

MEMOIRS, ETC.

I WAS born at a village called Gallashiel Rigg, in the County of Northumberland, on the 11th of February, 1784. My father had a small farm, under Sir Edward Blacket, which he held for many years, as all our family were born there, and I was the youngest of six. My father died when I was eight years of age, and my mother kept the farm on till 1800, continuing to make a respectable living for her family, assisted by my two older brothers, John and Thomas. During that period, I went to school, at a place called Steel Rigg, (occasionally working on the farm,) where I obtained the rudiments of a fair Education. After labouring a few years at farm work, I got a situation as groom, to a gentleman in Newcastle Tyne, whom I lived with for about four years; but having lost my health, I was obliged to return home to my mother for about 12 months, when my health was restored. (My mother having lost her farm,) I repaired to Carlisle, to get a situation, and I fortunately met with one, under Messrs. Wilson and Fairbairn, who were then the principal coach proprietors in Carlisle, as driver of a stage coach, *between Carlisle, Pangholme, and Penrith, which situa-*

tion I held for twelve months. Leaving that, I went as coachman to Mr. Warwick, of Warwick Hall, where I lived eighteen months. After leaving Mr. W. I went as groom to General James Cambell, who was commander of the northern district, and lived with him in Carlisle six months. Not liking my present place, I engaged with Mr. James Graham, of Barrock Lodge, near to which place, is a famous training ground for horses, and where the old Duke of Norfolk trained all his celebrated racers, and where old Rachelor the horse, that won the first King's Hundred at Carlisle was trained, and whose portrait may still be seen as a sign-board at the inn, a causeway house, about a mile from the course; there are still annual races held there; it is now the property of William James, Esq. M. P., for the County of Cumberland, I lived there eighteen months. I then got employment with my former master, Wilson, and went to keep some coach-horses for him at Springfield, a village about half a mile distant from the far-famed Gretna Green; when, in 1810, I became acquainted with the celebrated Gretna Green Parson, Joseph Paisley, the reputed blacksmith, but who only acquired that name from his quickness in uniting eloping parties, for the common saying there was, "strike the iron when it is hot, Joseph." This veteran, who had solemnized so many run-away and other marriages, was in early life a farmer, and occasionally a fisherman, as the Solway Frith is close by, which abounds with salmon, herring, flounders, &c., which latter employment he was very expert at, as fishing in those days was all *by hand nets*, and he being a stout robust man, had *the advantage* over most of others, as they had to wade

breast deep, and hold the net in the hands. He was an upright, well-disposed man, beloved by all his neighbours, and esteemed by all who had his acquaintance; he had held the office of Gretna Green Parson, for sixty years, having commenced about the year 1753. About this time, the old man's grand-daughter, Ann Graham, was the belle of the little villages of Gretna and Springfield, and it was generally understood, that the old man would appoint as the successor to his office, as marriage minister, the lad who might win the hand of the lassie, an enterprise in which I was luckily successful, and am happy to say so, never having had occasion to regret it.

During the year 1810, I lived at the inn where Mr. Paisley performed the marriage ceremony, and consequently saw the greater part of those he performed during that period, and felt much interested in them, which, perhaps, was noticed by the old gentleman, with whom I soon grew intimate, and who, (having no son,) would frequently say to me in a joke, "Elliot, if you marry my grand-daughter, you shall, if you like it, succeed me. Shortly before my marriage, Joseph Paisley resigned in my favour the office, which he said had been in his family for upwards of a century. The old gentleman died shortly after my marriage, in January, 1811, aged 84, although 82 is marked on his tombstone in Gretna Churchyard. After which, I became the sole and only parson of Gretna Green, and have continued so for the last twenty nine years, during which period, I have married more than 3000 couples of all ranks and grades. On my first attainment to my new office, I of course, felt curious concerning the most remarkable events which had taken place during the

lengthened period in which my predecessor, the so called blacksmith, had officiated. Often over a mixed glass of mountain dew, or good smuggled cognac, would our village patriarch relate to our little domestic circle, and those of our neighbours who could sufficiently smuggle themselves into the good graces of the old man, to procure a seat by our fire-side, the most remarkable events he remembered as having occurred in his early life, and which, as is usually the case, had formed the deepest impression on his mind. To give a detailed description of all his tales of by-gone times, would form a book in itself; all I will now endeavour to do is, to mention, as well as I can, two or three of those which appeared to create the greatest interest in our little domestic circle, and which still remain impressed on my memory.

The following tragic circumstance occurred soon after Paisley commenced his ministry, and made a deep impression on him; indeed, he never related it without emotion.

A young English lady, daughter of a wealthy old baronet, of one of the Midland counties, had fixed her affections on the son of a neighbouring gentleman, of considerable landed property, who had paid his addresses to her for some time, they having been, as it were, brought up together, and both their families appeared to approve of their courtship. But, "the course of true love never did run smooth," and they were doomed to experience the truth of this old saying; for *about the time* they began to think of finishing their *courtship* by marriage, it became suddenly public, that

the old Squire, the young gentleman's father, was in very embarrassed circumstances, owing to his fondness for betting on horse-races, then much in fashion, and gambling, vices which he had long indulged in, almost in secret, and to a ruinous extent, little dreamed of by the world, more especially his own neighbourhood. His son, I believe, consented to the sale of the largest portion of the family estate, to rescue his father from his difficulties, and both became poor gentlemen, characters which the world did not fail quickly to discover, and appreciate accordingly. The youth was the first victim, being immediately forbid visiting the house of his fair lady, by the old Baronet, who, in the good old-fashion of fathers in those days, soon gave her to understand that she must think no more of her first lover, but prepare to receive one of his choosing, and whom he had already invited to commence his courtship. This was, in due course, conveyed to her lover, with whom she still managed to keep up a correspondence, and even to meet occasionally, and the result was, he succeeded in persuading her to elope with him to Gretna, and that on the very night of the arrival of the new suitor for her hand. The young couple set off for the north. The old Baronet was, it appears, almost frantic with rage, on being informed of his daughter's elopement, and, having armed himself with pistols, immediately pursued, attended by his friend, both threatening the young man with death should they overtake him. The young pair having taken their measures well, speedily arrived at Gretna, and lost no time in summoning the assistance of Mr. Paisley, who always declared them to have been the handsomest, and best matched couple,

he had ever performed this office for, and they were, by him, in due form, married before proper witnesses, and a regular certificate signed and given them. Upon the completion of the ceremony, the young gentleman taking Mr. Paisley aside, briefly told him the circumstances of the case, and that he expected pursuit, and asked what he would recommend them to do. I believe Mr. Paisley's prudential considerations had more influence with the timid, blushing girl, than the soft pleadings of her young husband, and she at length suffered herself to be conducted to the nuptial chamber, as it was always called, it being the custom for parties dreading immediate pursuit, to retire there soon after the performance of the ceremony, in order that the consummation of the marriage might be added as an additional bar to their separation, or any endeavour to set it aside. In the middle of the night the inmates of the little inn were alarmed by the sudden arrival of a chaise and four horses, driven at the top of their speed, and presently the old Baronet and his friends alighted, and began to thunder at the door and window shutters, with the butt ends of their pistols, till the former was opened by the frightened landlord, only just in time to prevent its being broken in. The terror of the poor girl in the meanwhile, can be better imagined than described, while the young man began hurrying on some clothes, intending to hasten to her father and endeavour to appease him. The excited father having gained admittance, fiercely interrogated the trembling landlord, whom he threatened with instant death if he did not shew him where the fugitives were *hid*. The landlord, while ascending the stairs, which

he did, as slow as his impatient and unwelcome guest would permit, endeavoured to smooth the old man with the usual common-place consolations for his too late arrival, and unfortunately, as a last resource, happened to mention the fact of their having consummated the marriage as a reason for the old marplot, "to grin and bear it," and the unfortunate catastrophe which ensued, was always attributed by Mr. Paisley to this imprudent conduct on the part of the landlord.

The old gentleman had reached the landing of the staircase, and was close to the door of the room in which were his daughter and her husband, as the landlord made this last remark, which increased his irritation in such a degree, that he instantly rushed against the door, which yielding to his force, he at once stood before his terrified daughter and her lover, at the latter of whom he instantly presented one of the pistols he held in his hand. On seeing this, the poor girl jumped from the bed in her night dress to interpose between them, but, alas, only in time to fall upon her lover's lifeless body, for before she could prevent it, her father had fired with fatal effect. At the report of the pistol, the alarmed household hastened to the room, where they were shocked at the scene which met their view. Weltering in his blood which flowed from the wound in his breast, lay the unfortunate youth, upon whom his bride, now a widow, had fallen, and whose night-dress was stained with the sanguine stream, while the grim father stood looking on in a sort of stupefaction, the fatal weapon still in his hand. One domestic bolder than the rest, would have seized him, but was deterred by the weapon he still held, and with which,

he threatened to shoot the first person who should impede his actions. With the assistance of his friend who had now joined him, he raised his daughter from the floor, and hastily wrapping her in some cloaks, carried her to his chaise, into which, having put her clothes, he and his friend jumped, and immediately drove off, she still continuing insensible. On the arrival of Mr. Paisley, who had been sent for, he found the murderer had gone, and was exceedingly angry with the landlord, first, for having permitted him to enter the house, seeing his excited state, and knowing him to be armed, and then for letting him escape, which, had he been there would not have happened, as he declared, that in the excitement of the moment, he should not have hesitated to have taken his life, rather than have let him escape; and being a very determined man, there is little doubt he would have kept his word.

On his trial for this crime, the counsel for the old man made it appear that he had done it only in self-defence, and I believe he got off free, but found reason to repent his cruelty, as his daughter never recovered the shock, but died soon after broken hearted; after which, finding himself hated, and shunned by all his former friends and neighbours, he retired to the continent, where he spent the remainder of his existence.

Another tragic incident occurred a few years after this, in which, a lover having been prohibited from visiting the lady, entrusted his secret to a cousin *who bore the same name as himself*, and through

him, carried on a correspondence with her, who at last agreed, through the medium of his friend, to elope with him on a certain night; and as they lived near the place, to be married at Gretna, and return immediately after the marriage to their respective homes, for certain reasons of their own. All this, however, appears to have been a deep laid plot of the seeming friend, who, having ascertained that the lady was, in a worldly point of view a good match, resolved, if possible, to appropriate her to himself. He told her that her real lover would meet her at a certain time and place close to Gretna, disguised in a cloak, and with a wrapper round the lower part of his face, and his hat drawn down over his eyes, in fact, his person as much concealed as possible, and which concealment was to be carried on throughout the ceremony. To make a long story short, this wicked scheme succeeded, and personating his friend, he married the lady, and even consummated the marriage, which was the usual practice in those days immediately after it took place. In time his treachery became known, and the result was, a duel in which he mortally wounded the relation he had so scandalously wronged, and the death of the ill-used lady soon after in child-birth, was the fitting close of the tragedy; what became of the author of all this misery Mr. Paisley never knew.*

The following I remember as among the best of Mr.

* It is not improbable, but that Sir Walter Scott discovered in this incident of real life, the foundation of his well known romance of St. Ronan's Well, in which he makes one brother deceive another in this way.

Paisley's comic stories :—About the year 1765, a young spark, the son of a poor younger brother resided with a rich uncle in Liverpool, in whose counting-house he was employed. While there, he managed to fall in love with his cousin, a very pretty girl, about the age of seventeen, the old man's only daughter, who soon returned his affection, and after much entreaty, consented to elope with him. The great difficulty now to get over was the want of funds to support the expense of the journey to Gretna, the young man being but badly provided in this respect, and having no channels through which he could procure a supply. However, having at length contrived to get together a small sum, which he flattered himself would enable him to get through the journey, he prevailed on her to elope, and accordingly, one fine night, off they started for the North, as fast as the best conveyance he could procure and the bad state of the roads in those days would permit. For awhile all went smooth, but our spark soon found that he had miscalculated the expense of such a journey, for, on arriving at Lancaster, he had not a guinea left to complete the rest of the journey with. In despair at his unhappy position, he was compelled to remain at the inn they had taken up their abode at, expecting every moment to see the enraged father arrive to separate them for ever. Having passed a day or two in this unenviable situation, and with the landlord's bill in pleasant perspective, our hero at length perceived his uncle's carriage draw up at the inn, and gave himself up for lost. Instead of proceeding immediately with fresh horses, as is the present fashion in these matters, the old gentleman, as quietly as his wrath

would permit, resigned himself to remaining at the inn, resolving to pursue the fugitives at daylight, and ordered his carriage accordingly. In these good old times, when, a man journeyed to London from the north, he made his will before setting off, and took nearly a week to reach the Metropolis, passing every night at an inn. This old gentleman's apparent sluggishness is not to be marvelled at. Over a comfortable dinner, and a bottle or two of good wine the old merchant forgot, or endeavoured to forget his troubles. Not so with our youthful lovers, who listened in absolute terror to the preparation of a bedroom adjoining the two occupied by themselves for their dreaded relative. I must here observe, that the young folks had passed themselves off with the people of the house as brother and sister, and that the latter had counterfeited illness as an excuse for not continuing their journey. Soon after his arrival, it would appear the old gentleman had asked if such a couple, describing them, had passed through the town in great speed for the north, and must have received some answer which satisfied him that they had not, for he stuck so contentedly and resolutely to his bottle, that he was, in due time, obliged to be assisted to bed, where he immediately afterwards fell into a profound sleep.

A sudden thought now entered into the head of the nephew, who had carefully made himself acquainted with the intended movements of his uncle, from a conversation with the waiter, and with equal boldness and skill he resolved to put it in practice. Entering his uncle's room, he made no scruple to take possession of his clothes containing his purse, together with his wig and hat; and having carefully dressed himself up in them so

as to resemble his uncle as much as possible, he concealed his face by drawing the wig over his forehead, and wrapping a comforter round his neck, so as to shroud the lower part of his face; and remained in his uncle's room till daylight, quietly awaiting the arrival of the boots who he knew was to call him. The moment, however, he heard the footsteps of this functionary on the stairs, he quietly, as fearful of disturbing the house, opened the door of his uncle's room, and slipping out, valise in hand, met the boots on the stairs, whom he followed to the parlour, and after discharging his uncle's bill, jumped into his carriage, into which his lady-love dressed in his clothes, had managed to slip unperceived, while he was settling with the landlord and boots, the only people up in the house.

The rage and consternation of the uncle when he awoke, and discovered how he had been duped, I must leave to the imaginations of my readers, suffice to say, the young lovers escaped to Gretna, got married, and had enjoyed several days of the honey-moon before the old gentleman could manage to find them out, which, when he did, he took his daughter home in spite of the remonstrances of the enraged husband, who, he declared should never set eyes on her again, and even threatened to prosecute him for the felony he had committed. However, at the expiration of a few months, the old gentleman finding his daughter *enceinte*, thought better to relent and recall her husband, who was accordingly soon after publicly married to her in the English church.

Up to within a very recent period, the marriages

of the Scotch were chiefly performed by the justices of the peace without any religious ceremony whatever, who charged a fee, or, as it was called, a fine, proportioned to the means of the parties. Among the lower orders, it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for the parties to have cohabited for months previous to resorting to the magistrate; the mere declaring a woman to be your wife before witnesses, constituting a binding marriage, according to the laws of Scotland then, as we believe, it does still to this day. Accordingly, the magistrate would ask parties coming to him, *when* they were married, especially when the woman happened to be already "*enceinte*," and date back, the certificate of marriage he gave them, to any period they might think proper to name; in these cases, the parties may be said to have resorted to the magistrate rather for a certificate of their marriage than anything else, the marriage in the eye of the law having been previously contracted. But, although this mode of marriage was perfect by law, it was considered irregular in the eyes of the kirk, which declared persons so marrying without the pale of its privileges, until such time as they were purged of the contempt, by having both suffered a public rebuke administered to them in the kirk, and submitted to a small fine. The practice of marrying before the magistrate has now almost entirely ceased, unless in cases in which the parties wish to keep their marriage secret, this ceremony being performed by the minister of the parish, after calling the names of the parties in the kirk three times, *but all in the same Sunday*. The rebuke is no longer administered before the full congregation, but only in the pre-

sence of the elders of the kirk who take a pride in always attending when any event of this sort is to take place. The ceremony is most commonly performed at an inn, and is very simple; the man taking the woman by the hand, declares her to be his wife before the company; after this, the minister speaks an extempore prayer, suitable to the occasion, and delivers an admonition on the duties of married life, a regular certificate of the marriage is then signed and witnessed, which ends the matter. No wedding-ring is used during the ceremony, nor indeed do the Scotch married women ever wear marriage rings unless when residing in England, and then only for the sake of complying with the English custom, and to avoid the appearance of singularity.

Another remarkable fact may be here mentioned connected with this subject, which is, that in Scotland, married women still preserve their maiden names, as for instance, the wife of a Mr. Craufurd, although called sometimes Mrs. Craufurd by those unacquainted with her maiden name, would, by those that were, be called Mary Scott, or whatever her name might have been before marriage, and in the event of death, this name would be engraven on her tombstone.

But woe betide the unhappy callant and lassie that may put in practice the divine ordination to "increase and multiply" without the aid of either kirk or magistrate, upon such falls the fiercest wrath of the Scotch church. Immediately an event of this kind occurs, the poor girl is summoned to appear with her illicit offspring, in what is called the sessions of the kirk, before the minister and the elders, when she is severely examined as to the name

of the father of the child, and all the circumstances concerning the begetting it. Much as the elders of the kirk of Scotland affect the reputation of leading a pure and moral life, we regret to say, that instances are but too rife, in which the outward sanctity they so constantly assume, serves but as a cloak, like the whitened sepulchre to cover the corruption within. Such elders as these, versed in the most finished and well-disguised lewdness, will often subject poor girls to an examination on these occasions, revolting to every feeling of decency and humanity.* Cases of this kind are unfortunately but too numerous, and the poor victim having no power to vindicate herself, the knowledge of them seldom extends beyond the place in which they occur. In those cases, however, in which an elder of the kirk himself happens to be the father, which, alas for the morality of these worthies, is very often whispered about by town and village gossips, the girl, who, of course, keeps the secret, is let off upon very easy terms.

I cannot refrain here from mentioning a curious instance to the contrary, which made a great noise at the

* We are sorry to say that the English cannot boast of being exempt from this gross abuse, the following may be mentioned as one among a number of cases, of what a poor English girl with child, and compelled to appeal to the parish, has to undergo at the hands of the parish officers, and their ready tool of petty tyranny, the beadle.

A worthy brother of this highly intellectual and moral order, who, within only a few years exercised the important functions of this office in Westminster, and who still lives in the recollection of the poor of that ancient extensive parish, did not hesitate to ask a poor girl, whom he was examining before the board of overseers, &c., at the work-house, "why she did not get her living in the streets, instead of burdening the parish with her illegitimate offspring?"

time, and in which the would-be biter was most uncommonly bit. A frail damsel on being examined as to the father of her child, refused so obstinately, and with such pertinacity, that all, save one elder, were compelled to give up the point; he, however, still persevered in badgering the girl on the point, until at length completely wearied out, she, to the horror of the indefatigable elder, and the great amazement of all, declared him to be the father, and took oath to the truth of the charge, in which she always persisted.

Sometimes these examinations elicit the drollest answers imaginable from the simple country wenches, and we remember a case of this sort about ten years since in a parish not far from Gretna. The girl, who had been in the habit of giving her swain many meetings during an entire winter, the fruits of which becoming apparent in due time, was asked by an elder when the child was got, to this question, the girl, colouring up, answered "Be times, nows and thens, all the winter."

But it must not be supposed that the kirk allows the male delinquent to escape scot-free; on his name being declared by the girl, the bellman, (a parish functionary answering to the English sexton), is sent to his abode to summon him publicly to attend the sessions of the kirk, when, if he did not deny the facts, he and his companion in shame are compelled to receive a rebuke on the three following Sundays. This rebuke, which was formerly administered before the whole congregation, is now given by the minister in the presence of the elders only. After this submission both are released from the ban of the kirk, the man being, of course, compelled by *the civil* power to contribute towards the maintenance

of the child. In cases where the man declares his innocence of the charge, he is allowed to plead in his defence before the minister and elders in the kirk sessions; and if his defence is considered plausible, an oath is written out and placed in his hands, but he is not permitted to swear to it until the expiration of a year and a day, that he may have time to reflect on the guilt attached to the taking a false oath.

The first match that I can remember, was that of the Earl of Westmoreland with Miss Child. The father of this young lady was an eminent banker in London, where he had acquired an immense fortune. The Earl of Westmoreland smitten with the lady's beauty, or more probably with her fortune, paid his addresses to her, and eventually became her accepted lover. He afterwards applied to her father for his consent, but did not obtain it; for the father in reply to his importunities said "your blood, my Lord, is good, but money is better." The Earl disappointed but not disheartened, was determined to have her, and having appointed a place of meeting with the fair lady, eloped at midnight from London, in a chaise and four horses, having ordered horses to be in readiness all along the road, and at Shap had the foresight to order all the horses kept in the village, to prevent any pursuer getting so soon to Gretna. Mr. Child soon hearing of their departure, as quickly followed them, and having, through numbers of horses, and great rewards to the postboys, gained ground considerably, at last came up with them while changing horses at Hesketh in the forest, half way be-

tween Carlisle and Penrith. Mr. Child in a fury jumped out of his carriage, and shot one of the leading horses in the Earl's carriage, one of the Earl's servants at the same time ran behind Mr. Child's carriage, and cut the leather which suspends the body of the carriage to the springs, unobserved. The Earl proceeded with three horses, leaving the fourth dying. Mr. Child, starting soon after, had not gone far, before the body of the carriage fell upon the frame, which entirely stopped him, and he was compelled to wait until he could get a postchaise to proceed with, consequently, the Earl and his lady arrived at Gretna, and were united long before the arrival of Mr. Child.

As the marriage ceremony performed by me and my predecessor may be interesting to many of my readers, I give it verbatim. It is very simple. The parties are first asked their names and places of abode; they are then asked to stand up, and enquired of if they are both single persons; if the answer be in the affirmative, the ceremony proceeds.

Each is next asked:—"Did you come here of your own free will and accord?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer the priest commences filling in the printed form of the certificate.

The man is then asked "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, forsaking all other, keep to her as long as you both shall live?" He answers "I will" The woman is asked the same question, which being answered the same, the woman then produces a ring which she gives to the man, who hands it to the priest; the priest then returns it to the man, and orders *him* to put it on the fourth finger of the woman's left



THE MARRIAGE HOUSE

hand repeat these words, with this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, with all my worldly goods I thee endow in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen. They then take hold of each other's right hands, and the woman says "what God joins together let no man put asunder." Then the priest says "forasmuch as this man and this woman have consented to go together by giving and receiving a ring, I, therefore, declare them to be man and wife before God and these witnesses in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen."

In the year 1816, as near as I can remember, Lord Chief Justice Erskine came to Gretna in a chaise and four horses, dressed in woman's clothes, accompanied by an elderly lady and four children. When I first saw them I took the elderly lady for the mother of the children, and the learned lord for the grandmother. He asked me many questions relative to the Gretna marriages, all of which I answered him as I would a female, until by chance I espied a button of his waistcoat through an opening of a neckerchief which was over his breast. After he found that I had discovered his sex, he smiled but made no remark. He afterwards changed his dress, and I married him to the female whom he had brought with him. I asked him why he had come in female attire, he answered that he had his own reasons for it. He gave me twenty pounds, and again resumed his female dress. Twelve months

after, at the instigation of his sons by a former wife, he wished to divorce her by the Scotch law, but found upon trial that he could not, and that the marriage was legal. He then, it is said, gladly gave up the suit, and took her again as she had always been a chaste and virtuous woman. This was among the first marriages I deemed worthy of note.

I was one day, soon after this, sent for to the inn, where there were two gentlemen, and after entering into conversation with them, one proposed making an agreement with me for the marriage of a friend of his, saying they would be there in four days. At the time appointed he and a lady came in a gig, and I married them. They then immediately proceeded into Scotland; but before leaving, the gentleman, whose name was Smith, and who is now, I believe, living in London, told me that his lady was kept so closely by her parents that she was not allowed to walk out alone, but on the day of elopement, the lady had persuaded her little brother to accompany her in a walk. Making some excuse for leaving her brother, she crossed through a wood to where her lover was waiting, as had been arranged, with a horse and gig. Her name was Miss R——, sister to the late owner of Lanercost and Moss Trooper. The father and brother pursued them to Gretna the following day but the birds were flown.

In August, 1815, I performed the ceremony for a droll gaberlunzie, who had neither arms or legs, unless the stumps, which were all that represented them, could be so called. This odd body during his rambles about the country, in a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by a boy, managed to pick up a deal of money as alms; and to crown his good fortune, contrived to engage the affections of well-looking and youthful damsel, the daughter of a respectable farmer, who eloped with him, apparently not without good reason, being *enciente* by him—so unaccountable a thing is woman's taste. However, as she appeared as anxious for the marriage as he did, I could not refuse them; the ceremony over, and his name signed, which he managed to do very cleverly, after drinking a glass of whiskey to the happiness of the bride and bridegroom, he departed on his way to present his bride to her parents, who were no doubt in great uneasiness at her sudden and to them unaccountable absence, and who, I dare say, were not a little surprised when they beheld the *object of her choice*.

A party from Canterbury, whose names I will not mention, came in great haste (expecting a pursuit) in the summer of 1818; there were four of them; I married the lovers; the others were merely friends who accompanied them on the marriage jaunt, the two men were regular John Bull good-hearted fellows, I spent a jovial night with them, and next morning they would go to see the bonny town of Dumfries and the banks

of the Nith, and cull a little from the manners of the Scotch.

I accompanied the bridegroom to Dumfries, and we drove to the Commercial Inn (which is a very good house and much frequented of an evening by the respectable inhabitants of the town) after viewing the town, and the churchyard, where stands the mausoleum of Scotia's immortal bard (Burns), and the porch of the church which contains a beautiful little monument of a dying child by the celebrated sculptor, David Dunbar : the following lines are upon it, I think from the pen of the poet Cowper :

“ Like a dew-drop kissed off by the sun's morning beam ;
A short but beauteous existence was given :
Her life seemed to come to earth in a dream,
And never awoke till ascended to heaven.”

Leaving the surrounding beautiful and picturesque country, with Drumlanraig Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleugh, and the pretty adjacent village of Thornhill, we returned to the Inn, for the next day's excursion. After dinner, leaving the lovers to themselves, the other gentlemen and myself joined the company in the inn parlour. Entering into familiar conversation with the company, the one whose name was Reynolds, being frequently so called by his friend ; a Scotch gentleman seemed to pay particular attention to the name, and at last made the following inquiry of Reynolds' friend.

“ Excuse me, sar, but may a be so bold as to inqueer

if that Mr. Reynolds is any relation to the great Sir Joshua, for god sar, I hae got the finest likeness o him in a' Scotland."

The friend of Reynolds, a bit of a wag, replied, that he was in the presence of Sir Joshua's grandson; the Scotchman was in extacy, and shaking Mr. Reynold's hand, exultingly said, "That he would no ha missed this neight for a' the neights o' his leife, to thank of being in the prasance o' a graandson o' the grate Sir Joshua's," and he pressingly invited all the company to go and view the picture of the grandfather, which he said was only across the street; the company declined going; but, after the witching hoor o twal, the toddy began to take effect, and we all agreed to accompany Mr. J. to his residence, to see the likeness of the modern Apelles; we entered an excellent dwelling, and after Mr. J. had got a light (for his family were all in bed), he showed us into a parlour, where above the chimney piece hung the likeness of the great painter, we of course all admired it; but Mr. J. not content with that, made the young Reynolds stand up, and asked with extacy, "Gentlemen, do ye no see a striking likeness between the twa relatives; the young ane, he's every outline of the feace the auld ane has," we smiled acquiescence, but could see no likeness whatever; we returned to the Inn, had another glass of toddy, and "Reynolds the younger" promised Mr. J. that he would paint a landscape and send it to him as a present, for we had passed the "younger Reynolds" off as a painter who had been studying in Italy, but was rather wild.

Early in 1812, a Mr. Freemantle, an English clergyman, having become attached to one of his father's farmers daughters, and knowing that he could not get the consent of his father, from the disparity of their fortunes, persuaded her to get married at Gretna Green. They started on a Friday, he telling his father that he was going to visit a friend and that he would return by the following Sunday to do duty in the church, for the father was unwell and could not officiate; they travelled at a rapid rate to Birmingham, where the gentleman purchased the lady a suitable dress, and proceeded on to Liverpool, when he began to suspect there might be a pursuit, upon his father learning that the young woman was missing, and in order to mislead his pursuers he took seats in a coach for Birmingham, but proceeded by mail to Carlisle, from whence he went by chaise to Gretna. When the marriage ceremony was over he talked to me seriously about having incurred the displeasure of his father, but added that he did not so much care as he had a living of his own to go to. After he had paid me the fees they left Gretna on their return home; but scarcely an hour had elapsed, before a gentleman, who had come a nearer way from Carlisle, arrived in pursuit of them. This person told me that that he had lost at least eight hours by the well-planned *ruse* which the young gentleman had acted at Liverpool, by taking their seats back to Birmingham by another coach; but, upon arriving there, found to his surprise that two seats had been paid for in order to give his pursuers the double; the gentleman said he then ordered a chaise and four horses and galloped nearly

all the way to Gretna, but he was too late, he seemed much put out of the way, and said the father would never be reconciled to the son again.

In the winter of the same year, it being a severe frost, a gentleman and lady arrived in a post-chaise and four horses, and were very anxious to be married without loss of time, which I soon gratified them in. In the evening he, the post-boys and myself had some toddy together, and he told us the following in the true style of a tar : he said he was a sea-captain of the merchant service, belonging to Sunderland, the lady's father being also an old weather-beaten captain of the same place. The pair having been acquainted for some time, got *under way* in the night, not on board a ship but on a post-chaise with four horses, being snugly stowed in the *hold* as he called it, they *bore away* for Gretna with all the *sail* the four horses could make. In the morning the old tar missed his daughter, and after some inquiries found that she had *slipped her cable* and got clear off under *convey* of the young captain ; the old man danced about in a rage on hearing this and ordered his son to get himself ready to accompany him, and hire a post-chaise and four horses. They soon started and commenced the race, being a good deal *astern* of their intended prize, the post-boys were ordered to make all possible *sail*, and influenced by the promise of a liberal reward they went as fast as the poor animals could carry them ; after much *tossing* over bad roads and in the dark, it being night, they overtook the lovers on a wild common

near Glenwhelt. On coming alongside, the old tar called out to the post-boys to stop, but the one which *steered* the leaders being a spirited fellow said, "he would not stop for him or any one but the gentleman inside." Coming to a steep hill the horses of both parties were compelled to walk, when the brother leaped out of the chaise and running up to the leaders of the other chaise seized the reins with one hand and presented a pistol in the other to the post-boy, and using many seafaring oaths caused the boy to dismount his horse; in the meantime, the young captain, fearful of bloodshed, called a halt, when the lady's brother fired his pistol at him but without taking effect, the bold post-boy, whom he had compelled to dismount, immediately grappled with and succeeded in wrenching the pistol from him, and threw it away, the old gentlemen seeing the scuffle got out and encountered the young captain, and being too strong for him (for the old one was a most powerful man), he pulled him about and beat him most unmercifully with a stick instead of a *rope's-end*, which the old one said he only wished he had; by this time the fight became general, the old captain being an over match for the young one, the other post-boy left his horses and aided him, applying his whip so well to the old captain's face and neck, that he compelled the old veteran to *strike* to the superior force of the enemy, whilst the other post boy rolled the son over and over in the snow, the young lady all this while screaming with affright; the old captain's postillions would take no part in the affray, but *sat upon their horses* looking quietly on till the young

party became masters of the field. The young captain was stowed safely again in the *hold* by his brave post-boys, who started off at a smart pace (the old captain's horses being much more exhausted, from having had to make up the lost ground) crying, "Hurrah for Carlisle," with the intention to lead the old captain there, for they knew of another road much nearer by the way of Longtown, and it being a dark night they managed to cross the country without the other party hearing or perceiving them. The old captain after getting his head bound up, and his son the snow scraped off his clothes, during which he did not forget to pour a volley of oaths upon the postillions for not assisting him in the fight, calling them *land lubbers, b——s*, and such like epithets, ordered them to make *sail for Carlisle*; upon reaching which place he drove to the Bush hotel, and not finding them there, proceeded without alighting to the Coffee House, where he got the same answer; and here he was compelled to stop, for the post-boys would go no further, their horses being quite knocked up. When he came to pay for the chaise he objected to give the post-boys anything for driving, saying, he only wished he had them at sea, where he would let them taste a *rope's-end*; however, upon his son's intreaties he paid and dismissed them. The old tar, finding that the young ones had out-manœvered him, started immediately with another chaise for Gretna, where he arrived safe, but not before the young couple had got married and made their escape. Upon his arrival at the inn I was sent for, when I saw a sturdy, strong, seafaring looking

person, with a sailor-like young man with him. Upon making myself known there followed not a few oaths ; he inquired of me with a stern voice, " if there had been a couple married here a few hours ago ? " On being answered in the affirmative he started and clenching his fist, cried, " Have they got *spliced* and be d——d &c., &c., were I alongside the—" (here followed some of his choicest sea-epithets,) I would give them such a *broadside* as should send their *timbers* and *rigging* in, but added that he had bethought himself of another plan to punish his disobedient daughter, he said he had made his will and left all his children £1000 each, and his daughter £2000, as she was his favourite ; but since she has been disobedient he would alter his will and not leave her a shilling. I told him that he must leave her a coin or she would come in for her full share ; he swore that she should have nothing at all : and when I urged that he should leave his once favourite daughter something, he got into such a rage and swore that I was taking the little —— part, and said that I seemed to know better than himself what he was to do with his money, but that neither her nor I should have any of it. I again said, you own that she was once a favourite daughter, do, sir, in common justice leave her her rights ; but he swore that she was a disobedient devil, and sat still in the chaise, while the *lubbers* were pommelling him so, and as she had thought proper to *sail* with that scoundrel, she should not come under his *lee* again—she may go and be d——d to her. He left, swearing at the fruitless journey to Gretna Green and all that belonged to it.

In 1814, a Mr. D. became passionately fond of a Miss R. (both belonging to London), and having made his love known to her family, was forbid the house. Having prevailed upon her to elope with him to Gretna Green, he contrived to get her out of the window at midnight and placing her in a chaise with four horses placing her in, hastened on their way to Scotland. However, as early as six o'clock next morning, the lady was missing, and her father, suspecting an elopement with Mr. D., a messenger was sent to learn if Mr. D. was from home; and finding it the case, he, with a friend in a post-chaise and four horses, pursued them. Finding at Grantham that the fugitives were a few hours before them, they got six instead of four horses, when they gradually gained ground upon them; and upon coming near Weatherly they came up with a broken-down chaise, which the fugitives had not long left, having been told by a gentleman who passed them on horseback that they were pursued, concluded that if they were to await the arrival of another chaise, they should be overtaken; they paid the post-boys well to observe secrecy, and walking across two fields they entered a small wood, where they waited patiently till the chaise was repaired, the drivers being directed to turn the horses' heads the other way so that it might appear like a return chaise. The father coming up made particular inquiry as to who had been in the chaise; and was answered that two gentlemen had been on their way to meet a pack of fox-hounds; but the chaise breaking down they had crossed the country a nearer way to the meet. The father still

doubting their account offered them a crown if they could tell him anything of a lady and gentleman who were on their way to Gretna Green ; but the honest fellows would not betray the fugitives, so that when the pursuers arrived at Weatherly they had lost all trace of them. One of the post-boys run to inform the affrighted pair that the father had passed by, but advised them to remain about two hours longer, when they were sure to be out of danger ; the chaise being tied up and the time elapsed, they drove on slowly till close to Weatherly, when they sent one of the drivers to make inquiry if the pursuers had left that place, and finding that they had done so in great haste about two hours before, they became less fearful and rested awhile, and all along the road had only two horses instead of four as heretofore. The father and his friend pursued their way with speed (thinking the fugitives might cross the country to avoid them), till they arrived at the Greyhound Inn, at Shap, and being told by a post-boy that a chaise with four horses had driven rapidly past about two hours before to the King's Arms, and there changed horses and went on, made the father sure they were on the right scent. Accordingly he continued the pursuit to Penrith, and heard at the Crown Hotel there, that a chaise and four horses had left the George Hotel within half an hour ; upon this he ordered four of the best horses they had, and pushed along, promising the drivers a handsome reward if they would overtake the other chaise before it reached the next stage, which they accomplished just beyond a

place called Low Plains (having galloped all the way), not far from the place where Whitfield, the highwayman, shot Mr. Aglionby's steward, and where he was executed and hung in chains at the bottom of a long hill. On the Heskett side of Low Plains is a hill which rises all the way until you reach Heskett in the Forest; it was at the bottom of this hill that the father of the lady overtook the other chaise, and coming suddenly upon it, called aloud for the drivers to stop; instead of which, it being near midnight, they put whip and spurs to their horses and galloped on thinking they were going to be attacked by highwaymen, it being held to be a dangerous place ever since the steward's murder. The pursuers soon followed, and arrived soon after at Heskett, when the lady's father seeing the chaise made sure he had them in his power; jumping out of the chaise, and opening the door of the other one he demanded his daughter, at the same time seizing a gentleman by the coat and pulling him out (supposing it to be Mr. D.), but the gentleman being much stronger threw him down; upon this the old gentleman drew a pistol and fired at him; fortunately it missed him and passed through the panel of the chaise. By this time the old gentleman's friend, whom he had left in the chaise, was there to assist him, and they got the other gentleman down and rolled him in the mud; but his friend, who was still in the first chaise, was not long before he joined the fray, so that the four were soon rolling in the mud and covered with dirt. Imagine the old gentleman's surprise, when he found that he had attacked an invu-

cent party, two gentlemen who were perfect strangers to him, in fact, the two gentlemen were on their way to Lord Elchos' hounds, near Kelso. When the old gentleman found his mistake, he apologized—he even shed tears and offered to make any atonement—and then told his story respecting his daughter's elopement; which when they heard, they like two real English gentlemen, at once forgave him. Having procured fresh horses, they all proceeded to Carlisle; but getting no intelligence of the elopers, hastened on to Gretna, where to their surprise they found they had not yet been. Their first business was to send for me and invite me to dine with them, keeping me all day, knowing that if they had me secure no marriage could take place; and even insisted that I should remain all night with them, they not being sparing to me and all in the house, of whiskey-toddy. They kept watch all next day too; but old Mrs. Johnston, the landlady, learning their errand told her trusty servant Sawney that when the “neight cam on to put on his graat cote and gang doon the brae, and if ye chance to see the twa puir young thengs comin, for God sak dinna let them pass without telling them that the lassie's auld kankard dad and anither cheil as ill as himself, is ready to tak thim: put them in a by-roads that they may no cum under the clutches of the twa auld deils that wait to worry them; meind you, Sawney, I wadna hae the puir young things taen in my hoose for any money.” Not content with sending Sawney, she soon called Jemmy Buckelmay, and said, “Jemmy, gang your waas down *the brae* and help Sawney to watch.” Jemmy said,

“ Weel, mistress, if ye’ll gie me a dram, a’ll watch a the better,” which the good old dame gave him, and off he started.

The young pair had travelled very cautiously along after leaving Weatherly, and took care to make all the necessary inquiries at every stage, and finding at Carlisle that no gentlemen corresponding with their description had passed that way for a few days, began to travel without fear, and the same night about ten o’clock they came to the place where Sawney and Jemmy were stationed; Sawney hearing the chaise coming, walked up and cried, “ If there be a Mr. D. and a Miss H. in this chaise, you are noo to go to oor hoose, for thare sets twa ald chiels ready to grep ye; ye maun gae on this cross rooad and pass by the toon altogether, and gang mair into Scotland till the twa auld chiels gies their waay sooth again.” The fugitives taking Sawney’s hint, and after rewarding him hastened to Annan, and next day proceeded to the interior of Scotland, where they spent three months. The old gentleman and his friend kept watch at Gretna for a fortnight, examining every chaise that passed; but getting weary started home, leaving strict injunctions with me not to marry them if they should come. They returned in three mouths; the lady being in the way of those who love their lords wish to be. I married them and they seemed happy, and did not forget Sawney and Jemmy and the worthy old landlady.

On June 5th, 1815, there arrived a chaise at Springfield*, with a lady and gentleman, who sent for me and told me they wished to be married; but inquired what the fees were, and thinking them too high pretended to be quite easy about the business; he, however, bid me something less than the usual charge, and I, thinking he might be short of cash, agreed to take it; but when about half the ceremony was got through, a chaise and four horses drove up to the Inn containing the lady's father and another gentleman who inquired of the hostler if two young people had been there during the day to get married, and being told that there were a gentleman and lady up stairs at present about being united; but he thought the ceremony would be over by this time as Mr. Elliott was very sharp about the busi-

* The village of Springfield is built on a lease of ninety-nine years by the payment of annual rent of 3s. 4d. it is part of the Springfield estate, all which is now the property of Sir Patrick Maxwell, Bart., and where he resides. It consists of one street; the houses are nearly all one story high, except the inn where the marriages were celebrated. Every house had an extent of forty-feet in front, with a garden behind, and the privilege of cutting peat or turf for fuel. The Solway Frith is only a mile and a half from Springfield; the old road from Carlisle runs through the village; but now there is a new one which runs through Gretna Green, about half a mile from it. Gretna is a small village with a few clay houses, the parish kirk, the minister's house, and a large inn kept by Mr. Linton, who since I gave up, has taken my place as parson; it is an excellent house and well-conducted, and was formerly the residence of Mr. F. Maxwell; from it you have a fine view of the Solway, port Carlisle and the Cumberland hills, among which is

ness, he rushed up stairs, but getting to a wrong room, I advised the young couple, for they had heard the chaise stop, to retreat to a bed-room which is contiguous to the marriage-room, which they soon entered and closed the door after them, the gentleman having the presence of mind to put off his coat and pull the lady after him. The father and his friend entering the marriage-room, demanded of me where the villain and his daughter were; to this I coolly answered that I had married them, and that they had gone to bed in the next room to consummate the marriage, fearing pursuit. Not satisfied with my reply, he entered the bed-room in a great fury and forcibly pulled them both out of bed, handling the poor gentleman in a very rough manner, tearing his vest to pieces and part of his trousers, exclaiming, "How durst you run away with

the lofty Skiddaw; you also see Bowness, the place where the famous Roman wall ends, and about two miles from it is Drumburgh, the Roman Gabrosentum, where the Cohors Secunda Thracum were encamped; you also see the range of hills in Liddedale, the place where the moss-troopers lived;—Netherby, the seat of Sir James Graham and the monument of Sir John Malcolm, on a hill above Langholm. A monument is now erecting to the memory of his renowned brother, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, in the market-place of Langholm. From this village the great chimney at Carlisle, the property of Messrs. Dixon, the largest manufacturers in the north of England, can be seen, it is 309 feet high. The old wedding inn at Springfield, so long kept by the worthy old Mrs. Johnston, is now in the possession of Alexander Beattie, the Sawney so often spoken of, he was a long time hostler there and "a braw chiel he is, and keeps a gude hoose tu."

my daughter and go to bed with her, you villain." However, the gentleman persisting that they were married, as did also the young lady, who being pulled into the marriage-room by her father's friend, was closely questioned upon the point, but she still held that they were married, which had the desired effect; for the gentleman went to the father and reasoned with him, so that in a little time he cooled, and clasping his daughter in his arms, said that he forgave her, but that her fortune would be reduced for uniting herself to a man who had nothing but good looks to recommend him. However, Mr. C. got his vest and trousers mended, and pocketed the affront, not doubting but that she would have as great a fortune as any of the rest of the family: after which he paid me more than my charge, for my reasonable advice, and departed.

In the same year, a Mr. C., of Whitby, having fallen violently in love with a Miss W., who was staying there during the bathing season, made known his passion to her, and was accepted by the lady; but it being made known to her father, who was very rich, he had her removed home immediately, not liking the acquaintance, for Mr. C. although a respectable tradesman was poor. The lovers contrived to keep up a correspondence, which, however, being found out by the father, the servants were called together and told that if any of them knew of any correspondence between Mr. C. and Miss W. and did not immediately acquaint their master with it, they should lose their places; he had her at *the same time* closely watched by a trusty servant so

that she could not write any note, without its being examined, and was always accompanied in her walks. Mr. C. having no access to the house, but being frequently in the neighbourhood, one day saw an old man selling toys, who he ascertained visited Mr. W's house daily; a circumstance he lost no time turning to account, with this old man Mr. C. made an agreement to exchange clothes; and the old gaberlunzie having a long beard, he was obliged to let his own grow for a fortnight; in the meantime telling him to inform Miss W. what was going to take place. Thus equipped, Mr. C. went boldly to the house, and knowing from the old man that Miss W's room window looked into the back-yard began to sing the following words, "Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell, if I had as much money as I could tell, I would not come here my lambs to sell." Miss W. knowing his voice, was soon in the yard to see his toys, &c., when he slipped a note into her hand unseen, appointing a time for an elopement to Gretna Green; Miss W. told him that she wanted two young lambs for her younger sisters, and that he must bring them on the morrow. After reading his note and destroying it she could not contrive how to make her escape, for all her clothes were taken from her room every night; but her father having invited a large party to dine on the following Friday, she considered that the most likely time to make her escape. Accordingly when Mr. C. made his appearance the following day with the two young lambs she made all known to him, and fixed upon Saturday morning at two o'clock, when her father she knew would

be sound asleep, from the effects of the wine he would take. Mr. C., delighted with her proposal, took care to have all in readiness, the post-chaise being stationed a quarter of a mile from the house. Just as the clock of the village church struck two, Mr. C. went cautiously to the house, starting at every dark object that presented itself; but finding all quiet he stole to her window and tapped gently with a long stick, which he had provided himself with; the lady was ready, and opening the window without a noise, he handed her a rope ladder with a string attached to it, which she tied to the bed-post: she easily descended having nothing on but her night-clothes; but Mr. C. put upon her one of his own suits, together with a warm great coat, and having placed her safely in the chaise, smack went the whips, round went the wheels, and hurrah for Gretna, where they arrived safely the next night, and got married the following morning, the village dressmaker was sent for, who in a few hours fitted Miss W. out in a rude, though comfortable dress. But to return to the father; in the morning, when Miss W's maid entered the room of her mistress, imagine her surprise at finding her lady gone, which when told to Mr. W. he cursed the wine that make him sleep, and without delay ordered his carriage and four horses from the inn at the village; he started in hopes of overtaking them, but in vain, for they had the start by at least five hours and a half. On his arrival at Gretna, along with his valet, he made a hasty inquiry if a gentleman and lady had been there getting married, and being told by the hostler they were in the house, he quickly entered it; but at that time his

daughter was up stairs with the dressmaker, and Mr. C., upon hearing the carriage stop, had run into the stable, the old gentleman therefore accused the hostler of telling him a lie. Sawney said, "Weel, sar, I canna tell ye whear they are noo, but at ony rate there they war a short teime sin." Mr. W. not being satisfied, and his daughter being afraid that he would find Mr. D. in the stable, hastened down stairs; upon seeing her he threatened her with disinheritance; upon which she fell upon her knees and implored his forgiveness; but he said, "that unless she would leave that fellow and return home with him, she should be cut off with a shilling;" Miss W., bathed in tears, replied, "that he could do as he thought proper with her fortune, but that all his threats should never part her from the man she loved, and who was now her husband." Mr. D., hearing the noise, rushed into the inn, and clasping his wife in his arms, said to her father, "Do what you will to me, your money and your lands I value not, but you shall not hurt a hair of your daughter's head, so long as I am able to protect her." This being spoken with much feeling, the father's heart became softened, and his anger allayed, and he, taking all things into consideration—the many schemes he had used without success to keep them asunder, &c., thought that they must be so strongly attached to each other, that it would be sin to part them. At this favourable moment I took him aside and after some little talk persuaded him to a reconciliation, which took place accordingly and after partaking of some refreshment the whole party left on their return on the best of terms with each other.

Mr. C. Ewen Law, son of the late Lord Ellenborough, who was studying at Cambridge, became acquainted with Miss Nightingale, the daughter of Sir R. Nightingale, of Kneeswork Cambridgeshire, and the flame of love growing hotter, they agreed to elope to Gretna, without letting the friends of either party know anything about it, and he having got a chaise and four horses ready they started off for this far-famed place; but when they got to the Coffee House Hotel at Carlisle, they could only get a chaise and pair of horses, two parties having passed before them to Gretna, each with a chaise and four horses. However after three hours travelling over a bad road and a long stage of fourteen miles they arrived safe, got married, and the same day returned to Carlisle, when Mr. L. found one of his father's old friends, the Dean of Carlisle, at whose house they spent a week, and acquainting the Dean with the elopement, begged him to intercede for them with his father, which office the Dean kindly accepted. In the meantime, Mr. L. was determined to pay a visit to the place where his father derived his title from, and kindly invited me to accompany him; having got a chaise, we proceeded to the small but pretty town of Wigton*; getting fresh horses

* About five miles from Wigton, on the Allowby road, is the Gill Estate, now the property of John Reay, Esq., a wine merchant, in London, it is not only deserving of notice from the beauty of its situation, but more so from its having belonged to the Reays, as long, perhaps, as any other estate in the kingdom has been in one family. Tradition says that the head or chief of this family had the then extensive lands of Gill granted to him and his heirs, by

there, we passed through the beautiful and picturesque village of Allowby, which place is much resorted to during the summer months by fashionables and invalids, on reaching Maryport, which is five miles from it, we left

William surnamed the Lion King of Scotland, in the twelfth century, not only in regard of his fidelity to his prince, but as a memorial for his extraordinary swiftness of foot in pursuing the deer, even outstripping in fleetness the horsemen and dogs, this property is now of but little value.

Seven miles N.E. of Wigton is the beautiful village of Burgh by Sands, and on the north, close by is a monument to Edward the First, who died here in 1307, when on his march with a powerful army to subjugate Scotland; it was erected by the Duke of Norfolk in 1835, and since rebuilt by the noble Earl of Langsdale.

Wigton has produced several eminent men, among whom was the Rev. John Brown, D.D. many years minister there; he received his education at the Grammar School of this town and became an excellent prose writer, poet, musician and painter. His works are well known in the literary world, especially the tragedy of Barbarossa, to which Garrick, wrote and spoke a humorous prologue. Mr. Ewen Clark, the Cumberland poet was a native of Wigton. Joseph Rook also a native of this town was a self-taught genius, who raised himself from the rank of a poor weaver to that of an eminent schoolmaster, and soon became an acknowledged philosopher and mathematician.

The Rev. Thomas Carey, who erected his own monument in the church yard long before he died, was obliged to fly from Wigton on account of his loyalty, but on the restoration of Charles he returned and the market being then held on a Sunday, the pious good old man walked all the way on foot to London, and got it change to Tuesday, which day it is still held upon. His register which is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of this kind may be seen in the vestry of the church in England.

the chaise at the Inn and determined to walk to Ellenborough, being only one mile from that town. On reaching the village Mr. L. hastened to the small public house where his father was born. His grandmother, who had been visiting the Lakes in passing through this village of Ellenborough, on her way to Whitehaven Castle, was seized with the pains of labour, and was delivered of a son who was destined to be an ornament to his country. On our return we visited the mansion at Nether Hall the seat of H. Senhouse Esq., where his illustrious relative Sir Le Flemming Senhouse, long resided with him till he was called away to defend the rights of his country and having gloriously distinguished himself has he had frequently done before he fell a victim in China, to over exertion and fatigue.

Maryport is a nice thriving town, having a good harbour and a considerable quantity of shipping belonging to it, it stands on the banks of the Solway Frith, and has much increased of late, in a short time it will have a railway communication to Carlisle by way of Wigton. On a hill at the north-end of the town are the remains of a large Roman Station now called Ellenborough fort, it has been a perfect magazine for Roman Antiquities, returning to the inn we had dinner and started again for Carlisle, but in passing through Wigton, Mr. L. knowing that the famous old Carlisle stood near it, made inquiry and finding that it was only a mile distant from the town, determined upon visiting it and taking up our quarters at the Queen's Head, an excellent inn, after a good night's rest, we went at daybreak to see the ruins of the Olenacum of the Romans. About a mile

south from old Carlisle, stands Isle Kirk Hall, once the seat of that excellent man and renowned soldier, Col. Richard Barwise, who was of gigantic stature, and who it is said used to display his amazing strength by walking about the hall yard holding his wife seated in a chair, at arm's length, and could also throw a stone of prodigious size from one end of the yard to the other. Once at Carlisle he performed the herculean task of carrying his fair spouse seated in a chair, over Eden bridge, holding her with one hand over the battlements; they are both interred in Westward churchyard, where there is a monument, besides a brass plate in Wigton church erected to their memory. Mr. L. after eating a good breakfast went to Carlisle, where he found the worthy Dean had been successful in his interference with Mr. L's father, for which he sincerely thanked him and started to his father's residence.

The following is one of the many cases in which I was loser instead of a gainer by marrying. A Mr. G. of Ashton, the son of a wealthy clergyman, fell desperately in love with a Miss A., who was a governess in a neighbouring gentleman's family, His father hearing of the connection expostulated with him on the subject, and forbid his daughters to visit the family where Miss A. was governess. A consi-

* The stone is still shown, and few men are now to found who can even raise it from the ground.

derable time passed and the "affair" was generally going to the church, he contrived unperceived to tell Miss A. that if she would go into a certain field she would find a letter under a stone that he described, and under which she was to leave an answer. This stone answered for their post-office for some weeks; but one day as Mr. G. was riding through Ashton, he espied Miss A. in a draper's shop, and dismounting from his horse, went in, and pretending to purchase some trifling article, told Miss A. that if she would accompany him, he was determined to elope to Gretna Green, which proposal she consented to, and they accordingly went to the inn which his father frequented, and left the horse; but the greatest difficulty was still to overcome, for he had very little cash, and Miss A. had less; he, however, hired a chaise in his father's name, and directed the horse to be sent home; then, driving to an inn in Manchester, where his father was well known, he easily got another one, but at the third stage his father not being known, he was obliged to leave his watch for £20, which enabled them to reach Gretna; and, although it was late in the night, I was sent for, when he inquired what the marriage fees were, on being told, he said he had only a sovereign left, but that as soon as he got a remittance he would pay the rest, adding, that he would remain with us until it arrived. I called the landlady, and she being a good sort of a woman, readily agreed to keep them till the remittance should arrive; I also consented, and they were soon married. He gave the last money he had to the post-boys. He wrote *many* letters to his father for money, but received no

answer, which made him very low-spirited; and had it not been for the kindness of the landlady, he would have fallen into despair; but she told them that they should want for nothing in reason, and that her daughter's clothes were at the lady's service, and her son's at his; and the good old woman even bought linen to make Mr. G. some shirts with. Matters went on in this way for three months, when one day an old schoolmaster of Mr. G's arrived with orders to pay his debts; but that the young lady was either to be left or she might find her way home herself: on Mr. G. hearing this he nobly objected to go without the lady, be the consequences what they might. The schoolmaster finding that he could not compel him in the same manner as when he was a boy, called the landlady and ordered her to stop the supplies otherwise she should not be paid the bill already owing: to this the old woman replied, "that they had not been extravagant, and as to paying the bill, he might just do as he liked." So he left the place without paying anything; but in another month the schoolmaster returned and paid the landlady; but I only got a promissary note for £20, which when due was not paid; after which I put it into an attorney's hand, and, instead of getting the money, he brought me in a bill of £12 for expenses, so that I had better never have seen the party.

In the month of February, 1818, there arrived at Mrs. Johnston's, at midnight, a chaise and four horses, when I was sent for in haste. Expecting to meet people of note, imagine my surprise when I entered the room, to behold two old men at the age of seventy, and a woman about forty; the men were both lame, the one of the right leg and the other of the left; they both had large wooden clogs on, shod with iron; and their dress was of the coarsest grey cloth; the woman was dressed as a female farm-servant. Mr. Thompson, for this was the bridegroom's name, lost no time in making me acquainted with his tale.

“You mun know,” said he, “parson, that we cum frae Borrodaile, a place nut varra far frae Keswick, my neighbour wha is wid me, he's leeved beside me iver sin we were boarn, his sheep and meine hes grazed together on the fells in summer, and in the winter were seldom parted; this woman hes leived wid me for twenty-five yere, and hes always been honost and dune her duty, sae I thought I cuddent do less than wed her for't; sae we got askt at church, and a neffey of meine, that expects to git aw my gear (but he shall be cheated noo) forbid it; and our parson dursent wed us, seay he advis't me to send for a chaise and four horses fra Keswick, and set off for Gretna Green, where we wad sune get weddit. Me neffey sed a was daft, but do you see any daftness about me, parson.”

I answered of course, no; he went on to say that when the chaise was sent for, it could not get within a mile of his house, for the road run up a narrow, rocky defile, where, if it had been possible for the chaise to get

through, his nephew could easily have hurled large stones from the high rocks so as to prevent its return. I soon joined them together; and after getting plenty of toddy, they were put to bed, and the old Scotch ceremony of throwing the stocking was gone through. A very old custom in Scotland, and still practised among the lower orders, and, as it may be amusing to some of my readers, I have ventured to give a brief description of it, as practised on this occasion.

The bride is put to bed by female attendants, the curtains of which closely drawn; the bridegroom soon after follows, attended by me and the other male attendants, who are called in as witnesses, when he is stripped of his clothes, and also put to bed; the females are again called in, who tie a handkerchief close about the bride's eyes, and giving her the stocking which she wore upon her left leg that day, the party all group together, when the stocking is thrown amongst them by the bride, and whoever it chances to hit, that person is supposed to be the first who will get married.

In the same month arrived a party of five from Dublin, three gentlemen and two ladies; they had come in a steam-vessel from Glasgow, and then took the Carlisle mail to Gretna. The name of the bridegroom elect was Mr. Hiligh Hutchinson O'Grady, son of an eminent brarister of that name in Dublin, the bride was a Miss Johnson, and the others were friends of the parties. Soon after their arrival I was sent for, when I was accosted thus by Mr. O'G., "Sure, Mr. Parson, and is it you

that I've heard so much about, fait, and yer only a man gist like ourselves, cam and take a glass of the cratur and thin tie that young lady (pointing to Miss J.) and myself together so fast that no one can loose the knot, for I'm after thinking that old daddy O'Grady will have some of his bloodhounds after us." Miss J. told me that Mr. O'G's father was much against the match, and that there would be much bother about it, and that they durst not return till all was settled. I soon married them, and they remained for a week amusing themselves with sailing and fishing. One morning when they had just sat down to breakfast they were startled by the mail stopping and two policemen jumping off it, Mr. O. G., and one of the gentlemen made their escape through the window, the other one was not so fortunate, for he, being very fat was seized by the police and handcuffed; the ladies they did not touch. Mr. O'G. and his friend, without their hats, fled into a field of growing corn, where they were hidden for two hours; the police seeing their hats left, thought that they would either return soon for them or that they could not be far away, commenced a search, and finding by the corn being broken down, that some one must have recently gone that way, followed the track, and were not long before they startled the gentlemen from their lair, when a regular chase took place. The gentlemen running through the village, soon caused all the inhabitants to come out of their houses; and one of the police being close upon Mr. O'G., a womau run from her cottage-door, and threw a large broom before the policeman, which tripped him up, and down he fell; this

allowed Mr. O'G. to get a considerable distance ahead ; but the policeman, who was swifter of foot, and true after his game, run him into cover at a farm called Redkirk, and then took him. The other gentleman being hotly pursued also, took refuge in a poor woman's cottage, when she bolted the door and put him under the bed ; the policeman demanded admittance, which upon being refused, he began to break it open. The woman begged him to desist, and she would open it : but said, " If he ded anter ne hoose, he wad rue the day as lang as he leevit." The policeman, however, was not to be frightened by threats, and entered boldly ; when, lo ! the woman threw a large handful of barley-meal into his eyes, crying, " You loon, will ye brak into a puir woman's hoose agean." The policeman cried out, " By the holy Jasus, you have struck me as blind as Annanias, widout telling a lie, at all, at all, but you shall not do it for nothing ;" then pulling out a pistol, fired it luckily through the ceiling. When he had got the meal rubbed from his eyes he found the gentleman underneath the bed and said to him " aint you ashamed of yourself, for you have got me blinded and yourself nearly shot for had ye been dead it was yourself that did it," the poor gentleman was obliged to come from his hiding place and submit to be handcuffed, and after having rewarded the poor woman well for her heroism, walked with the policeman towards the Inn, but they had not got far before several people followed, crying, " the Loon weers hair pooder, and weer swer he pays nae duty, we'll enform them to the magistrate," they little knowing that Pat had paid well for his hair powder, they even attempted to rescue

the gentleman, but Pat shewing his pistols, said, "I'll gist tell what it is, the first man that comes near shall not live one minnet from the crack of the pistol," when they got to the Inn, they found the other party drinking whiskey together and discussing which was the best way to get back to Dublin, having paid the bill, they took leave of their friends and started on the Lord Nelson Coach for Glasgow, and taking the steamer for Dublin arrived safe, where the policemen handed their charge over to Councillor O'Grady, who tried by law to dissolve the marriage, but after much expence found that he could not, but forced his son to separate from his wife, and allow her a separate maintenance.

In the beginning of the year 1825, a Scotch lassie from Fifeshire required my assistance, the lad sighing for those sweets of domestic life so well described by Burns.

"His we bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stone, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary earking cares beguile
An' makes hlm quite forget his labour and his toil."

His "we bit ingle," the hero of my story, one John Templeton a farmer and well to do in Cupar, had got, and only wanted a "Thriftie wifie's smile," a good woman;—

"Woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e;"

Such an one he found at last in the person of one Janet Rome, who had lived in a farm house as servant, and

knew well how to manage a dairy, and the details of a Scotch farm house. In the course of time John made proposals of marriage to her, but Janet said she would not marry any man without having a proper affection for him, John was therefore obliged to go through a regular course of Scottish courtship in order to overcome the delicate scruples of his lady love, who would only be woo'd and won according to the usual fashion of her countrywomen of her station in life. The following brief description of a Scotch courtship, may not be altogether void of novelty and interest to the English reader. When the family retire to bed, the lovers adjourn to the lassie's chamber, and sit on the bed with their clothes on; this opportunity they take to make known their sentiments of love, and sow the seeds of that love and friendship, which generally speaking, carry the Scotch married couple smoothly through life. Such is the prevailing custom in Scotland among the lower classes at the present day, and however indecent it may appear to English delicacy and refinement, it is only common justice to say, that instances are very rare, in which an improper advantage has been taken of the opportunities thus offered to the lover. In this good old Scotch fashion did John Templeton court Janet Rome for six months before she would consent to accompany him to Gretna Green, for John knew that this was his only chance, his father having laid a strict injunction on the minister of the parish, "not to marry his son John to that pair lassie, Janet Rome, as she was no his equal," being the daughter of a poor, but honest labourer; John, wise in his generation, was determined to be happy by marrying the

girl he loved in despite of worldly gear, and having found an opportunity to win "the Janet dearie" to his way of thinking, succeeded in persuading her to elope with him to Gretna Green.

Accordingly off they started on the wings of love, and happening to reach the Queen's Ferry too late for crossing by the steamer, they were obliged to take up their abode at the Ferry-house, a small inn for the night.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face," the lover, at once ardent and thrifty, in gentle accents thus addressed his bride. "Jane, dear, as we are seay seun to be married, ane bed mud sarve the two, so sa've the expanse for the twa rooms;" to these and other similar pleadings, however, the blushing lassie lent a deaf ear, and her intended guidman was obliged to incur the expense of the extra saxpences, consequent on their occupying separate chambers for the night.

The ceremony over, I joined that happy pair over some whiskey toddy in the evening, and as they warmed over the glass, the bridegroom began rallying his bride upon her want of confidence in him the previous night, telling her that it was evident she doubted that he would have fulfilled his promise and married her, had she then have complied with his wishes; to this pleasant teasing the girl replied with the greatest simplicity, "Na, na, John, having been taken in, in that gait ance by that ne'er-do-weel Tam, I should be a foule to have allowed myself to be served such a trick a second time." Whether or not a matrimonial squable ensued upon this candid acknowledgment of the fair bride, I must leave to be guessed at.

In 1826, the marriage of Edward Gibbon Wakefield with Miss Turner created a great sensation; owing to a peculiar illness Wakefield suffered under at the time the marriage was never consummated, and was soon dissolved by the following Act of Parliament.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GEO. IV. CHAP. 66.

“ An Act to declare void an alleged Marriage, between Ellen Turner, an infant, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

“ Whereas, Ellen Turner, the only child and heir of William Turner, Esq., an infant under the age of sixteen years, was lately by fraud, contrivance and forgery, illegally taken and carried away by one Edward Gibbon Wakefield; and being under the control of the said E. G. W., was afterwards, to wit, on the 8th March, 1826, by fraud, imposition, fear and intimidation, made and induced, at Gretna Green, &c., to marry the said Edward Gibbon Wakefield, according to certain forms and ceremonies which are alleged to constitute a marriage, according to the laws and customs of that part of the United Kingdom called Scotland.

“ And whereas the said E. G. Wakefield was afterwards convicted in due course of law, of conspiring with certain other persons to take and convey the said Ellen Turner out of custody of certain persons, then having the lawful order, keeping, education, and governance of the said Ellen Turner, and to cause and procure her to marry the said Edward Gibbon Wakefield without the knowledge or consent of the said William Turner, her father, and of unlawfully taking and conveying the said

Ellen Turner, then being a maid, unmarried, under the age of sixteen years, out of and from the possession of certain persons having, by the consent and appointment of the said William Turner, the order, keeping, education, and governance of the said Ellen Turner ; and the said Edward Gibbon Wakefield is now suffering the sentence of the law upon the first of the said convictions.

“ And whereas it is expedient that the said alleged marriage should be declared null und void. May it therefore please Your Majesty (out of your princely goodness, and in compassion to the sufferings and misfortunes of your said subject and of his said daughter) that it may be declared and enacted, and be it declared and enacted by the King’s most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the said alleged marriage between the said Ellen Turner and the said Edward Gibbon Wakefield is and shall be declared null and void, and so shall be taken and adjudged to be, to all intents and purposes whatsoever.”*

* Lord Chancellor Eldon, when the above bill was passing the House of Lords, said—“That such a case as that to which their lordships’ attention was then called, he believed had never yet been heard of in a civilized country, or at least in a country as civilized as England.

Lord Tenderden recapitulated all the particulars of the case, and said, “that the principal offender and his accomplices had been convicted of a conspiracy, originating in the basest motives of lucre, and conducted throughout by fraud and force. He thought

This act passed both Houses of Parliament without a division.

At the Lancaster Spring Assizes, 1827, Edward Gibbon Wakefield was indicted, tried and convicted of the abduction mentioned in this Act of Parliament.

it was the duty of their Lordships to take care to inform those persons, and not only them but all others who possessed themselves of the persons of young women for the sake of base lucre, that such conduct would be visited with the severest penalties—to tell them, by what their lordships would now do, that they not only exposed themselves to the punishment which the Courts of law might inflict, but that *there was a power in the country, which would deprive them of all possibility of reaping advantage from their crimes!*"

Mr. Peel said, "he rose to move the first reading of a bill which had come down to that House from the Lords, the object of which was, to afford a very unusual remedy for a wrong, of he was happy to say very rare occurrence. The object of the bill was, to declare null an alleged marriage between Miss Turner and Edward Gibbon Wakefield. The circumstances of this case were so notorious, that it would be unnecessary to enter into a detail of the arts, the fraud, the forgery and the villany which had been practised; and, in consequence of which, the peace of a most respectable family had been disturbed. This, it was well known to most who heard him, had not been done to gratify any other passion than avarice—to gratify the basest avarice by the basest means. The chief agent in this detestable offence, was then enduring a punishment by no means adequate—entirely disproportioned to his offence. The sentence which had been pronounced on him was a strong proof of the imperfection of human legislation. Three years imprisonment fell very short—indeed of the punishment which ought to follow such a crime. Hundreds of delinquents, much less guilty than Wakefield—without the advantage of education which he possessed—had been convicted of capital felonies, and *had forfeited their lives.*—Parliamentary Debates, June 6, 1827.

Miss Turner was at school at Liverpool, and from thence, by means of a forged letter, purporting to be from a respectable physician, to the effect that her mother was at the point of death and desired to see her daughter, she was swindled into the power of this Wakefield, and by his fraud, contrivance and forgery, (as the statute alleges,) was degraded into becoming his wife.

Miss Turner was heiress to a large property—hence the attempt.

At the trial, Sergeant, afterwards Sir John Cross, for the prosecution, stated—

“Had this offence been committed on English ground (it was at Gretna, in Scotland) two at least of these defendants, (Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his brother) would, in the due course of law, have been condemned to an ignominious death.

A Mr. G., who lived near to a ladies' seminary in Cheshire, and often had occasion to pass that way, frequently saw the young ladies at the windows, but there was one he was particularly struck with, and contrived

It is not a little singular that this same Edward Gibbon Wakefield, is now the chief adviser of the present Governor General of Canada, (appointed by Sir Robert Peel) by whose influence, he has been elected member for the County of Beauharnais, and under whom it is generally expected, he will soon hold a high situation, much to the disgust of the British Party in Canada.

to tell her that he should like to run away with her to Gretna Green and get married. The next morning when he passed, she dropped a note, saying, that she would like to go with him, but that she could not get out without the mistress knowing; the gentleman thought that he had been born under a lucky star, as she had a great fortune, and he was anything but rich; however, his bright prospects were soon dimmed, for one of the young ladies, having overheard their conversation, soon informed the mistress of the school, and in two days the young lady was sent home to a village in Worcestershire. The love of the Cheshire swain was not to be damped by her removal, and having learned from one of the servants of the seminary where she lived, next morning he started for the place, where he took up his lodgings at a small inn in the village, and where he was perfectly unknown to any one but herself. His room window fronted the road, which runs through the village, and there he watched a whole day, but could not see her; the next day he walked past her father's house, and at noon saw her and another young lady go out to walk, he followed at some distance, and when they were out of sight of the village, he walked past them, the lady soon recognised him, held down her head and smiled; he, however, dared not to come near them again, and went by another road to the inn, and spent a restless and uneasy night, ruminating upon what the morrow would bring forth; standing next morning at the window he was surprised to see the same two ladies pass by as early as eleven o'clock, he followed them and had not got far before he picked up a glove

with a note in it, telling him not to follow them nor come past her father's house, but that there was a private walk at the bottom of her father's garden, also a piece of high ground, which run along the side of a rivulet, and which was parallel with the walk, and where he could easily see who was walking there, and if he should see her alone, he was to join her, which joyous news put him upon the alert, and about six o'clock the next evening he observed her walking pensively along, and was quickly by her side. He urged again his point respecting a trip to Gretna, which she readily agreed to, and promised to meet at the same place that night at twelve, with money and clothes suitable for the journey, he had to go, however, six miles to Fenbury, before he could get a post chaise, and having paid the bill at the inn, he bid good night and told the landlord that he would be back in a month; he walked to Fenbury and procured a chaise and a pair of good horses and getting near to the village by eleven o'clock, he ordered the chaise to wait until he returned; he went silently to the place where he had not been long before two females bearing a trunk made their appearance, which rather alarmed him but being told by the lady that the other one was merely a friend, and that she had entrusted her with the whole affair, he was satisfied, and taking the trunk, they were soon at the chaise, and getting snugly in, she took leave of her friend, and was soon on the road. The next morning all was in an uproar at her father's house, and servants were dispatched, all around in search of the lost lady; one was sent to the boarding school which she had left, and as

the gentleman had been missing for some days, the conclusion was that they were off to Gretna. When the lady's friend saw the agony of the parents, her feeling mind would not let her keep the secret any longer, she told them the whole affair, which the father hearing, instantly dispatched a servant on horseback to Worcester, telling him to get a police officer and to spare no expense in instantly pursuing them, and, if possible, to prevent the marriage taking place; but they were too late, for the young couple were married the night before; they had orders to take the young lady home again, but this they found impossible as she clung to her husband, and with tears in her eyes said she would rather lose her life than be dragged from him; the servant and policeman had to make their way home again, and the lovers said they would not leave Gretna until the lady's father was reconciled and would send for them, which he did in three months after.

A labouring man of the name of Lowe became attached to a girl whose name was Wilson, the daughter of a man who was coachman to the present Sir James Graham's father, and who had saved a good deal of money. Lowe persuaded the young woman to go with him to Gretna; they started one afternoon, but had not got far before they met a neighbour who suspecting their errand, went immediately and informed the girl's father; when without delay he with some friends fol-

lowed and overtook the young pair upon the extensive and long to be remembered Solway Moss; about fifty years ago this moss became filled or saturated with water, which caused it to swell immensely, so much indeed in some places, as to spread terror among the surrounding inhabitants, and moving in a mass actually buried in its progress, houses, cattle, sheep, pigs and covering some hundreds of acres of those beautiful laid out farms of Sir James Graham, to the depth of about six feet. (This mass of peat moss had to be removed at an enormous expense and great labour by cutting it into fragments and floating it down the river Esk into the sea.) The father being in a passion seized Lowe, and after a struggle succeeded in throwing him down and giving him a bloody nose, his daughter coming in for a few kicks upon an unmentionable place, and turning her round sent her towards home crying, but he had not yet got her safe, for the people of Longtown hearing of the affray, many of Lowe's friends went out to assist him, and soon meeting with the parties returning urged Lowe to have another try for his sweetheart, promising assistance if necessary, Lowe ran and took hold of the girl's arm and she being willing turned round with him, when the father again rushed upon Lowe, but a friend coming up to the assistance of Lowe, they threw Wilson into a pool of water, upon which the girl cried, out, "oh dinna droon me fadder, and he'll let us get weddit now," And, indeed it was true, for the father after telling the girl that she was throwing herself away upon such a man, allowed them to go; and they are now doing well as dealers in vegetables in Carlisle market.

A captain in an Hussar Regiment, who was staying in Carlisle, meeting at a party a Miss A., the daughter of a general, who was upon a visit to a noble family in the neighbourhood, became much attached to her, and after a few interviews proposed marriage to her; but upon the nobleman discovering the intimacy he thought it his duty to acquaint the general; whereupon he had her immediately removed to Boulogne; but the captain learning where she was, got leave of absence and soon hastened thither, but it was to meet with another disappointment, for he had only time to spend a few hours in her company before she and her maid were ordered to Rotterdam, but it was intimated to them that they would not have to stop there but would have to go up the Rhine. The captain was now completely at fault, and he bethought himself of an expedient, which was to send for his faithful servant, whom he had left at Carlisle, and instruct him to follow and watch their movements. In the course of a week the servant arrived, and having received his master's instructions he sailed for the Rhine, where after much trouble and expence, he found them at Cologne, and getting a private interview with the general's daughter, they concocted matters so well that an escape would be certain, which was managed in the following manner; the servant was to write to his master at Boulogne and request him to hire a yacht for a few weeks, and to sail up the Rhine, and to be sure to be in the river opposite Cologne about nine o'clock in the night for several nights, and when he saw a small boat with three separate lights, he was to fire a swivel gun, and they would row to the yacht. Upon receiving this

delightful intelligence the captain was not long before he weighed anchor and sailed for the Rhine, which he reached before six days, and on the third night after hovering about Cologne, he espied the three lights and fired the signal gun, when a few minutes after there hove too a small boat containing three seamen, the general's daughter, and his faithful servant who had played his part so well. They all being got on board, the captain requested the captain of the yacht to detain the three German sailors till morning, and let the yacht drop easily down with the tide; the poor sailors began to think they were taken prisoners, but upon being aware they would be put into their boat in the morning became pacified, and having plenty of meat and grog given them they spent the evening pleasantly, and being well paid they took their departure early next morning. The yacht steered for the English coast and after a little boisterous weather, which caused the lady a little sickness, they reached Portsmouth in safety, the captain, lady, and servant hastened for Gretna, where they got married and had lived a fortnight in Carlisle before the general knew where his daughter had taken flight to, when he found himself so completely out-mancœuvred by a younger field officer, he gave in and shortly after paid them a visit there.

The following Table, carefully compiled from my register, shows the number of marriages performed by

me from 1811 to 1839 inclusive, showing also the number celebrated in each year, viz.

1811 — 58	1821 — 152	1831 — 168
1812 — 57	1822 — 178	1832 — 153
1813 — 59	1823 — 188	1833 — 160
1814 — 68	1824 — 196	1834 — 168
1815 — 87	1825 — 198	1835 — 124
1816 — 89	1826 — 187	1836 — 68
1817 — 98	1827 — 188	1837 — 55
1818 — 109	1828 — 186	1838 — 46
1819 — 121	1829 — 180	1839 — 42
1820 — 124	1830 — 179	
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
870	2020	982
		2020
		870
		<hr/>
		Total 3872
		<hr/>

In putting together these few pages I have been obliged to suppress many anecdotes, &c., at the risk of making them tedious and void of interest, but these I could not have given without inflicting pain to individuals and their families still living, and perhaps rendering myself liable to the law of libel. This, and the plea of the present being my first appearance as an author, a line, I humbly acknowledge my incompetency for, forms my excuse to the reader for the faults and imperfections of these memoirs.