Cat P.C. 26.

ALEXANDER GORDON,

THE ANTIQUARY

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE,

University College, Toronto.

TORONTO:

COPP, CLARK & CO., PRINTERS, COLBORNE STREET.

1873

117, Bloor St.
Toronto.

5th Oct. 1876

My dear Sir

I wished to send to you a copy of a paper of mine on the Physical characteristics of the Ancient Celts, which embodies a good deal of research which might interest you: but I regret to find that I have not a perfect copy left. I have selected two or three other papers, however, which I forward to you by this same post, and which I hope may

safely reach you.

I was interested in hunting up the traces of an old Scottish Antiquary of last century who closed his life on this continent. I send to you the brief results of my enquiry.

In the forthcoming volume of the Encyc. Britannica I have an article on Chatterton. The strange boy-poet took my fancy long ago; and I wrote a little volume of a biographical study of

his strange career.
He is, I think, without
question, the most remarkable
example of intellectual
precocity on record.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
Dan. Wilson

C. W. Ernst Esq

65

[*From the "Canadian Journal."*]

ALEXANDER GORDON,

THE ANTIQUARY.

PROVIDENCE ATHENÆUM

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE,

University College, Toronto.

TORONTO:

COPP, CLARK & CO., PRINTERS, COLBORNE STREET.

1873

ALEXANDER GORDON, THE ANTIQUARY.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.,

Professor of History and English Literature, University College, Toronto.

It is now close upon the completion of a full century and a half since there issued from the London press, in A.D. 1726, the *Itinerarium Septentrionale* of Alexander Gordon, familiar to all men as that prized folio which Jonathan Oldbuck undid from its brown-paper wrapper in the Hawes Fly, or Queensferry Diligence, on that memorable day when we are first privileged to make the acquaintance of The Antiquary *par excellence*. Over its pages many a devotee of archæology in that Augustan age, and since, following his example, has "plunged, nothing loath, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, vases, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of castrametation." It was, in truth, the *vade mecum* of all Roman antiquaries of that eighteenth century; and, though long since superseded and displaced, it embodies results of honest research which can never wholly lose their worth.

In his preface, Gordon tells us he "chiefly intended to illustrate the Roman actions in Scotland," and the work has as its central idea "Julius Agricola's march into Caledonia." In dealing with the Danes,—who, in the estimation of historians and antiquaries of that age, divided with the Romans the exclusive share in all historical remains,—he limits himself, in like manner, to "An account of the Danish invasions on Scotland, and of the monuments erected there on the different defeats of that people." He expressly designates his elaborate and learned folio as "this present essay on the antiquities of Scotland, my native country;" and purposes by its publication to relieve the Scottish nation from the charge of negligence "in collecting and publishing to the world their treasures of the Roman antiquities." As a publication, however, it issued from the English press. The title-page—which, after the fashion of eighteenth century folios, includes an elaborate summary of contents and a long Latin motto,—

closes with the information that it is sold by G. Strahan, at the Golden Ball in Cornhill, and by sundry other booksellers in the vicinity of Covent Garden, Temple Bar, and St. Paul's Church Yard, where still the publishing fraternity of London most do congregate. But the booksellers who vended such choice literary wares under the sign of the Golden Ball in Cornhill, or the Half Moon near Temple Bar, were the mere retailers of stray copies. The title-page sets forth that it is "printed for the author," and is immediately followed by what in our more democratic age would be regarded as an extravagant, if not altogether fulsome dedication, to Charles, Duke of Queensberry and Devon, illustrious in the antiquity of his line; bearing, as a Douglas, a name exalted in the annals of Europe; possessing by hereditary right the many shining qualities of his renowned forefathers, joined to a superlative nobility all his own; and so the dedicatory laudation proceeds in its extravagant hyperboles. The Duke's connection with the actual matter in hand appears to have been mainly traceable to the fact that the Roman works at Birrenswork, in Annandale, were situated on his Grace's estate, and the Duke had liberally aided his explorations there. It was not only an ancient stronghold of the Roman invader, but the actual citadel of the Scottish antiquary himself, in combating every opponent who ventured to differ from his theory as to the precise place where Agricola first entered Caledonia, and the route pursued by him in his great northern expedition. Here, to the eye of the enthusiastic explorer, were "clear evidences of Agricola's first incamping within the Caledonian territories," and "only six miles from where the Solway Firth is fordable, are to be seen the vestiges of the first Roman Camp of any to be met with in the south of Scotland, and the most entire and best preserved one that I ever saw." Here he recognises, as "yet to be seen by all, the four gates mentioned by Josephus, viz., The Prætoria, Decumana, Dextra, and Sinistra Gates. They are all plain and accessible, and sufficiently wide in case of a sally. The square ground where the Prætorium, or general's tent stood, is still remaining, as is also the ditch surrounding the camp;" with much else, all tending to "confirm the character of Agricola as given by Tacitus: Adnotabant periti, non alium ducem opportunitates locorum sapientius legisse," &c.

The locality is indeed one with abundant attractions for the archæologist. Both Roman camps and native earthworks abound. A beautiful

enamelled bronze bridlebit in the museum of the Scottish Antiquaries was found deep in the moss at the east end of Birrenswork Hill; and from the neighbouring moss of Middleby, only a few years subsequent to Gordon's visit to Annandale, a remarkable series of decorated rings, horse furniture, and other examples of native work in bronze, was recovered, and secured by his friend Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, in whose collection they still are. The Roman entrenchments of Annandale are famous for their varied disclosures of inscribed altars and tablets, sculptures, statuary, and hypocausts; a ruined temple, with the name and dedication of its architect, AMANDUS, inscribed on the sculptured figure of the goddess Brigantia; a mutilated statue of Fortune, the fruit of a vow in gratitude for restored health, performed by a Prefect of one of Agricola's Tungrian cohorts; the sepulchral tablet, dedicated by a Roman mother to the shade of her daughter Pervica, a maiden who faded away under that bleak northern sky; with much else replete with interest to the antiquary and historical student.

No wonder then that Gordon, when penning a courtly dedication in the style of his age, gave full play to the most laudatory eulogies of the patron who had won his gratitude by facilities extended to him when ransacking the hoards of this old Roman treasury. But though he reverts in a similar style to the services of this and other titled patrons, he could discriminate between the true virtuoso and the gilded sham; and is by no means a blind idolator of rank and title. He contrasts the honoured patrons of learning and historical research with others, "and it is to be regretted, some of them of birth and fortune," who "give out that antiquity, and such like branches of learning, are but the chymeras of virtuosi, dry and unpleasant searches;" while they find in bear-gardens, gaming-tables, and midnight revellings things which fit their genius the best. But "such dissonant souls" he pronounces, in spite of all their wealth and honours, to be "only the dignified dregs of nature!"

The volume is illustrated with a map and sixty-six plates, engraved from the author's own drawings. These, as well as the prefatory notices, are turned to account as a means of honouring with special dedications others of his patrons, including Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord Advocate of Scotland, the Honourable Roger Gale, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Sir James Dalrymple of New Hales, Sir Hans Sloan, M.D., General Wade, and others whose names are still

worthy of remembrance: in addition to dukes, lords, bishops, and dignitaries of all sorts, who had in any way favoured his undertaking. But there is one whom he selects for special recognition from among his Scottish friends and patrons, as "not only a treasure of learning and good taste, but now one of its chief supports in that country." This was Sir John Clerk of Penuycuik, Baron of His Majesty's Exchequer in Scotland, and one of the most zealous Roman antiquaries of that age. From him Gordon derived hearty sympathy and substantial aid. He was a frequent guest at Old Pennycuik House, and was accompanied by the Baron in his Northumbrian explorations, as well as in others nearer home. When describing his visit to Housesteads,—the old Roman Borcovicus, pronounced by Gordon to be "unquestionably the most remarkable and magnificent Roman station in the whole island of Britain," and by Dr. Stukely denominated "the Tadmor of Britain,"—he says: "When I had the honour to traverse this ground for the first time, with Sir John Clerk, Baron of the Exchequer, we caused the place to be dug where we were then sitting amidst the ruinous streets of this famous oppidum, and found a small statue of a soldier, accoutred in the Roman habit." This, with an altar and other trophies, were carried home in triumph to enrich the Pennycuik museum, of which Gordon says: "Among all the collections of Roman antiquities in Scotland, that of Baron Clerk claims the preference, both as to number and curiosity;" and then he goes on to describe a Roman spear-head of old mixt brass, a hasta pura, fibulæ, &c., of the same metal, a Roman tuba, securis, "as also two cunei or wedges of the like metal. But it is disputable whether these were Roman or not. However as they are curious in their kind, and of the old mixt brass, I have thought fit to exhibit a draught of one of them. The Baron has several sorts of hastæ or Roman spears, found in different parts of Scotland. He has likewise a pair of the best preserved crepidæ, or Roman shoes, that ever I saw. As for the medals and curiosities in his possession, natural or artificial, it would require a treatise to describe them separately."

Nor was the ruined site of Housesteads unworthy to call forth the intelligent enthusiasm of its explorers; for even now, when the altars and sculptured figures, which lay scattered everywhere in sight on Gordon's first visit, have long been removed, its latest explorer, Dr Bruce, speaks of the ruins of the ancient city remaining "complete

and vast as ever;" and he adds that recent excavations "show us that when they are continued throughout the entire station, the ancient Borcovicus will be the Pompeii of Britain."

Such was the encouragement which stimulated Gordon to carry out his persevering researches, and embody the results in the famous Itinerarium Septentrionale. In this tall, thin, elaborately printed folio, emphasised throughout with italics and capitals of various type, the author records with loving minuteness his discoveries and observations relative to coins and medals, altars, inscribed tablets, and other memorials of the past, and his careful surveys and measurements of every station, camp, wall, fort, or military way ascribable to the Romans, in any part of Scotland or the neighbouring districts of Northumberland and Cumberland. The monuments now familiar as "The Sculptured Stones of Scotland," and assigned with little hesitation to native Christian art, but in Gordon's day unhesitatingly ascribed to the pagan Danes, also come under review, "with other curious remains of antiquity never before communicated to the public." He deals, indeed, with the whole subject of Scottish archæology, as it was then understood, and embraces in his antiquarian repertory everything, from the rudest stone axe or bronze celt, to the Ruthwell Cross and other choice specimens of native art; though after the fashion of his day subordinating all else to what was then deemed classic and Roman. In our own age of revived mediæval tastes, we may indeed feel thankful that it was not then possible to accomplish literally all that was implied in the author's wish that "antiquity and learning may flourish in the island, to the total extirpation of *Gothicism, ignorance, and bad taste.*"

Gordon subsequently supplemented his Itinerarium with an appendix, chiefly enriched by means of a learned correspondence concerning ancient sepulchral rites in Britain, carried on between his own special friend and patron, Sir John Clerk, and Roger Gale, a learned English antiquary, whose name is perpetuated, along with that of his brother Samuel, in the *Reliquiæ Galeanæ* of Nichol's *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica.* They are pronounced by Gordon to be "two gentlemen who are the honour of their age and country."

The part which "Sandy Gordon" and his Itinerarium Septentrionale play, not only in one of the choicest of the Waverley Novels, but in its autobiographic picturings of the great novelist himself, has

helped to recall from a fast-obscuring oblivion the memory of the old Roman antiquary, though too late for any minute portraiture of the man. Dr. Robert Chambers refers to him, in his "Lives of Illustrious Scotsmen," as one of the numerous subjects of the biographer's pen "of whom nothing is known except their birth *in* Scotland, and their transactions in public life *out of it*;" and yet, as his Itinerarium shows, he did perform not a little very creditable and thorough work within the bounds of his native land before he finally joined the ranks of "the Scots abroad." Nevertheless, it is the fact of his later years having been passed in the New World which has stimulated me to some research, in the hope of recovering traces of an old Scottish antiquary and scholar in the times of American colonial life.

Alexander Gordon was an enthusiast after the true Oldbuck type. He must have been something of a genius, though of the arid and genuinely Dryasdust kindred. He was a man of good education, familiar with the Latin classics, and "possessing what was not in his time common among the Scottish literati, an intimate knowledge of the Greek language." He was no less familiar with the languages and literature of France and Italy; and, with a singular taste selected the Borgian Pope, and his gifted but not less infamous son, for the theme of one of his learned folios. He was a Master of Arts, but whether of Old King's College, or of Marischal College, Aberdeen, I have failed to ascertain. Among the subscribers who patronise his famous folio we might be tempted to recognise the favour extended to an alumnus of King's College, by the subscription of "The Principal of the University of Old Aberdeen" for two copies, while the head of the rival University of the New Town contents himself with one, but then it is "*One Royal*." Another of his subscribers is "Thomas Blackwell, M.A., Greek Professor in the Marischal University of Aberdeen," possibly his old instructor in Hellenic literature; but "John Ker, M.A., Greek Professor to the University of Old Aberdeen," extends a like favour to the work; and the name of its author was no rare one in the northern city on the Dee.

He was, I presume, a native of Aberdeenshire, but no record has been recovered to tell of his family origin. Sundry Gordons figure among the subscribers to his folio, and two of the most distinguished of the name—The Honourable Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon,

and the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Gordon, Vice Admiral of Russia,—are each selected for the special honour of dedication of an engraved plate. But the Gordons of Aberdeenshire are too numerous a clan to admit, on such grounds, of the assumption of relationship between the author and those of his name who extended their patronage to the work. For a time, at least, he was a citizen of Aberdeen, and, as I was informed by the late Sir George Clerk of Pennycuik, professionally engaged as a teacher of music. He was indeed possessed of tastes and accomplishments of a varied range, including more than one of the fine arts, and was even reputed to be the composer of some favourite Scottish airs. He must have presented peculiar traits of character such as Scott would have delighted to study, for he appears to have exhibited characteristics and habitudes ordinarily reckoned incompatible. He led a roving life, changed his profession repeatedly, devoted himself with unbounded enthusiasm to one of the most unprofitable hobbies that can engross the energies of a student, sought fame and fortune in the Old World and the New in widely differing occupations and pursuits, and yet ended by giving the lie to the old proverb which says "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" for, as will be seen, he bequeathed to his son and daughter a substantial estate in his New World home, along with the more characteristic inheritance of certain broad acres in Utopia!

In 1720, Dr. William Stukeley—famous among the English antiquaries of that eighteenth century,—published his account of Arthur's Oon, a singular, if not wholly unique structure on the banks of the River Carron, near the town of Falkirk, in Stirlingshire; or rather, as Dr. Stukeley notes, "near Graham's Dike," or the Northern Roman Wall. In that treatise he expresses his wonder that, among the many good scholars of the Scottish nation, no one had been found to collect and publish to the world the actual treasures of Roman antiquity abounding in their midst, instead of continuing to compile their ancient history "from invention and uncertain reports." This, Gordon tells us in his preface, "was sufficient excitement for me to proceed still more vigorously in collecting what I had begun;" and so, he was able to say, when his work was finished, "I confess I have not spared any pains in tracing the footsteps of the Romans, and in drawing and measuring all the figures in the following sheets from the originals; having made a pretty laborious progress through

almost every part of Scotland for three years successively. Indeed," he says, "I must acknowledge that I might have been able to have added many other valuable materials for the perfecting of this work had I had any encouragement from the public, seeing my own circumstances were not sufficient to have gone to the expense of searching and digging in places where I am most certainly convinced many other curious and noble monuments of the Romans may yet be found."

It was due to the author of a work devoted to the antiquities and traditions of Scotland, that the reviver of its old minstrel tales and lays should hold him in loving regard; for his researches were carried out among the same dales and glens where Scott himself ere long made his own itinerary, with results memorable to all men, in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and in the romances wrought by him as the fruits of such study of Scottish legend and character. In the pages of his Itinerarium, Gordon not only describes and delineates the altars and inscribed tablets, the Roman legends, and runic inscriptions of Inveresk and Cramond, of Ruthwell, Annandale, and the Eildon Hills—all favourite haunts of the great novelist,—but he furnishes no inconsiderable part of the actual materials which Scott turned to account in the creation of one of his most original characters: the Laird of Monkbarns.

According to the traditions of the Pennycuik family, as communicated to me by the late Sir George Clerk, the author of the Itinerarium was a grave man, of formal habits, tall, lean, and usually taciturn. But his silence was probably only in uncongenial society. He must have had his voluble fits at times, for he was known in the Pennycuik circle by the name of *Galgachus*. His thoughts at this time, we may presume, revolved so persistently around Mons Grampius and its Caledonian hero, that when they shaped themselves into words, they were apt to make the enthusiastic antiquary the butt of unsympathising juveniles. Of the pranks of the latter under such promptings some characteristic reminiscences are preserved: and especially that of the manufacture of a Roman altar, which was in due time brought to light on the Pennycuik estate, and furnished the basis for speculations not less learned and ingenious than those of the ever-memorable sculptured tablet, with its sacrificial ladle and inscription, dug up by The Antiquary on his third day's trenching of the Kaim of Kinprunes. In truth, the whole story is a genuine

legend of the Pennycuik family, derived by Scott himself from William Clerk, of Eldin, the grandson of the Baron. On one occasion, as he told, when visiting his grandfather at Dumcrieff, in Dumfriesshire, the old Baronet carried some virtuosos to see a supposed Roman camp, and on his exclaiming at a particular spot, "This I take to have been the Prætorium," a herdsman who stood by responded: "Prætorium here, prætorium there; I made it wi' a flaughter spade." A brother of his informant, afterwards famous on the Scottish Bench as Lord Eldin, inherited another trait of the scions of the Pennycuik House. Being skilled as an artist, he employed his ingenuity in the manufacture of antique statues, which, mutilated into a becoming aspect of genuineness, were in due time dug up, to the great delight of the laird and the enrichment of his museum.

The curious collection of Roman and other antiquities which engaged the study of the older Scottish antiquary, and which Gordon enriched with various contributions, including a fine votive altar found at Barhill, on the Antonine Wall, a legionary tablet from the Crochill Fort, and other gifts of like kind: is still preserved at Pennycuik House, as in the days when the author of the Itinerary was welcomed there by the Baron, to whose taste its formation is chiefly due. It was, indeed, when prosecuting my own researches among its antique treasures, that the family traditions above referred to, relative to the author of the Itinerarium Septentrionale, were communicated to me by the late Baronet. But the old mansion itself, which furnished the arena for discussions akin to those which wrought such strife between the houses of Knockwinnock and Monkbarns, has long since disappeared. The present house, built by the Baron's son and successor in 1761, in the classic style which Robert Adam was then bringing into general favour, is chiefly interesting for its great room, styled *Ossian's Hall*, elaborately decorated by the pencil of Runciman with frescoes illustative of the popular Gaelic epic. Its builder extended to the poet Allan Ramsay a like hospitable welcome with that which Gordon had received from his predecessor; and the romantic locality of Habbie's How, the scene of the poet's Scottish pastoral, lies only a few miles to the south-west, among the Pentland Hills.

There is no room for doubt that Scott had Gordon and his experiences in view, and even bore in remembrance certain familiar inci-

dents connected with the formation and later history of the Pennycuik collection, when he drew the inimitable portraiture of Jonathan Oldbuck. He does indeed tell us, in the introduction to "The Chronicles of the Canongate," that "the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, in 'The Antiquary,' was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakespeare, and other invaluable favours." But he adds at a later date that the only incident in the novel borrowed from the real circumstances of his early friend, excepting the fact that he resided in an old house near a flourishing seaport, is a scene which Scott himself chanced to witness, in which he played the part of the Laird in his conflict with Mrs. Macleuchar, at the head of her trap stairs in the old High Street of Edinburgh. Of his other recorded qualities—including "an excellent temper, with a slight degree of subacid humour; learning, wit, and drollery, the more poignant that they were a little marked by the peculiarities of an old bachelor,"—the Pennycuik traditions have preserved nothing in common; nor is it easy to conceive of the patient, plodding author of the Itinerarium ever unbending so far as to be found capable of wit or drollery.

But the power of idealization was too strong in Scott to admit of his being the mere literary photographer of some familiar acquaintance. Many traits of his old friend George Constable, of Wallace Crag, were doubtless wrought into the ideal Jonathan Oldbuck; but we have the authority of Lockhart for the fact that John Clerk, of Eldin, a younger son of the Baron of Pennycuik,—author of a once famous essay on dividing the line in sea-fights, to which was ascribed some of the victories of Lord Rodney and a general revolution in naval tactics;—who inherited the antiquarian tastes of his father, supplied not a few of the most graphic touches in the inimitable portraiture of the Laird of Monkbarns. Nor was the author wholly unconscious of personal traits of the Laird of Abbotsford himself, derived in part from the enthusiasm of friends of his youth, and fostered by such studies as those of "Sandy Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale." But Scott's characters are creations, and not mere portraits, much less caricatures. They are true to nature, and replete with evidence of that comprehensive study of humanity in which the power of the poet and the dramatist lies.

But of the influence of the Itinerarium Septentrionale on the literary form of "The Antiquary," and the enriching of its pages

with incident and character derived from this unlikely source, there can be no question. It is indeed very much in the actual words of Gordon's learned argument, though in a more condensed form than suited the ample page of his folio, that the Antiquary holds forth to Lovel on the disputed site of Agricola's victory. "As for our Scottish antiquaries," says Gordon, "they are so divided that some will have it to be in the shire of Angus, or in the Mearns; some at the Blair of Athol in Perthshire, or Ardoch in Strathallan; and others at Innerpeffery:" and so the solemn old folio, formal, tall and lean as its learned author, proceeds as it were in stately amplification of the very words listened to by Lovel on the Kaim of Kinprunes. And "now, after all this discussion," continued the Laird of Monkbarns, with one of his slyest and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr. Lovel—I say, what would you think, if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes?"—or, as his genuine prototype, Sandy Gordon, would have it, at Galdachan, in Strathern. He has combated his opponents in detail, and now he proceeds: "From all which I am of opinion that the real place where the battle was fought, at the Mons Grampius, is, as I have already asserted, in Strathern, the famous *Glacialis Ierne* of which Claudius the poet afterwards makes so much mention." For is there not Agricola's camp visible there to all men, with distinct agger and fossa, porta decumana, prætorium, and all else? 'Tis true, a part of the square is washed away by the Ruchel, a torrent that there joins the river Ern. But what of that, when the identification can be clinched in this unanswerable fashion: "The situation of the ground," says Gordon, "is so very exact with the description given by Tacitus, that in all my travels through Britain I never beheld anything with more pleasure, it being directly at the foot of the Grampian Hills; besides there are the *colles*, or small rising grounds on which the Caledonians were placed before the battle, and also the high hill on which the body of the Caledonian army lay, and from which they came down upon the Romans. Nor is it difficult, on viewing this ground, to guess at the place where the *covinarii*, or charioteers, stood. In fine, to an antiquary, this is a ravishing scene." And so he closes his argument beyond possible assault, with this crowning evidence: "Galgachus's name still remains on this ground; for the moor is called to this day *Galdachan*, or *Galgachan Rossmore!*"

There is no question where Scott obtained the materials which he turned to such choice account. It would be vain, indeed, to hunt in the grave pages of the *Itinerarium* for Edie Ochiltree's prototype. Yet it is in immediate sequence to a learned discussion about King Gald, or Galdus, and the transformation of his name into that of the Scottish hero, that he tells us: "they have a tradition that from the Fort of Ardoch to a place on the opposite side of the water, called the Keir, there is a subterranean passage in which there are old treasures hid. This tradition, which perhaps is very groundless, is kept up by two or three of the barbish verses which are handed from father to son, time out of mind:—

From the camp of Ardoch
To the grinnin hill of Keir,
Are nine kings' rents
For seven hundred year.

I was much diverted," adds Gordon, "with some old astrological stuff which one of the inhabitants had from his great grandfather, directing his posterity, by certain obscure cyphers, to find out the treasure. I should not have mentioned the tradition had I not called to mind the story of King Arthur's body, which was discovered by some old verses of the bards; and if there be any treasure, I believe it may be Roman medals, or such kind of antiquities." After all the diversion which our antiquary professes to have derived from the credulity of the rustics of Strathallan, it is obvious that he could have been as easily lured by some mischief-loving Edie Ochiltree to try the powers of his "old astrological stuff," as the German adept in his search for the treasures of Misticot's grave. If he could only, with the help of magic formulæ or diviner's rod, have hit upon the spot, there is no questioning his readiness to have dug up the "nine kings' rents" in medals and other Roman ware, as genuine as the bonnet-pieces and testoons dug up in the ruins of St. Ruth. "Eh, sirs," exclaims the old Bluegown, "but human nature's a wilful and wilyard thing! Is it not an unco lucre o' gain wad bring this Dousterdivel out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to thir wild gousty wa's!—and amna I a bigger fule than himsel' to bide here waiting for him?"

But Mr. Alexander Gordon was no knavish adept. He merits all the praise of an honest and painstaking antiquary, who diligently travelled and studied for himself; and has preserved for us records

of earthworks, inscriptions, and relics of various kinds, of which, but for him, all knowledge would have been lost. The title of his famous folio is "Itinerarium Septentrionale, or a journey thro' most of the Counties of Scotland, and those of the North of England;" not indeed that that is the whole title, for it runs on into details sufficient for a respectable preface, and guarantees "a particular description of the Roman walls of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Scotland; their different stations, watch-towers, turrets, exploratory castles, height, breadth, and all their other dimensions; taken by an actual geometrical survey from sea to sea, with all the altars and inscriptions," &c., &c. As to Mons Grampius, he has surveyed it for himself, and floors his opponents by reminding them that the remarkable range of mountains called the Grampian Hills reaches from Dumbarton on the Clyde, to Aberdeen on the German Ocean; and though, no doubt, the Mons Grampius they are in search of must be one of this long range of Montes Grampii, yet he says: "Till I see some vestiges of a Roman camp in the Mearns, where there are none, I cannot be convinced that Agricola went so far north."

It was worth Sir John Clerk's while to give hospitable entertainment at Pennycuik House to one who could speak as an eyewitness of every camp, tower, and barrow of the whole Grampian chain. The Baron's father-in-law was Sir John Inglis, of Cramond, famous for its Roman harbour, of which Gordon says: "Here several Roman inscriptions have been dug up, and an incredible quantity of Roman coins of gold, silver, and brass of all sorts," besides altars, &c., which he describes from the originals "now in Baron Clerk's collection;" and he adds, "among all the collections of Roman antiquities in Scotland, that of Baron Clerk justly claims the preference, both as to number and curiosity;" but above all, a Roman stilus for writing, found, with its *theca graphiaria*, within an old Roman sepulchre, or cairn, in the County of Edinburgh, and "esteemed by all the curious as the greatest rarity of that kind ever found in Britain." The Baron's own learned report of his explorations is embodied in Gordon's supplement, wherein he notes the discovery in this same sepulchre of a "perpetual lamp," such as are affirmed to have been found still burning on the opening of certain tombs, and, in defiance of all known laws of combustion, to have only gone out when a supply of oxygen was admitted to them!

Pennycuik House stands on the skirts of the Pentlands, where the North Esk winds its way eastward to the Roman station of Inveresk; and is surrounded on all hands with antique sites and historical localities, rich in treasured memories, and in not a few tangible memorials of the past. The old Baron's library of learned folios and quartos still survives; and the valuable collection of Roman and other antiquities which rewarded his explorations in the surrounding regions, or was augmented by his father-in-law, Sir John Inglis, from the old Roman seaport at the mouth of the Almond, by Gordon himself, and by other contributors, furnished some curious illustrations for the "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland:" including specimens of primitive bronze work, and a rare example of ivory-carving, — a group of figures, of which the central one, a queen, seated with a book and lap-dog on her knee, suggests its destination as the queen-piece of a set of chess-men,— wrought, like others of its class, from the tusk of the walrus, or "huel-bone" of Chaucer. It is labelled, in the handwriting of the Baron, as having been found by John Adair, the old Scottish geographer, in 1682, when engaged in a survey of the kingdom by appointment of the Lords of the Scottish Privy Council. It must, therefore, have been in the Pennycuik collection when Gordon was ransacking it for his Itinerary; but it lay out of the line of his favourite studies, or of objects that then commanded the interest of the learned.

Only a few miles distant from Pennycuik House, in the vicinity of the old Roman track, lies the village of Romana, the name of which is supposed to perpetuate the memory of the constructors of certain Roman works near by, and so, as Gordon says, "to prove the veracity of its etymology." The stables of Pennycuik House are now surmounted with a dome-like structure, formerly erected in the neighbouring grounds as a fac-simile of the Arthur's Oon of Dr. Stukeley's old quarto: a singular bee-hive structure of squared masonry twenty-five feet in diameter, which, in spite of every conflicting analogy or probability, Gordon agrees with the older author in believing to have been a Roman temple erected by Agricola. As to what Dr. Stukeley did or did not believe, we need not greatly concern ourselves. He visited Oxford in September, 1724, little more than a year prior to the issue of Gordon's famous folio from the press, and when he must have been in frequent correspondence

with his antiquarian friend on many knotty points of interpretation and deduction. A learned scholar and antiquary then resident there as Fellow of his College, Thomas Hearne,—himself one of the most voluminous of writers, whose works, in all their editions, extend to about one hundred volumes,—has recorded the fact in his diary, with this comment on his brother antiquary: "This Dr. Stukeley is a mighty conceited man, and it is observed by all I have talked with that what he does hath no manner of likeness to the originals. He goes all by fancy. In short, as he addicts himself to fancy altogether, what he does must have no regard among judicious and truly ingenuous men." A more recent biographer, in the "Penny Cyclopædia," sums up his character in this fashion: "No antiquarian ever had so lively, not to say licentious, a fancy as Stukeley. The love of the obscure, remote past, inflamed him like a passion. Most even of his descriptions are rather visions than sober relations of what would be perceived by an ordinary eye; and never, before or since, were such broad continuous webs of speculation woven out of little more than moonshine." Such was the author of the "Account of a Roman Temple, Arthur's Oon," in the estimation of critical and discriminating judges. But the old proverb holds good, that "a man is known by his friends;" and the estimate of Gordon stands in amusing contrast to such inappreciative verdicts. After pronouncing that "Dr. Gale's and Burton's Itineraries will be famous whilst letters are in the world;" he adds, "nor, I hope, will the labours and industry of my worthy friend Doctor Stukeley be ever forgot, who has favoured the public with so many notable discoveries in antiquity and other branches of valuable erudition."

As to Arthur's Oon, the first notice of it occurs in the Historia Britonum of Nennius. In form it coincided with the bee-hive houses of Scotland's and Ireland's primitive Christian era, and its masonry was not greatly different from that of the Scottish round towers, popularly ascribed to the Picts. Whether it was a sacellum or a mausoleum, a templum terminі, or what else, no two antiquaries were agreed. But in this, at least, the pair of enthusiasts concurred, that it was "not unlike the famous Pantheon at Rome, before the noble portico was added to it by Marcus Aurelius:" only Gordon must needs note that the Pantheon is of more brick, "whereas Arthur's Oon is made of regular courses of hewn stone." This unhappily proved its ruin. In 1743, Sir Michael Bruce, the barbarian on whose lands it stood,

pulled it down for materials wherewith to build a mill-dam on the River Carron. The river whose banks it had made memorable from the days of Nennius, if not of Agricola, avenged the sacrilege by sweeping away the dismembered sacellum; and so Sir John Clerk, after "cursing the Gothic Knight with bell, book and candle," did the best he could to reproduce the lost relic on the banks of the North Esk. A noteworthy little incident, highly illustrative of Scottish character, is mentioned by Dr. John Hill Burton, who himself remembers it being brought as a charge against a candidate for the representation of a Scottish county, certainly more than a century after the base deed was perpetrated, that he was a descendant of the destroyer of Arthur's Oon!

There was much to be pondered over by the Laird of Pennycuik and his industrious brother antiquary. There had been a bassorelievo visible on the time-worn archway of Arthur's Oon, as like to an eagle with expanded wings as was that over Monkbarns' own doorway to the Abbot of Trotcosey's mitre; only, as Gordon feels bound to confess, "age and time, and perhaps the same barbarous hand that erased the letters, may have defaced it, but even now part of the body and one of the wings may be faintly discerned." Here again was subject matter for many a solemn conclave. Gordon sums up a grand array of exhaustive arguments thus: "But besides all this, Dr. Stukeley has well observed that time has left Julius Agricola's very name on the place, as entire as the building, seeing it goes frequently under the appellation of Julius Hoff, or house; and if ever these initial letters I. A. M. P. M. P. T., mentioned by Sir Robert Sibbald, were engraved on a stone in this building, it may not be reckoned altogether absurd that they should bear this reading,—*Julius Agricola magnæ pictatis monumentum posuit templum.* But this the reader may either accept or reject, as he pleases. However, I think it may as probably be received as that inscription on Caligula's Pharus in Holland, which, having these following letters, C. C. P. F., is read *Caius Caligula pharum fecit.*" Here, it can scarcely be necessary to remind the reader, is the undoubted original of Aiken Drum's lang ladle. The Antiquary has demonstrated to Lovel beyond all possibility of cavil that the Kaim of Kinprunes, the *Castra pruinis* of Claudian—*in conspectu classis*, in sight of the Roman fleet, as Tacitus has it,—corresponds in all respects to the scene of Agricola's final conflict; and now is produced the grand

climax, held in reserve for a crowning triumph: the sculptured stone trenched up on the very spot, with its "sacrificing vessel, and the letters A. D. L. L., which may stand without much violence for *Agricola dicavit libens lubens.*" "Certainly, sir," responds the complaisant Lovel, "for the Dutch antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a lighthouse on the sole authority of the letters C. C. P. F.;" and so on to Mr. Oldbuck's "trivial essay upon castrametation, with some particular remarks upon the vestiges of ancient fortifications lately discovered by the author at the Kaim of Kinprunes," in which he flatters himself he has pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. It is interesting thus to trace the hand of the great master, with his Midas-touch transmuting such arid controversies into the sparkling humour of his choicest romance.

Gordon was able to contribute to the Pennycuik discussions somewhat besides the learning which he had picked up in his northern Alma Mater. Like Dugald Dalgetty, he was a traveller to boot though on more peaceful errands. What his precise age was at the date of the publication of the famous folio on which his literary fame is based, I have failed to ascertain. In point of years he was greatly Baron Clerk's junior. But his journeyings had already extended beyond the shadows of the Grampians, and with the publication of the Itinerarium his connection with Scotland came to an end. His correspondence with his "worthy friend, Dr. Stukeley," had now been exchanged for more intimate personal intercourse, and he grows enraptured over the assembled rank and learning of the old London gatherings of the antiquarian fraternity, of which the Doctor was Secretary. The London Society of Antiquaries had at that date forsaken the Young Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, for the Fountain Tavern over against Chancery Lane, and in the following year removed to Gray's Inn Lane, and afterwards to the Temple. But apparently the more dignified quarters thus provided for their deliberations conflicted too much with the social habits of that age; and so, in the following year, 1728, we find the Fellows have once more emerged into Fleet Street, and are holding their meetings in the Mitre Tavern there. It was, in truth, the Antiquaries' Club according to the fashion of that eighteenth century; and to the genuine enthusiasts who took the lead in it, was so delightful that Gordon exclaims, "For my own share, I think sincerely that England seems now to be the true seat of the Muses, and London is become Apollo's

favourite residence." In his dedication to the Duke of Queensberry he expresses his gratitude "for many favours received both at home and abroad;" and his repeated allusions to the architecture of Rome and to the galleries of art of Naples, Venice, Florence, and other celebrated collections of continental Europe, as well as to the Raphaels, Titians, Domenichinos, and Vandykes in English collections, prove his familiarity with the works of the great masters as objects of personal study. He was indeed a zealous collector himself, alike as an antiquary and a connoisseur of art. He claims for "the Mercury now in London, which I myself had the good fortune to buy for the present Lord Bateman in Italy," an artistic value equal to any statue in Europe; while we come repeatedly on such references as this: "I carried away from the Fort of Carvoran a small portable altar, with an inscription dedicated to the tutelary god Vitorinus. This piece of antiquity I gave to Baron Clerk, and take it to be the same mentioned by Cambden." Again, at Castlesteed, the Petriana of later Anglo-Roman antiquaries, in Northumberland: "here I purchased a small altar dedicated to the god Mars. The inscription is thus: DEO SANCTO MARTI VENVSTINVS LVPVS VOTVM SOLVIT LVBENS MERITO. This small altar, which I presented to the Right Honourable the Earl of Hertford, is very singular in giving the epithet *Sanctus* to the god Mars. Cambden shews an altar with an inscription, Deo sancto Belutucadro, which is supposed to be Mars; but this confirms the title *Sanctus* to that god of war, and is a very great curiosity." Had his researches been turned to a collateral branch of inquiry, well calculated to have engaged his attention, he would have learned from a study of the famous Eugubine Tables, found at the Umbrian town of Iguvium in 1444, that *Sancus* was the tutelary deity of the Sabines, and *Sabus*, the son of *Sancus*, their chief divinity and eponymous, with much else peculiarly tempting to so indefatigable an etymologist as Gordon proves himself to have been. For it was a study he "loved, not wisely, but too well."

But the prized altar of the Petrianian Mars has beguiled us from the remoter wanderings of the author of the Itinerary. This much is certainly known of him, that in early life he travelled over various parts of the Continent, explored considerable portions of France on foot, visited Germany, resided for years in Italy, and so—along with other fruits of such experience,—was able to confute Hector Boethius and later speculators on the purpose for which

Arthur's Oon was constructed. Winding up a comprehensive argument in his Itinerarium, he adds this final result of his own observations: "Indeed, for my own part, I never observed, in Italy or elsewhere, any real Roman temple whatsoever which was not at least four times as large as Arthur's Oon."

But, as already hinted, the antiquarian traveller had tastes and acquirements of a varied range, and in some respects of a more marketable character. He was able to state, in closing his Itinerary, that "all the monuments in this work are truly and faithfully exhibited from the originals, drawn on the spot by my own hand;" and as he refers to the inadequate encouragement extended to him having compelled him to curtail the expenditure on engraving, it is only just to assume that he had a greater command of his pencil than the coarsely executed plates of his folio would suggest. In reality, as now appears, he worked in oil, practised the art of portrait painting, and, as will be seen, made some of his paintings, including his own portrait, subjects of special bequest in his will.

In music his skill was considerable, nor is it wholly improbable that we may owe to him one or other of the unclaimed airs associated with Scottish song. Aberdeenshire has contributed its full share both to the lyrics and music of our national minstrelsy. The Rev. John Skinner, one of its own native poets, in his vigorous words to the old reel of Tullochgorum, appeals to the national sympathies against new-fangled foreign tastes:—

> What need there be sae great a fraise
> Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
> I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
> For half a hunder score o' them

William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, composed and adapted some of the fine airs to which Burns wedded more than one of his most beautiful songs, such as "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw;" and we owe to the M.S. lute-book of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, dated 1627, several fine song tunes of an earlier century. It would be a pleasant discovery if we were enabled to associate a familiar national or Jacobite air with the name of the old Scottish antiquary. According to the traditions of Pennycuik House, his musical skill had been turned to account in his continental wanderings, somewhat after the fashion of Goldsmith's flute, though doubtless in more dignified professional ways than those which the author of "The Traveller" thus artlessly records:—

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all time and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour,
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three score.

Without the geniality of the author of "The Traveller," Gordon must have had some of his wayward propensities. Chalmers says that he "resided many years in Italy, and visited most parts of that country." Of this Italian sojourn—in whatever capacity it may have been carried out,—the known fruits are his lives of Pope Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia, and his "Complete History of Ancient Amphitheatres, more particularly regarding the architecture of these buildings, and in particular that of Verona," translated from the Italian of the Marquis Scipio Maffei. But both his literary and professional labours must have been pursued in a singularly erratic fashion. He seems to have forsaken the Muses for a time after his return from his continental wanderings, and is reported to have acquired much of his minute knowledge of Romano-Scotic antiquities while engaged as a surveyor of the route for the projected canal between the Forth and the Clyde, which follows the same course as the line of Agricola's forts and the later wall of Antonine.

In 1732 Gordon issued proposals for engraving, by subscription, a complete view of the Roman Walls in Britain, as they really appear on the ground; their height, thickness, number of courses in the stone wall, inscriptions, altars, and all else; "their whole number again delineated from their originals, according to exact mensuration, with a scale, and correction of former publications." Had he received adequate encouragement, he would doubtless have anticipated Horsley, Hodgson, Stuart, and Bruce, in many of their industrious researches. But he had already remarked of the illustrations of his *Itinerarium*: "Had my encouragement from the public been more considerable, they might have been executed with more expense, though not with greater truth and exactness." Horsley's *Britannia Romana* was, moreover, ready for the press; the Scottish antiquary

had laboured on a thankless task, and the fruits of his painstaking researches were lost to the world.

> "How profitless the relics that we cull,
> Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome;" –

so might the disappointed author have exclaimed, even in a more literal sense than the poet meant. This disappointment may have influenced the incidents of his later career, though he still found some recognition of his services in the cause of letters and archæology. In 1736 he was appointed Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Learning, and soon after succeeded to the more congenial office of Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London. It was probably through the influence of his brother antiquary, Dr. Stukeley, that he also obtained the secretaryship of the Egyptian Society, of which that amiable enthusiast was one of the founders; and so had a new bent given to his researches, which is proved by his will to have been thenceforth the ruling passion of his life. The Society was chiefly composed of gentlemen who had visited Egypt, and were thereby assumed to have achieved some special mastery of its antique lore. Their Secretary, without apparently having enjoyed such opportunities, turned his indefatigable zeal in this new direction, published a succession of very learned and unreadable folios, undertook to solve the mysteries of hieroglyphics before the Rosetta Stone was heard of, and to illustrate "all the Egyptian mummies in England!" Hence followed, in especial, "Two Essays towards explaining the hieroglyphical figures on the coffin belonging to Captain W. Lethieullier, and on the Egyptian mummy in the museum of Dr. Mead;" another folio of twenty-five plates of Egyptian mummies, engraved by Vander Gucht; and, indeed, endless hieroglyphic elucidations and mystifications, carried on to the close of a life terminated under circumstances well calculated to have weaned anyone but such an enthusiastic devotee from this unprofitable toil

> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up.

Alexander Gordon, it may be surmised, was somewhat of a fossil mummy himself. Had his northern Alma Mater been able to furnish it, his fittest niche would have been some snug College Fellowship, with a Bodleian Library to browse in at his will. But it has rather been the fashion in the North to let such Fellows cultivate their learning on a little oatmeal. I confess to a kindly feeling

for the old antiquary. His fate, though no rare one in the history of the Scot, was scarcely what he deserved. He must have had one more point of resemblance to Jonathan Oldbuck, characteristic enough of many a pilgrim from Dee-side. "Were he thoughtless, or light-headed, or *cui sunt pro-ligus*," said the old attorney who had undertaken to become Jonathan's instructor in the profession of the law, "I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go farther than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of an Act of Parliament for days, rather than go to the golf, or the change-house." The author of the Itinerarium was of the same frugal type; and having no paternal acres on which to retire, after labouring so zealously to elucidate the antiquities of the Old World, he undertook an ampler Itinerarium Septentrionale beyond the furthest limit marked by column or temple of the god Terminus. It was his fortune to close his diligent life among the novelties of a world beyond the Atlantic, whither the Roman eagle never flew.

In 1741 Gordon was succeeded in the office of Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London by Mr. Joseph Ames, best known by his labours on typographical antiquities. He had married, and no doubt found the rewards of archæological learning and research somewhat insubstantial resources on which to sustain his household gods. So he accepted an invitation to accompany Governor Glen to South Carolina, where he obtained an official appointment, acquired a valuable grant of land, and died apparently in the year 1754, leaving to his family gifts of fortune far beyond what could have been hoped for from the career of the antiquarian enthusiast. It is just possible that this colonial appointment bore some slight relation to his earlier researches. At least the fact is noticeable that, among the Roman relics recovered by him while exploring the Antonine wall, at Barhill Fort, near Auchinday, was a Roman altar sculptured with patera and præfericulum, which, he says, "is now in the hands of my curious and honoured friend, James Glen, Esq., present Provost of Lithgow." This is no doubt the James Glen of Longcroft, Esq., who appears as a subscriber for two royal copies of the Itinerarium, and not improbably a relative of His Excellency James Glen, Governor of South Carolina, the patron at whose invitation Gordon emigrated to his later home in the New World.

Unfortunately my enquiries after traces of the old Scottish antiquary in his new home beyond the Atlantic were delayed till after the close of the great Southern War, which has led to the destruction of records that might have thrown further light on his own career and on that of his descendants. Nevertheless, research has been rewarded far beyond my expectations, mainly through the kind and zealous co-operation of General Wilmot G. de Saussure, of Charleston, South Carolina, President of the St. Andrew's Society of that city, and one who prizes his claims to Scottish descent through a maternal ancestress. Alexander Gordon became a member of that Society shortly after his settlement in Charleston, as appears from its historical roll; but unhappily the original records, which should have told of the part he played in its proceedings, perished in the late war. In its original constitution the Society is styled the St. Andrew's Club, and as such flourished till the War of Independence. In an address delivered before the Society by Mitchell King, Esq., when celebrating its centennial anniversary, on St. Andrew's Day, the 30th of November, 1829, the speaker remarks: "In examining the earlier records of the Society, it is interesting, and sometimes curious, to read the petitions, and see the various applications made to them. If a poor man had been oppressed by a rich neighbour, if he had lost his little crop, or stood in need of necessaries for his family, he applied to the St. Andrew's Society. One tells that his neighbours have trespassed on his land, and that he has been harassed and ruined by lawsuits. Another says that after he had made a good crop a part of it was destroyed by the bears, and the rest stolen by negroes. In 1747, the sister of a Scottish Baronet, on her third application for further relief, informs them that she believes the recent troubles in Scotland (*i.e.* the rebellion of 1745,) had prevented her brother from sending her assistance:" and so the narrative proceeds. But for the ravages of more recent troubles, we might have recovered some graphic touches illustrative of the share which Alexander Gordon took in the good work of the St. Andrew's Club of Charleston, the oldest charitable society of South Carolina. From the imprint of the original rules of the club—"London: printed by James Crokatt, printer and bookseller to the Society, at the Golden Key, next the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, 1731,"—it seems doubtful if a printing press had been set up in South Carolina within ten years of the arrival in that scene of his latest achievements, of

the author of the Itinerarium and other learned folios and quartos. When the address which supplies those facts was delivered, in 1829, a younger Alexander Gordon, possibly enough a grandson of the antiquary, was secretary of the Society. In the centenary address due attention is given to the memory of notable members; Alexander Skene, an original Member of the Council of the Province; John Fraser, a favourite trader among the Yamassee Indians, and celebrated in the early history of the state for his romantic escape, with his family, from a massacre, in the Indian War of 1715; Mr. Crokatt, first Treasurer of the Society, a wealthy Charleston merchant, and the link, as we may presume, between the old Charleston Club and his namesake of the Golden Key, who styles himself *Bibliopola ad Societatem*. The Londoner was a bibliopole of note in his day; originated the Universal History, and had a hand in starting the Daily Advertiser. His Excellency, Governor Robert Johnson; Robert Wright, Chief Justice of South Carolina; The Honourable James Abercrombie, of the House of Tullibody, second President of the Society; the Rev. Dr. Alexander Hewat, the earliest historian of the state; and others of the South Carolinian brethren of St. Andrew, in like manner come under review; but so wholly had the literary or antiquarian fame of the author of the Itinerarium proved an exotic in his New World home, that my fresh inquiries after any surviving traces of him in South Carolina were responded to by the acknowledgment that such a name did indeed appear on the old rolls of the Society, but nothing was known of the man. No one dreamt of its being that of the ever-memorable Sandie Gordon of Jonathan Oldbuck; and so I received, in lieu of what I craved, a minute record of another Aberdonian colonist, Dr. Alexander Garden, F.R.S., a zealous student of botany and natural history, and subsequently Vice-President of the Royal Society of London, who in 1755 accompanied Governor Glen on a journey into the country of the Cherokee Nation. As to the actual subject of my inquiries, my informant added that, after diligent search, his labours resulted only in the two following facts:—"That about 1750 one Alexander Gordon became a member of the St. Andrew's Society; and that about 1755 one Alexander Gordon's will was proved before the proper Probate Court; but the records being destroyed by Gen. Sherman when he burnt Columbia, the will could not be found."

Here seemed a hopeless termination to my too tardy inquiries after the old colonist. Early in November, 1864, General Sherman telegraphed to Washington: "Georgia and South Carolina are at my mercy, and I shall strike." On the 15th of the same month he gave Atlanta to the flames, and set out on the great march in which he swept, like a destroying angel, through the South. Columbia, the capital of the latter state, experienced the same fate as Atlanta; and among the many treasures that perished I could no longer doubt that, with all its other records of varying worth and value, the will of Alexander Gordon, with the evidence it contained of family ties and fortune's favours, had for ever passed beyond recal. But not so. The indefatigable zeal of General de Saussure, stimulated by a hearty appreciation of the interest attaching to the search, led him to hunt for months among old deeds and records, with the gratifying result of adding various facts to our knowledge of the object of inquiry, in addition to the recovery of the highly characteristic document of the antiquary's last will, and its evidences of the ruling passion strong in death.

In one of the public offices, in Charleston, my kind correspondent traced out the recorded copy of a deed by which one Hamerton, the Registrar of the Province, farms out his office to Alexander Gordon, and appoints him, as his attorney, to transact all the business and receive all the fees of the office. "The book," he adds, "in which the deed is recorded, is so rotted away by the ink as to make it scarcely legible, and the leaves fall in pieces as they are turned." Nevertheless, it has been recovered ere too late; and here we find the old Aberdeen Master of Arts, Music Teacher, Painter, Land Surveyor, Litterateur, Secretary of the London Antiquaries, of the Egyptian Club, &c., in an entirely novel character as Attorney-at-Law, and Registrar of the Province of South Carolina. Among other recorded conveyances, General de Saussure has also traced one of a large lot of land in Charleston, in 1746, to Alexander Gordon, which he must have possessed at the time of his death; though such was not the kind of worldly estate of which he made much account in the final disposition of his goods. It is also apparent, from the same record, that he was domiciled in South Carolina prior to 28th March, 1746, the date of the conveyance to him, and that he died before 23rd July, 1755, as upon that day Alexander Gordon and Frances Charlotte Gordon, as devisees of Alexander Gordon, convey the lot to Sir Egerton Leigh.

His son appears to have followed the last of the many professional vocations of the versatile Scot, as I find among the members of "the Union Kilwinning Lodge No. 4, Charleston, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina," Alexander Gordon, Attorney-at-Law, admitted in 1756.

But the most interesting and authentic of all documentary evidence is the last will and testament of the old antiquary, for a certified copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of George Buist, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate of Charleston, the descendant of the Rev. Dr. Buist, a Scottish clergyman of early colonial times. It is dated the 22nd August, 1754, the testator being then "sick and weak of body, but of sound mind, memory and understanding, thanks be given to Almighty God for the same." It proceeds thus: "As to the worldly estate wherewith it has pleased God to bless me with, I give the same and dispose thereof in manner following,"—and then follows, very characteristically, this somewhat apocryphal "worldly estate:" "I give, devise and bequeath unto the Honorable Hector Berenger De Beaufain, Esq., his picture, portrait, or effigies, by me, the said testator, painted, drawn, and represented." In like manner he bequeaths to the Reverend John Heywood a similar portrait of himself; while to his son, Alexander Gordon, he leaves "my own picture, together with all and singular the paintings, views and representations by me, the said testator, painted, drawn, and represented." He next apportions to his daughter, Frances Charlotte, his silver watch, and to his son his gold ring: and then follow the more substantial bequest to his son and daughter, of a lot of land in Ansonborough, with the houses thereon, "with all and singular other my pictures hereinbefore and not particularly given," with the plate and household furniture, to be equally divided between them; and those all disposed of, the dying antiquary thus crowns his grateful bequests: "Item. It is my express will and desire, and I do hereby order and direct, that my said son shall, as conveniently as may be, cause to be printed and published, my book now remaining in manuscript, and tituled, A Critical Essay towards the Elustrating the History and Chronology of the Egyptians and other most ancient nations, from the earliest ages on record till the time of Alexander the Great, &c., &c., &c."; and then the testator bequeaths to his said son two-thirds of all the profits to accrue from this invaluable publication, and to his aforesaid daughter the remaining third! It is to be

feared that the heirs had no adequate faith in the marketable value of hieroglyphic elucidations, and the world still awaits the publication of this Critical Essay.

From an old diary kept by a South Carolinian gentleman, about a century ago, to which General de Saussure has had access, it appears that Frances Gordon married, on the 30th May, 1763, John Troup, probably the same whose name figures along with that of her brother, as John Troup, Attorney-at-Law, among the Freemasons of the Union Kilwinning Lodge of Charleston.

At this point all traces of Alexander Gordon, the elder, are lost. During the late war, the registry books of almost all the churches in Charleston were destroyed, and a diligent search among the older tombstones of its cemeteries has failed to reveal the last resting-place of himself or his descendants. But if Roman antiquary ever follows from the Old World on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the author of the Itinerarium Septentrionale, it must be sought, or fancied, beneath the shade of some Pride of India or other semi-tropical tree, where the River Ashley finds its way to the Atlantic through a region devoid of older antiquities than the trail of extinct forest tribes. When Alexander Gordon settled in South Carolina, the Catawbas, Yamassees, Cherokees, and other aboriginal tribes still clung to their old hunting grounds, much as the tribes of ancient Caledonia hovered round the settlements of its Roman colonists, when Inveresk and Cramond were the Roman sea-ports of the Forth. But such analogies were little heeded in that eighteenth century. The Roman antiquary had exchanged the favourite researches of his Scottish itinerary for more obscure Egyptian mysteries; and it may be doubted if, amid the novel duties of Provincial Registrar, it ever occurred to him that he stood in a relation to those native tribes, the aboriginal owners of the soil, analogous to that of a prefect of the old Roman proprietor among the Gadeni and Otadeni of the Lothians.

Among the paintings and drawings, plans, and surveys of Roman walls, altars, inscriptions, and all else, which Alexander and Frances Charlotte, his son and daughter, inherited from the antiquary, there must have been some covetable fruits of his early labours, more appreciable now than then, if they have escaped the ravages of time, and the still more destructive violence of civil war. Above all, there fell to the share of Alexander Gordon, jun., the portraiture

and effigies of the veritable antiquary himself, painted by his own hand, and which would now be a prized treasure in any archæological gallery of the Old World or the New.

But no descendants of the author of the Itinerarium are now known in South Carolina, of whom to inquire after the portrait of their famed ancestor; though the slight traces still recoverable seem to indicate that they prospered. From an historical sketch of the St. Andrew's Society of Charleston, which accompanies its printed rules, the office-bearers and members can be traced from its foundation. Assuming the Alexander Gordon of 1740-48, of the St. Andrew's Club, to be the antiquary himself, his son's name does not appear among its members, though the Gordons of those old colonial days are otherwise well represented: in 1757 by the Hon. Captain John Gordon; in 1761 by the Rev. Charles Gordon; and in 1765 by the Right Hon. Lord Adam Gordon, with others of later date, on to 1825, when another Alexander Gordon appears,—possibly the grandson or some later descendant of the antiquary,—who was secretary from 1828 to 1833. He then filled the office of treasurer till 1844, when he is found holding both offices. Thereafter he acted as secretary till 1850, when the name disappears from among the Society's office-bearers till 1859, at which year Alexander Gordon is elected first vice-president, and so continues till 1864, when he must have been removed by retirement or—if it be the same individual,—by death, at an advanced age. But, recent as that date is, the Southern War and all the troubles which followed have wrought many changes; and so far, my informant writes me, he has failed, in this and other cases, "to trace any connection with the descendants of Sandie Gordon of Oldbuck veneration."

John Troup, who in 1754 witnessed the antiquary's will, may be assumed to be the attorney-at-law of that name admitted to the Union Kilwinning Lodge of Ancient Free Masons in 1762,—the year before his marriage to Frances Charlotte Gordon, whose brother had joined the same Lodge a few years earlier. John Troup appears to have been a popular and prosperous man. On the reorganisation of the St. Andrew's Club, under its later name of the St. Andrew's Society, in 1787, after the War of Independence, he was chosen assistant-treasurer, and from 1790 to 1794 he filled the office of vice-president. He was distinguished in like manner by the brethren of the Kilwinning Lodge. From an old record recovered among the

papers of Dr. Edward Lynah, a former officer of the Lodge, which partially replaces official records, destroyed, along with all the jewels, books and charters, in the great fire of 1838, by which a large portion of the city of Charleston was reduced to ashes: it appears that on Monday, 13th January, 1794, the Right Worshipful Master, John Troup, entertained the Lodge at his own house; and in a note accompanying this entry, his death is recorded on the 30th January of the following year. A James Troup, probably his son, joined the Lodge in the latter year; but the destruction of nearly all the registry books of births, marriages, and deaths, at Charleston, during the late war; added to the absence of any recognition of the old scholar and antiquary, as such, in his later home: render it impossible to trace out his descendants through either line, or to recover any clue to the depository of the paintings and drawings mentioned in his will; and, above all, to that of the portrait of the testator himself, painted by his own hand, and specially bequeathed to his son as a family heirloom.

To the kind co-operation of General de Saussure, President of the St. Andrew's Society of Charleston, South Carolina, I owe the recovery of the most important facts relative to the colonial life of the author of the Itinerary; and I still indulge the hope that he may be able to crown his persevering and successful labours by tracing out this portrait of Sandy Gordon,—doubtless in the full glory of wig, ruffles, and lapel waistcoat, of the Georgian era,—and gracing with so interesting a piece of historical portraiture the hall of the Society of the Sons of St. Andrew, founded in the city of Charleston nearly a century and a-half ago.