Photogravure by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow.

with the deepest affection
yours George Kemp

From the Picture by W. E. Forman, R.C.A.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GEORGE MEIKLE KEMP

ARCHITECT OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT,
EDINBURGH

BY

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'SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PICTURESQUE TREATMENT
OF INTERIORS,' ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE sketch of the life of Mr George Meikle Kemp contained in the following pages has been compiled partly from conversations which the writer held with his relative, Mr Kemp's widow—recently deceased—and partly from documents belonging to her husband, which were in her possession, along with family letters from Mr Kemp's sister Violet—Mrs Aitchison, Kilmory—and Miss Kemp, daughter of Mr T. Kemp, Joppa.

The late Mr Andrew Kerr, architect, also contributed notes descriptive of his personal intercourse with Mr Kemp—a long and intimate friendship having existed between the two. These notes—which Mr Kerr supplemented by interesting verbal communications—he confided a short time before his death to the care of the writer, with a request that some day an endeavour

should be made to put them into form and place them before Kemp's fellow-countrymen. This desire it has been the writer's ambition to fulfil, and it is hoped that, although somewhat late in the day, the narrative will be found sufficiently interesting to justify its publication, and form a grateful tribute to the memory of his esteemed relative and the friends from whom he derived his information.

The writer is responsible for all the faults and imperfections, which are his own.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1891.

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The Tailpieces to the Chapters are from Drawings by Kemp.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GEORGE MEIKLE KEMP.

INTRODUCTORY.

Mr John Britton of London, whose name is familiar to every student of architecture, thus wrote to Mr Kemp in reference to the design proposed by the latter for the construction of the Scott Monument: "I was desirous to cultivate a better acquaintance. The design you have now sent makes me more desirous, for you have entered into the spirit and feeling and poetry of the old monastic architect. Your design is very beautiful and unique, and if carried into effect to the full scale, it will do honour to you, to the committee, and to your truly picturesque city. What pyramid, obelisk, Greek or Roman temple, is com-

parable in adaptation to the florid cenotaph you have designed? and is it not more consistent to, and in harmony with, the author's mind and works intended to be commemorated?"

Half a century has elapsed since the foundation-stone was laid of the Scott Monument—that stately pile which we see towering so gracefully amidst its picturesque surroundings; and even before this initiatory ceremony was performed its success had been pronounced a certainty, and the beauty of its design, while yet in sketch form, drew from the eminent author of 'The Cathedrals of England' that warmth of commendation which must have conveyed grateful encouragement to Kemp at this anxious crisis of his professional career.

This congenial appreciation, so heartily expressed and coming from such a source, sufficiently justifies some notice being taken — however brief and imperfect it may be—of a man whose artistic genius devised, and whose trained experience successfully carried out with such spontaneous expression, the realisation of the true and beautiful in Gothic architecture, that it may justly be compared to a noble poem wrought in stone.

In preparing this sketch of Kemp's life and work I am fully conscious of my inability to do it the justice it deserves; but a strong sense of duty must form my apology for undertaking what I fear has been already too long deferred. For, as time has

passed away, it has taken with it much that was interesting and useful relating to the days of Kemp's activity. The chief object kept in view, in writing this sketch, has been to record, with consistent brevity, all that is known of the various stages of progress towards the acquirement of that skilful perception of the capabilities of architectural science which enabled Kemp—although his life was all too short —to overcome the many obstacles which obstructed his path, and to attain the position of a typical representative of the highest rank in the architectural profession, on which his genius shed such a brilliant lustre. And this pre-eminence, secured solely by his individual merits, he will in all probability retain in the memory of his countrymen when the names of many of his distinguished contemporary professional brethren have been forgotten.

In tracing the career of a self-made man like George Kemp, it will be obvious that an interesting contribution to our general knowledge ought to be the result, combined with the more human interest that attaches itself to the mere portrayal of a patient and arduous life; although the latter, with its strongly marked individuality of character, resolute firmness of purpose, and indomitable perseverance in pursuit of the high object he had ever in view, should act as a stimulative example to all youthful aspirants who desire to gain a high place in whatever profession they may elect to follow.

Old Farmhouse, Moorfoot.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND STUDIES.

GEORGE MEIKLE KEMP was born on the 25th of May 1795, at Moorfoot, then a hamlet situated near the southern boundary of the county of Mid-Lothian, where the Gladhouse burn flows into the loch of the same name. The village at that date must have presented a charming picture, lying as it did nestled within the shadows of the hills, remote from any beaten track. At that time the place comprised fifteen dwellings, whose occupants were employed in pastoral pursuits.

It has been ascertained that on the birthday of

Kemp the lease of the Moorfoot farm had terminated. The new tenant, it appears, had no interest in the rearing of sheep, but was desirous to reopen and work the ancient lead-mines in the vicinity, and had secured the farm as a centre of operations. Consequently men were employed who were accustomed to that kind of labour, and this entailed the removal of the Kemps and the other shepherds; so that on that day, in company with their neighbours, only a few hours after the child's birth, the family were compelled to leave, and the mother and her babe were removed in a conveyance to their new home at Newhall, some fourteen miles distant, where his father had secured employment.

Nothing now remains of the village of Moorfoot but a picturesque farmhouse, with its quaint gables, and here and there, exposed above the turf, clusters of low ruined walls, the rugged surfaces of which are clothed with moss and ferns. Above rises a wooded embankment, while around and in the midst of the ruins, which are all that remains of the old Chapel of Moorfoot, stand clumps of elms, whose twisted trunks bear grim, mute witness to the violence of the gales that sweep down the long valley that stretches away to the south and west. Looking up the glen the ruined tower of Hirendean arrests the eye, raised on a spur which runs out boldly from the long, unwooded curves of the mountain-sides. Its presence gives variety to the picture, which, in

combination with the fleeting cloud-shadows as they drift in playful chase, presents a scene of beauty to be remembered with delight. Beyond, the receding slopes, as they near the head of the valley, are shut in by the crowning height of the Moorfoot range, sable-tinted "Bow-beat," a splendid mountain-mass, whose smooth round crest is only visible at intervals, when its cap of clouds is torn apart and scattered by the breeze. It is a solitary place, with a grave, solemn beauty, and a fit birthplace for such a genius as Kemp.

His parents, James Kemp and Jean Moubray, were reputed to be people of intelligence, and bore an exemplary character. George, being rather a delicate child, was for the first six years of his life principally under his mother's care. He attended the district school at Penicuik; but the fundamental part of his early education was imparted by his father, who taught all his children reading, writing, and arithmetic, insisting not only that they should comprehend the meaning of the words, but that they should also understand the nature of the subjects which they read. As both parents lived sincerely pious lives, it was natural that the early training of their children should engage their special attention, and that they should endeavour to instil into their youthful minds precepts of simple religious thought and high moral purpose, enforced by their own exemplary and blameless walk in life.

At this time it appears to have been remarked by those who came in contact with George, and of course more particularly by his parents, that he was possessed of an intelligence much above the average of a child of his years. These indications, together with the extra care required in consequence of his delicate constitution, would obviously suggest to the minds of his anxious parents the necessity of securing for their boy some kind of employment that would meet the conditions of his case. On the one hand it would require, as far as possible, to be exempt from heavy manual labour, and on the other it should be of such a nature as might form a suitable outlet for the exercise of his latent ability. By those acquainted with the habits of thought peculiar to the Scottish peasantry it may readily be surmised that the idea of dedicating their talented son to the service of the Church would be the ultimate decision of his family; and, according to his own statement, this was the course at one time resolved upon. What his success would have been in the theological field it is unnecessary to speculate upon. His parents' hope of seeing him a minister was not to be realised, nor even the wish which his father seemed at one period to entertain, that he might follow his own pastoral occupation. The bent of the lad's genius was leading him even now in the direction of his life-work.

George remained at home until he reached his fourteenth year, and when old enough to do so assisted

his father, with the exception of one year, when he was employed on a neighbouring farm. It was while he was in his tenth year that an incident occurred which, it is conjectured, awakened in his mind the desire to obtain a more intimate knowledge of ancient buildings, and was influential in guiding the current of his thoughts into that channel which ultimately led him to adopt the architectural profession. He had been sent to Edinburgh with a pony in his charge, and on his way back he turned aside to see Roslin Chapel and Castle, of which he had often heard strange legends related in the fireside stories. Never before having seen anything resembling what was then presented to his view, he gazed with wonder and admiration on the exquisite details of the architecture of the chapel, as he reverently took his way round the building. The emotion which he felt on looking upwards at the ruins of the ancient castle from the banks of the Esk he in after-life described as being that of tremulous surprise. The impression thus made, in combination with the marvellous legends he had listened to, was never effaced from his memory, and long years afterwards it seemed to form, to a certain extent, a standard of comparison in estimating the characteristics of many of the ecclesiastical and castellated buildings which he visited.

The southern slopes of the Pentlands comprised the area of his pastoral duties, which required his almost

daily perambulation of hill and valley in attending to the onerous requirements of his fleecy charge. Happily at this period of his life he looked on this labour as no toilsome task of dull routine, as his appreciative and reflective mind was in complete sympathy with the ever-varying beauties which nature so lavishly unfolded on the sunny slopes, the rugged gorges, and rocky scaurs, where the gushing springs burst forth, and flowed onward in tiny streams, until they finally united with the rumbling burn far below. The wild-flowers, birds, and animals were also objects of his special attention and delight, and he was often heard to remark, in conversation with his friends, that the smallest insect has as good a claim to our care and kindness as the most sprightly and strong, and that one of the finest traits of the Christian character is shown in sympathetic tenderness towards the lower animals. Thus, amidst the mountain solitudes, he was imperceptibly imbibing an elementary knowledge of the beautiful in nature, and a gentle culture, which he was fond of referring to in after-life. It was during this period that he began to make frequent experiments in the construction of miniature water-wheels, which he set a-going in the streams of the sequestered valleys. He also shaped out and carved with his pocket-knife, from the fragments of black oak found in the peat-mosses, small cups or quaichs, which he finished with tastefully executed ornament. This boy-

ish accomplishment developed itself in after-years in an eminently practical manner, as the facility thus acquired in the dexterous use of his knife enabled him often to demonstrate, by the most simple and ingenious of methods, the actual and precise form and application of any particular architectural moulding or detail by which he wished to illustrate his argument or instruction. It was remarked of him that, when asked for a sketch or drawing for working purposes, he invariably preferred to make a template of wood or cardboard, or a clay mould, so as to show at a glance the desired proportion and projection; and this he would effect with his ever-handy knife, almost as quickly as another could produce a sketch. This peculiarity of Kemp's method, although of ancient origin, has been much neglected by the modern architectural student. But its advantages are so obvious that it is not too much to say that it ought to receive more attention, as it is unquestionably a most valuable auxiliary in ascertaining with precision the true relation of light and shade in the formation of ornamental mouldings and important details in their various positions, and it moreover entirely precludes the risk of perpetrating the mistakes inseparable from the prevalent haphazard system of working.

The manifestation of these artistic tendencies and gifts showed that the direction of the lad's genius lay more in the way of design and construction than in the monotonous duties of a pastoral life, which seemed

now to have few charms for him; and his parents, therefore, became impressed with the propriety of sending him to learn a mechanical craft. So, after due deliberation, that of a house-carpenter and joiner was selected as being most congenial to his aspirations, his father regretfully observing to his mother that they would have to make something else than a shepherd of George, as he often found him setting mills a-going in the burns, and the sheep and cows appeared to be the least objects of his thought and care. It was accordingly arranged that he should be apprenticed to Mr Andrew Noble, a respectable master wright and carpenter, at Noble Lodge, Redscaurhead, a hamlet (now close to the railway) midway between the village of Eddleston and the town of Peebles.

It is satisfactory to be able to say that his place of early training is still in the same condition in every respect as when he lived under its roof. The house is pleasantly situated on the side of the main road. It stands apart from other houses, having only the workshop adjoining it, wherein is carried on now the same business as in Kemp's day. The interior of the house possesses all the characteristic features of a Scottish dwelling of its class at the end of last century.

On the 14th of June 1809, having just entered his fifteenth year, George Kemp became an indentured apprentice carpenter, under an engagement to serve for four years in that capacity, in order to acquire

a thorough knowledge of the trade he had set himself to learn. He resided with his master during the week, but went regularly home to his parents on the Saturday nights, and remained with them over Sunday, trudging back to his work on Monday morning.

Being of a pleasant disposition and attentive to his business, he soon became a valued workman, much appreciated by his master, and treated as a member of the family.

At this period the old domestic industries had not passed away,—the young women during the winter evenings being usually employed, while sitting round the comfortable fireside, in preparing wool and flax, and spinning the yarn and thread which the industrious housewives provided for the benefit of their families. These operations were frequently enlivened by the singing of some old song or ballad, and at other times a story was told, or some of the young men read a tale or related some matter of general interest; and thus the long winter nights were passed pleasantly and profitably.

In homes like Mr Noble's there was usually an apartment known as the men's room, where the apprentices slept, and retired to read, write, or prepare such diagrams or working drawings as might be requisite in the course of their daily employment. These opportunities afforded Kemp a means of improving his former acquirements, and he took full

advantage of the additional facilities now brought within his reach to extend his general and practical information. His ordinary duties being connected with the construction and repair of such mechanical implements as were in use for agricultural purposes at that time, and also with the upkeep and other matters in connection with mansion-houses and farm-buildings, necessitated an intimate acquaintance with the principles of design, the technicalities of which were explained by his master, assisted by the more advanced workmen, pointing for illustration to parts of the surrounding buildings, or referring to illustrated books treating of practical geometry and architecture, such as Langlay's 'Builder's Jewel,' and some of the older books on the five orders of architecture, which also furnished copies for drawing. These studies induced, besides, an increasing desire for reading works on history, poetry, and music.

In the second year of his apprenticeship he revisited Roslin Chapel and Castle, freed from the all-absorbing fascination of the weird tales associated with the buildings, relative to the deer-hunters of Glencorse, the 'Prentice pillar, and the enchanted lady with the golden treasure supposed to be asleep in the deepest and darkest vault of the castle.

With intelligent delight he now carefully studied the beauties and construction of the buildings, their style, periods of erection, and indications of mutilation and restoration arising from the effects of times

of turmoil and intervals of peace. He likewise took rough sketches of the parts which particularly attracted his attention, as deserving more mature consideration and calculation, to be reserved for study in his leisure hours—or, more correctly speaking, during the hours not comprised in those of his stated times of labour.

He had an ardent love for the legends, ballad poetry, and songs of his country, and was fond of reciting passages from Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, or quoting a line to express a thought which he could not otherwise so pointedly convey. He sang very sweetly, and occasionally composed verses of his own. He also cultivated with success a natural taste for music, and performed many of the older Scottish airs on the violin.

The four years of his apprenticeship, then, were industriously employed in mastering the details and technicalities of his craft, while his leisure hours were equally well spent in pursuit of self-culture, embracing specially the study of architecture; and although requiring much self-denial and perseverance, yet this manner of occupying his spare time was congenial to his nature, and afforded pleasure both to himself and to his companions. These early studious habits promoted the growth of a thoughtful temperament, which, in combination with frequent intervals of retirement, created in him a shy and shrinking manner towards strangers. This disposition gained such

a hold on him that he was never able to shake it off, even in his later years. One of our modern social customs, in particular, was the object of his dislike and aversion—that of effusive hand-shaking! This may be partly accounted for as arising from his spending so much of his time in the country, where the practice of hand-shaking even at the present day is by no means a common one. Acquaintances who may perhaps not have seen each other for a long time, when they meet will merely salute each other with a grave nod, and at once enter into conversation. Be that as it may, Kemp was one of the very worst of hand-shakers, and nothing seemed to give him greater distress than the effort required to meet with some semblance of reciprocity the salutation of a gushingly polite acquaintance either on the street or in private. A very intimate friend of Kemp's describes a scene which he once witnessed while they were passing along one of the well-known thoroughfares in Edinburgh. They were engaged in the full flow of an animated conversation, when suddenly Kemp's eye caught sight of a friend approaching them from the opposite direction, and instantly the current of his thoughts was arrested, he lost the thread of the conversation, and then became silent altogether. His friend, somewhat surprised at the abrupt change, turned towards Kemp for an explanation, when he at once observed a most whimsically troubled expression on his face,

and general nervous commotion in his manner, especially in the extraordinary movements of his right arm and hand, which he kept dangling and jerking backwards and forwards in a comically helpless way, as if he had lost control over them. Gradually, however, the right hand appeared to become more subject to his will, and it along with the arm was slowly raised until they extended at right angles with his body, and with a powerful effort he shot out his hand and grasped that of the friend who had now come up to him; and then, the ordeal past, Kemp uttered a sigh of relief, murmured the usual commonplace inquiries, said good-bye, and then briskly resumed his talk with his companion with the air of a man who has performed conscientiously an unpleasant but meritorious action. But even when in the society of his most intimate friends, he more frequently responded to their salutations with a kindly expressive smile, than by the more common and formal method of recognition. Diffident in other points, he seldom intruded his opinion unasked in the course of discussion arising from general topics; but on the subject of his studies he was wont to display great animation, giving utterance to his sentiments in unrestrained but simple eloquence, and with a hearty earnestness which seldom failed to impress his auditors with a high sense of his capabilities and keenness of observation.

Before leaving this section of his career, it may not be out of place, although a little out of chronological

sequence, to say something of his personal habits. Like most men engrossed in a congenial study in which all thought and action converge, Kemp was somewhat indifferent to the outward aspect of his personal appearance, as far as regarded dress; it was a detail that gave him very little thought, and certainly caused him as little anxiety. But, notwithstanding his carelessness on this point, his individuality was of such a striking character as to compel attention and respect.

"The rugged shell, the sturdy outer skin,
Served to protect and guard the precious gem within."

This indifference to dress is amusingly illustrated by the following incident, which occurred on one occasion when he was called upon to attend a meeting of committee in connection with the proposed restoration of the ancient Cathedral of Glasgow. The meeting was to be held in that city, and it was essential that Kemp should be there in person. According to his usual practice, he performed the journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow on foot. On arriving at his destination, and in view of the importance of his engagement, his first thought—a most unusual consideration for him—was as to the propriety of making some improvement in his personal appearance; and, as the effects of his long journey had left its traces on his linen, he came to the conclusion that a clean shirt-front or "dicky" would

certainly be necessary for that purpose. This addition to his toilet was at once purchased; and having made himself, as he supposed, quite smart, he waited on the committee, and got his business satisfactorily arranged. Having got this duty over, he then called on a relative who resided in Glasgow at that time, and who, after the usual friendly greetings and inquiries, startled Kemp by exclaiming, "What, George! what have you been doing to your shirt-collar? Just look in the glass and see what a fright you are!" A little dismayed at this unexpected salutation, Kemp looked at himself in the mirror, and appreciating the ludicrous appearance he made, he laughed heartily, remarking to his relative, "It does not matter now; for, fright and all as I am, I hae been among the great folks." The explanation was that, when he had put on the new shirt-front, he had forgotten to put the old collar below it, so that matters had been made worse by allowing the soiled collar to appear as conspicuously as possible above the clean one. He frequently reverted to this incident with a mixed feeling of amusement and annoyance, as it gave him a clue to the quizzical looks which had been cast at him by the other gentlemen while the business was being discussed, and the cause of which Kemp was at a loss to understand, until his disordered shirt-front revealed the origin of their mirth.

Having reached his nineteenth year and successfully mastered the rudiments and all the higher branches of

his craft, we find him now occupying the position of a neat-handed and skilful workman, with a sound and well-grounded practical knowledge of drawing, and possessing more than the ordinary amount of information and intelligence usually to be found in young men in his sphere of life. His indenture with Andrew Noble states that he was discharged on the 20th day of June 1813, and that he had served and regularly implemented his engagement, and was discharged therefrom.

Amidst the full employment of his time in the active duties of his work, Kemp never neglected the obligations of gratitude and affection due to his parents, and to his brothers and sisters who remained at home. His sister Violet, in a letter to a friend, writes: "During the years of his apprenticeship he was in the habit of coming home every Saturday night, and never came without some flower or mountain plant to be planted in our garden, to be watched over by his sisters. It was a time of joy to all when he came home, all being gathered around the hearth. In many ways it was a picture of Burns's Cottar's Saturday Night."

About this time Kemp prepared to leave his home and the district in which he had been reared, with all the attractions and ties of tenderness that endeared it so much in his affections. These were cherished through life. He set out upon a pleasant summer day to travel on foot to Galashiels, a distance of seven-

teen miles, carrying on his shoulder the tools more immediately required in starting upon the employment he had procured as a millwright there.

His road lay along the banks of the Eddlestone Water and the Tweed, and wound through a succession of beautiful valleys, with verdant hills on either side, varied with patches of pine plantations, and the delicate foliage of the mountain-ash or rowan-tree and the wild birch, and with cultivated fields scattered at intervals on the haughs and hillsides.

From his thinking habits, the time occupied in a long journey of this kind was profitably employed in meditating on plans for the future. While his thoughts were busy with these ruminations, a carriage overtook him, near the old tower of Elibank, and drew up beside him. He then observed a gentleman in the carriage, who had evidently directed his coachman to ascertain how far the burdened traveller was going. On receiving the desired information, Kemp was asked to take a seat beside the coachman, and, accepting the welcome invitation, he was driven to Galashiels, where, on his alighting, some of the people standing by remarked that he had been riding with the "Shirra." He then discovered that the kindly and considerate gentleman was no other than Mr Walter Scott, who had chanced to be travelling in that district in the discharge of his duties as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. The local surroundings were most admirably adapted for this memorable incident. Little

did the poet-author think that the youth whose grateful beaming eyes looked so modestly into his own would some day conceive and fashion the monument which was to embody his countrymen's tribute to his genius.

It is thought that Kemp's intention at this time was to gain sufficient practical experience in order that he might be competent to conduct the business of a millwright, in combination with that of house-carpenter and joiner, if he should subsequently decide on commencing business on his own account in a country district. This intention did not, however, in any great measure interfere with his earnest study of ancient architecture, which continued unabated.

Having taken his position in the millwright's shop at Galashiels, where he found himself a stranger, without any local acquaintance or personal friends, and thrown entirely upon his own resources, with the exception of the usual sympathy shown by the settled workmen to the new-comer, he found that his carefully gathered experience now stood him in good stead. It took up no room, and was easily carried about, and it also enabled him to make the most economical use of his time.

Having previously had some practice in connection with repairing machinery, the fact of being now obliged to devote his attention specially to this kind of work did not cause him much anxiety, as he felt himself qualified to master any difficulties that might arise. In the course of his duties, however, in making draw-

ings, or taking dimensions for new parts of machinery, he saw more forcibly the advantages of careful drawing and minute calculations than he had realised in his former experience. In connection with this, it must be remembered that the mechanical engineer had not yet taken the place of the millwright, nor had iron machinery with steam-power superseded the old hardwood constructions worked by horse and water power, which for some time longer continued connected with the timber-working craft.

In the performance of his work Kemp had frequently to travel considerable distances into the surrounding country for the purpose of fitting up and adjusting the various parts of the complicated machines then in use, and thus he not only acquired a varied and extensive knowledge of the machinery on which he was engaged, but also became familiar with the localities which he visited, and which were doubly interesting to him by reason of the ruined abbeys and ancient castles and towers so numerous in that district, many of them so famous in Border song and legend. He embraced every possible opportunity of seeing these venerable fabrics, especially the Abbeys of Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Melrose. These he carefully inspected, and made elaborate drawings of many of their details, particularly of Melrose Abbey, which, next to Roslin Chapel, claimed his special attention, and was justly esteemed by him as a worthy subject for earnest contemplation and study.

It has been already mentioned that Kemp had a general knowledge of the distinctive features displayed in the five orders of architecture and the Gothic styles. According to the classification based upon the characteristics of British ecclesiastical architecture, he discovered that Roslin Chapel differed from the type in many essential points—so much so, indeed, that he came to the conclusion that artificers from foreign parts had been employed for the erection of the chapel. And this opinion gained confirmation from the fact that local tradition pointed to descendants of artificers who had originally come from France.

In Melrose Abbey he observed a mixture of classified styles combined with French features, and the dates of the erection of many of these parts were of a later period than the classification referred to. There was also a tradition to the effect that a certain John Morvo from Paris had built a part of the Abbey, and this is to some extent confirmed by the following inscription :—

> "John Morvo sometime callit was I
> In Parysse born certainlie
> And had in keepyng al masson work,
> Sant Androys ye hie Kirk
> Of Glasgow, Melros and Paslay
> Of Niddisdaill and of Galway."

It is supposed that John Morvo superintended the building of the eight chapels forming the outside

divisions of the double aisle on the south side of the nave of Melrose Abbey, bearing date 1505, as he is noticed in 1508 as building the church in Galloway.

The various peculiarities of style observable at Melrose are accounted for by the buildings having been so often destroyed and injured in consequence of the frequent inroads and forays of the lawless inhabitants of the English side of the Border, whose devastations were replaced by the ecclesiastic builders, according to the style, and embodying the most approved arrangements in vogue at the time. If the political relations of the two countries were in harmony at such periods, English masons were procured, who were the means of introducing the prevailing recognised style; and if these could not be had, then French workmen were employed, who in turn were responsible for the adaptation of the peculiar features prevalent in their own country.

Gladhouse Loch, from ruins of Chapel, Moorfoot.

CHAPTER II.

TRAVELLING YEARS.

AT this time Kemp, not being sufficiently conversant with the rules of perspective drawing and free-hand sketching, confined his attention chiefly to drawing elevations, details, and sections of mouldings, very minutely delineated. As he was endowed with the valuable faculty, which he retained through life, of being able to commit accurately to memory the plan and general characteristics of any building which attracted his attention, and so perfectly that he could, no matter how long afterwards, refer to any point or detail with extraordinary precision, his method was, in visiting a building, to devote his

time more particularly to studying its general aspects as it stood, instead of making plans or taking views, unless specially desired to do so.

After having spent fully a year in Galashiels, he decided to go to Edinburgh, where he speedily found employment as a joiner with Mr John Cousin, builder, in whose service he remained during his stay there at that time.

To a mind fresh from the associations of pastoral scenery, and after the limited advantages to be had in the dull routine of the smaller country towns, Edinburgh presented at this time many attractions, as well as an extensive field of opportunities for improvement in intellectual and artistic pursuits, which his keen natural intelligence, aided by ever-increasing experience, enabled him to appreciate to the full.

The old city, with its quaint streets and closes, picturesque mansions, and other interesting features, retained much of its original character; while the New Town, with its methodically arranged streets and squares, was in the process of construction, being only partly built. There was consequently much of what was both old and new constantly before him, presenting to his gaze scenes of which he had heard only in the tales of wonder narrated by the occasional visitors, to which he had eagerly listened. But now he had the privilege of examining for himself those famous places hallowed by the charm of historic and legendary associations on the one hand, and interest-

ing from their magnitude and versatility of design on the other. These for a time occupied the attention which he had formerly bestowed on the ancient buildings which came under his observation while in the country.

As a journeyman carpenter, he worked ten hours a-day, with no Saturday half-holiday; the only spare time at his disposal being the evening hours, which were devoted to improving his knowledge and practice in drawing and perspective, and frequently applied to the work of delineating the more effective points in the architecture of the old city buildings. He also spent a considerable portion of his leisure time in studying works on architecture, history, biography, and in the equally congenial companionship of the older poets of his own country, such as Barbour, Dunbar, and Sir David Lyndsay; Chaucer and Spenser were specially appreciated. On one occasion, in reply to the question of a friend—Kemp had been referring to some of his achievements in walking—if he did not weary on the way, "Oh no," he replied; "when the slightest failing of mental activity comes on, I at once apply to my favourite poets Chaucer or Spenser, as I always carry a copy of one of them in my side pocket for immediate reference." He added that, when he happened to be overtaken by night coming on when far from any dwelling, nothing pleased him better than to lay down his weary limbs among the bracken, with no other cover-

ing than the overhanging branches of the trees of the plantation, and to be aroused at daybreak by the singing of the birds and the humming of the insects, and there eat his frugal breakfast and drink from the neighbouring brook. It was in the midst of such sylvan surroundings that he enjoyed in the highest sense the poetry of his constant and true companions. Occasional exercises in essay-writing relieved the monotony of his other occupations.

An amusing commentary on the quiet and unobtrusive nature of Kemp's character is furnished in a remark made by a fellow-workman who happened to be engaged at the same bench with him at this period. When asked what sort of a man his new neighbour, Kemp, was, he replied, "Weel, he's a guid tradesman, but I dinna think there's muckle in him; for him and me have been workin' thegither for the last fortnicht, an' he has hardly opened his mouth to speak a word a' that time."

There were many inducements to the study of history continually presenting themselves in the course of his explorations among the old city buildings, in the form of the initial letters, dates, and armorial bearings with which many of the former residences of the nobility and gentry were adorned. Besides, although the tenants of these houses occupied a very different position in society from that of their predecessors, they were at the time in question of a very respectable class, who felt a certain amount of

commendable pride in the connection, which imparted a sense of inherited dignity to their surroundings, and many took great interest and pleasure in telling of the famous personages who had formerly lived there.

The change also in the style of many of the houses demanded attention, and invited inquiry into the causes.

The buildings in the New Town were then in active progress, and as they exhibited entirely novel features in arrangement, design, and construction, they were obviously objects for his immediate consideration, because they not only afforded a source of constant employment, but also presented an opportunity for qualifying himself as a thoroughly expert and efficient craftsman.

It will be observed that his daily labour, with the apparent variety of subjects that engaged his thoughts, was mainly directed towards securing an intelligent acquaintance with his trade, an increasing knowledge of the principles of architecture, and the extension of his general information. And, with these aims kept steadily in view, he was successful in acquiring an extensive fund of knowledge, accumulated by his own exertions, assisted by the aid of such libraries as were available, and of intelligent friends, and fostered and stimulated by his habits of industry, frugality, temperance, and honesty, in which he found his chief enjoyment.

In leisure hours his thoughts oftentimes reverted

to the scenes and memories of his early pastoral life, and at such times he was fond of giving expression to his sentiments in verse. Although, properly speaking, these compositions appear to have been merely intended as exercises in the art of rendering prose subjects into verse, yet they have a certain simplicity and originality in their composition, highly characteristic of their author. There are pieces upon a variety of subjects, the most elaborate being one extending to 104 stanzas, and entitled "The Dream," of which portions, with other examples of Kemp's verse, are given in the Appendix.

These poetical recreations were not continued in after-years by Kemp, as he was made rather a man of the world by the circumstances of his early training and the vicissitudes through which he had passed; and although fond and appreciative of the poetical and ideal, they were always kept subordinate to the demands of practical duty. His acquaintances were men of thought and observation, of his own class. Conscious that he had no wealthy or influential friends to aid him, he felt that it was indispensable that he should strengthen himself personally to enable him to encounter with any prospect of success the battle of life which he was now earnestly entering on.

In 1817, after about two years' residence in Edinburgh, having acquired confidence in his ability as a tradesman, with such a knowledge of drawing as he could readily apply to the theoretical branch of his

business, and with his general information considerably extended, he set out for England. He resided chiefly in Lancashire, working as a carpenter, and taking advantage of every available opportunity that presented itself for inspecting any remains of ancient architecture that might be in the neighbourhood, or in the adjoining counties. He was, as has already been stated, an excellent pedestrian, and performed these itinerant journeys principally on foot, even when extending to considerable distances.

On one occasion he walked fifty miles to York, where he spent a week carefully examining the Minster of that city, and subsequently returned on foot. In connection with this visit it is related of him that, although it was night when he arrived, no doubt sorely fatigued after his journey, in the ancient cathedral city, yet his enthusiasm was so great that the thought of being at last within sight of the long-cherished object of his desire banished all sense of weariness from his mind, and he could not think of seeking rest or refreshment until he had feasted his eyes on the noble building whose grandeur and beauty had attracted him to its presence. He made his way at once to the cathedral, and there realised one of the dearest wishes of his life, in the contemplation of that magnificent pile. Fortunately a bright moon illumined the scene, and bathed the stately and beautiful structure in its mystic silvery light, enhancing by the effects of its light and shade

the charms of the numerous towers and pinnacles, the slender and elegant proportions of the mullioned windows; and the richly decorative carved work, relieved by the broad masses of the walls, merging into the darkness of the night, presented such a picture of grace and splendour that it is easy to imagine what effect such an exquisite combination would have on the highly excitable and sensitive soul of Kemp. It acted on him like a spell, and he was so entranced by the spectacle that daylight had long appeared before he could tear himself away from the spot, and seek the repose and refreshment of which he stood so much in need.

Having no local connections of any kind, his leisure time, if it might be so called, was entirely devoted to the careful examination and studied comparisons of the buildings he was enabled to visit. This he carried out by means of measured drawings, sketches, and other memoranda made on the spot, and which by the aid of a highly trained memory he could confidently refer to at any subsequent period. After a three years' residence, during which he acquired a very comprehensive and minute knowledge of the capabilities of Gothic architecture, he returned to Scotland, and procured employment in Glasgow. There he remained for four years, working industriously at his trade during the day, and in the evening attending classes. He also made good use of the much-valued privilege he obtained of minutely examining the grand old cathe-

James Hemp

dral, combining with this other architectural studies ancient and modern.

After paying a short visit to his parents in the year 1824, he again set out for England, and took up his residence in London. Engaged in his usual avocation, here as elsewhere he employed his spare time in visiting the interesting historical buildings with which the metropolis abounds. Occasionally he extended his investigations beyond the limits of the great city. The ancient cathedral of Canterbury had strong attractions for him; and to it he devoted a very large share of his time and attention. Kemp's impressions of London are so characteristic that it would be impossible to render them better than by quoting a long letter which he wrote to a friend in Edinburgh:—

"LONDON, *Feb.* 20, 1825.

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I am extremely happy to hear that Alexander Keith is on the way to meet the reward of his genius. I heartily wish he may succeed. I think if he was to come to London he would have a dozen chances for one in Edinburgh, as people push their way into the world with less reserve in London than perhaps they can do anywhere else. The common people would think his paintings much better when he went home, though it was not to be the case, as far fowls have aye fair feathers. Although a Scotsman is not much beloved here, particularly among the lower classes, he

can be nowhere more flattering to his pride in the fine arts. The productions of Wilkie, Allan, Burnett, Kidd, and various others occupy the most prominent places in the shop-windows. The writings of Waverley Scott, Thomas Campbell, James Hogg, Thomas Chalmers, Ned Irving, and others stand highest, or at least deserve to do so, in the literary world; and Byron, though he was born on some transient visit of his mother to London, was undeniably a Scotsman on his mother's side, and people really cannot swear who is their father in this perverse world. He says himself he is half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one. He certainly spent that time of life among the Highland hills when the mind is capable of taking the impressions that time can never efface. And the Waterloo, Southwark, and London Bridges in progress are from designs by Telfer. When our London friends style the Waterloo Bridge the most magnificent structure in the world of its kind, they say nothing about Scotland furnishing the architect and the best part of the workmen, and the best part of the materials, and some such trifles as these; but this scanty sheet of paper cannot contain all the instances I could produce. I would think it below me to contend for the honour of our country if I did not see need for it; but the English have been so long dazzled with their own glory that they could not see the glory of anything else, and now, when they see a rival far outstripping them in almost everything, it is no wonder they use their utmost effort to keep him down. The fact of

the matter is (although it may be imprudent in me to speak on such a subject), that neither of the countries know their proper station. The Scots look up to the English as too far above them, and the English look down upon the Scots as too far below them. In your own department you may prove all that I have advanced in the general wise to indicate the methods of working in London. I must confess the carpenter-work is much better here than in Edinburgh; so it must, as the walls depend on the carpenter's work entirely. But here the joiner-work, for pure massive elegance of design in general, is twenty or thirty years behind Edinburgh. And another thing, the Scots are far more chaster (*sic*) in their taste for architecture; perhaps it is their poverty that keeps them so. But to compare one of the finest public buildings here, except St Paul's, to one of the finest in Edinburgh—if you will allow me a simile, the one here is like an old matron gorgeously decorated with a profusion of sackcloth flummery, and the other like an elegant girl in a plain dress of silk; yet if some of our Scotch gentry that intend to have a new house, that had no skill of architecture, were to pass along Regent Street, when it had just got its yearly round of whitewashing, . . . he would never think of an architect at home. Like a country wife at a fair, passing by a twenty-feet-long stall of shoes, she would of course expect a better bargain than from her own snab,[1] who had only two pairs to choose

[1] *Anglicè*, cobbler.

from. But if this supposed gentleman had a house in Great King Street or the Royal Circus, and if he were to examine minutely his own lobby and the lobbies of his next-door neighbours, he may find a specimen of all the architecture in Regent Street, and executed in much higher perfection. To be sure there are many improvements designed on the orders along Regent Street, if adding an additional nose or limb to a fine statue would be an improvement. Sculpture is an art the Scots are sadly behind in; but I believe it is little thought of. They need not try to restore the Parthenon until they pay some attention to its cultivation, and a nation does not deserve a monument[1] that cannot raise one to herself. But they have not always neglected that delightful art; there are some pieces in Roslin Chapel and many things in Melrose Abbey that would not escape admiration in the Elgin Gallery, that repository of plunder from the Parthenon at Athens, and Scotland is as rich in genius as ever:—

> "Yes, there are those prophetic Hope may trust,
> As Campbell says, that favourite son of song,
> That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
> To whom the sculptor's magic powers belong.
> Yes, there are those, alas! have felt too long
> Their smothered genius withering manhood's prime,
> And, all despised beneath the vulgar throng,
> Might rival Phidias in that Art sublime
> That sent his name so far along the stream of time."

[1] The foundation-stone of the National Monument had been laid in 1819.

"If you think I am ungrateful, and have been too severe on my southern benefactors, I would have you read a satirical work lately published, 'Modern Athens,'[1] if such an impudent enemy dare show face in Modern Athens. That the English are generous and unsuspicious is true. For their generosity I admire them, but for their unsuspiciousness, that is because the range of their mind, perhaps, like that of the eye in their misty climate, is so narrow that they have not much to choose on. If a man is well dressed, they suspect no ill of him; but if the reverse, they suspect no good: whereas a man that deserves the name of Scot, in the clear and almost infinite range of his imagination, has the past and future before him, and on seeing the object of scorn to a narrow mind, the beautiful lines of Campbell would express the feelings of his heart,—

'Who may understand thy many woes, poor unfortunate?
He who thee being gave can only judge of thee.'

Nor does this far-found virtue lose its influence in our courts of justice. See 'London News.' A well-dressed, respectable-like gentleman was brought before the Lord Mayor for so-and-so. Well-dressed gentleman! Levity[2] is sure to follow these sweet-sounding syllables; but, alas! if he bear no recent marks of the tailor's ingenuity about him, the Lord have mercy on him!

[1] 'The Modern Athens,' by "A Modern Greek." Mudie, 1824.
[2] ! A light sentence.

"Tailors are shamefully undervalued, and most by those that are most obliged to them. They make many a respected gentleman (to use one of Burns's roughest ideas) of a piece of clay that the deil intended to make a swine of: yes, to them kings owe half their power and parsons half their dignity; for in meagre nature's plain and oft unseemly covering, many scavengers were more august than they. And but for them dandies had never been; they can bring symmetry out of deformity, and make the man of wisdom hear with reverence the words of a fool. Had I a thousand knees to bow, when each of them had kissed the cold earth a thousand times, it would be but a thousandth part of the homage due to all the potent power of transformation only to be found in the gifted sons of the steel gun. And, Milton, Milton! it was too bad to people your immortal poem with imaginary beings when tailors yet remain unsung.

"I can scarcely help feeling a little resentment since I read part of this work here, entitled 'Modern Athens,' and more so since the London press did their best to make it popular. Its author seems to have been inspired by the same envious spirit of prejudice that inspired the author of a 'Tour to the Hebrides.' Great Samuel was another slave to that intrusive attendant on weak minds—that literary Colossus who with a frown or a smile sent to oblivion or gave to immortality the poets as they passed in review under his huge legs, as Shakespeare says; but when he made

. . . or eight hundred miles against the venerable Ossian, the blaze of the old hearthstone was too bright for his weak jaundiced vision; he was glad to find relief beneath a canopy of London fog. I doubt by this time you are thinking I am possessed by the same spirit I am censuring; I am not free of it, but I am happy to feel it extend no further than a wish to raise the humble and bring down the proud to their proper sphere. I have the same veneration for the names of Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, and others as if they had been my great-grandfathers; for their sakes I could love the country that gave them birth. But tell me, why has the name of Newton been familiar to us from our childhood for the wonders he wrought among the stars, while the venerable name of Napier, who framed for him the stupendous scaffolding, has been allowed to sleep in silence? For the same reason the London printers would not publish 'The Grave'—by far the most valuable piece of poetry of the same length that Britain ever produced—because the author lived four hundred miles from London.

"One night the sound of Scotch music led me by the lugs to the mansion of one of our Caledonian gentry, who was giving his southern friends that night a magnificent display of his country's wealth. The largeness of the unscreened windows, the darkness without, and the brightness of the chandelier within, gave a good view of the machinery in motion. The first thing that struck me was, I thought the ladies

were all dancing in what a scholar would call a state of nudity; but I am happy, for the honour of the fair sex, to inform you this was really not the case. I stood a considerable time observing their motions. Unlike the dandies, the ladies seemed to prefer nature's plain habiliments to any other. I never knew before that it was fashionable to have so much of their charms exposed in public since Adam's fall, but it is not easy to account for ladies' whims. . . . Like Tam o' Shanter—

> 'Wi' first ae caper, syne anither,
> I wad hae tint my reason a'thegither,
> And roared out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"'

but I knew the host of flunkeys and grooms about the door would have been ready to revenge the least innovation on the honour of their master's house, so I turned my face homeward with a heart as heavy as unhallowed mirth could make it. This, said I to myself, is the shrine where the happiness of many a worthy family, and the hopes of many a rising genius, are sacrificed; and the general survey of the sad picture my fancy drew is too distracting. I will only describe a small part. Nearest the eye, there stands the naked walls (in this romantic glen), that was the residence of a worthy family time out of mind, that dearly payed the kain to both Catholic and Protestant Governments —nothing less than the flower of each succeeding family for many generations. The old Pictish tower that overhung the mountain stream,

'Whose naked storm-washed battlements appear
To have braved the winters of a thousand years;'

the crystal well shining in the sun; the old ash-tree that, like a mother o'er her infant's cradle, o'erhung the cottage, and on many a stormy night had hushed them to repose; and every object all around, associated with some idea, had become more than sacred. But, alas! their master left his happy Highland home to live at Court, and raised their rent to support his equipage, where none of it returns to raise their markets at home. The failure of one or two crops kept their rent in arrears. The effects of two or three balls such as I have described brought their master in arrears with his pastry-baker, wine merchant, &c. He had a gentleman's spirit in his heart; he had his own honour, with that of his country, to support among strangers, who are always gratified by a rival's fall; but fall he must not. The sentence of ruin was soon pronounced: 'Factor, let the lands possessed by those that cannot pay their rents fall in to their wealthier neighbours, and forward me what money their property will bring.' That was done, even to

'The big ha' Bible, ance their father's pride,'

their family priest and register, that contained the names of many beloved branches of their family whose bones were mouldering beneath the cairn on many a half-forgotten battle-field. Alas! the ruins of this once happy family will blot their master's name but

short way from the books of some damned big-bellied pastry-cook. Devil bake them up in brimstone pies for their employer's first dessert when they reach their well-earned destination. Though Scotland by means such as these has lost many inestimable treasures, thank heaven they have not been lost to the world, while America has been waiting with open arms to receive them, and nurse them in her kindly bosom; and none sooner than a Caledonian catches that spirit of independence that gives elevation to the human mind. It is treasures such as these that has raised America to her present height of glory; in the course of a very few years she will be able to laugh at Holy Alliances and all the other rubbish that ever confused the world.

"*Monday Night.*

"I have just revised my yesterday's work, and I am sorry to see sundry blunders and failures that I might correct by writing another; but I will rather throw this on your mercy than perform such a task. It is not for the public, but for a private friend; and I am not a scholar. Another thing, it is far too long; but I fancied myself cracking to you and my brother all the time, as I hope you are still on the best terms. I will not intrude myself so long on the patience of my friend again to make amends for a fault. Then, when I began I did not know what in the world to fill it up with; but I got into the spirit of it, when the

paper was about all done, and forgot my feet till the cold had seized upon them. My mind is like a thick fiddle, it requires hard playing upon before the music flows freely; and by indulging the train of thought so long, it ran on all the night suggesting better stuff, whereof I should have filled my letter withal, as Ned Irving says; so by means of that, and cold feet together, I, to use a Cockney embellishment of speech, 'Blast my wig' if I have had a wink of sleep since Sunday morning.

"Mind me in the warmest manner to Alex. Keith, John Watt, and any other that ye ken that kens me. I hope they are getting on lively with their society; it is the first thing that will ever make joiners what they ought to be in Edinburgh. Mind me to James Rogers and his other half. I suppose ye don't know Mungo Burton? tell Keith to speer at him what is the reason he forgot his old cronies. Spare me a bit line into the post-office, stating when this said marriage is to take place, that I may sup a pint of beer to your healths. Ony mair? Nothing that I mind; but take yer ain tale hame again, that I shall think it one of my best spent hours that is dedicated in writing to you.

"Nae mair, for 'am stupid wi' sleep. Farewell. God bless you all, quod KEMP."

The signature is an echo from Kemp's reading of the old ballads. I add here a part of another letter written at this time:—

"I look upon every written acknowledgment from my old cronies as a fresh repair on the fabric of friendship that was reared in the only time of life our hearts can afford a sure foundation, and fondly hope neither the storms of adversity nor the artillery of malicious tongues will be able to batter it down so long as I remain the humble possessor. But such a friendly and entertaining and informing epistle from one I had no reason to expect it from I must pass over in silence, as I have no words to express my gratitude. I once knew an old farmer with something very original (as Hogg says) in his mind's composition. He was the shepherd of his own sheep. The moment his cosy kitchen received him from the biting blast, he would break out with an enthusiastic blessing on the first inventor of houses, though I never knew a man more averse to reward his benefactors or lend to the Lord. Yet this proved a something of gratitude in him, and at the same time his wisdom, that never let it burst forth but at a time when it could sweep away none of his world's wealth; and another thing, we cannot say what degree of merit is due to the first inventor of house or hut building, as we cannot say how far he excelled his master-architects the birds in their nest-building (hang it, I am asleep already!). But when we think on the inventors of the art of transmitting our ideas, our loves, and our griefs, and our news from one to another, through every corner of the civilised world, and at the four hundred miles' distance between

you and me, for little more money than would procure a relish of Scots drink to an hour's conversation at home — this is the truly worthy object on which to pour the overflowings of our grateful hearts, and I felt as grateful as ever did the old farmer when I could see the happy faces you described, and hear the storm roaring o'er Jamie Ferguson's homely roof.

"I have just perused your friendly letter; and although we never had much personal acquaintance, I feel our sentiments agree so well that we can scarcely offend each other, unless I disappoint your expectations of amusement a letter should bring from such a fund of adventure as the British metropolis. But the fact of the matter is, except our public buildings, there is nothing to interest you that I can give any account of, and one that has read so much as you have must know the best of them; and as my correspondents are all cronies through-other, I don't like to describe anything twice, as they tell one another, and in the fine arts at present our own countrymen bear all the glory. After the first novelty wore off, there is so little to interest me that I have not been out on a Sunday morning before breakfast this four months, and not one night in a fortnight; the sky, like a black sooty roof lying on the tops of the houses, has no allurement like that—

"Where Salisbury Craigs uprear their heads sublime
A thousand feet above the vale below,
With ivy wreath bedecked, and mountain thyme,

That yield the summer air a fragrant glow
With wild delight, where Deans dwelt long ago ;
I've heard in winter night the wild uproar
Of angry storms assail their angry brow
And sound around the cliffs, like distant roar
Of waves that break along the sea-beat shore.
This tame dull land can no allurement claim
Like that oft robbed my limbs of their repose,
To see the rising sun peep o'er the main
Like timid modest worth, then bathe in liquid flame,
And war above the world, yet still shed down
On all beneath his kind inspiring aid.
His glance (except near city overgrown like this)
Renews the landscape's light and shade,
And makes the blushing flowers their odours spread.
He sends his welcome bright refulgent rays
Into the sufferer's pain-worn restless bed,
And kindly doffs his ardent noonday blaze
That fashion's drowsy eye on his decline may gaze."

After continuing about thirteen months in London, where he made numerous but unsuccessful efforts to secure a permanent position, or, as he expressed it, "to get into a way of well-doing," and deliberating on his prospects, he at last made up his mind to extend his field of observation beyond the limits of Britain. Having satisfied himself as to the feasibility of the under taking, he started for France. When Kemp had once made up his mind to travel in foreign parts, the method of accomplishing the end in view gave him very little concern or thought. Sustained by an ample confidence, inspired by strong will, and native self-reliance on his

skill as an artisan, he without hesitation prepared for his adventure, and, with the utmost indifference as to the difficulties he might encounter in a country whose institutions, people, and language were all equally unknown to him save by what he had read and heard of them, began his journey. This idea had been in his mind previous to setting out for London the second time; for on the day of his departure from Edinburgh, while on his way to Leith, where he took the boat for London, he met in Leith Walk a fellow-craftsman with his tools on his shoulder returning from the port, where he had been working, who, seeing Kemp with a similar but possibly more complete equipment, hailed him with "Where are you bound for now, Geordie?" "Oh, I'm off to Paris," replied Kemp. "To Paris, man!" was the astonished rejoinder. "How on earth do you expect to get there? have you got money enough for such a journey?" "Oh ay," replied Kemp, "I hae a croon, and something else forbye;" and, going on his way, he looked over his shoulder at his astonished friend, and continued, with a cheery smile on his face, "Ye ken I can always take a turn of work on the road, and I hae nae fear but I will get on all right." This was said in no boastful or self-conceited spirit, but with the quiet confidence of one who felt that he was fully competent to carry out his purpose with success, although the prospects might well have deterred a less determined spirit from venturing on such an expedition, particularly

when the difficulties, not to say dangers, that might befall a pedestrian making his way through France at this period are kept in view.

Kemp's object in travelling on the Continent was personally to examine the most famous edifices in Europe, all the while exercising his craft to provide himself with the means of support in the different places visited. In this scheme he was very successful; for his versatility as a mechanic in connection with mill machinery, and his skill as a general craftsman, readily procured for him the desired employment. He landed at Boulogne, and as he pursued his journey towards Paris he was very much impressed with the beauty of the French cathedrals. He applied himself most enthusiastically and successfully to the careful delineation of their graceful and ornate architectural details. Fortunately, an account of this interesting journey is preserved in the form of a letter which he wrote to a friend, and which is given here in his own words. He writes:—

"I went to France, where my success exceeded my expectations. I spent another year in that country, more than half of it in Boulogne. In the short time that I lived in that pleasantly situated healthy town, I had become so much attached to it that I felt no little pain when I saw its old walls, marble monuments, and green encampment disappearing in the distance for the last time.

"The old or high town of Boulogne is situated upon a hill of considerable elevation, surrounded by a strong rampart wall, with circular projecting towers at short distances from each other, that gives the place a strong castellated appearance. It was a favourite walk of mine that I will long remember, between the old double row of hollow elm-trees surrounding the rampart wall of that ancient warlike town. Often have I been roused from my reveries when the old town clock hammer struck the keystone of night's black arch. The dreary aspect of the country around was not more solemn than the silence that reigned over the crowded population within the walls. Not a sound strikes the ear except the waves of the distant ocean rolling against the marble cliffs that lie along the shore; or the slow footsteps of the old war-broken veterans, who still walk their nightly rounds; or the plaintive notes of the nightingale echoing in the distant woods; or the light footsteps of some youthful loving pair, breathing their plans of future bliss in accents scarcely less musical, while slowly passing along the very ground which more than once their brave ancestors drenched in slippery gore, rather than yield to their foes the sacred homes their posterity now enjoy.

"My desire to see the French metropolis soon became too strong to be overcome, so I took the pedestrian mode of travelling, as both the cheapest and most informing, since none of the country along the

roads we take is likely to escape our view in the night-time, and by lodging in houses unfrequented by fashionable travellers we see the manners of the people without disguise; and I will say this much in their favour, whatever others may say against them, that many of them showed not only the civility that belonged to their profession, but a kindly, open familiarity that almost makes a stranger feel at home.

"Before I saw the cathedrals in France, I had no idea of the gorgeous decorations that Gothic architecture can admit without spoiling the general effect. Immediately after contemplating the cathedrals in France, those in England appear greatly to disadvantage. Being stripped of their imagery, the empty niches give them an incomplete, desolate appearance. The stones seem to moulder away uncommonly fast; and, like all other stone buildings in the south of England, they have a dark dingy aspect, which must be owing to the great quantity of coal-smoke in the damp air of that over-peopled country. I know not how to account for it otherwise.

"The Cathedral of Amiens is said to be the most magnificent in France; but the stone of which it is built appears to be inferior to that of Abbeville and Beauvais. In the latter, particularly, the forming and polish of the stones appear as entire as the most recent alterations. The doors, and windows right above the doors of the principal entrance to the choir, exhibit by far the highest reach of the carv-

ing art of anything I have ever seen. Some fantastical whim of the architect had tempted him to imitate the branches of a tree spread over the Gothic windows above the doors. The deception is so complete that I could almost have believed it a petrifaction, the thick stone diminishing gradually to the parting of every branch, the bark, and the stumps, where some of the leafy twigs seemed to have been cut off to admit the light, appear so natural. Yet a branch of a tree spread over a fine Gothic window, with its leaves a little dusty, is no great ornament after all.

"I may observe that, although time has dealt mercifully with these fabrics, they have suffered considerably from violence, as many of the most tempting allurements to idolatry were hewn or carried off about the beginning of the French Revolution. It is a great pity that tyranny or priestcraft should so often exasperate the populace, whom their low policy has kept ignorant, to wreak their revenge on these monuments, that, as works of art, constitute the chief glory of their country.

"I could scarcely help wondering, while contemplating these magnificent structures, that I had heard so little about them that they appeared to me like a new discovery, while those in Egypt, Greece, Italy, and Spain are so familiar to us. It is quite natural that people are not eager to spread the fame of their neighbour rivals.

"I will refer you to your geography for a description of Paris, as I have neither time nor ability for such a task. However, I may observe that I was more struck with the magnificent avenues on each side of the roads as they approach near Paris than I was at the first sight of the city itself. The triumphal arches at most of the principal entrances to the city are noble structures; but the streets are very irregular, narrow, and ill paved. A description of the public buildings would require a volume. Many of them seem designed to last for ever. There is little or no wood used in the construction of the greater part of them, as it was a material of less durability than stone, and liable to destruction from fire.

"The Church of St Geneviève, though not the largest, is allowed by impartial travellers to be the finest modern temple in the world; it is in the purest and richest style of the Corinthian order. If I was to say the design is superior to that of St Paul's, John Bull would take me by the nose, though he cannot deny that the material and workmanship are infinitely superior.

"If the British would imitate the French architecture as servilely as they do their tailors, it would be more to their profit and honour. They are not content with gratifying the present generation with an unsubstantial shadowy show of architecture. Their public buildings are monuments well calculated to carry down an idea of their public spirit to the latest ages.

"I began now seriously to think of hurrying my journey to a conclusion, and after spending a few months in the land of our sires, to turn to Canada, and there in peace and contentment spend the remainder of my life. So I set out for London by a different line of road, and after losing fourteen days waiting for my trunk, I embarked for Leith, where I landed after six days, much fatigued with sea-sickness and tossing upon a cable truss all the way. I awoke from a refreshing sleep about six o'clock on a delightful morning about the end of July, after having anchored in Leith Roads a good part of the night waiting the tide, after an absence of about a year. The intended tour of Europe has terminated at Paris."

While in the latter city, Kemp received intelligence of the death of his mother, and immediately hurried home. He ever cherished the most tender affection for her. His sister Violet remarks in one of her letters, "He was a favourite with his mother, and I believe not many mothers ever had a more affectionate and dutiful son."

Contrary to the idea expressed in his letter of his intention of going to Canada on his return from France, he announced his intention of settling down in Edinburgh, where he endeavoured to commence business on his own account as a carpenter and joiner; but not succeeding in this, he devoted his whole energies more studiously than ever to the systematic study of drawing and perspective, with

the view of adopting their practice as his future occupation, his natural talent and inclination being obviously bent in that direction. His efforts in this instance were successful. One of his earliest opportunities for exhibiting his skill in matters appertaining to the practice of architecture was obtained through the influence of William Burn, the architect, to whom Kemp was introduced by his brother Thomas, at that time master of works to the Duke of Buccleuch, a position he held until his death, which occurred at Dalkeith in 1840.

Recognising Kemp's abilities, Mr Burn engaged him; and amongst the first duties he had to perform was that of preparing some of the working drawings for the mansion-house of Bowhill, then in course of erection. He was also employed at this time (1831-32) in the construction of a model in wood, to a large scale, proposed for a new palace, from designs by Mr Burn, which the Duke of Buccleuch contemplated building at Dalkeith. The model was completed in about two years, and was placed in the vestibule of Dalkeith Palace: to this day it remains at Dalkeith, in one of the Duke's workshops, and forms a most interesting object, unique in the high technical skill and delicate manipulation it displays in every part.

Having now attained the reputation of being an accomplished draughtsman, Kemp about the year 1830 revisited Melrose, and took three large and elaborate views of the Abbey ruins. These drawings

were exceedingly accurate in outline, minute in detail, and so exquisitely finished that they attracted considerable attention in the Scottish Academy Exhibition of that year, and were purchased at a liberal price by Thomas Hamilton the architect, at whose death they passed into the hands of John Lessels the architect, who was a distinguished connoisseur in such matters, and who appreciated them so highly that it may be said, in the language of Burns, he cherished them "wi' miser's care." They are now in the possession of Mr David MacGibbon, architect, who obtained them at the sale of Mr Lessels's art collection. They formed a very interesting feature in the exhibition held under the auspices of the Edinburgh Architectural Association in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1883, especially to the younger members of the architectural profession. The following is a list of the works referred to:—

1. Drawing of Melrose Abbey from south-east, exhibited by John Lessels, architect.
2. Design for restoration of Melrose Abbey, exhibited by the Edinburgh Architectural Association.
3. Drawing of Melrose Abbey from south-west, exhibited by John Lessels, architect.
4. Drawing of Melrose Abbey from east, exhibited by John Lessels, architect.
5. Original design for Scott Monument, exhibited by Mrs Dick.
6. Model of Sir Walter Scott's Monument, exhibited by Science and Art Department.
7. Model of Dalkeith Palace, exhibited by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

It was in the course of one of those visits to Melrose that Kemp was a second time brought into close contact with the great author with whose name he was destined in after-years to be so honourably associated. He was deeply engrossed in the operation of sketching when his attention was drawn from his work by the entrance into the Abbey grounds of a large company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom he immediately recognised Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter approached him, and attentively observed the drawing he was engaged on, looking towards the part of the building that was in process of being delineated, and comparing it with the sketch, as if by way of testing the accuracy and artistic skill of the draughtsman. Kemp was in momentary expectation of hearing the voice and listening to the accents of the greatest living Scotsman of the time, as he anticipated being questioned relative to the points of his drawing; but, unfortunately, just then a cry of alarm from some of his companions attracted Sir Walter's attention, and he at once hastened towards them to ascertain the cause of the excitement, which was due to the playful but somewhat wild frolics of his stag-hound Maida, which had been too demonstrative for the delicate nerves of some of the ladies. The alarm was quickly dissipated, and bursts of merry laughter resounded from the walls of the ancient Abbey when the disturber of the serenity of the party was brought

in all humility to the feet of his indulgent master. In relating the circumstance, Kemp spoke of it as a delightful scene to witness, and one to be long remembered; but still he never ceased to regret his own lost opportunity.

In the year 1832 Kemp married Elizabeth Wilson Bonnar, the only daughter of William Bonnar, decorator and heraldic painter, West Port, Edinburgh.

Their days of sweethearting were enlivened, or at least marked, by such incidents as Kemp taking her for a "jaunt" to Penicuik, and thence to Newhall, where the lovers sat amid the ruins of what had been his boyhood's home, and there doubtless discussed their plans. Amongst their many projects, he promised his future wife that he would build a house for her upon this hallowed spot.

It appears that their thoughts were so preoccupied that the coach went off without them, and the pair were left to trudge back home to Edinburgh. Kemp, who by the way had walked out to Penicuik, gallantly offered to carry his fatigued "lady-love" on his back over the last stage.

Possibly owing to a too frequent repetition of such mishaps, the course of true love did not always run smoothly in their case any more than in that of greater folk. Of this there is evidence in the present condition of the New Testament from whose cover

the design is taken which is repeated on the cover of this book.

That design was Kemp's own, and was drawn for a little pocket Testament which he presented to his sweetheart soon after their engagement, with the following twelve lines neatly penned on a blank leaf:—

To MY DEAR ELIZABETH.

If I could call my own a palace fair,
In Scotia's sweetest valley fair to see,
And wished a bosom friend my bliss to share,
I'd ask, my love, no other maid but thee.

While fortune lowered I could not woo thy love,
To climb with me life's rugged thorny way,
Nor think thine eyes' dear glance a sun could prove
To chase the clouds from life's dark gloomy day.

While fortune seems to smile, 'tis well my part.
I cannot vow my heart more fully thine,
Till death's cold hand the subtle knot will part
That Love around its core did softly twine.

Your constant lover,

G. KEMP.

But, alas! came a quarrel, and the lady indignantly sent back the gentleman's presents, verses and all. Kemp, however, returned his Testament after cutting out the page on which his rhapsody figured, and the estrangement not lasting long, in due time the pre-

cious verses were restored, and the leaf carefully replaced, to survive as a witness—pathetic or comical as one looks at it—of the falling out and reconciliation, long after the hearts that were young then and full of life have been turned to dust.

Workshop at Redscaurhead (Kemp's apprentice home).

CHAPTER III.

PROPOSED RESTORATION OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

ABOUT this time Mr Johnstone, an engraver and printer in Edinburgh, projected the publication of a work treating of 'Scottish Cathedrals and Antiquities,' of a similar character to that prepared by Mr Britton for England. Kemp was engaged to furnish measurements of the buildings intended to be illustrated, and also to make the requisite drawings of the plans, elevations, and details. This not only was a work for which he was himself thoroughly competent, but it was one so much in accordance with his tastes and aspirations that he entered upon it with a happy enthusiasm.

Although the remuneration was so meagre that it recompensed him at a rate not much above what a qualified working carpenter would have thought himself entitled to, yet as it was an undertaking that was to extend over a considerable period, and as it did not prevent him from engaging in other architectural employment, he entered on this new occupation with so much industry and earnest application that highly successful results were confidently anticipated.

With a view of classifying the various subjects according to an arrangement decided upon at the outset, he travelled on foot, living in the style of a workman, almost over the entire country, studying the features and characteristics of the buildings that came under his observation, and making careful drawings of those which were first wanted for the engraver. In consequence of the premature death of Mr Johnstone the undertaking was transferred to Messrs Blackie & Sons, publishers, Glasgow, who, highly esteeming Kemp's services, renewed his engagement; but, notwithstanding the exertions of those interested in the work, the publication was ultimately, not without great reluctance, abandoned.

Prior to the year 1834 Kemp had busied himself in taking dimensions and preparing drawings of details of Glasgow Cathedral as it then existed, with the intention of publishing them in the work above referred to, when the idea occurred to him to supplement them with a perspective view, illustrating what he

conceived to be the probable plan of the original architect for the completion of the building. This was handed to Messrs Blackie & Sons. He subsequently finished a series of drawings, consisting of plans, elevations, and sections, accompanied by estimates of the cost of the execution of the suggested restorations, in the hope that the scheme might commend itself, and be adopted by Government and the public. A citizen of Glasgow, a Mr Maclellan, was so much pleased with the designs that he had them lithographed at his own expense, and, with appropriate explanatory letterpress, formed into a volume, which he circulated among his friends.

Kemp also constructed a model of his design in wood, which was exhibited in Glasgow, as this was considered a more practical method of conveying to the mind of the general public an accurate idea of the nature of the proposed restoration than could be obtained through drawings, no matter however carefully or elaborately they might be produced.

In 1836 the local committee appointed to co-operate with the Lords of the Treasury circulated a letter addressed "To their fellow-citizens, and to all who take an interest in the preservation and completion of the Cathedral of Glasgow western front, by James Gillespie Graham, Esq., as approved by the Right Hon. the Lords of the Treasury." But, strangely enough, for some unexplained reason *the illustrations which accompanied the letterpress bore no token or de-*

vice to indicate by whom they had been designed and executed.

On page 5 of the printed letter, after giving a short history of the Cathedral, it goes on to say: "The committee have now to lay before the public plans for the restoration and completion of the Cathedral, which plans must be submitted to the Lords of the Treasury for their Lordships' inspection and sanction. They have been prepared with the greatest care by a professional gentleman of great eminence and experience in Gothic architecture, who has acted in co-operation with some of their number. In order that these plans may be accessible to all, they have caused them to be engraved and attached to this address."

On page 10 it was further stated: "The committee are not at present prepared to condescend upon the cost of the work contemplated; but, to execute the proposed improvements in a substantial and creditable manner, it is evident that a large sum will be required. Mr Reid, the King's architect, has on the part of the Government been engaged in preparing estimates, and the committee are in communication with Mr James G. Graham. Their operations, however, must necessarily be regulated by the amount of public subscriptions."

It will be observed from these extracts that Kemp's name does not appear either in the printed letter or on the illustrations which were attached to it, but Mr James G. Graham's name was identified with both.

In consequence of this omission an erroneous impression was created that Kemp's design had been got up by him for the purpose of opposing the designs produced by Mr Gillespie Graham. This idea seemed to gain ground; and as it was calculated—if not intended—to place him in a false position in the eyes of the public, as well as to act prejudicially against him from a professional point of view, Kemp felt that he was bound to vindicate his position, which he did most ably and successfully in the letter printed and circulated in January 1840.

The letters which follow were written in connection with the lengthened controversy which took place respecting the proposed restoration and completion of this important architectural work, and will, it is hoped, be found of some interest, notwithstanding the lapse of time which has intervened since they were originally penned.

Letter addressed to Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart., The Grange House, Edinburgh, with copy of the Remarks, by JOHN SIME.

TRIN. COLL. HOSPL., EDINR.,
22*d Dec.* 1837.

SIR,—Having understood, in conversation this day with a mutual friend of my own and of Mr George M. Kemp's, architectural artist, that he has the prospect of waiting on you some of these days with reference to his professional knowledge, the information gave me much pleasure. Although personally unknown to you, I would respectfully

request, on Mr Kemp's account, your perusal of the enclosed remarks on design of his for the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral. These remarks were drawn up some months ago, with the view of insertion in some Glasgow journal, and thereby introducing a meritorious and modest person to more public notice than, we fear, he has been able as yet to reach. In this, however, we were disappointed; and the present request is made in consequence of the deep interest which I, in common with a few friends, feel for his welfare, and entirely without his knowledge or concurrence. I trust you will excuse the freedom I have thus used, and am, most respectfully, your most obedt. servant, JOHN SIME,

Chaplain & Ho. Gov., & C. Hosp., Edinr.

General Remarks on Mr GEORGE M. KEMP'S Design for the Restoration of Glasgow Cathedral, 2d May 1837.

The venerable Church of St Kentigern at Glasgow has always commanded the admiration of persons of architectural taste. The celebrated architectural antiquary, Mr Britton, describes it as "a most unique, interesting, and beautiful specimen of Christian architecture." Its preservation from the unprincipled fury of a mob bent on its destruction was owing to the decision and energy of the Incorporated Trades of Glasgow. Besides the great beauty of its architectural properties, there is an additional national interest connected with this church, from its being the most entire ecclesiastical building of similar extent in Scotland.

It may not be generally known that as it now stands this church is incomplete as well as partially ruinous. This latter fact has recently excited much anxiety for its preservation; for since the partial repairs some years ago

it has been ascertained that more extensive efforts are indispensable to its future preservation. Accordingly, a number of the public-spirited citizens of Glasgow have issued a proposal for its restoration, and formed a local committee to follow out that measure. They now look to their fellow-citizens and countrymen for their co-operation, and are not without hope of countenance and aid from the Lords of the Treasury to carry forward the national undertaking. Anticipating this, designs have been obtained which combine with the restoration of the building some important and suitable suggestions for a completion of the fabric. One of these designs recently circulated among the subscribers and their friends by the local committee was prepared with the greatest care by Mr George M. Kemp, architectural artist in Edinburgh, a professional person of great eminence and experience in Gothic architecture. In fact, Mr Kemp's attainments and proficiency for composing in the true spirit of the great masters of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture are such as to secure his designs from the charge of rash innovations or servile copying of any other.

In the present instance, his plan and elevations afford no mean evidence of his powers of design, in the most exact and faithful adherence to the true principles and styles of what has been usually called Gothic architecture. It is further gratifying to state that in a recent competition with some of the most eminent architects of the day, one of the three prizes for the Scott Monument has been awarded to Mr Kemp, whose design was a beautiful composition from the most admired parts of Melrose Abbey.

The prospect, then, of obtaining the professional services of an artist so peculiarly qualified as Mr Kemp for such an undertaking must afford the greatest pleasure to persons

of elegant taste and liberal views, as well as encouragement to the directors in this affair.

And the more so when it is known that Mr Kemp has for years been enthusiastically engaged in accurate and minute study of the most interesting specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, both in this country and on the continent of Europe.

By Mr Kemp's design it is proposed to remedy the defects of the building. The transepts were never extended beyond the walls of the side aisles of the nave, and bear evident marks of an unfinished condition; while the great western front appears to considerable disadvantage, from the want of detailed finishing in due keeping with the whole fabric, and especially with its great entrance-door and window above. This disadvantage is aggravated by the circumstance of the west gable receding from the line of a clumsy bell-tower which stands at the north-west angle, and a building of a peculiar and unseemly character at the south-west corner of the church. The remedy which Mr Kemp very judiciously suggests is an extension of the transept to a reasonable size beyond the north and south walls of the church, and an entire reconstruction of the western façade, in which he has introduced a very handsome window and double door, flanked by two similar towers surmounted with spires. By this means the nave would be lengthened to the extent equal to the breadth of the towers, and thereby remove the present disadvantageous position of the western door and window above stated.

In their printed address to the public, the local committee remark that this design for the new western front is distinguished alike for strict conformity to the great characteristics of the early era to which the cathedral belongs

(A.D. 1190-97), and for as much originality and variety as that simple yet beautiful style will admit. And with corresponding justness it may be further stated that the proposed extension of the transepts is both necessary for securing the requisite supports to the great central tower, and also for following out the original intention of Archbishop Blackadder, who commenced but only lived to complete the first storey or crypt of the south transept. With his death, which occurred shortly before the Reformation, all attempts ceased for extending and finishing the building.

These leading improvements and restorations, with the groining of the inner roof of the nave and transepts and other subordinate internal decorations, are characterised by close adherence to the original style of the building, and will when accomplished evince the discriminating good taste and the liberal views of the wealthy citizens of Glasgow.

JOHN SIME.

△ COLL. HOSP., EDINBURGH,
19*th April* / 2*d May* 1837.

From 'Edinburgh Evening Courant' of Thursday, 31st Oct. 1839, anent Glasgow Cathedral.

The Cathedral Church of Glasgow is considered one of the finest Gothic edifices in this country; but time has made great inroads upon it, and some parts are in a very dilapidated state. To restore, or rather to improve it, preserving at the same time its original form, has occupied the attention of the public-spirited citizens of Glasgow, and several plans and drawings have been made, exhibiting the mode in which the Cathedral might be restored and improved. Among the plans which have been made, one drawn out by Mr George M. Kemp has been modelled by that

very talented artist, and was last week exhibited here for private view, previous to its being sent to Glasgow.

It is finished in all its details with the greatest care, and is about 12 feet long by 6 feet broad, and the central spire rises about 8 feet from the ground (the proportion the model bears to the projected building being on a scale of 4 inches to 10 feet).

The additions which Mr Kemp has introduced into his model, while they are in strict keeping with the details of the ancient building, are yet characterised by a boldness of design strikingly original, and a symmetrical elegance exceedingly varied and pleasing. The new grand western front (ye most remarkable feature of ye design) is flanked by two lofty towers with spires, and has a central pediment surmounting an extensive portico divided into three arches by two towering pinnacled buttresses — the central arch rising the full height of the base and shading the grand oriel and doorway, while the other (two) arches are smaller and in unison with the lesser side doors. The whole of this elevation is full of majestic simplicity, adorned by a combination of beautiful lines, and relieved by skilfully balanced masses of light and shadow, in strict accordance with the most approved principles of composition. The transepts are also new. In its present state the building has only a portion of one, begun by [Bishop] Blackadder in 1484; his crypt is left entire within the new south transept, and the northern one is designed to correspond, both forming a crossing at right angles from the centre of the nave and choir, above which point the grand spire rises majestically, uniting all the subordinate parts into one vast pyramid, and giving a dignified elevation to the whole structure.

As a proof of the enthusiasm, patience, and industry of

the talented architect, we may state that he has been engaged above two years in preparing this magnificent model.

Extract from Letter from JOHN BRITTON, Architectural Antiquary, London, addressed to the Editor of the 'Glasgow Constitutional,' anent the Cathedral of St Mungo, or Kentigern, in that city.

Its history as well as its architectural design and details have been so amply, so judiciously and skilfully given to the public in the work named below,[1] that every well-informed architectural antiquary can fully understand what it originally was, what it is in its present state of mutilation and debasement, and what it might be made under the directing mind of a talented architect. That you can secure the latter, we have good assurance by the testimony of the honest and patriotic magistrates who presented a counter-memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, by the designs in the volume marked No. 2.

To the LOCAL COMMITTEE, constituted to co-operate with the LORDS OF THE TREASURY, for restoring and completing Glasgow Cathedral, and CONTRIBUTORS to the fund for that purpose.

GENTLEMEN,—I understand an impression to have gained ground that my design for renovating and completing the ancient Cathedral Church of Glasgow—a model of which design is now exposed for public inspection—and which it

[1] Plans and Elevations of ye proposed Restorations and Additions to ye Cathedral of Glasgow, with an explanatory Address by ye Local Committee. Lithographed by Maclure & Macdonald. Folio. 1836.

has been erroneously stated was got up by me for the purpose of opposing a design produced by J. Gillespie Graham, Esq., which is said to have received the sanction of the Right Honourable the Lords of the Treasury, and of the Town Council of Glasgow. The existence of such an impression being highly prejudicial to my interests, by depriving me of my claim to originality of design, I feel called upon to direct the attention of the committee to a few facts connected with the origin and progress of my design, for the accuracy of which I not only pledge myself, but am prepared to meet the most searching investigation; trusting, by the elucidation of the facts I shall state, not only to prove that I have not been so sordid as to profit by the labours of any other competitor, but also to prove the truth of my own belief, that my design was the first suggested for public consideration.

In the year 1834, and, so far as I am aware, prior to the idea of a restoration and completion of the Cathedral having been seriously contemplated by any architect, having been engaged many months in making drawings and taking measurements of the present structure for a work then and still in contemplation by Messrs Blackie & Son, and in the course of investigation necessary for this purpose having become familiar with the details and arrangements of the existing building, I made a drawing of what I conceived to have been the probable intention of the original architect. This drawing, now in the possession of Messrs Blackie & Son, with a few slight alterations, is the one an engraving from which forms the identical general perspective view from the south-west originally circulated with the address published by the local committee,—is the one still alluded to in the body of the address, and which, though again altered, and altered on the plate without my sanction or

authority, still circulates under cover of the address of the local committee. Of the other motives which prompted this unwarrantable interference with my design, or of the manifest efforts to accommodate it to an elevation of the west front by Mr Graham, since added to the address, from which, by the way, my original west front has not even been withdrawn, I cannot trust myself to speak, nor is it at all necessary that I should.

Subsequently to the period referred to above, and in consequence of my having executed the drawing before mentioned, at the request of one of your number I devoted many months to the maturing of a design for the thorough restoration and completion of the whole building, which having completed, I put it into the hands of that gentleman; and the drawings with which I then furnished him include every plan, section, or elevation for renewing the building which to this day accompanies the address, with the solitary exception of the western elevation by Mr Graham, which, as before remarked, has since been added, and to which, on reference, it will be found that the description given in the letterpress cannot by possibility apply; for at page 6 of the address it is stated that "the general character of these important additions is in strict harmony with the body of the structure, all the mouldings and details being taken from those exhibited in the choir and nave." On inspection, however, it will be found that the nave and choir, although searched, will be searched in vain for the mouldings and details exhibited in the elevation by Mr Graham.

The drawings which I executed and put into the hands of the gentleman referred to, which appear in the address, are: 1st, the general perspective view from the south-west; 2d, the elevation of the west front; 3d, elevation

of the north transept; 4th, perspective view of the interior of the nave, restored, looking west; and 5th, a general ground-plan of the building as intended to be completed. Besides: 1st, general perspective view from the south-east; 2d, section across the nave, showing the construction of the proposed stone roof; 3d, two compartments of the nave, the one a restoration, the other in its present state; 4th, plans and details of the west front towers, together with three original designs for the three great windows. These last seven do not appear in the address. I may further add that the drawings were accompanied by detailed estimates of the whole work prepared by Mr Cousin of Edinburgh, an ordained surveyor. I am thus particular for the purpose of showing that my arrangements were not only begun but actually completed long before I was aware there was any other competitor in the field.

I would further add that, after the publication of my design in the manner above mentioned, the gentleman to whom I have already alluded, being, as a matter of course, in the perfect knowledge of all these facts, made an arrangement with me, by which I was to execute a model of my design, that being considered better calculated than drawings to convey to the public an accurate and tangible idea of the intended restorations and additions. By this arrangement he was to have made pecuniary advances to enable me to effect a more speedy completion of the work, and on the faith of this agreement I immediately proceeded with the contemplated model.

Circumstances, however, which from motives of delicacy I forbear to publish, deprived me of the promised aid, and as a consequence to a certain extent impeded my progress with it. The delay occasioned by this disappointment, as well as by other pressing avocations, afforded me the time

requisite for a more careful examination of my original plans, which reconsideration induced me to alter to a considerable extent; but this, while it has been the means of postponing the completion of the model for a period much longer than I could have wished, has been of immense service, by enabling me to make very decided improvements on the structure; in particular, it induced me to add the lofty open porch at the west front—a feature of itself, in my opinion, sufficiently important to compensate for the whole of the additional time employed in the revisal of the plans.

In conclusion, I would beg most respectfully to remark, that if in any part of this appeal I have seemed to lack the courtesy which such an occasion manifestly requires, it is the furthest possible from my intention. From fair criticism and candid observation on the merits or demerits of my own design I have never shrunk; on the contrary, I have invited them. However, while so doing, I trust I may be pardoned when feeling that, from a misconception, or a false impression, I have been deprived of my proper share of the fair fame attaching to the execution of an important undertaking, of what indeed has been to me the cherished labour of anxious years, labour pursued uncheered through difficulties of no ordinary magnitude, until, by untired enthusiasm and unflinching assiduity, I have been at last able to place the result of my laborious toil and anxious thought before the public, at whose bar I had fondly hoped for at least an unbiassed judgment,—I repeat, I trust I may be pardoned if, finding that tribunal prejudiced by an unfounded opinion, however originating, I should, in the keenness of feeling, while stating a true history of the case and of my connection with it, have in even the slightest degree exceeded the bounds of that propriety which, al-

though suitable on all occasions, becomes indispensable when addressing a body so characterised by integrity, high honour, and intelligence, as the one I have now the honour to address. Trusting with confidence to the candour and good feeling of the Committee for a liberal construction of this, I have the honour to remain, gentlemen, your most obedient and very obliged servant,

GEORGE M. KEMP.

EDINBURGH, 25 PARKSIDE STREET,
January 1840.

Letter to Mr MACLELLAN, of Glasgow.

SIR,—I have received your answer to a letter addressed by me to the committee for restoring and completing Glasgow Cathedral.

As your letter contains statements calculated to mislead the minds of those to whom it may have been addressed as to the real merits of the case, I beg to return you the following remarks, which, but for my being unexpectedly detained from home, I would have done before this time.

You say that a report is in circulation that my modelled design for the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral had been got up by me in opposition to that of Mr J. Gillespie Graham, he being a gentleman of high standing in his profession, to compete with whom can be no disparagement to any one. But there has been no competition according to your letter. My designs were published to convey no more than a general idea of what was intended, and not of course for the benefit of any rival who might choose to reap advantage from them.

But allow me to remind you that, long before I had any suspicion of a rival being brought against me, I urged on you the necessity of a fair competition, as the only way to

satisfy the public mind, to do justice to the subscribers to the Cathedral, and to transmit to posterity the most appropriate specimen of architecture the present age can produce. Had that plan been adopted, I hesitate not to say that, instead of the subscribers threatening to withdraw their subscriptions, and intending subscribers threatening to withhold theirs, the restoration of the Cathedral would have been going on long ago, with a vigour characteristic of the public-spirited citizens of Glasgow.

I am not disposed to dispute your claim to priority in originating the idea of restoring Glasgow Cathedral, but it appears evident that, unknown to each other, our attention had been directed to it about the same time, and that while others were waiting or talking I was working, and, so far as I am aware, produced a design for its restoration prior to the idea being taken up by any other architect. I mean to insinuate no stigma on the design of Mr Graham as inapplicable to the present structure; I mean to abide by a statement of facts. Few that have studied Gothic architecture will deny that the important additions to the Cathedral exhibited in his design are of a style of architecture decidedly different from the original, and I perfectly agree with the address by the local committee, that any addition that is not in strict harmony with the body of the structure would, however beautiful in itself, be justly censurable; and if a design is adopted by the local committee at variance with such as they have recommended, the subscribers will pay for the merited censure instead of the praise of posterity.

Your publication of my design could give me no publicity beyond the narrow circle of my personal acquaintances, as, contrary to agreement, they were published without my name, and without even allowing me the

promised opportunity to revise the lithographic prints before they were given to the publisher.

That my design was not held as satisfactory by the Lords of the Treasury I am not surprised. Lithographic prints, or even the altered and patched perspective still in your possession, could ill compete with the large coloured drawings of Mr Graham's design, on which no expense had been spared; and as they were among my first ideas on the subject, perfection was not to be expected.

You remind me that you objected to my diminutive centre pinnacle on the western towers, as also to my not including the whole of Blackadder's aisle within the new buildings; you have corrected the one error, the plans of Mr Gillespie Graham correct the other.

You might have allowed the plans of Mr Graham to correct both. There was an engraving by Mr Swan, of Glasgow, of the general perspective from the south-west which was approved of by the Lords of the Treasury, which might have been introduced into the perspective along with the west front elevation; it would have saved you the trouble and expense of accommodating to that front the perspective of a design which was not held by their Lordships as satisfactory.

If these are the only two errors worthy of notice, I beg to assure you they were to me a subject of the most careful consideration (to accommodate the general perspective of my design to the west front elevation by Mr Graham). In imitation of the west front by Mr Graham, you would have terminated each of the west front towers with a copy of the present centre spire, which is of the florid Gothic, a style of architecture as different from the original body of the Cathedral as the Corinthian order is from the Grecian Doric. It was erected when Gothic architecture was in

the last stage of decline, and it is unworthy of the tower on which it stands. Could you have consulted who you designated your "fellow-labourer in the work of restoring the Glasgow Cathedral," we might have designed centre pinnacles tall enough for the details of and in harmony with the original part of the structure, and consistent with the principles of construction.

There is not the shadow of a doubt but that Glasgow Cathedral, like most other leading structures of its kind, was commenced to one perfect and pure design; but as centuries generally elapsed while buildings of such magnitude were in progress, each successive architect took up the work in the prevailing fashion of his day, hence the reason why Gothic architecture has been with too much truth termed as barbarous.

My reason for not including the whole of Blackadder's aisle within the new buildings is, that it extends so far beyond the common proportion that I cannot believe it has ever been intended for a regular transept; its length from north to south, compared with the choir and nave from east to west, is as 4 to 6, while the cathedrals of Salisbury, York, Lincoln, Peterborough, Norwich, and all that are most admired for their proportions, are as 4 to 9. Glasgow Cathedral, according to the plan which accompanied the address by the local committee, and which is therein stated as it ought to be, is as 4 to 9, while Durham, Wells, &c., are 4 to 10, 4 to 11, &c. To extend the transepts with these side aisles to the length you propose, would include 588 superficial yards of additional ground, which may be very difficult to obtain. For the additional pillars and vaulting of the extended crypt, the roofing of the side aisles, &c., unless I could have reconciled my mind to the time-serving idea of imitating the stone-work with plaster, the estimate

would have exceeded the one with which I furnished you by upwards of £6000.

With regard to my model, you agreed to assist me with £2 per week to the amount of between £70 and £80. When the model was considerably advanced, and after you had taken no notice of several letters, I waited on you in Glasgow, and told you that I had expended more than half the promised aid; you gave me your best advice not to expend the other half on the model, for Mr Graham had got up a design, and that it was useless for us to contend with him, because he had the ear of the Lords of the Treasury.

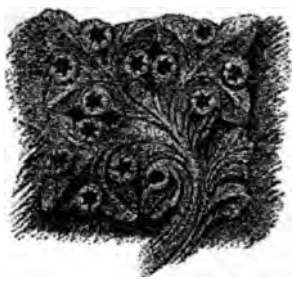
When the model was finished, I was obliged to bring it to Glasgow against your express request, when, to prevent the possibility of cavil or complaint on my part, you offered me £70 for a work which had not cost me less than £500.

From the summer of 1835—when I furnished you with drawings which I presume were approved of by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and which were revised in the summer of 1836, and drawn to the scale to which they have been lithographed—to the present hour, March 1840, the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral has not cost me less than £650 at the least valuation I can put on my time.

With regard to the something which I designate a decided improvement, I beg to assure you it was not the coming out of Mr Graham's design which led me to depart from the design approved of by the local committee when you broke your agreement and left me to my own resources. I considered myself fully at liberty to improve my design to the best of my ability; and as the model is chiefly constructed of chestnut, the most durable wood with which I am acquainted, it may last a thousand years, and of course I was ambitious to transmit to posterity my best ideas on the subject.

GEORGE KEMP.

Subsequently there arose complications which led the Government to withdraw the promised subsidy, and the whole scheme was finally abandoned. The model alone remained as an indisputable evidence of Kemp's patience, skill, and artistic genius. Some years afterwards the Cathedral was restored by Government, under the direction of Mr Edward Blore, architect, London.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT AS COMPLETED.

The Gladhouse Burn, Moorfoot.

CHAPTER IV.

DESIGN FOR THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

In the year 1836, while on his way to obtain the requisite data from which to prepare drawings for the Church of Maybole in Ayrshire, he called in passing through Glasgow for his friend Mr Scott, architect, who, in the course of conversation, directed Kemp's attention to an advertisement in the newspapers of the day giving details of the terms of competition, and requesting competitive designs for the construction of the proposed "Scott Monument" in Edinburgh, for which a premium of fifty guineas was

offered for each of the three best designs. Mr Scott strongly advised Kemp to enter the list as a competitor. He proceeded on his journey to Maybole and finished his work there, afterwards returning to Edinburgh; and having fully considered the matter on the way to and from Maybole, before arriving home he ultimately decided to engage in the competition. He had also by this time conceived and matured in his mind the form and character of the design he intended to submit, and lost no time in giving shape to his idea, which he wrought out so expeditiously that within five days from the time he began his drawings he had them completed and sent in to the committee under the assumed name of "John Morvo," a name taken from the ancient inscription on the walls of the south transept of Melrose Abbey already referred to in a former part of this memoir. His design was composed in the form of a lofty tower or spire of beautiful proportions, with elaborate and carefully drawn details, chiefly taken from Melrose Abbey.

The committee awarded the first and second prizes without difficulty. But as the third prize was conferred on "John Morvo," the question arose, Who was he, and where was he to be found? None of the gentlemen forming the committee had ever heard of this personage before; at any rate he was unknown in the ranks of the architectural profession. It was only after diligent inquiry had been instituted among the architects in Edinburgh that it was ultimately

ascertained from Mr David Cousin (afterwards architect for the city), who alone, outside the family circle, was in the secret, that "John Morvo" and George M. Kemp were one and the same individual.

On the day when the awards were to be made public Kemp happened to have a professional engagement at Linlithgow, and as it was before the days of railways, he, according to his usual system, walked there and back. When he reached home in the evening, and after he had rested a little from the fatigue of his journey, Mrs Kemp reminded him that the decision of the committee was to have been made known that day. Kemp started to his feet, and eagerly asked her if she knew who had been named as the successful competitors. She did not reply at once to his anxious queries, but after keeping him in a state of suspense for a short time she told him that Mr Rickman's design had been placed first, and that of Mr Charles Fowler, architect, and Mr R. W. Sievier, sculptor, London, second; while the third place had been given to the work of an unknown artist, but she added demurely, "They say his name is John Morvo."

In connection with his success on this occasion a story is told which shows how deeply absorbed his mind was in the enthusiastic study of his profession, and how small was the place its emoluments held in his estimation. He had just received the cheque for fifty guineas, the premium which he had won, and had returned the acknowledgment; the cheque was

lying on his table among other papers, when a visitor was announced; the papers were all hurriedly put aside in a convenient repository, and were for the time forgotten. On the departure of his visitor he remembered about the cheque, and began to look for it; but the search was in vain, he had lost all recollection of where he had put it, and although at this time a sum like fifty guineas was a very serious matter to him, it was not until some months afterwards that he found it among the papers he had in his hurry laid away.

The committee who were responsible to the subscribers to the Monument for carrying out the preliminary arrangements in connection with its erection, having subsequently differed in opinion regarding the merits of the respective designs, ultimately considered it expedient to set them aside altogether. This was accordingly done, and a fresh series of designs were solicited from artists who had not hitherto competed. In response to this request a number of drawings by eminent artists were submitted to the committee for approval. Among others who competed at this time was David Roberts, R.A.

But Kemp in the interval had not been idle. With renewed will and energy he set to work on his original design, which he improved in a most skilful and artistic manner both in effect and detail, and, being himself satisfied that he had done his best, he again submitted his drawings for the judgment

of the Monument committee, and patiently awaited the result.

On the 28th March 1838 the acting committee, after mature deliberation, recommended the adoption of Mr George Meikle Kemp's design, and this recommendation was approved of by the General Committee, three members only dissenting. It was at the same time resolved that the statue of Sir Walter Scott should be executed by Mr John Steell—afterwards Sir John Steell, R.S.A., Her Majesty's Sculptor for Scotland;[1] and an executive committee was appointed, with instructions to have the whole scheme carried out. The minute of the committee describes Kemp's design as "an imposing structure 135 feet in height, in beautiful proportions, and in strict conformity with the purity of taste and style of Melrose Abbey, from which the author states it is in all its details derived."

Here I have thought it worth while to add some letters which passed between Mr John Britton, F.S.A., author of 'The Cathedrals and Abbeys of England,' and other works, and the architect of the Scott Monument. They are preceded by an address from Mr Britton to the committee for the erection of the Scott Monument. Along with these letters are some of Kemp's on the same subject, his replies to Mr Britton, and correspondence with his brother Thomas and others.

[1] Sir John Steel died September 15, 1891, while these sheets were passing through the press.

An ADDRESS to the COMMITTEE and SUBSCRIBERS of an intended Cenotaph to the Memory of Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., at Edinburgh.

To commemorate the illustrious and venerated dead has been a practice in all ages, all countries, and almost every class of the human race. The vast pyramids of Egypt and of America, the tumuli of the Greeks and of the Celtic nations, and the cenotaphs to heroes; the bust, the sepulchral monument, and the portrait,—are so many evidences of the affectionate sympathies of the human heart.

It is a lamentable defect of our natures not sufficiently to appreciate living worth; but no sooner has death closed the mortal career of the amiable and the estimable, but we deeply and sincerely lament the loss, weep over the remembrance of their many good qualities, and endeavour to make every atonement in our power for former "negligences and ignorances." The decease of a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Scott, is not a local catastrophe, is not limited to a small circle of friends; it is an universal calamity, an irreparable loss to the moral and intellectual world, it is a shock that seems to paralyse the universal heart. Such persons may be regarded as friends, relatives, fathers to all their species: they amassed invaluable treasures, and dispersed them freely and bountifully to the whole world, and the world is therefore under infinite obligations to them. It is true that the legacies of such men generally produced at once grateful remembrance and affectionate veneration; but two of the pre-eminent bards above named were neither sufficiently prized in their own generation, nor were adequate honours paid to their names after death. Let not the same be said of the immortal Scott, and of his associates, his friends, and his admirers. He lived to hear reiterated sounds of praise

and critical applause from all parts of the literary world; and he continued "to labour in his vocation," to deserve every term of encomium that had been bestowed, and to gain further and more lasting honours.

See the number, variety, and versatility of his published works—mark the vast knowledge they display—the commanding intellectual powers they manifest, and no heart can be insensible, no head can be unmindful, of his incomparable merits and moral worth. His writings will live for ever: as long as printing, reading, thinking, and the present system of our terrestrial globe is continued, they must amuse and interest hundreds of generations yet to come.

As beautifully and truly expressed by the poetical president of the Royal English Academy,[1] *Genius*

> "Leaves its best image in its works enshrined,
> And makes a mausoleum of mankind."

True, they are at once a monument and a legacy; they commemorate the dead; they also confer countless benefits on the living. Is it not a duty incumbent on those who live, of the advantaged survivors, to put upon record, to make some palpable and lasting memorial of their gratitude and esteem?

It has been the practice of mankind to pay disproportionate honours to successful warriors, and to temporising statesmen, whilst philosophers, historians, poets, artists—men who have conferred honour on their country and themselves, and consequently benefited the civilised world—have been too much neglected.

The present age (in England at least) seems likely to commence a better system, to adopt a more enlightened

[1] Sir Martin A. Shee.

and honourable policy. Professional merits are generally appreciated during life, and when of the higher order they are usually honoured after death.

There are many ways of marking this posthumous fame; but that will be most efficient which is most lasting, and which is also most in harmony with the age and general characteristics of the person commemorated.

The Catholics, at once religious and affectionate, raised *stone crosses* to commemorate certain spots of earth which they wished to render sacred to virtue, to heroism, to merit. Sentiments of religious devotion and of personal regard influenced their conduct: not only the site of interment, but where persons died, and many other stations, where the corpse rested on its way to the grave, were marked by crosses, and these in after-ages constituted trophies, altars, and mementoes, religious and mortuary. The devout Catholic never passes one of these cenotaphs without a prayer associating the memory and merits of the deceased with those of his Saviour and God. If the Protestant faith be not so ardent, so devoted, it may be said to be more discriminating, more profound; and we can venture to assert that the monument or cenotaph of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, will produce as powerful sympathies in refined intellects as the Eleanor or other crosses ever can in those of Catholics.

A monumental memorial is a visible, tangible object, calculated to awaken inquiry and reflection in persons not sufficiently informed of its meaning and tendency—to bring before "the mind's eye" all the personalities and attributes of the departed to those who were familiar with him or with his works.

In recommending a cenotaph for Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh in the form and general character of a Christian

cross, I am influenced by the conviction that a design of this kind is more analogous to the present age—to the partialities of the deceased, to the pervading character of his writings—than any other species of architectural composition. Neither Egyptian, Grecian, nor Roman could be made to impart that locality and nationality of sentiment which belongs to the architecture of the middle ages. This brings with it and belongs to the chivalric and romantic annals of Great Britain. It blends the military and monastic; it unites the civil and ecclesiastical emblems of bygone days; it may intimate the gloomy, almost impregnable, castle of the rude and haughty baron, and also the gorgeous and sainted minster of the Catholic devotee. Whilst the one furnishes dungeons and halls, galleries and cells, lofty embrasured towers and moats, drawbridges and portcullises, the other is designed and adorned with all the luxuries of architectural composition and sculptural ornament. These are objects and associations belonging to 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' &c. &c.; and these unfold to the fancy of the antiquarian architect an exhaustless store for combination and composition.

A design in the form and with some of the peculiarities of the stone cross is susceptible of great variety of surface, as well as great power of expression. Whilst its architectural members may indicate something of the military and monastic character of the middle ages, its sculptured enrichments ought to display some of the prominent personages and characteristic incidents of the bard's and novelist's creative fancy. The engraved and sculptured designs of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks have lasted for many centuries, and are examined and investigated with intense interest and delight by artists and antiquaries of the present

age; so may future connoisseurs and antiquaries look with curiosity and delight at the *Scott cenotaph* (if appropriate) which an admiring public may raise to his fame.

Instead of armorial insignia, which are generally as unintelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphics, and have little that is emblematical or historical in their designs, I would introduce a series of sculptured subjects, both in statues and basso-relievos, to tell tales of the author and of his writings; and these subjects should mark and characterise certain interesting scenes, personages, and events which are rendered familiar to the reader of Scott's works. I would also call into action and laudable rivalry the talents of modern artists, and put their designs on permanent record and in immediate association with the name and memory of Scotland's boast. JOHN BRITTON.

December 1833.

Letters from J. BRITTON, Esq., F.S.A.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not hearing from you since I wrote three weeks ago, I fear that either my letter or yours may have miscarried. I therefore address a line to you by post, to inquire if you received a letter from me in reply to your communication of drawings, &c. I am also desirous of knowing if you or the committee will have any objection to see your design engraved and published in one of the London periodicals; also, if any proceedings have been adopted by the committee respecting the execution of the cenotaph. It is my intention to exhibit your drawings, with some remarks on the design, at our Architects' Institute some night next month.—In haste, yours truly,

J. BRITTON.

BUXTON STREET, LONDON.

P.S.—I have sent in my designs for the Nelson cenotaph. I presume there are between 50 and 100 sent in. Can you describe Rickman's design for the Scott cenotaph?

To G. M. Kemp, Esq.

My dear Sir,—It gave me pleasure to hear from you at last, though I had begun to despair. Strange to say, I have not heard from Mr M'Lellan for twelve months, although I have sent parcels and three letters to him. Last week I received a paper called 'The Constitutional' from Glasgow, containing a memorial from Mr M'Gavin to the Lords of the Treasury, protesting against any alterations, additions, &c., to the Cathedral; and among other things stating that the proposed additions would amount to £100,000 instead of £25,000, &c. I have written and sent a letter to the same paper, praising your designs, &c. I hope it will appear this week. Perhaps you can see the paper at Edinburgh. I send for your acceptance my Archæological Dictionary, which I expect and hope you will be pleased with. You may have opportunities to recommend it to your friends. I enclose two or three packets, which I will trouble you to forward at your convenience.

A woodcut is engraving for a new periodical, of your cross, and I expect it will appear in the first number at the end of this month. It will be an elevation.

Is the Scott cenotaph to be executed according to your elevation and plans? Who is to build it, at what amount, &c.? Name and quality of stone, size, character, &c., of statue and sculpture? By the enclosed you will see an account of my design for the Nelson cenotaph.

I am preparing a report for Government on the necessity

of appointing a commission to examine and report on the state of the national public edifices. Tell me of any that are in a bad state, that have been neglected, and that have been injudiciously and badly repaired and altered. — In haste, yours truly, J. BRITTON.

March 12, 1839.

GEO. KEMP, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Some time has elapsed since I sent you a small packet per favour of my friend, Mr John Ballantine. I am anxious to hear from you, to know what is doing and done about the Scott Cross, Glasgow Cathedral, &c., and also to have your answer about the good folks of Glasgow.

Pray give me full particulars of the Scott Monument, as I want to notice it at our Architects' Institute, where I will make some remarks on Glasgow Cathedral. I am preparing a short paper on Roslyn Chapel. Can you tell me the precise span and height of the arch on roof over the nave of that chapel? I suppose you have seen a section of the chapel in 'A Practical Treatise on Bridge Building,' by Cresy.—In haste, yours truly, J. BRITTON.

BUXTON STREET, LONDON, *Jan.* 4, 1840.

P.S.—After the 10th we can communicate for 1d.[1]

DEAR SIR,—I have received an Edinburgh paper containing an account of your model of Glasgow Cathedral, and trust that the design may produce the same effect on the committee or council who have the management of the edifice, as the model had on the writer of the paragraph.

[1] Penny post introduced, January 10, 1840.

It will give me real pleasure to hear that you may be successful on this occasion and on others, to reward you for past studies, labours, and sacrifices.

You will be concerned to learn that I have lost nearly £3000 in a railway speculation, into which I was gradually and imperceptibly seduced.

I was much gratified by the sectional sketch of Roslyn Castle which you kindly sent me, and which I should have exhibited and explained at the Scientific Association at Birmingham had I not been prevented by illness. I hope to bring it forward at our Architects' Institute in London this winter. Tell me what you have done and are doing with the Scott cenotaph and with other works.—Believe me, yours very truly, J. BRITTON.

DEAR SIR,—This day I have received your packet of drawings, and hasten to write a line to acknowledge the same; but the letter of May last, which you say was addressed to me, has never come to hand. I must own I was uneasy in not hearing from you, because I felt interested in your welfare and studies, and was anxious to cultivate a little acquaintance. The drawings you have now sent make me more desirous, for you have entered into the spirit and feeling and poetry of the old monastic architects.

Your design is truly beautiful and unique, and, if carried into effect to the full scale, will do honour to you, to the committee, and to your truly picturesque city.

What pyramid, obelisk, Greek or Roman temple, is comparable in adaptation to the florid cenotaph you have designed? Is it not more consonant to and in harmony with the author's mind and works intended to be commemorated?

I presume you saw the letter I addressed to the com-

mittee three or four years ago, in which I urged this sort of design? If you have not seen it, I will send you a copy of it. The design I fancied was to be in the shape of a cross, but to be richly adorned with sculpture, and to contain one or more rooms for the reception of every work and every edition of the works of Sir Walter; also prints, drawings, &c. If practical to work out this idea, you can easily do it, and can make a design as rich and picturesque as the present. By exhibiting the interior at 3d. or 6d. a person, a fund would be provided to preserve the building and pay a curator.

I have made a design of the Nelson cenotaph on this principle, but large, lofty, commodious. Of this you shall have further particulars soon.

I intend to send you a parcel next month, but am urgently engaged during the present to send in the Nelson drawings and report by the last day of this month.

If you have not a copy of my Dictionary, I will send you one. Offer my compliments to Mr Burn, and believe me, yours very truly, J. Britton.

P.S.—It is my intention to send your designs of Scott cenotaph cross, with the volume of Glasgow Cathedral, to our Architects' Institute for exhibition, and propose to offer some remarks on both. If your design was known in London, I am sure that additional funds would soon be raised to carry into effect the full size. Before your design be commenced, I would recommend one or two slight alterations, if admissible.

Pray offer my compliments to Dr Memes, and say I have been much gratified with his eloquent and judicious appeal.

I have not heard from M'Lellan for many months, but have written three times to him.

LONDON, 11*th May* 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Time passes on, and we all imperceptibly approach the finish in the book of life. In the natural course of events, I cannot have many more years to pass through, for I am nearly come to the end of my seventy-first; yet I am still working on in the toils of authorship. I am now writing an account of Windsor Castle, and engaged to write histories and descriptions of the famed Abbeys of Yorkshire, besides other works. Thus you may conclude that as I have lived so I shall die in harness.

I am anxious to know how the Scott cenotaph is progressing, and if you have any other work in hand.

Indeed I shall be glad to hear from you.—Yours very truly, J. BRITTON.

Letters from GEO. KEMP to his brother THOMAS.

EDINBURGH, *March* 2, 1838.

DEAR BROTHER,—It is but my part to take the earliest opportunity to inform you that the meeting of the sub-committee for the Scott Monument on Wednesday last have at length unanimously, with the exception of Cadell, decided on my design as being the most appropriate, and they have only now to recommend it to the general committee and subscribers; and there will be some contention among them, of course. But as there are sixteen members of the sub-committee, among whom are the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melville, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir John Forbes, Skene of Ravelston, and many others of great weight, their decision will not be easily overturned. There have been three meetings of the sub-committee since you went away. At the meeting before last Mr Burn was sent

for to give his opinion of two designs, one by a brother of the celebrated Glassford Bell, who delivered a course of lectures on the fine arts in the Royal Institution last summer. Mr Skene told me that Mr Burn spoke very disinterestedly in favour of me before the meeting, and recommended me to call on Burn, as he had something to suggest. I called, of course, with my drawings along with me, and he seemed very anxious to find faults, and equally at a loss what to find fault with. I used nothing but soothing language to him, although it has been reported otherwise. D. B. was present all the time; the result was anything but agreeable. There is a bookseller of the name of Cadell has written a long pamphlet against Gothic, with a view to get the whole money, nearly seven thousand pounds, into the pockets of Chantrey the sculptor. There is to be a meeting of the large committee on Monday the 19th inst., against which this said bookseller is mustering all his forces with a view to overturn the decisions of the select committee; and my friend Mr Burn is a supporter of his measure. I will likely be able to send you a printed report of their proceedings before the end of next week.

The meeting on Monday will be the fourth since New Year; against every meeting I have had to alter my drawings, which has taken up a good deal of my time, and kept my mind in a perpetual fever. As Mrs Kemp can tell you all the news of a less engrossing kind at present with me, you must excuse a short letter for this time.—I am, dear brother, with the deepest affection, yours,

GEORGE KEMP.

EDINBURGH, *May* 26, 1838.

DEAR BROTHER,—You may well think me both careless and ungrateful for not answering your letter promptly, but

I have just returned from a long hard campaign; I have been to Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso Abbeys gathering materials for a double purpose—for the Ecclesiastical Antiquities, and to gather at the fountain-head all the information I can to assist me with the working-drawings for the Scott Monument. I am in hopes now that money will be obtained sufficient to build it to the original scale: in about a fortnight after the subscription list was opened they got about £300, and I have heard they have had two different letters from Paris offering to set on foot a subscription among the French; but I have heard no more of the matter since I went to the country. You may not recollect that to the original scale it would be 184 feet high, but Mr Ramsay could guarantee to build it only to a scale of 135 for the funds then at command.

I have scarcely anything like news to tell you. Trade is very dull here, particularly in the building line: with the exception of some shop-fronts, and some talk of a cheap kirk or two, I hear of nothing else. I hear Dalkeith Kirk is not likely to go on this season. I hear that the Duke, owing to some discoveries, is superintending his works personally, and more closely than might have been expected. Binnie has lost his place at Bowhill, and one of the name of Stewart is in his place.

I am quite aware you will not feel happy in your new situation—you are too old to transplant; but, as you have few inducements to spend your time, it is in your power to save a letter. I have got all the things I suppose you left at Dalkeith that I recollect of except the terra-cotta vases; I do not know whether or not they were left in the care of some other person. I am quite satisfied with the change I have made from Stockbridge to the land of Canaan; we have more accommodation for the same rent,

and a very pleasant little garden enclosed with a high wall, well stocked with flowers and fruit-trees, potatoes, kail, and peas, and other things too tedious to mention, and very few taxes. I may likewise mention that I have had a very flattering congratulatory letter from John Britton (the author of 'English Cathedral Antiquities'), accompanied with the last volume of his works, and some other books and prints. I am quite at a loss what return to make for so unexpected a compliment from the highest authority.

He mentions that he wrote to the committee at the very outset recommending a Gothic cross as the appropriate design for a monument to Scott.—I remain, your truly affectionate brother, GEORGE KEMP.

BLOOMSBERRY COTTAGE, CANAAN,
EDINBURGH.

BLOOMSBERRY COTTAGE, CANAAN,
19th August 1838.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have received your letter of the 11th inst., and I feel not a little gratified that you have resolved to leave a situation so uncongenial to both your body and mind. I think you will not be at a loss for employment at home. Your talents and experience would be a valuable acquisition to the Glasgow and Edinburgh Railway Company, if nothing more congenial cast up. After so much of a lifetime spent in hard labour, both physical and mental, we cannot expect a very long leave to come. You are too old now to learn the way to be happy among the rustic population of Lancashire. I hope that nothing will come in our way to welcome you to Auld Reekie in less than twelve months from the time you left it.

With regard to myself, I am oppressed with too much to do at present and too little time to do it in. I have not

got the working-drawings for the Scott Monument quite completed yet. The debate regarding the design excited public interest, and I have had parties of visitors almost every day both from England and Scotland, which deserve civility, though at the loss of much of my time; and I have Joseph Mowbray[1] going on with the model of Glasgow Cathedral. He works wonderfully well. I cannot bid him go away, nor allow him to be idle for want of attention. I have had two letters from Mr Burn of a very ill-natured, overbearing kind. You are likely aware that Mr Burn is one of the small working committee. The other members of the committee that I have had conversation with would allow me my own time to make the details worthy of the general design; for, after the building is contracted for, alterations or improvements cannot be made without a meeting of the committee, which would create a great deal of trouble. Mr Burn writes to me "that my instructions were most explicit both as to the height and every other part of my design, and the committee cannot (and for my own part, I will not) sanction any one deviation from these instructions, particularly where an increase of expense must attend an enlargement of the work, upon the dangerous and preposterous ground that funds may yet be realised to raise it to near the height originally intended. If these instructions are to be disregarded, I shall have nothing more to do with it." He talks about an increase of expense! He was the chief leader for a site in Princes Street Gardens, where I believe £2000 would not have raised a secure foundation from the bottom of the North Loch. From the friendly way that Mr Burn gave his opinion of the design to the sub-committee, I believe they think him above the cadger feeling

[1] A nephew of Kemp's.

of his craft. There was a plan in his head at the time which did not work. When the war was hottest with Sanders, Maconochie, and Cadell against the sub-committee, Mr Burn, telling me that my design was sure to be the one adopted, recommended that I should just take a hundred pounds from the committee (I suppose, and have nothing more to do with it). However, I think I have made five hundred pounds' worth of improvement in the design since then. The architect to whom it would have been transferred, to show his superiority of course, would have made great alterations not likely in keeping with the original. A jumble of different tastes would have reflected little credit on the choice of the committee, and the public, reverting to the proverb of too many cooks, would have said the united talents of both could not make a good thing. Thus I would have sold a chance of success, well worth fighting for, for a hundred pounds. Mr Blackie, Glasgow, is an active member of a Church Committee. He proposed that I should give a design of a better kind. I could not command time, but I recommended a design David Cousin had by him, with which I surprised him. It was approved of unanimously, and is going on. If the Cathedral speculation succeed, I think you could run no great risk in joining with me; the Scott Monument and it would make a respectable beginning.

James Annan is quite in the spirit at present of making a model of the Scott Monument, of stucco, six feet high, at his own expense, and to have it ready for the Scottish Academy Exhibition; and there is an engraving of it going on in the best style on steel sixteen inches high. I hope to hear from you soon.—I remain, your affectionate brother,

GEORGE KEMP.

BLOOMSBERRY COTTAGE, CANAAN,
22*d September* 1838.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter of the 2d September, and I must say I feel gratified that you have given up your situation; you did not say whether Mr Burn had proposed another for you or not. I have now got the drawings for the Scott Monument ready for estimate. I have been disqualified for doing any good for nearly the last three weeks with influenza, and Mr Burn has threatened to commence open war upon me next week if I have not the drawings, specifications, and estimates ready to lay before a meeting, which he says he is going to call himself. I am exceedingly ill set, as Mr Ramsay is at Dumfries, whom I wish to give the first chance. I am afraid my want of business experience will lay me open to the first attack of the enemy. I believe the only objection that can be started now is my want of experience.

If you are free with Mr Burn, have you any objections against my proposing you to superintend the building of the monument? A less salary than two guineas a-week would not be offered of course, and you would feel yourself your own master, and have a chance of any other job we could scramble for, as I believe Mr Burn has always used you well, as so he did me, so long as my energies were devoted to his interest. He would need to be acquainted with the proposal before any arrangement could be made.

Be so kind as let me know what you think of this proposal with the least possible delay.

I made a proposal of partnership to D. Cousin three months ago which he seemed ready to agree to, but when I learned that you were so unhappy where you were, and might soon be disposed to push your fortune at home, I did not push the matter further.

Give my respects to Mrs Kemp and Helen.—I am, dear brother, yours sincerely, GEORGE KEMP.

BLOOMSBERRY COTTAGE, CANAAN,
September 1838.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received your two letters by Mr Lind, and am happy to learn that you are some better. I have very little to say at this time, as my affairs are much in the same state as when I wrote to you last. I don't think that the monument will commence before the spring of the year. I have had a personal interview with the leading members of the committee, and they are all in favour of the enlarged scale; but I will have to circulate a prospectus of it among the members of the general committee.

As Mr Lind[1] is waiting, and as we have had a deal of conversation, he can tell you all I could say on the subject. I will write to you as soon as the meeting is past. My kind respects to Mrs Kemp and Helen. — Your affectionate brother, GEORGE KEMP.

BLOOMSBERRY COTTAGE, CANAAN,
December 24, 1838.

DEAR BROTHER,—If it were not that I am afraid this letter may reach Knowsley too late for you, I would delay writing for a day or two, as there is to be a meeting of the Scott Monument Committee on Wednesday the 26th inst. to deliberate on a site, which is now proposed to be in Princes Street Gardens at the south end of St David Street. There was a meeting about three weeks ago, to recommend a site in Melville or Coates Crescents, when it was resolved to

[1] Builder of the monument.

make another attempt for Charlotte Square. So I was busily employed till Monday last making a plan of the Square and the adjoining streets, with a plan of the monument at the west end of George Street, so that the statue ranged with the centre of the pavement on the west side of Charlotte Street, which plan perfectly satisfied some of those who were formerly opposed to it. But Mr Burn, who is still disposed to shift about like the cunning player at draughts, proposed that it should be placed about 60 or 70 feet nearer the centre of the square, which brought the monument more in contact with the dome of St George's Church, and buried the statue among the shrubbery; so that idea is given up for the present, after I had been at the labour, at the request of some other member of the committee, to make a perspective view of the monument from Castle Street. I have been as busy preparing a report of the site at the south end of St David Street for the next meeting. Although Willie tells me that he has fought my battle, it would appear that he means to weary me out or starve me from the field. Indeed the secretary told me the last time I saw him, a few days ago, that Mr Burn seems extremely anxious to get the management into his own hands.

Some of the builders who were formerly proposed to estimate have been changed. Gowans is to be busy with Dalkeith Church next summer. Wallace, Young, French, Caldwell, Lorimer, and Lind—who, Mr Burn says, will not be home for two months—are all whom the committee intend to take estimates from.

Young, French, Caldwell, and Lorimer have joined to get a measurement from David Cousins. I am sorry that Mr Lind is to be so long absent, for on your recommendation I would like well if he were the successful competitor. I

petitioned Mr Burn to recommend you to superintend the building of the Scott Monument, but he says he cannot spare you at this time; he is to send you to Bowhill, and Turnbull to Knowsley. So I think I will recommend myself, as I am weary of speculation and precarious income. I need not say more at present, as I expect to see you soon. We are all in good health, thank God.—Your affectionate brother, GEORGE KEMP.

Copy of Letter to JOHN BRITTON, Esq., F.S.A.

BLOOMSBERRY COTTAGE, CANAAN,
EDINBURGH, *6th March* 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have reason to think that I am the most careless and ungrateful of correspondents, and I have too much reason to plead guilty; but I have just returned from the west country, where I have been much longer detained than I expected on account of the stormy weather. I have both your letters before me, and I blush to look at their dates. I delayed answering yours of 18th January until a friend of mine got time to copy the plans and elevations of my new design for the west front of Glasgow Cathedral, which I intended to send to you along with some other sketches which I think may be interesting to you.

Your remarks on the Scott cenotaph cross, I assure you, were flattering far beyond my expectation, and equally gratifying to that part of the committee who had discrimination enough to discover merit without the light of a celebrated name. We have had estimates from five of our best builders, and very fortunately the lowest estimate is considerably within the funds at present in the hands of the committee.

The alterations you would recommend I think it is not too late to have introduced. I feel confident anything you may recommend will be judicious, and not likely to meet with opposition from the committee.

I have not seen your letter to the committee suggesting a Gothic design for Scott Monument.[1] I understand that among other things it had been left in the possession of the former secretary, James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw, at present on the Continent. As I am deeply interested in everything connected with the history of Scott's Monument, a copy of your letter on the subject would be carefully placed in my small cabinet of sacred things.

I have no objection to the Scott Monument being engraved in London in any periodical you recommend. I think that if another appeal is to be made to the innumerable admirers of Scott for money to build his monument to the original scale, if the engraving could be accompanied with your remarks in your letter to me dated 18th January, the result could not fail to be successful.—I am, &c.,

GEO. KEMP.

Copy of part of Draft Letter to the COMMITTEE on the Monument to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I am induced to intrude myself again on your notice in this manner, although I must confess reluctantly, and but for the publicity given to statements adverse, not to my design alone, but also prejudicial in a very high degree to my professional character. If these statements, and as I shall show, misrepresentations, had been confined entirely to the knowledge and discussion

[1] See p. 86.

of the committee, I should have rested content on the justice of their final award; but as a very wide publicity has been given to them, and of course an impression formed in the public mind which may not only prove insurmountable in the present instance, but be seriously detrimental to me in after-life, I must plead that publicity in defence of any apparent want of courtesy in my entering the lists while the controversy is still pending.

At last meeting Lord Meadowbank represented that the measurements in my design are as follow. I give his figures, which are quoted from the report given in the 'Courant' and 'Advertiser' newspapers, and as it has not been contradicted by his Lordship—who I cannot believe not to have seen it—I am compelled to believe it substantially embodies his statements; otherwise he must have felt himself impelled by his sense of justice to remove any injurious impression a misstatement of his facts would have produced; for no honest man can ever consent to have his statements perverted, even although the perversion, as in this instance it undoubtedly would do, tend to further his own wishes. I shall, at the same time, in order to render the matter more easily apparent, give in an opposite table the measurements according to the plans submitted to the committee, from which as a matter of course his Lordship must have derived his information also.

As stated by Lord Meadowbank.	
Diameter of Towers.	
Those above the statue,	1′ 9″
In the second tier, .	1 6
In the third tier, . .	1 8
At the top, just . .	0 7

According to the Plans.	
Diameter of Towers.	
Those above the statue, except the small ones which divide the parapet, ...	5′ 9″ × 4′ 6″
In the second tier, . .	3 2 × 3 2
In the third tier, . .	3 0 × 2 3
At the top, . . .	3 6 × 3 6

His Lordship then adverts to the thickness of the walls. This is truly a most perplexing part of the statement, the whole building being composed of a substantial collection of buttresses and piers—which can hardly by any ingenuity be called walls—a feature in which it is well known the principal beauty as well as strength of Gothic architecture consists, and from a union of which in a scientific manner its peculiar character and stability are entirely derived. The only part to which the term wall can with the most distant propriety be applied is the casing of the stair at the extreme top, which is twelve inches in thickness, whereas his Lordship states that "the thickness up to the second and third floors was only one foot three inches, and in the two tiers above the thickness was only eight inches;" but to avoid anything that can give rise to misconstruction, I will try to apply the term wall in a more extensive manner, and as I believe in the manner meant by his Lordship, in what he appears to call the second and third floors. The piers or depth of walls including buttress is seven feet seven inches, exclusive of buttress five feet four inches, *not one foot three inches;* the piers of the third stage, including buttress, five feet four inches. In regard to the charge of plagiarism which has been brought against me, and which Mr Hamilton, in his letter read at last meeting, rather insinuates than ventures to assert, I deem it unnecessary for me to enter upon at length. It is for the gentlemen of the committee to decide how far it is fair in Mr Hamilton to alter and rearrange his plans in order to bring them into some show of conformity with mine, and then on this forced resemblance to ground a charge of plagiarism against me. John Knox's Church [1] is professedly taken from Antwerp Tower, which was as open to me as to any other architect.

[1] St Giles's Cathedral.

Even were the resemblance as great as it was said to be, therefore, why should I be accused of plagiarism for doing that which has been done professedly by another architect. I beg leave, however, again to deny that my design is a composition or study from Antwerp Tower, or any other tower in particular, or that there is any greater conformity than that general resemblance which must subsist between compositions of the same style and character of architecture.

Copy of Letter written to Mr Britton.

Dear Sir,—I am so well aware of the interest you have taken and the trouble you have already given yourself with the designs for Sir Walter Scott's Monument that I feel very sorry to trouble you further on the subject, but I see that it will not do for me to attempt to take the lead in urging the propriety and possibility of building the monument to a scale higher than 135 feet. I have altered the proportions of the design as far as I possibly can without destroying the general effect, in order to make room in the stairs. Because, to my imagination, if the stairs are disagreeably narrow, the monument would lose half its interest to the citizens, and particularly to strangers. Enjoying a panoramic view of Edinburgh and the surrounding country from seventeen different galleries, at four easy stages from the ground, might create an excitement something like one of Scott's own romances.

I have been severely censured because I still encourage a hope that the monument may be built to near the height originally intended, because it is in vain to expect more money from the public. I would not expect more from those who have already subscribed; they have been very liberal. But Scott has not been the fashionable idol of a day; and

there is not a district of his native land, however remote, that has not felt the influence of his genius. There are now without doubt many thousands in Scotland who can appreciate his genius who could not four or five years ago, and who would feel disappointed if they have it not in their power to say that they had laid a stone on "Walter's Cairn."

If one of the largest assemblages of gentlemen that ever met in Edinburgh under one roof, and certainly the most influential in point of rank and talent, were of opinion that a monument should be erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott in the capital of his native country on a scale worthy of his great name, I hope to be excused for my anxiety that the monument may be built to near the original plan; being well aware that that only can do justice to the discrimination and very important choice of the sub-committee, and that, unless all ranks have it in their power to subscribe what they can afford, it can never convey to future times an adequate testimony of the estimation in which Sir Walter Scott was held by his contemporaries.

I believe I need scarcely repeat to you the opinion of Dr Memes. What, then, is the first local expedient to be counselled? what the primary recommendation which the visitor and inhabitant will alike desiderate in a monument to the Minstrel in "his own romantic town"? The ready answer is conspicuousness. It was the opinion of the eminent artist Mr Turner, that any monument erected in Edinburgh to the memory of Sir Walter Scott should be one of the most prominent objects in the city, if possible above all others. And Lord Melville stated at the meeting of the committee that they were required to decide on a suitable monument worthy of the memory of Sir Walter Scott, something honourable to the individual it commemorated, and to his countrymen who raised it. But it

tribute of the appreciation in which the public held the efforts of Kemp's genius; but he had the still more gratifying assurance that this public recognition of his talents was endorsed by men of established reputation and authority in the architectural profession. Amongst others, as we have already seen, were Dr Memes, the distinguished author of a well-known work on painting, sculpture, and architecture, and Mr John Britton. The following incident, which bears in a special manner on Kemp's professional efforts at this period, is worthy of more than a mere passing allusion, and cannot fail to create a sympathetic feeling for one whose most heinous offence, even in the opinion of his strongest rivals, was his possession of that "genius which must be born, and never can be taught." It also shows the great odds that Kemp had to fight against when he had the rashness to come to the front as a competitor, and the assurance to claim the privileges of an equal with those superior beings whose pretensions to an established position were deemed sufficient to exclude all aspirants — save those whom they approved of —from the charmed circle of their imaginary pre-eminence. The influence of this coterie was plainly discernible in the equivocal methods employed by the clique opposed to Kemp's design for the monument, and its overbearing tendency was made painfully evident on the occasion of this famous com-

petition. It happened that on the evening before the final meeting of the acting committee was to be held, when their deliberations were to close and their anxious labours to conclude by the selection of the design to be adopted, a manuscript was delivered into the hands of the manager of an Edinburgh printing establishment, with imperative injunctions that the document was to be printed and ready to be placed before the members of the Scott Monument Committee on the following morning. It fortunately turned out that the manager intrusted with this important commission was an intimate friend and relation of Kemp's, and he at once realised the gravity of the position, and perceived the intention and underhand character of the whole proceeding. It was evident that an artfully planned scheme had been devised by some of the more disingenuous of Kemp's opponents to deprive him of the fruits of the success which the majority of the committee had so cordially acknowledged his merits entitled him to. The expedient they adopted was to endeavour — while challenging the originality of his work — to meanly forestall him by arguments that had been studiously prepared with utter disregard to truth and fair-play. Although the evening was well advanced, Kemp's friend immediately communicated with him, and pointed out the disadvantage he would certainly be placed in if the statements referred to

were allowed to go before the committee without being instantly met and refuted, and urged him to get ready answers to the separate questions treated in the forthcoming pamphlet, and when this was done he guaranteed that the reply would be printed—it mattered not the lateness of the hour—and would be laid side by side with the clandestinely got up document.

The sequel to the prompt and zealous action of Kemp's friend can be easily imagined. The hostile party were completely outwitted, and the hopes they had built on their deceitful scheme were utterly shattered; and to render their discomfiture more complete, Kemp succeeded in having his entire proposals accepted, and his plans finally approved of and adopted by the building committee.

Another incident in connection with this momentous era in Kemp's career deserves to be recorded here. It is of a more pleasing nature than the last, and is narrated for the purpose of giving the reader a passing glimpse of the charming simplicity that governed the domestic relations of Kemp's home and household. Mrs Kemp on this all-important day was naturally somewhat impatient to learn the earliest possible tidings of the decision arrived at by the executive committee. Her anxiety was so keen that it was the means of overcoming her usually undemonstrative and retiring disposition, and taking her infant boy in her

Photogravure by T. & R. Annan & Son, Glasgow

Thomas Kemp

From a photograph by an Italian artist, Rome

arms, she quickly made her way to the Royal Institution at the foot of the Mound in Princes Street, in which the Royal Society's rooms are located, where the committee were engaged in their deliberations. The windows of the room in which these gentlemen met look towards the west, and from the pavement outside Mrs Kemp could observe her husband and the members of the committee — the former explaining the technical points of his design, which the latter were carefully examining with critical expression; and, as she afterwards remarked, she noted their varying facial expressions in the hope of gathering therefrom indications whether their opinions were favourable or otherwise towards her husband's drawings. This effort, however, was far from proving satisfactory, and she found that the only way in which to relieve the state of uncertainty which was troubling her was to seek out Kemp, and learn from him personally how matters were going on. She therefore, woman-like, nerved herself to conceal the uneasiness which she felt, and with outward calmness entered the building and inquired for her husband. In a short time Kemp came forward to meet her, bringing with him Mr Willox, who subsequently became editor of the 'Liverpool Chronicle.' Kemp received his wife very kindly, but being at the time fully engaged, as already stated, in describing the details of his scheme to the committee, he, after endeavouring to allay her fears

with a homely jest, hurried away, first requesting his friend to remain in her company. This Mr Willox readily consented to do, but he persuaded her to retire to an adjacent hotel and there rest, he meanwhile going to and from the committee room, and communicating to her the various stages of progress that were being made. After performing this friendly office several times, he at last returned bringing Kemp with him, in whose radiant features she quickly discovered the welcome signal of success. Thereon, to use her own simple language, "she gave George the baby to carry," and taking his arm, they proceeded down the hill to their home in Stockbridge.[1] "Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and her happiness was complete."

It is characteristic of the generosity of Kemp's disposition that after the decision in his favour, not-

[1] "G. M. Kemp, the architect of the Scott Monument, lived for some time, during the earlier part of his comparatively short career, in the second flat of the stair entering from No. 18 Bedford Street, Stockbridge. Here he wrought upon and finished many of the fine drawings of interesting Scottish ruins and buildings he had visited in the course of his travels; and here he constructed the model of a new palace that at one time was proposed to be erected for the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith. After he married, he resided in the upper flat of No. 7 Saunders Street, Stockbridge. It was while living in the latter place that he executed the design for the Scott Monument, a structure not surpassed by anything of the kind in Europe; a monument alike uniting the genius of the great novelist, of the city of his birth, and also commemorative of the genius of Kemp."—'Reminiscences of Stockbridge,' by Cumberland Hill.

withstanding the many demands upon his time, he offered to present the treasurer and secretary of the Monument fund (Mr Dick and Mr Castle) with drawings by his own hand from the original design.

What follows relates to the drawing that was presented to Mr Castle. On the decease of Mr Castle, his drawing was purchased by a near relative of Kemp's for the sum of twenty-seven guineas. It was a beautifully executed drawing, and was handsomely framed in old oak brought from Dryburgh Abbey, and it is needless to say it was much prized by its owner. On the occasion of the centenary of Scott's birth, a friend of the possessor of that sketch wrote asking him if he would allow the monument drawing to be sent to New York, so that it might be hung on the wall on the occasion of the great commemoration banquet that was to be held at Delmonico's. This request was reluctantly assented to, for nothing less than a strong feeling of patriotism could have induced the owner to part with it, or to expose it to the chances and dangers of so long a journey.

The presence of the drawing gave great satisfaction, and was commented on both by the chairman and by the press.

But unluckily, the interest that had been roused was the means of drawing to it the attention of the secretary of the committee that had been formed at

Chicago with the main object of erecting a monument there to the memory of Scott.

Nothing had as yet been settled as to the form it should take, and the idea of reproducing Kemp's design was so far entertained by the committee that they requested the secretary to ascertain if the drawing could be sent to them, so that they might judge of its suitability.

This was agreed to, and the drawing was forwarded from New York to Chicago, and was most favourably received. However, the question of the cost of constructing a monument in every respect the same as the one in Edinburgh seemed likely to bar the way to its adoption.

The committee being evidently determined to have a reproduction of the original design, it was resolved by them—so as to keep the expenditure within what had been decided upon—that they should receive estimates for an erection of the monument in cast steel.

Up to this stage of the proceedings, all matters connected with the operations of the committee had been communicated to the owner of the drawing; but on receipt of the above news, he being an artist, was much annoyed at the proposed act of vandalism, and at once wrote to his New York friend expressing his decided objection to the idea being carried out in that manner, and requesting that the drawing should be

returned at once; but, alas! all anxiety on that score, and no doubt much further trouble that might have followed, was summarily prevented by the great fire that nearly destroyed the city of Chicago. There, among treasures doubtless of greater artistic value, perished poor Kemp's beautiful drawing.

Moorfoot Hills, from ruins of Chapel.

CHAPTER V.

ERECTION OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

ALL the preliminaries having been at length satisfactorily adjusted, the foundation-stone of the Scott Monument was laid with all the pomp and ceremony of full Masonic honours by the Grand Master, in presence of Grand Lodge of Scotland, and a numerous assemblage of the local Lodges of Freemasons, on 15th August 1840. Sir James Forrest of Comiston, Baronet, Lord Provost of Edinburgh and Most Worshipful Grand Master Mason of Scotland, officiated on the occasion. In addition to the Masonic bodies, the Corporations and other public bodies of Edinburgh and Leith were largely represented; there was also an immense con-

course of spectators from all parts of the country. The foundation-stone contained a plate on which was engraved the following inscription by Lord Jeffrey:—

This graven plate, deposited at the base of a votive building on the fifteenth day of August in the year of Christ 1840, and never likely to see the light again till all the surrounding structures have crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,

whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society, than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten.

HE WAS BORN AT EDINBURGH, 15TH AUGUST 1771;
AND DIED AT ABBOTSFORD, 21ST SEPTEMBER 1832.

On another plate the following inscription was engraved:—

Grand Lodge of Scotland.
The Foundation-stone
of the
Monument to be erected by the Citizens of Edinburgh
In Memory of
SIR WALTER SCOTT OF ABBOTSFORD, BART.,
Was laid with due Solemnity by
The Right Honourable Sir JAMES FORREST of Comiston, Bart., Lord Provost and Lord-Lieutenant of the City of Edinburgh, &c., Most Worshipful Grand-Master Mason of Scotland,

Upon the 15th day of August 1840 and of Masonry 5840,
Assisted by the under-mentioned Officers of the Grand Lodge
and the brethren of the Lodges present:
The Right Honourable the EARL OF DALHOUSIE,
R.W. Past Grand-Master;
The Right Honourable the EARL OF ROTHES,
R.W. Deputy Grand-Master;
Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, R.W. substitute
G.M. Board of Grand Stewards;
WILLIAM STEWART of Glenmoriston, President;
ROBERT BLACKWOOD, Esq., Vice-President;
In the fourth year of the Reign of Victoria the First.

In the cavity of the foundation-stone was deposited a glass jar, containing the 'Edinburgh Almanack for 1840,' the 'Edinburgh Evening Courant,' the 'Caledonian Mercury,' the 'Edinburgh Advertiser,' the 'Scotsman,' the 'Edinburgh Observer,' and the 'Witness'; copies of inscription plates, plan of the city and county of Edinburgh, and list of names of subscribers; and also the following coins of the realm—a double sovereign of George IV., a sovereign of Victoria, half-sovereign of Victoria, crown of George IV., half-crown of William IV., a shilling, sixpence, groat, threepence, twopence, and one penny silver pieces, and a penny, halfpenny, and farthing in copper, and a medal struck for the occasion.

A handsome silver trowel of elegant design was presented to Sir James Forrest, Lord Provost, by the Master and Wardens of Lodge Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, No. 1, and was used by his lordship for the ceremony.

Speeches were made suitable to the occasion by the Lord Provost and Sir William Rae, who represented the committee of subscribers. The latter, in the course of his speech, referring to the difficulties of the committee in making their selection from the large number of exceptionally artistic plans which had been submitted to them, said: "After taking designs from several eminent artists, the committee threw the matter open to competition, and they greatly rejoiced at having done so, as amidst many meritorious plans one was produced which entirely outstripped all competition, and formed a model of beauty and proportion, as is admitted by the most scientific men, who consider it perfect in its character and details. This was the work of a native artist, whose name had never been heard of—namely, the unassuming and meritorious Mr Kemp, whom I feel proud to mention to the meeting as one in every way entitled to their confidence and good opinion. Our most eminent architect, Mr Burn, though personally disapproving of architecture forming any part of such a testimonial, narrowly examined the specification of the work, and, while he concurred with all the merits of the fabric, has given us an assurance that strength and solidity have been so studied as effectually to secure permanency in every part of it."

The imposing ceremony concluded with a salute of seven guns from a battery on the south side of the gardens behind the Bank of Scotland.

On the 17th August 1846—six years after the laying of the foundation-stone, and two and a half years after the death of its distinguished architect — the monument was formally inaugurated in the presence of the civic functionaries of Edinburgh, the original and auxiliary committees of the monument, the Masonic and other public bodies, and an immense concourse of citizens, whose numbers were augmented by the arrival of visitors from all parts of the country, who manifested the greatest interest and enthusiasm on the occasion, notwithstanding the unfavourable nature of the weather. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr Stewart of Douglas, one of the chaplains of Grand Lodge, Lord Glenlyon (subsequently Marquess of Breadalbane), Grand Master Mason, in addressing the vast assemblage, remarked: "I beg leave to congratulate you this day on the completion of this splendid monument, which will stand as a memorial to future generations of that illustrious poet, the late Sir Walter Scott. . . . And we must feel grateful to the Great Architect of all, that not a single accident has occurred—a thing which has scarcely ever taken place in the erection of such a structure."

The Lord Provost, Mr Adam Black, in replying, said: "I congratulate you, the Right Worshipful Grand Master, and I congratulate the countrymen of Sir Walter Scott, on now seeing placed on its pedestal in this magnificent monument, a statue worthy of its shrine. The tribute of a nation's gratitude to one of

its most honoured sons, adds a new feature of beauty and of grace to his native city. . . . Even here we see how the glowing genius of the poet has stirred the soul of the architect, and awakened the talents of the sculptor, whose skilful chisel has moulded the rude block into the all but breathing form and features of Scotland's darling son. While we lament the fate of the gifted architect. . . . The sister arts of architecture and sculpture here vie with each other in presenting their richest offerings to the genius of poetry, history, and romance. This monument and statue, admirable for beauty and durability, I trust will long adorn our city."

On its completion the monument, by Act of Parliament, passed from the charge of the executive committee into the keeping of the trustees appointed by the Act—viz., the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Treasurer of the city, the Dean of Guild, the Lord Justice-General, the Lord Clerk Register, or in his absence the Senior Clerk of Session, the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and the nearest male heir of the body of Sir Walter Scott. The following letter was accordingly addressed to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council:—

EDINBURGH, *5th August* 1851.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I have been directed by the Executive Committee for the erection of the Monument to Sir Walter Scott to enclose to you the minutes of a meeting held yesterday, which, in terms of the Act of

Parliament, 4th Victoria, cap. 15, transfers the said building, without any further conveyance, from the Subscribers to the Trustees mentioned in said Act.—I remain, &c.,

JOHN CASTLE,
Secretary to the Executive Committee.

The following descriptive account of the monument is taken from a 'History of the Scott Monument, Edinburgh,' printed for the Magistrates and Town Council:—

"The Scott Monument is perhaps the finest, as it certainly is the most appropriate, monumental edifice in the kingdom. Whether we take into consideration its striking and lofty elevation, its graceful and harmonious proportions, or the skilful adaptation of its more minute details to illustrate the works of the great writer whose name it was designed to perpetuate, we cannot fail to admire the artistic genius of its original designer.

"The building itself is founded on the solid rock, which is 52 feet below the level of Princes Street. The underground structure is of the most substantial masonry, consisting of strong piers forming the abutments for arching, on which rests a quadrangular platform, approached on either side by a bold flight of seven steps. In the centre of this platform is placed the statue of the 'Great Magician.'

"The statue is executed in Carrara marble, and is of colossal dimensions, being more than double the size of life. The expression of the countenance is charm-

ing. In it the leading features of Scott's character have all been skilfully delineated. The familiar humour, for which the poet's face in his happy moods was remarkable, is happily blended with the dignified repose so requisite in sculpture.

"The Minstrel has been engaged in writing, and seems pleased with the result of his labours. The dog *Maida*, who has been reposing by his side, appears to have been startled by the shutting of the book in the hand of his master, and seems participating in the pleasure which is spread over his benign countenance. Used thus, as an accessory, the figure of the dog, while it forms an important part of the composition, increases the general interest of the group, while the sympathy evidently subsisting between the parties brings out an important point in Scott's character —his love for and kindness to the inferior animals.

"Individuality being an essential element in any representation of Scott, every leading characteristic of the dress which he wore is rigidly adhered to. This is done in such a manner as to set aside that silly affectation that can see nothing classic or dignified in modern costume. There is a breadth in the folds and general disposition of the drapery which corresponds well with the Gothic edifice with which the figure is connected. The statue is placed on a block of marble of upwards of thirty tons weight. When the block was being shipped at Leghorn, in Italy, it was precipitated through the vessel into the

sea in consequence of the shears by which it was suspended having given way. At Leith difficulty was again experienced, as there was no machinery of sufficient power to place it on the truck which was to convey it, and several days elapsed before it reached the sculptor's studio.

"From each corner of the platform there rises a pier consisting of clustered shafts, connected by four principal pointed arches, the intervening space being filled in with a vaulted roof with ribbed groinings, having beautifully carved bosses at the intersections and a richly ornamented pendant in the centre; the whole forming a lofty canopy over the poet's statue. The thrust of these arches is counterbalanced by four projecting buttresses, also arched upon clustered columns, which, after ascending to the first gallery, spring into the open air to the height of 90 feet, and terminate in pinnacles, beautifully carved with crockets, and crowned with light and richly ornamented finials. The buttresses, with their connecting arches and superstructure, are decorated as they rise with large niches having appropriate brackets and canopies; and each of the angle buttresses, at the level of the first gallery, has two bold and effective gargoyles, or water-spouts, in the form of grotesque griffins. The pilasters which separate the different clustered pillars supporting the vaulted roof of the Gothic temple are crowned with finely ornamented capitals containing correct like-

nesses of sixteen Scottish poets, viz.: west front—James Hogg, Robert Burns, Robert Fergusson, Allan Ramsay; south front—George Buchanan, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Robert Tannahill, Lord Byron; east front—Tobias Smollett, James Beattie, James Thomson, John Home; north front—Queen Mary, King James I., King James V., William Drummond of Hawthornden.

"The connection of the angle buttresses and their pinnacles with the central structure is further maintained by means of four arched or 'flying' buttresses, splendidly ornamented with spandrils and crockets, and terminated at top with carved figures,—one of a jester in a grotesque attitude and dress; another of a nun clasping a cross in her arms; a third, of a friar with a rosary in one hand and a crosier in the other; and the fourth, of a knight templar holding in his hands a mace and a baton.

"The first gallery over the four principal arches and buttresses is protected by a pierced parapet, extending around the building, and from this gallery a splendid view of the monument is obtained, both above and below; while on the same level there is a central apartment, which has been, in conformity with the original design, elegantly fitted up, and furnished as a museum, in which interesting relics of the poet and architect are deposited.

"From this gallery level the principal tower rises in four main piers, the intervening spaces being filled in

with four stained-glass windows from designs by David Roberts, R.A. These are richly ornamented with quatrefoils and crocketed labels terminating in richly carved finials; the lower part of the windows being partially concealed from without by canopied tabernacles, which crown the gablets surmounting the four main arches, all of the most superb design and workmanship.

"Immediately above the arched windows is placed the second gallery, which has also a pierced parapet of beautiful design. Around this portion of the tower cluster a series of double pinnacles, which emerge or grow out of the buttresses, richly covered with carved ornaments. A lofty arched window-opening rises on each of the four sides of the building above the second gallery, ornamented with open tracery work, within which is seen the stair leading to the third gallery. On reaching this gallery the building is still found to be most gorgeously decorated. Around it are turrets, buttresses, pinnacles, arches, crockets, corbels, and finials in all the rich profusion of Gothic architecture. This gallery is flanked by eight rounded turrets, crowned with carved crockets and finials; and on looking upwards are seen four tower-shaped buttresses, which spring from this portion of the shaft to nearly the height of the fourth gallery, and are finished with fine pinnacles, having their tops embellished with crockets and elaborately carved finials. Here the

central part of the building is carried up in apparently solid masonry, but containing a spiral staircase which is lighted on each side by a succession of three tiers of small windows, rising one above the other, and appropriately adorned. The eye is then arrested by the octagonal boldly projecting screen of the fourth gallery, which is supported by eight figures of Druidical priests on their bended knees, with scrolls in their hands. On reaching the fourth gallery, by a stair which is contracted to very narrow dimensions at the top, we find around the shaft a series of four niches, each containing a statue, and surmounted by a splendidly ornamented canopy.

"Above these niches the shaft is gradually contracted, and covered with a profusion of richly carved crockets, and at length terminates in a highly decorated finial. The view from this gallery, to which the public are admitted by tickets to be had at the monument, is exceeding grand and imposing. The New Town appears below like a map, while the abrupt precipices and grim battlements of the castle, the dark and irregular ridges of the Old Town, the rugged acclivities of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, the Calton Hill with its numerous monuments, and a wide extent of country, finely diversified with mountains, woods, and fertile fields, all lie in the panoramic scene around.

"The monument is 200 feet 6 inches in height

above the level of the street, and is ascended by a flight of 287 steps. It is built of the best sandstone from Binny Quarry.

"In the sixty-four niches statuettes representing the following characters in Sir Walter Scott are placed: Ellen Douglas, 'The Lady of the Lake,' The Last Minstrel, Prince Charles Stuart, Meg Merrilies, Mause Headrigg, Dominie Sampson, Meg Dods, Dandie Dinmont, James VI., Magnus Troil, Halbert Glendinning, Minna Troil, George Heriot ('Jingling Geordie'), Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Amy Robsart, Earl of Leicester, Baron Bradwardine, Hal o' the Wynd, The Glee Maiden, Edith of Lorne, Edie Ochiltree, Robert the Bruce, Old Mortality, Flora M'Ivor, Jeanie Deans, The Laird of Dumbiedykes, Saladin, Friar Tuck, Richard Cœur de Lion, Rebecca, Diana Vernon, Queen Mary, Balfour of Burley, Knight Templar, Rob Roy, Helen MacGregor, Ivanhoe, Charles I., John Knox, Oliver Cromwell, Peter Peebles, Julia Mannering, Montrose, Effie Deans, Lady of Avenel, Piercie Shafton, 'The Dougal Cratur,' Wayland Smith, Gurth, Queen Elizabeth, George Buchanan, The Abbess, Caleb Balderstone, Rose Bradwardine, Dirk Hatteraick, Dugald Dalgetty, Ravenswood, Lady Rowena, Richie Moniplies, Lucy Ashton, Constance, Claverhouse, Madge Wildfire, Davie Deans."

Before concluding this description of the monument, the following remarks made by the Right Hon. W. E.

Gladstone, M.P., in a speech delivered at Hawarden, February 3, 1868, reported in the 'Chester Courant' of that date, are well worth repeating here, and will form a fitting termination to this chapter. Addressing his audience, he said: "Many of you, or some of you, ladies and gentlemen, may have been in Edinburgh, and in one of the most striking parts of that striking town—that is to say, in Princes Street, in full view of Edinburgh Castle and the rock on which it stands—there is a Gothic structure erected in honour of Sir Walter Scott. It is very elaborate and very lofty; it consists of four open arches, not altogether unlike what the ancients used sometimes to make their temples; and then this structure has a sitting figure of the great poet and novelist, or as he used to be called, the Great Magician. It is very well that the inhabitants of this island in general, and the Scottish in particular, are not given to idolatry; because the statue, placed as it is, might look, to a person totally unacquainted with the religious belief and usages of the country, as if it were placed there to receive the worship of passers-by; however, it receives everything but worship—receives respect, admiration, gratitude, affection—it is impossible to describe in proper terms the nature of the feelings with which Scotchmen in particular regard Sir Walter Scott."

Having described the circumstance and pomp with which the laying of the foundation-stone and inaugu-

ration of the monument were attended, and also given a brief description of the monument as it stands at the present day, it is necessary now to go back and relate an incident which had an important bearing on the first-named ceremony. The public function having passed off with great success, and to everybody's satisfaction, as we have seen, there yet remained another duty to perform, which Kemp humorously described as the laying of the *real* foundation-stone. After the site had been finally determined on, Kemp felt very anxious on the important matter of securing a reliable foundation on which to rear the majestic Gothic Cross which he had designed. Indeed, the stability of the erection rendered it almost absolutely necessary that it should be founded if possible on a rock base. The employment of concrete was then unknown, or it was at least not in common use, the general method adopted being to drive timber piles into the soil. This was doubtless considered a satisfactory enough arrangement to get out of the difficulty when the superincumbent buildings were to be of a uniform character in regard to surface and height, and when it was open to devise ways and means by which to guard against the possibilities of any settling of the structure. But it was otherwise than either a satisfactory or prudent solution of the difficulty, when the building to be erected was only to occupy an area of 55 feet square, constructed of solid stone, and to rise to a height of 200 feet. Then the nature of the building had to be considered,

composed as it was of tapering pinnacles, groined arches, and elaborately carved stone work representing figures and ornamental details of great richness. The down strain of such a building would be enormous, and any settling or dislocation of the intricate mouldings and columns would be fatal to the otherwise perfect and artistic appearance of the graceful and beautiful proportions of the monument. No wonder then that Kemp hesitated, and did not feel warranted in accepting the established practice of pile-driving as a reliable basis for his proposed building.

The more he thought of it and anxiously calculated the probabilities, the more convinced he became of the absolute necessity, as already remarked, of securing a rock-foundation. He therefore determinedly set to work with his well-known energy, and impressed the result of his deliberations on the minds of the committee, who reluctantly gave their consent to make the desired excavations. This work Kemp set about with the utmost zeal and expedition, and his expectations were happily realised, when, on reaching a depth of 52 feet from the surface, the workmen struck on the living rock. Kemp's delight, as may be easily imagined, was most exuberant, and nothing would satisfy him until he had gathered around him a few of his most intimate friends, among whom were Mr Handyside Ritchie, sculptor, Mr Lind, builder, and Mr James Ballantine, and at his cordial invitation they accompanied him to the bottom of the shaft, which when

they had all safely reached, the light being, as may be imagined, at that depth, of the most sombre kind, he produced a flask and laughingly requested them to drink success to the undertaking, remarking at the same time that this was to commemorate the event of the laying of the real foundation-stone of the Scott Monument.

No doubt his invitation would be responded to in a most hearty manner by such congenial companions, who could not only enter into the friendly spirit which had suggested the meeting, but could also, as practical men, appreciate the nature of the difficulty which had been now successfully overcome, by having at least one of the piers resting on the solid rock, as this would impart steadiness to the others, even although they were placed on an artificial foundation of pile-work. Kemp's anxiety on this point should be kept in mind at the present time, in view of the proposals made by a certain railway company to form a tunnel under Princes Street, which, according to the plans drawn up by their engineers, would pass *within* 8 *feet of the foundation-piles of the monument.* The disastrous results of this scheme, if allowed to be carried into execution, it is needless to comment upon, as they must be apparent to the most ordinary intelligence. This incident is narrated here for the purpose of showing the thought and trouble occasioned to the mind of the architect in order to secure a firm and natural foundation; and it is therefore to be hoped

that nothing will be done to endanger the stability of that wondrously beautiful structure, which gained the commendation of those that are gone for its uniqueness and originality of design, and is to-day the admiration of all lovers of the sublime in architecture.

On the commencement of the building operations Kemp was appointed to superintend the work, on which he bestowed the utmost care and vigilance. In addition to his other professional duties he paid frequent visits to Melrose Abbey and Roslin Chapel for the purpose of examining and verifying the effects of the details in their various positions. Although he was strictly fastidious in the most minute as well as in the more important details in the execution of the work, his exactitude—contrary to the ordinary experience—was heartily appreciated by his subordinates; while his familiarity, practically and theoretically, with all varying stages and processes, was so strikingly conspicuous to the shrewd and discriminating powers of the workmen that he became very popular with them—in fact, he imbued them with such a spirit of emulation that each one endeavoured by the constant exercise of skill and industry to obtain an approving glance or a passing word of commendation from him. Apart from his official position, he was personally the object of the affectionate regard and esteem of the artisans employed on the monument. The following simple story illustrates the hold that Kemp's life and work obtained over the hearts

of the working classes, and their pride in the fact that he was one of themselves. Two workmen, journeymen masons from their appearance, were gazing intently on Scott's monument, and after a careful and critical examination of its various parts, their looks all the while betokening the depth of the admiration which their words could not express, one of them, being more demonstrative than the other, could restrain himself no longer, but burst out with the exclamation which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart—"Oh, man! to think it's a' Geordie's!" The pathetic eloquence of this unaffected tribute to genius could not be surpassed.

Kemp joined the brethren of the mystic tie by becoming a member of the Freemason Lodge, Edinburgh St Andrew's, No. 48,[1] on 5th October 1827, and on the occasion of his initiation he designed, made, and presented to the Lodge a handsome and massive chair for the use of the master. It is con-

[1] Originally Scots Lodge in Canongate, suppressed for its Jacobite tendencies in 1745.

structed of oak, the seat and arms being of a simple design; the back is supported on two fluted Ionic columns with a shaped pediment above, surmounted by a gilded figure of St Andrew with his typical cross; the back contains the usual masonic emblems carved out of oak, and in the ground of the pediment are the higher symbols, painted in an unusually artistic manner. This chair had for some years past got into a dilapidated condition, but it has been recently rehabilitated by the writer, and is now an object of much interest, and highly valued as the handiwork of Kemp by the present office-bearers and members of his mother Lodge.

EXCERPTS FROM BOOKS OF LODGE EDINBURGH ST ANDREW'S, No. 48.

1827. *Treasurer's Books and Accounts.*

Oct. 5. George Kemp, carpenter, Roxburgh Close, E. P. and R. a/c, make Master's chair for his fees.

A. WAGHORNE, *Secy. and Genealogist.*

1827. *Names recorded in G.L. Books.*

Oct. 5.	George Kemp, cabinetmaker, .	5/6
Dec. 19.	Cash paid to George Kemp, say E.M., in part of making Master's chair,	£1 16 6
„	Cash received from George Kemp in full of E.M., ...	£1 16 6

A. WAGHORNE, *Secretary No.* 48.

EXCERPT MINUTE of Weekly Meeting of LODGE EDINBURGH ST ANDREW (No. 48), held in the REGENT HOTEL, WATERLOO PLACE, on 22d March 1844.

. . . . . .

The Lodge being duly constituted, the R.W.M. then made a proposal to the effect that in consequence of the lamented death of Brother George M. Kemp of the Lodge Edinburgh St Andrew, the architect of the monument at present being erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, the Secretary should call immediately a special meeting of the Lodge for Monday evening, the 25th inst., at 8 o'clock P.M. precisely, for the purpose of considering the propriety of holding a Funeral Lodge in honour of our deceased Bro. George M. Kemp, which proposition was seconded by Brother John M'Clumpha, and agreed to.

. . . . . .

True extract.

R.W.M.
SECRETARY.

EDINBURGH, 18*th December* 1890.

On 12th April 1843, by special desire of the Brethren, Kemp was made an affiliated member of the Operative Lodge Journeymen, Edinburgh, No. 8, who, in token of the respect and admiration in which they held their distinguished brother, have placed his bust —an excellent example of the sculptor's art by Alexander Handyside Ritchie, R.S.A. (an intimate friend of Kemp's)—in their Lodge room. They have further commemorated his association with their Lodge by having his portrait painted, with a model of the Scott

Monument resting on his arm, on the upper panel of the Lodge memorial tablet on the walls of the great hall in the Grand Lodge of Scotland buildings in George Street, Edinburgh—the whole being a very pleasing composition from the brush of the late Mr David Hunter. Another bust in marble, the work of Mr John Hutchison, R.S.A., was presented by that artist to the museum-room which occupies the body of the tower in the Scott Monument, where are also to be seen other interesting mementoes of Kemp. In the National Portrait Gallery there is an excellent likeness of Kemp, the work of his brother-in-law, William Bonnar, R.S.A. It was presented to the Gallery by the writer.

Kemp's burial-place, St Cuthbert's.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAGIC DEATH OF THE ARCHITECT.

MEANWHILE during the course of two years the work of erecting the monument steadily progressed under Kemp's direction, and there is every reason to regret the tragic fate which overtook him before he was spared to see the completion of his design. For no doubt, fine as its proportions are, he would have bestowed artistic touches on many of its leading features which would have given it additional beauty and refinement, as the work gradually developed under the

eye of the architect. This is all the more to be deplored, as the original design included a screen wall with railing and parapet, intended to form a base to the monument proper; and at each angle a tower was to be placed, designed in harmony with the other parts and richly ornamented with Gothic floriated panelling and carving. The whole effect conveys a sense of completeness, which is felt to be absent in the effect of the monument as it now stands. As it became apparent during the course of the building operations that supplementary subscriptions would be required, even to complete that part of the work which might be termed the monument proper, Kemp very judiciously did not press for the erection of the decorated screen and towers, but kept this part of his design in abeyance until the first contract should be carried out. It was, however, well understood among those who enjoyed Kemp's confidence, that, provided the main and important operations turned out successfully, he would urge with all his enthusiasm the propriety of completing the work in conformity with the approved design in its entirety. He proposed forming the enclosing screen of carved balustrades and coping, flanked by the ornamental buttress towers, and approached by a short flight of broad handsome steps out of white marble, as he felt that this material would have the effect of realising a quality of richness and elegance which could not be obtained by the use of freestone; and he was

strengthened in this belief by the fact that such a combination would harmonise, and operate with singular appropriateness, with the white marble group of statuary forming the central feature enshrined under their Gothic canopy. It must be admitted that, as they appear at present, the bases of the main buttresses seem to descend into the soil with an unpleasant sensation of abruptness, suggested by the absence of receding lines, which the contemplated screen would have furnished. It may not be too much to hope for, that some time in the near future, when the accumulated funds have reached the requisite sum, the intentions of the architect of the Scott Monument may be realised in their full integrity.

About eight o'clock in the evening of Wednesday the 6th March 1844, Kemp called at the office of Mr Lind, the contractor for the building of the monument, which was situated on the north side of the Canal basin, for the purpose of ascertaining if some particular kind of stone had arrived from the quarry. Having received satisfactory information on this point, he set out on his way homeward, taking the road that forms the towing-path on the bank of the Canal, which was a favourite walk of his. The night was very dark and foggy, and it is surmised that he had miscalculated the distance, and had crossed the Fountain bridge unknowingly, whereas

he should have turned on reaching the end of Semple Street, and gone west as far as the old silk-mill, and crossed the bridge there, taking the road from it which leads direct to Bruntsfield Links, and thence to his home in Jordan Lane. It is supposed that on discovering the mistake he had made he had become quite bewildered as to his whereabouts, owing to the fog being very dense at this point in consequence of its immediate proximity to the Canal basin, and groped his way on to the wharf. At that time there was no protecting chain or gate; both were placed subsequently to the sad event about to be recorded, for the safety of the public. The wharf, running west, terminated with a sharp curve inwards, and abutted on a wall enclosing the yard of Lochrin Distillery. On reaching this point and finding that there was no outlet, he evidently had attempted to retrace his steps; but in the confusion at finding himself in an unfamiliar locality and in the midst of a dense fog he appears unfortunately to have stumbled and fallen into the Canal, and in this melancholy way met his death, unseen by any human eye.

What added, if possible, to the widespread feeling of regret attending the circumstance of the fatality which befell Kemp was the fact of the accident happening at the worst possible part of the Canal. He was an expert swimmer, and under ordinary conditions would in all probability have succeeded in

saving himself; but at this place, from the depth and tenacity of the mud at the bottom, it would be impossible to make any attempt to swim, and all efforts to escape from a terrible death would be fruitless.

That this supposition is correct is verified by the long interval which elapsed before the body was found, showing that it had been held at the bottom of the Canal by the accumulated refuse which fell from the boats while being laden. The body was not recovered until the Monday after the accident. The first indication of what had occurred was the finding of a thorn walking-stick, cut in Glencoe, and presented to him by his brother-in-law only a few days previously. On receiving it he jocularly remarked, "This will be a grand thing for effectually keeping off the roughs who infest that part of the Canal banks after nightfall." Soon afterwards the exact spot where the body lay was ascertained by his hat floating to the surface, which when laid hold of was found to be securely attached to his coat by a cord. This was his method of protecting his hat from the wind, and was also a well-known characteristic of his personal appearance.

Throughout the city and wherever the melancholy news spread, it was received with expressions of universal regret, and sympathy for his bereaved family and relatives.

His tragic death and the mysterious circumstances connected with it gave rise to an unfounded rumour

that it was a case of suicide. But when his prosperous position in business and his happy home-life were taken into consideration, this rumour was quickly seen to be preposterous; the position in which the body was found clearly pointing out that the lamentable occurrence had been the result of an accident.

Another but a more painful theory was invented to account for the cause of his death. It would not have been referred to here, had it not been from the fact that it obtained credence from many of those who were otherwise well disposed towards Kemp, and is still believed in to this day by some individuals. It was asserted that Kemp had become addicted to habits of intemperance, and that in the early part of the night in question he had been indulging somewhat freely. Now it is only due in justice to poor Kemp's memory, and to those who hold that memory dear, to give a distinct and unqualified denial to the truth of any such supposition, once for all. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum:" but apart from this, it is only necessary to recall to mind the leading features of Kemp's self-denying, patient, and studious career, in proof of the improbability of a man constituted as he was so far forgetting himself through self-indulgence, at this critical period of his life, as to run the risk of bringing grief and distress on the family and home he so dearly loved, or that he could condescend to any act that would even tend to cast a shadow of re-

flection on the art he so fondly cherished. On this point it may be allowable to add the testimony of the late Mr Andrew Kerr, architect, a man of standing and worth, who, to use his own words, "knew Kemp better than a brother." He warmly resented the alleged imputation against his friend, whom he always spoke of as one of the most moderate of men both in thinking and action.

At the time of his death Kemp had reached his forty-ninth year, and had always enjoyed a fair state of health, towards which his active habits and love of open-air exercise no doubt largely contributed. Although of a somewhat retiring disposition, he nevertheless, when in the society of those whom he esteemed as friends, was capable of enjoying himself in a most genial manner. He also possessed a considerable share of that dry and caustic humour which distinguishes our countrymen, and which sometimes led him to indulge in a harmless practical joke. One of these humorous fancies of his was played off one evening on an individual who was rendering himself a little tiresome to the others by his excessive loquaciousness and egotism. Kemp saw an opportunity of effectually silencing this objectionable person, which he took immediate advantage of. A company was seated at table, and Kemp chanced to be placed next his talkative companion, while the gentlemen were earnestly engaged in the important function of brewing to themselves a tumbler of toddy. This operation, however,

did not diminish the flow of words which the orator was pouring forth along with the hot water and other ingredients, but in the eagerness of his argument he got a little mixed in his mixing, and omitted to put the usual portion of sugar in his glass. Kemp observed this omission, and delicately supplied it by taking from his waistcoat-pocket a small cube of white marble, which he adroitly slipped into the other's tumbler. Still the flow of talk went on, all the while the victim was vigorously endeavouring to crush his opponent and the equally unyielding lump of spurious sugar. At last the company could stand it no longer, and to the surprise of the speaker, burst out into roars of uncontrollable laughter; it was a minute or so before the joke was perceived by him, but when he realised it, it is needless to add that, for the time being at least, he was utterly and completely discomfited.

In private life Kemp was a most lovable man, possessing an almost childlike simplicity of manner, which was one of his most charming characteristics. His conversation was at all times interesting and instructive, and full of thought; but he would often take up his violin, when the active duties of the day were over, and brighten the domestic circle around him with its music. He never, however, conquered the shyness of manner and unobtrusive disposition which he inherited from his father, and which in the presence of strangers he was almost painfully conscious of. And oftentimes, when under the influence of

absorbing thought connected with his profession, he seemed to fall into a state of abstraction, which for the time rendered him oblivious of self and surroundings. This peculiarity was remarked by all who knew him intimately, and, as he frequently lapsed into this state of mental preoccupation, it was believed by his friends to have been, if not the direct cause, at least instrumental in bringing about the melancholy catastrophe which terminated his valuable life.

The mystery enveloping the death of Kemp caused great excitement in Edinburgh, and his funeral, which took place on Friday the 22d March 1844, from his house in Jordan Lane, Morningside, to St Cuthbert's churchyard, was made the occasion of exhibiting the universal sympathy which was felt by all classes of the community.

The streets through which the funeral procession passed were thronged by immense numbers of spectators, whose demeanour testified in an unmistakable manner the esteem in which the deceased architect was held by his fellow-countrymen, who took this last opportunity of expressing their respect for his memory.

As the funeral cortege passed on its way, at every part of the route it received accessions to its numbers, until, on reaching the place of interment, it had increased to upwards of a thousand persons. The magistrates of the city of Edinburgh, representatives of the Presbytery, the members of the general and auxiliary committee of the Scott Monument, the

majority of the Royal Scottish Academicians, and representatives of other public bodies, besides many gentlemen of eminence, were present, and took part in the simple form which characterises a Scottish Presbyterian burial.

A most touching proof of the estimation in which Kemp was held by the workmen who had laboured under his superintendence was shown in connection with this sad event. At their own request they were allowed the privilege of bearing the coffin containing his remains from his house to the grave. The chief mourner was his eldest son Thomas, a youth of great amiability and promise, who was studying for the architectural profession at the time, but whose career was prematurely cut short. He died a few years after, and his remains were laid beside those of his father.

To the high place Kemp held in the estimation of those with whom he was intimately associated the following lines bear witness:—

DIRGE FOR BROTHER GEORGE M. KEMP, ARCHITECT OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

Art is wrapt in weeds of woe,
Nature mourns in accents low,
Scotland sheds a heart-wrung tear
O'er her son's untimely bier.
The flowers that blush by mountain rill,
The flowers that bloom on lonely hill,
All, drooping low, their loss deplore—
Alas! their lover comes no more.

Castled keep and sacred pile,
Buttressed tower and fretted aisle,
Wrapt in gloom, are left alone,
Now their worshipper is gone.
Yet hope still cheers us while we mourn,
And fame strews laurels o'er his urn.
Behold that structure cleave the sky!
And dream not genius e'er can die.

They are from the pen of his friend, Mr James Ballantine, author of "Ilka blade o' grass," 'The Gaberlunzie's Wallet,' 'The Miller of Deanhaugh,' &c., and were composed for and sung at a Funeral Lodge held by the Journeymen Lodge of Edinburgh, No. 8, in memory of their late distinguished brother.

The following stanzas, breathing the same spirit of admiration, were written beneath a portrait of Kemp, by Alexander Maclagan, the well-known local poet:—

Mourn, Scotia, mourn, with many a tear
And bosom bleeding to the core;
Lo! Kemp, to all thy children dear,
To all that mortal men revere,
And deathless fame, is now no more.

Well might we mourn the worth that's gone,
Though sighs and tears alike are vain,
For years have rolled, and may roll on,
Ere thy sad sons may look upon
His honoured like again.

Full many a mournful heart and head
Drooped sadly o'er his narrow bed;

Pale friendship, down death's dark abyss,
Gazed sad and mute and comfortless;
A tender widow's tears of love
Rained fast his resting-place above;
Her offspring's sorrows who may tell,
When lost the sire they loved so well?

His was the honest heart that spurned
The motives of the false and vain,
And his the thoughts that ever burned
With Love and Truth, his favourite twain;
And his the soul that ever glowed
With native genius pure, refined;
And his the homely speech that flowed
In kindest tones to all mankind.

Oh sad, I ween, the muses mourned
When Kemp's loved dust to dust returned!
Sad Poesy sheds her bitterest tear;
To him her every charm was dear.
Fair Painting veils her eagle eyes;
Her brightest tints a shade have taken.
Sweet Music's heart with bursting sighs
Above his lowly grave seems breaking.
Mute Sculpture wears a stony air
Of cheerless, hopeless, dark despair;
Whilst Architecture mourns the most,
Her brightest star for ever lost.

Yet, Death, poor is thy victory!
The flitting breath, the mouldering clay,
Are all of him thy power can claim;
But from a Nation's Memory
And Love can never fade away
The splendour of his Fame!

EULOGY ON THE CHARACTER OF GEORGE M. KEMP, BY REV. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER.

"By the power of intrinsic genius, ardour, and persevering application, Kemp surmounted difficulties and obstructions numerous and great, and honourably succeeded in raising himself from the humblest rank of rural life to occupy the highest place in the metropolis of his country as a draughtsman, modeller, and architect.

"The modest diffidence and homely simplicity of his manner, his genuine kindness of heart and amiable deportment, forming, as they did, a fine contrast with his transcendent talents as an artist, had the happy effect of commanding the esteem and admiration of all who were acquainted with him; and by his death Nature has lost a solitary but ardent admirer, and Art an ornament of no ordinary description! Such men as the late George Kemp being rarely met with in the history of the world, let Scotland testify to all lands the estimation in which she holds the memory of her illustrious son."

To mark the spot where Kemp's remains were laid in St Cuthbert's churchyard a tasteful monument was erected at the public expense, on which is placed a medallion portrait of the deceased architect, the work of the gifted but short-lived sculptor, Handyside Ritchie, A.R.S.A., and on the base of the stone the last four lines of the "Dirge" are cut.

After Kemp's death the direction of the work of the monument was left in the hands of his brother-in-law, William Bonnar, R.S.A., under whose supervision, and with the assistance of Mr Nicol, clerk of works, it was successfully completed on Saturday, 26th October 1844—the extreme height of the structure from the level of Princes Street being 200 feet 6 inches. The interesting event of the termination of this noble work of art and genius called forth the following spirited lines, which appeared in the columns of the 'Edinburgh Evening Courant' of 7th November 1844, entitled—

SONNET ON THE COMPLETION OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

Thou peerless cenotaph, by native Art
And worth, on Scotland's fav'rite son bestowed—
The bard, historian, novelist, whose heart
With all the patriot's gen'rous ardour glowed—
I hail thee, lofty, beautiful, and bold,
And love the chastened elegance thou wear'st;
For, cast thyself in fancy's richest mould,
I deem thee worthy of the name thou bear'st.

Shrine of the Wizard! splendid as his fame,
And noble tribute of a grateful land,
Long mayst thou meet the stranger's loud acclaim,
And like our SCOTT'S renown perennial stand,
O'ertopping proud his "own romantic town,"
The brightest jewel in Dunedin's crown!

RICHARD HUIE.

EDINBURGH, *November* 4, 1844.

Such was the brief career of George Meikle Kemp, and this imperfect sketch of the vicissitudes, trials, and triumphs of his life may perchance convey a lesson which, although simple in its language and aim, may from its significance be found worthy of study by the aspiring genius, no matter what his walk in life may be.

To illustrate the nature of the public sentiment prevailing at the time of Kemp's death, it may be mentioned here that a proposal was made to lay his remains in the crypt[1] of the Scott Monument, but the suggestion was declined by the members of his wife's family. They of course fully appreciated the character of the high compliment intended, but they felt that such a course, however sympathetic, would be opposed to the original idea, not only in respect to the associating of any other name with the memorial that had been raised to Sir Walter Scott, but also in deference to the motive by which Kemp was known to have been actuated in designing the crypt. For it is undoubted that his intention was that it should contain the mortal remains of the great poet himself. And it would naturally have formed a most appropriate resting-place, as his countrymen would desire to enshrine Scott's ashes in the heart of Scotland's capital, his native and "own romantic town." The crypt was designed in the Norman style of architecture. In adopting the admirably characteristic

[1] The crypt was never executed.

features of this period for the basement, on which to rear the later and more graceful Gothic type, the poetical vein flowing through Kemp's mind may be traced, for there is a suggestively charming consistence in classing the two periods of architecture together, as well as in the situation and employment of each. The sombre arches of the Norman crypt at once formed a fitting mausoleum, and their massiveness indicated their purpose of supporting overhead the beautiful Gothic forms, with tapering pinnacles clustering upwards, significant of the natural sequence that time had accomplished, in the more elegant freedom of the lighter style springing out of the primitive, and purely structural, expression in stone, symbolical as it were of the early ascetic Christianity, as the later Gothic exhibited in its character the progress from the severe ecclesiastical period.

Reference has been made to the circumstance of the monument having been heightened beyond the original design subsequent to Kemp's death; and this extension was at once set down by some critics as an act of presumption on the part of his successor, William Bonnar, R.S.A. But the likeliest probability is that this additional height was a prearranged plan of Kemp's, and Mr Bonnar being so constantly in his society, and continually consulted by him in his deliberations, was of course intimately familiar with all his intentions in working out this most important

detail; and in acting as he did, he was merely carrying out Kemp's preconceived and well-considered improvement. Whether this surmise be right or not, it is generally admitted that the increased elevation added greatly to the elegance of the structure, and enhanced the dignity of its magnificent proportions and graceful outlines.

Of course there was in this as there is usually in all suchlike matters, individuals among the committee, as well as among outsiders, who were decidedly adverse to any deviation from the original plan as left by Kemp; and as additional funds were required to carry out the alteration, it appeared to be possible that the small body of objectors would succeed in their obstructive course, when an incident occurred which illustrates in a striking manner the genuine spirit of patriotism that animated the artisans engaged on the work. They at once, recognising the desirability of the proposed change, and heartily approving of it, in order to overcome the objection raised against its adoption on the ground of the extra expense that would be entailed, came forward spontaneously and offered a fortnight's work gratis, in order that the suggested improvement might be made. This expression of disinterestedness on the part of those who had laboured under Kemp's direction would have done his heart good had he been spared to witness it, and would have added fresh enthusiasm to his artistic efforts. And although the sacrifice was not required—as this proposal was the

means of removing the embarrassing opposition—it will always live as an instance to be honoured and remembered by their countrymen, and worthy of the object and occasion. A more sincere tribute of devotion and respect to the memory and aspirations of an artist it would be impossible to imagine.

The following extract from an article on the "Literary History of Edinburgh," from the pen of Professor Masson, which appeared in the 'Scotsman' of 9th November 1889, forms a fitting conclusion to what has just been said. The Professor writes: "It is not for nothing that the very central and supreme object in the architecture of our present Edinburgh is the monument to Sir Walter Scott, the finest I think which has yet been raised anywhere on the earth to the memory of a man of letters."

APPENDIX.

HINTS REGARDING THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

[KEMP has left behind several short papers prepared for delivery before a debating society: possibly this is to be classed among them.]

> "The deeds of my country so famous in story,
> Her sages, her songs, and her martial glory;
> Her rocks, rivers, glens, and her mountains so hoary,
> Shall never, ah! never be razed from my heart."
>
> —*Old Tale.*

I KNOW that there are still a great many people in Scotland labouring under the delusion—in spite of every proof to the contrary—that nothing can be done to perfection out of London except by London workmen. It is a pity they should so long deceive themselves and others to their own and their country's loss. Though London has attracted, one would think, the best of the genius in Europe, I know of little in works of art or genius that London can boast of that Edinburgh cannot produce its equal in quality, and the mason-work in Edinburgh is superior to any I have seen,

owing partly to the goodness of the stone. There are six columns adorning the County Hall, that, for greatness and beauty of workmanship and material, surpass by far any that I have ever seen; and there are many of different orders in the city little inferior. All that is little to boast of, some may say; but one is sufficient to prove it is not for want of ability on the workmen's part that there are not five thousand.

The public buildings in Edinburgh may require more time in constructing than those in London of brick and plaster or soft stone, that take ill with the touch of time, but it is a pleasing reflection that posterity may look upon them grey in the moss of a thousand years, nearly as entire as we do now. This is consolation for the mason, to think that the fruits of his labour may be the delightful study of some future antiquary two thousand years hence.

If those elegant buildings were completed that will nearly surround the Calton Hill, midway up, where no other buildings can ever obstruct the view of their classic fronts, designed, I understand, by Playfair, whose chaste elegant taste is at present unrivalled; the new Observatory with its twenty-four beautiful Doric columns, the modern Parthenon rising in majestic splendour above the whole, when the rising or declining sun deepens the shade and gives a dazzling whiteness to the architecture, contrasted with the rugged bold features of the scenery around;—then would the Calton Hill or modern Acropolis make an eloquent apology to the distant eye for those who award rather prematurely to their city the name of Modern Athens.

It is a pity that the great majority of people who have money to spare are so averse to lay it out on improvements of this sort. The more beautiful a city is, like some other things, it attracts the more lovers. As it is only the rich

that can afford to be allured by beauty, so adding to a city like Edinburgh the beauties of Grecian art to the wonders that nature has so profusely lavished around her is the sure way to get her wed to a rich population. Here is a speculation for the miser himself: if the public mind in Scotland could be taught the admiration of the fine arts, so that it would rise like that of the ancient Greeks in proportion to the greatness of the undertaking, it would be the only way in the time of peace to fortify the nation in the hearts of the people. The neat boxes so fashionable just now, sparkling in the sun all round the city, look very pretty in times of peace; and should war come, they are like hunter's tents —a little money can soon pitch them anywhere. They are associated with no great ideas to rouse the mind to great exertions when the day of danger comes, to inspire that disregard of life that can only be felt at the loss of what cannot be restored. "A nation happy in the enjoyment of indolent tranquillity is like the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

Every inroad that luxury makes sinks and degenerates the public mind a degree lower, until that nation's foes have nothing to do but a rich unplundered self-conquered people to invade.

It is a pity that the people of Scotland, now when they have begun what they call a National Monument, and proclaimed it in the newspapers all over Europe,—nay, I might say the civilised world,—it is a pity that they feel so little national interest in finishing it. It is a national disgrace if, among eighteen hundred thousand, there are not one hundred thousand that can afford one pound each to place themselves in the honourable age that has so favourable an opportunity to raise such a monument of its greatness.

St Paul's Cathedral, the English national monument, was

built from a tax on sea-coal. Can the Scots not build theirs from a tax on whisky? That would bring in money enough, and all, from the priest to the cobbler's wife, would give what they gave cheerfully, whereas many a poor shivering family would curse the building of St Paul's Cathedral when they looked on their cold grate.

At all events Scotland cannot feel too grateful to those who first suggested the idea of making the Parthenon of Athens the model, although more than 2000 years, war, and Lord Elgin have done their worst upon it: still, enough remains to overwhelm the mind beneath the idea of its original splendour. Yet I believe few could see much propriety in restoring the Grecian sculptures—this I hope in God the blessings of liberty will soon make the Greeks able and willing to do for themselves—or in other words, to adorn the Scottish National Monument with illustrations of the history of ancient Greece, while we know of no nation whose history can afford better subjects for the painter and sculptor than that of Scotland. Besides, all that could be gathered from the mutilated remains in the British Museum, and the sketches of mutilated fragments in Stuart's 'Antiquities of Athens,' would leave too much for modern fancy to supply, to do justice to the great original. In the works of the best modern sculptors critics may find less to blame, in those of the ancient more to admire. The ancients seem to have depended most on their genius, the moderns most on their requirements, for success. A piece of sculpture executed from rules and knowledge of anatomy, however excellent of its kind, is like a painting from a corpse. The features may be very correct, but the soul is wanting: as none can deny that it is easier for the sculptor to work from good designs by an eminent painter, than from the remains of the Greek sculptures. It would have this great ad-

vantage—perhaps the only advantage Scotland has—to produce a monument to stand unrivalled: it would diffuse the spirit of one great genius over the whole, and all the genius and talent of the nations, ancient and modern, as it were centring in one, might be brought into action upon it.

The deeds of the patriot hero inspired the poet with glowing ideas, that kindled the imagination of the painter to give the world those pictured stories which, appealing to the sentiments of all hearts, speak in language which the people of every nation and tongue can understand and appreciate, bringing the past to present view in almost all but life. Though the surrounding nations were to restore the Parthenon in marble, its worth, depending on what it is meant to record, would be independent of others. It is the only plan that can be carried on with national spirit. And that nation which has produced painters so eminent as Sir W. Allan and Sir David Wilkie, who surely would be proud to give designs that would be certain to do much honour to themselves and their country, can produce sculptors who would do their designs justice.

> Yes; there are many who have felt too long
> The smothered fire of genius waste their prime,
> Who pine, despised, beneath the vulgar throng,
> Might rival Phidias in that art sublime
> That sent his name so far along the stream of time.

On the metopes that alternately with the triglyphs surround the entablature of the temple of Minerva, were represented the battles of the Centaurs and Athenians. There are surely many noblemen and gentlemen in Scotland who would feel proud if deeds that adorn the history of their families were to adorn their National Monument, to inspire in the youth of future times that love of liberty

that, to preserve itself, must be dear as life. As the metopes, on the same scale as those of the Parthenon, will be nearly fifty feet from the ground, two or three figures on each metope, as large as life, is as many as could be seen to advantage.

THE TARTAN PLAID.

VAIN expectation, look upon this curious stain,
Count o'er the colours of its mingled dye,
Say if it do not fully represent
The pleasing shadows of thy treacherous bent;
Behold a weaving hope thy covering by.

Thou hast hung round the head of stately thane,
Clothed chieftain's arm in war's tempestuous storm,
From vassal's bending waist with graceful fall,
Bedecked the bonniest breast in Lowland hall,
And clad with equal care the beggar's wasted form.

Shroud of the loved wept dead on dark Culloden's plain,
Plaid of the free, the duty it was thine
To wrap the remnants of a luckless throne;
Plaid of the brave, it was for thee alone
To veil the sorrows of the Stuarts' line.

Tyranny leaning on her steel-clad numbers, vain,
Full well you recollect the tartan wave
You witnessed surging o'er the reeking plain,
And unforgotten Bruce and Bannockburn,
How hate e'en follows thee within the grave.

Then will I bear thee, noble plaid, from Northern main,
To leave in Greece thine heirloom—Liberty!
Thou never yet hast visited a land,
But terrified oppression dropped her nerveless hand,
And slaves beholding thee were thenceforth free.

A FRAGMENT.

"Little kenned the auld wife wha sat ayont the fire,
How the wind blew in the Hurl Burn swire."
—*Old Rhyme.*

Ae stormy nicht short syne I caa'd on Johnnie,
A chield that rakes thegither rowth o' news;
I wiss nae frien' o' mine a better cronie,
Whaur sages meet or wassalers carouse.
We crack'd o' rhymesters, magazines, reviews,
And priests o' late nipp't frae the sweets o' life;
To sic wha could a pitying tear refuse,
Wha, if unplagued wi' gout or thrawart wife,
Nae second being's theirs, wi' sic chaste pleasures rife.

John's howf stood half-way doon the Canongate,
A muckle gousty, strang, auld, thick-waa'd biggin';
Its aik-lined chaumers spak o' langsyne state,
Whilk ance a braw Scots yearl was prood to lig in.
But noo, between the cellars an' the riggin'
Some scores o' cottars had ta'en up their howfs:
Its lordliest ha' Pat taught to wield the sprig in;
Neist room an auld maid's family yawps and yowfs;
And neist, there wons a carle thrang makin' baa's an' gowfs.

John filled the chappin stowp, whilk filled oor heids
Wi' thochts that swall ambition's airy train;
Alang the auld lum cann'd wi' yirthen reeds
The winter wind micht rant and sough in vain;
O' twa-three fuffs o' reek wha could complain,
Whan mony a hapless wight on land an' sea
Was doomed to see nae mornin' licht again?
Braw lines o' chimley-cans neist morn, wae's me!
Were thinned like Hieland ranks when motion's made to flee.

But Johnnie filled the chappin stowp again,
And drank success to Reekie's braw new brigs;
And may oor een unspectacled remain
Till we behold them thranged wi' honest Whigs.
An' soon may Pat's steive barrow-bearing legs
Wag free beneath a poo'r o' priestcraft proof;
Soon may he tune his wild harp's rusty pegs
Tae airs may help his free-born soul aloof
Frae superstition's mire, whaur noo he sprawls agroof.

We soon inspired oor souls, as Milton sings,
Tae deeds o' darin' high aboon heroic;
John Barleycorn's a loon wha aften brings
Tae folly's wild career the sternest stoic.
Tho' armed wi' handy rungs o' stalwart aik,
We brak nae lanterns, kicked nae trollop's dowp,
Nor aught could mak ae sinner's banes to ache,
Until on strength o' whisky, faith, and howp,
Frae tap o' Arthur's Seat oor een had wondrous scowp.

Glour tentily aroon this yirthen baa,
A city half sae fair ye winna find;
See ne'er a hill wha's lofty tap can shaw
Sae wondrous map wi' fire on darkness lined.

Saft son o' sloth, on downy couch reclined,
The warks o' pastrycook's the only thing
Tae fill your muckle wame an' little mind;
Let they wha nursed beneath the tempest's wing,
Commix their spirits wild, in wrath o' nature's King.

Learned scholar loons, wha plod in mathematics,
Behold sic problems traced wi' lines o' fire.
Green youth, whase heart is sick o' the pathetics,
The cares that curse them then wad soon expire.
Son o' auld age, whase soul micht yet aspire
To view a scene o' scenes the maist sublime,
I pity you because nae bribe, nae hire,
Could tempt e'en Hieland shairman in her prime
Tae climb in moonless storm sic rocks at midnicht time.

High on the mountain's tap a cairney beild,
Wised ower oor heids the tempest's gurly frown,
Whase dark braid wing whiles hid, an' whiles revealed,
In gleaming raws the gas-illumined town,
Like embryo world 'mid chaos tumbling roun';
Tho' roosted high amid the stormy clouds,
We envied nane their laithly nests o' down,
Sae lang's the tempest's soul-awakening thuds
Raved harmless roun' oor hool of extra woollen duds.

. . . . . .

LONDON.

Were I of stature huge enough
To use a microscope
To recognise the creeping stuff
Immersed in mud and smoke,

One foot on bridge of Waterloo,
  On Hampstead Heath the other,
To besom all from Hythe to Kew,
  Clean sweep into the river.

There's nought of burnt or living clay
  In all the mud-built city,
Though choking up old Thames's way,
  Might move my heart to pity.

Says Parson Scrub, the fear of hell
  Makes death a thing to dread aye;
If Scrub the truth would only tell,
  The torment's theirs already.

Dives, on looking round him where
  His sins their fruits did scatter,
He grumbled nought about the air,
  But only asked cold water.

While here, alas! the sickly spawn
  Know nought of such ambition;
Such luxury's to them unknown,
  Ne'er enters their petition.

This cancer cut from Britain's mouth,
  That else may prove her death,
She'd eagle-like renew her youth,
  Nor taint the country's breath.

Think on this putrid spreading stain
  Deforming nature's face,
And think how waving fields of grain
  Might occupy its place.

But bricks and grates, for many years,
Would so much plague the ploughman,
To mend the place, some wise man fears,
They'd easier make a new one.

SONG.

"O JAMIE! let me gang, for my mammie will think lang,
And wonder what's gane wrang, that can keep me awa;
For my daddie's far frae hame, and she's dowie a' her lane,
And sair am I to blame, for biding awa."

"I winna let ye gang, tho' your mammie may think lang,
I canna let ye gang, whatever may befa';
Ye're far awa frae harms, in your faithfu' lover's arms,
In the midst o' nature's charms, but ye're dearer than them a'."

"In the midst o' nature's charms, in a faithless lover's arms,
O Jamie! there are harms that may ruin us a';
Sae faithless are the men, they're unco ill tae ken,
For they wha maist pretend are the sorest of a'."

"We'll wander up the glen, whaur no ae ane will ken,
Tae some wild cosie dell whaur the flowers sweetly blaw;
By the moon and stars, I swear, ye nothing hae tae fear,
Your lover's arms are near, and will shield ye frae a'."

"O Jamie! for your sake I often lie awake,
I'm sure my heart would break should ye leave me ava;
Whene'er I am wi' you, I'm happier than I trow,
But mind, a broken vow heaven's anger will draw."

"I see the holy tear in your lovely eye appear—
Let me kiss the pearl, dear, let me kiss it awa;
And may the silver brine ne'er dim their modest shine,
Till the grave where I recline be the place it will fa'."

SONG.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

O COME awa, Jeanie, and hearken tae me,
Wi' the sweet winning smile o' your daddie's blithe e'e;
I'll gie you an advice o' the best I can gie,
Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen tae me.

O Jeanie, bide awa frae that son o' the Laird's,
Things sacred and virtuous he nothing regards;
It isna for aught your mammie can name,
That he sees you, and e'es you, and follows you hame.

Now sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,
Wi' your daddie's brent brow, and your daddie's dark e'e;
I'll gie you an advice o' the best I can gie,
Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen tae me.

There's douce Johnnie Lowrie, the minister's man,
But his graces and fancies a wee thing o'er lang,
He wooed and beguiled a young maiden before;
O gie Johnnie Lowrie the back o' the door.

But sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,
Your mammie can see what her bairn canna see;
I'll gie you my advice, and it's a' I can gie,
Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's young Hugh Graham, o' the Windlestrae dell,
He's blooming and guileless and guid like yoursel';
The Laird and John Lowrie can court ye mair free,
Without the pure love o' his kind loving e'e.

THE DREAM.

The yellow leaves that autumn winds had spared
Were few and trembling on their tiny hold;
Among the warbling choir I only heard
Their boding plaint in dowie chirpings told.
The river Esk in fitful murmurs rolled
Through caves whose echoes never knew repose;
On either side a promontory bold,
Clad with their load of trees, on high arose,
That seemed between the eye and hurrying clouds to close.

I've mused within the proudest sacred piles
That e'er the power and art of men could raise,
While through their lofty and resounding aisles
Their solemn echoes swelled the song of praise;
But oh, almighty Nature, what were these,
Or all the domes that ancient Greece and Rome
Beheld when in their freedom's brightest days,
Compared to this stupendous theatre, from
Whose ever-changing scenes what heart could wish to roam?

The sun, faint glimmering through the naked trees,
At length withdrew his melancholy rays,
And soon to a portentous sullen breeze
The few remaining leaves resigned their days.

I sighed and turned on them a farewell gaze.
The storm, deep darkening, o'er the southern moors,
O'er all the glen, a shadow dark displays;
I sought about where I might shun the showers,
Whose threatening aspect bodes to drench the earth some hours.

Some hazel roots fantastically hung
Down from a rock above the curling wave;
I caught their tangling twists, and lightly swung
Myself up high into a little cave,
As warm a beild as then my heart could crave;
The floor was deep with withered leaves bestrewed.
I drew my plaid more close, from cold to save
My wearied limbs, before I laid them down
To rest, and proved more sweet than kings their bed of down.

The gathering storm broke wildly through
The lowering riven rocks, deep weather-stained;
The aged oaks o'erhung their lofty brow,
High in the rushing winds, were tugged and strained,
Till piles of rock, which erst their grafting roots sustained,
Were loosened till they dropped their ancient hold,
And all, whate'er their shaking beds contained,
With thundering sweep down to the river rolled,
And dashed the spray so high it reached my humble hold.

I starting, turned my dismayed eyes around
My little lonely rock-built chamber walls,
To mark if all their joints were firm and sound,
And fit to bear the storm's convulsing brawls,
As nought like doubt the timorous mind appals.

I wrapt my moorland plaid me closer round,
And eyed unmoved the unabating squalls,
Uptearing trees from out the solid ground,
While frequent falling rocks make all the glen resound.

Rave on, ye winds, among the unfeeling rocks,
Exhaust your wrath against their giant brow,
But spare, oh spare, these all-o'erwhelming shocks
From the poor wayworn traveller now,
And lowly cot where age and misery bow.
Rave on, on, adverse winds, your strength expend
Before ye roll the sea o'er many a crew
On whose undaunted hearts our hope depends
For peace and all that commerce brings or sends.

Soon every gentle tributary rill
Began to chafe in whitening spray along,
And heavier streams from upland moor and hill
Poured in their rapid torrents fierce and strong;
They swelled the river high those rocks among,
That dashed the roaring waters into foam.
I knew the flood would bar my passage long,
While rocks above made all my efforts vain,
And now the dreary day too soon began to wane.

The night's dark concave roof soon overspread
The rude rock walls of that deep dreary glen.
What though in such a place and night my bed
Of moss and withered leaves in goblin den
Was all unfit for modern gentlemen?
When, all except the river's heavy roar,
Wild nature's elements were calmed beyond.
I feared the crash of falling rocks no more,
And sleep stole kindly in, tired nature to restore.

. . . . . .

I saw the vales and mountains wild and bare,
Again with verdant forests richly clad,
And cities rear their towers and temples fair,
That soon a heap of ruins vast display.
War's sulph'ry thunder-cloud oft wrapt in shade
Some spot of earth, next moment wore a smile.
I saw plantations flourish fair and fade
Ere I could recollect myself to smile
At Nature's nursing nought she meant not soon to spoil.

I saw those scenes, unmarred by human toil,
Whereon our Modern Athens flourish now;
And Salisbury Crags, rude Nature's grandest pile,
When forest-trees fringed round their giant brow,
Where all around, as far as eye could view,
A vast dark green unbroken forest spread.
I saw the wild deer nimbly rustling through
The brushwood glen, to seek their shady beds
Beneath the Castle cliffs, then crowned with rustic shades.

I saw the infant city strew the ground
Beneath the shadow of her guardian rock,
And often spread her timorous arms around,
As oft were lost again in flame and smoke,
But phœnix-like aye from the ashes woke,
Her towers of nobler mould; what fortune wills
The arm of tyranny may not revoke.
I saw her soon enthroned on many hills,
The queen of cities fair, whose fame the world fills.

And all was ceaseless change: great islands rose
Afar at sea, while others disappeared;
Volcanoes burst from hills with hideous throes,
By subterranean fires before unseared;

The avalanche, by Swiss so justly feared,
Slid down their sloping beds with grinding roar;
The lakes o'erleaped their ancient bounds and clear
Whole leagues along their fertile peopled shores,
Whose wave returning left small trace of aught before.

Time's rapid whirl continued long the same
In earthquake's raging war and wasting fire;
The changes less appalling then became,
As if the avenging fates had spent their ire.
Perchance a thousand years might so expire
Ere aught appeared the heavenly calm to mar;
Then darkness wrapt the earth, and clouds of fire
Rushed o'er her quaking myriads, quenched each star;
The last dread field was come to end all mortal war.

The melting mountains ran into the sea,
Whose waves gained fast upon the crumbling shore;
Volcanoes far in ocean, dread to see,
Rose through the boiling waves with hideous roar;
Vast clouds of whirling flames, from earth upbore,
By raging winds to tenfold fury blown,
Rolled far and wide, till what was earth before,
Beneath their burning blaze was liquid grown,
And the last trumpet's voice drowned nature's final moan.

Methought I had awoke, the awful dream
Had filled my beating heart with dire dismay,
So like reality did all things seem.
But whence the change of nature's old array?
The withered leaves that in my cavern lay
Seemed trembling on their branches newly blown
To greet the morning sun's all-cheering ray,
Streaming through darkening trees that flourished on
A rock, where all-sublime a sacred temple shone.

Through shady walks I wondering sauntered on,
Where seemed to wander many a happy pair,
Breathing their sacred tender tale, where none
To mar their bliss had aught like entrance there.
The blossomed boughs perfumed the balmy air,
Of music full; I thought 'twas heaven begun,
For I had seen old earth evanish where
Dread chaos, warring wild, disowned the sun;
Yet all these changes seemed by time from summer won.

The rocks that then the sighing tempest joined,
Had tuned their echoes to the warbling choir,
The noisy river, now o'erpowered the wind,
Than mountain rill was scarcely sounding higher.
Of one young female fair I did inquire
Where I might find a path to lead me home.
She never moved her eyes of liquid fire,
Nor paused to list, nor aught disturbed her pace,
No voice nor sign had I that mortal sense could trace.

I overheard some talk even then not rife
From two old men who walked that wondrous clime;
Far from the bustling scenes of busy life,
Their minds had caught a shade of the sublime.
Would it had pleased them to converse in rhyme,
As I must give it now if given at all,
Concerning what we call the present time.
These ancient twain some strange remarks let fall,
That much, my noble countrymen, concerns you all.

'Tis now wellnigh four hundred years ago
Since this old learned and philosophic sage
Beheld the great Napoleon's overthrow,
And penned a curious picture of that age.

I've often read it over every page,
Because that old man wisely leaned on truth
To help his wisdom to a future age;
In our exalted times 'twere well, in sooth,
If his example led our learned ingenious youth.

He loved his country well, and grieved him sore
To see her high-born sons degenerate,
Till vice and luxury scarce could sink them lower,
And make their fame and nature more effeminate.
When he, that sage whom millions venerate,
Beheld her freedom's bulwarks crumbling down,
And vain ambitious tyrants aiming at
What never tyrant yet could call his own,
His kind expostulations thus assumed a tone:

"Now that the war is o'er, that worst of ills,
Why waste your days in dull inglorious ease?
Better to clothe thy native naked hills
In robe magnificent of forest-trees,
To shield thy valleys from the winter breeze;
And if again dread war's hoarse trumpet calls
Thy brave regenerate sons to claim the seas,
Your hills will yield their oaks to rear thee walls
Will mock the deadly shower of thundering cannon-balls.

"See the poor peasants plough thy barren moors
The weary winter day, through snow and hail.
No social friend of fashion him allures,
To add one luxury to his frugal meal.
Then half the long cold night he plies the flail,
For well, poor man, he knows how matters stand:
On rent-day, should his meagre profits fail
To meet the proud hard factor's full demand,
Will waft his family wreck afar to foreign strand.

" All o'er that wide domain that once made glad
Full many a heart to other scenes withdrawn,
The cottage floors are all with weeds o'erspread,
The happy families all are lost for one.
Of guilt and grief, poor proud ambitious man,
Right well they weened the wealth of an estate
Made many families live should make the one
O'er which they reigned to roll in splendour great,
Far from that saddening wail which tells their country's fate.

" And they within their cheerful lofty halls
Behold unmoved the untimely furrowed brow
And toil-worn limbs that reared their guardian walls,
And yet had tears to make their eyes o'erflow
At some domestic tale of fancied woe.
Many, alas! in youth who bloomed in bliss,
Have begged in age and rags through frost and snow;
Oh never, never look on their distress
Without at least a wish to make their sufferings less!

" Ye who in quest of sensual pleasures stray,
Who bask unnerved beneath Italia's sun,
And waste 'mong thankless strangers far away
The gold thy country has so dearly won,
Oh tell not thou art Caledonia's son!
But ye will reap the bitter fruits ye sow
Long ere your folly's reckless race be run,
While you from dire diseases fain would go
To seek a milder hell among the shades below.

" Oh why forsake your father's ancient halls?
They gave their lives to give those halls to you;
Each hoary tower proclaims, that mouldering falls,
The glory of your race is falling too.

'Twas well those patriot heroes little knew
Themselves the sires of such degenerate race;
But souls, however great, if once they bow
In luxury's soft voluptuous warm embrace,
Can ne'er their way again to greatness back retrace.

"Wouldst thou prolong thy days, poor sickly wight,
Go roam thy hills and breathe thy native air.
Who sighs for pure and unalloyed delight,
If such can be on earth, 'tis only there;
'Tis there the spirit soars o'er idle care.
The world that owned the sway of mighty Rome
Arose and fell without dominion there.
Now freedom weeps, to see her ancient home
All desolate left, a wild for flocks and herds to roam.

"What pure delight ye miss, if e'er the joy
Of giving joy made generous bosoms heave!
That wealth, now worse than lost in right employ,
Might make thy drooping country yet revive;
Might make thy future offspring honoured live,
And happy die; might grateful raise to heaven
Ten thousand hearts that now dejected grieve.
Yes, few examples great, if wisely given,
Might make your native land a sweet terrestrial heaven.

"Their hills may near the clouds, the cataracts fall
And dash their spray in their admirer's face;
No joy have they compared to tavern hall,
Where flaming gas illumes each broad bland face,
And liveried menials fawn with servile grace.
There alpine mountains rise and castles lower,
And wine fills Minnie Clyde's great falling-place,—
Great armies armed, and armaments of flour
These heroes Sampson-like with suchlike arms devour.

"Are these the arts that please and most delight our age,
When war asleep lies drunk with human blood?—
Arts that will show on history's future page,
As they do now unto the wise and good,
Whose numbers still increase, if unsubdued.
The bad ere long will mount the lighter scale.
All nations then in one prophetic mood
Will loud the dawn of that millennium hail,
When good o'er ill all-potent shall prevail."

We've seen his prophecy at last fulfilled,
Beyond what his anticipations were.
Our sires in sloth and misery doomed; God willed
To break the loathly chains that held them there.
The table, as life's staff, they used with care:
Its pleasures, scorned by them, were wisely given
To creeping things no higher bliss could share.
They fanned the mortal spark at morn and even,
Into a soaring flame that rose from earth to heaven.

I was in Athens eighteen centuries ago;
I think that city more than equals ours.
Their marble domes have such a dazzling glow
As every stranger's eye almost o'erpowers.
Dear envied land, the day again is yours,
When tyrants eye your greatness in despair,
And sloth exiled your ever-blooming bowers,
Your schools aye open, full of wisdom rare;
The mental world's sun, when freedom dwelleth there.

Immortal music, thine infinite sway,
O'er all the earth from first to last extends;
Thou giv'st a taste of heaven to mortal clay,
May well for many sorrows make amends.

To Roslyn's mouldering towers thy genius lends
A charm, oft charms my heart while far away;
When Roslyn Castle walls with nature blends,
Some future swain awakes the immortal lay,
Where only echoes murmur, where were they?

High on a rock o'erhung the river's bed,
Half foliage hid, I saw a temple stand,
Sacred to love; each maid, when thither led,
Must yield her favourite swain both heart and hand.
Wide o'er the glen I saw an arch expand,
Like rainbow glowing in the morning sun.
In each tall pier I found a stairway land
To highway, and when that height I won,
The landscape spread as far's the enraptured eye could run.

What lofty towers, and domes sublimely spread,
O'er all the southward swell of Canaan's land!
What time and wealth have now been lavishèd,
The heavenly powers of genius to expand!
Along in lines magnificently grand,
O'er every parting street arise supreme
A lofty arch triumphal, whereon stands
The statue of some favourite heir of fame,
Exalted right above the street that bears his name.

Heroic shades of those who braved the blast
Of war! wight Wallace, famed in Scottish lays,
The bread you then upon the waters cast,
The world has found it after many days.
His monument hath caught my ardent gaze;
A stately tower with marble statues crowned,
On three colossal steps above the base,
With ponderous Pæstum pillars circled round,
On which his heroes stood their patriot chief around.

There stood near to the Bruce's monument
A temple sacred to the Christians' God.
The encircling palaces magnificent,
Showed more sublime in sight of his abode.
All round the frieze a marble sculpture glowed
Of martyrs to the cause of truth divine:
Some wrapt in flames, while others meekly bowed
Their necks beneath the blood-drenched guillotine,
While some on cross and rack their souls to heaven resigned.

How many ages may have passed along
The stream of time, since that great work was done,
Minerva's fame restored, far famed in song,
That old Sir Waverley scarce saw begun,
I cannot tell, but years had o'er it spun
A veil of moss which long delays the fate
Of buildings all exposed to storm and sun.
Each metope too, although of recent date,
With sculpture fair was filled of all the good and great.

Time still had spared that venerable pile,
The once proud home of Stuart's royal race.
Though many ages it had been the spoil
Of time and war, it held no second place
With royal domes, till vandals dared deface
Its sacred walls with venal fingers rude,
Till all who Scotia loved exclaimed alas!
The royal grant had done but little good,
Might have restored our once fair fane of Holyrood,

Whose Gothic pillared walls, unroofed and bare,
Were crumbling in decay beneath their load
Of years, each moaning blast sighed sadly where
Our kings and queens were wont to kneel to God.

Those columns whereon genius had bestowed
Its purest skill, were bare to storm and rain,
Till not one half their ancient number stood,
When poor Dunedin eyed her royal fane
With deep regret, and reared her ruined walls again.

Nor may I pass a curious Gothic fountain,
That nigh the centre of the city rose,
Where Crawley's generous spring, pure from the mountain,
From grim recumbent statues overflows.
High in the midst a circular temple throws
Its shadowed tracery o'er a statue tall,
In whose right hand a scroll half open shows
A curious writing, may be read by all.
I'll weave in rhyme the whole my memory can recall.

Come, know from whence this crystal water springs,
The choicest boon that e'er Dunedin knew.
Let those confute me who can prove me wrong;
In that I ween thou knowest their numbers few.
I saw it hang in drops of shining dew,
On herbs that clothe the lofty Pentland Hills;
What various minerals then 'twas filtered through,
To form the little subterranean rills
Whose sound the mountain caves with unheard echo fills.

Then slow distilled from roof of spacious cave,
It formed a pool far hid from mortal view;
Its echoing drops spread round the encircling wave,
Where daylight never came nor breezes blew;
A long rough passage then it struggled through,
And poured its pure cool flood in open day,
Till o'er the spring a goodly vault they threw,
And closed the waters in long smooth metal way,
That through the city's veins her limpid streams convey.

When Phœbus bade the loftiest dome adieu,
The mighty realms his absence clothed in gloom,
And night serene her passing shadows threw
On every modest floweret's opening bloom,
Lest they unseen should waste their sweet perfume;
Then all night long, in dazzling lines arrayed,
A wondrous light the silent streets illume,
Whose echoes swelled the soothing serenade,
Till grief itself forsook the widow's sleepless bed.

When o'er the eastern sky a glow of light
Proclaimed again the approaching god of day,
And all the warbling choir on plumage bright
Soared high to greet him with their earliest lay,
From every dome and spire and turret grey
The bells awoke a life-renewing peal
That cheered the sons of toil to meet the day,
And those of ease to breathe the morning gale,
Lest pale disease should o'er their weaklier frames prevail.

Soon from the summit of a towering hill,
That veiled the city from the rising sun,
My roving eye could freely roam at will
O'er much our sons will never see begun;
Dunedin's classic grandeur seemed outdone
By one terrestrial New Jerusalem,
Heightening the splendours of the rising sun.

There many Jews had fixed their stable home,
Who still against all change of faith rebel;
There raised their third and greatest sacred dome,
Wherein they say Jehovah deigns to dwell.
Short-sighted man, 'tis hard for thee to tell

What comes on time's great ocean unexplored:
The ancient Jews could not perceive the spell
By which their temple rose to heaven's great Lord,
Till Rome's destroying legions shattered all they most adored.

There is a little silent silvery lake,
Whose gentle wave is hushed among the reeds
That bound its western shore, and rustling, quake
At every breeze, whose broken course proceeds
Through winding valleys green that thither leads
Westward along the base of Arthur's Seat:
A pile of rocks rear high their time-worn heads,
With slanting tall basaltic pillars dight,
Whose broken shafts tower far above the astonished sight.

The sons of later times did well to choose
Its rock-paved summit for the exalted site
Of temple sacred to the Scottish muse;
How sweetly sheltered from the chilling blight
Of northern winds is that romantic height!
The grand surrounding Doric colonnade,
From east and south and west seemed bathed in light;
Each metope too, on nearer view, displayed
In all but life those men whose memory cannot fade.

On flight of fair colossal steps serene
A row of columns eight in number stood,
Beneath the emblazoned deep entablature
That many a sacred form of men renewed,
Whose minds with mental light the world endowed.
Within the great tympanum right above,
In clouds the shades of heroes listening bowed
To Ossian's powerful lyre that once could move
Their souls to deeds of war, or melt their hearts in love.

In eastern pediment the classic walls
And dome of thronged assembly hall was shown;
The spirit of the great originals
Still seemed to animate the sculptured stone.
The great of that bright age had met upon
Some high debate, that woke the exalted soul,
And harmonised the clay to mark its tone;
And Genius, great magician, gave the whole
To adorn the Muse's fame above old Time's control.

The first on sculptured metope caught my gaze
Were Bruce and Logan, sons of sweetest song;
By lonely streams they spent their infant days,
Where many a cottage hearth their notes prolong.
But Bruce too early joined death's silent throng,
Long ere the mind its nobler powers expand;
And Logan tuned his lyre to sacred song,
And lived to hear in many a holy band
His strains attune those hearts who seek the Promised Land.

There Byron too, of whom the north and south
Claimed each the honoured place his birth, made known,
Held out a scroll to one who felt small ruth
To blast his opening genius ere 'twas blown;
The scroll displayed there words which are his own,
"I am half a Scot by birth, a whole one bred,
And all our little feuds are past and gone;
Though passions oft their weakness all betrayed,
They both adorned one stone, might two have sacred made."

There James the First, of royal bards the first;
His plaintive lyre still breathes the solemn tone
Its echo raised in Windsor's gloomy tower,
Where many a year he sighed and wept alone.

Next Gavin Douglas, he whose learning shone
In honour's palace, brightest of his day;
Sir David Lyndsay too, and Henryson,
And that blind bard whose works will last for aye,
The peasant's household god till freedom's fire decay.

Next Drummond, of romantic Hawthornden,
Who sung to echoing rocks his sweetest lays,
While wandering pensive through the solemn glen
Where Rosslyn's towers their ivied turrets raise.
And Ramsay too,
'Mong lowly rural maids and shepherd lads,
Pure as the airs that fan their flowery braes.
The tuneful Thomson too, and sage Macneil,
And Graham, whose Sabbath lyre still breathes his holy zeal.

There, too, the Shepherd bard, whose songs have made
His Ettrick forest streams so widely known,
With dog and staff, and checkered moorland plaid
Around his manly figure graceful thrown.
Beside him stood a youth, whose genius shone
Its morning rays by Yarrow's classic stream,—
The melody of words was all his own.
Yes; Hogg and Riddell, names uncouth may seem,
Will charm the memory through life's longest latest dream.

Scotland, when thou forgettest them in thee,
Nothing that's great or good will flourish then;
Thy stately domes, fair scenes, and love will be
On poor enslaved barbarians lost again.
The next emphatic told how poor, how vain,
The tillèd clay that all forgot consume,
When future times on monumental fame
Could give poor Tannahill and Wilson room,
Who sweetly sang, despite of pedlar's pack and loom.

Poor Fergusson was not forgotten there,
Whose bright career, alas! too soon was run;
His maniac mind seemed struggling with despair
To feel the rays of hope's expiring sun.
The barbarous age who thus could shun
The sweetest bard e'er tuned the Doric lyre,
From future times has little glory won:
They never felt that glow of nature's fire
Must warm each feeling heart, till time itself expire.

Leaning against a stone with moss o'ergrown,
And skulls, and limb-bones crossed, and wingèd forms,
And holy texts all rudely carved thereon,
There stood, safe moored beyond life's bitter storms,
The man who sang of coffins, epitaphs, and worms.
Next Beattie, whose harmonious minstrel lays
The taste of many an Edwin still reforms;
And Burns, whose fame wants not the light of praise,
More than the sun a lamp to augment his noontide blaze.

Beside two lonely sweet romantic hills,
That rear their bleak basaltic summits hoar
High o'er a vale where wood and winding rills
Lay spread beneath a Roman camp of yore,
There lived a bard whose flowing numbers bore
With their majestic tide the captive soul.
When he had gained life's rough storm-beaten shore,
His grateful friends from death his image stole,
To adorn the Muse's fane, that high exalts the whole.

A hoary shepherd swain beside him lay,
Who held a wreath of choicest flowers that grow
On Scotia's hills, while kneeled a warrior grey
To bind it round their benefactor's brow;

For he had sung their toils in words that glow
Through his immortal page; but oh, how shall
The unlettered muse in classic numbers show
How much in future times adored by all
Was he who sang of Hope and Wyoming's ruined wall!

. . . . . .

Impatient reader, I ere long propose
To finish this rude sketch that I have made.
I mean to tell in simple homely prose,
What kind of government that people swayed,
What God they worshipped, and what laws obeyed,
What high refined amusements took the lead
In fashion's throng, and how they were arrayed;
And then your shuddering fancy gently lead,
To view the subterranean city of the dead,

Within a mountain whose green flowery sward
O'erroofs the long dark Gothic aisles below,
With skill matured for dust of men prepared,
That sleep entombed in many a silent row.
Laugh not the muse to scorn, vain modern beau;
The sexton's spade may crush thy mother's skull,
And make thy lover's bones a public show.
If all this cannot move a heart so dull,
'Tis long, long now since death's too narrow store were full.

With pestilence armed he'll leave his loathed domain,
Till corses thick as sheaves on harvest-field
Along our streets, when art will prove in vain
Against his poisoned darts the breast to shield.
If unprofaned our bones might rest concealed,

With less of cost than fashion's funeral show,
Some consolation this dark thought might yield,
That our remains, unseen by friend or foe,
Will sleep till angels sound the loud last trumpet-blow.

Come, mournful muse, direct thy solemn march
Through mazes all the lighter muses scorn;
Thy way lies through the black triumphal arch,
That death's grim trophies gorgeously adorn.
Pass solemnly along the pathway worn
By mourners' feet, beneath the yew's dark shade,
While bearing slowly to their last sojourn
The loved remains of those their hearts made glad,
Ere from its frail abode the immortal spirit fled.

Go freely on, nor be of aught afraid;
The barbarous age, thank heaven, has long gone by
When loathly fields of half-unburied dead
Could hurt the nostril and offend the eye.
Here Death, enthroned in awful majesty,
In his sublime abode the all-potent king,
Disdains to trifle with his living prey,
But speeds his servants forth on lightning wing,
Who all whom nature fails they hear untortured bring.

When overhead the dark-browed entrance frowned,
And whispering echoes every sound repeat,
Some secret mechanism under ground,
When touched by weight of all approaching feet,
The gates obeyed and opened passage meet,
But closed behind with such a fell rebound,
In each cross aisle the luring echoes meet,
Enough to start the slumbering dead around.
No, timorous muse, go on, their sleep is too profound.

Science has winged along her wondrous way,
Till nature little owns beyond her scan;
The stores that deep in earth's dark bosom lay,
Are raised by her and taught to toil for man.
Egypt's embalmers wasted more on one
Than now might save a hundred from decay;
A subtle fluid, from various minerals drawn,
Transforms to glowing stone the lifeless clay:
The form divine no more is loathed corruption's prey.

In these vast tombs, removed from light and air,
The waste of time but little power could show;
Each solemn subterraneous sepulchre
Told eloquent its mournful tale of woe.
On every tomb, high shelved in upright row,
The inmate's death-scene shone in marble pall:
While they whose eyes beheld life's latest throe
Seemed pouring forth the sad funereal wail,—
Grim death o'erhung his prey unmasked in fleshly veil.—

Here one walks musing, full of melting ruth,
Paying his kindred dust devotion due:
From where his grandsire's grandsire, while in youth,
Received his dying father's last adieu,
His whole ancestral line was imaged true,
To where the lovely form that gave him birth,
While yet her blooming years had numbered few,
Stood by her dying father's household hearth,
All bathed in filial tears to mark his ebbing breath.

Oft they in gorgeous gay-illumined hall,
Where music charmed all trace of care away,
With virgins joined the dance at festive ball,
Whose sparkling jewels gemmed their fine array;

Where every soul, too bright for human clay,
Reflected heaven along the electric chain,
Made heart to heart in sweetest concord play—
Alas! the weeping muse may toil in vain
To represent what was, what now these tombs contain!

But hark! what tones of music strike the ear?
The soul desires it not at this sad hour.
No earthly charm should intermeddle here;
And yet I feel it comes with double power.
From where yon dark diminished arches lower
Its mournful echoes wind their dreary way.
And now a star-like light begins to pour
Along the vaults; a melancholy ray
Shall lead us onward now, come meet what may.

Here twelve great pillars twelve dark vistas bound,
That centre round a lofty Gothic shrine,
With twelve great windows looking each way round,
Wherein the Gothic traceries intertwine
Round aerial forms arrayed in light divine,
As if God's fairest minstrels, in high heaven found,
Did all in sweet celestial concert join;
While sacred music filled the echoes round,
The melting souls dissolved in sweet harmonious sound.

At farthest end of subterranean aisle,
Beneath the Gothic shafts from side to side,
A rich emblazoned monumental pile
Arose in architecture's noblest pride,
Right o'er a marble bust: he well defied
Two hundred years of time; the date was plain.
An angel held a scroll whereon I read
Lines meant to prove all mortal glory vain,
On whose cold lovely cheeks tears hung like drops of rain.

Reader, ascend the hill with glad surprise,
Above death's dark domains where we abide,
And turn around thy joyful wandering eyes
O'er fair Dunedin's temples far and wide.
Then know her fairest forms were first portrayed
Within the little compass of that brain
Whose outward form is now by art supplied.
Will life these marble tear-drops disenchain
Ere it revisit aught these cold dark tombs contain?

The ponderous gates, that seemed for ever closed
To life's egress, their willing wings expand,
And soon again my gladdened eye reposed
Upon the living world's light sunny land,
And saw upon the hill, in many a band,
The sportive lambs on flowery pastures play;
They meet, they dart along, an instant stand,
Then all at once would lightly bound away,
And frolic round their dames all innocently gay.

A raven yelled a hoarse ill-boding scream,
That on a bending bough too near me swung;
I woke, and lo! the whole was but a dream,
That I, with due regard to dreams, have sung.
Up from my lonely den I lightly sprung.
The tear-eyed moon cold welcome gave the day;
Before my cave storm-broken branches hung,
Through which I found egress with some delay,
Then homeward musing bent my melancholy way.

Now farewell, Muse, go and no more return,
'Tis not by you that I can hope to live;
Although I feel I cannot rudely spurn
Away a friend who weeps to take her leave:

But go you must, and I the past forgive.
Come, Marion, come, thy fostering smile impart,
Sure source of every bliss this life can give;
I've lived, I humbly own, too long apart
From thee, without whose aid avails nor head nor heart.

SOLILOQUY.

How pleasant out among the sunny hills,
Where Nature's sweetest flowerets wildly grow,
Where from the Highland moors a thousand rills
Rush down their rocky channels to the vale below,

To mark a solitary group of aged trees
Around the crumbling walls of some old tower,
Where still the wandering swain oft thinks he sees
The ghost of warrior armed at midnight hour;

Or shepherd swain, of guileless heart I ween,
Along the flowery verdure moving slow,
Or soft reclined where shade of darker green
Marks out the spring where crystal waters flow;

Or up some long deep glen, where high above
Dark tempests all their gathering rage combined!
Did ne'er thy spirit soar in grateful love
To walk with Him who wakes the stormy wind?

. . . . . .

Religion sounds more sweet than angel's tongue,
When from the heart all other joys are gone;
Howe'er that heart be withered, rent, and wrung,
It proves a friend when other friends are none.

TO —— ——.

PRESUMPTIVE grovelling thing, that dare address
Your low-bred, shop-cant, balderdash to me;
The time I value least were valued less,
Deigned I one glance on papers blotched by thee.

A pat reply, some smart learned wag may say,
Nor differ even then frae what is true;
But let them crack, my Rabbie's nane o' thae,
He'll answer yet, and very kindly too.

I'm ettling now to haud awa to school
(Tho' ane sae auld at school is unco rare),
To stuff my pow, in spite o' ilka dool,
Wi' what you deep learned chaps ca' classic lore.

An anxious mind has afttimes faught its day
To whaur dull douf content did ne'er presume;
But oh, an anxious mind maun oft betray
Its doubts and fears, ere hope dispel the gloom.

A studier's thoughts rin wild, wi' hungry wame;
He daurna weel be seen wi' duddie claes,
Tho' dark forebodings often drown the flame
Might light the way to fame o' future days.

If fate to me that humble boon had given,
To teach or preach, and sangs or sermons tell,
How I would strowed wi' flowers the way to heaven,
Wi' goblins grim the straight broad road to hell.

But poortith chills before, and a' behind
Like clouds appear the thunder wrath has broke;
A restless, scattered, soured, half-frenzied mind
I'm unco feared would a' tuition mock.

Adversity, grim, gruesome, ruthless tutor,
Thou hasna spared the rod nor lo'ed the child;
Thy ill-timed nature darkened all the future—
The passions thou might'st tamed are driven wild.

My heart grows dull, and sickens at the thought
Of life dragged out 'mong little tyrants, snools;
Nor claim frae men o' wrath ae single thought,—
I'd rather dwell wi' worms beneath the mools.

At kintra fairs I've heard the hucksters cry
That he wha never ventured never won;
Tho' poor and auld, I'll venture yet and try,—
That wight daes weel wha daes the best he can.

This plan of life, at nature's ca' designed—
Tho' rude the Scotch, you comprehend my aim—
Should your approval fix my wandering mind,
Be yours the praise; if not, be mine the blame.

ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF DRUMMOND.

Poor desolate-hearted lover, why complain,
Till echo mourn thro' glen and lonely cave?
The sad parental wail, tho' loud, is vain
To break the slumbers of the dreary grave—

The dreary grave where lovely Mary sleeps.
Ah me! poor Mary sleeps where none awakes.
The thought of her in tears my pillow steeps—
The love of life my wearied soul forsakes.

She seemed an angel formed in mortal mould,
To leave short while the mansions of the blest;
But cruel fate, with rancour uncontrolled,
Soon rudely rocked her lovely form to rest.

But why should I, distracted, raving wild,
Lament the happy change to Mary given?
In this dark world of death, by sin defiled,
She could not live, she's gone to dwell in heaven.

Methinks I see her bending from the sky,
With rays of radiant glory circled round;
I hear her soothing voice sweet warbling high
These accents sweeter far than music's sound:

"Dry up thy tears, thou needst not weep for me,
Who bend on thee an angel's pitying eye;
My bliss is only pleasing pain till we
In endless raptures meet above the sky."

SONG.

Ye mournful echoes, your notes awaken,
If e'er they awoke at the sound of woe,
And aid the strains of a heart that's breaking,
That my sad numbers may softer flow.

For oft have ye rung thro' the sylvan vale,
When my laddie awaked his melting strain;
But, alas! he lies slumbering cold and pale,
And ne'er can awaken your notes again.

The moon ascending in silent splendour
Had darkly shaded the castle wa';
'Twas there my heart I did surrender,
'Twas then my peace was stown awa.

I heard his soothing tender tale,
While the distant river did faintly rave;
The melody rang thro' the greenwood vale,
And the moonlight danced on the silvery wave.

And he swore by all the heavens high,
While fondly he clasped me to his heart,
And vowed by all beneath the sky
That none but death our loves could part.

And death did part us, oh cruel fate!
Oh why take pleasure in human woe?
But angels' bliss, it is far too great
For mortals long to taste below.

But I'll awa to yon ancient fane,
Where the dark yew-trees dowily wave,
And cling to his turf while my tears like rain
Will water the flowers that deck his grave.

I'll lay me down where my laddie lies,
And oh sae sound as my sleep will be,
When closed my weary, weary eyes,
Till the last trumpet-call shall waken me.

A BALLAD.

WHERE Calamon's lofty towers
O'er the dark-brown forest lowers,
A man of age, a man of woe,
Around the walls did mourning go.
Woe is me, Calamon!

With tartan plaid and bonnet low,
And long and thin his locks of snow,
Mournful was the lay he sung,
And aye the castle echoes rung,
Woe is me, Calamon!

Towers and turrets broken down,
Proudly once I called my own,
Ere the foeman's furious ire
Wrapt your walls in flaming fire.
Woe is me, Calamon!

Warning we had none to fly,
When the bloody host drew nigh;
None escaped their hostile sword—
Woman, peasant, prince, nor lord.
Woe is me, Calamon!

Cruelty could do no more,—
Mothers stiffening in their gore,
While their dying infants young
To their lifeless bosoms clung.
Woe is me, Calamon!

My lady from the castle tower,
Through the fall of fiery shower,

Saw her seven brave sons expire
Ere she sank 'midst that awful fire.
Woe is me, Calamon!

My only daughter young and dear,
Awhile escaped their bloody spear;
'Twas all her care to ease the smart
That wrung her father's bleeding heart.
Woe is me, Calamon!

Two rival foes drew each their blade,
Sworn to die or gain the maid.
Silent stood the victor's prize,
Her long hair veiled her streaming eyes.
Woe is me, Calamon!

Wishing death the doom of both,
Each alike her soul did loathe;
They who her kindred all had slain,
Ill her breaking heart could gain.
Woe is me, Calamon!

How can I relate the tale?
'Twould the sternest foeman pale.
Him the sword first overthrew
In death's last pang the maiden slew.
Woe is me, Calamon!

Me, for future woes reserved,
Alone their cruelty preserved.
For every kinsman yielded breath,
I've lived ten times to suffer death.
Woe is me, Calamon!

THE NORSE WARRIOR.

TELL me, brave old warrior, tell,
How the bloody fray befell;—
Whether home or foreign foe
Laid your ancient honours low?

Sighing, saw the veteran brave,
Wafted o'er the northern wave;
Scandia stretched her tyrant reign
O'er my ancient loved domain.

Through ten long years a dungeon's stone
Roof's sullen echoes mocked my moan;
When I was captive dragged away,
These locks were dark that now are grey.

Vengeance, slumbering for a time
O'er their barbarous bloody crime,
At last in tenfold fury woke,
And our chains of slavery broke.

What once was mine I need not claim
Nor yet the bold possessor blame,
Who nobly proved his title good
In streams of Scandinavian blood.

I have no skill to guide the shield,
My arm the sabre cannot wield,
And those my wealth had oft relieved
For my wants now are little grieved.

Nature blooms in vain for me,—
My eyes are blind, I cannot see;
A wanderer in the gloom of years,
Where death the kindest friend appears.

AN ELEGY.

I REMEMBER that night when sleep yielded to mourning
The long weary hours for M'Alpine the brave.
He had smiled with the dawn, nor dreamed that next morning
Would break on the mourners that wept o'er his grave.

M'Alpine had rode over moorland and mountain,
And wellnigh attained the wished end of his roam,
Where his children and wife—of bliss purest fountain—
Kept watch for the hour when their sire should come home.

And the thoughts of his home in his soul warmly beamed,
And all its endearments his fancy could see,—
His wife's warm embrace, while his children all seemed
In loving contention to cling round his knee.

'Mong your tenderest feelings I'm sorry to dash in,
But children nor wife he could never see more;
No embrace but the grasp of the cruel assassin,
And M'Alpine lay buried deep, warm in his gore.

How sweet were the dreams that M'Alpine had cherished!
No darkness nor danger his mind could enslave.
In bliss, future bliss, all his sorrows had perished;
Hope sweetened his life to the end of the grave.

SONG.

THE cheerful shepherd sings now
On Scotia's mountains wild;
The spring again revives the plains,
The birds again renew their strains,
But joy gi'es nane to me wha,
At fortune's cruel ca',
Wi' heavy heart maun now depart
Frae Caledonia.

Farewell, ye groves and mountains,
That saw my youthful days,
And a' ye true companions dear,
Farewell, our parting now is near.
Nae mair your joys can cheer me,
When I am far awa;
It grieves my heart frae thee to part,
And Caledonia.

Farewell, my dear, my true love,—
Far dearer now than a',—
Of a' I leave, of a' that's dear,
There's nane but thee can draw a tear.
But I'll remember thee
When I am far awa;
Till safe frae harms, I reach thy arms,
In Caledonia.

SMILING SUMMER.

Smiling summer's noo awa,
Cauld the northern tempests blaw.
Around the hoary castle wa'
The cauld wind whistles dreary, O.

Along the hawthorn-sheltered brae,
Sighing lovers cease to stray;
Coo'ring birds on every spray
Gars a' look wild and weary, O.

O'er the snawy mantled hills
Drifted wreaths the valley fills,
Dark below the mossy rills
Run through their caves sae dreary, O.

Come, my lassie, sweet as May,
Cheer the gloomy winter day,
And sweetly tune the melting lay
Tae strains that never weary, O.

Storms may rave and rains may fa',
Winds may rise and tempests blaw,
But care frae me is far awa
When I'm wi' thee, my deary, O.

MARY.

THINK ye a mind as dark as night,
Ance open, kind, and free, Mary,
Can lang ensure the sweet delight
That love sae sweet can gie, Mary?

Too oft the dearest friends maun part.
Alas! and sae maun we, Mary;
But blame thy fickle faithless heart,
If aught like blame can be, Mary.

For love like mine 'twas ill your part
Return like this tae gie, Mary;
But some dear maid wi' kinder heart
Will pay thy debt for thee, Mary.

When a' that should be dear combined
To dim wi' tears your e'e, Mary,
Why spurn the friend whose bosom kind
Was open aye tae thee, Mary?

A hardened heart of selfish pride
May draw your love frae me, Mary;
But broken vows ye canna hide
Frae God's all-seeing e'e, Mary.

Then fare ye well for ever, still
I'm happy to forgie, Mary;
Altho' ye've used me worse than ill,
Be a' that's guid wi' ye, Mary.

SONG.

BLYTHE we oft hae met thegither,
Blythe at hame and blythe awa,
But blyther we will join the glee,
On this the blythest night of a'.

Wi' hearts aye tuned to social talk,
And nae discording note between,
Our mirth was sweet as lovers' walk
On greenwood bank at summer e'en.
Blythe, &c.

The happy hours we'll ne'er forget,
Let summer smile or winter blaw;
Aye love and friendship wi' us met,
Nor left us when we gaed awa.
Blythe, &c.

Our May of life on silent wing,
Or e'er we ken, will flee awa;
We'll taste the joys that youth can bring,
Ere age slip in and steal them a'.
Blythe, &c.

Poor India's slaves of life complain,
Tho' Eden blooms in ilka grove;
But Scotia scorns to wear a chain,
Except the chains of mutual love.
Blythe, &c.

O Scotia! ever frae thy race
May a' discord and sorrow flee;
May cauld misfortune ne'er efface
Ae charm that binds my heart to thee.
Blythe, &c.

SONG.

HEY, bonnie Betty, rise, open the door,
And I will reward you wi' kisses galore!
Arise, my love Betty, and hear my design,
Tae make ye mair happy, quo' Johnny Ingine.

I boastna o' what ye ca' siller or gowd,
Sic favours my fortune has never bestowed;
But for want of sic trifles we ne'er will repine,
Gin ye'll be my Betty, quo' Johnny Ingine.

I hae a wee housie alane in the moor,
A yardie of kail by the side o' my door;
My house and my yardie and a' shall be thine,
Gin ye'll be my Betty, quo' Johnny Ingine.

I've a heart fu' o' love for thee, Betty my fair,
And a heart fu' o' love is a heart fu' o' care;
But the love shall be yours and the care shall be mine,
Gin ye'll be my Betty, quo' Johnny Ingine.

SONG.

WHERE now my maid sae kind,
That a' other maids outshined,
Wha ilka charm combined
That kind nature could gie?

Oh, I did thee bereave
Of a' comfort but the grave—
A comfort oft I crave,
Since I parted frae thee.

I left thee all forlorn,
To bear the world's scorn,
And the dear heart a' torn
That ance melted for me.

But, nae mair by me oppressed,
May your injured spirit rest,
That aye haunts my troubled breast
Since I parted frae thee.

When, my dear lovely maid,
We rowed us in a plaid
By the cool birken shade
Or the green willow-tree,

The winds did softer blaw,
And the flowers did sweeter show;
But my bitter tears maun fa'
Since I parted frae thee.

Oh, happy was the time
When we bloomed in our prime,
And our hearts knew nae crime
To bring the tear in our e'e!

And often did I pray
That death would lang delay
To bring the bitter day
Of my parting frae thee.

THE PRESSGANG.

Dreary, dreary was the night,
And weary, weary was the day,
And sorry, sorry was the sight
When Willie sailed away.

A' his kin stood greetin' round him,
While the servile ruthless band
Tare him frae ilka tie that bound him
To his native land.

Willie o' men was the very flower,
And Annie was modest, kind, and fair,
And their bosoms were ane at their parting hour,
Nae wonder gin their hearts were sair.

Dowily, dowily did Annie retire,
Doun in the shade o' an auld thorn-tree,
Whaur she micht o' greetin' hae her heart's desire,
And the last o' her Willie see.

Slowly, slowly he gaed before a',
Friends and foes wha there might be,
Till her voice o' deeper sorrow
Burst beneath the tree.

Soon, ah soon her sad lamentin'
Filled his bosom fu' o' woe;
Soon the sighin' wind relentin'
Bore her voice away.

But Willie wanders nae foreign shore,
He fills nae foreign grave,
But deep deep doun frae the tempest's roar
He sleeps beneath the wave.

And oft to the tree would Annie creep,
To greet for her Willie there,
Till wearied o' greetin' she fell asleep,
And never wakened mair.

SONG.

The sun was setting in the golden west,
The moon was rising bright and cheery,
The hour appointed was drawing near,
When I must away and see my dearie!

The road was lang I had to gang,
But willing I, altho' 'twas dreary;
The wind arose—oh foolish thought!—
I fancied naught was fit to fear me.

The sleety clouds marked a' the sky,
The wintry winds blew loud and sairly,
The night grew black, I lost my track—
Among the heath I wandered fairly.

O'er heathery heights, a' clad wi' snaw,
My feet before had never travelled;
Thro' weary wilds, where I saw
But murmuring rills that thro' them wavelled.

I now sat down, tho' against my will;
My life frae me was quickly flying;
The deep-blawn wreaths o' drifted snaw,
On every side were deeply lying.

Wi' angry nature's direful rage,
Frae youth's blythe e'e my life was taken,
In winter's cauld and weary blast,
When fruitful fields were a' forsaken.

KEMP'S FATHER.

JAMES KEMP, the father of the subject of this memoir, was a man endowed with a considerable amount of ability; but, unfortunately for himself, he appears to have been also possessed of a certain eccentricity of manner, suggestive of the peculiarities of a recluse. He was naturally devoid of enterprise, preferring the simple and easy-going duties of a shepherd's life to the energetic and active work of the busy world; so that, notwithstanding his favourable opportunities of acquiring a good education, with every prospect of gaining a fair share of advancement in life, he neglected his chances and became a shepherd. He had two brothers who, however, acted differently. They took full advantage of their father's position—that of a well-to-do farmer—and were educated at Glasgow University. One became a lawyer and settled in Dingwall, of which town he subsequently became provost. The other became a doctor of medicine.

Of his grandmother's family one of the members, Mr Braidwood, was the introducer of a system of reading

adapted for the use of the deaf and dumb, and for many years held the position of head-master in the Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb in Henderson Row, Edinburgh.

THOMAS KEMP.

THE baby referred to in the text was Kemp's eldest son Thomas, who a few years afterwards, during his father's lifetime, showed evidence of the possession of a genius which promised to equal, if not excel, that of his father. He served an apprenticeship of seven years as an architect under the late David Cousin; and, while pursuing his studies, competed for and obtained the travelling prize given by the Royal Scottish Academy. He also secured a bursary of £5 from the same incorporation. At different periods he exhibited in their galleries drawings of the interior of Roslin Chapel, and views of its exterior; also suggestions for the restoration of that famous chapel and the adjoining castle. His treatment of these and other equally meritorious works was distinguished by such a high degree of originality and artistic feeling that the brightest hopes were confidently cherished by his friends, and a brilliant and successful career seemed to lie before him; but his early death at the age of twenty-one dispelled all these fond anticipations. He died in 1853.

In announcing his demise, the newspapers of the day paid the following well-deserved tribute to his memory: "He was an amiable youth, of singular promise, endowed with an hereditary genius for architectural design, for which he showed strong predilections from his earliest years. Some years ago he carried the first prize for archi-

tectural drawing in the school of design, when his merits attracted the favourable notice of Lord Rutherfurd. Since that period he has been in delicate health, but during his protracted illness he pursued his studies with unabated ardour, and made such progress both in drawing and design as to inspire his friends with hopes of his future eminence. Several gentlemen interested in the father have shown great kindness and attention to the son during his protracted illness."

He was the author of the following designs and drawings, which were exhibited in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, at the exhibition held by the Edinburgh Architectural Association in the winter of 1883 :—

Suggestions for Restoration of Rosslyn Chapel; property of Mrs Kemp.
Interior of Antwerp Cathedral; property of Mrs Kemp.
Antwerp Cathedral, Exterior; property of Mr John Bonnar.
Antwerp Cathedral; property of Mr T. Bonnar.
Suggestions for Restoration of Rosslyn Castle; property of Mrs Kemp.

It is worthy of being recorded that this promising son of Kemp's, by the special request of the Committee, performed the ceremony of putting the top stone of the monument in its position, thus crowning, as it were, the triumphant effort of his father's genius.

MRS KEMP'S FAMILY.

GEORGE MEIKLE KEMP and ELIZABETH WILSON BONNAR were married on the 11th September 1832, by the Rev. David Marr, minister of the Lothian Road Relief (now United Presbyterian) Church, Edinburgh, of which church they were both members. Mrs Kemp was the only daughter of Mr William Bonnar, decorator and heraldic painter, West Port, Edinburgh, who succeeded to the business which had been carried on successfully by his family for several generations. John Bonnar[1] (Mrs Kemp's grandfather) was a contemporary of the Runcimans, and was associated with Alexander Runciman in the decoration of Penicuik House, the painted dome of the east staircase being his most important work there. His speciality was the painting of bas-relief ornament, and flowers in natural colours, which he executed with great spirit.

Mrs Kemp's brothers, William, Thomas, and Dundas, all proved themselves creditable representatives of their artistic progenitors. William, the eldest brother, became one of the original members of the Royal Scottish Academy. He was the painter of several well-known and highly esteemed pictures, some of which have been engraved, among them being the historical subject of "Knox dispensing the first Protestant Sacrament before the Lords of the Congregation at St Andrews," "Bruce and the Spider," and the charmingly characteristic subject of a rustic interior, illustrative of an incident in the life of Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, entitled "The Benefactress." His own portrait in the National Gallery, and that of Kemp, which now adorns

[1] Deacon-Convener of the Wrights in the year 1778.

the walls of the National Portrait Gallery, are also examples of his artistic powers. The following extract from the 'Edinburgh News,' Saturday, February 12, 1853, under the head of "Fine Arts—The Exhibition—Death of William Bonnar, R.S.A.," is given in full, as it may be found interesting even after the lapse of nearly forty years:—

"We anticipated being able to-day, according to custom, to give our readers a general idea of the quality of the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy. But this has been rendered impossible. Those in power this year have chosen to deny the press the usual private view on the day previous to opening for the public, and we at least decline puffing either individual pictures or the Exhibition as a whole, from rumour or report. The Council of the Academy have given no reason for the change this year, and perhaps that body is not entitled to become so condescending; but if the rumoured reason be the true one—a paragraph in one of our contemporaries, at which that body has taken offence—it only shows that gentlemen are not made greater participators in wisdom by having R.S.A. appended to their names and surnames. In absence of materials for a general review of the Exhibition, we will briefly glance at the career of an artist to whose name 'late' must now be appended in the 'Catalogue.'

"In the death of Wm. Bonnar, R.S.A., the present school of Scottish art has lost another of its fathers, founders, and ornaments. His genius soared not amidst the ideal, nor was it capable of revelling in a luxurious fancy, but in the quiet of domestic art he has had few rivals, and none could with equal simplicity and truth depict the beautiful characteristics of the Scotch *lassie*. Mr Bonnar had latterly devoted himself to portraiture with great occasional success.

There have been few portraits produced in Scotland equal to his Dr Wardlaw, his portrait of Mr Bell, and none superior to the portrait of 'An Old Gentleman,' in the possession of Dr M'Leod, Ben Rhydding; while his 'Peden at the Grave of Cameron' will remain a lasting memorial of a highly artistic mind deeply imbued with genuine religious sentiment, and endowed with the power of rendering that highest element in art.

"Of Mr Bonnar's boyish years we know nothing worth recording. The son of an Edinburgh house-painter, he was born about the year 1800, and having the misfortune to lose his father in very early life, he was apprenticed to the paternal calling at an age somewhat earlier than usual. His boyish predilections secured what was then considered a first-class 'prentice master, Mr Dickson, a celebrated chair-painter in Edinburgh, and from whose shop sprang Scotland's greatest ornamental painter and draughtsman, the unfortunate and reckless Alexander M'Dougall, a name still held in admiring remembrance by the house-painters of Edinburgh. The genius of young Bonnar caught a portion of M'Dougall's power, and the apprentice soon became as an ornamentalist all but equal to the journeyman. Mr Dickson's eyesight, however, began to fail, his business was relinquished, and young Bonnar was transferred to Mr Dennison, then considered the most artistic house-painter in the city, and with that gentleman he finished his apprenticeship. But he had also secured for himself a high reputation for artistic powers with a portion of the public and with all the trade; while Roberts, then scene-painter in the Theatre Royal, and the late Mr Murray, treated him as one who would undoubtedly rise to the surface of society.

"Like William Kidd, young Bonnar made his first im-

pression upon the public through the medium of a sign-board. A tavern-keeper in Hanover Street, anxious to outdo his neighbours, employed Dennison to paint a sign-board, the subject Tam o' Shanter crossing the Bridge. Bonnar was called to execute the commission for his master, and every day admiring crowds testified the success of the performance. The host did not, however, succeed, the business was relinquished and the fixtures sold. In this wreck and reversal the 'Tam o' Shanter' sign-board was secured by a connoisseur, and forms at this day a very beautiful cabinet picture, painted with a freedom of hand and breadth of touch, and in a quality of colour, more than creditable to Bonnar's early powers. This stamped his reputation, and shortly after he became, under Roberts, one of the principal occasional assistant scene-painters in the Theatre Royal. Pyot, a great artist, the Fenwick of scene-painters in colour, was also there painting when he was sober; and Roberts, Pyot, and Bonnar produced the scenes for 'Cherry and Fair Star,' 'The Cataract of the Ganges,' 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,' and many other spectacles of a similar description, which were brought out in the Theatre Royal.

"The house-painter Dennison was succeeded by the late Mr Cleland, and Bonnar's services were retained by his old fellow-apprentice. In the 'winter time,' and at odd hours in the shop, Bonnar began to produce a series of heads—'The Blind Fiddler,' 'The Miser,' 'The Astronomer,' &c.—which, in colour as in finish, approached more nearly to the works of the great Dutchman than was usual among Scottish artists, and these attracted considerable attention. At this period the old tavern got a new tenant, who, coming from the far north, determined to have a pictorial sign-board of 'John o' Groat.' Bonnar painted the head,

and this new specimen of public-house decoration arrested the attention of Captain Basil Hall in one of his walks. The gallant *littérateur* determined to hunt up the painter, and the head of a tinker in Cleland the house-painter's window soon brought him to the object of his search. Bonnar was then supplying the place of Roberts, who had left, and was busy with the scenes of 'George Heriot' about to be produced. But Captain Basil Hall purchased the 'Tinker's Head,' and next day Bonnar was introduced by Mr Murray to his new patron while working in the Theatre Royal. The Captain visited the artist at his lodgings, saw sketches for a picture of 'Tinkers at a Cottage Door,' the principal head of which the Captain had secured, and advised Mr Bonnar to cut house-painting and devote himself to art,—an advice which, however gratifying to his feelings, Bonnar at that period declined to adopt. And he had strong grounds on which to rest his decision. Allan, with his high reputation and gorgeous stores of Eastern *matériel*, had but lately been relieved from semi-starvation by the patronage of Duke Nicholas, the exhibition of his pictures in Princes Street having proved an utter failure. The exhibition of the works of Scottish artists in the Old Lyceum had but lately expired, from public indifference and neglect; and Bonnar wisely judged that to live by house-painting, producing pictures as he could find time, was better than running any chance of starving as an artist. At that moment there was little immediate prospect of this. Through the patronage of Baron Hume and others, Bonnar had commissions for as many pictures as he could paint; but still the first burst of generous enthusiasm might expire for him as it had done in the case of others. He resolved not to be at the mercy of any such contingency, and determined upon

commencing business for himself as a house-painter and decorator.

"This decision raised almost unbounded hopes among house-painters as a body. Bonnar had long been looked on as the greatest and most artistic journeyman painter in Edinburgh, and was universally believed capable among the tradesmen of carrying house-painting and decorative art forward to a height which would leave all competitors immeasurably behind. These high anticipations were justified by his opening success. The then Theatre Royal of Glasgow, under the management of Seymour, was being repainted, and Bonnar was engaged to ornament the proscenium. His power was demonstrated to the astonishment of western painters. The ornamentalists of Glasgow could not discover what 'the Edinburgh man had been about,' and they perfected his triumph by affirming that his scrolls in shades were 'the most beautiful castings in stucco they had ever seen.'

"This work over, Bonnar returned to Edinburgh, and commenced business as house-painter in Rose Street. While there he painted and exhibited his first picture, 'The Tinkers.' That magnified his former reputation, and secured him many commissions. But business and picture-painting were found uncongenial associates. On the establishment of the Scottish Academy, Bonnar was elected a member, and, retiring from trade, he from that period steadily and enthusiastically devoted himself to art.

"The morning of his artistic career was bright and sunny, he revelling in his strength, and the public eagerly purchasing his efforts. But his ambition rose with his success, and, like Wilkie, his failures were just in proportion to the departure from his own legitimate sphere. As an illustrator of Scottish domesticity and Scottish writers, particularly

Scott, Bonnar had few equals, and in the latter department we think he had none. His 'Caleb Balderstone polishing the Tankard,' and his 'Mause Headrigg and Lady Bellenden,' are the most perfect embodiment of Scott's characters we have ever seen, as well as admirable pictures; while his 'Stray Children' (engraved for the Association), his 'Orphans,' and his 'Cottar's Saturday Night' are fine examples of domestic art; but he failed when aspiring to the dignity of historic representations, with, so far as we know, the single exception of 'Peden at the Grave of Cameron'—a noble picture beautifully painted. His most ambitious picture, 'Bruce watching the Spider,' was a work of fine colour, and has many rare merits; but the want of that historic element essential to the treatment of such a subject was evident, while there was a lack of that concentration and unity in the disposition of the light and objects which often renders the absence of higher powers less apparent. His 'Knox administering the Sacrament' is not a fair subject of criticism. It was painted to order; and no man of our days, so far as we know, ever has converted an ordered subject into a high-class picture. All Bonnar's works bore testimony to his high artistic perceptions, but these were the forthputtings of a refined and highly endowed mind, forced to feed upon its own resources. The want of that laborious artistic training which perfects genius was also discovered in many of his efforts, and this reduced them from being great to being only good pictures.

"In latter years Bonnar's sensitive spirit was overshadowed by sore and repeated domestic bereavements, and under these trials his enthusiasm for the higher branches of his art seems nearly to have expired. Nor were other discouragements awanting. While the 'Association for the *Promotion* of the Fine Arts' were squandering the people's

money in hundreds of pounds sterling upon landscapes which would not have dignified the centre of a tea-tray, they insulted Bonnar, as they have since done other real artists, by offering him about half the sum he received from a private purchaser for his greatest pictures. Sickened by such treatment, and overcome by the loss of his loved ones, he betook himself to the easier and more lucrative department of domestic portraiture. His success was commensurate with his powers, and, besides securing for himself a respectable maintenance, he was enabled by his industry and ability to accumulate something for his family.

"Such is a brief sketch of one in whose works the Edinburgh public have long evinced a deep interest, and to whom all, especially the house-painters of the city, have ever looked up with honest pride as the great man of their calling. By his death art in Scotland has lost a successful promoter, and young artists, both painters and engravers, an enlightened counsellor and an ever-willing friend."[1]

His second brother Thomas also attained eminence in his special sphere as a decorative painter. His principal works are the painted ceiling of the great drawing-room, Newbattle Abbey; the Baron's Hall, Taymouth Castle; and the grand staircase, Stichill House. There are many other examples of his artistic proficiency in various mansions throughout the country. But his pre-eminence as a decorative artist is best displayed in the examples of his works shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851, one of which is a frieze painted in the Italian style, representing the pursuit of a stag by cupids, who are armed with bows and accompanied by dogs, surrounded by gracefully formed and richly coloured scroll ornament and foliage. The others consisted

[1] In Memoriam, by A. L. Simpson, D.D. 1870.

of two panels painted after the Pompeiian manner, which, while retaining all the spirit and brilliancy of the original type, were intended to indicate how this method of decoration might be artistically adapted for the purposes of modern requirements. Another frieze of a distinctly different type was also produced by him, and formed part of an elaborate mural decorative scheme. It was exhibited in the International Exhibition at Dublin in 1865. It illustrates the classical story of the "Triumph of Galatea." The ocean nymph is seated in a triumphal barge drawn by swans, while a gentle breeze distends a scarf held by her, and in the crisply painted rippling waters over which she is sailing an escort of cupids and tritons are gaily disporting themselves. These two frieze paintings exhibit a rare combination of high-class art, united to the accessories usually employed in interior decoration. It is almost needless to remark that his artistic works are highly appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to possess examples of them.

The following extract is from the 'Scotsman,' January 23, 1877: "The late Mr Thomas Bonnar was a man distinctly in advance of his time in his own line of business; and, as a pioneer of art-progress, deserved some such record of his life-work as has been prepared by his family in an 'In Memoriam' sketch, written by Dr A. L. Simpson. Endowed with a fine taste, to that taste he added, by study, knowledge; and by practice, experience; and his decorative works have borne well the test of time, and the great advance which has been made in the methods and notions of decoration even since his day, recent though it be. The memoir tells in simple and unexaggerated fashion how Mr Bonnar availed himself of every opportunity of educating himself for the exercise of his pro-

fession, till he worthily occupied the highest place in it in Scotland. Descriptions, with photographs, are given of some of his most important works; and justice is done to his private worth. The little book is a model of what such a memoir should be—full and kindly, without being overloaded or fulsome."

The youngest brother, Dundas, was likewise gifted with a large share of artistic ability. He ultimately settled in Greenock, where he followed the profession of house-decorator. But as he devoted himself almost exclusively to the commercial branches of his business, he ended by letting slip its higher departments, for which at one time he had shown great aptitude and facility.

Kemp's friendship for his future brothers-in-law may be said to date from the period of his first visit to Edinburgh, when he found employment in Mr Cousin's workshop as a joiner. It was the excellence and ingenuity of the work which came from Kemp's bench that caused Mr Cousin to direct Mr Wm. Bonnar's attention to him. The latter, after conversing with Kemp on different occasions, soon perceived that beneath a retiring and unobtrusive demeanour he possessed capacities of no ordinary character. This led to a frequent intercourse and interchange of ideas, which soon ripened into a fast friendship that proved of the greatest advantage to Kemp. He was invited to visit Mr Bonnar's studio at his residence in the West Port, where he met many men, not a few of whose names became famous in after-years. Amongst others, he was introduced to James Drummond, R.S.A., who attained eminence as an historical painter and antiquary; Alexander Black, architect to Heriot's Hospital; and George Harvey, who was subsequently elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy and received the honour of knighthood.

It may be worthy of mentioning, in passing, that Sir George, in referring to those days in a conversation with the writer, said that his first inspiration to become an artist was created by his looking in upon William Bonnar at work on occasions when passing his way at meal-hours to and from the bookbinding establishment where he was employed. Sir George had served his apprenticeship to that craft before taking to the pencil; and he referred to these reminiscences of his early life with great pleasure, remarking how thankful he was that good fortune had brought him in William Bonnar's way, of whose artistic abilities he spoke in terms of the highest praise; and also expressed his admiration of the dignified, but withal obliging, bearing which characterised him. As might be anticipated, under the influence of such companionship Kemp was much encouraged, and urged to exercise his talents in a higher sphere of activity, which, it is to be feared, had he been left to himself he would never have attempted, as his constitutional shyness and diffidence of manner formed serious obstacles to the success which his genius merited, and, but for the aid and advice of his friend, would have heavily handicapped him in his career. At Mr Bonnar's house he was cordially welcomed as a friend; and there, ultimately, he found his wife.

It was a subject of general remark at the time of the Scott Monument competition that Kemp's designs were notable for the exquisitely artistic manner in which light and shade were treated, emphasising the delicacy of the details and giving a beautifully picturesque effect to the drawings. It is almost needless to say that these, as well as many subsequent designs by Kemp, were indebted to the brush of his friend Bonnar for their refined and artistic finish.

Mrs Kemp survived her husband for more than forty-five years; she died on the 6th November 1889, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters. The premature death of the elder son has already been referred to. The elder daughter, Elizabeth Shanky, who became Mrs Thomson, is also dead. She is survived by an only son, Robert Kemp Thomson, artist. William and Jane, the younger son and daughter, both survive their parents: the former is an artist of considerable ability.

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