work for a horse to carry from a pit four miles off a load of two cwts. of coal in sacks. Even in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, about 1750, farmers conveyed on horseback their trusses of hay and straw to town, returning with their bags full of coal.

Nothing wrought so remarkable a change in civilising the country, in developing its trade, and improving the social and industrial condition of the people, as the Turnpike Road Act of 1751. Before many years passed by the public roads became smooth and easy; produce was conveyed to markets at a tenth of the former cost and in a tenth of the former time; and a complete revolution was made—as we shall afterwards see—in the whole economical condition of the land.

[1] *Letters from the North*, ii.

[2] We must remember that in many parts of England roads between large towns were in scarcely better state. See Arthur Young's *Political Farmer*.

[3] Hepburn's *Agric.* p. 50: "Horses seldom carried more than about 6 firlots of wheat or of pease; about a boll of barley, or 5 firlots of oats." Hepburn's *Agric. of E. Lothian*, p. 151, 1794: Even to this day a 'load' of meal means 2 bolls, a 'load' of coals 3 cwts., a 'load' of straw 14 stones or 2 cwts.—being the amount that could be carried in these old times."

V

Every improvement was slow and obstinately resisted by an impecunious gentry and a lethargic and timid tenantry.

Few things had struck English travellers for generations with more surprise than the open, unenclosed, hedgeless landscape, with immense expanses of bleak, waste land. There were, in fact, no enclosures except round the gardens of gentlemen's houses in the early part of the century; farms and fields were left entirely exposed, over which man and beast could wander at their will. It can easily be imagined how dreary, dismal, and monotonous must have been the scenery, without wall, or hedge, or tree, and not a bush beyond a whin to give variety to the view as far as the eye could reach. The early attempts of enterprising landlords about 1715 to enclose the land encountered determined opposition: the people were indignant at their right of pasturing their cattle on other men's ground being grossly infringed; farmers were suspicious of their rents being raised; labourers were excited at the prospect of their occupation as herds being endangered. Meanwhile alarmists declared that hedges would harbour birds which would utterly devour their grain, and that "they would prevent the circulation of the air necessary to winnow the grain for the harvest."[1]

Motives of all complexions, theories of all sorts, combined to raise opposition to the building of a dyke or the planting of a hedge. The rebellion of 1715 had left the country people, especially in the south, unruly and unsettled, and an unquiet spirit quickly showed itself against landlords who resolved to enclose their lands and stock them with black cattle. Tenants were turned out of their holdings, shepherds were deprived of their occupation. In 1725 large bands of men and women attacked the newly-reared enclosures in Galloway. Armed with pitchforks and stakes, they set forth at night to spoil and overturn the dykes, and whenever the leaders raised their cry, "Ower wi' it," down went the walls into a heap of stones amidst

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Rhynd, iv. 181, Kilspindie, iv. 282; Morer's *Short Account*, p. 9.

exulting shouts. Other bands went as "houghers" to maim and destroy the cattle of the larger tenants who favoured the loathed enclosures. To stay the riots, the military were called out and the clergy were called in. The General Assembly ordered warnings to be given from the pulpits against the levelling practices of these districts. Many were imprisoned, some were transported; but though order was restored, the prejudices of the people remained stubborn and violent, and the making of enclosures by hedge or dyke received a check for a generation.

In 1740 there came a disastrous dearth in the land: the seasons, so inclement, had spoiled the crops; the winter, so severe, destroyed the cattle in their thousands; in many districts the people were starving, eager to feed on rubbish and weeds and snails, and many died of hunger. It had been as keen a frost in England as in all the north of Europe, in the memorable January when the Thames, being frozen over for many feet, a fair was held and shows performed to multitudes; when in the Newcastle pits the men in deep mines needed fire to keep themselves warm; and people perished of cold in the fields and streets, and wild beasts died in vast numbers. But, while in Scotland cattle died by thousands every winter, and in severe seasons one-half or a third of the flocks and herds were lost, in England, throughout the hardest winter, even such as 1740, the cattle lived unscathed. The remarkable difference between the two countries was not due to difference in climate, but to the fact that in the south there was ample food for the cattle, and in the north there was not. In England, by better cultivation, the land was more productive; there was hay, there were artificial grasses, producing three times the quantity of natural grasses; and, since 1716, turnips had been introduced into fields, yielding provender in abundance. In Scotland, on the other hand, there was little grass in summer, save some, rank and coarse, growing in hollows; and as there was no hay to store in winter, there was only straw and mashed whins to feed them with.[1] So

[1] "Here," writes Lord Leven from Melville Castle, "we have no grass at all; if we have no change of weather the people must starve. The poor creatures in the neighbourhood come here begging leave to pull nettles about

early as 1708 Lord Haddington had sown rye grass and clover, but these met with little favour from farmers who even in the middle of the century despised them as "English weeds," which no self-respecting beast would eat. It was not till the middle of the century that the more enterprising tenantry cultivated artificial grasses in rotation with grain; at which spectacle the veterans pronounced "that it was a shame to see beasts' meat growing where man's meat should grow."[1]

Although introduced into England from Holland for field cultivation in 1716,[2] turnips were only sown by two or three energetic proprietors before 1739, and being sown in little patches broadcast, and never hoed, they naturally failed. Great excitement was caused about Melrose in 1747 by the rumour that a new strange vegetable was to be sown.[3] One morning Dr. John Rutherford came to his field with mysterious bags, and the inhabitants, gathering in crowds, watched the "doctor's man" casting seed in the wake of the plough, while another man behind dragged a whin brush behind to cover the seed with the earth. When it sprang up the curious people pulled up the odd weeds to examine them in spite of threats by tuck of drum, and of iron caltrops or iron traps. When the bullocks were fed on the turnips they grew so big that people accustomed to stunted creatures would not eat such monsters.[4] So late as 1774 farmers in Dumbartonshire would not sow

the dykes for themselves, and heather and moss for their beasts. We have daily shoals of 20 with death on their faces, and at the same time the country is so loose that the people are forced to watch their homes and barns."—April, 1740. *The Melvilles and Earls of Melville*, by Fraser, i. 316.

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, x. 612. In 1750 a Lord of Session, walking one day with a friend through the field when his men were weeding the corn, expressed gratitude to Providence for raising such a quantity of thistles, "as otherwise when we cannot allow our good corn land to be in pasture, how could we find summer food for our working horses?"—Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, ii. 138.

[2] About the middle of the century threshing of whins with flails for horses' food used in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.—Brown's *Hist. Glasgow*, p. 180.

[3] Lord Stair was said to be "the first to have sown" turnips in the open fields, but then so many are "said to have been the first" at all these experiments! Certainly Cockburn of Ormiston planted potatoes in 1724, and sowed turnips in 1725, being the first to raise turnips in drill.—*Farmer's Magazine*, 1804, "Life of J. Cockburn."

[4] Ure's *Agric. of Roxburghshire*; Johnstone's *Agric. of Selkirkshire*, p. 35.

them, although stimulated by bribes.[1] Treated as delicacies, Captain Topham was amused to see turnips in Edinburgh used as part of the dessert at the principal houses; and the author of *Humphrey Clinker* allows that they were used as "whets" at dinner parties.[2]

The same reluctance was shown in adopting potatoes as a produce of the fields. They had been cultivated in a few private gardens[3] in the beginning of the century, but they were rarely raised in fields before 1735, or produced in the kailyards of the people. Hitherto they had been sold as delicacies in ounces and pounds; though after the middle of the century they became the common food of the country. Even in 1740 two sackfuls on a market day supplied the demands of the five thousand inhabitants of Paisley. At first they were regarded with angry suspicion, under the belief that farmers were going to deprive their people of their proper nourishment, which could only be found in the native meal, and they would have none of them. Keenest and fiercest was the antipathy felt in the Highlands to these suspicious tubers, and when the Chief Clanronald, in 1743,[4] brought a small quantity to South Uist, the crofters refused to plant them till their fine "Highland pride"—as stubborn prejudice is euphemistically termed—was mastered by imprisonment. When autumn came they brought the obnoxious roots to the chief's door, protesting that he might force them to plant them, but he could not force them to eat them. Hunger, however, was the most effective argument, and successive years of dearth were effectual in overcoming prejudice; so that in twenty years

[1] Ure's *Agric. of Dumbartonshire*, p. 51.

[2] *Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 229; *Humphrey Clinker*.

[3] They are mentioned as vegetables for the garden, however, as well as turnips, in *Scots Gardener*, by John Reid, 1683. And as early as 1697 the first Scots writer on husbandry strongly recommended their cultivation in fields, showing how they should be planted, and how they were eaten—probably abroad. "The commonest way they are made use of are boyled and broken, and stewed with butter and new milk. Yea, some make bread of them by mixing them with oats or barley meal after they are broken and stewed with milk, others parboyle them and bake them with apples after the manner of tarts. Several other wayes are they made use of, as eating among broath and broken with kale."—*Husbandry Anatomatised*, p. 129.

Walker's *Economical Hist. of Hebrides and Highlands*, i. 188.

instead of depending on a scanty supply of oatmeal, Highlanders subsisted about nine months of the year on the vegetables which they had so indignantly rejected.[1] We may mark the years between 1740 and 1750 as the period when potatoes were coming into cultivation in Scotland.[2]

Meanwhile, as these changes were being made, the gray oats, the bere, and pease held the field. Though in former times wheat seems to have been grown extensively in many parts of Scotland, very little of it was raised at this time, and it was too scarce and too dear for common consumption.[3] Indeed, the very name of the grain became a metaphor for whatever was delectable and unattainable, as we notice when the Rev. Thomas Boston in his *Memoirs* speaks plaintively of the "wheat-bread days of youth." By rich and poor wheat-bread was not used, and was only presented in slices beside the sweet cake at the tea-tables of the gentry.

For the manufacture of the grain into food every operation was primitive, involving a maximum of labour with a minimum of profit. After the harvest was reaped, the flail was the only means of separating grain from the straw; then the corn was taken to be winnowed on hand-riddles in the open air or hill-tops, known as "shilling hills" or laws, or in barns so constructed that the west wind might pass through. In 1710 James Meikle had introduced the use of fanners, which, in spite of pious objections to those human means of raising the wind, gradually made their way among the more enlightened and enterprising farmers.[4] The only mode of grinding barley which prevailed till nearly the middle of the century was by bruising in a mortar or "knocking stones." A little water

[1] Potatoes first introduced into Galloway from Ireland in 1725 by a tenant who carried the produce to Edinburgh on horseback, where he sold them in ounces and pounds.—*Hist. of Galloway.* Half an acre planted on trial in Kilsyth in 1730.—*Stat. Acc. Scot.*, xvii. 282.

[2] Planted in Orkney in 1750.—*Stat. Acc. Scot.*, xii. 354.

[3] Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots.* In the year 1727, when a farmer cultivated 8 acres of wheat (in Aberdeenshire), it was considered so remarkable that the whole neighbourhood was excited.—Robertson's *Rural Recollections*, 247. "About 1768 only 2 sixpenny wheat loaves brought from Perth to two private families in the week."—*Stat. Acc. Scot.*, Auchterarder, iv. 46. Wheat chiefly produced in Lothians.

[4] Hepburn's *Agric. of East Lothian; Farmer's Magazine*, 1804.

was put with the barley into the nether stone to make the grain part with the husk, and it was then beaten with a wooden mell till the "knockit bere" was fit for making broth. Not till 1742 did mills for grinding barley come into active operation to supplant these humble, rude, and wasteful methods. Yet these mills had been known in Scotland long before that time. In 1710 Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was residing in Holland, and there he had been struck by the advantage of the barley mill for producing pearl or pot barley over the savage process at home. He thereupon summoned his wheelwright, James Meikle, a man of great sagacity and mechanic of great ingenuity, to come over to take plans of these machines. This he did—being assigned in the agreement the very modest daily sum of one shilling sterling for his entertainment and one shilling for wages; with the equally modest promise and unflattering valuation of five pounds sterling to his wife and children in the event of his losing his life in the enterprise and journey.[1] He returned in safety and success, bringing with him the iron work made in Holland, together with the model of fanners,—a still more successful innovation,—which he quickly introduced. The barley mill was set up, and worked along with Meikle by Henry Fletcher, the laird's younger brother, and tenant at Saltoun. But the moving spirit of this enterprise was Mrs. Henry Fletcher, who managed everything, had introduced the making of Holland cloth in the field adjoining the mill, and who superintended the mill itself. Tradition told how "Lady Saltoun" would walk down to her office spinning as she went, and then sit throughout the day transacting business, receiving orders in a room whose door was secured by a chain to prevent strangers entering to examine the work and discover the secret of its mechanism. "Saltoun mill office" became a centre of business, and "Saltoun barley meal" was known over all the country, and painted over the shop door of every retailer. But the use of the mill for manufacturing pot barley was confined to East Lothian for about thirty years, and the primitive method elsewhere went on as before.

A still more barbarous method of getting the husk from

[1] Agreement between Jas. Meikle and Andrew Fletcher, in *Farmer's Mag.*, 1804; Hepburn's *Agric. of East Lothian.*

the grain of oats had been in operation when the century was young in the Lowlands, and continued till its close in districts in the Highlands and Hebrides. That consisted of setting fire to several sheaves of corn from the field; when the ashes were blown away the grain was left parched, and thereupon beaten into meal—an expeditious device, by which oats growing in the fields in the morning might appear as bannocks in the afternoon; but it was a disastrously improvident method, which destroyed all the straw, so much needed for provender by the starving cattle.[1]

During this period very little attention was paid to cattle-breeding except in Galloway. There was too little pasture for farmers to keep sheep or cattle on their "mailings" or farms. There was no food for them during the long months in which they were housed or tethered, and the roads were too broken to send them for sale or consumption in distant towns. In spite of beef and mutton being sold at 1½d. or 2d. a lb.,—and a Scots lb. was equal to 22½ ounces English,—the demand was slight, for they were rarely eaten in farmers' houses,[2] where kail and meal and milk were the staple ingredients of the diet, and the gentry killed and salted what they needed at Martinmas. Country towns had no butcher's shop, and only by the tinkling of the bellman was it announced to the inhabitants that a calf or a sheep was to be killed. There was no alternative but to live on this salted fare for half the year, as the cattle, housed all winter and fed sparingly on straw, were too emaciated, and their flesh too miserable, for any mortal to eat.

Down from the far-off glens were driven the black cattle, half-starved and lean, to the trysts—"tryst" being the Scots for an appointed place to meet—at Falkirk or Crieff, where

[1] Morer's *Short Account*, p. 15.

[2] About the middle of the century in Ayr, a town of 5000 inhabitants, not more than 50 head of cattle were killed annually.—Fullarton's *Survey*. Sir David Kinloch, in spring 1732, sold 10 wedders to Edinburgh butchers, and although mutton was at that time of year the only fresh meat brought to market, the butcher bargained for three different times to take away the sheep, lest the market be overstocked. At that time each family in the country killed and salted what mutton and beef they wanted. "Mr. Law of Elvinstone informs me he remembers when there was not a bullock slaughtered in the butcher-market of Haddington during the whole year except the period called 'Lardner time.'" —Hepburn's *Agric. of East Lothian*, p. 55.

they were sold to English dealers at from 20s. to £2 a head; or, if they were emaciated, the Highlanders would give them for a few shillings. It was a hard struggle for Highland farmers to get provender for perhaps 200 head of cattle which were kept confined all winter and spring. They had only straw from about ten or twenty acres of oats wherewith to feed them, and it is not surprising that great numbers perished of disease and hunger, and those that survived sold at a price often as low as 10s.[1] The Gaelic drovers, who knew no English, were at the mercy of smart Yorkshire graziers; especially as they could not, or dared not, take their unsold beasts to the far-off straths from which they had taken weeks to travel, and where the farmers and crofters were expecting oatmeal for their needy families. As a rule the best cattle left the country, and the worst remained at home.

The Highland sheep were of a diminutive breed, stunted from lack of nourishment, with fleeces not much longer than goats' hair;[2] so thin and short, that while now it takes six fleeces to make a stone of wool, then it required twenty-seven of this wool, which was often plucked from the poor creatures' backs. From the month of May the lambs were almost starved, separated from their mothers in order that the milk might be used in the household, and their little jaws gnawed by sticks fixed in their mouths to keep them from sucking, and thereby from pasturing. Firmly was it believed that neither cattle nor sheep could withstand the blasts and snow of winter, and that it was necesary to keep them under cover if the farmer wished them to thrive. It is said that a mere accident dispelled this delusion in the North; that a laird in Perthshire, who had been reduced by ill fortune to become an innkeeper, let his sheep run wild because he was too poor to feed them, and to the general amazement they were in perfect condition when the spring came.[3] The practice of stocking the ground thereupon began, and, spreading widely, hill farming was revolutionised. By 1750 large tracts were being changed to sheep

[1] *Farmer's Magazine*, 1804.

[2] Smith's *Agric. Survey of Argyllshire*, p. 240; Argyll's *Scotland as it Was*, i. 204.

[3] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 551.

walks, and land rose to six or seven times its former value.[1] The sight of sheep browsing on a Lowland meadow did not give a pleasant pastoral beauty to the landscape. Their fleeces, covered with tar, moss, and dirt, as they crawled under their woollen burdens, made them unsightly objects. Whether originating or not from a desire to add weight to the scanty wool, and impose on buyers, the farmers followed the custom —on pretext of health and warmth—of smearing their flocks with dense tarry coating, till the original weight was more than doubled; the fleece was spoiled, and the expense of cleaning the wool made havoc of the profit. But, however foolish and wasteful any practice might be, the farmers persisted in it with their wonted reverence for aged custom.[2]

VI

Let us turn from the land to the people who worked it. When all labour was dilatory and every movement was slow, the hours of labour were extremely protracted. Usually the work between March and October began at four o'clock in the morning, and lasted till seven or eight o'clock at night—in harvest continuing as late as ten—with one hour's interval for breakfast, and another hour for the repast known as the "twal' hour." This meal was scanty, for even "bonnet

[1] So little was fresh meat used in those days, that in burgh towns in Forfarshire "there was often no butcher, and when a man in the district had a calf or few sheep for sale, the bellman went round advertising the people to come and buy."—*Farmer's Magazine*, 1806. It is said that the only butcher in Lanark was a weaver by trade, who before killing a sheep took good care that the minister, provost, and bailies took shares. The fact was announced by the bellman—

> Bell-ell-ell,
> There's a fat sheep to kill,
> A leg for the provost,
> Another for the priest;
> The bailies and the deacons
> They'll tak' the rest;
> And if the fourth leg we cannot sell,
> The sheep it maun live and gang back to the hill.
>
> Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, 1826.

[2] *Observations on Methods of growing Wool in Scot.*: Edin. 1756. A favourite song of farmers was, "Tarry woo' is ill to spin"—the only song which Sir W. Scott sang at agricultural feasts, to vociferous applause for well-meant but not successful vocal exertions.

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lairds" and farmers had only a handful or two of boiled beans, which they carried in their pockets to appease their hunger in the fields.[1]

During winter and slack months they had the peat to dig and carry on horseback from the moors, the cattle to feed, straw ropes to make for the harness, and halters of the clippings of colts' manes and horses' tails. In the evenings, by the dismal light of the ruffy in their hovels, the men had shoes of horse-hide to furnish with double or triple soles, while women span from the rock or distaff the flax which every farmer grew on some rigs,[2] for the linen which soon filled every press, and the woollen yarn from which was made the clothing of gray and black woollen plaiding and blankets. The sluggishness of labourers was one reason for the long hours of labour. Their laziness had passed into proverbs and bywords. Ray, the naturalist, in 1660, was struck by the habit of the ploughmen putting on their cloaks when they set a-ploughing instead of taking them off, and the same slothfulness struck Pennant, the traveller, more than a century later. Scottish clergy deplored and English visitors ridiculed the poverty-stricken aspect of the peasantry: their pinched faces, wrinkled features, tattered dress, and foul skin and fouler habits[3]—of course, we discount somewhat for foreigners' exaggeration. In 1763, when Lord Bute was high favourite at Court, and many countrymen were living on his patronage, Scotland and the Scots became specially odious to the English. The ways, habits, and condition of the Prime Minister's compatriots formed incessant themes for laughter and satire, and for exasperating jibes from every pamphleteer and Grub Street

[1] Struthers' *Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 625; Wight's *Husbandry*, 1777, ii. 27. In Berwickshire the rule was to "yoke" the horses at sunrise all year round. J. Bruce's *Agric. of Berwickshire*, p. 104. When in later days the ploughmen worked from 6 to 6 o'clock, old folk called them the "easy hours."

[2] Somerville's *Own Life*; Struthers' *Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 224.

[3] "The common people are such in outward appearance as you would not take them at first to be of the human species, and in their lives they differ little from the brutes, except in their love of spirituous liquors. . . . They would rather suffer poverty than work. . . . The nastiness of the lower people is really greater than can be reported; their faces are coloured with smoke; their mouths are wide, and their eyes are sunk as one pulls the face in the midst of smoke; their hair is long and almost covers their faces."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1766, p. 211.

poetaster, who, without a change of shirt for his own back, laughed at Scots' shiftless poverty. In all the extravagances in which lampooners indulged there was, however, a painful[1] basis of fact for their coarse descriptions. After Dr. Johnson had defined in his *Dictionary*, "Oats, a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people," Lord Elibank triumphantly retorted, "But where will you find such men and such horses?" We may admire the patriotism, but must regret the mendacity, of his lordship, for both countrymen and countrywomen of the poorer orders—"lean, shabby, and soiled," as the author of *Humphrey Clinker* laments to own—were not such as one could boast of in respect to physical excellence or personal appearance. The English traveller, in 1766, owns that in towns their rudeness is wearing off, and that they are almost civilised and industrious in trading towns; but in the rural districts they had not progressed much from a condition of poverty which was in truth deplorable. The food of the farmers and workers was monotonously poor, for they had nothing to eat except the everlasting oatmeal and "knockit bere," and kail greens from the yards—for other vegetables were almost unknown to them; beef and mutton they never tasted, unless a cow or sheep was found dead of disease, old age, or hunger.[2] Ale or beer brewed by every farmer at home from oats and heather—"so new that it was scarce cold when brought to table," says Morer—was their chief beverage, with fermented whey kept for a year in barrels in the early part of the century. Milk they could sparingly use, for the ill-thriven cows gave only about two Scots pints a day, and that was invariably sour by being kept in foul dishes.[3] So contemptuous were the people of cleanliness that it was considered unlucky to wash the kirns; they were so given up to superstition that sometimes a frog was put in the tubs to make the milk churn; and they were so full of experimental wisdom that they maintained that

[1] See Churchill's *Prophecy of Fame* for Southron notion of northern life; Gilray's Caricatures; *The North Briton*.

[2] "In Stirlingshire even oatmeal was a luxury, bere meal being chiefly used. In time of scarcity 'gray meal,' a compound of meal and mill dust, was resorted to."—Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots*, ii. 202.

[3] Burt, i. 143.

the consistency of the butter depended on the number of hairs it contained.

Farmers and workers were much about the same rank; and, indeed, in the holdings or "mailings," the most of the work was done by the tenant's family, with the aid of two or three men and women who lived with them. They all met at the same board; sat together by the fireside at night, when the women spun the flax and men shod their brogues; and partook of the same food out of the same dish, which was rarely cleaned.[1] Each man had his horn spoon, which he kept by his side or fastened in his bonnet, to "sup" the kail, porridge, or sowans; while his fingers and teeth did duty for knife and fork on the rare occasions when they were called into requisition by the death of "crock ewe"—the meat being cut off by the farmer with his clasp knife.[2] The houses inside and outside were filthy, though the dirt of their homes, of their food, and of their persons did not distress them, except in the familiar disease which too often came over their bodies.

They loved this state; it kept them warm; it saved them trouble; and they enshrined their tastes in their sayings—"The mair dirt the less hurt," "The clartier the cosier."[3] The exposure to all weathers outside and to peat reek within, which filled the room with smoke and feathered the rafters with soot, made their skin hard, brown, and withered, and old-looking before their time. The dress of the people was of the rudest and roughest—the women having coarse home-made drugget, a matted mixture of wool, spun as it came in natural state from the sheep's back—usually no gown, but a short woollen petticoat down to the knees, and their feet were destitute of shoes or stockings.[4] When they went to kirk all dressed their best:

[1] *Stat. Acc. Scot.*, Craig, Fortingall, Tongland; Pennant's *Tour; Scots. Mag.* ii. 29; *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. chap. v.

[2] In those days knives and forks formed no part of a house "plenishing." In 1754 not three farmers had half a dozen knives and forks. *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, St. Vigeans, xii. 184; Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 64.

[3] Another saying was, "Muck makes luck." "If the butter has no hair in it the cow will not thrive," was a convenient belief.—Burt's *Letters*, i. 143.

[4] The custom of going barefooted had originated the apology or tradition that "it was founded upon an ancient law, that no males should wear shoes till they were 14 years of age, that they might be hardened for the wars."—Morer's *Short Acct.* p. 14.

the farmers' wives and daughters with "toys" or head-covering of coarse linen, and a tartan or red plaid covering head and shoulders. On Sundays only women wore their shoes; and so unaccustomed were they to the use of them, they seemed to hobble as they walked; so they usually carried them in their hands till they came within sight of the church, when they put them painfully on.[1] The dress of the men was equally rough in material and in fashion. Their garments in daily work were in rags; their hose were pieces of plaiding sewed together; their shirts were of coarse woollen, or of roughest harn little better than sacking, which got no washing save from the rain from heaven.[2] It was usually the practice to change these latter garments at the terms of Martinmas and Whitsunday, or at most thrice a year. It was only on Sunday and holidays, or during frost and snow, that even men wore their shoes, preferring to go barefoot. Their dress on holidays and Sabbath, and burials and courting, was home-spun suit of friezed cloth: homely enough, but yet when decked with ribbons and bows in their garters and bonnet, the ploughmen could appear in smart attire.[3] The dress of the farmer was very little different from that of his men. Only the laird and the minister in the parish possessed a hat, while he wore only a bonnet; though in distinction from his servants, who had blue bonnets, his was usually black. Everything was poor, rough, and frugal.[4]

With the bleak and barren landscape and the meagre and shabby living of the people their dwellings were in painful harmony. In 1702 Morer, the English chaplain, described

[1] *Gent. Mag.*, 1766, p. 211.

> The lassies, skelpin' barefit, thrang
> In silks and scarlets glitter.
>
> Burns' *Holy Fair*.

[2] *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. chap. v.; *Stat. Acc. Scot.*, Bathgate, i. 365; Struthers' *Hist. of Scot.* ii. 625.

[3] In the old ballads and songs this is shown, as also Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*.

[4] We may take the following as a fair description of the diet of farmers and their servants in the middle of the century; and of the servants, till the end of the century. Breakfast—oatmeal porridge with milk or ale, or broth made of cabbage left overnight, and oat bannock. Dinner—sowans, with milk and oat-cake or kail. Supper at 7 during winter, or 9 in summer—kail (cabbage), with oat-cakes.—F. Douglas's *Description of East Coast of Scotland*, p. 170.

the houses of the vulgar as "low and feeble, their walls made of a few stones jumbled together without mortar to cement 'em, so ordered that it does not cost much more time to erect such a cottage than to pull it down,"[1] without chimneys, and only holes in the turf-covered roofs for smoke to pass. This description will apply to the homes of the people through a great part of the eighteenth century. The hovels of one room were built of stones and turf, without mortar, the holes in the wall stuffed with straw, or heather, or moss, to keep out the blasts; the fire, usually in the middle of the house floor, in despair of finding an exit by the smoke-clotted roof, filled the room with malodorous clouds.[2] The cattle at night were tethered at one end of the room, while the family lay at the other on heather on the floor. The light came from an opening at either gable, which, whenever the wind blew in, was stuffed with brackens or an old bonnet to keep out the sleet and blast. The roofs were so low in northern districts that the inmates could not stand upright, but sat on the stones or three-legged stools that served for chairs, and the huts were entered by doors[3] so low and narrow that to gain an entrance one required almost to creep. Their thatching was of ferns and heather, for the straw was all needed for the cattle. Yet, foul, dark, and fetid as they were, the people liked these hovels for their warmth.

The houses of the tenantry were very little better in most cases than those of their ploughmen and herds, from whom the farmer differed little in dress, manners, or rank.[4] Even in Ayrshire, till long after the middle of the century, they were little removed from hovels with clay floors, open hearths, sometimes in the middle of the room, with walls seven feet high,

[1] Morer's *Short Acct.* p. 19.

[2] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Tongland; *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. ch. v; Ure's *Dumbartonshire*, p. 34; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Symington, v. 397.

[3] Heron's *Journey through West. Counties.*

[4] Fullarton's *Survey of Ayrshire.* It was such a dwelling as Burns in the "Vision" describes—

> There lonely by the ingle cheek
> I sat and ey'd the spewing reek
> That filled wi' hoast-provokin' smeek
> The auld clay biggin',
> An' heard the restless rattons squeak
> Abune the riggin'.

yet three feet thick, built of stones and mud. Only the better class of farmers had two rooms, the house getting scanty light by two tiny windows, the upper part only glazed with two panes of bottle glass. It had been the practice in former times—but dying out in the early part of the century—for the outgoing tenant to remove from the farmhouse all the beams and rafters which he himself had put in; and consequently his successor came not to a home, but to a ruin consisting of four broken walls, and had to virtually rebuild the house, which he in turn dismantled when it became his turn to leave. In these dismal, ill-lighted abodes when night set in the fitful flare of the peat fire was all the light they had, for the "ruffies," or split roots of fir found in the peat moss, were only lit for set purposes, such as family-worship.[1]

A remarkable proof of the stagnation of trade and the total absence of all enterprise and industrial progress is to be found in the fact that the rent of land, the price of grain and of articles of food and clothing, the wages of men, remained almost stationary during the hundred years between 1640 and 1740. The earnings of farm servants varied considerably; but if we may take Stirlingshire as affording a fair average in 1730, the best ploughman living with the farmer had 35s. a year, with a few "gains" or "bounties"—consisting of a pair of shoes, coarse linen or harn for a shirt, and one or two yards of plaiding; female servants had 13s. 4d. in money, with an apron and a pair of shoes. In 1760, money and bounties taken together, the earnings of men in the house amounted to £3, those of the women to 20s.; while married ploughmen had wages worth from £7 to £8—only £3 or £4, however, were paid in money, the rest being in kind. Yet small as were their earnings, with tastes simple and habits frugal, there was little discontent and discomfort in their lot, for these times contrasted pleasantly with their younger and poorer days.[2]

[1] *Court Book of Barony of Urie*, 1604-1747; Scot. Hist. Society.—Court of Barony, 1705, ordains "that no tenant or cottar removing from their respective farms shall pull down any of their house walls more than free their timber."—P. 47.

[2] Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots*, ii. 211. Ploughmen in 1735 had £8 Scots = 13s. 4d., and bounties of clothing = 11s. 6d. In 1740 he had 32s. Female

If the condition of the Lowlands was deplorable, the state of the North was grievously worse. Crofters hired their little patch of ground from the tacksman, or lease-holder, of the laird or chief, which gave him space only where he could sow a boll of oats, often in places where it was impossible for a plough to go owing to the rocks, moss, and heather, and where the soil could only be dug by the triangular spade of the people—and for this privilege vexatious services were exacted of them. On the proceeds of this, with the aid of a cow or two, a household subsisted.[1] To occupy the families that swarmed in Highland glens and islands there was not sufficient work or food, and even by the sea those who were fishers were too lazy to pursue their occupation, except when driven to it by necessity, and there was no trade or market in remote regions by which they could barter their fish for clothes or more palatable food. They loitered through their summers and idled out the winters in congenial inactivity, scorching their feet at the peat fires round which their toes in circle converged as they lay on the floor.

Even farther south, in Perthshire and Stirlingshire, tacksmen would subdivide a piece of ground, only enough to give work for one man and four horses or oxen, into patches of poor soil for sixteen families to occupy at about 12s. a year rent.[2] In such conditions there was a stagnation of all energy,

servants in 1735 had 3s. 4d. wages, with 6s. or 7s. in bounties. A few years later they had 15s. in money.—*Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Caputh, iv. 495. "There are now (1793) living in the parish two old men who in their younger days were servants, one at 20s. and the other at 30s. a year. Now it is from £4 to £6, with entertainment, better than the tenant could afford."—*Stat. Acc.*, Birse, ix. 114.

[1] A writer later in the century gives a description of the state of matters which is equally applicable to this period: "Neglected by Government, forsaken or oppressed by the gentry, cut off during most of the year by impassable mountains and impracticable navigation from the seats of commerce, industry, and plenty, living at considerable distances from human aid, without the necessaries of life, and depending most generally for the bare means of subsistence on the precarious appearance of a vessel freighted with meal or potatoes, to which they in eagerness resort though at a distance of fifty miles. Upon the whole, the Highlands, some few estates excepted, are the seats of oppression, poverty, famine, and wild despair."—Knox's *British Empire*, i. 128.

[2] MS. of Graham of Gartmore, 1747, in Burt's *Letters*, Append. ii. 343. In Buchanan parish, Stirlingshire, and elsewhere, "150 families may live on ground paying £80 a year."

a hopelessness of all betterment of life, a docile resignation to, if not contentment with, a poor and squalid lot.

In these homes there came disease in the forms that ill odours, ill ventilation, and dirt engender—especially that cutaneous trouble which was associated with the Scots to their discredit. Infectious diseases were propagated readily, owing to the common fatalism of the pious-mooded people, who held that everything is ordained of God, and that if a thing did happen it was "bound to be."[1] So in sick huts the neighbours assembled on Sundays in their interest and curiosity, till the hovel was full of sympathy and foul air. The patient was stifled by heat, and the friends bore away the seeds of disease. Small-pox ravaged at times, and was spread by the people, who filled the small rooms in pious belief that no one could hasten or hinder a death. Amongst this people, inured to hard life, rheumatism was a constant complaint, arising from the moist air and incessant exposure, with wet soil outside and wet clothing kept on inside the homes. The one ailment to which they were most liable, and in which dirt had no share, was ague.[2] This was due to the undrained land, which retained wet like a sponge, and was full of swamps, and bogs, and morasses in which "green grew the rushes." Terribly prevalent and harassing this malady proved to the rural classes, for every year a vast proportion of the people were prostrated by it, so that it was often extremely difficult to get the necessary work of the fields performed in many districts. In localities like the Carse of Gowrie, which in those days abounded in morasses and deep pools, amongst whose rushes the lapwings had their haunt, the whole population was every year stricken more or less with the trouble, until the days came when drainage dried the soil and ague and lapwings disappeared.

[1] *Stat. Acct.*, Kilfinan, xiv. 235; Kirkcaldy, xviii. 7; Dumbarton, iv. 72. The last writer, evidently a "moderate," attributes spread of disease, especially small-pox, to crowded houses and "an over-anxiety for constant prayer over the diseased." Only 6000 persons were inoculated in 1765.

[2] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Ayton, xi. 81; Cramond, i. 325; Kirkden, ii. 508; Donaldson's *Agric. of Carse of Gowrie*, p. 11.

VII

In such squalid conditions of living there was little to elevate the tone of rural society, and if amongst the peasantry tastes were coarse, amusements rough, and manners rude, there is little cause for wonder or for blame in people existing in such sordid surroundings and in such hovels in such wretched contiguity. Enjoyments they had—at their Fastern's E'en, their Hallowmas, their Fairs, and their Sacraments—those Holy Fairs associated with scarcely less excitement. In the south country they had their gatherings in the evening,[1] when, with music, singing, and dancing, they also enacted the story of some old song, little dramas, not too refined, in which they showed what rustic skill and rude humour they could. On moonlight nights they held their favourite meetings in barn or cottage, called "Rockings,"[2] when young women brought their rocks and reels, or distaffs and spindles—where young men assembled, and to the accompaniment of the spinning of the wool and flax the song and merriment went round, till the company dispersed, and girls went home escorted by their swains, who carried gallantly their rocks over corn-rigs and moor. When "rocks" were no more used, and spinning-wheels had taken their place, still by the familiar name of "rockings" were these merry social meetings called.[3]

All great domestic events were accompanied by roystering and drinking—at a christening there was much, at a funeral there was more, at a wedding there was most. Boisterous mirth and play attended every stage of bridal preparations—the foot-washing of the bride, the humours of the feast, the dances at the wedding, and what not. The gayest were the "Penny Bridals," for which each neighbour contributed in olden times

[1] Allan Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, i. ; Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale Song*, p. 122—such as "Waste and Thrift," or the song called "The Rock and wee pickle Tow," played at kirns, "Wooing the Maiden," at close of wedding feasts, and "Auld Glenae."

[2] Rock and reel were going out about 1730 in the Lowlands, and had disappeared by 1740.—Henderson's *Annals of Dunfermline*.

[3] At Fastern's e'en we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack an' weave our stockin'.
Burns' *Epistle to Lapraik*.

one penny Scots, but now gave meal, or fowls, or ale to plenish the feast of every impecunious couple. The Church lifted up its voice and laid down its laws[1] against these weddings, which they abhorred as occasions of drunkenness, profanity, and sensuality—especially in "promiscuous dancing of men with women." However the Kirk might threaten and punish, the people danced defiantly; for to dance "promisky,"[2] as they called it, was their one great delight, and lairds and farmers sent money and food and drink to supply the festival. That these scenes were often wild and indecorous was certainly the case; and so far the clergy had reason to condemn them. But, unfortunately, the Church placed its embargo on all pleasures alike; put in the category of moral offences the harmless exuberances of youth and the gross offences of manhood and womanhood, with no sense of proportion—in fact, with no sense whatever. In consequence, the peasantry, despising foolish ecclesiastical rebukes on their harmless pleasures, got to respect quite as little the wisest restraints on their sins.[3]

People's songs reflect the people's mind and picture the people's life; many of these folk-songs have long ago disappeared: some because they were poor, many because they were utterly gross—so different from the fine old ballads—and only the airs, harmless and pretty, lived on. Of the songs that do survive in their original form it may be said there is a charm of simplicity and plaintive sweetness in some, a rich shrewd humour, a lilting audacity in others; but too many are of the earth, earthy: there is the mean bargaining over tochers, and sordid offers of gear as stages of the uncouth

[1] General Assembly, 1645, 1701, 1706, 1719; Presbytery records, *passim*.

[2] Hall's *Travels in Scotland*, i. 203.

[3] One of the favourite little rustic plays was "Auld Glenae,"

"Poor auld Glenae, what ails the Kirk at thee?"

where the inquisitorial severity of the Kirk was ridiculed with gross allusions and broadest humour, the company enacting the familiar scenes in Kirk and Session—the solemn admonitions from the pulpit, the mock simplicity of the transgressor at the pillar—all this to the merriment of old and young, child and mother.—Cromek's *Remains*, 122; A. Cunningham's *Songs of Scot.*, i. 148. See Herd's *Collection of Songs* for more accurate and less bowdlerised versions of favourite lyrics.

wooing; there is coarse plainness of speech, and sly innuendoes which are worse. In 1724 Allan Ramsay, when he began to issue his *Tea Table Miscellany*, altered popular songs—spoiling some, improving others to make them fit for decent society—not too successfully. It was left for Robert Burns to rescue many fine tunes from oblivion, as they lingered on the ears of a few peasants who remembered only snatches of the songs to which they had been set; and to meet the requirements of his decorous editors he changed wanton words to others of purer strain, and wrote new verses to suit those old melodies which, bereft of the ancient songs to which they had been wedded, were waiting for a new song to sing.[1] Thereafter the grosser versions went out of use and favour, and the fresh versions won a place in the affections of a more modest generation.

The literature of the people in the early part of the century was very restricted. In a shelf in the cottage might lie a Bible, a Confession of Faith, a well-thumbed, peat-smoked volume of Rutherford's *Letters*, which were read on the Sabbath day to the interest of the old and the yawns of the young. The travelling packman every now and then came, and amidst the miscellaneous contents of his wallet were chapbooks: *The Prophecies of Peden*, *Life of Sir William Wallace*, the *Ravishing dying Words of Christina Ker, who died at the age of* 10, and songs and ballads, some as broad as they were long. In some districts the sight of Patrick Walker on his white pony about 1720 was a delight to sedate and serious-minded people, who listened to the pious covenanting pedlar as he denounced the growing ungodliness of the age. But this was dull to younger folk, who loved songs and stories which would have made the grim Covenanter sadder still.

It was not till about 1750 that a popular and vernacular literature was concocted, more congenial to the tastes and habits of the rural population than *History of Robin Hood*. This was the work of a pedlar very different from the long

[1] Many a well-known song has gone through the purifying ordeal at the hands of Ramsay and his friends, or of Burns: "Duncan Gray," "Coming thro' the rye," "Get up and bar the door," "My love she's but a lassie yet," "O mither dear I gin to fear," etc. etc.; Cunningham's *Songs of Scot.*, 4 vols. 1819; Chambers' *Scottish Songs;* Johnson's *Musical Museum;* Stenhouse's *Illustrations of Lyric Poetry and Music of Scot.*

deceased Walker, composer and hawker of pious chapbooks of their fathers. Dugal Graham was a familiar personage in Glasgow streets up to 1780 as bellman of the city—a strange, grotesque, dwarfish figure, with humpback, pigeon-breast, and punch-like nose, limping up the Trongate, resplendent in a long scarlet cloak, blue breeches, and cocked hat.[1] Ere he had been installed in this important office of "skellat bellman" he had travelled as "flying stationer," or "travelling merchant," through the countryside, and sold chapbooks which he had himself written and printed about 1754. These quickly became the favourite reading of the peasantry: *John Cheap the Chapman*, *Lothian Tom*, *Leper the Tailor*, *Jocky and Maggie's Courtship*, and others, were sold in every village and farm, and were the delight of every ploughman. As the little deformed man came ambling on his pony, crowds collected to buy his wares, to laugh at his broad jokes and stories, given with Rabelaisian unction by the leering cripple. The chapbooks are full of coarse, dramatic vigour, of gross humour in a dialogue of vulgarest Scots. Animal they are; often unclean in the utter plainness of speech with which they depict the common incidents of rustic life. Yet they are valuable from their portraiture with rare fidelity of the tone, speech, talk, habits, morals, and immorals of the people. In the style with which this Boccaccio of the byre told his comic stories, the finer side of peasant character is not to be found—the love scenes have no romance, the religious references have no reverence, the idyllic beauty and simplicity of country life are not there. But in them is painted with cynical truth how peasants spoke, how they drank, how they courted, how they wedded, and how they forgot to wed; their rude mirth, their gross pleasures; how little they respected the menaces of the Kirk-Session, how disrespectfully they spoke of "Mess John" the minister behind his back; how lightly they regarded uncleanness in thought, speech, and behaviour.

It is true that Dugal Graham was as unable to appreciate and to describe the purer and higher aspects of Scots life as he

[1] *Collected Writings of Dugal Graham, Skellat Bellman of Glasgow*, edit. by George Macgregor, 2 vols. 1883; Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow;* Fraser's *Humorous Chapbooks of Scotland.*

was to rise to the dignity of history when he composed his doggerel story of the Rebellion, and he wrote in the loosest vein to please the looser sort. But that the prevalent tone of the peasantry was low, in spite of the deep piety of great masses of the people, who had a fine strain of religious sentiment in their nature, and stanch, hardy righteousness in their lives, is abundantly proved by the alacrity with which such stories were read, and by the innumerable editions in rudest type and shape in which they were issued, regardlessly of all copyright, to delight groups at cottage firesides and stackyards. Session records of the past present the same side of society. They prove that the Church had driven the vices under, but had failed to drive them out. These old chapbooks long retained their popularity with the poorer sorts. Songs and ballads in rough broadsides, humorous, pathetic, amorous, and pious; heroic stories with the crudest of woodcuts, tracts and discourses in deplorable type, which the packman carried in his wallet, formed the favourite reading for people of all tastes and temperaments. It is said that 200,000 copies of these chapbooks were issued yearly by petty booksellers about 1770.[1]

One of the all-pervading influences over the minds of the peasantry was superstition. This grew up side by side with the most austere belief of orthodox religion, like flowers and weeds springing in an ill-kept garden. Each was held with equal tenacity in the same mind, unconscious of any incongruity. Trust in charms, omens, incantations, were rife amongst them all. Every incident of daily life—a baptism, a death, the illness of a cow, the churning of milk, the setting forth on a journey—each was associated with some mysterious sign which foretold it, or some strange rite which infallibly caused or hindered it. Those notions and those practices were guarded from the eye of the Kirk, and were kept as furtively as the teraphim by ancient Jews, who worshipped them in private and adored Jehovah in public. Most deeply rooted were superstitions among the peasantry in remote

[1] Fraser's *Humorous Chapbooks of Scotland*, p. 114. Later in the century the coarsest of these had wide circulation in the North of England, especially in the industrial centres.

districts separated by moor, and hill, and loch, from contact with towns—regions where schoolmasters were scarce and kirks were powerless. They were wide-spread in scattered tracts of Galloway, and abounded with wild luxuriancy in the Highlands, where Celtic imagination ran riot and peopled the air and earth with spirits, and life with omens. But in fact there was no place where they were not prevalent in the early half of the century, and few places where they did not linger when the century had closed. Side by side with belief in the doctrine of the Confession of Faith was the respect for notions whose sources were pagan, or popish, or satanic. There was belief in the virtues of lakes and wells, which were due to heathen deity, or saint, or devil—equal aversions of the Church. To the Doo loch, in Covenanting Nithsdale,[1] the people had gone, in spite of Presbytery, to sprinkle their cripples and palsied in the water, leaving votive offerings of rags and bits of bread as their popish ancestors had done, in gratitude to the unknown patron who wrought the cure. But chiefly in the northern districts were the pilgrimages to lakes and wells of saints, and to their ruined chapels, to exorcise the epilepsy from their sick.[2] At Killin, in St. Fillan's well; to Loch Maree, where they invoked the "God Mairie," Treval's loch in Orkney, and St. Eres in Sutherland, and many another shrine and lake, the inhabitants repaired up to the present century, and decked the trees and bushes on the brink with grateful rags of tartan, ribbons, and oat cakes.[3] Old pagan beliefs lay side by side in peasant minds with those of Calvin. Beyond the Tay they had their Beltane fires—when on the first of May (Old Style) they lit the fire of turf, danced round the flames, and spilt a libation of caudle on the ground; they took their oat cake, having on it quaint knobs, which they flung in turn over their shoulder, saying, "This to thee, protect my cattle," "This to thee, O fox, spare my sheep," "This to thee, O eagle; this to thee, O hooded crow, save my

[1] Penpont *Presbytery Record*, 1695.

[2] At the end of the century this was still constantly done. Pennant's *Tour*, i. 159; Edmonston's *Shetland*, ii. 74.

[3] *Stat. Acct.*, Wick, x. 15; Logierait, Killin; Brand's *Orkney*, p. 42; Mitchell's *Past in the Present*, 143.

lambs."[1] Next day, probably, these idolaters were sitting in their pews in orthodoxy most demure.

Superstition attended every action from birth to death. When the child was born, whether in Galloway or the Hebrides, there was felt a risk of its being taken off during sleep by fairies,[2] who might leave a changeling in its stead. Friends, therefore, watched all night; and making a circle round the bed, they took the "Book" in their hands, and waving the sacred leaves bade all foes begone to the Red Sea. Not till the christening was over was peril past from fairy or from witch, and all visitors, lest they should chance to have the evil eye, were presented with a piece of bread to propitiate any hostile purpose. In most districts when friends met they were careful to salute with a kiss to prevent "fore-speaking"; and nothing they dreaded more than that their children, or goods, or cattle should be praised unless to the praise was added the phrase, "God bless the bairn," "Luck fare the beast."[3] If a cow should fall ill, it would be remembered that their neighbour who called yesterday had praised the animal, but had not added, "I wish her good luck," and ill intent was at once suspected. The possession of the evil eye did not always imply malice: it might happen that a poor man had the fatal gift which cursed his own fortunes—his cattle died, his cow failed of milk, his stacks heated in the yards.[4] It was all because he had the "uncanny eye," and he would avert his gaze as the milk was carried from the byre lest he should turn it sour, would close his eyes as he passed the lambs, and hardly look a neighbour in the face. This reputation of an uncanny eye, however, was a source of profit to others. Old hags who owned it—when witchcraft brought no penalty—got presents of clothing and food, and their peat was "cast" most obligingly to win their favour or dispel their spleen.

[1] Pennant's *Tour*, i. 111. ; *Stat. Acct.*, Logierait, v. 82 ; Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands.*

[2] Still believed in among the Hebrides, vol. iv. 251, *Proceedings Scot. Society of Antiquaries ;* Cromek's *Remains*, p. 293 ; Grant's *Superstitions of Highlanders*, i. 168.

[3] Gregor's *Folk-Lore ; Stat. Acct.*, Forglen, xiv. 541 ; Gargunnock, xviii. 123 ; Mrs. Grant's *Superstitions of the Highlanders.*

[4] Cromek's *Remains*, p. 289.

Long after witchcraft as a crime was abolished from the statute book it was maintained as a belief; but the supposed witch was no longer burned—she was obsequiously caressed; to gain security from her malice and to gain help from her arts, she was constantly getting a dish of groats, a supply of peat or thatch for her hovel whenever she wanted. Sometimes, however, the caresses to secure her favour turned to rage when they felt her curse, and seizing the old creature they "scored" her, drawing blood above the eyebrows with a cut in the form of a cross.[1] "Scoring the witch" proved a perfect safeguard from her malignant spells. Firmly was it credited when Hallowmas came that the "Hallowmas rades" began, when the local hags gathered for midnight revelry, and in Dumfriesshire [2] met in silent, ruined precincts of Caerlaverock Castle or Sweetheart Abbey. By their peat fires at night old peasants told how the old kimmers had set forth on their eldrich journey—on nights when the wind laid flat their crops and unroofed their huts—sitting on a shank-bone, shod with bones of a murdered man, with bridle made of the skin of an unchristened babe. In Nithsdale only bold men doubted that on Locherbrig hill, near Dumfries, they held assembly, as the "Witches Gathering" song records: [3]—

> When the howlet has three times hoo'ed,
> When the gray cat has three times mewed,
> When the tod has yowled three times i' the wood,
> At the red moon cowering ahint the cloud,
> When the stars hae cruppen deep in the rift
> Lest cantrips had pyked them out of the lift;
> Up horses a', but [without] mair adowe,
> Ride, ride for Locher brig knowe.

Even up to the next century, boys, as they passed the hut of some old woman whom people eyed askance, put the thumb upon the palm of the hand and closed their fingers over it—a relic of the sign of the cross to avert the evil eye.

It was long ere the belief in fairies passed from a conviction to mere "fairy tales." People implicitly believed in these folk with golden locks and green mantles, with quivers of arrows

[1] Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 366; Pennant's *Tour*.

[2] Cromek's *Remains*, p. 289. Probably "antique" lines invented by Allan Cunningham.

[3] Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 286.

made of bones of a man buried where three lairds' lands meet, tipped with white field flints or elf-stones dipped in dew of hemlock, that slew the cattle as they passed. Folk thought they heard the hubbub of the fairy voices on the first night of summer, while the breeze was rising and sighing through the firs. There were haunts of fairies and brownies which they feared to tread beside ancient thorn-trees. But at last that ground was ploughed as agriculture spread; and Good-man's Crofts became farmers' acres, and corn grew on knolls where elves had held their trysts: then fairies vanished from the land.[1] Beliefs pass on to half-beliefs and thence to myths; and it is difficult to know when a faith has passed into a fancy. The pious rites of one age become the pastimes of another, and an old superstitious practice in time becomes a childish game. Even Hallowmas gradually lost, save for children, its devout superstition, till no longer folk believed the ancient rhyme that at Halloween "all the witches were to be seen." But other superstitions remained deep-rooted—belief in charms and omens innumerable. No farmer would omit to place the branch of rowan or elder tree, of ash or ivy, on the byre door to ward the cattle from blight or witchcraft; or forget to place on the stable door—usually on the 2nd of May—the elf cups, the fancied weapons of fairies, but prosaically stones perforated by friction at a waterfall.[2] Most of all was death with its mystery accompanied by luxuriant superstitions. The moment the spirit left the body the nearest of kin received the breath;[3] the windows and door were opened as if to let the soul get free; on the breast of the dead the plate of salt was placed lest the body swell and burst the bands with which it was swathed. The lyke wake followed, when friends watched the body to keep evil spirits away, and caroused to keep their own spirits up. In the Highlands,[4] to show their

[1] As the adage said—

> Where the scythe cuts and the sock rives
> Hae done wi' fairies and bee-bykes.

Cromek's *Remains*, etc. p. 293. Flint arrow-heads believed to be fairy arrows in the North at end of century.—*Stat. Acct.*, Wick, 10-15.

[2] Pennant's *Tour*, i. 158; *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. 234.

[3] Pennant's *Tour*, i. 111-113; Hogg's *Life of Wightman*, p. 110.

[4] Grant's *Superstition of Highlanders*, i. 180; Pennant's *Tour*, i. 111; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Logierait, v. 82-85.

pious fortitude, the parents or nearest of kin performed a lugubrious dance, with streaming eyes, while younger members joined in livelier measure. From birth to death, with rites unknown to the Kirk, with beliefs unknown to science, the life of the people was crowded.

VIII

Nothing was more characteristic of Scotland than the bleak, dreary, treeless aspect of the scenery. We are apt to treat the jeers of old English travellers on this point as merely cockney libels, and to consider the sarcasms of Dr. Samuel Johnson as only ponderous pleasantries as exaggerated as when he asserted that a "tree in Scotland is as rare as a horse in Venice." Unfortunately, the jibes contained a large amount of truth. The ancient woods had disappeared; wasted by raids, burnt as fuel, destroyed as encumbrances of the ground, or sold by impecunious owners. We become almost sceptical of their ever having existed at all when we read the accounts of travellers, like the caustic Sir Anthony Weldon, who in 1617 attended his Majesty, James VI., to his northern dominions, and protested that "Judas had scarce got a tree to hang himself,"[1] if he had betrayed his Lord in Scotland; and Sir William Brereton, who in 1636 says "that he had diligently observed, but cannot see any timber in riding 100 miles." Forests there were truly of great extent; but these were in the Highlands,[2] far out of reach in inaccessible straths; and for the common purposes of work, for house-fitting, for ship-building, for implements, fir and oak were imported from Norway. Only around the houses of country gentlemen, or kirks, in the more cultivated Lowlands, were groves or clumps of wood—usually sycamore or ash—to be seen at the beginning of the century; and most of these of recent origin.[3] Throughout Ayrshire the country was one huge

[1] *Early Travels in Scotland*, edited by Hume. In 1440 Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II.) described the country as "destitute of trees."—P. 26.

[2] *Accompt Current*, by J. S[preull], 1705.

[3] Kirke, travelling in 1677, is able to speak of the "pleasant woods and policies" he passes, of "groves" or clumps of trees about the many pretty houses of the gentry he rode by on his way to Edinburgh, though "not a tree in any part of the country elsewhere."—*Acct. of Tour in Scotland*, by Thomas Kirke,

naked waste; not a tree was to be seen in the open land, and none to be found anywhere except by the banks of the Doon, the Girvan, and the Stinchar, whereon little knots of stunted oaks and beeches took shelter. Those which were planted by the Countess of Eglinton and Lord Loudoun between 1730 and 1740 were only isolated patches when Dr. Johnson made his memorable visit to Auchinleck. In East Lothian there were few trees except round some gentlemen's seats older than the Revolution. It was in 1706 [1] that Lord Haddington, stimulated by the taste and energy of his wife, gave up his beloved field sports and devoted himself to improving his estates, and began planting at Tyninghame on the deep sand near the seaside, in spite of confident assurances that nothing could grow on such a barren soil and in such a situation exposed to the ceaseless salt winds. There a fine wood sprang up, and on the moorland rose the lovely Binning woods, while fields formerly wind-swept and desolate became fertile by protection from belts of trees. Through Roxburghshire there was bleakness and barrenness of nature, equalling that of Berwickshire and other southern counties, until round Floors Castle some trees were planted and jealously guarded about 1716. Of the once richly wooded Tweeddale it was said in 1715 that only round the mansions and churchyards were there rows of plane and ash to be seen, and these were still young.[2] Even the landlords who were possessed of forests had no æsthetic affection for them, and were ready to sell to the highest bidder the finest timber on their land. Down went splendid fir woods [3] in Argyllshire to an Irish company at the beginning of the century at one plack a piece, and to utilise the rest of the deciduous trees the speculators set up their forges near Inveraray. Woods there were of great extent in the West Highlands, much of which were cut down for sale in

p. 15; *Modern Acct. of Scotland*, by an English gentleman (Thomas Kirke); *Early Travels in Scotland*, p. 253; Hamilton's *Description of Renfrewshire; Monymusk Papers*, Spalding *Miscellanies*, ii. 53.

[1] *Treatise on Forest Trees*, 1764 [by Charles Lord Haddington], pp. 1-11.

[2] Jeffrey's *Roxburghshire*, iii. 19: Bailies of regality in 1717 issue proclamation, warning offenders who "plucked the haws from the thorns that defend the young plantations." Dr. Alexander Pennicuick's *Works*, 1818, p. 57.

[3] Smith's *Survey of Argyllshire*, p. 138.

Ireland, while the seaports of Scotland were importing fir and oak wood from Norway[1] and from Dantzic to build their vessels at home, and others from lack of timber were built in Holland or the Baltic. When the York Buildings Company bought forfeited estates of 1715, they bought some of the finest forests in the country,[2] the great pine-wood of Abnernethy or Speyside, 60,000 of the best fir-trees of Grant, for 2s. 4d. each, and Mr. Aaron Hill devised the plan of making the timber into rafts to float down the river.

In the common destitution of wood in the Lowlands it became a serious difficulty to find timber for a public building. Magistrates were in straits to get wood for a town steeple, and heritors for a beam for a kirk bell.[3] The most common trees had been originally introduced as exotics and treated with the utmost tenderness. When first planted in Scotland (the lime at Taymouth in 1664, the silver fir in 1682, the maple and walnut in 1690, the laburnum in 1704, and the larch in 1727) they were regarded as needing delicate tending in gardens, and as unfit to live in the open field in such a climate. The plane and elder were the chief "barren trees" planted at the middle of the previous century, beeches and chestnuts being found only in sheltered gardens. In 1727 a gentleman brought in his portmanteau some plants of larch from the Tyrol and gave a few as a present to the Duke of Atholl.[4] These—the first introduced into Scotland—were kept in careful training; but at length, being planted out, as too big for nursery culture, it was found, to vast surprise, that they lived and throve and grew, and survivors still stand as ornaments at Dunkeld, parents of great forests.

[1] Spreull's *Accompt Current, etc.*, 1705, pp. 31, 64; Defoe's *Hist. of Union*, p. 174.

[2] Murray's *York Buildings Company*, 1883, p. 61.

[3] In 1703, magistrates of Dumfries, unable to get timber for their town hall and steeple, had to get it from Garlies on the Cree.—Maxwell's *County of Dumfries*. Heritors of Lesmahagow, in 1705, in despair pass a resolution "to apply to Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton for ane oak tree to be stoop for supporting the bell, because they can get it nowhere in the country."—*Hist. of Lesmahagow*, p. 146; Walker's *Economic Hist. of Hebrides and Highlands*, ii. 212. "*Scots Gardner*, published for the climate of Scotland, by John Reid," 1683, enumerates the trees for gardens: oak, elm, ash, maple, lime, hornbeam, hazel, pine, yew, Scotch fir.

[4] Hunter's *Woods of Perthshire*, p. 37.

Though landlords were awakening to the advantage of planting their large and waste estates, the progress was slow and halting; the most of the country remained destitute of wood, as was the case along the sea-coast and for miles backwards in Fife, Buchan, Aberdeenshire, till the close of the century.[1]

May we not attribute to this bleak, woodless aspect of the country the rarity in Scottish minstrelsy of reference to trees and to birds which frequent the woods? We find songs that celebrate the birches by the river's side,—the "Birks of Tullibole," the "Birks of Aberfeldy," the "Birks of Invermay,"—but there were few trees to incite a poet, and under whose "contiguity of shade" to woo. If there is a strange lack of allusion to birds of any variety in Scottish song we may explain it by an observation made by Burt in 1730:[2]—"It has been remarked that here [Inverness] there are few birds except such as build their nests upon the ground, so scarce are trees and hedges." The lark's song and the curlew's shriek were familiar enough in open fields at that time. The cushat's cooing notes were heard in the farmyard, but not so familiar was the voice of the mavis or the blackbird; while in many districts the linnet would have as vainly as Noah's dove sought for a branch whereon to alight in a day's journey.

The sudden awakening of landowners to a knowledge of the usefulness of timber, if not to a sense of the picturesqueness of woodland scenery, which created enthusiasm for planting, belongs chiefly to the second half of the century. For up to 1750 the attempts at planting were hesitating and limited, partly from lack of money, partly from opposition of the farmers and the country-people. Hedges and trees were regarded as their natural enemies, and they bitterly complained that the roots spoilt the ground, the shade killed the grain, and the branches fostered the birds that devoured the crops.[3] In

[1] Anderson's *Agric. in Aberdeenshire*, p. 30.

[2] *Letters from the North of Scotland*, i. p. 7.

[3] Morer's *Acct. of Scot.*, p. 170; Kirke's account in *Early Travellers in Scot.;* Burt's *Letters from the North.* "Even upon the skirts of the Highlands, where the laird has indulged in two or three trees about his house, I have heard the tenant lament the damage done by the droppings and shade of them as well as the space taken up by the trunks and the roots."—i. 324.

vehement dislike and aggressive resistance to this new and dangerous innovation of planting, the people did everything they could to hinder it. Under cover of the night they pulled up the saplings, tore down the branches, and maimed the trunks, and often in the morning the dismayed laird saw that in the darkness the labours and pride of years had been ruthlessly ruined.[1]

This was one of the sorest vexations the landlords and factors had to endure, and to endure without redress. If gangs of people silently and secretly did this havoc, the tenants would not inform upon them, and certainly cared not to check them. The barons of regality might issue their threats, the statutes of the State might renew and increase their penalties; but this crime of arboricide continued distressingly frequent, to the discouragement of "improvers."[2]

After the Rebellion of '45 we find gradually a remarkable change coming over the country. It was being dis-

[1] Dr. Edmund Calamy, in his *Own Life*, ii. 162, says that Sir A. Gilmour of Craigmillar, in 1710, told him, on his remarking on the scarcity of wood, that "he was very fond of such plantations, but the people had an incurable aversion to them—having a notion that they spoiled the ground and eat the heart out of the soil." He intimated that it was very common, notwithstanding the strict prohibition of the laws, backed with suitable penalties, for the country people to watch their opportunity and come in great bodies and destroy the trees. In 1726, Cockburn of Ormiston, in reply to his tenant factor, writes: "I must desire you not to be discouraged by what you say of the country people pulling up and spoiling your trees. . . . I further desire you will endeavour to catch one of the malicious people."—Letter given in *Farmer's Magazine*, 1804. Lord Stair's factor in Wigtonshire complains in 1731 to his lordship that "the people will not let the plantations grow."—ii. 183; *Annals of Viscount Stair, and 1st and 2nd Earls of Stair*, by Murray Graham. "A generall humour in the Commons who have a naturall aversion to all manner of planting, and they doe not fail in the night time to cut even with the root the prettiest and strongest trees for staves and plough-goads, and many a one they have destroyed to myselfe; albeit, if they stood not in great awe and fear they would have done greater harm to my plantations."—P. 41, *Glamis Papers*, Scot. Hist. Society; *Proclamation and Penalty in* 1733 *against destroying Trees*, p. 149; *Court-Book of Barony of Urie; Acts of Parliament*, 1716.

[2] Robbie's *Aberdeen: its Traditions and History*, 1873, p. 304. Severe punishment for spoiling trees was meted out. "1710.—J. A. having been convicted of being guilty of cutting a young birch-tree in the enclosures of Hilton, the Justices ordained him to be returned to prison in the Tolbooth, Aberdeen, and to remain for the space of 4 months, to be publicly whipped thro' the town by the common hangman upon first Friday of each month, and remain in prison till he find sufficient caution."

covered at last how advantageous it was to have woods, plantations, and hedges, not merely to beautify the landscape, but to shelter the fields from blasts, and storms, and drifting snow; to drain the soil of its bogs and swamps, to remove the persistent malady of ague from the peasantry, and to modify and soften the rough climate of an unprotected land.

CHAPTER VI

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

1750–1800

I

About the middle of the century there arose a new era in the social and economical condition of the country. One by one old prejudices in the Lowlands lost their hold, time-worn customs began to die out and ancient ways to be superseded. The tentative efforts of the previous forty years to improve the soil, and the hard-won experience of enterprising innovators which had sometimes ended in bankruptcy, had at last begun to open the eyes of the most cautious and laggard proprietors to prospects of wealth by adopting agricultural processes which across the border had brought fertility to the land and prosperity to its people.

Previous to this period most of the farms had either been let without leases, or on very short tenure—two or four years —which starved all enterprise. Now, however, as they came into the laird's hands, several mailings or small tenancies were combined into one farm and let to "substantial" tenants, who came under agreement, with a lease of nineteen years,[1] to carry out intelligent modes of agriculture with regard to liming,

[1] Leases did not become common till about 1760. In 1727 Forbes of Culloden, acting for the Duke of Argyll, whose estates he managed, let lands to crofters on leases of nineteen years, held direct from the landlord instead of the tacksman, commuting services to money.—Argyll's *Scotland as it was and is*, p. 529. In Ayrshire, before middle of century, materials and implements often supplied by landlord, who was paid in kind and services—½ crop going to tenant, ½ to owner—let on leases from 3 to 19 years.—Fullarton's *Survey of Ayrshire*.

ploughing, sowing, the use of artificial grasses, and the due rotation of crops. Under new conditions the fields were enclosed, ground was drained, limed, and manured; ridges were straightened and levelled; waste places were reclaimed from moor and marsh; hedges and dykes were raised; the miserable gray oats—or "small corn"—and bere gave place to prolific grains; and potatoes and turnips in the field provided provender for cattle and food for the people, who were now spared the dread of periodical dearth.

With the gradual abolition of run-rig the several tenants had no longer to wait in the morning till all their neighbours were assembled to join in the clumsy operations, but, as was observed at the end of the century,[1] "every man was late and early at his work, and performed twice as much work as when the work was common." The new carts, with spoke wheels revolving on their axles, took the place of the lumbering "sleds" and "tumblers," and conveyed five times the quantity in one-fifth of the time. Primitive tools and appliances of the country gave way to machinery. The fanners introduced in 1710[2] from Holland by James Meikle superseded the hand-riddle on the winnowing hill or "shealing law," though it was not till 1737 that the second fanner was set up in Roxburghshire; and barley mills at last came into common use about 1750, though they had been set up first in 1710 at Saltoun, and used nowhere else for forty years. The swing plough,[3] needing only two horses, in time displaced the ponderous wooden construction, with its lumbering, slumbering team of oxen and horses; the roller crushed the clods, which had hitherto been smashed one by one with a wooden mallet; the harness was made of leather, instead of horse's hair, rushes, or heather. The threshing-mill,[4] after many ingenious but futile efforts of others, was brought to admirable practical shape by Andrew Meikle, miller, millwright, and farmer, the

[1] Smith's *Survey of Argyllshire*, 1798, p. 33.

[2] Mause Headrigg's indignation at Cuddie Headrigg's working in the barn "wi' a new-fangled machine for dightin' the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will o' divine providence," is one of Sir Walter Scott's anachronisms, antedating the invention by fifty years.

[3] Invented in 1750 by John Small of Dalkeith.

[4] Smiles's *Lives of Engineers*, vol. i.; Hepburn's *Agric. East Lothian.*

son of James Meikle, who had introduced fanners and barley mills. Constructed about 1776 on a faulty plan, it was completed in 1787, and proved an immense boon to agriculture By the threshing-mill seventy or eighty bushels of wheat might, to the amazement of the people, be threshed and cleaned in an hour; and besides this saving of time it effected a saving of grain, compared with the flail, to the extent of a hundredth of the corn; equal in value, it was computed, to £2,000,000 in Great Britain.[1] Scotland, at last, by its ingenuity in devising machinery, or its expertness in adopting and adapting experiments, was making up for the sluggishness and inertness of the past; and new implements, intelligent modes of farming, better grain, and more prolific cereals, were revolutionising agricultural life.

The leaders in these great changes were not the tenants They had neither capital nor enterprise enough to try anything, and not personal interest enough to do anything, so long as so much of the land was common and leases were uncommon. Noblemen and gentry of energetic minds had for many years been anxious to improve their estates, and had even brought from England ploughmen and farmers to teach their countrymen the ways which had been so successful in the south. In 1723[2] the Society of Improvers of Knowledge of Agriculture was formed, its most active spirit being the secretary, Maxwell of Arkland, whose efforts to improve the land ruined his own fortune, brought him to insolvency, and reduced the "Lady Arkland" to keep a little shop in the Edinburgh High Street. The society included two hundred enterprising gentlemen, and in the *Select Society Transactions* published by Maxwell[3] we find the very rudiments of husbandry treated as startling problems. "Questions," "Answers," and papers are there found by peers, judges, and lairds, on fallow, draining, turnips, suggestions on sowing whin seed, manuring with

[1] In about twenty years after there were 350 threshing-mills in East Lothian.

[2] The writer of *Essay on Ways and Means of Enclosing, Fallowing, etc.*, 1729, strongly recommends the bringing of English workmen to teach English husbandry, and especially lauds the Devonshire method, which is called "Denshiring,"—improvement of the land by fire.—P. 152.

[3] Edinburgh, 1743.

sea-ware, or improving ground overrun with rushes, and such like. Though the society died out, its influence lived on. Among the improvers in the first half-century were the daughter of Lord Peterborough, who became Duchess of Gordon,[1] and carried English ways to the North with immense energy and success; the Countess of Haddington, in the beginning of the century; and Susanna, Lady Eglinton, in the middle.

There were parish ministers experimenting on their glebes and the acres they rented to increase a scanty income, trying new methods; like the uncouth genius, Wilkie of Ratho, known in literature by his dead *Epigoniad*, for which his countrymen proclaimed him "immortal," but known in less cultured rural quarters as "Potato Wilkie," from his enthusiastic culture of a more successful and digestible fruit of his labour. Scientific men were also busy improving, like Dr. Hutton the geologist, who brought ploughmen from Dorset to initiate his workmen in Duns, and is said to have been the first to use the two-horse plough. Lawyers and judges joined the ranks of farmers, such as Lord Kames,[2] who at Blair Drummond began to cast the moss from the marshes in the swampy district of Kincardine, to drain the spongy soil, to encourage the tardy use of lime and marl, and at the venerable age of eighty published his shrewd, if whimsical, *Gentleman Farmer* to enlighten his countrymen; while a brother judge, Lord Stonefield, was striving to bribe tenants in Dumbartonshire to sow turnips. Nobles and members of Parliament wrote from London to their factors lengthy epistles, giving the latest hints from Middlesex, and expecting all their recommendations to be carried out for adopting impossible projects at home. Trade meanwhile was spreading over the country; villages in course of time rose into towns; places once un-

[1] "I remember on that lady's first coming to Scotland I heard she caused bring down English ploughs and skilful plowmen to fallow. I can trace that most useful and valuable operation no higher in Scotland than that excellent lady's coming among us. . . . Scotland is indebted to the Duchess for right method of making hay, planting, laying out grounds for gardening and parterres, transforming old Gothick architecture to the beauty and convenience of the latest Italian houses prevailing with gentry in northern shires, to enclose, drain, and plant," etc.—*Essay on Enclosing, Fallowing, etc.*, 1729.

[2] Tytler's *Life of Lord Kames*, ii. 30.

known became active centres of industry; the linen trade, shipping, woollen factories, were giving labour to large numbers of people drawn from rural districts; and with the increase of commerce and manufactures there grew up a demand alike for grain and cattle for home consumption and for export, all which gave stimulus to landlords to greater energy and fuller cultivation.

Perhaps no legislative measure helped forth this object more thoroughly than the Turnpike Act of 1751, an Act which assessed farmers and proprietors in equal proportion for the maintenance of efficient public roads; thereby securing means of communication between every district and every town by the carts, which could now go easily over once almost impassable tracks.

The Rebellion of '45 proved a blessing in disguise to the Scottish people, for it was one of the most important causes of the opening up and consequent cultivation of the north country. It brought the Highlands more in touch with the southern counties; it promoted trade, traffic, intercourse beyond the once inaccessible "line." The Disarming Act changed lazy vassals into sturdy workmen; they were forced to change their swords to ploughshares and their targets into tops for butter firkins, as Boswell on his tour was informed. The forfeiture of the rebel estates threw into the market and into the hands of energetic men lands which had for centuries been ill governed, impoverished petty kingdoms, where chiefs reigned over hordes of lazy, half-starved subjects. The abolition of hereditary jurisdictions also brought from Government compensation of over £152,000, which was an immense sum in the estimation of impecunious gentlemen, to devote, if they chose, to bettering their estates.

Without money, however, nothing could be done to improve the soil, and so long as rents were to a large extent paid in kind there was little money to spend. The system of payment of rents began now to be changed, and lairds were not obliged to sell for what it might bring the stored-up rent of oats and barley from their girnals; and at last, and for the first time, they had silver which they could use for practical purposes. It is obvious that chiefs, so long as they were paid

in sheep, capons, oats, although they might have enormous tracts of country and multitudinous retainers, could do little or nothing for their barren soil. Adam Smith remarks that in the Rebellion, Cameron of Lochiel, though he could carry into the field for Prince Charlie 800 of his own people, had only a rental in money of £500.[1] These were not the men to lay out capital in altering the condition of estates which were measured by hundreds of square miles.

The establishment of banks about 1760 in country towns proved a very important element in the future economical progress of the country. County gentlemen were by this institution enabled to get money on good security, which they could use to their advantage.[2] Tenants united as securities for each other, and farmers could be accommodated with means to stock their farms and lime their acres; while, owing to the extension of paper-money, people in towns were ready to advance cash on easy terms. Nor must there be omitted another fruitful source from which the taste and means for improvement came. That was the return of Scotsmen who had made their lacs of rupees in the East India Company's service, and invested part of their fortunes in buying estates and social position in their native land. These nabobs had money to spend; they had no hereditary prejudices to trammel them; their superciliousness to natives in the East did not render them delicate to susceptibilities of old farmers at home, and they changed at their will and improved where they chose with lavish hand.[3] Prosperous Glasgow merchants—Virginia traders—also bought estates, and with an eye to business made the most of their new lands and novel position as lairds.

The last of the many contributory influences to agricultural change which may be mentioned was the "Montgomery Act" of 1770—a measure due to the Lord Advocate, Sir James Montgomery. This statute enabled owners of entailed estates to enclose, to drain, to build, to plant, or in other ways permanently improve the property, by authorising them to

[1] *Wealth of Nations*, chap. viii.

[2] Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots*, ii. 252; Fullarton's *Survey of Ayrshire*, p. 18.

[3] "No less than eight estates of considerable value have in my recollection been bought in Roxburghshire by gentlemen who have returned from East Indies."—Somerville's *Life*, p. 360.

settle on their successors the burden of an equitable proportion of the expense—the profits of which they should reap. This relief from legal restriction gave an invaluable stimulus to the cause of agriculture, to the consequent enlargement of the incomes of the lairds.

II

While enterprising gentlemen and vigorous tenants, eager to be "improvers," were striving in many parts of the country to supersede old worn-out methods, their laudable efforts were not always thoroughly successful. In their impatience to make more money and augment their rent rolls at a bound, not a few made egregious mistakes, which greatly rejoiced the admirers of old times—the despisers of new-fangled ways. These sceptical onlookers saw with satisfaction that when the lofty crooked ridges were levelled the productive soil was buried in the deep ditches, furrows, and baulks that it filled up; while the backs of the old rigs were left bare and stony and barren for generations. Indeed, for fifty years after the ancient ridges could be traced as zig-zagging lines of sterility through the fields. The enthusiast for enclosing broke up the land into countless subdivisions, making ludicrously minute fields of two or three acres, wasting ground by needless boundaries of hedge and dyke and ditch. So, without discrimination, the agriculturists, with the unbounded zeal of converts, put every scheme they read or heard of into operation. Lairds read the writings of every English theorist, the pamphlet of each crotcheteer. They tried in Caithness methods which suited to perfection the sunny meadows of Surrey; they expected Stirlingshire to produce crops as early as Kent. It was admirable in theory, as it was excellent in practice,[1] in the light, well-drained soil of the south to plough in autumn instead of dawdling to spring; but it was at first disastrous to plough in deep till-clay land, which, as Lady Pitlyal of *Mystifications* has said, "greets a' winter and girns a' summer," drenched with rain, undried through "haars," during which the seed rotted when it was wet, and

[1] Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots*, ii. 241.

through which the blades could not pierce when dry.[1] These blunders were a great solace to farmers, who naturally winced when noblemen brought ploughmen from Norfolk and Dorset to show them how to do their work, and in broad English dialect ridiculed venerable narrow Scots ways. Nor was there dissatisfaction when veterans observed that while the national thistle disappeared under a cleanly system, foreign docks appeared with the rye grass and clover in their stead. Enmity was full in many districts at the harsh and brusque eviction of many an old tenant family to make way for those who would carry out their lordships' whims.[2]

Amidst the flow of prosperity and wealth, which came gradually, there were several changes which at the time—but only temporarily—proved disastrous among the rural population. The abolition of small farms or "mailings," paying a rental of from £7 to £17, and the sweeping away of cottages where maybe eight tenants lived, to make way for their amalgamation into one large farm, thrust many people out of employment, forced many to drift into towns, and many to emigrate. This hardship, of course, fell more heavily on the farming class than on their work-people, who quickly got occupation in the industries which were everywhere springing up. Those who suffered most were the tenants,[3] whose forbears had held the same "paffle" for generations undisturbed, who were dismissed to make room for speculative men from Annandale and Dumfriesshire, and many a farmer was reduced to become a farm servant under the new master. Far worse was the case in the North, where 100 tenants might be displaced to form a sheep-walk, and the change was resisted at times by riots and defiance of the people, who drove the sheep away, and were punished for their violence by transportation for nine years.

[1] Fullarton's *Survey of Ayrshire*, p. 8; Ure's *Dumbartonshire*, p. 104; Ure's *East Kilbride*, p. 180.

[2] When in 1760 Mungo Campbell, the poaching exciseman, murdered Lord Eglinton, there was more sympathy for the exciseman than for the noble, who had made himself unpopular alike by the misimprovement of his life and the still more irritating improvement of his estates, his changes of old customs, his interference with old tenants.—Chambers' *Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, p. 163, 1833.

[3] Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, i. 126.

These old tenants, reduced to the position of day labourers, took crofts by the sea-shore of two or three sandy acres, and eked out a precarious living by fishing.[1] With farmers the hardship was both real and lasting in many instances.

It is not to be overlooked that the reclamation of waste lands from moor and bog gave more occupation to active men than the old system ever did. Eventually it was not the work-people who were reduced in numbers, for there was more work to do than in lazy days, more money to spend in agricultural labour; and the chief difference was that the new school preferred married men who lived in cottages with their families—by the way, much to the improvement of rustic morality—to young men who lived with the farmer and sat at his board, who were sons of village weavers and tailors.[2]

There was no institution which had added so powerfully to the importance of nobles, and especially Highland chiefs, as that of hereditable jurisdiction. Barons and chiefs had for centuries possessed certain seignorial rights of administering law and repressing crime throughout their own districts. They held courts of regality, in which they or their baron bailies, who served as assessors, acted as judges with, and sometimes without, a jury of their own vassals or tenants. Having power over life and limb, they did not hesitate to exercise it, and unfortunate culprits, at the whim or judgment of the hereditary sheriff, might be confined to a fetid dungeon, without appeal or redress against any miscarriage of justice. Their position was one not merely of dignity, but of considerable profit;[3] but its abolition in 1748, and the substitution of responsible legal sheriffs of counties, was a great relief to tenants, who had had

[1] Lettice's *Tour*, p. 364; Walker's *Hebrides and Highlands*, ii. 380; Stewart's *Sketches*, vol. i.; Pennant's *Tour*, ii. 281-3.

[2] Against the notion that the new system resulted in permanent depopulation see Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots*, ii. 209.—Hepburn's *East Lothian; Farmer's Magazine*, p. 380, 1801.

[3] As duties or "customs" to the hereditary sheriff or bailie of barony, each farmer supplied 2 ploughs, 4 pair horses and harness for 1 day; and 6 shearers in harvest for 1 day, 6 hens, 1 threave cow. 8 hours for peat loads—this afterwards commuted into money.—Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs*, 527; Anderson's *State of Society and Knowledge in Highlands*, p. 104; Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlands*, i. p. 110.

to pay the potentate so many "customs" of hens, days' work, and peat, per annum, for the privilege of very bad law.

The serious social result of depriving Highland chiefs of their ancient privileges, and the disarming of their vassals after the '45, was the disappearance of the old patriarchal interest and pride which they had taken in their clansmen. Formerly they had plumed themselves on the number of their retainers; but they now descended from the high state of kinglets, careful to favour their subjects, to that of lairds vulgarly eager to increase their rents. They sought to rid themselves of the superfluous population, dismissed sub-tenants at will, and installed tenants on lease; they gave up the tacksmen, who were members of the clan, for Lowland farmers who cared nothing for the people; they deported inhabitants and imported sheep. No longer supreme in their mountain castles, and bereft of feudal power and pomp, they became acute tradesmen. The highest bidder came, and the unremunerative crofter went.[1] These landed gentry had more money now at their disposal to spend, but they spent it in society; their "hearts" might be "in the Highlands," but their bankers were in London. And the hearts of the people turned from their old chiefs. Sometimes, in their eagerness to make fortunes, the chiefs overreached themselves. They thought to uproot in a year the inveterate customs of ages, and tried to overcome all at once indolence and improvidence engrained in the race. Expecting from the barren tracts of Ross-shire the abundant returns of the fertile acres of the Lothians, they overrented their land and overestimated their incomes. Not seldom bankruptcy was the fate of men hasting to be rich, who, as Pennant expressed it, "emptied the sack before it was filled." "I have lived in woful times," said an Argyllshire chief in 1788; "when I was young the only question asked concerning a man of rank was, How many men lived on his estate? then it was, How many black cattle it could keep? but now it is, How many sheep will it carry."[2]

[1] Mackenzie's *Report on Agric. of Ross;* Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, i. 160-200; Robertson's *Agric. of Inverness;* Earl of Selkirk's *Present State of the Highlands*, etc., 1805, pp. 12, 61.

[2] Scott's *Works*, "Periodical Criticism," iv. 32, 1835.

III

Troubles always attend economic measures which promote social progress, for hardship is the inevitable accompaniment of every process of development; and in the struggle for existence the weak must suffer, that the fittest may survive. The surest signs of progress in any industry are, however, to be found in the increase alike of gains of the master and wages of the servant, and here the evidence is striking, even startling. In a few years,[1] land which had for more than a century been let at the same rent of 1s. 6d. to 3s. an acre, rose to 21s. in Berwickshire; land in Perthshire, which had brought at its highest 5s., in nine years advanced to 17s. an acre, and in 1784 had bounded up to 45s.; and in Ayrshire, ground which had of old been let for 5 lbs. of butter per acre, easily let for 25s. after being drained and limed. In the Carse of Gowrie land which had let at the supposed high rent of 6s. 8d. an acre had risen in twenty years (in 1783) to £6.[2]

Nor was this advance of rent, enormous as it was, effected at the cost of the farmers or the people, for the records of those days prove the reverse. The statement of a witness from Perthshire is confirmed by experience in every district. In Fortingal the "rents in 1750 were not much above £1500, and the people were starving; now (1793) they pay £4600, and there is fulness of bread."[3] When estates went into the market the change in rural conditions was made evident by the prices paid for them. For generations, so long as antiquated systems of husbandry continued, their value remained the same; but when the agricultural revolution came they increased as if by magic. For instance, an estate in Banffshire which had

[1] Low and Bruce's *Agric. of Berwickshire*, p. 104; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Longforgan, xix. 525; Symington, viii. 397: "Formerly land let at 1s. 6d. an acre to tenants verging on bankruptcy." In Kilwinning, in 1742, the average was 3s., in 1792 it was 18s.—*Stat. Acct.*, Kilwinning, Alloway; Stewart's *Sketches*, p. 141.

[2] Donaldson's *Carse of Gowrie*. In Arrochar, land let for £8 in 1740 was, in 1790, let as sheep-walks for £80.—Ure's *Dumbartonshire*, p. 15.

[3] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Fortingal.

in 1647 a rental of £455 had crept slowly up by 1730 only to £555, but in fifty years the rental had risen to £2800; another in Dumfriesshire produced in 1760 £950 rental, and in 1790 it went up to £4750.[1] Such instances, taken almost at random, show the rapid increase in productiveness of the soil and value for the land.

In the Highlands, wherever cultivation or cattle rearing had been introduced, similar results followed in its train. Glenelg estate, for example, which had been bought of old for a few thousand merks, had in 1786 a rental of £600, and twenty-five years later its value had increased so enormously that it was sold for £100,000.[2] Another estate put up for sale by the Court of Session, with a rental of less than £30, was bought for what was considered the high sum of £1200, to be sold again in 1825 for £25,000. Cases abound of the value of estates which for 100 years hardly increased at all going in thirty years up to five or even eight times the rental of the past.[3]

Along with the steady development of landlords' fortunes there went on an equivalent rise in farmers' profits, for they found ample recompense for all their outlay on the soil and the larger rent of the land. While the prices of corn increased materially, owing to increased demand in an industrial population and to the excellence of the grain,—so different from the miserable old gray oats and bere,—the amount produced under the new husbandry had increased in volume. Besides that, there was produce of turnips and potatoes, artificial grasses, sheep and oxen, to increase the tenant's gains. For the sale of his goods there were now easy means of communication and transit by land and sea; and products for which of old he could not get a market—shut up as he had been, by want of conveyance and badness of roads, from the world—were carried to any town, and profits rose every year. So far from tenants being oppressed by the enhanced rents, they laid by, if they

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Banff, xx. 397; Longforgan, xix. 522; Troqueer, i. 195. In Caithness, grazings let in 1794 for £87, in 1803 were let for £600.—*Farmer's Mag.* 1804, p. 5.

[2] Anderson's *State of Highlands*, p. 132.

[3] Rental of land in Scotland in 1748 estimated at £822,857 (*Scots Mag.* 1748). In 1813 it amounted to £6,285,500.—Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vii. 11.

were wise, no little money, and in many instances were able to purchase their land and even to buy considerable estates.[1]

At the same time the profits from rearing stock rose with great and rapid strides. Instead of the lank, half-starved sheep with as little flesh on their bones as they had wool on their backs, selling at 2s. 6d. or 3s. each, there were larger animals amply fleeced, producing four times the former amount of wool, and sold at from 9s. to 18s. each. Instead of the little, wretched, black breed of cattle which weighed, when fattened, only eleven or twelve stones, and cows which yielded three or perhaps two pints of milk a day, there were the Ayrshire or Galloway cattle weighing twenty-four stones, and cows producing twelve pints (Scots).[2] No wonder prices went up in equivalent measure: that horses, which formerly could be got from £3 to £7, could not be procured at the end of the century for less than £15 or £20; and cattle, Highland and Lowland, had doubled or trebled in value.[3]

When these changes had occurred with new life, new energy, new interest, Scottish agriculture, so far from being a byword, became a model for imitation by England—its skill, its activity, its methods, its success, became matters of fame; and when one recalls the contemptuous terms in which travellers from the south formerly spoke of the old miserable husbandry, and the indolent ways of the people, it is curious to find in 1790 an eminent Scots agriculturist complacently speaking in similar terms of the habits beyond the Border: "An observing man who was bred in Scotland is astonished when he sees in England the languor and indolence which almost everywhere prevail in regard to agriculture."[4] In the next century,

[1] "When the change took place a farmer could with a dozen years' industry be able to purchase the land he rented, which many did."—Allan Cunningham, quoted in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, p. 194. "More estates have been bought lately in the district round Perth by farmers than by any other class of men. Many estates particularly have been purchased by Carse farmers."—Hall's *Travels*, i. 265.

[2] *Stat. Acct.*, Cambuslang, Kilmartin, viii. 109.

[3] Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots.*, ii. 223. In 1723, in Crieff, 30,000 cattle at the tryst were transferred to English drovers; at end of century there were 100,000 sold.—Nimmo's *Stirlingshire*, ii. 612.

[4] Anderson's *Agric. of Aberdeenshire*, p. 151. "Old people say that one servant does as much work as two in former times."—*Stat. Acct. of Scot.*, Crawford, iv. 609.

instead of ploughmen coming from Dorset to teach Scots farmers to work, East Lothian stewards and ploughmen were taken to instruct English yokels to farm.[1]

The increase of population, the growth of towns in which the chief industries were centred, caused larger demand for provisions of all kinds, and the tenants easily requited themselves for bigger rents by bigger prices. Meanwhile the peasantry shared in the general prosperity, and by 1790 their earnings were exactly double what they had been in the middle of the century, having risen to £14 or £15 a year.[2]

With the improvement in wages went a marked improvement in social condition and intellectual character—there was more spirit, more energy, more alertness in mind and body. The miserably lethargic manner, the prematurely aged look, gradually disappeared in every district where soil was under new conditions of husbandry. "I travelled," said one[3] of the most intelligent of observers in 1790, "through some places where not many years ago the people were wretchedly poor, want sat upon every brow, hunger was painted on every face; neither their tattered clothes nor their miserable cottages were a sufficient shelter from the cold; now the labourers have put off the long clothing, the tardy pace, the lethargic look of their fathers, for the short doublet, the linen trousers, the quick pace of men who are labouring for their own behoof, and work up to the spirit of their cattle, and the rapid revolution of the threshing-machine." The "blue rags" in which farmers and workmen had before been clad gave way

[1] *Memoirs of a Highland Lady.* In the beginning of the nineteenth century Grant of Rothiemurchus, on the estate at Hertfordshire, was establishing Scots farming with a Scots grieve to teach rotation of crops, deep ploughing, hay making, corn cut with scythe, stall-fed cattle.—P. 55.

[2] Ploughmen at the close of the century got £6 : 10s. to £7; while the married ploughmen, besides their cottage, had £6 in money, 6½ bolls of meal, and other "gains," which made their income about £14 or £15—double what they had forty years before. In 1790 they had from £2 : 5s. to £3. Day labourers advanced from 6d. in summer (working from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M.) and 5d. in winter (from sunrise to sunset) to from 10d. to 1s.—*Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Alva, Dailly; Ramsay, ii. 211. The wages, of course, varied much in different districts. "Bounties of women consisted of 6 ells of coarse linen or harn; 5 ells of grey cloth, 2 ells plaiding or coarse flannel, and two pairs of shoes."—Robertson's *Agric.*, Mid-Lothian, p. 40.

[3] Robertson's *Agric. of Perthshire*, p. 65.

to comfortable garments of a more prosperous age. The rough plaiding of the ploughman of previous generations was discarded, and he went well clad and shod to work; the woollen shirts, worn unchanged for months together, gave way to linen—though older-fashioned folk alleged that this substitution of linen shirts for woollen was the cause of a great increase of colds and rheumatism amongst the people. Behold him in 1790 in Sunday attire: "In his coat of blue cloth at 5s. 6d. a yard, velveret vest and corduroy breeches; white cotton stockings, calf-skin shoes; black silk shoulder knots, shirt with ruffles at the breast, white muslin cravat, fringed, hat worth 8s. to 10s.,"[1] a watch in his fob, though forty years before not one was to be found in a whole parish except on the laird's and minister's persons. This, of course, describes the best specimen of ploughman in the most advanced districts, but even the poorest had greatly improved. Young women,[2] no longer satisfied with the rough woollen stuffs, wore cotton dresses, and, though barefooted on week-days, appeared well-shod, in cotton dress, duffle cloaks, and bonnets in church. The farmers' daughters and wives, contemptuous of home-made webs, had their gowns of silk, and their fashions from Edinburgh, and lived in an ambitious style which as yet fitted them badly. The plainest farmer was now clad in English broadcloth, and could boast of a hat; and the rich farmer, assuming new manners, prided himself on his dress, on his house, and his blood-horse.[3] With changed conditions had gone from the people much of the dirt and most of the olden squalor, though there remained much room for improvement.[4] From them also had vanished many a superstition; and brownies, elves, and fairies only survived in fireside stories in the winter nights.[5]

[1] Robertson's *Agric. of Mid-Lothian*, p. 28; Roger's *Agric. of Forfarshire*, p. 3.

[2] "Formerly the women appeared in church in bed blankets or tartan plaids; now they wear scarlet plaids and duffle cloaks and bonnets. Old home-made dresses superseded by English cloth for Sunday and finer stuffs for every-day clothing."—*Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Logie Pert; Bathgate, i. 356.

[3] Allan Cunningham in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, p. 199.

[4] To the proposition to clean the churn before putting in the cream, "Na, na," returned Mrs. M'Clarty, "that wadna be canny, ye ken. Naebody would clean their kirn for ony consideration."—Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, 1804, p. 391.

[5] *Farmer's Mag.* 1804, p. 390; Robertson's *Agric. Mid-Lothian*, p. 2.

Other things had changed in the social condition of the people—and had changed vastly for the better. The fare was no longer restricted to the monotonous oat and barley-meal diet in its various, but not varied, forms. In the kailyard there was no longer a meagre supply of vegetables—chiefly cabbage and greens; but turnips, carrots, potatoes, and many others in which they took pride and loved to cultivate, along with the currant and gooseberry bushes, and roses, flowers, and beloved peppermint. The use of these vegetables had, it was said, a markedly favourable effect upon the health of the peasantry.[1] The price of meat had risen, owing to the quantity now consumed in towns, and by 1780 it cost 3d. or 4d. a pound, instead of 1d. or 1½d. of thirty years before. But in spite of advance of price far more was used in rural places, and the ploughmen usually had meat twice or thrice a week, instead of partaking of it only on those occasions when an aged, diseased, or starved sheep was found dead in the fields, or a cow expired in the stalls.[2]

The common drink of the people of old had been ale, which was brewed in every farmhouse, and sold in every change-house or tavern; it was drunk everywhere by the peasantry, and, indeed, by every class. But by the imposition of the malt tax, the production of it was greatly affected; and partly owing to the increasing cost and to the gradual influx of spirits, smuggled or legal, the use of ale diminished, while whisky—in 1780 only 10d. a quart, on which no excise was being paid—came more and more into use, and where formerly the workmen were regaled with "twopenny," now they were presented with whisky.

Yet another beverage came into vogue as a dangerous rival to ale. The introduction of tea was met with animosity by the haters of new-fashioned beverages and the patriotic lovers of old native products. Town councils, heritors, and ministers equally denounced it, and parishes afflicted with smuggling entered into resolutions to abstain from tea, just as people take

[1] Walker's *Hebrides and Highlands*, i. 98, 99.

[2] In 1793, in East Lothian, there was broth of pot barley and butcher meat for dinners.—Hepburn's *Agric. of East Lothian*. In Elgin and Moray there was meat on Sundays and holidays.—Donaldson's *Agric. in Moray and Elgin*, p. 25.

pledges to-day against alcoholic drinks. In 1744 the heritors of East Lothian complained that "the luxurious and expensive way of living has shamefully crept in upon all classes of the people, who, neglecting the good and wholesome produce of our own country, are got into the habit of an immoderate use of French wines and spirits";[1] as also, "that the drinking of tea, and especially among people of the lower rank, has arrived at an extravagant excess to the hurt of private families by loss of their time, increase of their expense, and negligence of a diet more suitable to their health and station."[2] Farmers and lairds in parishes entered into solemn bonds, under self-imposed penalties, not to drink a drug so demoralising and pernicious. But in spite of all opposition, in spite of its cost, it won its way into the affections and homes of all classes—not to the hurt, but to the advantage of the people, who found in it a substitute for far less innocent drink.[3]

Improvements were going on in the homes as well as in the food and clothing of the agricultural classes. As time wore on a great change came over the hovels without chimneys to let out the smoke or glazed windows to keep out the blast, with the foul air of cows in the one end of the house, the people in the other, and the poultry on the rafters, with the heather roofs, which made the abode a more comfortable

[1] 1740.—Wigtown Town Council resolve to discourage smuggling and tea-drinking.—*Hereditary Sheriffs*, p. 530. The example set by the parish of Swinton of subjecting themselves to penalties in case of any breach of these resolutions was followed by the barony of Brisbane and Col. Fullarton and his tenants in Ayrshire. These last in their bond speak of tea thus: "We, being all farmers by profession, think it needless to restrain ourselves formally from indulging in the foreign and consumptive luxury called *tea;* for when we consider the slender constitution of many of the higher rank, amongst whom it is most used, we conclude that it would be an improper diet to qualify us for the more robust and manly parts of our business, and therefore only give our testimony against it and leave the enjoyment of it altogether to those who can afford to be weak, indolent, and useless."—Morren's *Annals of Gen. Assembly*, i. 61.

[2] *Considerations of Present State of Scot.*, Edin., 1744.

[3] When gradually beer and "twopenny" gave way to tea, the people transferred the terms for brewing their home-made ale to the process of making their tea; the name for the operation of "mashing" or "masking" when the hot water was added to the malt, was given to infusing, by adding water to the tea. "Brewing tea" still an expression used in south-east counties.—*Stat. Acct.*, i. 87.

home for rats than for human beings. A more decent order of things began. Even outlying districts like Rannoch in Perthshire shared in the happy progress. In 1750 the bulk of the tenants had no such things as beds. They lay on the ground, with a little heather or ferns under them, on rough blankets. Their houses could only be entered on all fours, and then it was impossible to stand upright. But in 1790 they are reported as decently clean, well-clad, in lighted houses built of stone. The life, habits, food, dwellings of the people had undergone throughout a great part of Scotland a marvellous transformation.[1]

IV

Not less a change was undergone in the physical aspect of the country and the appearance of the landscape. The purple heather and yellow whins were giving way to corn; bogs and marshes were turning into pasture; bleak moors were being covered with wide forests of pine or woods of larch, ash, and elms. The landscape, so universally monotonous and bare, with occasional patches of elders, birch, and stunted oak by river brinks, or clumps of ash and elm around country mansions or churchyards—making the surrounding scenes the drearier by contrast—became beautified and diversified by belts of plantations to shield the fields, thorn hedges by the road, and forests miles wide in circumference.

In 1735, the Edinburgh Society for Encouraging Arts, Science, and Agriculture had sought to overcome the perverse dislike of farmers to trees, by offering prizes of £10 to any who should plant the largest number (not less than 1000) of timber trees—oak, ash, elm—in hedgerows before December 1736. But in a short while, so far from its being necessary to stimulate planting, it seemed impossible to curb the rage for it. Lairds and nobles had now discovered a use for their timber, especially for their larches, in new industries and shipyards, which were rapidly springing up; and they had acquired a taste for woods as enhancing the beauty as well as the profits of their estates. Grant of Monymusk, continuing

[1] *Stat. Acct.*, Fortingal, ii. 458.

till old age the work he had begun as a youth in 1716, planted his 50 millions, chiefly of spruce fir. Lord Findlater began in 1767 to plant in Nairnshire eleven millions in a desert of his estates; and Lord Moray,[1] with over twelve million beeches, oaks, elms, at the same time planted his fine woods at Darnaway. About 1750 and 1760 began to be planted at Taymouth and Scone—hitherto treeless—those woods which are so magnificent to-day. Fifty years after the tiny larch-saplings had been handed out of Mr. Menzies's portmanteau to the Duke of Atholl in 1727, Duke John—the "planting Duke" —with a keen eye to business as well as for the picturesque, covered 16,000 acres with twenty-seven million of larches.[2] Young lords and law lords, lairds great and small, took to planting and pruning as formerly they had taken to hunting or drinking, and shrewd proprietors shared the views of the prototype of the Laird of Dumbiedykes on his deathbed: "Jock, when ye hae naething else to dae, ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it 'll be growing, Jock, when ye are sleeping." Thus began a new industry for trade and a new source of profits to landowners.[3] Every laird with a £100 rental reared his thousands. On Saturday he planted; and on Sunday, during the soporific discourses in kirk, he planned his planting for Monday. When a minister rebuked his heritor for running after Whitfield, he got the effectual answer: "Sir, when I hear you preach I am planting trees; but during the whole of Mr. Whitfield's sermon I have not time to plant one."[4] It was after the middle of the century that the passion for raising woods and enclosing by hedges reached its height, transforming the appearance of the country; "insomuch," says a writer in 1797,[5]—with delightful complacency and bland exaggeration,—"that a native who had left this country in 1760 on his return at this date would find him-

[1] T. Donaldson's *Agriculture of Nairnshire*.

[2] Hunter's *Woods of Perthshire*, p. 15.

[3] Molendinnar Saw-mill at Glasgow was erected by W. Fleming in 1751—the first timber merchant who introduced into general use Scots-grown fir for common purposes, such as making coffins, packing-boxes, house lathing, etc.—*Glasgow Past and Present*, iii. 129.

[4] Tyerman's *Life of Whitfield*, ii. 525.

[5] Brown's *Hist. of Glasgow*, ii. 194.

self only to be directed by the geography of the surrounding mountains."[1] Even in the wilder parts of the land a change was proceeding rapidly. By the end of the century in Ross-shire there flourished forests of pine and oak, extending over many miles, where fifty years before there were only bare and barren tracts. The clothing of the ground with woods and forests seemed even to affect the climate; it was said[2] to have become milder than in former days, when there was a drenched soil and unprotected wastes.

But in 1773, when Dr. Samuel Johnson made his ever memorable "tour to the Hebrides,"[3] enormous districts were still untouched, especially along the route northwards and westwards by which he pursued his journey. Other districts, again, had only been begun to be planted a few years before, and the saplings put in about 1765 in Nairn, Elgin, and Moray by several noblemen can only have been a few feet high. There was hardly any timber about Inverness. "Aberdeen-shire, for miles backward from the sea-coast," says a writer so late as 1794, "is perfectly destitute of trees, and Buchan is proverbially bare, so that in many parts of it Churchill's description is literally true: 'Far as the eye can reach no tree is seen.'"[4]

Dr. Johnson, therefore, can hardly be accused of gross exaggeration in his contemptuous references to the barrenness and bleakness of the landscape in much of the land he traversed. At the same time, he failed to give any indication of or any credit for that planting enthusiasm which was in the course of a generation to falsify his descriptions and to unsting his satire.

V

In this survey of the changes which had come over the rural condition of the country and the circumstances of the

[1] It is apparent that Sir Walter Scott's statement is quite mistaken: "The love of planting, which has become almost a passion, is much to be ascribed to Dr. Johnson's sarcasm."—Croker's *Correspondence*, ii. 34.

[2] Robertson's *Agric. of Perthshire.*

[3] Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, and Johnson's *Journey*, *passim.*

[4] Douglas, *East Coast of Scotland*, 1782, p. 276; Newte's *Tour*, p. 192.

people, we must guard ourselves from having an exaggerated estimate of the extent of the progress, and from having too roseate a notion of the improvement alike in land and in inhabitants. Widespread as was the progress, it was not universal; rapid in some places, in others it was almost imperceptible at the close of the century. In the outlying quarters of even Lowland counties there was little alteration, and from Forfarshire to Dumfries there were large districts where the run-rig system, with its antiquated and obstructive fashions, still prevailed; where much land lay still unenclosed, and where roads remained impassable during a great part of the year.[1] Still in many quarters lumbered the olden plough with its eight or ten oxen, four abreast, preparing the soil for the "gray oat" or "small corn," which was obsolete in every other civilised part of the land.

While these things were done even in the low country matters were far more backward, as might be expected, in the Highlands. "Speaking generally," says one who travelled over the land in agricultural interests in 1790, "the Highlands may be said to lie in an open state"; even the properties were unmarched by dykes. In Caithness and Sutherland the roads were still unmade, and in order to get fuel they had to go for miles over the moorland—so far off that they required to remain out all night in the open air, returning next day with their scanty loads of ten or twelve peats in every creel borne by the dwarfish horses, all in a line, each tied to its fellow by the tail. There, as in the Hebrides, the people persisted in using "graddan bread"—obtained by setting fire to oats and barley in the sheaves, and then grinding in the stone querns the parched grains left when the straw was blown away.[2] With the exception of a few oases of barley, oats, and natural grass, Pennant, about 1770, found the land "an immense

[1] In Dumfriesshire "more land open than there is enclosed."—Bryce Johnstone's *Agric. of Dumfriesshire*, 1794. In Dumbartonshire "a third of the land lies open."—Ure's *Agric. of Dumbartonshire*, 1793, p. 19. In Perthshire "three-fifths of land is open."—Robertson's *Agric. of Perthshire*, p. 60. "Infield and outfield continued still considerably."—T. Johnstone's *Agric. of Tweeddale*, p. 39; Marshall's *Central Highlands*, p. 40.

[2] Walker's *Hebrides and Highlands*, ii. 370; Pennant's *Tour*, i. 202; J. L. Buchanan's *Travels in West Hebrides*, 1793.

morass." The inhabitants had themselves done their utmost to make their country waste, and assisted nature by their stupidity to make it barren. They denuded the ground of its best pasture, using the turf, instead of the too abundant stones, for making their fences and building their huts,[1] that were dark, dank, and malodorous, from whose mouldering walls and roofs there fell on the inmates the dust of the clay and the insects from the rotting sods. As an Englishman gazed from the naked ground to the green covered huts, he remarked, with astonishment, that in Sutherland "the people made their houses of the grass, and fed their cattle on the stones."[2] In truth the crofters concerned themselves extremely little as to how the soil was treated; for whenever they had got all the good out of the ground, and done all possible harm to it, they removed the doors and rafters from the hovel, which at once fell into a dirty heap, and quietly settled elsewhere, where they rebuilt a hut and again destroyed the soil. All over the North were to be seen these heaps of earth and stones which were the remains of decayed turf cots and fences. "There are immense tracts,"[3] lamented a witness of all this, "that have been robbed of their surface throughout great parts of the North of Scotland, where in many places only a few solitary tufts remain to inform posterity that these wastes now so naked and desolate were once covered with herbage." These very ruins have been mistaken by posterity for proofs of olden cultivation by an industrious population, who have been evicted from their ancestral holdings by ruthless progress, by rapacious land grabbers, and by selfish landlords. The sentiment in these cases, it may be seen, has been misapplied.

In such districts—remote, uncivilised—the laborious outdoor work was entirely left to the women; which roused indignation in the chivalrous bosom of Mr. Pennant, who declares that "the tender sex amongst the Caithnessians are the only beasts of burden; they turn their patient backs to the dunghill, and receive into the *keises* or baskets as much as their lords and masters think fit to fling in with the pitchfork,

[1] *Farmer's Magazine*, 1804, p. 406.
[2] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Dornoch, viii. 6.
[3] *Farmer's Magazine*, p. 408, 1804.

and they trudge to the fields in droves." As they bore their burdens beneath which their backs were bending, they spun the flax on their distaff as they walked. If a crofter lost his horse, he found it more economical to marry—for the wife would do more work than the departed beast. This use of women as beasts of burden was not restricted to these far-off and barbarous regions: in every district where men had no servants or animals, the women were loaded with the hardest labours.[1]

No wonder the women had that haggard, withered, "old look" even while young in years, which startled the traveller into commiseration. These brown, wrinkled, parchment visages were due, however, not entirely to exposure to every weather outside, but partly to peat-smoked life in the filthy hovels, made of parcels of mortarless stones huddled together; or, worse still, in the immemorial bee-huts of the Hebrides, with their green turf roofs, making them hardly distinguishable from the ground—5 or 6 feet high, and 6 feet thick—to which entrance was gained by creeping as into an Eskimo's ice dwelling, by a low tunnel. The people were prolific, but the hardness of their lot kept down the numbers. Significant is Adam Smith's remark on the physical condition of these people: "It is not uncommon, I had frequently been told, in the Highlands for a mother to have borne twenty children and not to have one alive."[2]

We may make a mistake, however, in supposing that these people, so ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed, felt as wretched as they looked in their rags, dirt, and squalor. Darwin found that he had quite misplaced his sympathy on the Fuegians; for after pitying them as they stood with uncovered bodies, exposed to the icy blasts, the pelting sleet, and blinding snowstorms of their bleak, inhospitable coasts, he found that they preferred the comforts of their accustomed savage misery to what they considered the misery of new civilised comforts. They had their uncouth pleasures, these crofters, to mitigate their lot; "indolence," which, one who knew them well said, "was the only enjoyment they had," certainly never palled upon them.

[1] Pennant's *Tour; Highlands of Scot. in* 1750 (edit. by Lang), p. 7.

[2] *Wealth of Nations*, bk. i. ch. 8.

They loved loitering in the long winters by their peat fires; they loved the dawdling, intermittent labour in the sunshine of their straths, which were dear to them, and associated with family and clan memories and affections which are keen in the Highland breast.

It has been usual to attribute the want and destitution in the North mainly to the evictions of an industrious peasantry from their beloved ancestral homes, in the interest of heartless owners who sought scope for improvements alike in their properties and their incomes.[1] That there were many cases of harsh treatment—the thrusting of poor folk from their old homes, their old occupations, with little warning and no consideration—was undoubtedly the case. But as a matter of fact, the localities where poverty—hopeless, continual poverty—most prevailed were the very places where fewest changes in the farming system were made; the districts where population diminished or migrated were the very quarters where sheep-walks and extensive farms were longest of being introduced. The greatest destitution was not in the parts of Caithness where sheep had been imported to be grazed on land which in ten years rose to six times its former value. On the contrary, it was in districts where the old ways remained unchanged from time immemorial; it was where the tenants-in-chief or tacksmen had secured their tenure often at a rental of from £30 to £100, and sublet the land to perhaps twenty or thirty crofters, who each paid for a miserable patch of ground from 15s. to 40s. of rent, exacted in the form of grain, provisions, and services, leaving only enough to enable them to subsist in semi-starvation.[2]

[1] In comparing Dr. Webster's estimate of the population in 1755 with Sir John Sinclair's in 1795, it is to be noted that in the Highland counties of Argyll, Ross, and Inverness, where sheep-walks and large farms were introduced (followed by an outcry at depopulation), the number in 1755 was 170,440, and in 1795, 200,226. In the southern counties of Berwick, Wigtown, and Dumfries in 1755, the population was 135,183, which in 1795 had risen to 163,166. On the other hand, in counties like Elgin, Banff, Aberdeen (exclusive of the city), the population had fallen from 172,261 to 163,261, and these were the districts where there was continued the small tenantry and the old fashions of husbandry. —*Farmer's Magazine*, May 1801, p. 139.

[2] MS. of Graham of Gartmore, appendix to Burt's *Letters*, ii. 1815. In some quarters, especially in the Hebrides, "the tacksmen who rented from the

Those best acquainted with the north country asserted there was not work enough for more than half of the population, with earnings amounting to 3s. a week; while the other half were obliged, and greatly preferred, to idle out their days at home—some resorting to thieving and levying blackmail on persons of substance, who paid this tribute to get security from robbery; others sorning on their neighbours, or becoming vagrant beggars through the land. So that the unemployed were divided into the two classes—those who lazily kept their hands in their pockets, and those who put their hands in other people's pockets.[1] When we find that a locality with a rental of £700 had no fewer than 700 women in the population, for half of whom there was no occupation,—when we know that two parishes between 1753 and 1763 were able to furnish, without interference with the labours of their crofts and farms, no less than 400 recruits for the regiments in America, —it becomes obvious that the removal of surplus inhabitants was a blessing, and not the blighting curse which it has been so often represented.[2] There are more complaints of the tyranny and exactions of the tacksmen who turned the people adrift when they were a burden as tenants, than of landlords who evicted them to make way for sheep-walks.[3]

Constantly the crops failed on their crofts; every fourth or

large landlords large districts are able in general to rank with gentlemen of from £300 to £1000 or upwards a year. They are for the most part relations of the families of whom they hold leases, and many are half-pay officers in the army. There are some of the tacksmen who unite the business of grazing and agriculture with that of trade and oftener of smuggling."—*Travels in West Hebrides from* 1782-1792, by Rev. J. L. Buchanan. "In many parts of the Western Islands and Highlands the earnings are only 3s. a week, which were gained in the Lowlands a hundred years before."—Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, b. i. 8.

[1] It was not owing to evictions or sheep-walks that poverty abounded in Orkney. "Every Saturday, on which day they are privileged to beg, a troop of miserable, ragged creatures are seen going from door to door, almost numerous enough to plunder the whole town."—*Present State of Orkney Islands*, by J. Fea, surgeon, 1775.

[2] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Kilmallie, Kilmonivaig; Walker's *Econ. Hist. of Hebrides and Highlands*, i. 84; Smith's *Agric. of Argyllshire*, 1798, p. 240.

[3] Buchanan's *Travels in West Hebrides*, p. 56. Petition of subtenants of a northern county against the tyranny of tacksmen, which begins, "Though your petitioners are not a very respectable, they have just claim to be a useful class of men."—*The Bee*, ii. 300, 1791.

fifth year there was a dearth, or even a famine, among them, and the people were dependent for supplies upon their landlords, or driven to beggary.[1] Speaking of Sutherland in 1772, Pennant writes:[2] "This tract seems the abode of sloth, the people are torpid with idleness and most wretched. Their hovels are most miserable; made of poles, wattled and covered with sods. Till the famine pinches they will not bestir themselves. Dispirited and driven to despair by bad management, crowds are now passing to the eastern coast on report of a ship being there laden with meal. Numbers of them are now emigrating. They wander in a state of desperation; too poor to pay, they sell themselves for their passage, preferring a temporary bondage in a strange land to staying in their native land." It is estimated that during the years between 1760 and 1783 no fewer than 30,000 of the Highlanders emigrated in despair;[3] for year after year they were in utter destitution, and when a famine occurred—as in 1782, when the weather spoilt their scanty grain and the storm prevented their fishing—hundreds were starved to death and cattle died in crowds.[4] Though the tide of emigration was partially stopped during the American war, except to Canada, when peace was restored the crowds swarmed to the ships to cross the Atlantic; for their distress drove them to seek a home in a more hospitable land. Dr. Johnson, as he travelled through the Highlands, was impressed and depressed by its silence and solitude, which was not surprising in a Londoner familiar with the stir and tumult of life in the city that he loved; but he was equally impressed by the indigence and growing depopulation which met his eye.[5] It was inactivity which caused much of this indigence, and in its turn indigence

[1] J. Knox, *British Empire*, i. 9; 1783. Strange to say there is no purely Gaelic word for the operation of begging.

[2] Pennant's *Tour*, ii. 315.

[3] If they could not pay their passage they sold themselves to the captains of the vessels, who at the port resold them to the plantations. This deportation was stopped in 1776, when the war with America broke out, and all intercourse with Great Britain was broken up; and they were forced to remain and starve at home.—J. Knox's *View of British Empire, especially of Scotland*, 3rd ed. 1785, pp. 129, 130.

[4] *Ibid.* 129; Fergusson's *Henry Erskine*, p. 229.

[5] *Journey to Western Islands.*

forced this depopulation. While in districts like the Cheviots and the hills of Galloway, only a few shepherds and their dogs found occupation, in wild mountainous tracts of the north a host of starvelings tried to exist with no work to employ their time or their hands.[1] Destitution had been the curse for ages, though now intensified by the increase of the inhabitants in these barren districts; and emigration from the picturesque but sterile straths and sea-shores began and continued chiefly because the natives were starved from want of means, or from want of energy to make a livelihood.

In course of time those who went across the Atlantic to colonies in the western continent, where they found a more genial settlement and a more fertile land, sent home news of their prosperity, and kindled an eagerness in their less fortunate kinsmen and clansmen to join them and share in their good fortune beyond the seas.[2] By these means their countrymen were incited to accept the message like to that of Ulysses: "Come, my friends, 'tis not too late to seek a newer world."

[1] Earl of Selkirk, *Present State of the Highlands with a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration*, 1805, p. 30.

[2] Smith's *Agric. of Argyllshire*, p. 333; Knox's *British Empire*, i. 128. "The Highlanders who had served in the American war, being by royal proclamation entitled to settlements in that extensive country, were desirous that their kindred and friends should partake of their good fortune. Some transmitted their sentiments by letter; others, returning to pay a farewell visit to their native land, exhorted their countrymen to exchange their barren heaths for the boundless plains of America."

CHAPTER VII

THE POOR OF SCOTLAND

I

In 1698 Mr. Andrew Fletcher was seated in his mansion at Saltoun, in his richly-stored library, inditing a *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland.* A short, thin, sallow-faced, pock-pitted man, with fiery eyes and stern looks, frowning under his brown wig—such was the outward appearance of the honest patriot and stubborn republican, who disagreed with most people and things, was always most decidedly of his own opinion, who hated all monarchies, disliked kings, be they Jacobite or Orange, and despised parties, whether Whig or Tory. But he certainly loved his own country of Scotland, deplored its poverty, and wrote in his vigorous way suggestions for its redemption. He was writing during the seven lean years of terrible dearth, and he saw wretchedness everywhere around him and people famishing at his very door. "There are," he wrote,[1] "at this day two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature." For this vagabondism he grimly prescribed the remedy of forced labour, or serfdom, of which he had an example near him in the salteries at Prestonpans, where the salters were bondsmen for life; and for which he

[1] *Political Works*, 1749, p. 100.

found a sanction in statutes of his country, authorising the seizing of vagrants as "perpetual servants." But before accepting his striking figures as strictly accurate, one would like to learn how he knew that there were a hundred thousand of these hereditary nomadic crews—savage, wild, and dangerous; for they had their haunts in remote parts of the country, in caves by sea-shore and in mountain tracts, and, as he says, "no magistrate could ever be informed which way one of a hundred of these wretches died;" no census had been taken, no enumeration was possible. He further states that of these two hundred thousand beggars swarming in the land half had sprung up "by reason of the present great distress." One again asks, On what data had he formed this calculation? As at the time he wrote there were still three more grievous years of dearth and starvation to run, at this rate of increase the beggars must have accumulated in 1701 to an hundred thousand more, which would result in the startling numbers of three hundred thousand mendicants in a population of little over a million—or every fourth person a beggar or vagabond, to be supported by the other three—child, man, or woman.[1] As a rule round numbers seldom square with facts. Without adopting Fletcher's numbers as correct, we may at least accept his vivid picture of the time in which he lived as accurate—one of wide-spread misery, of abject need or famine.

The worst fact connected with the social condition of the country was the amount of hereditary vagabondism, the existence of a large, widely-scattered, predatory class, who, in the earlier part of the century, as in centuries bygone, infested the outlying districts of the Lowlands and Highlands. Out of these glens and valleys, from caves and coverts, by rocky shores, from Caithness to the Solway, they came to prowl, to beg, to menace, to extort, and to plunder from the rural people. At every festival and fair—at wedding, and funeral, and communion Monday, when alms were given from the kirk door—these "randie beggars," with their wild looks, their filth, and their masterfulness, proved the pest of the community and the terror

[1] In his *First Discourse* he estimates the population of Scotland at one million and a half—numbers which were not attained for a century later. The population really was about 1,100,000 when he wrote.

of the quiet, parochial beggars waiting for the doles that the tinkers seized. Through two hundred years the Scots Parliament had been uttering proclamations, and fulminations, and penalties against the hordes of "sturdy beggars, Egyptians, sorners, cairds, tinkers, gypsies, thiggers," as they are called in copious and indiscriminate vocabulary, whom Fletcher describes as "living without regard to laws of man, or God, or nature, like wild beasts." But all in vain. The statutes were severe enough, and when a rare opportunity happened in policeless, jailless districts they were carried out with vigour. Vagabonds were burnt in the ear with an iron and banished the district—the magistrates being quite satisfied they had performed their duty if they rid their locality of a nuisance and sent it on to their neighbour—under pain of being hanged if they returned. The more inveterate Egyptians and sorners (a "sorner" being one who extorts food or help by terror or threats of force) were banished "furth of Scotland," and if they were caught in act of theft they were regarded as reputed or "notorious thieves," and forthwith hanged. In these ways the ranks were dispersed rather than reduced. In the Lowlands the hordes of sorners were dreaded in lonely farms and moorland cottages, where they pilfered the fowls and sometimes kidnapped the children, and robbed in the highway. It was into their hands that the eminent grammarian, Thomas Ruddiman,[1] fell when trudging as a lad to Aberdeen University, and the poor student was despoiled of the little savings for his "up-keep" in the college and the hard-wrought-for clothes on his back. It was they who kidnapped Adam Smith[2] when he was a child, and nearly deprived the country of a brilliant citizen and the world of its most original political economist. In the North and Highlands these bands tried more venturous games, appearing at markets and fairs in bodies of twelve men, who, armed with dirks and muskets, watched the people as they made their purchases or their bargains, and plundered them on the lonely paths homewards.[3] To these gangs had belonged James Macpherson, leader of a band in the towns of Morayshire and Banff, who, with

[1] Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 6.

[2] Rae's *Life of Adam Smith*, p. 5.

[3] Forbes' *Institutes*, p. 79; Hume's *Commentaries*, 1798, i. 470.

comrades, was hanged in 1700, according to dubious tradition and song, playing on his fiddle on his way to the gallows the tune he had composed in prison.[1]

As the century advanced and the law reached the Highlands, as quieter and better ordered times set in, the rude, wild races dwindled down to the shabby groups of tinkers who still linger in the country, inheritors through centuries of ancestral, vagrant qualities, descendants of the most ancient families of Scotland—of the vagabond tribes.

There was a characteristic touch of Scots kindliness and sympathy with poverty in the law of the time, exempting from the category of thief, with its consequent penalty, a man who, being in utmost necessity and with no other means to supply it, took meat from another. No man could be charged with theft for as much meat as he could carry on his back.[2] Poverty in any form appealed to the heart both of the Scots Parliament and the Scottish people.

When the century began special causes had temporarily increased the ranks of mendicancy throughout Scotland to an alarming extent. The seven years had passed of calamitous seasons—when the crops did not ripen, the harvests were not gathered, and the people were reduced to terrible extremities to get food. People perished in hundreds,—"thousands dying at this day" is Fletcher's strong expression—and cattle all over the country were destroyed by cold, and hunger, and disease; farms were deserted by farmers who were ruined; large portions of the agricultural classes were forced into mendicancy, and the land was swarming with beggars—farmers, labourers, artisans, now reduced to live on charity, who once had been able and willing to bestow it. Poverty "by visitation of providence"—such as agricultural distress in the seven 'hungry years" and the dearth of 1709—made mendicancy respectable among the pious; and too often the vagrant life,

[1] When no one of the crowd would accept from him the fiddle when he had finished, he broke it over his knee. Burns' ode gives him an immortality he does not deserve—

> Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dantonly gaed he,
> He played a spring, and danced it round
> Below the gallows' tree.

[2] Forbes' *Institutes of Scots Law*, 1737, p. 148.

begun from misfortune in those days of destitution, was continued by acquired taste and confirmed habit. For a long time after, folk pretending to have suffered from the "ill years" throve on popular sympathy, and at last became the pest of tenants, the despair of justices, and the burden of Kirk-Sessions. For at least twenty years of the century the amount of comparatively respectable and necessitous vagrancy remained abnormal; but in course of time the terrible condition of the poor, deplored by Fletcher, became a thing of the past, diminishing as the prosperity of the country increased.

As we trace the history of the Scots poor throughout the century, we shall find that with frugal habits and simple ways the able-bodied could live on means which the poorest English would have despised, and that the needs of the aged and infirm were sufficiently supplied by the voluntary charity of the people; while the pride and independence of the peasantry made them look after their own kith and kin as long as they were able to prevent the indignity of their descending to pauperism. Owing to these reasons, the relief of the poor was never an anxiety to the people nor a felt burden on the country.

Very much otherwise was it in England. Although that part of the kingdom was as prosperous as the northern part was depressed, at the beginning of the century the number of paupers was enormous. Out of a population of 5,500,000 every fifth man and woman was dependent more or less on compulsory parochial support,[1] on which one million pounds annually were expended. English poor laws had done everything to foster habitual poverty; the system of giving aid to able-bodied persons had virtually put a premium on wastefulness, idleness, recklessness, and fraud, and had fatally undermined self-respect and independence in the poor—where more than half of those in receipt of parish rates were capable of earning their own living.[2] The statute of 1662—which, with one or two ineffectual modifications, was to remain in force for nearly two hundred years—prohibited every one leaving his native parish unless he was able to occupy a £10 tenancy. The

[1] Pashley's *Poor and Poor Laws*, p. 237.

[2] Eden's *State of the Poor*, i. 216; Sir G. Nicholl's *Poor and Poor Laws of England*, i. 370.

consequence was that the poor, however industrious, were confined to their own over-populated and stagnant district, and though able to get occupation and good wages a few miles off, were consigned to perpetual poverty in some tradeless village. Meanwhile, in order to prevent any increase of burdens on the land from paupers, landlords destroyed cottages and dismantled hamlets on their estates that they "might not become nests of beggars' brats.[1] The result was that the poor were driven from their homes when ill-fortune overtook them; labourers were forced to herd together in villages and towns, in squalid, filthy, overcrowded dens, ruinous to health, to energy, to decency, and morals.[2] When the eighteenth century began, the alarming increase in the rates (which had doubled in twenty years) was a source of grave fears; and perplexed speeches from the throne, impossible schemes of bewildered statesmen, and crude plans of self-confident pamphleteers, testify at once to the extent of growing evils and the hopelessness of any remedy being found for them.

When we turn to Scotland we find that to meet the problem of poverty there was no anxiety, far less despair. And yet wages were half what were earned in England;[3] the soil was barren; wretched agriculture was wasting the land and starving the people; trade was almost non-existent; there was chronic scarcity of money amongst the higher classes, and constant scarcity, and often dearth of food or "vivers," among the peasantry.

II

The manner in which the poor in Scotland were supported and relieved was simple and primitive, and brings out vividly many quaint and homely traits of old Scots life. It was necessary, in order to save too many incursions on parochial kindliness, that some restriction should be put on those who were entitled to appeal to the charity of the people in any

[1] Arthur Young's *Farmer's Letter to the People of England*, 1768, p. 288.

[2] Eden's *State of Poor*, i. 361.

[3] The labourers there had from 1s. to 8d. a day.—Smith's *Wealth of Nations* bk. i. chap. 7.

locality, and to exclude vagrants and those who were unknown in character, and might be unworthy of help. The method had been prescribed by a law dating as far back as James VI. A license was given to a certain number of beggars yearly to ply throughout each parish. They required to wear for their identification little stamps of lead, bearing the name of the parish, supplied by the Kirk-Session, and worn on their gowns. These "blue gowns," as they were called, or "gaberlunzies"—from the wallet they carried—were not allowed to beg beyond their own parish, lest they poach on others' preserves. If the parish or town was large they were divided into different bands,[1] so that they in turn might traverse each division in one day, and the whole parish in the course of a fortnight.[2] In this way there was one continuous stream of mendicancy passing through the neighbourhood; knocking at the door, not only of the laird, but also of the farmer and labourer, presenting their "meal-pokes," which beggars never took away empty, for none refused to put into the wallet a handful of oat or barley meal. Not only elderly and infirm persons were licensed, but sometimes children even were granted badges giving them the privilege and right of begging.[3] The restriction was made that only persons who had resided three years in the bounds were to have this qualification; and all others, as well as beggars from other districts, were without fail brought before the Kirk-Session and duly "advised"[4] (that is commanded) to betake themselves to their own place—the constable, in the rare case of there being such an official, being rewarded with 2s. 6d. Scots (or 2½d. sterling) for every one whom he lodged in jail. This system, objectionable as it was, at least had the advantage of lightening the meagre church collections of much of the burden which they would otherwise have borne, and of leaving all the more to be dispensed to the old, the sick, and the "bedrids" of the parish.

Besides the professional blue-gowns or gaberlunzies, and the

[1] Warden's *Angus or Forfarshire*, iii. 402.

[2] In 1845, badges were given to paupers entitling them to beg in Brechin. Poor Law Commissioners report in 1842: "In most of the burghs and smaller towns the paupers are allowed to beg on one or more days of the week."—Nicholl's *Hist. Scot. Poor Laws*, p. 142.

[3] Campbell's *Balmerino*, p. 240.

[4] Edgar, ii. 10.

casual poor who sought aid, there were beggars who, being maimed or deformed, were familiarly known as "objects"; and in these poor, ill-fed days the number of imbeciles, diseased and deformed, was very great. These seem to have lived fairly well on the sympathies of the people, and the mode in which they made their progress through the country is characteristic of a combined kindliness and caution. They were conveyed in barrows, or "hurdles,"[1] and it was the custom for the villagers or farmer at whose door the "object"—often an impostor—was set down, to supply the needed food and lodging, and next morning to carry the hurdle with its occupant to the next house, and there deposit it. In this luxurious manner the decrepit beggar lived and travelled in ease. The conveyance was certain of being obtained, for the farmer was only too anxious to rid himself of the nuisance, and to place it with as little delay as possible at his neighbour's door.

One cause which increased and recruited the ranks of unprivileged vagrants was the practice of each town banishing its "bad characters," convicted of any crime or suspected of ill living, "beyond the liberties of the city." By these self-preserving measures town authorities drove to other districts the refuse of their own population, who began forthwith to prowl over the country, getting what supplies they could in spite of all efforts of effete constables to suppress them, and of all penalties to punish them.

To counteract this evil, strenuous measures were taken by parish Kirk-Sessions that no unnecessary burden should fall upon their scanty funds; and indefatigable vigilance was exerted that no one of ill-repute who had migrated from

[1] Kirk-Session records contain such entries as these: 1724.—"To a distressed person carryed in a cart from place to place, 14s." "To a cripple carryed in barrow, 3s." "To making wheel for a barrow, 14s. Scots."—Cramond's *Church of Rathven.* Up to the end of the century in towns old vagabonds, either cripple or pretending to be so, got charity and conveyance in this way, expecting help and removal from the persons at whose door they were laid. "My father," says a writer, giving his reminiscences, "gave orders to the servants to let them and their barrows lie at the doors till relieved by their own means." Servants had great pleasure in laying the cripples at the door of any one whom they wished specially to annoy.—*Glasgow Past and Present* ii. 94; Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs*, p. 588.

other quarters should become dependent upon them for relief. Old Acts of the General Assembly had supported this anxious aim; and since 1694 there had been in force the regulation that "care be taken in receiving servants that they have testimonials of their honesty and Christian behaviour, and that the same be required of all others who flit or remove from one parish to another." In this way fugitives from the secular law or from Church discipline were frustrated in their efforts to escape to the quiet obscurity and security of the country, and were forced to drift into towns, where they might be less noticed, although even there the populations were so small, and the elders in their several districts so vigilant, that a strange face was soon detected in the streets. If a fugitive, in his simplicity, sought a refuge from the eye of elders, creditors, or magistrates by retiring to a rural district where he was unknown, he quickly discovered that the very fact of his being "unknown" was the most notorious fact about him; and there was a certainty, whenever the rumour of his presence arose, that the elders and minister would meet upon his case, and an entry would appear in the records as follows: "This day delated A. B., a stranger come into the parish without a testimonial; orders that he be summoned to next Session that he may give account of himself." [1]

The professional beggars, licensed or not licensed, were ever on the alert for any distribution of alms—they swarmed at marriages, and they swarmed at funerals. At these latter occasions, after the guests had partaken of the ale, and shortbread, and oat-cakes before the "lifting," [2] the poor partook of the food which was provided for them; and such items mentioned in the old household accounts as "12 dozen bread for the poor" on the occasion of a burial, show that their share in post-mortem charity was very considerable. It may be easily imagined how eagerly the vagrants and poor

[1] "Old Church Life," *Scots. Mag.* 1686. In 1698, Kirk-Session of Tillicoultry "being informed that a man had come to the parish without a certificate, instruct their officer to cause him to procure written evidence of his respectability, under pain of his being proceeded against before the civil magistrate in order to his being removed."—Rogers, iii. 400.

[2] Grossart's *Parish of Shotts*, p. 206.

listened in olden days when the bellman passed through the village, proclaiming, after a premonitory tinkle of his "dead-bell": "All brothers and sisters, I let you to wot that there is a brother departed out of this present world according to the will of Almighty God," and announcing the name and address of the corpse, invited everyone to be present at the interment.[1]

A "communion season" in a parish attracted crowds from all quarters, for it was well known that on the Monday after the sacrament the elders would distribute to the poor the collections from the huge gatherings of worshippers made during the preceding days of preaching. There accordingly assembled a motley and unruly ragged lot, who sat on gravestones, or stood amongst the long grass and nettles of the kirkyard till the service was over, to share in the division of bodles or turners. Sometimes the noisy mob was so riotous and violent that the Sessions had to refuse doles to any but their own people; although on these pious occasïons the parochial purse was less close and more generous than usual to the needy.[2]

Exacting and importunate as the beggars certainly were, the alms expected by them were not exorbitant, as judged by the monetary standard of our day. At the beginning of the century, when, previous to the Union, turners or bodles were current Scots money, the mendicant would only ask a modest bodle[3] (equal to the sixth part of a penny). So customary was this tribute, that in the streets of Edinburgh might often have been witnessed a richly dressed and periwigged and be-sworded gentleman going through a careful, curious, and elaborate pecuniary transaction with some squalid, dirty creature. This operation consisted in the gentleman, who may not have had in his waistcoat pocket the smallest possible current coin,[4] giving

[1] Morer's *Short Acct.* 1702.

[2] After communion: "1700, March 28.—Given in turners (=bodles) at the kirk door, 3s."—Cramond's *Cullen*, p. 139. 1710.—"To randie beggars, 7s. in dyotts."

[3] Burt's *Letters*, i. 145. "The beggar managed to be better off than the working man, and went well shod, while the industrious trudged barefoot."

[4] Scots money was one-twelfth part of the same denomination in sterling money: Dyot, or Scots penny = $\frac{1}{12}$th of a penny; bodle, or two pennies = $\frac{1}{6}$th; plack, groat, or farthing = $\frac{1}{4}$th; bawbee = $\frac{1}{2}$d.; shilling = 1d.; merk, or 13s. 4d. = 1s. 1d.; pound = 1s. 8d. A bodle was a coin named after Bothwell, a coiner,

a beggar a bawbee, and waiting patiently while there was extracted from the malodorous rags the change of one plack or two bodles, which brought the donation to the recognised conventional sum.

The regular means of meeting the necessities of the poor were the collections at church from Sunday to Sunday. It might be supposed that a people so church-going as the Scots in the first half of the eighteenth century—with their frequent ordinances and prolonged communion seasons—would produce large contributions to the poor-boxes. But the amounts gathered were extremely small, and the individual offerings were strikingly diminutive. This was due, however, not to the meanness and niggardliness of the people, but to their own great poverty. A parish with a sermon-seeking population of a thousand—without a dissenter in its bounds—considered that it deserved well of its country and of Providence if its Sabbath collections came to 1s. 6d. to 2s. a week, and a communion "occasion," attended on four days by worshippers from all quarters up to the number of 1500 or 2000, might result in collections of the value of only about 12s. sterling. On ordinary Sundays in smaller parishes the offerings, which were to support all the paupers and relieve all cases of distress, might not be more than 6d. or 1s. each week. It is evident, therefore, that it was a matter of grave concern that as many worshippers as possible should assemble from Sunday to Sunday, and probably it was not only one thoughtful Session, like that in Bute, which fined 6d. Scots everyone who went to another parish church, because "the poor wants their charity at the kirk."[1]

But miserable as were the church collections in quantity, they were still worse in quality; for a large proportion of the coins deposited in the "basins" at the kirkyard gate, or in

as there were "Aitchisons" named after a coiner of that name.—Ruddiman's *Introduction to Diplomata.* Scots coins bore names of French origin: bawbee, from *bas billon*, or base bullion; "turner," from Tournois; "plack," from *plaque;* groat, from *gros.*—Robertson's *Scottish Coinage.* The mode of reckoning in Scots money was gradually abandoned after 1760. In Auchinleck, Ayrshire, in 1753 (Paterson's *Ayrshire and Wigtonshire*, i. 184). In Balmerino 1775 (Campbell's *Balmerino*, p. 243).

[1] Kingarth; Hewison's *Bute in Olden Time*, ii. 275.

the ladles in the kirk, consisted of bad copper money, obsolete or foreign coins, which were only worth their weight in metal. At the time of the Union the Scots silver money had been called in to be reminted to standard English coins; but the copper money was left, and lay vexatiously in the hands of the people as it went out of legal currency—becoming thinner, smaller, as it wore out.[1] The consequence was that they palmed off in church what would not pass in the market. As the native money was scarce, the trade with Holland brought into the hands of traders and merchants a good deal of Dutch money; and from the Dutch busses or boats, which were busy fishing off the Scots coast, their mean copper coins were brought by the foreign sailors making their purchases on shore. These got a furtive circulation in the community, although they were worthless in business. Most insignificant of all was the doit—only equal to a Scots penny, or the twelfth part of an English penny. Accordingly, in the parish poor-box, during the course of a year, met a strange fraternity of coins of all ages, peoples, and tongues—most of them shapeless, illegible, diminutive—from doits to turners, from placks to bawbees, from "Irish harps" to "English clipped money"; while lying among their poor neighbours might be found a Spanish rix dollar, or Flemish guilder. Kirk-Session records of these days teem with bitter lamentations over the poverty-stricken sin.[2] The money accumulating through the year was received in a capacious box, which in some parishes was placed at the church door instead of a plate. There were two slits—one narrow, for silver; the other wider, for copper. There were two different locks with separate keys in possession of two elders, so that one could not open it without the presence and help of the other "box master," as he was called. Once or twice a

[1] Kirk-Session of Whitekirk, Aug. 18, 1730. The minister and elders did receive from the kirk treasurer the poor's-box, and the poor's money therein was counted, and there was in the box of good current money at the present rates ane 100 and 10 pounds of Whit money. In turners there was of current coins 5 lbs. 10s. 10d.; in Scots half merks, 12 lbs.; in doyts and ill copper, 2 lbs. 13s. 2d.—Ritchie's *Churches of St. Baldred*.

[2] The Church, however, was not the only sufferer from base coin. Stirling Town Council in 1722 "discharges persons from giving Dutch doitts or letter bodles which are not current coin to the prejudice of commerce, under the highest penalty."—*Burgh Records*, p. 174.

year the elders met for the opening of the chest. This was a grave occasion. It was an anxious moment—the lifting of the lid over the heterogeneous assortment of parochial charity. Not unnaturally, after the lid was raised some bitterness was excited. Many Kirk-Session records reveal that emotion. Thus, in Carluke,[1] 1739, it is recorded: "Sold the sum of £33 : 5 sh. in bad halfpennies, and for £13 : 15 sh., *inde* loss to the poor, £19 : 13 : 00." Next year it is stated: "Sold 8 lbs. of bad copper for 3 pounds 13 sh. Scots, *inde* loss to the Session £4 : 2 : 00." Year by year through all parts of Scotland similar complaints[2] were uttered; while fishing villages and trading towns cost the Sessions most vexation, owing to the base assortment of barterless foreign money—or, as they were termed "furren curreners"—which came into the hands of the people and quickly afterwards passed into the hands of the elders. The Session knew that every doit was a mockery to the poor, and every bodle or "lettered turner" was a scandal to charity.[3] A statistically minded parochial historian, in noting the fact that during the ten years' incumbency of a session clerk at Cambuslang there was no less than £84 : 2 : 8 Scots of these worthless pieces of metal laid in the plates or ladles, makes the unpleasant estimate that, if each contribution was one penny Scots in the form of a doit, there must have been 20,190 acts of meanness and hypocrisy perpetrated; and allowing that a third of the population of 1300 went to kirk, it is concluded that each Sunday every eleventh worshipper deliberately deceived the elders and cheated the poor—an interesting but discomforting calculation.[4] These unworthy offerings (which were least worthy when given at communions, as the sick and distressed and indigent were helped from these collections at

[1] *Notes of Parish of Carluke*, p. 11.

[2] In Mauchline, in 1740, the "Session found in the box of good money £66 : 17 : 6 Scots, and of bad copper £33 : 19 : 7."—Edgar's *Church Life*. Waddell's *Old Church Chronicle*, p. 169: Besides "furren curreners" the Session complains of "lettered bodles" and "English clypt money."

[3] Mauchline Session in 1691 registers in July 27, the communion day: "Received in doits this day 3s. sterling," which means that on the sacramental occasion 1725 worshippers attending the preachings contributed in foreign money equal to the twelfth part of one English penny each.—Edgar's *Church Life*.

[4] *Notes on Parish of Carluke*, p. 12.

the church door on the sacramental Monday) were condemned by ecclesiastical courts; but rebukes and threats of ministers were disregarded. In vain did Kirk-Sessions "desire their minister to exhort the people not to mock God by casting into the offering dyots and other money that is not current."[1] In vain did the Synod of Aberdeen in 1755 appoint its moderator "to talk with the officers of custom to do what they could to prevent the importation of base coin."[2] Yet all these charges sink into insignificance before the accusation, that country people in Aberdeenshire were in the practice of putting into the plate bad halfpence and of taking out good ones.[3] The church collections were invaluable receptacles for useless coin; and it is significant that after the poor-box at Old Machar had been broken into and the contents stolen, the burglar boy was at once detected by the simple fact that in playing cards with his comrades he had nothing to stake save bodles, doyts, and bad halfpennies. These could have come from no shop, for merchants were too cautious to take them; the conclusion was inevitable that they came from the poor-box, where alone people had the conscience and courage to put them.

As in some churches there were two bad coins for every five good ones, the serious problem yearly arose in every parish, how to dispose of them? Owing to the glut in the market, the elders who were appointed to sell their ill money "went to the various smiths to see what they can get."[4] But it was difficult to get satisfactory terms. It is true that occasionally the price of "base copper" rose considerably, and the guileless elders rejoiced greatly at selling the nefarious wares so highly. Shrewd suspicions, however, were quickly awakened that the sudden appreciation of copper was due to the popular demand for more cheap coins to put once more in the "basins" on Sabbath. In this way the base copper, the "furren curreners," clipped English money, and what not, which had been sold so satisfactorily by the Session one week, were retailed to

[1] In 1704, *Annals of Hawick*, by R. Wilson.

[2] So also Synod of Moray; Cramond's *Presbytery of Fordyce*.

[3] *Black Calendar of Aberdeen*, p. 24.

[4] 1734.—"Part of the money being impassible, the elders think fit to lay it up till such time as it may pass."—*Parish of Maryton or Old Montrose*, by Fraser, p. 230.

church-going customers, who replaced them frugally next week in the plates and ladles.

When all efforts to sell these eleemosynary frauds in villages and towns near had lamentably failed, the ministers proceeding to the General Assembly sometimes had a quantity put into their saddle bags or wallets in order to sell them to the shops of Edinburgh.[1] And should it happen that a parishioner was going over to Holland in a bark, who had no objections to take a bundle of Dutch dyots back to their native country, a store was made up and added to his baggage, with directions to buy with the money goods which might be serviceable for the poor.[2] Careful Sessions at other times utilised their worthless coins to buy a dead-bell to announce funerals, or jougs to hold delinquents; but there is a finer irony in the expedient which sent the base copper "to be melted down to make cups for collecting the poor-money at the sacrament."[3] Yet another vexation met the Kirk-Sessions in some districts of Scotland, and that was the appearance in the box of Irish coins and trade tokens, which were also valueless. It was at the period when turners had become rarer and dyots fewer that the plates were infested with these objectionable pieces of coin which the session clerks note contemptuously as "harps" and "Hibernias."[4] As old Scots money wore out in time, and from its curious rarity found its way rather into numismatic collections of the rich than into the church collections for the poor, "base money" could not be so easily procured for use on the Lord's Day and communions, and by this inconvenient scarcity the parishioners were reduced to honesty. It was fortunate that agricultural prosperity had so far raised the scale of wages in the country, and trade had so far increased earnings in towns, that the people were able to afford their halfpenny where formerly they had been too poor to give a plack.

There were, fortunately, other sources from which Kirk-

[1] 1739.—"Sold of bad copper £35 : 10 for £5 : 13 : 00." "9 lbs. of base copper for 4 shillings."—*Church of Fordyce*, p. 59.

[2] *Record Book of Glamis: Introd.*, Scot. Hist. Society.

[3] *Church of Cruden*, p. 146.

[4] 1739.—"Sold 9 lbs. 4 oz. of Hibernias and harps."—*Church of Fordyce* p. 81.

Sessions derived funds wherewith to relieve distress and support the needy and aged—sources certainly of the most incongruous and miscellaneous sorts. One of these consisted of what are variously termed "pledges," "pawns," or "consigned money." These were sums of money left with Sessions by persons intending to get married. If the marriage promise was broken the person to blame forfeited his or her pledge for the behoof of the poor; but if the marriage came off the pledge was returned to the depositors. Accordingly, we find such entries in old records as this in 1725:[1] "John Wright will not stand to his matrimonial promise; his pledge is forfeited, being a crown, to the poor. The woman, willing to abide by her promise, has the crown she has laid down returned." But it not infrequently occurred in those indigent days that the persons were so penniless that they had no money whatever to deposit; in that case they required to leave in custody some article which was (at least to them) of value. For example, in 1725: "John Shepheard's pledge, consisting of a sword, is confiscated on non-performance of his intended marriage. It is estimate at 36s. Scots, and to be sold to any who will buy it." At other times there were left as securities for good behaviour such pieces of property as a "white plaid," a chair, a ring, a workman's tool, a few spoons, and little articles of rustic jewellery. Persons were also forced by the stern Sessions, the rigid censors of morals, to come under other engagements connected with their wedding, and to leave pledges for their fulfilment. They were made to promise that they should have no festivities or penny bridals, with their "promiscuous dancing," which were then sources of scandal and objects of condemnation. It was a common order that "whosoever shall have pypers at their wedding shall forfeit pawns, and that they shall not meet in a change-house after their wedding under the same pain."[2] By the frequent forfeiture of these pledges—the pleasure of the bridal far outweighing the pain of losing the pawn—no small addition was made to the revenue of each parish.

In other ways private vices proved public benefits. The

[1] Cramond's *Church of Cruden*, p. 145.
[2] Edgar, ii. 37 ; *Church of Cruden*, p. 139.

fines imposed on members of the congregation for any fault or misdemeanour—above all for immorality—greatly supplemented the parochial funds.[1] These penalties varied according to the frequency or the heinousness of the sin, and also according to the social standing of the offenders, whose scandal should be further expiated by appearing on the stool of repentance and being rebuked from the pulpit. To escape this latter shame and ordeal the higher classes commuted their penance into a sum of money to the Session, and the laird was often absolved in private while the servant was condemned in public. As the century advanced, and decency and common sense opposed the open form of penance, the practice of exacting money fines became more usual, and the funds of parishes were so much enlarged that a third or a half of its supplies was derived from punishment of transgressors of morality.

In early days there were no fixed seats in parish churches, and each worshipper required to bring his stool, or "creepie," each Sunday with him, or to leave it in the kirk, if he did not wish to stand during the prolonged service. There grew up, therefore, the practice of letting out seats for hire or selling "stances" whereon to place them, and the proceeds were devoted to the support of the poor.[2] In the early part of the century it was only by express permission of the elders and minister that a seat, or "desk," could be affixed, and even when any one erected a seat at his own expense a fixed sum or an annual rent was exacted.[3] If any one left the parish he was entitled to take away the seat that he had "set up" for himself. In other cases the Sessions put in seats and

[1] Penalties in Banffshire: £4 for first offence, £8 the second; adultery, from £20 to £40 Scots (in 1813 they were from 20s. to 30s. sterling). Penalties in Fordyce between 1701-1714 = £999 Scots. No fines in Presbytery of Fordyce after 1839.—Cramond's *Illegitimacy in Banffshire.*

[2] 1708.—"The Session appoints that every pew shall pay to Session half a crown for the use of the poor, and the same be payd before the seats be set up in the kirk."—Davidson's *Inverurie*, p. 144. Lintrathen, Blairgowrie, *Stat. Acct. Scot.*; *Parish of Cruden*, p. 142.

[3] "1721.—Put into the box for Mr. Stephen, the Session having granted liberty to put up a pew in church, £1, 10s."—Kirriemuir, Jervise's *Angus and Mearns*, i. 201. In the previous century the Session is enjoined to build a "desk" for the minister of Monymusk, but the minister was himself required to pay rent for it.—Davidson's *Inverurie*, p. 348.

forms out of the funds of the church, having come to this resolution: "Whereas there is now a great deal of confusion and disorder in the body of the kirk by chairs and seats, and the people be not well accommodate"—in such a case it was but fair that they should extract rent for behoof of the poor, whose collections they had used to seat the church.

There were other sources from which came accessions to parish revenues in intermittent streams, some of which dried up owing to changes of fashion in society. In the early part of the century the practice of having private baptism and private marriage had originated amongst the Episcopalians—a practice which, indeed, was forced upon them, seeing that the sect was (up till 1712) virtually prohibited from having chapels of their own. In a short time the ministers of the Church found to their intense annoyance that it was becoming fashionable among the richer members of their own congregations, and finding that it was both impossible and impolitic to resist the mode too resolutely they exacted fines.[1] These moneys went, of course, to increase the parochial funds. Funerals also brought in their supplies to relieve local poverty. There were the "bell pennies"—equal to 12 pennies Scots—for tolling or tinkling the "dead-bell" before the coffin at funerals; there was allowance for the use of "dead-shifts" for the poor, and the letting out of mortcloths to cover the body if there was no "kist," and to cover the coffin if there was one, at the rate of one merk. This last was a monopoly of the Session, and if any adventurous tradesman dared to offer a mortcloth at a cheaper rate he was at once pounced upon,[2] and if the offenders

[1] Drymen, Aug. 1696.—Kirk-Session ordains that "quhoever sends for the minister to marry or baptise out of the church shall pay for each marriage 20 shillings (Scots), and for each baptism 10 shillings *toties quoties*."—G. Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 84. There was good reason in the case of substitution of private for public marriage to exact penalties to help the poor, because on occasion of weddings in kirk it was not unusual to have collections for parish funds. In Dunblane:

			£	s.
1693,	marriage	collections,	£2	5
1694,	,,	,,	4	12
	,,	,,	0	9
	,,	,,	0	14

Scottish Antiquary, v. 180.

[2] Greenshield's *Lesmahagow*, p. 139; *Elgin Records*, p. 186.

refused to submit to the Church the heritors were directed to refuse a grave to be dug except by those who would employ the parish cloth, which had long ago changed its original Genoa black for brown and rusty dinginess.

All these rivulets to the current of charity were substantially increased in some fortunate places by a more secure and permanent source; namely, by bequests or "mortifications" left by the dying for the benefit of the needy of their native parish. These sums to modern eyes appear strangely meagre, although in those frugal days they were regarded as even munificent. In commemoration of the gift, and to encourage the others, a black board with white or gilt letters recorded on the church walls how "A. B., residenter, left a mortification of £100 Scots for the poor of this parish"; and to the gaze of successive generations of grateful worshippers (who afterwards mistook invariably the humble £100 Scots (£8) for the substantial £100 sterling) this benefaction was fatiguingly presented; and, unfortunately, the keeping of this memorial in thorough repair in time probably cost the parish more than the original donation was worth.

One more parochial source of emolument deserves to be mentioned, as it affords a glimpse into a curious phase of old Scottish rural life. The Kirk-Session was not merely the almoner of the people—it was also their pawnbroker and their money-lender. In days before the middle of the century, when agriculture was at its lowest stage, farmers—contending with bad soil, bad crops, and bad seasons—were in sore straits for means to tide over ill times. As county banks were not yet established, and there was no security to offer them if they had been, tenants had recourse in their troubles to the funds lying in the Kirk-Session's hands, and from these they were lent small sums to help them out of their difficulties at moderate interest, giving bonds which were probably as good—but no better—than their word.[1] When the poor-box underwent its annual review there therefore appeared a motley assemblage of contents; besides good and bad copper there were bills and acceptances of all kinds. In one parish in 1727 the elders, after ransacking the box, record that "there were in the poor-

[1] Grossart's *Parish of Shotts;* Parton, *Stat. Acct. Scot.* ii. 187.

box two bills and three bonds amounting to £84 Scots, and in money, black and white, £71." Next year, "there is a bond of 200 merks, bills for 115 merks, a bill for 39 pounds, another for 15 pounds. In ready money 142 pounds, also a box of doyts and bad money 47 pounds, which exchanged for 24 pounds." Not always were these money-lending transactions successful or safe, and the misplaced confidence of friendly elders in their poorer neighbours, and perhaps relatives, occasionally sadly impaired the finances of the parish. In their anxiety to get funds there was no expedient to which they hesitated to resort in some parishes—whether to keep milch cows for loan, or to let out the communion tables to form stalls for huxters at a fair.[1]

III

In the first half of the century paupers were allowed 1s. 6d. to 2s. a month—an allowance which rose to 3s. in the latter part of the century; and usually this aid they were permitted to supplement by begging from door to door. In parishes having a population of about 2000 the whole annual funds at the disposal of the Session would amount to £12 or £13 sterling.[2] Smaller parishes, again, where weekly collections did not exceed 6d. or 1s., were able, with the help of fees for the use of a mortcloth, "so ragged that nobody will use it," to support their pensioners even at the end of the century.

The casual doles which fell from the hands of the Session went to meet the most extraordinary variety of claims from the parishioners of olden days, as specified in the venerable records with quaint phrasing and unhumorous minuteness: "To a woman who has had nine children at three births is given 6d.";[3] "to a Paisley bodie called Finlay, 4d."; to a man "to help to pay his coffin, £2, 8s." There came for aid

[1] *Parish of Carluke*, p. 266. "July 1718.—It is appointed that none of the communion tables be lent out at fairs."—Paterson's *Hist. of Ayrshire*, ii. 128.

[2] Hawick in 1727 had £14 of yearly funds.—*Annals of Hawick*, Edgar, ii. 59. *Stat. Acct.*, Alloa, viii., Parton; Campbell's *Balmerino*, p. 240.

[3] Cramond's *Church of Rathven;* Edgar, ii. 169.

parishioners who were sickly, and required help to travel to the favourite cures of the time, to drink the goat's milk in the Highlands, or to drink the waters at Moffat wells. Thereupon was handed to a parishioner "troubled with a tympany, to help to pay his charges to going to Moffat wells for cure, £3 Scots."[1] Every burden falls upon the Session. If the school needs repair it is applied to, and there is "given for thacking the school, £1, 4s." If there is found dead a vagrant, or some poor traveller, on the roadside, it has to disburse (1703): "To pay for coffin to a poor little one who was a stranger, 6s. 8d. Scots"; "for a chest to a poor stranger, £1."[2] Such small sums as these—only 6½d. for the vagrant child's coffin, only 1s. 8d. for the stranger's "chest"—show the spareness of the funeral expenses; and even the larger sums of 2s. and 3s. 6d. for chests for poor parishioners testify to the painful frugality which the poverty of the times required. But in many places even this expense was not displayed, and in the early part of the century for the poorer people a "parish chest" was often used, in which bodies were borne to the grave, and buried only in their winding-sheet or "dead-shift."[3] When the chest was half way down the bolts were withdrawn to let the bottom fall open, and the corpse fell with a thud to the ground in the shallow grave. Yet in spite of this rigid economy we find allowances given for funereal purposes which seem hardly becoming the stern and austere spirit of the ecclesiastical authorities of that era, however thoroughly they may have been in accordance with the customs of the people. We read how, conceding to these customs of the day, a Kirk-Session has given to a pauper's burial "for ale, 31s., and for tobacco and pipes to the said burial, 15s. 6d. Scots."

[1] Guthrie-Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 70; *Parish of Shotts*, p. 46.

[2] 1722.—Kirriemuir.—Jervise's *Memorials of Angus and Mearns*, i. 330.

[3] 1701.—"The Session of Rothesay desiderates yet the want of ane engyne to convey the coffin conventlie to the grave with the corps. Therefore they appointed John M'Neill, thesaurer, to agree with the smith to make and join to the said chest a loose iron cleek fit for receiving a man's hand at everie end, and appoints the same chest when finished to be recommended to the kirk officer; and he is strictly appointed to take particular care that the said chest when used be no way damnified."—Hewison's *Bute*, ii. 288. In 1780 paupers thus buried in Hawick.—Wilson's *Hawick*, p. 168; Campbell's *Balmerino*, p. 234.

It would be unjust to these bygone days and long-departed generations to suppose that their whole interest was devoted to preserving their charity for their own folk, and all their energy was devoted to turning other claimants away. That this was not the fact is abundantly shown by the old records of the period, which prove that though their means were small their hearts were very kindly. The very items inserted in the minutes, with their queer phraseology and quaint penmanship, bring up before us a vivid picture of the time and its simple ways. Curious claims were made at kirk doors upon these ministers and elders, as they, after prayer, stood waiting to attend to the various cases in turn. It may be a shipwrecked sailor wandering to his home in rags, and the case being duly considered and relieved, the clerk writes down: 1734—"To a dispersed seaman, a groat." Poor Highland students were not seldom trying to get their way on foot to the universities, carrying, perhaps, their bag of oatmeal and satchel of books slung over their shoulders; and these met ready attention";[1] and the clerk pens his items: "To a blind student that hath the Irish (Gaelic) language, 3d."; "to three poor students going to the college, a merk." In the crowd seeking help, when on sacramental Mondays the doles were distributed, might be found swarthy-faced, strangely clad foreign seamen, who tried to make their wants understood by the elders unacquainted with any tongue save their own, and the clerk with a bold guess enters the dole to "four Portuguese or Spanish shipwrecked sailors, 8s." Other foreigners pass through the country, and in hapless plight came before the Session. Now it is a "poor merchant," a "persecuted Polonian," or "a converted Mahometan," "a professor of tongues fled from France."[2] Among the jostling, noisy claimants would be many who were crippled, imbecile, and deformed and diseased—evidence of days of poverty and dirt in filthy, squalid homes—numerous as the lazzaroni who swarm in the streets and at the church porches of Spanish and Italian cities to-day; and disbursements to such unsightly beggars are faithfully written down: "To a great object, a

[1] *Church of Rathven*, p. 47.
[2] *Lower Deeside*, p. 105; Phillip's *Parish of Longforgan*, p. 188.

groat," to "extraneous strangers" and "distressed supplicant." One of the most striking cases of charity were persons who professed themselves escaped slaves from the Turks. For more than two hundred years the pest of the Mediterranean had been the corsairs of Barbary. These pirates swooped down on every defenceless brig that they could descry, plundered the ships, and carried the crews and passengers into slavery. They were the terror of the seas, and the one object of dread to those who sailed by the coasts of Africa. Scottish ships not a few set sail every year laden with their goods—hides, tallow, serges—for export, intending to return by Spain with cargoes of oranges and wine after a two years' coasting trade in the southern ports. It was during these perilous two years that many found their fate, and were sold as slaves to merchants, or chained to the oars in the galleys. The people at home were pitiful to these poor prisoners—partly because of the cruelty they suffered, partly and chiefly because of their being Christians subjected to Mahometan tyranny. Collections were made often in churches to ransom these Christian slaves, and many who escaped returned in abject poverty to their own shores. Not seldom these poor men in rags appeared at the kirk door as they journeyed, after long years of captivity, on the way home seeking help, and would point with their fingers to their speechless mouths to show that they had had their tongues cut out by inhuman masters.[2] These never failed to enlist lively interest, and the entries are exceedingly common of aid given: "To a poor seaman all mangled by the Turks"; "to four men barbarously ill-treated by the Moors"; "to a seaman with his tongue cut out by the Moors of Barbary."[3] It might happen occasionally that the Sessions had their suspicions whether the professed escaped slaves were genuine or not, but they were obviously unwilling to give them the disadvantage of a doubt—and therefore help was given and due entry made: "Given to two poor men said

[1] 1734.—Cramond's *Church of Rathven.*

[2] "1723.—Given to distressed seaman who had his tongue cut out by the Turks, 2s. 10d."—*Kirk-Session of Rathven.* "1726.—To dumb man who had his tongue cut out by the Algerians, 3s."—*Kirk-Session of Fordyce.*

[3] Kirk-Session of Fordyce, 1734; Oathlaw, 1738; Fordyce, 1743.—*Scots Antiquary*, p. 183; 1897.

to have been in Turkish slavery, 3d."[1] Doubtless they were often imposed upon by "sailors" wrecked in ships that had never sailed the sea; by "Christian captives" who had been slaves on shores they had never seen.

Another form of distress peculiar to the early years of the century, which has a pathetic interest, is chronicled in the Session records of the period with painful frequency. That was the abject poverty into which some families of Episcopal ministers were thrown when they were cast out of their manses, at the time that Presbyterianism was re-established. It is impossible to follow the careers of those who were cast adrift to seek a scanty livelihood, which would keep soul and body together in those days when trades were few and money was scarce. The humiliating straits of some are revealed by entries like the following: "1721, Sep. 2.—Given to ane Episcopalian minister, £1, 16s. Scots"; "Given to another, 18s. Scots"; "Given to Episcopalian minister's wife and children, 6s. Scots."[2] Such significant accounts give a glimpse of a sad phase of old Scottish life—the poor "outed" Episcopal minister without congregation or stipend, or even means to procure sufficient food and clothing, forced to crave help from Presbyterian elders, who dourly gave a dole to the "curate" as to one tainted with the curse of Prelacy, and sometimes refused it on the ground that he "did not attend ordinances." Among the many claimants in the beginning of the century are found men of good rank and birth reduced by the poverty and reverses of fortune in those days when a very narrow margin of means lay between the incomes of impecunious lairds and farmers and absolute penury. The doles were not infrequently the sum of a groat or merk to persons denominated in the records "strange gentlemen," "poor gentlemen," "distressed gentlemen," while "a gentleman recommended by a nobleman" receives only 6d. Scots.[3] It was in those days that many small farmers and tradesmen who had fallen into need were enrolled in the list of "gentle beggars," and if their names

[1] *Ch. of Cullen.*

[2] *Notices of Carluke*, p. 78; *Stat. Acct.*, Inverarity.

[3] G. Smith's *Strathblane; Stat. Acct.*, Inverarity, Killearn: "1703.—To Robert Lennox, a poor gentlemen 8s., Scots."—*Strathendrick*, p. 66.

seldom appear in the Kirk-Session books it is because they were privileged to beg alms at any house.

Besides these distributions of money to persons who came before them, congregations also made special collections for purposes which we might imagine of remote interest and vague meaning to a people whose knowledge of the foreign world was scanty indeed. There are collections for "the distressed Protestant city of Reddan in Poland" (concerning which town and population the congregation must have cared little and known nothing);[1] "for the distressed paroche (Presbyterian) of New York in America"; "for the poor German Church in London." These purposes awakened little interest compared with collections "for living slaves in Barbary"; for "Simpson and his trew slaves in Algiers."[2]

It is pleasant to think of rural folk thus being awakened out of their dull life in the bleak moorlands on "Sabbath" mornings, and their sympathies aroused for distress and danger far beyond their doors, away to lands unfamiliar beyond the seas, full of mystery and romance to their Christian imaginations.

There are other demands on the charity which have not the merit of possessing any emotional element or any picturesque associations—contributions requested of the people which appear utterly unwarranted; for repairing bridges over distant rivers, steeples of churches and town halls which they would never see, piers and harbours they would never use. It is difficult to understand why in 1704 the not too wealthy labourers of Drumoak in Deeside should have a collection called from them to mend the harbour of Kinghorn in Fifeshire[3] (the contributions in this case amount only to 14s. Scots), or why on another occasion they should be mulcted to put to rights the steeple of the burgh of Tain, which only extracts from them 11s. Scots. Equally puzzling is it to see why needy farmers in Strathblane church, in Stirlingshire, should contribute for the pier in St. Andrews; and the congregation of Inveresk, in

[1] In 1731. Guthrie-Smith's *Strathblane*, p. 216.

[2] Campbell's *Balmerino*, p. 234; *Ch. of Cruden*, p. 216. Collection at Killearn, 1695: "To relieve some slaves that are in Barbary, £1 Scots."—G. S., *Strathendrick*, p. 66.

[3] *Lower Deeside*, by Henderson, p. 105.

Midlothian,[1] should be made to subscribe to a harbour in Girvan. Still more difficult is it to comprehend why this should be enjoined on all churches by order of the General Assembly.[2] These public calls were very frequent, and pressed hard on poor people in sore straits for food for their families; and they reveal the prevailing poverty of the times—towns being too small and destitute of trade to carry out local repairs at their own charges, and landowners having too little means or enterprise of their own to repair a county bridge. But they were burdens that did not move the Christian conscience to liberality, and made the folk murmur.[3]

Instead of being scornful at the petty sums gathered and dealt out in charity, we may rather admire the generosity of the people, when we consider the narrow circumstances and wretched condition of their life. The tenants of farms, paying for their little "paffles" of miserable land some £8 or £12 yearly rent, had little to spare; still less had the ploughman, who up to the middle of the century had only fourpence a week in money if he were unmarried, and if he were married had to feed, clothe, and educate a family on earnings equal only to £7 or £8 a year, of which all but £1 or £2 was paid in oat or barley meal. Even the blacksmith, carpenter, the weaver, had little money in their store, and in despair were forced to give doits or bad copper in the "brods" to keep up their respectability, for they earned only 6d. a day, and even that sum was often mainly paid by their employers in "kind." Yet the people were hospitable to their (if possible) poorer neighbours—ready to give the beggars and passers by a share

[1] G. Smith's *Strathblane*, p. 216; *Inveresk*, by Lang. "Killearn, 1695.—Gathered for building a harbour at Kinkell, £1, 10s.; 1700—To help Lanark Bridge, 10s."—*Strathendrick*, p. 66.

[2] "1697, Aug. 15.—Killearn, according to Act of Commission of Assembly, authorised by Lords of Privy Councill, enjoyning a generall collection and voluntarie contribution throughout the kingdom for building a church at Konigsberge in Prussia, this to be done either at the church door or by elders through their several districts."—G. Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 66.

[3] "The straits of this country is so great," wrote Wodrow, "thro' the want of victual that our collections are very far from maintaining our poor, and the people are in a great pet with collections for bridges, tolbooths, etc., that when a collection is intimate they are sure to give less than their ordinary."—*Analecta Scotica*, ii.

of their dinner of broth, a handful of oatmeal in their bags, or shelter by the peat fire at night. In the north-eastern counties the iron handles which held the fir-stick candles were long known as the "poor man,"[1] because the beggar for his food and roof assisted the good wife by holding for her the candle at night when she was busy at her household work in the dingy but kindly cottage.

Meagre as the doles of charity seem to us, they were really munificent in proportion to the style of living of the working classes and to the earnings of the period; and they therefore were received without a grudge by the claimants. Only is there complaint and muttering when a Kirk-Session, with no resources left except base brass, is obliged to give as alms coins which were "impassible."[2] Even past the middle of the century, when money was less scarce and wages were higher, Kirk-Sessions had to study strictest economy, and issued their aid in the smallest coins of the realm. In frugal Morayshire ministers were unwilling to face the extravagance of giving the large sum of one halfpenny to each claimant, and found a convenient compromise between the old Scots money and the new English[3] in the form of farthings which made the parish funds go much farther. But these coins were rare in Scotland, and the Synod got at various times large quantities from the mint of London for distribution amongst the various Sessions within its bounds, in their economical doles, until they could get no more supplies. This action on the part of ministers was, after all, not the most politic; for it is certain that the farthings doled out to the poor quickly found their way back to the plates on Sundays as naturally as rivers find their course to the sea.

[1] Rampini's *Morayshire.*

[2] "Poor woman complains that brass money in last distribution was doitts of little or no use to her."—*Maryton*, by Fraser, p. 230.

[3] "1753.—It was moved that as the good effect of bringing the last quantity of farthings from the mint of London was sensibly felt throughout the whole country, and has in a particular manner been beneficial to the poor, that, therefore, some person should be again employed to bring down to the amount of £500 for use of the Kirk-Sessions within the Synod." In 1763, "The Synod, considering the poor have suffered from the scarcity of farthings, recommend members to get £100 of the same down." In 1766, when a further application had been made, a letter from London announces: "No farthings are to be got, and none are to be coined for some years."—*Presbytery of Fordyce*, by Cramond.

IV

After the middle of the century the progress of agriculture, the development of trade, the rise of manufactures of all kinds —linen work especially—were working a social revolution in the country. The old stagnation of industrial life disappeared, the lethargy which had been painfully characteristic of the whole community vanished throughout the Lowlands; the state of abject poverty, which had come from lack of food, lack of work, lack of wages, passed away, as new methods of farming made the land fertile—as new occupations employed every hand, and demand for labour brought higher earnings to every class of the poor. If it happened that the price of living rose so high that the meagre doles were no longer sufficient to keep soul and body together, it also happened that there were far fewer poor who needed help in rural districts, and the swarming beggars who had no excuse for idleness were obliged to disappear or join the ranks of labour. It was in the large towns that poverty began to be felt, with the waifs, the weak, the old, the loafers, who amidst the energy of work all around, were to form a pauper class in the towns as they increased in population.

It might naturally be supposed that as this development in trade and industry proceeded, the funds at the disposal of the churches would increase in proportion, and that larger contributions would meet amply the needs of a growing population. There were many circumstances which prevented the realising of such a natural expectation. One of these was the origin and increase of dissent in the land. Presbyterian dissent had arisen in 1737, but the effect of that on the resources for the poor was not much felt till some time after the middle of the century, when the numbers of the Seceders had become very considerable throughout the country.[1] By that time the loss of these sturdy Christians to the Kirk seriously affected the amount of church collections, and what made it the more aggravating to the Kirk-Session was the fact that these dissenters themselves, when they became old,

[1] Moncreiff's *Life of Dr. Erskine*, p. 468; *Stat. Acct.*, Old Kilpatrick.

infirm, or sick, had no hesitation whatever in demanding relief from those funds to which they and their co-religionists had never contributed, and which their absence from the kirk had done much to reduce. Besides that, fines in commutation of discipline, fees for certificates of marriage and baptism, were now intercepted by the Sessions of dissenting bodies, such as Original Seceders, Episcopalians, and Relief Kirk. This matter was a source of incessant parochial irritation, and added intensity to sectarian bitterness. Yet another cause which lessened the contents of the poor-box was the increase of absenteeism on the part of proprietors. Of old they had lived in their country houses, and in spite of the straitness of their rents their care of the people had been kindly, and their intercourse with them had been intimate. Gradually more and more landowners resorted, with the growing incomes which "good times" brought, to Edinburgh, or London for months, and the poor-box got emptier. Many had adopted the Episcopal form of dissent, deserted the parish church in towns, and left the burgesses to look after the poor. As the country grew older a change also came over the religious habits of many classes in society—the old-fashioned austerity relaxed, and so likewise did the church-going ways—men of fashion and quality were conspicuous for their absence in kirk, where their fathers had been as conspicuous by their presence,[1] and the weekly collections for the poor in consequence grew less. In many a parish where one or two large proprietors owned the land, and these were either absent from the estate or absent from the church, they might not contribute a shilling to the poor on their own ground while drawing the rents from the whole parish. By all such circumstances more and more the burdens were left to be borne by the less well-to-do—the churchmen had to keep the dissenters; the tenants had to relieve the servants of the landlord, and according to the common saying in Scotland, it was the poor who maintained the poor.[2]

[1] "One cause of decrease in funds for poor is that men of rank and fortune are very irregular and even criminally neglective in their attendance on divine service on the Sabbath."—*Stat. Acct.*, Kilwinning, ii. 167; Chambers' *Pict. of Scotland.*

[2] "To my certain knowledge the heritors in certain parishes do little more than defray the tenth part of contributions to the poor."—*Farmer's Mag.* Nov. 1804.

By the middle of the century important changes in agriculture began seriously to affect the condition of the rural classes—changes which increased poverty and entailed distress for a while, till society settled down to a new order of things. Small tenants were being turned out to give place to larger farms, crofts were being absorbed in big holdings, patches of land which had given livelihood of a poor sort to hundreds were broken up in the North and turned into sheep-runs; many families were in this way cast adrift; small tenants were often reduced to be ploughmen or shepherds; and ploughmen were sometimes forced to seek employment in towns at the new factories springing up, for which they had little skill. In the towns was arising in crowded lanes a class of poor, far less careful, thrifty, and self-respecting than their rural neighbours, which began to form a permanent pauper element. It is true that this disadvantage of larger towns was not felt for a generation or two, because the increase of industry and trade was so great that it absorbed those who were cast out of old agricultural work; and besides that, in the country the development of husbandry with more numerous operations and vigorous methods of cultivation, and the larger amount of ground reclaimed from waste, and moor, and bog, gave more occupation and better wages.[1] Many circumstances were making the voluntary and church aid to relieve poverty more and more insufficient, and the necessity to meet the wants of an increasing population caused at last larger towns to avail themselves of a law—old as 1579—which authorised public assessments to be made for the support of the poor.

Yet in spite of all its population of 40,000 it was not till 1770 that Glasgow resorted to this tax; it was not till 1783 that Paisley, with its flourishing trade, employing 24,000 workers, and Greenock with its population of 18,000, and its commerce with the Indies, made any public assessment for its paupers; while in Edinburgh this was not done till the end of the century.[2]

[1] Towards the end of the century great numbers of Highlanders found their way to Glasgow and Greenock, driven from stress of poverty at home to increase poverty elsewhere.—Lettice's *Tour through Scotland*, Lond. 1794.

[2] Burn's *Dissertations*, p. 96. Reports of General Assembly in 1818 state that prior to 1700 assessments took place in only 3 parishes; between 1700 and

There were arguments combined of policy, and sentiment and piety brought forward with great vehemence against the imposition of rates. It was opposed on the score that the system would lessen the self-respect of the people; that it would obliterate all sense of shame in those who would accept from a public rate relief they disdained to accept from the "poor-box." It was condemned, on the one hand, as extinguishing kindliness in the rich, and on the other as extinguishing gratitude and self-dependence in the poor. There was an exceeding bitter cry from ministers throughout the country at the end of the century against any change in the old patriarchal system,[1] which they regarded as sacred—a burden of divine appointment, and in clear conformity with Scripture. As a rule, the people had a feeling of humiliation at being paupers; there was even a shame in having one of their relatives on the "poor-box," as it was called, and to avoid such a fate themselves was a constant motive for frugality and saving.[2] Yet all the while it is clear that gradually the vaunted feeling of pride was dying away, and that to be a pauper, or to "be on the poor-box," had lost in some districts much of its odium.[3]

After all, it is impossible to feed, clothe, and support the destitute on sentiment, and the inevitable needs of life must be met by means more regular and sustaining than a fitful spirit of independence in the peasantry. It is more likely that vanity, and not honest pride, was the most successful deterrent to any one allowing his name to appear on the poor-roll. The great ambition of the very poorest was to have what

1800 in 93 parishes; and up to 1817 in 142. In Report of 1739 the numbers assessed were 142.—Nicholl's *Scottish Poor and Poor Laws*, p. 102.

[1] Kames' *Sketches of Man*, vol. i.; *Stat. Acct.*, Coldstream, iv. 418; Portmoak, vi. 168; Selkirk, ii. 443; Dalserf, ii. 380.

[2] Burns' *Dissertation*, vi.: "So great commonly is the horror and aversion entertained, that the most humiliating and insufferable term of reproach that can be cast upon any one is that their parents or near relatives were supported by the Session as it is called." "So great is this sentiment, that in order that this odium may never fall upon their offspring they study to live with the utmost frugality that they may be able to save something for old age as to bury them decently. To have wherewithal to purchase a coffin and a winding-sheet, if nothing more, is the height of their ambition."—*Farmer's Mag.* p. 24, 1804; *Stat. Acct.*, Old Kilpatrick; Newte's *Tour*, p. 337, 1790.

[3] *Stat. Acct.*, Killearn, xvi. 621; Irvine, vii. 178.

was called a "decent funeral"—that is, a funeral to which all the male inhabitants of the parish were invited, and at which the usual entertainments must be given.[1] The expense for coffin, ale or whisky, cake, and tobacco, amounted at least to £2, and this sum all persons in the meanest circumstances were anxious to lay up for the event of their death, and would not expend otherwise except in direst necessity. The convivial obsequies, however, could not happen in the case of any who were on the poor-roll, either of the church or of the parish, because before a person became a pauper he was required to give up all his "goods and plenishing" to the Session. He had, therefore, only to look for a pauper's burial, an ill-made "kist"—costing 4s.—without the dignity of a threadbare mortcloth to cover it, and only an attenuated line of thirsty, hungry, unsatisfied mourners to follow it. Rather than disappoint a poor soul of a festive funeral, sympathetic Kirk-Sessions often supplied some money for ale, and tobacco, and pipes, or even gave the relatives £2, if the effects given up by the deceased had come near to that sum—acting with a liberality and kindliness unknown to unsentimental and remorseless poor-laws.[2] To be buried respectably, and be clad decently as a corpse, was a firm, self-respecting resolution. When a woman married she spun her winding-sheet. It was kept with reverence, every year taken out and aired, and put carefully in a drawer till it was required for the burial.

Up to the close of the century the public assessments were very rare, although it was in towns becoming obvious that the existing arrangements were insufficient, and that pauperism was no longer a problem with which the Church alone could cope.[3] Ministers, in their various Statistical Accounts of their respective parishes in 1792-4, are forced in despair to long for improved methods of relief in spite of their fond,

[1] *Stat. Acct.*, Kincardine, vi. 487 ; Gargunnock, 18.

[2] Burns (Robert), D.D., *Dissert. on Law and Practice with regard to the Poor*, 1819, p. 297. In 1830 the burial of a pauper in town cost about 12s.—coffin 6s., bottle of whisky 1s. 6d. to drink at the "lifting," with a loaf of bread and cheese, and 3s. or 4s. for grave.—Chambers' *Book of Scotland*, p. 240.

[3] Ayton's *Survey of Ayrshire*, 1811. Annual payment to single pauper in 1830 had risen to £2 : 11 : 8, or about 1s. a week. In cities 1s. 6d. and 2s. was the common weekly allowance.—Chambers' *Book of Scotland*, p. 239.

pathetic love of the old patriarchal ways, and they depict a miserable state in remoter districts.[1] In Sutherland, we read, Cromdale has a population of 3000, and has only from £10 to £15 a year to support forty paupers—"many being reduced householders who would rather starve than beg." Dornoch with its population of 2540 has from eighty to a hundred on the poor-list, "whose only means of support is part of the collection, amounting to £7, supplemented by fines from delinquents, so that the poor live by begging from parish to parish." In Wick there is a poor-roll of 150, and yet there is little else to maintain them except the collections which, "after deducting bad coppers, amount to from £10 to £12, affording 2s. a year to each pauper."[2] Yet in northern counties what else could be expected? The inhabitants had not work enough to keep half of their numbers in employment, and they lived in misery, rags, and hovels, in chronic anticipation of a dearth amounting to famine every four or five years. Those in work could not give much to church collections on Sundays, or help to their neighbours who begged on week days. The mystery was how they subsisted or existed at all. Coming farther south, we may take as an illustration of social poverty at the end of the eighteenth century the parish of Abernethy, in Perthshire;[3] it has 1760 inhabitants, and it has £6 a year as parochial funds to feed, clothe, and shelter its paupers—"not enough," as the minister says, "to buy shoes for their feet, so that they live chiefly by begging from the farmers from door to door." It is true that many parishes—indeed the majority—were able to support the poor somehow on the small parochial funds at their disposal, especially as family pride made people support their relatives rather than that they should incur the stigma of being on the poor-roll. But in others—especially in towns

[1] "The Highland poor have of late become so numerous in the Lowlands that some towns positively refuse them admittance. 'We are eat up,' say they, 'with beggars.'"—Knox, *British Empire*, i. 126.

[2] *Stat. Acct.*, Cromdale; Dornoch; Wick. Rogart had a population of 2000, and only £14 of poor-money; Kildonan a pop. of 1400, poor-money only £8; Assynt, pop. 2400, poor-money £11.—Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, i. 165.

[3] *Stat. Acct.*, Abernethy, vol. xiii.; Lochmaben.

—the strain on voluntary charity was far greater than it could bear.[1]

At the same time the growth of trade, the increase of industrial activity, had greatly diminished poverty; the half-starved Highlanders got work in cotton mills and factories, and beggars ceased to swarm in the land. Owing to the remarkable revolution which had come over the country—the rapid rise in trade, in commerce, in agriculture—the wages of the people had increased, and even doubled. The earnings of the ploughman in 1750 had been equal only to £7 or £8 a year, but in 1790 they were equal to £14 or £16, and with that they lived in fair content and comfort. In trades, the mason, the weaver, the carpenter who could in 1750 only earn his 6d. a day, in 1790 made his 1s. or 1s. 2d.[2]

If they paid more for their food they were better housed, they were better clad, they had comforts to which in their youth they had been strangers, and enjoyed things now which indeed were still luxuries, although to their children they became necessities. Yet the increased cost of living, the price of clothing, house rent, and education, used up much of their larger earnings, and did not leave a very wide margin for saving, nor yet for spending.

V

There was one altered aspect of social life and feeling which many observers noted with regret towards the close of the century—that was the diminishing of homely, kindly relations between the richer and the poorer classes. In olden days there was a real attachment and friendship between the different ranks, especially in the rural districts. All indeed

[1] Gibson's *Hist. of Glasgow.* Speaking of Glasgow in 1800, a writer says, "The pauper class is too insignificant to be separated from the operative class." —*Glasgow Past and Present*, ii. 94. In Edinburgh, with a population in 1773 of 80,000, there were only 1800 paupers, which includes all the boys at educational charitable institutions [such as Heriot's Hospital], while Bristol with a less population has no fewer than 10,000.—Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 559.

[2] Compare the condition of the labouring classes in France, who had 10d. a day before the Revolution, and 1s. 3d. after, and the English peasant who had 1s. 5d. and the skilled artisan who had from 2s. to 2s. 6d.—Young's *Travels in France*, p. 410.

were alike poor, their ways were alike simple; spinning was the occupation, and frugality was the necessity both of laird's wife and of farmer's wife. The landlords and their families were intimate with, and interested in, the concerns and fortunes of the humbler classes near their doors, who had lived in the same quarters for generations, in days when there was no trade to attract them away, and no "improvements" to turn them out. The children, rich and poor, the sons of laird, minister, farmer, ploughman, sat on the same forms at the parish school, sharing its teaching and its not quite impartial discipline. After the middle of the century and onwards to its close, however, there was a transformation for the worse in these relations, and there appeared a widening gulf between each rank. As agricultural progress advanced, the farmer, who had formerly been on about the same social level as his workpeople, who were often his own kin and—if they lived under his roof—sat at the same board, became a "man of substance," and with a larger farm, larger rent, and larger income, adopted more ambitious tastes and habits, having less in common, and more distant relationship, with his servants. The lairds, too, with the better times and bigger rent-rolls, forsook the simpler ways and style of the past, and forgot those old days when their fathers went clad in clothing which their own wives had spun; they lived less in the country or among their own people, while in their natural desire to improve their property and their rents they added farm to farm, whereby small tenants were deprived of their holdings and labourers of their work, and then new men came into the new reclaimed acres. It is easy to see how all these changes materially affected social relationships, and how separation in interest and sympathy was further increased between rich and poor.

A similar process—loosening attachment and widening the distance between higher and lower ranks—went on in towns, notably in Edinburgh. When families of all ranks[1] —from the highest to the lowest—lived close to one another, in the High Street and Canongate, in the same tenement or "land" of nine or ten flats, there existed a special neighbour-

[1] W. Chambers' *Book of Scotland*, 1830, points this out, p. 226.

liness among them all. In the several "landings," descending in dignity as they ascended in height, dwelt on the same stair peers, lords of session, clergy, doctors, shopkeepers, dancing-masters, artisans, while in the cellar lodged the water-caddy, the sweep, and the chairman. The distress of the poor neighbour on the stair became the concern of all, and poverty in the "close" was relieved in common friendliness. The very beggars were old friends, and exchanged jokes with his lordship going to the Parliament House. But about 1775 the fashionable and wealthy began to migrate to the suburbs and stately houses in the New Town; they withdrew from the ill-flavoured wynds in the High Street, where high and low had for ages dwelt companionably together. The poor remained behind in the old quarters, and the rich when they left did not retain their homely interest in them. Now, therefore, when poverty came, public assessments were made to relieve it; when beggars increased the law was enforced to suppress them.

There is abundant evidence that as the century proceeded there sprang up an independence in manner in the quickly increasing artisan classes, and a lessening of that deference and respect for rank which had curiously subsisted in spite of ancient homely intimacy and familiarity of rural intercourse. This change has been traced in part to the rise and spread of the Secession from the Church, which generated a spirit of antagonism in the poorer classes of the "dour" type to those who held by the old Church.[1] To them the title of "humble" ranks would be a misnomer. The very cause of the schism—a fierce opposition to the patronage exercised by the heritors and State, and a scorning of the Establishment as corrupt, as backsliding, as faithless—filled those who seceded with a stalwart opinionativeness, a grim consciousness of their superior godliness and purity, and there was no sacrifice of time too great to make, no journey too long to take, which enabled them to listen to the words of a faithful preacher of the Covenant. This religious pride—if we do not care to call it conceit—no doubt had its fine side of conscientiousness, and its interesting

[1] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 58.

picturesqueness. But it certainly did foster a brusqueness of manner and independence of spirit which passed from church polity to politics, and infected at large the whole community. Now it happened that instead of laird and people all being of one religious body, all meeting together in the same kirk, and having intercourse in the kirkyard, the Seceder, without a touch of his bonnet, passed the laird on the road, and stalked on with satisfaction of superiority of conviction to the meeting-house of the "body" he belonged to. This helped to introduce discordance of interest which, blended with other causes, served to widen the cleavage of ranks.

Meanwhile changes of life and opinion were occurring in the Highlands, all tending to the same direction, producing similar effects. After the '45 all despotic authority and jurisdiction were taken out of the hands of Highland chiefs, and they therefore no longer counted, as in olden days, their power and property by men rather than by acres; and they no longer cared to see their people increase in the glens, for these could no more add to their strength or enhance their importance.[1] Of old every reeking chimney in the glen had indicated where dwelt a family of trusty adherents in the fray; but now it was only a hovel which swarmed with beings who were a burden on the land. Formerly, too, these owners had spent their rental paid "in kind" in huge hospitality at home, in which the poor and the beggar joined; now they often spent their fortunes in the fashionable world, in which only people of quality shared. The needy, in short, were no longer merely "poor neighbours," but nuisances; and beggars were no longer homely features on the estate, but pests to be suppressed by law.

To counteract the effect of these social changes in the relations between rich and poor as affecting the support of the needy and the paupers, there came the growth and spread of industry, which gave work to the community, the increase of wealth among the middle ranks, and of wages among the

[1] "It is a certain fact the chieftains in the Highlands are now for the most part, instead of being almost adored, in general despised. And why? Many because their lands are let out in large sheep-walks to tenants that are nearly as independent as themselves, and the tenants turned out of their small possessions have no more favours in expectation."—Hall's *Travels*, ii. 507.

working classes. The times had changed, the thoughts, the ways, the interests and habits of the century had undergone a great transformation; but the development of intellectual and physical energy, the improvement in social conditions, which made life less sordid and rude, more than compensated for the quaintness of the old fashions which were lost, and for the picturesqueness of rural life and simplicity of spirit which had passed away for ever.

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGIOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE

Part I

I

The end of 1688 saw the beginning of ecclesiastical revolution in Scotland; and the landing of William of Orange in England was the signal for Presbyterian insurrection.[1] In the bleak December, when there was bitter frost and deep snow, the country people in the south and west counties gathered in mobs, armed with stakes, pitchforks, and clubs, and attacked the manses where for twenty-six years the Episcopal ministers had lived. During the darkness of the night the voices of assailants demanding entrance rose above the din of smashing windows and battered doors. In many cases the "curates" were dragged from their homes amidst abuse, driven to the kirkyard with cries of "Strip the curate!" the black gown (hated badge of "black Prelacy") was torn from their shoulders; their furniture and their humble store of books were flung into fires kindled in the streets. They were forced to give up the church keys and the "poor-box"; and their families were turned out of doors, exposed to the keen winter blast, often without a kindly neighbour to shelter them for the night.

[1] *Case of present afflicted Clergy truly represented*, London, 1690; *Account of the Persecution in the Church of Scotland in several Letters*, 1690; *Apology for the Clergy of Scotland* [by A. Monro, D.D.], 1691.

As if in grim irony to cast contempt upon Prelatic festivals, many of the most truculent rabblings were arranged for Christmas eve. In Ayrshire and Galloway—the chief seats of the Covenanters—gangs of men were formed and dispersed over several parishes so that they might begin their raids simultaneously, which they did without ruth or mercy.

No doubt many stories told of these scenes were grossly exaggerated in the telling, and Episcopal ministers were not likely to minimise their grievances, their sufferings, or their merits, and sometimes magnified the rudeness of a few men, women, and children into tumultuous assaults of infuriated crowds.[1] But the treatment to which many were subjected—leaving them "in a state of desolation, not knowing where to lay their heads or have bread for their

[1] It is instructive, though perplexing, to compare the contradictory versions of these rabbling scenes. The Episcopal story relates of Mr. Gabriel Russell, minister of Govan, that "some of his parishioners, to several of whom he had done kindness, beat his wife, daughter, and himself (so inhumanly that it had almost cost him his life), carried off the poor-box and other utensils from the church, and threatened him with worse treatment if he would preach any more."—*Account of Recent Persecution.* Here is the Presbyterian version as "attested by the subscription of nine persons who were present" [names follow]:—"There being great confusion like to be in the country, they feared the church goods might be carried away, they went peaceably and demanded them, offering sufficient security that they would be safely kept and restored to them who should be concerned. This Mr. Russell and his wife (who were both drunk, as they often used to be) not only refused, but gave the men very opprobrious and provoking language; they essaying to lift the box in which the poor-money was kept, Mr. Russell setting his foot upon it, and his wife sitting down upon it, they with tenderness lifted her up and carried away the box. Mrs. Russell roared, and beat them with hands and feet, but they utterly deny that any of them did either beat him or his wife. Yea, ere they parted from his house, they asked if anything more was wanting, and they could be charged with nothing."—*Second Vindication*, Edin. 1691. Here is again conflicting evidence:—"Mr. Brown, minister of Kells, in Galloway, residing at Newtown, whom, in a storm of frost and snow, they carried to the market-place about 4 o'clock in the morning, tyed him to a cart with his face to the weather, when he had died if a poor woman had not cast clothes on him": thus the *Account of Recent Persecution.* "The truth of this story is that Mr. Brown, being beastly drunk at night, after a little sleep went to his house at a distance from that town, and returning in the morning, betimes was taken by the guard for a spy . . . and on these grounds the parson not being firm they bound him." [This story is duly attested.] "It is hard to justify this usage of a man. But it is harder to lay the indiscretion of souldiers to the Presbyterians": thus the *Second Vindication*, p. 33.

families"[1]—was rough and brutal at the hands of the embittered peasantry.

More than two hundred ministers were "outed" with more or less violence, while others, foreseeing the coming storm, and preparing for its blasts, in terror withdrew from their manses,—only, however, to be afterwards "deprived," with almost a cynical stroke of humour, "for deserting their charges."

What the people left undone Parliament and the General Assembly tried to complete. Proclamation was made that all ministers of the Gospel should publicly pray for King William and Queen Mary, under pain of forfeiture of their livings in the event of their refusal. This edict was ordered to be read from every pulpit on Whitsunday 1689. For not complying with this command many were expelled from their livings in spite of every excuse they gave. In vain they pleaded that they could not pray for William and Mary as king and queen, because they were not yet crowned; in vain others protested that the fateful proclamation did not reach their houses till days after the day appointed for its being read, or that they were away from home when it arrived.[2]

Of the Presbyterian clergy who had been ejected from their parishes in 1662 when Episcopacy was established, there were about sixty surviving. These old men were now restored to their old charges, and in the first General Assembly which met in 1690 they were the leaders and the oracles, although there were associated with them seventy-six ministers who had been "indulged" to preach in 1687, and forty-three elders.[3] To these men were given by Parliament powers which they were not fit to wield with fairness and tenderness. They were authorised "to try and purge out all inefficient and scandalous and erroneous ministers by due course of ecclesiastical process and censure." "What is this," protested the

[1] *Case of Afflicted Clergy*, p. 88 [by George Garden, D.D., Episcopal minister afterwards deposed for Bourignianism]. It is a phraseological peculiarity of these tracts that the one side speaks of its "afflicted clergy," the other of its "suffering ministers."

[2] *Case of Afflicted Clergy: Account of Recent Persecution.*

[3] *Second Vindication of Church of Scotland: being an Answer to Five Pamphlets.* [By Gilbert Rule, D.D.] Edin. 1691.

Duke of Hamilton,[1] "but instead of fourteen bishops, to give unlimited power to fifty or sixty Presbyterian ones, from whom the Episcopal clergy can expect little justice or mercy?" His Grace's fears were amply justified, for this Presbyterian inquisition gave scope for every form of petty persecution and parochial malice. Every scandal however groundless, every rumour however vague, every offence however trivial, as well as every atrocious charge however preposterous, was brought forward and greedily listened to by the credulous Commission of elders and ministers who sat in judgment on the Episcopal incumbent, against whom the tongue of aggrieved parishioners was at last let loose. To have neglected family worship, to have allowed "unclean" persons to take communion, to have permitted persons to bring in kail on the Lord's Day, to have spoken of the Solemn League and Covenant as a "bond of rebellion," to have allowed Quakers to worship undisturbed, to have recommended superstitious and erroneous books such as the *Whole Duty of Man*, to have played cards, to have been gross drunkards and shameful swearers—all these were among the multifarious accusations for the curates to meet, which it was useless to deny and hopeless to confute. It was alike a crime in the people's eyes to have opposed the Confession of Faith and to have whistled on the Sabbath, to have played bowls on a week day and prayed for King James on the Sunday. The gravest charges were based on feeblest evidence; and the stereotyped accusations of drunkenness, immorality, cursing, and sacrilege, rouse suspicions that the offences of the curate were far less certain than his offensiveness to the people.[2] At the same time, it is abundantly clear that there were many cases of scandalous living, of moral unfitness and spiritual incapacity, and that many posed as martyrs who deserved the short shrift they got.[1] By this process of "purging"

[1] *Historical Relation of late General Assembly*, 1690; *Presbyterian Inquisition* [by A. Monro, D.D.], p. 30.

[2] In Drymen the charges are—"promiscuous invitations to the Lord's table, violence to Presbyterian sufferers; neglecting of family worship, profaning the Lord's day."—Guthrie-Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 57. In Luss the charges are — "drunkenness, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, connivance at sacrilege (*i.e.*, admitting unworthy persons to communion), negligence."—*Ibid.* p. 108.

a further "outing" of about three hundred incumbents was effected.

It was at last found necessary to check the untempered and the ill-tempered zeal of the purgers, and in 1694 the Parliament imposed upon the Church a policy of toleration, and compelled the General Assembly to maintain in their livings and admit to a share in the government all Episcopalian ministers who would take the oath of allegiance, subscribe to the Confession of Faith, and conform to Presbyterian rule. This Act with sulky submission was received by the Assembly, reluctant to receive into their ranks men tainted with Prelacy and alien to the Covenant, and out of harmony with their body and their spirit. It might be imagined that after all this rabbling, inquisition, and purging, there would be few curates left to admit into the Presbyterian community or to continue in their parishes. But that was not the case. Of the 900 clergy only 600 were ousted from their posts, and there were about 300 Episcopal incumbents who were left undisplaced, wherever they had won the affection of the people or the favour of the gentry—for there were large districts in the East and Midland where the covenanting spirit had never been strong, and in the North, where it had never been even known. Many incumbents who never qualified by taking oath to Government or conforming to Presbytery were left undisturbed in their manses and churches, partly from inability to dislodge them, partly from lack of men to substitute for them.

Twenty years after Presbytery was re-established as the Church of Scotland no fewer than 165 Episcopal ministers were said to occupy the parish kirks.[2] In adjacent parishes lived in quietness, if not in amity, Episcopal and Presbyterian

[1] Here is the Presbyterian version of a case where the Episcopalians represented the "outed" minister as a "martyr": Mr. Ramsay, minister of Stranraer, was put out of his place by the Synod of Wigton on these grounds: frequent drunkenness on the Sabbath day, proved by the oaths of Bailie Vans and Andrew M'Kerrie. Beating his wife on the Sabbath before he went to preach, sworn of Andrew M'Kerrie and Robert Gordon. The said Robert Gordon's wife deponed that she saw Mrs. Ramsay's nose bleeding. Frequent swearing, proved by the oaths of Provost Rae, Bailie Vans, and Robert Gordon. —*Second Vindication*, p. 136.

[2] Defoe's *Hist. of Church of Scotland*, 1717.

ministers; even in the same church the colleagues might be of opposite persuasions, as in Dunfermline and Haddington, where up to 1724 the Episcopal minister had his forenoon service with the Lord's prayer, doxology, and apostles' creed, and the Presbyterian colleague in the afternoon held his service with these obnoxious prelatic superfluities omitted.

North of the Tay, where the covenanting spirit and Whiggism had never spread, the people clung to their old ministers and their old regime, and a large proportion of these ministers neither conformed nor took oath of allegiance, remaining defiant and triumphant, living in the manses and living on the stipends.[1] In vain the General Assembly sent reluctant relays of Lowland ministers to inhospitable regions of Aberdeenshire, Caithness, and Banff, by perilous roads, on sorry nags, to seek a night's shelter in hovels that acted as hostelries.[2] When they appeared on Sunday to preach, the people would not listen to those "twenty merk men," as they were nicknamed from their pay, and to a congregation of tombstones in the kirkyard they had to speak, while the people were worshipping with the curate inside the kirk. The Presbyterian minister appointed to the charge was often met by crowds of infuriated country folk, who beat him with sticks and forced him to make a precipitous retreat. The experiences of the unhappy presentee to Dingwall in 1704[3] form a fair sample of the sufferings of many brethren. On Sunday morning the reverend gentleman looked out of the window of a deserted manse and saw a mob on evil purpose bent; the ringleaders came with "battons, stones, and clods," surrounded the house, and fastened his chamber door with nails. On his opening the window to remonstrate with his assailants he was greeted with a shower of stones. At last, having made his escape,

[1] In 1690 there was only one Presbyterian minister in the Synod of Aberdeen and Banff, containing 100 parishes. In 1694 there were eight, in 1697 there were fifteen. Lord's supper not administered in Aberdeen till 1704 by Presbyterian clergy.—Spalding *Miscellanies*, ii. 72.

[2] The ministers of Paisley Presbytery appointed for this hated task, in 1697, were then engrossed with the trial of the Renfrewshire witches, and protested they cannot get North because of the sad condition of the country owing to diabolical manifestations—preferring to contend with the devil in Paisley rather than with the schismatics in Forfar.—Lees' *Paisley Abbey*, p. 193.

[3] *Hist. of Church in Ross*, by Rev. J. Craven, p. 7.

and having begun service in the church, he was interrupted by the Episcopal rabble—the father of the deceased curate at the head — and finally, nearly "choked and throttled," he was carried off amid the uproar of the mob, who cried, "King Willie is dead and our King is alive!" Hundreds from other parishes joined the rioters, whom the Privy Council proclaimed rebels and their goods forfeit; but not till 1716 did a Presbyterian preach in peace in Dingwall.[1] In parish after parish in the North the successor of the dead or deprived Episcopal incumbent was refused access to his church, assaulted, and forced to flee for his life.[2]

Amid such circumstances it is not surprising that, though the vacant posts were many, the candidates were few. In the Synod of Moray out of forty-nine parishes only one curate conformed, the rest it was impossible to dislodge; or if dislodged, all the people went to some hill or hut, where the "meeting-house keeper" held service, baptized, and married in security and triumph, and many persons seeking to escape discipline for offences found easy admittance into the Episcopalian fold. Another great difficulty arose in filling charges in the Highlands, from there being such a scarcity of ministers or students who could speak Gaelic, and, as there were often none to be

[1] Craven's *Hist. of Church in Ross*, p. 68. The presentee to Kilmuir reports to the General Assembly, how on his ordination Sunday he was surprised by an ambush of parishioners with blackened faces, armed with batons; that he had his hat knocked off and torn to pieces, his head badly cut; that he was dragged by the cravat till nearly choked, his "suit of fine cloth torn to shreds, his under coat, black coat, and vest, with his linens, stolen from his pocket," and after "terrible effusion of blood and casting cold water on his wounds, he was carried to the top of a hill," and "thought his last hour had come." Meanwhile the Episcopal preacher of the district looked on, and often preached to the mob, who were decked in fragments of the presentee's garments.—Scott's *Fasti Eccles.* v. 283. Minister of Lochcarron, in 1726, obliged to carry firearms to protect himself from his parishioners.—*Ibid.* v. 98.

[2] The minutes of the Dunblane Presbytery give a vivid idea of the difficulties of the times—of parishes "planted" with Presbyterian ministers to which there came Episcopal "intruders" and "vagrant Episcopal ministers," who set up "meeting-houses" in spite of "letters of horning"; of parishes, such as Aberfoyle, where a curate installed himself and remained in possession till his death in 1732; and Balquhidder, where the minister sent by the Presbytery finds that a curate had entered the pulpit at six on the Sabbath morning: supported by Lord Tullibardine, this preacher retained manse, church, and living till 1712.

found, the Episcopal Gaelic minister kept hold of the parish and the people.[1]

In the Lowlands another state of matters existed. There the ministers "outed" were so many that there was a dearth of Presbyterian clergy to take their places. In Whig counties there was a clean sweep of the old incumbents, and large districts in Galloway were left without a pastor, and the people depended on the "praying associations" of the godly who had fostered fanaticism and phariseeism in the covenanting days. These very districts were longest of being "planted" with ministers, for the soil was barren, the land consisted of wild moors or hills, and the people were contentious; so that men who had a choice of many livings naturally preferred the Lothians, where the parishes were richer and the people were docile. In some large Presbyteries, after the rabbling, only one or two ministers remained by conforming to the new establishment, and over a distance of forty miles for years the Sabbath passed without a service, and the church bells were never rung.[2] No wonder when ministers were appointed at last, they found the manses uninhabitable and the kirks in ruins.

When Presbytery was re-established in the land, to fill 900 charges there were sixty aged survivors of those who had been turned out of their parishes in 1662, who were fondly termed the "antediluvians," from their having lived before the "flood" of Prelacy; there were about eighty indulged ministers who had been allowed since 1687 to preach; and about forty men who came from Ireland and found Scottish livings.[3] Fortunately, to add to this ragged regiment there was a considerable number of Episcopal ministers with easy principles who conformed to the new rule,[4] and there were also

[1] Great difficulty in filling empty kirks arose from scarcity of young men who knew the Irish (Gaelic). From the impossibility of getting a Gaelic minister Callander was vacant for twenty years. In 1696 the Dunblane Presbytery writes to the Edinburgh Professor of Divinity for preachers, and is told that there is none who knows Highland language. Next year it is told the Argyll Synod has no Gaelic probationers to spare.—*Presby. Records.*

[2] Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, p. 407.

[3] In 1707—Presbyterian ministers, 719; Episcopalian ministers in parishes, 116; intruding Episcopalians in vacant parishes, 79.—Lawson's *Hist. of Epis. Church.*

[4] In the Presbyteries of Haddington and Dunbar, containing thirty parishes,

Presbyterians who had in the days of persecution got a furtive education, and were licensed or ordained by fugitive ministers in Scotland or dissenting divines in England, and elsewhere; while men who had been forced from their college studies to find a livelihood in trades in the "killing days" were now licensed, after giving evidence of learning, chiefly consisting of being mighty in the Scriptures.[1]

What was the character of the expelled clergy it is not easy to determine. If we listen to Presbyterian pamphleteers we learn that as a body they were incapable, negligent, ignorant, and scandalous in life. If we listen to Episcopalian pamphleteers we learn that "there was no more unblamable company of men upon the earth," nor, in education, were there "five of them in the whole nation who could not undergo the severest examination."[2] If that was the case, it may be wondered what had become of the uncouth, illiterate young men who in 1662 had been collected from farms and trades to fill the pulpits when they became Episcopalian, whom Bishop Burnet contemptuously describes[3] as "the refuse of the northern parts"—men whose promotion to livings, before they had completed their studies, caused the Aberdeenshire laird to exclaim

only five "curates" conformed; in Presbytery of Duns, five conformed. In Presbytery of Auchterarder, only one conforming minister left.—Lawson's *Hist.*, p. 134; Skinner's *Eccles. History*, ii. 558.

[1] It was in the south-west counties that Episcopalian curates had least hold. In Kilmarnock, with a population of 2500, the incumbent had a congregation of twelve. There is something very pathetic in the spectacle of Mr. Andrew Symson holding out at Kirkinner with a flock of three, dwindling down to one. At last, bereft of the solitary adherent—the laird of Baldoon, who died after a fall from his horse—the deserted incumbent breaks into elegiac grief, in measure as broken as his heart:—

> "He, he alone was my parishioners,
> Yea, and my constant hearers, O! that I
> Had power to eternize his memorie."

—Symson's *Descrip. of Galloway*, 1823, p. vii. Symson became a printer.

[2] *Presbyterian Inquisition*, 1690.

[3] "They were the worst preachers that I ever heard. Many of them were ignorant to a reproach. They were a disgrace to their order, and were indeed the dregs and refuse of the northern parts. Those of them who rose above contempt and scandal were of such violent temper that they were as much hated as the others were despised."—Burnet's *History of his Times*, i. 158. It is true that this contemptuous description refers to those called in from all quarters to fill the places from which Presbyterian ministers were ousted in 1662. But as these illiterates were young, many of these were in country parishes in 1688.

indignantly, "If the bishops go on at this rate we will not have a lad to herd our cows." On the whole we may conclude that though many of them were estimable, and not a few of the younger generation were capable and educated men, the origin of the others was not such as to allow of learning or culture. These luckless men, thrust from their charges, were obliged to seek employment as they could: some to become chaplains or "governors" in lairds' and noblemen's households, treated with not too much respect, and paid mean wages; some obliged to take to a craft or a shop; the most fortunate to find livings in England; the least fortunate, in their dire extremity,[1] forced at times to beg alms from the poor-box, and glad to get a little money or clothing from the gentry.[2] The few who went about ministering to Episcopal congregations in country districts in huts or barns, and were styled contemptuously "meeting-house keepers," "intruding ministers," or "vagrant preachers," had a precarious existence on their scanty income from their poor flocks.

The Presbyterian ministers who came to reign in their stead had more marked characteristics—amongst which moderation cannot be numbered. The old men, during their field-life and wanderings amongst bog mosses and moorland glens, had increased, not in learning but in fanaticism. The younger men—save the few who had studied in Holland—had had no opportunity for study, and usually felt that to know the Lord's Word was worth all the pagan learning of the world. Though some were men of good sense and good scholarship, and several of good birth, the great majority were rude in mind and manners, grimly religious and bigoted in spirit. The fire of persecution has often refined the character, purging the dross, and leaving the nature purer, nobler than before. But a persecution such as the Presbyterians had of late years undergone,

[1] In 1707 there was presented a petition from "the ministers of the Episcopal perswasion" to the Corporation of Baxters in Edinburgh begging alms; "for they and their families are at present in great wants and necessities that crave the boweles of compassion of all good Christians." The Baxterian "boweles" of compassion being touched, they give £24 Scots—*i.e.*, £2.—P. 29, Dunlop's *Anent Old Edinburgh.*

[2] Kirk-Session records in early part of century contain many entries of relief given to Episcopal ministers.—Beveridge's *Culross*, ii. 26; *Parish of Shotts, Stat. Acct. Scot.* Inverarity; *Accompt Books of Foulis of Ravelston.*

which was not fiery, but merely vexatious and irritating, does not develop the higher qualities or polish the soul to finer graces. It had neither the physical trial which makes heroes, nor the spiritual endurance which forms saints. To be too long in opposition engenders what Bishop Burnet charges them with—"a tangled scrupulosity," a habit of magnifying little points of difference into questions of vital importance. When such men, with the self-conscious glow of martyrdom, emerge from obscurity to publicity, and exchange weary contumely and defeat for truculent victory, they are unable to wield their power with moderation, for they mistake fanaticism for earnestness, and in pious hostility to opponents "confound their antipathies with their duties."

Such was the prevailing temper of the ministers at the beginning and during the first quarter of the eighteenth century; although they were earnest and honest men, and probably deserving the character given to them in 1707 by Professor Wodrow,[1] himself one of the most benign and moderate of ministers: "There never was such a set of pious, painful, and diligent ministers in Scotland as at the Liberty [that is, the Revolution] and since."

II

In the incessant war of pamphlets which was maintained for a generation by tracts—"replies," "rejoinders," "letters," "plain dealings," "vindications," "apologies," "exposures," from either side—there is a spirit of intense virulence. "Foul calumnies," "gross imposters," "base lyar," "false witness," are the sort of epithets which besprinkle every page. So charged with venom, so abounding in evident misrepresentation, are the accusations of Presbyterian and Episcopalian alike, that it is well-nigh impossible to clear the way to truth amidst the jungle of reproaches, recriminations, charges, and countercharges. May we with Lord Macaulay term the pamphleteers "habitual liars"? Behind the shield of anonymity they hurled their invectives. Deprived Episcopalians complained that the others spoke of them as "incumbents," "black gowns," "intruders," "meeting-house keepers," and their places for worship as "schismatical

[1] *Life of Professor Jas. Wodrow*, p. 173.

meeting-houses." The Presbyterians on their side complained that they were styled "preachers," that in the North they were spoken of as "Cameronians," and the very children were taught to call after them "Cammie!" "Cammie!"[1] as they passed along the road. Episcopalians said that the new ministers in their sermons proclaimed that "the gospel had not been preached for twenty-six years," and that they debarred from the communion those who attended Prelatic ordinances. On the other hand, some Presbyterians replied that this charge was a lie; and others said, though the charge was true it was amply justifiable.[2] They are weary, though curious, reading, those old tractates, breathing out cruelty, in their rough paper and miserable type, yellow with age and peat smoke; irreconcilable in feeling, yet united in cynical indifference by the binder's stitcher; entitled "Collection of Pamphlets," and bound together in peaceful incongruity, not by the bonds of Christian charity, but by the boards of calf-skin.[3]

After all, the difference between the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian services was curiously slight. While the Presbyterians made the precentor or reader sing a psalm before the minister appeared, the Episcopalians had made him read chapters from Scripture for the edification of the assembling people. This point was a subject of bitter controversy, the Prelatists taunting their opponents with neglecting entirely to read Scripture in church, except the passage on which the lecture was given, as if, like Papists, they distrusted the Scriptures to the people; and the ministers supporting their practice by triumphantly quoting Nehemiah viii., where Ezra

[1] *Plain Dealing with Presbyterians*, 1702.

[2] *Vindication of Church of Scotland*, 1702.

[3] The animosity to curates was virulently expressed by Fraser of Brea in *Lawfulness and Duty of Separation from Corrupt Ministers*, 1744, published, forty years after it was written, by the Seceders to justify their separation from the corrupt Establishment: "O! to see what contempt they subject the ordinances of Christ unto, and how men *scunner* and *egg* at their meat being conveyed to them through such vessels. I know the curates' preaching hath had more influence on the damnation of poor souls than to converting of them. They are the most scandalous haters of godliness, persecutors, mockers, covetous, drunkards or tiplers, sensual and ignorant."—P. 50. Such words prove rather the temper of the "antediluvians" than the character of the "curates."

reads the law, but also explains it.[1] The Episcopalian said the Lord's prayer; the other omitted it as smacking of a Liturgy, and encouraging the belief in magical power of special words. The Episcopalian curate concluded chapter and sermon with a doxology, either said or sung, which the other discountenanced as offensive. At baptism the Episcopalian made the father repeat the Apostles' creed, while the others made him express belief in the Confession of Faith.[2]

There were even fewer differences in worship between the two hostile persuasions. The prayers of both were extempore —the liturgy being only used by a few curates. At communion the people of both persuasions sat on the forms at the long table,[3] the elements being handed round from person to person. "Tickets," or tokens,[4] were given out to communicants, and the tables were "fenced," debarring the unworthy. The Episcopalians kept no great Church festivals, except occasionally Christmas, although the Lord's Supper was in the North often arranged to be celebrated at Easter or Pentecost.[5] Nor in ecclesiastical polity could greater difference be observed. The Episcopalians, as well as their rivals, had their Presbyteries, their Synods (in which a bishop was moderator), their Kirk-Sessions, with the espionage of elders, the inquisitions into scandal, indiscrimination of punishment alike for a petty breach of the Sabbath and a flagrant violation

[1] The apologists for the ministers give the lie direct to charge of reading no Scripture except as a text.—*Toleration's Fence Removed*, 1703; [Anderson's] *Curate Calder Whipt*, by T. T., 1712.

[2] Morer's *Short Account*, p. 60; Cramond's *Presbytery of Fordyce*, p. 52.

[3] "Sitting always the posture at communion in Scotland by the testimony of the Episcopalians themselves since the dawn of the Reformation, except when attempts were made to introduce kneeling by the Synod of Perth."—P. 48, *Answer to Dialogue between Curate and Countryman examined*, 1712.

[4] G. Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 10; *Northern Notes and Queries*, vii. 178.

[5] Cramond's *Church and Churchyard of Ordiquill*, p. 17; *Church of Boyndie*, pp. 17-19.—*Stat. Act. Scot.* ii., Langside, Aberdeenshire. "I plainly say that the commemoration of the Nativity, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of the Lord and Descent of the Holy Spirit, as well as administration of the Lord's Supper to a dying Christian, was as little known in the time of Episcopacy as in time of Presbytery, save that on Christmas Day in particular places, and under the prelate's nose, a sermon was preached, and then feasting and drinking to excess in many places was much in vogue."—*Toleration's Fence Removed*, Edin. 1703. "Knight of the Kirk" (1723) in Meston's *Poems* describes and ridicules Presbyterian customs.

of the moral law. To attribute to Presbyterian rule and zeal all the Sabbath rigor, the austerity and narrowness of Scottish religion, is to misread Scots Church history and to leave unread every Kirk-Session record.[1] English travellers after the Revolution, when the two communions were in deadly hostility, could not comprehend why "two parties should so much disagree among themselves, when they appear to the world like brothers."[2] When we find the peasantry in the North so persistent in their loyalty to the incumbents it could not arise from any attachment to a particular form of service or government, for they were practically the same, but from dislike of the covenanting ways of the Lowlands and personal liking for their pastors. Therefore when the incumbents died out the Episcopacy of the people died with them in many quarters, where it was not bound up with Jacobitism.

III

During the first half of the century the ministers of country parishes lived in small, low-roofed or heather-thatched manses, with brew-house on one side and stable and byre at the other, facing a dunghill which stood amongst rubbish and nettles.[3] The windows, about two or three feet high and eighteen inches broad, were usually only half glazed—the lower part made of wooden panels, for glass then was precious—and there peered

[1] See piteous petitions of culprits in 1665, who had "sitten a whole yeir in publict in sackcloth."—*Session Booke of Benckle*, printed for Berwickshire Nat. Club.

[2] Morer's *Short Account of Scotland*, p. 61, 1702.

[3] Edgar's *Old Church Life*, i. 40; *Parish Life in North*, by Sage, Wick, 1889. The thatched manse of Balmaghie in 1727, when occupied by the turbulent Macmillan, had five rooms and a kitchen. On ground-floor were kitchen and two chief rooms (one being the minister's study). Above were two bedrooms and a closet between, approached by a narrow wooden stair.—Reid's *Cameronian Apostle*, p. 49. On Nov. 3, 1710, when a visitation of Keir manse was made, the masons and wrights, after being put on solemn oath, gave estimate for a manse, 36 feet in length within the walls and 14 feet wide and 15 feet high in the side walls, to make two square rooms in the low story, to make other two square rooms in the second story, with suitable garrets a cellar below the stair for the lower story, and a closet above it in the second story, with flooring, wooden partitions for rooms, doors, etc., and offices, to cost 1400 merks with the old materials.—*Penpont Presby. Records.*

in a meagre light through walls from four to five feet thick. Inside, the front door, which a tall man must stoop to enter, led to a dark passage or lobby with earthen or wooden floor, a "laigh chamber or hall" on one side, a dark, earth-floored kitchen at the other, and one small bedroom. Up the creaky, narrow staircase were two bedrooms (called "fire-rooms" from possessing the luxury of a hearth), and a closet or study—the doors leading into each other, as there was no space for a passage. If the family was too large for this small accommodation the space between the ceiling and the rafters which supported the straw or heather thatch—containing a dense population of rats—was fitted up into a hearthless garret for the children to sleep in. The little low-ceiled room set apart as the minister's "closet," to which he retired for prayer or for study, contained his meagre library—folios and quartos of *Turretini Opera*, and many a work of Dutch Divinity, in Latin which was clumsy and ponderous as the barges on Dutch canals, with Weems' *Christian Synagogue*, and the invaluable Poole's *Annotations.* The manse walls presented a rough plastered surface inside the rooms, and between the chambers were partitions of deal boards. In this cramped abode everyone was crowded, and the air of rooms was dense from want of ventilation from windows that did not open; though there were draughts in the dwelling from doors that did not fit, and comfortless passages through which the cold winds blew. The noise of children from the rooms, with their wooden divisions, and the bustle of household work—spinning, brewing, washing, baking, grinding the "knockit bear"—often drove distracted the poor minister in the throes of composing two sermons and a lecture every week in the retirement of his little "book-room." [1]

The stipends were not so insufficient at the beginning of the century as they became with dearer living in after years. In fact, in point of income it was said a clergyman in a parish

[1] An enthusiast for "enclosing" fields insidiously pleads thus with ministers to adopt the practice. "The clergy should be the quickest to begin enclosing, for sure when the weather is fair their little manses are not so fit for their studies as these delightful enclosures. Under a hedge they don't hear, nor are disturbed nor diverted by children crying, the mistress and servants speaking aloud about their domestick affairs, from which noise no room is remote enough." —*Essay on Ways and Means of Enclosing, Fallowing, etc.*, 1729.

stood second, and richer than many of the lairds.[1] The average income was £40, sometimes as low as £20 or £25, which was paid in kind, of so many bolls of oats, pease, barley,—wheat was not grown,—and all this was stored in the girnal or granary attached to the manse, and sold as occasion required for the needs of the household. This stipend was sent by the heritors on horseback,[2] each horse conveying on its back the load of one boll, so that to transmit on the ill-made roads eight bolls of meal required a line of eight horses and four men to lead them. The clothing of the family consisted of stuff or plaiding, spun by the wife and her maids, woven by the village weaver, and made up into garments by the travelling tailor, who came periodically with his apprentices, and worked for 2d. a day and his broth or porridge. Shoes for himself or his wife cost 3s. a pair; and as his sons went barefooted to school the expense of the shoemaker was not large. The minister himself had no professional dress, and like the lairds wore coloured—usually gray—garments of coarse homespun stuff;[3] and even in the pulpit he had coloured cloak and waist-coat and lay neck-cloth. In still later times, even in 1750, though attired in black on Sunday, on the other days he went in suit of blue cloth, which was the common dress for clergy.[4]

[1] Statement of Professor Hutcheson about 1740: p. 46, Smith's *Survey of Argyllshire*, 1794.

[2] *Reminiscences* of Rev. J. Russell of Yarrow, p. 154.

[3] *Account of Life* of Dr. Edmund Calamy, ii. 177:—"The ministers, even in the most solemn auditories, preached with neck-cloths and coloured cloaks, which a little surprised me. It was their usual way, unless they were professors of Divinity and persons remarkable for age or gravity." In 1697 the minister of Prestonpans administers communion clad in plaid "night gown."—*Memoirs of Elis. West.* When Lord George Sackville entered Kintail after the battle of Culloden the minister, who appeared to protect his parishioners whose cattle were being driven off, was so unlike a clergyman that Lord George, suspecting imposition, took out his pistol and ordered the minister to show him his library to prove his clerical office, and the poor man hurried home and reappeared before his lordship with a volume of Poole's *Annotations* under his arm to convince him.—*S. A. Scot.*, Kintail, vi. 245. Some Highland ministers even wore and preached in a kilt. "The writer's father remembered the late Rev. J. M'Dowell of Forres preaching to the people in his native glen—Glenmoriston—in a kilt surmounted by a black coat. The late Mr. Malcolm Nicholson usually officiated in a kilt."—*Life and Labours of Dugald Buchanan*, by Rev. A. Sinclair, p. 66; *View of Diocese of Aberdeen*, Spalding Miscellanies, p. 74.

[4] Somerville's *Life and Times*, p. 371.

For his few and eventful visits to town to attend the General Assembly he donned his best wig, his three-cornered hat, his blue coat and long waistcoat and red cravat, saddled his ill-kempt nag, and went off amidst the waving of hands of his family and the prayers of his wife on his perilous journey over tracks of mire, ruts, and stones. When his nag stumbled down the rough causeway of Edinburgh he put up at a hostelry in the Cowgate or Grassmarket, where there was large accommodation for horses and wretched entertainment for men.[1] But though the inn was bad and its rooms were dirty, it was moderate in price and its fare much better than at the manse—the "ordinary" being 4d. He met his friends and country brethren in the street, whom he, as custom was, saluted with a kiss on the cheek, and several delightful days he spent in listening to sermons "full of sap" in St. Giles, and to hot debates in the Assembly. At last he prepares to return home, purchases a volume of Durham on *Revelation*, a copy of *Sermons by that eminent Servant of the Lord, Mr. Andrew Gray*, for an elder, a new pamphlet against Prelacy by "Dominie" Anderson, or anent Professor Simson, from George Mossman's shop in Parliament Close; and then, with wig retrimmed, perhaps by Allan Ramsay at "Sign of the Mercury," with a cargo of writing-paper for his sermons and his notes, and articles of wifely apparel flapping behind him in his saddle-bags, he and his horse set forth home, where he eventually arrived in safety, and conducted "family exercises," in which he fervently thanked the Lord for providential deliverance from manifold perils. Such might be his experiences between 1705 to 1725.

The duties of the parish minister were very arduous and unremitting in wide, uncultivated parishes with isolated huts and farms in the waste moorlands and uplands. He had to visit each family certain times a year, to catechise all its members, from the father to the youngest "examinable person" of twelve, and every servant of the householder, on their religious

[1] Wodrow writes home in May 1710 on his visit to the General Assembly: "Let Johnny, if he bring the black horse, bring a wallet with him and light at W. Ker's, in the head of the Grassmarket on the side next to the Castle, and call for me at Mr. Stewart the regent's, first at Bristoe Port, or in the Parliamentary Close, the first door as he goes down the Mealmarket steps, at Mrs. Watson's, at the Assembly House."—*Correspondence.*

knowledge, to "offer a solemn address to the persons before him, and to conclude with an affectionate prayer for their temporal and eternal welfare."[1] The roads being vile in the most frequented districts, there were not even bridle-paths over most of the parishes, but mere tracks over the waste, when the minister required to make his visitations on his pony, at constant risk of being capsized in the ruts and the bogs, or of being drowned as he passed the fords of brawling streams and rivers that were rarely traversed by a bridge. Mr. Thomas Boston describes how he went through his dreary Ettrick hill-country with his "man." "The night being dark I could not discern the horse that rode before me. I caused put on his shoulder a white linen cloth for that end, but to no purpose."[2] So, through the constant mists that then rose from the marshy ground, by day and night the minister went his course. Distances being great and communication difficult, he was forced to stay in the clay-built, dirty, peat-smoked farm hut, and knowing well there should be no such luxuries as knife and fork in a house where mutton was only seen on table when a sheep died of old age or disease, he carried his jocteleg (*Jacques de Liège*) in his pocket, to be used at a board where fingers and teeth were unceremoniously applied, and where the food was often enough to disgust the most stalwart stomach.[3]

The meetings of Kirk-Session took up a preposterous amount of his time. Every rumour of misdemeanour, every

[1] Such are the ministerial duties even so late as 1810.—Moncreiff's *Life of Dr. John Erskine*, p. 70.

[2] *Memoirs.*

[3] Somerville's *Life and Times*, p. 356 ; Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 64. This practice led to disastrous consequences on one occasion. Mr. Hogg, minister of Auldearn, was visitor at a house occupied by a "scoffing factor." The servant having neglected to furnish Mr. Hogg with a knife, he produced one from his pocket, observing that it was a necessary companion for a traveller, and he thereupon proceeded, according to his wont, to improve the occasion: "If we are so careful about accommodations in our way here, what care should we take in our spiritual journey," and so on with a tedious expostulating, at which the factor laughed and jeered, and the minister warned him. "O, you may despise the grace of God, but I tell you, in the name of the Lord, that the time is coming, and that shortly, when ye shall seek an offer of grace and shall not find it," on which the factor mocked again. Just as Mr. Hogg was slipping into bed a servant knocked at the door and cried, "For the Lord's sake come down to the factor's room." Mr. Hogg came down presently and found "the wretch" was dead.—Wodrow's *Analecta*, i. 266.

suspicion of scandal, was reported to and by the watchful, self-important elders. Parties were summoned by the officer before the Session, and were solemnly warned to be "ingenious" when interrogated if the report was true; witnesses for and against were called, and, being "purged of all malice," gave their evidence with nauseous minuteness.[1] For months a case may be in hand—the stealing of some corn, the utterance of an oath, the committing of adultery, the carrying a pail of water on a Fast day—and then, if in perplexity as to the truth, after waiting in vain till the "Lord send light," the baffled Session remitted the matter to the Presbytery, where it anew ran its course with painful prolixity.

Presbytery meetings were full of importance and interest to the ministers, and not seldom lasted two or three days. Members were appointed in rotation to give a discourse upon a special part of the Scripture. Accordingly the proceedings began with the minister giving an "exercise and addition," or "opening and adding an ordinar"—that is, the "ordinary" portion of Scripture selected for discourses. The excuses were read from absentees that day, or heard from those absent on the previous meeting—such as "the ford was impassable," that "the roads were blocked with snow," that he was "tender," or bed-rid, and could not come, or that he had gone to the North to "drink the goat's milk." To mingle edification with business, and to burnish their theological armour, the ministers in some places read in turn "a common-place" or "common head" in Latin treating of some weighty doctrine—the Trinity, Free Grace, or Election—and this the brethren "handled" with what skill and Latin they could muster.[2] Then there came the weary appeals of cases of scandal for consideration; the contumacy of lairds that will not face the Session, fugitives

[1] The Kirk-Session of Foulis-Easter met twelve days to consider the case of a woman reported to have said, "Deil tak' ye," for which she is censured.—*Hist. of Foulis-Easter.*

[2] With such subjects as the following the Kircudbright Presbytery in 1702 improved their wits and their Latinity: *De concursu Dei cum causis secundis particulari, simultaneo et praevio; De unitate et identitate foederis gratiae quoad substantiam in utroque Testamento.* The very minute of Presbytery deposing the famous Mr. Macmillan of Balmaghie, in 1703, closes with reminder that at next meeting Mr. Cameron is to have his "common head," *De viribus liberi arbitrii.*—Reid's *Cameronian Apostle*, p. 86.

from discipline whom the sheriff must be got to apprehend, ruinous churches to visit and inspect with masons and wrights, who are put on their oath to give "righteous estimate," schoolmasters to examine, heritors to force to build a school, fasts to appoint against spiritual darkness, and prayers to offer for ministerial light. Thus in those tedious, useless, pedantic, solemn assemblies time was freely spent. After the meetings were closed with prayer the members had a repast in the inn of broth, mutton, and boiled hens on the wooden plates. There being only one glass, which passed along from guest to guest, each emptied it of its ale at a draught; there being neither knife nor fork, the prudent and fastidious carried their shagreen cases containing these utensils, which were found in neither farmhouse nor hostelry.

IV

The churches in the first half century—and in many cases till the close of the eighteenth century—were disgraces to art and scandals to religion. They were dark, very narrow buildings, with a few little windows having small panes of glass, which were considered so precious that they were preserved by wire outside. The floors were earthen, and in some older kirks of the North the bodies of many generations had been buried beneath them, to the detriment of health, decency, and comfort; for sometimes the bones of the dead so strewed the floor that they were kicked by the worshippers, whose noses were afflicted by the "corrupt unripe corps" disturbed to make room for new tenants.[1] The roofs were thatched with heather, fern, or turf, for straw was too scarce and valuable as food for cattle to use for thatch. Before the expense of repairing kirk and manse was imposed in 1690 on heritors—and in some places long after—many were left ruinous, and Kirk-Sessions enjoined parishioners to assist in mending and building by bringing deal boards, divots, and heather, and by carting stone and lime.[2] Left to the tender mercies of the Presbyterian

[1] Old church life in Highlands.—*Scots Magazine*, 1886.

[2] In 1680 the Session of Inverurie ordained "ilk in the parish to bring a load of heather for reparation of the kirk against Wednesday the last day of the month."—Davidson's *Hist. of Inverurie*. Parishioners of Ettrick in 1697 re-

lairds, the edifices in Episcopal times had fallen into woeful state, and when Presbytery was re-established very many were found in sad decay.

Some fine old pre-reformation churches had survived, having been reared with more artistic and less parsimonious piety; but whenever the original roofs of lead or stone fell to ruin a covering of heather or turf took their place. If more light was wanted, or easier access required, petty windows and clumsy, mean doorways were made, partitions for pews were set up which defaced or hid some fine tracery [1] or moulding, or old Norman arch; or a big gallery for the laird was erected to which he got access by outside stairs, leading to a comfortable room in which a fire blazed genially, and in which he had his collation between sermons while the people shivered inside.[2] The Statistical Accounts of parishes written at the end of the century contain bitter lamentations of ministers over the deplorable condition of the places of worship at the time. One after another reports that the "kirk is ruinous"; "gloomy, dirty, ill-seated"; "walls in decay, and unplastered"; "unhealthy, dark, cold, sunk beneath the surrounding earth"; "execrably filthy and out of repair"; "unsafe to sit in, with a rent bell." Many report that their own church is "the most shabby and miserable place of divine service in Scotland"—each being unable to imagine one worse than his own.[3] In a great many cases the buildings were so small as to give

quired to fetch heath, thick divots, lime, and deals. People of Cullen in 1702 required to have horses to "lead" stones to rebuild part of the church. Tradition was that persons concerned in certain breaches of discipline had each to carry 4 lbs. of heather to thatch the kirk.—Cramond's *Cullen*, p. 162.

[1] Dunblane Kirk-Session in 1693: "In regard ye kirk is very dark in winter tyme, the Session appoints 2 windows to be struck out on the south syde of the wall—one on each syde of the pulpit, that ye people may be better able to see to read."—*Scottish Antiquary*, v. 81.

[2] *View of Diocese of Aberdeen*, Spalding Club, p. 245; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Borthwick, xiii. 626.

[3] The deplorable state of churches at end of the century is to be learned from the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1793-7: Heriot, xvi. 53; Ewes, Botriphnie, Dunfermline, xiii. 455; Canobie, xiv. 426; Carrington, xiv. 441; St. Boswells, x. 407; Glasford, viii. 353; Tranent, x. 59; Kirkton, x. 81; Fetteresso, etc. St. Mungo's *New Stat. Acct.* Birse, in 1765, thatched with heather; Glenmuick, and others, to end of century.—*Stat. Acct.* Cramond's *Cullen*, p. 112. Lees' *Paisley Abbey*, p. 337: "There the birds came in through

accommodation only to a third of the parishioners. Indeed, as one looks at the ruins of old parish kirks, so small, so narrow, one wonders where the people in olden days, when dissent was unknown and Sabbath observance was compulsory, could have found room, and one becomes almost sceptical regarding the churchgoing habits of our forefathers. Be that as it may, they certainly were mean, incommodious, and comfortless; the earth of the graveyard often rose high above the floor of the church, so that the people required to descend several steps as to a cellar, before they got entrance by stooping into the dark, dismal, damp, and hideous sanctuaries. From not a few roofs the rain poured from openings in the ragged, rotten thatch, forming pools of water on the clay below, in which the feet of worshippers rested. Even in the West Kirk of Edinburgh at the middle of the century, the black semmet cowl cap with which the minister protected his head was in winter covered with a "thin glaister o' sifted snaw."[1] There were no means taken to heat the churches, so that in wet and cold weather the congregation shivered through the long services.

The words of the minister of Glenorchy in 1792[2] fitly express the feelings of his suffering brethren: "With us, in the Church of Scotland, many of our country kirks are such dark, damp, dirty hovels as to chill and repulse every sentiment of devotion; they besides endanger the health of every class of worshippers, and encourage the indolent and indifferent in their negligence of instruction"—and farther he goes in the same pathetic strain. Pennant, the traveller, found the thatched churches in the North in such a woeful plight, exposed at the roof to wind and wet, that, as he caustically observes, "the people appear like the Druids to worship in an open temple." He sums up his disgust at the ill-shaped, ill-kept, filthy edifices by saying that "in many parts of Scotland our Lord seems still to be worshipped in a stable—and a very wretched one."[3] And yet the state at the end of the century

holes in the roof, and built their nests in the clerestory." Forbes' *Journal*, p. 232; Morer's *Account of Scotland*, 1702, p. 53. Hall's *Travels*, ii. 429, 1806: "In some parts of Scotland the churches are disgusting and shamefully dirty."

[1] Dunlop's *Anent Old Edinburgh*, p. 38.

[2] *Stat. Acct. Scotland*, 1792.

[3] Pennant's *Tour*, i. 254.

must have been far surpassed in wretchedness by that at the beginning, and Andrew Fairservice's reproach was true that "many a dog kennel in England was better than a Scots church."

The century had advanced some time before most of the kirks were seated with fixed pews. Before that period the people stood during service, or sat on the stools or "creepies," which they either brought with them each Sunday, or set aside in the church.[1] These stools play an interesting and vigorous part in Kirk-Session records in connection with the brawls and disorders which in ruder days disgraced the beginning of the service. When disputes arose over their ownership or their occupancy they became handy and formidable weapons and missiles.[2] Not unfrequently when the precentor was leading the psalmody between second and third bells, before the minister stalked in, the worship of the Sabbath was preceded by the tumult of unseemly oaths, of battering stools, and struggling Christians.

Gradually the custom became general for fixed pews to be set up. Parishioners of position got permission from the Session to "set up a desk" or seat for their family in a vacant space, and they removed it when they left the parish. At other times the Kirk-Sessions or magistrates put in forms or seats, which were let to members of the congregation—and sometimes let out for fairs and weddings, as communion tables and forms had formerly been.[3] Although it became in time almost universal to have the kirks seated, yet even up to the end of the century a few in remote districts were still without any fixed seats. The fact of there having been stools for the accommodation of worshippers was the reason of the unseemly carelessness of attitudes during service—not less in

[1] Brown's *Hist. of Paisley*, i. 96.

[2] Balfron, 1692, Feb. 17. "The quhilk day Jean More did carrie offensively in the face of the congregation by struggling about a seat before sermon. Appoynted to be summoned to the next dyett."—Guthrie-Smith's *Strathendrick* Kirk-Session of Keith, 1720: "A. D. rebuked for his scandalous behaviour in church in time of worship, beating and disturbing several persons in order to get a seat for himself. Ordered to make public profession of repentance next Lord's day, and pay twentie pounds Scots of fine."

[3] Till 1678 at Colinton. Communion "Furmes" let out at Currie till 1726. —*Session Records.*

England than in Scotland. They sat or stood, they lolled or lounged at praise and prayer, at the beginning of the century,[1] as the Episcopalians before had done. Archbishop Leighton had been wont to deplore the irreverent behaviour in the worship of his people, and to urge them to behave decently by kneeling or standing at prayer, instead of indecently sitting throughout the service.[2] But all in vain.

At ten o'clock on Sunday the first bell rang, tinkling probably from a tree in the kirkyard, and at the second bell the people entered the church, when the precentor or reader led the singing of a psalm, which lasted till at the third bell the minister, hat on head,[3] entered the pulpit, when he made respectful obeisance, in order of social precedence, to the heritors, who rose in turn to bow, a practice which was a source of jealousy among rival lairds. Then, signalling to the precentor to cease singing, he began the service, during which the people sat bareheaded till he began his discourses, when they put on their bonnets. The order of the service consisted in the forenoon of a prayer; a lecture on a passage of Scripture, commented on verse by verse; then a prayer, followed by a sermon,—the sand-glass being turned to mark the time,—thereafter a prayer was given, a psalm sung, and the benediction said. The same order was followed in the afternoon, with the omission of the lecture. During the interval "between sermons" some people went home to partake of a little bread and ale, others resorted to

[1] Slovenliness and irreverence of attitude were not peculiar to Scotland. In the London churches in Queen Anne's day some stood to praise, others sat; a few knelt at prayer, most only lolled throughout the service.—*Spectator*, 455; *Tatler*, 241; Abbey and Overton's *English Church in Eighteenth Century*, ii. 471.

[2] The Charges in *Works of Archbishop Leighton.*

[3] In beginning of the century all kept on their hats during sermon, and it is even said "the vulgar sort in time of prayer give but half-cap."—*Full and Final Answers to a Trifling Paper*, 1703. In 1740 a gentleman writes condemning "a custom which I see is pretty general among the lower sort of cocking on their hats when the sermon began."—1740, *Scots. Mag.* 331. In many districts for a long time gowns were very unpopular in Galloway, though the Synod of Dumfries, "considering it is a thing very suitable and decent, so it hath been the practice of ministers formerly to wear a black gown in the pulpit, for ordinary to make use of bands, recommend it to their brethren to keep up that laudable custom and to study grave deportment."—Hogg's *Life of Dr. Wightman.*

the change house, while others remained in church, and for their edification two boys from the grammar school—if it was in a town—were appointed to stand up, and ask, and answer questions from the Shorter or Larger Catechism "in a distinct voice." On "mercat" days—usually Wednesday or Thursday—there was also sermon and service, to which in the more fervid period people resorted in numbers. The psalmody was led by the schoolmaster, who was always appointed to his office on condition of "setting up the psalms in kirk," and of teaching "common tunes" to the children in school; and he filled the post of precentor, with a meagre repertoire of tunes in the minor key, although he had no ear, and long after he lost his voice. Fortunately only two psalms were sung at each service; for to add to vocal dreariness each successive line of the psalm was read or drawled out before it was sung to the dislocation of all music. This fashion came originally from England, where it had been adopted owing to the inability of the people to read.[1] Yet it became so distinctive a feature in Scots worship—even in family devotion—that its disuse, more than a century after its importation from the south, caused secessions of stanch Presbyterians from the Church, and the formation of dissenting congregations, where they might continue the endeared practice of a "run-line" and be without the intrusive aid of uninspired pitchfork.

V

The clergy of the Revolution, distinguished by unction and pious fervour, had boundless belief in prayer, and great admiration for those who had the "gift" of praying, which was shown by its fluency, its lengthiness, its holy ardour. Those ministers were most revered who were "great wrestlers,"

[1] The English members of the Westminster Assembly in 1643 recommended this practice to all churches, and at their desire it was introduced into Scotland. Bishop Newton in England recommended it. In Langton and Kirkcaldy many of the people joined the Seceders in disgust at the schoolmaster giving up reading the lines.—*Stat. Acct.* xiv. 580. The "run-line" was even the practice in family worship. In 1746 the General Assembly issued recommendation, that "private families in their religious exercises in singing the praises of God go on without interruption reading of line."—*Acts of Assembly*, 1746.

as they were termed, who could continue long in their heavenward addresses, and weep as they did so. Mr. Robert Wodrow relates with awe how Mr. How—"a most mighty, importunate wrestler in prayer"—at a meeting after others had gone through devotional exercises, took his turn, and continued so fervently that the "sweet haled down." Thereupon Mrs. How, the watchful spouse, accustomed to his manner, "stepped to him gently, took off his wigg, and with her napkin dried the sweet and put on his wigg again. This she was obliged to do twice, if not thrice, and Mr. How seemed not to know what was done to him."[1] To weep, and then smile raptly as the long supplications in the vocative case and imperative mood were uplifted in the sanctified sing-song—or "drant," as it was termed—was the mark of the gifted. This peculiar cant or whine was specially the characteristic of the "antediluvians" and of those who admired and copied them. It had been doubtless effective in its place; thrilling and impressive as it rose and fell in holy cadence on the ears of throngs gathered on the heather or braesides, and borne on the breeze over the moorland or the glen. By a sudden rise and fall of the voice the minister could play on the emotions of the hearers as a musician on his fiddle, and, weeping himself, could make others weep.[2] But it was grotesque in the pulpit with its unpicturesque surroundings. To "mandate" or prepare a prayer beforehand was a sinful act, for the words must be uttered according to the motion of the Spirit. If a minister, deficient in this faith and modest of his powers, who had thought over the words before speaking them, yet forgot them or fumbled over them—this was a clear mark of divine displeasure at his trusting to his unsanctified power. As the times were rude, the clergymen rustic, and taste and

[1] Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii. 303. Mr. Kid of Carluke "was a most godly minister, much given to prayer, and a serious, affectionate preacher; so zealous in prayer that he sometimes forgot himself, and prayed the whole time he should have preached."—*Hist. of Carluke*, p. 76.

[2] Even as late as 1755 the cultivated clergy protested against the sing-song tones in preaching and praying of the evangelical ministers—"soliciting the Almighty charity with childish, lamentable sounds, as the mendicants do ordinarily solicit alms."—*Methods of Promoting Edification in Publick Instruction*, by Jas. Fordyce, D.D.

manners were coarse, utterances which are grotesque, preposterous to us, were natural and seemed proper expressions to them and their people—if they moved the ungodly to merriment, they moved the pious to awe.[1] We may well suspect the veracity of the scurrilous pamphlet, *Scots Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*—in which "Curate" Calder ridicules and illustrates the vulgarity, folly, and fanaticism of the ministers, just as we suspect the *tu-quoque* of Redpath's rejoinder on Episcopal ways and manners;[2] but though ministers protested it was a vile calumny, there is ground to believe it was not so gross a caricature after all. Other contemporaries, moved by no party spirit, complained of the grotesque metaphors, the vulgar familiarities, the tedious battologies of the prayers; and stories of pulpit utterances were the amusement of society and the delight of the profane.[3]

The labours for and of the pulpit were severe and incessant, heavily straining to mind and to body, to compose three such sermons and a lecture as were required by the people, whose intellectual grasp cannot have been mean. These were very long; they were not written, and they dared not be read, for that would be offensive to the people, and could call forth

[1] Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii. *Discourses concerning the Soul of Man . . . likewise the Author's Opinions of the Oath of Abjuration, and of the Hillmen*, etc., Edin. 1714. "It is no wonder that there is such a thronging for a kirk, especially by sons of the vulgar, and here I blame the gentry who doth not make it their study to breed their children for the ministry, and not let the sons of the lowest of the people have the power and government of the whole Church, which makes it despicable in the eyes of strangers." "Our upstart dominies, so soon as they attain to ordination, instead of being seriously concerned how to discharge the great trust they are engaged to, you will see an elevation of spirit in their countenance the very morrow thereafter, and altho' before that they would have been glad of a gentleman bringing them into conversation, behold immediately after they think themselves as good as the laird; and the meaner the extract is, the vainer is the person raised."—P. 36.

[2] *Scots Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed* [by R. Calder], Edin. 1697; *Episcopal Eloquence Displayed* [by G. Anderson]; *Scots Presbyterian Eloquence Answered* [by G. Redpath].

[3] Apologists for the Church called the stories "calumnies," and said that many attributed to Presbyterians what had been uttered by Episcopalians. Burt says, "I have heard so many, and of so many [oddities in the pulpit] that I really think there is nothing set in *Scots Presbyterian Eloquence* but what at least is probable."—*Letters from North*, i. 175; *Presbyterian Inquisition* [by A. Munro, D.D.], 1691; Ramsay's *Scot. and Scotsmen*, ii.; Pitcairn's *The Assembly*.

little blessing from the Lord. The themes of the teaching were invariably the same; namely, the Fourfold state of man: 1st, What man was in a state of innocence; 2nd, What he was after the fall; 3rd, What he is under the gospel of grace; 4th, What shall be his eternal state. It was on this quartet of doctrine that the minister prelected throughout his whole ministry without variation or cessation. These dogmas he discovered with flagrant ingenuity in every verse from the Song of Solomon, Leviticus, or Habakkuk. Limited as he was in subjects, he was further restricted to texts, for he was expected week after week to discourse from the same passage of Scripture in one of these sermons which was called his "ordinary." This was a custom universal in Scotland, for it was enjoined by the Church and beloved of the people. Kirk-Sessions' records chronicle the texts which the preacher used, and how often he used it. Thus it is recorded that at Cullen, in the North, the minister discoursed for seventeen Sabbaths on Ephesians vi. 12; that in Sorn in the South the minister took as ordinary, Psalm ix. 1, 2, which occupied him and his people one year and six months.[1] When a minister has at last exhausted his text and his congregation, he announces that "next Lord's day he will change his ordinar."[2] This custom demanded no little ingenuity, to avoid dreary repetitions; and through months the preacher had to rack his brains to turn barren metaphors in Canticles to some fruitful evangelical sense, to insert meanings the Hebrew poet never dreamt of, to draw conclusions that did not follow, and to commit to his jaded memory the long hydra-headed discourses which he might not read.[3] No wonder Mr. Thomas Boston has his "damps" over his discourses, and "wrestles at the throne" for help in his text. When that excellent, but not exhilarating, divine became minister of Simprin in 1699, in his sermons "he entered upon" man's

[1] Cramond's *Church of Cullen*, p. 141; Edgar's *Old Church Life*, i. 92.

[2] *Parish of Maryton*, by Fraser, p. 214. Even under episcopacy in 1671 the "curate" of Bonckle, in Berwickshire, hammers away for twenty-eight Sundays on Acts x. 34-42.—*Session Book of Bonckle*, p. 32.

[3] In 1720 the General Assembly declared that the reading of sermons was displeasing to God's people, and caused no small obstruction to spiritual consolation.

natural state of total depravity—which theme lasted a year; then he preached on Christ as the remedy for man's misery for another year; succeeding discourses on the application of the remedy occupied him thirteen months; and by 1704 he had finished his famous course of sermons on the "fourfold state," which lasted in all about five years.[1] At another time this indefatigable pastor in the little rural kirk began at his Wednesday service, which was at midday, when the ploughmen stopped for their repast, an "ordinar" on a verse of the Song of Solomon, which continued from 1704 for two years—a hundred sermons on one text—which, he complacently remarks, "afforded us many a sweet hour together."

Depending so entirely on his mood, his vocabulary, and his memory for the prolonged discourses, perplexed to know what more for the thousandth time to say, a poor minister was often in sore straits. In his narrow "book-room" he would fall on his knees in sheer despair and crave for "light," and when he finds a suitable text or an idea he feels certain that "it is given to him," though when he can make nothing of it he is sure that "Satan is withholding him." Where a modern preacher would say "he could not see his way," the minister of those times said "he was in much darkness." If he was not fluent, and had difficulty "in running his glass," he felt "much straitened, and the Lord had withdrawn His hand." At times Mr. Thomas Boston, conscious that his "frame was gone" and his ideas are slow, sits in his pulpit between sermons crying bitterly.[2] Happy was the good man that day when after being anxious as to his "through bearing," and after "driving" heavily with his communion address, he could record: "This day I had a sweet

[1] Boston's *Memoirs.* A Shetland minister at the beginning of the nineteenth century preached for a year and six months on "the 12 wells of water, and 3 score and 10 palm trees of Elim (Exodus xv. 27), devoting a Sunday to each well and each tree."—*Shetland Minister of Eighteenth Century* (Rev. J. Mill), by Rev. J. Willcock, p. 52.

[2] "The Lord gave me great composure of mind, and suggested many things to me in speaking which I had not so much as thought before."—*Diary of Ralph Erskine*, 1717, p. 21. "At Edrom I was much helped in the first prayer, but in the other parts of the forenoon exercise I had not such clear uptaking of things nor the weight in my spirit that I should have had. This made me cry betwixt sermons."—Boston's *Memoirs.*

while in confidence in the Lord, grasping the Promise over the belly of felt foolishness."[1]

The most popular and deeply gospel preachers in the early days of the century had a wondrous influence over the people, pleading with sinners "to close with Christ," and shedding tears copiously. Nothing more eulogistic could be said of any divine than that he was "a most affectionate weeping preacher." Carried away by the rapture of his mood (or, to speak in his own language, "much countenanced of the Lord"), he would go on till he was exhausted in breath, and then he would order the people to sing, or he would burst into prayer, and thereafter resume with increased vigour. The antediluvians and the gospel ministers were famous for a peculiar professional whine or "sough"—with notes so flat that Burt relates how a music master set them to a tune on his fiddle;[2] and curiously enough, some years before Simon Lord Lovat, after listening, not too reverently, to the see-saw whine of Mr. Ralph Erskine in his soul-awakening discourses, had set that eminent divine's horrific notes also to music, putting to his profanely mocking chords words beginning—"Ye drunkards of Dunfermline," which were more plain than proper, for the delectation of the ungodly.

Lugubrious as was the old theology, and monotonous and

[1] Mr. Francis Aird, minister of Dalserf, was singularly countenanced at communion. Mr. Stirling tells me he was a most fervent, affectionate, weeping preacher.—*Analecta*, iii. 172. "Mr. J. Bowes was the most popular preacher I ever heard, and he would run on in a strain of exhortation for more than an hour, sometimes with denunciations of threats and invitations to Christ. . . . He had a peculiar tone and smile that seemed to some not suitable. He had many apologies and exhortations for success, and invited the people to pray for him."—*Ibid.* i. 21. "I was in exercises for an hour together," says Boston, "in the tent and at the table, only I rested in the midst of my sermon one while, the congregation singing, and then I prayed a few words. I never did this before, but I bless the Lord who gave me the counsel."—*Memoirs*, p. 406. An epitaph in Carluke churchyard commemorates the virtues of a departed minister :—

> A faithful holy minister here lies hid,
> One of a thousand, Mr. Peter Kid,
> Firm as a stone, but of a heart contrite,
> A wrestling, praying, weeping Israelite.
>
> *Hist. of Carluke*, p. 68.

[2] *Letters from the North ;* Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. "Ministers in heavy, dismal tones draw out words to immoderate length with distortion of faces."—*Letter from a Blacksmith, etc.*, 1759.

destitute of all literary grace the preaching, many of the published sermons of those days have a vigour and uncouth eloquence of their own, a pathos in appeal, a curious ingenuity of argument, a vivid phrasing, which go far to account for their reputation and influence. With only two or three dogmas to enforce all their days, it may be conceived what labour it was to extract new light from irrelevant texts in Canticles and Amos. Every text was twisted to a gospel significance and turned into an evangelical metaphor. No thimblerigger at a country fair more nimbly put under the thimble peas which he professed to have found there, than at "holy fairs" did ministers insert into Jewish words Calvinistic doctrines which they professed to discern therein. Earnest, pious as they are in their discourses when they address their hearers as "sirs," they are excruciating reading from a literary point of view. Phrases occur among what they term their "observes" which are a compost of Scots, Latin, and English. When the preacher desires to state that God knows what has happened, he says, "God jalousies that it is notour"; when there is much to be done, "there is a great steick of wark"; to omit is "to evite"; a miracle is "a remarkable"; to die peacefully is "to expire without the shruggs of death"; to condemn is "to vilepend"; to overcome self-will is "to come over the belly of felt wants"; to be religiously concerned is to have "a sensible uplifting"; to be bankrupt is to be "a dyvour"; to be protected is to be "under scrogg"; to stir up strife is "to increase the gum"; to be perplexed or nonplussed is to be in a "nonentity"; to be angry is "to be in a chagarine." Scripture narrative is also turned into pulpit phrases. Reminiscent of Abraham and Isaac, to make a sacrifice is "to put the knife to the throat of our desires." Allusive to Moses, earnestness is an "uplifting of the hands"; and, of course, to pray is invariably "to wrestle," like Jacob with the mysterious angel. All this spoken in that broad Scots in which everybody spoke —gentle and simple alike—till far on in the century.[1]

[1] Writings of Spalding, James Webster, Erskines, Wodrow, Blackwell, Boston, etc., *passim*.

VI

One of the earliest acts of the re-established Church prohibited the private administration of baptism—a law the more irritating to Episcopalians, owing to their not being for some time allowed any public place of worship, and the less consistent of Presbyterians, seeing that they for twenty-six years had themselves baptized secretly in hut, or glen, or moorland. It was after 1690 enjoined that the child should be christened only during public worship, and it was said some would rather a child should die than the law be broken.[1] It is true that Mr. Thomas Boston, a strict adherent to the rule, was able to make the comfortable reflection that "during the whole course of my ministry of eighteen years, never a child died without baptism through my sticking to that principle—glory to a good God for it!"[2] But Providence did not always suspend the laws of nature to suit Acts of Assembly, or for ministers other than the author of *The Fourfold State.* To conform to law and at the same time conform to humanity, ministers often announced that public worship would be held at the remote cottage or farm town where the parents of an infant lived, and then going through a whole service at the cottage or in a barn they performed the rite of baptism, which was followed by an entertainment which did not tend to sobriety.[3] The eagerness of the parents to have their children christened gave unlimited power to the ministers; but this parental anxiety proceeded less from piety than from superstition.

[1] *Strange News from Scotland:* London, 1712.

[2] *Memoirs.*

[3] As early as 1696 ministers in some quarters gave way, and Kirk-Session of Drymen ordained that whoever sends for the minister to marry or baptize out of the church shall pay, for each marriage 20 shillings (Scots), and for each baptism 10 shillings.—Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 84. "1703.—To ye kirk-treasurer for William's daughter's private baptism, £3, 14s."—P. 303 ; *Account Books of Foulis of Ravelston.* The Penpont Presbytery, 1736, deplores "the too great gatherings at some baptisms, too great preparations made for them, and too much drunk at them, and in some places there is a scandalous way at drinking in coming with the child to and from the place of administration, whereas at such a time not only parents should endeavour a religious frame of soul, but also any friends and neighbours that are invited upon such occasions to be witnesses to the dedication should be devout."—*Penpont Presby. Records.*

Till it was baptized the baby was a thing without a name, and without a name it would possibly not be saved; for how could it in the resurrection be identified? It might be carried off by fairies and a changeling substituted for it; and till it was christened it was subject also to malign power of the evil eye—to avert which each visitor was presented with the propitiatory gift of a piece of bread.[1] It was the richer and more influential classes who held out against the ecclesiastical rule, and the ministers trembled at the prospect of gentry getting Episcopal dissenters to christen their infants. In 1718 Mr. Robert Wodrow wrote home to his wife in horror: "There is a scandalous compliance with a custom which has come down to us from the South of baptizing the infants of most people in their houses, and winked at lest the gentry become Episcopalians." [2] Soon ministers were obliged to yield to those whom they feared to disoblige; but they made them pay fines, which were put in the poor-box.

Other innovations began to excite indignation. The law of the Church was stringent in requiring every marriage to be solemnized in church, and the penalties were severe for violation of it. This was a regulation of old date; but shortly after the beginning of the century many Presbyterians of position began to insist on weddings being in their own houses; while the Episcopalians, deprived of places of public worship, had nowhere else to have them. Truly the old damp and dirty kirks were not ideal places for a marriage, nor was it easy or pleasant for bridal parties to travel to them over roads which were almost impassable in dry weather, and stretches of mud and water in wet. In vain did the Church fulminate against such gross irregularities as private weddings; the gentry cheerfully paid their fines of 20s. Scots and upwards, which went to replenish the poor-box. But while the rich were married at home, the poor up to the middle of the century were married at kirk, to which the company went to the music of a fiddle. In ignorance of old ways, it is usually

[1] Gregor's *Folk-Lore of North-East of Scot.* "I wat well, it's a very uncanny thing to keep about a house a body wanting a name."—Dugal Graham's Chapbook *Jockey and Maggy;* Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.*

[2] *Correspondence,* April 1718.

supposed that private weddings are a peculiar institution of the Presbyterian Church, though really it originated in Scotland with the Episcopalian dissenters. Indeed, it was the poor[1] who continued longest the custom of being married in church, and it was the rich and fashionable who first abandoned it.

Though religion entered intimately into almost every event of human life in those days, there was one occasion when it was strikingly absent—namely, at funerals. The old savour of Popery hung suspiciously around death and burial, and the prevailing dread, therefore, was lest any religious act should countenance the superstitions of the past. Funerals and burials were in consequence treated as civil acts, and no religious service was permitted in Scotland either in Episcopal or in Presbyterian days. The hour that a death occurred in a village or town the bellman was informed, and however untimely late at dark night or early in gray morning, he passed along the street tinkling the dead-bell to call attention to his intimation. The bellman summoned all to the funeral,[2] and for anyone to absent himself was regarded as a discourtesy to the dead and an insult to the living, and a gross neglect of a Christian duty. The concourse was huge, and increased by those who came from far and near to every funeral to partake of the meat and drink which was freely distributed.[3] Meeting at the door of the cottage, the company went in by relays to partake of the several courses of cakes, or bread, ale, snuff, and tobacco. Then, setting forth to burial, the beadle went in front, tinkling the bell, while the procession followed the coffin.[4] The body duly buried, friends

[1] Somerville's *Life and Times*, 346.

[2] Ray's *Second Itinerary*, 1664; Kirk's *Modern Account of Scotland*, 1679; *Tour in Great Britain* (begun by Defoe), iv. 247; Burt's *Letters*, i. 217; Gordon's *Chronicles of Keith*, p. 359. Custom retained in some places up to close of century—*Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Borrowstounness, xviii. 439. Dead-bell used at funerals in Hawick in 1780.—Wilson's *Hawick*, p. 164.

[3] In cases of poverty the Kirk-Session supplied means of entertainment: For ale to David Ritchie's burial, 31s.; for pipes and tobacco to said burial, 15s. 6d.—P. 234, Campbell's *Hist. of Balmerino*. "In the Highlands the late wake attended by bagpipes and the relations of the man and wife, sons and daughters begin a melancholy ball."—Pennant's *Tour*, iii. 3.

[4] The Presbytery of Penpont in 1736, among many abounding evils against which they warn the people, protest: "Yet further how unaccountable and scandalous are the large gatherings and unbecoming behaviour at burials and

returned to the house and partook of a second and more leisurely repast called the "dredgy" (a corrupt form both of the old Popish word and function of the "dirge"), when the drinking was long and deep; and afterwards they sought their way in a very unsober state to their respective abodes. The house of mourning and the house of feasting were then identical, and funerals were attended with scenes both riotous and scandalous. The minister had no professional part at a burial, and his presence was not essential, though usual.[1] The only recognition of religion was in the long and copious blessings "offered" and thanks "returned" as the viands were handed round the company. These graces, containing particular reference to the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, were said by any sedate person, by an elder, or by the minister if he happened to be present. Gradually, as the century advanced, the presence of the minister became a matter of course, the prayers at the refreshments became more elaborate; and when these funeral repasts disappeared, the devotional exercises, which had been originally graces over the food, remained, and became the service over the dead before the body was removed from the house.

In connection with funerals a grim and curious form began to creep into use at the end of the seventeenth century or beginning of the eighteenth, known as the "chesting." When the body was being put into the chest or coffin the night before burial, prayers were offered up by the minister or elder in

lake-wacks, also in some places how many are grossly unmannerly in coming to burials without invitation. How extravagant are many in their preparations for such occasions, and in giving much drink, and driving it too frequently before and after the corpse is enterred, and keeping the company too long together; how many scandalouslie drink untill they be drunk on such occasions; this practice cannot but be hurtfull, therefore ought to be discouraged and reformed, and people that are not ashamed to be so vilely unmannerly as to thrust themselves into such meetings without being called ought to be affronted."—*Penpont Presbytery Records.*

[1] *Book of Discipline and Directory for Public Worship* forbade any religious ceremony, reading, or singing connected with a burial; and attendance at a funeral was not regarded as a ministerial duty. "Burials are made without a minister [this refers also to Episcopal days in 1687]. He is seldom seen at their most solemn funeral any more than the husband at the wife's funeral."—Morer's *Acct. of Scotland,* 1702; *Tour through Great Britain,* iv. 247. The presence of the minister after 1700 was usual.

presence of the family and neighbours. The origin of this unpleasant institution was the passing of Acts of Parliament for the encouragement of trade in Scotland. In 1694 an Act designed by the Scots Parliament to foster linen manufactures ordained that everybody should be shrouded in a sheet of plain linen without lace or point. In 1705 this Act was repealed —as the linen industry no longer required such support—and another Act was passed, ordering that every corpse should be swathed in plain Scots woollen cloth, as that trade then needed encouragement.[1] To secure faithful obedience to these laws, Parliament (in 1695) enjoined that the nearest elder or deacon, with a neighbour or two, "should be present at the putting in of the dead corps in the coffin, that they may see the same done."[2] From this rule arose the lugubrious custom of "kisting," so long a favourite in many districts, when the devotional exercises were held by minister or elders as the body was transferred to the coffin. Even at the end of the century in many districts women to the number of forty would assemble in the hot room where the body lay, gossiping, drinking tea or whisky, while the more sedate ineffectually tried to lead the conversation upon solemn subjects.[3]

VII

But all the functions of the ministers, all parts of the religious life of Scotland, sink into insignificance compared with those connected with the Lord's Supper, known by names significant of their transcendent importance—the "Occasion," or the "Great Work," or the "Sacred Solemnity."[4] It was

[1] In some southern counties of Scotland the custom of wrapping bodies in woollen shrouds still continues.—P. 115, Hogg's *Life of Wightman*.

[2] The Act was so often broken by the richer classes, who preferred more ornate winding sheets, that a regular item in undertaker's bill was: "To paying the penalty (40 merks) under Act for burying in Scots wollen." He only charged half the fine to his customer, taking credit for the other half as being "the informer" against himself. The similar law in England was equally objectionable and hurtful to vanity:

> Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.—Pope.

[3] *New Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Armadale, vi. 306. The practice still kept up in south and west country districts.

[4] *Old Church Chronicle* (of Whitekirk), by Waddell, p. 161.

held in a summer month—usually June or July—and was celebrated not more than once a year, often at intervals of two or three years. Sometimes eight or nine parishes [1] joined together, the parishioners going in succession to each church, so that from June to August, in a district every second Sunday, people attended a great provincial communion, while their own kirk was shut up. After the approaching celebration was announced several weeks were spent by the clergyman visiting and catechising the persons in his bounds, parents and children, masters and servants. The elders were busy hearing reports and investigating rumours of scandal. More wholesomely they were directed in their several appointed districts to make up quarrels amongst neighbours and reconcile enemies before appearing at the Lord's table.[2] In the Kirk-Session there was the meeting held for private dealing with one another. Each elder in succession left the room, and in his absence the others were asked if they knew anything against their brother, and, if there was no objection, he was called in and "encouraged to continue his work in the Lord." [3]

The news spreading far and wide that in a certain parish the "occasion" was to be celebrated, people from surrounding quarters prepared to be present—it being a regular compact of servants with their masters that they should be allowed to attend so many fairs or communions each year. The influx of strangers was enormous.[4] A population of 500 might be swelled to 2000 by people who wended their way on foot or horse along the bridle-paths which served as roads, or over hills and moors, which had not even a track, to arrive in time for the "preachings" on Thursday, Saturday and Monday, as well as on the communion Sunday. If the

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Glasgow, vii. 14; *Diary of George Brown.*

[2] *Scottish Notes and Queries*, February 1897; Bain's *Arbroath*, p. 97.

[3] *Morton Kirk-Session Records*, 1700-1740.

[4] Wodrow records, August 22, 1726, that in Eastwood, lying so near Glasgow, there are great numbers of communicants and crowds of hearers. "Sometimes we have 11,000 or 12,000"—nearly equal to the then population of Glasgow—"and ordinarily 1000 communicants."—*Correspondence.* In 1788, 1400 communicated in Mauchline, where Holy Fairs were in full swing; only 400 communicants belonged to the parish.—Edgar's *Old Church Life.* Ebenezer Erskine at Portmoak, with tiny population, had always 1000 communicants at sacrament.

minister had fame as a gospel preacher, and was therefore "much followed," as the phrase was, communicants would travel forty miles to be present. Shelter and food were not easily got, for provisions were scarce and houses were few.[1] In the fields, in the fine moonlit nights,—and they chose full moon for the occasion,—in sheds, barns, and woods, or on the floor of the kirk, many sought rest. It naturally became a matter of grave concern how to feed the host of hungry people who had flocked in. The parishioners themselves were always poor; in the best of seasons corn was scarce with them, and there was little straw left to make beds. In bad weather Kirk-Sessions in despair met for prayer and deliberation how to entertain so many folk, and where to procure oatmeal and barley meal for the hungry multitude. So great was the strain upon the slender resources of the farmers and labourers, that ministers were often compelled to defer the communion year after year, because they could not afford to feed so many for several days together, and because the Session had not funds enough wherewith to buy sufficient wine for the Lord's table for such a concourse.[2]

What frequently added to the interest of these "occasions"

[1] In Sutherland there were enormous convocations at the communion. "Some coming fifty miles to the ordinances, yet they are much straitened what to do, by the vulgar notion that it is not lawful to take money for the entertainment of strangers from neighbouring places, and yet the charges are so great that the ministers, for the people's sake, only have communion once in two years."—*Analecta*, iv. 4; *Scots Magazine*, 1747, p. 126; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Carmunnock, xviii. 177; Guthrie Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 85. In 1712, at Creich, "the bulk of people attended in such numbers that the introduction of strangers became so burdensome to the parishioners that the minister was induced to have communion only every two years."—*Fasti Eccles. Scot.*, v. 334. In 1702 the Session at Currie provides "3 gallon and a half of wine (which costs £36 : 11s. Scots), 4 dusson of bread, and 700 tokens."—*Session Records.*

[2] Minister of Dunrossness in 1756 relates: "I found the people generally rude and ignorant. This made one defer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for six years, though I had other disarrangements for want of a manse, communion cups, tables, and utensils necessary."—Mill's *Diary*, p. 12. In 1716 the elders of Callander state that the "parish has been so long vacant, whereby ignorance and immorality abounded, that they did not know when they would be in any case for having the Lord's Supper administered among them."—*Dunblane Presbytery Records.* In Rosemarkie the communion was not celebrated up to 1724; in Saddle till 1742—"the Presbytery never did find it could be celebrated with any prospect of edification."—Craven's *Church in Ross* p. 118.

was the long interval which in some districts passed between the celebrations. In certain places, especially in the early part of the century, many years elapsed between the communions; and the reasons given for this omission at the presbyterial Visitations afford curious illustrations of the times. Sometimes it is "because the members of the church are not in such a state of knowledge and grace that they could partake profitably"; or that the minister "desires to be deliberate," for "the people are not yet in case for the solemn ordinances." At other times it is explained that the burden of the Session in supplying wine is too heavy, and the people are too poor to entertain the strangers. Sometimes cloths, tokens, vessels, had disappeared, and the Kirk-Session complains and explains that "there are no utensils for the Supper, the cups and flagon having been carried off by the discarded curate." But even in Episcopal days there was often in some parishes no celebration of communion for long years, and no patten or cup to be found in the kirk.

The awe, the fear, the spiritual strivings with which pious people regarded their presence at communion were strangely keen. Sometimes they came with fear and trembling, "not sure that they were Christ's," at other times in much joy, "having found an interest in Him." They retired to their barns or closets, seeking "light at the throne." One of the most singular features of those days was the custom prevailing amongst persons of severe cast of mind of making self-dedications,[1] which they wrote down and renewed year

[1] Fraser's *Memoirs*, p. 212; Turnbull's *Diary*, Scottish Hist. Society, p. 393; *Life of Professor Wodrow*. The following is one of those "espousals":—"O Lord, I am come to Thee as I can, through the help of Thy grace. I make an express covenant with Thee for all that God of His infinite mercy hath done for my recovery from the lost esteat I was in by nature. Forasmuch as Thou hast brought me in this world of Christian parents, so also by them I am instructed in the principles of my holy religion, which taught me there is no recovery but by fleeing to the blood of Christ. So I am come this day to give myself; so, O Lord, I give my fower children to Thee. I bege, for Christ's seak, that they may be sanctified by Thy grace and made instruments to serve Thee in this present evill world; and I pray Thee that Thou would give me grace to performe this engagement and all my former engagements, which bear dait March 1699, April 3, 1701, Aug. 11, 1710, which if my evill heart deceive me not I give my consent to them, and this with my heart and soull.—Anne Stewart." This covenant is renewed and re-signed year after year, on the eve of "going to the

by year. The usual time for making these "covenants" or "trysts" was on the eve of a communion. Each time they are about "to approach the tabell of the Lord" they subscribe anew their "espousals with Christ," in which they dispose to His service their lives, their children, their earthly goods. As they wrote those bonds in their little chambers, there being no mortals present to be witnesses of them, some of these devout Christians solemnly declare how they appeal to angels above and objects of nature below to testify to their vows, as Joshua called on the rocks of Shechem.[1] Leaning on his closet bed, Mr. Thomas Boston takes the several quarters of the wooden bed to witness that he "has gone under a covenant of blood." One worthy man[2] relates how "I went my lone into a wood and I covenanted away myself, my bairns, and theirs to all generations, and took the place I was sitting in, and the trees, and the heavens, and angells, and God Himself that knew my heart, witnesses that we should be for Him and not for another, without any reserve in body, goods, and soul. On the back of this I had such joy and peace in believing as I cannot express, and the morn sat at the tabell sweetly, and came home next day rejoicing." Few, we suppose, acted like that uncompromising lover of all solemn covenants, whether private or national, Adam Gib, who signed his tryst after dipping his pen in the blood from his veins. But without any such sanguinary signatures the forms of such personal espousals were impressive enough. The eminent Mr. Wilson, companion of the Erskines in the Secession of 1733, a man "frequent in wrestling with God," concluded his "tryst" when he was a student with the words: "Subscribed with my own hand this day of Nov. 1708, the dreadful God being witness."

tabell of the Lord," until 1741, when the pen seems to have dropped from the old lady's hand.—*Caldwell Papers*, i. 258. Mill of Dunrossness in 1770 enters into a "covenant of engagements."—*Diary*, Scot. Hist. Society, p. 33.

[1] Boston's *Memoirs*. Elisabeth West, the saintly domestic, takes the trees to witness.—*Memoirs*.

[2] Wodrow's *Analecta*, i. 79. Glasgow, Sept. 20, 1701.—"I was at night at prayer, and I wan to a verie good frame, so that I indentred myself in a covenant with God and toke heaven and earth to witness, angells, son, moon and stars, the workhows and all that was there, to witnes that I took Christ for my king, priest, and prophet, and for my head and husband. . . . Subscribed by my hand. James Brown."—P. 354, George Brown's *Diary*.

Some of these pious wills and testaments still exist in family archives, curious memorials of a phase of religious devotion long vanished, pathetic documents worn with frequent renewal and oft perusal. The ink is now yellow and dim; the rough paper is brown with age; the vows are expressed in quaint phrase and quainter penmanship, strange specimens of exquisite feeling and atrocious spelling. One can see in the antique manuscripts how, as years went by, the signatures grow more shaky from infirmity and old age, and the strokes of the pen become veritable paralytic strokes; yet abating no whit of ancient devotion through the long period of maybe forty years.

When the concourses were great the preachings were held in the field or churchyard, where the preachers in succession took their place in the wooden erection like a sentry-box, called the "tent." Meetings in the open air had a keen fascination for the people, especially in the western counties, for they were redolent of memories of the old days of persecution, when they had sat on the moors or grassy slopes in glens listening to the inspired and inspiring words of covenanting ministers. There were two services and sermons on Thursday, two, or even three, on Saturday; and the long communion services of Sunday, with the "action sermon" preceding the Supper, were concluded by another sermon at night, to be succeeded by the Monday services. When the ministers engaged to preach on these occasions were popular and "gospel" men the crowds sitting around them were large and enraptured, and, moved by the strenuous voice from the tent, they burst into tears and sighs and groans. Curiosity and love of excitement were the feelings pervading hundreds in those gatherings. The appearance in the "tent" of a minister dry and "legal" was the signal for the bulk of the people to withdraw, and when he appeared to address a table there were hardly any could be coaxed by the elders to sit down to communicate.[1] These preachers were vulgarly known as "yuill" (ale) ministers, because during their services the people resorted to the ale barrels. On the other hand, the field was crowded in dense masses round the box when someone who was a fervid, an "affectionate," preacher stood up to address them—men, like

[1] Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii. 341; iv. 271, 274.

Mr. Ralph Erskine, who were known as "kail-pot preachers," because their thrilling appeals kept their audiences in rapt attention till night, all forgetful of the Sabbath kail simmering in the pot at home.

The communion services on Sunday in those days began usually at nine o'clock in the morning and continued till night, when a sermon wound up the laborious day. With 2000 communicants there would be thirty tables, each to be addressed by ministers in turn before the elements were handed round.[1] The elements varied in different districts. In Aberdeenshire the bread was cut into "dices;" elsewhere it was usually in slices, cut from loaves. In Galloway it was shortbread; in the east counties it was unleavened bread. The wine was sack or claret in the early part of the century, for port was little known and rarely used, though in some places ale was served.[2] The services were not seldom deeply impressive and picturesque when held in the open air, especially when the tables were laid on trestles on the grass. There were the farmers and ploughmen in their clean but coarse homespun hodden gray and blue bonnets, the women in their white toys and the woollen plaids of scarlet or green drawn over their heads, in side groups the old lairds in their homespun cloth and sober dress, the young lairds in their laced three-cornered hats, gay-coloured gilt-braided coats and jack-boots, and beside them ladies in their bright scarlet silken plaids, which, as a traveller in 1726 said, made a Scots church like a "parterre of flowers."[3] The minister clad in his bob-wig, blue or gray coat and cravat, spoke in that sing-song which rose in curious cadence in the air. Even the long drawn-out psalm tunes, although broken by each line being read out and sung in turn, rose plaintive and sweet from a throng of voices; and the prayers, with their earnest, weeping pleading, came forth in a stillness broken only by sudden sighs and ejaculations, or the sharp cry of the curlew in the heather, and the song of the lark overhead.

[1] As at Dull.—*Stat. Acct. Scotland*, ii. 361.

[2] The Scotch Episcopal chaplain to Lord Ogilvie administers eucharist on Culloden field with oat cake and whisky from lack of usual elements.—P. 182, *Bishop Forbes' Journal and Church of Moray*, by Craven.

[3] [Macky's] *Journey through Scotland.*

Before the people took their places at the communion tables, whether arranged in the open air or up the middle of the church, the minister "fenced," the tables, debarring from them all unclean and unworthy persons. In his fencing address the minister enumerated with elaborate detail the various sins which rendered persons unfit to take part in the "sealing ordinances," lest they should eat and drink damnation to themselves. In the early part of the century, when zeal outran discretion, he ordered away all warlocks and witches, all Sabbath breakers and profane swearers, all that put on gauds and vain attire, all that spoke lies or evil of others, all users of minced oaths.[1] Sometimes in the long catalogue of vices the most loathsome sins unfit to name were plainly mentioned as unfitting persons for the feast.[2] In the days when controversy was hot as to whether or not the abjuration oath should be taken, the narrow, fanatical clergy debarred from the Supper those who took it, and made their political aversions un-Christian sins.[3]

The denunciations uttered against those who dared to take the communion unworthily were fierce and terrible. "O sirs!" cried out one Mr. Spalding,[4] a minister "much followed" in those days,—"O sirs! will ye seal this damnation to yourselves and, as it were, make it sure ye shall be damned, and so drive the last nail in your damnation? Rather put a knife to your throat than approach. What, man! will ye kill and be

[1] It is said that a Dumfriesshire minister declared, "I debar from these tables all who use any kind of minced oaths such as 'losh,' 'gosh,' 'teth,' or 'lovenenty.'"—Hogg's *Life of Wightman.*

[2] MS. sermons delivered at communion at Stenton in 1702.

[3] Morer's *Diary*, Spalding Miscellanies, i. 295.

[4] *Syntaxis Sacra: a Collection of Sermons preached at several Communions*, by Rev. J. Spalding, minister at Dundee: Edinburgh, 1702 (specially recommended by the General Assembly). To partake of the Supper unworthily is to break the command "Thou shalt not murder." "It is a body-murthering sin; for this cause many are sick and weak among you, and many sleep. It is a church-murthering sin; for it threatens to give us a bill of divorcement. It is a soul-murthering sin; many drink and eat their own damnation. It is a relation-murthering sin; for your wives and your children bear marks of your unworthy communicating. O dreadful! many are the worse of communion, and their salvation more difficult and seven times worse a child of the devil than before. O, how so? I tell you that Satan goes out of you as out of the madmen for eight or ten days before the communion, and that he returns with seven worse devils than before."

guilty of His body and blood? The worst morsel that ever ye tasted is to eat and drink eternal vengeance." Yea: it was proclaimed to be committing "murder." The would-be communicant was placed in a grave dilemma; for though ministers told him he was running fearful risks if he partook, insomuch that "many were the worse of communion, and made seven times more a child of the devil than before," yet they also told him that it was as guilty to withdraw. "Dare ye bide away," exclaims the formidable Spalding, "and take His anger upon ye, and give that affront to do what in you lies to spite His Supper and frustrate the grace of God?"[1] In such addresses we hear little of the grace and worth of a pure, simple, moral life, and the meetness of charity for the communion; but we hear *ad nauseam* of "the necessity of closing with the bargain with Christ," and of "getting a grip of Him"; there is pettifogging advice about taking Him as "surety" and "cautioner"; while in the Doric sough of the age the preacher, with a scornful sniff, exclaims, "O dull duties! O poor professions! O filthy raggs of my righteousness!"

The services, in spite of their prolixity, their uncouthness, worked marvellously on the feelings of the people. The devout partook of the feast with intensest happiness, or withdrew from it to the wood or orchard and poured out their emotions in moans and tears.[2] During the appeals of gifted preachers many were moved to sigh, to loud weeping, and frequent ejaculations, which passed effectively through the throng, and both disturbed and gratified the preacher. In fact, the religious fervour of those days shows an emotional demonstrativeness and spiritual abandonment which are utterly alien to the Scots characteristics of modern days, which are reserve, reticence, and hard self-control. The power of these addresses from ministers, uttering their appeals to fear, and indeed to terror of judgment, had power over the most divergent natures. There were men who could be sensitive to spiritual emotion, yet full of sensuality; men who were at once pious without good-

[1] In Bute at one time those remiss in going to communion were first admonished and then fined; while those wilfully abstaining from it had to pay 46s. Scots and to stand in the pillory for a Sunday.—Hewison's *Bute*, i. 275.

[2] Wodrow's *Life of Professor Wodrow*; *Analecta*, *passim*.

ness and vicious without conscious hypocrisy. Speaking of that sanctified scoundrel Lord Grange and his associates, who "passed their time in alternate scenes of exercises of religion and debauchery, spending the days in prayer and pious meditation, and their nights in lewdness and revelling," Dr. Alexander Carlyle[1] expresses his belief that they were alike sincere in both moods. "There is no doubt of their profligacy, and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears during the whole of a sacramental day, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part." It was in this way people were affected who mistook their nerves for their conscience.[2]

It was a terrible calamity on the "great occasion" when the weather was bad, and the wind and pelting rain came on; for there was little shelter from the elements for the pilgrim multitudes; there were no woods to take refuge in, the narrow kirk could not cover them; and there must have originated rheumatism, ague, consumption, as well as untold amount of bodily discomfort from "gospel solemnities." The weather was, therefore, a subject of fervent prayer at family worship in every manse, and it was devoutly believed that Providence specially interposed to ward off the rain and storm on this occasion. Here, however, is one case in which Providence did not interfere, as described by Mr. Thomas Boston:[3] "On Saturday there was some thunder before we went out, between 2 and 3, when I began my sermon it returned and went to a great pitch. Upon the back of the second and third clap, I said to the people, 'The God of glory thundereth, He will give His people strength and bless them with peace'; so I went on undisturbed, the fire now and then flashing in my eyes. The people sat decently and gravely without any disturbance more than the drawing of their cloaks about them as in the case of rain. In the time of prayer after sermon the thunder went to a prodigious height, that I could not miss the imagination of being struck down in a moment, but through grace was kept undisturbed in my work." The picture of the minister of Ettrick

[1] *Autobiography*, p. 15.
[2] *Analecta*, iii. 341, iv. 272, 274.
[3] Boston's *Memoirs*, 1776, p. 500.

—himself safe from rain in his wooden tent—placidly giving two sermons, besides prayers, a psalm, and tokens, while, utterly unprotected, the congregation were flashed on by lightning, deafened by thunder, and threatened with a deluge of rain, is highly impressive.

Solemn and striking as those great sacramental meetings were,—scenes of devotion which were repeated for many years, and influenced many serious souls,—there were spots in their feasts which became darker as the century went on and piety went off. Imposing the communions often were when celebrated in the open air on a fine calm summer Sunday; but the Occasions were not without their ugly features. An eye-witness of them about the middle of the eighteenth century—who under the guise of a blacksmith wrote a caustic pamphlet—gives a vivid, though unfavourable, picture of those pious occasions:[1] "At first you find a great number of men and women lying together on the grass; here they are sleeping and snoring; some with their faces towards heaven, others with their faces downwards and covered with their bonnets; there you will find a knot oi young fellows and girls making assignations to go home together in the evening or to meet at some ale-house; in another place you see a pious circle sitting on an ale barrel, many of which stand on carts for the refreshment of the saints. . . . When you get a little nearer the speaker, so as to be within reach of the sound, if not of the sense of his words—for that can only reach a small circle, even when the preacher is favoured with a calm, and when there is a wind stirring hardly a sentence can be heard distinctly at a considerable distance—in the second circle you will find some weeping and others laughing; some pressing nearer the tent or tub in which the parson is sweating, bawling, jumping, and beating the desk. Others fainting with the stifling heat or wrestling to extricate themselves from the crowd; one seems very devout and serious, the next moment is scolding or cursing his neighbour for squeezing or treading on him; in one instant after his counte-

[1] *Letter from a Blacksmith to the Ministers and Elders of the Church of Scotland, in which the Manner of Publick Worship in that Church is considered, its Inconveniences and Defects pointed out, and Methods of removing them honestly proposed.* London, 1759.

nance is composing to serious gloom, and he is groaning, sighing, and weeping for his sins; in a word, there is such an absurd mixture of the serious and the comic, that were we convened for any other purpose than that of worshipping the God and governor of nature the scene would exceed any power of face." But in those days manners were rude, vulgarity did not jar on any unsensitive minds, and what a more refined age would have felt indelicate, coarse, and religiously repulsive was then considered a natural means of expressing devotion and worship.

These rude festivals, with their vast concourses, their copious preachings, continued beyond the century in several districts. There were many causes which, however, lessened their attractions. Dissent came and broke up the people into rival communities; differences of theological views arose, and those who were evangelical or "high flying," and those who were "legal" preachers or "moderates," would have no dealings with each other. The moderates discouraged all enthusiasm as being fanatical, and the communion services held under their cold charge drew no multitudes from their homes.[1] Further, the progress of agriculture interfered with the beloved open-air gatherings, for as the land became enclosed by hedges, as waste soil became tilled and covered with crops, there were fewer pleasant patches of comfortable ground beside the kirkyard, where thousands could roam or sit at a season when grain was getting ripe for harvest. It may be sordid to hint at the vast money and time wasted by the people on these gospel solemnities—the loss of earnings to peasants who were poor, the interruption to agriculture when it needed most tending—involving the cost to an impoverished country, it was reckoned, doubtless too largely, of £230,000 every year.[2]

In fact, these pious saturnalia had outlived their purpose. The ancient hereditary piety and spiritual sentiment faded,

[1] "Ministers vie with each other in popularity, and try who can convene the largest mob; some elders are so fond of those religious farces that they threaten to abandon their churches if the practice of preaching out of doors should be discontinued"; "other clergy want courage to oppose the popular frenzy."—*Letter of Blacksmith, etc.*

[2] *Ibid.* see *ante*, i. 161.

and left the coarse qualities of the peasantry without control. Scenes of drinking and roystering and rustic love-making disgraced these "gospel solemnities."[1] The Holy Fairs—of which Burns's verses are no exaggeration—passed away not too soon; and when the open-air services with their vulgar accompaniment were abandoned, the quiet Fast days and devout sacraments in the country churches expressed a simpler, sedater, and more wholesome frame of piety.

VIII

The Sunday acquired in Scotland a sanctity which far exceeded that of the Sabbath of the Jews in their most Pharisaical days—equalling in austerity the Puritanism of New England, and surpassing the Puritanism of England, from which much of the Scottish superstitious veneration for the day was unhappily derived. It is a mistake, however, to believe that a "Scottish Sabbath" is a distinctive peculiarity of Presbyterianism, for it was upheld as rigorously, and breaches of it were punished as vigorously, in the reign of Episcopacy. The day was fenced about by solemn preparations. Sedateness and gravity were required specially on the Saturday night, by which time the fire was "set" for the morrow, the provisions prepared, the goodman's face was snipped with scissors, or shaved of a week's growth of hair. In the country towns and villages at six o'clock on Sabbath morning the church bell rang to waken the people for their solemn duties.[2] After family worship in early morning the household proceeded to church, and, as services began at 9 or 10 o'clock,

[1] "What must the consequences be when a whole countryside is thrown loose, and young lads and girls go home together by night in the gayest season of the year. When I was an apprentice I was a great frequenter of those occasions, and know them so well that I would not choose a wife that had frequented them, or trust a daughter too much amongst these rambling saints."—*Ibid.* p. 16; *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Glasford, vii. 14; Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen,* ii. 27; Russell of Yarrow's *Reminiscences.*

[2] I arrived at Kirkcudbright on Saturday night at a good inn, but rooms where I lay had not been cleaned for a hundred years. Next day the landlord told me that they never dress a dinner on Sunday, and so that I must either take up with bread and butter or a fresh egg, or fast till after the evening service, when they never fail to have a hot supper—*Journey thro' Scotland,* p. 4; *Tour in Gt. Britain,* iv. 224.

country folk required to start early, as there lay before them long miles of walking over bog and moor.[1] Between the services—each of which lasted two or two and a half hours—those who were near home returned for a spare refreshment, for which nothing was cooked that day; others went to the ale-house, which was open on Sabbath to worshippers; while others remained in the kirkyard or in the kirk, listening to the two boys from the Burgh School who, for their edification, repeated questions and answers from the Catechism. Only in the evening was there a hot meal in any home, and that supper was a welcome, longed-for boon to all, whether it consisted of kail-broth or brose in the cottages, or richer fare in mansions.

To attend church was no question of choice: it was a matter of compulsion. During services elders went out to "perlustrate" the streets, to enter change-houses, to look into windows and doors of private dwellings, and to bring deserters to kirk, or report them to the Kirk-Session. When evening came, again the vigilant patrol of elders set forth to force to their homes all who were found "vaguing," strolling, or loitering in the fields or roads. When a minister had one of his brethren preaching for him he would take the opportunity of accompanying his elders and hunt with them. For example, in 1720 the minister of Forfar[2] has much to show when he opens his bag. In one house he had found two persons drinking ale; in another he had found a man sitting with his coat off; in yet another he detected a parishioner eating his dinner. This last offender, when detected by eight awful eyes peering at him through the window, proved contumacious when summoned by the Session, and even defied the provost and magistrates when ordered to "give satisfaction" for taking his surreptitious meal. Town Councils were ever

[1] "They all pray in their families before they go to church and between sermons. After sermons every one returns to his own house and reads a book of devotion till supper (which is generally very good on Sundays) till they go to bed."—*Journey through Scotland*, 27. An English traveller describes the ways at Crawford in 1704: "The service begins at 9 in the morning and continues till noon. Then the minister goes to the minch-house (ale-house), and as many as think fit refresh themselves; and the rest stay in the churchyard for half an hour, and the service is again begun and continues till 4 or 5."—*North of England and Scotland in* 1704, Edin. 1818 (privately printed).

[2] Macpherson's *Strathmore*, p. 250.

ready to assist elders and deacons in their operations against Sabbath desecrators, and sometimes themselves appointed "seizers" or "compurgators" to bring in delinquents who profaned the day by strolling or idling.[1] They might be ridiculed behind their backs for their fanatic zeal. It might be with glee told how a "seizer" in Edinburgh carried off to the City Guard the cage containing a blackbird, inadvertently left out by a cobbler on the Saturday night, which had struck up on the Sabbath its accustomed tune of "The King shall enjoy his ain again," thereby guilty of both impiety and treason. But they were dreaded all the same—these protectors of the Sabbath. There was not a place where one was free from their inquisitorial intrusion.[2] They might enter any house, and even pry into the rooms. In towns where the patrol of elders or deacons, beadle and officers, paced in solemnity the deserted causeway, eagerly eyeing every door and window craning their necks up every close and lane, the people slunk into the obscurity of shadows and kept hushed silence. So still, so empty were the streets on a Sunday night that no lamps were lighted,[3] for no passengers passed by, or if they did they had no right to walk.

Civil and ecclesiastical authorities went hand in hand in disciplinary measures. Acts of Parliament, resolutions of Town Councils, and decisions of Sheriffs supported the Church. Municipal laws in Edinburgh forbade barbers to shave the heads of gentlemen,[4] or carry their periwigs to them, on

[1] *Hist. of Edinburgh*, by H. Arnot, p. 192; *New Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Glasgow; Allan Ramsay's *Poems*. The kirk treasurer who looked after the Session money was believed to levy blackmail on the people, making his spies or his "man" threaten to report persons that they might bribe him to be silent, so that "people lie at the mercy of villains who would forswear themselves for sixpence."—Burt's *Letters from the North*, i. 193.

[2] The people of Falkirk were warned that "the elders will visit families on Sunday as they think fit, and in caice they are refused access, the civil magistrate's concurrence will be given to make patent doors." The people supported the Session, and, peering through the "dale walls" or wooden partitions between the neighbour's houses, "delaitit" what misdoings they saw—*Falkirk Records*, ii. pp. 28, 68.

[3] Gibson's *Hist. of Glasgow*, p. 115.

[4] The Town Council of Edinburgh in 1715 ordained "visitors or privy censurers for taking notice of those who vague or stroll in the streets on Sabbath days as formerly appointed." The Town Council discharged all persons from

Sabbath, under penalty; also the loitering in the streets under fine of half a rix dollar *totics quoties;* and even the idle gazing out of windows on the Lord's Day entailed a fine.

Each district had its besetting sin: in rural districts the feeding of cattle, or threshing of corn; in fishing villages the gathering of dulse on the shore, the spreading of nets, or setting out to sea before 12 o'clock on the Sunday night. On the sea-coast it was the running of goods or carrying bladders of whisky, or lending carts for smuggled goods on the Fast Day. In such places the honest efforts of office-bearers were not without danger, for sometimes they were assailed by infuriated men and women who were baulked of their prey.[1]

To carry a pail of water to the house, to fodder horses or clean their stalls, to cut kail in the yard, to grind snuff—all such offences were punished without hesitation. Nor was the minister himself free from risk of giving scandal, and he needed to walk circumspectly lest the Presbytery should suspend him for having a shoulder of mutton roasted, or for decking his peruke on the Lord's Day.[2]

carrying from house to house any kind of cloath, periwig, or shoes, or other apparel at any time of the Lord's Day under half a rix dollar to be paid by the master, and discharges all barbers and others to trim or shave any person in his shop, own house, or elsewhere; and discharges any person to stand idly in the streets, or walk in fields under penalty aforesaid"—*The King's Pious Proclamations*, 1727, p. 27. Kirk-Session of Edinburgh, 1709, "taking into consideration that the Lord's Day is profaned by people standing in the streets, vaguing in the fields and gardens, as also by idly gazing out at windows, and children and apprentices playing in the streets, warn parents, and threaten to referr to the civill magistrates for punishment, also order each Session to take its turn in watching the streets on Sabbath, as has been the laudable custom of this city, and to visit each suspected house in each parish by elders and deacons with beadle and officers, and after sermon, when the day is long, to pass through the streets and reprove such as transgress, and inform on such as do not refrain." —*Ibid.* p. 79.

[1] Ingenious expedients were adopted to evade the ecclesiastical powers, but generally unsuccessfully. "Blood letting" was the panacea for all bodily ills in past days; but elders discovered that persons pretending to be ill were addicted to resorting to an expert in the lancet, nominally to "let blood," really to drink ale and escape ordinances. "J. W. compeared before the Session, and confessed he did let blood to persons pretending necessity."—*Falkirk Records*, ii. 71.

[2] Burt's *Letters*, i. 171. The minister of New Machar was libelled before his Presbytery in 1735 for powdering his wig on the Sabbath.—P. 9, Fraser's *Thomas Reid.*

Conduct indoors was not less under restraint than behaviour outside. It was commanded that children and servants should be assembled in the evening to be catechised on the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, to be examined as to what had been said in the lecture and sermons of the day, made to repeat answers from the Catechism, to sing psalms and listen to private expounding of Scripture, and such persons as could read were required to devote themselves to perusing devout books.[1]

It is as guide to properly disposed persons that the all-popular Mr. Willison, minister of the gospel at Dundee,[2] recommended such works for Sabbath reading as Doolittle's *Call to Delaying Sinners*, Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, Allein's *Alarm*, Pearse's *Preparation for Death*, Guthrie's *Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ*, Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*.[3] These and others of a similar depressing type are recommended as the "most soul-searching and heart-warming pieces to be found in any human writing." According to this eminent teacher, who expresses the views of his class, "all worldly thoughts as well as works are to be dismissed"; to hear people talking in the kirkyard about the corns and markets was most sad, for "the devil is sowing his tares in the churchyard"; even asking, listening to, or telling news on that holy day is sinful. Mr. John Willison is vexed that people will not recognise that such restraint from carnal things and such employment in spiritual exercises make the Sabbath a delight. "God," he urges, "hath appointed graciously a variety of exercises on the Sabbath day, that when we are weary of one, another may be our recreation.

[1] *Question:* What is required particularly of masters on the Lord's Day? *Answer:* They are to catechise and instruct their children and their servants, read, pray, sing psalms with them; cause them repeat what they merit of publick exercises, entertain them with edifying discourses, and oblige them to a due obligation of the Sabbath both in publick and private duties required on that day.—*Short Practical Catechism*, by W. Craufurd, p. 152.

[2] *Treatise on the Sanctification of the Lord's Day*, by Rev. John Willison, 1746.

[3] One story in the "soul-searching" *Theatre of God's Judgments*, tells of a nobleman who used to go hunting on the Lord's Day during time of sermon, and as a "judgment his wife gave birth to a child who had a head like a dog and howled like a hound." The author had been Oliver Cromwell's tutor and pastor.

Are you weary of hearing? then recreate yourself with prayer. If of that, recreate yourself with singing God's praises. If of that, recreate yourself with meditating. If you weary of that, recreate yourself with Christian conference, repeating sermons, instructing your families. . . . If you weary of public duties, then go to private; if of these, go to secret duties." Amidst this vortex of holy pleasures, strange to say, some people were not happy. Yet "is there not," asks the divine triumphantly, "a delightful variety of pleasant and spiritual employment without needing the help of any sensual diversion to put off the time of this blessed day?" and he ends with the conclusive question: "How think you to spend a whole eternity in spiritual exercises when you weary so much of one day?" But further than all this, there is not an action during that day—not a moment, from the instant the Christian awakes in the morning as the birds begin to chirp—when his soul may not find occasion for fruitful meditation. As you put on your clothes think of the soul's nakedness, and need of the robes of imputed righteousness, and reflect that it is God's wool and flax you wear. As you comb your head think of your sins, which are more than the hairs thereon. When you sit at supper, think of the joy of supping with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. In short, there is not a minute when the believer may not meditate, pray, and break into holy ejaculation till the day ends. Then, as you see yourself stripped of clothing, think "Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I return," and let your lying down in bed and covering yourself with blankets put you in mind of your lying in the cold grave and being covered with earth. With such cheerful occupations and genial reflections the Christian may pass to peaceful slumbers and holy dreams—or nightmares. Such were the counsels given by a typical evangelical minister in a book which had a chosen place in thousands of households,[1] beside his precious manual *The Afflicted Man's Companion.*

[1] Such are the holy performances of eminent Christians of the period. See *Diary of George Brown*, merchant, 1745-1753, privately printed. "Sabbath Day, Nov. 3.—Rose a little after 7 in the morning; fair, wind east, then prayed and then joined in family worship, and then read the 2nd chap. of Job. When I arose I found my heart very much out of order for the duties of the Sabbath. . . . I went to God by prayer, and under great confusion made

This was the ideal; but what was the sad reality? Some years before the Presbytery of Edinburgh were sadly compelled to denounce "the great number who took an unaccountable liberty in despising and profaning the Lord's Day idly and wickedly, by standing in companies in streets misspending the time in idle discourse, and in useless communications wholly alien to the true design of the day;" as well as those "who immediately before public worship and then after it is over take recreations in walking in the fields, links, meadows, and other places, and by entering taverns, ale-houses, and milk-houses, drink, tiple, or otherwise spend any part thereof, or by giving or receiving social visits, or by idly gazing out of windows beholding vanities abroad—an indication not only of levity, but a profane neglect of the fittest time to salvation work."[1] The Presbytery therefore charged "all who are guilty of the aforementioned instances, as they would not bring down the wrath of God upon themselves and the land, that they seriously reform," and warned those guilty of their liability to the censures of the Church. They "obtest all whomsoever in the bowels of Christ as they would find mercy through Him that they keep the Sabbath holy." Such was the teaching of the Church, and such were the practices of the regardless.[2]

School children were under a supervision as rigorous on Sunday as on any week day. In the morning the boys at

known my conduct to Him. . . . Went to North West Church and heard Mr. M'Laurin lecture and preach. In the interval of publick worship I reflected on what I had been hearing, and wrote down some heads of the sermon. Went to church in the afternoon; heard sermon on same text as forenoon; returned and thought over the sermon till 5 o'clock at night; then joined in family worship; then supped and retired, and thought again over the sermon, and wrote down heads of it. Then I called on the Lord by prayer, and rose and went and joined in family worship again. Then I retired again, and read the 2nd chap. of Romans over several times. I concluded the Sabbath with humble confession of sin, thankfulness to God for actions of the Sabbath. . . . Then I committed my soul and all my concerns to God, and went to bed at 12 o'clock at night."—Pp. 8, 10.

[1] Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*.

[2] In 1699 Katrine M'Mullar charged with grinding snuff on Sabbath. She flatly denied it; there being no witnesses to prove it, she was dismissed for this; but in respect she was a stranger from Lorn, she was desired to produce a testimonial. She told she had none; therefore she was enjoyned to get one ere Candlemas, otherwise to leave the parish.—Hewison's *Old Bute*, ii. 274.

grammar schools met there for prayer and praise; and were then marshalled to kirk, where they sat in "loft" or gallery under the eye and sometimes the pole of the master. After the second service they were marched back to school; examined closely on the minister's discourses; and after further prayer they were allowed to return home, where more troubles and instructions awaited them. For even throughout the remainder of the day the master was required to watch lest his pupils should go out of doors or stroll in woods or lanes. In this way the Lord's Day came to its slow and longed-for conclusion.

IX

Ecclesiastical authority over the morals of the community was wielded in the early part of the century with almost undisputed sway. The lynx eyes of elders and deacons, appointed both to watch and to pray, were alert in every corner. Every rumour, every suspicion of ill-doing was reported to the Kirk-Session, and evidence of the most inquisitive kind was taken;[1] and if the inquiry was too delicate even for elders, matrons were appointed to examine and give their testimony. Immorality was rife in spite of the terror of the Church, and culprits had to pay their fines graduated according to the heinousness and frequency of the offence, the lowest being £4 Scots, and when too poor to pay, to leave a plaid or spoons as pledge. Offenders stood "at the pillory"—a raised platform or a stool in front of the pulpit, clad in a cloak of sackcloth, which they might be obliged to buy or make for themselves—and there to be admonished by the minister until he was satisfied of their penitence. For gravest scandal persons were required to appear for ten, fifteen, and, in some cases, for even twenty-six Sundays in succession, when they went through the terrible ordeal of facing the congregation, and receiving rebukes from the minister for half

[1] It is curious to observe that any person who begged was disqualified as a witness. In Jany. 5, 1715, in a case one witness is objected to because she is a known beggar; that she begs for her father, has asked charity from Kirkbride Session for burying her daughter, and at several other times, and therefore "was not worth the King's unlaw." The Presbytery dismissed her, "she not being a habile witness."—*Minutes of Penpont Presbytery.*

a year. The worst offences were dealt with more severely still; the guilty parties being required by the Presbytery to appear in the various churches in their bounds in turn, and to make what was called the "circular satisfaction."[1] In bygone times—even under Episcopacy—they had been condemned for heinous offences through half a year to stand in sackcloth at the kirk door, as the congregation were assembling, and thereafter during service to take their station on the stool.[2] The old penalty of standing bare-legged in a tub of water was disused in the eighteenth century, though not the punishment of standing at the church door. Occasionally it happened that as many as eight or ten offenders were standing on the pillory at once, each undergoing his or her period of making "satisfaction"; and even on the communion day this scandalous ordeal against scandal was undergone. So seldom was "fautor's loft" or defaulter's pillory vacant, that some Kirk-Session records specially chronicle: "No case of discipline to day." Highly significant is the reason given in the old Session books of Ettrick, for voting money to buy a "new sacco" (gown) for penitents: "Yarrow having borrowed the gown, and used it to raggs."[3] It was a source of immense interest and pleasure for the congregation to watch the appearance and behaviour of their neighbours in disgrace. Smiles, smirks, and whispers passed from one to another, as well-known faces appeared in the place of ignominy. Young Jacobite lairds

[1] *Old Church Chronicle* by Waddell, p. 151; Killearn Kirk-Session, in 1694, "finds the old use and wont of parish amount (*i.e.*, in Episcopal days) to be paid by persons guilty of fornication, for the first time to pay 10 merks, viz. the man 4 poundis, and the woman 4 poundis, this amount therefore the sameyne to be paid by delinquents in all tyme coming."—Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 60. In Banffshire £4 Scots for first offence, £8 for second, and £20 or £40 for adultery. From 1701-1714 the fines produce to poor-box, £999 Scots.—Cramond's *Illegitimacy in Banffshire.* Mill of Dunrossness exacts twenty-six days on pillory as penance in 1777.

[2] In Colinton in 1680, *Session Records.* In Episcopal days: usually "for adultery they make the profession of repentance for half a year every Lord's day, and for six Lord's daies they stand in sackcloth at the church door half an hour before morning prayer."—*Present State of Scot.*, by A. M., 1682, p. 186.

[3] 1697, Craig-Brown's *Hist. of Selkirkshire.* In Banff, about 1754, four offenders were usually standing together each Sunday on pillory.—ii. 77, *Annals of Banff*, New Spalding Society.

came to the kirk to enjoy the entertainment, which rendered the service less dreary and the Sabbath a delight. On these occasions the comparatively innocent suffered most and the shameless suffered little. Frequent cases occurred where, rather than face the trial, delinquents fled the country,[1] some committed suicide, and many girls in their terror destroyed their offspring in the hope of concealing their fault.[2] Child murder, in fact, became a crime of terrible frequency. Scots Parliament had passed laws of great rigour to suppress so prevalent a form of murder—laws which the General Assembly at times ordered the ministers to read from their pulpits throughout the country in solemn warning. Yet the criminal records contain very many executions of poor creatures—several being hanged on occasions in batches at one time—and the cause of their crime was too frequently the dread of facing the disgrace and terrible ordeals of the Church.[3] This is the charge against these cruel ecclesiastical ordeals confirmed by evidence in every part of the country. If an offence could not be proved, and the supposed father denied paternity, he was forced to take the oath of purgation before the congregation—in some places made to place his hand on the head of the child—protesting "before the great God, and Jesus Christ, and the angels,

[1] In 1693 a cobbler, ordered "to buy ane sack gown" to stand in at the kirk door to appear before the congregation, went "raving mad."—*Leaves from the Book of the West Kirk, Edinburgh*, by G. Lorimer.

[2] "Four women, condemned to death for child murder on one day, declared that the dread of the pillory was the cause of their crime."—Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* 193; Maitland's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, 1758, p. 282; Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, p. 350. Between 1700-6, twenty-one convictions in Edin.

[3] Act against concealment of pregnancy, 1690. So late as 1751, General Assembly ordered this Act to be read from pulpits owing to prevalence of child murder.—Morren's *Annals of Assembly*, ii. 219; *Scottish Jonrnal*, i. 299, 313; Reid's *Cameronian Apostle*, p. 100; *Black Kalendar of Aberdeen;* Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song;* Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, 1822, ii. xxxiv. It was the fear that they should "with Kirk-censure grapple,"

Whilk gart some aft their leeful lane
Bring to the warld the luckless wean
And sneg its infant thrapple.

Allan Ramsay's *Poems*, i. 260, 1777.

"The idea that this appearance for scandal causes child murder, and that the Scottish women are the greatest infanticides in the world, has induced the greatest part of the clergy to lay this part of Church discipline aside."—*Travels of Rev. James Hall*, ii. 351; Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, p. 311.

wishing that all the curses of the law and the woes of the gospel should fall upon him, that he may never thrive in this world, and that his conscience may henceforth never give him rest, and torment him as it did Cain, and that he may never hope for mercy, but die in desperation, and in the great day be cast into hell if the oath he hath sworn be not true from the heart."[1] Though some, greatly daring, took this protestation with a lie on their lips, the dread of it wrung confession from many whom nothing else could terrify into truth. If, on the other hand, the Session doubted the testimony of the woman regarding the paternity of her unborn child, the Session called in the services of women, who should go to her house, and when she was in the pangs of childbirth question her as under the fear of death, so that she may speak the truth before God.[2]

Contumacy and refusal to obey the orders of Presbytery to stand rebuke incurred the dread sentence of greater excommunication,—this involved the mysterious "being delivered over to Satan," banishment from the church, and denial of its sacraments. This rendered the delinquent an outcast from society, marked him with the brand of infamy, and was so potent a judgment that the most obdurate often gave in at last, and consented to give whatever "satisfaction" was demanded. The Church had far-reaching powers, for if a suspected person refused to compear before the Presbytery it called in the authority of the sheriff; and even if a delinquent refused to take the rebuke except from his seat, ecclesiastical authorities threatened that they would apply to the magistrates to compel him to stand "at the pillar."[3]

[1] Paterson's *History of Ayrshire*, i. 194. In 1743 a "man called to the pulpit foot, and interrogated, took God to witness that he was innocent. The minister read the oath, and bade him put his hand on the child's head; whereupon the woman in the most hideous and lamentable manner cryed out in the face of the congregation not to take the oath as he was guilty."—Cramond's *Parish of Ordiquill.*

[2] When doubtful as to the woman's statement to the paternity of an unborn child, the Session, by order of Presbytery of Penpont in 1701, direct that "she be strictly questioned in her pangs by the women who shall be present."—*Morton Kirk-Session Records*, Feb. 1701. The "lacteal test" was used by Boston at Ettrick—discovering if any suspected person was mother of a new-born child, by examining if there was milk in the breasts.—Craig-Brown's *Selkirkshire*, i. 269, 274; *Killearn Records*, Dec. 23, 1716.

[3] *Morton Kirk-Session Records*, Jan. 23, 1704.

Sins the most heinous, and offences the most trivial, were treated with equal gravity. In all cases the most deliberate proceedings were taken; meeting after meeting was convened for the most unimportant transactions; parties were called, witnesses summoned, put upon oath, purged of malice, and warned to give their testimony with "ingenuity." To have carried a pair of shoes on a Fast Day, to have whistled, or walked on the roads, and pulled a turnip in the garden, incurred heavy censure, a fine, or appearance in the pillory. Even to have carried a can of water to a sick person was treated as a profanation of the Sabbath, and the use of hasty words in which "devil" or "God" was wantonly uttered, was matter of grave inquiry and sessional discipline. Until the man who had carried a load of meal on a horse on the Fast Day, or had been guilty of rash swearing or scolding, had given satisfaction therefor, he was not allowed "to hold up" his child for whom he desired baptism, and was ordered to get a sponsor to do so instead.[1]

A great part of the time and anxiety was devoted to examining charges of flyting, "horrid swearing," cursing, brawling, and fighting in the first half of the century—yielding abundant evidence of the rudeness of manners and coarseness of life amongst the country people.[2] The women seem to have been the most flagrant delinquents in uttering what were called "terrible imprecations." Harmless and highly appropriate enough were many of the abusive terms they applied; but the reason why swearing and cursing were regarded so seriously was the superstitious belief shared in by elders, and not rejected by the minister, that the imprecation of a scold, like the menace of a witch, might be carried out by agency of the devil. When a fisher's wife picturesquely prayed that her neighbour "might have a cold armful of her

[1] *Morton Kirk-Session Records.*

[2] In Episcopal days Archbishop Leighton speaks of this as the "most crying sin." In 1667, in his charge, he orders his clergy to suppress profaneness, particularly the most common and crying sins, as drinking, cursing, swearing, bitter speaking, and rotten filthy speaking as usual amongst the common sort in their homes and field labour together, particularly in harvest."—*Works*, 343. In 1705, Town Council of Dumbarton hold weekly meetings for punishment of cursing, swearing, Sabbath breaking, scolding, excessive drink, night walking, scandalising the neighbour's good name, unseemly bearing, etc.—Irving's *Dumbartonshire*, 1820, p. 504; G. Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 85.

husband," this was punished, not because it was malicious, but because it was murderous. If the man was drowned the death was attributed to the termagant's curse. Sessions fine the utterer of such heinous epithets as a "witch-faced carlin," or a "brazen-faced quean"; and after devoting twelve serious meetings of examination on a case where a woman had said, "Devil take you," sentence her to the pillory. While the "terrible expression," which a woman uttered—"Deil tak the skin off you and make a winnock [window] in hell with it"—is punished with greater excommunication; so that the minister himself curiously delivered the woman "over to Satan," because she had consigned her neighbour to the same custody. This shows that cursing was a monopoly claimed by the Church.[1]

The Sessions had to deal with cases of brawling, even in the precincts of the kirk—worshippers disputing and fighting with each other with stools, and for the possession of them, before fixed seats were made; and also for throwing "clods" on the people.[2] These scenes are frequent in the early part of the century, and reveal still further the strikingly rude and rough manners of the common people. Drunkenness is an offence which appears curiously seldom in the older records, and came before the Sessions chiefly as conjoined with swearing and fighting. Doubtless the ale, which was the sole drink of the peasantry, was not so potent as the whisky that came into vogue after 1750; though change-houses for the sale of "twopenny" abounded even in the smallest village. But probably

[1] Anton's *Kilsyth*, 117-9. Kirk-Session of Rathven, in 1747, deals "with a woman who curses a man with her face to the sun, wishing his death."—P. 67, Cramond's *Church of Rathven;* Wodrow's *Analecta*, i. 153.

[2] For instance, in 1723 it is reported in Keith, "that A. G. and J. R. had been guilty of unseemly behaviour in laughing and throwing clods and stones in time of worship, and of cutting and giving one another apples in church; for which they appear four times before the Session meetings, and pay 40s. Scots."—Gordon's *Chronicles of Keith*, p. 100. In 1727 at Fordyce, women for grappling together during divine service, ordered appear without their plaids and gowns over their heads after service before the pulpit, to be rebuked, and be fined 4 merks.—Cramond's *Church of Fordyce*, p. 57. In 1701, Session of Dunblane, considering that herds and boys do make disturbance during divine service in the lofts, appoint the thesaurer to cause make a lash with a long handle, having several rungs.—*Scot. Antiquary*, v. 82. In 1721 Court of Regality passes "Act against dropping stones and divots from common loft upon people below."—Cramond's *Presbytery of Fordyce*.

a stronger reason for not treating drunkenness with grave severity was the fact that drinking was the common, the venial sin of the time. Every gentleman would have been constantly at the pillory had it been punished, and that would have been very awkward for the elders (not themselves quite innocent), who, if farmers, were more afraid of offending the gentry than the gentry were of the Session.

No more common source of hurt to good morals existed in those days than the favourite gatherings at "penny weddings." The rural classes in those gloomy days had few social pleasures, and what they had were forbidden ones. They were extremely poor; they had no means wherewith to furnish forth the entertainment at a bridal; and it was the custom of the country for friends and neighbours to subscribe money—originally one penny each—to provide food, drink, and fiddler. Scandals undoubtedly attended these gatherings; drinking, rioting, and immorality were the constant accompaniments and consequences. The General Assembly passed stringent Acts against "promiscuous dancing"; Kirk-Sessions attacked those meetings and all who took part in them—musicians and dancers alike. To be found in possession of a fiddle involved a summons to the Church court; while to have played at gatherings where there had been promiscuous dancing entailed a penalty of £20 Scots for each offence, and all persons participating in them were sometimes refused "sealing ordinances" or communion. One of the most effective measures to prevent these heinous assemblies was that which Kirk-Sessions adopted, of making each person before being proclaimed for marriage deposit a pledge, or "pawn"—some piece of money or article of clothing, or spoons,—which should be forfeited if a penny wedding took place. A southern Session thus expresses in 1715 its emotions: "Considering that the great abuse that is committing at wedding dinners, and in particular by promiscuous dancing betwixt young men and young women, which is most abominable, not to be practised in a land of light, and condemned in former time of Presbytery as not only unnecessary but sensuall, being only an inlet of lust and provocation to uncleanness through the corruptions of men and women in this loose and degenerate age, wherein

the devil seems to be raging by a spirit of uncleanness and profanity, making such practices an occasion to the flesh, and thereby drawing men and women to dishonour God, ruine their own souls, and cast reproach upon the holy ways of religion," the Session "ordain, that whoever shall suffer promiscuous dancing at their bridals, either free or penny weddings, shall forfeit three dollars, and the persons so dancing shall be rebuked before the congregation."[1] There is no evidence, however, that these austere ministers or elders ever fined lairds or guests at the mansions for ladies and gentlemen dancing together at their weddings and their balls.

Many other matters came under the cognisance of the ever busy ecclesiastical authorities. Most conspicuous of these were charges of "trafficking with Satan." Superstition was spread amongst all classes; there was not an event of their lives, from birth to death, which was free from it; omens were seen in a myriad coincidences, charms were used to ward off every form of evil. Some superstitions were relics of paganism, others were relics of Popish days, while many were due to those instinctive fears and associations with mysterious events of nature common to humanity everywhere. Curious beliefs of all sorts meet us in the old Church records, which embalm so many forms of olden life. One man takes his child to a smith to "be threatened with a hammer" to charm away sickness; a woman is called in to a sick-bed, where she pronounces the words: "If God hath taken away the health, let Him restore it; and if the devil hath taken it, let him restore it," on which the person recovered.[2] A man is charged with putting above his door hot stones to remove his child's illness,[3] "whereby through the judgment of God the house and plenishing were burnt to ashes, the hot stones taking fire in the thack." Charmers and sorcerers in many a remote parish drove a thriving, though perilous, business.

[1] *Kirk-Session of Morton.*

[2] *Irongray Session Records*, 1692. In Balfron, 1700, April.—"This day J. B. appeared in face of the congregation, confessed his sin in consulting Donald Ferguson, the charmer, for the relieff of his children, whereby he cast off much of the fear of God and yielded to Satan."—Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 61.

[3] Aberdour in 1702, *Scottish Notes and Queries*, Feb. 1894.

Witchcraft, above all, was looked upon with horror and profound belief in the first quarter of the century. Every whisper of the "trafficking with Satan" was heard with awful eagerness, and evidence was brought to the Kirk-Session of every suspicious circumstance. In one case a witness asserts that, passing an old lone woman's house, she looked in at the door, and saw a wheel spinning without any visible power touching it; another tells that she had given this woman some chaff, "with which she was not satisfied, and a day after the witness's cow gave no milk to her child, who decayed and vanished to a shadow, and her cow took distemper"; a third testifies that she heard a terrible noise which the woman alleged was only a clocking hen; and yet a fourth relates that she saw "a candle going through the door and nobody holding it."[1] It was this old woman's good fortune to be allowed to claim the Act of banishment, and she disappeared with her life. Another Session proves the charge against a witch on the evidence of two persons; one of whom stated that his wife, having a dispute with her four days before, took a dreadful stitch through her as if she was stricken with a whinzie or knife, and continued in great pain till she died; the other stated that having refused the suspected witch alms, all the milk got a loathsome smell, and she herself fell sick, "and was like a daft body for eight days after."[2] On such testimony the accused was condemned, but the poor wretch claiming Act of banishment—that merciful alternative of Scots law—was sent off under pain of death if she returned. To be ugly and old, to be withered and morose, to live aloof from others, to be unsocial and ill-tempered and ill-tongued, were sufficient qualities to raise suspicions of trafficking with Satan; angry words were turned to malisons, and sullen looks were proofs of the evil eye. Every trouble was laid to her fault: if hens laid no eggs, if cows gave less milk, if children became sickly, she might be consigned to jail for years, longing for death, and only escape burning by banishment.[3] Many clergymen were as credulous as their elders, who were chosen from

[1] In Kirkcudbright, 1701, *Hist. of Galloway*, ii.
[2] In Twynholm, 1703, *ibid.*, ii.
[3] *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. 343.

representative classes of the people, chiefly lairds and farmers. Brought before the serious conclave of the Session, its earnest prayers, its solemn oaths, its awful warnings, a woman confronted there by witnesses and threatened with the terror of her sin, was often driven to own an impossible crime—intercourse with the devil, strange midnight dances, marvellous transformations into forms of cats and dogs. She would give minute descriptions of the devil's personal appearance, not always consistent, but drawn from her simple fancy of what was marvellous and grand attire. She involved neighbours in her diabolic plight, according as she saw the tribunal's suspicions tended. Half-demented, wholly panic-stricken, everything asked would be owned by her, and that she should afterwards unsay her words and withdraw her confession only added to her guilt. Elsewhere we speak of the trials for witchcraft ending in death, which were instigated by the people and encouraged by the Church. Undoubtedly these beliefs in witchcraft and examinations into scandal regarding it lasted longer among the courts of the Church than the courts of Law, and after civil authorities refused to consider them, the ecclesiastical authorities—fortunately, however, deprived of all real power—were still deeply engaged in their futile investigations.[1] But they could not hang, or burn, or imprison the poor hags; they could only punish them by excommunication

[1] The Presbytery of Mid Calder in 1720, being "informed that a most respectable family in West Calder was infested with witchcraft, and that a woman had confessed her guilt. . . . A committee appointed for prayer and consultation recommends each of the brethren to put up solemn petitions to God in behalf of the said family, and that each of the brethren attend the said family as they shall be called."—*Hist. of Mid Calder*, p. 234. The son of Lord Torphichen was considered bewitched because the boy fell into trances from which horse-whipping could not rouse him; his renal secretion was black as ink, he saw strange flashes of light, could tell what happened twenty miles away, and was liable to be carried away through the air if not held back by those who kept watch. One day he got to the door "and was lifted in the air, but catched by the heels and coat tails and brought back." A "miserable brutishly ignorant woman" was accused of diabolic incantations, and she being put into prison owned her guilt; another woman confessed that she had given the devil the body of her dead child to make a roast of, and other tremendous and impossible crimes. The time was not too late for superstition and credulity and a public fast, but, fortunately, it was too late for trials and execution for witchcraft in Midlothian.—Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, App., 1871.

or rebuke for uttering "imprecations," and for charming and swearing. In 1736 the Act against witchcraft was repealed, and the clergy and educated classes generally had given up their old belief in the crime; though the Seceding ministers denounced the repeal of this ancient Act as a godless deed, as a repudiation of the command of Scripture not to allow a witch to live. Long the belief lasted amongst the peasantry, and the Kirk-Sessions afterwards had to deal with those who superstitiously sought to avert witchcraft just as they had formerly done with those who maliciously practised it. People were summoned for being guilty of scratching or "scoring above the breath," under the belief that if a witch was cut on the forehead with the sign of the cross the power of Satan would be broken.[1]

In those days there was oversight exercised in every part of existence and every day of man's life. Every night, at nine o'clock or ten o'clock, elders went through the streets to see if any one loitered on the way; they entered the taverns and dismissed the occupants home, a practice which originated a well-known phrase, "elders' hours." Yet in spite of all precautions there were frequent clamant complaints by Synods and Town Councils at the deplorable condition of society—"at the abounding vice, immorality, particularly horrid swearing, breach of the Lord's Day, drunkenness, uncleanness, mocking at religion and religious exercises." Whether these tirades were due to the over-scrupulosity of the pious or really to the wickedness of the people, it is difficult to decide. An unpleasant feature in these olden days of discipline is the inequality of sentences. There was a leniency to the rich which was not shown to the poor. The ploughman might be made to stand fifteen Sundays exposed to the merriment of the congregation and the solemnity of the minister, while the laird, though he might condescend to

[1] Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 366; *Scottish Journal*, i. 364. In 1706 the Presbytery of Penpont is engaged at their meetings from January to March with the case of Mr. Peter Rae of Kirkbride, slandered by a woman who alleged that he called her a "witch," and when sick said to her, "They say you have my health, so give it again if you have it," and also called her to come near hand him, and when she came he presently bled her on the forrit (forehead). It was proved that Mr. Rae did call her a witch, and did in his illness endeavour to draw blood from her brow, for which he was rebuked.—*Records of Penpont Presbytery.*

appear privately before the Session, refused flatly to stand in the pillory, and was let off with a fine of meal or money for the poor, which he paid with a laugh, and then took his place in his loft to watch his less lucky fellow-delinquents on the stool. This inequality was not always due to the clergyman —who might be impartial enough—but to the elders who, if not fellow-lairds, were tenants on his ground or dependent on his favour, and feared to incur his displeasure. "What in the captain is a choleric word, in the soldier is flat blasphemy."[1] In all these severe and inquisitorial proceedings it is often overlooked that the fanaticism was more in the elders than in the minister, who presided at the meetings, and carried out the verdict of the laymen.

When the crimes and vices of the laity were treated with rigour, those of the ministers were not dealt with lightly. For any indiscretion they stood the sentence of their Presbytery, and they had also to make their repentance before their people. When a minister was deposed for drunkenness he was obliged to appear in his own church, where for six successive Sundays he was rebuked by six several old co-presbyters; and a minister deposed for immorality was made to stand six Sabbaths before the congregation clad in sackcloth; or in the various parish churches within the bounds.[2] No charge, however trivial, could be ignored. A Presbytery in Dumfriesshire spent months of 1715 in investigating the charge against the minister of Kirkbride who had a printing machine in his manse, the charge being that he had printed copies of the profane song called "Maggie Lauder."[3]

[1] "I perceived the poor only suffered by these Church censures, for a piece of money will save a man here from the stool of repentance as much as in England."—*Journey through Scotland*, 1726, p. 230. Appearanoe in place of penance sometimes commuted to money or meal. For five bolls of meal a gentleman culprit allowed to sit in his own seat to receive rebuke.—Edgar's *Old Church Life*, i. 542; Burt, i. 185:—"Young rakes get off with composition in money." That the people saw this unfairness is seen in their chapbooks and folk songs: *e.g.*, in "Oh, mither dear, I gin to fear."

> Now Tam maun face the minister,
> And she maun mount the pillar,
> And that's the way that they maun gae
> For poor folk hae nae siller.

[2] Scott's *Fasti*, ii. 657; Cramond's *Cullen*, p. 139.

[3] *Penpont Presbytery Records*, 1715. It was proved that the copies of the

Ever and again, when need arose, there were held Presbyterial visitations of churches; in some districts they took place every year, for the design was to promote peace and order in the parishes, and to secure diligence in fellowship in all various parts of the congregation and faithfulness in the minister. After the "visitants" from the Presbytery arrived service was held in the kirk, when the minister preached his "ordinary," so that his brethren might judge of his "painfulness and his doctrine." When he had left the building, heritors, elders, heads of families in their several turns, were called in and questioned as to the behaviour of each other, and especially of their pastor. Such questions as these might be put: "Is he constant in his calling, or is Saturday his only book-day? Does he restrain penny bridals? Does he censure keepers of superstitious days? Has he a gospel walk? Does he preach sound doctrine and study to be powerful and spiritual in his ministrations? Such interrogations were put to the various parties, searching enough, though not so inquisitive as those which were common in still earlier days, when the queries were: "Is he a dancer, carder, or dicer? Is he a frequenter of ale-houses? Is he a swearer of small or minced oaths? Useth he to say, 'Before God it is so,' or in his common conference 'I protest,' or 'I protest before God'? or says he, 'Lord, what is that?'—all of which are more than yea and nay."[1] Though these questions were no longer asked, testimony as to such offences might be freely given. For every flaw could be pointed out, every grievance uttered when the parish

song were taken off "the irons" by a parishioner and the minister's son while Mr. Peter Rae, the accused, was from home. Rae was a man of ingenuity, as well as of literary pretensions, and some local histories by him remain still in manuscript. A watchmaker's son, he made a clock of wondrous mechanism and versatility—still standing in the Drumlanrig staircase. Tradition says it was turned out of Kirkbride manse for playing the tune of "Maggie Lauder" on a Sabbath. The song, the age of which is debated, was then evidently novel.

[1] Stewart of Pardovan's *Collections*. In 1717 there is a visitation of parish. "The minister having preached his ordinary, Matt. xxviii. 5, to consider doctrine. The minister removed, elders and heads of families called. Interrogated if the minister had a gospel walk, if he kept much at home and gave attendance to reading and prayer, if he preached sound doctrine and studied to be powerful in his ministrations, if he did visit families as need is."—Cramond's *Church of Ordiquill*, p. 18. Similar queries were put in 1677, during a visitation in Episcopal days.

minister had retired to his manse—leaving, like Sir Peter Teazle, his character behind him. When he returned after the ordeal of question was over, he might possibly hear that the parishioners had expressed their satisfaction with his ministrations, or more probably he would learn that he has been accused of being "lifeless, wanting in reverence, and languid in delivery," that he has used "wanton and ill-advised expressions," that he has been heard on the Sabbath "to hiss to his dog to pursue the sheep, and been even observed to set up one or two fallen sheaves in the field with his hand or foot." Some might complain he does not visit them in sickness, or that he too often changes his ordinary.[1] Then came the minister's turn to be examined as to the conduct of his critics—heritors, elders, parishioners, and beadle. If he had nothing to object they were all called in and "encouraged to proceed in the work of the Lord."

These inquisitions did vastly more harm than good.[2] They were dangerous weapons to put in the hands of every malcontent who had a grudge to gratify or a fanatical grievance to express, with the risk of making a clergyman's life a burden to him and his congregation a terror. As the century went on these old visitations were gradually dropped, as they were found to be mere sources of trouble and discontent, interesting only to busybodies in the Church courts and grumblers in the pews.

X

Religious observances attended the simplest acts of social life—not probably with much meaning, but as traditional customs from more fervent ages.

English travellers at the early part of the century were much amused at the frankly pious practices of the people. No

[1] Fergusson's *Laird of Lag*, p. 250; *Record of Committee of Synod of Galloway in* 1697. In 1707, amongst other objections to their minister the parishioners state that "he doth often change his text, and doth not raise many heads, and doth not prosecute such as he names, but scraffs them."—Edgar's *Old Church Life*, i. 99.

[2] The Presbytery of Ayr in 1750 renewed the discredited practice.—Edgar's *Old Church Life*.

refreshment, however slight, could be partaken without a formal blessing being asked.[1] Drinking a glass of ale was preluded by a grace; the progress of a dram to the lips was suspended by the utterance of a prayer—sometimes of no mean dimensions. This custom, common alike to Episcopalians and to Presbyterians, was witnessed with curiosity by Mr. Thomas Kirke as he visited Archbishop Paterson and Principal Stirling of Glasgow, when the host called for ale and wine, and pulling off his hat "made a grace, and so fell to." "If," records this Yorkshire squire, astonished at such superfluity of piety,—"if you crack a nut with them, there is a grace for that; drink a cup of coffee, ale, or wine, and what else, he presently furnishes a grace for the nonce." When friends met at a change-house each bowed to the other complimentarily to ask the blessing, and a prayer, long drawn out with accents suitable, sanctified the drink as they drained the glass. The man who wished to sell a broken-winded horse plausibly imposed upon his customer by the length and fervour with which he said grace over the gill of ale which was to moisten the transaction. Friends at an alehouse often winced as the prolix blessing was pronounced over the glass which they thirsted to drink, and sometimes when the friend who had "engaged in prayer" opened his eyes he found the glass had been emptied during his devotional exercise. Mr. Adam Petrie, in his delightfully simple *Rules of Good Deportment*, complains of the irregular and irreligious trafficking of coffee, tea, and chocolate.[2] "I call it irreligious, because I observe in coffee-houses not one of a hundred asks a blessing to it, as if it needed no blessing, nor yet thanks. We should not so much as take a drink of water or eat fruit without blessing

[1] Kirke's *Tour*, p. 46; Kirke's *Modern Account* in Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*, p. 257; Sir James Turner's *Memoirs*, p. 143; Burt's *Letters from North*, i. 177; Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriff*, p. 592; Strang's *Clubs of Glasgow*, p. 205.

[2] *Rules of Good Deportment*, by Adam Petrie, Edin. 1720. Going to the house of a man whose behaviour was under suspicion, the minister of Dunrossness in 1778 writes: "After baptism he brought a dram . . . offering to take it without a blessing, I checked him. . . . I am afraid that soon forgetting what had been told him he gave lose to daft mirth, and going out, was struck dead."—Mill's *Diary*, p. 84. Bishop Forbes in 1762 is bade by the Lady Sinclair of Dunreth to say grace over his dram, all present standing as he did so.—Bishop Forbes's *Journal*, p. 207. Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 24.

God, from whom we have his good creatures." This was the theory, and generally the practice, of the sedate and godly of these days, and indeed it was the common custom, as far as liquor was concerned, of society in Scotland.

When so much religion was expended over the drinks of the day, and uttered in prolonged graces at meals till the meat grew cold and the company got hot, it was not omitted in the family. It was enjoined by the Church that there should be "family exercises" every day. Before the communion the minister made careful inquiries whether such were held in every household, and he that was not faithful in having them was debarred from the Lord's Table.[1] Rumours came at times to the ears of the General Assembly that even elders—such as Duncan Forbes of Culloden—had lapsed from this duty, and they made their enactment that those who neglected it should be disqualified from being members of Assembly. More and more a practice which had been universal in Scotland became less and less regarded; until it was retained only by old sedate-customed people, gentry and peasantry, and most carefully observed in the once Covenanting districts where the farmers still wore the broad black bonnets of the ancient fashion.[2] That it was only on Saturday night that the big ha' Bible should be produced was a declension from olden piety, and the "Cottar's Saturday Night" scene, which is so much to modern minds an idyllic picture of piety, would have been regarded by the antediluvians and advanced Christians of an earlier generation as but a meagre worship and mark of falling from grace.

In the early decades of the century the intense religious fervour and faith which characterised the covenanting days retained all its influence and hold over great masses of the people of all classes, and the belief in the potency of prayer and in the constant interference of Providence with every act

[1] Wodrow's *Correspondence*, i. 17; *Acts of Assembly*, 1712.

[2] "My late friend, the facetious Sir Hew Dalrymple, used to say that he had watched its decay, and following the fate of the large black bonnets, it had fallen off as that had diminished in size, and changed colour from black to simple blue. . . . Certain it is that the practice is most general amongst those farmers about Bathgate and Carnwath Muir who preserve the use of its primitive colour and magnitude."—"Comparative View of Farmers 50 years ago and at present, by a Heritor" [George Hepburn], *Farmer's Magazine*, Nov. 1804.

of existence, however minute, was unbounded.[1] Naturally this phase of faith was most shown by the ministers and devout. Whenever they are in doubt about any action—whether to go a journey, or where to choose a text—they pray. They retreat to the orchard, to a barn, to their book-room, and pour forth, with touching confidence, their little cares.[2] Mr. Robert Wodrow tells often of saintly people who spent their days in "wrestling" incessantly, and how his excellent father prayed ten times a day, and spent two hours every day in his exercises—a usual time to devote. Far surpassing this, however, was the practice of Mr. Hew Fulton—"one of the greatest wrestlers I have ever known," remarks the admiring minister of Eastwood,—"it had been his ordinary to spend eight or nine hours every day in immediate prayer." It was expected that any religiously disposed gentleman would retire at certain periods of the day for private meditation, and this was the wont of that sensual saint Lord Grange. Every country house had its small room, or closet, used as an oratory,[3] and in high flats of Edinburgh there was one tiny closet built off the dining-room, to which the head of the household withdrew for his devotions. Even the flat occupied in Riddel's Close by David Hume had one of these tiny praying apartments; which in his case was a sad superfluity.

Scottish piety, however, was not satisfied with these more deliberate or "stated" prayers; a favourite outlet for devotions consisted in pious "ejaculations."[4] These abrupt, spontaneous,

[1] Mr. Thomas Gillespie, founder of Relief Church in 1761, "spent much of his time in tears, watching the progress of religion in his soul, and engaged in constant warfare with Satan and his corrupt desires," a man who "cried mightily to God."—P. 199, Thomson's *Hist. Sketch of Secession Church.*

[2] Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii. 311; *Diary of George Brown, passim.*

[3] Chambers' *Ancient Architecture of Edinburgh*, p. 22.

[4] Among preparations for communion are mentioned "frequent retirements to God" and "many ejaculations."—*Advice of Communicants for necessary Preparations and Profitable Improvement of the Great and Comfortable Ordinances of the Lord's Supper, etc.*, by Robert Craighead, minister of Londonderry, Glasgow, 1714; *Memoirs of Fraser of Brea*, p. 212. "Be much in ejaculatory prayer in the pulpit for yourselves and your hearers."—*Life of Rev. J. Brown of Haddington*, p. 116. "What is the use of ejaculatory prayer? *Answer.*—To disengage our hearts from the world and fit us for daily communion with God, etc."—*Short Practical Catechism*, by W. Crawford. "Some people have more devotion this way in their shops than others in their closets, and while walking in the fields

spasmodic prayers were short sentences or exclamations to God, which fell from the lips of people when walking, engaged in business, or ordinary conversation. It was considered that these holy interjections were extremely helpful to Christians; even more efficacious than regular "exercises," for they rose to heaven so suddenly that Satan had no time to spoil or divert the Christian's thought. Earnest men, and hypocritical men also, as they went along the road, burst into these holy expletives; the pious merchant muttered them as he served out thread and candles to his customers; and ploughmen, as they with devout meditation stumbled with their oxen along the furrows. Ministers in the pulpit loved to "dart up a petition to heaven." Where a worldling in perplexity would have issued a hasty execration, the good man uttered an ejaculation. These startling and irrelevant sets-off to conversation and interjections in business seem to have given much satisfaction to the performers, but fortunately they gradually died out in favour of a more reticent form of worship, although they continued to be recommended by divines as most comforting and most helpful.

In the intensity of devotional fervour, when the ministers of the old gospel school had their times of perplexity, or some emergency was to be met, they sometimes engaged in fasting. In the morning they rose early, and they and their household would meet in supplication for "light at the throne" and for pious exhortation. This operation occupied the whole forenoon, and not till one or two o'clock in the afternoon, when dinner came, did they break their fast since the previous night.[1] It is by such a fast and devout exercise that Mr. Thomas Boston

than when praying on their knees."—P. 142, Willison's *Sanctification of Lord's Day*. Mr. Alex. Moncrieff's "visits to the throne of grace were frequent. Besides his stated seasons for retirement he was observed to be often engaged in ejaculatory prayer."—P. 831, M'Kerrow's *Hist. of Secession Church*.

[1] "On Monday some time was spent in [Mr. Main's] family in prayer with fasting. The family being gathered together he began his work, showing the cause of it, which was, 1st, the afflicting hand of God on his family; 2nd, to prepare for the congregational fast at Carluke; 3rd, to pray to God on behalf of his parish. Then I prayed; after which he, having spoken a little, prayed again also. These prayers continued long, but we had ended about half an hour after twelve. After which, retiring to our several apartments, we dined at two, having had no breakfast."—Boston's *Memoirs*, 1776, 104.

(having admired this method when practised in another manse) sought to move the Almighty to dispel the stone from which he was suffering, to help him in his study of Hebrew accentuation, and to "take away the hand of God from his children who had the chincough."

That there were unbroken, unbreakable laws, a succession of physical cause and effect, inevitable, changeless, passing on their silent course unbending to mortal prayers, unyielding to human needs—this, of course, was a conception of the material world unknown to those days, incredible to those men. Natural laws were merely regarded as conventional arrangements of Providence which could be lightly changed, stopped, or reversed. In those times, therefore, the voice of a minister, the prayer of a saintly pastor, was of no little importance; his petitions for sunshine or for rain were desired, and the result watched with anxiety; and if, in ignorance of husbandry or the needs of his farmers, he prayed for the wrong weather—such as "refreshing showers" in hay-time—it might bring no little disaster. There was nothing that occurred, no incident however trivial, no circumstance however natural, which was not believed specially directed to help, punish, or discipline each mortal's life. There was a fine egotism in this personal interpretation of nature, as if Providence moved all creation to the dim far-off events of each individual's private affairs. For example, when the minister of Ettrick's daughter was born with a hare-lip, "which rendered her incapable of sucking," this affliction was sent to punish her father's backslidings. When his wife fell nearly demented, it was in order to humble his pride in his study of Hebrew accents; and when snow came in spring it was to prevent his going to a Presbytery meeting, for it never suggests itself to his devout mind that it is rather undue favouritism even to the author of the *Fourfold State of Man*, to send a snowstorm which ruined the young shoots of corn and destroyed sheep in half a dozen counties of a half-famished land. When a minister is troubled with gravel, is in agony with toothache, loses his cow or his daughter, is visited with bad dreams from obvious indigestion, each calamity is "sent." When a Fast is made to humiliate for parochial sins and remove a judgment in the form of unseasonable snow, from which the "flocks are

perishing from lack of food," it is noted that "the Lord heard the prayers," "the soft wind came and thawed the snow wreaths" on the bleak hills of Ettrick.[1]

Sometimes events assume a more miraculous aspect.[2] In 1702, Mr. Wodrow learns that while the celebrated Mr. David Williamson was preaching in St. Giles a rat came and sat upon the pulpit Bible; whereupon the preacher stopped his discourse, "went home, and continues sick"—the omen being interpreted as a sign from Heaven that he should surely die. Yet later comforting reports arrive that the doomed and nervous divine still survives. The same gentleman when preaching at Aberdeen was mocked by a profane man singing in the streets the personal song "Dainty Davie" (egged on thereto by Jacobite Episcopalians), and also by his laughing in the kirk. The minister exclaimed, "Alas! for the poor man is rejecting the last offer he is ever to have of Christ." "The wretch dyed before night in great agony." Mr. John Semple, a famed preacher, had a peculiar way of putting out his tongue and licking his lips. Mr. Wodrow is informed that a fellow aped him in this action,[3] and thereupon his "tongue became stiff, so that he could not draw it back again, and died in a few days." To mock or taunt a pious minister brought upon the offender retribution as swift and condign as fell on the Jericho children who called Elisha "bald head!" The servant who laughed at Kiltearn manse during family devotions was warned of the judgment to come upon her, and died that very night.[4] When the great fire broke out in Edinburgh in October 1700, one Sabbath morning, destroying Parliament Close and adjoining wynds, clergy, magistrates, and populace all recognised in it that, as well as in the "terrible and tremendous blowing up of gunpowder in Leith, a fearful rebuke of God for the common neglect of the Lord's Day and great growth of immorality within the city, and the Town Council came to solemn resolution to be more watchful over their hearts and ways than formerly, and reprove sin with more zeal."

When calamities befell the country it was not easy to discriminate for which or for whose particular sins the wrath

[1] Boston's *Memoirs.*
[2] *Analecta*, i. 12.
[3] *Ibid.* i. 150.
[4] *Memoir of Hog of Kiltearn*, p. 147

was shown.[1] When therefore a Fast and day of humiliation was appointed to avert the hand of Providence, there was always announced a list of various alternative sins for which penitence was due.[2] When the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr appoints a day of fasting, it is "besides for ordinary causes" on "account of Satan's prevailing"; "because of witchcraft having occurred in their bounds" (at Paisley); "in order that the Lord would direct the judges who were to sit and try the wretched creatures, the matter being so very mysterious and intricate"; and "to convince the culprits" (who were not yet tried) "of their horrid guilt." When the "ill years" came with frost and haar, snow and rain destroying crops and starving the people, the General Assembly ordered a Fast, comprehensively "to appease the anger of God for the sins of Sabbath breaking, profanity, drunkenness, uncleanness, and infidelity." When Synods or Presbyteries enjoined these provincial days of humiliation because of "abominations and gross crying sins," proving that "Satan was let loose among us," which has caused "desolating strokes,"—scarcity of bread, threat of war, or a terrible fire,—sermons with appropriate texts, chosen from Hosea or Amos, were given to "rip up consciences," and vehement prayers are offered to restrain "Satan's rage."

Sometimes they can discover that the finger of Providence was at work, at others it was clear that the hand of Satan was engaged. Sometimes, however, it was very difficult to decide whether a calamity was due to the devil who is vexing a man, or due to Heaven who is punishing him. It was unquestioned that Satan made people believe in spells, charms,

[1] *King's Pious Proclamation for Encouragement of Piety, as also Collection of Acts of Assembly, Town Councils*, etc. Edin. 1727; Willison's *True Sanctification of the Lord's Day*. More egotistically, however, Hume of Crossrig was clear that "Satan blew the fire" in indignation at himself and his friends forming praying societies for the reformation of manners and morals of Edinburgh.—P. 22, *Diary of Hume of Crossrig*.

[2] "17 April 1717.—Enjoined as a day of solemn fasting by reason of many gross and crying abominations that do abound in the land, and the severe stroaks which are at present hanging over heads on account of our sins, which may provoke the Lord to threaten us with intended invasion of the foreign enemy, and with scarcitie of bread, considering the coldness and sharpness of the present season."—P. 55, Cramond's *Presbytery of Fordyce;* Guthrie Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 61; Lees' *Paisley Abbey*, p. 331.

and holy wells; it is Satan who afflicted the epileptic, "making him utter horrid cries";[1] it is Satan who rages in parishes as the communion drew near, "causing drunkenness and immorality to abound";[2] when a storm comes on as God's people are journeying homewards from the "occasion," the minister and elders discern "the bruised serpent hath begun a broadside." The Christian as he sat at the Lord's table was assailed with horrid thoughts by the adversary, who suggests to him that Christ's body and blood are corporeally present, and even caused him "to feel a singular smell in the bread and wine of flesh and blood, which mightily troubled him."[3] In short, there is no calamity too great for the enemy to cause, and no spite too petty for him to vent. As the Hungarian proverb says: "When the devil is hungry he eats flies."

In the view of a credulous age the Prince of Darkness was assigned an immense sway in creation. It was, in fact, a duel between the powers of good and evil who each wields the elements for his opposing purposes. It is the Adversary who sends to a man fearful doubts; it is the Creator who sends him light; it is Satan who afflicts the minister of Brea "with a boil under his oxter"; it is the Lord who after prayer "miraculously" removes it. Diseases which baffled the chirurgeons to diagnose, and mysterious noises sounding through a house, were attributed to Satanic agency, which could alone be baulked by prayer and solemn adjuration of evil spirits to begone. It was while engaged in exorcising the devil in a mansion in his parish that the minister of Southdean, father of Thomson, the poet of the *Seasons*, fell down dead—another evidence of Satan's work. In all this there is a profound conviction that unseen tremendous agents are influencing each man's life from birth to death; that poor mortals are pawns on the chessboard of earth, moved by invisible opponents who are each trying to checkmate the other.[4] There is

[1] Boston's *Memoirs*.
[2] Spalding's *Syntaxis Sacra*.
[3] Wodrow's *Analecta*.
[4] *Life of Rev. James Fraser of Brea*. Satan employed for his purposes many agents. Mr. M'Gill, minister of Kinross in 1718, was infested with evil spirits, the meat appeared on table stuck full of pins, sheets on the green were found snipped in pieces, "lime (earthenware) vessels" fell from the press to fragments, stones *wambled* down the chimney, the servant vomited pins,

with people a vivid realisation of the unseen, an awe with which every untoward event is regarded; in base men there is a terror of judgment, in good men there is a fine consecrating of common life. Not a journey was undertaken or a plan formed without guidance being sought, and when the minister publishes a book, he takes a copy of his cherished work and "lays it before the Lord." The presence of Christ seems so near, the unseen world is so vivid, that once assured of salvation there was no fear to die, no reluctance to quit life, each Christian man passes to heaven as unconcernedly as he would go to the next room, where everything was familiar to the eyes.

Yet it is a curious feature of the times that the most devout have strange alternations of mood—now they are in abject despair, now they are in joy at "finding Christ"; to-day they are in the depths of anxiety about their salvation—doubting their "surety with Him"; to-morrow they will be in the third heaven "at being His." They interpreted every mood of their mind, every state of their body as divinely purposed. If a minister cannot work out his sermon, and has "damps"—these "damps" are marks of "divine displeasure." If he is in good spirits and preaches with vigour, "the Lord has countenanced him." The wife of Mr. Thomas Boston suffered in her later years from melancholy—which is not surprising in the uncheerful household of faith at Ettrick—and the picture of the poor woman is truly pathetic,—"struggling to hold fast to Christ like a bird on the side of the wall, gripping with its claws." [1]

With all these emotions—changing from spiritual misery to ecstasy (the result chiefly of the stern doctrine of election, rendering people sure or doubtful of their salvation according to their varying mood and spirits), there was usually an inspired conviction in ministers of the rightness of their teaching. How could they doubt? for whenever in perplexity they opened

the Bible was flung in the fire, the bread was uneatable. "Is it not very sad," remarks Mr. Wodrow, "that such a godly family that employ their time but by praying, reading, and serious meditation, should be so molested, while others who in a manner avowedly serve the wicked one are never troubled."—*Analecta*, ii. 330.

[1] Boston's *Memoirs*; Doddridge's *Life of Col. Gardiner*, 1747. See Elisabeth West's *Memoirs*—a curious spiritual autobiography of beginning of 18th century.

the Scriptures, and alighted upon a passage that cleared their minds, they were sure that Providence guided their fingers to the page, their eyes to the lines, and their minds to its meaning. How could preachers not be confident, seeing that it was the Lord that gave them a "good through-bearing," gave their feelings an "out-gate," and their lips right words to speak? The phrase "thus saith the Lord" would have become the lips of Boston and Erskine quite as well as those of Habakkuk and Amos.

The full austerity and intensity of religious teaching amidst the serious minded of that age can best be realised by looking at the home-teaching and training in many households of the first half of the century. Children gifted with the misfortune of having "godly parents" had a terrible ordeal to pass through; for piety was forced into their poor little lives, and all that was bright and genial was forced out. Singing, catechising, reading Scriptures, and praying were the burden of their unmirthful existences. When a promising child dies, it is parental satisfaction to record the graces of the premature angel. "He was a pleasant child, and desirable," chronicles the father proudly; "grave and wise beyond his years, a reprover of sin among his comrades, frequent in his private devotions as he was capable."[1] Such is the fond picture of a son whom it "pleased the all wise God to remove from life in the seventh year of his life." Mr. Thomas Boston, with like complacency, relates the spiritual attainments of his son: "I spoke to my son Thomas about the state of his soul and prayed with him. Being risen from prayer and asking him what was the matter, he said he knew not how to get an interest in Christ. He went into the western room thereafter, and being asked why, said he went to seek an interest in Christ, and tell Him he would be His." On questioning him, his father was pleased to find him "sensible of the stirring of corruption in the heart," and that when Satan tempted him he would cry out "Go away!" and sought to overcome his wicked thoughts by reading his Catechism and his Bible. All this at the infant age of seven: of course the child died in a few years.[2] Such narratives

[1] Turnbull's *Diary*, 1696, Scot. Hist. Society, p. 423.

[2] *Memoirs*, p. 358. "Dec. 8, 1704.—This day Jean Beggart, a very extra-

abound in the religious records of the period: infant prodigies of piety who, in imitation of their seniors, sign "covenants" and espousals to Christ at the age of nine; who are "ripe Christians" at the precocious age of five; who "bend before the throne" when they should be bending over their marbles; children with strong faith and weak lungs, who hear strange things in dreams, forecast future events; who with "ravishing speech" edify their hearers, and reveal "uncommon notions of the meaning of Scripture."

Such a morbid existence was led in very many serious households in Scotland. There life assumed a sombre aspect, and the pleasures of the world were taken sadly; boyish frolics were eyed askance,[1] and sometimes with keen reprehension; dancing was a carnal excitement, cards a dangerous pastime, dicing was an impious game (for lots were appointed by God for holy purposes as recorded in Holy Writ), the theatre was the devil's playground, and dancing assemblies were the recruiting quarters for Satan's ranks. Books could not be too carefully chosen, for poetry was fanciful, and tales were frivolous and untrue; and such papers as the *Tatler* and *Spectator* were not fit for well-disposed minds. Even tolerant evangelicals did not

ordinary Christian, tells me she has a daughter scarce 10 years old that she supposes is under decay. There are so many promising things about her. She dares not doubt of her salvation. It is several years (!) since she used to complain of distress for want of Christ. Not long since, one night they were looking to some light they saw in the north; and when she saw it she fell aweeping, and when asked why, said she feared judgments were coming out to the generation. In one of her weak fitts her mother asked her if she feared to dye? She answered 'Noe.' Asked if she was not feared to lye her loan in the grave? she said she would have feared if Christ had not lyen there."—*Analecta*, i. 55. "Mrs. Yuill tells me she has a son called John, a stirring child. He fell under sickness and turned very serious, and regretted his frowardness, and made a covenant with God, and signed it, and after that came a full assurance of salvation."—*Analecta*, ii. 366, also i. 86, 115. One of the chapbooks most popular among the serious was the *Dying and Ravishing Words of Christian Ker*, who died at the age of ten.

[1] Clackmannan, Jany. 1713.—Two lads disguised themselves, to be play at "guisards" at New Year festivities; they blackened their faces—one dressed as a woman, the other put straw ropes round his legs, and for the innocent iniquity they were summoned before the Session. "Both acknowledged their sin, and promised by God's grace never to fall into the like again. The Session thought fit to dismiss them, the minister having held forth to them on the sinfulness and abomination of their deed."—*Northern Notes and Queries*, ii. 2.

venture to offend pious conventionalities, and the children of ministers learned not dancing.[1] It dismayed the followers of Ralph Erskine that he should play on "a wee sinfu' fiddle."

It may seem unfair to cite the life and character of the once famed minister of Ettrick as illustrative of the religious ways of the age he lived in—a man of morbid nature and of a melancholy temperament which increased with constant ill health. It is true that this spiritual Pepys, in the strange narrative of his life, written for the edification of his children, is singularly frank in religious and bodily revelations. The minister of the quiet, remote Ettrick, with the bleak moorland before him, and the quiet green hills rising behind the manse, shutting him in from the busy world beyond, lived an anxious, troubled life till he died in 1732. With equal gravity and minuteness he tells how he found assurance and how he lost his teeth;[2] describes the state of his soul and of his constitution; his sins and his boils; his gravel, his scurvy, his colic, and his fasts, his prayers and his Presbytery journeys; his travail over Hebrew accents, his fears from Satan, and his perplexity when the dead-bell fell in the silence of the night, and rolled tingling downstairs with significance that made him quake; and all his troubles from cantankerous elders and a censorious flock. Yet notwithstanding much that seems extravagant to us and melancholy in Mr. Boston, he was a man of ability and of great influence in his day; he was a powerful preacher of the grim school, the representative of a prominent type of thought and feeling; he moved the hearts and expressed the faith of a large proportion of the people throughout the century, who thumbed his *Crook in the Lot* and his *Fourfold State* with endless edification. Peasants and farmers read them by their peat fires, and shepherds on the solitary silent hills; his smaller works were the favourite chapbooks of pedlars, and the twelve portly tomes that contained his theological expositions were found in many a manse library and on the book shelves of every Seceding minister long after the century was closed.

[1] Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots.* ii.; Caldwell *Papers*, ii. 262; Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 47.

[2] 1730.—"Thursday I spent in prayer and fasting . . . and whereas I had before put my teeth in a box for preservation, I put another into it that same day."—*Memoirs*, p. 459, p. 509.

A not less typical minister of those days was Mr. Robert Wodrow—the historian of the Church. Not an old man, for he died in 1734 at the age of fifty-five, in his manse of the peaceful parish of Eastwood, when Glasgow was still a small far off city; yet he was saturated with all the old notions, pious superstitions, and quaint bigotries of fathers of the "antediluvian age"; an inquisitive, garrulous, credulous man whose ears were erect at every tale of wonder, and whose pen was busy recording every "remarkable." Nothing was too feeble to note down if a saintly man had said it; no judgment was too monstrous to believe, if a "regardless man" had suffered it. In his *Analecta* and *Correspondence* all the follies and the virtues, all the grotesqueness and simple piety of his age are to be found; and the things that touch us to mirth are always the very things which filled the good man with awe, with reverence and devout conviction.[1]

[1] A finer type of the Scots divine was found in Professor James Wodrow (father of the minister of Eastwood), who belonged to the Covenanting period, and died Professor of Divinity in Glasgow in 1707. We read of him enjoying, though with trembling of conscience, his game of chess with his neighbour the dumb laird; anxious that his servants on the Sabbath should have better fare at supper to make them happier; kneeling by the bedside of his dead son, thanking God "for the loan of my son Sandy for thirty years"; rebuking the pious priggism of his son Robert, who complained that "he did not get that satisfaction in learning his grammar and Latin books, finding little therein that has any relation to eternity." "Robbin," replied the worthy father, "your knowledge is but small, but you should remember when you are reading your books and repeating Despauter's rules [the Latin rudiments used in most parish schools], if you have God's glory before you, and serving Him and your generation, you are really serving God, and He is as well pleased with you as if you were praying and reading Scripture."—*Life of Prof. Wodrow*, p. 168.

CHAPTER IX

RELIGIOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE

Part II

I

During the period from 1707 to 1750 there was quietly going on a movement which was slowly disintegrating the austere, fanatic religious character of Scotland. This movement was the growth of interest and employment in trade which arose some years after the Union with England. Industries began to give occupation to the people; the linen and woollen trade began to take up their attention; foreign trade in time gave outlets for their energy abroad as manufactures did at home; and later in the century agricultural improvements gave new interests to their minds. So long as there was social stagnation their thoughts remained in the old grooves.[1] But men congregated in towns were less under the inquisition of churches; they discussed material concerns more and sacred things less, and old spiritual matters fell out of sight as ministerial supervision fell off. Fuller intercourse with the world rubbed off many a prejudice; just as Scotsmen changed

[1] 1709.—"The sin of our too great fondness for trade to the neglecting of our more valuable interests, I humbly think will be written to our judgment."—Wodrow's *Correspondence*, i. 67. Some ships having been taken by the French, Wodrow observes: "Its said that in all there is about 80,000 pounds sterling lost, whereof Glasgow has lost 10,000. I hope trading people may see the language of such a Providence. I am sure the Lord is remarkably frowning upon our trade in more respects than one since it is put in the room of religion in the late alteration of our constitution."—*Analecta*, i. 218.

their fashions of working and of dressing, they changed their ways of thinking too. If this took place amongst the lower classes, it took place with more rapidity amongst the educated orders. Closer communication with England, the increase of business, the presence in Parliament of sixty representative gentry and nobles, their residence with their families in the south; were amongst the means which brought new notions of all things, of gardening and farming, new modes of dress and new manners of living, fresher knowledge of literature, and wider views in religion. The fashion of young gentlemen going abroad to Dutch universities to study, and thence to Paris to see society, opened their eyes and relaxed their opinions to the dismay of their fathers.[1]

The serious minded early began to note the encroachment of less strict and austere practices.[2] With alarm there was observed, about 1720, the beginning of a deplorable change in the use of "minced oaths" and strange phrases. "Not only," it was noted, "did Sabbath breaking abound to the extent that many before and after service walked in the fields," but old Scripture and old Scots words were going out of use, and instead of the authorised terms of "father" and "mother" the "nonsensical names of 'papa' and 'mama,'" came into fashion, and "even the professors, who never dreamed before of swearing, now dared to use such expressions as 'devil,' 'faith,' 'shame,' and many have changed the blessed name of God into 'Gad'—one of his sinful mortal creatures." It is true that these are only the words of Mr. Patrick Walker, conspicuous more for piety than worldly wisdom, the worshipper of Covenanting fathers, whose lives he wrote and sold in chap-books to the peasantry, but they express the opinions of the "professors" and the godly over the country. Uttering in 1723 his lamentations, he sees divine judgment on such iniquities "in a new ague fever never heard of before to be mortal."

Marks of moral decay were observed all around:[3] the

[1] *Caldwell Papers*, i. 260.

[2] P. Walker's *Biograph. Presbyter.*, i. 134.

[3] Other symptoms of decay were observed "in the scandalous practice of swearing and mocking in time of public worship at serious and godly ministers, and of coming to the church designedly for these profane purposes"; in "the idolatrous custom of swearing by kissing the Gospels, too much in use amongst

toleration of Episcopalian worship and in the opening of a theatre in Edinburgh—which were alike impious and profane —both in the year 1712. There was also the holding of fashionable assemblies for promiscuous dancing, which was sinful in itself and terrible in its effects. And with these social changes came others that were intellectual. Formerly there had been amongst educated classes, side by side with pietism, beliefs in omens, charms, and witchcraft, and the profound belief in ghosts clinging to every ancestral house, which had its haunted room that not even the bravest would occupy; but about 1730 these superstitions were gradually dying out amongst "genteel circles." At the same time the power of the wild clergy began to fail with the educated classes, their fulminations no longer terrorised, their whine ceased to impress; the old school of gospel ministers, with their stern doctrines and their menaces of judgment, were less reverenced, and their uncouth sayings, their rustic ways, became subjects of mighty jesting, not merely in the houses of Jacobite lairds, but in many a Whig Presbyterian home, and in every tavern. The sermons that the educated care for were those of a milder type, in which there was less of damnation and more of morality.[1]

Patrick Walker, while deploring defections among the laity, laments as bitterly a sad decay amongst many of the clergy, "who affect English cant and follow the hellish example of the laity, who mincingly speak of God as 'Gad,' and many tender souls complain that it makes their souls to quake." In

us; in sinful associates and confederacies with idolatrous nations, well-known enemies of godliness which have been entered into by these lands"—referring to a commercial treaty with Portugal; "in the settling in parishes of young men of low principles and vain, light, and frothy conversation, while many sound, serious, and godly, and of great abilities, are discouraged, reproached, and industriously kept out."—*A Publick Testimony . . . by a considerable Number of Christian People . . . anent Grievances*, Edinburgh, 1732. Wodrow's mind in 1724 was distressed by a change in tone and manners in Glasgow, which was eminent for its sedate propriety, young men who had gone abroad on mercantile business came back with looser habit, students mocked at gospel ministers and favoured Simson's erroneous ways; prayer societies had dwindled from seventy-two to four; and clubs for debating worldly and profane questions had increased, discipline was less regarded, and delinquents less shunned.—*Analecta.*

[1] *Caldwell Papers*, i. 260. "Young ministers are introducing a style more decent and reasonable, which irritates the old stagers against them, and therefore they begin to preach at one another."—*Letters from the North*, ii. 175.

olden days the worthy pedlar says "they had golden ministers and wooden cups, now they have golden cups and wooden ministers." Other persons with less prejudice and more intelligence were watching with satisfaction the appearance of men in the ranks of the clergy of refinement, culture, and breeding,—men who had nothing in common with the fervid old "antediluvians," and the fanatical evangelical preachers. At the beginning of the century the benches at universities were filled with young men from all quarters, attracted to the ministry by pious zeal for their calling, or worldly desire for the many livings which were in need of a pastor. These were largely drawn from the lower classes.[1] Many got their training in manners when they became chaplains in private families, where "Mess John" (as he was called) got poor wages and but scanty courtesy.[2] When they became ministers they were loved by the people for their rhapsodies, their wild teachings, and for pandering to the taste of the populace before whom they would pray, "Lord save us from the crooked way of morality." Gradually there came forward others of a better

[1] In his diary Principal Stirling of Glasgow says "that in 1702 there were upwards of 400 students in Greek philosophy and divinity classes, most of them studying for the Church, owing to the great demand for men to fill the empty benefices"—*Stat. Act. Scot.*, Glasgow University, xxvii. 21. The number of students for all professions about 1750 was only about 300. Of the large number of 143 divinity students in Glasgow in 1702, 43 were Irish.—Reid's *Irish Presbyterian Church*, iii. 93. Contemporaries complain of the class and superabundance of candidates for the ministry. "At present we are overstocked with young clergymen [there being but 900 beneficed clergy, and at this time 300 licensed probationers, and the students of divinity exceed that number]. The reason of that seems to be that many people out of vanity, because some of their relations are ministers, will educate a son in this way to push him into a rank in the world above his birth and condition."—*Interest of Scotland Considered*, 1733. "The well-meaning zeal of our clergy in pressing honest farmers and tradesmen to send their sons to Latin schools and colleges does a great deal more hurt to the commonwealth than service. I even know many an honest farmer ruine himself every season of going to college. The beasts and bere, the only thing he had to pay his landlord's rent, must be presently sold to fit a son with a cloak and hat for the college, and not leave a groat for his other children, and after all to support one—and after all a very dunce."—*Essay on Ways and Means of Enclosing*, etc., 1729.

[2] Sage's *Fundamental Charter of Presby.*, 1695; Calamy's *Own Life*, ii. 211, 218. "They treat their chaplains but indifferently, and the poor Mess Johns are so kept down in several county families that they dare not call their souls their own."

type, very different from the hot gospellers with their grotesqueries of speech and style. While professors at colleges prelected in lumbering Latin on the text-books of Turretin and Marckius, and discussed the errors of Limborch, Voëtius, and Cocceius, students turned to writers of their own day in England who were touching the minds of the age. By 1726 Professor Hutcheson in Glasgow was in his class of Moral Philosophy forming a school of liberal men. He disputed no dogma, and taught no heresy as he discussed the beauty of moral virtue, descanted on the "harmony of the passions" and the dignity of human nature; all this not in dull, obscure Latin like his colleagues, but in eloquent English, albeit with Irish brogue, as he walked up and down his class-room platform. As he spoke on these themes Calvinistic dogmas seemed to lose all their meaning; the orthodox doctrines of the Kirk of the total corruption of human nature, of reprobation, of salvation by faith alone, became to his audience strangely unreal. And he who had begun his career as an unsuccessful "moral" preacher in Ulster became the successful guide to future preachers of morality in Scotland.[1]

The divinity professors were orthodox, but the very dulness and the prolixity of their Latin lectures and their Dutch authorities had no influence on many students, except to make them think for themselves; wearied as they were of teachers who imported their theology from Holland, as from the same source gardeners imported their tulips, farmers their turnip seed, and lairds their barley mills.[2]

[1] *Life of Hutcheson* by Leechman, 1755. After Hutchison preached his first sermon before the congregation of Ulster Scots Presbyterians the elders said to his father: "We a' feel muckle for your mishap; but it cannot be concealed. Your silly son Frank has fashed a' the congregation with his idle cackle, for he has been babbling this 'oor aboot a guid and benevolent God, and that the souls o' the heathen will gang to heaven if they follow the licht o' their own consciences. Not a word did the lad say, ken, or speer about the guid auld comfortable doctrines o' election, reprobation, original sin, and faith. Hoot, awa' wi' sic a fellow."—Reid's *Irish Presbyterian Church*, iii. 406.

[2] "Professor Hamilton of Edinburgh used to recommend his students at the end of the course to maintain a tender and charitable respect towards their fathers in the Church who had not enjoyed the means of acquiring literature and liberality of sentiment."—Somerville's *Own Life*, p. 64. The people, puzzled by the new mode of teaching, when a young preacher spoke of the

These men constituted a new school of clergy. Doubtless their philosophy was shallow, the introduction into discourses of new theories of morals was very crude, and their prayers were often "pedantic and affected." Certain it is that they shocked the people and the godly ministers. These "vivid sparks," these "bright youths," as Wodrow styled them with an unwonted effort at sarcasm, were, he tells us, "conceited, exacting, and dogmatic, woefully evaporate on questions and debates too high for them." It was said they gave a "paganised Christianity," "savouring of Socrates and Seneca."[1] They certainly had in their number men of scholarship and culture—of whom the Wisharts were the finest type—men who spoke for the first time in the pulpit of good works and a good life as the only way to serve God. Ebenezer Erskine pathetically exclaimed over this new mode: "Sirs, our own righteousness and good works will never dict and stop the mouth of conscience. It must needs discover a man to be of a legal mind that licks himself with his good works."[2]

Two parties now stood forth in the Church—the "legal" preachers or moralists, and the "high-flyers" or evangelicals. They were hotly opposed to each other, and the debates in Church courts became sources of intense enjoyment to the idle men of Edinburgh, who would say, "Come, let us go and see sport at the Assembly."[3] They contradicted each other in

"harmony of the passions," protested they never knew they had a fiddle in their inside."—Moncreiff's *Life of Erskine*, p. 61, p. 492; Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots.*

[1] Wodrow's *Correspondence*, Sept. 4, 1709. The minister of Eastwood consoles himself with the fact that "there are a few of the old antediluvians amongst us like a shock of corn, very much edified, and re-opened from Sabbath to Sabbath for the glory of the gospel"; but the angel of death soon reaped and garnered these old "shocks of corn."

[2] Rev. J. Maclaren of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh, greatly admired by Lord Auchenleck, was one who loathed this new class, and fervently he prayed against a "little worth, lax, frothy ministry that ken little o' God, less o' Christ, and are fu' o' themselves." This man—an able specimen of the uncouth old type—when visiting Dr. Davidson, a decrepit old man, prayed thus: "O Lord have mercy on Thy poor crooked servant"—on which he was told to go home and learn better manners. When praying for the hastening of the restoration of the Jews, he said: "O Lord, shule [shovel] awa' time."—*Boswelliana*, edit. by Rogers, 259; Ramsay's *Scotland and Scots.*

[3] Crichton's *Life of Colonel Blackadder*, p. 404, 1718—"We have four exercises here [Stirling] on Sabbath, and we have four different ministers, some

their sermons, and perplexed congregations by antagonistic teachings—whereat people were grieved or disgusted or vastly amused according to their disposition.

The change in theology and religious feeling began to show itself in opposition to the gospel leaders. In 1720 it was a shock to Mr. Thomas Boston and his friends when a long-forgotten English work, *Marrow of Divinity*,[1] which he republished and annotated as the richest exposition of sound doctrine, was condemned by the General Assembly as "unsound and dangerous." No wonder he felt it a mark of divine displeasure at the black work in which the Church was busy, that at the moment of their deplorable decision "a dreadful tempest of thunder and hail took place, delaying with its fury the proceedings." Comfort was derived by these worthy censured divines from the fact that the people gave them their devotion, and looked upon the "marrow-men" as the only faithful teachers in the land.

Three years earlier the decay of godliness and orthodoxy on the part of the Church had been made manifest by the Assembly letting off Professor Simson of Glasgow, who had been charged with terrible heresy, merely with a caution to "avoid misleading phrases." Time passed, and in 1726 there came alarming rumours from the west that Mr. Simson, the professor of divinity, was again teaching grievous heresy. The pious soul of Lord Grange was vexed within him, and in tribulation he wrote to his friend Wodrow[2] that he heard he had adopted the Arianism of Dr. Samuel Clarke: "I heartily

expressing things one way, some another. This, I confess, I tremble at. Some are called 'legal preachers,' and are blamed for leaning too much to the Arminian side; while others they call evangelical go too far to the Antinomian side. Lord teach me Thyself, for I dare not trust implicitly to any man."—*Ibid*, p. 500; *Letter of a Blacksmith*, 1759.

[1] These "Marrow-Men" believed in their author even in his arguments proving that Adam, after he had slain animals for clothing, offered them in sacrifice as a type of Christ, and that Adam was saved because he believed in Christ exactly at 3 o'clock P.M. Boston in his *Notes* shows that "saint" is a "reprehensible word" to prefix to apostles or authors of the New Testament. "Why not on the same ground St. Moses, St. Aaron? No reason can be given of the difference but that it hath pleased Antichrist to canonize those New Testament saints, but not the Old Testament."—*Marrow of Divinity*, chap. ii. Notes.

[2] Wodrow's *Correspondence*, 1726.

wish it may be a misreport; for if not, every one who loves the Lord Jesus has cause to mourn it." His friend replied that it is only too true; that while in his class the professor asserts the Son to be supreme God, in conversation he asserts that the Son's self-existence is not consistent with His being begotten. Such flagrant Arianism he charitably attributes to mental derangement; "for the flux recurring twice or thrice a week has afflicted his head; although those who talked with him have found him connected and sensible in his talk, although dragging the subjects of Dr. Clarke, the Fathers and Council of Nicea, into all his conversation." The trial came on and dragged on; the professor was not very articulate in his explanations, the student witnesses were very hazy in their recollection of his Latin lectures. The result was that Simson, though disowning the charges, regretting his expressions, "abhorring" the alleged heresies, was deprived of his office, though not of his salary, and disappeared into private life with a comfortable income, abundant leisure, and pleasant society, after having agitated the religious world to its centre for years, and leaving the "high flyers" in consternation at such a heretic not being deposed from the ministry of the gospel. Yet another mark of shameful indifference to the gospel truth was seen by them in the treatment of Professor Campbell of St. Andrews, who had been in 1735 accused of flagrant error; above all of having published a discourse—*Apostles no Enthusiasts*—wherein he had disparaged those who were ever "consulting at the throne" and "imploring light," and attributing their own emotions to divine communication.[1] When the trial ended in acquittal, and he remained secure in his post teaching perilous views, it was felt that a tremendous blow had been dealt at faith in the Kirk. Clearly the reign of the old fanaticism was gone. Not, however, that there was really allowed any latitude of belief or teaching, for the Confession was made as rigorous a standard as ever by all parties in the Church.

Only once again was there a revival of old spiritual fervour and enthusiasm, such as would have made glad the hearts of the "antediluvians." This was in 1742, when the

[1] *Report of Committee on Purity of Doctrine*, 1736.

revivals of Cambuslang and Kilsyth took place—part of the wave of evangelicalism which was spreading over England under the influence of Whitfield and Wesley.[1] For years the parish had been going on its sluggish way under the ministrations of a worthy Mr. M'Culloch, when one day his sermon—more earnest than usual—had startling effects on his congregation; some fainted, some went into convulsions, others cried that they saw hell opened for them and heard the shrieks of the damned, from which we may infer the teaching that awakened them. The whole district was moved. "Wounded souls" came seeking hope and pardon; night and day the crowds gathered in distress about their salvation, the communion was thronged by 30,000 people, and 4000 sat down at the tables, while no less than eleven ministers were at one time preaching in the fields. George Whitfield, who was then in Scotland, came and stirred them with startling appeals, and the revival was blown into full blast. At Kilsyth also the parish minister one day startled his people and himself by his unexpected power. They wept, they prayed, they moaned. Week after week the awakening increased. The voice of the preacher mingled with the cries of the people who daily thronged the church. The very children gave up their games in order to sing and pray for hours together, while they were exhorted to "flee the wrath to come" and to "close with Christ."[2] Evangelical preachers, with the all-powerful Whitfield, came from long distances to assist in the great work. Communions which were frequently held were attended by about 40,000 people, while preaching went on in the kirk and in the fields. The faithful Mr. Robe explains what was the sort of doctrines that were potent. While the converted were moved to tears "by the sweet truths of the gospel," to the others "were preached the terrors of the law in the strongest terms." "I feared to daub or deal slightly with them," says the gratified pastor, "but told great and small that they were children of the devil while they were

[1] *Scots Magazine*, May 1742; *Gospel Weekly History, relating to the late Progress of the Gospel at Home and Abroad*, 1742.

[2] *Faithful Narrative of the extraordinary Work of the Spirit at Kilsyth and other Congregations in the Neighbourhood*, by James Robe, M.A., Glasgow, 1742.

in a state of unbelief, and that if they continued to the end they would be damned." Accordingly, they feared, they trembled, and they cried, "confessing it was because of dreadful apprehensions of the terrible wrath of God."

The whole of Scotland was excited over these scenes. The Evangelicals, who had so long been lamenting the corruption of the age and deadness of the people, rejoiced exceedingly at these manifestations of the Spirit. The Seceders, who could not believe that any good could come out of an Erastian Establishment, denounced them as impositions and delusions of Satan. The Moderates despised the whole affair as a display of foolish enthusiasm and nervous excitement. We may fairly believe, however, the favourable testimony on what was known as the "Cambuslang Wark," that drunkenness, vice, and profanity diminished, and honest piety was permanently established in many lives. The revival spirit passed to other quarters; it was keen in Glasgow, it was felt as far as Perthshire, and the praying societies which were formed kept alive for years much of the spiritual impression made by the "Cambuslang Wark." [1]

II

After the middle of the century toleration, spread amongst all classes, had leavened the ranks of the clergy, over whose manners and tone a vast change had passed. Even the Evangelical party—strict and austere as they were—were unable to resist the tide of new feeling which had come over the age: they were more genial in faith and more cheerful in life. When in 1753 the Rev. John Home produced his play of "Douglas," the clerical feeling, it is true, was in many quarters wild against him, so that he prudently retired before the coming storm, and his clerical friends who had been present in the theatre had to submit to ecclesiastical censures.[2] But the very fact that a minister should write a play, and other ministers dared witness it, was ample proof that a revolution of opinion had come over society; and a time came

[1] Robe's *Faithful Narrative.*

[2] Mackenzie's *Life and Writings of John Home*, 1822, p. 49; Carlyle's *Autobiography.*

when John Home, no longer a minister, attended the General Assembly as an elder, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of the Fencibles; and the Assembly debates were deserted by members who were listening to Mrs. Siddons at the Theatre Royal.

Even the high-flyers or Evangelicals greatly modified the morose ways of their predecessors. The leaders of that party enjoyed society like their neighbours, partook of the conviviality of a period which was rejoicing in escape from a pious reign of terror. Dr. Webster, the ablest of them all, who combined the clearest of heads with the most unctuous of spirits, was the life of the supper parties of Edinburgh any time between 1760 and 1780, could join over a magnum of claret on Monday with gentlemen of not too correct lives whom he had, professionally, consigned to perdition on Sunday; he could pass with alacrity and sincerity from devout prayers by a bedside to a roystering reunion in Fortune's tavern, and return home with his Bible under his arm and five bottles under his girdle. Notwithstanding all this, he was leader of his austere party and the idol of the "Tolbooth Whigs," to whom he discoursed on the "four-fold state of man" with fine fervour.[1] Dr. Wallace, eminent as a divine, a statistician, and an economist, had even written Notes to *Gallini's Art of Dancing*, which, however, he was too discreet, probably, to practise.[2]

Nothing was more striking in the new attitude of the Church towards the world than the tolerance and courtesy with which the better sort of clergy treated heretics in opinion and antagonists in controversy. Warm friendship allied David Hume, the amiable sceptic, with Dr. Jardine, the fine Evangelical, as well as with the Moderates, Carlyle, Home, Blair, and Robertson. Dr. Thomas Reid, when combating the arch-infidel's philosophical views, sent to him his manuscripts for perusal and his style for correction. Charming compliments are exchanged by Hume with his reverend opponents in Aberdeen, Professors Campbell, Gerard, and Reid, the last writing, "Your friendly adversaries return their compliments to you respectfully. Your company would, although we are

[1] Carlyle's *Autobiography;* Somerville's *Own Life;* Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen;* Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh.*

[2] Mackenzie's *Life and Writings of Home*, p. 17.

all good Christians, be more acceptable than St. Athanasius." [1] Such a tone enables us to realise what a vast distance lies between this period and that when Boston and Erskine prayed and preached and fasted.

Never did the Church hold so high a place as in 1750-1770 in attainments, position, and esteem. In the General Assemblies met the men most conspicuous for worth and ability, both lay and clerical; and in the debates, ministers of distinguished talents, and elders who were the most accomplished and brilliant Scotsmen, took their parts. In the absence of a Scots Parliament, the Assembly was looked upon and used as the nursery for orators and politicians, and there was to be found almost as good speaking as in the House of Commons. Advocates, eminent at the bar, like Wedderburn (an elder at 23) and Henry Dundas, lords of session like President Dundas, statesmen like Sir Gilbert Elliot and Lord Marchmont, were members of the Court. The roll of Assembly for 1754 includes amongst its elders nine peers and five lords of session; the rest chiefly consist of baronets, lairds, and advocates of high standing at the bar and in society.[2]

What the ministers were at the beginning of the century we have seen—thoroughly respectable, even eminently respected, pious and faithful, but narrow, uncouth, and superstitious. With all these faults, in spite of the homely garb and rustic speech, they were regarded with reverence,[3] for a minister in those days was considered by his prayer and preaching to have a power far beyond reach of lay attainment. Whether they were sprung from poorer classes, or schoolmasters, farmers, or from "merchants," or lairds, there was less difference in manners between ranks in the country then: the clergy married into good old county families,[4] and the lairds themselves

[1] Burton's *Life of David Hume*, ii. 155.

[2] Chamberlayne's *Present State of Great Britain*, 1754. "The General Assembly had then the boast of some of the best speaking in Britain, the House of Commons scarcely excepted."—P. 61, Mackenzie's *Life of Home*.

[3] Burt's *Letters*, i. 178. "Although they have not the advantage of any outward appearance by dress to strike the imagination, or to distinguish them from other men who happen to wear black or gray, they are, I think I may say, ten times more reverenced than our ministers in England."

[4] Reid's *Cameronian Apostle*, p. 60. The founders of the Secession Church had done so.

were not much richer than the minister, who in many cases was the second man in the parish in point of means. Never did the clergy in Scotland sink in social esteem and position like the common clergy in England in the beginning of the century. By the middle of the century the class had improved, socially and intellectually, and not yet had their position and authority been impaired seriously by dissent.[1] Their ministerial pre-eminence was still undisputed. Hospitable they were, and tastes being simple, and fare frugal, they could entertain with kindly dignity. In Edinburgh especially the clergy, by their position, rank, and ability, were in the highest circles of society. Even in the Highlands ministers seem to have often been men of considerable culture; and as the peasantry and crofters or farmers were too poor to send sons to be educated for learned professions, the students were chiefly drawn from the clergy or the tacksmen—who were educated themselves, and cadets of good families. The ministers described in the memorable *Tour to the Hebrides*—living far remote from towns and libraries, in inaccessible regions of the Highlands, appear as men of good sense and breeding, vigour and learning, so as even to extort growling regard from the anti-presbyterian lexicographer. But nowhere is higher praise given from a competent source than in 1772 by Pennant,[2] the traveller

[1] In Skye especially classical education was general. The clergy of sixteen parishes in Skye and Harris were men of good families, of great learning and refinement.—Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlands*, Append. ii. 31. Mackenzie's *Life of Home*, p. 10: "The clergy of Scotland at that time were one of the most respectable as well as happy orders of the people. With the advantages always of a classical and sometimes of a polite education, their knowledge was equal or superior to any man in the parish. Their influence in those times, before a number of the sectaries had withdrawn themselves from the Established Church, was great and universal, and their incomes, taken with reference to the value of money, the state of manners, and style of living of that period, was much more adequate to all the purposes of comfort and decent appearance than the stipends of to-day, after all the augmentations which have been granted them. The clergy of Edinburgh coming thither thus prepared, mixed more than I think they have done at any subsequent period with the first and most distinguished persons of the place, distinguished whether in science, literature, or polite manners, and even as far as the clerical character might innocently allow, with men of fashion conspicuous for wit and gaiety."

[2] Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, i. 173.

who knew them well:—"They are much changed from the enthusiastic, furious, illiterate teachers of old times, and have taken up the mild method of persuasion instead of the cruel discipline of corporal punishment. They are the most decent and consistent in their conduct of any class of men of their order. Science flourishes almost universally among them, and their discourse is not less improving than the table they entertain strangers at is decent and hospitable. Very few of them permit the witchery of dissipation to lay hold on them." And the Englishman evidently thinks he pays an enormous compliment by saying, "they never sink their characters by midnight brawls, by mixing with the gaming world either in cards, cock-fighting, or horse-racing, but preserve with a narrow income a dignity too often lost among their brethren south of the Tweed."

Pennant could truly speak of the incomes as "narrow." In very many parishes the stipends were no larger than they had been a hundred years before. And yet expenses in living had immensely increased; provisions were more than double in price, and the dress of homespun once worn could not be put on in a more luxurious age, when silk had taken the place of linen, and broadcloth of home stuffs. Meanwhile the rents of farms had risen, and the incomes of lairds were vastly increased, and the relative position of the minister had in proportion diminished.[1] The average stipend was £52; some stipends were as low as £25, more than fifty were less than the legal minimum of £44,[2] and none were higher, even in the cities, though held by men of the powers of Drs. Robertson, Erskine, and Blair, than £120 or £130. In 1749 the General Assembly produced a scheme for augmenting the livings, showing that while 340 livings yielded from £70 to £100, there were 600 benefices which did not exceed from £24 to £60—"the pay of a land waiter or the lowest excise

[1] "Many are obliged to betake themselves to other shifts, such as farming and grazing, in order to support their families. By this their dignity and influence are lessened. Professor Hutcheson, in a pamphlet which is little more than 50 years old, states that the clergyman was generally in Scotland found to be second in point of income; now he is generally the twentieth, often not the thirtieth."—P. 46, Smith's *Survey of Argyleshire*.

[2] Morren's *Annals of Gen. Assembly*.

officer." This scheme, however, met with the keenest opposition of the elders who were nobles or landowners, as being ill-framed, ill-timed, and utterly unnecessary. Lord Marchmont, the liberal patron of letters but not of clergy, in the Assembly, condemned the proposal as unreasonable, and superciliously lectured the ministers on their wild zeal and desire after the "means of luxury and extravagance." Heritors repeated the easy cant of a "poor Church being a pure Church"—a phrase often on the lips of the frugal-giving Lord Auchinleck.[1] And so it ended in failure, and not till 1810 was the minimum stipend raised to £150, while a large proportion of the clergy had to contend with means straitened even to poverty. When we consider the narrow circumstances of a Church which had no high posts to offer, no honours or dignities wherewith to stimulate, to bribe, or to reward, it is remarkable that so many men of force, and learning, and ability were to be found in its ranks.

By the middle of the century the once despised and reprobated "legal" or moral preachers had increased so as to form the party of "Moderates," which became the most prevailing, ablest, and dominant class of clergy in Scotland. Most of the literary and cultured clergy belonged to that class, those of most practical energy, shrewdest to advance improvement in trade and agriculture, the sagacious advisers of their flocks on week-days, and wise teachers of duties on Sunday. Tories in politics, they were strong in carrying out the law on patronage, indifferent to the scruples of the popular clergy and to the wishes of the people; they cared for no "high-flying." Their ideal virtue was a sanctified common sense, and they were sedatives to all enthusiasm. They taught from the pulpit solidly the duties of everyday honesty, charity, good neighbourhood, without stirring a pulse. When Samuel Rogers

[1] Many cases occur in Kirk-Session records in eighteenth century of doles given out of the poor-box to destitute relicts and orphans of ministers. Their families often were reduced to humble trades. In 1744 Dr. Alex. Webster, with the aid of the able statistician Rev. Dr. Wallace, instituted the Widows' Fund, which secured poor ministers' families from destitution. Previous to that the only resources were the yearly collections at the meetings of the General Assembly, which were distributed as alms to needy widows and orphans.

visited Edinburgh[1] he heard Dr. Hugh Blair discoursing in his pompous manner upon Censoriousness, a theme which would have sounded miserable in the ears of old gospel preachers, and unpleasant to inquisitorial elders. Some would address their people on poor-laws[2] and benefit societies, admirable but not soul-lifting subjects; and as they laid down "the heads" of their sermons in the pulpit the congregation laid down their heads in the pews. It is true that if we judge the Moderates by Matthew Arnold's definition of religion,—as "morality touched with emotion,"—they were sadly lacking, for of "emotion" there was little. Dr. Henry, the historian, summons his friend the Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff to come to him directly; "I have got something to do this week, I have got to die." So the young Evangelical divine stays with the old Moderate divine till he dies,—chatting, joking, reading,—honest piety blending with venerable fun; a curious little picture of a common-sense mode of "holy dying."[3]

The "reign of Moderates" a later Evangelical generation deplored as a period of spiritual deadness, of neglected parishes, of unvisited people, of forsaken deathbeds and comfortless preaching[4]—which need not be accepted as veracious. If they relaxed the discipline of the Church, and abolished public penance, they are to be thanked for abolishing thereby the crime of child murder, to which the terror of the Church had driven hapless maidens.[5] Ramsay of Ochtertyre repeats a

[1] Clayden's *Early Life of Samuel Rogers*, p. 93.

[2] *Sermons* by Samuel Charteris, D.D., of Wilton, 2 vols.

[3] Several admirable Surveys of Agriculture of the various parts of the country were written by "Moderate" ministers; the best informed accounts of parishes in the *Stat. Account of Scotland* 1793-7 were by them, and the encouragement to new methods of husbandry often came from these shrewd parish ministers.

[4] An Evangelical minister with meagre charity thus sums up the qualities of his "Moderate" stepfathers: "Many were genuine Socinians. When they preached their sermons generally turned on honesty, good neighbourhood, kindliness. To deliver a gospel sermon and preach to the hearts and consciences of dying sinners was completely beyond them as to speak in the language of angels. Their discourses were the most insipid and empty that ever disgraced the sacred name of sermon. Their congregations rarely amounting to one-tenth of the parishioners, were generally during the half hour's soporific harangue fast asleep. They had no more religion in private than in public," etc.—"Autobiography of Dr. James Hamilton," cited in *Lives of the Haldanes*, p. 130.

[5] Child murder, so rife before in rural districts, almost disappeared with

remark of Robert Burns, that the Moderate clergy or "New Lights" abounding in Ayrshire were all Socinians, a statement not very authoritative, which it would have been difficult to prove.[1] Shrewd country ministers were not likely to avow heresy in the pulpits; nor were they likely, even in the most genial unbosoming moments over their claret, to confide their heterodoxy to lairds, country writers, or even poets. They did not deny the old dogmas, probably they did not even doubt them; they simply felt it pleasantest to let sleeping dogmas lie. The statement that these men had a loosening effect on the religious opinions and conduct of Burns is singularly unhappy.[2] The pity was that they had so little influence. They cast no doubts on revelation, and Burns had rather too many; they preached moral principles, and Burns had rather too few.

Evangelical ministers of the old school still abounded in the Church to leaven the arid Moderatism, their teaching drearily doctrinal, their discipline still severe and vigilant; yet from the finer Evangelical clergy came teaching which in its mild tone and benign spirit was a strange contrast to that of an older generation. All ecclesiastical life had vastly altered when the century closed. There was as much transformation in the feelings, opinions, and habits of life as in the habits of dress—in the change from gray homespun clothing and coloured cravats of ministers, who strode the causeway of the High Street of Edinburgh in 1700, to the brown wigs or powdered hair, the cocked hat, black single-breasted coat, frills and ruffles, knee-breeches, and silver-buckled shoes of the city ministers who walked the new pavement of Princes Street in 1800. That characteristic institution the "Scotch Sabbath" had been modified in its observance from the rigid days. It was not uncommon for clergymen in Edinburgh and Glasgow

relaxation of Church penance in public.—Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*, ii. 39: "This crime has become less frequent since the strictness of Church discipline has softened." At Inverness Court of Justiciary, from 1747-1762 nine women hanged for child murder, since 1763 only one woman condemned.

[1] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 554; *Robert Burns and Ayrshire Moderates, a Correspondence*, 1883 (privately printed). For a fair estimate, Moncreiff's *Life of Erskine*, p. 61; Cunningham's *Church History*.

[2] Principal Shairp's *Burns* (*English Men of Letters*), p. 47.

to have their friends at their genial suppers on Sundays, or after family worship at home to pass through the dimly lighted streets to bright gatherings of gentlemen in the flats.[1] Lord Cockburn gives his fine memories of that most Evangelical of divines and most well-bred of gentlemen[2]—Sir Harry Moncreiff—who at 9 o'clock of the Lord's day had his "family exercises," and entertained his friends thereafter to roasted hens, a goblet of wine, and wholesome talk. It is true that stricter persons mourned over such degenerate city-ways. And it was noted with sadness that the streets were not silent and deserted on the Sunday as of old, that the people walked in the fields and Castlehill, that barbers[3] trimmed and carried home on the Lord's Day the gentlemen's wigs; that the churches were not full as once they were, and it became as fashionable for gentry to stay away from worship as it had formerly been for them to attend it.[4] Indifference to religious forms, with more laxity of talk, faith, and morals, was lamented as the prevailing mark of these latter days.[5]

A reaction set in, however, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A wave of evangelicalism passed over Scotland, submerging the stagnant "moderatism," and left as

[1] Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*, p. 42.

[2] Creech's *Fugitive Pieces;* Mackenzie's *Life and Writings of John Home.*

[3] Plaintive appeals against the custom of employing barbers to dress wigs on Sabbath were issued, warning fellow-barbers against conduct "which encourages others to walk abroad and recreate themselves to the ruin of their souls." "Blush," writes a pious barber, "and disdain as candidates for immortality to countenance that practice which must draw down the vengeance of Heaven upon you."—*Letter to the Barbers and Hairdressers labouring at their ordinary Employment on the Lord's Day*, by Jas. Robertson, 1794; *Friendly Advice to Barbers dressing on the Lord's Day*, by several of the same business, Edin. 1788.

[4] On neglect of worship by gentry and people of fashion, see Creech's *Fugitive Pieces; Stat. Acct. Scotland,* xi. 165. A minister bitterly says: "In this part of the country it is only fashionable for the low classes of the people to attend the church; the higher orders are above the vulgar prejudice of believing it is necessary to worship the God of their fathers," x. 605. Several ministers complain that the funds for the poor are sorely diminished by neglect of gentry to attend ordinances.

[5] Topham says with some wildness of statement, "Deism is the ruling principle in Scottish society."—*Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 238; see Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 44. The likelihood is that "Scottish society" speculated on religion too little rather than too much.

its deposit a revival of religious zeal and earnestness in the land with a sterner theological tone, which—partly for good, partly for evil—renewed the traditional religious character of Scotland.

III

It is not uncommon to speak of the Scots as a priest-ridden people," as entirely under the domination of their ministers, who terrorised them by discipline in this world and by threats of the next. It is in this light that Buckle especially has represented the Scottish populace.[1] The reverse is far nearer the truth, and the ministers may rather be called a "people-ridden clergy." For this the evidence is not far to seek. The peasantry were not a class to be domineered over by Church or by State; with their pugnacious piety they were too independent for that. Theirs was a dour temper, fostered by opposition to the powers that were in Covenanting days. At that period the ministers were few and fugitive; ordinances were in the hands of the Societies, who, when grave matters were to be discussed, had no hesitation in putting the minister outside the door while they arranged affairs within. These Societies existed in every parish in the Whiggish counties, and were formed of men who met for prayer or conference. At these meetings a "question was put" for debate on theology or Scripture. Clad in their big blue bonnets and rough woollen plaiding, they would stiffly dispute each point for hours at their secret gatherings in barns or farms. These religious unions remained in full force long after the Revolution, composed chiefly of the Cameronians who kept by the Solemn League and Covenant, who disowned the uncovenanted sovereign, would take no oath of allegiance, and would pay no cess. They were thoroughly organised in a network of associations throughout the country. Each "Society" contained ten or twelve members, who met once a week; a combination of these societies formed an "Association," which met once a month; and these again were united in what were called "Correspondences," each of which was known by its

[1] Buckle's *Hist. of Civilisation*, vol. ii.

locality, such as the "Correspondence of Nithsdale," of Annandale, or of Fifeshire. These conclaves met every year, when grievances were ventilated, knotty points unravelled, and religious rigour and self-confidence were maintained. These men and societies proved thorns in the side of westland and south-country ministers, whose ministrations they attended only if they pleased them. But it was not necessary to be a "Society man" to be a critic.

Every word the clergyman said was noted, everything he did was scrutinised. Did he give only one sermon on a sacrament Monday? Did he keep a Fast which the State ordained, and thus show Erastianism? Did he take the oath of abjuration?—then "there was a casting at the ministers."[1] This oath, imposed on both Episcopalian and Presbyterian ministers in 1712, was a matter of abomination, for while it abjured the dynasty of Stewart, it swore support of Protestant heirs to the throne who must be members of the Church of England. Elders resigned their posts with a minister who had taken it; the people often would not have communion if they thought he would take it. "How can we take sacrament," said they, "when he may take it by Lammas?" We see poor Mr. Boston, when he resolved not to swear, and knowing there was a penalty imposed on clergymen that refused of £500, disponing all his tenements at Duns on his son, and all his goods and gear on his serving man and precentor. Next we see him at the last day for swearing with his resolution fast oozing out. "I spent much time in prayer and fasting," he relates, "but I found my courage for suffering not such as at the former taking of the oath." However, the fear of the people proved greater than the dread of the law or loss of fortune.[2] The churches of the "clear"

[1] Boston's *Memoirs*. Mr. Pollock, the minister of Tynron in 1715, desires to get free from his charge because, in regard to the divided circumstances of the parish, he could never have a communion there, that the elders and he have for a long time differed anent the lawfulness of keeping fasts and thanksgivings appointed by the Church and State upon solid grounds, as also about the oath of abjuration, and that he hath no elders or deacons since he took the said oath, that he has not above thirty, forty, or fifty hearers for ordinary, notwithstanding the largeness of his parish.—*Penpont Presby. Records*.

[2] *Memoirs*. Two-thirds of the Presbyterian ministers took the oath, but very few Episcopal ministers; no one, however, after all their mental agony and

ministers (those who were "clear" being in favour of it) were deserted by the people, who would not receive the elements from one who dared to "take the crown off Christ's head and put it on the Queen's." It is with no little bitterness that Boston speaks of the natives of Ettrick as turbulent spirits, "great swearers, but praying persons," "naturally smart and of uncommon assurance, self-conceited, and censorious to a pitch, using an indecent freedom with Church and State." In their discomfort the much vexed and nagged ministers sometimes speak strongly of their parishioners, especially of the "society" class, as "ignorant and of a pharisaic set, highly conceited of themselves, and despising others," and in his wrath a greatly provoked minister classes them with "worldly worms and profane wretches—enemies of the Church." [1]

After patronage was reinstituted in 1712 there were frequent outbreaks of stubborn resistance. Incessant riots and tumults took place when clergy were inducted whom the people had not chosen, and many churches remained vacant for years while the heritors placidly and patiently pocketed the stipends. Presbyteries were sometimes too much in sympathy with the people, and more often too much afraid of them, to ordain unwelcome presentees; and the General Assembly at last was forced to appoint what were called "riding committees," to travel to parishes where local ministers would not, or dared not instal.

Another matter brought forth the independence of the "priest-ridden" people. In 1736 the famous Porteous Riot occurred in Edinburgh with its subsequent civil and ecclesiastical strife. Captain Porteous of the Town Guard had fired on the mob who were trying to rescue George Wilson, a smuggler, therefore a popular hero, and some people were killed. After having been sentenced to death Porteous was reprieved, but the infuriated mob, dragging him from his refuge in the Tolbooth jail, hanged the poor wretch in the Grassmarket on a dyer's pole which projected from a shop. Thereupon the Government ordered a proclamation to be made in every pulpit before

perplexity had to pay the threatened forfeit.—Burton's *Hist. of Scot.* 1689-1748, vol. ii. pp. 44-55. The oath was modified in 1719.

[1] *Hog of Carnock's Life*, p. 99; Wodrow's *Correspondence*, Sept. 4, 1709.

sermon on the first day of each month for a whole year, in which the perpetrators of the crime were commanded to give themselves up, and all who sheltered them threatened with heavy penalty. This preposterous order was greeted as blasphemous desecration of the Sabbath, every minister who read it was accused of celebrating the death of a murderer before the death of the Saviour. People would not take communion with any man who "put Cæsar above Christ," and many left the churches never to return.[1] It was a perplexing time for the luckless clergy, for many had themselves as much scruple at reading the proclamation as their congregation had against hearing it; many disobeyed, but others complied, fearing to offend the law but dreading more the face of the people. Eminently discreet was that minister who before reading it told the congregation to withdraw from the kirk, for though he was bound to read it, they were not bound to listen to it, on which they left in a body. In all these scenes the submission of the clergy to the people was more conspicuous than the docility of the laity to the Church. In estimating the harshness and tyranny of the Church it is invariably forgotten, but should be remembered that it was really a tyranny of the laity more than of the clergy, for a Kirk-Session contained about six elders, representatives of the people, to one minister who must carry out the decisions.

Brought up in stern theology of Calvin, accustomed to preaching which was purely doctrinal, to hear sermons which taught that salvation was won by trusting to the atonement and in making a bargain with Christ, the people in many districts despised and detested all "legal preachers," who taught morality and dared to suggest that to do the duties of life formed an element of Christianity.[2] They loved men who pandered to their taste, who denounced all teaching of morality as causing men to trust in their "filthy rags of self righteousness." They loved a teacher rustic like themselves, familiar in his style, rude and uncultivated in manners and mind, and they

[1] Eleven Seceding congregations were chiefly formed of these malcontents.

[2] "I observe," says Colonel Blackadder, "when a young man sets up as a high-flyer, and to win applause and a name for strictness among country people, the best way to attain his end is to run down locality and morality."—*Life of Blackadder*, p. 491.

chose such when they had power, or created turmoil in the parish when such they could not get.[1]

The same spirit of independence and tyranny of the people showed itself in the Highlands. There certain individuals often utterly illiterate gained prominent positions from their piety and their austerity of life and doctrine, and were looked upon as peculiarly holy and specially guided by divine grace. Their words were listened to with superstitious reverence, their oracular utterances became memorable, their unctuous Gaelic prayers seemed of miraculous efficacy, and they were credited with power of foreseeing the future, as by spiritual second sight. Such persons were known as "the Men," in contradistinction to the mere ministers. If the clergymen were not gospel and orthodox in their eyes, they quitted the kirks with disgust, and held meetings for prayer and discourse with the people who docilely followed them, and listened, as to the voice of inspiration, to these morose spiritual despots.[2]

At the kirk these sanctimonious "Men" took their station near the "lattron" or precentor's desk, their huge cloaks down to their heels, napkins bound round their heads, and their long hair hanging down on their shoulders, to show how they despised the fashion of combing. While the service went on they kept up a muttering nasal whisper—either of comment or spiritual communing—for their position and reputation required them to preserve a peculiarly devout and critical air before the congregation.[3] Greatest were they at the Fellowship Meeting on the Friday before the communion.

[1] "Lord President Dundas told the General Assembly how a number of candidates preached for a parish in Clydesdale without success. At last a young man took their fancy. 'Sir,' said the patron, 'there are two nails in the pulpit, on one of which the late worthy minister used to hang his hat. If you put your hat on the right one it will please, none of the others have hit upon it.' He did so, and got the place. Another candidate preached with a bad cold; he had forgot his handkerchief, and was obliged to wipe his nose with his hand. This was a popular action, and the people fixed upon 'a homely lad that blew his nose with his loof.'"—Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*, ii. 354.

[2] Auld's *Men and Ministers of the North.* "Men of prayer and admitted at the throne into singular intimacy of fellowship, evidenced by their obtaining special direction in the perplexities of others, and in receiving intimations of the Lord's mind as to the present and future events of providence."—Kennedy's *Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire*, pp. 78, 112.

[3] Sage's *Memorabilia Domestica;* Auld's *Men of North.*

The minister presided, and after devotional exercises one of the men was asked "to propose a question"—just as in the old Galloway "Societies." Thereupon some stood up and gave out the question for discussion—such as election or justification—and then the debate went on. Though some of the most eminent and feared "Men of the North" could neither write nor read either English or Gaelic, their acquaintance with Scripture was marvellous and formidable. Even the minister found his own sermons freely criticised in his presence by men whose inspiration was drawn from a higher source than human books. The minister, if he were Evangelical, meekly listened and humbly learned; the minister, if he were a Moderate, listened with chagrin, but bore the self-confident sanctified talk which he in his soul despised.

At last in self-defence the clergy in Sutherland made the Fast Day on the Friday instead of Thursday, to put an end to the cavilling meetings at which the Fast Day preachers were unceremoniously overhauled; but the people rose and complained that their "time of preparation for the solemnity was shortened," and the Assembly thought it prudent to let them have their own way. These "Men of the North" were all-powerful through successive generations up to our own day, but they passed in 1843 from the Church of Scotland to the Free Church.[1]

From Cameronian Societies in the beginning of the century to Fellowship meetings at the end of it, the temper of the people was obviously not that of a "priest-ridden" race.

IV

Any review of the religious life of the country would be incomplete if it left unnoticed the dissenting element, which was one of the most characteristic features in Scottish social life.

The Church of Scotland had undisputed sway in the land

[1] Morren's *Annals of General Assembly*. The minister of Llanbryde, evidently a "Moderate," bitterly states that in his parish "the only pleasure of the people consists in numbers from ten to twelve meeting to converse on the abstrusest points of Calvinism, praying, and lamenting the degeneracy of the age."—*Stat. Acc. Scot.* ix. 177. "The Men," *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxiii.

for many years after the Revolution. Except the small, unobtrusive sect of Episcopalians and the discontented Cameronians under the leadership of Macmillan, the minister of Balmaghie, there was practically no dissent. The authority of the Church was undisputed; the position of the parish ministers was without a rival. In 1737, however, there was formed the first grave Secession from the Kirk. The General Assembly in 1732 had passed an Act, among many others, dealing with the never-ending, ever-renewing troubles connected with patronage; and according to this Act, the right of election was to pass into the hands of the heritors and elders of a parish, in the event of patrons not presenting a minister to a vacant charge within six months. This law, because it utterly ignored the interests and wishes of the parishioners, caused the utmost disaffection among the people and their leaders in the Church. The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine denounced in the Assembly this "respect for persons with gold ring and gay clothing beyond the man with vile raiment and poor attire." For acting contumaciously against ecclesiastical authority Erskine and three other ministers were deposed; and in 1733 these four stalwart friends of the people met in a little thatched cottage near Kinross, and after a day spent in prayer and fasting, they formed themselves into the "Associate Presbytery." The Church, startled at the effect of its hasty and harsh deposition of faithful but stubborn ministers, tried to undo their action and recall them to their fold, but they shook the Erastian dust from their feet, and in 1737, with the powerful accession of Ebenezer Erskine's brother Ralph, the Associate Synod was formed, and began its career as a powerful sect.

Now began a new phase of Scottish religious life, and the "Seceders" became a distinct type of men in Scotland, adding a bitterness to religious spirit and an animation to the social life. Adherents followed the Secession leaders with keen ardour. When little meeting-houses and manses were to be built they carted stones to rear the walls, carried on horseback the loads of heather or turf to thatch the roofs, and fuel, or "elding," of wood or peat, for the fires. To be present at the communions, where the few faithful ministers served, devotees would travel thirty or forty miles, and gather from thirty

parishes around to hear the Word. In Fifeshire they assembled at Ceres in their thousands, sat down on the grass to listen for long hours to the preachings of the Erskines till night set in, and took their places at the tables, to which they were admitted by "tokens," consisting of little bits of leather. Bereft of any pure gospel ministry, the people journeyed from St. Andrews to Abernethy, twenty-two miles' distance, to receive the ministrations of the saintly Mr. Alexander Moncreiff, setting forth near midnight on Saturday night carrying lanterns to light them over the rough paths and moors, and hiding them in the whins in the day-time. Then, when at night the Sabbath communion services were over,[1] they set forth in the dark once more, travelling all night, and weary, foot-sore, and hungry, returned through the streets of St. Andrews in early morning amid the jeers of reprobate students.[2]

In their houses they would debate the vital questions in the Confession or the Covenant on the Headship of Christ and the "moderation of calls," till the day dawned and the birds began to twitter in the thatch. The spiritual pasture of the worthy zealots was found in the works of Manton and Boston, in Pike's *Case of Conscience* and Wellwood's *Glimpse of Glory*, and the chapbooks giving the lives, prophecies, and dying words of the saintly Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick.[3] When Wednesday evening came for exercises in the meeting-house, young people were catechised in the *Testimony of the Associate Synod*, a pretentious, verbose, fanatical manifesto, in which the principles of the Secession are declared, and the want of principles in the Establishment is denounced.[4] Amongst the sins of the Church and State which deserve reprobation are enumerated

[1] "Sept. 10, 1737.—The sacrament was in Dunfermline, and I preached half an hour before the action began about half before eight in the morning. The tables began a little after nine, and continued till about twelve o'clock at night, there being about 5000 communicants. I hear from several hands that the Lord owned the occasion."—*Diary of Ralph Erskine.*

[2] Mr. Troup preached in a field to a congregation drawn from seventeen parishes, and made a profound impression by a sermon from the text in Isaiah, "Like a crane or a swallow, so do I chatter."—M'Kelvie's *Annals of the U.P. Church*, p. 90.

[3] Scott's *Annals of the Orig. Secession Church*, pp. 17, 33.

[4] *Acts of Associate Presbytery concerning the Doctrine of Grace in* 1742, Glasgow, 1780.

the condemnation by the Assembly of the *Marrow of Divinity*, its condonation of the heresies of Simson and Campbell, the intrusion of unpopular ministers in parishes, the neglect of the rights of the people, the existence of "legal preachers," and the repeal of the Act against witchcraft—thereby dethroning God's Word. Besides this portentous document, the narratives of the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig were also recited to keep great things in memory.

Into this Seceding community drifted every person with a pious grievance. There the people belonging to the "Societies" found a congenial home for their principles. There went all whose souls were vexed by the "legalists" or preachers of morality. Thither resorted all whose consciences were grieved by the precentor no longer giving out the "run-line" before singing it, or by his using a pitchfork to set the tune. There passed in discontent those who could not endure the use in praise of the human "Paraphrases" which the Church had sanctioned, instead of the divine words of David—people who had shut their psalm-book with a slam when a paraphrase had been "given out," looking round at startled hearers with defiant triumph.

There, too, passed those who had been scandalised by ministers reading the iniquitous Porteous Act, and those who were fascinated by the open-air communions, which the Church was giving up.[1] Meanwhile, every time an unpopular minister was thrust on a congregation by patrons there were more secessions from the Church and more accessions to the Dissenters. These people's independence, like the Whiggism of their politics and the Covenanting in their religion, was intensely conservative—conservative of their own rights, of their old faith, customs, practices. It is the peculiarity of Scottish dissent that it never arose from love of change, from any breaking forth of new views and opinions. It was rather a determination to preserve more purely the creed and habits of their fathers. In fact, radical as Scottish temperament is called, it was then not the radicalism of those who uproot old institutions

[1] M'Kelvie, *Annals of the U.P. Church*, p. 384. Out of dissatisfaction with presentees thrust on them in fourteen parishes eight Seceding congregations entirely formed.—*Ibid.* p. 14.

and seek out new paths; it was really a conservatism as keen as that of the Jacobite in resistance to change, whether in dress, in farming, and in social customs, or in theology and worship.

The Seceders, in their stubbornness and bigotry, only reflected the character of their chosen leaders, the Erskines, Fisher, Moncreiff, and Wilson.[1] This fact was painfully experienced by the Rev. George Whitfield. At the invitation of these men, the great Calvinistic Methodist arrived at Dunfermline, and he preached to rapt thousands—"the rustle of the multitude of Bibles being such as he had never witnessed before." Quickly he discovered that his friends were pure fanatics. "I asked," says Whitfield, "what they would have me do?" The answer was that he should preach only to them, because they only were the Lord's people. The party broke up, Whitfield declaring his duty was rather to preach to the devil's people, and in the meeting-house to which they adjourned one of the ministers preached on the text, "Watchman, what of the night?" denouncing prayer-book and surplice, and the rose in the hat, till his voice was clean gone. An open breach soon followed. In a little dingy room the grim Seceders disputed far into the night with the English churchman on their church polity. "I do not find it here," said Whitfield, with his hand on his heart. "But I find it there!" answered Mr. Moncreiff of Culfargie, rapping the open Bible in anger. "I retired," relates Whitfield, "I wept, I prayed, and after preaching in the fields, sat down, dined with them, and took final leave. Lord, what is man, what the best of men but men at the best? I have seen an end of all perfection," exclaimed the disgusted Methodist. Thus ended a curious, brief, ill-assorted alliance of genial and grim evangelists.[2]

[1] Wesley's opinion is strongly expressed: "I have not yet met a Papist who would say to my face that all but themselves would be damned; but I have seen Seceders who make no scruple to affirm that none but themselves will be saved."—Southey's *Life of Wesley*, ii. 136.

[2] Rev. Adam Gib wrote a massive pamphlet entitled, "Warning against countenancing the ministrations of Mr. G. W., together with an Appendix wherein are shown that Mr. W. is no minister of Jesus Christ, that his call and coming to Scotland are scandalous, that his practice is disorderly, that his whole doctrine must be diabolical,' so that people ought to avoid it from duty to God, to the Church, and to themselves," 1742.—Tyerman's *Life of Whitfield*.

The antipathy to everything Erastian was poured forth freely. Instead of hailing the revivals of Cambuslang and Kilsyth with satisfaction, they denounced them as a "delusion," as a device of Satan, as a miserable attempt of the Kirk to regain popularity, as "a manifestation, not of the Spirit, but of hell."[1] Whitfield, who had lent his powerful aid to the movement, was now stigmatised as a "cheat," an impostor, an emissary of the devil. That no good thing could come out of a polluted Establishment was the conviction of Seceders; it was a matter for discipline to enter the kirk, it was a sin to take communion from a minister's hands, while to have had any contact with Episcopacy was an iniquity. Masons who took part in building an Episcopal meeting-house—derisively called "a whistling kirk," from its organ—were excommunicated from all "sealing ordinances."[2] Oaths taken, even by bakers and masons on entering their guilds and societies, were reprobated by strict sessions, and offenders straightway put under discipline The fullest opportunity for displaying their purity was at communion in "purging the roll," as correcting the list of communicants was called, and at "fencing the tables," when all persons "unfit to wait on the Lord" were debarred from the Supper. In the "debarrance" some Seceding ministers excluded all who visited the parish kirk or danced "promiscuous"—man opposite to a woman, or woman dancing opposite a man—all who had *committed* or attempted suicide, all witches and warlocks, and from the table even the Pope and the devil were warned off to make their society select. All persons were excluded if in the least unworthy, and yet in the next breath

[1] *Review of Preface to Narrative of Extraordinary Work at Kilsyth*, by James Fisher, minister of Associate congregation at Glasgow, 1742.

[2] Shuttle Street congregation, Glasgow, in 1750 excommunicated a mason as guilty of contumaciousness in persisting in the great sin and scandal in the building of the "Episcopal meeting-house."—*Glasgow Past and Present*, iii. 327. Associate Session at Balfron in 1749 and in 1756 put under discipline persons who took the mason's oath, the constable's oath, and the chapman's oath.—P. 45, Smith's *Strathendrick*. They also forbade the dancing of men and women together, which the ministers called promiscuous dancing, and the common people called "promisky."—Hall's *Travels*, i. 203. Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1819, p. 209. At the Balfron Secession meeting-house one woman, called to account for taking sacrament at the parish church, expressed deep penitence, and acknowledged that after going to the church "a deadness grew upon her soul."—Smith's *Strathendrick*, p. 45.

all were affectionately invited who loved the Lord; so that Christian Seceders were in perplexity what to do between the particular fencing and the general invitation.[1]

The Associate Synod was composed of men and women who mistook seeking a grievance for searching for truth, persons of a difficult temper, whose convictions turned up at unexpected corners, and whose consciences wound themselves round a scruple like a hedgehog round a straw. It was inevitable that beings who differed so severely from all the world should soon differ with each other, and this certainly took place.

A curious emergency came to disrupt the body when it was only nine years old. A burgess oath was imposed on citizens on assuming office in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Perth, which ran thus: "I protest before God that I profess and allow the true religion presently professed in this realm and authorised by the laws thereof. I shall abide thereto and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Roman religion called Papistry." Here a formidable difficulty arose. Did this oath express the burgher's acknowledgment of the religious establishments of England and Scotland, laden as they were with heinous errors, as the "true religion?" or did it merely express approval of them only in so far as they were "true"? Here was the rock on which the Synod struck and was shivered in twain. Pamphlets, discourses, tractates, came forth in ill-printed, vehement thousands discussing this momentous dilemma. Scotland at the time was in rebellion and turmoil, parishes were disturbed by raids of wild Highlanders, men were enrolling as volunteers to resist the Pretender, and stolid ministers who could not wield a toasting fork were anxious to tie on pouches for their ammunition, to shoulder muskets they could barely load, and to be drilled with their communicants; the Church was holding fast and humiliation days to stay the divine judgment in a civil war. And while all these events

[1] An old Seceder said of these alternate invitations and menaces, "I can make nothing of it at a'; that man [the minister] first shoo'ed (chased) us a' oot, and then he shoo'ed us a' in."—Macfarlane's *Life of G. Lawson, D.D.*, p. 81. By the minister persons were invited to the table who have understood "Christ's fulness and furniture. His satisfaction and sweetness."—P. 34 *Sermon at Linktown at Abbotshall*, by Rev. Robert Shirra, 1751.

were agitating the nation Seceders were busy debating in cottage, fair, and market, and meeting the mighty question, "Can the burgher's oath be taken without sin?" In 1747 the Seceding Synod met in Edinburgh, to meet no more. The majority decided that the oath was sinful, and declared that those who took it should be cast from its communion. The minority withdrew, including the Erskines, founders of this body which now excommunicated their spiritual fathers. In grief and consternation the outcasts had prayers and fasting, and a day of humiliation was held because "the Lord had divided them in His anger, and covered the daughter of Zion with a thick cloud, and given them in His anger the wine of astonishment to drink."

From that hour old Seceders were divided into the Burgher or "Associate Synod," and the Anti-burgher or "General Associate Synod," not to be reunited for seventy-three years.[1] In every district there was dissension and strife; people who before united in denouncing the Establishment, now denounced each other with equal vehemence, they debarred from each other's communion those guilty of "promiscuous hearing"[2] as well as of iniquitous promiscuous dancing; those so forgetful of their principles as to attend the ministration at each other's meeting-houses. They next fought amongst themselves as to whether the elements should be "lifted" before or after the consecrating prayer at communion; until West country Seceders were divided into the hostile parties of "lifters" and "anti-lifters," who would have no intercourse with each other.[3]

To carry on to a conclusion the bewildering tale of seceding

[1] In 1827, when the two bodies, becoming of one mind, were at last reunited.

[2] In 1751 "It was reported that John Collier (Anti-burgher) had witnessed his brother being married by a Burgher minister. He was called, compeared, and was interrogated why he did so? Answered he did it in his simplicity. Was interrogated if he saw any evil in it, as it was in some measure giving up his profession? Answered he did. Being interrogated if he resolved, in the strength of grace, not to do the like afterwards? Answered in the affirmative. He being removed, the Session agreed that he be rebuked and admonished."—*Memorials of Dunikier Church*, by Rev. W. Fairweather.

[3] *Eirenicon: An Inquiry into Importance of present Debate amongst Seceders relating to Manner of Administering the Lord's Supper*, by J. Ramsay, minister of gospel, Glasgow, 1782; Mackerrow's *Hist. of Secession Church*, p. 326.

divisions, which has its humorous as well as its pathetic aspects, we come to another rupture in that communion, which divided it into new bodies with separate individual life and functions with the ease of a polype. This new dispute was to split the Burgher Seceders into "Old Lights" and "New Lights." The Burgher, or Associate Synod, while still retaining the Solemn League and Covenant as a standard, declared that they would not require its members and ministers to approve of civil compulsion in religious matters, or to hold that the magistrate should interfere to punish error. When this resolution was carried the minority, stanch for the perpetual obligation of the Covenant, quitted in disgust the apostate Synod for issuing a Declaratory Act so false to its creed. They assumed the name of Original Burghers, but were popularly known as the "Old Lights," in opposition to those who pretended to have "new light" on the Solemn League and Covenant. In this way the "Auld Lichts" originated—a body which was one of the most stubborn and self-convinced of little religious communities still lingering on obscurely in perfect conviction.

Amid all this strange, perplexing maze of dissent, multiplying into manifold sections—Presbyteries, Synods, General and Associate, Old Lights and New Lights—there are brought out curious phases of Scottish life and character. All these scenes, all these quarrels and controversies over points which are now pointless, and questions not worth answering, enable us to understand the temper of the old Covenanters in their stubborn resistance to Prelacy and the State.[1]

Yet another sect emerged from the disquiet of the times and the grievances of the people in being deprived of their election of a minister. This became known as the "Relief Kirk." It had its origin in the deposition of Thomas Gillespie, the minister of Carnock, for disobeying the orders of the Assembly to ordain a presentee unpopular with the parishioners. It was a harsh, high-handed measure, dealt by the Moderates in 1746 at a good man, while others as con-

[1] Registrar of Stirling Kirk-Session at the end of 1743, records:—"If any names are wanting in this year, it is to the disorderlyness of the Associates who will not pay their dues." Seceding ministers forbade their followers using the parochial register or recognising the Church.—Rogers' *Social Life*, i. 138.

tumacious as himself were left unpunished. As he arrived at his manse gate the day after his fate was decided, he told his wife, who went to meet him at the gate, that he was no longer minister of Carnock. "Well, Thomas," said the brave woman, "if we must beg I'll carry the meal poke."[1] On Sundays, behind his manse, great crowds attended his ministrations, and all alone he worked, visited, preached, holding communions in the fields, exhorting seven tables one after another, preaching on Fast Days, till his voice was worn, for he had none to help or countenance him. At last in 1761, with Mr. Thomas Boston of Jedburgh, son of the author of the *Fourfold State*, and Collier, an English dissenting minister, he founded a Presbytery, "for the relief of Christians oppressed in their Christian privileges." Thus was the Relief Church added to dissent, yet not directly hostile to the Establishment, without the bigotry and fanaticism of the more pronounced Seceders.[2]

Dissent, much as it is to be regretted as disastrous to peace, unity, and charity, was not without its advantages to the Established Church. For it carried off the ill-humours of the religious body into congenial sects, and gave every one who was opinionative, fanatical, and stubborn, a communion where he could find rest for himself and give no trouble to others. If persons with such moods and temperaments had continued in the Church they would have perpetually disturbed its quiet, and seriously hampered its progress and development.[3]

The fathers of the Secession, the Erskines, Moncreiff, who was Laird of Culfargie, and others, were men of gentle birth, although, according to the way of their time, they were plain-mannered, rustic in style, and broad in speech. But those who came after them—like those who succeeded Wesley and Whitfield in England—were of common origin, of the weaver, cotter, and small farmer class, sons of what biographers vaguely call "poor but pious parents." Nor was their education such as to give them polish and culture. Mr. Wilson

[1] Struthers' *Hist. of the Relief Church*, p. 93.

[2] Gillespie at the end of his life expressed his wish that the Relief body should return to the Establishment.

[3] In 1765 there were 120 meeting-houses attended by 100,000 persons.

was appointed the "professor of divinity" by the Associate Seceders, his little thatched house was his college, and the students paid their fees of five shillings, or ten shillings if they were able to pay it. In Abernethy Mr. Moncreiff also taught a few of these humble lads, who lodged cheaply in the cottages around, and after the session was over worked at their trades or in the fields at home. When licensed to preach the probationers travelled from place to place, long distances, to fill vacant pulpits for a Sunday, usually trudging on foot, sometimes on a meagre pony, carrying their leathern saddle-bags containing their papers, sermons, and scanty wardrobe. When a poor man decided to train his son for the ministry he would say to him, "I'll carry you on till I put you on the saddle-bags."[1] Arrived at his destination, he would lodge from Friday to Monday with some member of the little congregation, get his fee, and start on the road again. The "placed minister" had hard toil: three sermons on Sabbath, another on Wednesday, communions which with sermons, addresses, "evening direction to participants," continued from ten in the morning till late in the night, visiting, catechising, and humouring the most exacting of folk. The manners of these pastors were rustic, their ways uncouth, their Scots the broadest with the much revered "drant" or drawl of gospel-preachers of old, with quaint, familiar speech to God and man. But grace in manner was considered by many worthy Seceding ministers and elders a hindrance and an offence in those who had the grace of God.[2]

In course of time there were in the ranks of the Seceders men of considerable learning, of no little ability; possessed of the saving grace of humour to temper their old-fashioned dogmas. The Burghers and Anti-burghers, the Reformed

[1] Macfarlane's *Life of Lawson*, p. 52.

[2] In 1761 the Anti-burgher Synod cautioned students against "an affected pedantry in style and pronunciation and politeness of expression in delivering the truth of the gospel, as by a using the enticing words of men's wisdom inconsistent with that gravity that the weight of the gospel requires, and as from proceeding from an affectation to accommodate the gospel in point of style, which, if not prevented, may at length issue in attempts to accommodate it also in point of matter to the corrupted style of a carnal generation." In 1784 the Burghers' Synod expressed concern at a "growing fondness for false refinement and abstract reasoning in handling the truths of the gospel."

Presbyterians (who had been Cameronians) fostered division and dogmatism in the people; but without them, and without the little body of Glassites, founded by the simple-hearted minister of Tealing in 1730,—with its abstinence from things strangled, the kiss of greeting, the love feasts of homely broth which gained for it the vulgar title of "the kail-kirk"—Scotland would have lost some of its quaintest aspects of social life.

V

In the religious life of Scotland of the eighteenth century Episcopacy plays an inconspicuous part, though in its social life it formed a picturesque element. Its influence was confined to the small number of its adherents in the Lowlands and the far-off members north of the Forth. It was a quiet and unemotional communion, which stirred no great interests, formed no active movement; and as the sect was so closely allied with the Jacobite party, and under the bann of severe laws, it felt that it was safest when it was least heard of, and most prosperous when it was obscure.

When Presbytery was re-established, the Episcopal ministers who would not conform to the new *régime*, or were not allowed to continue in their places in defiance of it, were reduced to sore straits to earn a livelihood. Many, as we have seen, were forced to seek employment in trades; others became chaplains in Jacobite families, where for £5 a year, "with board and washing," they tutorised the children, said grace at meat, read the prayers, and went the household errands. Not a few were reduced to destitution and unable to work or to find work, were forced to seek charity from the parish poor-box to save their families from starvation.[1] In the north and eastern counties many were able to retain their livings, partly because the Church had no Gaelic preachers to put in their place, partly because the people were too much in their favour to allow them to be ousted from their posts; but others still hovered round their old parishes, holding furtive services in private houses and barns to their scattered flocks, while the

[1] "1722, Sept. 30: Given by the minister's order to an Episcopal minister £1:10s. Scots." "Aug. 18, 1732: To an old distressed Episcopal minister 10 Scots."—Kirk-Session of Morham, *New Stat. Acct. of Scot.*

Presbyteries issued their "letters of horning" against these "intruders" and "meeting-house keepers." In several towns these preachers had some small lodgings in which they converted a room into a chapel.[1] In 1716 there seems to have been in Edinburgh no fewer than twenty-two of these Episcopal ministers somehow attached to ten unqualified "meeting-places," which were located in high flats in dingy wynds, to which of a Sunday the loyal adherents ascended, picking their steps on the dirty turnpike stairs. Simple was the equipment of these chapels: two bedrooms were united by the wooden partition being removed; a desk, a few chairs or forms, on which postures were miscellaneous. The stipends were small, only £10 or £12 a year; the collections were mean, and the seat rents of a shilling or so annually barely paid the house rent.[2] Few of these men had taken the oath of allegiance, and they were, therefore, liable to punishment as "unqualified" preachers; and even when obliged to pray for the sovereign and for the royal family, they made their petitions so equivocal that the authorities could not decide whether Hanoverian or Stewart was being interceded for, and Providence and the preacher only knew. The Bishops vanished into obscurity and fell into poverty, the people watching with derision the passing of the "fourteen blackbirds," as they nicknamed the good prelates. Troubles which afflicted the ministers were not escaped by the luckless schoolmasters who were at the mercy of the new Presbyterian rulers; they must now subscribe the Confession of Faith or be dismissed. In vain one would plead that "he had no time by reason of severall divertisements to consider it fully;" or that "he had considered a great part of it, but not so fully as he would wish to do." They were remorselessly expelled, though there were few to take their places,[3] and driven to beggary.

The Episcopalian service had usually been, as in olden times,

[1] Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 366. Twenty-one of them were fined £20 sterling each—one-half to informer, other half to poor—for officiating without qualifying by taking the oaths. If too poor to pay they sought refuge in the Abbey Sanctuary for debtors.—Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, p. 343.

[2] Ruddiman, the grammarian, pays for two years' seat rent forty shillings Scots, or 3s. 4d. sterling.—Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 37.

[3] At Insch in 1709; at Inverurie in 1710.—Davidson's *Inverurie*, p. 424.

extempore effusions, though some ministers had ventured timidly to read the English prayers; but in 1709 the whole soul of Edinburgh people, ministers and magistrates, was agitated by the news that Mr. James Greenshields, an Episcopal though "qualified" minister, read the English Service-book in the dwelling-house, of which the rent was £6, in a close, which he had made into meeting-house by removing partitions between the rooms.[1] The landlord proceeded legally against him for spoiling his house by breaking his walls; the magistrates proceeded against him for using Prelatic books and breaking the law. It is true that no statute existed forbidding the Prayer-book, yet the Court of Session curiously supported the magistrates' contention, that "There needs no law condemning the English service, for the introduction of the Presbyterian worship explodes it as inconsistent," and Greenshields was lodged in the Tolbooth jail, where he remained for a year, till the House of Lords ordered his release, and in 1711 reversed the Scots' decision against him. But nothing could allay the popular and Presbyterial indignation against the Liturgy—even a private chaplain might be threatened if he did not desist from reading it in a drawing-room or hall of a mansion. The Earl Marischal's chaplain was prosecuted by the magistrates and threatened by the Lord Advocate; Lord Carnwath was menaced that his house would be burnt over his head if he did not prevent his chaplain reading the iniquitous book, so the preacher discreetly departed.[2]

In Glasgow the conduct of one Mr. Adam Cockburn was a subject of great tribulation.[3] This preacher—"an immoral and profane wretch," says Mr. Wodrow, "and very silly"—set up his worship in an obscure wynd; and the populace of that austere city watched him in angry blue-bonnetted

[1] Burton's *Hist. of Scotland* (1688-1748), vol. i.; Burton's *Criminal Trials*, ii. 295; Defoe's *Hist. of Union*, 1712 (Defoe, though keen dissenter, favours the prosecution of Greenshields, the Episcopal dissenter, for his insistence on religious liberty); *Lockhart Papers*, i. 349.

[2] Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 366.

[3] Wodrow's *Correspondence*, i. 562. The introduction of English Service-books, whether by "profane wretches" or honest men, was equally a source of soul-searching with worthy Wodrow. "The Lord pity us!" the good man exclaims, when recording places where the woeful book was used.—*Analecta*.

crowds, as he in his gown audaciously read the English service in the churchyard over an English soldier's grave; they watched him coming down the narrow close in the Gorbals, where he had in his canonicals baptized a baby with English forms; and the boys all trooped around him and followed his retreating footsteps, shouting that favourite derisive nickname of the curates, "Amen!" "Amen!" When even the children cried out it was impossible for the people to keep silence at this modified idolatry, and to prove their pious zeal they one August evening in 1714 pulled down the humble chapel, tore the offending gown to tatters; and the terrified minister and his wife fled for their lives. Thus exit "Amen" Cockburn, his "minced oaths," and his impudent flaunting of Prelacy. Public Episcopal worship ceased for years to come in the orthodox royalty of Glasgow, and the coaches of my Lord Mar and Jacobite country gentlemen ceased to rumble along the roads of a Sabbath morning to worship God erroneously, and to scandalise the citizens as they went by the Trongate to the true kirk.[1]

It is evident that even the peasantry who were well affected to Episcopacy preferred it with the olden simplicity when it was the Kirk established, and, loving nothing that was English, they cared not dearly for the English Service-books. In the North many of their ministers continued forms as simple as any Presbyterian Church. At Auchterarder in 1711, where a funeral service was read with canonical gown, the Episcopalians of the crowd were as keen as the Presbyterians in the riot of the kirkyard, and they chased the "liturgyman" from the grave.[2] Surplices were not worn by the ministers; and plain

[1] The event called forth a popular song of triumph, entitled, "Downfall of Cockburn's Meeting-House," set to a favourite air:—

> We have not yet forgot, Sir,
> How Cockburn's kirk was broke, Sir,
> The pulpit gown was pulled down
> And turned into nought, Sir.
>
> * * * *
>
> The chess-boards they were broke, Sir,
> Out o'er the window cast, Sir,
> With a convoy of holo hoi,
> Unto the streets were sent, Sir. etc.
>
> *New Book of Old Ballads*, edit. by Maidment.

[2] Wodrow's *Analecta*, ii. 30. The Liturgy, "so far from being desired by the people of Scotland, that even those who frequent their meetings that are of

black gowns were used even by the bishops.[1] But gradually, as the Scots Episcopal body was thrown more and more into dependence on the English Church, services, postures, festivals conformed to English forms, and after the Union, in two years 1900 copies of the Prayer-book were sent from Oxford.

For a few years things went quietly within the unobtrusive Episcopal society. The law requiring the taking of the oath of allegiance was not harshly enforced, and whether Queen Anne or the Chevalier was prayed for in the insignificant meeting-rooms was a matter of indifference both to the world and to monarchs. When, however, in the Rebellion of 1715 the Episcopal party allied themselves so closely with the Pretender's cause, and their laymen and preachers had shown themselves keen Jacobites, they were taken more seriously.[2] With heavy hand the law fell on them, forbidding any minister who had not taken the oath of allegiance to perform service to a number of people exceeding eight, including his own family. Worse still became matters after the Rebellion of '45, in which all non-jurors were on the side of Prince Charles, and the great majority of Episcopalians were non-jurors.

Jacobitism and Episcopacy in Scotland became closely identified, and in many places were almost synonymous, so that their meetings were regarded as nurseries of treason. To suppress them measures were carried on in right earnest, and executed by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland with brutality.

In 1746 the law was made more stringent. The congregation to which a non-qualified clergyman might preach was then limited to only four persons, and heavy penalties were laid on hearers who did not in five days inform upon an offend-

Episcopal religious principles dislike it, and are with difficulty brought to hear it. Nay, in most parts they will not comply with it, but abandon those who read it, and throng after those Episcopal ministers that disuse it."—P. 37, Defoe's *Hist. of Union*, 1712.

[1] Not till 1735 was the Prayer-book used in Aberdeen by all chapels, where Episcopacy had many followers. Even when it was adopted many alterations and excisions were made.—*Journals of Bishop Forbes*, etc., p. 172.

[2] Burt's *Letters*, i. 284. Capt. Burt when he was present noticed that when the King was prayed for by name in the Litany "the people rose up as one in contempt of it, and women set themselves about some trivial action, as taking snuff, etc., to show their dislike."—*Ibid.* i. 205; *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, p. 368.

ing minister, while the minister himself who broke the law was made subject to six months' imprisonment for the first offence, and to banishment for life on the second. Soldiers scoured the north country, burning and wrecking these poor Episcopal chapels of thatched barns or huts. If the meeting-house stood apart from others, it was burned to the ground; if it was attached to other cottages it was pulled down; and the fugitive minister was forced to flee, sheltering in some friendly house or skulking in the woods, while his little cottage was left to the tender mercies of the plundering party.[1] In the guise of a miller Mr. John Skinner escaped from his home—just in time, for that very night it was surrounded, his poor possessions were plundered, and his thatched chapel was sacked.

Still harsher were made the laws. The four persons to whom the non-juring minister was allowed to preach had been exclusive of his own family. Now, in 1748, this considerate proviso was withdrawn. Strange and pathetic expedients were used to obey the letter of the law, and yet to defeat its purpose. In Inverness the congregation assembled in a loft with a hole in the floor, through which the voice of the pastor rose from the ground floor, in which the tiny legal-sized flock was gathered. In other places people worshipped in a barn, the minister standing in the kiln; or the room was divided by a thin partition through which the service could be heard by the worshippers on the other side.[2] Rev. John Skinner adopted the expedient of reading the service at the window of his thatched chapel, the "gentles" being admitted within if

[1] Skinner's *Hist. of Church*, ii. 663; Walker's *Life of Skinner*.

[2] Pratt's *Buchan*, p. 125. John Peters convicted in an inferior Court in spite of the contrivance of drawing a screen across the room which concealed the congregation from view; but through this they heard his discourse and made their responses.—Hume's *Commentaries on Law of Scotland*, 1797, i. 573. In some cases in several districts the people were congregated at the mansions of gentlemen—noblemen—the service being performed in a large room on the ground floor, containing the clergyman, his family, and four persons. The window frames were removed so that those outside could hear; or where two rooms were divided by folding doors, the doors were removed, and the legal flock was in one apartment and the rest listened in the other; the passages and staircases were crowded with auditors, and the minister raised his voice to be heard by as many as possible.—Lawson's *Scottish Epis. Ch.*, p. 302.

the day was wet or stormy, while the humbler sort sat or stood outside in the cold or rain, or sometimes ankle-deep in snow.

The trial of certain offenders against the statute of 1748 by the Sheriff of Kincardine brings out a vivid view of these unfortunate hunted worshippers.[1] Corporal Shaw had been sent to watch a house which he knew to be used by non-jurors for worship, and he deponed that when he went to the house there were crowded "in one room about forty persons young and old; and in the same room was a closet in which he saw Mr. Young standing in an Episcopal habit with a book in his hand in which he was reading, and he heard him in the reading several times make mention of Paul the apostle. There were two women with Mr. Young in the closet, the door whereof was open to the room." Another witness stated that "between the doors of two rooms there was a plate and bag in which persons put offerings intended for the use of Mr. Young." By such little contrivances the poor parsons tried to retain their worship and evade the law. If, however, the eye of justice or the ears of informers were too vigilant for such harmless devices, they met in a barn or shed; they had their baptisms and administered communion in the silence of a wood or the solitude of a glen.[2]

So long as the law was enforced in its harsh rigour, and a clergyman like Mr. Skinner was carried to jail for transgressing, these ministers had an irksome life of duty — for the services or festivals and Sundays were intolerably fatiguing.[3] The repressive law of 1746 had forced them to administer communion to only four persons besides the family residing in any house, but by going through the several houses of their people in turn, they might have a fresh congregation of about ten or twelve persons. The Act of 1748, however, was much more restrictive—for it included the members of the household in the four permitted as a congregation, and it restricted the preacher to one house or chapel for his services, so that he was obliged to have service after service to new quartets the whole day long.

[1] Stephen's *Hist. of Church of Scotland*, iv. 336.

[2] *Ibid.*, iv. 346; Lawson's *Hist. of Scottish Episcopal Church*, p. 302.

[3] Walker's *Life of J. Skinner*, p. 46.

What labour this entailed may be seen in the operations of the Episcopal minister of Peterhead. Before 1748 he could conduct sixteen different services in sixteen different houses—a sufficiently arduous task; but after 1748 he was forced to have new relays of his flock from morning till night, because twice sixteen were not enough to administer communion to his people. This martyrdom undergone by the stalwart non-jurors intensified their prejudices, and made them all the more bitter at their comfortable brethren who basely complied and took the oaths to Government.[1]

In the course of a few years these prosecutions and persecutions died away. As the fear of insurrection no longer frightened Parliament into intolerance; as the '45 became a mere romantic memory, and Jacobitism a harmless, romantic sentiment, the execution of the harsh laws was relaxed. With the death of Prince Charles in 1788 died all occasion for non-juring, and in 1792 old penal statutes against the Scotch Episcopalian ministers were repealed.[2]

The life of these oppressed clergy was one which appealed to no worldly or ambitious motives. They had not many adherents, and these were widely scattered, save in a few towns. Many of their members were of high degree; many were rich; but few were generous to their pastors. A wretched cottage, with walls of turf and clay, covered with heather, containing two, or at most three, little ill-lighted rooms, from whose rude

[1] The iniquitous trial and condemnation of the Rev. James Connacher, who in Highland wilds had preached and administered sacraments to large numbers and celebrated marriages, although he had not taken oaths to Government, took place in 1755. He was condemned to perpetual banishment, never to return under pain of death—sentenced under an old Act of Charles II. "forbidding celebration of marriage without being legally authorised by the Established Church of Scotland (at that period Episcopalian) or by any other legal authority," and also for celebrating it in clandestine manner. Yet other dissenting ministers could freely marry, and persons could be married civilly by mere consent without any service at all.—See Arnot's *Criminal Trials in Scotland*, p. 339, etc.

[2] The Act repealing previous statutes required every Episcopal clergyman in Scotland to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles; previous to this they had no creed or articles to which they subscribed, and only professed their faith in the Scriptures, declaring that nothing which is to be found therein or may not be proved thereby is to be taught as necessary to salvation.—Lawson's *Hist.*, p. 340; Lee's *Memorials of Bible Society*.

rafters hung the family wardrobe, utensils, and provisions furnished with a scanty "plenishing," the fire-place without a grate, and the peat kindled on the hearth—such was the usual dwelling of an Episcopal minister in rural parts of Aberdeenshire or Forfarshire. A salary of £10 to £13 allowed him only wherewith to buy oatmeal, a little meat, some rough clothing for himself and his children. He might try to add to his paltry pittance by farming a few acres of land, in which, from lack of experience and skill, he lost his time, his heart, and his money. Such was the home at Linshart of the clever, genial, cultivated John Skinner, the writer of "Tullochgorum;" only a hut with a "but and a ben"—two poor rooms, in which there were fixtures of a box-bed and a dresser.[1]

In such circumstances of poverty, persecution, and religious outlawry it is not surprising that recruits to the ministry were not many. A precarious, dependent, and threadbare existence offered few inducements for the richer classes to seek ordination from the bishops, who, themselves miserably poor, had difficulty in living in their diocese or in travelling to confirm their dispersed flocks.[2] A bishop was at times glad, in dearth of candidates, to secure youths from crofts or crafts to educate and train in his own house, for those posts where the clergyman lived as meagrely as a cotter.[3]

More quietly, more comfortably lived the law-abiding clergy who took the oaths of allegiance. They were poorly paid; they officiated in chapels of mean adornment; but they were free from trouble save when the mob got excited at the heinous sound of the organ or "kist of whistles" booming from the

[1] *Skinner's Life*, by Walker, p. 46.

[2] Great division in the unfortunate communion on questions whether the Church should be governed by a college of bishops, or by bishops in their special diocese—the difficulty of the latter plan was want of money. "Alas!" writes Bishop Fullarton in 1720, "there is none of us able to maintain ourselves in those districts, and the people will give little or nothing to subsist them; nay, the very Presbytery that officiate among them are in great straits."—Lawson's *Hist.*, p. 231.

[3] Bishop Macfarlane of Moray, "only able to get young men trained for the ministry by receiving them in his house as boarders. It enabled the bishop to select docile and promising young men from among the poor but worthy farmers and shopkeepers of the neighbourhood, who were always ready to dedicate one son at least to the ministry."—P. 129, Craven's *Epis. Church in Moray*.

building which no Presbyterian foot would enter.[1] They might hear as they walked along the roads the rude boys calling the vulgar rhyme after them:

> "Pisky, Pisky, Amen,
> Down on your knees and up again";

but they passed on to their "whistling kirk," and the trouble passed from them. Their doctrine was sensible if their teaching was dull; their character was genial, and they were free from the foolish political and sacerdotal fanaticism that for long spoiled the teaching and made ridiculous the pretensions of their non-juring brethren.[2]

The bishops form an interesting though dim feature in the social and religious life of these days. Little seen, little heard of in the Lowlands, where Presbytery was supreme, in the northern parts they are seen flitting in primitive apostolic fashion and penury from district to district, visiting the diminutive congregations in Ross or Moray, in the wilds of Sutherland or the bleak Orkneys. The worthy bishop, with his deacon, journeys on ponyback, wrapped in his check plaid and attired in quite unepiscopal habiliments, or travels on foot carrying a meagre wardrobe on his shoulders. Hard-working, hard-faring men, strong in the divine right of Prelacy, these simple-souled prelates in homespun maintained with a quaint dignity the honour of their office and the poverty of their lot. Their arrival, full of gossip and adventures, in Jacobite mansions far remote from city and society, was a pleasant break in the dire monotony of many a retired household, cut off by vile roads and wide straths from neighbours and by lack of post from news. Bishop Forbes, in 1767,[3] travels by boat amidst the pelting sleet across northern rivers, stumbles along the bridle-path of moorland wastes on his pony; now he breakfasts poorly in a roadside inn; now in a manse where

[1] "An organ was set up in one of the qualified meeting-houses in Edinburgh about the beginning of December (1747), and draws several persons thither out of curiosity."—*Scots Mag.*, ix. 608.

[2] "The non-juring ministers have made a kind of linsey-woolsey piece of stuff of their doctrine by interweaving the people's civil rights with religion, and teaching them that it is as unchristian not to believe their notions of government as to disbelieve the gospel."—Burt's *Letters from the North*, i. 206.

[3] *Journals of Bishop Forbes and Church in Ross*, by Craven, p. 128.

Whig minister and non-juring prelate over whisky and oat-cakes discuss sharply which of the two is schismatic, and which Church is the "Schism." Arriving at the country-houses, where he was welcomed by chief or laird, there is, after repast and rest, service in the hall or dining-room, the confirmation of young members of the family; or, mayhap, the rebaptizing of converts from the "Schism," as the Church of Scotland was called.[1] When a bishop made his appearance some elderly gentleman might be persuaded of the error of his ways, that he had not properly received in infancy the chrism, because he had been "sprinkled in the Schism," and demurely would go through the operation of rebaptism at divinely appointed hands.[2] The Church of Scotland suffered much contumely in these times from the dissenters at all hands—non-jurors denounced it as schismatic, and the Seceders renounced it as corrupt.

Jacobite lairds were not theologians, they had absorbed more claret than divinity, and they cared not very much for, and they understood still less about, all the questions of orders and divine rights of Prelacy, urged by these estimable but not imposing personages; but they were satisfied so long as it was opposed to Whiggism, and associated somehow or other with the divine right of the Stewarts. The questions which agitated the souls of their spiritual guides about the "Usages"[3] troubled them little, and soon passed away from mortal memory. Non-juring died out with the laws that provoked it, and the Episcopalian body entered on a quiet, untroubled course, losing its picturesque aspect, its quaintness, its foibles, but ministering unobtrusively to those to whom its adopted English services were congenial and its traditions were venerable.

[1] It was a usual thing for rebaptism of a Presbyterian to be required. John Skinner, who was the son of a Presbyterian schoolmaster, was rebaptized before taking orders.—Walker's *Life of Skinner*. Even so early as 1704, Robert Calder—author of *Scots Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*—said that the Presbyterial baptism was efficacious just as was a midwife's.

[2] "I baptized," says Bishop Forbes, "Mr. Allan Currie of Lishnach, a person of riper years, who in his infancy had been sprinkled in the Schism."—*Journals of Bishop Forbes and Church in Ross.*

[3] The "Usages," once subject of grave but forgotten discussion and division, were—1. Mixing water with wine; 2. Commemorating faithful departed in communion office; 3. Consecrating elements by express invocation; 4. Using oblatory prayer before administering.

CHAPTER X

THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS AND TEACHING

I

ALTHOUGH it has been indicated elsewhere what were the characteristics of Scottish preaching, and what the dogmas taught during the early part of the century, it is impossible to form a true conception of the religion which was taught by the clergy and beloved of the people till we study the devotional and theological writings of the time. These writings consist of sermons, single or collected, by popular divines; pamphlets, tracts, catechisms for communicants, treatises on ecclesiastical controversies. Almost all that literature has passed into oblivion, save a few that are still cheaply reprinted for a class of readers one never meets. The venerable works are found in corners of old booksellers' shops without a purchaser, or rest in the highest and dustiest shelves of antiquarian libraries without a reader. They are not in stately folios or ponderous quartos, for ministers had neither time nor money for such bibliographical luxuries. They are insignificant pamphlets bound together in incongruous "collections," the printing is uncouth, the pages are brown and dingy, and seem to smell still of the reek of peat fires before which earnest readers perused them, and whose fumes have discoloured them. Though small in bulk, their titles are portentous; and most copious are the ponderous prefaces in which reverend authors re-stated their important arguments, and refuted by anticipation every opponent in this their first and last work before they relapsed into obscurity of private life.

"Communion Addresses," sermons by Moderators of Synod, "Letters," "Replies," "Testimonies"—these constitute the staple of literature in an unliterary age. In them we find dogmas long since dead; pious vituperation on antagonists long buried in dust and forgetfulness; breathless insistence on questions which time has answered with a yawn. The type swarms with italics; the style is deplorable in syntax and language; the exegesis is absurd, quaint from its humorous lack of humour. To hear these voices of old Presbyters, so remote from us in feeling, interest, and speech, is like listening to husky ghosts speaking from the far-away past.

In respect of doctrine these religious productions present few variations. The themes alter, the style varies, the dogmas are ever the same. The Fall, Original Sin, the total depravity of human nature, redemption of the elect, the woes of hell and joys of heaven, form the topics of the arguments and the subjects of their appeals. There is no hesitation in the utterance of opinions — for nothing is too reverent for their scrutiny; nothing is too mysterious for their confidence; and they explain and decide every question from the secret designs of Deity before the beginning of time to the fate of man to all eternity.

Being all bound alike by the same Confession of Faith, which was interpreted in its most rigid sense, there could be allowed no diversity of opinion in the Church, and the hint that there should be any natural virtue or light in any soul was met by a "libel" for heresy.

Once was there an alarm of dangerous error being taught and held in the Church. The writings of the French mystic, Antoinette Bourignon,[1] had a fascination for some people,

[1] Book entitled *Apology for Antoine Bourignon* condemned as containing a mass of dangerous, impious, blasphemous, and damnable errors.—*Acts of Assembly*, x. 1701. Presbyteries are recommended earnestly to use all effectual means to prevent the spreading of these and other errors, xii. 1709. Ministers ordained to preach most particularly against the said errors, and professors of divinity recommended to make full collection of the errors of Antonia Bourignan and of such other errors as reflect upon the nature, person, and offices of Jesus Christ, and to write a confutation of the same.—*Ibid.* ix. 1710. Madam Bourignon's writings were condemned—1. As denying the permission of sin and the infliction of damnation and vengeance for it. 2. Attributing to Christ a twofold human nature,—the one derived from Adam, the other from the

especially about Aberdeen; and for preaching her heresies Dr. G. Garden,[1] an Episcopal minister allowed to officiate in St. Nicholas Church, and a man of some note in the North, was deposed by the Presbytery, and his book, entitled *Apology for Antoine Bourignon*, was condemned as "a mass of dangerous and blasphemous heresies." In 1709, and again in 1710, the General Assembly recommended the Presbyteries earnestly to take all means to suppress such "soul poisoning" errors. In the alarm which these deadly opinions excited, an Act was passed that all ministers at their ordination should specially state that they abjured "Bourignianism." This quite illegal oath was enforced till a few years ago—long after the heresy and the heretic were forgotten, and each clergyman solemnly renounced those errors, though he had not the faintest idea what they were, and was ignorant, while he was abjuring some whimsical notions, he was also rejecting some doctrines of rare beauty, finer than his own creed. At the beginning of the eighteenth century they were regarded as perilously demoralising, and it was noted as a clear proof of their malignant tendency that the tutor who murdered in 1714 Bailie Gordon's sons at Edinburgh had been a schoolmaster turned out of office for holding "the damnable errors" of Antoinette Bourignon. This, however, was but a passing local epidemic of error, prevalent amongst Aberdonian Episcopalians, which disappeared never to vex the country again; and the reign of orthodoxy resumed its sway without a rebel to suppress.

We may take as a fair exponent of old Scottish theology Professor Blackwell of Aberdeen, who in various works which are long forgotten presents to the world an orthodox scheme of the Universe. Dr. Blackwell had been minister of Paisley when in 1697[2] the famous witchcraft case broke out at

Virgin Mary. 3. Denying election, and loading that act of sovereignty and grace with blasphemous aspersions, particularly cruelty and respect of persons. The asserting of the sinful nature of Christ's human nature; asserting a state of perfection in this life.—See *Apology for M. A. Bourignon with Life of Antoine Bourignon* [by G. Garden], 1699; *Light of the World*, by Antonia Bourignon [translated by Garden], London, 1696.

[1] Garden was a naturalist also of considerable ability. Another naturalist of greater fame, Swammerdam, about 1680 gave up his favourite study and embraced the unworldly life of Bourignon.—Bower's *Hist. Edin. University*, ii. 283.

[2] Lees' *Hist. of Paisley Abbey*.

Bargarran. None had been so able and energetic as he in investigating the manifestations of Satan, and in wringing confession from the unfortunate victims of delusion; therefore his "transportation" to Aberdeen was regarded as a sad loss at such a time of perplexity. In his theological works he shows himself as inquisitive and energetic in investigating still higher matters. In giving an account[1] of the origin of the Universe he writes down the "motions" and "resolutions" of the Council of Trinity like a clerk writing the minutes of a meeting of Presbytery.

He tells how the Deity did from all eternity enjoy perfect blessedness in the "contemplation of His own perfection." But the Divine Mind "presently" found that He could get "an additional revenue of glory by creating rational creatures who should sing eternal hallelujahs." "A motion was made" to this effect in the Council of Three-in-One; and "the aforesaid great motion was agreed to (Job. xxxv. 7, Rev. iv. 11),"—so states Dr. Blackwell, who attributes to the deliberations of the Trinity the procedure of the Presbytery of Aberdeen. He next describes how the "great decreed moment" arrived for "eternity to give place to a parenthesis of time;" how matter was created out of nothing; he shows how angels were created in the third heaven, "of which the firmament is the coarser side of the pavement"; "these angels are the rational creatures" who are created chiefly to sing "eternal hallelujahs" to delight the Trinity, and, in order that their movements through space may not be impeded, their garments are made loose. The earth was then formed with the vegetables and the beasts thereon; but in time the Trinity discovered a great blank in the architecture of the world—which, it is curious, had not been foreseen. To adjust this difficulty, a Council of Three-in-One assembled, and man was created:

[1] Blackwell's *Schema Sacrum*, 1712, p. 4. In similar business manner another divine describes the eternal counsel of the glorious Trinity "when God proposeth and promiseth to the Son that upon condition He would undertake the work of the elect redemption, and pay their debt that He would redeem them all." "This great transaction being thus agreed and concluded between God the Father and His eternal Son, He is instated in His office of Mediator, etc."—*Short Catechism concerning Three Special Divine Covenants and Gospel Sermons*, by Alex. Hamilton, minister of gospel, Edin. 1714.

firstly, to declare God's perfections; to be a "covenanting party to transact with the Trinity"; to bring wild beasts to subjection "by the stateliness of his person, the majesty of his countenance, and the carefulness of his voice"; and, lastly, to prevent angels supposing all things were created for themselves, to "produce double return of declarative glory to God." According to this scheme and all of those old schemes, everything was made and designed to give glory, and honour, and praise to the Deity, while in the other world angels and men have their employment through eternity, singing praises and hallelujahs. Such everlasting pæans, it might be imagined, would be unpleasant and wearying as to the satrap of Irax, in Voltaire's story, whom the King of Babylon cured of his insatiable love of praise by causing courtiers at every meal to laud every word he spoke, while his merits were sung from morning till night, with full chorus and orchestra, and a cantata was performed in his honour with its incessant refrain—

> Que son mérite est extrême !
> Que des grâces ! que de grandeur !
> Ah combien monseigneur
> Doit être content de lui-même !

The satrap, bored to death, loathed ever after the faintest sound of praise.

In spite of all divine care, "Wonderful dispensation! the principal heads of creation," angels and men — "the one created on the first day of the week, and the other on the sixth—and both sinning and falling (for anything that is notour to us) before the second Sabbath cometh to pass." "O monstrous ingratitude!" exclaims the divine; "allowing the glorious Creator but one Sabbath to rejoyce over all His works as very good!"[1] The Fall of man was the subject of endless ingenuity to justify the ways of God to men; and it was the unfailing topic of every sermon from every pulpit. It was proved by preachers how "extremely kind" it was to make the fate of all future generations depend on Adam's conduct. "What could be more kind," it was urged, "than for the Creator to accept the obedience of one man in the room of

[1] *Schema Sacrum*, p. 167.

millions, and instead of exacting perfect obedience from each individual? What could be more fair than to make a covenant with a being formed perfect, and therefore the most likely to keep the bargain, than to require it of each and all, who would be more liable to break it? Surely if all mankind had been present in the garden of Eden, they would unanimously have agreed to such a proposal, and have chosen Adam as their representative." It is thus that Professor Blackwell makes the difficulty vanish.

Other proofs of the justice of the covenant come from other writers and preachers. No argument was more frequently used in sermons to show that the divine contract with Adam should righteously bind all his descendants, than that all his posterity were at the time present in the first father's loins, and consequently both present at the bargain and parties to it. If it were suggested that Eve, at any rate, could not be held as responsible for any engagement which Adam had made, the triumphant answer was given that the woman was not yet extracted from the man's side, and as she was a part of him "before her distinct formation" she was "a party to the great transaction." Thus was the arrangement proved to be kind, reasonable, and most just to all parties concerned.

As to the extent of the ruin wrought by Adam's disobedience, in every preacher there is but one undoubted opinion. It amounted to total corruption of the whole nature of every man, woman, and child. Though this was part of the common creed of the Church, it is expressed with characteristic vigour and remorseless plainness of speech by the ministers. It was shown that no good thought or desire could possibly enter the heart of man, "for God could not leave His glorious image to hing so near the ugly and abominable effigies of the devil."[1] All acts of religion of the unregenerate man are "mere sham and dead forms of holiness"; and if the natural man "should begin to relent, to drope a tear for sin and repent, he does nothing but sin; for man, aye, even the new-born babe, is a lump of wrath, a child of hell." "Oh, sad reckoning!" exclaims the preacher,[2] "as many thoughts, words, actions, so

[1] *Schema Sacrum*, p. 217.

[2] Boston's *Fourfold State of Man*, 1744, p. 99.

many sins. Thou canst not help thyself. What canst thou do who art wholly corrupt? Nothing but sin." Every enjoyment that came from Providence could only go to harden the sinner, "could but feed to the slaughter of the mis-improver."[1] It was considered the solemn duty of ministers to show their people that "unregenerate morality can never please God, and in this state of wrath and curse is loathed by Him."[2]

That such a creed should be taught in all its nakedness could not fail to have disastrous effects on the morals which the preachers contemned—leading some to melancholy despair, others to reckless vice, and in the "elect" to indifference as to conduct and duty.

Not merely was man's soul defaced and totally depraved according to this creed; his physical frame was also utterly marred. "The glorious beauty and comeliness of man in a state of innocence" was transformed to a "body hideous, monstrous, and vile, without its covering of cloathing." The beasts also partook of the universal blight, and became ferocious, noxious, and carnivorous; while vegetables shared the curse, and weeds, brambles, thistles, nettles, sprang up and laid barren the ground.[3] This was a doctrine which was often in the lips and minds of lazy Scots farmers, who left their crofts to grow luxuriant in weeds, pleading that they should not interfere with the divine curse on the soil for Adam's sin.

The descriptions of the consequences of this total depravity in the other world called forth the vigour and picturesqueness of all preachers. That everlasting and infinite torture was deserved by all descendants of Adam, as "guilty lumps of hell,"[4] is a fact they incessantly urge and prove. It is true that some divines winced at making dead infants share the terrible

[1] Blackwell's *Methodus Evangelica: Modest Essay upon the true Scriptural and rational Way of preaching the Gospell*, London, 1712, p. 157.

[2] *Fair and Impartial Testimony*, p. 88. William Law, minister of Crimond about the beginning of the century, was deposed for saying in a Synod sermon that virtue was more natural to the human mind than vice.—*Stat. Act. Scot*. xi. 417.

[3] Blackwell's *Methodus Evangelica*.

[4] *Meditations on the Love of Christ in Redeeming Elect Sinners, by that worthy learned, and eminently religious Mr. Hugh Clark, sometime before his Death, which took place on* 15*th Feb*. 1724. Glasgow, 1777.

"all righteous doom"; for on this point their hearts were softer than their creed[1] and less consistent than their Confession. They waver; but while they bade parents "comfortably remember that there is a Judge who showed great bowels of compassion towards little children," they state that such a doom was just. "Who," asked Professor Blackwell "can refuse that the cockatrice deserveth to be destroyed in the egg?" "It is because of their original corruption," explained Mr. Boston, "as heirs of hell that they undergo the punishment of God. They were drowned in the deluge [when, as Mr. Webster says, 'the world died of dropsie'], consumed in Sodom by fire and brimstone, they have been slain with sword, dashed against stones, and still are undergoing ordinary deaths." Why is this, seeing they have committed no actual sin? It is "just as men do with toads and serpents, which they kill at first sight before they have done any hurt because of their venomous nature; so is it in this case."

Such is one of the "observes" of Boston—a most affectionate parent, but most remorseless divine—in his *Fourfold State of Man*, which when preached as sermons brought some faithful hearers forty miles to listen in the little kirk of Ettrick, and when published was the gospel of the peasantry for generations. Yet in its pages the word "wrath" occurs so often that in the edition before us the printer, in his despair at every W in all his types having been used up—italics, capitals, and romans—has been obliged to employ two Vs: thus, "VVrath."

So far from speaking of the future destiny of man and of the world unseen, with its awful mysteries, with bated breath and whispered humbleness, the ministers positively revelled in descriptions of the woes eternal. They exhaust the wild luxuriance of their imagination in depicting its horrors and preaching the terrors of the Lord to awaken the souls.

"Everything in God is perfect of its kind,"[2] urges Boston,

[1] "I do not say," writes Col. Blackadder, "that all children of believing parents will be saved. But this is too deep for me. We must not meddle with the sovereignty of God."—*Life*, p. 136; Boston's *Fourfold State*, p. 112; Gib's *Sacred Contemplations*, pp. 94, 183; Blackwell's *Schema Sacrum*, p. 163.

[2] *Fourfold State*, p. 126. Discoursing at a communion on the text "Every one shall be salted with fire," a preacher soothingly explains "that every

"and therefore no wrath can be so perfectly fierce as His; the wonted force of the rage of lions, leopards, and she-bears deprived of their whelps, is not sufficient to give a scanty view of the power of the wrath of God." The devout fancy of the preachers, which was most lively on sacramental occasions, conjures up tremendous visions of the nether world, almost Dantesque in their weirdness and wildness. The topography of this eternal tragedy is somewhat uncertain, but it is considered generally that the scene is to be found under the earth, for on this point, as Mr. James Durham had noted,[1] the instance of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram seemed clear—"a horrible place filled with darkness and torments declaring God's justice, as befits the devil's dwelling-place—full of fire of far more vehemency than ours is, being kindled by God's wrath within and without." Let us listen to Ralph Erskine as he preaches to his congregation in Dunfermline in 1727:[2]—

"What must it be to be banished from the Almighty God? But whither must they go? Into everlasting fire. O what a bed is there! no feathers, but fire; no friends, but furies; no ease, but fetters; no daylight, but darkness; no clock to pass away the time, but endless eternity; fire eternal is always burning and never dying away. O who can endure everlasting flame? It shall not be quenched night or day. The smoke thereof shall go up for ever and ever. The wicked shall be crowded like bricks in a fiery furnace. Good Lord, what a world of miseries hath seized on miserable sinners! Their executioners are devils; the dungeon fills; the earth stands open; the furnace is burning to receive you. O, how will these poor souls quake and tremble! Every part of their body will bear a part in their woeful ditty: eyes weeping, hands wringing, breasts beating, heads aching with voices crying." [Thereupon follows the awful sentence on the non-elect wretches.] "The Judge is risen from his glorious seat.

one of the damned race of Adam shall get the wrath of God to harden their souls and bodys to be able to abide the flames of the pit and not to be consumed, still to be broiling; they will be salted with damnation."—Rev. Jas. Webster's *Sacramental Sermons*, p. 111. Jas. Webster was father of the more famous and genial Calvinist, Dr. Alex. Webster.

[1] Durham's *Commentary on Revelation*, 1680, p. 477.

[2] R. Erskine's *Christ's Coming in Clouds to Judgment*.

The saints guard Him along, and the sentenced prisoners are delivered to the jailers. Shrieks of horror shall be heard. What woes and lamentations shall be uttered when devils and reprobate and all the damned crew of hell shall be driven into hell never to return. Down they go! howling, shrieking, and gnashing their teeth. . . . What wailing, weeping, roaring, yelling, filling both heaven and earth. O miserable wretches!"

Few could equal, none could surpass, in eldrich fantasy and gruesome rhetoric the minister of Dunfermline; but there were some who were hardly inferior in blood-curdling detail. They almost gloat over the *Dies Iræ*. One tells how "the lost shall have no other associates but grim and grisly devils, while the redeemed shall triumph in the presence of God and His angels"; how "these miserable creatures must howl and roar in everlasting despair, while others sing the song of Moses and the Lamb; then there shall be the roaring, and screeching, and yelling of devils in such hideous manner that thou wilt be ready to run stark mad again for anguish and torment." The occupation of the doomed consists in enduring and watching untold agony, for they shall have no ease, "no, not even so long as a man may turn himself about." "They will be filled with hatred, fury, and rage against themselves and their fellow-creatures; they will be filled with horror, continually darted with despair, which will make them weep and gnash their teeth, and blaspheme for ever. . . . Nothing is to be heard there but howling, cursing, gnashing for ever and ever, and the damned in their despair would even bite God if they could reach Him."[1]

Every sense will be tormented, and none can tell which is tormented most. "Whether think you,"[2] asked the loved divine

[1] *Dying Thoughts in Three Parts*, by the late Rev. W. Crawfurd of Wilton (*circa* 1730), fifth edition, Paisley, 1769; Sermon 29 in *David's Testimony opened, in* 40 *sermons upon* 2 *Sam.* xxiii. 5, by that eminent servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. Alex. Wedderburn of Kilmarnock, Glasgow, 1721, greatly read in the eighteenth century. Mr. Spalding contrasts two visions: "What if you did but see hell open and all the damned there in their easeless torments, screiching and yelling and blaspheming and gnashing their teeth . . . or if you could see heaven open and see the saints walking in their white robes and crowns on their heads, and palms in their hands."—*Syntaxis Sacra.*

[2] Andrew Gray's *Great and Faithful Promises.* Glasgow, 1746. Though Gray belongs to an earlier period than that we describe (died in 1656), his sermons

of the "advanced Christians," "the sense of sight, when you shall behold the darkness of death, the devil, his angels, and your fellow-prisoners in the dungeon? or whether shall your sense of hearing be most tormented, when you hear the screeching and howling that eternally ascend to God? or whether will ye the sense of tasting be most tormented when ye shall drink of the rivers of brimstone? or will ye the sense of smelling, when ye shall be eternally suffocated with the smoke of the sulphurous furnace that shall not be quenched? The worms that never die shall feed on their bodies."[1] In this state of perdition what woeful curse is the horrible company surrounding the lost! "To be closed up in a den of roaring lions, girded about with serpents, surrounded with venomous asps, to have the bowels eaten out by vipers, all together and at once, is a comparison too low to show the misery of the damned, shut up in prison with the devil and his angels."[2] In that state of woe the miseries of the reprobate, it was taught, awaken no compassion in God, angels, or saints. "God shall not pity them, but laugh at their calamity. The righteous company in heaven shall rejoice in the execution of God's judgment, and shall sing while the smoke riseth up for ever. Natural affection shall be extinguished; parents will not love their children,

were reprinted in whole or part so often, and read and recommended so much during the eighteenth century, that they may be quoted as expressing the popular belief and taste of the people and the evangelical clergy. Between 1715 and 1770 many editions were issued in Glasgow. Some manuscript sermons were published by Rev. John Willison of Dundee in 1746, and yet more appeared in 1765.

[1] Here is a popular metrical version of this doctrine:—

> Hot burning coals of juniper shall be
> Thy bed in doom, and there to cover thee
> A quilt of boyling brimstone thou must take
> And wrap thee in, till you full payment make.
>
> Thy head, thy ears, thy nose, thy eye,
> Ye every member shall tormented be
> Apart, and such exquisite tortures fill
> Each joint as would great Liavathan kill.
>
> [J. Donaldson's] *Toothpick for Swearers*, Edin. 1697.

[2] *Fourfold State*, p. 442. "The godly husband shall say Amen to the damnation of her who lay on his bosom; the godly parents shall say Hallelujah at the passing of the sentence against their only child; the godly child shall approve the damnation of his wicked parents—the father who begat him and the mother who bore him."—P. 436. See also Rev. R. Russel's *Future State of Man*, p. 21.

nor children their parents; the mother will not pity the daughter in the flames, nor the daughter the mother." Such hideous teaching offended no religious susceptibility, awakened no incredulity, caused no revulsion in the much-believing and much-fearing people.

Every simile, every illustration, every parable, was used to make the hearers realise more vividly the terrors of the judgment to come, for it was to fear the ministers chiefly trusted to bring sinners to repentance. It is after giving a ghastly picture of the torments of the lost that a preacher finds that his own skill and power are unequal to the thrilling task, and in sheer exhaustion[1] he exclaims, "Oh, my friends, I have given you but a very short touch of the torments of hell. It was an excellent comparison which I have heard from a godly and learned divine speaking of the everlasting torments. If, saith he, a barn or some other great place should be filled up top-full of grains of wheat, and a bird should come every thousand years and fetch away a corn, there might be an end of all, the barn might be emptied; but the torments of hell have no end. Ten thousand times ten millions of dayes doth not at all shorten the miseries of the damned."[2] But, as Mr. Adam Petrie well remarked when metrically depicting the horrors of hell, "The torments there are too prolix to tell."

II

Sufficient samples have been given of the prevalent and popular style of teaching on this tremendous theme, though

[1] *Heaven's Glory and Earth's Torment; or, the Parable of Dives and Lazarus opened and applied.* Glasgow, 1713.

[2] This Calvinist illustration finds a parallel in the Buddhist illustration of the vastness of eternity. A Buddhist bonze said, "You know that no substance can touch each other without attrition. Now imagine a huge granite rock. It shall be visited once in a kalpa (10,000 years) by an angel with a muslin garment, the edge of that garment shall touch the rock as he passes. Well, when the whole of that rock shall be removed by the rubbing of that garment you will have arrived at the beginning of eternity." Another said, "My notions are these, every sand in the sea shall be gathered together in one hugh mass, a divine messenger shall be sent at the end of every kalpa to carry away a single grain of sand. When not one is left, and you can count the number of cycles that shall have passed, I will give you my notion of eternity."—Bowring's "Recollections of Siam," *Fortnightly Review*, 1865.

other instances could be given *ad nauseam*, recalling the weird representations of Dante and the hideous scenes of Orcagna. They come from men the most acceptable, the most "followed" by the people, the most potent with the masses. The fact that their own writings and those of divines of an earlier and, if possible, gloomier period were reprinted time after time, and published by booksellers in cheap forms, to be eagerly read by thousands up to the end of the century, serves to show how popular and how credited these hideous doctrines were. The wonder is, not that the "Cambuslang Wark" of 1740 began under teaching so terrifying, but that it ever ended.[1] Not nearly so coarse and brutal as these were the representations of a judgment and partiality to the elect given by the Calvinistic George Whitfield, and yet his brother Methodist, the Arminian John Wesley, could say to him "Your God is my devil."

If we turn from the popular conceptions of hell to those of paradise we meet with disappointment. Here the powerful imaginations of divines fail them, and fancies which conjure up vivid pictures of the tortures of hell are vague and inept regarding the felicities of heaven. Usually the joys and occupations of the redeemed are described as consisting in ceaseless praise to the Deity, never ending, still beginning. As Mr. Adam Gib the Anti-burgher says, the principal employment of the saved will be "everlasting praise to the Three-in-One; they will be employed in an eternal review of the Lord's doings with them, each will tell the other what the Lord hath done for his soul, and will be ever telling it to God in holy rapture."[2] Although this may seem rather monotonous to all concerned, people are comfortingly told, "There never will be any weariness, they will ever be fresh, and it will ever be new to them."

One of the most common, if least alluring, assurances of celestial happiness was that it would be an endless Sabbath, an everlasting prolongation of a Scottish Sabbath, when the praise, worship, and meditations should be eternal, ceasing not night nor day. It was, therefore, a serious and searching question put to congregations, if they found Sabbath here a

[1] Robe's *Faithful Narrative*.

[2] Gib's *Sacred Contemplations*, p. 316.

burden how could they enjoy it for ever in heaven?[1] As a work of imagination, however, the depiction of the New Jerusalem is a failure, which is not surprising, for blessedness is far less easy to paint than misery, as one sees on comparing Dante's *Paradiso* with his *Inferno.*

Strangely literal notions were entertained regarding the resurrection of the body. According to many ministers of those days every particle of each body will be recovered or restored to its owner, because God knows where each atom is, in sea or earth or air. "Particularly,"[2] as Boston says, "He knows where to find the primitive substance of the man-eater, however evaporated, or reduced as it were into air or vapour by sweat or perspiration, and how to separate the parts of the body that are eaten from the body of the eater." So certain and clear was the belief in an identical resurrection of the corpse, that Boston, when he writes his *Memoirs,* gravely records how, whenever he drops a tooth,[3] he tenderly preserves it, and how he has arranged that the decayed teeth may be buried in the coffin with him, evidently that they might share in the resurrection, either for glory above, or for pain below—where there will be "gnashing of teeth." The opinion was strongly held that while the bodies of the wicked will be loathsome and hideous, the saintly frames will be handsome and beautiful.[4] With approval a minister states that "a grave divine had said they shall be stronger at the resurrection than a hundred, yea, than thousands now, seeing they shall bear up an exceeding weight of glory." These grave divines were strangely devoid of any touch of humour. What seemed a quite conclusive proof that every least

[1] Willison's *Sanctification of the Sabbath,* 1746. "There is one thing which should incite me to an eminent concern to sanctify the Sabbath, viz., I can never expect to celebrate the eternal Sabbath above, if the Christian here below is not my delight; since what will be the exercises of the one will be the exercises of the other."—*Diary of George Brown,* 1745-1753, p. 219.

[2] *Fourfold State,* p. 340.

[3] *Memoirs.*

[4] *Future State of Man: a Sermon on the Resurrection,* by R. Russel. Glasgow, 1716.—"We must all appear there in the stature and fulness of Christ; that is, of the middle stature, or that stature Adam was created in. The oldest will appear no older. The youngest no younger."—P. 10. Russel's works met with great acceptance in Scotland—many editions issuing to suit the "gospel" tastes.

part of the body shall reappear was the fact that the whole body was engaged in the everlasting covenant by man with God. "If, therefore," said the author of *David's Testimony opened in Forty Sermons*,[1] "worms destroy the body, and the birds fly away with a bit of my body that is left above the ground, the covenant being made with that bit, it's the Father's pleasure that I should lose nothing, that I should not lose the nail of my toe, for the covenant remains with my dust."

No doctrine was more prominent in those days than that of Election, that God had chosen some out of the myriads of the lost to be saved for His own pleasure, and to redound to His own glory. This dogma in itself is no peculiarity of the Scottish Kirk, being a doctrine common to all Calvinistic Churches. There were, however, ways in which this dogma was presented to the people characteristic of the ministers and peculiar to their type. Even the elect could only escape their righteous doom of endless torments by a sacrifice being made to God, by sufferings equalling in intensity those which the saved would otherwise have endured. This transcendent or infinite vicarious agony could only be borne by One who was at once God and man; for the very least sin being committed against an infinite God is therefore infinite in its guilt, and deserves punishment infinite in its extent.[2] Accordingly, the Son bore infinite pain from the "vindictive anger of God, pure wrath, nothing but wrath, the Father loved to see Him die." As a divine[3] forcibly put the case, "The Father gathered all the hells that all the elect would have suffered from all eternity, put them in vials wide as heaven and full of wrath, prest down and running over, put them in the Mediator's hand, while God squeezed out the gall and wormwood, and would not let Him stop till every drop was drunk off." While the larger party of the Church held that Christ endured only the torment equal to that which would have been borne by the elect, others, including the "Marrow-men," Boston, and the Erskines, held that Jesus died for all (although only the elect could be saved), and therefore must

[1] P. 234. [2] Gib's *Sacred Contemplations*, p. 276.

[3] "All the divines conclude that He suffered the pains of hell."—Webster's *Sacramental Sermons*, p. 145.

have borne the agony and woe and wrath equal to that which humanity past, present, and to come deserve to bear. In the preaching of that age, while many were moved to faith by the terror of God, many were also touched by the ineffable grace of Christ; "affectionate preachers" turned their hearers to love and gratitude to One who bore so much for sinners, and appeals, tender, winsome, and often beautiful, came to make people, with tears in their eyes and affection in their hearts, move to a higher life. But the Father was ever inexorably just, to be feared: Christ alone was infinitely merciful, to be loved.

In this grim theology the atonement is robbed of all its finer moral and religious meaning; there is nothing to touch the spiritual nature, nothing to awaken reverence. It is treated as a legal transaction, in which God, Christ, and men are the several "parties" to a bond. The whole Calvinistic process by which Adam, as the representative of the human race, involved it in ruin, sin, corruption, and curse, and Christ, as representative of the elect, in their stead suffered and appeased God's wrath, is detailed in dry technical terms and in legal phrases of the Court of Session. Christ in the preachers' sermons is called the "Tryst"; He became "surety" for the elect, having "stroke hands with God" to take man's person and place;[1] He takes their "law place." More precisely had Mr. Alexander Wedderburn informed his hearers how Christ "drew up the bonds" of the covenant:[2] "The father knew that He had to deal with fools that could not see, or had no skill of their own writ-drawing, and the Son had liberty to draw up the articles of the covenant," and became "cautioner at once for man and the Father." "It was well observed by one," remarked this Mr. Wedderburn, "that God had to do with a party that had three defects when he made the covenant. First, that they were dyvours [bankrupts], and therefore behoved to have a cautioner [guarantee]; secondly, that they were witless, and had no skill to draw up their own writs, and therefore left it to the

[1] *Marrow of Divinity*, chap. ii.—"From everlasting Christ stroke hands with God to put upon Him man's person."

[2] *David's Testimony, etc.*, pp. 9, 10. This divine, though belonging to an earlier time, was a favourite with the pious at this period.

Son to draw; thirdly, that they were unbelievers and could not take Him at His word. . . . Therefore He wrote the covenant in the blood of His Son."[1]

Nothing could be more rude than such a tone; nothing more repulsive than such coarse juggling with words. It shows the stamp of men who reduced the redemption to a mercantile transaction and vulgar bargain, who likened the Deity to a sharp, suspicious, legal practitioner, and associated the ineffable sacrifice on the Cross with the proceedings of a sheriff's court.[2] In the hands of these ministers all the mystery, all the awe, all the beauty of religion totally vanish, and in our ears there rings a jangle of Edinburgh lawyer's phrases in broad Scots—"cautioner," "dyvours," "sureties," "writs," "articles," "bonds," and "law-rights."

While the presence of God was most vividly realised in those fervid times, still more intensely vivid was the consciousness of a very present devil. It is he who sends evil spirits and demons to infest men's minds and to possess their bodies.[3] It is he who thwarts God's plans, sends sinful thoughts to saintly minds and doubts to the believer, who plagues with disease and ravages with storm; who seizes epileptics and makes witches do his wicked will. With such a conception of the constant agency of Satan, it is not surprising that people called in his emissaries, the witches and warlocks, to curse an enemy or to fulfil their wish; by charms and incantations to with-

[1] Having suffered hell's torments, Christ "can save those who are lying in blood, choked by their own gore, lying in the devil's arms, and give His love to vile worms, polluted vipers, and enslaved wretches."—Webster's *Sacramental Sermons*, p. 107.

[2] "There were two contracting parties in the covenant of grace: the first and second persons in the Trinity; the third person, the Holy Ghost, was a concurring party in making of this covenant, a peculiar office was assigned to Him, and most willingly adopted by Him. He was to be employed in the revelation of it and the application of it to the souls of men."—A. Gib's *Sacred Contemplation; Short Catechism concerning the Three Special Divine Commandments and Two Gospel Sermons*, by A. Hamilton, minister at Alith, Edin., 1714. "God the Father proposeth to God the Son to undertake man's redemption. This great transaction being agreed to and concluded betwixt God the Father and God the Son, etc."—P. 30.

[3] "Great numbers of wicked spirits which are allowed to traverse the earth and do incessantly plot the ruin of man."—*Sermons by Rev. James Craig*, edited by John Wilson, D.D., Professor of Divinity. Edinburgh, 1733.

draw mildew from their crops, or fever from their child. With perfect conviction of the power of the enemy to harass and torment, ministers pronounced the greater excommunication on flagrant offenders, "delivering them over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh," till in penitence they returned to God. Witches and charmers were therefore often employed to invoke Satan to work cures that God seemed to refuse, just as the Jews of old turned to the lords of other nations when their own Jehovah failed them. But it was the teaching of ministers who ascribed such an enormous power to the prince of darkness that led people to call him to their aid in an emergency.

To gain assurance of salvation, and to gain confidence that they were of the number of the elect, the preachers told believers to accept Christ as their "surety," and to believe that He "had paid their debt to God."[1] People were therefore urged affectionately, weepingly, to get confidence that "Christ was theirs," "to get a grip of Him," "to close with His offer." Such emotional teaching is the prominent feature of the sermons of the first half of the century, while to preach the duties of common life, as making man pleasing to God, was charged as a crime against the "moral" or "legal" preachers of the day; for, as Ralph Erskine said crisply in his much loved *Gospel Sonnets*, "the legal path is the cleanest road to hell." To assert that a person could be saved by duties was a doctrine which was "horrid blasphemy and the result of damnable ignorance." It was conceded that "morality was a desirable thing in its proper place; but soul ruining when allowed to possess the place of Christ's imputed righteousness," for "teaching men to depend on their own merits could only lead to eternal perdition.[2]

[1] R. Erskine's *Faith and Practice*, p. 60; *Mystery of Faith*, by Andrew Gray, p. 92, Glasgow, 1721; R. Erskine's *Gospel Sonnets*.

[2] *The Tryst: a Sermon preached at Synod of Merse and Teviotdale*, October 1721, by Gabriel Wilson, minister at Maxton, p. 39, Glasgow, 1736; *Fair and Impartial Testimony in name of a number of Ministers, Elders, and Christian People of Church of Scotland, against Backslidings*, etc., Edinburgh, 1744. The sturdy seceder, Adam Gib, continuing this teaching to another generation, protests that "the immediate preaching of moral duties is quite vain. Gospel hearers should be called to the performance of duties only in the way of betaking themselves to Christ by faith. It is calling them to what is absolutely impracticable and leading to eternal perdition."—*Sacred Contemplations*, p. 354.

Such was the doctrine loved and welcomed by the Scots peasantry above all; every preacher who would curry favour with them ran down morality and cried up faith; and people enjoyed the prospect of being carried duty-free to heaven. The ministers who were most active in the Cambuslang and Kilsyth revivals deplored the appearance in the pulpit of those "who have betaken themselves to the pressing of duties, and have dropt Christ and all but the name of the gospel." Yea, "licentiousness of life and all manner of abomination had grown with it," lamented Mr. Macculloch,[1] who was then glorying in the great "Wark" at Cambuslang.

A very different view, however, of the essentials of Christian doctrine was taken by intelligent, impartial laymen, whose complaint was that ministers denounced only two sins—Sabbath-breaking and uncleanness. Edward Burt, busy in the Highlands engineering General Wade's plans, saw much and observed much of Scots ways, and in 1736 he protested[2] "that ministers should speak more civilly of morality; for to tell people that they may go to hell with all their morality at their back tends to diminish the fear of sin." Kirk-Session records, and frequent fasts by General Assemblies and Presbyteries, because of "abounding sins" and "Satan's raging and prevailing," fully confirm this shrewd surmise.

Really it is difficult to make out what the gospel teachers would have a man do to secure salvation, seeing that logically and theologically the non-elect can do nothing, and the elect need do nothing. We find only familiar but vague phrases in every sermon, repeated by every pious person, from the saintly child of eight to the "advanced Christian" of eighty—"to close with Christ," "to get a grip of Him," "to have an interest in Him," "to embrace Him," "to be espoused to Him." But all this was a matter of spiritual emotion.

[1] *Glasgow Weekly Gospel History*, No. 30; 1742.

[2] *Letters from the North*, i. 173. "The more sedate of the party became disgusted by the tendency of great professors to mistake sanctimoniousness for sanctity, and men who though of immoral life are satisfied with the views of free grace and call frightful views sin as partaking of a 'legal spirit,' and plead the example of David's fall and penitence in extenuation of their own."—*Col. Blackadder's Life*, p. 52. See *Diary of Senator of College of Justice* [Lord Grange] for revelations of alternate piety and lewdness.

One day the Christian is full of certainty of having an "interest in Christ"; the next day his mood or spirits have changed with his health, and he is perhaps in doleful doubt. Believers in those days were always feeling their spiritual pulse, or, as a pious merchant expressed it, "searching if there are any spiritual gray hairs upon them." Now carnal thoughts come from Satan, now holy emotions come from the Spirit, and they are alternately in joy or in "damps," assured or doubting of their salvation.

It is just to those ministers to say that with praiseworthy inconsistency they often did insist with their hearers that to enter heaven they must show holiness of life. They appealed with fervour and deep feeling in their "affectionate" pleading to move the people to love and gratitude to the Lord, who had rescued them from woes unutterable—and often with most powerful effect. As a rule, however, attention in the pews flagged when duties were hinted at in the pulpit.

In 1720 the Church and people of Scotland were deeply excited by the publication and prosecution of a work called the *Marrow of Divinity.* It was written by E. Fisher, and had been published so long before in England as 1646, when it was printed with the approval of the censor of the press for the Westminister divines. Mr. Thomas Boston [1] had found a copy of the book in a cottage, and was charmed with it as full of gospel truth, and equally charmed were some of his brethren. A circumstance occurred which urged them to re-issue it. In 1717 the Presbytery of Auchterarder had refused to license a student until he stated: "I believe that it is not orthodox to say that we must forsake our sins in order to come to Christ." This proceeding was condemned by the General Assembly as unwarranted, and this doctrine they condemned as unsound, much to the dismay of the godly, whose favourite doctrine it was. In support of what was called the "Auchterarder Creed" it was resolved to republish the *Marrow of Divinity* edited and annotated by Mr. Boston and his friend Mr. Hog. But here the Calvinistic doctrine was taught too nakedly, too plainly in form and conclusions, to please the moderate Evangelical school, far less the "legalists"; and in 1720 the

[1] Boston's *Memoirs.*

General Assembly forbade the book to be used, and condemned the doctrine as unsound and dangerous.[1] Immense was the sensation caused by this decision, for the *Marrow of Divinity*—whose teaching, "Marrow-men" asserted, the Assembly had misunderstood—expressed the sentiments of the most venerable, loved, and "followed" ministers. Indignation was felt that it was the very ministers esteemed the most saintly and orthodox in the Church who were pronounced erroneous and dangerous. The question split both clergy and people into parties, who exchanged the taunting nicknames of "anti-nomians" and "neo-nomians." The controversy over this long-forgotten manual shows that a reaction had set in against a form of teaching relaxing in its moral effects, among even the evangelical party; while there had always been a class of cultured clergy to whom the style of doctrine was repugnant.[2]

III

In tracing the distinctive teaching of popular ministers we might stop at the middle of the century; for the old vulgar strain became less and less common, and far less prominence was given to harsh dogmas so long favourites with people and teachers. But the creed remained the same. With the

[1] The Assembly condemned the book because it taught—1, that assurance of faith is necessary to salvation; 2, the doctrine of universal atonement; 3, that holiness was not necessary to salvation; 4, that punishment and hope of reward are not motives of a believer; 5, that the believer is not under the law as a rule of life. The "Marrow-men" complained that these errors were not taught in the book; but the language was certainly dangerous to morals, however excellent the intention, when the author wrote, "No, assure yourself that your God in Christ will never un-son you, nor yet as touching your eternal salvation will He love you even a whit the less *though you commit never so many* and great sins; for this is certain, that as no good in you did move Him to justify you and give you eternal life, so no evil in you can move Him to take it away being once given."—Chap. iii., *Marrow of Divinity*.

[2] One may be led to respect the "Marrow-men" for saying that the fears of hell and hope of heaven is a slavish and false motive of obedience for the believer. But their reason for saying this was that the elect "believer" had no need of these motives, as he could not fail to enter heaven; but at the same time they held it their duty to frighten sinners by the terrors of hell to avoid the wrath to come—which surely was useless if they were not elect.—*Marrow of Divinity*, chap. iii. 11.

exception of Professor Simson of Glasgow, there was no heretic —if indeed he were a heretic; and however the high-flyers might denounce the acquittal of Professor Campbell of St. Andrews and Principal Leechman of Glasgow as condoning heresy, they were really men trying to support the orthodox cause.[1] As for a later generation men of wide culture—like Blair, Carlyle Robertson, and Reid—left theology utterly alone.

In truth, the standards of the Church—so minute, so comprehensive, so rigid—gave little scope for private judgment or public speech, and when a man was licensed to preach he was practically deprived of his license to think. In consequence of this the Scottish Church, in spite of its ability, culture, and energy, which sought outlet in secular channels—has contributed nothing of mark or abiding value to theology, or the development of religious thought, and has done less for criticism, research, and speculation than any other Protestant Church.[2] In 1773 Dr. Johnson, seated at Lord Auchinleck's board, challenged his lordship to point out any theological book of merit by a Presbyterian divine. The old judge, Whig and Presbyterian, in his perplexity, replied, "Pray, sir, have you read Mr. Durham's excellent Commentary on Galatians" (Mr. Durham had been dead over a hundred years). "No, sir," said Dr. Johnson, and the topic dropped; for the guest had never heard of it, and his host only thought he had seen the title, in a catalogue, of this book which never existed.

As the century advanced a new and finer religious feeling sprung up among the better type of Evangelical clergy, and

[1] Campbell's supposed heresies on which the Assembly acquitted him were —1, man's inability to find out the being of God by his natural powers; 2, that the law of nature was sufficient to guide natural minds to happiness; 3, that self-love was the sole principle and motive of all virtuous and religious actions; 4, that disciples during Christ's life only expected and hoped for a temporal kingdom, and that between His death and resurrection they concluded Him to be a cheat and imposter, and before His resurrection had no notion of His divinity.—*Report of Committee of Purity of Doctrine at Edinburgh*, March 1736, with Professor Campbell's remarks upon it, Edinburgh, 1736; *Account of Life of Leechman*, by Rev. J. Wodrow, prefixed to *Sermons by William Leechman, D.D.*, 2 vols. 1789.

[2] The *Dissertations* and *Ecclesiastical Lectures* of Professor George Campbell of Aberdeen were not then published, to redeem the Church of Scotland from theological sterility.

though the dogmas were in reality as hard and grim as ever, they were either kept in the background or presented in a softer light. Closer contact of the new generation of ministers with society, growing taste for literature and philosophy, wrought a great and wholesome change. Not, however, before a reaction had set in among the educated laity against the fanatical spirit and teaching. The crudest opinions of the old school had been willingly left as a legacy to the Seceders, and the harsh tones of a bygone generation changed to milder strains. The successors to the "antediluvians" in the pulpit were able to act in accordance with Macbeth's order: "To deliver their message like a man o' this world." The style, homespun as their clothing, the vulgar colloquial phraseology [1] of the older race, was seldom heard; the gruesome pictures of hell were in the Lowlands rarely presented to terrify hearers to piety, and doctrines which formerly set forth the Deity as despotic, arbitrary, and vengeful—even though they might be logically true to their creed—were placed in an aspect more in harmony with humanity and not less true to divinity. Between the ghastly oratory which often fell from the fervid Ralph Erskine and the mild Evangelical strain of the benign Dr. John Erskine there was a great gulf fixed.

Among the revolutionising influences in Scottish religion, it is a favourite theme with many to include the poems of Robert Burns.[2] The poet, with his rich sense of humour, would be surprised at future generations regarding him in the part of a

[1] Explaining the method of redemption, which he likens to an espousal between man and Christ, Ebenezer Erskine thus spoke: "They contract: all parties are pleased with the match. The Father of the bridegroom is pleased, for the first notion of the bargain is made by Him. He first proposed the match in the Council of Grace. 'O my Son, wilt Thou match with yon company of Adam's family, and buy them off from the hand of justice, and betroth them unto Thee for ever?'"—*Sermon on Wise Virgins*. In following manner, Mr. James Webster related a private conversation in the courts of Heaven: "I will, says God, 'have My glory retrieved again. I *will* have as much glory by Christ's death as ever I had dishonour by sin.' 'Well, Father,' said the Son, 'Thou shalt have it. I will give up the ghost!'"—P. 158, *Sacramental Sermons*. These good men were terribly at ease in Zion.

[2] "One beneficent result that has accrued specially to many of Burns's own countrymen from Burns's exuberant vitality was deliverance from the nightmare of Calvinistic puritanism. . . . With Burns came the glimmerings of dawn."—P. 430, Henderson's *Scottish Vernacular Literature*, 1899.

theological reformer. He denounced the gloom and harshness of Calvinism in his most vigorous verses; but he did so at a period when that creed was already softened on the lips of ordinary Evangelicals, ignored by the Moderates, discarded by society, and unfelt by the people. It is possible to exaggerate the poet's influence as a deliverer from morbid puritanism. After all, the lines he devoted to the Calvinistic creed and teaching were but a few verses which could effect no revolution, and his most brilliant and forcible verses were personal satires—"priest skelpin' turns," as he calls them—on some high-flying ministers in Ayrshire, who were only survivals in culture. Morose Calvinism in the pulpit and tyrannical discipline in the Session were quickly vanishing—save to his own bitter experience in Mauchline under Daddy Auld—and the applause he won alike from clergy and laity was due to his splendid ridicule of men who tried to continue in a hideous form an extreme teaching which in the Lowlands at least was passing away. The poems which issued from the Kilmarnock press in 1786 gave but brilliant protest for a freedom from pietistic tyranny which society in town and country was already enjoying.

The Moderates, who had become the predominant party in the Church when Burns wrote, left dogmas alone and preached the plain duties of daily life. Charged as some were of being Socinians and Deists because they preferred humanity to divinity, they might fairly have said that such heresies were far preferable to the old orthodoxy.[1] The differences in religious tone and expression between 1700 and 1800 are striking from every point of view; while, if we compare the beginning of the eighteenth with the end of the nineteenth century, we can observe that the Church of Scotland, though under the same creed—which does not to the reader seem very commodious—has followed two utterly different religions and worshipped two opposite gods.

[1] It was common to put the accusation in a cautious form: "They were *all but* Socinians." This is the charge against ministers of Ayr, who gave up Shorter Catechism and adopted that of Taylor of Norwich.—Struthers' *Relief Church*, p. 359.

CHAPTER XI

EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND—SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

I

The educational position of Scotland has been eminently high; its system of parochial instruction has been the admiration of all countries; and the liberal amount of encouragement given to it by so poor a country has been held up as an ideal to others. As we turn to the eighteenth century, however, we meet with some reasons for modifying our enthusiasm, and for wondering rather at the scarcity of schools, the poverty of schoolmasters, the lack of education on the part of the poor, and the indifference to it on the part of the rich. At the beginning of the period we find immense districts in the Lowlands without any efficient means of education, and wide tracts with no means of education at all. We find enormous ranges in the northern counties with neither school nor teacher, where few were able to read or write till far on in the century; where the efforts of the Church and the enactments of the law were alike fruitless to secure provision for the instruction of the people. The Church of the Reformation had framed noble plans, had urged splendid provisions, and had made admirable exertions—for it regarded education as a means to religious instruction of the people. But the scheme remained somewhat of an ideal like the Mosaic legislation in the wilderness—a scheme of perfection to be thwarted by the deep poverty of the country, by the turbulence of parties, by the civil and religious warfare of generations.

If we could trust the striking statement of one contem-

porary writer, the educational condition of the middle of the seventeenth century must have been far superior to that existing even at the end of the eighteenth. This witness, Rev James Kirkton, was, however, a loyal glorifier of the pre-prelatic age, as a period of paradisaical piety—an era, as he floridly says, "when Scotland was a heap of wheat set about with lilies, or a palace of silver beautifully proportioned." At that time, he records, "every village had a school, and every child of age could read the Scriptures,"—attainments which were lost in the dark reign of Prelacy.[1] Now, this statement would have carried more conviction to posterity if it had not been followed by further assertion, that he had lived many years in a parish where "not an oath was to be heard,"—an assertion hard to be believed by any reader of the Kirk records of that period, which simply crawl with denunciations and penalties on those who were addicted to what were the prevailing sins of "abusive language," "profane and common swearing"—all which conclusively show that Master James Kirkton, if not wilfully unveracious, had a singularly delusive memory of that most objurgative age. His idyllic description of the educational condition of the time is equally a fond and too partial imagination.

In 1633 Parliament passed an Act — notoriously ineffective—to remedy the deplorable ignorance of the people, to which the Commissioners' Report on the State of Parishes in 1627 had borne striking evidence, testifying that most of the reported parishes[2] were without a school, a schoolmaster, or any means of maintaining one. According to these returns of eight parishes in Berwickshire, with about 2500 communicants, not one has a school—though the Commissioners

[1] "At the tyme of the King's return every paroch hade a minister, every village hade a school, every family almost hade a Bible; yea, in most of the country all the children of age could read the Scriptures. . . . I have lived many years in a paroche [Melrose] where I never heard ane oath, and ye might have ridde many a mile before ye heard any. Also you could not for a great part of the country had lodged in a family where the Lord was not worshipped by reading, singing, and publick prayer."—P. 64, Kirkton's *History*, edited by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

[2] *Report of Parishes in* 1627, Maitland Club: Bunckle, 500 communicants; Coldstream, 800; Langton, 456; Longformacus, 80; Mordington, 100; St. Bathans, 140; Swinton, 350; Channell Kirk.

urge that "a schoole is great neede," "most necessar by a multitude of poor common people;" and of Mordington it said "none can wryt or reid except the minister." In Mid-Lothian, out of the parishes reported on, seven, containing 2300 communicants above sixteen years of age, were destitute of means of education.[1] These cases bring out more accurately than the so-called "History" of the partisan Kirkton the real state of affairs in the South in the middle of the seventeenth century while equal contemporary evidence exists to prove that farther North far greater ignorance or educational destitution prevailed.

It was in vain that Parliament in 1633, and again in 1643, enacted that the heritors should "stent" (that is, assess) themselves to maintain a school in every parish, giving power, in the event of the Act being neglected, to Presbyteries to nominate "twelve honest men" to carry out the law. It was all very well to appoint "twelve honest men" to look after the heritors; but who was to look after the "twelve honest men"? Whether they were lairds, lords, or farmers, they belonged to the very class that strenuously objected to be "stented," and the tenants left the law alone in deference to the landlords, and the landlords left it alone in deference to themselves. Parish after parish during the latter half of the seventeenth century, accordingly, marks down with the uniform lamentation in its records that it is without a schoolmaster, "there being no maintenance." We are driven, then, to believe of the Covenanting period—the heyday of religious life in Scotland—that, however much information the peasantry may have derived from the preaching and catechetical training of the ministers,[2]—Presbyterian or Episcopalian,—a large proportion of those who were most dogmatic on dogmas, and assertive on every thorny point of ecclesiastical controversy,

[1] In Mid-Lothian, in 1627, without a school were Cockpen with 400 communicants; Cranston, with 450; Currie, 800; Fala, 160; Heriot, 140; Kirkton 200 ("school being dissolvit for want of maintenance"), Newton, 160. In East Lothian even those which had a school had no fixed maintenance; some "supported by the labourers of the ground."—*Report of Parishes.*

[2] Dalmellington Kirk-Session records contain Solemn League and Covenant to which are attached 222 signatures; but of these 179 are subscribed by proxy, because it is stated they "could not wryt themselfes."—Paterson's *Wigtonshire and Ayrshire*, i. 429.

were totally unable[1] to read or to write. In many localities large numbers had been obliged to sign the Solemn League with their mark; in others the congregations were directed to lift up their hands in token of acceptance of the Covenant, and even in all districts we may not uncharitably conclude that those who were able to write were good enough to inscribe the names of their family, dependants, servants, and less literate neighbours who were not able to sign for themselves—a practice in subscribing public petitions and memorials which is not confined to those earlier days of our history.

Certainly in those years of civil war, social confusion, and religious strife, when Presbyterian ministers, who could best have furthered the educational interests of the people, were either fugitives from the law or "suspects" before it, it can hardly be credited that knowledge was more widely diffused amongst the population than when the eighteenth century began after twelve years of comparative social peace and political rest.

In 1696 Parliament anew enacted that a schoolmaster should be appointed for every parish, "a commodious house" should be provided for a school, and that assessments be made, half from the tenants and half from the heritors, for his salary. Never was there a wiser law, and never was a law more studiously disregarded. The course of the eighteenth century is full of energetic, but usually futile efforts on the part of Presbyteries to enforce it, by stirring up heritors in the country and magistrates in the towns—even by such vigorous measures as "letters of horning"—to a comprehension of the most rudimentary legal obligations and the elementary duties of their position. Even in counties which had very considerable populations, which were even notable for their enterprise and trade, there were large ranges which were without any schoolmaster settled among them.[2] In the early part of the century a traveller must

[1] Professor James Wodrow told his son Robert, the historian of the Church, that "many of the elder people, even the generality by far in the country in those days [of the persecution] could not read."—*Life of Prof. Wodrow*, by R. Wodrow, p. 172.

[2] Presbyteries like Penpont, in 1715, at Tynron, who insisted on the law being carried out requiring schools in every parish, did this not for the sake of secular

have journeyed through many parishes in Ayrshire, where in a former generation every class, from the laird to the ploughman, from the provost to the weaver's apprentice, had been zealous in support of the knottiest dogmas of the Confession, and found himself amidst an illiterate people who had never been to school, and whose children had no school to go to. Even up to 1735 in the Presbytery of Ayr [1]—which is not even coextensive with the county—there were twelve parishes in which was provided neither school nor legal means of maintaining one. The traveller passing through the Border country might have asked in vain to see the school at Hawick, and learned that there was none nearer than Jedburgh or Selkirk. In Fife he would have found the majority of the rustics not more literate—for in a typical parish, even from 1715 to 1748, two men in three could sign their names, but only one woman in twelve.[2] In Galloway it was the same; and it is stated that "few or none of the common people were able to read" in 1720.[3] Allowing for a little exaggeration in these reports, ignorance is not a surprising feature to find in districts so ill-furnished with means of education.[4]

education, but of religion—"taking into serious consideration that instructing youth in the grounds and principles of the true reformed religion is a most pious Christian work, and that in order to advance the same in this parouch it is necessary a school be settled."

[1] Edgar, *Church Life*, ii. 75. In 1752 there were still large villages in the same case. In 1710, Wilson's *Hist. of Hawick*, p. 124.

[2] Campbell's *Balmerino and its Abbey*, p. 236.

[3] *Stat. Acct. Tongland*, ix. 328; *Hist. of Galloway*, ii. 344.

[4] When in 1696 reports were sent into the Commission of Parliament the following returns were made, which throw light upon the state of education:—from Presbytery of Irvine: Irvine—salary, 200 merks with school-house and yard; Kilmaurs—no salary, or house, or school; Dreghorn—no salary, or house, or school; Dunlop—poor man teaches to read and write, no salary, no school; Largs—salary 100 merks, no school; Kilbirnie—man teaches to read and write, and presents, salary 40 merks; Kilbride—no schoolmaster, salary £40, no house, no school; Ardrossan—no schoolmaster, only salary 3 bolls of meal, given by my Lord Montgomery at pleasure; Beith—no schoolmaster, salary, 140 merks, no school, no house; Fenwick—poor honest man teaches to read and write, and presents, salary, 6 bolls of meal. Presbytery of Middlebie reports that seven parishes (Middlebie, Wauchop, Hoddam, Dornock, Kilpatrick-Fleming) have no legal salary for a teacher, that no schoolmaster in the Presbytery teaches Latin, and few can even read or write well; that no teacher has beyond £40 Scots as salary, and that the disorders prevalent are due to want of education. Presbytery of Lochmaben reports, there are few settled

In the Highlands the state of matters was of course incalculably worse; in fact, there may be said to have been no education at all, as all feeble efforts were vain on the part of Parliament to civilise either by churches or by schools those districts in which the Reformation never penetrated—a "dark and remote country inhabited by wild Scots," as writers described it.

Schools were to be found in which reading, writing, and the elements of religion were taught; but, unfortunately, this was all done in an unknown tongue, instructing the children who did not understand English by teachers who did not know Gaelic. In spite of most laudable efforts through the seventeenth century, except in Argyllshire, schools were unknown, and churches to a great extent were unoccupied till after the Revolution. Only after 1688 were effective measures taken to spread education in these remote districts, and these were due to the Church alone—under the "Society for Propagation of Christian Knowledge," whose concern was not about the intellectual and secular interests of the people, but to instruct the children in the principles of the Christian—especially of the Calvinistic—faith; for religion formed the main part of the school instruction, the chief object of reading being to know the Bible and the Catechisms.

By 1732, through the exertions of the Church—under 109 parish schools [1] had been founded; yet even in 1758 there were no fewer than 175 Highland parishes still without a school or schoolmaster. Much need there was for these efforts, for the ignorance, the superstition, the savagery of the Highlands were the despair of the Lowlands.[2] What religion clung to them in many places was but fragments of the half-forgotten, wholly perverted Popery of olden days. They were full of

schoolmasters from want of salaries. Paisley reports: Paisley—salary, 250 merks; Kilmalcolm, Killala, Innerkip, Erskine, Kilbarchan, have no salary; Eastwood and Lochwinnoch have a master, though no salary; Neilston has a salary of £60 Scots, and Renfrew Grammar School has £5 sterling of salary.—*Munimenta Univ. Glas.* ii. 549.

[1] *Moral Statistics of Highlands*, Inverness.

[2] Visits to holy wells for cure of diseases, with votive offerings of rags and bread to the water spirit. Beltane fires, incantations, charms, and libations of milk to appease some unseen power, fairies, kelpies, etc.

strange, pagan customs which they retained from the past, with no notion of their origin or their meaning—and, in truth, many of these they retained, long after education was common amongst them, beyond the eighteenth century. In many districts where there had been little or no public worship and instruction, the ignorance of Highlanders of the rudiments of Protestant faith and observances seemed hopeless to the clergy called to minister to them. There was the small fair in the kirkyard [1] on Sunday, in cases where worship had been regularly held, the roup of cattle, the sale of ale and snuff—all which filled ministers with despair; while the savage feuds, the pagan customs, and wild superstitions and neglect of ordinances were enormities hard to be borne, harder still to overcome. Much need there was for the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge," founding schools with religious instruction in such dark, benighted regions. Yet, writing in 1775, the Rev. Lachlan Shaw could say, "I remember when from Speymouth, through Strathspey, Badenoch, and Lochiel to Lorne there was but one school; and it was much to find in a parish three persons that could read or write." [2] But later still the efforts to spread education had made so little way amongst a destitute, listless people, scattered along remote straths and separated by moor, and morass, and mountain from the nearest school, that in 1821, it is said, half of the population of 400,000 people were unable to read.

Though the Lowlands in many extensive districts at the beginning of the eighteenth century were destitute of parish schools, and the inhabitants to a vast extent were unable to read or to write, it would be a mistake to think that they

[1] In Sage's *Memorabilia Domestica.*—"The east and west sides of the parish continued their open competition after divine service, and a public market was held in the churchyard. Some people remembered the sale of oxen, yokes, snuff, etc. on the Sunday. The last parcel brought into the churchyard on Sundays was tossed out of the bag by Mr. Gillies the minister, 'who paid the value.'"—Gordon's *Chronicles of Keith*, p. 354; *Stat. Acct.*, Fordyce, iii. 64; *Lives of the Haldanes*, p. 8.

[2] *History of Moray*, p. 157.—The Synod of Argyll published the Psalms in Gaelic after the Revolution, and also the Confession of Faith. In 1690 the General Assembly printed 1000 copies of the Scriptures in the Irish version which had appeared in 1685. The New Testament in Gaelic appeared in 1769 but no version of the Old Testament till 1802.—*Moral Statistics of Highlands.*

were in consequence utterly ignorant. In many cases where there was no parochial teacher appointed, there was a barn or hut where some old man, or some poor cripple, incapable of any active occupation, formed a class of children, who came to him to learn a little reading and writing; they gave him at the rate of one shilling a quarter, which was usually paid in meal. At other times and places a student, anxious to eke out a living till college classes began, or a man who had aimed at a pulpit and missed it, undertook to teach some families, and was allowed to gather them in the kirk or a granary.[1] Meanwhile parents, although not able to sign their names, acquired from the Church a strange amount of theological and Biblical information—whether accurate or not is another story. They might not be able to read a psalm, but the precentor on Sundays read it out line by line, as it was being sung, and they were enabled to join in the long drawn-out nasal tunes in the minor key to the familiar words. During the Episcopal days the schoolmaster, as precentor or reader, had been accustomed to read copious passages from the Scriptures from the "latron" before the third bell rang and service began; and in Presbyterian times, when this custom ended, the minister read his chapter and lectured thereon, preached by the hour, and catechised the people at the Wednesday services, and in their homes on the Catechism and doctrines. By these means information was worked into their minds; although, unfortunately, it was all theological and tended to foster dogmatism of the narrowest type.

II

In parishes where a schoolmaster was settled, the difficulty was for children through successive generations, who had trudged over moor and morass, and by the almost impassable tracts through waste lands, to find a school. It is true that Acts of Parliament had ordered that "the heritors of every parish should provide a commodious house for a school"; but to what Parliament proposed the heritors were not disposed, and it was too often impossible to force them to obey the law.

[1] As at Ettrick when Boston went there.

The most extraordinary and most inconvenient expedients, therefore, were adopted to afford accommodation for scholars.[1] In many places the kirk was used as schoolroom; in others the church steeple, a family vault, a granary, a byre or stable, or any dilapidated hovel, was utilised. Sometimes a Session allowed a few shillings out of "penalties" to hire a room or a barn; but usually the poor man had to pay the rent out of his own miserable earnings. Even though a school of some sort had been provided in former generations, in the eighteenth century it was frequently allowed to go to utter ruin. When the thatch roof was rotten and swarming with rats, and the rain poured through on the children, the Kirk-Session ordered each scholar[2] to bring straw to thatch the broken-down building, but it often happened that the straw was so scarce they could not supply sufficient materials to cover it. Usually schools were small dirty rooms, the windows often without glass to let in the light, or deal boards to shut out the cold and wind and sleet;—rooms dense with smoke of the peat lighted to warm the children who had travelled miles over the moors barefoot to assemble at seven o'clock in the mornings. In many cases there were no desks to write at and no benches to sit upon,[3] and the scholars lay on floors, filthy with their muddied coating of rushes or straw which it was the task of the children to supply. In 1725 the Town Council of St

[1] In 1772 the Session of Strathblane record "their distressful observation of the injuries the school sustained with the two preceding schoolmasters who were tossed from barn to barn, and subsequently were obliged to pay house rent out of their own famillys, out of the poor pittance of a 4 pound sterling salary. The Session also regret that the same in one manner or another has been the grievance of this parish ever since the year 1714." Till 1731 school held in kirk, and after that for a while in the stable at the Kirkgate inn.—Guthrie-Smith's *Strathblane*, pp. 240-42.

[2] 1717.—The school roof so bad the scholars could not stay because of the rain, the Kirk-Session order every scholar to bring some straw to thack the school; but the straw was so scarce that the parents could not supply it to their children; therefore only half of the school could be covered.—Cramond's *Ch. of Grange*, p. 14.

[3] Mr. Thomas Kirk, when he travelled from Yorkshire to Scotland in 1677 saw many things that startled him, and amongst these was the state of school at Burntisland, where there was no stool or form, and only a seat for the master, while the children sat on the earthen floor in a litter on the heather and grass with which the ground was strewn "like pigs in a stye."—*Modern Account of Scotland.*

Andrews were informed that "the boys cannot sit for learning to wreatt; so that they are necessitat to wreatt upon the floor lying upon their bellies." In 1711 the Kirk-Session of Kilmarnock (everything public-spirited was done or urged by the Sessions) pleaded with the heritors to repair the school walls and roof which were ready to fall; but the heritors protesting that they could not afford to repair it, a laborious house to house collection was made to raise £2 or £3 from the bonnet-makers and serge weavers to carry out the work of restoration—an effort which proved quite fruitless.[1] Such illustrations, which might be extended with painful ease, serve to show that the condition of matters in rural districts was not much better in burghs, where there might be expected to have been both ampler resources and greater liberality.

What added to the wretched discomfort of the teachers was the want of any dwelling-house—a misery from which they constantly suffered. No house had been provided by statute although there was often assigned an annual allowance for a lodging known as "chamber-maill,"[2] equal to about ten shillings (£7 Scots), and the schoolmaster lived in a poor dark hovel consisting usually of one, or at most two rooms, "but and ben," which served as both school and dwelling. When the teacher was married, which was probable, and had a large family, which was almost certain, the cares and trials of domestic life added terribly to those of scholastic work, in one little, dirty, overcrowded, unventilated, ill-lighted apartment, where blended the bawling of the master, the shrill voices of the scholars, the crying of infants, the bustle of washing and cooking of the wife; and all this made the school-house a very Babel. To separate private from public life was a problem which many in despair left unsolved, save by the simple expedient adopted in the case of the literary and erratic and not too sober teacher of Rathven, George Halket (to whom has been ascribed the song of "Logie o' Buchan"[3]).

[1] Grant's *Burgh Schools.*

[2] 1672: Town Council of Lanark resolve to pay the schoolmaster for his chamber-maill sex punds yeirlie.—*Burgh Records*, 194. Hawick Town Council in 1712 allow £7 (10s.) for chamber-mail.

[3] P. Buchan's *Gleanings of Old Ballads;* Walker's *Bards of Bon-Accord* p. 199.

When he married in 1718 the heritors reversed the dilapidated box-bed which was part of the school furniture, so that its back might form a partition in the middle of the hut to divide it into school and bedroom, and put in, at a cost of £7 : 10s. Scots, a window to light up the narrow chamber they thus made for the teacher and his family.

In many districts in the Lowlands, where pupils were scattered far and wide by broad moorlands and waste lands, the teacher was accustomed, or rather compelled, to go about from place to place, living with the parents in their hovels, in remote farms and hill districts, teaching the children in the barns or sheds.[1] In the Highlands for a large part of the year the teacher required, according to the phrase, to be "ambulatory;" teaching and living as he best could in filthy, verminous huts, by far-off loch sides and in remote straths, instructing children (who only knew Gaelic) in the English language and grammar, which they never learned at all.[2]

While education was starved, the schoolmasters were in deep poverty. The salary authorised by Act was a minimum of 100 merks (£5 : 9s.), and the maximum was 200 (£10 : 18s.), the former being the common salary in country parishes to a man of education who had to teach Latin, mathematics, grammar, arithmetic, writing, and singing.[3] This sum was prescribed, it is true, at a period when provisions were cheap, a dozen eggs for 1d., 1 lb. of mutton 1½d., a boll of meal to make his porridge was 6s., when the rough plaiding and woollen shirts were woven at home, and shoes cost 10d. a pair. But the salary was poor at the beginning of the century and meant abject poverty at the end of it.

Lucky was the schoolmaster who did get the statutory income, mean as it was; for often there was the utmost difficulty in extracting it from maybe fifty or one hundred tenants and heritors in petty sums of a penny or fractions of a penny;[4] the poor man being put off on the score of bad harvests or by the threat of removing the children because of his importunity.

[1] *Stat. Acct.*, Calder, viii. 480 ; Kirkmaiden, ii. 159.
[2] *Stat. Acct.*, Glenholm, Perthshire, iv. 433.
[3] *Stat. Acct.*, Forglen, xiv. 539.
[4] *Scots Magazine*, 1765, vol. xxvii. p. 172.

In some cases the teacher was obliged to remain content with 40 merks, in spite of the earnest efforts of Kirk-Sessions to keep bailies and heritors to their bargain by ecclesiastical and civil threats. Cases occur where the master had only the endowment of six bolls or eight bolls of meal, the unfortunate man being expected to subsist on wages only sufficient to supply his family with one bowl of porridge a day.[1] In these days literature was in a painfully literal sense "cultivated on a little oatmeal." One can sympathise with the desperate master of Maryton, who leaves his charge in 1727 because of his not being paid his due, avowing that "he will cast himself on the hands of an All Sufficient Being who is able to support him in all difficulties." [2]

While in all places the means were utterly inadequate to give encouragement to education, in some places possessing a considerable population there were no means at all, the heritors and burgesses stoutly refusing to burden themselves.[3] It is curious to observe how in towns which in this century have attained to eminence as centres of wealth, as well as in towns which in olden days were important and prosperous, though now they have sunk into obscurity, the utmost difficulty was found in imposing the burdens on the heritors and councillors. Nominally the maximum of £10 was assigned to the master of the burgh school, but the people not seldom refused to be "stented" for the salary. Rather than levy rates, funds were sought from strange sources—in some places, as was the case in Banff, from fees for the use of town bells and mortcloth, or from the fines on criminals, as

[1] Kirk-Session of Maryton for "one year deferred payment to the schoolmaster because the money in hand being brass," *i.e.* bad copper.—*Parish of Old Montrose or Maryton*, by Fraser, p. 230. In 1721 the salary of Straiton was 80 merks; at Dalmellington £40 Scots (£3); at St. Quivox it is 8 bolls of victual derived from a mortification. In 1746 the minister of Monkton reports that the salary was only 40 merks, "so that he could not find a proper man for that sum."—Edgar's *Church Life*, ii. 94.

[2] Fraser's *Maryton*, p. 56.

[3] In Salt-Preston or Prestonpans in 1725 heritors refuse to give anything because the school has an endowment producing "the quite sufficient sum of 70 merks a year," for which the teacher, by ordnance of the founder in 1604, is required to teach Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It is not surprising to learn that the school "sinks into contempt."—*Analecta Scotica*, ii. 374.

occurred in Kirkcudbright, where in 1696 the schoolmaster is paid £7 Scots "as part of the harvest salary from fines imposed for blood and battery." If there was no common property belonging to the town, if there was no special assessment made and no funds in hand, the town treasurer might be directed "to borrow it if possible." If money could not be readily got the heritors perhaps declared the school vacant; or requested the schoolmaster "to give down his salary," and on his declining voluntarily to solve the difficulty by this self-denying ordinance, ordered him "to renounce his office at Candlemas."[1] The salaries were never free from risk of being tampered with by parsimonious town councils, for if the master did not give perfect satisfaction they might quietly mulct him of a large portion of his poor allowance; or, acting as a cautious corporation to its scholastic servant, might give nothing, "but promise a present if he deserve it."[2]

Occasionally, though rarely, it must be owned, the bailies of a burgh burst into unexpected liberality, and did their utmost, in strict accordance with economy, to encourage faithful service. This occurs in Paisley, when the Town Council (in 1705) give to the headmaster of the grammar school,[3] "struggling with a paucity of scholars," the sum of half-a-guinea "to buy some necessaries with, as reward for his great pains in exercising his function." Two years after they munificently present the master, as a further mark of their high approval, with "half-a-guinea to buy a new hat, towards his further encouragement in attending to the school." To mitigate surprise at this form of generosity, we must remember that a "hat" in those days was an article of attire which was the sign of personal dignity.[4] In country parishes the laird

[1] Burntisland, 1700; Linlithgow.

[2] As at Greenock and Kirkcudbright in 1765.—Grant's *Burgh Schools*, 485. In 1709 the salary of the headmaster of the High School, Edinburgh, was £16 : 13 : 4; in 1598 it had been £1 : 13 : 4.—Chalmers *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 19.

[3] Brown's *Grammar School of Paisley*, p. 121.

[4] Lanark, 1716.—"Baillies and counsell, considering how decent and becoming it would be, that at their convention each counsellor wear a hatt for the credit of the place and of themselves as representatives of the burgh, injoin use of the same."—*Burgh Records*, p. 285.

and the minister were the only owners of a three-cornered hat, and even the bailies themselves, except in garb of office, wore, like all the rest of their fellow-townsmen in trade, the blue or black bonnet in daily life. It was, therefore, a high compliment; and further it deserves notice, as being probably the only recorded case of voluntary encouragement of education belonging to those penurious days.

Besides the legal salary, which they did not always secure, the schoolmaster had his fees which (at no time very large) were extremely small in the early part of the century, being 1s. a quarter from twenty-five or thirty children, for reading, writing, and "counting," and 2s. if Latin and other higher branches were taught. To eke out his meagre living, he anxiously accepted any perquisite which custom allowed him under the indefinite and comprehensive category of "casualties." Some of these were derived from sources which prove that he was too sensitive to the cruelty of his own position to be sensitive to the cruelty to the lower animals. Up to the close of the century the popular pastime of cock-fighting and cock-throwing by the boys at Fastern's E'en brought no small gain to the teacher. Every boy who could afford it brought a fighting cock to school, and on payment of twelve pennies Scots to the master, the cocks were pitted against each other in the schoolroom, in presence of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Then the cocks slain in mortal combat became the teacher's property; while those cocks which would not fight, called "fugies," were fixed to a stake in the yard and killed one after another at cock-throwing, at one bodle for each shot. The schoolmaster got the bodles (in later years the half-pence), and sumptuously feasted his family on the corpses for days together, as a pleasing relief to the monotonous diet of oatmeal—having regaled the scholars in modest hospitality with liquor (ale, and it occasionally happened whisky, later in the century) in recompense. This custom produced no inconsiderable addition to the teacher's livelihood; in some districts indeed, it is said, the dues exacted from the pupils amounted to a sum equal to a whole quarter's fees.[1]

[1] The Town Council of Dumfries made the following regulations in 1725: "The under teacher keep the door and exact not more than twelve pennies Scots

Other perquisites there were which came gratefully to half-starved pedagogues. There were, for instance, "gifts," such as candles at Candlemas; one penny from each scholar on the first Mondays of May, June, and July, which were holidays called "bent silver plays," the money being nominally to buy the "bent" or rushes which grew in the marshy, undrained land to cover the earthen floor of the schoolroom, but really devoted to buying clothes for the master's ragged family; there was, also, a peat brought by each scholar in the morning for the fire, in winter time, if the school was luxurious enough to have a hearth at all.[1]

In burgh schools there were perquisites of a slightly more imposing nature, and it was an eventful day of the year when there were presented, the "gifts," "oblations," or "free-will offerings," as they were euphemistically styled, as the compulsory tributes to the Pope were called "benevolences." On that occasion at Candlemas (2nd of February) the master sat at his desk, the stern air of authority gone, the instruments of punishment concealed, with a subdued expectancy on his countenance. The oblations by the scholars varied from 6d. to 2s. 6d. as the country and century advanced in prosperity. When the humblest sum was presented it was received in dead silence; when it advanced to 2s. 6d., equal to a quarter's fee, the master exclaimed "Vivat!" when it was twice that sum the voice ascended in *crescendo* "Floreat bis!" a higher tribute was greeted with "Floreat ter!" and when the son of a local magnate produced half a guinea the exclamation rose to "Gloriat!" and he or she was hailed and crowned as "Victor," "King," or "Queen."[2] The ordeal was as un-

from each scholar for the benefit of bringing a cock to fight in the schoolroom; and that none be suffered to enter that day except gentlemen and persons of note from whom nothing is to be demanded; and what money is given is by the scholars, the under-teacher is to receive and apply to his own use for his pains and trouble; and that no scholar except who pleases shall furnish a cock; but that all scholars whether they have a cock or not can enter the school. Those that have none paying 2s. Scots as forfeit."—M'Dowall's *Dumfries*, p. 597.

[1] M'Dowall's *Dumfries*, p. 597; Guthrie-Smith's *Strathblane*. These days had been originally holidays when the boys went to collect "bent," but as boys wrought mischief with their hooks, it was changed to 1d. plus holiday.

[2] Gibson's *Hist. of Glasg.*, p. 194; *Glasgow Past and Present*, iii. 408. The

dignified for the master as it was injurious to the scholars—the crest-fallen, bitter humiliation of the poor lads, the contemptuous purse pride of the rich pupils. This customary blackmail was exacted in all town public schools, but in 1786 the Glasgow Town Council resolved that while the offerings should be continued, the exclamations "Vivat," "Gloriat," "Floreat," and the custom of cheering the victor, should be discontinued.

To return to poorer times, poorer districts, and poorer men; it is evident that no man could live, far less with a family, only on the miserable earnings derived from salary and fees. To make a livelihood, the teacher of the parish schools acted in other capacities, and drew money for other humble offices. He was registrar of baptisms and marriages at a groat each; he proclaimed banns, officiated as precentor at about 12s. a year, and acted as clerk to the Kirk-Session. Yet all these multifarious offices, combined with his salary, fees, and "gifts" as teacher, produced no more income than £10 a year on an average. Many had much less; even the master of a parish, who professed to teach the extensive curriculum of French, Latin, Greek, mathematics, and navigation.[1] Few, fortunately, descended to the state of the luckless dominie of Heriot, who was schoolmaster, precentor, clerk, beadle, and grave-digger, with a combined income of only £8 sterling, at the end of the century.[2] Yet once upon a time a schoolmaster[3] in Bute had been glad to resign his office on being promoted to the more lucrative office of beadle.

As if to make every arrangement fatal to any prospect of comfort to the teacher, he had not even security of tenure in his position. The office was held on the most precarious footing, sometimes on good behaviour, sometimes by the month, sometimes by the term, sometimes at the will of the heritors. The result of all these harassing conditions and insufficient pay was that in many cases schools remained for years vacant;

humour of the scene was heightened when any boys paid their offerings in coppers in order to enjoy the sight of the master counting his present before inserting the amount in his book.

[1] *Stat. Acct.*, Monymusk.

[2] *Stat. Acct.*, xvi. 54.

[3] Kingarth in 1682.—Hewison's *Hist. of Bute*, ii. 285.

qualified men could not be got to accept such posts,[1] and the only persons who would take some of the worse endowed schools were students preparing for the ministry, who taught for a few months; broken-down scholars, cripples who could not enter into business, men disappointed of a profession, driven to live somehow.[2] If a teacher ventured to eke out a living by keeping a little shop he was at once threatened with dismissal. A minister writing towards the end of the century bitterly says: "A parish school is now a temporary employment for some necessitous person of ability, or a perpetual employment for some languid, insignificant mortal hardly deserving the shelter of a charity workhouse." [3]

In spite of all these adverse circumstances—especially the poverty of the teachers, which lowered them in the social grade and kept out of the profession men who were able and cultured, and too ambitious to content themselves with an artisan's income with more than an artisan's labour—it is astonishing to observe the effect of the parish schools of Scotland in promoting knowledge and intelligence amongst the people. They gave access to instruction to the lowest and the poorest as well as highest, for the laird's and the ploughman's son, the sons of the carpenter and the lord of session, met together; they opened to them professions and posts in which so many rose to distinction; they effected an unequalled diffusion of education to every class in the country, and the teaching of the schools formed an easy stepping-stone for all to the highest training of the Universities. The burgh schools, which were higher in endowment and position, had the services of not a few men of admirable skill and learning, and even obscure country schools not seldom contained men who afterwards in the country took a conspicuous place as leaders, ministers, scholars, and men of letters.[4] The great

[1] Such statements as the following are far from uncommon in the *Statistical Account*, Kilearnan: "Salary is £8 : 6 : 8, and remains vacant because no qualified person will accept it."—xvii. 357.

[2] The man appointed at one time to the post of schoolmaster in Westruther was chosen because he was a good penman, and to qualify him to teach was directed to attend Greenlaw school for six months.—*Kirk-Session Records.*

[3] *Stat. Acct.*, Urr.

[4] Thomas Ruddiman; Rev. John Skinner, Episcopal minister, author of *Tullochgorum;* "Ossian" Macpherson; Dr. Beattie; Michael Bruce, are amongst the number.

results from the educational system of Scotland are best appreciated by gaining acquaintance with the adverse condition of the schools and schoolmasters from whom they sprang.

The candidate for a parochial school passed a rigid examination, largely in theology, before the Presbytery; but when he applied for mastership in a burgh school he had to be judged as to his qualifications to be teacher, or "doctor," to pass an examination in Latin, English, arithmetic, to recite a passage from Milton, and to sing a psalm before an investigating body consisting of the minister, and probably a webster, a baker, and a brewer, who represented the Town Council. The capacity to sing a psalm was an all-important one, as the schoolmasters were required to teach common church tunes,[1] to sing part of a psalm with the scholars every morning, and to precent in kirk on the Sundays. To such qualifications of the candidate there turned up another requirement, which is rather enigmatically described in records of the middle of the century as "teaching English in the modern method." By that period the country was awakening to a consciousness of the many provincialisms in its speech and writing, as well as ways and customs. It was natural that there should be a similar desire in burghs to bring the schools and their children into harmony more with the age in pronunciation, spelling, and reading. Teachers, therefore, in many places were enjoined to teach English "after the modern mode," and even so early as 1738 cases occurred of masters being removed from their posts (as in Ayr) because of their being "not known in the new method." [2]

[1] General Assembly Act, 1712. In Grammar Schools it was usually the duty of the English master to teach the music: hence he was called the "sang master."

[2] Grant's *Burgh Schools*, p. 390. Mr. W. Walkinshaw, in 1758 appointed to be public English master of the burgh of Paisley and precentor and reader in the Low Church, "promises to do his utmost to instruct himself so as to teach English in the school after the new method."—Brown's *Grammar School of Paisley*, p. 280. Master at Irvine, 1746, and at Forres in 1760, chosen to teach "new method."

III

In long bygone times folk were obliged to take as much work out of the day as possible, for there was little to be done when darkness set in except to go to bed. In the homes of the poor there was no light except from the fitful gleams of the peat fires, as the only means of illuminating the dingy huts was the smoky glimmer of the "ruffy"—a wick stuck in the cleft of a fir stick or a stalk of hemp, which was lit on such set occasions as family worship. All work began as early as day-break in field and shop, and children began their tasks as soon as light would permit. In rural parishes they met from October to February at sunrise and were dismissed at sunset, while during the rest of the year the time for assembling was at seven in the morning till six in the evening, with two hours' interval for breakfast and dinner. In 1737,[1] for example, rules are laid down by the Presbytery that the school of Inverurie shall be open from the time scholars can see to read in the morning till twelve o'clock noon, and from one o'clock till the light fail at night, from November till February, and thereafter from eight o'clock in the morning till six, with two hours' interval, these rules being accompanied by the significant caution that the teacher do abstain from tippling, and shall conduct his scholars to worship on the Sabbath. During the previous century the hours were even longer and earlier. Then the Grammar School of Glasgow met at five o'clock in the morning, and the High School of Edinburgh[2] opened at six o'clock, and in winter at eight o'clock, until 1694—at which date the considerate magistrates of the capital, "considering that the school is situated in a corner at some distance, and that many inhabitants are unwilling to expose their children to the cold winter mornings, ordain nine o'clock from 1st November to 1st March." But till late in the century the usual practice was to attend school in the longer days from seven in the morning till six in the evening, with the usual interval.[3]

[1] Davidson's *Inverurie*, p. 225.

[2] Steven's *High School of Edinburgh*.

[3] These were the hours in Dumfries, Aberdeen, Ayr (1761), Banff, and, up to 1803, in Elgin, where in 1649 six o'clock in the morning had been ordained.

When we bear in mind the dreary, almost impassable tracks and long distances to be traversed in those days, and that the children were provided with no better fare than a few boiled greens in winter, which they carried tied in a cloth,[1] we can realise the amount of fatigue and suffering, both bodily and mental, which were undergone by our ancestors in the pursuit of knowledge.

It cannot be said that these severe strains upon the strength and spirit of the children and teachers were relieved by the full relaxation of holidays; for in the beginning of the century, at any rate, there seems to have been no general half holiday on the Saturday,[2] and they had only to look forward to play days at Candlemas and Whitsunday, or for the advent of some distinguished visitor to the school in whose honour the scholars were let free. In summer the vacation came; but it was usually restricted in towns to ten days or a fortnight, and it seems to have been quite exceptional for burgh schools to be closed for a month. Montrose, for example, in 1705 allowed only the first week of June. Forfar Town Council, so late as 1762, gave only a harvest "vacance" of fourteen days. Not many were moved with such kindliness for the young as expresses itself in ungrammatical tenderness in the arrangement of Perth magistrates to give holidays at any time between 15th May and 15th June, "because it is hurtful for scholars at the end of August, which is the period of grien fruit and piese, which doe occasion diseases and is destructive to their health." Other occasional holidays were few and far between.[3]

[1] Struthers' *Hist.* ii. 625

[2] In 1710 the professors of Edinburgh University recommend the Town Council that the scholars of the High School be allowed "every fortnight to refresh and play themselves a whole afternoon, in place of all the ordinary occasions of dismissing scholars, such as entering of new scholars, paying of quarter payment, and at the desire of the victor at Candlemas or of ladies and gentlemen walking in the yard."—Bower's *University of Edinburgh*, ii. 109.

[3] Grant's *Burgh Schools*, pp. 190-93. In Dunbar in 1696 it is ordained so that "the children's labour be sweetened to them, that every Tuesday and Thursday, the dayes being fine, they shall be suffered to play at the place appoynted for that end from halfe three till four afternoon, after which tyme they are to return till six; these dayes being unfitt for recreation may be delayed until the first faire season, with every Saturday afternoone, together with the accustomed festival days—observing the ancient rites of their oblations (to testificat their thankfulness to their masters); att and after which tymes the schollars, with

Rules, however, which suited town schools were inapplicable to the country, where boys and girls were in great request for farm-work, as fields were unenclosed and cattle required to be herded from grain, and the harvest required help from all hands. The customary signal to the master for breaking up classes in summer was the presentation of an ear of ripe oats on his desk; and that indication none could resist. Once free from school children were kept at work at the farms so long that the poor master suffered grievous loss, as the fees were paid precisely for the period that the pupils attended the school.[1]

The modes of scholastic life in rural quarters differed in many respects from those in towns and large villages, and the duties of the master in the latter cases were considerably augmented by the religious superintendence exercised by him over his pupils on the Sundays. On that day he really acted as a pedagogic providence. Every Sunday morning[2] the boys were compelled to repair to school for prayer and examination in Scriptures; they were thence marshalled off to kirk,[3] the headmaster in front, the "doctor," or assistant, bringing up the rear. At close of afternoon service they were escorted back to school, to give an account of what they had heard. In some places they even came to school four times on Sunday —before and after each service, in accordance with the order: "After prayers the several classes shall be examined at the second ringing of the bell on questions of the Catechism with Scripture proofs and an exposition of a chapter of the Latin New Testament"; and after going to church again the boys remeet and give an account, "as far their memories and maturities will admit," of the notes that have been made

a kyndly homeliness, mediat for the play by the mouth of the victor, as also at the entry of new schollars (if earnestly intreated) they may have it for all night."—Miller's *Hist. of Dunbar*, p. 212.

[1] *Stat. Acct.*, Wamphray, xxi. 234.

[2] Aberdeen *Burgh Records*, p. 328.

[3] *Church of Cullen*, p. 85. Up till 1793 in Aberdeen the master undertook on every Lord's Day and Fast Day to convene scholars and "cause them to read with propriety and decorum passages from Scripture and other devout authors, and to repeat the lectures and texts given by the preacher, with such references as the preacher may draw therefrom, as far their memories and maturities will admit."—Grant, *Burgh Schools.*

during the discourses. To this rapid scribbling of sermon "heads" in kirk during boyhood has been attributed, by a sufferer from the custom, a share in the production of the bad writing of Scotsmen in past times.[1]

Such was the excruciating practice in all the burgh and larger schools in Scotland through a great part of the century, gradually to lose its punctuality and its rigour as the time went on, till, as dissent grew stronger and pious austerity generally grew weaker, the attendance diminished to vanishing point and the old fashion passed away.[2] To preserve a careful surveillance over his charges seated in the gallery assigned to them, the master took his position at the "desk" near the door, to watch lest any scholars should attempt to disappear during the service, and it was not uncommon for him to be armed with a long pole for the purpose of tapping the heads of inattentive or somnolent pupils.

One of the oldest scholastic customs in Scotland was that of selecting two scholars to stand up in the kirk before the pulpit between the second and third bell every Lord's day,[3] one to ask, the other to answer, the Catechism "in a loud voice, for the edification of common and ignorant persons and servants on the grounds of their salvation, that they may learn the same, perquair, and be brought to the knowledge thereof." In the beginning of the seventeenth century[4] in some churches it had been the practice for "twa bairns" to repeat, between the prayers and the blessings, Mr. Craig's "Caritches openlie in the kirk for the instruction of the commons." But long after Mr. John Craig and his Caritches had passed into popular oblivion, and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms had taken their place, every Sunday two boys were, in large villages and towns, told off to repeat them in the audience of such of the congregation as remained in the kirk[5] between the forenoon and after-

[1] Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, *Memoirs*, p. 27, Scot. Hist. Society.

[2] In 1796 the Council of Aberdeen complains that though a master regularly attends at church every Sunday morning, and says prayers and attends boys to church, of late years very few attended.

[3] Aberdeen in 1694 and in 1700.—*Burgh Records*, pp. 328-330.

[4] In Leith in 1616.—Steven's *High School*, p. 69.

[5] Kirk-Session of Tyninghain, 17 May, 1703, gives rules for the management of the school: "1st, The school must be convenit at seven in the morning and

noon diets of worship. The demands on the master's vigilance were not concluded by his marshalling his flock twice on the Sabbath, and his praying and catechising them on Scripture and the preacher's discourses, which he was apt to forget himself. He was further bound to watch over them through the live-long day; to take care that they did not behave themselves unseemly, that they "refrained[1] from profane oaths and ungodly strife," and to see that they kept indoors during the rest of the Lord's day. As the century advanced, as the old traditions of puritanic past died out, as commerce, trade, and fashion broke down the prejudices of the laity, while intelligent "Moderatism" was teaching worldly wisdom to the clergy, these ancient rigorous practices fell more and more into abeyance. Town councils became less exacting of the standing pious rules; parents became less desirous for them; and the lot of both schoolmasters and scholars on the Sundays became less grievous to be borne, much to the affliction of the godly.

Side by side with this stern regard for the upbringing of youth in the nurture of the Lord and the admonition of the teacher, it is remarkable to observe the encouragement given to play-acting in schools which were under the all-seeing eye of the Church. For a long period there had existed in Grammar Schools the practice of performing Latin plays. This was designed for the furtherance of learning, not to pander to any sinful love of playing; and, indeed, the pieces selected were admirably fitted to extinguish utterly all fondness for the stage in juvenile breasts throughout their natural life. The author of a Latin grammar which had great vogue, Alexander Home,

dismissed at five in the afternoon. 2nd, The master must pray with his scholars morning and evening, when he convenes the school and dismisses. 3rd, He must cause his scholars get the Catechisms exactly and distinctly by heart, and hear them repeat the same on Saturday forenoon. 4th, He must gather his scholars on the Sabbath morning before the sermon and pray with them, and then take them to church with him, when after he hath a psalm the Catechism must be repeated by two of them—one asking and the other answering. 5th, He must enjoin such as can write to write the sermon, and on Monday morning cause his scholars to give an account of what they mind thereof, and subjoin some pious exhortations and advices to them."—P. 128, Ritchie's *Churches of St. Baldred;* Aberdeen *Burgh Records*, p. 340. In Dumfries in 1724.—M'Dowall, p. 597. Repetition of Catechism by boys in kirk re-enjoined by Presbytery of Ayr in 1747.—Edgar, ii. 122.

[1] Peebles, 1711.—Grant, p. 434.

schoolmaster of Dunbar, had composed, when James VI. was king, a piece called "Bellum Grammaticale"—a serio-comic piece of portentous dulness, in which the various parts of speech are personified, and appear to argue forth their respective claims to precedence over the rest. During the early decades of the eighteenth century this pedagogic moral play was a favourite performance on festive school occasions, when the public functionaries, eminent citizens, and ministers came to witness it with subdued excitement. To display their appreciation of these Latin dramatic entertainments, town councils[1] voted so much (or rather, so little) yearly to defray the cost—not that they launched into large expense in so doing, the sum of £6 Scots, or 9s. being the usual amount of their aid.[2]

Tired of this weary composition, the "young gentlemen" of the Grammar School of Dalkeith, in 1734, enacted something more enlivening—producing before a large assemblage the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" and the comedy of "Æsop"—acting, as it is recorded, "with a judgment and address inimitable beyond their years."[3] The same year at Kirkcaldy Burgh School a piece composed by the master was presented on more scholastic and less dramatic principle, and the very subject enables us to judge how little in its deadly pedantry it pandered to the passion for excitement in youth. Thus runs the title: "The Royal Council of Advice; or, the Regular Education of Boys the foundation of all other material improvements." When in Perth Grammar School the pupils performed the decorous play of "Cato," nothing but approval could be expressed; but when next year (1735) the moral drama of "George Barnwell" was acted, not merely once, but twice, it had a *succès de scandale;* although it had been produced to foster the morals of youth by showing the pernicious effects of vice. At that very time Lillo's play, having reclaimed young men

[1] In 1705 the Council of Paisley "by a plurality of votes allow £20 Scots towards defraying the expense of their acts of 'Bellum Grammaticale'; and also for their encouragement promise to erect a theatre at their own expense."—Brown's *Paisley Grammar School*, p. 120.

[2] In 1677 the bailies of Lanark were contented with giving "sax pounds Scots to help to get materials to the scholars for Bellum Grammaticum."—*Burgh Records*, p. 194.

[3] Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 584.

from vicious courses, was considered so highly improving that in London theatres it was usually performed the night before Christmas and on Easter Monday. The "fair city" of Perth, however, was sorely exercised: on Sabbath it is chronicled, "A very learned moral sermon suitable to the occasion was preached against converting the school into a play-house, whereby youth was diverted from their studies and employed in the buffooneries of the stage." A committee was forthwith appointed to "deal with" the reckless master, and an overture was prepared to the General Assembly to suppress stage plays in schools and dancing balls in the place.[1] Ecclesiastical if not popular opinion proved too strong for all dramatic license, and the wave of fervour and pietism which was passing over the country, which reached its highest pitch in the revivals or Cambuslang and Kilsyth, and was keen in Perthshire, at this time soon extinguished a good old custom never more to be revived. Much more in consonance with the spirit of the age than any favouring of the drama in youthful breasts was the treatment dealt out to the luckless teacher of Greenock. Mr. John Wilson had acquired some reputation as a poet; he had composed a poem, entitled "The Clyde" (published after his death under the editorship of John Leyden), as well as a tragedy on "Earl Douglas." This skill in practising literature was considered so deleterious to the art of teaching it, that it was treated as a crime instead of a qualification by the prosaic council, and his appointment as schoolmaster was thereupon saddled with the hard condition that "he should abandon that profane and unprofitable art of poem-making."[2] Thereupon John Wilson made a holocaust of his treasured manuscripts, to pacify the bailies and secure a livelihood for his family.

IV

One feature of the educational system of Scotland was the remarkable jealousy of any interference with the monopoly of parish schools as the sole legal dispenser of knowledge. This

[1] Sir James Stewart relates how he played at North Berwick Burgh School in "Henry VIII." in 1727.—*Coltness Collections*, i. 286.

[2] Greenshield's *Lesmahagow*, Appendix, p. 38.

opposition to private schools did not exist so long as burghs were not taxed to support any other; but from the hour a "stent" was imposed to uphold a grammar school, the whole economical interest was aroused to hinder any private individuals setting up classes which would draw away the profit from the public seminary. Even in country parishes, if a schoolmaster complained that a side school had been opened in the neighbourhood, elders were at once deputed "to warn the teacher to desist from the practice"; and any poor man in search of a living, or any old woman trying to combine the teaching of the alphabet with that of sewing and darning stockings to children, two or three miles from the parish school, was forbidden to "proceed."[1] Burghs were not less jealous and exclusive, and on intimation of any furtive attempt to open a private class the magistrates ordered that "the edict pass by tuck of drum, forbidding it under a fine of from £5 to £40 Scots and imprisonment, a yearly *toties quoties*." On every occasion when the monopoly of the parochial school seemed unduly encroached upon, the summons was issued "that no child above 6 or 7 be taught even music in any room, except parish and burgh schools." The most accomplished master of singing dare not ply his artistic craft in a town where any tuneless, earless, timeless dominie held office, "under fulzie of 100 merks for each quarter's contravention."[2] It was not until towards the end of the century that a less exclusive policy began to prevail, and even small grants were then given to private schools. This was, in fact, an economical politic course, seeing that with the growth of population more schools were becoming needful, and every adventure school conveniently saved the expense of erecting a public one at the community's charge.

[1] *Balmerino and its Abbey*, p. 239. Buchanan Kirk-Session in 1714, "considering how much the publick school is decayed, especially by reason of Jean Kilpatrick keeping a private school near the place, recommend the minister to go to the said Jean and discharge her teaching a school, and therewith certification that if she do not desist, they, with the schoolmaster, will apply to the judge ordinar." In 1715, reported that order had been given to the officer to signify to Jean Kilpatrick that she behoved to quit her school, except those who were learning to sew and work stockings, with certification if she did not, a more strick punishment would be for her."—P. 112, G. Smith's *Strathendrick*.

[2] Council of Montrose, p. 379; Grant's *Burgh Schools*.

Burgh schools, which had in former generations raised high the reputation for Latinity of Scotland, still continued their function of giving an education in Latin. After children had been at an English or "vulgar" school for two years, they at the age of nine passed into the grammar school, where they were plunged at once into classics, and during their four years' attendance gained an amount of classical knowledge to which ordinary university students to-day certainly do not attain; a proficiency was then regarded so sufficient that there were no professors of Humanity appointed or "considered necessary" in the universities at the beginning of the century. At the age of twelve or thirteen (sometimes even at eleven years old), many passed into the colleges where the lectures were delivered in Latin.[1] In the precincts of the grammar schools the boys were not allowed to speak a word except in Latin, either in their classes or in their private talk—a practice which gave them a familiarity with the tongue which served them well when they entered the universities, where the same rules were insisted upon.[2] In order to insure obedience to these regulations, certain scholars were chosen to act as spies or detectives, under the euphemistic and tautological title of "private clandestine captors," who were required to inform upon all their comrades

[1] Gibson's *History of Glasgow*, 1787, p. 193.—"A time of life at which they certainly are unfit to obtain an accurate knowledge of the Latin tongue," remarks a writer, speaking from his own experience. Nine was a common age for children to enter the Grammar School of Aberdeen in 1712 (*Burgh Records*): "none to enter earlier, unless they be of great capacity and *engyne*."—P. 342.

[2] The following enables us to see what were the curriculum and the books in use in old grammar schools up to the middle of the century. The schoolmaster of Glasgow, before the Commission of Parliament in 1690, states his system of education: According to the standard formula observed these 100 years and upwards he teacheth for the 1st year: Rudimenta Etymologiae, Wedderburni Vocabula, Dicta Sapientum e Graecis, Erasmo Rotterdamo interprete, Catonis Disticha, Lilii Monita Paedagoga, Sulpitius de Civilitate Morum; and on Saturdays Rudimenta Pietatis, with a review of Shorter Catechism with Scriptural proofs. 2nd year: First part of Despauter's Grammar with Corderius and Erasmi Majora Colloquia; and on Saturday Confessio Fidei Latinè. 3rd year: Second part of Despauter with Terentius, Ovid's Epistles, Tristia, Jonae Philologi Dialogi, Erasmus de Civilitate Morum; and on Saturdays Dialogi Sacri. 4th year: Review of second part of Grammar with the third, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Erasmi Minora Colloquia; and on Saturdays Buchanan's Psalms. 5th year: The fourth part of the Grammar, Virgil, Quintus Curtius, Horatius, Sallustius;

who might speak Scots—the culprit being *sub paena ferulae* for the first offence, and to be publicly whipped for the second.[1] In some places the duties of these spies—who rejoiced in the title of "*decurios*"—had the responsible functions of taking account if the scholars had prayed or read their due portion of Scripture; if their hands were "washen" and their heads combed, and if they had said their questions of the Shorter Catechism; to report if they spoke English, used oaths, or played dice.[2]

In these old schools there were many rival Latin grammars—for ambitious schoolmasters, each possessed with the notion that he had invented a system superior to all others, struggled for a monopoly of its use; most ancient and most venerated was Despauter's, which had been used since 1530 in Scotland, till, in 1714, Ruddiman's *Rudiments* appeared and became a national text-book. That worthy scholar's biographer pronounced a panegyrical prophecy that "this work will transmit our grammarian's name with celebrity to every age so long as the Roman language shall be taught in Scotland." Not quite; but it did attain in use a respectable longevity of 150 years.[3]

V

By the middle of the century the hardships of the schoolmasters were becoming too grievous to be borne without strenous efforts being made to remedy their wrongs and relieve themselves from their almost abject poverty and degradation. In 1748 they framed a memorial, to be presented to the General Assembly and to Parliament, stating their "Reasons for augmenting the salaries and other incomes of the schoolmasters of Scotland." This document is really pathetic in spite of its opulent and grandiloquent style, and its florid,

on Saturday Buchanan's Psalms and Tragoidiae. Last year: Rhaetorica Vossii, Lucan, Commentaria Caesaris, Buchanani Historia Scotorum, "with a little insight into Greek."—*Munimenta Univ. Glas.* ii. p. 537. For curriculum in 1716 of Aberdeen Grammar School, see *Burgh Records*, p. 340.

[1] M'Dowall's *Dumfries*, p. 597.

[2] *Aberdeen Burgh Records*, p. 330.

[3] Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 63.

flowing periods, which touch one's sense of humour to the quick. We may smile at the ambitious rhetoric which announces to plain Members of Parliament that "children may be justly compared to rugged, useless blocks of marble; it is instruction which must hew them into shape and polish them into beauty." With some impatience the blunt Commissioners of Supply must have read the eloquent platitudes: "that knowledge, virtue, the noble subjects of education, lay the foundation of a glorious and happy life; they adorn human nature much and beautify the soul," and so on. "In fine," it concludes,[1] "upon education almost entirely it depends whether a man shall be good, wise, and happy, or wicked, ignorant, and unhappy." Thereupon the schoolmasters, with more truth than consistency, proceed to prove that in spite of all their own education they are themselves extremely unhappy.

They appealed to the General Assembly for its support; but the clergy were at that very time striving with equal non-success to get their own stipends augmented. They applied to "the landed interest" of the country; they petitioned Parliament. The movement died away in despair; the teachers were too poor to prosecute their cause, too uninfluential to gain attention to their wrongs. The "agitation" only agitated themselves. Yet their petition to Parliament was urgent enough, piteous enough, to touch the most obdurate heart that ever paid and grudged a rate. "It is certain," stated the petition, "that our present encouragement will not procure even the necessities of life to any person, though he should live at the lowest rate, being only at an average of about £11 sterling, or about 7d. a day, which is less than the lowest mechanic can earn.[2] This small pittance is to be collected from 100 different hands, which makes a sad deduction, as there will always be bad payers among the number."[3]

Growth of dissent had meanwhile seriously curtailed their humble earnings from other sources. Episcopalian chapels and

[1] *Scots Mag.* 1749; Morren's *Annals of Gen. Ass.* ii. 376-382.

[2] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Lintrathen.—"Schoolmaster's salary is 6 or 4 bolls of meal, to be collected from the tenants; while the hut he occupies is hardly fit for the meanest beggar," 1793.

[3] They urged that no private schools be allowed within three miles of parochial school.

Seceder meeting-houses kept private registers for baptisms and marriages, which involved the loss of that groat for every entry which had been a welcome addition to the impoverished teacher in his capacity of Session-Clerk. Meanwhile the cost of living had enormously extended, and had almost increased threefold in fifty years; while owing to the progress and improvement in cultivation the profits of the farmers had quadrupled, and the wages of every working man—ploughman and artisan—had increased in the same proportion.

It was not till 1782 that the oppressed schoolmasters renewed their attempts to obtain some mitigation of their lot. It was then that they drew up a memorial pleading that "ninety years have produced such a change and so great an improvement in agriculture, navigation, commerce, arts, and riches of the country, that £15 sterling per annum at the end of the last century may be considered a better income than £45 at the present time. Suppose, then, that in Scotland there are 900 parochial schoolmasters, which is near the truth: 800 of them will be found struggling with indigence, inferior in point of income to 800 day labourers in the best cultivated parts of the island, and receiving one-half of the emoluments of the menial servants of country gentlemen." In fact, their case was even worse than they represented it, for while the average income of schoolmasters was £13 a year, that of the artisan and ploughman was from £14 to £16.[1]

At that time every rank and profession was recruited from lads who had got their Latin and their training in the parish schools; while the teachers, to whom they largely owed all their success, lived in hovels, and their families were clad in rags. In spite of all their powerful claims, the schoolmasters were obliged to wait till this century before they got a partial remedy for their distress. At last, in 1802, the long sought, long needed relief came, though by a most modest instalment. The Schoolmasters' Act was passed. After a quite superfluous preamble, stating that "the parish schoolmasters of Scotland are a most useful body of men and their labours have been of essential importance to the public welfare," it ordains that henceforth their incomes are not to

[1] *Stat. Account of Scotland*, 1792-4, xxi. 336-341.

be under 300 merks (£16 : 13 : 4), nor above 400 merks (£22 : 4 : 6); that they are to be provided by the heritors with a house, which need not contain more than two rooms, *including the kitchen*, and with ground for a garden of not less than a quarter of a Scots acre, or two bolls of oatmeal as its equivalent.[1] So ends not too brilliantly a dismal period of scholastic poverty; so begins on not too prodigal a scale of liberality the new era of educational history.

[1] "Hope [Lord Advocate] told me that he had considerable difficulty in getting even the two rooms, and that a great majority of the lairds and Scotch members were indignant at being obliged to 'erect palaces for dominies.'"—Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 186.

CHAPTER XII

EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND—THE UNIVERSITIES—THEIR LIFE AND LEARNING

I

THE social and ecclesiastical disquiet which had for generations prevailed in Scotland had fatally affected the academical life of the country. The reign of Episcopacy had kept out of posts of schoolmasters and professors the largest and most vigorous class of the people. Recruited as the chairs of universities had been chiefly from the undistinguished Episcopal ministers up to the Revolution, and after that, from equally uncultured Presbyterian ministers who had got a haphazard education at home or in Holland, to which they had taken flight, the seats of learning were long empty of learning, and the centres of the highest national education could boast of little philosophy and of less science. When, after the re-establishment of Presbytery, the professors then occupying posts in colleges were required to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and to subscribe the Confession of Faith, many refused and were thereupon ousted from their chairs. The difficulty now arose of finding successors to the Principals and Regents who were deprived of their offices, and to the old teachers as they died off.[1] The new order of clergy from whom professors were drawn, in their fugitive and impoverished lives, had had no

[1] In St. Andrews all but three were deprived; in Edinburgh five were forced to quit; in Glasgow all but three complied with the oath; and, strange to say, in Aberdeen, a city which had Jacobite and Episcopal leanings, all the professors except one and both principals cautiously conformed.—Grub's *Eccles. Hist. of Scotland*, iii. 319-22.

opportunity to prosecute quiet and laborious study; they had no money to buy books, no leisure to read them, and in truth, from the fervour of their piety, had little zest for culture in pagan letters and the profane babbling of earthly philosophy. In despair Principal Carstares even formed a scheme for importing Dutchmen from their famous universities to teach in Scots colleges.[1]

It was only gradually, when the young men flocked after the Revolution to universities, chiefly with a view to entering the Church, that there arose a class of men to draw from for teachers; but from 1690 to about 1725 there was a dreary stagnation of all intellectual life and destitution of scholarship in Scotland.[2]

The course of instruction was conducted by regents,—teachers each of whom carried his class through a three or four years' curriculum, till it reached the stage of laureation. During that period each regent taught his students, in successive years, Greek, ethics, pneumatics, logic, mathematics,[3] and physics, a strange medley of subjects which could not fairly or competently be taught by any one man. It is true that under this system, called the "ambulatory" or "rotatory," each master had the estimable advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with all the pupils under his eye; but it is equally true that he had the unfortunate disadvantage of being thoroughly acquainted with none of the subjects under his charge. It is not surprising, therefore, that wherever this preposterous arrangement existed, there was hardly one man who made himself distinguished in any branch of philosophy, or made any real contribution to learning or to science.[4] Absurd as was this method of each regent

[1] Calamy's *Own Life*, i. 172.

[2] *Report of University Commission*, p. 221.

[3] Though mathematics had, since 1692, a special professor, it formed no part of the course for degrees or for the Church.—Grant's *Edin. Univ.* ii. 298.

[4] An exception to the prevailing absence of scientific attainment occurs in the distinguished cases of James Gregory and his nephew David Gregory. James Gregory, who had mounted the reflecting telescope at the age of twenty-two, was transferred from St. Andrews to the professorship of mathematics in Edinburgh in 1674, dying the next year after being struck with blindness in showing his students the satellites of Jupiter through a telescope. In 1684 David Gregory succeeded to the post at the age of twenty-two with a salary of

lecturing on a multiplicity of incongruous subjects, instead of each subject being treated by one man who had made it his special study, it was not abandoned without reluctance. Although through the influence of the ever-sagacious Principal Carstares, who was anxious to form Scots colleges on Dutch models, the system was given up in Edinburgh in 1708, it continued till 1727 in Glasgow, in St. Andrews till 1747, and in Aberdeen, though it was abolished at Marischal College in 1757, it was retained in King's College till the end of the century.[1]

The appointments to the chairs at the universities in the early part of the eighteenth century were made in the olden manner after public competition. In 1690 it was ordained by Scots Parliament that whenever a post fell vacant a "program" was to be affixed "to the avenues of the city and other colleges in the kingdom, inviting qualified persons to test themselves on a certain day to appear in public dispute on any problematical subjects which were proposed." Then in the hall, before principal and regents, the various candidates, who had been assigned their subjects by lot, debated on successive days in Latin on some chosen subject, testing at once their fluency and their skill.[2] Thereafter they were examined in Greek and philosophy; in a manner, however, which could not search the erudition of any scholar very profoundly; and the successful competitor was appointed regent, and expected to teach a variety of branches of knowledge which needed the versatility of an Admirable Crichton. Such were the ways in the early part of the century.

In the curriculum of the universities at that period there was one remarkable omission, and that was Latin. That language was not taught amid the miscellaneous matters

£1000 Scots, and has the credit of having been the first to give public lectures on the Newtonian philosophy—thirty-five years before that system was adopted in public instruction at Cambridge. He became professor of Astronomy at Oxford in 1692. The Gregorys, however, had not been "ambulatory" regents.

[1] Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 291.

[2] At Edinburgh, in 1700, the subjects of debate were *De motu*, *De brutorum perceptione, etc.*—Bower, ii. 6. In Glasgow subjects for competition disputes were *Quodnam sit criterion veritatis* and *Quod sit causa variorum colorum in corporibus naturalibus.*—*Munimenta Universitatis Glasguensis*, ii. 413.

on which regents prelected. It was left virtually to the schools, the masters of which were considered perfectly qualified to train their pupils in that learned tongue and grammar. Indeed, there was displayed a painful jealousy by the burgh schools lest colleges should encroach on this their special function; a jealousy which universities were careful to respect. When, therefore, a student entered the university he used only to pass a slight entrance examination in Latin, and was then enrolled as a student in philosophy.

This division of labour between the higher and lower seminaries did not, however, always proceed from punctilious courtesy; it partly arose from the chronic state of poverty under which colleges lay, which forced professors to subsist on mean pittances. In a sanguine moment Glasgow had in 1683 agreed to allow a professor of Humanity a salary of £20, and thereupon a teacher was appointed for a term of five years. Unfortunately, the Faculty soon discovered that they had no funds wherewith to carry out the bargain—"the whole rents and revenues being super-expendit"—and, crestfallen, they record that they must suspend the class until they had means of maintaining it.[1] Not till 1704, twenty-one years later, did that prosperous period arrive, and then "Mr. A. Ross, a student, having offered himself," was inducted to the professorship of Humanity with a stipend of £300 Scots (£20 sterling) "after he had given a tryall of his skill in the Latin tongue," as evidenced by his producing in three days a translation into English of Tiberius' letter in the third book of the *Annals of Tacitus*, and a translation into Latin of Lord Loudon's speech to the king as contained in Rushworth's *Collection*.[2] Here again, as far as possible, the most punctilious care is taken not to hurt the interests of parish teachers, for the new regent is forbidden to teach the grammar "lest it should prejudice" the burgh schools. Even long after a special professorship of Latin was in 1708[3] erected in Edinburgh, it was usual for students to prosecute their studies and take their degree without ever

[1] *Munim. Univ. Glasg.*, ii. 347, 387.

[2] *Ibid.*, ii. 396.

[3] Previous to this a professor had taught Latin, but he was merely a tutor preparing entrants for the Bajan or first philosophy class, and no student was obliged to attend his class.—Grant's *Edinburgh University*, i. 216.

entering a Latin class. The lad merely passed an easy examination in the language, and then entered in the first or Bajan year of his course, never to study it at all.[1] It is true that the text-books were often in Latin, that the philosophical lectures were based on classic and mediæval writers, that the lectures were delivered in the learned tongue; all which served to tax a boy's scholarship if he had any, or left him more ignorant than before if he had none.

Almost as badly did it fare with Greek in the first half of the century. Not taught from any special chair, it was long merely one of the multifarious subjects taught by a regent whose course included pneumatics and logic, natural philosophy and astronomy. In the beginning of the century it did become evident to the more intelligent men interested in scholarship that dead languages might as well be buried as be taught on such a perfunctory system, and at Glasgow a separate chair for teaching Greek was formed in 1704—in this case without the ordeal of a public dispute and public competition, the candidate "having given a tryall of his skill in an analysis of Homer's *Iliad*, Book viii., from line 171 to 181," which token of his scholarship amply satisfied and convinced his not-too-exacting judges.[2] In 1708, when the regenting system was abolished in Edinburgh, one professor, of course, took separate charge of Greek, while in recognition of scholarship, another was appointed to teach Latin—with what imperfect results we shall see.

Never distinguished for its attainment in Greek scholarship, though once famous for its Latinity, Scotland had sunk to perhaps its lowest ebb in the early part of the eighteenth century, and this depression was increased by the spirit of monopoly which makes trade jealous of trade, that had even entered the more cultured scholastic craft. We have seen how schoolmasters opposed the teaching of Latin in colleges lest it should diminish their own pupils and fees. With equal exactitude, and for the same commercial reasons, professors

[1] In 1756 the Latin class was thinly attended, more than half of the students began their course with Greek, and many with the logic class.—Somerville's *Own Life and Times*, p. 12; Carlyle's *Autobiography*, 43.

[2] *Munim.*, ii. 396.

in their turn opposed schoolmasters giving lessons in Greek.[1] Old enactments had given force to this jealous regard of universities for their own interests, forbidding burgh or grammar schools or private persons teaching Greek or logic within their walls. It is true some ignored these laws and absurd prohibitions, and occasionally a master imparted to his pupils, sons of lairds and farmers, far more Greek at school than ever they got at college; though the High School of Glasgow only professed to give "a little insight into Greek." But professors were forced to spend months with their pupils whose ignorance their own rules had enforced, going over the alphabet and veriest rudiments, or in reading with them some Latin author, till they knew enough Greek to try to translate the simplest author.[2] The only lads who really did come up to college with a little smattering of knowledge, after a trifling examination in the language, were allowed to escape altogether the class of the professor of Greek, or the year during which the regent taught that tongue, and under the title of "super-venientes" passed at once over the Bajan or lowest class into the "Semi," or philosophical. In this way they were able to save a year's study, and a year's fees, and to evade Greek for a lifetime. In 1691 Thomas Boston[3] came up as a lad from his poor cottage at Duns to Edinburgh, and there he was tried by the regent in the Greek New Testament, and then entered the "Semi" class, or second year, to hear no more of Greek literature except its Aristotelian logic. Even past the middle of the

[1] In 1772 Principal Robertson and the senators of Edinburgh University protested to the Town Council against Dr. Adam, Rector of the High School, opening a class for teaching the elements of the Greek language, urging that the school should continue to be a Latin school. The Town Council declined to interfere.—Bower's *Hist. of Edin. Univ.* ii. ; Grant's *Edinburgh University*, i. 208, 266. Logic and Greek were made a monopoly of the colleges in 1645, and in 1672 Lords of Privy Council prohibit all persons not publicly authorised to gather together any number of scholars and to teach them philosophy or Greek language, "because the practice, besides being contrary to the laws, tends to the prejudice of universities by rendering some of the professors therein altogether useless."

[2] Bower's *Edin. Univ.* ii. 232. In 1760 Professor Hill, at St. Andrews, spends much time in teaching the Greek letters and parts of speech.—Cook's *Life of Principal Hill*, p. 62 ; Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*.

[3] Boston's *Memoirs*, p. 16 ; Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 43.

century any student who knew sufficient to satisfy his lenient examiners passed over the classic tongues and began at once the study of philosophy.[1] What made this practice all the more absurd was the fact that the great bulk of the students were mere boys. They were usually from thirteen to fifteen years of age—some only eleven—and were thrust into philosophy when they hardly knew the meaning of the word, and took their degree of M.A. at sixteen before they had begun to think.[2]

To make the difficulty of learning as great as possible, and as if to make the whole system as useless as possible, the instruction was imparted in Latin. Many a poor boy who had in a village school just scraped enough of knowledge to make him ambitious, and whose father had scraped enough of meal or money to keep him in food, came to the college and heard everything said in what was an unknown tongue; in it the professor prayed, lectured, examined; in that language boys barely acquainted with their own tongue were expected to repeat ponderously inept Aristotelian definitions, and to remember professorial prolixities on Grotius and Puffendorf. Their minds were strained by disquisitions they could not follow, crammed with terminology no dictionary could explain, and full of technical phrases no classic author had ever used.

The practice of lecturing in Latin was retained, in spite of its manifest uselessness, till far into the century in many classes; and as a rule the duller and more pedantic the professor was, the more antiquated his text-books and doctrines were, the more tenaciously he kept to this time-honoured custom; and he still slowly dictated in Latin his dreary sentences for pupils to copy down during his "colleges," as the lectures were called.[3] The first professor in Scotland to

[1] *Scots Magazine*, 1826; Bower's *Edin. University*, ii. 72.

[2] Colin Maclaurin, the famous mathematician, entered college at eleven years old, graduated at fifteen, and became professor at nineteen. David Hume and Principal Robertson were only twelve, and Principal Hill was only eleven on entering college.

[3] So in *Caledonian Mercury*, Oct. 1736, the advertisement appears, "Dr. John Pringle, professor of *Ethicks and Pneumaticks*, begins his college on *Puffendorf de officio hominis et civis* with the usual supplement from Lord Bacon of the *Doctrina Civilis*, etc., on Thursday, the 4th of Nov. 1736."

break away from the old practice was the ever independent Professor Hutcheson of Glasgow, in 1729, who found the flow of his periods fettered by crabbed Latinity and tedious dictated sentences. Others gradually and timidly followed his example, but very slowly, not entirely because the old way was a pleasure to the teacher or a benefit to the student, but lest his abandoning the classic tongue for his broad Scots might maliciously be ascribed to his incapacity to speak it.[1] This, in fact, was ill-naturedly hinted regarding the learned Dr. Cullen, when in his medical school he began to lecture in English—the first physician to do so; although he retained the Latin in teaching botany. Even in the middle of the century Edinburgh professors of philosophy, law, and divinity persisted in their lumbering Latin to somnolent students, till finally they acquired enough good sense and moral courage to discourse in the vernacular in all chairs, except the conservative divinity.[2]

II

The students were drawn from every class—from noblemen and farmers, from ministers, lairds, schoolmasters, and mechanics, and from the hard-working tenants of Ulster, whose sons formed a large contingent of the number—the "stupid Irish teagues," as Professor Reid long after termed the band which in 1760 formed a third of the Glasgow students.[3] The great majority of the lads were extremely poor, and lived in mean garrets in the wynds;[4] some were so badly off that

[1] Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, i. 28.

[2] Relics of the old custom of Latin speaking in the class are found in the *adsum* with which the students still answer the calling of the roll, and the Latin form of Christian names in matriculation books. "I attended the class for Church history in St. Andrews during three years [about 1776], and never heard the professor in his public character speak one word of English all that time. One of the other professors of divinity also lectures in Latin; the third professor discourses in English."—Hall's *Travels*, p. 604; 1803.

[3] Reid's *Works* (Hamilton's edition), p. 40. In 1760 Professor Reid writes from Glasgow, "Near a third of our students are Irish. Thirty came over lately in one vessel. We have a good many English and some foreigners; many of the Irish as well as Scotch are poor, and come up late to save money." Half of the students who took degrees in Glasgow are entered "Scoto-Hibernicus."

[4] Such entries as the following from Kirk-Session records are not rare in the

old Kirk-Session records mention little doles of a few pence given to lads to help them on their way as they travelled to college. When they went to their classes in October they often took with them a supply of oat and barley meal, which with occasional supplies from home, lasted by careful stinting till the Session was over in May. In consideration of the common neediness of students, there was an ancient privilege —at any rate in Glasgow—that meal intended for their use should be exempt from the town customs exacted from all provisions sold in the market by the official who was called the "ladleman," from the tax having been one ladleful taken out of every sack. When the kindly rule had been broken, to the detriment of the poor students, the University of Glasgow deputed Dr. Adam Smith to demand[1] continuance of the ancient privilege from the Town Council, who agreed to refund the exactions of the ladler. So dependent was a large proportion, unless they got a bursary, on the small earnings of their fathers, who stinted themselves and their family to maintain a son at college, that after an exceptionally bad harvest Professor Adam Ferguson found his philosophy class diminished by one-half.[2] How frugally they lived we can see from Mr. Thomas Boston's description of his student days in Edinburgh during three years: "Thus a holy, wise providence," says this pious divine, "ordered my education at the college that the charges thereof amounted in all to but £128 : 15 : 8 Scots (£11 : 18 : 8 sterling), of which I had twenty merks as aforesaid to pay afterwards [for laureation]. Out of this sum was paid the regent's fees yearly and the college dues, and also my maintenance was furnished out of it. By means thereof I had a competent understanding of the logics, metaphysics, ethics, and general physics—always taking pains of

early part of the century: "To the blind student that hath the Irish [Gaelic] tongue"; "to the scholar at St. College"—each of whom are awarded a few pence.—Campbell's *Balmerino and its Abbey*, p. 234.

[1] Rae's *Life of Adam Smith*, p. 67.

[2] Ramsay's *Scotland and Scotsmen*. In their poverty the one great difficulty must have been for students to buy books for their classes and for study, for they got no help from the college library—at any rate in Edinburgh, where no book was lent out. Up till 1730 they were chained and padlocked to their shelves, and even when loosened from chains they were not set free for students.—Bower, ii. 39; Boston's *Memoirs*, p. 15.

what was before me and pleasing the regent." It is true that the author of *The Fourfold State of Man* had half-starved himself, and put himself into ill-health and moodiness which affected his most depressing theology. Many another lad starved his body to feed his mind, with pertinacious industry, clad in threadbare hodden gray, too poor to buy candles, and studying by the fire-light, in the unfurnished garret.[1] But in the first half of the century even rich students could live cheaply, boarding for £10 a year[2] in Edinburgh; and as bursaries were to be got, and the fee to the one regent they attended was only one guinea, or 15s. a year, education for any learned profession was brought within the reach of the poorest lads who had brains or energy.

The practice of living in chambers in the colleges was much encouraged by the universities, as conducing to the moral and religious nurture of youth. Several chambers had been erected in the main quadrangle of the Edinburgh University for the accommodation of students; and in the beginning of the century several of these were still occupied; in Glasgow many lived in college precincts; and St. Andrews and King's College, Aberdeen, long continued to be the residence of a large number. To suit the finances of different classes, there were the first table and the second—at the former the wealthier lads paid £2 : 15s., or £2 per quarter for their food —of which oatmeal, broth, and ale formed a large proportion —and at this common table the principal and regents sat.

[1] Preface to G. M. Berkeley's *Poems*, 1797.

[2] Expenses of a student at St. Salvador's College, St. Andrews, in 1684:—

"If he be a primner the expense as followeth:

Imp. for his own tabell and his servant's quarterlie .	£60 (Scots.)
It. for his bed if he be alone	£3
It. for dressing his chamber, and making his bed . .	£3
It. once in the year to porter	£1 : 4
It. once in the year to him that cleanzeth colledge .	£1 : 4
It. once in the year to the college cook if he tabell at college	£1 : 4
It. to his regent 5 or 6 dolours.	

If he be a seconder:

Imp. for his own tabell and servant's quarterlie . .	£51 : 6 : 4
It. to his regent 3 or 4 dolours.	
It. to his bed	£3

To dressing his chamber, porter. cooke, cleaner, 12s. each."

Scottish Antiquary, xi. p. 19.

They were also put into occupation of a chamber furnished with bedstead and grate at a charge from 20s. to 7s. for the session.[1] Even in 1774 Dr. Johnson was told at St. Andrews that a young man could get board and education for seven months for £15 if he lived in the best style, or for £10 if he desired more economy.[2] Yet even that smaller scale we can see was far beyond the resources of a large mass of poor students, who could subsist most frugally on oatmeal, and, in later years, on herrings, with potatoes, when these came into use.

Once established in their college chambers, the students came under the vigilant care and custody of the regents,[3] each of whom took his week's turn of superintendence, with the title of Hebdomadar, visiting each room at five in the morning and at nine in the evening to see if they were behaving themselves properly, neither over-sleeping in the morning, nor dicing or playing cards at night. At 6 A.M. all were summoned by the bell, and appeared in the common hall to answer to their names, and after prayers and religious instruction they proceeded to their several class-rooms. The pietistic character of the period pervaded the colleges as well as the Church, and forced religion on scholars till it begot hypocrisy, cant, or weariness. What else could be the result of an ordinance establishing intolerable inquisition like this: "Students are obliged to be diligent in praying to God, reading in their chambers morning and evening, and to ensure obedience cubicular censors are appointed to keep watch, and the regents are enjoined to notice how they perform the private duties of prayer and reading as well as in their questions." [4]

It is not surprising that rules and espionage like this did

[1] In St. Andrews, up to the union of colleges, the greater part of the students lodged in chambers inside the college walls ; all gates were shut at 10 o'clock P.M., and none could get out or come in till 6 in the morning. Professors took weekly their post as hebdomadar, and presided at the table and visited each chamber at 6 A.M. and 8 or 9 P.M. These perlustrations were given up soon after the union of colleges. Originally the students dined at 12 with supper at 6, afterwards at 1 or 2, and supper at 7 or 8 o'clock. The common table was kept up till 1820.—Hall's *Travels*, i. 114 ; Lyon's *St. Andrews*, ii. 184.

[2] Johnson's *Journey to Western Islands*, 1791, p. 12.

[3] *Munimenta Univ. Glasg.*, ii. 489.

[4] In 1693, *ibid.* ii. 369.

not render residence in college precincts extremely attractive. There is no wonder that there arose murmurs from academic Faculties that "so many students do lye out at college";[1] and no wonder, that in spite of all efforts to foster the old system, the chambers adjoining the Edinburgh College surrounded by its ruinous wall were almost deserted of their intended occupants by 1733,[2] and put to other purposes. Some were used as class-rooms; others were occupied at a rent of £1 by a miscellaneous population—clerks, coal-sellers, printers, and booksellers. Professor Reid, who believed greatly in this living in college precincts, and greatly rejoiced when after its decay it was revived in King's College, in 1755 wrote enthusiastically to his friend the laird of Newton: "We need but look out of our windows to see them rise and when they go to bed. They are seen nine or ten times the day statedly by one or other of the masters, at publick prayers, school hours, meals, and in their rooms, besides occasional visits which we can make with little trouble to ourselves. They are shut within college walls at nine at night."[3] Unfortunately, all these rules, so comforting to anxious parents, were most uncomfortable to their sons, who preferred private and independent lodgings free from the incessant surveillance of the college; and only about forty or fifty students dined at common table[4] when the system was revived; a number which lessened, till the old-new system died out of inanition in Aberdeen; though it was retained in St. Andrews with more success.

The restraints which ordinary students in the early part of the century had to endure were quite sufficient without the "prelustrations" of regents morning and night to their rooms. Throughout the session—lasting from the 1st of October to the end of May—the classes began in Edinburgh at seven o'clock,

[1] *Munimenta Univ. Glasg.* ii. 519.

[2] In Edinburgh few resided in college at the beginning of the century partly from lack of accommodation, chiefly from lack of inclination.—Calamy's *Own Life.*

[3] Dunbar's *Social Life in Morayshire*, p. 6. "The board is at the first table 50 merks per quarter, and at the second 40. The rent is from 7s. to 20s. in the session, no furniture but bedstead, table, grate—feather-bed, bed-cloaths, chairs, tongs, bed-hangings must be bought or hired. Students provide their own candles, fire, washing, pay 2 guineas to the master; to professors of Greek and Humanity for publick teaching, 5s. each."—P. 8.

[4] Kennedy's *Annals*, ii. 391.

and in other universities at six. The students assembled in the dark lecture rooms, dimly lighted by the smoky tallow candles, and ill-heated by the newly kindled fires in bitter winter mornings. Before a class began its work the students took their turn to open the class with a prayer—a performance that proved so little conducive to edification that the Glasgow Faculty in 1702[1] timidly suggested that when convenient this practice might be discontinued. In the college yards the lads were carefully watched in their conversation; "for all who profane God's name or vent horrid oaths or nasty words" were to "pay for the first offence 6d. Scots (1d. sterling), and thereafter to be severely chastened."[2] They were, further, obliged to speak Latin in their private intercourse in college grounds, and when in 1706 rumours arose that, contrary to orders, "the students do all speak English," the Senate of Glasgow at once enjoined that "each regent shall appoynt a clandestine censor to observe that all without exception be summoned who are found guilty"—the fine for this crime being 1d. for the first offence, and 2d. for the second, and this sum, small as it now seems, would be hard on poor students to find.[3] So far from Sunday bringing any rest and relaxation to the youths, it brought more burdens grievous to be borne. On the Sabbath morning all assembled in their respective class-rooms, and after religious exercises, clad in their scarlet gowns, they followed the principal and professors to kirk both morning and afternoon. At four o'clock the college bell was rung, and they again appeared in their several class-rooms, where they were examined regarding the discourses they had heard and the portion of theology which had been prescribed for study; they were next questioned on the Catechism, and listened to an exposition of the Confession of Faith.[4] Thereafter they were allowed to return, weary and

[1] *Munimenta Glas.* ii. 375.

[2] Rules drawn up by Principal Carstares in 1704.—Bower, ii. 49; Dalziel's *Edin. University*, ii. 275.

[3] *Munim. Glas.* ii. 390; Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 92.

[4] *Munimenta*, ii. 378-529; Kennedy's *Aberdeen*, ii. 391. In Edinburgh the Sabbath surveillance was not so complete as in the western city; but students in 1704 were summoned to their class-rooms "after sermon" to be examined in sacred subjects.—Dalziel's *Edin. University*.

worn out, to their respective lodgings, their homes, or their college chambers, whence, except to hear a lecture in the college kirk from a professor, they dared not emerge; for to "vague" in the street or garden entailed a rebuke and incurred a fine. Even in church they sat under vigilant inspection of the regent's eye, and what they put into the plate or ladle was sharply noted, and reported by the watchful elders. It is with great grief that the professors record in the University records of 1703 that the contributions from the students are small; and the regents are therefore directed that each Saturday the collection shall be taken in the class-room, under their very eyes, and thereafter handed to the Glasgow Kirk-Session. Sadly enough, a later minute records that such precautions had brought unexpected and irresistible temptation to the student to whom the collecting had been entrusted, and that "he had requisitioned it"—by which euphemistic phrase a vulgar theft attains an almost academic dignity.[1]

In process of time these strait-laced rules gave way under the strain. The stern providence over undergraduates was relaxed in less pious and more tolerant days; although far on in the century the scholars were required to attend the College Church in Glasgow, and their ways, their speech, and their morals were carefully watched, guarded, and chastened.[2] But the whole method in which piety was forced by pedagogic insistence recalls the manner of the formidable Dr. Keate, of Eton, who, meeting a pupil, asked menacingly what book he

[1] *Munimenta Glas.* ii. 379.

[2] When many old ways had been abandoned, professors still continued to examine the lads in the evening on the sermons they had heard and "to speak with them on religious subjects." This was the practice of Hutcheson, professor of moral philosophy, and Professor Dunlop of the Greek chair.—Ramsay's *Scot. and Scots.* i. 277. In an unpublished letter to Adam Smith, Professor Joseph Black in 1764 writes: "Need I tell you of the Reformation that has been made in our devotions since you left us; how some of the Irish students remonstrated to the Faculty that there was not room for them in the College church, etc., and proposed that the College should have a private chappel of their own; how this proposal was long considered, and at last agreed to, and put in practice; how the college loft has been set by roup at the extravagant rate of 6 or 7 to 9 shillings for every sitter; how the College has already met two Sundays in the back hall, and have sung their psalms most melodiously with the help of a pitch-fork, which occasions much deliberation among the godly."

carried under his arm. The trembling lad said that it was only a Bible, and was dismissed with the persuasive words of his master, "Read your Bible, boy, or I shall flog you."

III

Having paid his fees, which amounted to three or four dollars, to the one regent whose class he had to attend, a lad began his work—"dollars" being a coin in those days of scarcity in native currency which could be more easily found. Of the three or four years of the curriculum for degree of arts, the first class in which Greek was taught by the regent was called the Bajan—an academic term from the epithet *bejanus* used at Paris University, from *becjaune* (that is, "yellow beak"),[1] to designate those who entered their career in callow youth. (In graphic, if vulgar translation of the term these first year's students were popularly called "yellow-nebs.")[2] In the second class, or "semi,"—to which, as we have seen, students might at once pass by skipping Greek and Latin,—they entered on logic and metaphysics, and in the third year, or magistrand class, they were taught ethics and natural philosophy by the regent, who carried them on to laureation. The regent, ill paid and anxious to add to his meagre gains, took care to get as many students as possible to take their degree, for each graduate brought a welcome guinea as fee to replenish his empty coffers. When regenting, however, was abolished, and each professor no longer carried on his flock of pupils year by year to the end, he had no pecuniary interest in laureation, and the number of graduates sank in some colleges to zero, and scholars chose or attended what classes they or their fathers pleased.[3]

[1] It was otherwise but less successfully derived from *bas gens*, as being the lowest regent's class.—P. 14. Chamberlayne's *Present State of Great Britain*, 1754. Principal Lee as unsuccessfully and confidently derives the word from *pagani*, or rustics, uncultured and uncivilised by arts.

[2] Equivalent to the German *Gelbschnabel*.

[3] The Town Council offered to relieve poor students of their graduation fees—an offer which was resented. In 1704 there were 65 graduates, in 1705, 104; in 1745 the numbers had gone down to 3, and after that they vanish.—*Catalogue of Edinburgh Graduates*. On later rules required by universities for graduation, and by the Church for ministers.—See Grant's *Edin. University*, i. 278-282.

We have seen with what discouragement classic learning had to contend—Latin, which none required to study, Greek, which the better educated lads passed over as superfluous, and which only ignorant boys entered to learn their alphabet. The only classes which were then imperative for entering any learned profession, or to take a degree, were logic (with metaphysics) and natural philosophy. Up to about 1740 the teaching in the former was usually of the mediæval type—scholasticism which made Aristotle and peripatetic philosophy almost the sole study.[1] It was arid, it was dull, it was useless; dealing in scholastic subtleties and formal definitions, which being delivered in Latin were the less intelligible to the group of lads that sat on their benches, with their note-books, pens, and ink bottles, trying to catch from the professor's discourses a glimmer of intellectual light. With the instruction of philosophy was conjoined "pneumatics,"[2] a term which meant such questions of high reason as, "the being and perfections of the true God, the nature of angels and the soul of man, and the duties of natural religion,"—themes which after being treated of by the professor of moral philosophy were, in the middle of the century, abandoned to the teachers of divinity. In olden days natural philosophy implied teaching the *Physics* of Aristotle and the *Spheres* of Joannes de Sacrobosco, conjoined strangely with ethics, founded on obsolete scholastic but orthodox authorities;[3] but now Newton reigned supreme.

By the year 1730 came some signs of a revival of philosophy and science; there was a shaking of the dry bones of mediævalism. In Glasgow, Professor Francis Hutcheson began to thrust aside the old, worn-out methods, text-

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, Aberdeen, Marischal College.

[2] This subject of pneumatics Dr. Pringle (afterwards Sir John) was enjoined to teach on his appointment in 1736 to the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh—with a salary of about £70—but without fees, as it was not required by students for degrees or the Church.—Grant's *Edin. Univers.* ii. 336.

[3] Orthodoxy was necessary for every class text-book. In 1696, commissioners state that they know no proper philosophical text-book to use. The *Philosophia vetus et nova* is the "fairest," but "it is done by popish writers, and smells rank of their religion." "Le Clerc is meerely scepticall and Socinian," and "Henry Moor's Ethicks cannot be admitted being grossly Armenian in his opinione de libero arbitrio." Descartes and "all his gang" are discarded.—*Munimenta Univ. Glas.* ii. 531.

books, and doctrines; into moral philosophy he put new life and gave fresh interest, and although his own theory of the moral sense was not convincing, his lectures stirred new thought, had immense influence in modifying and softening the harsh theology of the country, and so vigorously stimulated philosophical study that the distinguished Irishman may be styled the "father of Scottish philosophy." Even before Oxford and Cambridge had awakened from stagnation, from "port wine, and prejudice," Scottish colleges had begun to show intellectual life in spite of their poverty. Antiquated systems died out. The Aristotelianism and the scholasticism of Ramus, which had turned logic and metaphysics into empty futilities and endless abstractions that meant little and taught nothing, disappeared, and Bacon, Locke, and even Puffendorf and De Vries, were welcome text-men for the students in their stead. Natural philosophy had a distinguished exponent in Colin Maclaurin in Edinburgh, and geometry in Robert Simson in Glasgow, in the first half of the century; and in course of time in every department—especially in philosophy, science, medicine—the universities were abreast or in advance of their age, under Joseph Black, the Monros, the Gregorys, Cullen, Adam Smith, Blair, Ferguson, Moor, and Reid; more chairs were erected, new subjects were taught, and old incongruous labours were divided.[1]

IV

While general education in scholarship, philosophy, and science was being gradually built up and slowly improved in the universities, the training for special professions—law, divinity, and medicine—had much need of passing through reforming processes; law and medicine especially having been left out of academic teaching altogether.

[1] "Happening once in conversation with Gaubius at Leyden to mention the College of Edinburgh, he began by complaining that all the English students who formerly came to his university went entirely there. . . . He concluded by asking if the professors of Edinburgh were rich? I replied, that the salary of a professor there seldom amounted to more than thirty pounds a year. 'Poor men,' said he, 'I heartily wish they were better provided for; until they are rich we can have no expectation of English students at Leyden.'"—*Present State of Polite Learning*, Goldsmith's *Works* (Cunningham's edit.) ii. 40.

A young man who, in the early part of the century, desired to study for the bar, took lodgings in a flat in one of the many wynds of Edinburgh, and likely he paid, as boarders did to the learned grammarian, Mr. Thomas Ruddiman, about thirty shillings for his chambers during half a year.[1] He next probably joined a class of pupils who were instructed in the mysteries of Roman and feudal law by an advocate who had convened his little audience in an ill-lighted little room in his dwelling-house up four "pair" of stairs, where he prelected on the Dutch text-books he had learned in Holland.[2] Young gentlemen, if they did not care to receive instruction in this manner, could attach themselves to an advocate in good practice, who employed them in his house in arranging processes,—which a solicitor now does in the form of a brief,—and allowed them the privilege of attending consultations with his agent in a gloomy little apartment of a tavern situated in an unsalubrious close. There advocate and writer sat at a table over a chopin of claret or sherry for consideration of a case, while the pupils listened to the legal discussion of their seniors and almost certainly shared their drink. In this haphazard way the aspirant for the bar attained his insight into Scots law. By 1710 a Mr. Craig was allowed a room at the College, and he began lecturing as professor of civil law to a few young men, without any salary, and twelve years later another professor was given a room wherein he prelected on Scots law, discoursing like his colleague in Latin on the inevitable text-books of Van Eck, of Van Muyden, of Voet, who were the authorities for generations of legal teachers to cite, while the Pandects formed their perpetual subject for exposition.[3]

But ambitious natures could not be satisfied with this shabby equipment in legal lore, and as the Edinburgh experts servilely repeated what they had learned at Groningen or Utrecht when they were young, it was thither that students resorted to study for themselves at the fountainhead. The benches in these sombre, venerable buildings contained youths of many nationalities, besides the stolid sons of Holland; and

[1] Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 39.

[2] Tytler's *Life of Lord Kames*, i. 14.

[3] Grant's *Story of Edinburgh University*, i. 288 ; ii. 364.

as Dutch law and Scots were both based on Roman law Scotsmen specially turned to their profound masters of jurisprudence. After two or three years listening to lectures on the Pandects and on law, Roman and feudal, they came home, and after an examination and a learned thesis, carefully revised, if not entirely written, by that erudite scholar-of-all-work, Thomas Ruddiman, for a small fee, they passed for the Bar.[1] Well furnished with venerable names of jurisconsults, when judges, after the manner of the time, interjected, during their pleading, remarks of sophistical irrelevancy, and cited opinions from Bartolus and Accursius—jurists enclosed in their Italian graves four hundred years—the foreign-bred advocate could cap their lordships' remarks with references to the great Cujacius, or to the quite modern authority of Zoesius, dead only a century before.

In this way able lawyers were trained. As for the triflers at the Bar, they had gone abroad only pretending to study, and returned with vivid memories of Dutch faces—chiefly feminine—and of delightful suppers in Leyden or Groningen on red herring and salad;[2] but with the dimmest of dim recollections of what the professors had said or what their Latin discourses had meant. By 1722 there were two professors descanting on law in Edinburgh College; but as they were only echoes of Dutchmen, young men of family—and advocates then were mostly sons of good birth—still continued to seek sound learning abroad. This fashion, however, had died out when in 1763 James Boswell set out for Utrecht, escorted to Harwich by his illustrious friend and mentor Dr. Johnson. To study law under the eminent Professor Trotz was only "Bozzy's" pretext; to see the world and let the world see him was his real intention. Good masters of law and practice were teaching in Edinburgh University then, and there was no need to sail to Holland.

Progress was made in instruction for other professions—we reserve that for medicine for separate notice—but divinity long continued with unbroken sameness and exasperating dulness. It is true there sat some men liberal and able in theological chairs

[1] Tytler's *Life of Kames*, i. 14.
[2] Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 167.

—like Simson and the far worthier Principal Leechman in Glasgow, and Dr. Arch. Campbell of St. Andrews, each of whom in turn had been libelled for heresy, as well as scholarly men who gave no offence. Yet the prevailing teaching was drawn from time-honoured, dull Dutch text-books from one generation to another—Marckius, Wendelinus, Witsius. Year by year pupils listened to the discussions on Limborch and Voetius in elephantine Latin periods, minute examinations of texts that proved little, and theological definitions that mattered less. Fortunately, according to Dr. Alexander Carlyle, for this very tediousness and inanity they had their compensations; for he attributed the larger culture and liberality of the clergy that sprung up about 1730 to the very fact that the teachers were dull, Dutch, and prolix, "so that they could form no school, and left students to think for themselves." What made the divinity halls an ordeal of exceptional dulness was there being practically only one teacher [1] to listen to for six or four years in succession, for, as none was obliged to attend classes on Hebrew and Church history, few lectures were ever given, and few students went to hear them. In 1740 "Jupiter" Carlyle attended as theological student only the divinity class in Edinburgh, where Professor Goudie discoursed laboriously on Pictet's *Compend of Theology*, and in seven years he had only lectured through half that respected work. Fifteen years later Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh in his student days attended the same class, under another professor; but still Pictet was the text-book, the exposition absorbing five or six years.[2] At the end of the century another generation sat on the forms of the divinity hall; the old College had gone, and a new and finer building had risen in its place; another professor sat in the chair; but still the text-book was the perennial Pictet.[3] Fortunately, the lack of teaching and teachers enabled students to return to Arts classes,

[1] For a considerable period the curriculum for the Church lasted for nine years—three years in philosophy classes, six years in divinity.

[2] Bower's *Edin. Univ.* ii. 320; Somerville's *Life*, p. 17. Wodrow writes in 1731 that the Church history professor has £100, and really does nothing for it, "he will not have six or seven hearers."—*Correspondence.* Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 55.

[3] At other Universities teachers like Dr. George Campbell and Principal Gerard were then imbuing theological students with more life and literature.

to revisit as listeners the rooms they once attended as pupils; and they gained vastly more from Hutcheson and Reid, Colin Maclaurin and Joseph Black, than from a dozen expounders of Calvin, Marckius, Pictetus,[1] or the Turretins.

The study of Hebrew was in sorest straits in the early years of the century. There were few men who knew anything about the language; fewer still could teach it.[2] And even to earn the salary of £20 there were none that were able, few that were ready, though there were some that were bold enough. One professor in Edinburgh flitted from his post, where he taught chemistry, to another where he undertook to instruct in Oriental languages. Another in Glasgow, in 1704, Mr. John Tran, taught Greek in the University, but agreed also to teach Hebrew for three years without a salary to the philosophical students—for it was not a chair then connected with Divinity; and in this task he was succeeded by the professor of mathematics, who undertook the duty "as having most time," with an allowance of "three hundred merks during pleasure." A quaint tradition of Glasgow College still lingers of a gentleman having been appointed to the feeless, studentless chair of Hebrew, and having been sent to Holland to learn the language that he might be able to teach it; and tradition (or legend) further tells that for long after, whenever a youth appeared at Leyden desiring to learn Hebrew, Chaldaic, or Syriac, he was asked with Batavian humour if he was a Scots professor. Only after the middle of the century was this subject taught by men possessed of decent scholarship, and it was then made an essential class for students for the ministry to attend.[3]

[1] Professor Reid writes in 1764: "Many attend the moral philosophy class four or five years, so that I have many preachers and students of divinity and law of considerable standing before whom I stand in awe to speak without more preparation than I have leisure for."—Reid's *Works*, p. 40.

[2] The painful, and prayerful, and pathetic labours of Mr. Thomas Boston to master the Hebrew tongue, and his discoveries on Hebrew accentuation, which he considered of divine origin, show the prevailing lack of Semitic scholarship. —*Memoirs*, *passim*.

[3] In 1702 there were only two applicants for a vacant chair, and both of them were "plucked" in the examination—a chapter of the Old Testament in Hebrew having been prescribed. One of the unsuccessful candidates was afterwards made professor, as there was none better to be got.—Bower's *Edin. Univ.* i. 12.

While men of ability sat in university chairs the miserable salaries given formed a poor requital for their labours. Much was exacted from them. They devoted several hours daily in the session to teaching their incongruous subjects, but the stipends on which they lived were painfully meagre. At the early part of the century the Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, was expected by charter[1] to possess well-nigh omniscience, for he was required "to be well informed in the Scriptures in order to explain the mysteries of religion; to be skilled in languages, especially Hebrew and Syriac, which he was to teach once a week; to illustrate from Greek Aristotle's *Physiology* ('beginning where the regent left off'); to give a short explication of anatomy; to teach the principles of geography, chronology, and astronomy, also the Hebrew grammar with practical application." For a gentlemen possessed of such capacity it cannot be said that the salary of £60 per annum was an excessive remuneration. The Principal of Edinburgh College had his income raised in 1703 from £41 to £90[2]—which was the remuneration given to Principal Carstares; but the Principal at Glasgow was obliged to be content with £60 and his "board at the common table." His four regents had 500 merks (£25) each,[3] "with their share of the table," while the supernumerary professors of Latin and Greek received only £15 with a small fee from a few pupils who chose to attend their classes. It is not surprising that in such a state of pecuniary destitution many young men just finishing their own studies made a professorship a stepping stone to a church; that some eked out their living by taking boarders or acting as tutors; and that others quitted their posts, which were precariously paid, in disgust, and sought a more lucrative occupation wherever they could find it.[4]

[1] Kennedy's *Aberdeen*, ii. 92-4.

[2] Dalziel's *Hist. Edin. University*, ii. 279.

[3] These allowances raised by Royal Charter in 1712 by £11 to each regent—the professors of Hebrew and mathematics to get £40.—*Munimenta Glas.*

[4] *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 279. In 1703 the professor of mathematics in King's College, Aberdeen, was allowed 200 merks (£10) with maintenance at the common table during session—this salary to be paid by tax on ale vended in the town.—*Ibid.*, ii. 351. The impecuniosity of the regents even led them to tout for scholars, as may be seen in the not too dignified appeals of Mr. W. Black of King's College to Dunbar of Thunderton. In 1702 he

In the first quarter of the century the average salaries were about £25 or £30, which, in some cases only, were supplemented by the fees of three or four dollars from each of the students. Even later in the century, when salaries were raised to £50, and the number of students had increased, the whole income of a brilliant scholar or profound man of science would not exceed £150. Fortunately, living then was cheap, or professors would have starved. No wonder men like Colin Maclaurin and Adam Smith were willing to resign their chairs to become travelling tutors to sons of noblemen. There was a further hardship in the fact that there was no provision for pensioning superannuated professors, however old and effete and infirm they might be; and as these men had with difficulty existed on their meagre incomes, they had no means of living when they relinquished their posts. With the tenacity of grim despair they clung to their seats as their only security from starvation; and the only method by which a prospective successor could induce a worn-out gentleman to retire from a class he could not teach was to bribe him with a sum of money, or offer him his salary as long as he lived.[1] By this process the successor was led into trials; he had to borrow money to buy this post, or to exist for long years on fees worth £50 or £60, till the annuitant, tenacious alike of life and salary, mercifully died. It was only late in the century, when students increased vastly in numbers, that more reasonable endowments were given, and professors could be certain of comfort for themselves and their families.[2]

writes: "If you chance to meet in the course of your peregrinations with any who have a mind to save themselves a year's time, I hope you will recommend them to me, who can (according to late laudable custom of other universities) receive them as Semies, although they have never been Bajan in any college." Again he writes in 1705: "If any you meet have Latin enough, tho' they may have but a small beginning of Greek, I shall see they can compleat their course, and give them as much (if they please more) Greek than ever probably they have use for."—Dunbar's *Social Life in Morayshire*, i. pp. 1-4.

[1] Professor Hunter sold his Greek chair in Edinburgh to Mr. Dalziel for £300 and liferent of the salary.—Grant's *Edin. Univ.*, ii. 324; Rae's *Life of Adam Smith*, p. 165.

[2] In King's College, Aberdeen, in 1750, the principal had £106 yearly, and the professors £40 or £50.—Chamberlayne's *Present State of Great Britain*,

As the century advanced distinguished professors began to cast lustre on the universities, redeeming them from the reproach of obscurantism, lethargy, and dulness. No longer did medical students require to go to Holland for their knowledge of physic, under Gaubius or Albinus, or to Paris for the practice of anatomy; no longer did the students of law need to learn rudiments of Roman law at Groningen and Utrecht; and students of divinity ceased to go to learn Calvinism at Leyden; these they could acquire at home—though the Dutch authorities in all these branches were almost as powerful as before. Scottish universities began to attract scholars from England and the colonies, and professors lived more richly by boarding the sons of noblemen who came to attend their classes than they did by teaching them. At the beginning of the century Edinburgh had eight professors and 300 students; at the close of the century it had twenty-one professors and over 1200 students.[1]

Edinburgh College became too small for its rapidly increasing flocks of pupils—there was no room for them, even in the old student chambers, which were utilised now as class-rooms, dark, low, cramped apartments, in which successive classes met hour after hour to breathe polluted air. The College buildings, which had been formed without order or plan—originally an old dwelling-house with some students' chambers—had long

1754. In 1764 the salary of Dr. Joseph Black as professor of medicine in Glasgow was £50, and his fees were £20 to £30; but as he held also the post of teaching chemistry with a salary of £20 and fees, his income from both chairs amounted to £140 to £160.—Reid's *Works* (Hamilton's edit.), p. 45. Writing to a friend in 1764, Professor Reid says "that as professor of moral philosophy my salary is the same as in Aberdeen (that is, £40 or £50). I have touched £70 in fees, and may possibly make out the hundred this session." (He had from fifty to sixty students.)—*Ibid.* p. 47. On his appointment to the chair of medicine in Edinburgh in 1756, Dr. Cullen had no salary, and was dependent upon the fees of students, who only numbered seventeen the first year, though they ultimately increased to 148.—Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, i. 197.

[1] In St. Andrews there were from 1738-1748 an average of 56 Art students; in 1792 there were 100 Arts students and 48 Divinity.—*Stat. Acct. Scot.*, xiii. p. 209; Hall's *Travels*, i. 115. In Aberdeen there were at the end of the century 100 Divinity students.—Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 100. In Glasgow, from 350 to 400 in 1760, and in 1792, 800 students.—Reid's *Works*, edit. by Hamilton, pp. 42-46. In Edinburgh in 1800, 805 Arts students, 660 Medical, and 131 Divinity.—Ker's *Life of W. Smellie*, ii. 206.

been an academic disgrace and an architectural eyesore. In 1768 a movement was made to provide by subscriptions a worthy edifice for a University instead of shabby, poverty-stricken buildings, which Principal Robertson contemptuously characterised:[1] "A stranger when conducted to view the University of Edinburgh might on seeing such courts and buildings naturally imagine them to be alms-houses for the reception of the poor, but would never imagine he was entering within the precincts of a noted and flourishing seat of learning. An area, which if entire might have formed a spacious quadrangle, is broken up into paltry divisions, and encompassed partly by walls which threaten destruction to passengers, but partly with a range of low houses, several of which are now become ruinous and not habitable." Yet years went by and matters grew worse; the redeeming feature—"the spacious garden for the professors in common to walk and divert themselves in the evening"—was removed in 1785 to make room for the South Bridge Street. At last, however, the foundation stone of the new college was laid in 1789, and gradually an edifice, designed by Adam, was reared, worthy of the reputation of a great university.

[1] *Scots Magazine*, 1768, p. 114.

CHAPTER XIII

EDUCATION: MEDICAL ART AND MEDICAL PRACTICE

I

Amongst the many movements that started into being during the eighteenth century none was more striking, none more important, than that in furtherance of medical and surgical art. Before this period the healing art had been in a most primitive state—its knowledge the most meagre, its practice the most crude, its methods the most empirical. There had for long time existed the Incorporation of Surgeons and Barbers in Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, including barbers, in Glasgow, which gave degrees of little worth, after very rudimentary examinations, for which the candidates received no preparation, save as serving as apprentices to surgeons. The association with the barbers was formed in olden days when there was little difference in science between the two crafts; when barbers not merely shaved but operated, not merely cut hair but cut veins, and practised all the arts of surgery.[1] Long before the eighteenth century opened the alliance had become irksome, the surgeons treating their inferior brethren with contumely; and probably there was

[1] In the rules of the College of Surgeons and Barbers in Edinburgh in 1505, it is required that all must "knaw anatomie, nature, and complexion of everie member of the humanis bodie, and in lykwyse knaw all the vaynis of the samyn, that he mak Flewbothomia in dew tyme, and alseu that he knaw in quhilk member the Signes hes domination for the tyme . . . and that we may have ains the Zeir ane condempnit man after he has died to make anatomia of . . . and that na barbour maister or servand exerce the craft of surgeerie without he knaw perfytlie the things above written."—Maitland's *Hist. of Edin.*, 1756, p. 294.

more spite than piety in their threatening with expulsion from the corporation those barbers who persistently profaned the Sabbath by "barbourising"—"a most scandalous and hiely provoking sin," said the righteous Faculty of Glasgow in 1676—"contrair to the Word of God and to all laws humane and divyne," they pungently added.[1] In 1727 the uncomfortable bond between the uncongenial crafts was severed, and the only tradition left of the old surgical pretensions and functions of the barbers was in the pole jutting forth over their shop door, with its stripes of red and blue to symbolise the arterial and venous blood, and the brass basin to represent the utensil in which when shed by the blood-letters it was to be received.

Surgeons under the combined names and exercising the combined functions of "Chirurgeon-apothecaries" acted as general practitioners in Scotland—professing to heal wounds and to cure diseases, making and selling drugs, and operating with instruments, few, ill-made, and clumsy, made by blacksmiths, so different from the fine instruments then used by French surgeons. The manner in which they learned their business was by becoming apprentices to chirurgeons,[2] from whom, like Roderick Random, they learned "to bleed and give a clyster, to spread a plaster, and prepare a potion." The apprenticeship lasted for three years, and the indenture was of the strictest terms—in 1739 the youth binding himself "to serve his master by day and by night, holy-day and week-day;[3] to reveal no secret of master or patient; to commit no filthy crimes or sins; to go to no professor of medicine, chyma, anatomy, surgerie, or materia medica during the first two years"; to pay £50 sterling as apprentice fee, in return for which the chirurgeon obliges himself "to instruct him in the said airtes of surgery and pharmacy, and shall conceal nothing of the same, and entertains him sufficiently in bed and board.[4]

[1] Duncan's *Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, p. 72. A similar protest in indignant terms was uttered by the Surgeons of Edinburgh in 1635. —Gairdner's *Hist. Sketch of Royal College of Surgeons.*

[2] *Duncan*, p. 5; Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, ii. 513. The practice was retained in England long after it was abolished in Scotland.

[3] Hector's *Judicial Records of Renfrewshire*, i. 102.

[4] When Roderick Random applies to become apprentice to Crab at Glasgow,

After this period was over the apprentice, who may have spent three years with the most incompetent practitioner in a countryside, appeared before the Faculty or Incorporation, was questioned on the theoretical and practical part of his profession, dissected a prescribed part of a body, made up a prescription, produced a thesis, and received his dangerous licence to practise as " Chyr. apothecary." To pass into his profession he probably had received no public instruction in anatomy or physic, as the records of the old medical school clearly show.[1] Not till 1694 was there any grant given by the Edinburgh Town Council of bodies for the purpose of dissection. In the surgical theatre the subject was the corpse of a foundling, suicide, or murderer, divided into ten parts and distributed to ten members of the Incorporation, who dissected either for private benefit or the public edification of any apprentices in the town who might turn up. This was, of course, utterly unsatisfactory, and in 1704 a Mr. Elliot was appointed " public dissector in anatomy " for the benefit of the lieges, and " as an encouragement to young men to stay at home, instead of travelling to foreign universities, which was attended by expenses and perils to youth," and a salary of £15 was allotted " for his encouragement." Surgical knowledge and skill were little furthered, however, either by him or by those who succeeded him as nominal professors of city and college, for these very

professing to know a little pharmacy and to have learnt something of surgery, "Oho! you did?" said Crab. "Gentlemen, here is a complete artist! Studied surgery! What? in books I suppose. I shall have you disputing with me one of these days on points of my profession! You can already account for muscular motion, I warrant, and explain the mystery of brain and motion—ha! You are too learned for me, damn me. Can you bleed and give a clyster, spread plaster and prepare a potion?"—*Roderick Random*, chap vii.

[1] *Sketch of Hist. of College of Surgeons, Edin.*, by Gairdner, 1860, p. 16. In 1694 Dr. Monteath was permitted by the Town Council to have "the bodies of foundlings that dye at the breast, and those that dye in the house of correction," and afterwards the Incorporation of Surgeons were allowed for dissection "bodies of foundlings who dye betwixt the tyme that they are weaned and their being put to schools and trades, all the dead bodies of such as are styflit at the birth, which are exposed and have none to owne them, likewise the bodies of such as are put to death by sentence of the magistrates and have none to owne them, and suicides." When Dr. Pitcairn had previously asked permission to open the bodies of the poor who died at Paul's Wark (Poorhouse), promising to bury them after at his own expense, the Town Council refused his request."—Bower's *Edin. University*, ii. 155.

occasional demonstrations few apprentices attended, and certainly no one was obliged to witness.[1]

Perhaps the neglect of all medical instruction was even more gross in Glasgow, for there was not even a pretence of giving public teaching. Not till 1740,[2] when Dr. Hamilton was put into the chair of anatomy at the University, was there public instruction given in the all-important surgical art in the West of Scotland, all acquaintance with it having been derived from country chirurgeons, who were usually as ignorant of any rational method of surgery as they were of pharmacy and therapeutics.[3]

The most important step towards reforming surgery and founding a medical school was taken by the appointment, in 1724, of Dr. Alexander Monro, at the age of twenty-two to be professor of anatomy in Edinburgh, operating in the Surgeons' Hall, and in the University in 1726. Under his brilliant teaching, and fired by his enthusiasm, his class, at first numbering fifty-seven, rose to high numbers, and from England and Ireland were soon attracted young men who had thitherto thronged to Holland. Other professors and teachers of physic, botany, materia medica, were appointed at the same time, and the medical school at last was formed which was to achieve a European reputation for the University, and to change a craft into an art, and empiricism into the fair imitation of a science.[4]

[1] The supply of bodies for dissection being so small, there arose at times outcries at the violation of graves in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which increased suspicion at the doings of the surgical school.—Grant's *Edin. Univ.*, i. 204; Duncan's *Faculty.*

[2] In 1714 a professor of medicine and in 1720 a professor of anatomy were nominally appointed, but they neither taught nor lectured.—Duncan's *Faculty of Surgeons and Physicians*, pp. 125-8 ; Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, i. 3.

[3] Quack doctors were in request for surgical operations as well as for drugs, and in the estimation of the Kirk - Session might be regarded as more skilful than a qualified surgeon. In Kirk-Session records of Shotts there is noted—"1730, to Mr. Green, the mountebag, for couching John Roger's wife's eyes, £9 : 6 Scots."—Grossart's *Parish of Shotts*, p. 60.

[4] William Hunter, the future great anatomist, lived at Hamilton as assistant to Dr. Cullen, the future eminent physician, from 1737 to 1740, with the arrangement that one of them should study during winter at some medical school, while the other carried on the business in the country for the profit of both.—P. 205, *Lives of British Physicians*, 1830.

II

The position of physicians was even worse than that of the surgeons; they at least could act as general practitioners, as doctors and apothecaries, but physicians were entirely restricted to physic, and if they ventured to perform a surgical operation they were obliged to pay fees and qualify as surgeons before the Incorporation.[1] There was really no place in Scotland where one could study medicine till 1727 in Edinburgh, and 1750 in Glasgow, and though the candidate for a degree was required to study "at one famous university where medicine is taught," there was none to be found in Scotland. If a man wished to get his degree at a Scots university, by a fiction it was conferred, sometimes after an examination before two or three obscure physicians in a city, and sometimes without any examination at all.[2] It was abroad that men of any means or ambition went to study—to Göttingen, Utrecht, Rheims, or Paris, where the most distinguished teachers in Europe were lecturing; above all, to Leyden, to attend the classes of the great and idolised Boerhaave, whence they returned home to take a higher position than ill-educated chirurgeon apothecaries.

The want of any means of improving the medical art of physic had long been felt, and it was an outcome of the laudable desire for reform that in 1670[3] the doctors, chief among them Sir Robert Sibbald and Dr. A. Balfour, had secured a humble parcel of ground near Holyrood, "some forty feet every way," over which they set a gardener skilled in herbs, who afterwards bore the ambitious title of Professor of Botany, which he never taught. To this modest garden gentlemen travelling abroad sent parcels of seeds and roots; students

[1] *Duncan*, p. 94.

[2] Gairdner's *Hist. of College of Physicians*, Edin. 1864, p. 16. The first M.D. of Edinburgh was in 1705. Dr. Arbuthnot was the first physician called in St. Andrews (1696), and on an average three annually got degrees in George II.'s reign. Previously to 1726 in Edinburgh there were only twenty-one medical degrees conferred, between 1726-1735 an average of one and a half annually, 1736-1745 average two, between 1790-1805 on an average forty-seven took degree of M.D.—Kerr's *Life of Smellie, F.R.S.*, ii. 203.

[3] *Autobiography of Sir R. Sibbald, M.D.*, 1833, p. 22.

brought from Holland specimens of herbs to equip the scantily filled borders.[1] With the same ambition to found a school of medicine, a "College of Physicians" had been established by charter, though the advantage of it was not obvious, seeing it could examine no students, could confer no degrees, only appointed lecturers who rarely lectured, and got no salaries, and received only small fees from a handful of students. In fact, it was not till 1726, when four physicians of eminence were installed as professors, by the enlightened policy of the Town Council, that a medical school of physic was really founded in Edinburgh; and it was not till 1750 that any public teaching worthy of the name was given in Glasgow—by the installing in the chair of theory and practice of medicine Dr. Cullen, who afterwards, with his distinguished colleague, Joseph Black, was translated to Edinburgh.[2]

In order to learn what was the wretched state of the art of physicking in Scotland up to the middle of the century—how crude, how barbarous—we have but to turn over the pages of the *Pharmacopœias* issued under sanction of the College of Physicians in Edinburgh. Elsewhere we have seen what drugs and remedies and preparations were prescribed in the popular "Receits" of Moncrieff of Tippermalloch. Yet ludicrous and disgusting as these were, they were used by almost all the surgeon-apothecaries in the early part of the century, although wise men laughed at many favourite "cures," and bold men discarded them. Dr. Cullen himself, who did more than any man of his country to inform physic with sense, to raise medical art to a science, and to improve the practice by teaching the theory of medicine, spoke[3] freely of prescriptions which, foolish as they were in his manhood in

[1] This physic garden with its 2700 sorts of plants did not impress Morer, the English chaplain, in 1689. "This variety of plants is all its beauty, having no walks, and but little walling or good hedges to recommend it, and is (to my thinking) the rudest piece of ground I ever saw of that name."—Morer's *Short Account of Scotland*, 1702, p. 87.

[2] Grant's *Edin. University*, i. 312. When the Medical Faculty took up its position as an essential part of university work, attendance at lectures was recognised in certain circumstances as equivalent to a year's apprenticeship, and at a later stage a rudimentary curriculum was formulated by the Faculty. —*Duncan*, p. 95.

[3] Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, i. 531.

1757, were preposterous in his youth. "I must say that not long ago the Pharmacopœias of the several colleges of Europe were a scandal to physic, and contained many things shocking to common sense; many of them do so still." Having thus spoken, he claims, as the honour of the Edinburgh College, that it was the first to attempt to execute "this important reformation, and the first to aim at their exquisite choice and judgment." This eulogium causes us to turn with curiosity to the *Edinburgh Pharmacopœia,* which "was in request over Europe," in order to discover what were the practice and value of physic in Scotland. In the third edition, issued in 1737, are enumerated, among the various articles for preparation of drugs, spiders' webs and viper's body, Spanish flies and pigeons' blood, hoofs of elks, bodies and eggs of ants, fat and gizzard of hen and spawn of frogs, excrement of horse, pig, peacock, and goat, human blood, fat, and urine, human skull and mummy, feet of goats and teeth of boar, skin of snake, and mother of pearl, snails and claws of crabs, bodies of frogs and juice of woodlice.[1] *Bufo preparatus,* or concocted toad, is thus to be prepared: "Put live toads in an earthen pot, and dry them in an oven moderately heated to such a degree as they may be pulverised."[2] Millepeds or woodlice, whose juice when living and whose dust when dead were regarded as an invaluable remedy of the day, are to be treated by being "put in a proper pot and dried in a very slow heat" —the ordeal meted out to bees. Nor must be forgotten

[1] Dr. Pitcairn, eminent as a physician in Edinburgh, and formerly a professor at Leyden, where he had the great Boerhaave as his pupil and the great Dr. Mead as his admiring disciple, recommends in epilepsy for younger patients "mercury and broth with earthworms, also anti-epileptic tincture made of wild valerian root, white dittany, pigeons' dung, charred bark of oak, rosemary tops, white French wine." When the concoction is strained "add powder of human skulls, shavings of elks' hoofs, amber, and castor."—*Works of Dr. Arch. Pitcairn*, 3rd. edit., 1740, p. 250.

[2] *Pharmacopœia Edinburgensis; or, New Edinburgh Dispensatory*, edited by Peter Blaw, M.D., London, 1737; also in *Pharmacopœia*, 1744. Professor Alston (professor 1716-1760), in his *Lectures on Materia Medica* published posthumously in 1770, sneers at many of the prescriptions. Regarding the burnt toads he says, "All the favour I ask for these innocent animals is to kill them before they are burnt, a favour never denied to the greatest criminals, for I can assure you the powder will be the none the worse for it. Is not a burnt mouse as good as a burnt toad?"—ii. pp. 498-99.

the bezoar, that stony concretion alleged to be found in the stomachs of the goats of Borneo, deemed so precious for curing vertigo and jaundice and the plague,—a worthless, often spurious substance, which sold at its weight in gold, for £3 or £4 an ounce; nor the mummy which was used for apoplexy and pleurisy, believed to be the embalmed bodies of Egyptian kings, but really made up by Jews, and sold in Paris for a big price to credulous doctors or still more credulous patients.[1]

In the vast list of vegetable simples are no fewer than 450 from angelica to wormwood—their roots, leaves, stems, flowers—each possessing some special virtue. Drugs were not often imported, for the apothecary had not far to seek for the ingredients of his concoctions. The kailyard behind his house, the road-side and marshes, the garden of the laird, or the plantations, afforded materials to his hand. There he might collect marsh-mallow, celandine, and "stinking arag," or fir tops. Of almost any vegetable simple distilled waters were composed, and drunk in faith by everybody; although the Pharmacopœist of 1737 protests against the many worthless farragoes made and sold in the shops. Dr. Radcliffe of olden times used to say that when he was young he had fifty remedies for one disease, but when he got old he had one remedy for fifty diseases. Practice was the rudest, and skill was lamentably scarce in Scotland, and, like the English physician in his callow days, Scots doctors had divers remedies, all equally ineffectual, for each complaint. Most elaborately the "chyr.-apothecaries" made up preparations of multitudinous ingredients, as if the precise effect of every item had been nicely calculated and exactly ascertained. For instance, there was *Theriac Damocrates*, containing forty-two different herbs—roots, leaves, flowers, juices—with honey, canary wine, and the belly part of the "skink." Still more elaborate was the *Theriac Andromachus*, in which treacle there were fifty-two vegetable, besides animal, elements employed, together with mineral articles and paste of oyster shell. There were also innumerable confections, plaisters, electuaries, lodochs, and troches of strange kinds and contents, such as *Trochesei Viperini*, consisting of

[1] "Mummies," remarks Professor Alston frankly, "are in my opinion detestable stuff."—*Lectures*, ii. 544.

vipers' flesh and "bisket bread" boiled into a broth; and oil of earthworms, consisting of worms, olive oil, and white wine. *Vinum millepedatum* (for which "we must take two ounces of live millepeds or slaters, bruise them a little, and pour upon them a pint of Rhenish wine") was, we are told, the most proper way of obtaining the virtues of millepeds; "and decoctions made of the roots of celandine, turmeric, juice of 200 millepeds or slaters (woodlice)," remarks the learned annotator of the *Pharmacopœia*, "cannot but be of great service in a case of jaundice."[1]

Such are a few illustrations of the nature of physicking in the year 1737, eleven years after a staff of eminent physicians had begun systematic teaching in the University, drawn from a work which came forth with their approval and supervision. In later editions of the *Edinburgh Dispensatory* there are a few improvements, some weeding out of the luxuriant lists of simples; but even twenty years later, although powder of human skull and of Egyptian mummy, goose fat and excrement of dog, are not mentioned, still, beside a formidable array of useless vegetable simples, remain cobwebs, snails, woodlice or slaters, worms, and vipers. All these, however (excepting the loathsome but esteemed "slaters"), are omitted from the *Materia Medica Catalogue* issued in 1776 under the presidency of Dr. Cullen. Thus slowly was physic made rational.[2]

In the earlier part of the century the unqualified practitioners abounded everywhere; many a one who served three years' apprenticeship under a grossly ignorant chirurgeon proceeded to practise without ever qualifying before the Surgical Incorporations, and operated and drugged without

[1] The *Pharmacopœias* of England—Royal College of Physicians in London—contain prescriptions and elements quite as preposterous as those of Edinburgh, and even in 1745 they retained, after they were discarded in Scotland, the theriacs, vipers' broth, bezoar, and brick oil, which was prepared by immersing hot bricks in oil, and then distilling the fragments in a retort.—Thomson's *Cullen*, ii. 566; *Essay on Vipers*, by Richard Mead, M.D.

[2] Midwifery was practised entirely by women, except in very special cases, till the middle of the century. Dr. William Smellie of Lanark, afterwards of London, was almost the first to practise an art which was difficult to acquire, as it had been exclusively in the hands of females.—Glaister's *Dr. William Smellie.*

learning, skill, or legal qualification, for he found it easier to pay a possible fine than to pay fees for a diploma. In vain might the Faculty of Glasgow or Incorporation of Edinburgh[1] threaten "letters of horning" against any unlicensed practitioners or even quacks. The threats of a few surgeons in Glasgow could not frighten quondam apprentices from posing as full-fledged doctors in Galloway, or hinder them dispensing their hideous drugs in Inverness. Without hesitation or question Tobias Smollett, after acting as apprentice to a chirurgeon in Glasgow, entered the Navy as surgeon's mate without examination or diploma, and practised on land long before he was M.D. in England.[2] Worse still were the quacks that abounded, mountebanks at fairs, gardeners who knew the qualities of physic herbs, and women sage in plant-lore, in whose skill the people believed with implicit faith, and who probably did less harm than legally qualified medical men. It was very gradually that improvement set in, as belief died out in useless herbs and vain concoctions, in centauries, vomitories, electuaries, troches, and lodochs, as greater intelligence prevailed among the people, and more skill and conscience prevailed among the doctors.[3] There were, fortunately, medical

[1] The Edinburgh Corporation of Surgeons and Barbers had conferred on them in 1695 the power to examine all practising anatomy, surgery, and pharmacy in the three Lothians and shires of Selkirk, Peebles, Berwick, and Roxburgh.—Gairdner's *Hist. of College of Surgeons*, Edin. p. 13.

[2] Dr. William Smellie, the famous and earliest obstetrician in Scotland, seems to have practised at Lanark with impunity without undergoing examination or having any diploma.—Glaister's *Dr. William Smellie and his Contemporaries*.

[3] Notwithstanding the high reputation of Edinburgh and Glasgow as medical schools, Scots diplomas were regarded with contempt in England owing to the lax way in which degrees in physic were often given in Scotland. Glasgow often gave degrees without requiring any certificate from the candidates of previous study. St. Andrews and Aberdeen made a regular traffic in degrees, giving them for fees to persons who were never examined, or on certificate of two obscure physicians. In 1754 Dr. William Hunter wrote to Dr. Cullen lamenting "how contemptuously the College of Physicians here (in London) have treated Scotch degrees indiscriminately," for which St. Andrews and Aberdeen were chiefly responsible. There were in London men who made a trade of buying them, "who pass by the name of brokers of Scotch degrees." —Thomson's *Cullen*, i. 661. Ridicule was excited when St. Andrews sold a degree to one Green, a stage doctor or mountebank, and even Edinburgh added to the scandal by admitting to the degree of M.D. one Samuel Leeds, an illiterate creature brought up as a brush-maker.—Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, i. 465-483.

prescriptions more wholesome and helpful, such as the orders to patients to drink the goats' whey in the Highland borders, or to try the virtues of the waters of the "Spaw" at Duns (rising to reputation in the middle of the century)[1]; and, above all, to drink at the famous wells at Moffat. Every year on the roads to the Highlands were to be met elderly gentlemen on horseback, followed by their men-servants, riding with cloak and baggage, who were going to some wretched Highland inn to drink modest draughts of goats' milk as antidote to too copious draughts of claret. In spring there met round the little wells at Moffat a throng, in their gayest and brightest, from society in town and country, sipping the unpleasant waters, and discussing their pleasant gossip. At the bowling green were to be seen sauntering valetudinarian city clergy, men of letters, and country gentlemen, ladies of rank and fashion; while the diseased, decrepit, of the poorest rank, who had toilsomely travelled from far-off districts to taste the magic waters, loitered in their rags in the village street.

The many truly eminent teachers who filled the medical and surgical chairs of Scottish universities in successive generations—Cullen, Black, Whytt, the Monros, and the Gregorys—effected an immense change in the methods of teaching and practising, and won for themselves and for their schools a European fame. The medical classes of Edinburgh at the end of the century were attended by as many hundreds as they had been by tens fifty years before, and the University attained a reputation equal to that once held by the celebrated old schools of Holland.[2]

[1] *Virtues of Dunse Spaw*, by F. Home, M.D., 1751.

[2] In Edinburgh in 1750 there were about 60 medical students; in 1766 there were 160; in 1800 the numbers had gone up to 660.—Thomson's *Cullen*, i. 859; Kerr's *Life of Smellie*, ii. 206.

CHAPTER XIV

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS

I

To get an adequate notion of the social life of a country it is necessary to know not merely the demeanour of the people, but also their misdemeanours; what were the crimes by which they broke the law, as well as the orderly lives by which they kept it. The criminal code, therefore, throws light upon the social and moral condition of a community, on their habits and modes of life. Yet laws in a statute book are not invariably exact criterions of the character of an age, for laws which arose in less advanced times and were infused with their harsher spirit may continue unrepealed, owing to that staunch conservatism which clings to all things legal, which will rather ingeniously evade ancient acts than take the trouble to amend them, long after the offences which they were meant to repress have lost their offensiveness or have disappeared from the land.

One marked feature in old Scots laws is their ecclesiastical and pseudo-religious purpose; as if the effort since the Reformation period had been to make Scotland a clumsy theocracy. It is this quality which dictated the grim law against blasphemy which made the luckless lad Thomas Aikenhead its victim—fortunately its last—for "cursing the Saviour," in 1696, in full accordance with the resolution of the Church "against the atheistical principles of such as go under the name of Deists,"—a phraseology which, though somewhat incoherent, expresses a bigotry in which there was, unhappily, only too much coherence.

It was the same spirit which dictated the enactments

making the persons liable to death who stole "vessels or utensils" from a kirk, which condemned to confiscation of all his "movables"[1] any one who assaulted a minister of the gospel, which made liable to death all children over sixteen years of age, "not distracted in their wits," guilty of cursing their parents,[2] and piously and rigorously safeguarded the Sabbath by its penalties against "all users of hard labour, all who sold drink, or fished salmon, or hired servants," and all other desecrators of the Lord's day.

The morality of the people, also, was preserved by the fines, carefully proportioned to the rank of the offender, from the nobleman who was mulcted £28 Scots, to the servant on whom was imposed 28s. for cursing and swearing,[3] while drunkenness and uncleanness also had penalties, nicely graduated from lord to peasant,[4] which, if they had been exacted with a stringency equal to the letter of the law, would have filled to overflowing the poor-box, to which one-half was due, in an age of much drunkenness, much cursing, and lax morals. These fines, however, were less and less enforced by justices as the century went on; although ever and again the sheriff was reminded by the Kirk-Sessions of the statute subjecting him to a penalty of £100 Scots if he did not set the law in operation at their command.

It was against the crime of witchcraft that the statutes

[1] In 1719 Ensign Bean, an Englishman, assaulted with his cane and fist the minister of Kirkden after a discussion on the relative merits of the Episcopal and Presbyterian communions. He was condemned, according to Act James II., to escheat of movables.—Hume, i. 320.

[2] In 1738 when a man was tried for cursing his mother, the expression "God damn you for an old liar" was found relevant, but the person was acquitted.—Hume's *Commentaries*, 1813, i. 318.

[3] In accordance with this Act a miller was punished who used the imprecation to the laird of Hunter, "God's curse light upon the said family, God damn all generations of them," with other "such like unchristian and unwarrantable expressions."—Hector's *Judicial Records of Renfrewshire*, p. 219.

[4] In 1712 the lords of session tried an appeal by one John Purdie, guilty of immorality, on whom had been imposed the penalty of £100 Scots in case of "a gentleman." Justices had convicted him at the rank and rate of a gentleman, being son of a heritor. On his appeal their lordships sustained his objection, and restricted the fine to £16 Scots, "because he had not the air or face of a gentleman."—*Supplement to Morrison's Dict. of Decisions*, v. 57. In 1715 twenty-one persons were prosecuted before the Sheriff of Paisley for uncleanness, at rate of £10 for first offence and £20 for the second.—Hector's *Judicial Records*, p. 80.

were most stout, and time after time occasions occurred when they were enforced in their fullest rigour. For years there might be only local rumours, which rose and died away; then suddenly popular fears and imagination were profoundly stirred, wild reports were sent to the Privy Council, prosecutions began, and victims were made to prevailing clamour and credulity.[1] When the eighteenth century began the inquisitions had abated; but so long as Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees—called "Gutters" —lived as Lord Advocate, the law was not allowed to rest or to rust under the pious vigilance of that eminent lawyer, who had won his laurels by his faithful prosecution of the witches who tormented the Laird of Bargarran's daughter, when five women were burned for their diabolical machinations in 1697. Few years passed by without witch hunts which ended in direful tragedies. They generally became epidemic in a district, and a witch season set in with great severity. Such an epidemic attacked Fifeshire in 1704. Lilias Addie, at Torryburn, confessed before the minister and elders that she had had dealings with Satan, and attended midnight revels when the evil one presided, which iniquity she expiated by being burned within the sea-mark. In the same year Pittenweem was put into vast agitation by a lad, afflicted with fits, accusing an unfortunate woman of having cursed him with her sorcery. Thereupon she was seized, thrust into the "thieves' hole," tortured by pricking to extort a confession, until, being kept five days and nights without sleep, the poor, half-demented wretch owned her guilt. While minister and magistrates were arranging through dreary five months for her case being brought before the Privy Council, fortunately some sane members of that Council planned that she might escape from her miserable dungeon, and she eluded the fury of Pittenweem. Not so successful was another old woman who had been driven by terrorism to own she had vexed a man by devilish agency in the same sorely witch-afflicted town. She escaped from the jail only to fall into the clutches of the minister of a neighbouring parish, who conscientiously sent her back to Pittenweem, where she was seized by the mob,

[1] *Hist. of Renfrewshire Witches*, 1809. Last witch sentenced by Lord of Justiciary was in 1709—to branding and banishment.

bound, beaten, and dragged by the heels through the street to the beach, and then, tied by a rope stretching from a vessel in the harbour to the shore, she was swung to and fro while she was pelted with stones. At last, let down with a crash to the ground, she was beaten mercilessly till, with unintended mercy, the rabble covered her with a door and crushed her to death. This dreadful murder was in January 1705, neither magistrates nor minister during these shameful doings of three hours interposing to stay the fury of the people. Though the Privy Council made inquiry into the outrage, the ringleaders only withdrew for a while and then returned, all being condoned by bailies, minister, and elders, who regretted their vehemence but respected their zeal.[1]

Other cases occurred where the law was carried out, as years went by, in all legal formality with a rigour which even Pittenweem saints could not surpass. It was in 1727 that the last capital sentence was carried out against witchcraft. Two women in Sutherland were condemned to death by the sheriff—a mother having been found clearly guilty of riding upon her daughter, who had been transformed into a pony and shod by the devil. The daughter escaped judgment, though it was noticed, as confirmation of the charge, that she ever after was "lame in both hands and feet"; but her mother was burned in a pitch barrel at Dornoch—tradition telling how, in the cold day, the poor creature warmed her feet at the fire which was to kindle her barrel-coffin.[2] By that time, however, a more reasonable spirit was passing over the educated classes, and more and more were these outrageous charges discredited; medical experience was beginning at last to relegate to the nerves, to hysteria, or catalepsy, what had hitherto been assigned to Satan; legal authorities were sifting vague gossip with a rationalism which left no residuum of diabolical elements behind; country gentlemen, coming more in contact with the world, were shaking off their rural superstitions, and only to the rustic and fanatical were left the old terrors and Biblical belief in the out-worn crime of witchcraft.

[1] Dunbar's *Social Life;* Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, iii. 298.

[2] Burt's *Letters from the North*, i. 230; Kirkpatrick Sharpe's *Introduction to Law's Memorials.*

Folly and credulity, however, take an unconscionable time in dying, and even in 1733 Mr. Forbes, professor of law in Glasgow College, was unable to divest himself of a decaying conviction. Carefully he lays down in his *Institutes of Law*,[1] as he had done to his students, the evidence in which cases should be properly investigated, whether respecting "black witches," who by the power of hell work harm, or "white witches," who by the same assistance work cures. He points out the grave importance of testimony that a person had been attacked by illness after a woman had invoked a curse, or had been relieved by the woman who had taken his hand and moved her lips; that she had entered a room when doors and windows were barred, and had laid her hands on the breast at which a child was suckled who died in half an hour. Proof by law, he showed, was allowed that a woman was currently reported to be a witch, that she could not shed tears, could not repeat the Lord's prayer, and had devil's marks upon her body. On the other hand, the fact that a person was bewitched was proved by his being exceedingly tormented in saying of prayers and graces, by his telling events, past, present, and to come, in his fits, which he knew not at other times. Still stronger proof was afforded by the physician finding the patient's trouble could not proceed from bodily distemper, and that his remedies intensified instead of lessening the disease—a kind of evidence in those days of deplorable medical incapacity which would have proved that more than two-thirds of the community were hopelessly bewitched. But, in fact, whatever infallible symptoms might be cited by this sapient professor, the confirmation was everywhere if there was superstition, and it was nowhere if there was common sense.

It was a terrible blow to the credulous and pious when the old Act against witchcraft was abolished in 1736, and, instead of death being passed on all "traffickers with Satan," there was a prosaic, rational statute left, making liable to a year's imprisonment and three months in the pillory all vulgar practisers of occult arts "who pretended to tell fortunes and discover stolen goods."[2]

[1] *Institutes of Scots Law*, by Mr. William Forbes, advocate, professor of law, p. 372.

[2] Hume's *Commentaries on Criminal Law*, 1798, i. 488.

While the State was punishing criminals in accordance with the desires of the Church, the Church itself was fostering some criminals for the State—these were the child-murderers.[1] Elsewhere has been shown how this crime increased, through the terror in women of undergoing the hated ordeal of discipline before the gaze of the congregation for immorality.[2] It was as rife in Episcopal days as in Presbyterian, for the same inquisitorial system and rigorous discipline existed under both ecclesiastical reigns. The number of executions of wretched women who had killed their offspring in hopes of escaping this ignominy shows to what an extent infanticide was common, sometimes three or four being hanged at the same time. Juries had difficulty in determining whether an infant's death was due to natural causes or to wilful purpose, and shrank from the task of deciding a matter on which hung the issue of life or death. In 1690[3] an Act had, therefore, been passed which removed all ground for hesitancy in juries, making the woman liable to death who concealed the birth of her child, should it be either dead or missing. Such a law seems, however, rather to have increased the number of executions than to have lessened the number of delinquents. Not till late in the

[1] Hume's *Commentaries*, i. 217; Erskine's *Principles of Law of Scot.* 1754, p. 478; Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, p. 311.

[2] See *ante*, p. 57. Lord Fountainhall, in noticing the execution of Margaret Tait for child murder in 1681, remarks, "They say she declared one of the many temptations which induced her to murder her child was to shun the ignominy of the church pillory, which the Duke of York, hearing and informing himself of our custom, and that it was owned in no other place of the Christian world, and it rather made scandals than lessened them, and that it was not used for drunkenness, Sabbath breaking, lying, or other enormities, the Duke was displeased, and said it would be more efficacious restraint if the civil magistrate were to punish them either with a pecuniary mulct or corporal punishment." In that year on January 24 seven women were executed for child murder in Edinburgh at one time. On March 7, March 11, April 13, there was an execution for the same offence. In 1705 "four women from Aberdeen" hanged. In 1714, on June 18, June 24, July 3, executions took place.—"Records from the old Tolbooth," *Scottish Journal*, i. pp. 265, 299, 313.—Fountainhall's *Decisions*, i. 137.

[3] Hume's *Commentaries*, i. 217. On this law the story of the *Heart of Midlothian* rests: "If any woman shall conceal her being with child during the whole space, and shall not call or make use of help and assistance in the birth, the child being found dead or missing, the woman shall be holden and repute the murderer of her own child, though there be no appearance of bruise or wound upon the body of the child."

century, when under a more moderate clergy, the severity of Church discipline was relaxed, did the cases of child murder diminish. It may be that the abolition of congregational censure did not cause fewer hapless children coming undesirably into this world, but it at least prevented so many being untimely despatched to the next.

II

In the early part of the century the turbulent element was to be found in the swarms of "randy beggars, thiggers, Egyptian sorners," who haunted outlying districts of the country, and incessantly infested villages, and visited the homes of the people to the terror of their lives and with the plunder of their goods. In former times there were off-hand measures taken for dealing with these vagabonds, statutes still existing which allowed any master of a pit, salt-pans, or mine, to seize them and force them to work as life-long serfs in their service. When Fletcher of Saltoun prescribed slavery as a drastic remedy for beggary, he was propounding no novel or whimsical scheme, but simply urging that existing laws should be enforced on the 200,000 sturdy prowling beggars, who were pests and dangerous to the community.[1] The stalwart republican, however, went further than advocating compulsory slavery; he also urged compulsion on masters to take slaves. At the beginning of the century instances occurred of men, who were scoundrels or escaped hanging for thefts, being consigned as perpetual servants in the silver mines and pits of Scotland,[2] where they were bound as slaves, wearing iron collars riveted round their necks, on which was inscribed their name, their crime, and their owner.[3] Vagabonds who were not con-

[1] Hume's *Commentaries*, i. 561; Macritchie's *Gypsies in Scotland;* Forbes' *Institutes*, p. 79.

[2] Acts of Scots Parl. 1607, 1611, 1665.—*Edinburgh Rev.*, Jany. 1899, ("Modern Slavery in Scotland").

[3] Wilson's *Prehistoric Annals of Scot.* ii. 519. In 1701 four persons convicted at Perth escaped death by accepting perpetual servitude. One of these, used as a worker in the silver mines in a glen of Ochils, had round his neck a collar with the inscription: "Alexander Stuart found guilty of theft at Perth the 5th Dec. 1701, and gifted by the justiciars as perpetual servant to Sir J.

demned to this fate were burnt through the ear with an iron and banished the county; for magistrates were quite satisfied that they had done their duty when they had rid their own district of a nuisance, and had sent him to rob the next, under penalty of being hanged if he returned. More dangerous "Egyptians" were "banished furth of Scotland," while those caught in act of theft were regarded as "notorious thieves" and straightway hanged.[1]

Harsh as much of the penal code was, it was far from cruel, and was infinitely milder than that of England. Though robbery (theft with violence or terrorism) was liable to penalty of death, even when the article was of trifling value, ordinary thieving called "pickery" received no capital sentence unless the thief was "by habit and repute," or after a third offence.[2] Contrast that with the law of England. When Blackstone wrote his *Commentaries* in 1760, there were no fewer than 164 crimes which involved capital punishment, a number which was increased in the course of after years. The same measure was meted out to the man guilty of the foulest murder and the man guilty of the smallest theft, to the starving woman who snatched a loaf from a baker's window and to the boy who took "privately" from a shop or picked from a pocket a sum valued at 12d.

While lords of session administered justice in the High Courts at Edinburgh, at their stated times they went on circuit to county towns. They proceeded on horseback along the wretched ruts which served as roads, where no coach could pass, to the peril and discomfort of venerable persons, inexpert in horsemanship, whose cloaks fluttered in the wind, and whose wigs got dishevelled at the everlasting jolts and stumbles on the paths. Behind them a cavalcade of clerks and servants

Areskine of Alloa"; this collar was dredged up in the Forth, where the man had probably drowned himself.

[1] The law was as severe against Popish priests as against thiggers, gypsies, and sorners. In 1751, in Aberdeen, Rev. Patrick Geddes, on a charge of being "by habit and repute a priest, Jesuit, and trafficking Papist," was found guilty and banished "furth of Scotland, with testificate that if he ever returned, he being still a Papist, shall suffer punishment of death."

[2] In 1750 a man was convicted of robbery and murder, and sentenced to have his right hand struck off before being hanged. The last criminal hanged in chains was a messenger at Elgin sentenced for robbing the post in 1773.

followed, carrying papers and books and cloaks for their lordships in their bags. While the judges were trying the criminals in their courts on charges of "spuilzie" and "hamesucken," arson and murder, in country towns justices of peace had their arduous labours to preserve order, to punish offenders for "pickery" with penalties full of quaint barbarity of olden times. Imprisonment was seldom awarded, and only for short periods, partly from frugal dislike to expense, and partly because the jails or "thieves' holes" were only little hovels, with no jailer to guard them, and uncertain arrangements to feed their lodgers. Other punishments, however, abounded. There were for less offences the jougs or iron collars, attached to the kirk walls (though they were becoming less used), in which the culprits' necks were fastened for "ye terror to ye others," though they provided more amusement than warning to the community.[1] More excitement filled "ye others" when they heard that a criminal was to stand bareheaded at the top of the outside stair of the Tolbooth, bound with a chain, and having a label on the breast, stating, "Here I stand for theft and reset of theft," or when two miserable beings were stationed with their placards announcing in local spelling, "Thir are adulterers." Great public satisfaction was felt when a well-known offender sat upon a cuck-stool, with neck and hand in the pillory, having his ears nailed to the same, or, with still further refinement of cruelty, stood with his ear nailed till he summoned resolution to tear away his "lug with the gristle." On such occasions the crowd was great and deeply interested. Children played truant from school, the weavers left their looms, the women threw their spindles down, and ran to watch some creature having her "nose pinched,"—a process performed with an iron frame with clips which held secure the cartilage of the victim's nose.[2] A pleasant rural thrill was felt when

[1] Hector's *Judicial Records*, p. 204.

[2] Such entries are frequent in burgh records. "A. B., a notour thief, was to be pilloried, his lug nailed, and his nose pinched."—*Parish of Carluke*, p. 46; Rogers' *Social Life*, iii. 36; Wilson's *Memorials of Edin.* ii. 226. The city records are realistic at times. "March 1722.—For tow for binding Catherine M'Culloch to the tron, 2s. Scots. For a penknife for cutting off her ear, 3s. Scots." The sum of 3d. shows this must have been hired for the occasion.—*Stirling Burgh Records*.

yet another penalty was inflicted, and they saw the common hangman take his knife and cut off the bleeding ear. The tuck of a drum made everyone run to his doorstep to gaze on the locksman leading a woman, stripped to the waist, through the streets, at certain stations to flog her with his lashes, before taking her to jail,[1] for stealing lawn from a bleaching field. Relapse into immorality might incur as penalty (at recommendation of the Kirk-Session) the woman standing at the Market Cross with her head shaved, with the locksman beside her. Such penalties were a town's excitement in an age not too full of fine sensibilities, and wonderfully relieved the monotony of burghal existence.

A very frequent adjunct to such sentences by justices was that of banishment out of the town or beyond the county, while the judges sentenced criminals for theft "furth of Scotland,"—a vague destination in days before they were able to transport them to the colonies. Thus banished, with threat of being scourged or branded if they returned, offenders had a fate which in those days was virtual outlawry with the prospect of a hunted life.[2] For whither could the exile go? By law of Church and rules of Kirk-Sessions no one was allowed to reside in a parish until he produced a "testificate" from the Session of his former place, and this, of course, he could not furnish.[3] The unfortunate creature banished for stealing

[1] Thus in Paisley in 1770.—Hector's *Judicial Records*, 254.

[2] For example, in 1704 Kirk-Session of Banff inform farmers and others they must receive testificates from persons coming to their employment, and, learning there "are two idle persons of no fame" in the town, recommend the magistrates to remove them.—*Annals of Banff* (New Spalding Club), i. 76. In 1708 the officer "appointed to cite all stranger servants within the paroch to bring in the testimonials to Session."—*Morton Kirk-Session Records.*

[3] 1707, person apprehended for stealing shoes in the shoe mercat, banished the burgh of Lanark, "ordered never to be seen again in the burgh, on pain of being whipped, burned, and again banished."—*Burgh Records of Lanark.* In 1744 "husband and wife guilty of acts of theft are banished furth of the town under penalty of one year's imprisonment if they return, and to be scourged every month during said year and banished under penalty."—*Annals of Hawick*, p. 146. Even so late as 1775 the magistrates of the Gorbals at Glasgow sentenced prisoners to "be carried from prison by tuck of drum with head bare, and to be banished the village and barony of Gorbals during the whole of their natural lives, and if they return to be imprisoned, whipped, and banished,"—a sentence *pour rire* to those who know that unfascinating district to-day.—*Glasgow Past and Present*, i. 346.

a hen or an ell of linen, or for breaking a sapling, was forced to beg, if not to steal, and yet his doing so insured his at once being delated by the elders to the justices, by them to be anew scourged, and either sent to jail or again banished. If in despair he returned to his old haunts and family he might be incontinently seized, branded, imprisoned, till an impossible £100 Scots was paid, and yet rebanished again. This miserable dilemma of being driven from pillar to post existed up till near the middle of the century, when the Kirk and its elders became less rigorous, and the people less docile, and towns with growing populations afforded easier shelter and concealment for fugitives, while sentences themselves became more mild in a milder age, and prisons more able to hold offenders.

III

While the execution of laws in highest crimes lay with the judges of session, there were other courts over many districts, and especially north of the Forth, which exercised jurisdiction as full as the Court of Session. There were over a hundred Courts of Regality, in which the great owners of land throughout Scotland presided as hereditary barons or sheriffs, having power to sentence all criminals in their domain. The baron or his bailie presided over fifteen assessors as jury, and he could wield the right of punishment of pit and gallows—to hang or imprison. This tremendous power he held, bound by no legal process, restrained by no fear, guided by no precedents. However wrongly he might abuse his right, it could not be withdrawn, for it came by charter, was inherited by birth, and yet could be sold at his will. Especially high-handed and rigorous were these barons or chiefs of the Northern and Highland counties, where the voice of public opinion was never heard, and from which the grievances of victims were never borne. Whatever verdict the baron desired was obsequiously given by the servile tenants or humble tacksmen who formed the jury. If he was a friend the prisoner escaped scot free, however clear his guilt; if he was a foe, he was pretty certain to be condemned, however clear his innocence.

The records of the courts of these irresponsible hereditary sheriffs in some cases are extant, stating concisely the name of the criminal, the offence, and the verdict, whether "clenzit" or "convikt;"[1] to the latter being crisply appended the sentence, which is too often "hangit" or "drownit." At other times the sentence was to be scourged, to have his ear nailed to a post, or cut off, and banished the country. By such summary processes Grant of Grant sentenced three persons found guilty of horse-stealing to be carried from the court to the pit or dungeon of Castle Grant, there to remain till Tuesday next, and thence to be carried to the gallowstree at Ballintore, and to be hanged between three and four in the afternoon till they be dead. If a loch was near, as Loch Spynie was to Gordonston, the victim of hereditary jurisdiction was expeditiously drowned. There, for example, an unfortunate woman was put to death for stealing out of a chest thirty rex dollars and two webs of linen, and as she was drowning she was heard (very naturally) "evacuating curses on her oppressors."[2] Each gentleman who had the cherished privilege and power had a dempster or hangman who carried out the sentences, which were executed on gallows usually erected on a moor or where two roads met; and in the local names of fields of "Gallowflat" and "Gallowlaw" there are still reminiscences of the old hanging days of these Courts of Regality. Memories of these oppressive and arbitrary measures were vivid at the end of the century, when stories were still told of the iniquitous doings of the old régime: how one hereditary sheriff acted as both judge and jury, and sentenced at his will; how another hanged a man and afterwards called his faithful jury to convict him; how yet another hanged two brothers on one tree near Abernethy, and burned their bodies on the roadside; and how a chief hanged two notorious thieves, parboiled their heads, and set them on spikes. Tradition lingered of a case

[1] 1692, a lad convicted of plundering the "socks of the plough," sentenced by bailie of court "to be nailit be the lug with ane irene naile to ane poste, and to stand ther for the spaice of ane hour without motione, and to be allowed to break the griss nailed without drawing of the nail."—From *Book of Regalty of Grant*, cited in Rogers' *Social Life of Scot.* iii. 44; Burt's *Letters*, ii. 230; Omond's *Lives of Lord Advocates*, vol. i.

[2] Dunbar's *Social Life*, 2nd series, p. 143.

where the baron bailie was so odious that the people rose in vengeance and drowned him in the Spey.[1]

The pit and dungeon in the castles or mansion houses were usually noisome holes. Such was the pit at Gordonston in Morayshire, victims of which appealed to the lords of session in 1740,[2] a vault cold, wet, and pitch-dark, secured by an iron grating, without door or window, so wet that the miserable inmates had to stand on stones to raise themselves above the inflowing water that covered the floor. In such a pit untried prisoners were detained for months, and there those convicted even of trifling offences were confined at the risk or cost of life. Although these hereditary barons had no right to transport their convicts, they often made a nefarious and profitable trade of sending them to the Plantations. They offered the prisoners that alternative to death, and many gladly consented to be exported, whereupon the lord of regality in the North sold his victims to those men whose business it was to secure, by means fair or foul, recruits to sell for work in the estates of America or West Indies, where they became serfs of planters, with little hope of ever recovering their freedom.[3]

It was in 1748 that all hereditary jurisdictions were abolished. After the Rebellion of '45 it was felt necessary to break down feudal power and state, especially in the Highlands; to bring under equal law and central authority all officers of justice, and to shear the chieftains of those privileges which had made them dangers to order and menaces to government. Barons and chiefs who had ruled like kings in their districts, and tyrants over their vassals, by the withdrawal of those ancient rights were suddenly reduced to mere subjects—no more superior to law than the meanest of their crofters. Not merely did this abolition involve the loss of prestige, of power, of influence on which

[1] *Statistical Acct. of Scotland*, Abernethy and Kincardine, xiii. 151. The Town Council of Perth in 1707 applies to the Earl of Perth for the loan of his hangman as being very expert in the business.—Stewart's *Sketches of Highlands*. In 1709 occur the last two cases of capital punishment by Regality Court in Galloway.—*Hereditary Sheriffs*, by Agnew, p. 494.

[2] Dunbar's *Social Life in Former Days*, 2nd series, p. 144.

[3] Burton's *Hist. of Scot.* (1688-1748), vol. ii.; Burt's *Letters*, i. 45.

they had so long prided themselves; it also implied the loss of gains hardly less coveted.[1] Baron bailies often enriched themselves by the fruits of office, which were called "duties:" a day's labour from every tenant; the goods of all persons sentenced to death; the fines of those who were convicted; the herial cow or horse at the death of each tenant—the best of the cattle being seized from the poor widow and her family. By the abolition of the Courts of Regality and of Barony all these "duties" and perquisites were lost, as were their personal glory and importance, and the dispossessed lords claimed exorbitant compensation for the loss they had sustained. They, not too modestly, estimated the equivalent at £602,127, but were obliged to be satisfied with £152,000.[2] Whatever might have been the loss to these gentlemen, it was clearly a gain to the country, which under the legal sheriffs who reigned in their stead had a chance of equity and due procedure, of fairer trials, more reasonable verdicts, and less arbitrary sentences. Yet no institutions or men, however bad, ever pass away without mourners when they die—even on the grave of Nero some unknown hand laid flowers—and sentimental lovers of ancient customs and patriarchal ways[3] joined in the lamentation with retainers who had benefited by the partiality of their lairds and lords. Some loyal tenants protested that they "aye liked gentlemen's law," preferring the possible lenity of their laird to the certain justice of the sheriff. No longer could an Earl of Galloway, as in good old days, hold his court and sentence in a trice criminals caught "red-hand." "Yerl John," exclaimed one vigorous admirer, "was the man! He'd hang them up just o' his ain word: nane o' your law!"[4]

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.* xiii. 151; Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, p. 529.

[2] The Duke of Hamilton claimed £38,000 and got £3000; Lord Galloway claimed £6000 and got £321; Lord Selkirk claimed £33,000, but got nothing. —Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs*, p. 429.

[3] Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands*, 1775, p. 205.

[4] Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs*, p. 608. On the banks of the Spey, when a poor man was found guilty by his master, the proprietor of Ballindalloch, and put into the pit till the gallows was prepared, he drew a short sword and declared he would kill the first man that put a hand on him, his wife remonstrated and prevailed on him with the argument: "Come up quietly and be hanged, and do not anger the laird."—Hall's *Travels in Scotland*, ii. 404.

IV

In 1758 the country was made aware of strange criminal practices in the North, which had been carried on for years with extraordinary impunity. Peter Williamson, having returned from an adventurous career among the Cherokee Indians, published his life and adventures; narrating how he had been kidnapped in Aberdeen when eleven years old, had been carried off with many others to America, where he was sold for £16 to a planter, and after curious vicissitudes was captured by Indians, from whom he escaped after marvellous experiences. The revelations in this book opened the eyes of the world—too late—to a nefarious traffic which had lasted for several years, in which men in high public position had daringly shared. Strange things happened in remote quarters in those days, of which the Lowlands knew nothing. In 1732 Lady Grange had been kidnapped from Edinburgh by Highlanders in the pay of her husband, who wanted to get rid of a woman half-mad and a drunkard, with a wild tongue which might reveal secrets to endanger the neck of this professing Whig, who was an intriguing Jacobite; of this pretended saint who was a worthless libertine. Away in the wilds of the Highlands she was kept, while Lord Grange, asserting she was dead, celebrated her funeral; far away in the lonely island of St. Kilda and other dreary retreats, she lingered till her forlorn days were ended. The Highlands kept their secrets well, and when the world heard the tale it only shrugged its shoulders. In the North, too, as we have seen, lords of regality illegally made profits by selling prisoners to agents, who shipped them to work in the plantations. Now Peter Williamson's story disclosed that not only in wild distant straths, but also in the civilised districts of Aberdeenshire, a criminal traffic had been practised in face of the law.

Between 1740 and 1746 a regular trade existed of supplying hands to the American settlements, where they were sold. Rascally companies were formed to carry on the business, and year after year ships left the ports with bands

of luckless youths, who had been inveigled or coerced into transportation—few ever returning to tell the story of their capture or their fate. Many were stolen; some were deluded by gross falsehoods; others in the days of destitution in the North were even sold by their parents for a shilling to these kidnappers.[1] They came to cajole and to ensnare the simple; pipers accompanied them to make the village rustics merry in the change-house; and poor creatures were "enlisted" when they were drunk. So bold were some of those kidnappers that their press-gang passed along the village streets and country roads and seized boys whom they met. In the silence of the night lads were taken from their beds in remote cottages, and parents were afraid to let their children out of doors when darkness set in. Some of these scoundrels were in the pay of esteemed bailies in Aberdeen,—for magistrates were not above a trade which Highland chiefs did not despise. The entrapped were raw youths deceived by their captors as to their destination, even children not above six years old. They were brought along in droves, shut up at night in some barn, where they were encouraged to play cards to divert their attention, while bagpipes played stirring tunes to keep their courage up. Strange to say, the workhouse and the Tolbooth prison were lent to detain these stolen or inveigled victims, till the number was sufficient for a cargo and the ship was ready to sail. Mothers rushed through the streets, and stood hopelessly outside the doors, calling out frantic farewells to their sons within, and uttering curses on their captors. To invoke the aid of police or magistrates was useless; for those who tried to rescue their children were threatened with the jail and frightened into silence; and when one person did venture to raise an action before the Court of Session, not an officer in Aberdeen dared to summon the parties to appear, well knowing that men in position, dangerous to displease, were flagrant offenders.

It is impossible to ascertain how many victims were kidnapped; but, as the trade continued with impunity for several

[1] *Book of Bon Accord*, p. 86. The practice of selling children arose out of the terrible poverty in the famine of 1740. Entries occur like the following: "To R. Ross for listing his son, 1s." "To Maclean for listing his son, 1s. 6d."

years, the number must have amounted to hundreds. The "emigrants" were sold to planters, and bound to serve for five or seven years; and should they desert from their masters —which cruelty often drove them to do—they were liable to another year's servitude if absent for thirty days. Such were the iniquities brought to light by Peter Williamson. When he returned to Aberdeen, where his revelations were causing embarrassing excitement, he was charged with calumniating honourable citizens and bailies; the obnoxious pages of his book were torn out, and burned by the common hangman; he himself was fined 10s., and dismissed the virtuous city as a vagrant.[1] Although the returned serf raised an action for redress and was awarded £100 as damages, the real culprits escaped and lived on their gains, and the iniquitous magistrates neither lost their private profits nor forfeited public respect.[2]

V

During the eighteenth century—and especially during its latter half—the amount of serious crime among the people was singularly small; there were drunken brawls in plenty, with fatal results; immorality, which was very rife, especially among the peasantry; but of the greater and more dangerous offences there were comparatively few; for life was quiet in the rural quarters, towns were small and under easy surveillance, and free from dangerous classes. Glasgow was singularly well ordered, and in Edinburgh a burglary was through years an unheard-of event.[3] Nor can this burghal peace and security be attributed to the efficiency or vigilance of police. Glasgow had its police of worthy citizens, who from 10 at night till 3 o'clock in the morning patrolled the silent streets—less a terror to evil doers than in terror of them. Edinburgh had its decrepit city guard armed with Lochaber axes, whose ineffectual legs any novice in criminal

[1] *Book of Bon Accord*, pp. 86-93; Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 186; Kay's *Original Portraits*, i. 187.

[2] Peter Williamson became a well-known eccentric character in Edinburgh. He was compiler of the first Edinburgh Directory, and founder of Edinburgh Penny Post.

[3] Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 106; Reid's *Works*, edit. by Hamilton, p. 40.

craft could easily defy to chase him in the dark wynds and closes of the High Street. Howard, when at the end of the century he visited Scotland, was struck by the small number of persons in the jails, which he attributed to causes more or less complimentary to the people and the Church. An execution was a rare event, and three years passed by (1773-1776) without any one being hanged in Edinburgh, though the offences of robbery were liable to death sentence. On an average of twenty years previously to 1793 the executions in all Scotland did not exceed six in a year, and for fifteen years before 1782 only three persons were hanged in Edinburgh every two years.[1] Contrast that with the state of crime in England—making all allowance for its larger population—where it was not uncommon for forty persons to be sentenced at one assize to be hanged, and where sometimes ten or a dozen criminals suffered death on one day. A public execution there was a popular amusement which, in spite of its frequency, never seemed to pall. Besides the code of Scotland being milder—condemning to banishment or prison for offences which incurred death south of the Border—the more lenient Scots system gave discretionary power to judges to give alternative and modified sentences according to the youth, the condition, the temptation of the prisoner—death to one, flogging to another, or transportation to a third;[2] while in England every crime had its assigned penalty, which was inflicted whatever the extenuating circumstances might have been. With complacency, therefore, Baron Hume remarks, "I repeat without fear of contradiction that generally our system is eminently gentle."

Quiet and law-abiding as the Lowlands were, it might be expected that a very different characteristic belonged to the Highlands; yet witnesses say that crimes were few, remarkably few, among the Highlanders. That they fought fiercely with men of another sept on occasion; that they "lifted" the

[1] Hume's *Commentaries*, i. 11; Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 107; Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* p. 690.

[2] "Sometimes forgery was punished with death, sometimes by transportation, the theft of cattle according to circumstances was visited by banishment, by imprisonment or other inferior penalty, instead of capital punishment."—Hume's *Commentaries*.

cattle from a hostile clan or made a foray on an alien Lowlander with placid conscience is true, as the exploits of Rob Roy testify; but[1] it is said that cases of theft from dwelling-houses seldom occurred, highway robberies were unknown, the people lived with their property safe without bolts or bars, and in the houses of the chiefs and lairds in time of peace no security was needed, and in many a mansion not a door was locked. So describes Stewart of Garth the Highlands of the eighteenth century, though he notes a moral deterioration in his countrymen in the tone and manners assumed by the close of the century.

It seems strange, notwithstanding this immunity from capital offences, that a locksman or common hangman was a town's necessary official; but the chief occupation of this functionary was as jailer of the petty prisoners, and flogger of the culprits, when scourging was a common penalty for stealing a hen off a midden head, or a shirt from a hedge. Up to a late part of the century this official was entitled as wages to a handful or lock from every sack of grain[2] that came to the market, from which he got his name of "locksman," and when he entered on his office in later years he had a timber or iron ladle presented to him wherewith to measure his lock or handful from each sack. These worthies were persons of civic importance and noted figures from their punitive powers and their distinctive dress. In Edinburgh the hangman was conspicuous in the streets, dressed in his gray bonnet and black velvet coat trimmed with silver lace.[3] In the Tolbooth Kirk on Sundays he was to be seen in his seat apart from all other worshippers, and when the communion was celebrated he, like a social leper, received the sacrament at a special table when all the other communicants had retired.

Prisons in old times were everywhere scandals to humanity and disgraces to civilisation, and wretched though they were in Scotland they certainly were in no worse state

[1] Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlands*, 1822, i. 36-39.

[2] In Dumfries market in 1781 a grain merchant resisted the burgh executioner in his attempt to open his sacks. Although the merchant was imprisoned, the privilege in 1796 was withdrawn as the result of continued complaint.—M'Dowall's *Dumfries*, p. 694; *Book of Bon Accord*, p. 159.

[3] Chambers' *Traditions of Edin.* ii. 184.

than in England. In England they were nests of infamy, which brought forth vice and nursed it, and became centres of moral pollution—pest-houses which bred diseases of the most deadly and loathsome kind—places where the least guilty suffered incalculably more for their slight offences than the most hardened felons for their foulest crimes. Compared with this the state of Scottish jails was almost respectable. The prisoners were few, the terms of imprisonment were short, and if the jails were often miserable hovels they were never crowded. The worst fate was borne by bankrupts, debtors, or "dyvours," who were treated with a severity curiously out of harmony with a penal code which had some features of kindliness. They were liable to be put in the stocks, to be put on bread and water for a month and then scourged. At the beginning of the century in towns were to be seen men clad in strange piebald attire—bonnet and hose, half yellow, half brown. These were dishonest debtors who were released on surrendering their goods, but compelled to wear this garb all their days.[1] In prison everything was done to intensify their discomfort. Even when ill they were deprived of the privilege of all fresh air, which the worst felons might breathe; for in the interests of impatient creditors, who paid 3d. a day for their maintenance in jail, they were expressly confined to the *squalor carceris*, to the misery, the dirt, of the noisome and pestilential room which formed their prison, denied every privilege which all other criminals enjoyed.[2]

The receptacle for prisoners in a village was a "thieves' hole," a little hut with damp earthen floor, with hardly a glimmer of light from the tiny opening, through which the snow drifted and the wind swirled in mad career through the room, and out again, under and above the ill-fitting doors,—through a hole in which the wife of the constable, intent on

[1] Act 1688. *Acts of Sederunt*, 1740, p. 161. On day of release these debtors "with the foresaid habit shall sitt on the dyvour's stone for the space of ane hour," "at the mercat cross."

[2] "Debtors in prison ought not to be indulged by the magistrates or jailers with the benefit of air; for the creditors have an interest that their debtors be kept under close confinement, that by *squalor carceris* they may be brought to pay their debts."—Erskine's *Principles of Scots Law*, 1756, p. 461. The creditor was bound to aliment his debtor in jail, if he was without resources.

other avocations, thrust the food for the inmates. A small country town had for its residence for prisoners a vile thatched room, perhaps fourteen feet long, dark, filthy, and fireless, and in winter perishingly cold, where for months untried prisoners waited till the circuit court opened to hear their case; while for security they were sometimes loaded with chains and fastened to an iron bar or bedstead.[1] In country towns, however, the tedium of long waiting and long seclusion was relieved by rough revelry. In places like Stirling and Perth convicts indulged in olden times in their rude carouses,[2] the money allotted for the food of criminals and debtors being often applied to buy drink; and felons with sympathetic friends got from the jailers, at thrice their normal price, refreshments of ale and whisky, and had merry meetings in which their warders joined heartily at the prisoners' cost. When funds were low and luxuries scarce they might, as in Ayr, let down from the prison windows a box inscribed with the legend, "Pity the poor prisoners," into which compassionate passers-by dropped tobacco, or small coins, or a bottle of drink for further regalement.

The guard over these hovel prisons was not always efficient, and it not seldom happened that the inmates suddenly vanished. So from Aberdeen Tolbooth the convicts quietly disappeared, and put on the doors the intimation, "Lodgings to let." The historian of that city in 1792 naïvely records, as if a mere matter of commonplace, "There are no convicts in jail, the whole persons of that description having lately made their escape." [3] When describing the Tolbooth of Edinburgh—the "Heart of Midlothian"—Hugo Arnot shows its most deplorable [4] state — without ventilation, without drainage, with unmentionable filth in every corner, with rooms

[1] This Gurney found at Haddington and Forfar when visiting with Mrs. Fry the jails of Scotland in 1818.

[2] In 1693 the Town Council of Ayr ineffectually enacted that "prisoners within the Tolbooth be discharged from holding any feasts, treats, or banquets within the prison, and that no persons above the number of one shall be allowed to dine or sup with any such prisoner."—Paterson's *Hist. of Ayrshire*, i. 194.

[3] *Book of Bon Accord* [by Joseph Robertson], p. 214; Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 405; Burt's *Letters from the North*, i. 45.

[4] Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* p. 360; Skene's *Sketches*, 1829, p. 78.

where children were confined in air so pestilential that no visitor could for a minute abide it, or venture in, with straw which served as beds, worn to little chips from long use, by a constant succession of uncleanly occupants. The richer prisoners, meanwhile, had their carousals with their friends, while warders joined the festivity and shared the liquor for which they had caused their hosts to pay so dear. Such was the state of matters when John Howard visited this and other Scottish prisons—then he found poor convicts in Edinburgh,[1] in "a horrid cage," chained to an iron bar—probably the massive cage of wood in which unruly prisoners were confined. The strange fact is that in the prisons he found far more debtors than criminals, who in the stench, darkness, and dirt were detained at the charge and cost of their creditors. In 1779, in the Edinburgh Tolbooth there were thirteen debtors and nine felons; in Glasgow, in 1782, Howard found eighteen debtors and only five felons—which shows that the rising commerce of the west had led some too venturous citizens beyond their own and other people's means, but had done little as yet to foster crime.

As the century wore on many of the more quaint peculiarities of Scottish rules and penalties disappeared,—the cutting and carving of ears, the public flogging of women, the banishment "furth" of city or county (which would have then been a great boon to a felon), the shaving of heads, fines for Sabbath-breaking, for cursing and imprecations,—all these vanished from the civic code; and by the end of the century laws which still remained on statute had become dead letters; many homely methods and odd barbarities of local law in town and country passed away, after remaining unaltered and operative for long generations.[2]

[1] Howard's *State of Prisons*, Appendix, 1784, pp. 96, 150. Aberdeen prison was "almost a loathsome dungeon," containing 15 debtors, 8 delinquents, and a lunatic.—Kennedy, i. 405. Even in 1812, Neild (*State of Prisons*) found old hovels, filthy and every way offensive, serving as jails in county towns.

[2] The last case of flogging in the streets in Glasgow was in 1793.—*Glasgow Past and Present*, i. 339.

CHAPTER XV

PROGRESS OF INDUSTRY AND TRADE

I

It was on a bright warm day in July 1698 that the shores and pier of Leith were thronged with dense crowds of people, whose cheers rose loud and jubilant as a tiny fleet of three vessels, with a crew of 1200 picked men, hoisted sail to cross the Atlantic. This was the first of the expeditions that went forth to Darien as to an El Dorado.

The scheme had been formed in the fertile brain of William Paterson to found a colony on the Isthmus of Darien which should be a Scots centre of a world-wide trade, extending away from both shores of the continent, commanding the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, connecting the commerce of Europe with that of China. It was a magnificent project conceived in no exclusive spirit, though it was designed to lift Scotland out of her impoverished state, to develop her industry, to get customers for her goods and careers for her sons. In the patriotic enthusiasm with which the scheme was hailed, £400,000 were subscribed—equal to two-thirds of all the coin circulating in the country; vessels had been chartered from Holland, and manufactures from the various towns had been sent in for exportation to these new golden fields of commerce. Perth sent its leather-work and gloves, and Kilmarnock its blue bonnets; Aberdeen furnished stockings, and Dunkeld plaids and tartans; Musselburgh contributed its serges, and Dunfermline its huckabacks; Culross provided its gridirons, for "Culross girdles" were used in every

castle and cottage; Edinburgh supplied linen, tobacco pipes, bobwigs, and periwigs. Never was there such an incongruous assortment of wares to carry beyond the seas; seldom one with a display of native products from a civilised country so pathetically humble.

Two years passed by, and other vessels, their crews filled with high hopes and their holds filled with absurd cargoes, crossed the ocean. But in the summer of 1700 tidings confirming ugly rumours came of the failure of this proud venture. The people were dumfounded, for everything to their simple minds seemed to have been done, not merely to deserve, but also to command, success. Goods of all sorts, from swords to Penicuick "gray paper," from plaiding to salt herring, had been stored. Ministers, too, of the most orthodox complexion —reclaimed Cameronians—had been exported to preserve order and instil piety into a ribbald lot; and these worthies modelled the colony on the ideal plan of a Presbyterian parish —elders, with their discipline, sessions and the stools of repentance, Wednesday services, humiliation days, sacramental fasts, when the three ministers in succession preached for hours on a stretch, and worship was conducted in rooms where the humid heat was stifling; ardent pleasures had been rebuked as gross sins and colonial troubles treated as judgments of heaven.[1] In spite of all these helpful agencies, ruin came, for Paterson had reckoned without his host of foes—swamps and jungles, fevers and hunger, cargoes without customers, and settlers without settlements; disorders of the emigrants and dissensions of their leaders; attacks from Spaniards whose territory had been invaded; jealousy of English, whose monopoly of trade was imperilled; opposition from the Crown that treated them as pirates and hampered them at every turn. Few returned from this ill-managed, ill-fated expedition, and little was left, except unnumbered graves in the swamps of Darien and fierce anger in the breasts of Scotsmen, who raged at the English as the authors of all their woe.[2]

[1] Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, 1790, iii. 136; *Hist. of Darien*, by Francis Borland (one of the ministers), 1776, pp. 39, 89.

[2] Dalrymple's *Memoirs*; *Darien Papers* (Bannatyne Club); Burton's *Hist. of Scotland* (1688-1748), vol. i.

Thus began and thus ended Scotland's first and last attempt to form an independent trade and commerce for itself. Poor, miserably poor, as it had been before, it was far poorer now. Although only £225,000 of the subscriptions had been paid up from the pockets of sanguine nobles and lairds, professors, doctors, ministers, and merchants, a sum which before the end of the century many a rich trader could have paid out of his own fortune, it was felt as a calamity which brought poverty to the whole nation, while it dashed all its hopes of prosperity to the ground.

At the beginning of the century the country was in dire poverty—a famishing people, a stagnant trade, rude manufactures, and profitless industries.[1] Glasgow was a small city of 12,500 inhabitants, which had a slender trade in exporting salt fish and coarse woollen stuff and tarred rope, and a crude industry in making rough plaiding. Paisley[2] was a long row of thatched dwellings, whose 2600 inhabitants depended on spinning yarn on rock and reel, which was woven at hand looms by eighty-seven weavers, who sold their stuff at the cross in the markets to English pedlars. Greenock, with a population of 1500, was a collection of rude cottages, with a business consisting in fishing for salmon and herrings in the Clyde. Ayrshire had no manufactures except of blue and black bonnets at Stewarton, and a coarse woollen stuff called "Kilmarnocks,"[3] made in the mean dirty village of "houses little better than huts, built so low that their eaves hang dangling to touch the earth," in which 2000 people dwelt.[4] A little boat, valued at £40 Scots, formed the mercantile navy of Ayr, and the entrance once or twice a year of a little vessel with iron or timber from Norway constituted its whole foreign traffic.[5] Northwards there was Dundee, which then was a poor little town with a trade in coarse plaiding exported undressed to Germany and Sweden for clothing to

[1] In Scotland, poor and scant of gold, the word *siller* was used for money.

[2] *New Stat. Acct. of Scot.*, Paisley; Crawford's *Shire of Renfrew*, 1710.

[3] Even so late as 1760.—Fullerton's *Survey of Ayrshire*, 1797.

[4] *Northern Memoirs*, writ in the year 1658 by Richard Franck, Philanthropus, 1821, p. 101.

[5] *Records of Convention of Royal Burghs*, 1677-1711, pp. 563-667, gives reports on their trade from several towns in 1692, revealing great poverty.

soldiers; and even in the middle of the century, when it had a population of 6000, there was no shop rented over £2 or £3, and it had "not above four houses at the Cross completely built of stone, all the rest being partly wood."[1] Aberdeen, busy making stockings and fingrams from tarred-wool, bore little likeness to the stateliness of modern days in the shabby streets of wood-faced houses and long lanes of mean, low, turf-covered dwellings.[2] Worse still was the capital of the Highlands, for Inverness consisted chiefly of mere hovels, thatched with turf with bottomless baskets serving as chimneys, there being only a few houses of stone and lime, thatched without, and dark and mean within. Even in 1730 it had only a street or two of houses with unsashed windows, the lower part of wood and the upper part glazed, the rest of the dwellings being still rows of hovels. The few shops were dark rooms with earthen floors, containing hogsheads of brandy (smuggled), firkins of butter (well mingled with cow hairs), and tartan plaids, presided over by a merchant, who might be proud of his ancestry and high connections, but not too proud to sell serges by the ell and pigtail tobacco by the ounce. At the five annual fairs—the only mediums for barter—there were pathetic evidences of penury, the "principal dealers bringing a roll of linen or a piece of coarse plaiding under their arms," others two cheeses of two or three pounds each, a kid which sold at 8d., or butter in a sort of bladder which was put in the dirt of the streets, three or four goats' skins, a piece of wood for wheel axle-trees. The money was spent on a horn or a wood spoon, a knife, a plate, or an onion which was sometimes eaten on the spot raw.[3] Such is Edward Burt's description of local trade from 1726 to 1736, causing him to exclaim, "Good God! you could not conceive such misery in this island."

A few towns there were then with comparatively flourishing industries which redeemed the country from utter stagnation, such as Aberdeen, Stirling, and Musselburgh, with their woollen fabrics, Dunfermline with its fine linen, and its boast

[1] *Stat. Acct. of Scot.* viii. 232.

[2] Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 276.

[3] Burt's *Letters from the North*, 1815, i. 59-73.

in 1702 that one of its weavers had made a seamless shirt of linen. But there was not enough employment for its people—young men in great numbers left the country seeking work abroad in the colonies, rather than starve at home. The most prosperous industry in the country had been fishing for the cod and herring that swarmed on the shores, which were dried or salted for export; or in catching the salmon abounding in the rivers, sold at 1d. a lb., and furnishing food in mansions for the servants, until their palates were weary, and they refused to taste them more than thrice a week. All this was in the days before social changes had sorely depopulated the rivers by agriculture draining the land, by linen factories steeping poisonous flax in the water, by the growth of towns which polluted the once clear streams, by reckless killing in breeding time, a seemingly inexhaustible source of food and trade, which in consequence became a rarity and a luxury.[1]

With industries so few and arts so primitive, the trade of the country in the early part of the century was on the most insignificant scale. Only ninety-three vessels, with a combined tonnage of 6000, and the largest of only 180 tons[2]—which were made in Holland or the Baltic, owing to scarcity or inaccessibility of timber at home—were engaged in the foreign trade. And their cargoes, whether sent to Holland, Spain, or France, were monotonous consignments of miserable "gray oats," barley from their poor stores, dried cod, red herrings, stockings, tarred rope and serges, and "wicked candles." A few merchants, greatly daring, sent their little vessels to the coasts of Barbary, in which perilous regions corsairs pounced upon the slow-sailing barks, and captured crews which were more valuable for sale than their cargoes of linen, lead, and woollen stockings—for which last article the demand could

[1] "The Firth [of Forth] relieves the country with her great plenty of salmon, where the burgomasters, as in many other parts of Scotland, are compelled to reinforce an old statute (?) that commands all masters and others not to force any servants or apprentices to feed upon salmon more than once thrice a week." —P. 133, *Northern Memoirs*, written in 1658 by Richard Franck, Philanthropus, 1821; *Present State of Scotland*, 1754; Burt's *Letters*, i. 112.

[2] Defoe's *Hist. of Union*, 1712; Cochrane Patrick's *Mediæval Scotland* p. 150.

not have been clamorous.[1] Still more adventurous were those who sent off to the Guinea coast wares of Scots or English produce of "linen and woollen cloth, knives, scissors, looking-glasses and other toyes, strong waters, tobacco, beads, peuther (pewter) dishes, Glasgow plaids and blew bonnets"—which "may do for their kings and queens," naïvely suggests Mr. John Spreull, merchant and dealer in red herrings in Glasgow, where he was known as "Bass John" from his imprisonment on the Bass Rock.

After all, these present a poor bill of fare for the world's consumption, and a poor off-set for those imports which the Scots required, and to pay for which sorely drained their scanty stock of money. Meanwhile to England they were sending slate, linen cloth, coal, salt and dried fish, Galloway horses, and droves of emaciated black cattle, which were sold to English graziers for any price from 10s. to £1.

Scarcity of money was a chronic complaint throughout the century, but never so bad as then, and Defoe says there were hardly any gold coins to be seen. It is said that in the cellars and warehouses were goods in plenty, but no money wherewith to pay the duties. The amount of coin circulating in Scotland was revealed when, after the Union all Scots, English milled, and foreign silver coin was called in. Money of standard English was to be issued in their stead. The sum sent in to the Bank of Scotland amounted only to £411,117; and we may reckon that the whole coin in the land was probably under £600,000 sterling—if we estimate the silver withheld, the scanty amount of gold existing, and the large amount of miserable worn copper coins in circulation, as equal to £150,000. So that the entire money of a million of a population was a sum equalled by the fortune of many a private merchant in the next century.[2]

[1] *Accompt Current betwixt Scotland and England*, balanced by J[ohn] S[preull], Edin. 1705.

[2] Ruddiman's *Introduction to Anderson's Diplomata*. As there was the utmost difficulty of getting silver, and gold was almost never seen,—having gone out of the country to pay for goods imported,—Ruddiman's estimate that there was as much money left in circulation as was sent in is far less probable than that of Chambers, which we adopt—namely, £30,000 in gold, £60,000 in copper, and £60,000 in silver not sent in for reminting.—*Domestic Annals*, iii. 332.

II

The Union of 1707 came about, and while the English despised the alliance, which a southern Commissioner superciliously likened to wedding a beggar with a louse for her portion, the Scots denounced it as destructive of Scottish independence, Scottish trade, Scottish pride—in short, of every glory and appanage that was Scottish. From the South came custom officers, whose very accent and presence were hateful; they watched every transaction with a keen suspicion, so different from the manner of the easy times in which the revenues of £160,000 [1] had been collected when a Scotsman farmed them; and the nation bitterly complained that their money was used to feed the families of needy English cormorants.[2] Heavy salt duties were levied, and the deep-sea fisheries were crushed. No industry had been of old so prosperous as the industries in the Moray Firth and the coasts of Fife, where fleets of vessels had been busy on the sea, and villagers astir curing and drying their fish on the shore; but now, with hard duties and irritating exactions, the trade well-nigh became extinct on the east shores. Many a once flourishing fishing town fell into stagnation, while in the offing were Dutch busses with their broad-beamed hulls catching the cod before the fishermen's eyes. From lack of work, these places became haunts of smuggling, in which every man and woman felt it honourable to join, and to despoil the English of their tribute. So late as 1750, while Dutchmen had 150 vessels fishing off the coast,—working what they called their "gold mines,"—the Scots had only two vessels on the eastern shores, manned by thirty-three men and boys.[3]

One great privilege Scotland gained by the Union was the removing of the prohibition against trading with the English colonies. Hitherto no Scots trading vessels dared set sail

[1] Revenues and public income of Scotland in 1705 were £160,000, those of England were £5,691,003, Customs of Scotland amounted to £30,000, and Excise, £33,500; while the Customs of England were £1,452,000, and Excise, £677,765.—Pp. 388-390, Bruce's *Report*, 1799.

[2] *Lockhart Papers*, p. 224.

[3] Wood's *East Neuk of Fife*, p. 330; Macpherson's *Annals*, iii. p. 347.

for these shores, the preserves of England, nor any vessel to carry cargoes from any English port unless two-thirds of the crew were English-born. Now this embargo was lifted off, and within a generation the trade with Virginia and the Indies was to bring fortune to Glasgow, and a rich commerce was to rise which Scots Commissioners little foresaw, when in the initial negotiations for the Union they had modestly claimed only that four of their vessels in the year might set forth to trade with the colonies, as crumbs from their rich neighbour's table.[1]

In the early years of the century woollen stuffs were the chief produce of the people. Spinning was the occupation of all the women, rich and poor, in bedroom and kitchen of the mansion, as well as the hovel of the peasant. From the wool got from the thin, short tar-clotted fleeces of the sheep was made the yarn which the weavers wrought into plaidings, blankets, and hodden gray (that is, coarse undyed cloth from wool in its natural colour). There were also considerable villages and towns where the weavers wrought goods which got a special fame for their district—"Glasgow plaidings," "Aberdeen fingrams," "Kilmarnocks," "Musselburgh stuffs" from which at 4½d. a yard ladies' dresses were made,—and Edinburgh had weavers in many a wynd making fine shalloons.[2] But this was a branch of industry in which Scotland could not compete with England, which made finer fabrics than the rude Scots stuffs. Accordingly, gentlemen had to dress in their rough home woollen stuffs, for their narrow incomes could ill afford to buy the English broadcloth, which cost from 6s. to 7s. a yard.[3] In vain every effort was made to encourage the industry. The law even forbade the exportation of wool, and enacted from 1705 that all bodies should henceforth be buried wrapped in woollen cloth; but English goods now crossed the border and swamped the native products.

The beneficial results of the Union were slow of being felt, and for some twenty years the people saw less of the

[1] Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, iii. pp. 347, 596; Bruce's *Report on Events and Circumstances which produced the Union, from State Papers*, 1799, p. 396.

[2] *Interest of Scotland Considered*, 1737 [by Patrick Lindsay].

[3] *Account Books of Sir J. Foulis of Ravelston* (Scot. Hist. Society).

advantages than of the hardships it entailed—heavier taxes, more duties, vexatious restrictions, and dangerous competition with the trade of England, and a lost trade with France. The lack of employment for men was a constant cause of lamentation, agriculture remained dormant, handicrafts were rude and few, trade and commerce were still meagre. Writers up to 1737 complain that great numbers of young men were forced to seek employment[1] in the Plantations; that many, availing themselves of an easily learned and overstocked calling, became tailors, and left the country seeking work; others, again, became gardeners,[2] in which business they showed peculiar skill, and left Scotland, where gardens were few and poor, for England, where they abounded. One outlet for their energies, however, they markedly ignored—that was the Army. The prejudice against it among the rural poor was inveterate during the century. Not yet had patriotic glamour been thrown over Scots regiments by brilliant achievements; the people cared nothing for wars abroad, and were as indifferent about the victories under Marlborough as they were later to defeats under Cumberland. If a son enlisted it was felt as a family disgrace, and to get him out was the struggle of family honour.[3] The surplus farming class had nowhere to seek work at home when there were few trades to learn and few factories to enter. The beggars, meanwhile, swarmed in the streets of every town, and made prowling visits to every village, and neither sought for work nor could find it if they had.

[1] *Reasons for Improving the Fisheries and Linen Manufacture of Scotland*, 1727; *Interest of Scotland Considered*, 1733, p. 128.

[2] "I think the gardens [of the Scottish nobility and gentry] are not comparable to those of England, a circumstance all the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr. Philip Miller of Chelsea that almost all the gardeners of South Britain were natives of Scotland."—Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.

[3] Dugal Graham's *Collected Works*, i. 160. In 1790 the minister of Holywood naïvely writes regarding the morals of his parishioners:—"It may be observed that during the time of the present incumbent, which is nineteen years, only one person has been banished for theft and one enlisted as a soldier. The last, having been got out of the Army, has ever since lived in the parish an industrious labouring man."—*Stat. Acct.*, Scotland, i. 25.

III

We may by 1730, however, see the stirring of a new life in the country, the gradual awakening of the community from its long lethargy, for by that time the linen industry was felt to be a source of prosperity owing to its trade with England. On every farm, minister's glebe, and near every laird's house, a parcel of ground was devoted to growing flax, and making yarn became an increasing occupation in every household and village. While ladies and their maids spun for the home, the poor spun for the market. In county towns the master weaver had his six-loomed shop adjoining his cottage, and while he plied his own loom his journeymen wrought at the others, for which they paid a weekly rent. He called at houses of gentry, farms, and peasants, to buy their yarn, which he and his men wove into checks or sheeting. The webster bartered his stuff, when bleached and finished, at the doors of his customers for more home-made yarn, carrying on his own or his pony's back loads of tempting webs to exchange by stiff bargains, or with pawky cajolery, for the thread. The village weavers, who lived by what was called "customer wark" (that is, making up cloth for their customers from their home-made wool or linen yarn), were notable personalities and characteristic figures in old Scots rural and burghal life, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when, poor and superannuated, they with a sigh disappeared on the advent of the machinery and factories of a new age.

Linen manufacture began to be carried on in several towns, and Glasgow from 1725 was busy making lawn and cambric. Meanwhile Paisley made a bound into industrial activity, owing to the enterprise and ingenuity of ladies of the house of Bargarran. Christian Shaw, daughter of the laird of Bargarran, had in 1697 created vast excitement and soul-searching among the ministers and people of Renfrewshire by professing to be under diabolical machinations; a prosecution for witchcraft ensued, resulting in the burning of five unhappy women whom the girl had charged with bewitching her, and another victim escaping this fate by strangling himself in the

jail. Years passed by, and this hysterical girl became the astute wife of the minister of Kilmaurs. Shrewd, practical, and having remarkable dexterity in spinning fine yarn, she began to manufacture thread. At first every part of the process was done by her own hands. She bleached her materials on a slate at the windows of Bargarran House. Encouraged by success, her sisters and mother helped in the operations, friends took the thread and sold it to customers, and Lady Blantyre carried a quantity of it to Bath, and there disposed of it to lace manufacturers.[1] It was about 1725 that a person connected with the family happened to be in Holland, and there discovered the secret of making fine thread, as well as the art of sorting it, of packing it for sale, of constructing and managing twisting and turning machines. This information being got by Christian Shaw (Mrs. Millar), she quickly turned it to good account. Young women in the neighbourhood by her instructions learned to spin fine yarn, turning machines were erected, and the business rapidly progressed. In the newspapers of 1725 appeared one announcement more interesting than the usual "intelligence" in their barren columns: "The Lady Bargarran and her daughters having attained to a great perfection in making, whitening, and twisting of sewing Threed, which is cheap and white, and known by experience to be much stronger than the Dutch, to prevent people being imposed upon by other threed which may be sold under the name of Bargarran Threed, the papers in which the Lady Bargarran and her daughters at Balgarran, and Mrs. Millar, her elder daughter at Johnstone, do put up their threed shall for direction have thereupon the above coat of arms [here was printed the family arms]. Those who want the said Threed, which is sold from fivepence to six shillings per ounce," may write to the Lady Bargarran, to Mrs. Millar, or to certain merchants in Parliament Close, Edinburgh, or the Trongate, Glasgow.[2] In the course of a year or two the secret of the processes leaked out, and quickly other factories were founded. A new and profitable industry had been started; the town, increasing in population, became full of enterprise

[1] *Stat. Acct. of Scotland*, viii. 232; ix. 75; Brown's *Hist. of Paisley*.
[2] Chambers's *Domestic Annals*, iii. 510.

and activity; and as the folk listened to the new bell in the steeple, according to popular saying, it seemed to ring out, "Spin flax and tow, spin flax and tow." Yet even in 1735 these tradesmen had modest fortunes and simple ways. Setting forth every year on horseback with swatches of their goods in packs or in their wallets, trudging along on the roads to the north of England, they sold their wares and procured orders from customers at fairs and markets.[1]

The enterprise of another lady in the east country had by this time introduced another improvement destined to affect greatly the national industry. The wife of Henry Fletcher, brother of the famous Andrew of Saltoun, was deeply interested in the making of linen, for she was anxious to widen her own narrow fortunes. It is told that, travelling in Holland with two local mechanics disguised as men-servants, she got access on some pretext to a Dutch factory, watched the looms as they plied, discovered the processes; and on her return home the mechanics copied the machinery and set up the apparatus at her farm near Saltoun.[2] In a short while Mrs. Fletcher made the first Holland linen ever produced in the kingdom, and soon the industry grew apace. Hitherto this fine fabric could only be imported at 6s. an ell, over which the thrifty gentry groaned, for the younger generation, despising the coarse home stuff costing 2s. which was worn by their fathers and mothers, were insisting on wearing costly Hollands. This enterprise of Mrs. Fletcher came as a timely boon to an impecunious age, for it brought the price down to the level of frugal incomes.

After all, it cannot be said that the people were extremely inventive; but they made up for the want of originality by readiness to adopt the inventions of other people. It was in Holland they sought and gained their improvements in art and machinery, and, with little expenditure of wit or money, picked the brains of other nations. There Meikle had got his fanners and his mills for pot barley; there Mrs. Millar learned how

[1] By 1740 there were 600,000 yards woven annually to the value of £40,000, an amount doubled forty years later.—Hector's *Judicial Records of Renfrewshire.*

[2] *Agriculture of East Lothian*, by G. Hepburn; Fraser's *Hist. of the Carnegies, Earls of Southesk*, ii. 278.

to make fine thread, and Mrs. Fletcher to weave Hollands; and there in 1735 Harvey of Glasgow had wormed out the secret of incle or tape manufacturing, smuggling home two looms and a workman from Haarlem, which proved a source of fortune to himself and prosperity to Glasgow. By 1727 the Board of Trustees were, in tardy fulfilment of terms of Union, distributing funds for promoting various industries, and gave grants to schools for teaching spinning, and premiums for every acre of bleachfields constructed; French weavers were brought from St. Quentin to Edinburgh, and settled on a piece of ground for bleaching, where the wives and daughters spun the thread and the men taught cambric weaving,[1] on the place called from them Little Picardy, now surviving as Picardy Place. Nobles and merchants, headed by the Duke of Argyle, formed a company for trading in all branches of linen culture, with a capital of £100,000; they imported flax, lint, seed, and potash, sold it to manufacturers and farmers, and bought the yarn produced at a fair price. They formed bleachfields, the stuff having hitherto chiefly been sent to Holland for whitening, and they advanced money to traders. In a few years this company, so patriotically founded, gave up directly fostering the linen factories, and restricted itself to lending money, being chartered in 1747 by that name which still indicates its origin—the British Linen Company Bank.[2]

Linen was now a national industry. "I remember," says Miss Mure of Caldwell, "in the year 1730 or 1731 of a ball, when it was agreed that the company should be dressed in nothing but what was manufactured in the country; my sisters were as well dressed as any, and their gowns were stripped linen at 2s. 6d. a yard, their head-dresses and ruffles were of Paisley muslins[3] at 4s. 6d., with fourpenny edging from Hamilton, all the best that could be had." Linen spinning

[1] Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, 592; Chambers's *Walks in Edinburgh*, p. 217; Bremner's *Industries of Scotland*.

[2] Kerr's *Hist. of Scot. Banking*.

[3] *Caldwell Papers*, ii. 163. "Muslin" was a name often given to fine linen fabric long before muslin from cotton was made in Scotland. "We also do make already a very good muslin of our own produce."—*Letters to an M.P. occasioned by Poverty of the Nation*, Edin., 1700.

and weaving was now carried out in twenty-five counties more or less, and suddenly there sprang up new life in every district; the old rock and reel were being discarded by 1735 for the spinning-wheels in the Lowlands, though in the Highlands the women long retained stoutly their rock or distaff, and it required the utmost tact to induce Cromarty women about 1750 to give up their implements.[1] The whirr of the little wheel and the big wheel, and the "rick-tack" of looms were then heard in little villages where busy handicrafts have long ceased, and in clachans where only a few ruined walls remain to-day to tell of homes once full of thrifty life. In all quarters from the Orkneys to Galloway this industry was carried on. Forfarshire, dull and inert before, where weavers did only "customers' work," became full of activity, and spindles and looms were everywhere busy; Montrose, Arbroath, and Dundee were making and largely exporting hemp and linen fabrics. No longer were the patches of flax sown in fields by farmer and laird enough for all demand, and in great quantities they were brought from the Baltic to supply materials for increasing manufactures.[2]

From 1740 onwards the signs of growing prosperity can be marked in the history of country towns. New trades sprang up, new occupations were formed. Goods which had formerly been imported from England or the Continent then began to be made in Edinburgh and many a country town. Coaches had all been brought from abroad, and fine furniture from England; but upholsterers and coach-builders opened their yards [3] as the gentry increased in income from the larger

[1] "The smaller spinning-wheel fitted for flax created opposition with the Highland woman, and coming into use about 1746, they spoke of it as the bad era when little wheels and red soldiers (wearing no tartan) were introduced into the country."—Mrs. Grant's *Superstitions of the Highlands*, i. 125. Forsyth, merchant in Cromarty, made it a condition with all he employed that at least one wheel should be introduced into every family; he hired spinners to teach it, and in ten years the distaff and spindle disappeared. Still used in some parts of Highlands.—Hugh Miller's *Scotch Merchant of Eighteenth Century*.

[2] The whole quantity of linen made in 1710 is estimated at 1,500,000 yards. In 1728 the stamped linen (for exportation) was 2,183,978 yards at value of £103,312; in 1775 it had risen to 12,139,683 yards, valued at £561,527.—Warden's *Linen Trade*, p. 432.

[3] Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* 599.

rents of their lands. Establishments for production of delf and China-ware were founded in Leith and Glasgow as pewter plates followed their timber predecessors into disuse. Slate quarries[1] were opened and gave occupation to great numbers, as new mansions were built, as the thatch was removed with its vast populations of rats from church and manse, from farmhouse and village street. Granite had not been wrought and little used in Caithness or Aberdeenshire; but after fires destroyed wood-faced houses with roofs of heather and straw in 1741 in Aberdeen, granite was used to build better houses in the city.[2] Other trades sprang up as old customs passed away. As home brewing died out it gave place to public breweries;[3] as pewter stoups made way for green bottles, and pewter and silver mugs for glasses, glass-blowing rose to an active industry; as the homely oatmeal and barley no longer satisfied a more fastidious period, and wheat was cultivated and wheat bread became common, bakers were to be found in every country village; and when, with improved agriculture, it ceased to be necessary to kill the mart in November, and live on salt meat half the year, "fleshers" settled in the smallest town, where before the middle of the century neither baxter nor butcher could have had a customer. Carpets, hitherto seen only in a few large houses, came into general use in more prosperous days, and carpet weaving was begun in Hawick in 1760, and in Kilmarnock took the place of making blue bonnets.

IV

Among the many causes of growing prosperity must not be omitted the help given by the banking companies to commercial enterprise. Long before the establishment of the Bank of Scotland in 1695 banking had been carried on by shop-

[1] Bremner's *Industries of Scotland.*

[2] Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 294.

[3] *Glasgow Past and Present*, ii. 174. Even in 1763 there seems to have been in Inverness only one baker, and not a good one, for the treasurer of the Town Council enters in his book: "By cash paid Simon Fraser for going to Edinburgh to improve, £60 (Scots)." In 1740 the magistrates advertised for a saddler to settle amongst them.—Carruthers' *Highland Note-Book*, p. 44.

keepers and merchants, who combined the occupation of buying and selling cloth, shipping wine and tallow, with that of lending money to customers and negotiating bills. Most of them were settled in Edinburgh, though country shopkeepers also engaged in the business. In flats off the various wynds of High Street they had their warerooms, which were parts also of their dwelling-houses, where they sold goods and lent money at five per cent.[1]

In 1695 the Bank of Scotland was founded, and its issue of paper money, first for £5 and afterwards for £1 (or rather £12 Scots), proved an immeasurable boon to a community which was at its wit's end to find sufficient coins to change for ten shillings. It enjoyed a pleasant monopoly till, in 1727, the Royal Bank began a career of eager rivalry. The "Auld Bank" favoured by the Whigs, and the "New Bank" patronised by the Tories, were full of hostility; they collected each other's notes, presenting bundles of them at each other's counter, demanding that they should be paid on sight, in hopes of producing a stoppage of each other's business. Learning, however, by experience the power of its enemy, the "Auld Bank" adopted a plan which had no little effect upon mercantile interests. In 1730 it issued its notes "payable on demand, or with five per cent interest six months after being presented for payment at the option of the Bank." By this expedient, which its rival in later years itself adopted, it effectively secured itself from awkward surprises and sudden runs on its empty coffers.[2]

Several shopkeeper-merchants still continued their old occupation of lending money and negotiating bills. Most eminent of them was the firm of John Coutts and Company, original of the great banking firm in London, and that of Sir William Forbes in Edinburgh. It was located in a second flat of five rooms in President's Close, which served at once as banking-office, wareroom for wine and cloth, and dwelling-house for successive generations of the Coutts family.[3] Other

[1] Forbes' *Memoirs of a Banking House.*

[2] Kerr's *Hist. of Scot. Banking;* W. Graham's *£1 Note.*

[3] Forbes' *Memoirs*, pp. 9, 14. Cochran, partner of Coutts' Bank and brother-in-law of Coutts, was a man of good family and high social position, a draper in a flat in the Luckenbooths. Mansfield and Cuming, founders of eminent bank-

merchants, drapers, clothiers, corn traders, living in dingy shops up narrow, dirty, turnpike stairs, also engaged in lending money and receiving deposits. At the Cross in the High Street, between two and three in the afternoons, when citizens congregated, these gentlemen met their customers, discussed the commissions in serges, silks, and claret, and on adjourning to the taverns, which served as business places, instead of their little, overcrowded rooms, they arranged terms of a loan over a pint of claret or a gill of brandy.

It was, however, the paper issue of the two rival banks that rendered most obvious service. Coin was rare, and notes now became a medium of business, thereby making trade on a large scale possible when gold was never seen and silver difficult to be got; and people in time wondered how they had lived when they had no paper money to use,[1]—for the specie left the country to pay for the imports, which far exceeded the goods exported.

We have noted how, from about the year 1740, the industrial and commercial prosperity of the country was beginning to develop rapidly, and natural lethargy passed to wide-spread activity; but prosperity was hampered by want of coin and currency.[2] Even after 1750 gold was practically unattainable, silver was hard to get, and the supply of copper money was uncomfortably scanty. Tradesmen had difficulty in getting coins wherewith to pay their wages, and shopkeepers to get change of 10s. for their customers. In northern counties lairds in their dearth of money paid their tradesmen

ing firms, began trade, the one as a draper the other as a clothier, in shops up in flats which they turned to counting-houses when they gave up selling stuffs for dealing with bills of exchange.

[1] An entry in Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii. 461, referring to 1727, previous to the opening of the Royal Bank, shows how dependent the community was on paper currency: "The Neu Bank is not to be opened for some time, and some say are not to give out money for twelve moneths. The Old Bank are very cautious, and lends out no money nou, which has raised a terrible scarcity of money and is a great hindrance to bussines. Thus from reall want of money and the clashing interests of our two banks there never was such a complaint as nou for scarsity of money."

[2] Forbes of Culloden complains of the scarcity of coin, which he ascribes to the "exportation of bullion for tea, coffee, and foreign spirits." "Paper money is the only coin one sees, and even it is far from being in tolerable plenty."—*Culloden Papers*, i. 188.

in kind, and settled yearly accounts with a few bolls of barley, or a few stones of flax and wool.[1] To meet this emergency small banking companies issued notes for 5s. and 2s. 6d., which went rapidly into circulation. Tradesmen and shopkeepers followed their example, and with reckless prodigality issued paper for sums varying from 5s. sterling to 1s. Scots. Even coffee-houses issued paper money, payable at option, six months after presentation, for food and drink. Most elaborate notes came from the mason-barrowmen of Edinburgh, promising to pay the bearer 1s. Scots (1d. sterling) on demand, or six months after being presented, with due legal interest.[2] In Perth, in 1764, no fewer than six banking establishments had their issues of "optional" notes for 2s. 6d.—and these, too, respectable solid businesses, which were finally merged into the Union Bank of Scotland. Little weaving towns, hardly superior to villages, such as Auchtermuchty, had companies issuing notes for tiny sums to be given as equivalents for goods and wages, and agents attended the country fairs and disposed of their bits of paper, which were accepted with guileless confidence.[3] All this resulted in making coin scarcer still. Meetings were held by gentlemen in 1760, when they lamented the deficiency of bullion, declaring that to change a five shilling piece was a matter of grave difficulty; but they did not decide whether metal disappeared because of over-issue of paper, or whether the issue of paper money was due to under-supply of metal.[4] In 1765 Parliament prohibited the issue of notes with an optional clause, or any notes for sums of

[1] H. Miller's *Scotch Merchant of Eighteenth Century*, 1839.

[2] Kerr's *Hist. of Scot. Banking;* Graham's *£1 Note*, p. 61. In Glasgow there were even notes, issued with all the formality and form of a great bank, for 3d. sterling, to be paid by "9 ballads, 6 days after demand"; and other notes for one penny, with proportionate quantity of songs, which were used, adopted "by ballad singers and beggars in the streets."—*Scots Antiquary*, ii. 72.

[3] In Yorkshire also there were paper currencies for sums so low as sixpence, the payment of which sometimes depended on the condition that the holder of the note brought the change for a guinea to the person that issued it.—Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, bk. ii. chap. ii.

[4] Hume's *Essays*, i. 319, Edin. 1793. To use of paper currency David Hume attributes the disappearance of precious metal from Scotland, estimating in 1752 the specie in the country as at a half of what existed at the time of the Union (which he places, erroneously, as high as a million). "About a third," says Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

less value than £1, and thereafter sheaves of paper that had fallen, thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa, on the country passed into oblivion.

Not till banks or branches were established in various country towns was the full benefit of banks felt by the people. Till that happened the farmer kept his money in his house till term time came, to pay his rent, and a weaver would give his savings to some shopkeeper who gave him interest, but very bad security. Yet any attempt to set up a company in any other town caused the great banks to unite to crush it, and the rivals in Edinburgh combined in fraternal zeal to destroy every other intruder on their business in a provincial town. By efforts which had been successful in Aberdeen, they sought to destroy the Glasgow Arms Bank, which merchants had formed. Here, however, they signally failed,[1] and, as it is the only humorous incident of this Scottish finance, it may be recorded here. An utterly respectable, deeply religious, but rather dull gentleman, Mr. Trotter—who had been a partner in Coutts,—was sent in 1756 to act as the agent for the Edinburgh banks on this inglorious project. He collected industriously large quantities of the notes of the "Glasgow Arms" Bank, and then he presented them with a sardonic air of triumph, and demanded that they should at once be cashed. By the end of thirty-four days he had only got £2893, and yet the bank did not stop payment.[2] Day by day the melancholy and irritated figure appeared with his bag and offered his paper, which was received in a manner which his own narrative best tells, with characteristic lack of appreciation of the humour of the situation:—"When these notes were presented at the office for payment, a bag of sixpences was with great deliberation produced and laid on the table. The teller then proceeded with ridiculous slowness to open up the bag to count the money. He would first tell over a pound sterling in single sixpences ranked upon the table, and affecting to be uncertain about the reckoning, he would gather the small money and count it over again from one hand to another, sometimes letting fall a sixpence for a pretence to

[1] Kerr's *Hist. of Scot. Banking.*
[2] Forbes' *Memoirs of Banking House.*

begin anew and count it over again. On another occasion he would take time by ridiculous discourses upon the odd design and shape of particular sixpences ; sound another on the table to try if it was sufficient coin ; and sometimes he would quit his occupation on pretence of some sudden errand or call out of the room. Very often they employed one Coghill, by his ordinary occupation a porter, to act as teller, and he lost time and blundered with great alacrity, being instructed to do the same." In vain Mr. Trotter appeared with a notary and witnesses to confound the officials : the usual dilatory proceedings were repeated. The moment five o'clock struck, they were extruded, and he protests some claimants were threatened, called "scoundrels," and even beaten. After tedious delay the agent retreated, weary and defeated, and although the bank had to pay compensation to the baffled man, from that time private banks were left unmolested, while they learned the wholesome lesson to have more specie in their tills to meet demands.

By this time in Edinburgh the old clothiers and merchants who had started banking gave up selling wares, and formed rich and prosperous companies ; in country towns, about 1760 branches were set up for the great encouragement of agriculture; landlords got money to improve their land ; farmers got places to deposit their savings ; shopkeepers got paper money when coin was rare. One unlucky venture was made by gentlemen to increase their incomes, when expensive living was the fashion of the day. A hundred and forty nobles, gentry, lawyers, and merchants formed a banking company in Ayr, known as Douglas, Heron, and Co., which began business with a limited capital of £95,000, and unlimited confidence in itself. Money or notes were freely given to all who appeared with bills in their hands. No struggling tradesman was rebuffed, no embarrassed tenant was refused credit, and customers were amazed at the bankers' affability and amused at their own success.[1] Everything seemed prosperous with the Ayr Company, its proprietors being under the pleasing delusion of Mr. Micawber that every promissory note given was a payment made.

One day in 1772, however, a horseman came from London, with the news that Mr. Alexander Fordyce had dis-

[1] *Memoirs of Banking House ;* Kerr's *Hist. of Scot. Banking.*

appeared, and by the speculations and frauds of this most plausible gentleman—who had married Lady Margaret Lindsay, sister of the author of "Auld Robin Gray"—his firm of Ruffy, Neale, and Company was bankrupt. Transactions with Scotland having been great, all except two private banks in Edinburgh failed—and hundreds of gentlemen and merchants were involved in ruin. The Ayr Bank, with vast liabilities, also fell insolvent. The effects of the calamity of that 12th of June—known as "Black Monday"—were disastrous to men of all ranks; landowners involved in the Ayr Bank were impoverished—their old ancestral acres passed to new men; shareholders were paying up calls during the remainder of their lives; and some families did not get their accounts closed for sixty years after that fatal Monday.[1]

V

While textile arts and useful industries were advancing with the times, some other employments which were also affected by social habits were undergoing changes. Till 1750 the popular beverage was ale, or "twopenny," from its costing twopence a Scotch pint—equal to two English quarts. It had been made in every farm, manse, and mansion, drunk in the dining-room and in the change-house. In 1725 Parliament, however, enforced an impost, which had been thitherto evaded, of 6d. on every bushel of malt. At this tyrannical interference with their favourite drink the people arose in wild indignation. The Jacobites adroitly raised the cry, "No Union, no malt tax, no salt tax!" There were fierce riots in Glasgow, which cost the city dear for sacking the mansion of their member of Parliament, Campbell of Shawfield, who had voted for the tax. Edinburgh brewers refused to brew so long as the hateful impost lasted, thus promising to deprive all citizens of their drink and bakers of the yeast to make the daily bread, and only sulkily complied when the Court of Session threatened them with imprisonment.[2]

Although the tax was made only 3d. a bushel of malt, the

[1] *Memoirs of Banking House*, p. 42.

[2] Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh;* Omond's *Lives of Lord Advocates*, i. 335.

rapid decrease in producing ale and home-brewing is attributed to this impost; and certainly from that year the brewing of "twopenny" steadily declined, effectively to make way for the more potent drink of whisky, which was then almost unknown.

As the demand for ale decreased, what drink was taking its place in a much-imbibing age? It was chiefly smuggled spirits. From Holland, and France, and Spain luggers brought their contraband cargoes of wine, tea, cambric, and brandy. No crime was so respectable as "fair trading"; none was so widely spread. Along the quiet bays of the Solway, into caves under the rocky cliffs of Forfarshire, to remote lochs of Ross-shire, and even to the open shores of Fife, boats came with fine impunity and perfect confidence. Bakers, shoemakers and farmers, schoolmasters and fishermen, and lairds, were interested in a traffic in which they all had shares and reaped rich profits. Gentlemen holding high position in the country and offices of justices of the peace joined the smugglers in their ventures of running in the cargoes, while excisemen were hopelessly baffled.[1]

The signal of a white sheet or shirt out to dry on thatched roofs or corn-stacks was the reassuring sign by day, and bonfires on cliffs were timely warnings at night. So soon as news arrived of a lugger in the offing, all in silent confederacy—men, women, and children—prepared to help in the unloading. The kirk was poorly attended on the Fast day if confidential tidings arrived.[2] In records of Kirk-Sessions occur frequent penalties on offenders who on a Fast day, ere twelve o'clock had struck, yoked their horses to convey the goods run in; but the discipline was not so much because they had broken the law, as because they had broken the Fast. The General Assembly might issue stern comminations on the demoralising traffic, which were read from the pulpits: not merely by magistrates

[1] The fury excited in the famous Porteous Mob of 1738 originated in sympathy with Wilson the smuggler, who was hanged for plundering the custom-house at Pittenweem in retaliation on the excisemen. For the interest and share taken by county magnates and magistrates in contraband trade, see Dunbar's *Social Life in Morayshire*.

[2] Pratt's *Buchan*, p. 27; Wood's *East Neuk of Fife*, p. 320, *et seq.*; *Stat. Acct. of Scot.*; Agnew's *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*.

was it winked at, but sometimes by ministers too. When the communion was at hand, and the minister had his elders and brethren to entertain, a mysterious anker of brandy might arrive at the manse, of which the clerical party drank gratefully, asking no questions—for conscience' sake. It even happened that in the far North smuggled goods were deposited occasionally in a kirk for safety, but with whose cognisance is not certain.[1] It is significant of the public feeling that the eminently respectable firm of Coutts and Co. of Edinburgh, bankers and traders, had one member of the house a partner in a firm at Rotterdam,[2] whose chief business consisted in furnishing goods for the smugglers who ran their cargoes on the north and east coasts of Scotland; and it was only after big profits had been made that Coutts was withdrawn from a line of business which ruffled the growing conscience of a most prosperous and honourable company. In the south counties were corporations of these smugglers who, as cover, took farms, and farmed them admirably, to the great benefit of agriculture. In Dundonald parish church was the gallery known as the "smugglers' loft," where these traders sat on Sunday, with their wives gay in silks, highly respected by all the worshippers.[3]

In all transactions the "free trader" was a hero; to "jink the gauger" was an honourable exploit. If custom officers tried to search they found the country people in hundreds ready to oppose them, and before they could carry off a captured cargo a detachment of soldiers was required to support them.[4]

Smuggling was carried on more largely in Scotland than in England, for the Scots fair-traders were satisfied with far smaller profits, and it was executed with more security, as the

[1] "It is a shame that the clergy in the Shetland and Orkney Isles should so often wink at their churches being made depositories of smuggled goods, chiefly foreign spirits."—Hall's *Travels in Scot.* 1807, ii. 517.

[2] Forbes' *Memoirs of a Banking House.*

[3] Rogers' *Social Life in Scotland.* Illicit distillers were as much respected as smugglers, and equally unconscious of any heinousness. "I alloo nae sweerin' in the still, everything's dune decently and in order. I canna see ony harm in't," replied an estimable transgressor of the law in answer to his minister's remonstrances.—Story's *Life of Story of Roseneath*, p. 49.

[4] *Considerations on Present State of Scotland*, 1743 [by Forbes of Culloden].

people helped and encouraged them in resisting customs that were imposed by the English. A vast deal of harm was done by this illicit trade to the inhabitants of the sea-coast—it encouraged a spirit of gambling in their life, it demoralised their tone, it discouraged all active, steady pursuit among those who might have lived by honest fishing in the sea or working on the land.[1] But still the trade went on. In vain the Church[2] denounced it; and also in vain town councils and country gentlemen in several districts of ill repute bound themselves in meetings assembled to discourage with all their strength the equally hurtful "prevalence of smuggling and tea drinking," for not a third of the tea imported had ever passed a custom-house.[3] It was not till 1806 that enactments against smuggling foreign spirits and the lowering of the duty began to crush a demoralising trade, which had in many places spoiled the industrial life of small towns, like those on the Solway, which were reduced to hopeless inactivity.

During this time whisky was becoming a well-known and common drink, and distilling became a prosperous business. Little used in the Lowlands till 1750, it had long been much in vogue in the Highlands, where it was made in stills in the glens and drunk by persons of all classes.[4] Best known of all was the "Ferintosh" of Forbes of Culloden, which paid no duty, was sold cheap, and was so much drunk that "Ferintosh" became a synonym for whisky.[5] In 1708 there were 50,800 gallons known to have been produced, but fifty

[1] On the Solway at the close of the century there was no trade, no industry, in the decaying towns and villages. "How in the name of wonder do you get subsistence?" asked the traveller in 1780. "We smuggle a little," was the reply.—Knox's *British Empire*, ii. 538.

[2] General Assembly issued solemn exhortations against running goods in 1719, 1736, and 1744.—Morren's *Annals of Assembly*; *Culloden Papers*, i. 90.

[3] *Ante*, i. 11; Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, iv. 49.

[4] Burt's *Letters*, i. 158. Consumption of ale diminished as whisky came into fashion: 1708, 51,000 gallons of whisky distilled; in 1787, 300,000 gallons crossed the Border alone without paying excise. In 1708, 288,000 barrels of twopenny brewed; in 1784, 9700 barrels brewed.—Cramond's *Drinks of Scotland*.

[5] Whisky in 1700 was 10d. a quart, in 1790 it was 1s. 8d. and bad.—Cramond's *Drinks of Scotland*. In 1695, Scots Parliament, in requital for damages suffered by Forbes of Culloden's estates from king's enemies, granted privilege of distilling grain on Ferintosh land free of duty. Privilege withdrawn in 1784 with compensation of £21,580.—Chambers' *Life and Works of*

years later the amount had increased to 433,800 gallons, which paid duty—what was the quantity that the exciseman never saw it is impossible to guess, for there were stills in every far-off strath where the gauger dared not venture and the king's writ did not run. In many a wild district whisky was made with impunity—lairds, bailies, justices of the peace being the best patrons of spirits, far pleasanter and milder than honest liquor. Illicit stills increased apace,—in Glenlivet alone there were no fewer than 200 at work,—the kegs and bladders passing freely on the backs of ponies to remote lochs where the vessel was waiting for its freight. Year by year the use of whisky grew—in Edinburgh alone, in 1778, 400 unlicensed stills were busy, while only eight distilleries were licensed, and there were no fewer than 2000 houses, licensed and unlicensed, for retailing spirits to a town of 75,000 inhabitants. Drink of every kind evidently was secure of copious customers, for the number of ale-houses was enormous—in country villages in the proportion of one to every seventy of the population.[1]

VI

Let us turn now to another type of industrial society—to workers in the collieries and mines, with whom existed peculiar modes of life and labour. The production of coal was carried on in few parts of the country up to 1750, for the demand was limited owing to the use of peat in most

Burns, i. 202. It was the deprivation of whisky free of duty which called forth Burns's lament—

> Thee Ferintosh! oh, sadly lost,
> Scotland laments frae coast to coast!
> Now colic grips and barkin' hoast
> May kill us a',
> For loyal Forbes's chartered boast
> Is taen awa'!
>
> *Scotch Drink.*

[1] Arnot's *Hist. of Edin.* p. 335. As only 159 houses were licensed to retail foreign spirits, Arnot concludes that no fewer than 1852 houses provided liquor—chiefly whisky—for the lower classes. With a population of 3000 at end of century, St. Andrews had 42 ale-houses.—*Scotland described*, p. 28. Stirling had pop. of 5000, and 70 licensed houses.—*Stat. Acct.* i. 8. Dunbar, with pop. of 3800 in parish, had 46 ale-houses in the town.—*Stat. Acct.* Dunblane, with 2750 of pop. in parish, had 41 houses where ale and spirit retailed in the village, and other 11 throughout parish.—*Stat. Acct.* vii. 350.

country districts,—to the miserable condition of the roads, along which it was borne on backs of ponies, that carried two hundredweight at a time,—to the lack of industries, and imposition of the heavy taxes, which made it impossible to buy it in many parts of the country. The pits were few, the apparatus was of the clumsiest and crudest sort, and the means of raising water from the pits was of the most futile kind, being the old windmills, which were worthless when the air was calm. Not till 1750 were the "black stones" brought to the Cromarty Firth from Newcastle, the people being obliged to use dried dung when peat was exhausted.[1]

Hateful as coal labour everywhere was in those days, specially hateful was life to all engaged in Scotch coal-pits—colliers, coal hewers, and bearers. They lived in serfdom, compelled by law to labour their whole life without hope of freedom.[2] This was the condition also of all who worked in salt pans and of many in mines. If the land was sold they passed with the pit to the purchaser as part of his property. If the son or daughter of a collier or coal hewer once went to work he or she was "thirled" to it for life. If a workman ran away or gave his services to another coalmaster, he was accounted by an ingenious twist of the law a thief, and punished for having stolen himself, who was his master's property.[3] With such a miserable prospect before them, it seems marvellous that any salter or coal hewer should ever have permitted his children to enter such a service and endure such a thraldom. But servitude made them an hereditary caste aloof from the rest of the community; their narrow and

[1] Miller's *Scotch Merchant of Eighteenth Cent.* Till 1793 there was duty of 3s. 6d. a ton (when the price of coal shipped on the Forth was 4s. 10d. a ton) on all coals carried east ways beyond mouth of the Forth.—Bald's *View of the Coal Trade of Scot.*, 1808, p. 26; Macpherson's *Annals*, iv. 280.

[2] Enslaving colliers and salters as "necessary servants" traced to Act of Parliament 1606.—Erskine's *Institutes of Law of Scots.*

[3] "Some servants are reckoned and punished as thieves for stealing themselves and their services from their masters, as coal hewers, coal bearers, and salt makers, receiving wages and fees, who leave their master without a testimonial from him."—Forbes' *Institutes of Law of Scot.* 1730, p. 149. It was regarded as "false and wrongous arrest and imprisonment to put any person in custody in order to trial *except* coal hewers, salters, vagabonds, masterful beggars, disobedient to Church censures."—*Ibid.* p. 181.

isolated life dulled all ambition, killed all energy; and inured to this lot, like their fathers, they regarded it as inevitable for their children. There existed the strange practice of binding their infants over to the master at the time of baptism, in presence of the minister and neighbours as witnesses; and when a thriftless collier was in sore need of money to defray christening festivities, he often sold the freedom of his son to the employer, who gave arles or earnest money to the father, promising to provide his baby serf thereafter with a garden and house, and protection in sickness and age. From that hour the "arled" child was recognised as bound for life to the pit.

The compensation in this lot of slavery was that the master was obliged to keep his serfs all their days, in sickness and old age, and to supply a coffin for their burial. Their wages were not mean—being 1s. 1d. a day in early years of the century, and by 1763, according to Adam Smith, 2s. 6d. a day, when day labourers had from 8d. to 10d., and the earnings of free colliers at Newcastle were only 10d. or 1s. a day. But high wages could not make up for the stigma and burden of perpetual servitude.[1]

This extraordinary state of bondage, sanctioned by Scots law since 1606, there was no attempt to abolish till 1775,[2] when an Act was passed to emancipate all who after that date "shall begin to work as colliers and salters"; and all those already working who were under twenty-one years of age were to be set free in seven years, and those between twenty-one and thirty were to be liberated in ten years. This measure, however, brought help to few—the men were deep in debt to their masters, they were too dull-witted to institute puzzling proceedings before the sheriff, and very many continued in slavery all their days, unless they survived till 1799, when a

[1] Among the rules at Shotts in 1713 are weekly allowances to the collier of one or two pecks of meal when sick, at his marriage the payment of £5 : 16s. Scots, ten quarters of iron and deals, or a tree to make a bed; and at his death deals sufficient to make a coffin.—MS. of 1712 quoted in Grossart's *Hist. of Shotts*, p. 240; *Lectures* delivered in 1763 by Adam Smith, p. 100. In Fifeshire a collier could earn 18s. to 20s. a week.—*Stat. Acct. Scot.* iv. 371; Bald, p. 16.

[2] Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 76; Bremner's *Industries of Scot.*

statute of tardy humanity gave unconditional freedom to all. But, though the monstrous law was abolished, it was long before there passed away the baneful effects of the old life in a race of men and women having visages of savage type, with natures mentally stunted, morally degraded, and physically brutalised through long generations[1] of miserable servitude and existence in hovels of dirt and wretchedness, as vile as the pits in which they toiled.

When emancipation came the difficulty arose to get enough hands to work those coal-pits on which there was more and more demand, as towns developed, as iron-foundries were established, as steam machinery was set up in every factory. The old hands eagerly sought escape from their hated life to other labours, though the wages they got elsewhere were half of what they had earned of old; skilled hands were few and new hands were reluctant to take their uncoveted places.

VII

As the century drew near its close new influences were affecting Scots society, new industries were engrossing the people, new inventions were giving impetus to its trade. The trade of iron-founding got an impetus in 1760, when the Carron Iron Works, near Falkirk (to be famed for their pieces of ordnance, the "Carronades"), were set up, and employed a thousand hands. The Forth and Clyde Canal, in 1778, opened up internal traffic between east and west of the country. The invention of the steam engine by Watt was revolutionising all machinery, the spinning frame of Arkwright was bringing a new era of production, and Scotland felt everywhere the change. Calico print-fields had begun in 1742, and in 1772 calico manufactures were begun in Lanarkshire; muslin made in England for the first time in 1781 was next year made by

[1] Hugh Miller describes the collier women of Niddry, survivors of old days of servitude, as "marked by a peculiar type of mouth, from which I learned to distinguish them from all other females of the country. It was wide open, thick lipped, projecting equal above and below, and exactly resembled that which we find in prints of savages in their lowest and most brutalised state, in such narratives of our modern voyagers as, for instance, the narrative of Capt. Fitzroy's *Second Voyage of the Beagle*."

Monteith in Glasgow, and in triumph at his achievement he made a dress of this web to be presented to the Queen. In a year 1000 looms were at work in Glasgow with the cotton.[1] In combination with Sir Richard Arkwright, whose patent was used, David Dale set up great mills at Lanark in 1778 and soon the whole West Country was busy making thread, weaving cotton. In 1786, this manufacture ousted in Paisley the linen that had made the fortunes of a population risen from 2000 to 24,000, and even silk gauze, employing 5000 looms and 1000 weavers, became almost extinct in thirty years.

Formerly cotton gowns were not purchasable by women in humble circumstances, and only a cheap stuff consisting of cotton mixed with linen could be bought by them. The expiry of Arkwright's patent in 1786 set cotton manufacture free to develop. "Now," says Macpherson, writing in that year, "cotton is cheaper than linen yarn, and cotton goods are very much used in place of cambric. Women of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, are clothed in British manufactures of cotton from the muslin cap on the crown of the head to cotton stockings under the sole of the feet. With gentlemen cotton stuffs for waistcoats have almost superseded woollen cloth and silk stuff."[2]

The new occupation gave work to still larger masses of the population. Starving droves of Highlanders came south from impoverished crofts, and, not too heartily, worked in the factories; ploughmen left the fields for the mills, and farmers were forced to raise their wages to keep workers in their service. Hundreds of poor children were brought from Edinburgh to the mills of Lanark, where good David Dale took care of the training of their souls, but kept their bodies at toil from six in the morning till six at night with only one hour's interval for rest and food. There were 180,000 men

[1] Cleland's *Rise and Progress of Glasgow*. When Bailie Jarvie in *Rob Roy* describes to Osbaldistone the riches of Scottish industry, especially in Glasgow, he only paraphrases the description Scott found in *Tour through Great Britain*, 1747 (iv. p. 124); but when he quits his authority the Bailie makes a blunder in adding, "we are making a fair spell in cotton and muslins,"—forty years before they were manufactured in Scotland.

[2] Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, iv. 31.

women, and children in the West engaged in the operations connected with the working of cotton in 1796; while thousands of others, more or less directly, gained a livelihood from it. No longer was there any cry of poverty, any complaint of lack of work; poor people were attaining comfort, and many getting wealth; weavers who began life without a penny ended it with a fortune, and, born in a hovel, died in a mansion. Cotton bleach-fields, and turkey-red dyeing—set up in Glasgow by Mackintosh in 1785 [1] through the skill of a dyer from Rouen—were adding to the industrial wealth of a city growing as rich by its exports as by its imports of tobacco, sugar, and cotton.

As the century drew to its close linen-making was abandoned for other industries in many districts; the neglected fisheries, eased of the salt duties, had been fostered, and fishermen were now eager after herring and cod, and women abandoned the spinning of flax for the curing of fish; [2] in many a Lowland village, as well as in the Orkneys, where they had long been a means of livelihood, spinning and weaving became almost forgotten arts.[3] Some industries lagged behind, while others were hastening on. Till after the middle of the century native iron had been little worked, blacksmiths being often supplied from Sweden, and in 1788 only 1500 tons were produced, little forecasting the gigantic future of that industry.[4] As yet there were no signs of the great tweed and cloth industries in Hawick, a little village busy with its hosiery; or in Galashiels, with its population of 600 chiefly engaged in making blankets at thirty looms,—a village so remote from the world that letters for it were left at a place seven miles away.[5]

[1] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, vii. 387; xxi. 155; xx. 87; *Glasgow Past and Present* i. 95; Struthers' *Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 627.

[2] Cleland's *Rise and Progress of Glasgow;* Macgeorge's *Old Glasgow.*

[3] Loch's *Essays;* Macpherson's *Annals*, iii. 595; Miller's *Scotch Merchant of the Eighteenth Century.*

[4] By 1796 there were seventeen furnaces in full blast in Lanarkshire, Ayr, and Fife, with an output of 18,600 tons.—Bremner's *Industries*, p. 130.

[5] *Stat. Acct. Scot.*, ii. 306. (This, Dr. Douglas, the minister and promoter of its trade, calls "manufacturing to a great extent.")—Wilson's *Hist. of Hawick.*

VIII

On comparing Scotland at the beginning of the century with what it was at the close, the contrast is startling,—a change from social stagnation to general energy, from abject poverty to wide-spread wealth. Villages had grown to towns, mean towns had developed to centres of industry, ports from which a few small vessels set sail with meagre cargoes of coarse home produce sent forth fleets of heavy burthen conveying merchandise to every shore.[1] One may realise the transformation by learning that by the end of the century the revenue had increased by fifty-one times since its beginning, while the population had only increased from about 1,100,000 to 1,600,000.[2]

Amid all these vast changes the social life was being strikingly affected. Quiet little country towns [3] were changing as the heather thatches which had covered cottage, shop, and manse, gave way to slate; as mean hovels became respectable abodes; as the earth-floored, dark, dirty apartments of "general dealers" in goods from tallow candles to cotton gowns—where everything was kept and nothing could be found—gave way to shops where each man sold his special wares. To many a retired village came workers from far-off counties, speaking with curious accents, at whom the natives wondered, to work at new cotton or flax mills, and soon simple out-of-the-world ways vanished. People, increasing in comfort and busy with industry, acquired a new independence of manner and thought, to which dissent was giving vigour; they no longer read their

[1] Shipping of Scotland employed in the foreign trade in 1700 consisted of 93 vessels with tonnage of 6000; in 1792, 718 vessels with tonnage of 84,000. —Chalmers' *Domestic Economy of Great Britain*, p. 390.

[2] In 1707 Excise revenue = £30,000, in 1797 = £1,293,084, in 1808 = £1,793,430.—Bruce's *Report*, p. 395. Shipping had grown in 1800 to 2015, with tonnage of 161,500, and employing 13,820 sailors.—Macculloch's *British Empire*, ii. 68. The population of Scotland estimated at 1,255,663 in 1755, at 1,514,999 in 1791, at 1,618,303 in 1801—which shows very rapid increase with growing industry.—Chalmers' *Domestic Economy of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1812, p. 387.

[3] Of the changes in country towns and rural districts, as well as in social life, nowhere can be found such vivid and accurate pictures as in Galt's *Annals of a Parish*, *The Provost*, and *The Entail*.

Boston and chapbooks, but newspapers and vehement pamphlets The old-fashioned, both Whig and Tory, feared the strange tone of off-hand freedom, and listened perplexedly to muttered political disquiet. There was dismay at dangerous opinions of French republicans passing among the working classes, and at the free-thinking of Tom Paine with his doctrine of the "Rights of Man," filling workrooms with cheap sedition, which fell from the fluent lips of confident shoemakers and weavers at their clubs. In the panic alarm every effort was made to stem the rising tide of democracy and infidelity. The clergy discountenanced Sunday schools—which the Haldanes and their followers were erecting to instil in infant minds more Gospel teaching than Moderate ministers could give—lest these too might become nurseries of sedition.[1] The Government prosecuted, and violent Tory judges sentenced remorselessly to transportation, honest enthusiasts for political reform, like Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Gerald. But as the century passed away so did the rampant revolutionary talk. The ostentatious Jacobinism of weavers, proclaimed by every Demosthenes of the loom, became quieter as French orgies damned their cause; and steadier thoughts came back to the people.

Still did the country bear patiently its political servitude under the dictatorship of Henry Dundas, with no voice in its own Government.[2] Two thousand six hundred freeholders monopolised the political representation of thirty-three counties. Forty or sixty men, who were wheedled for their vote and rewarded with a hilarious banquet, chose their member for Parliament, while town councils appointed delegates who elected the fifteen members for burghs, having probably been bribed by promise of custom for their trade and desirable

[1] Cunningham's *Church History*, ii. 574; Kay's *Original Portraits*, ii. 357. The General Assembly in 1799 issued an angry pastoral condemning those "vagrant teachers" who set up Sunday schools without consent of the ministers and heritors, "committing the religious instruction of youth to ignorant persons notoriously disaffected to the civil constitution of the country," etc.

[2] *Arniston Memoirs;* Adams' *Political State of Scotland in* 1782. On an average there were eighty voters in each county; the numbers varying from 205 in Ayrshire and 93 in Midlothian to 43 in Linlithgowshire and 23 in Caithness.

posts for their sons.[1] In each burgh the municipal government was in the hands of bailies who met in secret conclaves, and not seldom disposed of public grounds for private ends, and they elected fellow-magistrates according to what was known as the "Beautiful order," which meant on condition that their nominees should obsequiously abide by the will of the majority; the same persons often kept office for twenty or thirty years, and handed down their offices to their sons, and gave the best jobs and the pick of the perquisites to their friends. Under such political and civic thraldom the people abided; but the growth of population and increased industrial energy at the end of the century tended inevitably to the abolition of old ways to meet the claims of a new and bolder age.

[1] *Arniston Memoirs*, p. 225; Cockburn's *Memorials*, chap. ii.; Galt's *Provost*.

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THE END

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BY HENRY GREY GRAHAM

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