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HUGH STEWART, AGED LXXXIV.

From an Original Painting by Alison.

In the possession of Lord Gray, of Kinbourn Castle.

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SCOTLAND.



ARMS OF SCOTLAND BEFORE THE UNION.

DUMFRIES.



THE immediate entrance into Scotland, from Carlisle, is not one of the least local attraction. All is flat and common-place. The Frith of Solway, to the left, is tame and expansive. The rivers Eden, Eske, and Sark, to the right, are fringed by no "dun umbrage" over cliff or rock ; and you

would hardly suppose that you were entering the

“ Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the MOUNTAIN and the FLOOD,”

as Scott so magnificently expresses it.* But where all is new, in scenery and in inhabitants, you naturally open your eyes, and expect and resolve to be gratified with all around you. I very soon recognized a few indigenous, locomotive, plants of the soil. The shepherd's plaid (so quiet, grey, and picturesque!) was soon seen across the breast and shoulders of sundry *Drovers* of apparently interminable lines of short, black cattle. The drover seems to fortify no part of his body but his chest. The wind whistles around him, and the small, sleety, driving rain cases all his clothing in heavy moisture—but his breast is protected; and he whistles or hums, as he goes, in the language of the native bard of the neighbouring county,†

“ The westlin wind blaws cold an' shill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.”

Doubtless he would leave his cattle *behind*, on such an expedition. But the day is clearing. The

* *Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi*: immediately following the not less magnificent couplet of

“ O CALEDONIA! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.”

† ROBERT BURNS; from his ballad of “My Nannie, O.”

cattle move along more lightsomely. The drover's countenance is less stern and compressed.* "Yon," said the post-boy—"yon is GRETNA GREEN! We heard it without any extravagant emotion: and although *January* and *May* may be often seen hastening thither, in the same conveyance, with countenances not quite so composed as were our own, yet a father and a daughter would necessarily approach that far-famed spot—or rather mansion—

* As this is my first, and will probably be my last, notice of "drovers of cattle," I cannot resist furnishing the reader with a curious note of a cattle market, or fair, which was held near Stirling, about the year 1722, and is described by a traveller, (Mackay) whose book, in 1723, is of uncommon occurrence. It is an *ad vivum* description; but I the rather notice it, as, what struck the traveller to be the *Irish language*, also frequently struck me in the earlier part of my Scottish tour. To have shut my eyes, I should often have said that it was an *Irishman* addressing me. But is not IRELAND the *Scotia Major*?

"The Highland fair of *Criff* happening when I was at Stirling, I had the curiosity to go see it. There were at least *thirty thousand* cattle sold there, most of them to English drovers; who paid down above *thirty thousand guineas* in ready money to the Highlanders; a sum they had never seen before, and proves the good effect of the *Union*. The Highland gentlemen were mighty civil, dressed in their slashed short waistcoats, a trousing, (which is breeches and stockings of one piece of striped stuff) with a plaid for a cloak, and a blue bonnet. They have a ponyard, knife, and fork, in one sheath, hanging at one side of their belt, their pistol at the other, and their snuff-mill before, with a great broad-sword at their side. Their attendants were very numerous, all in belted plaids, girt like women's petticoats, down to the knee; their thighs and half of the leg all bare: they had also each their broad-sword and ponyard; and spake all *Irish*, an unintelligible language to the English. However, these poor creatures hired themselves out for a shilling a day, to drive the cattle to England, and to return home at their own charge." p. 194.

impelled by curiosity alone . . . to hear of unions, which are at once a disgrace to our laws, and a scandal upon the moral character of *both* countries. This spot is as the smuggler's cave, where no officer dare enter to seize the purloined property : it is the too frequent receptacle of passion without principle, and of cajolery without one spark of common sympathy. It furnishes the knave with a cloak, and the assassin with a dagger . . . which may not be wrested from him till the death of his victim or himself. Of all species of daggers, *speaking* daggers are the most terrible. Every day may receive a wound from its point ; and every day may induce the wish, or the prayer, that such wound may prove mortal : but years succeed to years of bitter taunt and inhuman reproach. Here, peradventure, if anywhere, is the fountain-head, the *Marah*, of the bitterest waters that flow !* Behold this far-famed mansion ;

* PENNANT, about seventy years ago, thus described this *unique* place of resort :—" At a little distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of *Gretna*, (or *Grætna*) the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young couple may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith,—who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey ; but the price is generally adjusted by the information of *postilions from Carlisle*, who are in pay of one or the other of the above worthies ; but, even the *drivers*, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for the ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to slip into bed ; are shewn to the pursuers ; who, imagining that they are irrecoverably united, retire." . . . " This place is distinguished afar by a small plantation of firs, the *Cyprian* grove of the place : a sort of landmark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire (continues

which, at least, has nothing in its exterior that can be called seductive. Its attractiveness is questionless from *within*. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the following is "*the old, original shop of matrimony.*"

Pennant) to see the High Priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in form of a fisherman, a stout fellow, in a blue coat; rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast: we questioned him about his *price*; which, after eying us attentively, he left to our honour. The Church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain: for those infamous couplers despise the fulminations of the Kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."—*Tour in Scotland*; vol. i. p. 94. Surely the only available and effectual remedy would be, a STATUTABLE declaration against the legality or validity of such matches: and, then, the *fisherman's* "occupation is gone."

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No particular curiosity seemed to be excited, as, on turning a little out of our way, to the right, we alighted at the door. The waiter's movements were measured and sedate. The "cunning man" had had no *intimation* of our arrival. No messenger, mounted on quadruped, breathless from the swiftness of his pace, and dust and pebbles whirled around him, had *preceded*, to announce the almost instant arrival of the principle figurantes in the Hymeneal scene. Nothing, necessarily, of this kind could precede our approach. As we had no *business* to transact, the man quickly left us to ourselves, and to our own unassisted meditations : not, however, without telling us to enter the apartment in which the nuptials of the Prince of Capua with Miss Smith—and of Mr. Sheridan with Miss Grant*—had been solemnized. The room had a very common-place aspect ; in paper and decoration. There should have been a print of Wilkie's *Penny Wedding* ; instead of one of *Tam O'Shanter*, and another of *Two Tigers fighting* !—the latter, methinks, in many instances, too metaphorically true !

As there is little or nothing here locally attractive, we had no inducement to stay longer than was requisite. Gretna Green is situated ten miles from Carlisle, and nine from ANNAN, where we were to change horses. We entered Annan in something more solid than a Scotch *mist*. It rained sharply and heavily ; and yet seemed to have no sort of

* Two nuptials, remarkable for their positive and relative circumstances.

effect upon a wide mass of population spread over the market-place : it being market-day. The inn, the principal one in the town—from whence the Earl of Annandale derives his title,—(“ the sweetest of all titles,” observed my travelling companion)—speedily furnished us with a carriage, rather than a chaise, and pair : and during the whole of my progress in Scotland, of little short of five hundred miles, I met with *no* such chaise, and no such horses, as I obtained at ANNAN. Within the hour (a distance of nine miles) we entered the broad, clean, and tranquil town of DUMFRIES.

On a rainy day, few places look inviting ; but the breadth and length of the *High Street*, and the roominess and apparent comfort of the inn, (the “ King’s Arms,” opposite the “ Commercial Inn”) threw an air of cheerfulness about us ; and a letter of introduction to Mr. Macdiarmid, the editor of the “ Dumfries Courier,” was immediately dispatched. Meanwhile we ordered dinner and a good fire. The room on the first floor was large and commodious. A full-length portrait of its owner, or proprietor, as large as life, in oil, occupied a good many square feet of the wainscot ; and the countenance depicted appeared to be indicative of the original being in prosperity and good-humour. Mails, stages, and post-chaises, should here seem to have all their wheels well greased and in constant play. As this was our *first meal* in SCOTLAND, we felt ourselves bound—in homage to the *genius loci*—to order a little *whiskey* in the after part of our dinner. The female attendant was the *best*, as well as the first, specimen

of a Scotch waiter which we encountered throughout our whole journey. She wore a white cap, upon which was a transverse piece of muslin,—and which altogether I conceive might be the *Cockernonny* of Allan Ramsay's Gentle *Shepherdess*. She was tall, and even genteel in her deportment. How opposite, in all respects, to the young man-waiter of the "Luss Inn," on the banks of Loch Lomond, who waited upon us . . . without his coat!—but then, the sleeves of his shirt were as white as

"The snow which oft-times caps BEN LOMOND's head."

We were now then at Dumfries. During and after dinner, I made attacks upon the whiskey in every possible direction: with and without aqueous dilution—with and without saccharine infusion: but to no purpose. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, WHISKEY, still thou art a bitter draught."* With or without sugar, or water—hot or cold—still thou art brimstone and fire to-day, and fire and brimstone to-morrow. As it was my *first*, so it was my *last*, experiment upon this generally seductive liquor with the Scotch. In the everlasting *toddy*-potations at Glasgow, I could never be brought to bear my part in brandishing a ladle or emptying a rummer. Even its infusion into the *punch-bowl* there, though that bowl came fresh and foaming from the "cunning" hand of the good Joseph Hunter, Esq.—even *then*,

* Substitute "slavery" for "whiskey," and the quotation is from Sterne. They place very small bottles or decanters of this liquor by the side of a glass, before you; and I believe sixpence will supply you with a portion . . . sufficient to make your head ache for a week. It is poetically called "MOUNTAIN DEW"!

the slightest infusion of this pellucid dram seemed, to my palate, to poison the whole of its contents. "Ah, sir, but you should just live in the mountains a twelvemonth—and then!"—"Execrate it the *more*," replied I. My disputant thought me a "hopeless character:" and I bade a *longum vale* to whiskey.*

After dinner we wrote our first Scotch letters homewards; gave ourselves great airs in descriptions of passing scenes; and already fancied that we had stormed Caerlaveroc Castle, and knelt within Sweet Heart Abbey:† my daughter, in every respect, preferring the latter occupation. We pulled out the *carte du pays*, and there hardly seemed to be a marked spot upon its surface but what we were resolved to visit...forgetting that every evening was casting longer shadows, and that we had left our home on the day when we ought to have taken our first nap at Dumfries. Unluckily, Mr. Macdiarmid was away for two days; but his good lady tendered every assistance, both in person, and by means of her two sons. We sent to a bookseller opposite, and possessed ourselves of her husband's admirable

* My friend, the late Mr. Alexander Chalmers, was, of all anglicized Scotchmen, the "coolest hand" at a glass of whiskey. Like Corporal Trim's cane, it "was gone in a moment,"—succeeded by neither contortion nor distortion. I remember that worthy person's once telling me, at the table of that to the full as worthy person, the late Mr. Thomas Payne, bookseller, that he had known more than *one* Argyleshire man who could "drink two bottles of whiskey without INCONVENIENCE; but then, they were on the chase after the red deer."

† Or NEW ABBEY; of which, in a few following pages.

I was also in the LAND OF BURNS : not of his birth, but of his ordinary residence ; and in which, from his official situation, he gained his livelihood. I stood before the door of that residence, and entered the room in which he breathed his last. Outside and inside it is of the plainest description. I had also gazed again and again upon that most beautiful of all green-topped hills—not aspiring to the distinction of *Ben*—called the *Criffel*, or *Kriffal* : probably fifteen hundred feet in height. The first morning I saw its summit glistening with golden dew, at the distance of perhaps some five or seven miles. Its form, or forms, are lovely and picturesque in almost every direction. There is nothing to inspire awe, terror, or homage, in its aspect. It does not seem to carry you up to heaven, like the apex of Ben Lomond, nor to precipitate you into a world of unknown horrors like that of Ben Arthur ;* but it is *there*, you would say, on contemplating it, (washed as is its base by the waters of the Solway) that your hermitage would be built, and your sea-view secured.

But this is digressive if not premature. On paying our visit to Mrs. Macdiarmid, that lady was so good as to accompany us about the town, and to give us, in particular, a leisurely view of the church and the

* Vulgarly called *the Cobbler*. Of these two mountain-neighbours, and rivals, in a future chapter. Meanwhile, the very splendid and instructive volume of *Sketches of Scenes in Scotland*, composed and published by the younger Mr. Morrison, at Perth, from the illustrative pencil of Lieut.-Colonel Murray, will afford no faint notion of the peculiarity and grandeur of the *Cobbler*.

church-yard of St. Michael . . . where the body of Burns was disinterred, to be reinterred with greater pomp and solemnity. What extraordinary *things*, rather than *objects*, are the MURAL MONUMENTS of the Scotch! I had never before gazed on the like. Dumfries has been called by Mr. Macdiarmid "a city of tombs"—"the Westminster Abbey of all Scotland." The church-yard is absolutely flanked by heavy perpendicular masses of stone, from five to twenty feet in height; so that, in certain points of view, you might mistake these massive structures for small inhabited tenements—a little village. Many of these slabs or surfaces have no inscriptions, because they are bought by the living, and intended for their epitaphs after death. We sauntered along one portion of the church-yard, which was a sloping bank, and in which not fewer than seven hundred victims to the *Cholera* had been buried! We shuddered as we past it . . . and at length stood before the MAUSOLEUM OF ROBERT BURNS.* I had scarcely begun to collect my

* The body of Burns was borne with great pomp and ceremony to the grave; but the only "tell-tale tablet" of its repository was furnished from the slender means of his widow. Years succeeded without an appropriate monument to the most original and powerful bard of the North. At length public spirit was roused. Subscriptions poured in; and the present monument, with that at Ayr, were the results: although the yet more magnificent one at Edinburgh might have been a third. There being no space, on the site of the first burial-place of Burns, for a mausoleum of the size of that first erected, his body was disinterred from the north to the present east portion of the church-yard: an operation of great delicacy, and required to be conducted with excessive secrecy and caution; as

thoughts, as my eyes were rivetted to this most interesting object, when Mrs. Macdiarmid observed, I "ought to see the monument of him at Ayr,"—thereby implying something like a negative approbation of the monument at Dumfries. One's mind; on contemplating these objects, is so taken up with the thoughts of THOSE to whose *memory* they are erected, that what is *visible*—be it ever so grand and lofty—becomes secondary to what is *invisible*. A slab or an urn, with the name of Shakspeare or Milton alone upon it, when placed over their graves, is all that the soul loves to hold converse with. The mighty and imperishable genius of the INDIVIDUAL is its own loftiest and ever-durable monument. Love, pity, friendship—all that sweetens or ennobles life—produce the same effects from the same causes: and therefore it was, that, while I decidedly objected to the taste of the sculptor* manifested in this mausoleum, I was well pleased to have stood before

the Scotch have a sort of shuddering horror of what they would call such an act of desecration.

Burns had lain twenty-one years in his grave when this operation took place. The appearances of the body are well and affectingly described by Mr. Macdiarmid. The head, teeth, and hair, were entire; but as the coffin had thoroughly decayed, on shifting the body into another coffin, the head separated from the trunk; and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled to dust...

"And dust to dust concludes the NOBLEST SONG!"

YOUNG.

To the great credit of every individual concerned, not a part or portion of the pulverized body was suffered to be borne away as a relic. The re-entombment took place in 1815.

* A view of it forms the sixth plate in Mr. Macdiarmid's Guide.

My Dear Clarke, still, still

were you to see the emaciated of
the pen to you, you would not
Whether I shall ever get about
to *QUM*, the Great Unknown,
Alas, Clarke, I begin to fear

Adieu, dear Clarke! That,
again, is, I am afraid, highly

June 26th 1796
QUM Hies

specimens of burns, one in prose, the other in verse, which had never been before published. They are of transcendent excellence—but the prose is not more impassioned and affecting than what the reader will behold (also for the first time) in the OPPOSITE FACSIMILE—from the original letter, in the possession of Alexander



to the great credit of every individual concerned, not a part or portion of the pulverized body was suffered to be borne away as a relic. The re-entombment took place in 1815.

* A view of it forms the sixth plate in Mr. Macdiarmid's Guide.

it; and although a *Southern*, could have well-nigh wept at the destinies of a man, in whom was united so much fire, with so much tenderness, of poetry; whose productions sparkle with such briskness of imagery, and such felicity of diction, that you seem to think he must have imbibed inspiration from its most pure and perennial source; who may be called the great master of the lyre in its BALLAD form... but who has, in too many instances, debased it by vulgarity, and demoralized it by grossness. A compound of all the warring elements in our frail nature, Burns was to day the idol of general admiration, and to-morrow the victim of enervating intemperance. With an understanding of the largest grasp, and a soul of the most intense sensibility, he too often allowed the former to be perverted by the flimsiest logic, and the latter to yield to seductions of the most withering influence. He was cut off sadly and prematurely, before he had attained his fortieth year; but it must be remembered that his own hands applied "the asp" to his bosom.*

* The character of BURNS as a poet can now admit of no amplification. All that taste and judgment could accomplish will be found to have been executed in the biographical and critical pages of Currie, Lockhart, Allan Cunningham, and Robert Chambers; the latter, in his *Scottish Biography*—where the very splendid and powerful biography of the poet "by the unfortunate Robert Heron," forms almost the sole material of the article; concluding with two specimens of Burns, one in prose, the other in verse, which had never been before published. They are of transcendant excellence—but the prose is not more impassioned and affecting than what the reader will behold (also for *the first time*) in the OPPOSITE FACSIMILE—from the original letter, in the possession of Alexander

A truce to this melancholy strain. We now entered the church—necessarily the first church which I had entered in Scotland. To southern tastes, and, I will add, southern feelings, the interior

Macdonald, Esq. of the General Register House, Edinburgh. The hiatus, in the copy, is thus filled in the original:—"As to my individual self, I am tranquil, and would despise myself if I were not; but Burns's poor widow, and half a dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans!—*there* I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this! 'Tis half my disease. I duly received your last, enclosing the note. It came extremely in time, and I was much obliged to your punctuality. Again I must request you to do me the same kindness. Be so very good as by return of post to enclose me *another* note. I trust you can do it without inconvenience, and it will seriously oblige me. If I must go, I leave a few friends behind me, whom I shall regret while consciousness remains. I know I shall live in their remembrance. Adieu, dear Clarke," &c.—as in the facsimile.

The poetry of Burns is immortal. It is in all places; from the palace to the hovel. It graces the rosewood table and silken couch of the wealthy, and is cupboarded with the drinkers of the mountain dew and the smokers of the coarsest Virginian plant. Its immediate and its ultimate success, was, and will be, alike extraordinary. Creech the bookseller paid the author upwards of £1,100, as the clear profits of a six-shilling book,* sold, fifty years ago, on subscription: and this was only a prelude to a more abundant harvest. Mr.

* My friend, I. W. Mackenzie, Esq. of Edinburgh, a thorough-bred and thorough-going Bannatyner, possesses a copy of the *first edition* of Burns' poems, printed at *Kilmarnock*, in 1786, octavo, by John Wilson: that is to say, of their first appearance in *one* volume. The title runs thus: *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*; by ROBERT BURNS. The following verses (undoubtedly by the hand of Burns) are subjoined:—

"The simple bard, unbrake by rules of art,
He forms the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's powers inspire,—
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire."

ANONYMOUS.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Mackenzie possesses a good many odd scraps, out of the ordinary way, connected with Burns; as his father or uncle was well acquainted with him.

had a most deplorable, comfortless aspect. If anywhere, one expects the interior of a place of divine worship to be well-arranged, clean, and in tight and sound condition: but here the sempstress and the carpenter should have preceded us. I will not particularize. I have seen too many interiors of churches and chapels in Scotland, to believe that the slipshod appearance of the interior of St. Michael at Dumfries, was anything else but accidental, or an exception to the general rule. The sempstress and

Macdiarmid tells us, that, on his death-bed, a subscription was raised for the widow and family—chiefly through the instrumentality of Dr. Currie's edition of his works—to the amount of two thousand pounds: of which half was spent for the education of the children: but, at an after period, the present Lord Cockburn, then Solicitor-General for Scotland, and more particularly the present Lord Panmure, evinced a spirit of sympathy and liberality towards the family, which place their names in the noblest records of humanity. The conduct of the widow and mother on this occasion is deserving of all praise. The first impression of perhaps his most celebrated performance, (*Tam O'Shanter*) appeared in Grose's preface to his *Tour in Scotland*... designated by the author of the preface as "a pretty, ingenious poem." This was noted to me by Mr. Macdiarmid. (One naturally thinks of "the pretty, ingenious" piece of *Sculpture*, illustrative of the poem, by ТЮМ, at the same time.) There was no poetry about Grose: not even in his night-gown or slippers. But his Antiquities of Scotland are highly creditable to his memory, and serviceable to all classes of readers on *either* side the Tweed.

In Ayrshire and Lanarkshire the name and muse of Burns are idolized. I saw the initials of the former, cut, by himself, in large characters, upon the bark of a beech tree, near the banks of the Clyde, of the date of 1779, if my memory be accurate; if not, the memories of my friends, Mr. Baillie Johnston and John Kerr, Esq., must correct it—for it was on a delightful sabbath-ramble, by the banks of that river, in company with those gentlemen, that I saw and noted it.

carpenter have doubtless, long ere this, done their duties effectually. From this church-yard you catch now and then a view of the Criffel, in all its verdant height and beauty; and if its summit be bright and defined, you may reasonably infer fine weather for the day.

We soon put its weather-wise properties to the test, by resolving upon an immediate excursion to CAERLAVEROC CASTLE; a spot, not less endeared to the antiquary than to the poet and historian: a spot, on which Wyntown in the sixteenth, and Scott in the eighteenth, century,* have devoted no inconsiderable portion of attention. But—“*non est qualis*

* A ballad, called “The Murder of Caerlaveroc,” was introduced by Sir Walter Scott among the “Imitations of the Ancient Ballad,” in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; part iii: as never having been before published. The author was, and is, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. of Edinburgh. The tale is brief and terrific. Bruce and the Red Cuming had an interview in the Dominical church at Dumfries about shaking off the authority of Edward I in Scotland. The plan proposed by Bruce was rejected with scorn by Cuming. From words the two chieftains came to blows. Cuming gave Bruce the lie, while standing before the high altar. Bruce resented it by a stroke of his poniard; but his conscience revolting, he rushed out of the church, and meeting his two friends, Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, betrayed great agitation that he *might* have killed Cuming. His friends, knowing the particulars of what had taken place, soon converted doubts and fears into *certainty*—for rushing into the church, the Red Cuming was *killed* on the spot. Fifty-two years afterwards, James of Lindsay was sumptuously feasted at Caerlaveroc Castle, by Roger Kirkpatrick, both sons of the murderers. In the dead of night, from some unknown cause, Lindsay arose; and poniarded his host in his bed. He then mounted his horse to fly, but guilty horror struck him, and so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken, at break of day, not three miles from the castle; and was afterwards executed by order of King

erat.” It is of the castle that WAS, and not which IS, that so many splendid and marvellous tales are told. It is of its *precursor*, situated within about

David II. All this is told more copiously, and with great effect, by Mr. Macdiarmid; at pages 45-7, of his “Picture of Dumfries.”

The *metrical tale*, however, which is full of sweetness and pathos, does not adhere to the dry truth of the prose chronicler. “A lady is in the case.” It is a bridal day. A “wee page” is bribed to drug the crystal wine-cup of Kirkpatrick “with juice of poppy-flowers.” Meanwhile, a steed, caparisoned at all points, is waiting at the outer door of the castle. Kirkpatrick and his wife retire to rest; and Lindsay creeps up the stair-case, with his dagger in his hand, prepared for the deed of blood. What follows is of exquisite tone and keeping:—

“The sweat did on his forehead break,
He shook wi’ guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu’ shriek—
Red Cumin’s ghaist was there.”

“Now to the chamber doth he creep,
A lamp, of glimmering ray,
Show’d young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
In arms of lady gay.

“He lay with bare unguarded breast,
By sleepy juice beguiled;
*And sometimes sigh’d, by dreams opprest,
And sometimes sweetly smiled.*”

“Unclosed her mouth, o’ rosy hue,
Whence issued fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets o’er her hair.

“Sleep on, sleep on, ye lovers dear!
The dame may wake to weep—
But that day’s sun maun shine fu’ clear,
That spills this warrior’s sleep.

“He louted down—his lips he press’d—
O, kiss! foreboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick’s breast
A deep and deadly blow.

“Sair, sair, and mickle did he bleed:
His lady slept till day;
But dreamt the Firth flow’d o’er her head,
In *bride-bed* as she lay.”

I quote these verses, not only from their positive beauty, but from

three hundred yards of its present picturesque *successor*, that the old French poem* expands in minute-

the relative consideration, that, whoever visits Caerlaveroc Castle will in all probability hear some of them recited by the venerable guide who conducted us over its ruins.

* At page 266, a quotation is given from this "old French poem;" but it was published entire, in a most beautiful and winning form, with the shields and banners of the several knights emblazoned, as a marginal accompaniment—with a literal prose version, and "*Memoirs of the Peers and Knights mentioned in the Poem*," by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, in 1828, 4to. I have, however, yet to learn why "such a fuss" was made about a castle which might have almost stood within the keep of that of Ragland, near Abergavenny. It seemed to be the key of no position, and the covering spot of no town. It is true, the Scots were up in arms on all sides to maintain it; and the spirit of WALLACE had put a heart in every body which had strength to repel the assailants. But the *real glory* of the siege belongs to the *captured*: for it was a mere handful of men—ONLY SIXTY—who withstood the assaults of such a league of besiegers. For once Edward was generous. On the surrender of the place, he not only spared, but remunerated, its gallant defenders. The text of the old poem is given by Pennant, (from a finely-executed MS. copy of the original in the Museum, furnished him by Marmaduke Tunstall, Esq.) but the following is from that published by Sir N. H. Nicolas, p. 86:—

" Tant ke li Rois en ordena
Ke vie et membre leur donna
Et a chascun robe nouvele
Lors fu ioieuse la nouvele
A toute la ost du chastel pris
Ki tant estoit de noble pris."

Pennant extracts rather copiously from this old poem; and feels persuaded that the text of the poet could apply to no *other* castle than that which now *is*. He is decidedly in error. His pigmy view of the front and barbican of the castle, is far outdone by the three plates presented us by Grose; the first of which has considerable merit and interest. Grose's account of the surrender of the castle to the Republican army, in 1640, is highly curious, and is judiciously reprinted by Sir N. H. Nicolas.

ness and even luxuriance of diction, of armed knights, congregated banners, and the *flowers* of the nobility of England and France. Such a *Bouquet* of crested warriors never before sat down to the siege of such a comparatively small place. It was the fashion of the day; and Edward I was the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* on the occasion. Of course, the battered walls and starved inmates of this renowned old castle succumbed before such a monstrous host of besiegers . . . and now, only a few stunted relics attest the existence of a spot which was once so celebrated throughout all Europe.

But we are now before the "*Caerlaveroc Castle*" that *is*. After a brisk drive of some eight miles, with a stiff wind in our faces, along the margin of the embouchure of the Nith, we reached the place of our visitation; which, as the approach thither is on a flat road, presents nothing previously picturesque. But as you near it, and flank it, it is full of interest: not from its size, but from the peculiarity of its structure—it being a triangle, with circular towers at the base . . . and with the tint of about four centuries upon its walls. They are precisely the towers of Falaise abroad, and of Bothwell Castle in Lanarkshire: but compared with Dunstanborough, Tantallon, and Bothwell, this is a mere *toy* of a castle.* My friend Mr. Macdiarmid must surely allow his *neighbourly* feelings to have too great a preponderancy, when he

* A view of this castle, by the exotic pencil of Mr. Turner, enriches the frontispiece of the fourth volume of Cadell's recent edition of Sir Walter Scott's works. As a subject, it is full of the picturesque: but the Castle of Caerlaveroc never had, and never

pronounces Caerlaveroc Castle to be “ a noble edifice, and perhaps the finest specimen of castellated architecture to be found in Scotland.”* It is not so, gentle sir. I love your country too well, and know it too well, to acquiesce in this decision. Caerlaveroc Castle owes its present denuded and mouldering state to the cannon of Oliver Cromwell. There is a house, of the time of Charles I, within the interior, like that at Helmsley Castle,† which I presume to have been the abode of its last defender, the Earl of Nithsdale. The drawbridge and portcullis have vanished. Some common boards, placed across the moat, conduct you to the barbican, or entrance. And here comes our cicerone — a creature — a thing of “ shreds and patches :” so old, wizen, wan, and phtisicky, that you marvel how he can bring himself “ to the charge” of ciceroneship.

He did it well : minutely, and conversantly. He quoted verse when he came to the “ assassination business :” shut his eyes, held down his head, and seemed to be bursting with “ the labouring god.”‡ We followed him, from stone to turf ; from level to ascent ; from lower to upper chamber. In threading the corridors, he put himself in the attitude of dis-

will or can have, such accessories. I much question whether so much of the superincumbent building now remains.

* See page 76 of his *Picture of Dumfries* ; where a print of the castle is given, infinitely too black and worn, but much preferable on the score of fidelity to that from Mr. Turner's drawing.

† Page 248-9, ante.

‡ To the best of my recollection he quoted two or three of the latter stanzas given at page 455, ante.

charging an arrow from one of the loopholes, and expatiated long and learnedly upon the supposed security of the position. There were people without, hallooing to come in. "Let 'em bellow," quoth our octogenarian; "their g—ts shall not be the worse for it." It was really interesting to follow him; or rather, curious to gaze upon his *dorsal fin*, in the character of a *coat*. Such a remnant we had never before beheld. It had colours of all hues—though the ground of it was evidently black. It should seem to have been steeped in all the waters of the South of Scotland, and especially to have received a finishing tint from the marine plants of the Frith of Solway. It was worn to the very extreme of attenuation, and was hooked or held together by something between thread and string. Upon a moderate calculation, I should suppose its *age* to have been one half of his *own* years: or, as suggested by my daughter, it might have been a portion of one of the tattered banners at the first siege? But how he grouped with the ruins! And then his *hat*—but *that* was indescribable. It must have descended to him, as an heir-loom, from his great-grandfather.

Having finished his tour and his tale, he escorted us over the planks back again, and pointed out where his cabin was—on a nook of earth within a short stone's throw of the castle. He begged we would enter it, and see his "auld wifie, and get something to warm and comfort us,—for it was a cauld wind." We entered willingly. A string of dried herrings ran across the ceiling. A good-sized bed was in the corner of the room. The auld wifie

was indeed a "help-mete" for him. Some excellent sweet bread, with cheese, was placed before us. The whiskey was in abundance on our right hand. By way of courtesy we just moistened our lips with it in water, in an old glass which might have belonged to the "Red Cuming."* Our host seemed to wonder at our primitive simplicity, adding, that, "for the matter of that, the whiskey cost him *just nothing*." Here the foot of the demon-smuggler peeped out. On asking him how many usually came in the summer season to look at the ruin we had just left, he said, (if my memory be accurate) "two hundred at the least."—"This is a good estate for you, my friend?"—"Better for its *master*—for these are *farms* attached to it;" was his reply.—"How do you spend your time in the long, black, and dreary months of winter?"—"Drink whiskey all day, and sleep soundly all night."—But you put a little *water* into your whiskey now and then?—"That's just as it may happen."—"Surely these dried herrings are great provocatives of thirst?"—"Nae dout—nae dout; and we drink *the mair*." Did he mean to implicate his better-half in this drinking plot? Most wonderful it was to see how such an aged, wizened, shrivelled, and shrunken carcass, could bear up against so many years of unrelenting potation! We *sillered* the palm of his hand "most handsomely"—as he was pleased to say; and helping us to remount, he left us, uttering a sort of guttural sound between a growl and a humming tune. The "halloo-

* See page 454, ante.

ing" party were impatient for his return ; and as we rounded the corner, we saw him chaperoning them over the moat, to take up the same route and the same tale again. Never was a guide so thoroughly *dovetailed* with the spot over which he seemed to preside.

Upon the whole, Caerlaveroc Castle did not disappoint me ; but its position is low and tame. Place the same quantity of stone, of the same forms, and of the same age, midway up the Criffel, and see what additional grandeur is obtained. But surely this is literally "building castles in the air" ? We gave the greater part of the next day to a saunter about the town and its immediate neighbourhood ; the one as clean and neat as the other is rich and romantic.* On the other, or northern side of the Nith, there is a gently-rising, verdant bank, with a few windmills upon it, and some scattered neat villas,

* A young friend, who went down into Scotland, with his brother, to shoot grouse, told me, that, on taking up their quarters at Dumfries, they found the country so beautiful, that for several days they forgot their dog and their gun for the Criffel and its immediate neighbourhood. Indeed, the beauty of this vicinity has been attested for upwards of a century. Mackay, who wrote a *Journey through Scotland in Familiar Letters*, &c. without his name, but which was published by Pemberton in 1723, octavo, observes :— "The country round this town is very pleasant, and strewed with gentlemen's seats, all finely planted with trees, the great ornament of seats here." And he thus groups *Caerlaveroc Castle* with the scenery :—"Caerlaveroc Castle, all of free-stone, and a fine piece of architecture, on the banks of the Solway, in full view of England, and the capital of the Earls of Nithsdale, hath been a noble seat, by its vestiges, which are not so decayed but that they give a full idea of what it was in its glory."—p. 10. But in a little before, in coming

which have a cheering and comfortable look. Here we first saw the *naked leg and foot* of Scotland: chiefly in female children, who are taught from infancy to walk upon the damp earth and the coldest floor, without stockings. The lads also are shoeless and stockingless; but, as it struck me, not in such great numbers. They all appeared to be as active, merry, and happy, as if their limbs had been cased in lambswool. They are a peculiar race: not positively civil, nor absolutely rude—but they run brushing by you as if their very existence depended upon accomplishing, as speedily as possible, the particular object in pursuit. They congregate in no trifling masses on the pebbly banks of the Nith, between the Old and New Bridges,* and whistle and carol

from Galloway to Dumfries, he observes:—"There is neither hedge nor ditch by the road-side, as in England; but wherever you see a body of trees, there is certainly a laird's house; most of them old towers of stone, built strong, to prevent a surprise from inroads, which were frequent between the two nations before the Kings of Scotland came to the crown of England." What would the author have said now to this line of road? De Foe thus briefly notices Caerlaveroc Castle:—"That last-mentioned castle has been a very magnificent structure, though now, like its owner, in a state of ruin and decay."—*Description of Scotland, 1727*; p. 57.

* It will be seen that the curious book, published by Pemberton, and referred to by Mr. Macdiarmid, in his account of the old bridge, (of which he gives a plate) has been already brought to the reader's acquaintance in the preceding note. Mackay calls this bridge "the finest he had seen in Britain, next to London and Rochester." It had then thirteen arches. In Grose's time it had, and now has, only nine. In De Foe's time there was a gate in the middle of the bridge, to shew "the limit between Galloway and Dumfries-shire." This no longer exists. As to the date of this old

away time as if life was neither long nor perplexing. No visto-views of squalid misery or sullen despair for them. We saw no angler taking "his patient stand" on the banks of this river*—which has a constant, though somewhat formal, fall of water, running diagonally between the two bridges: and upon which, on the second evening of my arrival, I saw the full moon splendidly "reflected from the face of the water;" according to Gibbonian phrase.

It was of course impossible to be long in the immediate vicinity of two such lions, or lionesses, as *New Abbey* and *Lincluden Abbey*, without paying each a particular visit: the more so, as our imaginations had been a little warmed by a perusal of the account of them in the animated pages of Mr. Macdiarmid.† It was resolved to devote a morning to

bridge, I should be sorry to be backward in gallantry to the memory of the *Fair Maid of Galloway*, namely, the Lady Degorvilla, third daughter of Allan, Lord of Galloway, and grandmother to John Cumin—who is supposed to have built it towards the latter end of the thirteenth century; and in support of which structure, my friend Mr. Macdiarmid brandishes at least an eloquent pen, if not a flaming sword. The strong conviction of my mind is, that no portion of this bridge is older than the beginning of the sixteenth century. The *New Bridge*, about a hundred or two hundred yards below, was built in 1795, at the exact cost of £5,000.

* Although, in one of the views of Dumfries, in the book so often mentioned, there appears to be an angler, or fly-fisher, busied in his craft, above the knees in the river, yet we learn that this river "is not much esteemed by experienced anglers as a trouting stream." In ancient times, however, in salmon, gilse, herling, sea-trout, and par, it might have vied with what is said of the Tyne in a preceding page: (349.)

† See *Picture of Dumfries*, p. 89: with a plate.

the former, at a distance of seven miles. An afternoon's walk was sufficient for the latter, a short two miles. Fortunately we had a fine day, with subdued wind. Fine, large, rolling masses of white clouds shewed off the blue canopy of heaven to the richest effect. An excellent vehicle, between phaeton and gig, behind a horse stout enough to have carried us to the top of the Criffel, without halting—together with a steady, but not over communicative, driver—brought us within the hour to the first view of the Abbey. You descend a slope, beautifully flanked with lime, and beech, and ash,* and catch a peep of its massive central tower and the western extremity of the nave: all of a remarkably red, but time-subdued tint. But this "peep" would be infinitely enlarged and improved, if the extremities of the branches, to the left, were a little cut away—so that the Abbey would break upon you, and hold conversation with you, a full half mile before you reached it. On noticing this to our driver, he said that "the property belonged to a stupid old gentleman, upwards of ninety, who would not allow a leaf to be disturbed."

NEW ABBEY—or, if the *tender*-hearted reader

* Our Guide is as interesting as instructive. "Even the village itself is beautiful, with its avenue half a mile in length, graced with a peculiar species of trees, and reminding the traveller of the approach to some princely domain."... "The late Lord Kames, whose mind was alike active and curious, made excursions to the whole country round, almost as often as he visited Dumfries on justiciary business; and was the first writer who brought under public notice a very singular ash tree, the product of some seed dropped on one of the ABBEY WALLS."—p. 89.

prefer the ancient title, *Sweet Heart Abbey**—is undoubtedly a ruin of very considerable attraction ; as well for its component parts, as for its interesting

* The authority is at once ancient and of the highest respectability : nothing short of that of my very old friend ANDREW WYNTOWN, Prior of St. Serf's Inch, in Lochleven, and Canon Regular of St. Andrew's : whose *Cronykil* is brought down to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and has had the advantage of having been admirably edited by Mr. Macpherson, in 1795, in two octavo volumes, of equal splendour of type and purity of text. Scotland has just reason to be proud of such a chronicler ; who, however inferior to Barbour in genius, is yet highly commendable for the care of his versification, the minuteness of his colouring, and the truth of his pictures. " Also within a mile (says Mackay) I visited *New Abbey*, founded by the famous *Dernagilla*, (*Devorgilla*) whose picture we saw in Baliol College, in Oxford, for the burying-place of her husband, John Baliol, King of Scotland, (of Castleburnhard) ...whose *heart* is intombed here ; and she called the monastery *DULCE COR* ; on which Winton, an old Scots poet, made the following inscription :—

" When Balliol, that was her lord,
Spousit, as you heard record,
His saul send to his Creator,
Or he was laid in sepulture
She gart apyne his body tyte,
And gart take his heart out quite ;
With spicery right well savourand,
And of kind wele flowerand,
That ilk heart, as men said,
She balmyt, and gart be layd
In a coffore of Ebores,
That she gart be made therefore
Enamylit and perfectly dight,
Locket and bunden with silver bright,
She foundit into Galloway
Of Cestertians Order an Abby ;
DULCE COR she gart thame all,
That is *SWEET HEART* that abby call ;
But now the men of Galloway
Call that steid *NEW ABBY*."

I copy from Mackay, p. 7-8 : the first to quote the rhyming chronicler on this ruin. The foundation of the abbey took place in 1260.

locality. Our beloved Criffel—according to Mr. Macdiarmid—“ towers at a little distance, breaking the force of the winter’s storm, particularly when it blows from the south-west ; while Shambelly Wood, which is of considerable extent, and was probably a forest in the olden time, tempers the rude north in another direction.”* I paced this ruin in all directions : the extreme length being two hundred-and-twelve, and the extreme width, from transept to transept, being one hundred-and-fifteen, feet. The height of the tower is somewhat upon one hundred feet ; but it has suffered demolition at top. While thus pacing, could I do otherwise than think of its former glories and riches—of the five hundred monks that once “ walked the studious cloister’s pale?”† of the baronies, lands, and churches, of which it was once the concentrated and stimulating point? Looking wistfully up to the roof of what remains of the south transept—upon which the *heart* and *three mullets* are sculptured‡—I wished the old tomb-

* A little onward the same writer observes,—“ The valley in which New Abbey is situated, dips gradually to the shores of the Solway, and is watered by the Glen-burn, a stream which wimples briskly along, and is navigable near its termination by boats laden with coal and lime, and other vessels of small burden. When the weather is favourable, the view from New Abbey is varied and extensive ; combining all the elements of the finest landscape ; and that, independently of the Vale of Nith.

† This is the tradition—that the abbey once contained five hundred monks. It is hardly conceivable and quite unsupportable.

‡ An anecdote connected with this inscription affords fine ground for ridicule, at the frequent absurdity of antiquarian deductions. There is an inscription over the escutcheon, with the arms of the

stones more numerous, and the modern ones more sparing . . . and after an interior ramble, full of interest in every way, walked outwardly to survey its general picturesque effect.

I had scarcely gazed around, when I saw a gentleman busy in the exercise of his pencil, which he seemed to handle *à l'artiste*. We instinctively approached each other, and saluted . . . " Might I be permitted to take a glance at the subject just treated ?"—" Nothing will give me more pleasure," . . . and with the first glance of the eye, I saw that I had at least a practised as well as tasteful artist to discourse with. It was D. O. Hill, Esq., an Edinburgh Academician,—engaged in taking views of the country which had been described by the pens of Burns and Hogg ; or rather, I seem to think, for a work designated *A Pilgrimage to the Tomb of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd*. It requires only a transient view of the manner in which Lincluden Abbey is adorned, in these immediately following pages, to be convinced of the talents of Mr. Hill's pencil ; and that the work in question could not be in better hands. As I saw much of this gentleman at Edinburgh, and shall necessarily group him afresh, all I chuse here to add, is, that

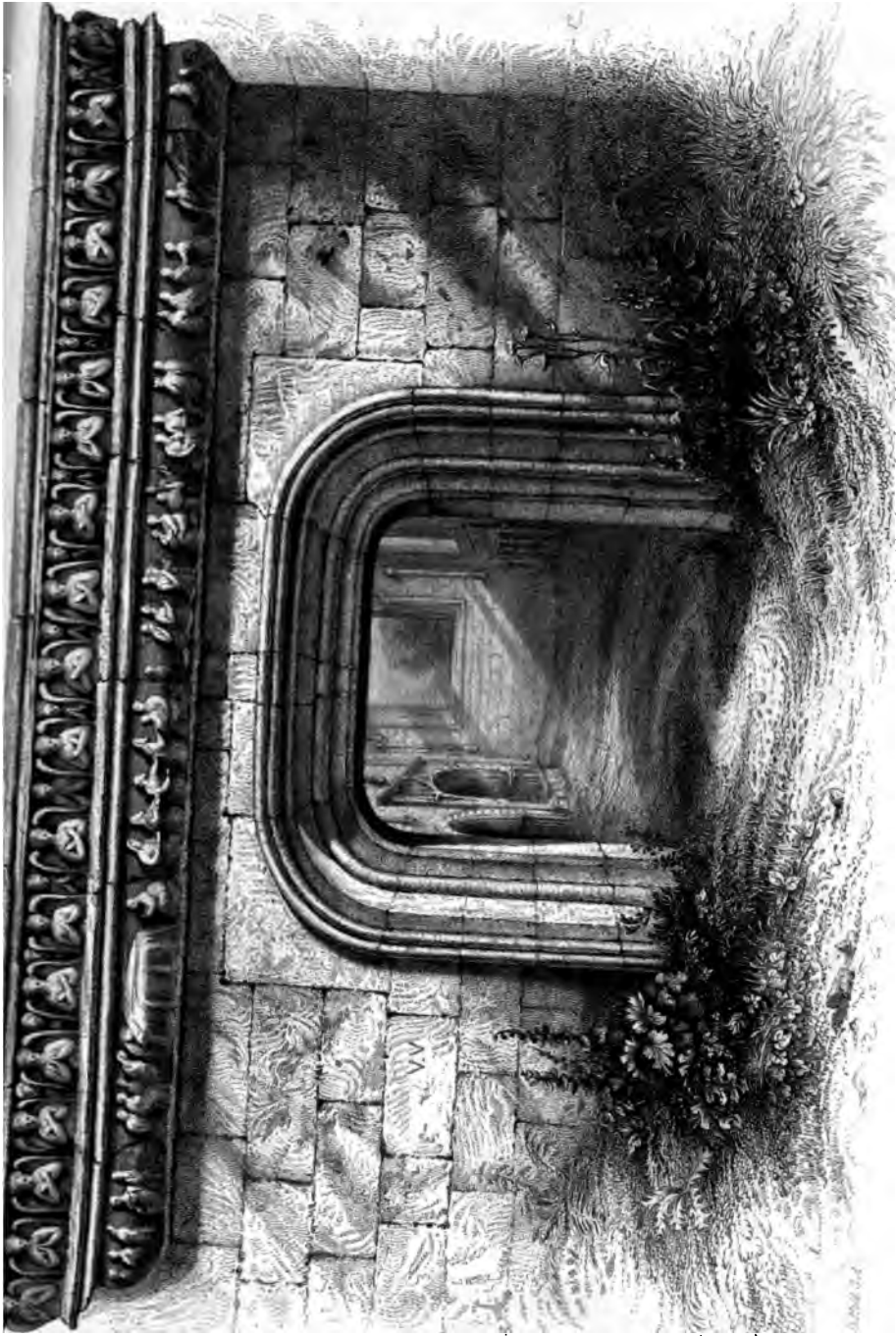
abbey, " which, from its height and want of light," Grose found to be " illegible,"—" but (says he) it is *said* to be *Christus Maritus Meus*, which seems more applicable to a nunnery than to a house of monks." The fact is, " the letters are cut in the old English character, and it is abundantly obvious that the inscription is simply ' *Choose time of need*,' spelt after the following fashion, ' CHUS TIM O' NID.'" See *Macdiarmid* ; p. 93.

Mr. Hill spent that same evening with me at the "King's Arms," where qualified whiskey and illimitable conversation made the hours pass pleasantly and profitably away. At his urgent request we visited Lincluden Abbey the next day.

After New Abbey, LINCLUDEN is a failure : that is to say, although, as these pages prove, it abounds in delicious *peculiarities*, there is nothing as a *whole* to give it an equally imposing effect with the ruin we had recently seen. It is as a shadow of a shade : a cupboard to a banquetting room. Destruction has been at work in all her frightful varieties. The Congregationists of the sixteenth, and the Leaguers and Covenanters of the seventeenth, century, helped to demolish what the earlier Reformers had perhaps accidentally spared. But the "peculiarities" of Lincluden must make some impression upon the reader, (as they did upon my own mind) when he looks steadily upon the OPPOSITE PLATE : a subject, in form and detail so *very* peculiar, that I know not where to give it a precise chronological place, or how to notice its subject-matter correctly. Pennant is at once vague and unsatisfactory. I should say that the flattened arch is of very uncommon occurrence, but I cannot assign to it a much earlier period than the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth, century—and that the subject sculptured, so far from being (as Pennant intimates) the *interment* of our Saviour, is rather his *birth* : the angels successively receiving the holy infant, till he is brought to be circumcised. The line of angels, above, with what

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may be called their out-spread wings of protection, during the birth of the child, is of excessive beauty and expression.

On looking through the outward arch, in the plate, the reader will discover a TOMB, to the left, in the chancel, to which I shall now give him a more familiar introduction. It is that of the LADY MARGARET, daughter of Robert III, and wife of *Archibald Earl of Douglas*, son of *Archibald the Grim*. Mutilated as was the recumbent figure of this lady, when Pennant saw it,* I could have wished it before me, with all its interesting adjuncts. Alas! what inroads and alterations, even since Pennant's time:† for, view it as it now *is*, compared with the well-conditioned aspect given to it in the pages of the writer just mentioned.

* Pennant says, "Her effigy, at full length, lays on the stone, her head resting on two cushions; but the figure is now mutilated; and her bones, till lately, were scattered about in a most indecent manner, by some wretches, who broke open the repository in search of treasure." In the middle of the arch, or rather, above it, of the tomb, (too small to be represented in the subjoined plate) is the heart, the Douglas arms, guarded by three chalices set cross-ways, with a star near each. The inscription is thus: "*Hic jacet DOMINA MARGARETA regis Scotiæ filia quōdam comitissa de Douglas, Dña Gallowdiæ et vallis Annandiæ.*"

† As seen in Pennant's Tour, one would imagine this tomb to be without a fracture. The earth, as will be seen, has made sad encroachments upon the armorial bearings below. Lincluden was founded in the fourteenth, but appears to have had its richest endowments in the fifteenth, century. My friend, the author of the *Picture of Dumfries*, says, that "the said nuns had so many lovers, and attended so little to the duties of religion, as to become an open



Surely it would be *here*, if anywhere, that one might catch, in the dying breezes of evening, the solemn monitory strains of “the *Beadsman of Nithside*” — as they breathe in the never-dying verse of Burns?

scandal and reproach”—when Archibald the Grim converted it into a residence for a provost and twelve beadsmen, just before his death, in 1400.

1

“ Thus resigned and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,—
 Night, where dawn shall never break,—
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore—
 To light and joy unknown before.

“ Stranger, go ! heaven be thy guide,
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.”*

Part of the prior's, or provost's, house, and a part of the south wall of the abbey, are all that remain to tell the tale of the departed prosperity of LINCLUDEN !—and from present mutilated and crumbling appearances, I fear, that, ere the ashes of the writer of these lines shall have been scattered as the dust before the wind, the whole mass of what now strikes the beholder's eye will be prostrate upon the red earth. Yet the tributary waters of *Cluden* shall continue to flow ; and the *Nith*, which receives it, shall continue to hurry on its silvery course into

* Nor less sweetly does the conclusion of the metrical tale of *Caerlaveroc* run :—

“ To sweet Lincluden's haly cells,
 Fu' dowie I'll repair ;
 There Peace with gentle Patience dwells,
 Nae deadly feuds are there.

“ In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
 Like draps o' balefu' yew ;
 And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
 A knight sae brave and true.”

Minstrelsy ; vol. iii. p. 369 : edit. 1810.

It is the wife of the murdered Kirkpatrick who wails thus—and hies to the nunnery, before its character was changed or its reputation tarnished.

the broad bosom of the Solway.* With reflections necessarily of a thoughtful and melancholy hue, we retrod our steps; saw “the banks and braes o’ bonny Doon”—as it were, on each side of us—with smiling cottages, and sometimes almost lordly villas;—forming a striking contrast to what we had left behind. We entered Dumfries about an hour after sunset, and were well satisfied to think of coffee and our couches.

The next day but one we were to leave Dumfries; when fortunately Mr. Macdiarmid returned. It would have been a loss not to have partaken of his society, for, at an evening party at his house—which, behind, looks upon and across the Nith—we had much animated and pleasant discourse. It was gratifying to me to make a handsome confession of his lady’s attention to us in his absence—and particularly that of his two nice lads, one of whom had been our charioteer to Caerlaveroc Castle. The direct public conveyances to Glasgow or Edinburgh depend upon places previously taken, or not, at Carlisle; and finding that no reliance could be placed upon what was casual, we determined to start the next morning, by six o’clock, in the mail, to Edinburgh. “Your journey will be hilly and wild,” said Mr. Macdiarmid; “but it will in many points repay you.” I desired no better encouragement.

By six, the warder (or guard of the “royal mail”)

* The adjacent country is soft, beautiful, and picturesque. “Continue my journey (says Pennant) through the beautiful *Nithdale*, or Vale of Nith, the river meandering with bold curvatures along rich meadows; and the country, for some space, adorned with groves and gentlemen’s seats.”—vol. i. p. 121.

blew his horn, and we were off at a steady, sharp trot. The morning was equivocal. The clouds were in hoary, grey liveries: now skirted by a fringe of vivid light, approaching to yellow—now conglomerated into heavier masses of a deep indigo tint. It was doubtful whether rain or fair weather should have the mastery. Some fine purple effects, upon the heathered tops of hills, presented themselves: when a little after nine, the great and glorious luminary of heaven drove all the scampering clouds, with their dripping mists and dews, before him:—and one might have almost exclaimed, in the sweet poesy of the primitive Herbert—

“ Soft day!—so calm, so clear, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

It was indeed a “ wild country ;” but there was a breadth and grandeur about the moor and mountain which gratified me vastly. We changed horses at Moffat, where there is a chalybeate spring, and where public rooms are built; and handsome lodgings may be obtained on moderate terms: the tiny Cheltenham of this northern domain, it is here the Edinburghers and Glasgovians equally resort, to kill grouse and time, and enjoy themselves by being miserable from want of employment. A little beyond, the ground rises sensibly, and for a considerable length carrying you to an height which a Southern might call mountainous. The road was incomparable. Great Britain is the paradise of roads. How often shall I be in duty bound to praise the well-contrived and well-maintained roads of the NORTH!

The mail stopped to breathe the horses. It was close to the *Devil's Beef-Tub*, and the guard (the emperor of his species, for manly form and pleasant physiognomy) persuaded us to get out and look over the short wall which protects the passenger from falling precipitately into this smoking tub, and becoming one of the ingredients of its contents. I made a hurried sketch of it, which I could never afterwards lay my hand upon; but the scene is altogether as grand as peculiar. The Warder again blew his horn, we remounted, and the echo from the huge cavity below attested the power of the blast, and the strength of the arm which closed the door. We rolled along, upon a sort of lofty terrace, and I began, for the first time, to stretch out my neck for a view of *Arthur's Seat* and the well-known Castle of Edinburgh. The guard smiled at my simplicity. It was thirty miles in advance of us. And here we saw, on our right, the sources of the THREE GREAT RIVERS of SCOTLAND—the *Clyde*, the *Tweed*, and the *Forth*. I seemed hardly to envy Bruce and his Nile, as I witnessed how they stole along, in their narrow beds of shallow stream, widening and enlarging in a curved or strait line, till they seemed to take an affectionate leave of each other, as they hurried away, to meet again in the bosom of the roaring sea. The day grew brighter and brighter, and at length the summits of the *Pentland Hills**

* "The Battle of Pentland Hills" is the name of one of the ballads—as recited by an old woman residing on the estate of Mr. Livingston, of Airds—in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The battle (if battle it can be called) took place on a spot called Rullien Green, on the 28th November, 1666. The Scots were

betrayed themselves—a noble range, as bold and lofty, but not quite so picturesque, as those of Malvern. Then stood out the precipitous rock of the CASTLE, as the lantern (at the vessel's stern) to light up the ancient city I was about to enter. And now, to the right, the *Lion Couchant* shewed his broad back—all sharp and decided, against a bright blue sky. Rapidly as the vehicle moved on, I wished for wings to perch upon the monster's head.* There was EDINBURGH!—which I had almost languished a full twenty long years to visit. The enthusiasm of boyhood seemed to possess me, as I thought of her Wallace, her Bruce, James the First and

well posted, and well commanded, by General Wallace; and stood two charges of the royal cavalry, commanded by General Dalziel. On the third charge they were effectually broken and dispersed. The pursuit was not hot, nor was the slaughter great. The two concluding stanzas are these: the Scots being designated as the Whigs.

“ The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The Whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles *toom** so fast.

“ The cleverest man stood in his van,
The Whigs they took to their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the *Rullien Green*.”

* Empty.

* Arthur's seat, to the right of Edinburgh, from the south, is an elevation of about seven hundred feet; and resembles not very faintly a *lion couchant*. The good citizens of Edinburgh are loud and proud in the mention and commendation of this peculiar hill. It has indeed a very striking effect from many points of view, especially when the adjacent, and somewhat lower ground, called *Salisbury Craigs*, forms the foreground of the picture:—a noble background to HOLY-ROOD HOUSE.

Fourth, and Mary;—of her Buchanan, Hume, and Robertson;—of her Adam Smith, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart;—her Burns and her Scott. “That, Sir, is the famous *Roslyn Castle*,” observed the guard, pointing to a short distance on the right. . . . Who that has read the “*Lay of the Last Minstrel*,” would not long to see the “glimmer of the dead men’s mail” on the deserted pavement of its chapel? * We had now cleared the last knoll of the Pentland Hills, and, accelerating our speed, quickly pounced down upon this ATHENS OF THE NORTH.

* See the wild and beautiful ballad sung by Harold, in the sixth canto of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*: and hear the not less wild and beautiful music, in the character of a glee, to which these words were set by the late celebrated and truly original T. Calcott. His music may be said to breathe the very soul of chivalrous poetry.

EDINBURGH.



WHATEVER might have been my *expectations* of the first general appearance of this renowned City, a love of truth compels me to declare that they were greatly exceeded by a *view* of it. Our route of entrance was highly favourable for a gratifying impression. At a distance, and in front, skirting the northern division of

the city, you discerned the blue waters of the Forth, —sparkling in the sun-beam. To the right were *Arthur's Seat* and the *Salisbury Craigs*; to the left, the precipitous and peering *Castle*: while, on entering, you may be said to bisect the *High Street*, and to come down upon *Waterloo Bridge*, with a reach of street scenery on either side such as can scarcely be surpassed. On rolling over the South Bridge, you look more than forty feet below, upon a street called the *Cowgate*, where the stream of a fruitful population may be said to be in full flow. A ravine, or broad cultivated fosse, once the *North Loch*, divides the Old Town from the New; and from the period of the Jameses you enter on a sudden upon that of the Georges,—of which the architecture is at once solid and proud, lofty and commanding. The *Melville Column* towers in the centre of St. Andrew's Square, over the tops of the houses of *Princes Street*,—that most delightful of all sunny banks, composed of grey stone! Before you, is the magnificent Register House; while, to the right, on the *Calton Hill*, are the public monuments of the illustrious dead.* I hope to be forgiven if I make

* The first of these monuments, in point of time, and as it meets the traveller's eye, is that of DAVID HUME; for the erection of which he bequeathed one hundred guineas in his will. It is solid, simple, and circular. It may have the authority of antiquity for its shape, but "far from me and from my friends," after death, be these bulky, circular forms, which look like reservoirs of water. The monuments of PLAYFAIR, DUGALD STEWART, and others, are nigh; above all which, in size and elaboration, towers that of BURNS—who, in his lifetime, inhabited the lowliest tenement of them all. The honours to the dead have here exceeded those to the

this public avowal, that I mistook the non-descript pillar to the memory of the immortal Nelson, for the *City Water-works*.

On alighting at the Mail Coach Office, we soon made our acquaintance with a *noddy*, or a hackney coach; and desired to be driven to the Royal Hotel, in Princes Street. It was entirely full; when we drove on to Mackay's, in the same street, towards its western extremity. Here we were both comfortable and admirably situated. The afternoon was bright and beautiful; and the whole city seemed to be encadred in a golden sunshine. Our first view of the opposite bank, or backs of the houses in High Street—in the Old Town—with the pinnacled summit of St. Giles's Church peeping above, naturally elicited expressions of surprise and delight. How lofty—how old-fashioned—how mellowed in the grey tint of the sixteenth century!—What a contrast to the locality whence we surveyed it! And then THE CASTLE*—also nearly immediately opposite—how

living. The fact is not an isolated one. Much good may be doubtless gained by a constant contemplation of these "monuments of the illustrious dead." It may excite sloth and kindle emulation; but I desiderate such objects to be in a more sheltered and solemn locality—such as the street of tombs at Herculaneum or Pompeii, or within the hallowed nave or transept of a cathedral, or place of worship. In such places the mind is in a fitter mood to hold discourse with the departed great ones...exempt from the din without, and unmolested by the stirring passions of the living.

* Of this castle, and its immediate locality, the views are without end. No artist can look at it, for the first time, without taking out his pencil, and communicating the spirit of the view to his paper. As

proudly it seemed to glory in its elevated situation ! What a history belonged to it. The unfortunate Mary might have brought forth her only son in the very room of which the grated window was facing

above intimated, no relic of the olden time has endured such a martyrdom (if I may so speak) as THIS CASTLE : but under every form and representation, or misrepresentation, it is still a grand and interesting object, even debased as it is by the four views of it in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*. Oppose to these the four views in the *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, edited by the late Sir Walter Scott, from the first near and general view, from the Calton Hill—by Turner—to the last, distant view, by Calcott. One can scarcely conceive that we are contemplating the same scenery. In the former, we view the pencil of a dwarf; in the latter, of a giant. Of these four latter views, the first and the last are singularly confirmative of the peculiar talents of the artists by whom they were executed. The daring foreshortening, and hurley-burley intermixture of smoke and cloud, of the first, is strikingly contrasted with the calm, quiet, meditative scenery of the last. One longs to approach Calcott's highlander, in the foreground, and hold discourse with him upon the bygone events which throw an indescribable magic over every feature of which the expansive landscape is composed.

These pages would be imperfect without *some* representation of this castle, however minute : and what here follows, although small, is from the pencil of an artist who knows how to seize the more speaking points of the picture, and to transfer them not only to his canvass, but to an engraver who has imbibed the spirit of his employer. This little gem was purchased by me of Mr. Hill, the brother of the designer, the very next morning of my arrival—and just before the plate was going to furnish a thousand impressions. A very few, scarcely more than fifty, had been previously circulated. It is engraved upon steel. And as this is our first note upon the ATHENS OF THE NORTH, there will be no impropriety in aiding the effort of the *pencil* by that of the sister-art of *poesy*. The sonnet subjoined, is taken from an Edinburgh paper of which I have

me.* At all events, it was clear that the roar of Sir William Drury's cannon was no longer heard in

forgotten the title. The author may in future fearlessly affix his

“ TO EDINBURGH.

“QUEEN of fair cities—EMPRESS of the North—
 How beautiful, beneath the summer sky,
 Dost thou, with all thy towers and turrets, lie!
 Green hills look smilingly on thee; the Forth
 In majesty reposes at thy feet—
 Before thee swells the ocean; while around
 Are woody heights, bold crags, and pastoral ground,
 Romantic villages, and villas neat.
 Centre of things so lovely!—not in vain
 Do I now gaze upon thee. Fancy's power
 Oft will unfold to me your charms again;
 And the remembrance of this tranquil hour,
 Haply another fairy link shall be
 In the love-chain that binds my heart to thee!

A. M. A.”

* The room in which our James I was born—in the Castle of Edinburgh—is probably not more than fourteen feet square in

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enforcing that son's right to the throne.* Terribly as this castle's exterior has been metamorphosed and debased by forms of building so wholly foreign to its character, it is still a grand and glorious pile, rising some three hundred feet above the ocean's level. It is still massive grey stone. The acclivities towards the west are precipitous and picturesque . . . while the Highland soldier, sentinelled on the ramparts, adds greatly to the stirring character of the scene.

After dinner we resolved to storm this apparently impregnable fortress, with no other ammunition than

dimensions. It is now a mere boozing and smoking room for soldiers—" *et id genus omne.*" The report runs, that shortly after the royal infant was born, he was let down, out of doors, in a basket, and conveyed to Stirling Castle.

* This was in 1573, when Sir William Drury, a *Border-warden* of great notoriety, was sent by Queen Elizabeth, and joined by the regent Morton. If my memory be not deceptive, there is an account of this siege, accompanied by wood-cut embellishments, put forth by one of the members of the Bannatyne Club. The gunners, habited in the costume of the time, are discharging artillery at the castle with all their might and main. But Edinburgh endured another siege at the end of the ensuing century; namely, in 1689: when, at the close of James II's residence there, it attempted to hold out against the Prince of Orange,—whose cause was advocated by the Duke of Gordon; and whose loyal acts are emblazoned under the title of *The Pourtrait of True Royalty in the Family of Gordon, without interruption to this present Year 1691.* At page 14, there is a frightful picture of the general confusion and ransacking propensities of the times. This curious tract was printed, from a MS., by Robert Bell, Esq., a Bannatyner, in 1828; and by him kindly presented to me: for which my best thanks are here necessarily tendered. My copy is embellished with an etching, upon India paper, of two round towers or bastions of the castle, and three soldiers, habited in caps and feathers, in the foreground.

what a *Fyne* herring, a roasted fowl, and a glass of racy sherry, could supply. We seemed sure of carrying it by assault. We passed the Parthenon of Mr. Playfair: in other words, the *Museum* and *Academy of Painting*—a stone building of remarkable brilliancy of component parts—encrusted with exterior ornaments, almost with the profusion of gothic art. It should not be at the bottom, but at the top, of a hill.* Of its exterior in an after page. A huge pile of earth, called *the Mound*, which connects the old with the new town, and than which nothing more ugly or more bungling can be conceived,† brought us to the

* On my first interview with the very distinguished architect of this building, I expressed such an opinion to him; to which he readily acceded. But the *centrality* of the situation was doubtless the chief inducement: or I could have wished it to occupy “the Place of Tombs.”

† It was not till after the above designation of this particular locality was written, that I found it thus described by Scott, in the pages of his *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*:—“That huge deformity which now extends its lumpish length betwixt Bank Street and Hanover Street, the most hopeless and irremediable error which has been committed in the course of the improvements of Edinburgh.”—p. 77. The history of this MOUNT itself is curious, as recorded in the pages of Creech's *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, 1815; p. 65-6. It is eight hundred feet in length, across a deep morass, and was made passable for carriages within three years. In fact, it was the deposit, or soil, from the excavations upon which the new town was built. “Eighteen hundred cart-loads of earth, from these excavations, were laid upon this mound every day. The quantity of earth that appears at present above the surface, measures 290,167 cubical yards; and it is moderate to say that half as much is below the surface. This makes the mound, as it stands at present, 435,250 cubical yards of travelled or carried earth. Then, allowing three cart-loads to each cubical yard of earth, there must be

upper part of the High Street, within two or three stones'-throw of the castle. I looked behind, upon the descent of this remarkable street, not far from the spot where Mr. Turner, the Royal Academician, stood to make his drawing for the *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, and could not but be struck with the glorious fidelity of his view.* But the sun was getting low ; and, from our elevation, the wind

1,305,750 cart-loads in this mound. This noble and useful communication cost the city only the expense of spreading the earth." It was not completed to its full breadth in Creech's time, who died in the year of the publication of his curious, and now, as I learn, rare work.

This mound stretches across what was once a part of the *North Loch* : see page 480, ante. In that most delightful of all topographical manuals, the *Reekiana, or Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, (of which anon) will be found a long and particular account of this dried-up loch ; a result which was not effected till 1763. When a sheet of water, it was converted to all sorts of strange, mysterious, and horrible, as well as amusing and extraordinary, purposes. I ought to say that its completion, as a place of dry-land resort, was not effected till 1830. See *Reekiana* ; p. 279-82. Would the climate admit of it, it were well to plant avenues of lime, and beech, and elm : gravel walks ; trimmed plots of flowers—with marble fountains throwing their diamond-spangled waters into the air...to descend in pattering lullabies ! And might not the "lumpish" mound which intersects it be converted into something which might unite beauty with utility ? What say the architectural geniuses of Messrs. Playfair, Reid, and Hamilton, to the erection of an ARCADE, which would speedily bring the rushing tide of population from either town to the other ; while its exterior might vie in beauteous harmony with the Museum, or the Academy of Painting and Sculpture ?

* See the High Street, in the *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, published under the editorial care of the late Sir Walter Scott.

seemed to be brisk and penetrating. There is always a degree of pomp and parade in entering a garrisoned place. The forty-second regiment of Highlanders formed the garrison: a regiment, which brings all that is brave, heroic, and victorious, to our recollection. We entered with the many. A bluff and kilted sentinel seemed to eye us askance. We moved on with the stream of visitors, and unluckily got upon the *glacis*, which tempted us from its very prominent position. A sentinel soon let us know that we had no business *there*. "He acted from orders." "But there was no state prisoner to release—and we could not turn the guns upon the garrison?"—"You must retire."

We obeyed without getting our peep: presuming this to be the law of *peace* as well as of *war*. On pursuing an opposite route, we gained a broad as well as commanding terrace, and saw from thence the Pentland Hills at our right, and *Heriot's Hospital* immediately below us—with all its vagarying, and yet not unpicturesque, architecture. I was told that Inigo Jones had been the Architect. "I will visit that spot within forty-eight hours from hence," was my observation to my travelling companion. I had heard much, and read some little, about it. It was the *Christ's Hospital* of SCOTLAND. It did one's heart good to gaze upon it.* We then directed our faces in a northern direction, over the Frith of Forth, and to the gently swelling *Lomond Hills*, by which

* It will be found somewhat particularly described in the ensuing pages.

it is skirted.* But where was the mighty BEN ?— Far off to the left : as well as Stirling Castle. It was only, as I learnt, on bright sunny mornings that you have a chance of catching these magnificent objects of Scotch landscape. The sun sunk, and a grey mist began to envelope the distant view.

We descended, not a little pleased with this our lofty introduction to the city and its immediate vicinity. What is new, is generally striking ; and what strikes, is sure to be thought of and talked of. I know not how many schemes were chalked out to be carried into effect on the following day : it being nearly dark when we reached our hotel. So long and so laborious a day necessarily fatigued my companion ; and after coffee she retired to rest. It was a fine mild cloudless evening. I threw up the sash, to gaze around me ; and to indulge a very natural train of reflections on the first evening of my visit to this celebrated city. The lights in the windows of the opposite bank of houses began to shew themselves by partial twinklings. The vast mass of stone was otherwise in deep shadow ; presenting an uneven

* The Scotch are often passionately addicted to their lesser mountains. When I was at St. Andrew's, a grand corporation dinner was given to Sir John Campbell, Attorney-General—making him free of the town of Cupar, of which he was a native. All the county of Fife was invited on the occasion. After dinner the Attorney-General addressed the company in a long and effective speech...in which, amongst other things, he told them that “ the first sight of these Lomond Hills, on his voyage down in the London steamer, brought tears into his eyes. They had been beloved by him from boyhood, and would continue to be so beloved till his dying hour.”

and most picturesque outline against a sky, which was getting brighter and brighter by a rising moon. That beauteous orb was two nights on the wane ; but her rising at the extreme left, towards the ocean, and moving on and high over the entire line of the High Street, had an indescribably soft and striking effect. The whole northern side of this elevated street was necessarily in a brown shadow ; which, by contrast, approached to blackness. Meanwhile, the summit of the castle became tipped with the moon's silvery radiance, and presently one of its entire sides seemed to sleep in her soft and tranquil lustre. I had never before witnessed such a sight in the heart of a town. To add to the indelible impression made from this view, the clock struck nine, and the *Evening Roll* was heard from the castle-heights. For the first time, after a peace of twenty-one years, I heard the sounds of the drum and the fife—now swelling in the breeze—and now softened down by distance . . . but conveying to the listening ear and meditative mind emotions which are better felt than described. For nearly two hours was I contemplating the novel and interesting scene before me ; nor did the approach of midnight give a much keener edge to the air. I was now fairly in SCOTLAND . . . and prepared on the morrow to enter into the antiquities and present state of society of the metropolis.

But my arrival was at an inauspicious moment for the successful attainment of the latter object. It was vacation-time, when the learned and the unlearned—the man of the long and the short robe—the citizen, and the philosopher—were abroad ; sailing in

steamers, or slaughtering grouse upon the mountain-tops. Among those who were absent, and especially of the long robe, I regretted not to find my old college friend and debating antagonist, Lord Moncrieff, at his residence in Moray Place. I saw one of his sons, a barrister ; and, immediately, I was thrown back to college times . . . as he seemed to be his parent, such as I remembered him in days of academic disputation and vigour. The absence of Thomas Thomson, Esq., President of the *Bannatyne Club*, and Head-Commissioner of the Scottish Records, was also another material drawback : but there were able, as well as willing, substitutes and representatives. My old correspondent and worthy friend, David Laing, (now advanced to the librarianship of the Signet Library) tendered his ready and effectual services. Nor were strangers, of gallant bibliomaniacal learning, for one moment wanting. Mr. Turnbull, the founder and secretary of the *Abbotsford (Book) Club*, had “sounded a trumpet of parley”—long before I had quitted home ; and in the procession of book-heroes, which filled the vido-view of my hopes, I had been told to take especial notice of the tartans of the Craigs, the Maitlands, the Macdonalds, the Mackenzies, and the Maidments. Add to this, I was well aware that at no time had there been a more general and anxious desire among these *Athenians* to explore the crumbling treasures of *Antiquity*—whether in the shape of a *boke*, a *church*, or a *castle* ; and that the formation and spirited prosecution of their CLUBS, (not for the haunt of gamblers, or as the receptacles of

debauchees) had given a tone to literature and science, such as caused the young to exult and the old to be well pleased. Thus there seemed to be no reasonable ground of despair.

At all events, the *Houses*, and *Streets*, and *Public Buildings*, were before me. They were not less tangible than visible: be the Bannatyners where they might. Having secured good lodgings, I started upon my campaign. Wherever I walked or sauntered, there was almost equal cause of surprise and gratification. The three grand streets of the New Town of Edinburgh, are those called *Princes*, *George*, and *Queen-street*. They run in parallel lines, one above another: the last being upon the loftiest ground, and overlooking the Frith of Forth in the distance, with its own square immediately below it . . . of which it forms the south side. Each of these streets is three-quarters of a mile in length, at the least. The first impression, on viewing them, is exceedingly strong. You wonder whence such architectural grandeur can be obtained, at such a distance from the metropolis of the empire. You forget almost Regent Street and Portland Place; and then the *matériel* . . . how infinitely surpassing is the former! While the exterior of London street-scenery is usually bedaubed and disfigured by a thin yellow surface of cement, upon which the united influences of smoke, fog, wind, and rain, effect strange metamorphoses, here, as well as at Paris, you behold the same, substantial, immovable surface. Whence is derived all this world of beautiful grey stone: Take a gentle walk, scarcely more than a mile and

a half, to *Craigleith*,* and look at an *excavation*, which tells you “whence this world of stone was derived.” Notice also what is *still* going on there : in quarries, producing a material which unites beauty of tint with solidity of texture. Never was nature more kind and bountiful—and never has man made a more sensible use of such qualities. A CITY OF PALACES has nobly rewarded his toil and taste.

It is impossible to particularize—even in the New Town. What then shall be said of the Old? Gentle reader, these pages are not to be perused as purely *topographical* pages. Art and antiquities, in nearly all their varieties—men and things, under very many aspects ;—an excursion here ; a *raid* there, but without poniard or pistol ;† books, pictures,

* The quarries of *Craigleith*, to the north-west of Edinburgh, furnish chiefly the stone of which the houses and public buildings are erected. Blocks of immense size are obtained, and found ductile to all the purposes of even delicate architectural ornament. Materials for the réparation of the streets are found in substantial abundance from the basaltic masses of *Salisbury Craigs*. A yet more enormous quarry, of limestone, is found at *Gilmerton*, about four miles from the city—and limestone convertible to architectural purposes. The vast subterranean cavern in which it is found, is an object of the first curiosity and importance: while at *Hailes*, three miles west of the castle, is found a quarry of free-stone, used more particularly for staircases and the foot-pavement for streets. What a combination of precious materials for the building of a GREAT CITY, and keeping it in a constant state of repair after ædification ! Such a city may take, and outlive, a lease of nine hundred and ninety-nine years !

† A *Raid*, in Scottish terms, means a foray or sally, for the purpose of plunder and slaughter—such as was evinced at Stirling and at Dalkeith, or Roslyn Castle, some two hundred and sixty years ago ;

statues, and banquettings—will in turn solicit thy attention, and, as I trust, reward thy indulgence. Should that same reader, however, be over anxious

when, in the former place, the Regent Lennox fell a sacrifice to the fury of the Queen's soldiers. Never was a surprise more secret and sudden, and more bunglingly carried on to its completion. It is one of the most extraordinary and spirit-stirring events of Scottish history. Did space permit, it were in my power to present the reader with one of the most curious tales extant, connected with a "HIGHLAND RAID of the seventeenth century," from an original MS. in the possession of my friend I. W. Mackenzie, Esq. which describes a most desperate conflict between some of his ANCESTORS and the rival clan of MACDONALD—a tale, that would have greatly enriched the pages of Mr. Skenes' *Highlanders of Scotland*, 1836, 8vo. A portion of this Raid, descriptive of a NIGHT ADVENTURE, cannot fail to be read with intense interest. The transcription, by the hand of Mr. Mackenzie, is most faithful.

"But when ANGUS MACDONALD, Glengarrie's son, knew that MACKENZIE was in Mull, he took the opportunity of his absence, and gathered all their followers, and came secretly by boats to Lochcarron, where he landed in the dead time of the night, and led a fire to every town in Lochcarron, where he killed all those he found within houses, excepting such that extraordinary manhood took them away. He spoiled all the country, and took all the cows he could find, and began to kill them in the Isle of Slumbarry. Advertisement was sent to Kintail and Lochailsh, who gathered as fast as they could; but he had his boats loadened before they came. After they gave him a flight of arrows, he took the sea, and they wanting boats, could not follow; but part of them went afoot to the Kyle, others made straight to Ilandonnan, where they gott a ten-oared boat and a four-oared boat. Mackenzie's lady carried to them arrows and amunition with her own hand. They rowed to the Kyle boldly, having noe chiftan, but ilk ane striveing who would act more for his misteris' credit and for the country defence. They came to the Kyle after the night had fallen, then they speied the first boat of Glengarrie's boats, they were resolved to let her pass without challenge. He followed nixt himself in his long boat of

respecting topographical matters—should he prefer a mansion to a *broadside*, and a *wynd* to a *statue*—let him take up, carry home, and ever and anon

thirty-two oars, loaded with men and spoil; which when they perceived, they rowed calmly to meet him, and he challenging them in asking who were there, they answered, “We are all *Clanavick alik*,”—with that giving them balls and arrows alik, at which they took much alarm—the clouds overshadowing the moon mad a dark shadow ore the sea, so as they thought it had been shore—and gott all to the forend of the boat, which made the boat to sink.

“When the Mackenzies saw their boat sink, they sen their little boat ashore, lest any should make their escape to land, and the Kintail men had the killing of them *like selches* [seals]. At last they killed Glengarrie’s son, and all those that were in that great boat with him. The rest of the boats when they heard the alarm retired to Strathordell, and left their boats; from whence they went afoot, and took boats from the Isles to Morar. When they knew their chiftan was dead with the best of his company, they gathered all together to ane ile that was in the way that the Lord Kintail was to pas by in his return from Mull. They were but one night in the ile, where the Lord Kintail came timeous the next morning in the sight of the ile. Being ebb sea, and their boats all ebbed, Captain Kerinborrich, who commanded Macklean’s great boat, in where the Lord Kintail was, perceiving all their boats ashore, knew them to be the enimy, which made him use this stratagem. He made straight for the ile, and caused draw down his sails, but had attenders to draw them up when he pleased. He stired and rowed to the isles as if he intended to go ashore, which, when the enimy perceived, they expected their prey was in their hands, and began to hide themselves within rocks in the iles, that none of them might be seen to hinder his comming ashore. But when the boat had rowed to the shore, Captain Kerinborrich stired about, and caused heise up his sails, and or ever the enimy could get into their boats, he was two part forth from them, so that their was nothing left them for their expected prey, but weeping and lamentatione.

“When Mackenzie came to the Kile, he spied a number of dead

make acquaintance with, the *Traditions* and the *Reekiana* of Mr. Robert Chambers. He shall never tire therein. Midst summer suns, autumn moons, and winter snows, he will yet find amusement and instruction in those portable and delectable pages.*

corps that the rage of the sea had castern ashore, which made him to think, seeing his enemy together a little before, that it was his own men that were killed their. He had in his companie two of Glengarrien natives, who hade quat Glengarrie and submitted to him, and who wer acquaint with both the countrey people, such as Robert Mc Conachie and William Mc Conachie, Vie Jan Moire whom he desired go ashore, and see who they were that were dead. No sooner were they ashore, but he espied them strick their hands upon their breasts, making great lamentation. "Praised be God," saith Kintail, "it is not for my countrymen you make such lamentation. I am confident that God hath been favorable to my countrymen in giveing them a pleasant victory." Then Robert retired to the boat, Kintail asked, "What news?" "My Lord," saith he, "good news to your Lordship; there is many a brave fellow of your enemys dead in yonder place, not so much as any of your countrymen amongst them. Immediately they sailed away to Elandownnan, where the Kintail men was no sooner landed, but he met his countrymen retiring from the burial of Young Glengarrie, whom they buried *in the very door of the Kirk of Kintail, as testimony that they might trample over his bodie whenever they went to church*, but the Lord of Kentail was offended that they did not burie him with the rest of his predecessors. He was the most resolute man of his name. His father would often have settled with Mackenzie, but during his lifetime he could never settle, for his spirit was *only given to WARR.*"

* I speak with sincerity, if I speak with enthusiasm; but I must add a "monitory clause." Will the ingenious and pains-taking author of these portable and seductive pages take the advice of an *old stager*? If he will, let him melt the three volumes into *one*, of the same exterior form; print them upon paper which will at least successfully encounter the paper *cutler*, with a type less palsied in

With all its architectural attractions, the New Town of Edinburgh is defective in two material points. It wants a fine church, and a noble square. The church of St. George, at the western extremity, is a dwarfish representation of St. Paul's, at a distance, if its dome be only considered. At hand, it shrinks into insignificance, and is flat and tame. There is no bold projecting portico; and the quantity of dull surface of stone, above the entrance to the springing of the dome, is a sad and striking failure. The church of St. Andrew's, at nearly the eastern extremity of George Street, is an almost inconceivable failure: the more to be regretted, as it is the bell of *this* church which tolls the good Christians of Edinburgh to their respective places of worship, on a sabbath-day. The tower and spire are strait-laced to a degree, and the latter is absolutely wasting of an atrophy. Was the architect ever in Lincolnshire? There wants a fine, loud, deep-toned, clock-striking bell—a *Tom of Lincoln*—in some central part of the city. Of the SQUARES, *St. Andrew* and *Charlotte* need only be noticed. The latter, at the west-end, is airy and cheerful, and of a sufficiently spacious area; but the houses might have advantageously received another story. The streets that run from thence to Moray Place, and to other contiguous

form and diminutive in size, and with *plates* upon *steel*, not upon *wood*—to stand 10,000 impressions: which will all be sold within 10,000 hours. Let my worthy friend look at page 361, ante, by the burin of "ane Edinburgher." 'Tis thus AULD REEKIE should be embellished. Is the artist *transported* who cut the blocks for Reekiana? It is what the *reader* is not—when he looks at them.

spots, have a pleasing effect; and the elevation of all this part of the town gives it a decided superiority. I may as well mention *Moray Place*—not because the first week of my residence in Edinburgh was spent in it, but because it is considered among the genteelest places of the city. It is unfortunate in its form, being *octangular*; and in consequence presenting no intelligible shape to the eye. A *Place* has usually only one row of houses, or two parallel rows: this of *Moray* has eight, which all want a distinct marking, and give it an indefinite and unintelligible aspect. The houses are, upon the whole, the best in Edinburgh: lofty, with stone staircases, and cupolas. The rooms are also of an admirable height: but woe betide the inmate who has nothing to do from home! Dulness cannot be duller. A plague should seem to have preceded our arrival. Neither man nor “mouse” was “stirring.” We were indeed “left alone in our glory.”*

St. Andrew's Square is of comparatively limited dimensions; and is now almost entirely converted into public residences; such as hotels, banks, and places of meetings of public bodies. David Hume built, lived, and died, in the first erected house in this square, on the south side. Here too the Advocate Crosbie, the Pleydell of *Guy Mannering*†, built

* To me, its *distance* from all the vital and business-like portion of the city, rendered it decidedly objectionable. There are few houses, however, in Portland Place better arranged than some of these: but I became cruelly connected with *flys*, and *coaches*, and *noddies*, in consequence.

† The first residence of the celebrated ANDREW CROSBIE was in

a noble mansion for himself, and was ruined by the achievement. It is now known as the *Douglas Hotel*—on the south side—the Albion or Clarendon of Edinburgh; and of which the only defect, to my knowledge, is, the want of light on the entrance staircase. The most exquisite culinary art cannot supply this radical defect. It might be easily remedied. Contiguous to it, is the Royal Bank of Scotland, once the residence of the late Lord Hopetoun, whose statue, by the side of that of his horse, both in bronze, struck me as being spirited and commanding. The action of the horse is a momentary one—biting his fetlock; but it is not the worse on that account. One is tired of the eternal prancing trot of the old *manège*. The horse's tail is sufficiently abundant in hair; which, "sooth to say," is so horizontally stiff and extended, as to resemble the beard of Gray's bard, and to

"—— stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

But the boast, as well as the attraction, of this square, is the *Pillar*—in the centre—upon which

an insulated house, in the old part of the town, not far from the residence of the first Earl of Roxburgh. It was contiguous to the courts of law, and that seemed to be its principal attraction with its tenant. Of the authentic memoirs of this extraordinary man's life, I believe very little is abroad. He united in a marvellous degree the wit, the wag, the man of pleasure—and even of intemperance—with the man of staid habits, diligent research, and learned lore. In his pleading he was the *facile princeps* of his day—if the current coin of wit, earnestness, and persuasion, be exclusively considered.

He may be said to have at times united the astuteness of Garrow with the eloquence of Erskine; and his good nature and liberal views made him as much the object of esteem without, as his intellectual

the statue of the late LORD MELVILLE—the once worshipped idol of nearly all Scotland — the sword,

attainments did of admiration within, the Courts of Law. But whether, in his joyous freaks of a Saturday night, he ever put the *decanter-stand* upon his head, mistaking it for his *hat*, (as the illustrious Scott makes him do) I have not been able to ascertain.

I am not sure, however, whether it was not the house occupied by the Royal Bank of Scotland, hard by, in which Crosbie lived; and of which the building is said to have ruined him. At all events, the reader will be well pleased to make his acquaintance, from a crayon copy of the original—in oil—by the hand of the late lamented Geikie,—spiritedly consigned to copper by Robert Bell.

vitality. Human life swarms here as does the hive with the bee. There seems to be a stirring or exciting object the whole way; while the centre of the street or road-way is sometimes filled by carriages, coaches, and carts of every description. Along this route, the Glasgow mail-coaches, before and after mid-day, mark their rapid and gaudy course. The foot pavement, towards the eastern extremity, begins to swarm with population, for here are the principal coach offices—the Golden Crosses, Bulls, Swans with two Necks, and Spread Eagles—of all Scotland. The Strand can be scarcely more alive. But oh! what a triumphant superiority in space and architectural street scenery does the *Northern* Capital exhibit.

Let us not hurry on too fast, but begin to the west of the *Graphical Parthenon*. Where are our dear ~~Books~~? There stand Messrs. Laing and Forbes, with their open arms to receive you, buy or not buy. One carriage succeeds another carriage at the door. Prints, albums, keepsakes, portfolios, wax, paper edged with hearts and darts, or plain, are at your entire service. “What lack ye, Masters? come hither to me,”—may be said here, as it was of old by *Dives Pragmaticus*.* In a retiring room, sit the politicians; my friend Lieutenant-General Ainslie

* The title of this curious, and yet unique, metrical volume above alluded to, is “*A Booke, in English Metre, called DIVES PRAGMATICUS, or the Great Marchantman; very preatle for children to rede,*” 4to. 1563: printed by Thomas Newbury. The only known copy of this singular volume is in the Spencer Library; which I purchased for the late Earl Spencer, at the Roxburghe sale, for thirty pounds. It is noticed in my *Decameron* and *Library Companion*.

over his "Morning Post;" my friend John Whitfoord Mackenzie, Esq. over his beloved "Scotsman." They intermingle discourse as if their hearts were in union; though their respective political creeds are at a *toto cælo* variance. The name of "heaven" should hardly find admission on these occasions; at least it is a blessed consolation to think that "in HEAVEN there will be no POLITICS" . . . as the late dying octogenarian, Sempronius, once observed to me. Reverting to these worthy bibliopoles, let it be understood that they have food for all tastes; from the chap-book loving Maidment to the folio-aspiring Maitland; of each of whom, anon. Then again here are Chalmers, Pinkerton, Laing, Tytler, up to Wynthown and Fordun. You cannot fail to procure a good appetite for dinner, by procuring a half-score goodly and instructive tomes at No. 92, Princes Street.

Still move on, eastward. Cast your eyes on the ground-floor—for ground-floors are held in profound respect at Edinburgh—as you near the number 87, and there will be found, nestling in the *Bannatyne and Maitland Rookery*,* the indefatigable and indomitable Mr. Stevenson—who loves old books and **black letter** with an almost frenzied fondness. His shop is now, I believe, the only existing "cask" in this city which preserves the true ancient Wynkyn de Worde "odour." My friend, Mr. Laing, was . . . a *swan* in this species of book-vending. Having of late become a *cygnet*, he vends no more. This is "*caviare* to

* The extra copies, struck off for sale by the above book-clubs, of their respective publications. I do not exactly know the number, but it is under one hundred, and in some instances less.

the multitude :” but it is more substantial than roast beef and plum-pudding to my friend. I am free to confess that of Mr. Stevenson I purchased a few of the most curious and covetable volumes which I brought with me from Scotland. Some twenty doors below, on the first floor, lives Mr. Hill, a print-vendor, and brother of the clever artist from whose pencil these pages have received some of their brightest embellishments. He is all activity, attention, and civility. You look before you, and a white pennant streams down, as from the top-mast of a first-rate, upon which are inscribed the names of subscribers to the plate of Sir David Wilkie’s “Preaching of John Knox.” The publisher rubs his hands in a sort of modified ecstasy. “A thousand pounds, Sir, are upon yon scroll.”—“With all my heart, good Mr. Hill, and may it be doubled before the day of publication. How did you manage to raise such an army of subscribers?”—“Wrote to every Scotch peer and to every Scotch gentleman in the kingdom ; and behold the fruits.” Mr. Hill is a sensible man, and the way of honour and of gain is straight before him—only the former would not have been tarnished, nor the latter diminished, if he had lent me a copy of Mr. Constable’s beautifully printed text of Coleridge’s *Ancient Mariner*, enriched by engravings from the truly original designs of Mr. Scott. Mr. Hill has also a retiring room ; not for newspapers, but for drawings and paintings. I was much struck with several, and particularly with a large oil painting—not free from the rawness of tyrocism—of which Mr. Stanley, the leading actor in the tragedy depart-

ment at Edinburgh—was the artist. It evinced a solid good taste. There was a depth and tone about it which betrayed even a poetical conception and feeling: but I shall come in contact with this *Performer* anon.

We are now getting towards the “Babel stir” and noise of Edinburgh, as we bear down upon the Register Office: the very centralisation, as I chuse to call it, of the *trein-trein* of the new town. And yet, we are hurrying on somewhat too swiftly. To your right, and the first mansion, within nine doors of the corner of the street running to the South, over Regent bridge, there is one of the noblest repositories in England (and I speak considerately) for upholstery ware: in the name of Trotter—and of which Mr. Blackadder is always the commanding officer. Mr. Gillespie Graham (who is even more than the Edward Blore of Scotland, for magnificence of Gothic architecture) had given me a note of introduction to Messrs. Trotter, that I might see the Gothic carvings in oak which they were executing, from his designs, for the new chapel of Heriot’s Hospital. “I came, saw,” and was vanquished. . . . with admiration at the delicacy and minuteness of their executive powers. Here was an elaborately carved pulpit—with the precentor’s or clerk’s place embodied below—rising to a tapering point full thirty-five feet from the floor! Ye pulpits of the South!—

“Ye meaner beauties of the *night*,
Where are ye when the *sun* doth rise?”

On inspecting this ambitious area for the preacher, I

could not help contrasting it with the stunted shape and impoverished look of Knox's pulpit, as its supposed form is handed down to us.* "Sir," said ---- "Johnny Knox would have kicked this pulpit out of window."—"If he could," was the reply.

The locality of this great upholstery warehouse is rather singular. It is on the ground floor : lighted by a sky-light. It is of great length and intersected by rectangular vistas filled with mahogany and rosewood objects of temptation, in all their seductive varieties. Chairs, tables, beaufets, desks, commodes of all times, and in all forms—from that of Henry VIII to the modern form†—carry away your heart and your purse together. I saw here some specimens of elm-wood tables (the wood growing within five miles of Edinburgh) which struck me as of surpassing as well as peculiar delicacy.

The commander-in-chief leads the way, and I follow. "Here are our rooms for bed furniture. Be pleased to take notice." It was, indeed, a "goodly prospect" before me. For whatever situation in life, there was a bed in its appropriate form and with its appropriate furniture. From the sultana bride to

* A view—and apparently a faithful copy—of this pulpit, from the original in the parish church of St. Andrew's, is given by Mr. C. J. Smith, in the sixth number of his *Historical and Literary Curiosities*; plate the first.

† As a memorial of my visitation of, and gratification with, the very interesting repository of Messrs. Trotter, I bespoke an arm chair, of the style of James and Charles, in oak, with a morocco seat. The ornamental portions of it are the admiration of the real *cognoscenti*.



the kilted common foot soldier, there was the sleeping receptacle. Here was eider down, in all its bravery, in its form of pillow, bolster, and bed—swelling to a mountainous height—but, when touched, collapsing to an ordinary level; while, above, was the convexed canopy of damask satin, befringed with silken tassels of rose and gold-colour—fit receptacle of the fair one, whose wedding portion was to be counted down in ten thousand brilliants, of which the diameter of no single brilliant should be less than a cubical quarter of an inch. There have been wedding portions larger even than this.

We are not yet too fatigued for scaling the steps of the REGISTER HOUSE. When I visited it, Thos. Thomson, Esq. the principal officer, was from home; having just taken unto himself a wife (whether with “ten thousand brilliants” I do not pretend to know), and being then at Paris. But his substitute, or the second in command, Alex. Macdonald, Esq. scarcely left me room to regret his absence. Our introduction (I forget now through what channel) was hearty in the extreme. It would seem, that, by some mysterious sympathetic process, we had been acquainted these twenty years. He led the way to all the treasures which the massive stone walls and spacious rooms of that building enclose—a world of wonders! Records of events, and registers of estates, and I know not what—so admirably contrived, so facile of access, in such sound condition, and methodised arrangement. But THERE was deposited the vellum-roll of the UNION WITH ENGLAND: large, flaunting, and in characters of ornate Gothic curvature—with the

portrait of "good Queen Anne" encadred in the initial letter.* "Behold the signatures, my friend," observed my guide: "behold the family compact between your country and ours. This is the scription and the attestation which converted wolves into lambs. We have been brethren ever since." "Except in the years 1715 and 1745," replied I. "Well, well, the exception does not make the rule."

We passed on to other objects. The building—considered by some to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Robert Adam†—is not less convenient within, than splendid without. All the objects or offices which it encloses are admirably arranged; and you may do a good

* It was not likely that I could view all these signatures to a document of such precious importance, as that of the Union of England and Scotland, without a desire to bring away facsimiles of a few of the signatures—in short, of the first six of the Scotch and English peers. The reader sees them exactly copied in the OPPOSITE PLATE. There are two of these deeds: of equal authority. One is in England, the other in Scotland. Out of courtesy to each country, the Scotch names appear in the first list of the deed in Edinburgh: the English names occupy the first column in that at London. Mr. Thomson, the head record commissioner in Scotland, has facsimiles of the whole.

† The building, including the wings, is 200 feet in length, and 120 feet in breadth or depth. The height of the cupula is 80 feet, and its diameter 50 feet. The front façade has a noble look; and the flight of steps of entrance is admirably arranged. The base of this elevation—a flat stone wall along the street—is the receptacle all day, and a great portion of the night, of lazy, idle, vagabonds; who seem to have nothing to do but to lounge and to talk. The egress of the theatrical folk adds to its motley and crowded character. That it is a great nuisance, and might be easily rectified by a little police discipline, is undeniable. I never heard, however, of any public act of wrong or violence committed here.

stroke of business, in many ways, ere you button up your great-coat (for the eastern wind "blaws cauld and chill" as it were) ...

<i>Stirling</i>		<i>S</i>
<i>London</i>		<i>L</i>
<i>Mar. S.</i>		<i>M</i>
<i>London</i>		<i>L</i>
<i>Sutherland</i>		<i>S</i>
<i>London</i>		<i>L</i>

FAC-SIMILES of the first Six SCOTCH & ENGLISH.

portrait of "good Queen Anne" encadred in the
initial letter.* "Behold the signatures, my friend,"



stroke of business, in many ways, ere you button up your great-coat (for the eastern wind "blows cauld and chill," as it comes whistling down from the Calton Hill), to go home and dress for an attic symposium in Picardy Place. The room where the Union-deed is preserved, is perfectly in the Adam's style: lofty, with an highly ornamented ceiling, and looking upon a small greensward, to refresh the eyes and gladden the hearts of all who come to make transcripts: for this may be called the transcript-room. In the centre of the house is a cupola, with a circular gallery. I ascended with my guide. "'Obstupui!' What might that awfully mysterious figure be, enclosed within a grated receptacle?" Mr. Macdonald smiled. "You are not the first to be astonished at such a spectacle," observed he. We approached, and I found it to be a colossal figure (as it struck me) of George III, by the late Hon. Mrs. Damer. Were it not from respect to the venerable character whom it attempts to represent, it should be consigned to a garden or tool-house. It is, among the many failings of that amiable Lady Sculptor, perhaps the greatest failure; without excepting even that of Sir Joseph Banks, in the British Museum.

At the end of a corridor, I threaded an elegant room in my way to a spacious and well-lighted apartment,

* Every facility of access and comfort of accommodation is immediately afforded to the Transcribers. I learnt that my friend Mr. Thomson made a stiff and gallant stand for the retention of the grass-plot. His statue should be in the centre of it. It hath a marvellously comforting and refreshing look.

facing this *Charing Cross* of the city—where sat Cosmo Innes, Esq. . . . enveloped with chartularies, pendent seals, paper, parchment, and vellum . . . all redolent of the ancient periods of Scotland. Here was *preparing* for publication the *Chronicle of Melrost*; studded with the scarcely rivalled graphic gems of Mr. Penny, the engraver—whose works I had never seen before; but which, once seen, could never be forgotten by me.* The reader has abundant reason in these pages to be sensible of the justice of this commendation. The *Chronicle* in question was preparing for publication by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch; being his first contribution to the Bannatyne Club—of which he had been recently elected a member. It overtops every previous contribution for splendour and bulk. Mr. Innes is as versed as he is enthusiastic in these pursuits of legendary lore. An abbatial seal is his delight—a conventual chartulary his consolation—a brass matrix his (qualified) adoration.

Mr. Macdonald took me from the Register Office to his house in Regent Place—ascending the Calton Hill—and passing the Town Gaol—with the High School of Edinburgh on the extreme elevation to the left. On reaching Waterloo Place, where the Post Office (a noble building) stands to the right, I could not help gazing below—where an under-current of population, ever and anon looking up at the spot whence I viewed them, seemed to be passing and re-passing beneath an arch. Having been furnished with

* See page 394 *ante*, and the account of St. Andrew's, *post*.

a drawing of this identical spot, I thought that a copy of it upon copper might be acceptable to the tasteful reader.



Hard at hand, within the same Waterloo Place, to the left, are the shop and warehouse of the MESSRS. CHAMBERS—editors of a weekly Journal,* which is

* My readers will probably thank me for the following minute and faithful account of the origin and progress of this EXTRAORDINARY JOURNAL. They may rely upon its accuracy, while gratified with its detail.

The EDINBURGH JOURNAL was commenced February 4, 1832, in a folio sheet at *three half-pence*, with the design of furnishing cheap intellectual entertainment to the poorer classes. Periodical sheets,

equalled by none in extent of circulation, and surpassed by few in value of information. It has also the extraordinary peculiarity of being divested of *all*

similar in price, had existed before, and met with considerable encouragement; but this was the first attempt to furnish original and respectable literary matter at so low a rate. The *Penny Magazine* was immediately after announced, and the first number appeared at the end of March in the same year. The *Saturday Magazine* was started a few months later. The originating of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal was this. Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, a young bookseller in the Scottish capital, author of a work entitled the *Book of Scotland*, in which the public institutions of the country were described. From the first, however, and ever since, the more ambitious original literature of the Journal was chiefly furnished by his younger brother, Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, the author of numerous works on Scottish history, topography, and antiquities; and who, soon after the commencement of the Journal, became ostensibly a co-editor of the work, in commercial partnership with his brother. In this double relation they have since continued.

About three months after the commencement of the publication, an arrangement was formed with a London bookseller for printing a separate edition of the work there, for circulation in England. This was the means of evoking a new utility from the process of stereotyping; for, when a set of plates of that kind had been used for the Scottish impression, it was sent off per mail to London, and there caused to produce a separate impression: the carriage of a small box of leaden plates being thus substituted for the carriage of various large bales of paper and print, by which a great saving was effected. By this means, also, the Scottish publishers were spared the risk of committing an enormous quantity of goods to a distant agent. At present, the impression taken in Scotland amounts to about *twenty-four*, and that in England to *thirty-eight thousand*, or above SIXTY THOUSAND in all.

Messrs. Chambers have also published a series of sheets, fifty in number, entitled *Information for the People*; each sheet (price three half-pence) treating of a distinct science, or branch of human knowledge, and the whole forming, in one thin folio volume, the *cheapest*

ornament. It comes forth, in the severity of its Tuscan garb, seeking and finding that patronage, which, in the long run, is sure to crown a steady perseverance, and a pains-taking selection of truly useful intelligence. It exasperates no party feeling . . . in religion, ethics, or politics. It leaves the mind of the reader in the same calm, clear, and comfortable state in which it may find it; or, if slightly ruffled or discomposed, it is excited only to pursue a newly struck-out path to knowledge and to happiness.

How pleasant as we continued to ascend! The sun is in full blaze. The tips of Salisbury Craigs glitter in the golden light—while its basaltic sides are invested with a warm tint of mingled purple and pink. Above, is the head of the Lion Couchant, or Arthur's Seat. Directly in the foreground is the tomb of poor Burns: nearly, as I suspect, half as large as the tenement which held his living body. At the bottom—just across, and scarcely three-quar-

ENCYCLOPÆDIA for the poor student in existence. They are now engaged in bringing out what they style an *Educational Course*, being a series of volumes embracing the theory and practice of *education*, addressed respectively to teachers and scholars. This work is also experiencing very distinguished success.

Messrs. Chambers are their own printers and publishers, and limit their exertions in these capacities chiefly to their own writings, or the works which they edit. By this union of literature with business, it is their hope, as I have been informed, to show an example which other literary men may see it to be for their advantage to follow. They hope, *by making literature a business*, to obviate the miseries which have too often attended a literary career; and this not only without degradation, but with the happy result of an escape from those degrading circumstances into which the precariousness of purely literary returns too often introduces the votaries of the quill.

ters of a mile, forming the foreground to Salisbury Craigs, is HOLYROOD HOUSE. It was impossible to view such objects—and especially the latter—with indifference. “The unfortunate Mary” is yet the theme of general sorrow in England: of sorrow, not unmoistened with a tear. The workings of chivalry seem still to divert or to stifle the bearings of irresistible evidence. But I enter my friend’s house; and from his drawing-room window, in Regent Terrace, gaze upon all this out-stretched scene of majesty and interest. I had not gazed long, before my attention was turned to an object *within*. Mr. Macdonald was fully aware of the weakness of his visitor. An *illuminated Missal* seemed to be slyly placed before me: cropt—cruelly, unrelentingly cropt! Yet the illuminations, although in many places soiled, were spared—and how I profited by an introduction to them, the reader shall judge from the two OPPOSITE PLATES.*

But the walls of the Deputy-Register furnished speaking evidences of his graphical taste. Above all was I struck with an early and sweetly painted small picture in oil by W. Allan, Esq. R.A.—which obtained him his academical honours. It is an old Highlander, with a little girl and a frugal meal by the side of him, in the act of saying grace. It

* The writing is a large bold Gothic letter—of the thirteenth century, as it appears to me; as well as from the ornaments throughout the book. The critical antiquary shall judge for himself. The book is so closely cut, as to reduce it almost to a crown octavo size; but originally it was a small folio, or large quarto. The subjects, in each plate, are selected from different parts.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

... ..







should be engraved. An exquisite drawing in white and black crayon, by poor Geikie, is not far off. It is that of a dwarfish cobbler, on crutches, with a cart by the side of him—under which he always walked, upright, in a shower of rain—while the people were scudding along, in all directions, for shelter, to neighbouring shops. I could well enumerate more graphical embellishments with which these walls are girted . . . ; but methinks I hear Mr. Macdonald exclaim, “remember what is to follow.” I comprehend, and thank him for his hint—and taking my hat in hand, say farewell to Madame and himself, with an “*au revoir*”—sure to be carried into effect within forty-eight hours. Of all houses, for situation, visited by me in Edinburgh, I think those of Regent Terrace are the most to be desired.

So much for the northern division of Edinburgh. So much for the NEW TOWN. And yet scarcely half its charms are unveiled.* What would De Foe have given for such a *walk*—even for such a *view*? All his visions or predictions have been fulfilled to an extent which he could have scarcely ventured to anticipate.† The completest realization would have

* I allude in particular to all those streets running parallel with, and to the north of *Queen-street*, and *Queen Square*: including *York Place*, *London-street*, *Great King-street*, *Northumberland-street*, *Scotland-street*, and many others. The descent, in some parts, especially in *Scotland-street*, is a little alarming in a carriage; but this descent is worth experimenting on more accounts than one:—especially if you tarry within the precincts of No. 19.

† De Foe, some hundred and twenty years ago, describes the city as like a hog’s back: sharp in the centre, and precipitous on each side. He makes all the sides of the Castle, except the east,

crowned hopes which even *he* would have wanted the courage to indulge. But we must turn our backs upon all this splendour and pride: upon the High School, the Monuments, the Bridewell—and I know not what . . . and prepare for domestic and street scenery, such as is probably no where else to be seen. And yet, even within this century, it has been hugely shorn of its beams. *Closes*, and *Wynds*, and *Gates*, have lost, not only their identities, but their names. The air is purified by increased expansion of space—but the antiquary of the last century has to mourn over defaced sculpture and departed residences—while the great fire of 1825-6, converted gardens into places and passages, and human population has succeeded to the thistle and the rose.*

The reader will put on his hat, and accompany me to the OLD TOWN—and especially to the *High Street*, pronounced by Mackay and De Foe† to be

“frightful and impassable precipices,” as a little onward he says thus: “Were it not so steep, and were the Lough filled up, as it might easily be, the city would have been extended upon the plain below; and *fine beautiful streets would no doubt have been built there*: nay, I question much, whether, in time, the High-street would not have been forsaken, and the city, as we might say, *run all out of its gates to the NORTH*.”—p. 30-3. Was ever an hypothesis more thoroughly confirmed? De Foe says, of Edinburgh, at the time he visited it, “that, in no city in the world, so many people lived in so little room as there.”

* These alterations took place more particularly at the upper or western extremity of the High-street, and especially at the south and north sides.

† “The High Street of Edinburgh, running by an easy ascent, from the *Netherbow* to the *Castle*, a good half mile [*qu. more*], is

the finest street in Christendom. It might have been so considered in their time; but in these days it is scarcely the *third*, even within this kingdom, for length and magnitude; and there be those who, within the City of Edinburgh, give some of those streets, already mentioned by me, the preference; and *Queen Street*, if its continuation by *York Place* be considered, may dispute with it the palm of superiority. But the HIGH STREET for me—and my friends. Its length—its ascent terminated by the Castle—its undulating varieties—its antiquated houses—all based, as it were, upon *Holyrood House*—

doubtless THE STATELIEST STREET *in the World*, being broad enough for five coaches to drive up a-breast; and the houses on each side are proportionably high to the broadness of the street; all of them six or seven story high, and those mostly of free-stone, makes this street VERY AUGUST.—*Mackay*, p. 65. De Foe, a contemporaneous writer, is more particular, as well as encomiastic. “The main street, as above, is the most spacious, the longest, and best inhabited street in Europe. Its length is near a mile and a half, some say full two measured miles: the buildings are surprising, both for strength, for beauty, and for height: all or the greater part of free-stone; and so firm is everything made, that, though in so high a situation, and in a country where storms and violent winds are so frequent, 'tis very rare that any damage is done here. No blowing of tiles about the streets, to knock people on the head as they pass; no stacks of chimneys and gable ends of houses falling in to bury the inhabitants in their ruins, as we often find it in LONDON, and other of our *paper built* cities in England; but all is fixed and strong to the top—though you have, at that part of the city called Parliament Close, houses which, on the south side, appear to be eleven or twelve stories high, and inhabited to the very top.” A little before, De Foe calls Edinburgh “a large, populous, noble, rich, and even still a Royal City.”—*Tour through Scotland*, vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 33.

that spot of enchantment, upon the battlements of which the red ghost of Rizzio is seen to flit at every first night's waning of the moon—the adjoining chapel, black in crumbling ruins—these things throw a charm about the High Street, which you shall find in no other city. And then the residence of *John Knox*—who often used to walk down from thence to give Queen Mary a lecture upon the virtues of Presbyterian asceticism—all this is present with you while you contemplate or perambulate the High Street of Edinburgh. The old **TOLBOOTH**—that concentrated spot of all the waking or sleeping genius of the Canongate—is **GONE**. It is now only matter of history in the “Chronicles” of the late Sir Walter Scott. Its iron gates, of which the hinges once “grated harsh thunder” to the ear of the imprisoned inmates—are nailed to the walls of Abbotsford—and its ponderous keys repose in a lower room.

And first for **HOLYROOD HOUSE**.* I should say—

* That is, **THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY CROSS**. It is now difficult to say when the Abbey began or ended—and how the palatial residence grew out of or along with it? The abbey was erected in the twelfth century, by David I. The regal residence was first effected by Robert Bruce, early in the fourteenth century—when, as it appears to me, the contiguous chapel (of which the interior is most accurately given by Blore, in the *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, p. 66) was mainly built. But it was nearly destroyed before James the Vth, exactly three centuries ago, built a “fair palace, with three towers, in the Abbey of Holyrood House.” These are the three towers which are yet visible. It received great architectural additions and improvements, consisting of five courts—but the cannon of Cromwell reduced it nearly to ruins; and towards the end of the same century, having been repaired for the reception of James II, when Duke of York, it was again attacked—by an infuriated mob

taking every thing, in every direction, into full consideration, which I had seen in Scotland—THIS object gratified me the most. Indeed, where will you find an object so full of interesting associations with history? Where does the spirit of the unfortunate MARY seem so emphatically to linger as *here*? Where could its haunts find a more general sympathy than within these old abbey walls? Her presence-chamber—her banquetting-room—her toilette—her sleeping-room, and her bed—are here. In yonder corner of the presence-chamber, there is one plank in the floor said to be still visibly stained with the blood of the assassinated Rizzio. It requires indeed a most elastic and outstretching share of faith to give credence to this—but, “*qui vult decipi, decipiatur.*” I looked . . . and was satisfied.

My daughter accompanied me to this truly singular palace of the Stuarts in the sixteenth century. On entering the court-yard, you look up to the north-west turret; and the closet of Mary, with the contiguous room in which Rizzio was murdered, are immediately pointed out. Your heightened curiosity and hurried pace betray your anxiety to enter. A guard paces its front. The arms of Scotland and Hamilton* are quartered over the door. You knock,

led on by the No-Popery cry. Its present appearance was completed about the year 1740-50. In Mr. Chambers's minute map of the old Town of Edinburgh—attached to his *Reekiana*—there is a bird's-eye view of “*Holyrood Abbey and Palace, before 1650.*” Alas!—now how changed!

* The Dukes of Hamilton are hereditary keepers of Holyrood House.

that spot of enchantment, upon the battlement of which the red ghost of Rizzio is seen every first night's waning of the moon—the chapel, black in crumbling ruins—these things give a charm about the High Street, which you find in no other city. And then the residence of *Knox*—who often used to walk down from the High Street to give Queen Mary a lecture upon the virtues of byterian asceticism—all this is present with you as you contemplate or perambulate the High Street of Edinburgh. The old *TOLBOOTH*—that consecrated spot of all the waking or sleeping genius of Scotland—*Canongate*—is GONE. It is now only mentioned in history in the “Chronicles” of the late Sir James Scott. Its iron gates, of which the hinges give a “grated harsh thunder” to the ear of the inmates—are nailed to the walls of *Abbotsford*. Its ponderous keys repose in a lower room.

And first for *HOLYROOD HOUSE*.* I show

* That is, *THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY CROSS*. It is difficult to say when the Abbey began or ended—and how the *House* grew out of or along with it? The abbey was founded in the twelfth century, by David I. The regal residence was built by Robert Bruce, early in the fourteenth century—what I take to be, the contiguous chapel (of which the interior is described by Blore, in the *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*) was mainly built. But it was nearly destroyed before the *House* was exactly three centuries ago, built a “fair pair of towers, in the Abbey of Holyrood House.” The towers which are yet visible. It received great additions and improvements, consisting of five courts—*Cromwell* reduced it nearly to ruins; and towards the same century, having been repaired for the residence of the Duke when Duke of York, it was again attacked—b

and quickly gain admittance. Turning to the left, you are received by a housekeeper, who consigns you to a woman to conduct you to the Chapel—in a state of hideous ruin. It does, indeed, require the moonlight witchery of the Diorama,* to gratify the eye, or to touch the heart, on surveying this interior. I never was within a less interesting ruin. The hand of destruction has cut everything away to the quick, if we except rather a fine window at the western end, of the decorative period of architecture, which has the impress of immortality stamped upon it by the beautiful pencil of Blore.† The show-woman always stops at a small door, at the bottom of a turret, to tell you that “it was up *here* where the conspirators passed to get admittance to the private chamber of the Queen, where they knew

* This lovely view was surely the most deceptive and yet true of all lovely views of an ancient and deserted place of worship—where nought but the bat and the owl should seem to take up their abode.

† It forms the second plate of Holyrood Chapel, in the work so often referred to. There is more power and colour in it than usually designate the burin of the artist—now become one of the Royal Architects, and studding the metropolis and the country with some of the chastest specimens of Gothic architecture anywhere to be seen. But if my memory be not treacherous, *THIS CHAPEL* is about to resume even more than its original architectural glory, under the splendid pencil of Mr. Gillespie Graham, an Edinburgher. My friend, Mr. Whitefoord Mackenzie, took me to that gentleman's studio, and dazzled my eyes and warmed my heart by such evidences of *Gothic taste*, in all its multiplied intricacies and varieties, as I cannot easily forget. Mr. Graham's pencil is stamped with genius. *That* is its proud characteristic. He shewed me, I think, either what was intended for a regal throne, or an altar, in the same chapel. Does the godly and godly work now slumber? I trust not.

Rizzio would be banquetting." She then conducts you along the corridor by which you entered, and stopping at the housekeeper's door, drops a curtsey, and says that her office is at end. All this is too intelligible, and should not be allowed. The Duke of Hamilton must be ignorant of it.

We now mounted a sort of modern and wide staircase of plain deal boards, and the first room we entered was that of the presence-chamber, where Mary and her husband, Darnley, received their visitors. Their seat—a double one of taffeta, with the initials of their names worked at the bottom—shewed where they sat. This room was made a bed-chamber for Mary's unfortunate grandson, Charles I. It was at the same time shortened by a false wainscot, against which the bed stood. You can readily assure yourself of this, by observing that the ceiling extends across the partition. It was in this very room that Rizzio fell beneath the poniards of Bothwell, Ruthven, and their colleagues in blood. The mortal wound is said to have been inflicted at the left corner, on entrance, as Rizzio was making his way to the staircase for egress; but his blood must have trailed upon the floor from the diagonal corner whence he entered it, having been forced from Mary's presence, in a closet attached to her bed-chamber, in the immediately adjoining room. Rizzio could hardly have reached this door, without a copious effusion of blood from the active daggers of his enemies. Just to the right of the double seat, there is a passage, over which hangs some drapery. Our guide drew this aside, and observed—"it was

up here where the conspirators came." Methought I saw them again in advance, with their flashing eyes and clenched daggers,* and was glad to retreat to the bed-room of the unfortunate object of the Italian's attachment.†

Of all rooms ever visited by me, THIS was the room of the most intense interest. It is of slender dimensions, as is the bed itself—in which one can hardly conceive *two* to sleep comfortably. Yet in this bed slept Mary with each of her husbands. So tradition has it. It is guarded by a railing. I attempted, very delicately, with the end of my fore-

* These "flashing eyes and clenched daggers"—or rather *actively engaged* daggers—are exhibited to the life in the incomparable cabinet painting of this subject by William Allan, Esq., R.A. Gratifying, indeed, it was to me, to renew my acquaintance with this beautiful and too interesting picture (having seen it on the walls of Somerset House) at the artist's own studio in Edinburgh. The back-ground is the chamber where the deed of blood was finished. The conspirators are all ruthless, and bent as tigers upon their prey. The graceful Darnley is holding back the Queen, who is interceding with horror-stricken countenance for the rescue of the victim. His fate is inevitable. Arms, legs, daggers, all are in motion. Ruthven strikes—and Rizzio lies dead and bleeding at his feet!

Is it creditable to SCOTLAND that this exquisite performance should be allowed to remain so long upon Mr. Allan's walls? It is *not* creditable. Where and why sleeps the spirit of * * *? Or, why should not Scotland have her own *Historic Gallery*?

† The assassination of Rizzio was settled about a fortnight before it took effect. A letter to the Earl of Leicester, as just printed by a Member of the Bannatyne Club, announces to that nobleman that Rizzio's "throat would be cut in about fourteen days." It is a document of interest and singularity; and throws a strong as well as new light upon history. The *true* ground of history is only *now beginning* to be dug. The CLUBS will do wonders.

finger, to touch the bed furniture of red velvet. The guide was quite alarmed, saying "it would fall to pieces if I touched it." Indeed, it seemed to shake as my finger came in contact with it.* The relics of her toilette were of secondary interest; and the pictures and portraits, third-rate. An air of falsification pervades the whole. I have no faith in the authenticity of any portrait of Mary in *Scotland*.†

* All this might surely be obviated, or at any rate helped, so as to prevent its approaching downfall, by thin rods of iron (invisible to the eye) running up the bed-posts, and at right angles from the tester above, and the seat below? I have seen older beds in a less fragile state.

† Much, often, and learnedly as I have heard this point mooted, and numerous as have been the *supposed* portraits of her which I have seen, I adhere *firmly* to the above text, with the addition that the portrait of her, when about sixteen, and the wife of Francis II, (when Dauphin of France) as seen at Althorp, in small, upon panel, is the only legitimate resemblance of her in her younger days in this country. It is supposed, but I know not why, to be the performance of Primaticcio. It has never been engraved. Nor, according to my informant, and donor of the cut, (my especial good friend John Adamson, Esq. of Newcastle) has the following:—



The reader of other days may just possibly remember a similar cut from a curious volume, from which many facsimiles are introduced, in my *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. page 278. After all, did the beauty of MARY consist in her face, her figure, or her accomplishments? The author of the *Caledonia*, were he living, might

up here where the conspirators came." Methought I saw them again in advance, with their flashing eyes and clenched daggers,* and was glad to retreat to the bed-room of the unfortunate object of the Italian's attachment.†

Of all rooms ever visited by me, THIS was the room of the most intense interest. It is of slender dimensions, as is the bed itself—in which one can hardly conceive *two* to sleep comfortably. Yet in this bed slept Mary with each of her husbands. So tradition has it. It is guarded by a railing. I attempted, very delicately, with the end of my fore-

* These "flashing eyes and clenched daggers"—or rather *actively engaged* daggers—are exhibited to the life in the incomparable cabinet painting of this subject by William Allan, Esq., R.A. Gratifying, indeed, it was to me, to renew my acquaintance with this beautiful and too interesting picture (having seen it on the walls of Somerset House) at the artist's own studio in Edinburgh. The back-ground is the chamber where the deed of blood was finished. The conspirators are all ruthless, and bent as tigers upon their prey. The graceful Darnley is holding back the Queen, who is interceding with horror-stricken countenance for the rescue of the victim. His fate is inevitable. Arms, legs, daggers, all are in motion. Ruthven strikes—and Rizzio lies dead and bleeding at his feet!

Is it creditable to SCOTLAND that this exquisite performance should be allowed to remain so long upon Mr. Allan's walls? It is *not* creditable. Where and why sleeps the spirit of * * *? Or, why should not Scotland have her own *Historic Gallery*?

† The assassination of Rizzio was settled about a fortnight before it took effect. A letter to the Earl of Leicester, as just printed by a Member of the Bannatyne Club, announces to that nobleman that Rizzio's "throat would be cut in about fourteen days." It is a document of interest and singularity; and throws a strong as well as new light upon history. The *true* ground of history is only *now* *beginning* to be dug. The CLUBS will do wonders.

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It is only at *Devonshire House*, or at *Chatsworth*, that her "true portraiture" is to be seen . . . and worshipped—should the humour so impel.* There is an adjoining closet, where Mary and the Countess of Argyle, with Rizzio, were supping; the former listening to the dulcet notes of the voice and guitar of the latter, when Rizzio was torn away for destruction, midst the agonizing shrieks and thrilling entreaties of his royal patroness. One could linger all day in this closet; wondering, at the same time,

strive to demolish the querist beneath the weight of his ponderous quartos; and yet, *he*, himself, who wrote a biography of Mary "to please the ladies," as he often told me, was so little satisfied of the authenticity of *any one* resemblance of her, that he *composed* a portrait of her from her effigies on tombs, busts, and in pictures, and prefixed it to his biography. Once on a time, in Edinburgh, in earnest conversation with a *Mac*, I happened to express my doubt as to Mary's absolute physiognomical beauty:—"Sir," said he "'tis well for you that we Scotch gentlemen have dispensed with our *dirks*." On returning to the charge, he did, however, admit, that "he respected her character more when he was a *young* than now when he was an oldish man. At all events," said he, "I could have *hit* you harder *then* than *now*."

* A somewhat whimsical occurrence happened at Holyrood House—connected with the supposed height of Mary. The door of her closet, or retiring room, is low: probably not five feet six inches. A gentleman, with his son, perhaps sixteen years of age, accompanied my daughter and self round the rooms. We discoursed about Mary's height. He stood out for her being very tall. I shewed him the door; and asked if a *queen* would like every now and then to *stoop*. Still he was firm—for her altitude. "Had he read Brantome, or what was his authority?"—"None." On my leaving the room, he said to his son, pulling him away, "Come—come, never mind what that gentleman says. I know for certain that Mary was *six*, and Darnley *seven*, feet high"!

how such exalted personages could sup within such a limited boundary.

Everything around breathes of MARY. The chairs, the tables—the settees, the couch—and what not. You “creep like a snail, unwillingly,” away. The charm of association with other times—the very supposition even that it was in *this* presence-chamber that she attended the marriage of her two maids,* on the evening of her husband being blown up by gunpowder—within half a mile distant, and which must have shook the abbey-walls—makes you stop and gaze around, and then stop again—till the patience of the guide failing, you prepare for the more modern division of the palace, where George IV held his court, and banquetted his guests right

* It was the fashion for monarchs, in those times, sometimes to attend the marriages, and witness the settlements, of their upper and favourite servants. My friend Mr. Macdonald, of the Register Office, has published a curious document (found in that office) of the marriage of Alexander Ogilvy and Mary Bethune, (or Beton) which took place on the third of May, 1556; and which was graced also by the presence of Darnley, then King-consort. This lady was one of the “*four pretty Maries*” in attendance upon the Queen’s person. Her beauty and her accomplishments have elicited the poetical commendations of no less a man than Buchanan; who begins one of his pieces thus:—

“ Ad MARIAM BETONAM
Pridie Regaliū Reginam sorte ductam.
“ Regno animus tibi dignus erat, tibi regia virtus;
Et poterant formam sceptrā decer tuam.
Fortuna erubuit sua munera sola deesse
Quæ tibi nunc plenā dat emulata manu.”
&c. &c. &c.

To this marriage contract the names of the Queen, Darnley, Bothwell, and several others, are attached. As Darnley’s name,

royally. The *Gallery of Noses* receives you : a long room (one hundred and fifty feet) where the levies

from the shortness of his regal life, is necessarily scarce, the reader may not object to a facsimile of it, with that of Mary, and her third husband, the infamous Bothwell.

Buchanan had, however, tried his hand before, in an *Epithalamium* upon the marriage of the principal personage in this scene—the Queen—with her first husband, Francis the Dauphin, afterwards King of France, as Francis II. This epithalamium, remarkable for the sweetness of its numbers, and the vigour of its conceptions, has been recently clothed in English verse by my friend the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham—"for the chosen few." When one thinks of the quickly waning and rapidly extinguished joys of this union, we can scarcely read what follows without a throb of the heart.

" — Hymen, Hymenæus adest : lux illa pudicis
 Exoptata diu votis, lux aurea venit,
 Venit. Habes tandem toties quod mente petisti,
 O decus Hectoridûm juvenis ; jam pone querelas :
 Desine spes nimium lentas, jam desine longas
 Incusare moras ; dum tardum signifer annum
 Torqueat, ignavos peragat dum Cynthia menses,
 Grande moræ pretium fers."

were held, and of which the entire length of wainscot is filled by *portraits of the Kings of Scotland*:—beginning with that of the famous Robert Bruce.* But what portraits! Or rather, what *noses* in portraits! The painter had either a very long nose himself, of which he kindly conveyed the resem-

Which our Archdeacon hath thus felicitously rendered:—

“ . . . Joy to the happy pair!
The golden morn, implored by many a prayer,
At length is come! Thy heart's fond wish is thine!
Let not a plaint profane the holy shrine;
Speak not of hope deferr'd, or long delay:
While the year lingers on its tardy way,
And moons in slow succession wax and wane,
Great is the guerdon which rewards thy pain.”

In this beautiful poem, there is perhaps no one passage, both in the original and its version, more truly magnificent than that which (as justly observed by the reverend translator) begins thus; descriptive of the brave and hardy *SONS OF THE NORTH*, over whom the unfortunate Mary was to reign.

“ *Illa pharetratis est propria gloria Scotis.
Cingere venatu saltus, superare natando
Flumina, ferre famem, contemnere frigora et æstus;
Nec fossâ et muris patriam, sed Marte, tueri,
Et spreta incolumem vita defendere famam;
Polliciti servare fidem, sanctumque vereri
Numen amicitiz; moras, non munus amare.*”

“ Thine, quivered *CALEDONIA*, is the fame,
From the deep glen to rouse the woodland game;
The rapid flood to cleave; with noble scorn,
Heat, cold, and hunger's fierce extremes to spurn;
Thine own blue mountains in the tented field,
Not with base walls, but broad claymore to shield;
Careless of life, when glory courts the view;
To faith's pure pledge, to unbought friendship true.”

All I choose to add, is, the translation is in all respects worthy of the original.

* A man of the name of De Witt is supposed to have had the chief hand in this graphic achievement of exhibiting these portraits of Scottish kings: of which not *one* has the remotest claim to authenticity or resemblance. That of Bruce, on the score of *art*, is the only bearable one.

blance to every picture under his hand ; or he copied the nose of some sitter, for the entire series—which appeared to him to be the *beau idéal* of noses. Sterne would have written a fresh chapter upon “Noses,” had he been introduced to this series of them : sharp, elongated, prow-like noses. We move into the dining-room—low, large, and ill-proportioned. A full-length portrait of George IV, in the Highland costume, as large as life, by Sir David Wilkie, occupies the left side on entrance. I had before seen this picture under the painter’s own hands, and since in the Exhibition. The resemblance is, I think, perfect, and without flattery ; except that it may be somewhat too young. The whole picture, to my eye, is painted in too low, and even ochery, a tone. The light is very unfavourable for its display. “But the feet are surely too small ? Could so stout a figure stand upon so slender a base ?” This was once my observation to the painter ;—who quoted “phrase royal” in justification—“*Le Roi le veut.*”

The long back, or eastern front, of Holyrood House, together with the western front of the inner quadrangular, which were built by Mylne, under the direction of Sir William Bruce, exhibit in parts some beautiful architectural details ; but the general effect, for want of a portico, is somewhat flat and tame. Here lived, during the first French Revolution, the Counts d’Artois and d’Angoulême, in 1799. During the last French Revolution of three days, in 1830, the latter, as Charles X, and King of France, was driven from his throne, and renewed his acquaint-

ance with his old apartments, by taking shelter here with his court. Such a vicissitude, so unanticipated, and so unparalleled for its suddenness and severity, is scarcely perhaps upon record. But here the King was absorbed in the *Count*; and the formalities of a court were forgotten in the adventures of a gallant. The Count d'Artois, septuagenarian as he was, is said to have wooed other objects than the breezes which descended from Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Craigs. He again left Holyrood, to die, almost neglected, abroad; and to be already forgotten as among the weakest of monarchs, and most infatuated of bigots.

We now prepared to ascend the CANONGATE*—

* The word has obviously an ecclesiastical import. The inhabitants of Holyrood Abbey (or House) were canons of the Augustine order. This quarter would necessarily, in the olden time, be the court end of the town. Before the Union, in 1706, it was emphatically distinguished as such; and the great, tall, awkward, white house, to the left, on ascending the street, was the famous Duke of Queensbury's, the great Scotch champion of the Union, and the patron of Gay the poet; whose residence, or rather lodgings, on the second *flat*, were nearly opposite. Allan Ramsay has thus a fling at the Union and the Canongate:—

“ Oh, Canigate, puir elrich hole,
 What loss, what crosses dost thou thole!
 London and Death gars thee look droll,
 And hing thy head;
 Wow but thou has e'en a cauld coal,
 To blaw indeed—”

There is no end of the songs, ballads, tales, anecdotes, &c., relating to the CANONGATE. In the affecting tale of *Marie Hamilton*, one of the four beautiful Maries of the Queen, occurs this simple but picturesque stanza:—

“ As she cam doun the Cannogait,
 The Cannogait sae free,
 Mony a lady looked ower her window,
 Weeping for this ladye.”

the eastern half, or lower extremity, of High Street, and terminating at the Netherbow, just where College Street, or rather, South Bridge Street, bisects the Old Town. Who has not heard of the Canongate? Who has not read the *Chronicles of the Canongate*? What a marvellous man was SCOTT—the Scott!—for he wants no adventitious adjunct to his name. All Scotland is his dominion. Bruce never received its *civil* homage more absolutely than Sir Walter Scott does, and ever will, receive its *intellectual* homage. While these pages are passing through the press, the two great cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow are vying with each other which shall raise the loftier monument to his memory. Go where you will, you meet him, or hear of him. His spirit is not only immortal, but omnipresent. In the crowded city, and in the desolate glen, it is alike to be found.

But the Canongate ladies, it seems, waxed saucy, and conceited, and proud, in consequence of the supposed importance of their locality: so that their city neighbours of the male sex, let off sundry squibs and crackers against them! The following is in the most racy style of Scotch ballad-poetry:—

“ The lasses o’ the Canongate,
 Oh, they are wondrous nice;
 They winna gie a single kiss,
 But for a double price.
 Gar hang them, gar hang them,
 Hich upon a tree;
 For we’ll get better up the gate,
 For a bawbee.”

I am indebted to the delightful pages of the *Reekiana* for all this spicy anecdote. The sceptre of fashion and beauty has long since departed from this quarter—and “double-priced” salutes must now be sought in the *north* of the city:—where the beauty of a **, and the elegance of a **, may be thought to justify the exaction.



XXVIII.

"Let pass" quoth Marmion "by my fa
This man shall guide me on my way
Although the great Arch-bishop & the
Fleet sworn themselves of company."
So please you gentle youth to call
This palmer to the castle hall."

The summoned palmer came in place
His sable cowl o'erhung his face
In his black mantle was he clad
With Peter's keys in cloth of red

~~Shaped on his shoulders broad~~
On his broad shoulders wrought
The scallop shell his ^{cap} hat did ~~gild~~ deck
The crucifix around his neck
~~From Genoa he had brought.~~
^{It was from Loretto}

His sandals were with travel torn
Staff budget bottle scrip he wore.
The faded palm branch in his hand
Heard pilgrim from the Holy Land.

It hangs over the impetuous water-fall ;—it is heard in the thunder of *Cora-Lynn* :*—it floats upon the surface of the lake : and reposes upon the summit of the mountain. This for his PROSE. For his POETRY—not content with restringing the broken or neglected harps of *other* bards,† he chose to select a harp of his *own*—so beautiful in form, and so exquisite in tone, that he almost made us forget what we had heard before. In one respect, his power, as an *originalist*, (with fear and trembling I use the word) is as remarkable as decided. He clothed the legendary tales of the *North* in a drapery of such splendour and characteristic propriety, that, while *the Minstrel* and *Marmion*‡ shall be read, he will be claimed by

* That most picturesque of all picturesque waterfalls—up the Clyde—just beyond Lanark, above which my Lord Corehouse, (the celebrated Scotch advocate, George Cranstoun, Esq.) has built a beautiful Gothic villa, under the unerring guidance of Mr. Blore ; and where he loves to sit, alone or in society, listening to the deepening thunder of the cascade. And in WHAT a country !

† *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* ; of which the last edition, in harmony with the latest and best edition of Sir Walter Scott's Works, is in four duodecimo volumes. I owe to the perusal of this work some of the sweetest and most beguiling hours ever devoted to the pages of metrical lore.

‡ The ORIGINAL MS. OF MARMION is in the possession of the present publisher of Sir Walter Scott's Works, Mr. Robert Cadell. I saw it when on a short visit to him, at his most lightsome and capacious office of business in St. Andrew's Square. By his permission, the public is presented, in the OPPOSITE PLATE, with the facsimile of a stanza, amongst the freest from corrections. The author has by mistake marked it the twenty-eighth instead of the twenty-seventh stanza of the first canto. The fidelity of this lithographic copy cannot be surpassed.

the English with as much affection as by the natives of Scotland. In the *Lady of the Lake* he is perhaps more exclusively a portrait-painter of the scenery and character which are to be found in his own country—and here we must surrender him to “the natives.” I stood upon the summit of Ben Lomond, and looked down upon that *Lake*, which he may be said to have made his own—*Loch Katerine*. I could not help being struck with the propriety as well as beauty of the choice: for in bygone days its neighbourhood was as familiar to Bruce as to Rob Roy:—and when the boatmen rowed us over its entire length, going from *Inversnaid* to the *Trossachs*, we heard from their mouths the tales of fair Ellen and Fitz-James, and Roderic-Dhu.

Gentle reader, I crave your mercy: forgetting that I have kept you so long standing in that portion of the Canongate which was once occupied by the old Parliament House, in the sixteenth century; and is better known as a prison, in the eighteenth century, under the name of *the Old Tolbooth*.* Its

* Instead of a mere skeleton of a note, explanatory of this once celebrated spot, there ought to be at least fifty pages of text devoted to its development. It was built about the year 1450. At the Union it ceased to be a parliament house. In the year 1736, it had almost become a prey to the sledge-hammers of the mob, who seized upon the unfortunate Captain Porteous. “In 1817, it had fairly worn out its existence, and was taken down,—having witnessed (says Mr. Chambers) and contained the meetings of the Scottish parliament in the romantic days of the Jameses—having held the first fixed court of law established in the country—having been looked to by the citizens in a rude age as a fortified place for defence against external danger to their lives and goods—having

identity can only now be understood from its representation by such as that which appears at *the head of this chapter*, from the pencil of Nasmyth. But what a history does it involve. What human wretchedness, on the one hand, and excitement of almost every description on the other, have its ancient walls witnessed. National councils, state prisoners—the common murderer, and the pickpocket, with all the intervening grades of human villainy, have been its inmates. Shouts and groans—carousings and lamentations, have alternately characterised its former occupants.* The pages of *Reekiana* will amuse the

immured within its gloomy walls persons of all kinds liable to law, from the gallant MONTROSE and the faithful GUTHRIE and ARGYLE, down to the humblest malefactor in the modern style of crime—and having, finally, been embalmed in the imperishable pages of *Rob Roy and the Heart of Mid Lothian*, and of the greatest writer of fiction our country has ever produced.”—*Reekiana*, pp. 121-172. Care must be taken to distinguish the *old*, from the later or new, Tolbooth, built in 1569, near the Parliament Close, which has now also vanished. Caltown, or Calton, Hill, is now the general recipient of rogues and runagates. Murder is fast becoming a fiction in Scotland. See *Traditions of Edinburgh*, vol. ii. p. 142, note. The captive, in this latter place, will find the weight of his chains lighter when he learns, from the first authority, that “the OLD TOLBOOTH was as vile a place as could be expected, in a town, which was itself, in former times, *one of the filthiest in the world*.”—p. 132. The meaning of the word *tolbooth*, is a house paying *toll or tax*.

* Mr. Chambers, at page 155, &c. of his *Reekiana*, has embodied a number of most amusing facts about the *escape* of prisoners from this very place of apparently the most invincible detention; and he is pleased to preface this account with something like an *oratio parenetica*, as to vagabonds, pickpockets, and cut-throats. He says, from the extravagant acts which these people commit, whether of daring or of bloodshed, “they generally gain the wonder, if not the

reader with a narrative of some of the more distinguished features of its history. Now, within these twenty years, it has ceased to exist. Its iron gates and ponderous keys will be found at Abbotsford.

We are getting fast into the region of CLOSES

admiration, of the rest of their species." Now, in charity to its author, I must suppose "admiration" and "wonder" to be synonymous; otherwise, when we again meet in the wynds and closes of Edinburgh, I shall urge him to substitute "execration" for "admiration." The case of Katherine Nairn, in 1766, is certainly one of the most remarkable. She was well related and well connected, and had been guilty of the double crime of poisoning her husband and intriguing with his brother. She was pregnant when sentence of death was passed upon her, and to this circumstance was indebted for her escape out of prison, before she had been brought to bed a month. A few years afterwards, she married a French gentleman, was the mother of a large, and, as it is said, respectable family, and died at an advanced age. Her intrigant was executed in the Grass Market. A tale of a very opposite, but not less singular, character, is connected with the fate of a William Brodie, who invented *the drop*, and was, too, remarkable for his mechanical dexterity in all ways. No fairy could gain admittance through a key-hole with more dexterity than Brodie with a forged key. A long series of triumphs in this way led to a burglarious attempt upon the Excise Office. He absconded to Holland, but was taken there, standing upright in a press or cupboard. With all the talent of the famous Henry Erskine for his advocate, he could not escape the extreme penalty of the law. On the day of his execution, he mounted the scaffold with a light step, well dressed in a black suit. While the rope was being adjusted to his neck, he yet maintained a tranquillized air, and eyed his *new invention* as if with an inward consciousness of its ingenuity and value, and of which HE was to be the object of its *first* practical experiment: he then (says Mr. Chambers) "shuffled about, looked gaily around, and went out of the world with his hand stuck carelessly into the open front of his vest."—*Reekiana*, p. 168.

and WYNDs ;* but to a traveller like myself, who has threaded the passages of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, these wynds lose a good deal of their characteristic effect : for, after all, obscure and narrow as they may be, there is nothing in Edinburgh like the *Black Gate* at Newcastle. It was my good fortune once to visit these wynds and closes, under the auspices of the author of *Reekiana* ;†—but what a

* A *close* is a small place or square. A *wynd* is a narrow passage. Not fewer than seventy-five closes are enumerated by Mr. Chambers in his map of the Old Town, and not above ten wynds. There is a publication, in two parts, 1816, 4to. each part 1l. 1s. called *Twelve Etchings of Views of Edinburgh*, in which many of these wynds are introduced. These etchings want force and effect.

† Two spots, or wynds, made a particular impression upon me, from causes widely different ; they are, however, on the same side of the way, and not far apart. The one was where formerly had been the *White Horse Inn*, and which Dr. Johnson and Lord Stowell had made their head-quarters on their first arrival at Edinburgh. What a spot it is ! What an inn it must have been ! Does the reader recollect an alley or passage, headed by two iron posts, or old cannon, in St. Giles's, nearly opposite the eastern extremity of Oxford Street ? But this latter is palatial to it. The other spot, or wynd, is terminated by a respectable residence, which had been the banking-house of the British Linen Company—some thirty years ago. The entrance to the Wynd is overhung by houses of at least two centuries' growth, leaving scarcely the width of two yards for the passage. The principal egress or road to Leith was then almost opposite this passage. It was getting towards dark, when a man, bent upon the murder of his object, placed himself at the extremity of this wynd, to watch the arrival of the clerk from the Leith Bank, to make a deposit of £4,000 with the bank below. Seeing his victim cross the way, and make for the wynd, he hastened to meet him ; and drawing a large baker's knife from his breast—of which the handle was surrounded by a quantity of cobbler's wax, to prevent his shirt sleeve from being blood-stained—

morning for our visitation!—rain, smoke, and darkness commingling. Every object seemed to be tinted with a more dingy hue: decay and desolation wore a more shuddering aspect; and the poverty of some of the inmates seemed to be more squalid and distressing. It was with him that I visited the interior of what had once been the palace of Mary of Guise, the mother of the unfortunate Mary: a present abode of more darkness and wretchedness than any I had previously seen.* A poor female was dwelling in a room, or rather cage, or hole, to the left. Although there was hardly light to discover, from the dress, of what sex the occupant might be, yet I could not help being struck with the tones of resignation, and even of cheerfulness, which marked her voice. I only wished I could have trebled the gratuity which I slipped into her hand at parting. What changes do a few centuries make!—but at

he went straight up to his man, and with one unerring blow fixed the knife in his heart. He fell without a struggle or a groan—and within fifteen paces of a sentinel, who was guarding the banking-house at the very moment of the assassination. His pocket, or rather pocket-book, was rifled, and all the notes and specie made away with. A girl, coming down a dark stair-case from one of the upper flats, tumbled over the dead body, as it lay in the passage with the knife in its breast, and was the first to give the alarm. The murderer was never detected, although strong suspicions fell upon a surgeon at Stirling, who soon afterwards made away with himself. Many of the larger bank-notes were recovered, in a field near Leith.

* The house is situated towards the western extremity of the High Street, nearly opposite the West Bow. One wonders how a regal residence could have had such a narrow and dismal entrance. The arms and date of the Queen-Mother are over the door—to be seen after a good deal of anxious peering.





English Villagers

Wednesday, 18th



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Edinburgh, *one* century has produced a *metamorphosis* scarcely exceeded by any recorded in the pages of Ovid.

I am getting on too fast, for I have carried the reader to the top of the High Street, instead of begging him to stop two minutes in the Canongate area,—to notice, first, the house of the *Earl of Moray*, (not the *Regent Murray*)—which is represented in the OPPOSITE PLATE; and of which the architecture is sufficiently frightful;—and, secondly, the residence of the redoubted *John Knox*. But one at a time. Murray's house (as Mr. R. Chambers fully agreed with me) could not have been built before the time of James I: perhaps about the year 1620. It is remarkable for two things—and may be so for two hundred more. The one, that under the window of the drawing-room, seen in the OPPOSITE PLATE, the famous and unfortunate Graham, first Marquis of Montrose, was conveyed in his carriage to the place of execution, where a gallows of thirty feet in height was prepared to receive him.* As his carriage passed under the window, (so the report

* This *first* MARQUIS OF MONTROSE was without doubt one of the most extraordinary characters for bravery, which Scotland ever produced. Had Graham *commenced* his career by an adhesion to the royal cause, his character had been well nigh perfect. This is said in reference to that rare and precious virtue, political consistency. The first Marquis of Montrose was a Republican, at his outset. But be this as it may, his execution was MURDER. He thought no more of a battle than a schoolboy thinks of a game of marbles. War—not in its ferocious and sanguinary sense—was his delight. If he could “fly like Peterborough from pole to pole,” he could fight with all the dogged determinedness of Cromwell and Van Tromp. His first onsets were usually terrible. He

runs) one of the Earl of Murray's daughters, who had been married that morning, in the identical room, to a son of the Marquis of Argyle, the great and bitter opponent of Montrose, came out on the balcony, and spat upon the carriage: in the indulgence of a sweet revenge—generated by the bitterness of clanship! This house has rather a large garden, with a terrace behind it—commanding a noble view of Arthur's seat. It was in a summer-house, to the left, on the lower division, that the famous *Union with Scotland* was signed by the respective Commissioners; or, rather, was only begun

poured along and down upon his enemies with the noise and resistless force of a water-fall: all foam, and fury, and destruction. His latter moments exalt him to an enviable martyrdom. Of all species of courage, passive—and that of the scaffold—is the most difficult to sustain. He was dressed, on the day of suffering, in the most splendid attire with which his shrunken wardrobe could furnish him. The history of his achievements was written and tied round his neck. He was executed on the 21st of May 1650; and with a barbarity which marked that vicious period, his limbs were severed and exposed at the gates of the principal towns in Scotland. A life of this extraordinary man, from authentic as well as contemporaneous materials, would almost wear the character of romance. Meanwhile, let the reader seize with avidity upon the following rare book, whenever it falls in his way.—MONTROSE (JAS. MARQUIS OF)—*J. G. de Rebus auspiciis Serenissimi et Potentissimi Caroli, Regis M. Brit. sub imperio illustrissimi Jacobi Montisrosarum Marchionis, Comitis de Kincardins, etc. Supremi Scotiæ Gubernatoris, Anno 1644 et duobus sequentibus præclare gestis, Commentarius; interprete A. S. 8vo. 1647.*—“This History of the Civil War was first written in Latin by Dr. George Wisheart, Bishop of Edinburgh, who accompanied Montrose in all his expeditions, and was an *Eye and Ear Witness* of all he relates. It is written in pure Latin, and has every advantage to recommend it to the perusal of the reader.”—*Preface to the English Version of 1720.*

to be signed; for tradition reports, that the commissioners were pelted by the mob, and obliged to retire to a cellar in the neighbourhood for the completion of their important office.* In this garden is a very beautiful whitethorn, supposed to have been planted by the hands of Queen Mary, when she visited these premises (of which she was very fond) during the time of the Regent Murray. Nor must I omit to observe, that it was in this house, with its outhouses, that the celebrated printer, Ballantyne, established his press; and proved almost the Foulis of the neighbouring Glasgow.

A little farther up, on the opposite side, lived *John*

* "It has been mentioned in several late works, that the UNION was signed in a summer-house or arbour in the garden behind the Earl of Murray's house in the Canongate. But this, though an extremely curious fact, is only *part* of the truth; if a still more recondite tradition, which we have now the pleasure of recording, is to be relied upon. It is allowed by our authority, that four Lords Commissioners signed the Union in the said arbour; but the mobs, which then kept the city in a state of the most outrageous disorder, getting knowledge of what was going on, the commissioners were interrupted in their proceedings, and had to settle upon meeting in a more retired place, when opportunity offered. An OBSCURE CELLAR in the High Street was fixed upon, and hired in the most secret manner. The noblemen, whose signatures had not been procured in the summer-house, then met under cloud of night, and put their names to the detested contract, after which they all immediately decamped for London, before the people were stirring in the morning, when they might have been discovered and prevented. The place in which the deed was thus finally accomplished, is pointed out as that *laigh ship*, opposite to Hunter's Square, entering below Mr. Spankie's shop, being at No. 177, High Street, and now occupied as a tavern and coach office, by Peter Macgregor. It was in remote times usually called the Union cellar, but has entirely lost that designation in latter years."—*Traditions of Edinburgh*, vol. i. p. 19.

Knox, whose effigy, miserably represented, like that of a friar in a snuff-box, is seen over the door of entrance.* It is a corner house, as may be seen in the OPPOSITE PLATE; and its immediate neighbourhood is picturesque and densely populated. The great reformer here lived in the heart of his converted brethren. He was himself the heart of the Reformation in Scotland; of which I shall by and by say a few words in my account of St. Andrew's. How he escaped both *lead* and *steel*—during the fiercely excited state of those times—has always been to me a matter of great marvel. Upon the whole, when he quitted this house to go and lecture his royal pupil, Queen Mary, I do not think that he conducted himself so very rudely as some biographers have intimated. Knox, when angered and put in motion, went onward like a flaming sword, burning all before him; but he was naturally, when calm and alone, of a thoughtful and even melancholy temperament. So says my friend, Dr. Lee—who knows so much about him, as to lead to a suspicion that he

* I will not take upon me to support the antiquity of this Punchinello-figure; but suspect that, at least, it was a posthumous affair. Knox would have half strangled the man who proposed to him to *sit* for it. He took possession of this house—to which he was appointed by the provost and bailiffs—in 1561; it having been previously occupied by George Dusie, Abbot of Dunfermline. He had it rent free; as he ought to have had it. The whole front was once elaborately charged with inscriptions; of which we scarcely gather more than the following: "LIFE GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND. YOUR. NICHBOUR. AS. YAW-SELF." Knox is supposed to have often thundered forth spiritual harangues from the window over the pulpit.



Page by W. B. Lister



receives nocturnal visitations from his spirit.* Unflinching intrepidity was the prominent mark of Knox's character ; but when it was pronounced over

* Dr. Lee's late wife was a descendant of the Reformer ; and as that late wife was passionately beloved by her surviving husband, the latter would necessarily make much of everything appertaining to her ancestor. Hence this intimate alliance with John Knox. Dining one day with Dr. Lee, at the suburban villa of our common friend, Mr. David Laing, we were regaled in the evening with a sight—yea, a sniff—of some of the rare-pieces of the Reformer in the possession of our host—of which *Ane Admonition, &c.* 1554, 12mo. is considered to be his first publication. Most cruelly did Mr. Laing flicker the gilt tooling upon this morocco-coated tome in the eyes of his reverend guest, Dr. Lee. "Name your price," said the Doctor, unable to sustain the shock of such a battery any longer, "and I will give it!" The quondam Biblioplist was obdurate : said nothing : smiled : and passed the book into his inner coat-pocket. . . But Dr. Lee is a match for his host ; for he possesses what is MOST RARE, the *autograph* of the Great Reformer. . . written on a fly-leaf (or on the title itself) of a work of his Continental friend, CECOLAMPADIUS—entitled, "*Commentarii omnes in libros Prophetarum : apud Joan Crispinum.* Genev. 1558, folio." The handwriting looks as bold as was the writer.

Thomae' Cnec' Minister' Evangelicae
 scriptis
 Jure Libery possidet

his grave—"here lies a man who when living feared the face of no man"—it was, and is, only what may be said of ten thousand "braw Scots."

We now gain the Netherbow—and need only stop three minutes before the Tron Church—of which the tower. . "abundat dulcibus vitiis." Then comes St. Giles—with its clustered pinnacles, or four buttressed spires over a stunted tower.* This may be called the Mother Church of the Old Town ; and contains four naves, or space for the worship of four congregations at the same time.† In the awful conflagration

The words are "*Johannes Knox, Minister Evangelicæ Veritatis, hunc Librum possidet.*" Of such scarcity is the hand-writing of Knox, that only ONE letter of his is known to be in existence...and *that* is religiously kept under lock and key in Regent Terrace. Whenever the owner of it walks with it abroad, he considers himself at least as high as the Melville pillar.

* We will first hold discourse with MACKAY. "A-top of this church is erected a large open cupola, in the shape of an Imperial Crown, that is a great ornament to the city, and seen at a great distance. King David erected a copy after this over St. Nicholas's Church in Newcastle ; but it does not near come up to it."—*Journey through Scotland*, pp. 65-6. Let us now recreate ourselves with DE FOE. "In the great tower of this church, they have a set of bells, which are not rung out as in England, for that way of ringing is not known here ; but they are played upon with keys, and by a man's hand, like a harpsichord : the person playing has great strong wooden cases to his fingers, by which he is able to strike with the more force, and he plays several tunes very musically. The man plays every day, Sunday and Fast Day excepted, at twelve o'clock, and has a yearly salary for doing it, and very well he earns the money."—*Tour through Scotland*, pt. ii. p. 37. On inquiry I find the same custom yet obtains.

† The congregations are, the High Kirk, the Old Kirk, the Tolbooth Kirk, and Haddock's Hole.

of 1825, this sacred edifice did not escape without its exterior being seriously singed. It is the centre of bustle and excitement of every kind and degree without*—each and all, I fear, the remotest possibly connected with the interests of another world—as inculcated within. Contiguous are the *Courts of Justice*, and the *Advocates'* and the *Signet Libraries*: the latter to be especially looked after in the following pages. The *Royal Exchange* is on the opposite side. I must not allow myself to pass by the banking-house of Messrs. Sir Wm. Forbes, Bart. and Co.—the corner of Parliament Square—without an especial notice.† What rooms!—lofty, dry, fire-proof, interminable. As the street is very precipitous on the other side, and the business-rooms are on a level with the High Street, you descend, instead of ascend, stories. The 42nd regiment of Highlanders may be barracked here, and dance reels to boot. The entrance or business-rooms are spacious, having an elegant appearance, and are exceedingly inviting to a good *deposit*; for the credit of

* All the immediate neighbourhood of the Church was called the *Land*, but now the *Lawn-market*. Here a great number of sheds, called the *Lucken-booths*, used to stand; but all this disfiguring and inconvenient street-garniture is now brushed away.

† I have the greater pleasure in this notice, as a son of the late Sir William held a discourse with me—on my visit here with Mr. Lizars—respecting a fine copy, in his possession, of Jenson's edition of the Elder Pliny, 1472, folio. He assured me that he was only "a nibbler at such baits." But when, having afterwards seen the book—which he was good enough to send to my lodgings—he told me that he had given *only a guinea* for it. . so great was the shock, I thought I must have left Scotland the next day!

and after the senior boy had said a grace, remarkable to me for its *very* grave character, we witnessed the simultaneous "*set-to*:" all clatter and bustle . . . but sounds most musical to craving ears and hungry stomachs. In the midst of all this, walked in a huge mastiff dog—"as was his wont"—to partake of the gobbets so readily proffered by the youthful and generous guests. He was so large and unwieldy, as to be scarcely able to waddle. It seems that the lads could not fancy their dinner complete without the presence of this portly mastiff.

The building itself is rather picturesque than beautiful. Placed on a knoll, in such a park as Temple Newsome,* the effect would be what artists chuse to call "glorious." As I have before observed, Inigo Jones is the reputed designer or architect; but how much of the pure current of his genius has been turned or diluted by the capricious taste of the grand designer and general architect, Dr. Balcanquhall, Dean of Rochester,† it were perhaps now difficult to ascertain. The grand entrance, or north door, exhibits the following specimen of delightful monstrosity—to the left, over the arch-way, imme-

* See page 158, ante.

† "The singular variety of the ornaments on the architraves of the doors and windows (no one resembling another, except the two central windows on the west side of the hall,) is usually attributed to the taste of Dr. Balcanquhall, the Founder's active executor." It is, sometimes, *taste* "with a vengeance." The great "INIGO" must, however, be acquitted of three-fourths of the monstrous encrustations with which this edifice is at once overloaded and disfigured.





NORTH ENTRANCE TO HERRIOT'S HOSPITAL.

diately next to the two columns on the left hand:—



The whole entrance itself, as seen in the **OPPOSITE PLATE**, furnishes no inadequate notion of that peculiar style of architecture which obtained in Great Britain from the close of the reign of Elizabeth to the termination of the Commonwealth. The interior of the quadrangle, with its cloisters, and the stone figure of Heriot over the porch, as you enter the north door, is “bristled” from top to bottom, and on every side, with architectural heresies. Nor could I look at the Chapel, within or without, a second time: except that, in reference to the *interior*, I saw with admiring eyes what was beginning to be accomplished—in the way of a Radical Reform—under the tasteful guidance of Mr. Gillespie Graham; of whose Gothic pulpit for this interior I have before made honourable mention.* “When

* See page 505, ante.

all this is finished," observed I to my learned conductor, Dr. Lee, "I will come and hear you preach the first sermon within these legitimately-gothicised walls." Dr. Lee gently inclined his head; and we proceeded to the council-room, and our bason of soup, as just notified. Everything about the building bears the initials of the founder's name—George Heriot: twisted and entwined in a hundred ways. Take a few examples.

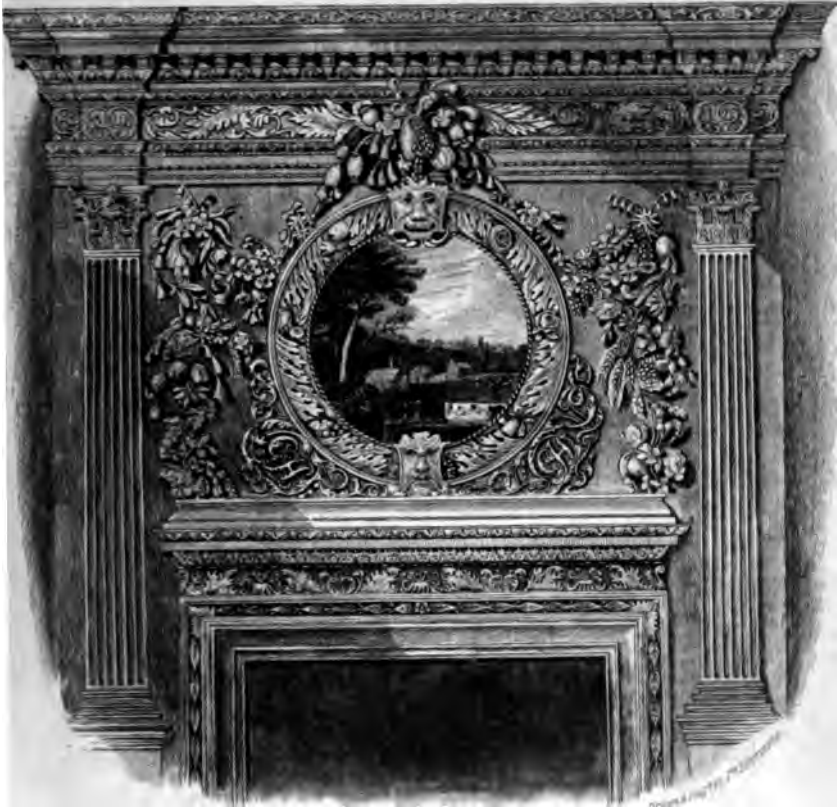


But the most splendid specimens of these initials, in a cursive form, are to be seen over the fire-place of the council-chamber; of which, indeed, the whole arrangement is at once so original and tasteful, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing the reader to an acquaintance with its more elaborate beauties.

On making enquiry as to the existence of a *genuine* portrait of the founder—for it was obvious that what was before my eyes could have no pretension to such a character—I learnt that the one before me was a copy by Scougall, to which the graphic pen of Sir Walter Scott, in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, has given life and distinction by an enumeration of features and expression, not to be found in the cold colour, and hard dry touch, of the artist himself. Still, what with the stone-figure, and Scougall's canvas,

“ ”

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there is enough to chisel out a bust, which ought to be placed in the meditated "Temple of the Worthies of the North." It was impossible to quit such a spot as that of HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, (at present occupied by one hundred and eighty students*) without being proud of *humanity*—and of mixing one's self up in the feelings of that pride. From whatever quarter the traveller may come, who fixes his eye upon this stately edifice, he may mingle his aspirations with those who have been personally benefitted by the bounties and blessings which it has been the means of diffusing. These are the monuments which more directly point to heaven—and may be said to be at once warmed and hallowed by its "descending fires." My own breast was singularly affected on the morning of this visit;—for I had not only learnt that another hospital, called *Donaldson's Hospital*, was about to be erected, and £45,000 to be devoted to its erection, but that a sum of money, little short of half a million, had been bequeathed, that year, in Scotland, to the purposes of PUBLIC CHARITIES. No nation's TREASURY will ever be emptied, or suffered to grow scant, of which a portion is devoted to such objects as THESE. It is the bringing of heaven upon earth:—and who shall say hearts are cold to the north of the Tweed?

Casting a "lingering look behind," I turned my

* This was the number in the time of Sir Walter Scott; who designates the youth of his period, as "possessing, in some degree, a character peculiar to themselves,—and as being, generally speaking, bold, hardy, and ingenious, beyond their years."—*Picturesque Scenery*, p. 103.

back upon the renowned jeweller of former days, and with my instructive companion entered the churchyard of the *Grey Friars*,—"the Westminster Abbey of Scotland," as it is simply called. "Simply," indeed; for such language is a species of profanation;—since anything more deplorably destitute of that which makes the *tombs of the illustrious dead** the more interesting, from a splendid and

* The bodies of Buchanan, Maclaurin, Allan Ramsay, Robertson, Blair, and those of many more ILLUSTRIOUS SCOTS, sleep here. Maitland, in his history of Edinburgh, has translated into very naïve and characteristic English, a Latin epitaph upon one James Murray, of the family of Philiphaugh, merchant in Edinburgh,—who died in 1648, in his 79th year. It is as follows:—

Stay, passenger, and shed a tear,
For good James Murray lieth here;
He was of Philiphaugh descended,
And for his merchandise commended.
He was a man of a good life,
Married Bethia Mauld to's wife:
He may thank God that e'er he got her,
She had him three sons and a daughter.

The first he was a man of might,
For which the King made him a knight:
The second was both wight and wily,
For which the town made him a bailey:
The third a factor of renown,
Both in Camphire and in this town,
His daughter was both grave and wise,
And married was to James Elies.

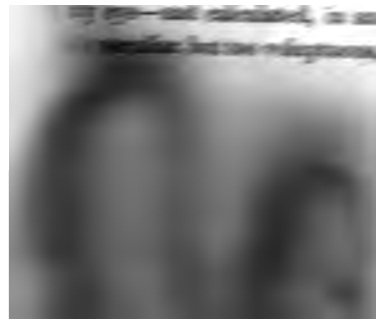
Mr. Chambers has inserted these verses in his *Reekiana*, from whence they are now introduced. The same author tells us, that "in this dismal place (the INNER GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD), several hundred of the prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge, June 22, 1679, were confined for nearly five months after, in a state of misery beyond all description. They had hardly anything either to lie upon or to cover them; their allowance of provision was only four ounces of bread per day, with water derived from one of the city pipes, which passed near the place. They were guarded by day by eight, and through the night by twenty-four, men; and the soldiers were told, that if any prisoner escaped, they should answer it, life for life, by cast of dice. If any prisoner rose from the ground by night, he was shot at. Women alone were permitted to commune with them, and bring them food or clothes; but they had often to stand at the entrance from morning till night without getting access, and were frequently insulted and maltreated by the

are well nigh astounded by the gigantic groups
 in the pencil of our King—marvellous, and as it
 is to me, unrivalled efforts of modern art, in the
 use of colour. Each subject was an old acquaintance
 as I had seen it suspended on the walls of
 the West House.* My objection here is not so
 much to the subjects, or to their modes of execution,
 as to their *locality*. They are too gigantic for the
 room, or, at any rate, should not all occupy the
 attention of the apartments: especially as the
 pictures immediately enter afterwards, in at least
 the same dimensions. It is in the western
 part of Scotland that these performances of King
 were done at Edinburgh, when the natives
 they were considered as their own
 produce.† This first room is in
 colour—from a pencil which promises
 a better issue of that of Rubens.‡

into—those of which seem to be the most
 of them, and are a fine allegorical representation
 of Humanity—then which serves the purpose
 of the picture. A. to be the first
 and—most especially for that of which
 is in the "War and Humanity" and the
 subject.

with the subject of the picture, of these
 is given to understand that the picture
 was intended for the purpose
 of representing the scene of the

the King's... a... picture...



1

appropriate locality, can scarcely be conceived. The entire spot should be instantly metamorphosed. Of itself, it is admirably placed—from its centrality : but the *Church* and the *Yard* should be made worthy of their subterraneous occupants. Here might the Playfairs, or Reids, or Hamiltons, or Grahams of the day, throw up large, and broad, and magnificent walls—with glittering pinnacles—and ponderous and overshadowing porticos ! Here should be an EDIFICE . . . worthy of the neighbourhood and of the country ;—and here should be constructed “the *Place of Tombs*.” There is ample space for a grand *coup d’effet* of this sort ;—and the sooner it is commenced, the better.

And here very reluctantly I take leave of ancient buildings ; but perhaps it is time we quitted the dead for the living.

As I must pass the Playfair Parthenon, or the *Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture*, in my way home, I may as well notice some of the contents of this highly wrought and most interesting repository. I had paid it an early visit on my arrival ; and renewed that visit more than once, when, for the last time, I threaded the apartments in company with the architect himself. First, for the suite of rooms below, containing the *Pictures*. On entrance,

soldiers, without the prisoners being able to protect them,—although, in many cases, related by the most endearing ties. When the winter at last set in, they were allowed to construct some huts of deal boards to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather ; which, Wodrow tells us, was boasted of as a great favour.”—*Reekiana*, pp. 316–8.

you are well nigh astounded by the gigantic groups from the pencil of our Etty—marvellous, and, as it seems to me, unrivalled efforts of modern art, on the score of colour. Each subject was an old acquaintance, as I had seen it suspended on the walls of Somerset House.* My objection here, is not so much to the *subjects*, or to their modes of execution, as to their *locality*. They are too gigantic for the room,—or, at any rate, should not all occupy the same division of the apartments; especially as the room you immediately enter afterwards, is at least three times its dimensions. It is to the eternal honour of Scotland that these performances of Etty found a purchase at Edinburgh, when the native soil in which they were engendered refused protection to its own produce.† This first room is in a blaze of splendour—from a pencil which promises to revive all the lustre of that of Rubens.‡

* Of these *four* subjects—three of which relate to the apocryphal history of Judith and Olofernes, and one is an allegorical representation of War and Humanity—that which depicts the moment previous to the decapitation of Olofernes, is, to my eye, the finest production on every account—and especially for that of colour. The female figure, however, in the “War and Humanity,” is to the full its equal—on the same account.

† I do not pretend to know the amount of the purchase of these four pictures; but I have been given to understand, that the one, first described in the previous note, was obtained for three hundred guineas. It might have appropriately graced our NATIONAL GALLERY.

‡ In his smaller easel subjects, Mr. Etty is usually without a rival. Of these, the finest to my eye—and calculated, in an especial manner, to develop the artist’s peculiar, but too voluptuous, style,

The immediately following room has some beautiful and most interesting productions, in all branches of the art, to awaken the dormant, and to guide the enthusiastic. If I am sceptical about the genuineness of a few, I am prompt to laud the good effects which can scarcely fail to ensue from a contemplation of the many; and I know not, at this moment, how many embryo-Raeburns, Wilkies, and Allans, may be at work in their elevated flats, to surprise and delight the graphic world. The rooms up-stairs, devoted to the *casts*, in plaister of Paris, are admirably arranged: for instead of the sepulchral lateral light of Somerset House, you have the light immediately descending from above. If the Chantreys, Westmacotts, and Baileys, that are to be—in Scotland—do not feel the Phidias-flame rising in their bosoms, it will not be from the want of classical stimulants, in casts of the most approved marble-forms of antiquity. Mr. Steell is at present among the most prominent of resident sculptors at Edinburgh; and as a *bustifier*, considered to be the “facile princeps.” I anticipate with confidence his grappling with more gigantic objects, and his triumphs taking a wider range. When he has bustified all the *Bannatyners*, he may *group* them at full length—listening with ears erect, and eyes of fire, as the President of the Club expatiates upon a newly discovered MS. connected with the histories of Wal-

—was the *Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus*, in the possession of my late friend, Sir F. Freeling, Bart.: and which was sold at the sale of his pictures for £220: a double proof of discrimination in the original purchaser, and of liberality in public competition.

lace and Bruce—about to be committed to their exclusive press.

I ascended, to enter the room where the *Society of Antiquaries* hold their meetings ; and then entered the *Museum*. A plaister cast of an old *Bagpiper*—perhaps of the latter end of the fifteenth century—soon caught my attention, and provoked my desire to have it copied for this work. Here it is—from the drawing of the late lamented Walter Geikie, who, I believe, scarcely survived its execution a week.



It is just possible it may have been cast from an original of the same size, on the coigne of some old church. At the end of this room stands the ever-memorable *Maiden*, the instrument of DEATH by which the Regent Morton suffered ;—not however,

as is vulgarly supposed, that he was the *first* to suffer by it. The subjoined note* will furnish the reader

* For the intelligence about to be communicated, I am indebted to the kindness, and prompt as well as successful researches, of my friend, the Rev. Dr. Lee, who writes thus :—“The common stories which Dr. Jamieson, and all other writers have told about this clumsy machine, are entirely apocryphal. It is commonly said, that the Regent of Scotland, the Earl of Morton, borrowed the idea of this instrument from England, or some other foreign country. Halifax, in Yorkshire, is generally said to have been the place whence he transported it, or at least, obtained a model. By such an instrument he was executed in 1581 ; and it is universally said, that he was the *first* who suffered by it. Now this is not true. I am not much conversant in matters of this kind ; but this I know from the most authentic and indisputable documents, that the Maiden existed in Scotland at least sixteen years *before* the death of Morton, and before he had any power in Scotland ; and that people were executed by it in 1566. On the opposite page you will find the account of the expense of fashioning the *Heiding Aix* (or Maiden) ; and you will observe, from the description, that it corresponds in the measurement of timber, the weight of lead and steel, and other particulars, such as the pulley, the tow or rope for the pulley, &c., with the monster still in hideous preservation. The first occasion on which I have observed the use of the Maiden mentioned, is the 3d April, 1566, when *Thomas Scot* was justified—that is, condemned. At that time, Andrew Gofferson, Smyth, received 5*s.* for *grynding* the MAIDEN. This Thomas Scot was not only beheaded, but quartered : And at the same time, 7*s.* were paid for conveying the gibbet, (*Maiden*), &c. from Blackfriars to the Cross. On the 10th of August, when *Henry Yair* was executed, Andrew Gofferson received 5*s.* for grinding of the *Widow*. Now, here is matter of speculation. Was the *Maiden* the name of *one* instrument, and the *Widow* the name of *another* ? Or did the *Maiden* become entitled to the mournful name of *Widow*, after the brief term of her conjugal union with Thomas Scot was past ? There is not the least doubt that the *Widow* as well as the *Maiden* was an *instrument of death* : but I have some doubt if the *Widow* had the same lethal

with a great deal of curious detail upon this interesting subject. This instrument, (as is observed

power with the Maiden—for she does not seem to have thoroughly decapitated Henry Yair—as after the account for sharpening the *Widow*, on occasion of his execution, there is a farther charge of 2*s.* for an Aix to *heid* and quarter Henry Yair with. Perhaps the word *heid* is here inadvertently and superfluously inserted?

“ I am afraid you are not much enlightened (continues my friend) by this commentary: but, it is a new account as far as it goes—and, moreover, it is *true*. I have taken it from the Records of the City of Edinburgh, as thus:

“ *The Compts. of Mr. Ro^t. Glen, thesaurer of the burgh of Ed. 1565.*”

“ *The Compte of the heding aix maid y tyme of y Comptans Office as after followis, at command of the provost baillies and counsale.*”

Dr. Lee supplies me with a copious extract of “ Items of account” —from which it may be necessary only to lay the following before the reader.

“ Item for stane twa pund we^t and ane quarter pund we^t dansken yrne: price of the stane xiijs. Summa, xxxs.

“ Item four pund steill, price of y^e pund ijs. Summa, viijs.

“ Item for vj stane ane half of leid, price of the stane xijs. Summa, iii*li*. xviijs.

“ Item for three faddum of tow to y^e pullie, xviijd.

“ Item to the man that maid aix be y^e space of sax dayis, lk day vs. Summa, xxxs.

“ Item to the said man for fasoning of y^e samyn, vi*li*.”

These may be sufficient as a matter of curiosity, though a little onwards we learn, that for “ making ane scaffold and awaiting from the day when Thomas Scot was *justified*,” a charge of seven shillings was made. The term “ *justified*,” is obviously the answering the ends of justice, by suffering according to the sentence of the law.

What Dr. Lee has alluded to, or rather mentioned, runs thus:

“ *Item to Androw Gottersown for grynding of y^e MADIN, vs. 10 Aug. 1566. To the same for grynding of y WIDOW, vs.*

as is vulgarly supposed, that he was the *first* to suffer by it. The subjoined note* will furnish the reader

* For the intelligence about to be communicated, I am indebted to the kindness, and prompt as well as successful researches, of my friend, the Rev. Dr. Lee, who writes thus:—"The common stories which Dr. Jamieson, and all other writers have told about this clumsy machine, are entirely apocryphal. It is commonly said, that the Regent of Scotland, the Earl of Morton, borrowed the idea of this instrument from England, or some other foreign country. Halifax, in Yorkshire, is generally said to have been the place whence he transported it, or at least, obtained a model. By such an instrument he was executed in 1581; and it is universally said, that he was the *first* who suffered by it. Now this is not true. I am not much conversant in matters of this kind; but this I know from the most authentic and indisputable documents, that the Maiden existed in Scotland at least sixteen years *before* the death of Morton, and before he had any power in Scotland; and that people were executed by it in 1566. On the opposite page you will find the account of the expense of fashioning the *Heiding Aix* (or Maiden); and you will observe, from the description, that it corresponds in the measurement of timber, the weight of lead and steel, and other particulars, such as the pulley, the tow or rope for the pulley, &c., with the monster still in hideous preservation. The first occasion on which I have observed the use of the Maiden mentioned, is the 3d April, 1566, when *Thomas Scot* was justified—that is, condemned. At that time, Andrew Gofferson, Smyth, received 5s. for *grynding* the MAIDEN. This Thomas Scot was not only beheaded, but quartered: And at the same time, 7s. were paid for conveying the gibbet, (*Maiden*), &c. from Blackfriars to the Cross. On the 10th of August, when *Henry Yair* was executed, Andrew Gofferson received 5s. for grinding of the *Widow*. Now, here is matter of speculation. Was the *Maiden* the name of *one* instrument, and the *Widow* the name of *another*? Or did the *Maiden* become entitled to the mournful name of *Widow*, after the brief term of her conjugal union with Thomas Scot was past? There is not the least doubt that the *Widow* as well as the *Maiden* was an *instrument of death*: but I have some doubt if the *Widow* had the same lethal

with a great deal of curious detail upon this interesting subject. This instrument, (as is observed

power with the Maiden—for she does not seem to have thoroughly decapitated Henry Yair—as after the account for sharpening the *Widow*, on occasion of his execution, there is a farther charge of 2*s.* for an Aix to *heid* and quarter Henry Yair with. Perhaps the word *heid* is here inadvertently and superfluously inserted?

“I am afraid you are not much enlightened (continues my friend) by this commentary: but, it is a new account as far as it goes—and, moreover, it is *true*. I have taken it from the Records of the City of Edinburgh, as thus:

“*The Compts. of Mr. Ro^t. Glen, thesaurer of the burgh of Ed. 1565.*”

“*The Compte of the heding aix maid y tyme of y Comptans Office as after followis, at command of the provost baillies and counsaie.*”

Dr. Lee supplies me with a copious extract of “Items of account”—from which it may be necessary only to lay the following before the reader.

“Item for stane twa pund we^t. and ane quarter pund we^t. dansken yme: price of the stane xiijs. Summa, xxxs.

“Item four pund steill, price of y^e pund ijs. Summa, viijs.

“Item for vj stane ane half of leid, price of the stane xijs. Summa, iii*li.* xviijs.

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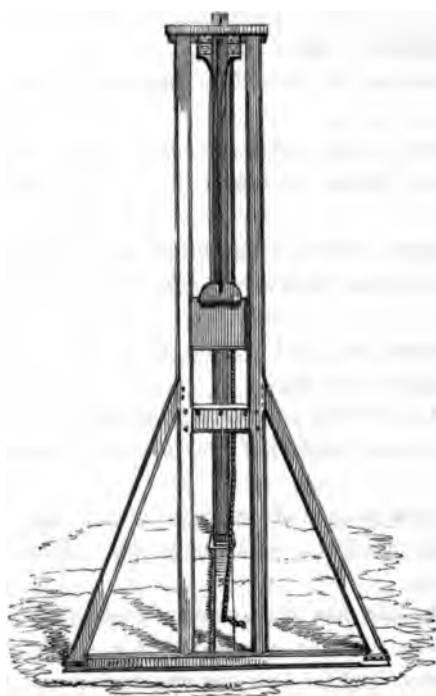
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in the same note) or another made upon a similar construction, was sometimes called the *Widow*; but why the intermediate appellative of *Wife* should have been overlooked, I cannot take upon me to determine. Be this as it may, a more clumsy, and apparently inefficient, instrument of death, has been rarely devised; as the reader may be convinced by the following representation of it.



The weight here raised, being about twenty-eight pounds, is lifted up, and let fall, by a rope fastened through a pulley at the opposite end. The culprit lays his head upon the horizontal board, beneath the weight, which the executioner immediately lets drop,

and thus severs the head from the body. I put this shuddering piece of machinery into motion several times, and almost doubted the result of the operation—from the apparently comparative feebleness of the impetus. Could the body of the Regent Morton leave the Grey Friars Church-yard, it would doubtless tell a different tale.*

There is a small room at right angles with this Maiden Apartment ; in which, upon the top of a row of shelves opposite, on entrance, you see an entire human scull, grinning in all its disgusting glory—as

* I have not yet done with the MAIDEN. I learn from my friend Mr. Macdonald, of the Register Office, that this instrument of punishment was a great traveller; and that it went occasionally to Dundee and St. Andrew's. "The Maiden appears (says my friend) to have been sent from place to place, about the middle of the seventeenth century, for the *justifying* of the lieges; as the following warrant of the parliament of Scotland, then sitting at St. Andrew's, for transporting her thither, from Dundee, will show:—" *Decimo Sexto Januarii, 1646, 38 Dies Parliamenti.* 'Warrant for transporting of the Maiden.' 'The Estates of Parliament Give hereby Warrant to transport the Maiden from Dundee to St. Androis, and ordains the Magistrates of Dundee to deliver the Maiden to sich as sal be sent from the town of St. Androis for transporting thereof quhairanent thir presentis am warrant.' This is taken from one of the four original Volumes of the Acts of the Parliaments of Cromwell (afterwards rescinded in 1661), lately discovered in the State Paper Office, and which will by and by be printed and incorporated in the folio edition of the Statutes, edited by Thomas Thomson, Esq." My friend accompanied his communication with plans and diagrams of the several instruments of execution of this kind, used in England, Scotland, and France. I cannot believe the use of it in the thirteenth century, in the country first named; but there will be found a wood-cut representation of it in the first edition of *Holinshed's Chronicles*.

that of ROBERT BRUCE ! One is surprised, first, how anything of itself so revolting to correct taste and delicate feeling, can be suffered thus to intrude ; and, secondly, how the Scotch can allow such a “ pious fraud ” to have any hold of their feelings. It is as much the scull of Robert Bruce as of King Fergus. I will own that I was not a little annoyed to see a repetition of this offensive taste, in a plaster cast of the same scull, in one of the rooms at Abbotsford. The master-mind of its late occupant could not, for a moment, have given credence to the veracity of the tradition. In this room are a pair of white gloves, which are said to have been worn by the unfortunate Mary on the day of her marriage with Darnley. Be it so. I have too much gallantry to be sceptical ; although more than one Bannatyner did allow a very odd curl of the lip to disturb the amenity of his countenance, on my mentioning the supposed fact to him.

I had resolved to devote a morning or two to the conversation of ARTISTS, and to the FINE ARTS : to curiosities and capriccios .. in all their seductive varieties. A gentleman of the name of Hay, (D. R. Hay, Esq.) living in George Street, furnished me with an admirable “ avant propos ” to such a gratification—by allowing me to come, whenever I pleased, to see a choice little collection of pictures which he possessed, on the first floor of his house. They were almost entirely by the hands of his countrymen, with the splendid exception of a view of Ben Lomond by Turner—executed in that artist’s grey time : sober, steady, majestic in effect ; but perhaps it is

too near a view. Here I first saw a warm, sunny picture, by the Rev. James Thomson, brother of Thomas Thomson, Esq. President of the Bannatyne Club, and Deputy Clerk Register of Scotland. It was a masterly landscape. The trees were in bold forms, and treated with a breadth of effect which pleased me exceedingly. I have since seen very many pictures (all landscapes) by the same cultivated hand. I know not why—but so it seems to be—that almost all Scotch artists execute their pictures in a low, grey, and sometimes even opaque and ochery tone of colour. Mr. Allan (of whom presently) is doubtless a powerful exception to this rule or system: but in nearly all the pictures from the easel of the Rev. Mr. Thomson, this subordinate and sombre tint too generally prevails. I can understand, and I trust feel as I understand, the charm and the harmony of a transparent silvery tone of colour, such as we see upon the furniture, backgrounds, or little bits of landscape, in Teniers' pictures; but as there is, in nature, no such thing as black, or I may add opaqueness, so do we desire it away from all representations of her. The portraits of Raeburn are usually in a grey and low tone, and so are very many of those of Mr. Graham. Nasmyth (of whose pencil I saw the best specimens in the collection of Baron Hume*) was not free from this

* Baron Hume was my immediate neighbour when lodging in Moray Place. He admitted me to *one* view—not of his person, but his pictures. They are really of a first-class character in their way. The best pictures I ever saw of Mr. Graham's are here; in these I include the portraits of the Misses Hume. A Tyrolese girl by the

defect. There is oftentimes a great deal of silvery sweetness in the treatment, and felicity of choice, in the landscapes of Nasmyth ; but he had not the fine taste which Mr. Thomson possesses. The latter gentleman, who to me seems to be a silent worshipper—if not an avowed devotee—of Turner, now and then develops all the grandeur of Gaspard Poussin, (the first of all landscape painters, for poetical feeling) in the choice and grouping of his subjects ; but he wants his golden hues, and deep transparent shadows. Mr. Thomson's frowning rocks and beetling cliffs are usually in admirable keeping, and his castles upon their summits throw up their "grey and battered sides" with admirable effect, against a sky, now and then in fine accordance with the objects below. Of his productions, (and I have seen nearly a dozen) that of the Bass Rock, in the possession of Mr. Cadell, the publisher, strikes me to be the finest. It has more vitality and force. No Scotch castle must be considered to be perfect within, unless a few square feet of the walls of the dining-room or drawing-room be at once covered and adorned by the canvas of Mr. Thomson.*

same hand—over the fire-place of the back drawing-room—is a perfectly masterly performance, for character and colour. Here I saw two original and curious portraits of Hume and Rousseau ; the latter with a furred cap ; which has been engraved. Here is also a copy of a lovely Cuypp—so happily done as might deceive the shrewdest eye—by candle-light. The view from the back of the Baron's house is quite delightful—and the house itself among the best in Edinburgh. The bust of the baron, if I remember rightly, is in the vestibule, up stairs, of the Signet Library.

* "Non omnia possumus omnes." I wished much to pay my personal respects to this reverend and tasteful gentleman—the first

Mr. Hay has a "delicious little bit" (I quote from *Christiean* authority) of Mr. Allan's pencil, in a black servant, with a striped Persian or oriental dress; and two or three specimens of Mr. Lauder, (now at Rome) of a surprising quality for colour. A portrait of this latter gentlemen, by himself, has all the characteristics of a fine old Italian picture; while his subject from "Peveril of the Peak" evinces the extraordinary manner in which he treats the sapphire colour.* The sash of Peveril, in that colour, stands out like the floating cloak of Bacchus in Titian's unrivalled picture in our National Gallery. Here was also a sweet performance—*Venetian market-girls*, or *water-carriers*—from the pencil of Mr. Mac * * *, who the day following my view of it (for I called expressly to pay my personal respects to him) had left Edinburgh, to try his fortune in London. Mr. Hay gives liberal prices for his pictures, and the admiration of the visitors is among his chief rewards.

"Mourn for the dead!"—and who does not mourn for the departed talents of such a man and such an artist as WILLIAMS? Nearly forty years ago, his reputation was announced by my friend Sir John

picture from whose easel I saw at Chesters: see page 414 ante. He lives at a short distance from Edinburgh. A day was fixed; but somehow or other, there was no time, or I allowed myself to be drawn away in an opposite direction.

* It has the transparent depth of old stained glass. I remember conversing with the Misses Hume on this picture, and the desire of their father to possess himself of it. Methinks, however, the countenance of the young lady wants a more impassioned expression?

Stoddart, in his account of Scotland.* His work upon Greece, as far as his own drawings are considered, should become national property.† A turf or two should be removed from the *Marathon Tumulus*, to replace his own body there, which he has immortalized by his sublime representation. Mr. Maitland (an "*intus et in cute*" Bannatyner) took me to see these drawings, at a corner house in Charlotte Square. He prepared me for the "Marathon" scene, by telling me to "think my best." I did so: but how vain my thoughts! How inadequate my anticipations! "I leave you alone," said he,—and walked to an opposite corner of the room. Lord Byron should have seen this picture, and then we should have had it in his *Childe Harold*.. in all the inspiration of his graphic pen. The size of the drawing may be two feet and a half in length, by two feet in height. Its simplicity is its sublimity. The full moon is just clearing the highest summit in the ridge of hills on the other side of the river.

* "At Edinburgh (says the author—now Chief Judge of the Admiralty and Civil Courts at Malta; see my *Reminiscences*, p. 102), painting occupies a very high rank; and the general taste of the city, in this respect, may be said to be superior to London. Among the artists of deserved eminence, with whom I was particularly acquainted, were Mr. [afterwards Sir Henry] Raeburn, in portrait; and Messrs. *Nasmyth*, *WILLIAMS*, and *Wilson*, in landscape."—*Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland*; vol. ii. p. 207, 1801, 8vo. This was in the year 1800. All are now dead, with the exception of the last.

† I learnt that the fatigues of the work and journey, combined, hastened his dissolution. His frame was slender and frail. His mind was gigantic and of adamant.

The sky is clear and cloudless : the stars are necessarily glittering with a subdued lustre. The sweet cool breeze of evening fans your cheek as you gaze. The conical mound of earth, which is supposed to cover the bodies of the deathless heroes who fell on the immortal field of Marathon, may be said to occupy the middle portion of the picture. The moon has cleared the hills, and the whole mound is now sleeping in her silvery lustre. Look again, and this same beauteous moon is mounting higher and higher in the heavens,—while the whole world below seems to be enveloped in magic. A Greek, habited in the costume of his country, and turning his back and a part of his face upon you, is standing gracefully in the foreground, looking with an apparently intense interest, and in absolute abstraction from everything else earthly around him. His eye is steadily directed towards that hallowed mound. The top of his turban receives the moon-beam. What would you not give to be his COMPANION ? No : a second thought tells you that he ought to have *no* companion. He is properly alone—and would brook no intrusion ; while his heart is inwardly bleeding on a recollection of by-gone days of imperishable glory—contrasted with the subjugation and slavery of the descendants of those who are sleeping in peace and glory before him. I thanked Mr. Maitland a thousand times for this unlooked-for and complete gratification : but I had no relish for any other picture, even by the same hand. There has been but ONE Marathon . . . since the world was created.

“Mourn for the dead!”—for of very recent date WALTER GEIKIE has been “gathered to his fathers,” in the prime of life and bloom of reputation. It was hardly within a fortnight of my departure that the “deaf and dumb Geikie” came with his portfolio of black chalk and india-ink drawings, (by the recommendation, as I seem to think, of my good friend Mr. David Laing) with the view of my selecting a few specimens for the enrichment of this work. I could not hesitate in the selection of such a gem as the ensuing.

Listen a moment, and you hear the man whistling to his favourite blackbird. The man, his clothing, and his bird, are all of a piece; and you would not wish to change his attire or attitude for all the graceful draperies or dignified postures which the most splendid drawing-room could exhibit. If I am not mistaken, the OPPOSITE PLATE—designed and etched by the same hand—will win the reader's heart as much as the smaller bijou. Again: do we want proof of our lamented Geikie's talent in the treatment of subjects of a more composed and ordinary occurrence? Look, gentle reader, at what immediately follows.

The engraver of this latter piece, is Mr. William Douglas; who, it must be confessed, has rendered ample justice to the original. In the ensuing pages, relating to *Lake Scenery*, will be seen another small and delicious specimen of Geikie's designing and etching talents: while the two larger subjects in a preceding page* prove that his observation of human nature was quick and striking, however the objects selected by him might have been in the ordinary and lower department of life.

Mr. Geikie told me that he could not *engrave*, but only *etch*. I purchased several of his drawings,† which are always preferable in black and white chalk. His "*Drunken man led home by the wife and child*," beggars all description for fidelity of treatment and spirit of touch. The vacant and joyous stare of the drunkard, with his humourously, but nicely balanced, figure, evinces wonderful tact and knowledge of art. A young lady, looking at it in my presence, cleverly observed,—“His very hands and legs are absolutely drunk.” The charges of Geikie were excessively moderate; and no man seemed to shrink so sensitively from mixing in society. He died very

* See pages 537, 540, ante. These subjects are, *Lord Moray's House*, and the *Residence of John Knox*.

† My friend Miss Currer, of Eshton Hall, possesses also a few of his drawings, obtained from me: at most reasonable prices. Another friend (Thomas Ponton, Esq.) possesses the original of the "*Broken Pipe*," in the larger plate; which I must say has scarcely been rendered justice to by the artist's own burin. I have also three additional etchings by him—intended for this work—but deficient in interest and effect. The good-nature of Geikie readily admitted this, and they were gratuitously withdrawn. His India-ink productions want the force of his black and white chalk drawings.

little beyond his fortieth year. He conversed with you by means of a slate; but his utterance of "Yes" and "No" was sufficiently articulate. I am well pleased to make this record, however feeble, of the talents of a man, who was an honour to his country.

I now wend my steps to Scotland Street, and introduce myself, on the second flat, to Edinburgh's Pride—in the person of WILLIAM ALLAN, Esq. P.S.A. I found him in a handsome suite of apartments, hung round with fit emblems of his profession: old armour; old vestments; old furniture; old ornaments of dress, and weapons of attack and defence. The whole was in "fine keeping"—as they call it. As I was well acquainted with Mr. Allan's chief performances, and had always been among the foremost to express my admiration of them, I shook their author heartily by the hand. The first thing I saw, was the *Rizzio*.* "It should be elsewhere," observed I. "At Dalkeith or Drumlanrig"—observed a third gentleman. There was also his "*Polish Slavery*"—the most touching of all touching pictures by the hand of any master. Has all wealth fled the country? Is the purse of MARGARETTA also exhausted? Such a picture as this, portable as well as feminine, should now beam at Archerfield and now glitter at Biel.

"Come with me into the next room"—observed the familiar and friendly president, carrying his moll stick in one hand and his palette in the other. "You know I was two years at Constantinople, where I wish you to be convinced that I learnt *something*. Come and see my '*Slave Market*:'—

* See it described at page 522 ante.

everybody and everything having been taken as seen on the spot." I followed with alacrity—his amiable niece receiving us, by the side of all manner of *bon-bons* served on a small circular table of curiously-carved ebony. "There it is—look away; but remember it is only in its infantine state. I shall exhibit it in London in 1838." So saying, Mr. Allan put aside his palette, moll-stick, and brush, and quietly taking up his snuff-box, seemed to wait in patience for my remarks. This is undoubtedly the finest, as well as the largest, picture from the hand of the master; and as it will tell its own tale admirably in our forthcoming Exhibition, I need only observe that all the accessories are in perfect keeping with the principal group—which represents the sale of a number of beautiful women, or several families, through the medium of a black agent, in a costly dress. The purchaser of this wretched live-stock, who is on horseback, seems to consider the whole as coolly and indifferently as a Norfolk farmer looks upon a flock of black-nosed sheep, just bargained for, and about to be turned into a neighbouring field of turnips. But the agony of the bartered family, in the picture before us, is heart-rending; and the loveliness of their forms and countenances gives a keener edge to our agony. "Good Mr. Allan, why do you so much love to tear our hearts from their sockets?"—"It's just my fancy," replied the artist, leisurely taking a dry pinch of snuff. "I think you have here outdone yourself?"—"That's as it may be," was the sole answer. I would fain hope that Mr.

Allan saw—and with entire satisfaction—that, if I felt sensibly, I spoke honestly. What the effect of the *whole* of this surprising picture may be, when worked up in the transparent hues of his happy colouring, I will not pretend to predict.

Let not the reader imagine that the pencil of this renowned President of the Scotch Academy of Painting is not as active and happy in small, as in large and complicated, subjects:—for where shall we find a more felicitous representation of the “*Stirrup Cup*” than what here ensues? It is a reduction of the large print, just published, by the same engraver.

Of *portrait painters*, WATSON GORDON, Esq. is considered to stand at the head. I have seen but few of his performances, and these are certainly not chargeable with the besetting sin of *ochre*. They are luminous and prominent. Perhaps the cleverest—and it is also an excellent resemblance—is that of Lady Gray at Kinfauns Castle. I am, however, well disposed to allow infinite merit to his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, in the possession of Mr. Robert Cadell, who estimates it, as a likeness, beyond all price. My objection to it is, that it is not a likeness of his *inspiration*.

Of a kindred taste, in the same walk of painting with Mr. Allan, are Messrs. HARVEY and DUNCAN. I had before seen the "*Baptizing of a Covenanters*"* and the "*Battle of Drum Clog*," by the former gentleman; and when I met him at the ample and joyous breakfast-table of Mr. D. O. Hill, (of whom anon) I felt well-disposed to pay his studio a visit. He was then engaged upon a subject which has since carried away the annual prize:† that of "*Shakspeare*

* Dr. Lee took me to see this painting, at a lady's house, in our route to Costorphine Church, some three miles to the west of Edinburgh. It is doubtless of too low and even dark a tone; but touched with vigour, and with a thorough understanding of detail. I recall this *ecclesiastical* visit with pleasure to my memory. The morning was bright and beautiful; but the church should have been *two* centuries older. It contains two or three perfect recumbent monuments, of the beginning of the fifteenth century, which are rarely seen in the churches of Scotland. The parsonage-house had all the snuggerly and comfort of a *Southern* manse. My friend will, I know, scold me for forgetting the lady's name, and that of the place in which her handsome stone residence is situated.

† I lately learned this fact. The plan is, as I understand, that a

being brought before Sir Thomas Lucy for deer stealing." It is admirably treated, but in an incipient state; the fine, high, bold forehead, and joyously beaming youth, of our immortal bard, are represented to the very life and spirit. "You are aware, Mr. Harvey, that the fact itself is *apocryphal*—according to Malone?" He had not heard it before. "Never mind; it is *canonized* upon your *canvas*." For my part, I think Mr. Malone was a very mischief-making chronicler—in poking out such a fact. It is a sad truth. Shakspeare *ought* to have stolen the deer. But the public will soon have an opportunity of judging of Mr. Harvey's powerful talents, in the splendid plate now being engraved by Mr. Howison, of his "*Game of Curling*"—the darling game of the Scotch nation: the game, that out-tops *Golfing*—the game, that warms the heart and makes the blood of the old young again—the game, that causes all eyes to sparkle, and all voices to ring again with shouts of applause. The hardest ice and the most cutting atmosphere form the very charm of its existence. Talk to a Scot of *Golfing* and *Curling*, and he will say,—“The former is only *Preston Puns Ale*: the latter is *Mountain Dew*.”

I was indebted to my ever anxious and ardent friend, Mr. Turnbull—who on more than one occa-

few of the very choicest pictures exhibited are selected—and from these another selection is rigidly made...so that, at last, the PRIZE is drawn by ballot, and the winner obtains it for little more than his annual subscription. But the winner, in turn, must take a ballot chance of success.

sion* shewed his marked attention to me—for an introduction to Mr. DUNCAN. In fact, he accompanied me to the studio of the latter—a portrait as well as a fancy painter. His “*Cuddie Headrigg visiting Jeanny Denison*,” which I afterwards saw in the exhibition at Glasgow, and which is the property of D. R. Hay, Esq., is about the cleverest picture, of its class, seen by me in Scotland. But it is not free from the besetting sin of northern artists; namely, the being painted in too low and ochery a tone. I noticed this to Mr. Duncan—in the flesh of the female. He exclaimed, with a sort of sigh,—“It is irremediable.” This vivacious picture is executed in the best manner of Smirke. The figure of Cuddie Headrigg is perfection. It would make an admirable engraving in the hands of Howison or Smith. The “*Anne Page and Slender*,” by the same artist, is, I hope, creeping quietly and surely to the dining-room

* They have a very curious society at Edinburgh, connected with the Arts—and that is, the *St. Luke's Society*: on the popular and perhaps never to be exploded, but absurd tradition, that St. Luke was a *Painter*. A meeting of this society took place during my stay there; but although Mr. Turnbull was most anxious that I should attend, and although I had in fact expressed equal anxiety for such attendance, yet, from some unaccountable mistake in the “constituted authorities” of that society, the card of invitation never reached me. The members seemed to have been very jollily disposed; and more than *one* little monosyllabic hour struck before they broke up for their dormitories. Mr. Allan, as I learnt, was in the chair, and Mr. Turnbull was vice-president. Generally speaking, an Englishman has but an imperfect notion of Scotch *gaieté de cœur*, at these carousals. Perhaps I had a narrow escape.

of a southern member of parliament—not quite six miles and a half from Chippenham in Wiltshire. The picture is a delightful transcript of the great dramatist's text.

I ought not to close the account of such "heroes of the pencil" as happen to have come across my path during my residence at Edinburgh, without the mention of a few others—in a different walk of the art—and conferring great credit within the same. As a designer of figures, all hail to the mysterious pencil which has dared to embody, in palpable forms, the wild imaginings of the author of *The Ancient Mariner*! At Mr. Hill's, in Princes Street, will be seen how completely the artist has done justice to the poet. But I hope Mr. DAVID SCOTT, the artist in question, will have encouragement to undertake a work of more general interest, and more intelligible import. He is tutoring his fancy by safe guides—and will, I hope, soon emerge from submarine occupations.

In the art of *Landscape Painting*, it seems to be admitted that a Mr. M'Culloch "bears the bell." I saw only two of his performances, from which I will not presume to draw so sweeping an inference: but I will presume to predicate for D. O. HILL, Esq. a wide-spreading and a permanent reputation. This gentleman is the *Secretary* to the Scottish Academy of Painting. The manner in which his pencil has been employed for this work,* would prove him

* See pages 470-2 ante. My interview with him, described in one of these pages, found him busied in a somewhat important, and likely to be most popular work, of the country visited and described by the late James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd. It was at the break-

to be no *tyro* in his art: but he has accomplished braver feats than these—as the *solid* results of the recent sale of his fine picture of *Kinfauns Castle* decidedly proves. In water or in oil, Mr. Hill equally shews the dexterity of his amphibious powers. His taste is refined; his enthusiasm unbounded; his diligence without end. The temple of Fame is in full view before him; and he already finds its pavement glittering with costly mosaic-work, bestrewed with the gold of Cræsus. But this will neither misdirect his steps nor vitiate his moral feeling. Let him live, with his newly-chosen spouse, a thousand and one years . . . if he wishes it.

At a little distance behind him is MONTAGU STANLEY, Esq., a teacher of drawing, as well as an

fast table of Mr. Hill, in London-street, that I once sat down in the society of very many of the choice artists of Edinburgh. It was a joyous morning, and an abundant breakfast. In the company, was a Mr. Johnson, introduced by my good and enthusiastic friend, Mr. Turnbull. That gentleman had nearly spoilt my appetite and damped my spirits. I had paid a visit to Roslyn Castle and Chapel the day before. His eyes glistened when I told him so. “Had I seen the *Dance of Death*, cut in stone, in the upper part of one of the arches, in a darkish corner?” “I had not.” He seemed greatly to pity my want of curiosity in consequence, and was evidently disposed to exult cruelly whenever we exchanged a glance or a word. In one respect I got the ascendancy over him. He *would* contend for the erection of the chapel in 1300, or earlier. Mr. Turnbull seconded him. I slaughtered them both . . . before they had mastered their second cup of chocolate. Mr. Hill is well calculated, from his gentlemanly manners and strong good-sense, to please in all societies: but he will never obtain my *unqualified* approbation, till he has copied Samson’s boots, and Burns’ house, for me: which must have been long sitting as weights of lead upon his conscience.

admirable artist—and, oh rare union!—a dramatic performer of thoroughly sterling merit. I saw much, in water-colours and in oil, from his pencil—and I was present at his triumphant debüt, in the character of Richard III, at Mr. Murray's delightful little theatre.* Mr. Stanley is among the worthiest of men and most respectable of artists. He never tires. Steel bends, but breaks not. His is an anxious, as well as varied and agitated, life; and I wish him all the success which well-directed industry and unsullied honour should seem to bespeak and ensure.

To my eye, the *great master performance* in the landscape line, is suspended in the drawing-room of my friend J. W. Mackenzie, Esq.—of whom I have so often made mention. The subject is *Vallombrosa*—painted by Mr. Andrew Wilson, now and long studying at Rome. He was at the head of the Academy here, and on quitting it for Rome, was succeeded by my friend Mr. Allan . . . the fittest of all successors. This picture was obtained in a lottery† by Mr. Mackenzie, for the inconsiderable sum of one guinea—the artist having justly received one hundred

* The gods in the Scottish theatre are even noisier than those in London: but it is pleasant to see how they take up their national airs, and beat time with their feet. Their constant vociferation of "*Oorder, Oorder!*" astounds a southern. This theatre (not the Royal Theatre) is among the neatest and best adapted to its purpose, which I ever saw. You lose not a syllable: and the syllables pronounced by Mr. Murray and Mr. Stanley, deserve not to be lost, and may be always heard to advantage. Of the former, who is also the proprietor of both theatres, it may in sober truth be asserted, that the *least* part of his excellence is his incomparable histrionic talent.

† See pages 574-5 ante.

guineas for his performance. It is a grand subject, treated in a grand style: with thorough knowledge of art in all its departments. The figure, for position and effect, is marvellously managed. The sun of Both, and the atmosphere of Lorraine, warm and harmonize this picture with a surprising force and felicity. My friend, its owner, gazes upon it, the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night, with a fondness of emotion which is inconceivable to those who have not witnessed him. Not a MS., however illuminated—not a printed volume, however choice and rare—can presume to measure affections with *that* emanating from the sight and possession of this Wilsonian treasure. Long may it be grouped among his *Lares*.

But where is WILLIAM DYCE, Esq.? And how comes it that he has not before received admission into this graphic grouping? What if he be in Italy—his *works*, as suspended in the drawing-room of T. Maitland, Esq. before lauded—are a treasure . . . yea, in *two* instances a marvel. Mr. Maitland possesses a *Child's head*, of great cleverness and expression. Nor is that of Mrs. Maitland unworthy of the child's. Lawrence is the model, but Mr. Dyce colours with a warmer and deeper tone. Perhaps he is too opaque. His *walk* is finely chosen—not because he seems to have now and then Veronese or Tintoret in his eye; but because he loves the schools of Italy, and is ambitious of renown as an historical painter.* His ivory

* Mr. Dyce is a young artist of equal talent and enthusiasm; but he must not appear in the full costume of unqualified commendation

crucifixes all tend to this point. This is an enigma to be solved only upon the decease of the author.

I must not, however, fold up this muster-roll of *Graphic Worthies*, without incribing upon it the name of one of the most singular and successful of all pencil-amateurs. It is that of CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq. to which I allude. The ground this gentleman occupies is exclusively his own; and he fills it in a very remarkable manner; blending frequently the wildness of Fuseli with the grace of Stothard. His *Queen Elizabeth dancing before the Spanish Ambassador*, which Mr. David Laing possesses, and which I also saw at Abbotsford, is perhaps too caricatured; but his frontispiece to the Earl of Kelly's *Essay on Minuet Dancing*, is perfection. No one understands the adaptation of the old-fashioned costume to a graceful female figure, better than Mr. Sharpe. His monsters, giants, and exotics of every description, are delightful. I should consider his *Rowland and Vernagu** his happiest effort, but that I learn the frontispiece to the *Early*

in these pages, without a justifiable effort on my part to pick a tiny hole in his velvet cloak. Where is "JOHN KNOX administering his first Sacrament?" He was to have sketched, and afterwards etched it, for this unique tome: but the amber tints of Italian evening sunsets have seduced him from his allegiance. Mr. Dyce showed me a small whole-length drawing of our late common friend, Mr. Alex. Chalmers—sitting in a chair. Bating the somewhat too great fullness of the eyes, the representation was *Vir Ipsissimus*.

* To embellish one of the books—I believe, the fourth—published by the Abbotsford Club, entitled, *The Romances of Rowland and Vernagu, and Otuel*. From the *Auchinleck Manuscript*, 1836, 4to. There is a second embellishment by the same original pencil to the

Metrical Tales, published in 1826, 12mo.* is considered to be his masterpiece. From respect to his talents, and with his entire permission, I present the reader with a copy of it, reduced one half from its original dimensions.



romance of *Otuel*. This beautiful work was the offering of my friend Alexander Nicholson, Esq. a member of the club. The preface, short, sensible, and satisfactory.

* Let the reader pass his own opinion, from the above specimen. The head-dress of the woman, or something resembling it, will be seen among the facsimiles of the head-dresses of females in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*; repeated also by my friend J. A. Repton, Esq. in his most curious and copious essay upon the female head-dress, published in the *Archæologia*. I consider the little volume to which Mr. Sharpe's embellishment is prefixed, as one of the most successful of that class of republishing our old metrical tales. It includes the *History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steill*. No name of editor is prefixed; but if you walk into the Signet Library, and shake hands with the librarian, you will probably grasp the hand that achieved this "pretty deed."

From Painting, we go, by a natural course, to SCULPTURE and ARCHITECTURE; but of the former I can say nothing—absolutely nothing: not having seen even a single bust by the ingenious, and, I learn, unrivalled Mr. STEELE. The Chantry of Scotland, Mr. BAILEY, is wholly located in London. His *Eve*, and his sleeping, or dying, *Magdalene*, lift him up to the topmost pitch of his art. Never were breathing flesh and loveliness of form more beautifully and more perfectly represented.

I have more than once called Edinburgh a *City of Palaces*; the GENOA OF THE NORTH. Of course, architecture is the sole means of achieving this splendid result: but if the materials for building were not at once abundant and lasting, as well as picturesque in tint, such an effect would with difficulty be produced. Where to begin? How to describe? How to eulogize? . . .

“ Hic labor—hoc opus est.”

But it cannot be done successfully; at least to my own taste. Here is James Gillespie Graham, Esq. with a genius all over gothic: rich, original, tasteful.* Would that he were employed to case the whole of

* My friend Mr. Mackenzie took me one day to call upon Mr. Graham, more especially to view his design for the new House of Commons, on the Gothic plan. It is very magnificent; but perhaps in too detached buildings: while Mr. Barry's, on the contrary, from its continuity, has too much the air of a large manufactory which, however, may be broke by a boldness and variety of relief in the external ornaments. Mr. Graham's talents are likely to be successfully employed in the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral.

the Castle in a coat, cut according to the fashion of the early part of the fifteenth century. Then, again, I would have him put an ecclesiastical vestment over the whole of St. Giles's, or the mother church, in the fashion of the fourteenth century. He would do it *con amore*; nor would he displease his own times, or posterity, if he *raised* the tower a good fifty feet, and reconstructed the "imperial crown" thereupon, as it is called, upon more intelligible principles of Gothic art.*

In Grecian and Roman architecture, a love of taste, and yet more of truth, induces me to place Mr. Playfair at the head; simply because he has not only had the *opportunity* of doing great things, but of doing them *well*. His Academy of Painting, &c. is doubtless his masterpiece; but for just proportion it should lose one fourth of its length. Necessity alone compelled its elongation to the present extent. Placed upon the Calton Hill, for picturesque effect, this building would kindle emotions as if we were

* The principal Gothic churches in Edinburgh are those of St. John and St. Paul; edifices of comparatively limited extent, but well placed, and producing a good effect. They are both Episcopalian places of worship, and the latter contains the pulpit which Dr. ALISON once adorned, by preaching in it those sermons which have secured to him an imperishable fame; which breathe of the purest Christian love, and make their way to the understanding as well as the heart, in a manner the most refined and effective. Dr. Alison is also the author of the best book *on Taste* in our language.

While upon Episcopalian places of worship, I cannot, as I ought not to, forget the neat little octagon chapel, with a gothicized front—called St. George's—in which my friend, the Rev. Richard Shannon, has so long and so well performed the exemplary duties of a Christian minister.

contemplating another Parthenon. The arrangement of the interior is admirable; especially as regards the casts from the antique.* But the pride and glory of Mr. Playfair's interior is the Library-room for the University of Edinburgh. It is at once lofty, broad, and commodious; and of a very singular construction in the arrangement of the shelves for the books. There *is* a point where you may stand, and although the room be one hundred and ninety feet long in the clear,† (longer than any library at Oxford) yet you shall not obtain the sight of a single volume. It is even so; and I am not sure if this be not an interesting variety in such an interior. Mr. Playfair was so obliging as to attend me on my first admission into this **Paradise of Books**; and he will do me the justice to avow that my admiration was as warm as prompt. The floor is put together as if it were one solid, smooth, surface of satinwood. Such a piece of carpentering

* A descriptive catalogue of these casts has been just published, under the care of C. H. Wilson, Esq. the conservator. It is full, and sufficiently learned. To the casts of heads and figures from the antique, are added those from the famous doors of the Baptistry of Florence, executed by the famous Lorenzo Ghiberti and Andrea da Pisa, in the fourteenth century. It was the northern of these doors, executed by Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo pronounced to be worthy of the gate of paradise. The casts of these doors are in ten panels.

† I remember being highly amused with an anecdote connected with the length of this library, as related by Mr. Playfair. The late Admiral Duckworth once came to visit this fine interior. On being told that it was one hundred and ninety feet in length, he struck his foot upon the floor, and exclaimed,—“By —! just the length of the entire deck of my ship.” There was nothing afterwards worth looking at, or talking about, with the gallant admiral.

is perhaps not exceeded even in Hamilton Palace. The ceiling is lofty and gilded :—but why does good Mr. Playfair consider burnished gold to be a heresy ? In such a magnificent interior, you can hardly be too brave and saucy in the upper ornaments.

I could not help being struck, as running my eye up the length of this glorious book-repository, with the propriety of placing, at the farther end, the marble figure of SCOTT—inspiring the intellectual world within ! Books were the throne upon which he sat to rule the republic of literature. His fresh and beautiful fancy, and happy adaptation of times past to times, or rather feelings, present, make us forget the extent, the depth, and the variety of his earlier reading. His Somers, Sadler, Dryden, and Swift, attest the truth of this remark. Columns and arches may please the many ; but . . . this subject* is becoming discussed “*usque ad nauseam.*” Still I could not help fancying that the *marble* busts (for I would not have a *bronze* horror among them !) of a few of the great men of Scotland, placed against the pilasters, which stand out at right angles, would have an admirable as well as appropriate effect. Mr. Laing, who was with us, approved ; and the architect did not put his veto upon the proposition. Up stairs, in a judiciously contrived Auctarium, they preserve the *Hawthornden Library* ; or the books which were once the property of its celebrated owner, William Drummond, the poet.† Hither hies

* See page 500, ante.

† Mr. David Laing may justly reproach me for not having examined the *Hawthornden MSS.* in the Antiquarian Museum. Of

Mr. Laing, by soft moonlight, or ere the dews of a July morning be absorbed by the sun's rays, to pay his secret and steady devotions. Here he clasps the *first Jewell** to his bosom; or he cons the densely-printed gothic pages of the first *Aberdeen Breviary*; or he revels and riots upon the broadly-spread membranaceous leaves of the first anglicized *Hector Boece*.† He enters and he retreats through a keyhole manufactured by a knot of Loch Lomond fairies.‡ Six years ago, the number of volumes in this library were computed to be fifty thousand.

the printed books, a catalogue was put forth in 1620, republished by Mr. David Laing a few years ago. Some of these are really curious, as well as in fine condition. It does one's heart good to see them where they now are.

* A "Jewel"—not of a "jasper or sardyne stone"—not radiant with emerald or dazzling with brilliants—but the *first edition* of *Bishop JEWELL's* work on Ecclesiastical Polity, in the Latin tongue; of which the frontispiece bears the autographical impress of its having been a gift from the learned author to the Regent Murray.

† Bellenden's English or Scotch version of the Latin text of the *History of Scotland* by Hector Boethius; of which the finest copies UPON VELLUM that I ever saw, are in Ham-House library and at Hamilton Palace. The copy above alluded to is the largest; but the leaves are unequal in size, and not freed from a dingy or begrimed surface. It is not, however, strictly speaking, an Hawthornden book. It was given to the University Library some one hundred and seventy years ago, by a merchant of Edinburgh; and bears this inscription: "*Thomas Willson Mercator me Bibliothecæ Edinburgensæ Dono dedit. Anno. Dom. 1669.*" It measures a foot in height within the eighth of an inch, and is eight inches wide. In its first embossed binding.

‡ This "fairy knot" is reported to have established its *smithery* near the small but impetuous cascade at Inversnaid, at the remote end of the Loch Lomond lake: where travellers stop to mount

While I was visiting this interesting spot, they were preparing to arrange the collection of pictures bequeathed to them by the late Sir Henry Erskine, and which had just then arrived.* I own, as a whole, this collection did not appear to me to be interesting; nor was there, in my estimation, one single picture which I should deem to be in the first school of art. They were about to be judiciously placed at the farther end of the library, on entrance from the stone staircase. As I have brought my reader to this spot—the University of Edinburgh—I may as well tell him that the front and the quadrangle were the work of the well-known Robert Adam, a native of the City; and of whom these pages have made frequent mention. The front of this University, in South Bridge Street, although put to a severe test by almost facing the most brilliant portico† in the city, from the classical hand of Mr. Playfair—has yet a noble air, with the exception of the upper windows, which, with the architect's absurd fondness for diminutive upper tiers of windows, should seem to belong to an hospital or outhouse. The frequent stone staircases, within the quadrangle, to the right and left, to obviate the inconvenience of a rising ground, disturb and destroy all simplicity of effect. Yet has this interior some-

their ponies for a visit to Loch Katerine. This tiny group frequently disport adown the cascade, or sail in a diminutive canoe, made of the hazel-tree, upon the surface of the Lomond: even sometimes as far as the good Laird of Stock Goun; of whom, anon. A full October moon is the season of their blithest merriment.

* They were valued at £14,000.

† It is that of the School of Surgery.

what of a palatial air. To see what had *preceded* it, may surprise and amuse the antiquary. In former times, the interior had the following aspect; where I doubt not my good old friends, Chapman and Myller, employed the first press used in Scotland, in the year 1507.*

and especially the new, common, and printing shop
the republication of two or three rare poetical pieces from the presses of these printers, some dozen years ago; of which a copy upon vellum was sold for £32. 11s. at the sale of Sir F. Freeling's library. I wish, however, this same Editor, and my especial good friend, would give us a comely quarto tome of the *Origin and Progress of Printing in Scotland*. Now, or never.

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* Chapman was in fact no despicable merchant, even with foreign, and especially the Low, Countries. Mr. D. Laing superintended the republication of two or three rare poetical pieces from the presses of these printers, some dozen years ago; of which a copy upon vellum was sold for £32. 11s. at the sale of Sir F. Freeling's library. I wish, however, this same Editor, and my especial good friend, would give us a comely quarto tome of the *Origin and Progress of Printing in Scotland*. Now, or never.

Such are the marvellous changes produced by the revolution of a few centuries. But it is time to look after Messrs. Hamilton and Reid; architects whom we have perhaps somewhat uncourteously left at a considerable distance behind. Of the former, (Her Majesty's Architect) I believe the High School and the Observatory are among his principal achievements; and with respect to the latter, I cannot speak too highly of the Subscription-House now building in Princes Street: presenting a front, which puts every other of a similar edifice, in the great *Southern* capital, to shame:—especially if the solidity of the materials be also taken into consideration. Mr. Reid is now engaged with Mr. Graham in the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral; but I know not if I have seen anything of a purer character executed by Mr. Reid, than what appears from his hand in the erection of Dr. Bell's Grammar School at St. Andrew's.

And thus much, or perhaps, as some may be disposed to think, thus little, for PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE, in this renowned *Athens of the North*. The strides towards perfection in each department, within this century, have been enormous. Instead of the limited list, so sparingly commended by my precursor and old friend, Sir John Stoddart, at the *commencement* of this century,* behold here, gentle reader, a more copious list or grouping, in colours more glowing and encomiastic. The fact is—as I have had frequent opportunity of observing—there exists at Edinburgh

* See the quotation from his work at page 566 ante.

a warm and generous feeling about the FINE ARTS. There is a sort of heart's worship in the cause; and I will honestly add, a very general disposition among artists to render ample justice to the merits of each other. There ought, however, to be more patrons. Messrs. Allan, Harvey, and Duncan, ought not to have a picture hanging on their walls an hour.

I should perhaps say a word about ENGRAVING; which probably, more than any other department of Art, has put on strong wings, and taken a bold and rapid flight, within this improved city, for the last thirty years:—but the graphic ornaments of *this Work* will bespeak greater attention, and command a higher eulogy, than anything ensuing from minute enumeration or studied detail. From the beginning I had resolved to make my work as *Northern* as possible. I have however yet to learn whether there be an engraver in the *stippling* line, resident at Edinburgh?

In the last place, for the LIBRARIES—public and private. The reader will startle when he is informed that I shall abbreviate this matter as much as may be; not because bibliography is waning in fashion, but that “full, true, and particular account” of the Advocates’ and Signet Libraries is in progress for publication. Alas! I speak hesitatingly:—but it was what I learnt. And first for the ADVOCATES’ LIBRARY; of which Sir George Mackenzie, who put forth a Catalogue of its contents early in the 18th century may be considered the founder. It is situated in Parliament Square. I have reason to remember well my first visit to it. Mr. David Laing accompanied me; and Messrs. Maidment and Turnbull were there

to receive me . . . in a snug, retired room, to the left—after entrance into the large room. Dr. Irving, the principal librarian, had not returned to his residence ; although I afterwards met this amiable gentleman at the hospitable table of our common friend Mr. Buchan. The Courts of Justice are all about this locality. I passed through a hall which had been the Parliament House, and at the end of which the statue of the tutelary (earthly) saint of the city stands. I mean that of the late Lord Melville. Here a grand banquet was given to George IV, on his memorable visit to this city. But what a ceiling!—lofty, vaulted, and “fretted with golden” knobs—obtruding in the most extraordinary, and to me offensive, manner, possible. They were like so many knob-handles of doors. Some elegant alterations were being effected in the ante-room. On passing through the large hall, you observe, to the left, a descending stair-case—connected with the awful business of Lawyer and Client. It seemed to be a descent into Cimmerian darkness. The door of the upper library immediately faces you. You open, and enter—one of the most quiet, composed, and book-looking rooms in Christendom : of a considerable length, with recesses, admirably managed, near the windows, for the purposes of reading and transcription. The ceiling is gilded in a low tone. It should be radiant with burnished gold. The room is coloured in an oak or wainscot tint : but why, good Dr. Irving, librarian-in-chief, do you not move heaven and earth to displace the iron bars without the windows ? These give the

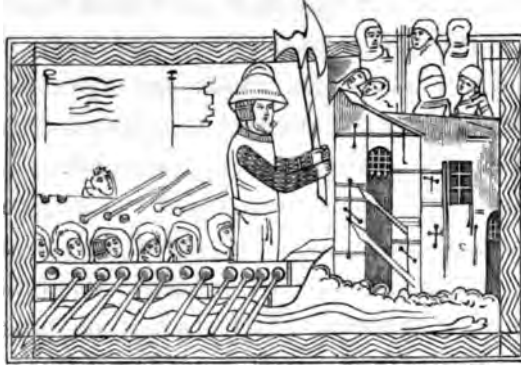
whole interior the aspect of a prison. Or is it that the *Bibliomania* here requires such safeguards from the occasional *phrenzy* of the inmates ?

“ Your hands, your hands, my brave compeers !”

exclaimed I, in the language of “ Auld Song,” as I grasped those of Messrs. Maidment and Turnbull within mine. These gentlemen and most renowned book-wights were detected in the act of embracing their beloved . . . *Auchinleck Manuscript*. “ Behold (said the latter) the object of envy with all you Southerns. What will you give for a twenty-minutes tête-à-tête with this most beauteous and unparalleled creature ?” So saying, he placed the MS. in my hands. It is doubtless the great gun of the entire library ; although its contents, strictly speaking, are rather English than Scottish. Sir Walter Scott had alone conferred a sort of immortality upon it in his *Sir Tristrem* ;* but there are treasures of considerable value yet to be made known, and the above gentlemen are intent upon giving them publicity. *Rouland and Vernagu*, and *Otuel*, have already appeared ; and *Lion-Hearted Richard* is at this moment “ springing into light ”

* See his introduction to the publication of this delightful old metrical poem, written by *Thomas Erceldoune*, called *the Rhymer*, who flourished in the thirteenth century : “ the only copy of which (says Sir Walter) known to exist, is contained in a large and valuable collection of METRICAL ROMANCES belonging to the *Library of the Faculty of Advocates*, and called, from its donor, the *Auchinleck MS.* A correct edition of this ancient and curious poem is now submitted to the public.” But the reader will do well to consult the critical

through the instrumentality of the **CODEX CLUB**. By the favour of the editor, I am enabled to present the reader with a copy of the only ornament which the original possesses, and which is a small illumination prefixed to it.



It may grieve a Southern sadly to know, that, of this very curious, and doubtless valuable fragment, only *thirty-two* copies are printed.* The Auchinleck

remarks upon the time, the probable author, and general bearing, of this old poem, in the octavo edition (by the late Mr. Price) of *Warton's History of English Poetry*. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add, that this famous MS. is throughout written upon vellum.

* Such is the information of my friend Mr. David Laing; who subjoins the following title of the volume: *Owain Miles, and other inedited Fragments of Ancient English Poetry*; Edinb. 1837. It appears that "Weber consulted this fragment for his edition of the Romances, but having omitted to give any of the various readings, it was thought worthy of being printed as near to the original, as from the defaced state of the MS. in some passages, it could be decyphered." Surely, my worthy friend Mr. Turnbull, its reputed regenerator, might have ventured upon *one hundred* copies of so precious a fragment?

MS. has doubtless, in some respects, become a "sucked orange;" but it is nevertheless always abounding in juice of a goodly flavour. I know of only *one* MS. of its *kind* to equal it; and upon that I have before expatiated largely.* I should say that there is no portion of its scription before the middle of the thirteenth century; and that the greater part is in the fourteenth century.

The small rooms adjoining the larger library are of importance and utility to the librarians and curators. One of these rooms is wholly occupied by a collection of Spanish books, which was purchased, some years ago, for £4000, from the Marquis of Astorga. It was doubtless a very spirited act to make this purchase, but I can never be brought to believe that such a sum, in the present condition of the library and state of the funds, might not have been disposed of to infinitely greater advantage. On enquiry, I learnt that, one year with another, not a dozen volumes left the shelves for the purpose of being consulted: but peradventure "veniet felicius ævum?" Might not such a sum have been better devoted to the enlargement, if not completion, of their department of *Poetry*—especially from the opportunities offered by the sale of Mr. Heber's library? Such an application would have given to this collection of books a paramount advantage: although much was done in the sales of the Gordiston and Constable libraries. I was shewn a great many curious treatises and volumes, which would be in vain

* See pages 107-116 ante.

looked for elsewhere ; and one printed black act, (I think by Walgrave ?) which nowhere else exists. It will necessarily be reprinted by Mr. Thomson.*

“ And now, gentlemen, for your MANUSCRIPTS.” —“ Willingly ; but you must remember that you are not in the Bodleian Library.” We descended by the staircase of which I have just made mention : —but oh ! through what a subterraneous world had I to direct my steps, and with difficulty keep my guides in view ! What corridors—passages—rectangular wainscoting—all stuffed with tomes ! And then—although in “ the blaze of noon”—the sight, the smell, of *burning gas* ! It is inconceivable how they have so long borne this state of things in the modern Athens.† You reach a tolerably well-lighted room—where many gentlemen of the law are reading—and opening a door to the left, you enter the *Manuscript-room* : of the strangest, as well as of very straightened, dimensions. “ Can you have twelve hundred volumes here ? ” “ Nearer two thousand—as you will find when Mr. Innes comes out with the catalogue of them.”‡ Of the Ancient

* In his forthcoming invaluable folio volume of a collection of all the Scottish Acts of Parliament up to the reign of James I.

† It is more than indirectly thus publicly lamented in the “ Annual Report of the Curators of the Library”—for 1834. “ The darkness of the rooms in the Lower Library—which rendered it necessary for the librarians *constantly to employ lights* for the purpose of procuring the volumes wanted—occasioned much inconvenience and loss of time,” &c.

‡ In the annual report of the Curators for 1835, the subject of the CATALOGUE OF MSS. is thus handled :—“ The Curators having applied to Cosmo Innes, Esq. with the view of ascertaining what

Classics there is a very limited choice ; and of these none which could be pushed to the thirteenth century. But classics may be said to be everywhere ; and you almost naturally look for what is not likely to be obtained in the Vatican, at Paris, or in the Bodleian Library.

Mr. Maidment soon directed my attention to the *Balcarras Papers*, and afterwards was so obliging as to furnish me with the subjoined list* . . . of such "bundles and bags" of epistolary and other treasures, in MS., as made my heart rejoice—so as to forget darkness and gas. From one of these bundles (I now forget which) is the original letter of Mary Queen of Scots, in her own hand-writing—when

progress had been made by him in the completion of the MS. catalogue, received from him a note, of which the following is an extract: 'I have completed, Class I. *Original Charters*. II. *Records and Registers of Religious Houses*. And the following are considerably advanced. III. *Original State Papers*: nearly, but not quite done. IV. *Historical MSS.*—about half done. V. *Genealogical Collections*, done so far as I have yet discovered ; but there are scattered MSS. on this subject which I have not yet got at. If the part I have done be not the most bulky, it is by far the most troublesome of the whole collection ; and I confidently hope to complete my undertaking within the time originally contemplated."

* This list shall tell its own "unvarnished tale" in the phraseology of the time of the donation of such truly estimable treasures. But the "bundles and bags" are now metamorphosed into folio volumes of ready access. And what volumes to open!—to feed upon! to revel in! As you turn over their *letters*, you are living with the *Henris, Montmorencis, Caterines, Maries, and Guises* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Read, and meditate...ye Sons of the *South!*

"The following List of valuable Manuscript Letters and Miscel-

about fifteen years of age—to her aunt : petitioning for a “groom of the chambers.” The OPPOSITE PLATE is, on the score of fidelity, the letter itself. Among other curiosities, is a *Life of Christ*, in

many Papers, which the Earle of Balcarras hath complimented the Faculty with, being as follows:—

“ *List of Papers given to the Advocats' Library by the EARLE OF BALSARRAS, 1712.* ”

BAG I.

Bundle.

1. Forty-four Letters to Mary of Lorraine, Queen Dowager of Scotland—all French except two Italian, annis 1549-50-51-52.
2. Thirty-six Letters from considerable persons in France to Queen Mary, mother to Mary Queen of Scotland, anno 1553.
3. Seventy-two Letters to the same, having the dates of the moneths, but wanting the year, by several persons; but some in cyphers.
4. Eighty French Letters to the same, wanting dates of the year, by Longueville d'Anniale le Brouse, &c.
5. Thirteen Receipts belonging to Mary, Queen Dowager of Scotland.
6. Four Letters to the same, by Darnley, d'Aubigny, and Sandilands, in French.
7. Sixteen Letters and Papers in French, with keyes of Cyphers.
8. Twenty-eight Accounts of the same, all in French, except one in Scots.
9. Forty-two Receipts to the Queen, &c.

BAG 2.

1. Twenty-three Letters by King James V and Queen Mary to the Queen.
2. Forty-four Letters, by Henry II of France, to Mary Queen Dowager of Scotland.
3. Seventy-two Letters to Queen Mary, mother to Mary Queen of Scots, annis 1537, 1538, 1539, 40, 41, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48.
4. Forty-six Letters to the same, by Duc and Cardinal Lorain, Duc de Guise; wanting dates.
5. Twenty-six Letters to the same, annis 1554, 55, 56, 57.

... ont monsieur le Cardinal vous
font entendre de toutes nouvelles qui me gardera vous faire longue lettre fors
de vous supplier tres humblement me ton vous tenir en votre bonne grace.
madame si vous plait me croire ma maison de quelque huisier de chambre,
ie vous prie que soit de Ruffets mon huisier de sale ponce quil est tres
bon, e' ancien seruiteur. le vous envoi des lettres que ma dame ma grand
mere vous ecrit. Priant notre seigneur (ma dame) vous donner en
longue sante tres heureuse vie

Votre tres humble e' tres obeissant fille

MARIE



English, written in 1410 by a certain pious Catholic, and “presented to Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, for his examination and approval. The

Bundle.

6. Sixteen Letters to the same, and some others.
7. Twenty-three Letters to Mr. David Panter, Bishop of Ross, and about Abb. Lablyd.

BAG 3.

1. Eleven Miscellany Papers; one a Latine Speech de Judicium Qualitate.
2. Fifty-six Letters of the Earle of Mortoun, Regent; most of them to Mr. David Borthwick, King's Advocat, annis 1574, 75, 76, 77.
3. Nine first draughts of Acts of Parliament.
4. Six Papers, mostly anent the plantation of Nova Scotia, anno 1624,
5. Forty-three Papers concerning Mines, Mettalls, Coinage, &c. Parkhead, Eustathius, Rooghe Edzell, Mr. Lock, Mr. John Lindsay, and Marchistoun.
6. Twenty-eight Papers concerning Mettalls and Mines.
7. Seven Letters to Mr. John Lindsay, Secretary, &c.
8. Eleven Miscellany Papers.
9. Six Papers, acts of the Committee of Parliament, in favours of my Lord Balcarras.
10. Nine Papers concerning the expense of King James VI voyage to Denmark.

BAG 4.

1. Sixty Papers relating to Kirk affairs.
2. Eleven Letters, Spanish and English; most of them from the Duke of Sesse, Ambassador to the Pope from the King of Spain.
3. Twenty-four Letters and Papers concerning the Duke of Lennox and the Earls of Huntley and Erroll.
4. Thirty-six Papers relating to Kirk affairs, anno 1638, among which are the reasons of the University of St. Andrews against the National Covenant, 1638, and a Declaration of the ministers of Aberdeen for the Service book.

Archbishop returns it to the author, attesting his honest conviction that it is admirably adapted for the refutation of heretics, and especially of those of the Lollard persuasion."* The curators of the library

Bundle.

5. Forty-four Papers about the process against Mr. Robert Wallace for preaching against Mr. Robert Lindsay, Secretary.
6. Mr. David Black's process, with his Majesties declaration concerning it, and the uproar in Edinburgh, December 1596.
7. Thirty Writs concerning Church benefices.
8. Twenty-one Papers concerning Tythes, Erections, &c.

BAG 5.

1. Twenty-nine Papers relating to the New Colledge of Saint Andrews.
2. Thirty-seven Papers relating to the Old Colledge of Saint Andrews.
3. Fifteen Papers relating to St. Leonard's Colledge in St. Andrews.
4. Twenty-eight Papers relating to the University of St. Andrews in general, and several visitations thereof.

" And these Papers being in the hands of Mr. David Drummond, Treasurer of the Bank, the Faculty recommended to their Dean and the Curators of the Library, and any other person he should think, to wait upon the said Mr. David Drummond, and signifie to him how acceptable the Earls present was to the Faculty, and to give his Lordship thanks in name of the Faculty. Likeas the Faculty appointed Mr. Thomas Rudiman, the Library-keeper's servant, to receive the said Manuscripts from Mr. David Drummond, and lodge them in the Library. Sic subscribitur. *David Dalrymple.*"

* The colophon—furnished me by Mr. Maidment—runs thus :—
"Explicit Speculum Vite Christi Complete

Lord Ihesu thy blesside lyfe
 Help and comferte our wrecchid lif.

Memorandum quod circa annum domini millesimum quadringentesimum decimum, originalis copia huius libri, s. *Speculi Vite Christi in Anglicis*, presentabatur Londonii, per compilatorem eiusdem, reverendissimo in Christo patri et domino sancto Thome

not only recommend printed books and MSS., but insert their opinions in writing, with great freedom, upon their positive or relative value and importance. A few MSS. had been recently purchased, among which were two of the most splendid volumes of the *Codex Justinianus* which I had ever beheld:—redolent of illuminations of the fourteenth century—fresh, sparkling, and peculiarly characteristic. It was impossible to gaze upon such graphic treasures and not carry a few away, by means of the pencil, for the *illumination* of my readers. The first volume has the following ornament prefixed to the initial sentence. It represents, as I would infer, the destruction of the barbarous codes of legislation previously to the establishment of that of Justinian. The person about to be decapitated, is habited in a lilac-coloured dress; and the man on the point of inflicting the blow is

Arundell, Cantuariensi Archiepiscopo, ad inspiciendum et debite examinandum antiquam fuerat libere communicata. Qui post inspectionem eiusdem per dies aliquot, retradens ipsum librum memorato auctori eiusdem libri proprie vocis oraculo ipsum in singulis commendavit et approbavit: necnon in auctoritate sua metropolitana vtpote Catholicum publice communicandum fore decrevit et mandavit ad fidelium edificationem et hereticorum, siue Lollardorum, confutationes. Amen." I presume this to be the parent-text of the *Life of Christ*, which Caxton in part printed; and of which the ancient Latin MSS. and printed books are almost innumerable. When we reach Glasgow, we may say another word upon this subject. Meanwhile, it may be worth a question whether the ponderous biography of Christ, written by Ludolphus of Saxony in the fourteenth, and printed (by Eggesteyn) at Strasbourg, in the fifteenth century, 1474—may form the basis, or parent-text, of the majority of the work under consideration?

habited in dark green drapery, relieved by red and black. The back-ground is gold.



C. J. Smith, fecit

In the **OPPOSITE PLATE** are facsimiles—executed with equal success, and unimpeachable on the score of fidelity,* of other portions of the volume—apper-

* There is great pleasure in recording the sure road to excellence by the young and enterprising. All these facsimiles were executed by a very young man, employed by my good friend Mr. Lizars, who, for the first time in such a vocation, fulfilled his task with a



THE FISH MARKET

THE FISH MARKET. A scene from the life of a fisherman, showing the fisherman and his family, and the fish market.



taining, first, to the laws of water-carriage, and, in the second subject, to the laws of fishing, shooting, and hunting. It ought to be observed, that these subjects are executed with surprising force and splendour, and on close examination would betray the colours to have been mixed up with a glossy material not unlike oil. The touches often stand prominently out; and although the drawing is not to be defended, the colouring is far from being despicable. There is one large subject, of the Emperor Justinian seated on his throne, above, with his Chief Justice below—dispensing, right and left, to the several provincial judges, those imperial laws which they are to see executed in their several departments. This subject, of considerable size, is of a marvellously gorgeous aspect.* I cannot say that my researches, during a two mornings' visit, brought anything more interesting, as well as splendid, to view, than these two volumes of the *Codex Justinianus*. What might be the entire number of volumes, in the Advocates' Library, in MS. and in print? In a moment of terrible thoughtlessness, I ventured to estimate them at about 60,000. A dreadful shout of scepticism, or rather of point-blank negative, ensued. "But you cannot place the number at 150,000? as one of your writers has recently done." Truth

precision, celerity, and success, which could not be surpassed. I have forgotten—or rather, as I seem to think, I never heard—his name. It will be well known in good time.

* This has been copied by the same skilful hand, and is now in the possession of Miss Curren, of Eshton Hall; who possesses *all* the facsimiles of the ILLUMINATIONS for this work.

generally resides at the half-way house. Mr. * * *, one of the Librarians, to whom these questions were put, instituted — as he admitted — rather a loose examen, but had not the hardihood to avow that the number exceeded 90,000. I have always great doubts about these numerical results; and must yet submit that “*Curia advisare vult.*”

There are several excellent portraits in the upper room, some of which are not yet arranged, but they should all unite in good fellowship, and be placed over the books; where there is room for admission. Among these portraits was one of the Advocate Lockhart, of which the hands have all the delicacy of Vandyke. His fate was singular and severe. Having been appointed a Referee or Umpire, he issued an award accordingly; but the party against whom the decree was issued, assassinated him by shooting him through the back. The murderer was hung in due course. Among the “odds and ends” which are always to be found in such a repertory as this, I could not help being struck with one of the pennons rescued from the disastrous fight of Flodden Field. It bore the inscription “*Veritas Vincit.*”

We put on our hats, and it is scarcely more than a hundred paces to the neighbouring **Paradise of Books** called the SIGNET LIBRARY. It is like “the purple light” of Virgil’s Elysian fields, after the combined darkness and narrow limits from which we have just emerged. The site as well as the approaches to this Library are every thing we can wish them to be. Spacious, ornamental, commodious,

and replenished thickly with goodly and gorgeous tomes, the whole has an absolutely palatial air. Grandees with furred cloaks should be the inmates. But let it not be supposed that the humblest aspirant may not obtain the volume of which he is in need, and that this interior is not frequented by students, artists, and readers of every grade and description.

One man is climbing the heights of Chimborazo, in a marvellously fine set of *Humboldt's Travels*;* another is measuring a portion of the Coliseum, in a set of *Piranesi's Works*, of equal splendour and perfection: a third is lost in astonishment at the wild gambols of some savages in a proof impression of one of the plates of *De Bry*: a fourth is mounting a pyramid in *Denon's Egypt*; while yonder is an active group busied in gazing upon the statues of the Florentine and Clementine Museums. Apart, sits a solemn student, extracting from the lore of the *Acta Sanctorum*,—in a copy of that work which had been Meerman's, and which, as far as my own experience goes, is unrivalled for ligature and condition. And then such a beautiful set of *Picart*!

* I should consider it barely possible for a finer copy of this stupendous work—in all its parts—and upon large paper, in russia binding—to exist, than that which will be found upon the shelves of the ALTHORP LIBRARY. I have reason to believe that it cost the late Earl Spencer very little short of £1,000. Such, and similar, treasures are precisely those which are fitted for large and expensive Collections like those of which we are now making mention. The embryo-artist, antiquary, and archæologist, are brought out of their chrysalis state, by the sunny warmth which a frequent inspection of such works, as those mentioned in the text, can scarcely fail to produce.

But this is highly irregular. My good friend, the newly appointed librarian of this collection, Mr. David Laing,* stands on the landing-place of the upper room to receive me. I had first, however, surveyed the lower room. Each room is 120 feet in length; and enfiladed—especially in the lower one—by two such long rows of Doric columns, so closely communicating with each other, that the effect is most singular—and certainly not in the best taste. You would fancy, in a little time, that these pillars would leave their resting places, and go down a country-dance with their opposite neighbours. The upper room is as thickly studded with pillars as the lower; but they are less heavy, and fluted—of the Ionic order. The whole effect of this upper room is exceedingly beautiful as well as novel: while the central cupola, filled with an allegorical painting by Stothard, adds to the lightsomeness and splendour of the interior. My last visit to this interior was in company with Macvey Napier, Esq. the late librarian; who kindly devoted the better part of an hour to give me a *précis* of its contents.

* Mr. Laing obtained this distinguished honour by a majority as numerous as it was splendid. He published a List of his Testimonials—upon the strength of which he ought to continue librarian for the next century. But what may not any man accomplish who possesses—as Mr. Laing possesses—the only presumed to be *perfect* copy of Knox's edition of "*The Forme of Prayers and Ministration of the Sacraments, &c. used in the English Church at Geneva, approved and received by the Church of Scotland,*"—including "*The Catechisme of M. Calvin, 1565,*" 12mo.? With this he enters the ranks—even against Dr. Lee: see page 541, ante.

The plan is admirable.* No pains have been spared to render this fine collection of books of real service to the studious. Long sets of the most costly volumes—such as are beyond the means of ordinary private purses to procure—are here duly arranged—to captivate the eye and warm the heart of the tasteful. A spirit of liberality has been evinced,

* MACVEY NAPIER, Esq., is a gentleman too well known, as the present Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and *Edinburgh Review*, to stand in need of the slightest eulogium at my hands. The arrangement of this library is the work of his own master-hand: but its completion must be left to that of his successor. The last printed report with which I am acquainted, is of the date of November 1834. Doubtless, much has been since accomplished. It runs in part thus:—"The removals from the lower and other rooms, and the still more extensive removals required by the new classification, have included 23,000 volumes. Of these above 13,000 have been placed in the uppermost room. Every volume so removed has been cleaned, before being placed in its appropriate press; and, had time permitted, the operation of cleaning and re-arranging would have been extended to the only department which has not been touched; namely, the department comprising books regarding GREAT BRITAIN and Ireland,—by far the most extensive, as well as the most complete, of the Library.

"The Uppermost Room contains the following Classes:—
 1. *Theology and Ecclesiastical History.* 2. *General and Particular History, Biography, and Antiquities*, ancient and modern. 3. *Arts and Sciences.* 4. *Transactions of Scientific and Learned Bodies, Encyclopædias, and Dictionaries.* 5. *Polygraphy*, or the collected works of authors who have written on various Sciences and Subjects. 6. *Classics*—Translations, and Works illustrative of the Classics. 7. *Belles Lettres*, and Miscellaneous Literature in the Learned and Foreign Languages. The lower large room or Hall, and the small adjoining rooms, contain these other Classes:—
 1. *Law*—Civil, Scottish, English, and Foreign. 2. *British and Irish History, Biography, Antiquities, Topography, and Statistics;*

such as I find nowhere to the South ; and if Edinburgh produce not a genuine breed of all that is good and gracious in *boke-lore*, the fault must not be laid at the doors of those to whom this magnificent and richly furnished library is intrusted.

In the whole, there may be (as was stated to me), 40,000 volumes in this collection. The *matériel*—as I chuse to designate it—is admirable. Below, there are abundant small rooms for maps, journals, and periodicals. Here business is done. Above, the fruits of that business palpably appear. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, he was, as he well might be, struck and delighted with the beauty of the upper library. It will always have pleasing reminiscences for me : for a more friendly and gratifying hour was never spent in any library, than that which I spent here in company with its late distinguished Librarian.

and, generally, all works connected with these heads. 3. *Geography, Voyages, and Travels*. 4. *Bibliography*, or works descriptive of the history, editions, and kinds or classes of books. 5. *Belles Lettres*, in the English Tongue, and the Miscellaneous productions of British Literature.

“ Of the three rooms on the ground-floor, one is at present appropriated to the numerous and extensive Collections of *Periodical Publications* ; another to *Parliamentary Reports*, and *Collections of Parliamentary Debates* ; and the third to *Maps*, suspended on the walls in spring cases, in such a way as to be easily unrolled for inspection.”

I believe that all the farther objects, recommended in this report, have been carried into complete and good effect ; and that in whatever room or quarter the visitor or student may be, he will find “*medicine for the soul*” as well as food for the eye.

Once more, and for the last time, we make our way down hill for the New Town ; to bid farewell to those who have been friendly and kind. In short, to institute (as we are now upon the ~~boke~~ theme) a comparison between the respective libraries of certain *Bannatyners*. But no : let us make mention, and not comparison. Let nothing like the tiniest part of a sting attest, by its irritability, that the skin has been even slightly perforated. Ever welcome to me be such *Book-Wights* as those whose virtues are about to be recorded! I must first look in upon the renowned biblioplists Messrs. Black—at the corner house, to the left, before you reach the bridge. The premises are small, both fore and aft ; but crowded with the learned in politics, ethics, physics, and metaphysics. A world of business is dispatched by the presiding genius of the spot. The *Encyclopædia* and the *Edinburgh Review* are alone sufficient to engross every minute of every day. I was much pleased to hear, incidentally, a word of good advice offered by Mr. Black to one of the writers of the former work : “Compress, my dear Sir, compress as much as possible.”

Why do they allow the northern extremity of Waterloo Bridge to be so unnecessarily disfigured by placards, pasted in every direction,—and of which some ought never to meet the eye of the public ? On remarking that the perforation, for balustrades, ceased very abruptly, I was told that “the wind would inconvenience the ladies’ dresses.” This seemed to be anything but intelligible logic. Again I pass the General Register House, to pay a long and

special visit to my good friend Mr. W. H. Lizars, in St. James's Square. I shall ever have cause to remember this visit—marked by features so unlike anything before seen by me. A bevy of well-dressed damosels were in the first room or office:* some sitting, others standing, and some in earnest conversation with Mr. Banks, the Accountant General of the Master of the Establishment . .

“Favours to none, to all he smiles extends;”—

as befitting the diplomatic importance of his situation. Here comes Mr. Lizars, and in a trice I am in his subterraneous region of press-work in every possible direction. Yonder they are striking off about a million and a half of paper for an Irish bank. The india-rubber rollers are in perpetual convolution. In another place, they are working at, and throwing off, the plates and the text for *Sir*

* “One of the most gratifying circumstances connected with the sale and prosperity of this work, (Sir William Jardine's *Library of Natural History*—says its publisher to me, by letter) is, that the colouring of the plates has given steady employment to a number of YOUNG LADIES, whose situations in life prevent their prosecution of other avocations likely to be so remunerative. The plan is this. The printers' impressions are quietly and easily taken away; and returned with equal facility, when coloured, by these fair artists. In some cases, where the rank or condition of the young lady is particular, this arrangement requires a little studious delicacy. Altogether, this work has absorbed THREE MILLIONS FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND IMPRESSIONS: every one of which has been tinted *individually* by the hand. There are altogether about SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY PLATES of Illustrations in the twenty volumes of which the work is composed.”

*William Jardine's Library of Natural History.**

The tympan and friskets know no repose. Pocket-books, magazines, antiquarian prints, cards, headings for tradesmen's bills—anything—everything—are at the beck and disposal of Mr. Lizars; while his quickness, cleverness, and wish to oblige, charms all heads, and wins all hearts. I have a right—because bound by a grateful feeling—to be thus minute, and thus honest. Without the opportune and accelerating aid of Mr. Lizars,† this work had slept another winter upon the shelf.

* This delightful as well as instructive work consists, as the conclusion of the last note testifies, of twenty volumes in crown octavo: purchasable, with all its thousand attractions for youth and age, for the sum of five guineas: *argent comptant*. It is enough to make Buffons and Swammerdams of half the young reading world. It was published a volume at a time. Mr. Lizars started, in 1833, in a sort of *andante-adagio* movement, with the number of five hundred copies, for the first volume: but the public took to the work so readily and kindly, that the number rapidly increased to as many thousand; and of the entire twenty volumes, it may be safely affirmed, that 100,000 copies have been sold—taking one volume with another. Now, from this FACT, what need is there of elaborate commendation of its learned editor, SIR WILLIAM JARDINE? If the fact, as it does, “speaks *volumes*,” we can only infer that Scotland has been as fortunate in her department of Natural History as of Philosophy and Ethics. We wish the worthy knight's garners to be “full and plenteous with all manner of store”—and the warehouse of his publisher to contain an equal quantity of golden grain.

† But Mr. Lizars has yet another, and perhaps nobler claim, to public distinction and patronage. His *Anatomical Tables*—of which one hundred plates enrich a large folio volume—have found a brisk sale. Of this work, or these plates, two thousand copies, taking the plain with the coloured, have been sold, at the retail price, amounting to the aggregate sum of £20,000. These plates

Hard by is a Roman Catholic place of worship, of which Dr. Carruthers is the proprietor, as well as the titular Bishop of Edinburgh. My friend Mr. Willson, of Lincoln, had furnished me with a letter of introduction to the Bishop, which I was pleased to deliver, in company with another friend, Mr. Mackenzie, who escorted me on the occasion. The Bishop had been seriously indisposed with a bad cold, but braced his physical energies to attend me to the Library—a “rudis indigestaque moles” of books . . . beyond anything I had seen. There was, however, no *Capgrave*.* Yet there was *one* book which Mr. Mackenzie urged upon my close observance, and for which, indeed, I may be said to have visited the Bishop. It was a thin membranaceous folio, in beautiful cursive scription, presented by the Scotch College at Paris,—and relating to forms and ordinances of the time of Queen Mary,—whose portrait (clearly an imaginary one) was at the head of a great many beautiful groups of female figures, in india ink, apparently of Italian art. From the

are the property of Mr. Hamilton, the bookseller, at Edinburgh; who contemplates a republication, under the editorial care of Mr. Alexander Lizars, a brother of the first publisher, and a gentleman who stands deservedly high as a lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology.

* The famous *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, printed and published by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1516, folio; of which a good copy cannot now be procured under fifteen guineas. Surely, this is now the moment for some “good Catholic” to translate this curious and instructive volume, with such additions and emendations as may be supplied from the *Golden Legend* of Caxton, and the *Acta Sanctorum* of Malermi, &c. &c. A curious anecdote from Capgrave is recorded in the *Bibliog. Decam.* vol. iii. p. 326.

mouths of these figures, issue labels—worded in the most encomiastic strain. The good Bishop allowed Mr. Lizars to cause a copy of a portion of one of these groups to be taken for this work; which is here presented to the reader, of one half the size of the original. It is impossible to view such a group without recognising the hand of Italian art.

But we must not tarry too long in the contemplation of such elegant forms, for *Picardy Place* is at hand; and at number eleven in that Place lives James T. Gibson Craig, Esq. brother of the Member, and both sons of Sir William Gibson Craig, Bart. His hereditary honours I leave to other chroni-

clers.* It is enough for me to record his worth as a well-bred gentleman, and a Bannatyner of the toughest and longest tried virtue. His library is rather select than copious; and yet I dare venture upon a guess of 1,500 volumes? He is sensitively choice in the condition of his books. A cropt or a soiled copy is shunned as an abhorred heresy. Even his beautiful and large (as I thought it) first *Walton's Angler*, elicited a sort of suppressed "pish," as I discoursed in praise of it. He has a noble "*God's Revenge*,"† a second *Shakspeare*, an original *Hector Boece*, some sound and highly coveted *David Lyndsays*, *Blind Harries*, and "such like." Here I saw the bust of John Clerk, the late Lord Eldin; at the sale of whose pictures and curiosities, in 1833, such a frightful and in part fatal accident took place.‡

* They have already found an ample and accomplished chronicler in a beautiful little volume, published by the Tait, in 1823, 12mo.: being the *Life of Sir Thomas Craig, of Riccarton, with Biographical Sketches of his most eminent Legal Contemporaries*, by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Advocate. There are two title-pages—one engraved and one printed. A portrait of Sir Thomas, and his funeral urn, grace the frontispiece: in perfect good taste. I owe the descendant, above introduced, no small thanks for a copy of this beautiful little volume, encadred in the red morocco coating of Messrs. Henderson and Bisset. I shall mention this volume more particularly when I get to St. Andrews.

† *God's Revenge against Murderers, Highwaymen, Footpads, &c.* &c. folio: a volume abounding with very curious, and, in the main, I believe, legitimate and instructive intelligence. It does well to cling to of wintry nights...when the snow is falling and the wind whistling, and elves and brownies are all abroad to feast upon human miseries in unroofed sheds and clay-built hovels.

‡ By the favour of Mr. James Gibson Craig, I am in possession of one of the fifty large-paper copies only—not printed for sale—of

Mr. Craig has, however, other claims to reminiscence, besides that derivable from book-luxuries. He *banquetizes* like a thorough "large-paper man." Everything is upon an extensive as well as *recherché* scale. It was a day of joyance that eight of us once had with him; while Mr. Cosmo Innes, on the stool of "repentance,"* sat at the bottom of the table as Vice-President. At top, to the left of the master of the banquet, between him and myself, there sat the finest creature that ever ran upon all-fours, of the

the Catalogue of Lord Eldin's Pictures and Books. Of the former, a word or two shall be said hereafter. The latter were sold by Mr. Charles Tait—the Evans of Edinburgh. The accident above alluded to, and which is most minutely and pathetically described by a Mr. Howell, who published an account of it, took place on the last day of the sale of the pictures by a Mr. Winstanley, of Liverpool. At two o'clock the whole floor of the first story, where the auction took place, fell in...a depth of sixteen feet:—"all heads became white in a moment; all clothes of one colour: even the voice was altered by the dust that had been inhaled. It was with difficulty that the company recognized each other; and lime and dust as much assailed those who had *not* fallen as those who *had*." This is the language of the publisher. Two lost their lives. Several were severely bruised. The accident arose from the joices giving way beneath the pressure of a large company—from the same criminal neglect (that of not being admitted far enough within the walls) which led to the more awful catastrophe at Kirkaldy: of which hereafter.

* This stool—or bench for two, with an upright back—having the word "repentance" painted in white capital letters upon it, had once been in the parish church of St. Andrews, for the doing of penance by those who had sinned more especially against the seventh or tenth commandment. It is a great curiosity of its kind; but was wisely given up, after dinner, for a mahogany chair "bound in purple morocco."

feline genus. It was a *true* Sessa.* Its portrait upon wood should be in every book of its master. Our supper was in the same style of elegance and abundance as our dinner.

The Scotch entertain "right lovingly." Deep potations have wisely taken their departure. With my friend W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq. (I have never yet had the courage to request a *catalogue raisonné* of his christian names) I once partook of a symposium, in an hotel somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's Square, which had every characteristic of a "Clarendon Hotel," or an "Albion," entertainment. Nor were the wines less varied and delicious than the company and conversation were select and instructive. There is about my friend an ebulliency of generous feeling, which knows no limits in the participation of a social banquet. His eye is upon every guest; and as he looks, his hand instinctively grasps his glass. When the heart is set dancing, it is difficult for the extremities to be quiet. I do not think that there is a wine celebrated by Redi, in his "*Bacco in Toscano*," but what was found to sparkle upon the table at this pleasant symposium. My friend, knowing my utter abhorrence of whiskey, essayed to tempt and comfort me by the alternate seductions of *Dantzic* and *Schedam*. After dinner, we had some few stand-up speeches—a

* See the magnificent Cat, seated erect upon her haunches, with a mouse in her mouth, which adorns the 236th page of the second volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*: the last genuine breed of the family of the Sessa...printers of great eminence at Venice, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

startling thing for the diffidence of a Southern ; but none came up to the impassioned eloquence which seemed to flow spontaneously from the lips of Mr. David Laing, when he toasted “the immortal memories of Chapman and Miller, the first printers of Scotland.” I thought the ceiling must have dropt—from the intensity and long continuance of the “hurrah” which immediately ensued. As in duty bound, I rose to propose “prosperity to the ABBOTSFORD CLUB,”* of which our host was the founder

* In July 1836, the ABBOTSFORD CLUB was established, and so called in honour of the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart. It is limited to fifty members. Its object is “the printing of Miscellaneous Pieces, illustrative of *History, Literature, and Antiquities.*” At a general meeting, in the same month, the Secretary exhibited the works already printed by the Club. I. *Ancient Mysteries*, from the Digby MSS., preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Edited by Mr. Sharp, of Coventry, and printed at the expense of the Club. One volume. II. *The Presentation in the Temple*, as originally performed by the Corporation of Weavers at Coventry, printed from the books of the Company, and edited by Mr. Sharp, of that city. Presented by J. B. Gracie, Esq. One volume. III. *A Volume of Ancient Household Books*, of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, entitled, *Compota Domestica Familiarum de Bukynhame et d'Angouleme*, &c. from the originals in the possession of the Secretary. Presented by William B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq. Secretary. IV. *The Romance of Rouland and Vernagu, and Oluel*, (before so particularly described) presented by Alexander Nicholson, Esq. Six more works were announced, at the same meeting, to be “in hand.”

“We are doing wonders (says my friend, the founder and secretary, in his last letter to me) in the North, by private typography. In another year or two, Martin's book will be nearly as incomplete a reference as Clarke's *Bibliographical Dictionary.*” For the benefit of Southern aspirants, ambitious of becoming inmates in this temple of rising fame, I subjoin the terms of admission into the

and secretary. The "return thanks" was in Mr. Turnbull's most felicitous style. In fact, it was a **Rotburghe Carousal**—from beginning to end. Mr. Maidment was in evident extacies. Of this, however, let the reader be fully assured—there was not one guest, who, on parting, could not read the most *diminutive colophon* . . . whether it were in writing or in print. Even the muddy aspect of Eggestein's smallest gothic fount, or the rickety characters of *Ketelaer* and *De Lempt*,* would have been mastered as soon as seen. Friendship has few stronger cords to keep hearts and hands together than such as are manufactured on these joyous and innocent occasions.

"Another and another still succeeds." If the reader will have the goodness to turn to the note at page 515 ante, he will find a sort of mysterious allusion to No. 19, Scotland Street in the metropolis in which we are now tarrying. "The prospect clears—and *Whitefoord** stands confessed." In other

same. "1. The annual payment of each Member shall be Three Guineas, and shall be made to the Treasurer on the first Monday of February; and the Books printed by or for the Club shall not be issued by the Secretary to any Member until his Subscription be paid. 2. Each Member shall, within ten days after his election, make payment to the Treasurer of the sum of Five Guineas, over and above the current year's subscription. 3. Any Member whose Subscription shall have remained unpaid for twelve months, shall be struck off the List of Members at the Annual General Meeting in February."

* The first was an early printer of Strasbourgh; the two latter were earlier printers in the Low Countries. The only book of any note, or extreme rarity, from the press of Eggestein, which I have never seen, is his *Bucolics of Virgil*.

† I place my friend's *second* christian's name in the van, on ac-

words, here lives John Whitefoord Mackenzie, Esq.—alert of foot; sharp of vision; generous of heart; joyous of disposition: a kind husband; a loving parent. His hospitality is as broad as are his large-paper margins. He is, to the very bone and muscle, a thorough-bred **Bannatpner**. His library is a sort of *Book Nest*—everything being so cunningly wrought and so curiously dovetailed. It is unambitious, but it has an air of attic elegance. He placed several varieties in my hand,* of which I

count of the intractability of the surname. The three names are these: JOHN WHITEFOORD MACKENZIE. I have called him precisely what his own conscience is every day calling him—a thorough-bred Bannatyner. His contribution, in the shape of a dramatic piece, called *Philotus*, (“*Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitullit PHILOTUS, qvhairin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betwene age and zouth,*” Edinb. 1603, 4to.) is the very perfection of a reprint—in textual accuracy and typographical aspect. Bob Charteris, the printer of the parent text, would disbelieve his own eyes, when told it came from another quarter. The preface, by the anonymous editor of the reprint, is admirable on the score of taste and learning. I ought to add that there are “Various Readings,” from the idiom of 1612, and an Appendix entitled *Of Phylotus and Emelia*.

* Among these “rarities,” I felt no greater interest than in a couple of volumes entitled, “*A Collection of Confessions of Faith, Catechisms, Directores, Books of Discipline, &c. of public authority in the Church of Scotland, &c.*; with a Large Preface, containing a full Account of the several Ends and Uses of Confessions of Faith, the just Foundations of their Authority as a public standard of Orthodoxy, and a Vindication of the Equity, Usefulness, and Excellency of such Composures.” Printed by James Watson, his Majesty’s printer; Edinb. 1719, 8vo.: a beautiful copy in old morocco binding. The second volume—in which are “All the Acts of Assembly, which are Standing Rules concerning the Doc-

have forgotten the titles ; but one morning he sat down, and read me such a “ manuscript morsel ” —appertaining to the history of his family—as clenched me motionless to the chair till he had concluded it. How I have profited by a *portion* of this family history, will be seen from the perusal of a preceding page.* But the servant enters, and the ladies are in the drawing-room awaiting our approach. It was Mrs. Mackenzie and her two amiable unmarried sisters, surrounded by some eight or ten gentlemen. My daughter was also of the party. We salute and shake hands. The dinner is announced. Over the side-board is the *Mackenzie-cognizance*—the Stag’s Head and Antlers—of the size of life. This had been often displayed on the unfurled banner, in the teeth of the Macdonalds* . . .

trine, Worship, Government, and Discipline of the Church of Scotland”—is excessively scarce.

* See page 493, ante. The MACs are without end in Scotland. Macky, who published his account of Scotland in 1723, notices not fewer than six in the neighbourhood of Kircudbright. “ The Macdweles, Mackys, Macqhys, Maclurgs, Maclellans, and Maxwells, are the common names here : but gentlemen are never called by their *names* here, but, as in France, by their *estates*.” After noticing the confusion that this designation is calculated to avoid, he says : “ As, for example, I know six gentlemen, each called John Maxwell, in this stewartry. When you ask for one, you never name *him*, but his *lairdship*.”—p. 4. It is usually so *now*.

† Of the two hostile MACs, those of *Kenzie* and of *Donald* were among the fiercest in their warfare against each other. My two friends of the above names once had a jocose enumeration together of the feats of their respective ancestors. The Macdonald said,—“ We were constantly thrashing you ! ” The Mackenzie replied,—“ But we smashed you at last ! ”

but now, at this very table, here is the Mackenzie and the Macdonald, with their *glasses* lovingly *locked* together! War has inverted her blazing torch, steeped in the rushing waters of the Forth. Feuds are no more. Clans differ only in colour of *tartan* . . . and long may *this* difference obtain.

I met, for the first time, at Mr. Mackenzie's table, a Mr. George Thomson, celebrated for his musical publication of the Ballads of Burns. It has had an immense sale, and has secured for its author a commensurate fame and profit.* Mr. Mackenzie is happy in bringing out the talents of his guests: but ere he essays it, he sometimes introduces, on the removal of the cloth, the beloved "*Quaigh*," replenished with choice "*mountain dew*"—worthy too of the choicest strains of their incomparable Buchanan.† "Here, (said mine host, raising the little silver-tipped horn aloft) will not *this* tempt you? It was

* I presume it will be readily conceded, that Burns' "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," is the finest WAR-SONG in the world. It will make a Southern smile, or rather perhaps shudder, to learn that this song should have had a narrow escape of appearing, in Mr. Thomson's publication, set to quick and common-place time. Even Burns had wished it. As it is, the music is worthy of the words. If any doubt this assertion, let them hear Mr. Braham's magnificent voice and manner of handling these magical words—enough to make Wallace leap from his tomb, and Bruce plant his banners again upon the banks of Bannockburn!

† Will any learned or unlearned Scotchman attest, and verify as he attests, the existence of a scarce little duodecimo volume, supposed to have been written by this great man, under the title of "*De Rore Montano*," Edinb. 1588? It would be curious, and, I doubt not, highly interesting. Buchanan could not write bad verse, let the theme be what it might.

among the darling comforts of Scott's life."* I continued obdurate. From Mr. Thomson we had a song—a ballad of Burns, very vigorously and humourously executed. Mr. Allan, the President of the Academy of Painting, was my immediate neighbour on the retirement of the ladies. He *depicted* a "French drollery" with marvellous felicity.

In the evening, up-stairs in the drawing-room, we had music from the ladies on the grand piano. Here I first heard "*The Flowers of the Forest*"†—

* I think it was during my visit to Abbotsford and Dryburgh, in company with Sir David Brewster, that I learnt, from my intelligent companion, how fully and completely Sir Walter Scott used to throw himself into all the delightful cosery of a social circle, at his own table, after "calling for the QUAI GH!"

† Of all the beautiful, and almost legalized, forgeries of Ancient Song, I know of none so beautiful as the ballad above alluded to. It was composed by a lady of family in Roxburghshire, and so won upon the understanding and heart of Sir Walter Scott, that, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*—where it first met the eye of the public—it is evident that he is loth to call it a modern air. However, it evidently is so—with the exception of the two verses here marked in italics, which are allowed to be genuine and ancient. It is twenty years ago, since, in a course of Lectures upon Ballad Poetry, delivered by me at the Royal Institution, I had occasion to recite,—necessarily in a very imperfect manner—the ballad of which we are now discoursing, and of which the effect appeared to be sufficiently gratifying. After all this, the first two stanzas may take up a good position in the present place:

"I've heard them liltin', at the ewe-milkin',
Lasses a' liltin' before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loanin';
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

"At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing—
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae."

the painfully popular air of the Scotch . . . who even now often sing it with moistened eyes. At St. Andrews I heard it again—when the young lady singing it allowed the tears to stream down her cheeks. Had the battle taken place only the day before, and her lover been left for dead among the slain, her agony could scarcely have appeared more genuine or intense. But we are now in Scotland-street. I requested to hear several of their cheerful popular airs. My good friend Alexander Macdonald, Esq. (whose lady is an admirable pianist) varied the concert by volunteering “Jeannie’s *Bawbee*.” I know not why, except it be that the music is usually in the minor key—but Scotch melody is always to my ears a mournful, if not drawling, sound. I speak of the slower or common time movements. The air of *Lochaber* can scarcely fail to make a man melancholy for a fortnight. During the whole of that time he can read nothing but Burton. Then,

“Nought so dainty sweet as melancholy !”*

And yet how sprightly and spirit-stirring is the music of the reel and strathspey !

But the hour of midnight has struck ; and my

I ought to add, that these verses are written upon the fatal battle of Flodden Field, in Ettrick Forest ; so painfully memorable from the slaughter of James IV, and his gallant body-guard of half the aristocracy of the kingdom. Of this Field, anon.

* From the verses prefixed to the famous *Anatomy of Melancholy* by William Burton : verses, which are justly thought to have furnished Milton more than one hint for his exquisite *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

companion thinks it time to retire. We retire after a day (and the second of its kind) of unmingled gratification. The moon, which lighted up young Norval to the battle-field, was not rounder and brighter than that which lighted us to our apartments in St. Andrew's Street.

It was in company with the host, of whose banquet we have just taken leave, that I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. M'Laren, the able and active editor of the constitutional paper called *The Scotsman*: among the most popular (as I was given to understand) of all the daily newspapers in Scotland. We mustered strong "in the Apollo,"*—for numbers and talent. Our symposium was rich and abundant. Here I met, for the first (and I fear the last) time, George Brodie, Esq., the royal historiographer: a gentleman, whose variety and accuracy of intelligence was as gratifying as were his repeated requests that I should break my fast with him on the following morning. It was impracticable. The conversation on all sides was animating and instructive. Mr. M'Laren kept his men gallantly to their guns; but the longer, and, in fact, the more joyous, part of the evening, was devoted to the up-stair drawing-room—in anecdotes of books and inspections of many curious documents with which the well-furnished library of our host constantly supplied us. I seem to have something like a twilight reminiscence of having, on this day, partaken of a glass of Johan-

* When Atticus came to visit Cicero at his Tusculum, the latter ordered the dinner to be got ready "in the Apollo."

nisburg . . . traced to an aum of hock which had been lurking in the cellars of *Fust and Schoeffher*, at Mentz . . . during the printing of the *Decretals of Popes Gratian and Clement*—about three hundred and sixty-six years ago. The tradition runs, that those Fathers of the Art of Printing could not get on (with the *dry* work in hand) without the occasional assistance of this invigorating stimulant. If ever I revisit Edinburgh, I shall desire a second glass of this inappreciable “blood of the grape.”* Its

* This is the title of a scarce and curious little book, published in the year 1654, 12mo. by one Dr. Thomas Whittaker, in commendation of Wine-drinking. The reader may see some lengthened particulars about it in my *More's Utopia*, vol. ii. p. 281. Meanwhile, let him pay due heed to what here ensues:—“When I was left to my own free choice (says the author) of anything my reason could present, or appetite require, upon these grounds of philosophy which I had meditated, I did *cast my anchor at the root of this plant*; and by the constant use of this juice, recovered, in the space of twelve months, perfection of cure:—and have in such a state of health continued *twenty-two year after*, and void of a consumptive disposition to this day.” At page 107, there is a passage which is not remotely connected with the above symposium:—“The principal difficulty will be in obtaining *pure wine*, without sophistication: for which cause (says Whittaker) I can cordially commend, as much as desire, THE SCOTISH SEVERITY established among the *English nation*—and that the sophisticators of wine may suffer punishment above any ordinary thief; as not only picking the purse of all nations, but with a secret venene mixture painfully afflicting them—no vehicle being so proper to convey any malynity or venomous quality to the universal spirits of any creature, as WINE.” The author must have had a glass, in ancient days, out of this Fustian aum: for he says, “*Rhenish* wines may be drank without any fear.” But Whittaker might have stolen a leaf out of a previous publication, entitled the *Philosopher's Banquet*, 1633, 12mo.: for thus dis-

aroma may compare with the perfume of "Araby the blest."

Enough for "*post meridiem*" banquettings. Let us say a word or two for banquettings "*ante meridiem*;"—in other words, about *Scotch breakfasts*. These are proverbial for their excellence—both in quality and quantity. I remember, some half three-score years ago, when the late Sir Walter Scott breakfasted with me at Kensington, that he was most animated and eloquent upon this identical subject—evidently compassionating (in a sort of under-current of thought) what the means of my table had placed before him. It was at Macvey Napier's, Esq.—now inhabiting the *very* house at *that* time inhabited by Sir Walter—that I felt assured of the truth and triumph of a Scotch breakfast. I thrice partook of this meal with Mr. Napier; and each time found his table encircled with an intelligent and interesting party. The herring, the haddy; the marmalade, the quince, the apicot, preserved . . . all gracefully grouped on a snow-white

courseth the Philosopher:—"Wine drives away the dark mists, fumes, and follies begotten of sorrow between the fancy and the braine; strengthening all the members of the body; chearing the heart, and making the mind forgetful of sorrow; causing mirth, audacity, and sharpnesse of wit; enlightening the understanding:—but all these with moderation." And that great MEDICAL ORACLE of the sixteenth century—the *Schola Salerni*, or *Regimen Sanitas Salerni*, in the language of its translator, Thomas Playnell—is thus pithy and pointed upon the subject at issue: "Many good thyngs come by drinking of wine soberly; that is to say, the voiding of choler, the quickening of the corporal might and wit, and the abundance of the subtle spirits." Edit. 1575, fol. liiii. And thus much for Mr. M'Laren's BLOOD OF THE GRAPE.

cloth—the boast of the “British Linen Company;”—
coffee, pellucid, hot, and strong;* muffins, crisped
and raised; together with

“ — the bubbling and loud-hissing urn,”

throwing its boiling cataract upon the fragrant
leaves of hyson and souchong! These for the body’s
nourishment.

For that of the mind, there were pictures and
books. Mr. Napier has a few interesting portraits
—chiefly of a family description. His name is illustrious
in Scottish Science: for who has not heard of
the *Logarithms of NAPIER*?† The portrait of this
eminent man, which is over Mr. Napier’s dining-
room mantlepiece, is, if not *the* original, an ancient
as well as excellent copy of what appears in the hall
close to the University. The back part of the ruff
and head are painted with great tenderness. Surely
it must be an original portrait of *Thomson* which
Mr. Napier possesses? And near it appears to be
an original female portrait by Hogarth. It is, if I
remember rightly, the great-grandfather of Mr.
Napier—an admiral of the time of Sir George Rooke
—who is hit off with such characteristic raciness.
We now pay our homage to the Library—on the
drawing-room floor. It constitutes the back draw-
ing-room. I first darted upon what may be called

* This definition is Talleyrand’s.

† A life of this distinguished man has recently appeared, by one
of his descendants, of the name of Mark Napier. The ancestor
died in 1617, a very few years only after he came into possession of
his paternal inheritance of Merchiston Castle. Napier was the first
man who gave the dignity of PHILOSOPHY to arithmetical pursuits.

the quarto edition of *Mabillon de Re Diplomatica*—or the *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*, in six volumes, with the plates forming a seventh.* It was on *large paper*: and perhaps on the whole is the finest copy which I ever saw. It had not been a bloodless acquisition. And then the folio *Cudworth*—in the first, genuine morocco attire—from the Meerman Collection. What thumps had been sustained for the securing of such a prize! It is the *facile princeps* of all copies . . . yet seen by me.

“Look around you, my good friend, (said the intelligent master of the mansion) and cater for yourself: understanding that my primary object is to have the best copies of the best writers in whatever language.” I looked around, and saw *Bacon* here, *Wollaston* there, *Locke* in a third place, *Boyle* in a fourth . . . all redolent of genuinism and primary margin—coated in old morocco or first calf binding: orthodoxy throughout. The *Tatler* of 1710, upon large paper, would necessarily be here: and so would the first octavo *Spectator*. Then, again, to cheer a man who had written upon choice copies of the “best editions of the Greek and Latin Classics,” there was such an *Elsevir Horace* of 1629—with the *four* parts—bound in two volumes in morocco, as might have challenged competition with the boastful copy of Renouard himself.† Its

* A work of inestimable value in its way, and which was wont to cheer as well as instruct me through the days and nights devoted to the composition of the *First Day* of the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON.

† This copy is noticed in the work above referred to; ii. 98.

possessor rarely travels without this book-gem in the side-pocket of his carriage. One or two more well-coated copies of ancient classics struck me in this tasteful library. But Sir David Brewster is announced...and I am too happy to shake by the hand a philosopher of such general knowledge, and a writer of such fervid eloquence. The days of Paris, with ten thousand *kaleidoscopes* spread upon the *trottoirs*, came dancing before my memory as I exchanged my first words with this truly eminent man.* Sir David promised me every assistance in a meditated trip to Melrose; and as we shall meet again in that place, we part here—that I may extend an arm to Dr. Browne, who has just entered the room. J. Nairne, Esq. follows; and we are announced to what I must call my third breakfast at this classical mansion.

Dr. Browne and myself had been old correspondents;† and it gave me sincere pleasure to see him with the “*mens sana in corpore sano.*” He pos-

* Need I add that Sir David was the inventor of this beautiful toy—if it must be so denominated? It is in OPTICS that Sir David is all light and intelligence. His *Life of Newton* was, oddly enough to say, the first methodized piece of biography of that great man to which we could refer: and, I am happy in being able to state, that Sir David Brewster is now engaged in preparing an enlarged edition of the *Life of Newton*.

† Now of nearly a dozen years' standing. Dr. Browne has a pen which cannot tire. I have quoted a passage from one of his letters (of a public nature) in my *Reminiscences*, p. 435, which proves with what combined vigour and eloquence he can occasionally write; and I compliment the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* upon the acquisition of such a colleague as this gentleman.

sesses all his wonted intellectual energies in undiminished force: his pen is yet active and sure; his exertions yet directed to all honourable issues. Of Mr. Nairne anon, when we meet again at the Golfing festival at the St. Andrew's carnival. To Professor Napier's earnest and reiterated request, that I should visit St. Andrew's, I owe one of the most gratifying excursions made during this Northern Tour. But we are still at Edinburgh, and Glasgow will call upon me for no small portion of time and attention. I left Mr. Napier, and his truly amiable daughter, with unfeigned regret. Their attentions had been uniformly kind; and as, in all human probability, the father and I had met for the last, as well as the first time, my feelings at departure—and my reminiscences since that departure—have been of so mixed a character, that I can scarcely venture on their distinct delineation. Mr. Napier has attained fresh public honours since my visit; and he will believe me sincere when I express an earnest hope and desire that his health (of late somewhat sensibly shaken) may be as strong and elastic as his prospects are honourable and good.

It is verging fast upon mid-day; and two important book-visits are to be paid in George Street: but the first, haplessly, without the presence of the owner of the library. It is that of Thomas Thomson, Esq.—President of the Bannatyne Club*—to which

* Before taking leave of the above phalanx of RENOWNED BIBLIOMANIACS at Edinburgh, it may be as well to admit the reader to some degree of knowledge as to who and what the BANNATYNE CLUB is composed of. The "tale" is simple, brief, and interesting.

I allude. Mr. Macdonald was so kind as to accompany me. It is without doubt the largest private Collection which I had seen in Edinburgh. It abounds in useful books of reference ; works of science ; history in all its ramifications ; among which, his own noble volume of the *Scottish Acts of Parliament* will lift its head as loftily as any of its brethren : poetry, archæology, polygraphy : . . . with its million and a half of indescribable and unclassable tracts :—bulls, broadsides, and proclamations !

George Bannatyne, the seventh child of his parents, was born in Angus-shire, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Before he had attained his twenty-fourth year, he amused himself, in seclusion, by a transcription of a body of old Scottish poetry, at that time floating loosely down the stream of time, and which, but for his rescuing hand, would have been precipitated into oblivion. This transcript, written in a close hand, consists of about eight hundred pages ; and, from his own confession, was executed within three months. Bannatyne was, by calling, “a merchant and guild brother in the city of Edinburgh.” This collection is INVALUABLE to the country which gave it birth. It supplied the materials of Allan Ramsay’s *Evergreen*—which, however, has wofully clipt and disfigured many of the olden shrubs ; and to a volume of Scotch poetry subsequently published by Lord Hailes—not free, also, from the charge of inaccuracy.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, a body of literary gentlemen at Edinburgh—induced by the establishment of the Roxburghe Club in London—established a Book Society, or Club, with the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart. as their President, for the purpose of printing rare, curious, and valuable pieces in MS., which might appear to be deserving of a general circulation. In the year 1829 the Club printed the *Memorials of George Bannatyne*,—1548, 1608. The reputed author of these memoirs was the late president. It is a most interesting book, and is ornamented with facsimiles of the scription of the MS. and other subjects. My thanks are most

The Library of THOMAS MAITLAND, Esq., on the opposite side of the street—taking all its bearings into dispassionate consideration—I should consider to be the most desirable and valuable in this Northern Athens. Its condition is obviously paramount to that of every other. Messrs. Henderson and Bisset had told me, that “not to have seen Mr. Maitland’s collection would have been to have seen nothing;” and I admit that there was good cause for such warmth of commendation. But the owner of the library himself is almost the daily visitor of these renowned Biblioepigists, or bookbinders.* The com-

sincere for a copy of it presented to me “by the Committee of the Club.” Since its establishment, this Club (as will be seen from Mr. Martin’s book) has done wonders. The last work—just brought out—is the *Liber Sancte Marie de Melros Munimenta Vetustiora Monasterii Cisterciensis de Melros*, in two quarto volumes, embodying six hundred charters of lands granted to the Abbey of Melrose from the time of David I to James VI. The parent or patron of this publication is his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, a member of the Club; and it is got up in a manner of great graphical, as well as typographical, beauty. I am not sure if it be not the NOBLEST DONATION to the Club.

* I have sincere pleasure in recording their united worth and skill. I have gossiped away many a pleasant ten minutes in their glass-door closet—but I do hope, before they shall have received their next orders to bind three sets of the Bannatyne books in olive-colour morocco, that their premises will be exchanged for rooms where the lungs may have a more healthful atmosphere to breathe in—where the women who stitch may be separated from the men who thump—where the glue-pot may not come into such frequent contact with the gold leaf—where morocco may not have its dignity insulted by the contiguity of calf—and where all the *decoy ducks* of binding may have something like the light of heaven to show the varied splendour of their plumage. Mr. Henderson was

pass, the rule, the boards, the coating, the gilding, are all scientifically understood and handled by Mr. Maitland. A crooked line—a misplaced rosette—an uneven parallelogram—shock his taste. His roses must be “all of the right sort.” His *fleurs-de-lis* are to display no incongruities. What follows? Take down such a volume as your eye loves to select, and you have it in all its mathematical accuracy of form and characteristic splendour of coating. What a *Du Bartas!*—in folio—and red morocco binding. You scarcely know when to have done turning over the leaves. And then, the *Milton's Prose Works*, in folio, large paper, Birch's edition—and bound by the forenamed bibliopegists in blue morocco! Could the late Lewis have got up these stainless volumes in chaster style, and with a more refulgent effect? He could not.

Let us look at an old-coated gentleman or two. There stands a great gun upon a commanding glacis. It is a presentation copy—of *Nisbet's Heraldry*—to the Earl Morton; to whom the second volume is dedicated. Such a copy is necessarily nowhere else to be seen. One feels proud, as well as a foot or two taller, in having the privilege of walking unmolested beneath the range of shot of such a forty-eight pounder. Of a less imposing air, is a

an old pupil in the school of the late Charles Lewis: and the mantle of the master sits gracefully (as if it were made on purpose) upon his shoulders. I augur for these two BIBLIOPEGISTIC WORTHIES a long career of prosperous employment. They well deserve all they get:—but I insist upon the separation of the “stitching from the thumping.”

large-paper copy, with portrait, in old morocco binding, of *Wollaston's Religion of Nature*; most exceedingly rare. Let us group a little as we proceed. *Abercromby's Martial Achievements*, old morocco; two volumes. *The Muses' Welcome*, in rich old calf. *Chapman and Myller's Miscellany*, 4to. This is *one* of the only *two* perfect copies, on paper, saved from the fire which half destroyed the bookbinder's office.* The collection of Mr. Thomson (just described) contains the other copy. More bitter feelings have been excited by this event than the uninitiated may dream of. *William Law's Works*, original editions; 10 vols.: in old morocco. Most covetable as well as uncommon. Close at hand is Queen Anne's copy, in 2 vols. old morocco binding, of *Clarke's Natural and Revealed Religion*. *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*; 8vo. old morocco, ruled with red lines. *Hody and Atterbury's Convocations*, old morocco. *Strype's Life of Cheke*, 8vo. thick paper. *Hartley on Man*, edit. 1749, large paper, morocco. These last six articles may be called quite *Cracherodian* copies: and are just now the very pink of fashion among book collectors. My publisher would *cheque* them with indescribable promptitude and glee. I might add a sprinkle or two of other similar treasures, but there is neither space nor time: except that there appears to me to be a very curious volume in yonder corner, of the

* This was Mr. A. Thomson, an excellent binder: of a severe Southern taste. He had the run of all the libraries. No Bannatynner could fancy his "slim quarto" bound by any other hand but *HIS*. He died in the possession of a large fortune—honestly acquired in his business. What a golden prospect for his successors!

Biography of a Murderer—and another of the *History of Pawnbrokers* . . . to which the pen of the owner of the Library is said to have given currency. Of the Portraits in Mr. Maitland's drawing-room, by the "cunning hand" of Maister Dyce, we have before made honourable mention.*

A run of some three hundred paces brings us to the bottom of Forres Street; where lives James Maidment, Esq.—among the most singular, intelligent, active, and obliging of Bannatyners. We left him, as it may be remembered,† in extacies at Mr. Turnbull's symposium. He leaves the table to attend us on the present occasion. He is an admirable cicerone of his own treasures. . . and these treasures are of a very peculiar cast of character: not grand or gorgeous: not clad in choice coatings, but downright curious and instructive volumes. For *local* intelligence, I know of no collection which equals it. It partakes too, in some measure, of the character of Mr. Bell's collection at Gateshead; but it is free from all illustration of the "human skin."‡ Poor Bernardo!—had he been stirring among us, he would have kept his spectacles on his nose for a week. . . in such a delicious labyrinth of "dainty devices," and "a pleasant grove for their wits to walk in."

Mr. Maitland was so obliging as to attend me to the collection of his brother-in-law, the Hon. Henry Cockburn, Lord Cockburn, and Vice-President of the Bannatyne Club. I was again unlucky in the

* Page 580, ante. † Page 616, ante. ‡ Page 337 ante.

absence of the owner of these treasures ; but I gave no superficial glance upon the contents of two large drawing rooms—on the first floor—where the well-serrated phalanxes of books were at once relieved and adorned by the selection of a few of the original oak-cut figures which once formed part and parcel of the unrivalled ceiling in Stirling Castle,* of the time of James V of Scotland. That monarch, who built the regal palace, did in fact give express orders for the carving of this ceiling—of the interesting yet melancholy history of the dismemberment of which, the reader is referred to the note at the foot of the text.

Lord Cockburn has preserved, I think, one of the

† I can nowhere refer the reader to a volume of a more attractive form, and of a deeper interest to the archæologist, than that entitled **LACUNAR STREVELINENSE** ; being a *Collection of Heads etched and engraved after the carved Work which formerly decorated the Roof of the King's Room (James V) in Stirling Castle*—which was put forth, in a sort of elephant-quarto volume, by the late Mr. William Blackwood, in 1817 : price £2. 12s. 6d.—having a frontispiece of the palace itself, by Mr. Blore. This noble volume contains not fewer than thirty-eight copperplates, which perhaps should have been upon wood, and not upon copper ; as there is nothing in the originals which give you an idea of the sharpness of the outline manifested by the copper. There is also a *visto-view* of the old room, with the panels incorporated into the ceiling—as they remained—for the admiration of all beholders—till the year 1777 ; when the barbarous edict was issued for the **DESTRUCTION** of this almost consecrated chamber, for the purpose of converting it into barracks ! Could bathos have assumed a more degrading and horrifying form ? The reunion of these panels is now utterly hopeless. Lord Cockburn obtained his precious relics for a sum not exceeding a sovereign apiece. But the days of **BARBARISM** are at an end.

most curious—and to antiquaries, generally, one of the most uncommon—ornaments of the ceiling in question. It is that of what the late Mr. Douce would have called a “*pure domestic fool*,”—who crawled about as a harmless, half-witted creature, without being called to account for dirty pranks or extravagant freaks. This figure is here before the reader; having been “cut,” like its original, “in wood.” The original may be two-thirds of the size of life.



Among the more curious volumes of my Lord Cockburn, (a Lord of the Session) I must be permitted to make mention of one, which, nearly some forty years ago, had been my own ; and which the late George Faulkner had coated in quiet russia. It was the first (anonymous) edition, in 4to. of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* ; concerning which some curious particulars may be found in my *Library Companion*.* I was well pleased to renew an acquaintance with it, after so many years of absence, and to find it looking in such fine health and condition. Lord Cockburn's library may be pronounced to be as valuable as copious. It is delightful to trace and mark the feelings of Bannatyners, who link their hearts together, as "the heart of one man," in the great and good cause of the BIBLIOMANIA !—a cause, which is losing ground sadly in the South—only, I hope, to take deeper root in the North :—a cause, which the frigid temperature felt at the late Roxburghe Festivals seems to countenance as collapsing into indifference. Who now sees the dappled dawn of day on the 18th of June,—on quitting the gilded chambers of the Clarendon Hotel? The Club looks like a *Torso* only of its former grandeur.

But we are not yet out of the book-haunts of the *Modern Athens*. Within two houses of Lord Cockburn, in the same (Charlotte) Square, resides the Rev. John Lee, D.D. of whom these pages have made such frequent mention, and to whom their author has had such frequent reason to be under lasting obligation. My friend has been recently

* See page 606 of that work : second edition.

appointed to the Principalship of the *United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard's*, at St. Andrew's.* Will he carry thither his miscellaneous, curious, and apparently countless Library? I saw all the "dear tomes" spread abroad upon the floor of his front drawing-room—more than once: some of them questionless of most rare occurrence. In the department of ecclesiastical history, I should say here are the materials—guided by a master-hand, under a master-mind, like my friend's—which might make him the Burnett or the Strype of Scotland. His *Memorial for the Bible Societies in Scotland*, is replete with research as valuable as it is curious; and I know of no production which contains so much desirable intelligence connected with the printing and importation of *Scotch Bibles*, as this.† Of the devotedness of Dr. Lee's researches to the elucidation of John Knox's time, evidence may be obtained from a preceding page.‡ But his books,

* Dr. Lee has since resigned this appointment, and has been succeeded by Sir David Brewster.

† With a valuable "Appendix, consisting of many Original Papers." This octavo volume, published in 1824, 8vo., and printed upon very indifferent paper, "was written by Dr. Lee for the information of the parties interested, and for obtaining the opinion of counsel. It was interdicted by the Court of Sessions, on the pretence that the publication, during the dependence of the law suit, was a contempt of Court; April 1824." It was surely in contempt of all common sense and common justice that such an "interdiction" issued? The publication is anonymous. There is, I seem to think, another similar volume by the same learned author. It may be as well to add, that Dr. Lee's book also contains *Remarks on the Complaint of His Majesty's Printers against the Marquis of Huntly and others*.

‡ See page 541, ante.

illustrative of early Scottish printing and Scottish literature, are many of them of downright curiosity. The owner was pleased to present me with a black-letter fragment of the "*Godlie Balades*" of one NORVELL ;‡ a name, I believe, unknown to Scotch

* I wish this NORVAL had possessed somewhat of the sprightliness observable in, I presume, one of his descendants, in Dr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. Some of the stanzas of these dreary ballads of godliness run thus:—which may claim affinity with the subject discussed in a preceding note, at page 623.

" Though wyne in cupe, with cullour christalline
Appear right cleir, with taist mellifluent,
Syne pleassandlie, down to thy breist incline ;
I counsell the, beware and take good tent.
His tong is worse nor eddir or serpent,
And chaises forth thy secreittes cordiall ;
Where wine beareth reull, all reason is absent,
Throw droncknes, the roote of vices all."

This "moral" is illustrated by several examples of drunken kings and warriors of the olden time. It ends thus:—

" As I awoik, he lap awaye full light,
For werray fear, I fell in such an trance,
That all the heares of my heid stude ypright,
When I ouercome, syne had remembrance :
How *Noye* had me inioined suche pennance :
Streight way for ink and paper did I call,
And wrait this ryme, *dennude of eloquence*,
Aganes droncknes, the mother of vices all."

This is followed by the *rhythmical colophon*, thus:—

" Who maid this sang, for suith I shall you tell :
Somtime an brother of Bacchus beastlie band,
Yf ye wold know, *my name is NORVELL*,
That serued Bacchus both by sea and land :
Whill in his seruice, so litill frute I fand,
That now I am become his foo mortall,
And shall gar abstinence bind both foot and hand
Of droncken Bacchus, the father of vices all.

FINIS.

" *How death doeth answer make and send : to them that doo him vilipend. Translated forth of frainshe, by the said NORVELL.*" *Fol. 49, 50.*

This fragment has only four leaves, of which two are devoted to "Godlie Balades," and two, imperfect, to *the Judgment of Minos*.

antiquaries. But the Doctor possesses a very curious treasure, in a small tract, “wryten by the famous Clerk, Doctor Urbanus Regius, unto a special frynde of hys.”—“*Imprinted by Gwalter Lynne, dwellyng vpon Somers Kaye, by Byllynges Gate;*” 1548, 12mo.* The title-page presents us with a woodcut, (the Good Shepherd and the Hireling—the former in the figure of Christ) which is the *only one* I remember to have seen with the name of HANS HOLBEIN introduced. My friend, the late Mr. Douce, would have considered this volume to be above all price.



Minos calls upon the several bygone characters of celebrity to answer for their deeds. He thus questions Alexander.

“Alexandre, what sayest thou for thy defence?”

The great warrior answers in part thus:—

“Then with standards, banners, and harness cleir:
 First all my neighbours I gart quaik and feir.
 In my furie I toke the auncient towne
 Of Thebes, and to the earth I kest it downe.
 And subdwd, by my puyssance royall,
 All the cieties of Achaye and Thessall.
 The Illyriens, in the feild feightand
 Their craggess knew my sword was well sherād.”

And here, not perhaps to the sorrow of the reader, the fragment ends.

* It is called *A lylle Treatise after the manner of an Epistle, &c.*

Dr. Lee will doubtless give a *carte blanche* to Messrs. Henderson and Bisset to coat this precious treasure in episcopalian purple. Akin in rarity, is a very uncommon piece, of my old acquaintance TOM NASHE, which Dr. Lee possesses, entitled *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*; 1593, 4to. It is so rare as to have escaped my previous research—and as such, the extract below,* from the preface, may be the

as above. I am also in the possession of a copy of a sermon preached by David Ferguson at St. Andrew's, on the 18th January, 1571,—which was printed at *St. Andrew's*, by *Lekpreuik*, in 1572, 12mo., and of which only one copy, in the possession of Dr. Lee, is known. To the same obliging quarter I owe the possession of a sort of printed letter, missive, or brief, in the shape of a small blackletter-printed broadside, for the sake of collecting moneys to build an hospital and chapel at Rome. The dominical date is 1498. It is signed, in a wood-cut monogram, by *Alfonsus de Losa*, “Apostolical Notary.”

* This uncommon tract is dedicated “*To the Most Honored and Vertuous beautifed Ladie, Ladie Elizabeth Carey; Wife to the thrice Magnanimous and Noble discended Knight, Sir George Carey, Knight Marshall, &c.*” After three pages follows the address:—

“ TO THE READER.

“*Nil nisi flere libet*, Gentles, heere is no ioyfull svbiect towardses if yov will weepe, so it is I haue nothing to spend on yov bvt passion. A hvndred vnfortvnate farewels to fantasticall satirisme. In those uaines heere-to-fore have I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hovres! Nothing is there now so mvch in my uowes as to be at peace with all men, and make svbmissive amends where I haue most displeased Not basely feare-blasted, or constraintively ouerrvled, but pvrely pacyfiatorie svpliant, for reconciliation and pardon doe I sve, to the principallest of them gainst whom I profess vtter enmity. Euen Maister Docter Haruey, I hartily desire the like, whose fame and reptation (thovgh through some precedent invriovs provocations and feruent incite-

more acceptable: especially as it breathes a most penitential spirit for all the former errors and follies committed by its author. Whether a copy of it was among the volumes of Nash's pieces, in Dr. Wright's collection, I cannot determine. But Dr. Lee's library does, I am persuaded, abound with such delectable "odds and ends" as even its possessor

ments of yovng heads) I rashly assailed: yet now better aduised, and of his perfections more confirmedly persvaded, vnfaindly I intreat of the whole worlde, from my penne his worths may receiue no impeachment. All acknowledgements of abovndant schollership, covrteovs well gouerned behauiovr, and rife experienct iudgement, doe I attribute vnto him, onely with his mild gentle moderation hithervnto hath he wonne me.

"To be my inuective against him in that abject natvre that yov would doe the rayling of a Sophister in the Schooles, or a scolding Lawer at the barre, which none but fooles wil wrest to defame. As the title of this Booke is *Christs Teares*, so be this Epistle the Teares of my penne. Many things have I vainly sette forth, wherof now it repenteth me. *S. Augustine* writ a whole booke of his Retractions. Nothing so mvch do I retract as that wherinsoeuer I have scandalized the meanest. Into some spleantitue vaines of wantonnesse heeretofore have I foolishly relapsed, to supply my priuate wants; of them no less doe I desire to be absouled than the rest, and to God and man doe I promise an vnfained conuersion.

"Two or three triuiel uolvmes of mine, at this instant are vnder the Printer's hands, ready to be pvblished, which being long bvngled vp before this, I mvst craue to be included in the catalogve of mine excvse. To a little more witt haue my encreasing yeares reclaimed mee then I had before. Those that haue been peruerted by any of my workes, let them reade this, and it shall thrice more benefit them. The Avtvmn I imitate in shedding my leaves with the trees, and so doth the Peacocke shed his tayle. Bvy who list, contemne who list, I leaue euery Reader his free libertie. If the best sort of men I content, I am satis-fiedlie svccess-fvll. Farewell all those that wish me wel, others wish I more wit to."—THOMAS NASHE.

himself may not be aware of. Before taking leave of my worthy friend, he was pleased to accompany me on a visit to his near neighbour the Rev. John Anderson, a Baptist minister; from whom indeed I had received, on the preceding day, a most acceptable pamphlet touching the priority of the claims of Tyndale over those of Coverdale, to the first honours due to the dissemination of PROTESTANTISM in this country. Our meeting was thoroughly cordial on both sides. I found in Mr. Anderson a most amiable and pains-taking gentleman; embedded in fragments of Barnes, Tyndale, Frith, and Coverdale—of which the very aspect only of the black types seemed to cheer his eye and warm his heart. I left him, in high hopes, setting forth to the “Land of Promise:”—that is to say, pursuing his researches with a confidence and perseverance that knew no fatigue and would brook no delay.

It is now high time to hasten to my EDINBURGH COLOPHON. It is time that I betake myself to the ulterior objects of this Northern Tour. But is there a *second* Edinburgh? Could I have treated what has presented itself to my eyes, ears, and heart, with less carefulness and less minuteness? Could I—in a spot, where, for so many centuries, the sceptre of empire had been wielded, and its destinies usually determined—have gone over the ground with a slovenly or unwarrantably accelerated pace? It were not in my nature. I have ventured, at the commencement of these *Edinburgensia*, to express the gratification imparted to me on the first view, or general appearance of this noble city. I now

venture, at the close, to express the gratification uniformly derived from the *Society* of many of those who dwell therein: — or rather, I will mix up the City, its Site, and its Inhabitants, together, in the splendid phraseology of one of its ancient and most popular poets: who has been literally, in this instance, a “warbler” also “of poetic prose:”—“So long (says Drummond) as these rocks are shadowed with buildings, these buildings inhabited by men, and while men are either endued with counsel or courage, or enjoy any piece of reason, sense, or life”—so long, I say, shall THIS SPOT receive the ready homage of enlightened understandings and sympathizing hearts. The encomiastic strains of Buchanan, as applied to the race which occupies this capital, and which have been quoted in a preceding page,* are yet the strains of truth.

It were indeed most censurable, if not absolutely impossible, to tarry six weeks at Edinburgh and not pay a visit to *Dalkeith House* and to *Roslyn Castle* and *Chapel*. From the first, I had meditated this gratification; and took the liberty of addressing a letter to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, the owner of the former place, that he would be pleased to facilitate my object. His Grace, as a brother Roxburgher, betrayed a prompt sympathy upon the subject; regretting his unavoidable absence, but consigning me to the care of Mr. John Tait, his factor or house steward. We chose a fine sunny

* Page 527.

morning for the excursion. In Edinburgh they set you out most gallantly in their glass-coaches and chariots. The postilion is headed with a black velvet cap and tassel. His jacket is usually dark blue. His whip is compact and tapering; and it stings as it touches, however lightly, the animals that draw you. These are generally good, substantial, muscular, grey quadrupeds. Scarcely any but gallant grey horses are to be seen in Edinburgh. But of whatever colour the animal may be, I am bound to declare that, during a pretty constant trot up and down its principal streets, I do not remember to have seen, in truck, wagon, cart, or carriage, one instance of brutality towards horses at Edinburgh. "They order these things" *worse* in the South.

But the chariot is at the door, and the postilion is awaiting our approach. We enter, and spring forward for Dalkeith.

HEREAFTER FOLLOWETH

Ane Interlude,

WHICH HATH TO NAME

THE HOUSE OF DALKEITH AND THE CASTEL
AND CHAPEL OF ROSLYN.

Leaving Arthur's Seat to our left, and with the Pentland Hills on our right—the broad, blue, glittering Frith of Forth, with its tumbling breakers occasionally sparkling in the sunbeam—we roll along, and in due course enter the Town of Dalkeith. It has a remarkably neat appearance on all sides. The

church,* in its centre, is the family vault of the Buccleuchs. The eastern extremity is in ruins : but it seems to cry aloud for reparation. Mr. Tait's house is to the left of the gates of the park-entrance : a sort of Tudorian mansion, well arranged, with a picturesque air. The park grounds are said to be beautiful,† but we had a long day's work in contemplation—and my attention was necessarily directed to the contents of the mansion ; from which, I seemed, on first tread of the gravel walks, to inhale the scent of pictures and books. The approach is not imposing ; but we were about to trace the site whereon the “ gallant Græmes,” or Grahams, first erected the Castle ; a castle, which was afterwards inhabited by the Douglasses and Mortons ; possessed successively by Hamilton and Monk ; and, latterly, by the unfortunate Monmouth, who married Anne Scott, Duchess of Buccleuch.‡ It is said, the greater part

* A view of this church—which represents the architecture of the latter end of the fourteenth century—may be seen, from the pencil of Mr. Blore, in Sir Walter Scott's *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*.

† My friend Sir John Stoddart, nearly forty years ago, described this park as “ a noble piece of ground, containing about 8,000 Scotch acres, planted with a number of fine old oaks, and other venerable trees, and watered by the two Esks, the North and the South, whose streams unite about half a mile below the house. In this park were formerly kept some of the native wild cattle of Scotland, described by Pliny ; but the Duke and his son having experienced a dangerous attack from them, they were destroyed.”—*Local Scenery and Manners of Scotland* ; vol. i. p. 124.

‡ Scarcely any vestige remains, in manuscript or in monument, appertaining to Sir John de Grahame, whose daughter passed in

of the furniture, as now seen, was the present of Charles II to his son the Duke of Monmouth. But the castle, or rather the house — under its present aspect—has had a second regal visitor, in the person of George IV, who took up his residence here during his visit to Edinburgh.

marriage to a Douglas (Sir William Douglas) in the commencement of the fourteenth century. It came into the possession of *the* Douglas, the celebrated antagonist of *the* Percy, towards the end of the same century—if the testimony of Froissard (which however is somewhat impugned by Lord Hailes) may be relied upon. In the reign of the unfortunate Mary it became the stronghold of the celebrated Regent Morton: who kept it as tight as strength and skill could make it, during the calamitous period when he and Kirkaldy of Grange, then Governor of Edinburgh Castle, resolved upon the cold-blooded execution of every prisoner which, on one side or other, should fall into their hands. On the attainder of Morton, the barony of Dalkeith was included; but subsequently restored to the earl of that name. In 1639, the Duke of Hamilton, then royal commissioner, occupied Dalkeith House during his unavailing disputes with the Covenanters; and it appears from a passage in Baillie's Letters, that he had conveyed thither the *Regalia of Scotland*—to secure them from the insurgent nobles.

In the year 1642 the estate was purchased of the Earl of Morton by Francis Earl of Buccleuch; but during the Commonwealth, General Monk (whom Cromwell had constituted Commander-in-chief and Governor-General of Scotland) inhabited the house, and made several improvements—especially in planting and the cultivation of flowers, to which that extraordinary man was somewhat passionately attached. After the Restoration, it became again the property of the Earl of Buccleuch's daughter Ann, who, as wife of the unfortunate Monmouth, occupied it as Ann Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. The walls of this former castle must have been privy to an extraordinary succession of conflicting events. It is said that "walls have ears:"—had they only *tongues* to relate what they *heard!*

I loved its old-fashioned entrance, and old-fashioned furniture . . . and its swarm of pictures of almost every description. Here is the Duke of Monmouth in all ages, attitudes, and occupations: an infant, hanging in a medallion from the neck of his mother, Lucy Walters; and a warrior on horseback, with flowing peruke, marshalling the troops which peep out beneath the charger's legs. This is without doubt the finest portrait I ever saw of the unfortunate original. We go up stairs. The sides of the staircase are covered with pictures; with one of a most extraordinary appearance—being (as we were told) an allegory of the *Triumph of Truth*. It represents a naked woman lying on a plank floating in the open sea. We move on towards some *Sir Joshuas*—of transcendent splendour and effect. Among them, is the figure of —, when a child, walking out in the snow, with a muff and furred cloak. The expression of the countenance is beyond all praise. At the back of the house you catch a peep of the grounds or park, with a single-arched bridge, beneath which the united force of the two Eskst† rush and roar with great fury. This had a noble effect: but there was “metal more attractive” for me *within*. “The Library—the Library, are we far from *that*?”—“It is the next room, (replied our friendly and intelligent guide) but it is very small: a mere nucleus for that at Bow Hill.”—“Were the *Hearnest*† here?” They were at Bow Hill. Still

* See page 647, ante.

† Not the *Herns* or *Hérons* that haunt the silent stream or lake, and build their nests in the topmost branches of elm or oak—but a

there was a pearl or two worth stringing. The *Polychronicon* of 1495, by Wynkyn de Worde, was of the true Ceylon description: cropt, and slightly tinged—not casting about its broad and crackling margins as we find it at Althorp—yet desirable on very many accounts. Close to it was a folio volume, of a French translation of an Ancient Classic, (of which I have misplaced the memorandum) in a condition perfectly surprising on the score of external attraction. The gilded stars upon its calf sides and back bespoke its ancient acquaintance with Henry II or Charles IX of France:—and then, such a large-paper copy of *Hickes's Thesaurus Septentrionalis*, in three old red-morocco-coated volumes, as elicited a very shout of admiration—my daughter all the while compassionating my *insanity*.

There are several small, old-fashioned, and therefore comfortless, rooms, facing the park—which we were told were the quarters usually taken possession of by the present Duchess of Buccleuch; and at one corner-extremity, we were shewn the commencement of a stone staircase of the olden time, up which the midnight heavy “tread and tramp” of the gallant Grahams might have been often heard, on their return

set of comely octavo volumes, chiefly of Ancient English History, of which one THOMAS HEARNE was the Editor. The *set* of Hearnes here alluded to, was *that*, upon large paper, which had been purchased by the Duke of Buccleuch at the sale of Mr. Hanrott's library—and which in turn had been the property of Meerman and Mead. The latter bought them, and bound them in red morocco, during the life of the editor.

from some desperate *Raid*.* In these rooms are several small pictures, and two—*Francis the First* and *Louisa of Savoy*—had considerable attractions for me: but I suspect the former to have been almost entirely repainted. In a passage, or corridor, hard by, we saw a portrait or two, in crayon, of *Charles Edward, the Pretender*. We were compelled to wish Mr. Tait a good day sooner than was originally intended; and it was no common satisfaction to me, to witness, in almost the last room I visited, preparations for packing off large cases of books for Bow Wood—together with a MS. catalogue of that Library, remarkable for its copiousness and neatness of execution.

The sun had long passed the meridian point when we renewed our acquaintance with our postilion, and bade him ride on for ROSLYN CASTLE. Through some mistake or misapprehension, Mr. Tait had been unable to procure the key which would have obtained me admission into *Hawthornden*,† the once celebrated residence of William Drummond, the poet. However, a secret charm seemed to hang about the word Roslyn, and after a very beautiful

* The reader may consult the note at page 493 for some notion of a RAID.

† One of the most exquisite views of Hawthornden—precisely what it is, and what a pencil at once faithful and picturesque can only render it—is that in Sir Walter Scott's *Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, engraved by Allen from the pencil of Shetky. The engraving wants only a little more depth in the middle ground shadow, and a sky more in accordance with the solemnity of the landscape below.

and diversified drive of some seven or eight miles, we approached the village which we had seen on our first entrance into Edinburgh—and ascended gradually towards the small inn, in the front of which the appearance of several carriages, with the horses taken out, denoted the curiosity of others, as well as ourselves, to see this popular ruin: for popular, in all senses of the word, it undoubtedly is. The melancholy melody of its tune, is yet oft re-echoed from the opposite Pentland Hills. The album, the screen, panel, tapestry—edges of bound books—snuff-boxes—vases—cups—plates—dishes . . . everything about Edinburgh exhibits, in form and colours more or less imposing, *Roslyn Castle*. The first effort of the artist is a sketch of Roslyn Castle. Down he dives into the bushy dell or glen below, where the sparkling current of the Esk drives on its sinuous course, by mossy knolls, or over twisted roots—and, looking upwards, he waits for the moment of inspiration . . . when a sunbeam may just mark where the diminutive castellated fragment juts over the rocky precipice. Even the pencil of Turner has not disdained to angle here for minnows.*

The old castle is little more than the veriest fragment; although these relics exhibit marks of extraordinary strength. You look down a deep ravine

* Let the reader only examine the list of views—designed and engraved—of this CELEBRATED SPOT, which is given in the “Introductory Notice” of the *Genealogie of the Sainteclaires of Roslyn*, by *Father Richard Augustin Hay, Prior of St. Pieremont, including the Chartulary of Roslyn*; published by Mr. Stevenson, in 1835, 4to. Of all publications, as I hope speedily to convince the reader,

as you cross a foot-bridge and enter the gate. Here lived, in all the pomp and pride of feudal times, the SINCLAIRS, or SAINT CLAIRES.* Some threescore years ago a modern residence was erected, and in this residence there lived, during the earlier days of Sir Walter Scott, “a genuine Scottish laird of the old stamp, the lineal descendant of the high race who first founded the pile, and the last male of their long line.”—*Provincial Antiquities*, p. 129. Of late, this house is usually tenanted by a fresh occupant for the season: some meditative and sentimental inmate, perhaps, who loves to exchange the “hurly burly” of Edinburgh for the quiet glens and sylvan luxuries of Hawthornden.

this is one of the most curious and interesting. There were only one hundred and eight copies on small, and twelve on large thick paper, printed. It is embellished with one plate of three views of the Castle, and two separate views of the Chapel, drawn before the year 1700. I will not pretend to enumerate the views noticed in the List above referred to.

† I shall mention the WILLIAM and OLIVER ST. CLAIRS in my account of the Chapel. As to the *Castle*, from the old drawing of the three views of it, in the Advocates' Library, which is published in the work mentioned in the last note, I do not believe any portion to be older than 1390: for all circular towers—as *these* were—which succeeded the square tower, isolated, as in the Barbican—or in high projecting relief along the exterior wall—all circular towers, I add, being of a posterior date to the square, can scarcely be allowed to have been much before the year 1400, if so early.

But some notice, however slight, ought to be taken of the original occupiers of this castle:—of the SAINT CLAIRS, who appear to have pushed up their genealogical roots beyond the Conquest. At all events they trooped it over here with the Conqueror, in, apparently, two branches or clans. “Two families of Sinclair settled in Scot-

We were shown all over the lower regions, in chambers excavated in the solid rock, where the freebooter and the moss trooper, in the ancient days of predatory warfare, were sure to be protected from all missiles of the enemy:—but whoever planted a few cannon upon the opposite banks of the Esk, might, in due course, pulverize these subterraneous regions to atoms. This castle, whatever might have been its strength, could never have boasted of an extensive area.

We hasten to the CHAPEL—which is, indeed, a gothic gem well worthy of the minutest examination. But it is a toy: a very toy—yet some toys are of exquisite beauty and skill. The showman, seeing a regular advance of strangers, brandished a long

land (says Chalmers) during the twelfth century: the Sinclairs of Roslyn, and the Sinclairs of Herdmanston. The progenitor of the first was William de Saint Clair," &c.—*Caledonia*, vol. i. 548. His descendants became Earls of Orkney, Caithness, &c. &c. ...for the titles are without end. "The Sinclairs of Herdmanston derived their more recent origin from Henry de Sinclair, who was Vicecomes to the De Morevilles, Richard and William, Constables of Scotland."—*Ibid.* Enough of antiquity. It seems that the concurrent streams united into one, towards the close of the fourteenth century: for after the death of Prince Henry St. Clair (*par courtoise*, as Prince of Orkney) succeeded PRINCE WILLIAM his son, whose titles, as carefully collected by Father Hay, have been as carefully repeated by Sir W. Scott in his note to the ballad sung by Harold, in the sixth canto of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. In addition to the marvellous conglomeration of Scotch titles, those of "Knight of the Cockle in France," and of the Garter in England—besides being "Great Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant"—were all to be found in his armorial coating. SUCH a man was bound to do his work well and cleverly; and he did so.

white wand, and pointing to the ceiling, exclaimed, in a solemn and slowly delivered tone of voice: "Please to take notice, the roof is divided into five compartments." This was quite sufficient. "Will you allow us, my good friend, to use our own eyes, and to make our own remarks?" The mingled scorn and contempt of our showman were indescribable. "Sir, I have shown this ruin these twenty-five years."—"You must be tired in consequence, my friend; and must be glad of a little relief." His scorn and contempt gathered more fiercely into his eye—and if his white wand had been an halbert, such as was often used in the adjoining castle, I am not sure that I should have been spared to tell this tale. "Understand me, my friend: let us do as we like, and you shall be equally rewarded. You see, here are no windows to break, for they are all broken already."* Another questionable glance and low mutter of voice succeeded this very qualified proposition. He retired, and we proceeded in our survey.

I will not pretend to describe or criticize this interior with the minuteness and professional sagacity of my friend Mr. Blore.† I do not care one

* It is a thousand pities that a glazier may not be encouraged to bring in a bill of some £40 for the effectual reparation of these windows, through the apertures of which the rushing air and pattering rain strive for the mastery.

† Mr. Blore, in the work so often quoted, has given two elaborate interior views—the east and the west ends—of this far-famed chapel. They are of course in due perspective, and minutely correct; but yet they are fallacious views: that is to say, they impress you with

brass farthing whether the ornaments be proportionate ; or whether they come from the east, west, north, or south.* It is sufficient for me that the effect produced by the whole of this interior (bating the cruelly slovenly state in which it is at present kept) is perfectly magical. The air of poetry, even without the aid of Sir Walter Scott's matchless

a notion that the interior is three times the size of what it really is ; namely, sixty-eight feet by thirty-six feet . . . a size, that must imply very diminutive proportions. In the second view towards the west end, there is an admission of light, from a window near the roof at the opposite extremity, which I will take the liberty of requesting the aforementioned glazier (if ever he be set on his task) entirely to *stop up*. Anything more base, barbarous, and out of character with the time of the building, was never beheld. It is surprising how Mr. Blore, in transferring this excrescence to his paper, could have escaped a severe fit of the choleric.

* " Many of the ornaments (says Mr. Blore) may be traced to a *Roman* origin, and some of them have a strong affinity to the arabesque, or *Moorish*. Is it possible that workmen were drawn from these remote parts, and allowed to exercise their native taste without restraint in the decoration of the new edifice ?" My answer is, it is most probable ; for Father Hay tells us that the founder of this chapel " caused artificers to be brought from other regions and foreign kingdoms . . . for it is remembered that for the space of thirty-four years before, he never wanted great numbers of such workmen."—*Genealogie of the Sainte Claires of Roslyn* ; p. 27. Again, at p. 103 : " Earle William built likewise the *Chapell*, or collegiate *Church*, amidst the woods with pillars, which contents the sight by divers aspects, and have had their invention from good perspective, *Toscane, Rustick, Dorick, Ionick, Corinthian*, and the *Composd, or Italick*." As to the story of the Master and Apprentice, there hardly ever yet was erected a cathedral, or place of worship, without some such fabulous appendage. See my account of a similar story connected with Vienna Cathedral ; *Tour*, vol. iii. p. 553.

ballad,* breathes throughout the place. From the east to the west, within—throughout the flying buttresses of the southern exterior—there is a rich and airy effect produced, such as resembles nothing which I have previously seen. And what a man was its FOUNDER!—living in the middle of the fifteenth century.† Masons, carpenters, “hewers of wood and

* See it referred to in a preceding note ; p. 654.

† At length we introduce this “FOUNDER” to the attention of the reader. He has been before (p. 652) more than slightly alluded to. And first for his *person*. It is Father Hay (whose account was written before the year 1700) who now speaks. “He was a very fair man, of great stature, broad bodied, yellow haird, straight, well proportioned, humble, courteous, and given to policy, as building of castles, palaces, and churches, the planting and training of forests, as also the parking and hedging in of trees, which his works yet witness.” James the First could only live in his presence: so courteous, affable, and of such gallant bearing, was our William St. Clair. That monarch sent him over to France with his sister, Lady Margaret, “who was desired in marriage by the French King’s son.” Our founder exhibited extraordinary pomp on this occasion. “He was accompanied with ane hundred brave gentlemen, twinty were well cloathed with cloth of gold, and had chains of gold, and black velvet foot-mantles ; twinty in red Cramosine velvet, with chains of gold, and black velvet foot-mantles ; twinty in white and black velvet, signifying his arms, which is a ragged cross in a silver field ; twinty cloathed with gold and blue coloured velvet, which signifies the arms of Orknay, which is a ship of gold with a double tressure, and flower de luces goeing round about it, in a blue field ; and twinty diversely coloured, signifying the diverse armes he had.” —p. 25.

His manner of Living. “In his house he was royally served in gold and silver vessels, in most princely manner ; for the Lord Dirltone was his Master Household, the Lord Borthwick was his Cup-bearer, and the Lord Fleming his Carver ; under whom, in time of their absence, was the Laird of Drumlanrig, surnamed

drawers of water" must have "had a fine time of it;"—for it should seem that, from first to last, as all his plans were carefully digested, so his remuneration of the labourers was as princely as punctual. The master-mason must have worn, if not used, a trowel of gold. Nor did the founder's son, and finisher of the building before us—Sir Oliver Saint Clair—relax from the efforts of his parent; and it would have

Stewart, the Laird of Drumelzier, surnamed Twedie, and the Laird of Calder, surnamed Sandilands. He had his halls and his chambers hung with embroidered hangings." Nor was the LADY of our Founder scarcely less gorgeous and gay in her apparel and establishment: few women in Scotland living in an atmosphere of such splendour.—"She was holden in great reverence both for her birth and the estate she was in: for she had serving her seventy-five gentle-women, whereof fifty-three were daughters to noblemen, all cloathed in velvet, and silks, with their chains of gold, and other pertinents: together with two hundred rideing gentlemen, who accompanied her in all her journeys. She had carried before her, when she went to Edinburgh, if it was darke, eighty lighted torches. Her lodgeing was att the foot of the Blackfryer Wynde; so that, in a word, none matched her in all the country save the Queen's Majesty."—*Genealogie of the Sainteclaires of Roslyn*; p. 26.

To revert to Prince William—"he builded the church walls of ROSLINE, having rounds with fair chambers, and galleries thereon. He builded also the forework that looks to the north-east: he builded the bridge under the castle, and sundry office houses," &c. Still our "Prince William" thought he had not done enough in gratitude to heaven for the numberless favours and bounties that had been showered down upon him; and he resolved upon building ROSLYN CHAPEL. The account of the process of the building is very curious:—"The foundation of this *rare work* he caused to be laid in the year of our Lord 1446; and to the end the work might be the more rare, first, he caused the draughts to be drawn upon Eastland boards, and made the carpenters to draw them according to the draughts thereon, and then gave them for

been well for him had he kept to his architectural pursuits in relinquishment of those of politics.* The last two notes will, I think, furnish the reader with some curious and interesting details, connected with the two Worthies just mentioned.

The exterior of the western extremity is a perfect horror to the sight of an antiquary. Look at the drawing of it in the Advocates' Library—executed before the year 1700—and view it in the present dominical year. It is at once concealed and debased by the erection of a shed for cattle; which, on

patterns to the masons, that they might thereby cut the like in stone: and because he thought the masons had not a convenient place to lodge in, near the place where he builded this curious college—for the town then stood half a mile from the place where it now stands—therefore he made them to build the town of Rosline, that now is extant, and gave every one of them a house, and lands answerable thereunto; so that it was thought to be the cheefest town in all Lothian, except Edinburgh and Haddington. He rewarded the masons according to their degree; as to the *master mason*, he gave forty pounds yearly, and to every one of the rest ten pounds; and according did he reward the others, as the smithy and carpenters, with others."—Hay's *Genealogie*, &c.; pp. 26-27. Am I therefore *far* from the mark in the above designation of the "master mason?"

* Oliver Saintclair, the son of the founder William, finished the Chapel about half a century after its foundation. The latter part of his life seems to afford proof of his being bereft of his senses. The story, as told by Father Hay, is a most singular one; but there is no space for its insertion. When Hay resided at Roslyn Castle, there was a furious attack of the rabble, "the 11th of December, 1688, about ten of the clock at night,"—and he mourns over the loss of "*the original MS. of Adam Abel*, which he had of my Lord Tarbart, then Register," as the greatest privation he had sustained in consequence of the attack.

enquiry, I learnt had cost its owner £60. How could this have been tolerated? Surely not with the consent or even cognizance of the late noble owner of the ruin? While our horses were being refreshed, I took occasion to stroll a short distance to a neighbouring yeoman's house; where I met a respectable old gentleman who told me that he came thither, with his servant, for the recovery of his health; and that he found the air pleasant and bracing. We exchanged a good many words about the castle and chapel. "They suffer the latter to be in a terrible condition."—"True, Sir, true; and yet it should well maintain itself." "How much do you suppose is yearly earned by shewing the place?"—"A full two hundred per annum. There is little comparative difference between summer and winter. Everybody comes to Roslyn Castle and Chapel." Surely such a stipend ought to keep out the wind and the rain, if not restore much of the mouldering stone-work. A good thorough picking out and cleansing (but no whitewash!) would effect wonders here . . . under the word of command of James Gillespie Graham, Esq.

We returned home to a late dinner, abundantly gratified by what we had seen for the last eight hours. "*The day of Roslyn*" was instantly marked down in my tablets with a white stone.

HERE ENDETH ANE INTERLVDE,

INTITULED

THE HOUSE OF DALKEITH

WITH

The Castel and Chapel of Roslyn.



SEAL OF BISHOP WISCHARD: A.D. MCCC.

GLASGOW.



GLASGOW," says a writer of about one hundred and fifteen years standing, "is the beautifullest little city I have seen in Britain. It stands deliciously on the banks of the river Clyde, over which there is a fair stone bridge of eight arches." Such is the language of *A Journey through Scotland*, published in 1723,—of which one Macky is the reputed author ; and to which, as

indeed has been already done,* frequent references will be made.

In opposition to the brief, but picturesque and warm-hearted eulogy of this writer, I hold in my hand the accurate and triumphant folio volume of

* See pages 441, 463, &c. About the same time, or a few years only afterwards, DE FOE described Glasgow in the following terms :—" Glasgow is indeed a very fine city. The four principal streets are the fairest for breadth, and the finest built, that I have ever seen in one city together. The houses are all of stone, and generally equal and uniform in height, as well as in front; the lower story generally stands on vast square Dorick columns, not round pillars; and arches between give passage into the shops, adding to the strength as well as beauty of the building. In a word, 'tis the cleanest and beautifullest, and best built city in Britain, London excepted."—pt. ii. p. 83. At the time of the rebellion of 1745, the population of Glasgow and its suburbs was only thirty thousand. *Andrew Cochrane's Correspondence*; p. 89: of which presently.

Within seven years after the publication of De Foe's *Account and Description of Scotland*, there appeared an 8vo. volume—now rare—giving some account of Glasgow, and containing *A View of the City of Glasgow*, 1736, 8vo.; to which are prefixed the following homely strains. Although a century has elapsed since its publication, I learn at this moment, with a sort of mingled horror and chagrin, that there is NO GUIDE to the City of Glasgow. And this—in a soil where the MAITLAND CLUB is indigenous!

"GLASGOW, to Thee thy neighbouring Towns give place,
Above them lifts thy head with comely grace;
Scarce in the spacious earth can any see
A City that's more beautiful than thee;
Towards the setting sun thou'rt built, and *finds*
The temperate breathing of the Western winds.
To thee the wintry storms not hurtful are,
Nor scorching heats of the Canicular.
More pure than amber is the River *Clyde*,
Where gentle streams do by their borders glide.
And here a *thousand sails* receive commands
To traffick for thee into foreign lands.
A bridge of polish'd stone doth here vouchsafe
To travellers o'er Clyde a passage safe.

the great statist of the north, Dr. JAMES CLELAND;* by which we are carefully initiated into all the mysteries of commerce, and mazes of prosperity—together with the astounding population of upwards of two hundred thousand souls—of this wonderful city. Its late efforts in the extension of commerce abroad, and of manufactures at home, have assigned

Thy Orchards, full of fragrant fruits and buds,
Come nothing short of the Coreyrian woods;
And blushing roses grow upon thy field;
In plenty great all things thy soil doth yield.
Thy pastur's cloth'd with flocks, thy ground with corn,
Thy waters stocked with fish, thy fields adorn'd.
Thy buildings great and glorious all do see;
More fair within than they are outwardlie.
Thy temples, with the best of stone, are fair,
Its workmanship exceeds which is most rare.
But thee, O Glasgow, we may justly deem
Heaven's favourite, and ever in esteem.
All in the *Earth*, on *Ocean*, or in *Air*,*
They join to build thee with propitious star."

* Alluding to the arms—"a tree, a bird, and a fish."

"How the tree (says Mr. Smith) found its way into the Arms of the Chapter or of the City, unless in reference to some legend connected with St. Kentegern, I have been unable to discover." Mr. Smith refers us to the 13th page of his *Burgh Records of Glasgow*, 1832, 4to., where I find it designated as a "hawthorn tree." The testimony of PENNANT is worth subjoining:—"Glasgow is the best built of any second-rate city I ever saw: the houses are of stone, and in general well built, and many in a good state: plain and unaffected. The principal street runs east and west, is near a mile and a half long, but unfortunately not strait: yet the view from the Cross, where the two other great streets fall into this, has an air of vast magnificence." This was written in 1771.

* It is thus entitled: *Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the City of Glasgow and County of Lanark: for the Government Census of 1831. With Population and Statistical Tables relative to England and Scotland*; 1832, folio. The exact number of the population of Glasgow, as given at page 203 of this work, is 202,426.

to it the next rank after that of London on the score of population and trade.* “Glasgow is a noble city, (says Wight, an. 1777, as quoted in the *Caledonia*, vol. iii. 597) whose genius and enterprise, in manufactures and trade, have raised it to a high degree of prosperity.” And see Chalmers’ own warm eulogy, at p. 601 of the same gigantic work. The Glasgow merchant, pointing to the movements of the innumerable vessels borne upon the waters of the Clyde, anticipates with confidence the rich harvest which his

* In Pennant’s time, (1772) the great import of this city was, TOBACCO. In his account, the results of three years’ commerce in this department of trade are given: namely, in the years 1769, 1770, and 1771. In the first of these years, 38,970 hogsheads were imported. In the year 1770, 38,938 hogsheads were exported, of which France took 15,000 and Holland 10,000 hogsheads. In the year 1771, 45,941 hogsheads were exported, of which France took 15,000, and Holland 14,500. The inland trade, on each of the two last years, did not exceed 1,100 hogsheads. As to COTTON, Glasgow may be called the very emporium of that article of manufacture; the land where *Spinning Jennies* are seen in all their graceful and marvellous varieties. Even twenty years ago there were not fewer than fifty-two cotton-mills, containing 511,200 shindles, and employing a capital of at least a million of money. In one year, about that time, there were *one hundred and five millions* of yards of cotton manufactured in Glasgow and its neighbourhood: of which the pecuniary value could not be less than £5,000,000. Of this, one half was *exported*. But at the manufactory of my good friends, Mr. Baillie Johnston and Mr. Galbraith, I had an abundant opportunity to judge of the magnificent scale on which these cotton mills are conducted. A thousand human beings, of all ages and sexes, were here employed. The cotton came in at one end of the building in its raw or natural state, and was exported at the other in its finished and wearing state for the person or the house...or to any other available object. The order of the whole manufactory

well-directed industry has taught him to hope for. He directs your attention to the quay—a mile and a half in length, which is flanked by that same river; and conducting you a short way into the city, bids you cast an eye along the *Tron* and *Argyll streets*, in one continuous line—and challenges a competition with them in any city in Europe. He may do so with impunity: for, taking the width of the streets and the loftiness of the houses into consideration, they are undoubtedly the *facile princeps* of all mercantile streets. It is here, if any where, where the busy hum of an incessantly excited and industrious populace may be heard from morning till evening: and especially on the last day of the week. The numerous streets that are connected with this part, particularly those leading to the water-side and the courts of law—give it an indescribable character of activity and occupation. The equestrian statue of William III, seems to have left the centre of the street on purpose to ride over you. It has no business here, as it is incessantly in the way.* It should be placed in the upper part of the city: perhaps in the centre of Blythswood-square.

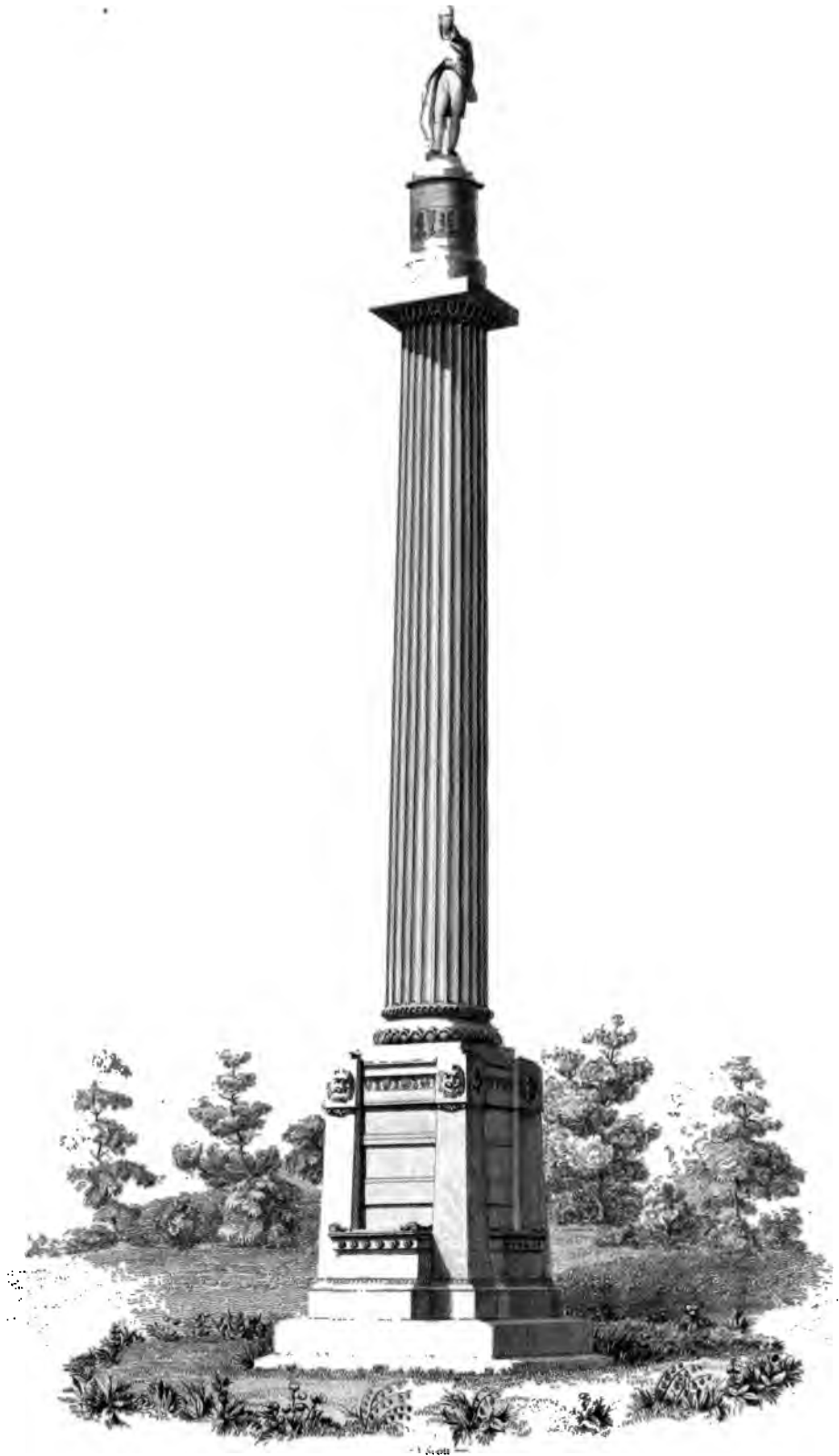
had the precision of regimental evolutions. Every body knew his place, and his work. The warehouses, where the material appeared in its *finished state*, had the aspect of fiction, from their extent and varied splendour.

And what must be said for the *Monteith Bandanna handkerchief*? A shilling article begets millions of pounds in the inconceivable gross lump. See *Dr. Cleland*, p. 137, &c.

* It was presented to the city by a Mr. James M'Crae, Governor of Madras, and citizen of Glasgow; and was set up in the Cross, in the year 1735: *Cleland*, p. 251.

The city of Glasgow, like that of Edinburgh, runs mainly from east to west. The course of the Clyde should seem to have been that for the habitations of men. It has, also, like Edinburgh, a precipitous descent ; but which, here, is on the southern side. The houses are also of stone ; but less spacious and lofty, and of infinitely less architectural pretension. As compositions of street-scenery, those of Glasgow must not be named in the same breath with the streets on the northern and more modern sides of Edinburgh. To compensate the inhabitants for the absence of a *Castle*, here is a CATHEDRAL:—the only one in Scotland in which divine service is performed. We shall hold a long and particular conversation with this cathedral in a very short time. Close to it, is the COLLEGE, in which we shall also tarry—and I hope for many a pleasant hour—before we bid adieu to Glasgow. It is in the very heart and centre of all commercial speculations—or, as near as may be, in the central part of the city—that the *chief* architectural boast of this place is to be seen, and admired as soon as seen. I speak of the EXCHANGE ; one of the noblest commercial rooms in Europe : whether we consider its interior or exterior design—its facilities for carrying into effect all the objects for which it was built—or its spaciousness, lightsomeness, and beauty. I was infinitely struck and gratified with it. The architect is no less a personage than DAVID HAMILTON, Esq.—who, without scruple or flattery, may be called the Vitruvius of the North. With *him* also we shall hold some pleasant parlance ere we quit this city.





THE GLASGOW CENOTAPH, IN THE CENTRE OF GARDEN SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Created by the Citizens of Glasgow in the Centre of Garden Square in 1871

Here, as at Edinburgh, the late Robert Adam has done a considerable "stroke of work" in the architectural department; and some things, especially in the Assembly Rooms and Andersonian University, are executed with more than his ordinary skill. Of churches, there is no proud or particular display; but one or two recent ones, from the designs of Mr. Hamilton, show a great improvement in the department of ecclesiastical architecture. The two principal squares of Glasgow are those of *St. George* and *Blythswood*. The former is in the heart of the city; the latter at the western extremity. Within the former are erected the bronze statues of Sir John Moore and Watt; and at this moment the foundation stone has been just laid for the erection of a lofty triumphal pillar to the memory of Sir Walter Scott; with his figure on the summit. The OPPOSITE PLATE—for the use of which I am indebted to my excellent friend Archibald M'Lellan, Esq.—will give an accurate representation of the erection in question. To me the taste of it is perfect.* The *Spartans* have here shot a-head of the *Athenians*.

The principal street, for airiness and gentility, is that of *St. Vincent*; not because in this very street

* The foundation-stone of this pillar was laid in October, 1837, by the Lord Provost, the City Authorities, and the principal Members of the College. A prayer was delivered on the occasion; and the several spokesmen evinced all the patriotic warmth which a subject so fraught with every kindly feeling could scarcely fail to elicit. The subscription amounted to some thousands, and was exclusively defrayed by the Glasgovians and natives of the County of Lanark.

I spent three weeks of a pleasant and profitable description with my amiable and hearty friend John Kerr, Esq.—a writer to the signet—but because the width, gentle undulation, and elevation of its western extremity, entitle it to a marked and commendable distinction. How frequent has been my gratification—after grouting among the old folios in the Hunter Museum, and threading the up and down obliquities of the eastern portions of the city—to inhale the briskly stirring air of the upper part of St. Vincent Street!—to feel the southern breezes of the Clyde across my forehead!—and to take an *aperçu* of all the growing street-scenery grandeur which seems to be springing up between that spot and the river in question!

It cannot be denied, that, for magnificence of locality, there is no comparison between Edinburgh and this present city. The former overwhelms the latter in an instant on this score: not less from the charm and effect of *historical* associations (it having been the seat of government), than from the absolute *picturesque* beauty of the position and character of the buildings. The first burst or view of Edinburgh is that of unbounded admiration. In the first view of Glasgow, there is a quiet succession of pleasurable emotions—and it is enough that you are not disappointed. But let us touch a loftier strain—in giving “tribute where tribute is due.” Without the slightest disparagement of those joyous and gallant spirits whom I have left behind in the northern capital—without the slightest wish or desire to institute comparisons, which, however managed,

will be sure to cast an *adumbration* somewhere— I must be here permitted to strike a loud and lusty note in favour of the SOCIALITIES of Glasgow :— in commendation of kind and kindred spirits—of men who wear their hearts “upon their sleeves,” that you may see how they glow and throb with every generous emotion. I will leave my friend Dr. Cleland to his act of penance and purgatory, for his indirect admission that the soil of this place is not a genial soil for the growth of literature :* a frightful heresy, and for which the ~~Staitland~~ **Staitland Club**, headed by its venerable and noble president, the Earl of Glasgow, will doubtless require due atonement at his hands. Dr. Cleland must also account to be visited, in consequence, by the spirit of the departed MOTHERWELL ; a man of a singularly disciplined understanding, and who, had he been spared, might have convinced posterity that he united the accuracy of Ritson with the taste of Warton. All tongues seemed to be loud in his praise, and all hearts to bewail the loss which his country had sustained in the non-completion of his literary labours.† He

* See page 41 of his Statistical Volume.

† “The writer of these letters, (*Germany in 1831* ; 1836, 8vo. 2 vols., of which JOHN STRANG, Esq. the Chamberlain of the City of Glasgow, is the author,) has long been desirous that some individual, acquainted with the vast variety of the *Chap Books of Scotland*, would undertake a history of the VULGAR LITERATURE OF THE COUNTRY: convinced as he is that nothing would tend more to throw light on the manners and tastes of the great body of the people during the various stages of Scottish improvement.”—vol. i. p. 263-6. Mr. Strang had urged this work upon Sir Walter Scott—making the metrical history of the rebellion of 1745, by Dugald

would have woven such a garland of metrical history for Scotland, as would have lifted him half way up the pillar of his lamented friend Sir Walter Scott.

The *Civil History* of Glasgow is told in comparatively few words ; and those few words bear

Graham—the *Glasgow Bellman*—the basis of such a work ; as Graham had been the writer of many of the most popular chap-stories of Scotland. Mr. Strang forwarded to Sir Walter, at the same time, an article upon the subject, written by Mr. Motherwell. Sir Walter declined the undertaking ; “and now he is dead (concludes Mr. Strang) it is to be feared that unless Mr. MOTHERWELL, the author of the *Ancient Minstrelsy*, who is by far the best Chap-story Antiquarian I know, should be prevailed upon to undertake the task, all hope of obtaining a *History of the Vulgar Literature of Scotland* must be abandoned.” No slight evidence of Mr. Motherwell’s presumed fitness for this task is derivable from a glance of vol. iii. p. 299, &c. of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* : Cadell’s Edition. But Mr. Motherwell is NO MORE. He died in the year of the publication of Mr. Strang’s *Germany*.

Under the persuasion, if not conviction, that my friend Mr. John Kerr—writer of the Signet, at Glasgow—either knew much, personally, or by such report as he could rely upon, of his “poor friend WILLIE MOTHERWELL,” I requested a few lines from him in affirmation or refutation of my supposition : the more so, as the name of Motherwell was hardly ever pronounced by a member of the MAITLAND CLUB without an accompanying sigh—as if the deceased had been the common property of that fraternity. My friend quickly complied with my request ; and how cleverly, may be learnt from a perusal of his communication.

“I have a most vivid ‘*reminiscence*’ of the man, and well I may—for many an hour in sobriety as well as hilarity have we spent together. He was about your own stature ; slender but handsome ; rather agreeable than striking in countenance, though exhibiting a somewhat expansive brow. In general company he was quiet and unobtrusive, unless, perchance, the *sederunt* turned out a long one, and the liquor happened to be freely swallowed, when he was not

testimony to the uprightness of the conduct of her magistrates and citizens in times, occasionally, of very severe trial. It is not necessary to push this subject to a remoter period than the middle of the seventeenth century,* when its attachment to a

afraid to venture forth with swaggering statement and happy illustration; and, if the topics were the *olden lore* of Scotland, or the exploits of ancient heroes, with glowing descriptions and brilliant commentaries. Still there was an obvious effort as well as strained extravagance even in these moments, which induced his friends to ascribe his *fylltes* rather to the inspiration of the bowl than to the inspiration of the man. I liked him better when he and I (with perhaps the addition of Captain Fullarton) were the only interlocutors. In the counting-house, or in the fields, or at the social board,—on matters of business or of taste—or in hours of more social enjoyment—he was uniformly buoyant and communicative; as ready to take as to offer advice or opinion; an indulgent rather than an acute philosopher, and a brilliant rather than a profound or argumentative talker. He was fond of the company of a friend or two, and prolonged the sittings often to, and even beyond, ‘the wee dint brow of night;’ but though he drank freely, he was seldom inebriated. And often *after* such sittings, when he returned to his home—he spent, in solitary gazings on the fire, or in composition of fragments of verses, those hours which should have been devoted to sleep. But I am running into a narrative instead of a remark, and therefore I check myself, and simply remind you that if you will tell me what kind of memoir you wish, I shall try to procure you the materials for such a memoir of my poor friend Willie Motherwell.

“No history of the ‘*Chapbooks of Scotland*’ has ever been written; or ever will be written I fear, in your day or mine. The only two men who could have written it are now gathered to their fathers—Sir Walter Scott and Motherwell. The latter had made large collections, but he never went farther.”

* To those who wish to plunge more deeply into the stream of *Glasgow Burgh history* I recommend the perusal of a very curious,

kingly government, and a presbyterian form of worship, was alike strong and uncompromising. During the visitation of Cromwell,* this city evinced great firmness and prudence—in avoiding the rashness, not to say madness, of open hostility, and the

but, I fear, too rare volume, published by “*John Smith Ygst,*” as his book-contribution to the Maitland Club in 1832, 4to. It is entitled, *Burgh Records of the City of Glasgow*, in 1573-1581; containing some interesting copper cuts, with a profusion of flowered capital initials, cut in wood. In the “prefatory notice,” we learn that “in the proceedings of the *Burgh Court*, for the trial of civil and criminal causes, there are points which must interest not merely the professional man, but the general reader. Some light is thrown on the *Trial by Jury*; and it is believed that distinct traces of the approximation to the system of England, even in civil causes, can be discerned.” “An idea of the *Police* of these times, and of the frequent breaches of the peace in the streets, at fairs or markets—when every citizen was a soldier, and wore a *whingar*, or sword, at his thigh—may be formed from perusing the Statute, (p. 18) which ordains that every boothholder shall have in readiness within his booth, ‘*ane halbert, jak, and steel bonnet*, for eschewing, (as the same ordinance observes) sic inconvenients that may happin.’ No wonder that, with such a turbulent populace, the Scottish Parliament found it necessary to abridge the freedom of the denizens of these Royal Corporations.”—pp. xii-xiii.

* The victory at Dunbar, in 1650, (complete and blood-stained beyond any other of Cromwell's victories) opened the gates of Scotland to Cromwell: who may be said to have been the first Englishman that fairly conquered the country. Cromwell resided at Edinburgh a long time—and frequently at Glasgow, where he took up his lodgings, and held his levies, in Silver Craigs House, nearly opposite the Bridgegate. When at the latter place, “having learned that Mr. Patrick Gillespie, Minister of the Outer High Church, had the chief sway in ecclesiastical affairs, he sent for him, and after a long conference, gave him a prayer. On the following Sunday he went in state to the Cathedral Church. Mr. Zachary

meanness of compromise or surrender of public principle. In the attempt to force episcopacy* upon the consciences of the presbyterian clergy, during

Boyd, the distinguished paraphrast, having been appointed to preach, took occasion to inveigh against Cromwell; on which Thurloe, his Secretary, said 'he would pistol the scoundrel.'—'No, no,' said the General, 'we will manage him in his own way.' Having asked the Minister to dine with him, Oliver concluded the entertainment with prayer—which, it is said, continued *three hours!*"—*Cleland*, p. 244. Another story is told of Cromwell on occasion of this Cathedral visit. On retiring, he fixed his eye upon a man in the crowd, of homely dress and rather squalid aspect. The man trembled: but Oliver had remembered him in early life—sent for him, and gave him either money or promotion. Of ZACHARY BOYD, the following pages will afford some very curious information. There was the thinnest possible partition in his *cranium* between reason and madness. We shall see that Patrick Gillespie, who was Principal of the College, had a very narrow escape of the scaffold on the Restoration. He owed much to his ready and honeyed eloquence.

* The first attempt was in 1662, when Sharpe had been appointed to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, and Fairfowl to that of Glasgow. The Earl of Middleton was at the head of the civil commission: when Lord Lee, in opposition to it, pronounced the prophetic sentence, that "the enforcement of that order for the observance of the Episcopacy, would DESOLATE THE COUNTRY." It did so with a vengeance. Four hundred ministers were turned out, and took leave of their flocks, in one day. The sanctity of the Sabbath was even violated, by devoting the time usually allotted to divine service to the administration of a bond "interdicting all communication with the exiled ministers." To clothe their proceedings with still greater terror, some Highland chieftains and clans were enlisted—under the name of the *Highland Host*—to carry vengeance and slaughter among the disobedient. This host got a sound drubbing in the end by the students of the College.

In 1680, a more terrible persecution, on the same score, visited the presbyterian clergy and their followers. The Duke of York

the reigns of the two Charleses, the struggles of the former were sometimes those of the most heroic devotion. At length came the revolution of 1688; after James II, who was once resident at Glasgow as

was mixed up in it. A clergyman of the name of Richard Cameron—in conjunction with Donald Cargill in Ayrshire—drew up a remonstrance against episcopacy and papacy, coupled with their firm adherence to the monarchical form of government, but protesting against the Duke of York, as a papist, succeeding to the throne. The sequel is shuddering—but there are some lessons in history which are only intelligible or made effective when they are written in CHARACTERS OF BLOOD.

“The proceedings called forth a proclamation from the council officers: a reward for the apprehension of any of those concerned in the rebellious deed. Orders were also issued to Dalziel, to send out parties to scour the country, and secure the ringleaders. While these were actively patrolling the obnoxious quarters, a party of one hundred and twenty dragoons surprised a party of Covenanters, of forty foot and twenty-six horse, headed by Hackston of Rathelles, with whom was Richard Cameron and his brother, at Aird's Moss, in Ayrshire. The persecuted, who knew they had no mercy to expect, drew up their horse at the entry of the Moss, and on the advance of the King's troops, boldly attempted to charge through them; but they were quickly surrounded, and after a brave resistance, were all either killed or wounded. Richard Cameron and his brother fell on the field; but Hackston, severely wounded, and made prisoner, was reserved for a more cruel death. Richard Cameron's head and right hand were cut off, and sent to Edinbro': but, with more than common barbarity, they were carried to his father in prison, who was tauntingly asked if he recognized them? 'Oh yes!' said the venerable old man, weeping as he took them up and kissed them, 'they are my son's—my own dear son's—' then meekly added, 'it is the Lord—good is the will of the Lord.' Hackston was carried faint and bleeding before Dalziel, at Lanark, who, unmoved by his situation, threatened to roast him, and ordered him to be put in irons, and fastened to the floor. When he reached

well as at Edinburgh, had resorted, both covertly and openly, as much as he dared, to every tortuous experiment for the establishment of the Romish religion. But the Glasgovians adhered, without flinching, to the religion of their forefathers.*

the capital, he was carried in on horseback, with his face to the tail. Before the Council he refused to own the authority of the King, being in direct opposition to God, and theirs, as derived from him. On this he was remitted to the Court of Justiciary, was found guilty, and from the bar he was taken to the scaffold. After his hands were both cut off, he was drawn to the top of the gallows by a pulley, and while alive, let down to within reach of the executioner, who tore his heart from his bosom, and threw it upon the scaffold, then stuck it upon a knife, exclaiming, 'here is the heart of a traitor.' His body was quartered, and the parts affixed at St. Andrews's, Glasgow, Leith, and Burnt-island."—*Aikman's History of Scotland*, vol. iv. pp. 585, 586.

These particulars, with yet more painful addenda, will be found in Mr. Chambers' *Scottish Biographical Dictionary*, vol. i. p. 452-3.

* And yet, so strangely constructed is the human mind—or of such vacillating properties is public feeling made up—that, in October—the year ensuing—James, Duke of York, was received at Glasgow with volleys and hurrahs by the soldiery and townsmen. He also received "a box of gold from the town, weighing a pound, wherein was put his burges ticket." The next day, at Dumbarton, he received the like public welcome, and "a little box of gold given him, wherein his burges ticket of that town was also put."—*Cleland*, p. 248.

There is perhaps no one feature in the wretched life of James which stands out in blacker form, or with a more horrible expression, than that of his treatment, and ultimate execution, of Archibald Campbell, the ninth and last Earl of Argyle. When at Edinburgh, I was too glad to avail myself of the purchase of a small quarto volume, published by Mr. Stevenson in 1834, called *The Argyle Papers*; and of which only fifty copies were printed on small paper, six on large, and one upon vellum. It is a most curious, and,

A more serious visitation afflicted them during the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745 : but they were as unshaken in their adherence to the house of Hanover as they had been to that of Nassau. John Duke of Argyle, who took all the pains imaginable to be defeated by the Earl of Mar—but which Earl of Mar was so courteous as to prefer being defeated himself—made Glasgow a sort of head-quarters ;

historically speaking, invaluable book. After the death of his father, Charles I, James was a perfectly homeless wanderer. Fearful of detection in England, he betook himself to Scotland : and in 1650 made the experiment of visiting this very Earl of Argyle at Stirling. The Earl, a strict Covenanter, was also a strict observer of all moral duties. As husband and father, his conduct was without a stain. “ When the King (he was, at the time of this chronicle or memoir being written, James II) had been very open in some things, the good persons about Court put it on the Marquise to reprove the King, and to use freedom with him : and accordingly one Sabbath night he did soe, and with all humility laid before him his ravishing some women, his drinking, and drawing up with malignants. It’s said the King seemed serious, and shed tears, (which the Marchioness, when he came home and told her, said wer *crocodile teares*) but after that bore ane irreconcilable hattred at the Marquise.”—p. 13.

It should seem, from a farther passage presently to be quoted, that it was during this visit to Stirling—in 1650—that those secret, but deeply-seated, seeds of mingled hatred and fear of Argyle, were sown. The passage runs thus :—“ At Stirling, the Earl entertained the Duke most kindly, and even magnificently. The Duke was pleased to thank the Earl for his civility and kindnes, and to ask the Earl wherein he was able to shew the sense he had of the favour he had done him. The Earl humbly thanked his Highness for his goodnes, and said his favour was more than a recompense. The Duke said—‘ My Lord, if you will do me *one thing*, you may be the *greatest man in Scotland*.’ The Earl begged to know what that was. The Duke said it was a thing, in doing which he would

and from thence issued orders, and collected troops, as to his very limited wisdom, in this matter, seemed fit. This renowned chieftain (one of Marlborough's captains) seems to have once possessed a very great, but of late years perhaps a very equivocal, celebrity.* Pope said of him that he

“ alike could wield
The thunder of the senate and the field ;”

but the pains-taking researches of modern enquirers have tended considerably to thin or tarnish the laurels of this second duke of Argyle.

In the rebellion of 1745, the celebrated Duke of Cumberland, the brother of George II, occupied the position filled by Argyle in the first rebellion of 1715 ; and Glasgow showed a yet stronger front against the

singularly oblige him. The Earl again desired humbly to know what that was. The Duke replied, that all he desired of him was, that he would ‘ *change the worst of religions for the best.*’ The Earl gave him a very cutting answer—the words of which I have forgotte ; but after that he was still cold to him again.”—p. 18. Deeply is it to be regretted that Robert Myln (the author of this Journal, or *Notices Relative to the Argyle Family*) should have forgotten the Earl's “ cutting answer.” But what a return for kindnesses conferred !—not only to try to persuade a man to change his religion, but to stigmatize the religion which he professed as the *worst* of religions ! Could insult have been more complete ?

* The Duke of Argyle once joined his adversary, the Earl of Mar, in advocating the cause of that very Pretender whose followers he afterwards routed. There is perhaps no where on record a more disgraceful achievement than that, when the Earl of Mar, with 10,000 good fighting men, suffered himself to be defeated by his adversary, the Duke of Argyle, with one third of that number. When at Glasgow, the Duke took up his lodgings with Campbell of Shawfield.

rebel arms,* although those arms once took effectual possession of the city. But *Charles Edward* found no sympathising hearts there. He mustered his troops; inspected their accoutrements; and issued proclamations of cajolery, and threats of terror, at the same time. They fell equally harmless.† The disappointed prince paraded the streets, and even issued invitations for an assembly; but the fair face of no female citizen was seen at the window as he passed‡—and the presence of no courteous dame graced his assembly room. This perhaps was of little importance to a man who quickly forgot his disappointment in the embraces of a vulgar mistress. The name of *Catharine Walkinshaw*§ may not be

* Glasgow, at her own expense, raised two regiments of six hundred men each; and such was the state of exasperation of the rebels, in consequence, that when they came, *propriis personis*, to visit it, had it not been for the prompt and spirited interference of Cameron of Lochiel, the town had been utterly destroyed. The first gracious visit of the Pretender exacted the sum of £15,000— together with thousands of linen shirts, coats, shoes, hose, and bonnets, &c. The Pretender's first letter (of which a facsimile occurs in the work mentioned below) is full of interest. The alternative, in case of non-compliance, is plain enough.

† In Provost Cochrane's Correspondence (to be presently and particularly noticed) there are various facsimiles of Proclamations and Letters from the Pretender. The claims of the Glasgovians are distinctly set out in this curious and instructive volume.

‡ See the volume last referred to; a handsome quarto, printed in 1836, under the editorial care of James Smith, Esq. of Jordanhill, and President of the Andersonian University. It was that gentleman's contribution to the Maitland Club; and by his kindness I possess one of the few copies of it upon large paper.

§ We may first say a word or two about the *person* of the Prince, before we touch upon a few circumstances connected with this

familiar to my readers south of the Tweed. It was during this second rebellion of 1745, that the conduct of the chief magistrate, or Lord Provost, of Glasgow—

mistress, with whom he had kept company upwards of twenty years. “Like other young people (says a writer in the *Cochrane Correspondence*) I was extremely anxious to see Prince Charles, and for that purpose stationed myself in the Trongate, where it was reported he would pass. He was holding a muster of his troops on the Green; and when it was over, he passed on horseback at the head of his men, on his way to his head quarters. I managed to get so near him, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which his appearance made upon my mind shall never fade from it as long as I live. He had a princely aspect; and its interest was much deepened by the dejection that appeared in his pale countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his own cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disastrous issue which ruined the hopes of his family for ever.” GIB, who acted as steward to the Prince’s household, mentions that he dressed “*more elegantly when at Glasgow* than he did in any other place whatsoever.” This compliment to the ladies does not, however, appear to have softened their political prejudices, or to have gained a smile from any fair lips but those of ONE . . . who merits a particular notice.

That ONE is, or rather was, the celebrated CATHERINE WALKINSHAW, the fifth daughter of John Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield. She is said to have refused the fourth Duke of Argyle, and also Archibald Stewart, Provost of Edinburgh, in marriage. Her beauty attracted the notice of the PRINCE, and the political partialities of her family had but too well prepared her heart for the impressions which a handsome person, a gallant bearing, and a romantic temperament, were calculated to make on it. She became his Mistress, but some say his Wife. The matter is however very disputable. They lived together without hesitation or shame: but he always avowed his indifference to her. Their orgies were of the lowest description. They would get drunk together, and quarrel, and recriminate with the most unsparing license of tongue. They sometimes fought together. She had no pretension to elegance of manners, and they were both addicted to the odious vice of

*Andrew Cochrane**—was above all praise; for its uniformly temperate, cautious, yet firm and uncompromising character. The city had bled at every pore from the exactions of the rebels; and no sacrifice of private and public property was shunned, in its maintenance of the regal government. After all, the Duke of Argyle, who once fed the citizens with fine words, and finer promises, seems to have acted a very reluctant part in procuring for the Provost and citizens that redress which their gallantry and devotion taught them they had a right to expect. The correspondence of Cochrane with his wife—in describing the worries of dancing attendance at court—is singularly *naïve* and amusing. The reader can scarcely fail to be pleased with the subjoined extracts.†

drunkenness. It was probably in one of their drunken fits that the Prince afforded a ground of belief that he was occasionally visited by madness. *Appendix*, pp. 111-113.

* See the note at page 678 ante.

† The three letters of Provost Cochrane to his wife—with which the highly respectable Editor of the *Cochrane Correspondence* has furnished us—breathe the very soul of conjugal affection and almost primitive simplicity. They are quite of the *Pepys* school. Cochrane always addresses his wife as his “DEAREST.” He headed the deputation to London for indemnification for losses during the rebellion of 1745. In a letter to his Wife of the date of 4th February, 1749, he writes thus :

London, 4th February, 1749.

“MY DEAREST,—I wrote you last post, but was a little hurried. I would fain hope something will be done for the town, though there is far from being any certainty: every body we see says it ought to be done. We must wait the issue, which at best will be a long attendance, especially as you observe to one like me, never accustomed and no way inclined to applications of this kind. We

Enough of the bygone politics of this period—one sufficiently miserable, as well as extraordinary in itself—and a recurrence of which is scarcely within the range of possibility. One good effect ensued

are going through the other great folks. I believe I may give the Chancellor a copy of our Memorial to-day, and the Speaker of the Commons another soon. This is prodigious slavery, but there is no help. Levees of all kinds are the greatest farce in nature. The king stays about five minutes: some are introduced to kiss his hands; others give petitions; he speaks a little to some great Lord; all bow, fawn and cringe; then off goes Majesty. The Prince stays about five minutes; he allows some to kiss his hands; talks to half-a-dozen of people about the roads and weather; then exit Royal Highness.

“The Minister’s Levee is the greatest and throngest of all. Stars of all kinds, Generals, Admirals, Bishops, and the lord knows who, bowing low; he smiling and going round the whole company distributing his *nothings!* Were he to be dismissed, not one of these flatterers would be seen in his house; he might go where he pleased for them. I am sick of the subject, and have not temper to say any more. God send me to my spouse and house; I shall be better pleased with them than ever!”

In a letter of the date of 18th of April, 1749, he writes thus—to his wife: “I am sure I am much to be pityed. I would rather have pay’d the twenty part of what we can expect, than had this plague and vexation. I shall be away from my dearest wife and best affairs for an age; losing my time, spending my town’s money, and vexing and fatiguing myself, and all to no purpose. I did not think I could have endured so much fatigue in walking; and yet, thank God, I have kept my health pretty well . . . This rebellion has been a cursed affair to you and me, though my folly has brought on a good share of this trouble. Continue to write to me: make no apologies: the most trifling tidings from your hands are acceptable. God pity me, and give an happy end to this vexing affair! I can write and think on nothing else. Heaven preserve you, my Dearest. Adieu.”

In a letter written two days afterwards, the Provost tells his good lady that there was a “party formed against him: the Prince’s

during the rebellion. The roads of Scotland were very much improved, for the conveyance of troops, and of course in the acceleration of travelling in all directions. General Wade's "rest and be thankful" hill—in the centre of one of the wildest glens*—attests the truth of this remark.

It is the clock of the CATHEDRAL which strikes, and tells us that the hour of mid-day is at hand ; and while the sun is riding in his "highest noon," we may as well accompany the Principal of the College and Minister of the Church—the Rev. David Macfarlane, D.D. together with good Dr. Fleming, John Strang, Esq., David Hamilton, Esq., "cum *paucis aliis*"—whose names have now escaped me . . . and have a thorough *reconnaissance* of this fine, and in many parts very beautiful, building. The gentlemen here

party appearing the keenest." "It is called," says he, "the *Glasgow Job*, and the *Duke of Argyle's Job* : who is indeed so hearty, that he came to the House of Commons yesterday, imagining the petition would be in." At last, in the month of June following, the worthy Provost succeeded in the meritorious object of the deputation ; and the sum of £10,000 was granted, "to reimburse the sum of the extorted fines, &c." The expense of the deputation amounted to £472 ; including £125. 12s. for those of the Provost, and £105. 4s. for those of his companion, the Baillie Murdoch. Some of the items of charge are very curious : "to shaving and dressing, £2. 7s. ; to post-hire from London to Edinburgh, £21 ; to extraordinary entertainments in London, £30 ; to a writing-master, to come down, £5. 5s." &c.

* *Glencrow* : in passing from the end of Loch Fyne to Tarbert and Lochlomond ; a glen, or pass, up which the King's troops were led by General Wade,—one of Marlborough's generals, and once possessor of the beautiful missal described in vol. i. pp. 155-158 of the *Bibliographical Decameron*.

mentioned, with myself, proposed having a sort of foray in the crypt; and, afterwards, instituting a leisurely survey of all the superincumbent forms. We did so—effectually; but a few words of “prologue to this swelling act.” The Glasgovians—indeed the Scotch nation—are disposed, and justly disposed, to be proud of this *Edifice*. Whatever cold look may be sometimes bestowed upon it, in the yet unextinguished spirit of severe presbyterianism—reflecting now upon the Romish, and now upon the British Episcopalian, form of worship—still, *there* stands a monument, at least planned by taste, and reared by Scottish hands: add to which, it is the ONLY Cathedral in Scotland where divine service is performed. Another sensation, in a benevolent and reflecting mind, can scarcely fail to be intermingled. **HERE**, the good sense and determined spirit of what I choose to call the *Glasgow Yeomanry*, repressed the insolence, and beat back the savage barbarity, of the *Ignorites* of the sixteenth century . . . who rushed onwards, with the yells of fanaticism, to lay this noble edifice in the dust.*

* The story is minutely and *ad vivum* told by Spotiswood, p. 164, &c.; from which it has obtained entrance into the Appendix, p. 169, of Mr. McLellan's elegant publication, 1833, 4to. entitled an *Essay on the Cathedral Church of Glasgow*,—of which hereafter. Spotiswood's words are sufficiently striking: “The crafts of the city in a tumult took arms, swearing with many oaths that he who did cast down the first stone, should be buried under it. Neither could they be pacified till the workmen were discharged by the magistrates.” It seems that the meditated work of destruction was to commence “by sound of a drum.” “In former times,” says Dr. Cleland, “the citizens of Glasgow were proud of their CATHEDRAL,

The tragedy performed at St. Andrew's was to have been repeated here. Providentially the repetition was frustrated.

A great deal of very curious collateral history belongs to this Cathedral ; and that, too, of a recent date. From being a maimed and distorted object, it is about to assume an air of primeval simplicity and grandeur. Instead of the nave being divided into what are called the *High Outer* and *High Inner* Church,—instead of the dull and barbarous monotony of interminable deal boards at right angles—the public, under the fostering aid of a liberal government,* are about to witness a nave—in all its lengthened magnificence . . . and great was the joy of my heart to hear almost the first thump of the reforming hammer (not the desolation-inflicting

which they defended from outrage and decay. In 1574, when the population of Glasgow did not amount to *one-fortieth part* of what it does now, and when the inhabitants were poor, and, with few exceptions, living in hovels, they were actuated by a noble spirit and taste for architectural grandeur, which does not seem to have descended to their [immediate] posterity.”—p. 16. The entry by the Provost, Baillies, and Council, 21st August, 1574—to protect and uphold the Cathedral by every possible means—commencing with “ane voce to ane taxt and imposition of twa hundreth pounds money”—is given by Dr. Cleland ; but will be found fully and literally presented to the public in Mr. Smith's very curious Maitland volume of the *Burgh Records of Glasgow*, p. 20. Opposite to this extract is a print of the “Interior of the Choir.”

* I learnt that Government were to devote £9,000 towards the completion of the repairs and alterations. A public subscription was to supply the remainder ; and let us hope that the efforts of good and wise citizens will not fail to get a measure filled up to the brim, and “running over” with precious contributions.

sound of the Knox-pickaxe) when I visited the cathedral in company with the afore-named gentlemen. Again. The exterior, as affecting the grand western extremity and the south aisle, will be marvellously changed for the better. I speak not vaguely when I assert this: for I have seen the adopted plans of improvement*—and never were the wishes and tastes of well meaning and well educated citizens more thoroughly realized and gratified than in all these projected improvements. The graft will invigorate the old tree, and cause it to shoot forth new and luxuriant branches—

“ingens

Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbor,

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.”

But this is not all. The spirit of improvement which now obtains at Glasgow — and which, as

* By the munificent kindness of my friend Mr. M'Lellan, I am in possession of a copy (bound in all the costly bravery of red morocco by Carrs—the Lewis of Glasgow) of the *Plans and Elevations of the proposed Restorations and Additions to the Cathedral of Glasgow*, 1836, imp. folio. It abounds with admirably lithographed plates by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald; in some of which a *third*, or straw-coloured, tint, has been introduced with good effect,—especially in the interior of the nave. This publication will demonstrate decidedly the importance of the repairs, and the propriety of the restoration. Instead of the present stunted and dilapidated transepts, two appropriate ones are to be rebuilt. The frightful fissures which had nearly severed the north transept, are to be entirely stopped up; and the inroads of time to be counteracted in every possible efficient way. The tower at the western extremity, which had so long stuck like a fungus upon the parent stem, is to be cut away; and two very graceful ones are to flank the large western window.

the reader will have abundant reason to admit, is not confined to mere objects of trade—is now assuming a very decided tone in regard to the interior decoration of this cathedral. There is to be an ORGAN ! . . Spirit of **John Knox**, rest in peace ! even shouldst thou hear, from thence, the “*blast of the trump !*” * Yes ; an organ is to separate the choir from the nave : or, at least, is to be erected towards the eastern extremity. But why should it divide or screen the choir from the nave ? especially as, in the instance before us, the entire length, as well as the component parts, of this nave and choir, give it an air of magic which is hardly eclipsed in any of the English cathedrals. † There is heresy in

* This alludes as well to the “trumpet stop” of the organ, as to a portion of the title of one of Knox’s controversial pieces ; in which the “whistling pipes” of the organ are not spared. It is odd that the ears of any human being can find comfort or take delight in the windy notes of a *bagpipe*, and object, at the same time, to the solemn and soul-stirring pealing of the *organ* ! I was told, when at Glasgow, that, some thirty or forty years ago, an individual made a great effort to introduce the organ into the presbyterian form of worship ; but was well-nigh stoned to death for such an act of reputed barbarity, and was glad to leave the city in a whole skin. He was caricatured, by the representation of a man, with an hand-organ at his back, hastening onwards as fast as possible—with the inscription : “I’ll gang nae mair to yon toun.” I would suggest—should the organ ever be erected and used—that an experiment be first made by an Oratorio of Sacred Music, of which the proceeds should go in help of the funds for the reparation of the Cathedral. What individual energy, as well as individual liberality, can accomplish, will, I am sure, be brought to bear by the individual above named in the text.

† The entire length of the *nave* is 155, and of the *choir* 97 feet.

this—and I hope my friend Archibald M'Lellan, Esq. who is one of the principal and most powerful promoters of this *organic* system, will give the subject a second thought before he determines. His own work upon the cathedral is the production of a man of feeling and taste.*

The site of this Cathedral is both admirable and picturesque: having rather a steep acclivity at the eastern end and south side. Behind it, rises, in all the coming and crowning glories of the sacred spot, the cemetery, or NECROPOLIS of the city—of which by and by we shall at least say more than one word. A spire, rising from a tower, is the central external ornament of the cathedral; but it must be confessed that it is not, and never could have been, in good taste. It is heavy and disproportionate.† What

My authority is the "*Essay*" mentioned in a preceding note. The position of the organ, upon the screen separating the choir from the nave, has long been a moot point among lovers of music, and lovers of architecture. At Winchester, there was lately an almost deadly feud upon this subject: but my sentence was in favour of the DEAN—*against* such a position. In one Cathedral only, (at Strasbourg) it is placed on the side of the nave, near the extremity; but at Rouen, both in the Cathedral and St. Ouen, it is placed immediately over the western door—on entrance. And this is its *proper* position. But then, *WHAT* organs are these!

* Mr. M'Lellan is himself a musical artist. On my first breakfast visit to him, I found him practising on his own chamber organ—in his dining-room—a psalm-tune, of which he told me that David Rizzio was the reputed author. The melody was tender and touching.

† This tower was begun by Bishop Lauder in 1408, and finished by Bishop Cameron ("the most princely of all the prelates who had ever occupied the See"—says Cleland) in 1498.

was a tower at the western end must not now be mentioned. It was a “*monstrum horrendum*” of its kind—and the sooner consigned to oblivion the better. The following vignette* will afford some idea of the cathedral, in its *late* garb, from the southern side.



The towers, about to be erected at the western extremity, are in the pure style of the end of the 13th century; as is, indeed, the greater portion of

* This vignette is from the pencil and etching needle of Lady Palgrave; the daughter of my friend Dawson Turner, Esq.

the cathedral itself.* The reader has travelled many a long mile with me since we paced together, "unbonnetted," the nave of Durham Cathedral; and he is, perhaps, a little anxious to enter into details respecting the origin and history of the present consecrated edifice: but he must not reckon upon elaborate particulars.

Premising that the whole
 is contained within the interior
 as before described in
 it known that its

cathedral never assumed an intelligible or substantial

* Bishop Jocelyn (a wood-cut of whose tomb may be seen in Mr. M'Lellan's Essay, p. 163) commenced the rebuilding of the Cathedral in good earnest, in 1176; but no portion of it, that I have seen, can be safely traced to this date.

† See the works of Messrs. M'Lellan and Cleland.

form. All that preceded this period (if we except the little done by Bishop Bonnington in 1236) is vague, and unamenable to the logic of architectural critics. I am deeply sensible to what perilous results this unqualified assertion may subject me ; but I reiterate it without flinching. Let us look at the matter dispassionately. Having visited the crypt,* it was evident, at least to my eye, that, from top to bottom, the whole architecture was of one precise period—within fifty years : namely from 1270 to 1320 ; the very purest period of gothic art. And of this period, Wischard was thirty-six or forty years the *presiding prelate*. But the following anecdote seems to me to be quite decisive of the point at issue.

The reader will be pleased to bear in mind that sundry gentlemen, mentioned in a preceding page,† were assembled to join me in a reconnoissance of the cathedral—from the bottom to the top. After we had paid our respects to the interior of the very curious and detached building, on the south side, called *Bishop Blackadder's crypt*,‡ we

* A view of it, but on a very limited scale, is given by Mr. Smith, in his *Ancient Burgh Records of Glasgow* ; p. 94.

† See page 682 ante.

‡ It is a most singular—and in parts very beautiful—building ; being 57 feet long, and 35 feet wide. The entrance is at the south extremity. Bishop Blackadder lived at the end of the fifteenth century, and through his instrumentality the See of Glasgow was raised to the dignity of an ARCHBISHOPRIC. Dr. Cleland tells us of the grand procession, and yet grander doings, accompanying the personal appearance of the pope's nuncio on this occasion. Among

proceeded on our farther examination. The crypt is undoubtedly not only a curiosity but a beauty: light, lofty, and admirably disposed. But the mode of recent interment, and of introducing layers of moist earth against the walls and pillars, is verily *almost* a species of profanation.* “Procul, O! procul!”—in future, be such a mode of interment. It was well nigh impossible to linger a dozen minutes in this crypt without calling to mind the magical dramatic scene, or interview, represented

the relics, by which the credulity of some was gratified, and the common-sense of others insulted, was “a casket, containing some of the hairs of the Blessed Virgin—in a square silver coffer; part of the scourges of St. Kentigern and St. Thomas of Canterbury; and a part of the hair garment made use of by St. Kentigern, our patron—in a small phial of crystal; part of the milk of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and part of the manger of our Lord.”—*Cleland*; p. 18.

* On this *identical* subject, I cannot do better than present my reader with the sensible remarks of Mr. Strang—one of the gentlemen in the group above described—from his *Necropolis Glasguensis*—to which frequent reference will be made: “We cannot sufficiently deprecate the taste of the individuals who reconverted the lower portion of the CATHEDRAL into a *burial-place*. The splendid architecture, for which this part of the venerable pile was so remarkable, has, under the Vandal hands of those *mutators*, been utterly spoiled. The lower shafts of the columns have been buried *five or six feet* in the earth, while the walls have been daubed over with the most disgusting emblems of grief. We should like to know by what authority the heritors of the barony parish have taken possession of a government cathedral? We can assure them that they hold their burial-places on a very insecure tenure. Let them remember what the Barons of the Exchequer did in the case of *Dunfermline*. Forty years’ possession could not there save the remains of a generation from being removed!”—p. 48.

as having taken place within it, between Rob Roy and Baillie Nicol Jarvie. The spirit of SCOTT, as has been before observed, is everywhere in Scotland : below as well as above ground.* We ascended, with the illustrious *Vitruvius* of Scotland—David Hamilton, Esq.—in front, and rung endless changes of admiration upon the compact and perfect form of the choir : the reverend occupier of the pulpit, Mr. Principal Macfarlane, all the time assenting to the orthodoxy of our criticism.

We passed on—behind the screen or pulpit—to the **LADY-CHAPEL**: doubtless the most beautiful and faultless in symmetrical form and arrangements, which I had ever beheld.† It is a master or a *mistress* piece of art; as even the lithographical view of it, by Mr. Maclure, will alone testify. Its charm is its purity or identity of style. Hitherto, everything is of one period; and that, from the

* See page 6, ante: and particularly p. 656 of Mr. M'Lellan's "Essay." And yet more particularly in Mr. Strang's *Germany*, vol. ii. p. 403.

† This beautiful portion of the Cathedral of Glasgow is about 63 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 25 feet high. Notwithstanding the shameful state of mouldering decay of parts of the walls and pillars, you cannot fail to be struck and charmed with the sharp and brilliant execution of many of the capitals and pillars—more so than in the choir and nave. I noticed, lying at the bottom, and leaning against the wall, three sculptured forms, upon a detached stone (of which I possess a drawing by Mr. Cooper), of three grave-looking gentlemen with hats and ruffs, who used to adorn the front of the *Merchants' House*. The porter of the outer gate of the premises, told me "some London gentlemen had offered five pounds for their figures."—"Make them *guineas*," I rejoined—but ineffectually. They are of the time of James I.

year 1270 to 1310. To the left of this Lady-Chapel is a door, from which you descend, by stone steps, into what has been called a sacristy, or robe room: or, as Mr. M'Lellan designates it, a *Chapter House*.* It has of late been converted to the purpose of a parochial school-room.† In the centre of it there rises an elegant isolated pillar, terminating in the roof above; and of which the shaft rests upon an hexagonal pediment. Each of the six upper sides of this pediment is filled with an ornament. A rabbit occupies one, a bird another, a vegetable the third, &c.—but on walking round, I discovered two of the farther sides of this hexagon to be occupied by a *fish* in each—supporting a *ring between them in their mouths*.‡ It was impossible not to shout aloud... “Behold, gentlemen,—behold the incontrovertible evidence of the date of your Cathedral!” Mr. Strang sprung forward; Mr. Kerr started back; Dr. Fleming stooped down; Mr. Hamilton looked up. The Principal crossed his arms. “Gentlemen, this is indisputable,” observed he—in that mellow and attention-commanding tone of voice for which he is remarkable—and so saying, he led the way, and we followed him out of the cathedral. Assuredly, I seemed to feel as if I had grown six inches

* It is a cube of 28 feet within: see M'Lellan, p. 61.

† Mr. M'Lellan says: “on one side stands a deal pulpit, from which, I believe, the probationers of the district delivered their first discourse.” The whole aspect of this interior calls aloud for reform and removal. So infers my author.

‡ See the next note for the history of this fish and ring.

since I had made my *debüt* within this most interesting interior.

Henceforward be the memory of ROBERT WISCHARD dearer to me than before ! Had I never seen his episcopal seal, and from thence been led to inquire into the history of the *fish* and the *ring*,* I had never found my conjectures, touching this cathedral, so fully confirmed ; for it may be as well just to observe in my text, that the adoption of *that*

* This story, or legend, "is extant in choice print," in well-nigh every chap-book in Scotland. Old Spotiswood is among the earliest historians who thus "garnished up the dish," from the Latin monastic legends ; and Messrs. Smith, M'Lellan, and Cleland, have not failed to quote his words. "They report of him [St. Kentigern] that a lady of good place in the country, having lost a ring which her husband gave her, as she crossed the river Cluyd [Clyde], and her husband waxing jealous, as if she had bestowed the same on one of her lovers—she did mean herself unto him, intreating his help for the safety of her honour ; and that he, going to the river, after he had used his devotion, willed one, who was making to fish, to bring him the first that he caught : which was done. *In the mouth of that fish he found the ring* ; and sending it to the lady, she was thereby freed of her husband's suspicion. The credit of this (continues our historian) I believe upon the reporters : but howsoever it be, the See and City do both of them wear in their armes—a *fish with a ring in his mouth*, even to this day." But, farther ; we observe on the reverse of Bishop Wishart's seal, or the counter-seal, for the *first* time, the *fish and the ring* alluded to in the legendary story of the Miracle of St. Kentigern. — *Ancient Burgh Records of Glasgow* ; 1832, 4to. p. 146. It follows, therefore, that no portion of this Chapter-House—and by justifiable inference, of the choir and nave, was built before the time of Bishop Wischard or Wishart. It is right to mention my obligation to Mr. Smith for a set of plaister casts of the early Bishops of Glasgow, from one of which the ornament at page 661 was taken.

badge did not take place till the period of *his pre-lacy*. The reader may have a distinct notion of it from the copy of his seal at the head of this chapter. But indeed, on every account, must the memory of this amiable, enterprising, firm, and truly heroic Prelate, be held dear not less to the Scottish nation at large, than to the citizens of Glasgow in particular.*

* Dr. Cleland has rendered ample justice to the memory of this great prelate; who seems to have united many of the characteristics of his contemporary, Anthony Bek, with those of the patriotic Pudsey, his predecessor; each Bishop of Durham: see pp. 261-8 ante. Our Glasgow bishop was equal to either, for intrepidity and independence of spirit. Indeed, he had a more delicate and difficult part to act. As one of the Lords of the Regency, he met Edward I, at Norham, as an umpire in the memorable contention between Bruce and Baliol for the crown of Scotland. Edward, who loved to "affect the nod" and "assume the god," promised moderation and impartiality in the exercise of his mediatorial powers. But Wishart, who could not suppress the strong workings of a spirit of liberty, after thanking the English monarch for his expressions of forbearance, added, "it was sufficiently known that SCOTLAND, from the foundation of the state, was a *free and independent kingdom*, and not subject to any other power whatever; and although the present occasion had bred some distraction in men's minds, all true-hearted Scotchmen would stand for the liberty of their country till death; for they esteemed their liberty to be more precious than their lives, and in that quarrel would neither separate nor divide."

Such a speech was not likely to be either palatable to, or forgotten by, Edward: who fixed his eye upon Wishart, as a victim marked for coming destruction. War followed; and Wishart with many other notables was detained a prisoner in England—nor was he released till the glorious victory at Bannockburn, in 1314, restored him to the arms of the legitimate monarch and conqueror, BRUCE. How he escaped death between the interview at Norham and this latter great event, is almost miraculous; especially as *both* the Edwards (for the first was now no more), urged Pope Honorius to depose

At the hands of Wishart, the immortal Bruce received his robes and crown of coronation. A man who had lived to see SUCH a day, had lived a thousand years.

Sufficient for the Cathedral. Adjoining to it, and upon the site of the Merchants' House property, is the CEMETERY; or according to the title of my friend Mr. Strang's elegant little book, the "*Necropolis Glasguensis*."* This cemetery has been but of recent establishment, and is likely to be

him—and between "deposition" and premature dissolution, the interval (especially in those times) was likely to be as limited to bishops as to monarchs. "The good old bishop (says Dr. Cleland), who during his captivity completely lost his sight, was allowed only sixpence per day for his own table, threepence for his upper servant, one penny for his boy, and three halfpence for his chaplain, who celebrated mass to him during his confinement."—p. 18. Wishart survived his freedom from captivity only two years; but, as above intimated, he lived long enough to perform the last grateful and glorious act, in crowning his royal master at Scone. I would have walked barefooted from Norham to have witnessed this "act." As it is, I hope some ingeniously squeezed-out collateral branch of my ancestors *was* present. They should erect a statue in the cathedral to the memory of Bishop Wiseheart, Wischard, or Wishart. Let Mr. Steele quickly have the order; or one of the "par nobile fratrum" of the Ritchies, at Musselborough.

* *NECROPOLIS GLASGUENSIS: with Observations on Ancient and Modern Tombs and Sepulture.* By JOHN STRANG. Glasgow, 1831, 8vo. p. 72. To this work, as the reader will I think readily concede, several interesting references will be made in the course of our enquiries. But I am in justice bound to add that some very sensible and satisfactory remarks, upon the site of this cemetery, together with a plan of the meditated improvements of the approach to it, will be found in the latter portion of my friend Mr. M'Lellan's ingenious *Essay upon the Cathedral*—so frequently before resorted to.

most generally and liberally supported. Its site is imposing ; rising above the cathedral—and including an area of many acres. To make atonement for former negligences of the illustrious dead,* Scotland, in the

* “That SCOTTISH *Church Yards*, and particularly those attached to cities and towns, are with few exceptions little else than vast fields of the dead, which, instead of possessing any thing attractive, have everything of an *opposite nature*—will scarcely be denied by any one who has ever entered their precincts. How different however are the feelings experienced on wandering through the neat and well kept sepulchres which are to be met with in England and Wales, or the still more striking burial grounds of Switzerland and France !”

“It is a melancholy truth, that while the cemeteries of every ancient and modern nation have boasted something that has wooed, and still occasionally woos, thither the most cynical of our race, the cinereal depots of SCOTLAND, and *particularly those of Glasgow*, have, from their neglected state, fairly banished from their bounds even those in whose bosoms the tender feelings of affection and sympathy hold a paramount sway.” STRANG, pp. 24-8.

I cannot resist the quotation of the following passage from the same writer, because I conceive it interesting under very many particulars. “While he thus condemns the careless and slovenly manner in which places of sepulture are at present kept in Scotland, we feel it as an act of justice due to the memory of our ancestors of the olden time, that we exempt them from any part of censure contained in the preceding remarks. The decay of that respectful veneration for the repositories of the dead may be said, with justice, to have commenced immediately after the Reformation, when the eyes of Scotsmen first became familiarized with the ruins of *Ecclesiastical Establishments*. In ancient times the regard that was paid to cemeteries in SCOTLAND, was at least equal to that displayed by any other nation. This fact is sufficiently apparent, not only from the records of the country, but also from the fragments of *crosses, tombstones*, and other monumental remains, which are occasionally found in the more ancient of our places of interment. The little consecrated Island of IONA, for example, was at one time perhaps *unri-*

Analogous to this monument, in size, form, and obtrusiveness, is the statue to the memory of the late editor of a periodical journal entitled *The Protestant*. How limited is fame! I had never heard of this journal. Mr. Strang was astonished . . . but not so much as I was, when I was led to contemplate the figure of its editor. What limbs! What stockings! What small clothes! What a head and physiognomy! It was soothing, in opposition to this colossal vulgarity, to see little plats of earth,* encircled by delicate iron railing, teeming with flowers—with a cinery vase or two, and sculptured emblems of mortality. These were very chaste and classical memorials, but I have forgotten the names of the artists by whom executed. The very entrance to this cemetery, over a bridge, across a river bestrid by one of the most elegant arches of stone ever witnessed, is full of classical feeling.†

calls “the gorgeous declamation of Bolingbroke”—I would have only the two words

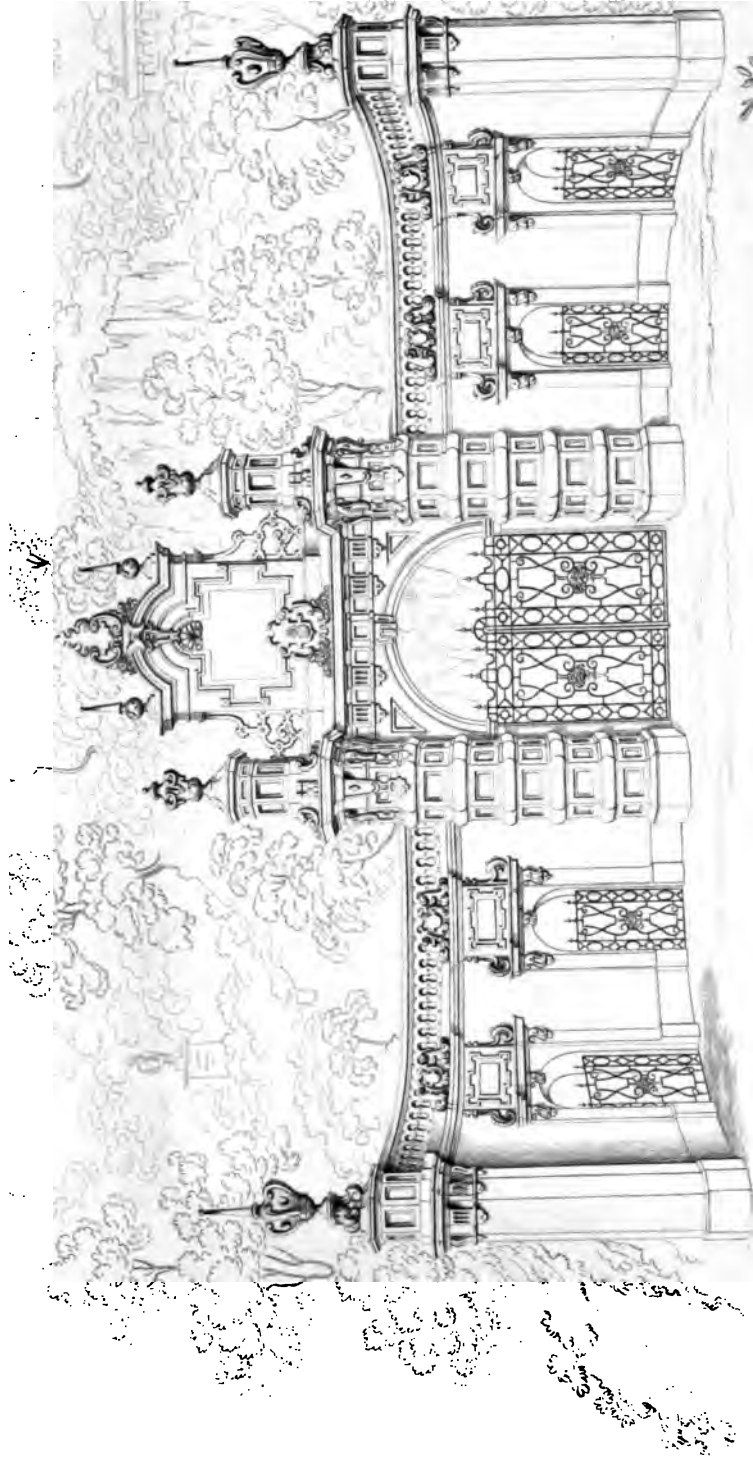
JOHN KNOX.

Therefore it is, that I should have desiderated the aforementioned “thirteen minutes private conference” with good Dr. M’Gill. Is all reform hopeless here?

* It seems, from Mr. Strang’s little volume, that a sum of money, little short of £150, is appropriated for the purchase of shrubs, wild flowers, &c. for the general purposes of the cemetery. Among the items and charges, is £25 for 1,000 yews; £16. 13s. 4d. for 1,000 hollies; £5 for 100 rhododendrons; and £25 for cypresses, cedars, &c.: also £12. 10s. for “500 ivy, rose, honeysuckle, clematis, &c. to cover unappropriated rocks.” I had almost forgotten £12. 10s. for 500 Portugal laurel.—p. 45.

† David Hamilton, Esq. is the architect. He cannot, “for the life of him,” commit a blunder.

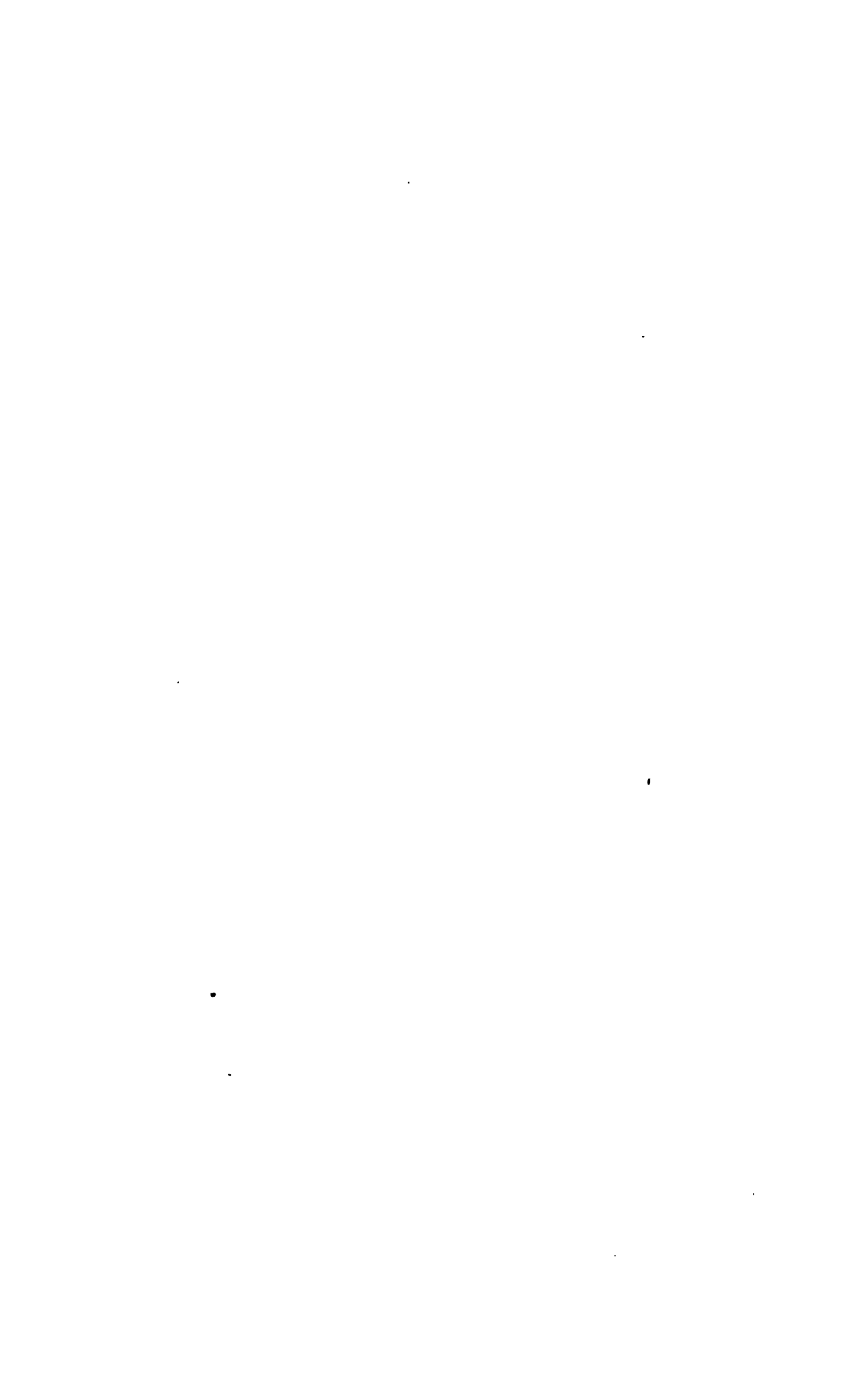




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Mr. Bryce, an architect of Glasgow, has erected a façade, of the time of our James I, of which the OPPOSITE PLATE is a faithful copy; and it must be allowed that he has been singularly happy in all its component parts.* You enter through the arch of this façade; and almost every step afterwards is in ascent. From the summit of the hill I learnt that a view of Ben Lomond might be obtained on a favourable day.†

In one corner, at the extremity of the burial ground, is a portion set apart for the *Interment of Jews*. A large iron gate is at the entrance of it, with some lines from Lord Byron's *Childe Harold* applicable to the peculiar and yet unconverted race who are here carried to their long homes. A stream, or small river, washes the lower part of this place of interment; as the Jews always resort to ablutions in their funereal rites. Upon the whole, this CEMETERY reflects great credit on the good feeling, good sense, and good taste of the worthy citizens of Glasgow. Considering the short period of its esta-

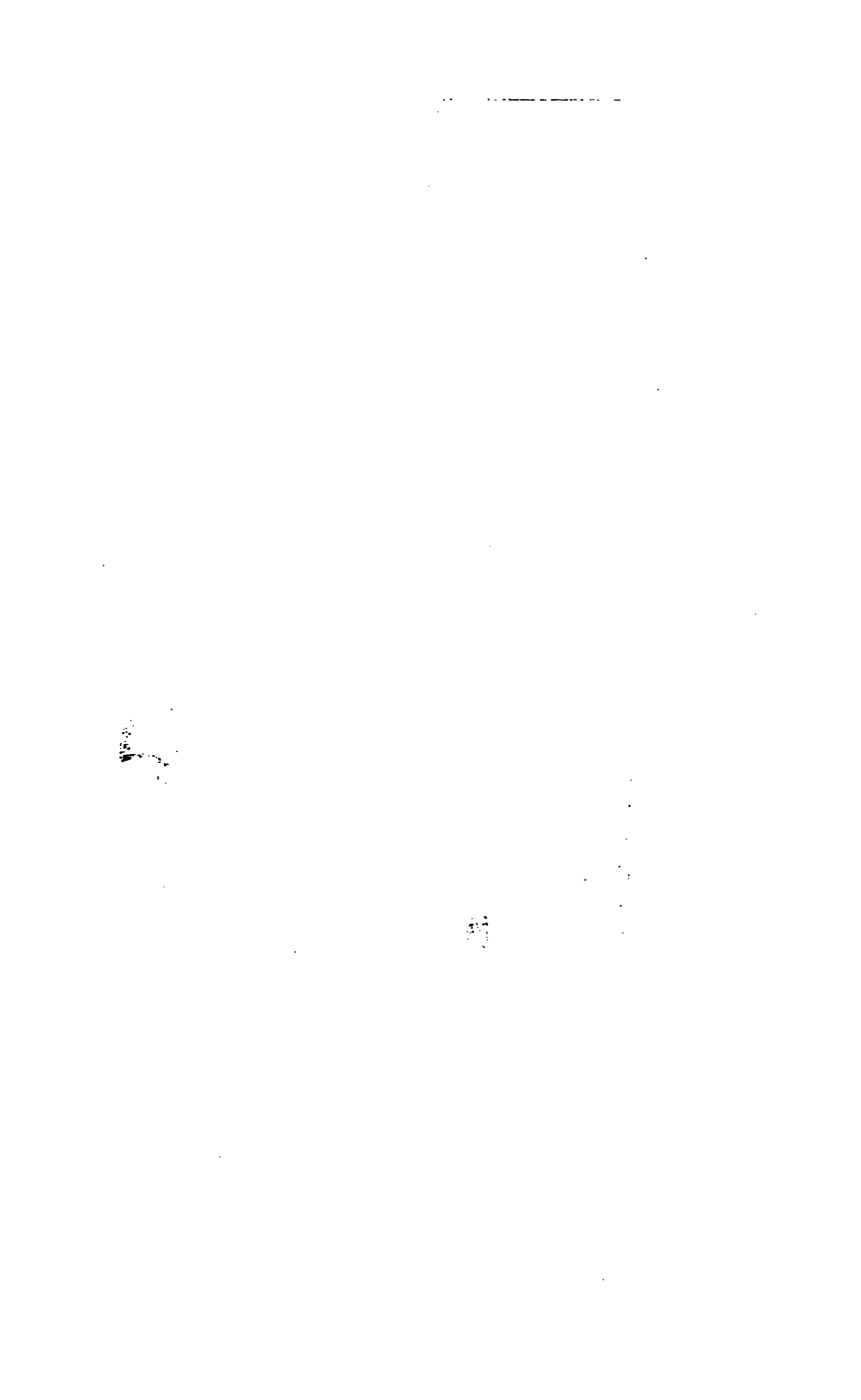
* I recommend Mr. John Bryce, first, to be the architect of every park entrance in Scotland, and afterwards in England. But let it not be supposed that he is confined to the period of 1600–1650. His *Tudorian* elevations are fraught with the most felicitous features and effects.

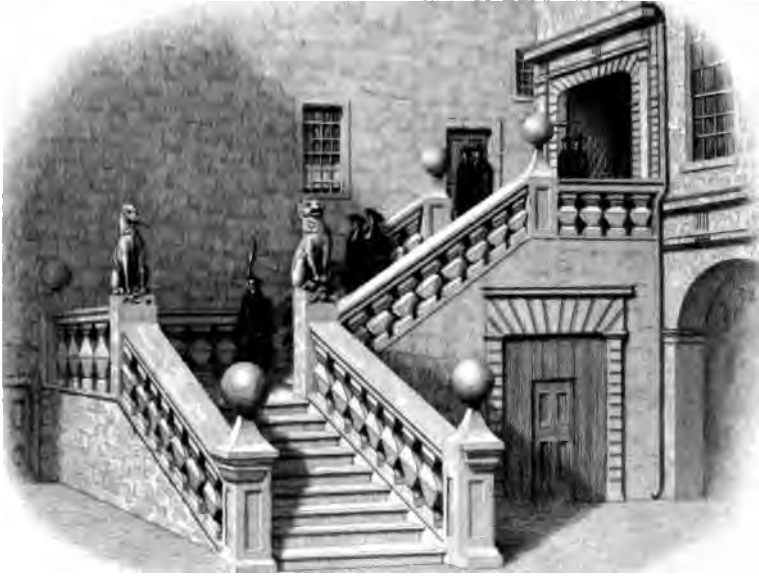
† All this ground is called *Fir Park*, or the *Merchants' Park*. Mr. M'Lellan, in a copious and animated note, is quite eloquent upon the view from this spot. "It cannot be generally known (says he) if we may judge from the few who resort to it, that one of the *finest panoramic views* in the kingdom is to be seen from the summit of the MERCHANTS' PARK."—p. 142. And he then enters fully into detail.

blishment, it seems to hold out every rational hope of the completest success.

Let us descend, as an almost natural movement, towards the UNIVERSITY. Having so long been in company with several of its more illustrious members, let us place ourselves opposite the grand door of entrance, and look around us as we enter the first quadrangle. The OPPOSITE PLATE affords a faithful representation of these two objects ; while, immediately here ensuing, we have as faithful a view of the interior of the *Second Quadrangle*.







Staircase of the Palazzo di Braccioforte, Rome.



Front of the Palazzo di Braccioforte, Rome.



In this view the reader will not fail to notice the introduction of the small circular turret, so prevalent in France about the period of the completion of the building ; namely, during the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV. The Scotch (from a natural—and what in common parlance is called “sneaking”—fondness for their Gallic neighbours) are partial to this architectural ornament—as may be seen from their castles built about the same period : nor is there the slightest heresy in its adoption. On looking at the preceding vignette, the reader may possibly trace something like a human countenance within the square frame-work, upon the surface of the lower part of the tower. It is that of the once celebrated ZACHARY BOYD—one of the greatest benefactors to the college : a compound of fanaticism and kind feeling : now a poet, and now a writer of mystical prose ; of a proud bearing to-day, in humble penitence to-morrow ; this month, of sad and melancholy temperament ; the next, agile in foot and gay in demeanour.*

* Zachary Boyd may be called, in the exercise of a gentle criticism, an oddity in all respects. He was born about the year 1590, and died about the year 1654 : continuing to the extremity of his life a most singular and intractable manager of his intellectual merchandize. He flew at all game—as the crotchety titles of the majority of his works prove ; but brought down little that was worth the trouble of cooking and eating. His conduct in the pulpit (see page 673) before Cromwell, proves how narrowly he escaped the bullet of Thurloe’s pistol. But what he said and did on this occasion was conscientiously said and done. Boyd received the elements of his education at Kilmarnock ; and finished his academical course in the University of Glasgow. He then went abroad, and

A great deal is absurdly circulated about a supposed *Metrical Version of the Bible* by Boyd, in scoff of the inspired word. No such work exists. I saw what may be called his *Theological Attempts*, in sundry seventeen manuscript quarto volumes, of which the most curious are the two entitled *Zion's Flowers**—but these evince anything but a

studied sharply at the university of Saumur, where he was appointed a Regent in 1611. The persecution of the Protestants in France drove Boyd to his own country in 1621. Within the two ensuing years, he was appointed Minister of the *Barony Parish of Glasgow*, (in which parish the CATHEDRAL is situated—thus accounting for Boyd's sermon before Cromwell) which appointment he held till his death. In 1630, our Zachary gave 500 marks towards the University Library, adding not only the foundation of a Bursary, but a large collection of books, and various sums of money, at different times, amounting in the whole to 30,000 marks, or £20,000 Scots. A Latin inscription cut beneath the portrait of Boyd—alluded to in the text above—testifies the liberality of the donor and the donation. I possess, through the kindness of my friend the Rev. Dr. Fleming, one of the Trustees and Professors of the College, an engraved portrait of Boyd; but I wish there had been a painting of him by the tender pencil of Jameson.

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"This MANUSCRIPT is in two volumes, small quarto, and contains several of the most striking incidents of Holy Writ, cast into the dramatic form. It may be said to have been written in the spirit of

sceptical and scoffing spirit. The fact is, in imitation of the ancient mysteries and moralities, Boyd attempted to dramatize certain portions of scripture,

the Old Mysteries ; and the plan is similar to the Sacred Dramas of some modern authors. There can be no doubt that the object of the work and the intention of the author were *good*. The execution and effect have, in some instances, been so unfortunate, as to create the impression that it was meant to travesty or burlesque the Scriptures. But the whole character and history of this honest man, are at utter variance with such a supposition. The four lines prefixed by him as a motto to the work, are satisfactory evidence of the sincerity and seriousness with which he engaged in it, while they exhibit at the same time no unfavourable specimen of the ease and mellifluousness which his verse not unfrequently possesses. They are addressed, ' To Jesus Christ, my Lord,' and run thus :

' O THOU ETERNALL ! I'll for ever chuse
Thee for the subject of my sacred muse,
Till to the Quire of Angels thou me bring,
Where Saints the Anthems of thy glory sing.'

The admirers of Boyd's memory may well exclaim ' O ! si sic omnia dixisset ! ' The prayer by which the work is preceded is not so easy and flowing in the versification as these lines, but it indicates with equal clearness the piety and good purpose of the author.

' While I intend to launch into this deepe
And sound this sea, aloof me wisely keepe—
From every rock and als from every danger,
Let thy good spirit to me now be no stranger ;
Let him be steersman while I saile this sea,
And for my *Star* let still thy *Bible* be.
Me to thy garden lead in sweetest hours,
That I may gather some of ZION'S FLOWERS.
Teach me to make right use of all this story,
That I may pen rich lectures of thy glory ;
Make quick my spirit, in it thy grace infuse
That I this work hence wisely may peruse,
So that wee may learne in these latter times
For to detest these stinking rotten rimes
Of Poets, who on follies most profane
Doe spend their houres and idly waste their veine.
To war with vice I mind in holy rimes,
And not to sooth or smoothe this age's crime :

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To war with vice I mind in holy rimes,
And not to sooth or smooth this age's crime :

and, in consequence, fell into numberless absurdities and puerilities. I doubt if even a small octavo

My drowsie and my drossie spirits refine,
Let this my work be rather counted thine ;
For what is good, let glory come to thee,
For what's amisse, O Lord! now pardon 'me.'

From these lines it would appear that Boyd entered upon the composition of his work in the same spirit which prompted the Collection which is so well known in the early history of Scottish Literature, under the title of "*Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie and other ballates changed out of prophane sanges, for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie.*"

"From allusions to be found in the Sermons of the age to which Boyd belonged, it would appear that the poems of "*Auld Davie Lindsay,*" as he was familiarly called, were very popular in Scotland. Many of these contain the most gross and indecent language, and are written upon the most improper subjects. In the foregoing lines Boyd seems to have had these, or some later poems of a similar kind, in view ; and to have been animated with the laudable desire of supplying the popular taste for poetry with more safe and suitable subjects. Making allowance for the difference of manners, it may certainly be said that he has avoided every thing *licentious* or *indecent*, while the design and tendency of his poems are obviously good. Unfortunately, however, with much that is spirited in the conception, and by no means inadequate or unworthy in the execution, there is mixed up so much baldness of description, bluntness and familiarity of address, coarseness of manner, and what now appears vulgarity and meanness of expression, that ZACHARY BOYD'S BIBLE has been spoken of in terms of contempt and ridicule, which the good intentions, excellent character, and respectable talents of the writer, should have mitigated.

"The first piece is entitled 'OF THE FALL OF ADAM,' and is carried forward by the following speakers, viz. *The Lord, Adam, Evah, The Divell, and The Serpent.*

"The second piece is entitled 'ABEL MURDERED,' and the speakers are *The Lord, Adam, Evah, Cain and Abel.*

volume of intelligible or popular matter could be selected from this interminable farrago—of which,

“The FLOOD OF NOAH is the third piece, and the speakers are *The Lord, Noah, Noah's Wife, Shem, Ham, Japhet, and the Scorners*. Noah's warning to an evil generation of the judgment that was to come upon them, and the scoffs of the Scorners, are given at great length. At last Noah thus addresses his sons :

‘Shem, Ham and Japhet, rouse yourselves anone,
Unto the forrest let us all begone,
With axe to cut, and sledges for to cleave
The firrs and oakes and cedars which do heave
Their tops most high; for God without all faile
O'er highest hills will make our Ark to saile
Us for to save, even for his great renown
His purpose is the rest in depths to drowne;
Be busy Sirs, it is not time to sit,
God's wrath cries haste, the work is also great;
A vessel vast and huge must be erected,
As in all points Jehovah hath directed,’ &c. &c.

“The final appeal which Noah makes to the Scorners is thus answered :

‘Tush, Noah, tush! you still have preached feares
Those hundred, and also those twenty years.
You threaten us, as though some slimy strands
Should break their sluices and drowne all those lands;
And that the seas, with rage and great diadaine,
Should overflow the fat and flowery plain;
These are but tales the mirth of men to marre,
Unto the ocean God hath set a barre,’ &c. &c.

“The fourth piece is entitled ‘THE TOWER OF BABEL.’ The following dialogue between the Taskmasters who were appointed to urge on the work, and the Servants who performed it, is very characteristic.

‘THE TASKMASTERS.

Lads goe to work, bring brick and make good plaster,
That we may please our only liege and master:
His checker's open, richly to reward
All those that now this noble work regard.

THE SERVANTS.

From morn to ev'n we drenched are in sweat,
Wee sweat for thirst and get but little meat:
We're pay'd with frowns and whiles with cunning smiles,
This world is now full of vaine wittie wiles:

however, no incurious specimens will be found in the concurrent note. The "*Last Battle of the Soul*,"

Though with great sweat we study you to please,
Wee are but fed with rotten beans and peas ;
Our clothes are tatter'd and beamear'd with clay,
With paine our bodies are consum'd away ;
Your words are reedes most brittle, which anon
Pierce through the hands of them that lean thereon :
You speak of checkers, but where is the treasure
Our wage is small, our work is out of measure.

THE TASKMASTERS.

Goe quick to work ; while you such things pretend,
You falsely lie ; if but your fingers' end
But ache awhile, you beastly fret and frowne,
Not caring that the heavens the world should drowne.
You barbarous villaines to your barrows goe,
And heave the brick the highest walls unto ;
That so henceforth in clouds, the hoarded waves
No more us drown as base and heartlesse slaves,' &c. &c.

" It has been thought, that, like Milton, Zachary Boyd was not happy in his marriage ; and several very bitter invectives against the failings of the female sex are to be found scattered throughout his poems. The following occurs in *The History of Samson*.

' Not like vain women, who have greatest speede
To curl the cockers of their frizzled heade.
The diamonds dance in their hair as spangles,
As pearly dew that on the branches dangles ;
Though they be base, they'll counterfeit the queene
In rich gold tissue on a ground of greene ;
Where here and there, the shuttle doth encheck
The changeant colour of a Mallard's neck ;
The pearles and rubies they are set out,
Adorn their robes, with fringe of gold about ;
They are so vaine, each part of them descries,
That cost and cunning strive to get the prize."

" In another passage of the same piece, he makes Samson say,

' Four things I hate and never could endure ;
These are the four ; they are most naughty sure .
Commanding wives, and base commanded men,
A COCK THAT'S SILENT, AND A CROWING HEN.' "

Thus far my worthy friend—the professor of Hebrew in the University of Glasgow : and it must be admitted that a portion of these extracts has, at least, the inviting air of novelty.

which I never saw, is considered to be Boyd's masterpiece. It should have been noticed in the account of Boyd's pieces in the *Catalogue of Scotch Writers*, published at Edinburgh, by T. Stevenson, in 1833, 8vo. See page 34 of that Catalogue, &c.

This is, perhaps, a little out of order ; but Zachary Boyd, of all the "great guns" which ever made a noise within these college walls, is, or rather was, probably the largest and loudest. A word for the antiquity of this learned establishment. The "Draft Report" of the University of Glasgow, drawn up by the able pen of Dr. Lee, and published in a folio act of parliament form, is now before me ; and I am in possession of every thing essential for its perusal. But my words must necessarily be few. The origin of this university is at once remote and honourable. Pope Nicholas V, to whom, perhaps, more than to any other head of the Church of Rome, Europe is indebted for the revival of letters, was pleased to issue a bull, or papal edict, establishing a *studium generale*, or UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW; the situation of which is described in the narrative as being, by the salubrity of the climate, and the abundance of all the necessaries of life, peculiarly adapted for such an institution. The progress of the establishment was slow, and long doubtful.* It is not necessary to

* It should seem, from Dr. Lee's report, that, "in the year 1563 the whole establishment is described in Queen Mary's Charter as presenting a very mean and unfinished appearance." In 1630, perhaps under the stimulating energies of Zachary Boyd, a most decided onward movement was made—from the purses of private individuals: within twenty or thirty years the Quadrangle assumed its position

bring it down to the present times . . . when the annual election of a "*Lord Rector*" is sometimes made the vehicle of the most outrageous political ebullitions—and this, "*Tros Tyriusve*"—be the elected Whig or Tory. The Principal is fortunately a fixture for life . . . and long may Dr. Macfarlane, the present Principal, live—as he has hitherto lived—in the temperate and judicious exercise of his Academical power :—a gentleman, a scholar, and a divine.*

Quick for the LIBRARY: and yet a word for the *Combination*, or Common Room—to which the flight of steps in the upper portion of the last plate conducts the anxious visitor. The history of these steps, together with their adjuncts of two monsters,

as seen in the above vignette: towards which, the renowned Thomas Hutcheson—the Howard of his day—contributed £1,000 Scots.

* The Principal is appointed by the Crown. An excellent house is attached to the appointment, and kept in repair at the expense of the college. The entire salary, with emoluments, is under £1,000 per annum. The professor of Divinity is elected by the Faculty, with the Rector and Dean. He too has a good house to live in, with all taxes paid by the College: his aggregate income from these sources, may be stated at £500. The professors of Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Logic, Greek, and Humanity, are all appointed in the same manner as the professor of Divinity: so are the professors of Hebrew and Mathematics. All these professors have houses in the College. The professors of Church history, Law, Medicine, Anatomy, and Astronomy, are nominated by the Crown. They have each a house in the college. It must be confessed that here is a magnificent front of Academic heroes, magnificently supported, to train and perfect a numerous regiment of active and ambitious students.

Of these students (about 1200 in number) I shall only furnish the reader with a notion of the manner in which they take their degrees,

was related to me as a curious one : the whole expenses not exceeding £15. At the hither end of the Combination Room, over the sideboard, is an old picture—considered by some as a doubtful early

and are called up to the higher grades of the University-establishment. Behold the following CHAIR OF ORDEALISM.



The Chair is called the **BLACK STONE CHAIR**: from its bottom being composed of a slab of *black marble*, which has been in the possession of the University from time immemorial. The carved frame, which the engraving represents, was executed about sixty years ago. The use of the chair is this. "It is the law of this University that the students upon entering a higher class shall undergo an examination as to their progress in the class below. This examination takes place annually at the commencement of the Session, in

Raffaelle. It is indeed beset with "doubt insuperable." The room is about sixty-four feet in length, by twenty-seven in width, and around it there are many portraits, of which a few of the later are by the pencil of Raeburn. Upon the whole, there is an air of *Southern* University snugness and comfort about this interior—which is doubtless much heightened by the smoking sirloin and the circling glass.

For the COLLEGE LIBRARY in right earnest. And yet a pause of no trifling moment. The history of the building itself involves a very curious anecdote. There is an "*Inventoire of the Voluntar Contributions of the Soums of Money given, or promised to be given, for the building of ane Common Librarie within the Colledge of Glasgow ;*" &c. Dr. Lee tells us that these promises were generally more punctually performed by the humbler than the higher classes of contributors; of which, indeed, the reader is here presented with singularly confirmative evidence. The first leaf of the volume of the Inventory in question, contains this memo-

the presence of the Professor, in whose class the students have already been, and of the Professor into whose class they have now passed. And if the students have not profited sufficiently by the preclusion in the class below, they are not permitted to continue in the class to which they have ascended, but are remitted to a farther prosecution of their studies in the class below. During the examination, the student is seated in the BLACK STONE CHAIR; and the *Bedellus*, who stands behind, measures and announces the time from the running of the sand in the glass above, which is reckoned sufficient for an examination. Then the examining Professor, if satisfied, allows the student to pass, and calls on another to take his place."

randum: "His Majestie's contribution was graciously granted at Setoun, in 1633." "Charles R. It is our gracious pleasure to grant for the advancement of the Librarie and Fabrick of the Colledge of Glasgow, the soume of *Two Hundred Pounds Sterlin.*" So much for the *promise* of Charles. The *performance* was from the privy purse of the Protector, twenty-one years afterwards, and is thus denoted: "*This soume was payd by the Lord Protector, AN. 1654.*" A facsimile of this document will be gratifying.

His Majesties Contribution was graciously granted at Setoun the 14 of July. 1633.

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The Library of the University of Glasgow is said to contain 40,000 volumes ; and there is good reason to believe this number to be below the mark. There is one noble room, containing by far the greater number of works, to which the students are in the constant habit of coming for books upon loan. It was gratifying to see such a constant succession of young men hungry and thirsty after useful intelligence. Costly and highly ornamented works do not leave the precincts of the library.* There are several small rooms above, of which the shelves are sufficiently crowded with volumes ; and one room in particular—which I choose to call the *crazy* room—where all new works are thrown upon their heads or legs, for future selection—the result of an act of parliament.† In the Large Library, I had no

* Novels, Romances, and dramatic pieces—as well as costly decorated volumes—are interdicted from quitting the shelves. Respecting the propriety of the former regulation—the interdiction of Novels and Dramas, &c.—“no small stir” was once made among the students. I know not exactly what is the present result : but it must be admitted, notwithstanding the soundness of Dr. Lee’s argumentation upon this point, at page 74 of his report, that resistance and exclusion in these matters, in the first instance, only add nerve to the resolution to procure the work asked for, in *another* quarter. If a novel or play be unfit for perusal, it should not be found upon the shelf of a College Library. What is hurtful to the young, cannot be profitable to the old. Before the invention of printing, the ordinance might have had its use. There are now no exclusive Libraries. From Dan to Beersheba, the roads are strewn with printed leaves, with knowledge good or bad. The selection is with the traveller.

† The commutation for the literal carrying into effect of this act, by the allowance of a certain sum of money for each place of learn-

sooner gazed around, and taken a chair, than I felt the strongest possible disposition to bait a hook and wet a line in a river so apparently fruitful of all manner of dainty fish. I thought I should be sure of a salmon or two. Nor was I disappointed.

Here is a most curious Greek MS. of the lives of saints for the month of January: a sort of *Acta Sanctorum*-production in its way. I should say that the scription was of probably the latter part of the fourteenth century. Next succeeded a large folio manuscript volume of the *Latin Vulgate Bible*, perhaps of the early part of the fifteenth century, with some beautiful illuminations, of which several were in an unfinished state. *Boyd's MS. Bible* has been before described. Of MSS. of the *Classics*, I saw Count Hoym's copy of *Florus*, of the fifteenth century—in very nice condition: a similar MS. of *Juvenal*: and another of the same author in inferior state. *Senecæ Tragœdiæ*: upon paper, in the fifteenth century. *The Orator of Cicero*, about 1450,—Count Hoym's copy—with copious MS. notes of one George Robinson. *Terence*; a late MS. of the fifteenth century, upon paper: and another paper MS. in larger letter, with elegant illuminations. Here are also four folio volumes of *Scholia in Platonem*, written very beautifully about the beginning of the eighteenth century: and a *Speculum Vitæ Christi*;

ing, claiming so many copies of a publication, must be a very comfort, if not a blessing, to Curators of public Libraries. They may now blow off the froth and filth, and select the absolutely integral value of the productions of the press.



WEST FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1780



FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1800





AN INTERESTING REMOVAL OF THIS HOUSE TO THE NEW SITE IN 1810.



RESIDENCE OF JAMES H. WILSON AT CLASCO.

to guard it. Here is a sound, and in part desirable, copy of *Coverdale's English Bible*, of 1535. It is greatly defective at the beginning, in the prolegomena; and part of the first chapter is imperfect. It wants also the whole of the twenty-first chapter, and a part of the twenty-second of the Apocalypse. There is nothing farther deserving of descriptive detail. The collection is general and useful: with very few essential *libri desiderati*. The attentions of the librarians are as kind as unremitting—and I was allowed to linger as long as I pleased in the *Boyd-Boudoir*. O rare felicity!

As we are now in the very heart of BOOKS, and in the immediate vicinity of the HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, I enjoin the immediate attention and company of my reader to that magical as well as classical spot whereon the ensuing edifice is built. The subscription denotes it to be connected with academical honours. In fact, the University give a medal of this front elevation of Dr. Hunter's Museum, cast in gold, on the obtainment of a university prize. A copy of this medal, drawn and engraved by Mr. John Scott, of Glasgow, adorns the commencement of the following page. The representation is perfect.



HUNTERIAN MUSEUM.

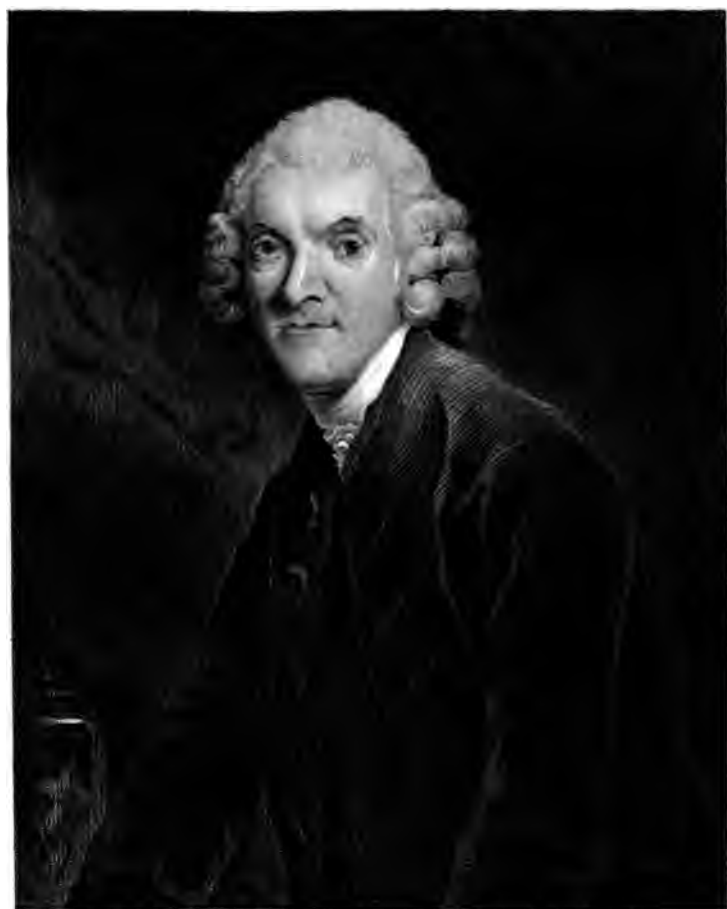
Let us begin at the beginning. You mount the steps, and turn to the left. You then, on entering, pass muster, by the insertion of your name in a book, and by the proper ticket of admission, if you belong to the college or town. Before you ascend the principal staircase, you will probably vouchsafe to hold a short conversation with the stuffed animals. On going onward to the inner room, pay your personal respects to the portrait of the *Founder* of this splendid collection, of which the **OPPOSITE PLATE** is a faithful transcript of the greater portion. Never did a wig seem to stand so much in the way of the great artist's pencil; especially when one thinks of the splendid portrait of *the Brother*,* by the same hand. Within this area the *anatomical preparations* are to be seen; many of them, relating to the obstetrical art, being considered to be of singular curiosity and value. A few precious stones

* JOHN HUNTER: founder of the magnificent Museum of Comparative Anatomy, which goes by his name in Lincoln-Inn-Fields.



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1989, 10/10/89, 10/10/89, 10/10/89



J. Smith sc. Edinb.

WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ.

From the gift of the King by the Ladies' Bazaar
to the Hanoverian Museum of Antiquities.



and medals, in glass cases, are at hand. Among the animals, which, comparatively with recent zoological discoveries and achievements, are, upon the whole, of inferior consideration—and upon which I doubt if a Waterton would bestow a second glance—none called for any consideration on my part but a couple of ant-eaters : whose tails, of a marvellously bushy length, might serve to brush off the congregated dust of half a century upon the book shelves.

We hasten up stairs—bestowing a glance (because *told* so to do) upon a small shirt, in a glass case, which is made by hand, without a single seam—or rather is wholly wove. We now ascend a well-lighted staircase, of which the sides are almost entirely covered by framed and glazed prints from the burin of Sir Robert Strange*—who was the great caterer for Dr. Hunter in all his pictorial acquisitions. These are choice proof impressions ; but have an odd appearance on a staircase. Let us now examine some of these “ pictorial acquisitions : ” but, before doing so, let us pass softly by the pedestal, upon which stands, or rather sits, the marble statue of JAMES WATT—the boast, not less of Europe than of his native country, Scotland. On entering this room, (as those who accompanied me can testify) I never passed this matchless production of the chisel of Chantrey, without almost instinc-

* We have never had a *second* Strange. There has been no burin which has produced breathing flesh like his : and to his honour be it spoken, that burin has transmitted to copper some of the finest subjects of the ancient masters. He was precisely upon copper, what Guido was upon canvass.

tively taking off my hat, and making obeisance to it. The figure is all life; the countenance is all soul. In the latter, you discern the gentle workings of deep thought; some truth discovered; some mighty result confidently anticipated. Inspiration sits upon the brow. The lips breathe and speak as you hold silent discourse with the figure. And what benignity of expression lights up the whole countenance! Where was ever seen the representation of a human being who seemed to live so entirely for the benefit of the whole human race?* I cannot tell what I may feel if ever I should be planted before the *Apollo Belvedere*—but I do know what I *have* felt before the James Watt of Sir Francis Chantrey. If the first be a divinity in *form*, the latter is a divinity in *mind*. It, alone, seemed to compensate the toil and expense of the whole journey.

Of the PICTURES, the great boasts are the *Murillo* and the *Guido*; the former, of an infant Christ, seated, and playing with a crown of thorns—surrounded by sheep. It is a thoroughly genuine picture; but to me an uninteresting one: as the countenance is devoid of expression, and the form heavy and coarse. You are hardly placed before it, when the cicerone exclaims—“Two thousand guineas have been offered for this picture.” Another “two thousand pounder” is at hand—in the *Virgin watching the Infant Christ asleep*, by Guido. I want hardihood to deny decidedly the genuineness of this picture;

* Read the splendid eulogy upon Watt, by Sir Walter Scott, in the preface to his *Monastery*.

but if it be by Guido, it is the most cold and chalky, not to say hard and dry, production of his pencil which I ever beheld. Opposite to these “great guns,” there is a small genuine *Entombment of Lazarus*, by Rembrandt; little better than a sketch, but, as a production of art, surpassing either of the preceding. And yet preferable, in all respects, to the whole three—for spirit, colour, and richness, as well as genuineness of condition—is a *Head of*

Here are, to my eye, some very interesting portraits, by Kneller, from the collection of Dr. Mead; namely, *Sir Isaac Newton*, *Drs. Arbuthnot*, *Radcliff*, and *Charlton*. They are among the best specimens of the master. There is a broad brown landscape of a flat country, Flemish, said to be by Rembrandt; but incorrectly. A splendid fruit piece, with a greyhound introduced, by Snyders, was in a constant state of requisition, to be copied, by an artist who seemed to be as skilful in his touch as he was warm and incessant in his devotion. Opposite the figure of James Watt, on each side of the entrance to the library, are two busts: one of Thomas Campbell, the poet, and a native of Glasgow; the other of the late Gawin Hamilton, also a Glaswegian, and at the summit of his profession as an historical painter. Indeed, I know of nothing—not even by West—which exceeds the classical purity, expression, and pathos, of Hamilton's *Homeric designs*. The composition of the *Death of Patroclus*, is throughout rigidly classical: the figure and expression of Achilles are noble. All the designs are in the finest school of art. The bust of the artist may afford a faithful resemblance; but it has a poverty-stricken air. And now for the ~~books~~ . . . in MS. and in print.

Of all the Library-visits paid by me in Scotland, whether to public or private collections, this, to the HUNTERIAN LIBRARY, was by far the most gratifying. In the first place, it was renewing my acquaintance with an old and dear friend, whose

face I had not seen for upwards of thirty years.* This "face" to be sure was a good deal altered; but so far from being "the worse," it appeared to me to be all the *better*, "for wear." Coupled with this gratification, was the consolation of knowing that the library about to be visited was a genuine as well as an old library—collected in the golden times of book-collecting—and one of the very few private libraries in the kingdom which carry you back to the days of Gaignat and La Vallière, abroad; and of Askew and Topham Beauclerc at home. In opening volumes of such known choice and value, it was like shaking hands with their former owners, whose presence had at once gladdened and ennobled society some half century ago.

In the second place, there was every *encouragement* to render mine an effectual visit. All that attention, assistance, and kindness, could afford—from those whose official situations empowered them to be of essential service—was duly and illimitably afforded. Even wishes were anticipated: and for five or six successive days did more than *one* of the

* It was in company with my friend Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart. (then a pupil under Dr. Bailey and Mr. Wilson, in Windmill St.) that I made my first entry into the HUNTERIAN LIBRARY. I preserve the pencil notes made by me on this occasion upon a good number of the printed volumes. They betray an early enthusiasm, which, I am proud, as well as happy to say, has,

"Grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength."

And my friend and companion on that occasion—to what honours in his profession has he since attained! And with what kindness of disposition, and rectitude of principle, have these honours been invariably attended!

genii of the place allow themselves to be assailed by importunity, and almost wearied by toil. It was seen with what ardour and extacy I chased and routed deeply serrated phalanxes of volumes: how the forlorn were frequently cheered, and the neglected encouraged: the timid made resolute, and the scorned held in honour. How many a *Mordecai* did my visit tend to clothe in *purple attire*, and to put forward to the public gaze! And seeing all this, what followed on the part of the Curators and Trustees? Sympathy the most unceasing. How often has my excellent and good friend, the Rev. Dr. Fleming—the learned Professor of Hebrew—partaken of my enthusiasm and re-echoed my exclamations! How we used to hurrah together when an unspotted *Aldus*, or a perfect *Caxton*, was brought to light! How he seemed to envy that pure yet ardent embrace with which I pressed the first *Aldine Plato*, upon *vellum*, to my heart!* Can such happiness be imparted from an intercourse with rare and curious tomes? Have these treasures, which have so long adorned the interior of these walls, been hitherto

* When Sir Robert Peel went down to the University of Glasgow in January 1837—borne, as it were, upon the shoulders of the students and professors—to be sworn in and fêted as the Lord Rector thereof, I was exceedingly anxious, on more accounts than one, that the ABOVE GREAT GUN might be pointed towards him, at least as an object of attraction. But I learnt, with considerable regret, that addresses and deputations thronged so thickly and incessantly upon him, that not one single interval presented itself for a *Platonic embrace*. I am persuaded that this misfortune will not again occur, upon a *second* Rectorial visit. The Principal, and Professors M'Gill and Fleming, will take good care of this.

only contemplated as cold, artificial, insensible, irrational objects? A new light seems to be enveloping the place, in a halo of the most beautiful colours—colours, even unapproachable in the countless forms and tints of the *Brewsterian* invention.* So seemed my friend to be frequently revolving in his own mind—as he took me every mid-day to his apartments, to recruit physical exhaustion by the nutritious infusion of hodge-podge—(my friend's cook having a patent for making this national dish)—and the stimulating energies of a Madeira wine, which, in colour, quality, and antiquity, is above all competition and all praise—and which could only have come from the *bin* numbered 99, in Dr. Hunter's wine-cellars.

In the third and last place—by way of a continued preliminary *excursus*—my visit to this far-famed collection had an additional charm and comfort about it, to my mind, from a disposition unequivocally manifested, both by the principal and several of the professors, to take advantage of any hint or advice offered in the way of making this collection of books more entire in itself, and more serviceable to the researches of the curious.† A disposition

* See page 627, ante.

† The above are not mere formal words. They are based upon a *knowledge* of the FACT, not only that a catalogue of the MSS. and Printed Books is in forwardness, but that a sum of money will regularly be devoted to what is both useful and necessary, in the enlargement of the Library, and the binding of the more valuable and curious books in a becoming attire. Let there be no sparing of morocco and russia; and no rest, except on the Sabbath, to the bibliopegistic machinery of Mr. Carrs.

more thoroughly in accordance with my own feelings and views could not have been displayed . . and judge, gentle reader, of my triumph as well as joy, when, on nearly the last day of my visitation, I observed the excellent principal, Dr. Macfarlane, advancing towards me, raising aloft, in the gentle pressure of the finger and thumb of his right hand, the *Aldine Anthology* of 1503, upon vellum, a treasure not previously known . . .

“From youth to age the soft infection ran.”

But the Principal himself possesses a book-treasure (not in this collection) of humble title, and of humbler form and aspect; yet is it a work which has probably made as much stir and noise in the English world, as any—next to the Bible. I mean COCKER'S *Arithmetic*. It is the fifty-third edition, published an hundred and fifty years ago, explaining a few principles which may not be unacceptable to the curious in the subjoined note.*

* Some curious particulars are sprinkled about the earlier history of this renowned volume. Cocker would never publish it, or allow another to publish it, during his life: his friend John Hawkins officiating obstetrically upon this occasion. The following, obtained from an examination of Mr. Principal Macfarlane's copy, has some singularity. The title is thus: “*Cocker's Arithmetick*. A plain and familiar method, suitable to the meanest capacity, for the full understanding of that incomparable art, as it is now taught by the ablest schoolmasters in city and country—By EDWARD COCKER, late Practitioner in the arts of Writing, Arithmetick, and Engraving; being that so long since promised to the world.—Perused and Published by *John Hawkins*, Writing Master near St. George's Church in Southwark, by the author's correct copy, and commended to the world by many eminent Mathematicians and Writing Masters,

To mix up matter of graver import with our introduction to this Hunterian Museum—of *Books, Pictures, Coins and Medals,—Anatomical Preparations, and Natural History*. It is probably, of its kind, the NOBLEST LEGACY upon record; and has been valued at £130,000. All things considered, it

in and near London. *The fifty-third Edition, carefully corrected and amended*, by George Fisher, Accomptant, Licensed Sept. 3rd, 1677. Roger l'Estrange. *Glasgow. Printed by John Hall, in the middle of the Salt Market. 1749.* 8vo.

The following verses are at the back of the Title :

“INGENIOUS COCKER, now to rest thou'rt gone :
No Art can shew thee fully but thine own,
Thy rare *Arithmetick* alone can show,
Th'vast *sums* of thanks we to thy labours owe.”

Next follows an address to the “Courteous Reader” by the Editor. “I having had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. COCKER in his life time, often solicited him to remember his promise to the world, of publishing his *Arithmetick*, but (for reasons best known to himself) he refused it; and after his death (the copy falling accidentally into my hands) I thought it not convenient to smother a work of so considerable a moment, not questioning but it might be as kindly accepted, as if it had been presented by his own hand. The method is familiar and easy, discovering, as well the Theorick as the Practick, of that necessary art of *Vulgar Arithmetick*. And in this new edition, there are many remarkable alterations, for the benefit of Teacher and Learner, which I hope will be very acceptable to the world; I have also performed my promise in publishing the *Decimal Arithmetick*, which finds encouragement to my expectation, and the booksellers too. I am thine to serve thee, JOHN HAWKINS.”

Cocker's own address is on every account too curious to be withheld :

“Mr. Edward Cocker's Proeme or Preface.

“By the secret influence of Divine Providence, I have been instrumental to the benefit of many, by virtue of those useful arts. *Writing* and *Engraving* : I do now with the same wonted alacrity

is probably one of the best for a liberal spirit of regulation. To the students of the college every facility is tendered ; but it is yet a sort of *sanctum sanctorum* into which the thoughtless as well as countless multitude must not be allowed to rush, and grasp at every inviting object which may present

cast this my *Arithmetical* mite into the public treasury, beseeching the Almighty to grant the like blessing to these as to my former labor.

“ Seven sciences supremely excellent,
 Are the chief stars in Wisdom's firmament ;
 Whereof *Arithmetick* is one, whose worth
 The beams of profit and delight shines forth ;
 This crowns the rest, and makes Man's mind complete,
 This treats of numbers, and of this we treat.

“ I have been often desired by my intimate friends to publish something on this subject, who in a pleasing freedom have signified to me that they expected it would be extraordinary. How far I have answered their expectation, I know not ; but this I know, that I have designed this work, not extraordinary abstruse or profound, but have by all means possible within the circumference of my capacity endeavoured to render it extraordinary useful to all those, whose occasions shall induce them to make use of numbers. If it be objected : that the books already published, treating of numbers, are innumerable : I answer, thats but a small wonder, since the art is infinite. But that there should be so many excellent tracts of Practical *Arithmetick* extant, and so little practised, is to me a greater ; knowing that as *Merchandize* is the life of the weal public, so *Practical Arithmetick* is the soul of *Merchandize*. Therefore I do ingenuously profess, that in the beginning of this undertaking, the numerous concerns of the honored *Merchant* first possessed my consideration ; and how far I have accommodated this composure for his most worthy service, let his own profitable experience be judge.

“ 2dly. For your service, most excellent *Professors*, whose understandings soar to the sublimity of the theory and practice of this noble science, was this *Arithmetical Tractate* composed ; which you

itself. Here is matter only for delicate handling, and cautious and curious investigation. And where the latter spirit presents itself, there is no backwardness in the officers of the establishment to meet the views and facilitate the researches of all who may come, thus qualified, to solicit them. For myself, I had scarcely ever before witnessed such a spirit of liberalism. Mr. Cooper, who presides over the

may please to employ as a Monitor to instruct your young Tyroes, and thereby take occasion to reserve your precious moments, which might be exhausted that way, for your more important affairs.

“Sdly. For you, the ingenious *offspring of happy parents*, who will willingly pay the full price of industry and exercise for those arts and choice accomplishments, which may contribute to the felicity of your future state. For you, I say, ingenious practitioners, was this work composed, which may prove the pleasure of your youth and the glory of your age.

“Lastly, For you, the pretended *humorists of this vapouring age*, who are more disingenuously witty to propound unnecessary questions than ingeniously judicious to resolve such as are necessary, for you was this book composed and published; if you will deny yourselves so much, as not to invert the streams of your ingenuity, but by studiously conferring with the notes, names, orders, progress, species, properties, proportions, powers, affections, and applications, of numbers delivered herein, *become* such artists indeed, as you now only *seem* to be. This Arithmetick, ingeniously observed and diligently practised, will turn to good account to all that should be concerned in accounts, since all its rules are grounded on verity, and delivered with sincerity: the examples built up gradually, from the smallest consideration to the greatest: all the problems or propositions well weighed, pertinent, and clear, and not one of them throughout the tract taken upon trust:—therefore, now,

Zoilus and Nonnus, lie you down and die,
For these inventions your whole force deny.

EDWARD COCKER.”

in general, a small catalogue, executed in a very abridged manner by Mr. Liscars, was published some fifteen years ago ; from which the subjoined details are exclusively given. In due time we shall doubtless see a complete *Catalogue Raisonné* of the entire collection.

of Manus ; reverse, Abgarus ; in the third brass. Of *Palmyra* an unique Greek coin, in the third brass, of Timolaus, son of Zenobia ; valued at twenty pounds. Among the *Roman Emperors* will also be found many rare and curious remains—as a *Cneius Pompeius*, the son, valued at twenty pounds. A *Pescennius Niger* of the first brass, unique, struck at Smyrna, and valued at fifty pounds. A *Nigrianus* in third brass, valued at ten pounds. An Egyptian coin of Julius Cæsar, the head laureated ; reverse, a crocodile, on the exergue, *Ægypto* ; very rare. There are in this Cabinet no less than eleven silver coins with the Tortoise on one side, and an indented mark on the other, about which Medallists and Antiquarians are so much divided in opinion. They are with some plausibility given to the island of *Ægina*, and supposed to have been struck in the days of Phidon. This king, according to the Arundelian marbles, reigned 820 years before Christ. If this opinion be correct, these are of the most ancient coinage known.

We will now descend to modern times. An unique coin of *Egbert*, king of Kent ; it is a skeatta of that monarch, coined about the year 664. A Penny of *Richard III*, very rare. Two skeattas of *Beorna*, king of the East Angles ; these are unique, and are valued at ten pounds each. A skeatta of *Eadwald*, king of Murcia ; another only is known, valued at ten pounds. One of *Egbert*, son of *Offa*, king of Kent, of the same rarity and value. Unique coin of *Edwin*, chief monarch, with his head ; value thirty pounds. One of *Regnald*, king of Northumbria, very rare. Among the Gold Coins is the *Quarter Florin of Edward III*, struck in his 18th year ; unique, or nearly so. The gold Chase of Edward the Black Prince, unique, fig—valued by Pinkerton in his *History of Medals*, at twenty pounds. The pattern Guinea of *Queen Anne*, with A. R. in the centre of the Arms on the reverse ; very rare, and valued at twenty pounds. The Ryal of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, very rare ; on

First, for a few of the MSS.* *Psalterium*, a fine old genuine volume; executed in a large bold

the reverse are her Arms, 1555; valued at twenty pounds. The French Festoon, representing Mary and Francis face to face, is so rare that Dr. Hunter paid ten guineas for this. He would have paid fifty now. The *Trial Piece* for a Crown, struck by that skilful engraver *Thomas Simon*, as a petition to Charles II, in the finest preservation; worth one hundred and sixty guineas. The coins of *Oliver Cromwell* are also of the engraving of Simon, and stand unrivalled; the fine frost work of the flesh giving them a beautiful appearance. The splendid coinages also of Blondeau, Ramage and Rotier, who engraved dies for Charles II, are all here in the highest state of preservation; they were mostly trial pieces, and have not been in circulation. One with another, they are worth fifty pounds a-piece.

Also all the coinage minted by that famous artist Mr. Croker, the engraver for Queen Anne's mint. Among these are the trial pieces, commonly called *Queen Anne's Farthings*, struck in gold, silver, and copper. Of these there are four dies, as 1713, the most common; 1714, the next in rarity; the third has on the reverse, *Pax Missa per Oriem*, where the Queen is seated under a canopy; and the fourth, which is the most rare, has on the reverse Britannia driving the Edissarium, or Antique Chariot. Almost every one has heard of the farthings of Queen Anne, but the truth is they are of no great value; that of 1713 is not worth 5s.; of 1714 not 10s.; the *pax missa*, &c. about £1; and the chariot is worth about £4. 10s. Anne was always averse to a copper coinage, though much wanted. Croker exerted his abilities in engraving these dies, hoping their elegance and beauty would merit her attention; but it was to no purpose. The Queen could not be brought to hear of a copper coinage, and the nominal Queen Anne's farthings are these trial pieces. The absurdity of price, sometimes attached to them, is inconceivable. One of them, of 1713, was once shewn me by a father, who said he should leave it to his son as a £500 legacy!

* Before entering upon the above somewhat full detail, the reader may not object to be informed that, among the MSS. are a few articles of a more exclusive, but not incurious nature. *Char-*

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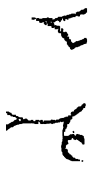




St. Augustine's Sermon

The simple, but illuminated MS. of Boethius, in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow.





of all of them is pretty nearly the same,—namely, of the fifteenth century. *Bochas: Des Caractères Malheureux*. A noble volume, of the date of 1409; with splendid illuminations; written in a large gothic letter.

Chronicle—with Fruit of the Times.* A coarse production, written on vellum: here are two, of which, that numbered 24 seems to be the more ancient, and apparently the more complete.

Bartholomæus, De Proprietatibus Rerum. A noble copy of a work which seems to have been in almost every ancient library, private as well as public, in this country. It was considered and consulted as the Encyclopædia of the day; and our notable printer Wynkyn de Worde made it one of the very first and most important objects in the exercise of his press. At the head of the 5th chapter of this magnificent MS. we read “by *Brother John Corbichon, of the Order of St. Austin*.” It is written throughout in the gothic character, and contains twenty books. All the introductory pieces are illuminated in cameo gris, very tenderly and prettily—with the exception of the first, which is coloured. This MS. has a date of 1372.

Boetius, de Consolatione Philosophiæ. One of the most beautiful and prepossessing volumes in the whole collection—with, occasionally, surprisingly beautiful illuminations—as the facsimile in the OPPOSITE PLATE may testify. It is probably of the latter end of the fourteenth century.

* There is a third MS. partly paper, and partly vellum, which comes down to the year 1473. It is apparently perfect; and may have been one of the parent streams of the text of St. Alban's Chronicle.

Ovidius : Metamorphosis. A manuscript in gothic letter, of the date of 1380.

Gower : De Confessione Amantis. A noble book ; but slightly imperfect. It is executed in the gothic letter, in double columns : and once belonged to the monastery of Bury St. Edmunds—where, if the library were (as it probably *was*) in character with the building, it might have been among the largest monastic libraries in Europe.

Froissard. A beautiful MS. : in the gothic letter, in double columns ; without illuminations.

Apocalypse : in the Latin tongue ; full of gorgeous embellishment, from beginning to end ; the subjects being divided into upper and lower compartments. The date is probably about 1410 ; and from the OPPOSITE PLATE—a most faithful representation of the original—may be seen no indifferent specimen of the *Friar* upon his palfrey, worthy of joining the pilgrimage from London to Canterbury, as depicted in the immortal pages of Chaucer.

Breviarium Romanum. A beautiful folio volume, upon vellum of exquisite texture. The type, in the Roman form, might have served as the model for that of Jenson. The date, 1404, is a singular one.

Livre de la Chasse. A MS. of the fourteenth century : prettily illuminated at the beginning, but much injured ; with a portrait, which might have been that of the Comte de la Foix. It is in the gothic character.

Livre de Fauconerie et Venerie ; par Guillaume Tardif. A most beautiful little octavo volume, of the time of Charles VIII, with very sweet mar-





J. Smith F.R.S.

From an Illuminated MS.
in the Hunterian Library, Glasgow.

T. 11. 11.



ginal illuminations of hawks and dogs—the latter of inferior execution. This gem calls aloud for another coat, and being properly smoothed down in the press.

Statutes, from 1st of Edward III, to the 21st of Richard II. This elegant little volume, written in a small gothic cursive letter, had successively belonged to Henry Bowchier, Dr. Cromwell, Mrs. Fawkes, Sir John Fairfax, and Robert Markham.

PRINTED BOOKS.

Donatus: block book; with metallic type and wooden blocks. A copy was in Meerman's possession—who has given a cut of the type.

Psalterium Lat. 1459. Folio, upon vellum. Sir M. Masterman Sykes's copy.

Biblia Lat. (1455-7.) Folio, 2 vols. A sound but short copy. The Mazarine Bible, as it is called by courtesy. In other words, the *first printed Bible*.

Biblia Lat. 1462. Folio, 2 vols. upon vellum. Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's fine large copy, but not too clean; many rough leaves.

Biblia Germanica. The second impression of the Bible in the German language; and the finest copy of it which I ever saw. Supplied by Messrs. Payne and Foss.

Biblia Italica Malherbi, August. 1471. Folio, 2 vols. Of *all* the Bibles in the collection, *this* is the GEM, for extreme rarity and exquisite condition. Requesting the bibliographical reader to disport himself with the long description of this exceedingly rare *first impression* of the sacred text in the

Italian language which appears in the *Ædes Althorpiæ*, vol. ii. p. 44, I need here only observe that either of the two volumes before us equals the second volume only which I saw in the public library at Stuttgart.—*Tour*, vol. iii. p. 138. It had been always among the objects of “the first necessity” in the late Earl Spencer’s bibliographical life to procure a fine copy of this estimable production; but he was obliged to content himself with the very indifferent copy of it purchased at the sale of the Mac Carthy library. When that noble lord came in contact with this *Hunterian Copy*, on his visit to Glasgow, some twenty-five years ago, he could not fail to express himself in terms of unmeasured admiration—at a copy, which, perhaps, yields to none except to that of Comte Melzi . . . which is UPON VELLUM!

Biblia Græca, 1518. Folio. Printed by Aldus. As fine and as genuine a large-paper copy as that described at page 59, ante. In blue morocco.

Biblia Lat. 1583. Folio. Printed by Plantin. A magnificent book. De Thou’s copy; but not upon large paper.

Plinius Sen. 1469. Folio. *Edit. Prin.* When it is stated that this copy scarcely yields to that in the Spencer Library, for magnitude and condition, the reader may have some notion of its worth.

Idem: Printed by Jenson, 1476. Folio. In the Italian language. A copy UPON VELLUM,—of dimensions and splendour superior, if possible, to that of the parent Latin text.

Livius, 1470. *Vind. de Spira.* Folio, 2 vols. Here comes a third grenadier copy, to match with

either of the two preceding. It is scarcely eclipsed by the uncut copy of the same edition in the splendid library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. These seven marvellous copies face the visitor as he enters the apartment separated from the larger one by busts and pictures : of which see pages 720-2, ante. They are alone worth the cost of a chaise and pair from London, to visit and to caress.

Virgilius, Spira, 1470. Folio. Here is a gem ! A stainless and magnificent copy of a very rare book—usually in a spotted and cropt condition. It measures twelve inches and a half in length, by eight and a half in width. Happy he who finds such measurement, of such a volume, in his own library ! It is a Pigot Diamond—in its way.

Virgilius, Romæ, 1471. Folio. *Second* Roman edition, and rarer than the first, when found in a perfect state—which is not so here, as this copy is imperfect at the end : but it is of nobler dimensions than the Spencerian copy,—measuring twelve inches and three-quarters in height, by eight and a half in width. The bibliographical history of this exceedingly rare book is amply discussed in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, vol. ii. 285. It was undoubtedly the rarest volume ever procured by me for Earl Spencer's library.

Idem: with Servius's Commentary. Folio, without date. The very rare and first edition by *Ulric Han*, of which this is a most beautiful copy, in morocco binding : of rare occurrence in this state. If my memory be accurate, this is as fine a copy as that which I saw in the Mazarine Library at Paris, which

had belonged to Diane de Poitiers.—See *Foreign Tour*, vol. ii. p. 366. Here is an indifferent copy of the same Commentary, printed by Valdarfer in 1471.

Ovidius, Romæ, 1471; folio. The first volume only—in the finest possible condition. It had been the Harleian copy.*

Callimachus, Litt. Cap. quarto. Here is the emperor of all the capital-letter primary editions of the Greek classics: “scarcer than a white crow”—as the old bibliographers Vogt and Bauer used to shout aloud. It measures eight inches in height, by five and a half in width; and is bound in green morocco. Its condition may, however, in part, be pronounced to be tender. It is quite perfect; and a similar copy cannot *now* be obtained . . . for purchase.

Anthologia Gr. 1494, 4to. *Litt. Cap. Impress.* UPON VELLUM. Dr. Askew’s copy.

Idem: Printed by Aldus, 1503, 8vo. UPON VELLUM: measuring eight inches and three-eighths, by four inches and one-eighth. Of inferior beauty to the copy of Earl Spencer: but a volume of most excessive rarity. On the title-page is the following autograph:

Μυρήτε τήν φύσιν Κελτε, τον τροπον φιλελληνος.

And on a vellum fly-leaf we read thus:

ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

διαφορων ἐπιγραμμάτων αρχαιους ζωπεριεβό βοφοῖς.

* The small printed Catalogue designates an edition of this date by *Azoguidi*; but the most elaborate search was made for it in vain.

Some notice of this precious book is taken at page 726 ante. It should be instantly rebound in a morocco coating.

Lascaris. Gram. Gr. 1476 ; 4to. A fine, genuine copy ; but occasionally written upon.

Horatius ; 4to. *Edit. Prin.* Mr. Hibbert's copy ; as fine as fine can be—but the last leaf is MS.

Lucanus ; 1469, folio, *Edit. Prin.* A fine copy ; supplied by Messrs. Payne and Foss.

Apuleius ; 1469, folio, *Edit. Prin.* Looking as fine, fresh, and magnificent, as it did upwards of thirty years ago, when I first shook hands with it. A noble volume. The Harleian copy.

Isocrates, Gr. 1493, folio, *Edit. Prin.* A fine copy ; in old and apparently first binding.

Horæ Gr. 1505, 12mo. *Printed by Aldus* ; in gaudy red morocco binding.

Idem : 1525, 12mo. *By the same.* An excellent copy : in a case.

Aristotelis Opera Gr. 1495-8 ; folio, 6 vols.

Aristophanes Gr. 1498. Folio, *Edit. Prin.* A remarkably fine copy.

Galenus et Themistius. Printed by Aldus, 1535. Folio, 6 vols. On large paper.

Augustinus De Civitate Dei, 1467, folio. This copy is so large and fine, that it may be pronounced to be the next to that in the Royal Library at Paris, and in Earl Spencer's possession.

Idem : 1470, folio. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* The finest copy of the book which I ever opened. It appears, from a coeval entry, to have been purchased in 1478.

Hieronimi Epistolæ, 1470 ; folio, 2 vols. A magnificent copy UPON VELLUM.

Silius Italicus, 1471, folio. Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz. A good, rather than a very fine copy.

Breviarium Romanum, 1478 ; folio. Printed by Jenson. It is impossible for printing and vellum to go beyond the exquisite specimen of both furnished by this volume. It is of the noblest form and finest lustre. As a *lion*, it is capable of a prodigious roar.

Platonis Opera Gr. 1513 ; folio. *Edit. princeps*. Here however is a LION capable of sending forth a louder roar—yea, of making every book-forest in Europe ring with the sound ! Here is the *Aldine Plato*, entire, and almost stainless, UPON VELLUM. I have before (see page 724) spoken so warmly, and perhaps so extravagantly, about this *unique treasure*, that more need not here be observed, except it be to correct an heresy committed by me in a previous work ;* where I have said that this book might be obtained, on public sale, for 300 guineas. I now deliberately say, that, even in “these degenerate days,” I know two quarters from whence the first bidding would be £500. And why not ? This copy measures twelve inches by seven inches and a half. It is bound in two volumes, blue morocco, with tolerable skill, and in tolerable taste : but it should be rebound in one volume.† The only known copy

* *Reminiscences*, p. 193.

† Mr. Carrs, a Glasgovan, and a “cunninge man” in the craft biblio-

of this edition in an *uncut state*, upon paper, is that in the possession of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Granville : obtained at the sale of the Library of the Rev. Theodore Williams. It is a book of surpassing beauty, in blue morocco binding, by the late Mr. Lewis.

Senecæ Tragædiæ ; folio. *Edit. Vetus*. A fine large Harleian copy.

Claudianus, 1482 ; folio. *Edit. Prin.* A fine large copy ; apparently Harleian.

Valerius Maximus ; folio. Mentelin. *Edit. Prin.* A fine large copy.

Lactantius, 1471 ; folio. *Printed by Adam*. A copy upon vellum ; and the only copy I ever saw in that state. It is a beautiful book, although it is cropt, and some few leaves are slightly stained.

Cicero de Oratore, 1468 ; folio. *Printed by Ulric Han*. A large but stained copy.

Terentius Varro, De Ling. Lat. ; folio. This rare edition, which contains thirty-two lines in a

pegistic, should execute it, but not as a book is ordinarily executed. Two sentinels from the Glasgow Yeomanry Corps should keep watch, being relieved by other two at given intervals, during the whole process of BIBLIOPEGISM : for fear of some foray or sally by Bannatyners or Maitlanders in disguise, to bear it away. It should be bound in one volume, in blue morocco, with vellum insides, prodigally tooled—in a blaze of dazzling splendour. The measurement must be most exact ; and the foredges must have an impress stamped upon gold of the stoutest quality. And after all, it must be kept in a case impervious to dust, worms, and moths. A public breakfast, *d la fourchette*, should announce its safe return from its bibliopegistic imprisonment. At all events, a cabinet council ought to precede the adoption of this measure.

full page, was hitherto unknown to me: as it exhibits the rare type of the first *Horace* and the second *Lucan*. There are some particulars attached to the numbering of the leaves; as those, from folio 11 to 42 inclusively, are numbered in the centre of the page or text.

Missale Sarisburgense, 1520; folio. Printed by Pynson. A fine copy UPON VELLUM: but the large wood-cut of the crucifix, which usually precedes the burial service, seems here to have been inserted.

Eustathius in Homerum, Gr.; Rome, 1543: folio, 4 vols. In old calf binding, stamped in the middle. One of the finest copies that can be seen; and short only of Mr. Grenville's copy in an *uncut* state.

Philostrati Heroica; Milan, 1517; folio. Dedicated to Grolier, and that great man's *own copy*. A splendid book in all respects.

The Golden Legend. Printed by Caxton; 1483, folio. This is, perhaps, of the *twelve Caxtonian volumes* in this collection,* the finest and most desirable book: it being according to my memory quite perfect.

Rastell's Chronicle of England. One of the only three copies known to be perfect: those in the Royal and Spencerian libraries being the other two. The series of early English printing in this library has yet many links to be supplied in the chain.

* Their titles are—Chronicles of England, Lyfe of Christ, Mirror of the world, Four last Thinges, Godfrey of Boulogne, Higden's Polychronicon, Profitable Boke for Man's Soule, Canterbury Tales, both editions—Virgil: almost all imperfect, and some yet undiscoverable.

Martialis, 1475; folio. *Printed by John de Colonia*. A very beautiful book.

Plutarchi Vit. Parell. 1478; folio, 2 vols. A most magnificent copy: in red morocco binding, with gilt on the leaves.

Quintus Curtius; folio. *Printed by V. de Spira*. A beautiful book.

Valerius Flaccus, 1519; folio. ON VELLUM. Splendid illuminations.

Tewrdanckhs, 1519; folio; Second Edition; UPON VELLUM. A very fine copy.

Such are the fruits of a few mornings' gatherings in the *Hunterian Orchard*: a sort of "*Hortus Adonidis*" in its way. The time is either gone, or going by, when such a cornucopia of apples, pears, plums, cherries, with gooseberries and currants—of every hue and every flavour—would be appreciated at their proper value: but—"non canimus surdis;" and I leave to a *regenerated* age the correct appreciation of such treasures. Only it is incumbent on me to add, that a fair promise may be held out to the public—and especially to the gallant Glasgovians—that an ample and accurate *Catalogue Raisonné* is in preparation for publication. I have reason to believe, as well as to hope, that this will include the *Coins* and *Medals*—with a few splendid *Engravings*. The Curators or Trustees need not travel *out* of Glasgow for a fit *burin*.*

* The reader has only to cast his eye upon the numerous embellishments in this volume to which the name of "*John Scott*" is attached, and he will be convinced that the above words are neither

From one scene of learning and intelligence, it seems but natural to travel to another. We now, therefore, turn our faces easterly; and in company with the highly respected President, James Smith, Esq. of Jordanhill,* we enter what is called ANDERSON'S UNIVERSITY, in John Street. The name, severely speaking, is too imposing: as the building or establishment ought rather to be called the *Royal Institution* of Glasgow. In fact, it was in a great degree the parent of that so called in London. It was from hence not only that the plan of the lectures and lecturing room in the latter place was borrowed, but that Dr. Garnett, who opened the course of lectures of Anderson's University† on the 21st of September, 1796, removed from hence to perform the same office at the Royal Institution in London; where, as before, he lectured upon Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry. He was succeeded by Dr. Birkbeck, who ably filled his office till 1804, when he was called away to London, and his place supplied by Dr. Andrew Ure—who, “for twenty-five years (says Dr. Cleland) discharged his

vague nor deceptive. Mr. Scott is a Glaswegian as full of enthusiasm as of talent.

* This villa of Mr. Smith is situated on the north bank of the Clyde, a few miles from Glasgow; and commands a fine view of the river, with the ever-gliding small craft and rapid steamers that cover its surface.

† It derives its name from the venerable and distinguished founder, John Anderson, who, on its establishment in 1790, endowed it with a valuable Philosophical Apparatus, Museum, and Library. It was an incorporated body in the following year.

office with great ability,—when he also went to London.”—*Statist*, p. 64.* “Omnes eodem cogimur,” may the Northerners now say . . . as well as Horace of old. It should be added, that, in addition to Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry, there are professors of *Literature, Popular Science, and Medicine*. The University is subject to the visitation of the Lord Provost, having *eighty-one Trustees*, consisting of nine classes of citizens—viz. tradesmen, agriculturalists, artists, manufacturers, physicians and surgeons, lawyers, clergymen, philosophers, and kinsmen—or of founder’s kin. These are elected for life; and they again elect *nine Managers*, to whom the principal affairs of the Institution are entrusted during the year. These again elect, by ballot, the President, Secretary, and Treasurer.

Mr. Smith did me the kindness to begin at the beginning.† Of course, as an old Royal Institution

* “In addition to what had been formerly taught, Dr. Birkbeck introduced a familiar system of instruction, which he demonstrated by experiments to 500 operatives; and the *Glasgow Mechanics’ Institution*—so gallantly promoted by the merchants of Glasgow, and flourishing in every branch of useful mechanical knowledge—owes its establishment to the same able and distinguished individual. He is indeed its “Honorary Patron.”—*Cleland*, p. 64-7.

† It was my good fortune to be introduced to the “President of Anderson’s University,” at a season of peculiar gratification to him. In other words, his son (of Trinity College, Cambridge) had *that* year attained the high honour of being Senior Wrangler—the *first* student of that distinction who had been educated at *Glasgow University*. In consequence, there was a feather for the father’s cap as well as for that of the son; and I could well have excused the former

Lecturer in London, I took an interest in the lecture-room—on the basement story. It is not so large, and not so light, as that in Albemarle Street; but it is capable of containing a very large auditory. The *Museum*, upstairs, illustrative of natural history, with many coins and medals, is a noble room—for size, form, light, and every other convenience. They should have something of this sort attached to the antiquarian rooms in the Academy of Painting and Sculpture at Edinburgh.* Among the more curious and precious of the medallic class, I was directed to a gold crown-piece, of the time, and with the impress, of James VI, just after he had ascended the throne of Scotland. It is so rare, as not to be in the Hunterian Collection; and I had only to express a desire to have it copied for this work,† when such desire was instantly carried into effect by the kind interposition of the President. Behold it therefore, gentle reader, in its present place; calling to mind that a somewhat similar representation of the same monarch will be found in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 279.

had he launched forth in the exulting language of Simo, in the *Andrea* of Terence :

Tum uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.—Act I. Scene 1.

* See p. 554—ante.

† I am indebted to the kindness of Sir R. W. Hooker, Professor of Botany, for the favour of this copy; it having been executed, with surprising fidelity, by one of the *élèves* in his employment for the copying and colouring of plants.



I spent a most gratifying hour in this useful and meritorious Institution. Its external architecture is unambitious, but classical ; exhibiting, I think, one of the happiest specimens of Robert Adam,—who seems to have had as much work cut out for him here, as at Edinburgh and London. Of other public buildings, although not of the character of either of the foregoing, it is fit that some notice should be taken of that called HUTCHESONS' HOSPITAL ; the more so, as, from the admission of Dr. Cleland, the outward and visible signs of public benevolence appear to have been but of tardy growth at Glasgow.* There is, however, *one* name, which, upon a greatly more humble scale, may presume to vie with that of HERIOT at Edinburgh : a contemporary also of the same illustrious individual. It is the name of HUTCHESON (GEORGE and THOMAS) to which I allude ; and whose figures, cut in rough stone, stand in front of the building lately erected to perpetuate

* “ With the exception of Hutchesons' Hospital, the Town's hospital, the Incorporations, and a few Societies, our numerous charitable and religious institutions have been all got up during the last forty years.”—*Cleland*, p. 259.

their worth.* The first of the OPPOSITE PLATES will afford a correct notion of the merits of this piece of sculpture. The name of the sculptor, as far as my enquiries have hitherto extended, is unknown.

Glasgow has good right to be proud of these heroes of benevolence, of the olden time. The brothers quickly followed each other to the grave : George dying in 1640, and Thomas in 1641. George died a bachelor, leaving the bulk of his property to his brother Thomas. Thomas died a married man, but without children. Such are the mutations of fortune, that the heirs of two of his nephews, by his sisters, to which nephews Thomas devised considerable estates, died "poor men" in the *very hospital* founded by their great-uncle ! The elder brother, George, was the founder of the Hutchesonian property. He was a public notary and writer in Glasgow, and reputed to be of the most inflexible integrity. His moderation in charges was equal to his skill and honesty ; and it is recorded, that "he would never take more than sixteen pennies Scots, for writing an ordinary bond, let the sum have been ever so large."† The SECOND PLATE is a facsimile of a portion of the Hospital bequest. This charity, which at

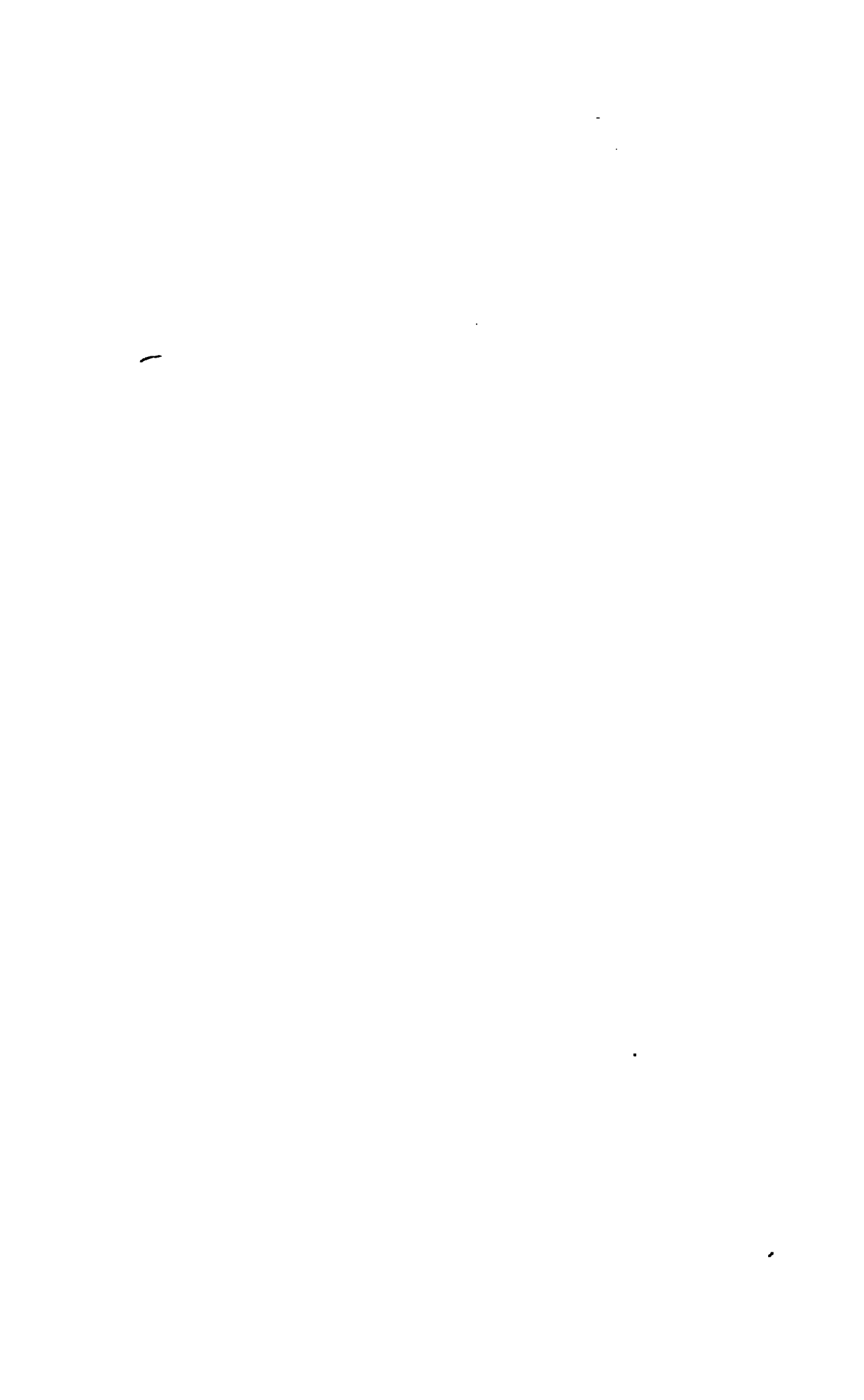
* The following inscription, on a tablet, in gilt letters, was placed beneath the statues as they stood in the old building, and is yet visible in the new.

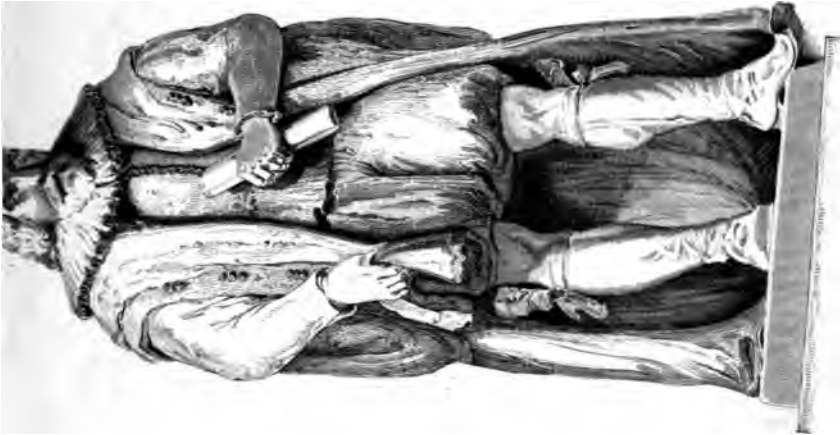
Adspicis Hutchesonos Fratres ; his nulla propago
Cum foret, et numero vix caperentur opes,
Hæc monumenta pii : votum immortale dicarunt
Dulcia quæ miseris semper asyla forent.
O bene testatos ! hæredes scripsit uterque
Infantes inopes, invalidosque senes, 1641.

History of the Hutcheson Hospital, 1800, 8vo. p. 46.

† *History*, p. 37.

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THE STATUES OF GEORGE & THOMAS HUTCHESON
FOUNDERS OF THE HUTCHESON HOSPITAL, GLASGOW.



HEIR FOL

LOWES THE MORTIFICATI^o
ones made and let down be vncquibyle

George Hutchesone of Lambhill and Maister Thomas Hutchesone his Brother anent these thinges mortified be them for the use of that Hospitall called Hutchesones Hospitall Foundit be them within the Brugh of GLASGOW and anent the Order to be kept thero: herefter



George Hutchesone
of lambhill

*haueing respect to
the glorie and worships of GOD, and command geuin in his
mord of treuth to be benefici- all to the poore and what is done
to them in his highnes name is done to himselfe. Haue dot
&c.*

We it kend till all men be thir put lers
We maister Thomas Hutchesone of
Lambhill Forsameikle as vncquibyle George Hutchesone of Lambhill
my brother. Be vertew of his lettir of Mortification aboue written Did mor-
tific and doilte Tbe soume of Tuentie Thousande Markes money. To be bestowit
&c.



we it kend till all men be thir pre-
sent letters **W**E MAISTER THOMAS HUTCHESONE OF
LAMBHILL Forsameikle as there commande geuin us in the word of GOD
to be Chritable to the puire. Being assured that what is done to
&c.



first was on the limited scale of affording relief to twelve old men and twelve boys only, has, by subsequent contributions and endowments—and under the judicious management of an increased number of patrons—assumed a more decided character, and been productive of the greatest good.* Its *original* site was fronting the Trongate; where Hutcheson's Street, taking its name from the two brothers, now is. It was a handsome building, of ashlar work, about seventy feet long. The steeple, of upwards of one hundred feet in height, upon the Bridge-gate—part and parcel of the old buildings—yet remains to arrest the spectator's attention, and to claim the reader's respect, from the engraving on the following page.†

* The objects *now* embrace poor women, as well as "infants and old men"—which were alone contemplated in the Hutchesonian "Mortifications"—or charitable bequest. It is not a little curious that, in the Founder's regulations for the salary and occupations of the "Schoolmaster," if he be not found "sufficiently qualified to instruct the boys in CHURCH MUSIC," his salary is to suffer a diminution of five pounds per annum. Here is a *note* to ring in the ears of all the opponents of the projected organ in the Cathedral! See p. 686, ante. The other "Mortifications," which have helped to enlarge the boundaries of this excellent hospital, are those of Blair, Baxter, Snow, and Scotstarvet. The latest of these latter is of the date of 1787.

† For the second of the above plates, and for that which immediately ensues, I am indebted to the kind liberality of more than *one* of the Patrons of this Hutchesonian Establishment.



Drawn & Engr'd by

J. G. Macdonald

On the north of this building, towards the garden, there were two sides of a court—to the *east* and *west*—finished for the accommodation of the poor



placed therein ; but the *north* side of the court itself was never built. Above the gate, in the centre of the front, there was a marble tablet, with the subjoined inscription* upon it, to the memory of the founders. Upwards of a century and a half from the erection of this building, it was thought advisable, from the evident marks of approaching decay, to convert a defect into a convenience and a beauty. The old site of Hutchesons' Hospital affording a good opportunity of opening a *new street*, where it was much wanted, the patrons, in the year 1795, resolved upon establishing the Hospital on an advantageous site in Ingram-street, with a handsome stone frontage of eighty-one feet—having about fifty-four feet, from north to south, in depth, along John-street. Hither everything—but the steeple—was brought ; and it was in the office of business attached to this building, that I more than once had pleasant parlance with Lawrence Hill, Esq. the Factor for the Hospital, who showed me many curious old volumes, and read to me many curious entries therein : especially, if I remember rightly, of the time of Oliver Cromwell. The enthusiasm of this gentleman is only equalled by his competency, in all respects, to fill the impor-

* I copy from the "History," so frequently referred to.

"GERONTOCOMEION ET ORPHANTROPHEION,

Duorum Fratrum GEORGII et THOMÆ
HUTCHESONORUM munificentia dedicatum.

Nobilis Hospitii si forte requiris alumnos,
Orphanus hic habitat pauper, inopsque senex.

Tu ne temne Domos ignarus sortis, egestas
Forte tuum senium progeniemque premet.

Quis scit an hinc veniant quos publica fama celebret,
Sive armis surgat Gloria, sive Toga."

more even than his *Hortus Siccus*—the one, of my friend, the other of his good lady : each by the hand of our common friend, Thomas Phillips, Esq. R.A. They are painted in a fine, broad, deep tone of colouring, and the resemblances are complete. I do not know where I can refer to more perfect specimens of the master's manner, of the period of their execution—upwards of twenty years ago. I was going to institute a comparison between the two portraits—but it must not be.

The mention of portraits carries us naturally to speak of ART and of *Artists* : but in this respect the soil of Glasgow is not yet fully cultivated. The EXHIBITION happening to be open, I was glad to become a visitor of it more than once, and to convey to my catalogue some pencil memoranda which might be of service to me on a future occasion. Mr. Graham leads the way as a portrait-painter ; of whose pencil not fewer than seven specimens adorned the walls of this, the ninth, exhibition of pictures at Glasgow.* If art has been here of

* To this Ninth Exhibition the following notification is prefixed—not undeserving a place here, as developing a spirit which cannot be too much commended. “ On the opening of the GLASGOW NINTH EXHIBITION, the Directors offer their acknowledgments for the manner in which the attempt to establish an Annual Exhibition of the Fine Arts in Glasgow, has hitherto been patronised. The establishment of these Exhibitions is removed, as far as possible, from mercenary motives, and the Society will be satisfied if the receipts equal the expenditure. If there be a surplus, it shall be disposed of for the promotion of the Fine Arts. The members of the GLASGOW DILETTANTI SOCIETY hope that their exertions to excite a taste for the Fine Arts in this part of Scotland may be successful ;

late growth, it will not be tardy in its *advances* towards a widely extended reputation; for here are to be seen some productions, which, in spite of the sparkling lustre of our Turner,* maintain their position with great credit and effect. I am not sure that any of these portraits by Mr. Graham are of equal merit with those before mentioned as being in the possession of Baron Hume at Edinburgh;† but they betray sufficient evidence of the extent of the patronage justly bestowed upon him. Mr. Macnee has five portraits; of which that of a *Girl Reading*, No. 109, is decidedly the best. Indeed, it is full of excellent promise; and points out its author as an artist quietly and regularly mounting, step by step, to the top of the pictorial ladder. Mr. Macnee must avoid ochre and opaque colours—as the specimen just mentioned gives every assurance that he will do. The ball is at his feet: increasing in *size* and *brightness*. Two visits to his mansion in Regent-street afforded me great satisfaction; as much from its professional furniture, as from the gentlemanly manners of its owner. If ever I revisit Glasgow I shall in all probability be a *very* old gentleman, and of course a more *picturesque* object for Mr. Macnee's canvas. I was unfortunate in three visits paid to Mr. Graham. I am generally gratified by

and they trust the amount of sales will show that these exertions are approved of and appreciated.”

* Mr. Turner's contribution is No. 15 in the Catalogue, being a *View of Venice*. No pencil but that of the Master could have prevented the red, in the centre of the gondola, from being an offensive spot.

† See page 563, note.

the interior of an artist's studio ; but the presence of the master greatly helps to make the portraits "speak out."

Of the great merit of No. 19 — *Cuddie Headrigg's visit to Jenny Dennison*—by Mr. Duncan, I have before spoken.* Here are two subjects by Mr. Alexander Fraser, full of talent. No. 75—*A Bleaching Green in the West Highlands* ; and more especially No. 137—*A Warder*—which delighted me to contemplate. The latter should be engraved by Mr. Wands,† and I will be among the foremost to subscribe for a proof impression. The names of Patten, Paton, and Bonnar (especially the *Welcome Letter* of the latter) are attached to specimens of decided excellence : nor must the *Convex Mirror* of James Miller be forgotten—as a most clever as well as striking performance. The *Stirling Castle*—No. 258, of Alexander Nasmyth, is an exceedingly beautiful picture. In the whole there were two hundred and seventy-four paintings.

Of SCULPTURE, only nine specimens : amongst which the busts of Mr. Hamilton, the architect,‡ and of John Leadbitter, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, were of chief importance : but the former is painfully emaciated in appearance. It is almost a

* See page 576.

† By whom the head of St. Peter, by Rubens, in the Hunterian Collection (*vide* p. 721 *ante*) was engraved.

‡ "Executed in marble for the Subscribers, and to be placed in some public situation in Glasgow, as a testimony of their admiration of his talents as an Architect," No. 276. The name of the Sculptor is *Patrick Park*.

bare scull ; destitute of flesh ; and very inferior to a bust of the same distinguished individual in his own house.* Upon the whole, I was thankful to my kind friend Mr. M'Lellan for having directed my attention to this exhibition ; and to another friend (Mr. J. Kerr) for accompanying me on one of my visits. Glasgow may at least boast of a disposition to patronize liberally, where there are decided claims to merit. If manufactories produce wealth, to what nobler purposes can a little of the superfluity of that wealth be devoted than to the patronage of the FINE ARTS, in their beautiful as well as multiplied varieties ? Can a waste-pipe be said to let out superfluous water, of which the contents are directed to the nourishment of the painter, the engraver, and the printer ? It was only, as young Mr. Blackie informed me, just before my arrival at Glasgow, that

* It was in this house, where I saw a most admirable drawing of an intended Hospital, (that of *Donaldson's*, see page 552) by the hand of Mr. Hamilton's son—not then of age. It was full even of *ripe* talent. The design was the father's. Whether it will be adopted, I have yet to learn. Trebly dear to the parent, is such a son : for it was from THIS HOUSE—too emphatically “the house of mourning”—that

“—the long Funeral blackened all the way,”

which carried the corpses of *two* other sons on the same morning. What gave a greater intensity of interest to this event, was, that one of the two defunct brothers had, while in perfect health, and while the other brother was a corpse—written notes for the attendance of their common friends as Mourners. He scarcely survived the writing twenty-four hours :—and *both* were consigned to their long homes at the same time. “Tears, such as pious fathers shed,” were abundantly shed on SUCH AN OCCASION.

copperplate printing was essayed here. I saw one of the very earliest impressions of Murillo's *Infant Christ*, in the Hunterian Museum,* and it promised well.

Of PRINTING, in another form, this city may be justly proud . . in the celebrated press of FOULIS ; or, as the name is pronounced by the Scotch, FAULLS.† After all the achievements of later artists in this department—after all that the presses of Didot at Paris, of Bodoni at Parma, and Bensley and Bulmer in London, have accomplished, there is *that* about the *Foulis-type* which always gladdens my eyes, and warms my heart :—a just proportion—an elegant form ; and upon *paper*, which, in these degenerate

* Some slight notice of this picture will be found in the account of the "HUNTERIAN MUSEUM," in the preceding pages : but Messrs. Duncan now carry this art to a pitch little short of perfection—as will be seen from the manner in which Mr. Scott's engravings for this work are printed by them.

† Pronounced, as we pronounce the word *Fowls*. It may be as well just to observe, that the ART OF PRINTING with metal types was not introduced into Glasgow till one hundred and thirty years after its introduction into Edinburgh by *Chepman and Myller* : concerning whom, I regret that my friend Mr. David Laing did not put me into possession of his Memoirs relating to them—in the Scots Antiquarian Society's publications—before I noticed his *oratio parainetia* of these Fathers of the Scotch press, at an Edinburgh symposium ; see page 615 : where Chepman is made a chapman. George Anderson introduced the art of Printing into Glasgow in 1638—the year in which the remarkable *General Assembly* sat ; and the first work of his press is an account of that General Assembly, published in the same year. No Maitlander can have true peace of mind till in possession of a copy of such an *Editio Princeps*. The libraries of Mr. Kerr, Mr. Strang, Mr. William Smith, and Dr. Fleming, doubtless "rejoice" in such a copy ?

days of the *cotton-mania*, we must never expect to see again. It is all very well to let the lower shelves of our libraries glitter in morocco-bound tomes, with the grand and really noble works put forth by the printers before-mentioned—but when I open the folio *Homer*, or the crown-octavo *Herodotus* and *Thucydides*, of Foulis—and especially the *Republic of Plato*,* translated by Spens—I breathe no particular wish to claim acquaintance with books of a more magnificent or of a more correct execution.

* The Foulises published their proposals for printing Plato's works in 1749. It was intended to print the whole of that philosopher's works with the version of Ficinus—subject to many corrections—in *six folio volumes*, at one penny per sheet: which, on the calculation of there being about 740 sheets, would make the aggregate amount or cost to be £3. 1s. 8d. They also proposed to print a few copies on the finest writing paper, at three half-pence per sheet. The types were to be cut by Alexander Wilson, M. H. type founder to the University of Glasgow. In Mr. Duncan's book, to be presently mentioned, there appears a complimentary letter from JOHN WILKES to Robert Foulis—published for the first time: in which is contained the following sound advice: "It would be the greatest honour to your press, to print so noble an author with as few errata as possible: and you would benefit the learned world beyond what Stephens or Aldus ever did. The text of *Serranus* in general, you will chuse, I make no doubt; and if I might advise you, it would be to publish first the *most striking* pieces of Plato and the two or three first volumes separately. I think you should begin with the *Phædo*, the *Crito*, and the two *Alcibiades*; then the *Apology of Socrates*, *Timæus*, the *Symposium* and *Minon*:" &c. The encouraging predictions of Wilkes were, alas! all falsified from the lack of general patronage; and the Platonic dreams of the publishers were only realized by a translation of the *Republic* of the great author by Spens. The late Earl of Buchan pronounced the letter of Wilkes (of which only one half has been given) to do "more credit to his memory, than the whole of his political career."

But in the word "Foulis" I include the productions of the two brothers, ROBERT and ANDREW: men, as full of early ardour and enthusiasm,* as of late

* Robert Foulis was born in 1707, and Andrew in 1712; in or near Glasgow. Their father was a maltman in the same city. Robert was put apprentice to a barber, and like Allan Ramsay practised the art for a short time on his own account: but Dr. Hutcheson, professor of moral philosophy, finding his mind to be composed of materials fitted for a nobler occupation, soon rescued the elder Foulis from this comparatively degrading craft. Andrew having had the advantage of a good education, taught the Greek, Latin and French languages in their own University. It should seem—in consequence in a great measure of incessant and intense study—(for says Dr. Cleland, "their lamp was seldom extinguished before the midnight hour,") that the young minds of the Foulises were ardently excited towards foreign travel: and they resolved to visit the offices of the most celebrated continental printers, and to gain as much information as possible respecting the *Book Trade*. With this view, they thought it advisable speedily to pitch their tent at Paris—and here it was that they appear to have made a very favourable as well as general impression. Thomas Thomson, Esq. (the President of the Bannatyne Club, see page 630 ante) is in possession of the original letters from the Scotch College at Paris, from which, in 1822, he favoured the public with transcripts in the New Series of the *Scots Magazine*; pp. 335-7. A portion is too interesting to be withheld: only apprizing the reader that they bear the subscription of *Thomas Innes*—but supposed in fact to have been indited by Principal Gordon of the Scots College at Paris. They are addressed to Mr. Edgar, Secretary to the *Old Chevalier*, at Rome.

"Paris, 29th Sept. 1738.

"SIR,—As to our Glasgow gentlemen, they are brothers of the name of FOULIS, both young men of very good parts. They set off chiefly for the *Belles-lettres*, and seem to design to be Professors of that, in the University of Glasgow, or perhaps to be governors or tutors to young noblemen, for which employment they seem to be well cut out in their own way: having very good parts, and talents very moderate, and making morality their chief study and application,

experience and renown : men “ who were giants in their day ” compared with their predecessors : and who shot a-head of all their contemporaries in the

and in that they seem to have made good progress already—according to their notions : taking for their guides, among the ancients, Epictetus, Seneca, Cicero’s Offices : among the moderns, M. de Cambray’s (Fenelon’s) works, and even some of our other writers, S. Trap de Galey, S. Theresa, and some others upon piety and morality, to which they seem to reduce all.

“ For I observe their great principle in religious matters is to lay aside, and not take much concern in, generally, all controverted points, whether betwixt *Catholic* and *Protestant*, or of each party among themselves ; so they are the reverse as well of our *fiery first reformers*, as of the parties that give such disturbances among Catholics.

“ They make no difficulty nor scruple to go to mass, to kneel and conform to the practises of good men of any communion. By this you’ll perceive they are a kind of *Latitudinarians* ; hence their greatest aversion is against all kind of persecution upon the score of religion, and would have each one left to follow the dictates of his own conscience ; and they tell (and I know it otherways) that this way of thinking gains daily ground among the more polite people in our country : and they tell us farther, that all moderate thinking people begin to have a contempt and aversion to the old canting way of *Whiggism* in religion, and that even the *Knoxian* way of reformation, the *Covenant*, and wild doings of these times, were looked upon as a kind of madness.”

About a month afterwards, Mr. Innese writes thus : confirming the marvellous appetites of the young Foulises for *bibliomaniacal food* : “ Messrs. Foulis, the two Glasgow gentlemen, parted from this (Paris) four or five days ago, to return home by London ; carrying along with them no less than SIX OR SEVEN HOGSHEADS OF BOOKS, which they bought here.” A little below, the strain introduced in the previous letter is thus resumed :

“ We have had more occasion to converse frequently with them since my last of 29th of Sept. having had them often to dine here with us, and have had daily more occasion to be confirmed in what

south, as well as in the north, for the elegance and accuracy of their productions.

That a NAME so endeared to Scotland—and so revered by Glasgow in particular—should suggest the composition or compilation of a *Maitland Garland*—in other words, of a contribution to the MAITLAND CLUB—can scarcely be a matter of surprise. Accordingly, the son of one of the most respectable members of that club “set to work,” and furnished *Notices and Documents Illustrative of the Literary History of Glasgow during the greater part of the Last Century*—which, with ample and honourable mention made of the *Fauls*, includes a complete list of

we wrote to you, that their damning principle is *Latitudinarian*, or an universal *tolerantisme*, with an aversion to persecuting any for their different sentiments in religious matters ; and what is more, they seem resolved to use all their ingine to propagate these principles, and, by this design they have in their view, they will probably have a very natural occasion of infusing these principles into many of the young gentry and nobility : for the chief employment they have in view is to teach the young gentry those knowledges which become most young quality, such as, language, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, &c. all which these two gentlemen have endeavoured to attain to, as also Philosophy, Mathematicks, &c. This, with the spirit of free thinking which spreads daily in our country, may with time make great alteration in the *Western parts*—where the sour, sullen, peevish temper, which had domineered even since the *Reformation*, is daily decaying and wearing out, and made a jest of among the more polite people—”

There can be no doubt (says Mr. Thomson) that these letters were written with the view of forwarding the political designs of the “OLD CHEVALIER.” In a postscript to the last letter, Innese very significantly says “What may come of all this, God only knows ; but certainly there is a *good appearance* of what WE ALL WISH.”

the works of their press—upwards of five hundred in number.* Does any library in Glasgow contain this number? The name of the young author is William James Duncan; whose father, Richard Duncan, Esq., presented it to the club as his contribution. The father is treasurer of the club; and I have more than *one* reason to laud the courtesy of his manners, and the kindness of his disposition. By his prompt and liberal tender, I have been gratuitously enabled to enrich these pages with the following portrait of ROBERT FOULIS—considered to be a striking resemblance—from a gem by Tassie.

* The title of their *first* publication, in 1741, was “The Temper, Character, and Duty of a Minister of the Gospel: a Sermon preached by William Leechman, Minister of Beith:” that of their *last*, in 1776, was a “Catalogue of Foreign Pictures,”—chiefly of the Italian school: in 3 vols. 12mo. Mr. Duncan, in the work above notified, gives the titles of upwards of seventy pieces, “of which the dates have not been ascertained.”

All hail to the MAITLAND CLUB!—to which the foregoing matter seems naturally to lead. Hail to the memory of that genial and jocund day—when, in company with eighteen among the most “gal-lant and devoted of its crew”—I sat down to a SYMPOSIUM at the *Star Hotel*, in George’s-square! Let it never henceforth be said that the **Romaunt Spirit**, in all its attractive bearings, has no place in a city where trade lifts a proud and commanding, and perhaps enviable, front. What could the dull routine of ordinary life exhibit of a more cheering and winning, as well as enlightening form, than *that* which was to be seen and experienced on the 13th day of September, in the year 1836, at the *Star Hotel* in Glasgow?

While the reader may be making himself acquainted with the “birth, parentage, and education” of this RENOWNED CLUB, in the subjoined note,* be it per-

* “Clarum et venerabile nomen”—is the designation of that of SIR RICHARD MAITLAND of Lethingtoun, Knight—who, also a contemporary, was *more* than the George Bannatyne of Edinburgh: see page 630 ante. Sir Richard was a lawyer, a poet, and an historian; but is chiefly known by the two first qualifications. “Venerable,” beyond a doubt, was our worthy Knight of Lethingtoun: for he reached his *ninetieth* year—dying in 1586, stricken with blindness. Nor did he “attune his lyre” till he had turned his sixtieth year. His principal historical work is *The History of the House of Seytoun*, to the year 1559, which formed the first object, or book, in 1829, of the operations of the MAITLAND CLUB. The same Club, as their next production, published the *Poems of Sir Richard Maitland*, with selections from the poems of Sir John Maitland, Lord Thirlestane, and of Thomas Maitland. This was published in 1830: only 70 copies having been printed—while of the Seytoun volume, 75 copies were printed. It is to the text of THIS edition of Maitland’s poetry,

mitted me to dwell somewhat more emphatically upon the "day of joyaunce" above alluded to. Mr. Secretary Smith (to whose contribution to the club I have had so many reasons to be indebted), was so obliging as to take an active part in mustering the forces, by issuing printed circulars of the intended

that the reader may fearlessly resort—in reliance upon its fidelity; that of Pinkerton's edition not only contains mere excerpts or selections, but is chargeable with inaccuracies and interpolations.

By a singularly odd fate, the *original MS.* is in the Pepysean library at Magdalen College, Cambridge—from the limits of which library no book is allowed to wander. Rhadamanthus must have whispered such a regulation in the ear of good old Pepys, when he incorporated it in his will or deed of gift. This far-famed MS. consists of two volumes; a folio, containing 176 articles—and a quarto, containing 96: the latter in the handwriting of Mary Maitland, Sir Richard's daughter. It should seem, that Sir Richard commenced this collection of original Scotch poems in 1555, before he became blind; although one of them is dated 1585—when he had been long blind; but this, as Mr. Chambers properly suggests, may have been the date of the arrangements. Scotland has been singularly happy in its ANTHOLOGIES. The Percy MS. is yet unexplored—as Messrs. Ellis, Madden, and Nicolas, would like to explore it. I ought to add that a complete catalogue of the works printed for the Maitland Club—instituted in 1827—as well as a list of books in the course of publication for the Club, was put forth by the members in 1836, 4to.: of which, as well as of several of the more valuable pieces, it has been my good fortune to be the gratuitous possessor of copies. I consider the "*Scala Cronica*"—compiled by Sir Thomas Grey of Heton, Knight—comprising a period of from 1060 to 1366—and edited by John Stevenson, Esq. from a UNIQUE MS.—to be one of the most interesting, as well as curious publications of the club. It records, among other topics, many splendid achievements of the ancestors of the noble family of GREY. In my account of "Norham Castle," I shall quote more than one passage from it.

symposium. In the absence of the Earl of Glasgow, the President—whose indifferent state of health rarely allows him to attend—the chair was taken by William Macdowall, Esq. the Vice President: and *better* taken it could not have been by the most exalted in rank. The Very Rev. Mr. Principal Macfarlane sat at the chairman's left hand; and I had the honour of being linked to his right. At my immediate right hand, in turn, sat Dr. Fleming and Messrs. James and William Smith. Opposite to us were ranged our good friends Messrs. Kerr and Strang. On each side of the Vice-President, Mr. Secretary Smith, there was a gallant "rank and file" of bibliomaniacal veterans. I bargained beforehand for no stand-up speeches after toasting.

Nothing, from beginning to end, could have been better managed, and more smoothly and joyously conducted. The wax lights were numerous and burnt brightly; the champagne was cool, translucent, and of the genuine opal-tint; the hock, mellow and well attempered. Challenges were no sooner given, than accepted—succeeded by the *report* only of the drawing of a fresh cork:—and renewed life rather than prostrate death was the consequence. But what a fearful issue, "in the mind's eye" awaited me—on the withdrawing of the cloth! How was I to enact the part of the Representative of the Roxburghe Club! How could I sufficiently express my admiration at the devoted affection of these sons of the Parent-Stem! There is no man in Scotland, to my taste, who says grace—either "before or after meal"—like the Principal Macfarlane:—impressive,

and accompanied by a quiet, appropriate action. One of his graces on this memorable occasion, beginning with "May the God of our Fathers," I could have wished to have been at least three times as long.

The "after meal" grace is said. The decanters and glasses are upon the table, intertwined with varieties of fruit—and the "Battle of Toasts" begins. It was maintained on both sides with equal regularity and determination. Neither party appeared to flinch—in a ready and eloquent utterance, and a joyousness and cordial demonstration of feeling. We all wore our hearts upon our sleeves. I did not hesitate a moment in returning thanks for the **Rorburghe Toast**, but was compelled to marshal all my forces in due array when Mr. Principal Macfarlane gave "The Divines of the Church of England, living as well as dead." He did it well; zealously and sincerely. Opposed to the splendid phalanx of names which the Principal felicitously arranged and introduced, I called on that learned individual in particular, and on my book brethren around me, to bear in mind their Knoxes, Calderwoods, Spotiswoods, Wodrows, Burnets,* Campbells, and Macknights; their Robertsons, Blairs, Alisons, and Chalmers. In the end of my address I became "almost" a Presbyterian. Having before devoted much time to researches in the Hunterian Museum, I rose with confidence to propose a standing toast: "*The*

* Burnet was a Scotchman born, and educated at the University of Glasgow.

immortal memory of DR. WILLIAM HUNTER." I prefaced the adoption of this toast by enumerating the book-gems which I had handled—the pictorial and numismatic treasures which I had examined—and the advantages which I had derived from my repeated sojourns within that spot of bewildering enchantment. I appealed to my neighbour, Dr. Fleming—my kind and invariable attendant—the “fidus Achates” on these long “voyages of book discovery;” and was proceeding to what might have been tolerated as at least an animated, if not an apposite peroration, when Messrs. Kerr and Strang, springing up simultaneously, proposed the immediate adoption of so spirit-stirring a toast. This was delightfully out of order : but it was carried triumphantly ; and the chairman gave it the prompt and hearty sanction of his voice. One slight but characteristic anecdote I cannot suppress. On observing across the table to Principal Macfarlane that “they were getting on so fast with their publications for the club, they would soon exhaust the soil for the illustration of their country’s literature and antiquities,—what would they do next?”—“Go to *Ireland*, our SCOTIA MAJOR,” was the Principal’s ready and triumphant reply. What a lesson for the Southerners !

There needs little farther detail. It is getting towards midnight—but the ranks remain unbroken. During coffee and tea (an innovation, of which I glory to have been the author !) we broke into sundry little groups, or knots, to compare notes . . . invariably concurring in the general harmony of the day. Good Mr. Duncan raises his trumpet, and I pour

into its orifice the sounds of renewed thanksgiving for his liberal use of the Foulis-medallion plate. He is among the most amiable and gentlemanly of Maitlanders. It was with unfeigned regret that, on parting with the Chairman—the Vice-President of the Club, Mr. Macdowall—I knew that I was in all probability shaking his hand for the last time. There are some men with whom we have not the slightest desire to *renew* an acquaintance: whom we scarcely wish to see a *second* time. The Vice-President of the Maitland Club could not be classed with this species of human beings. It seemed that we parted from each other with mutual regret; and on the turn of midnight we were all at our respective dormitories.

This public symposium was but the prelude to several private ones. As in duty bound, I must begin with “mine host,” Mr. Kerr, who is always a sort of large-paper hospitality man; and was so obliging, as, in addition to several little coteries of intellectual friends, to issue an edict, upon a grand scale, for the convening of upwards of a dozen “*hommes illustres*.” Among whom, Dr. Macfarlane; Thomas Campbell, Esq. (the first living poet of Scotland, and a Glaswegian by birth); the Editor of the *Scotsman*, Mr. M'Larel; Dr. Fleming; Messrs. Johnston, Smith, Duncan, Strang, M'Lellan, &c. were of the party invited. Mr. Campbell was all animation, and seemed as enthusiastic and youthful as when I had met him about fifteen years before. Titian and Reynolds painted as well at seventy as at seven-and-thirty. Mr. Campbell will be as buoyant twenty

years hence as now. His defence and eulogy of the dish called *Haggis*—so repulsive to the general taste of southerners, and which our host luckily had *not* upon table—was very ingenious and amusing. In ballad-quotation, Dr. Macfarlane surely beat them all. The ballads of Scotland are as much “part and parcel” of conversation as of historical composition. It was, throughout, a day of highly intellectual, as well as festal, gratification. The whiskey was the last ingredient partaken of at table: but the *quaiigh* was not introduced.*

Adieu to the primitive hours of the dinner festivities of our forefathers!† The Glasgovians generally ask you for six—rarely for five. Here comes an “*Invite*” from Mr. M'Lellan,—and most of our common friends are “bidden to the feast.” I have on several occasions had substantial reason to eulogize this spirited, as well as taste-loving, individual.‡ His

* See page 621.

† In Dr. Cleland's ever instructive volume, we learn, after much careful research, that it was not till the year 1828 that the dinner hour reached that of *six* o'clock. In 1770, it was two o'clock; and somewhere about that period, as I infer, it was that “the late William Cunningham, meeting the Earl of Glencairn at the Cross, asked him to take potluck with him; and having sent immediate notice to his wife, of the guest invited, entertained him with a most ample dinner. Some conversation taking place about the difference between dinners in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Lord Glencairn observed, that the only difference he knew, was, that in Glasgow the dinner was *at sight*, while in Edinburgh it was at *fourteen days after date*.”—Cleland, page 257. It is painful to learn, on the same authority, that the dinner parties of *that* period usually terminated in the grossest intoxication.

‡ See pages 683, 687, 701, &c.

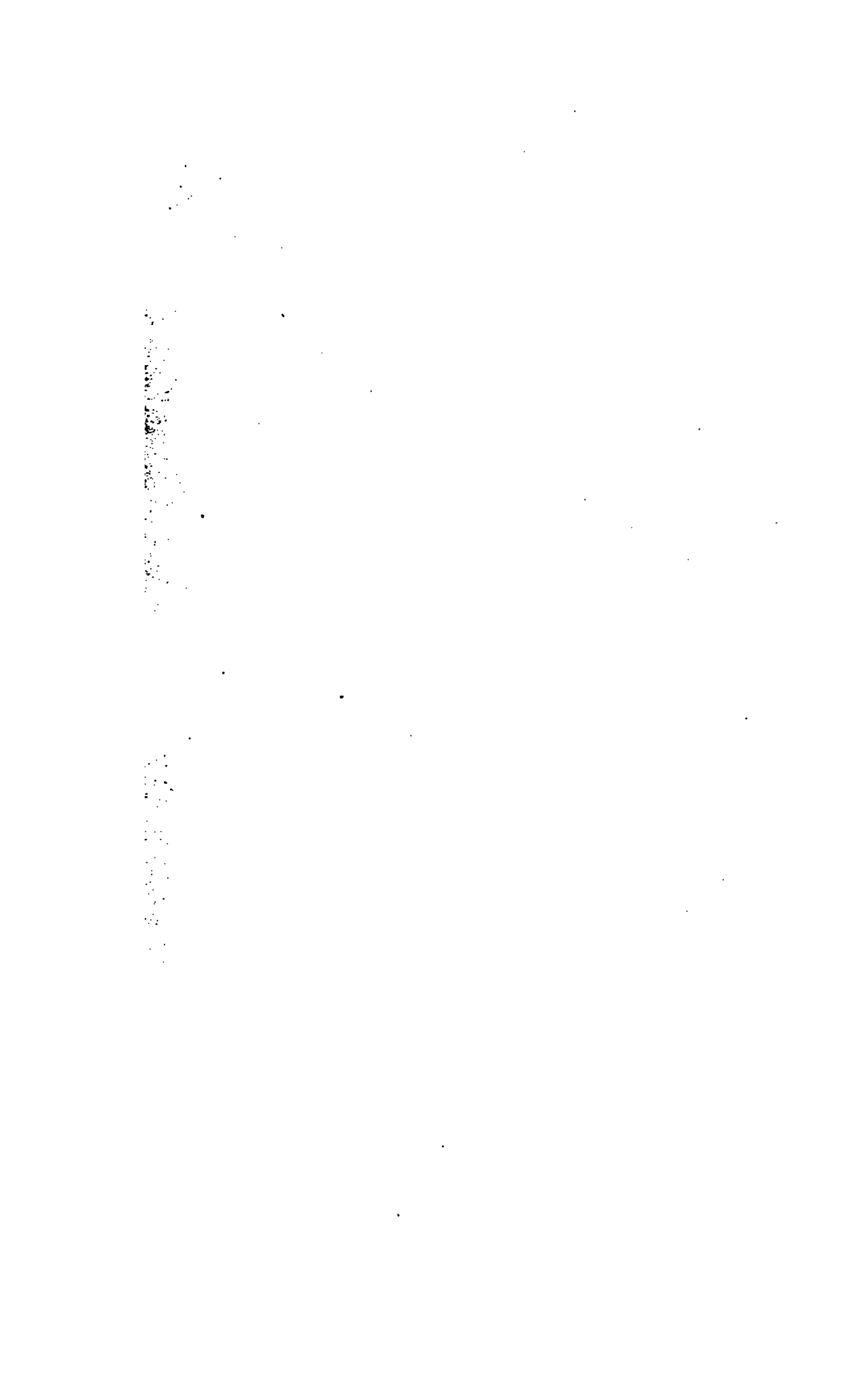




1751

THE REGENERATION OF THE NATION.

A new subject of painting by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, in the style of the Venetian School, by J. P. P.





Pictures were the object of a morning visit. I had been prepared to be struck with their number, as well as with the intrinsic value of the greater part. Even the entrance hall is filled—and here is one of the very best *Bassans* I ever saw, of the *Last Supper of our Lord*. It is rather on a smaller scale than usual; but it is replete with merit, at least on the score of colour. Some of Mr. M'Lellan's finest pictures are in the dining room, to the right. Behold the OPPOSITE PLATE, gentle reader—as confirmative of this position. The original is about one-third the size of life—and is in pure condition throughout. It is clearly of Italian composition—as the fine drawing of the whole, and especially of the arms of the figure below, with his bags, attests.* Here are the faded but genuine remains of a Claude Lorraine. Rubens, Vandyke, Tintoret and Reynolds, are found in this cluster of pictorial roses. Upstairs, including the sleeping rooms, the “painted canvas” finds its ready way, and is in many instances luxuriously displayed. The house teems with Art.

It was in the dining-room that we were convened for the purposes of bibliomaniacal festivity. The suspended lamp, well furnished with burners, threw its warm light upon guest as well as upon dish. Every delicacy was below it; and in the first sip of hock I seemed to renew my acquaintance with the Fustian aum.† It was of the finest quality. A bouquet of flowers maintained its position in the

* The ENGRAVING, by Mr. James Thomson of London, is worthy of the ORIGINAL.

† Consult page 625.

centre of the table, till the cloth was cleared away. Around it, how many dainties were in a constant state of requisition! I do not think, that—as no dinner had been better served, and no wines of a choicer flavour—during my visit at Glasgow—“the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” was, in any mansion, more unceasingly displayed than at this truly elegant, as well as hospitable, banquet. Several guests, whose names have escaped me (and especially an artist who sat to the left of the Vice-President) I should have much desired to meet again. Mr. Lawrence Hill was my near neighbour. His warmth, animation and liberality of sentiment, won upon me exceedingly.

I ought to notice three other very pleasant *Symposia*—the one at Dr. Fleming’s, the second at Samuel Hunter’s, Esq., and the third with John Strang, Esq. ;* the latter, across the water. But what

* How—even in *minute* things—the character of taste betrays itself. Mr. Strang has a small, but elegantly planned book-case, in his drawing-room. On the first glance of it, I observed to its owner, “it looks as if Mr. Hamilton had had a finger in the concern?” “It is entirely his planning,” replied Mr. Strang. But this gentleman must not escape thus easily. I owe to the perusal of his “GERMANY IN 1831,” some of the most pleasurable moments of my existence—taken as that perusal was, during cessation from bodily pain, on a long illness after my return from the North. The Quarterly Review has a favourable, but surely superficial review of the work, in unison with another, upon the same subject. I consider Mr. Strang’s account of Berlin, upon the whole, as his masterpiece; not less from the display of his talent as a describer of picturesque scenery, (see amongst others, his beautiful description of the streets of Berlin by moonlight, in vol. 1. p. 272-3) as from the high tone of moral feeling which it exhibits, in fulminating against

more can be said than that the courtesy and generosity of these gentlemen were alike conspicuous, and can only be recorded in terms which may have been already repeated *usque ad nauseam*? Mr. Hunter adheres to the old maxim of never exceeding the number of the Muses in that of the invited guests. We met six at his table: where I was first introduced to Dr. Cleland, the great statistical boast of Scotland. After dinner (as has been before noticed*) Mr. Hunter tried his hand at the celebrated *Glasgow cold Punch*. He is considered a first-rate performer in this craft: but even talents like his failed to make me a convert to the system.

At the particular request of several friends, I visited Mr. Carrs, the favourite book-binder among the *cognoscenti* at Glasgow. He drives a gallant

the trashy reading of the vulgar (p. 261-3) of both countries, and in devolving his knowledge, as well as love, of the German language, by his commendation of Kauffmann's translation of Burns: of whose poetical character there is a most vigorous outline—while the specimen, selected at pages 286-7, of the former's version of "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here"—(Mein herz ist im Hochland, mein herz ist nicht hier,) must make a Scotchman shout aloud for the completion of the translator's labours. At page 303, Mr. Strang betrays all the bibliomaniacal rapture of a GENUINE MAITLANDER. His Visalium-like accuracy of dissection of the *Gallopade*, shows equally the *quickness* of his eye, and the versatility of his pristine imagination. I should like to have been with him, in his foray at the Royal Library. While from him, at page 213 of his first volume, we have as beautiful and as just a criticism of the works of *Raffaello*, in a small compass, as any with which I am acquainted.

* See page 446, where by mistake the christian name of this gentleman is said to be Joseph.

trade. From his glass-door cabinet, he has his eye constantly upon his stitchers and binders. Not a movement escapes him ; and he is about one of the pleasantest tradesmen imaginable to do business with : first, because he is both quick and civil—and secondly, because he knows in what his art more especially consists. A good long term of life is apparently before him ; and his gains cannot fail to be both constant and considerable. On my *next* visit to Glasgow, I expect to be taken to his Tusculum, on the banks of the Clyde, in his low phaeton, with long-tailed grey ponies. In the mean time, he wants space, and should look about him for enlarged premises ; though property in the Tron Gate (where our renowned bibliopegist lives) is of no small value. I possess three fine specimens—the gifts of the “bretheren”—of Mr. Carrs’ best efforts in russia and morocco. Mr. Carrs and I had almost mingled tears at the sight of a precious old volume of poetry, which had been the property of Drummond—with his autograph—having been left with him with an order “to be bound as cheaply as possible.” Even “*sheep-skin*” had been hinted at ! Could profanation on this score have assumed a more awful front ?

It was well that my time for departure from Glasgow had fully arrived : for such a battery of red hot shot, in the character of incessant dinner invitations, was opened upon me, as to threaten to render a longer stay subversive of all ulterior objects in view. Glasgow seemed as a *Capua* in one of its most fearful characteristics ; and I resolved upon slipping cable and launching upon the waters of the Clyde.

Of all places in the world, give me Glasgow during the summer and autumn months, as a concentrating spot or focus. Is the traveller low-spirited? A couple of hours takes him easterly, to the lulling echoes and cool atmosphere of the falls of the Clyde, about Lanark; or, westerly, the same brief space of time places him in a steamer, where the commingling waters of the lakes seem to concentrate below Dumbarton Castle. Or, within a shorter period, he may plunge into all the varieties of a dense population and a flourishing commerce at Paisley: a very bee-hive of human industry.* Or, a short five hours will place him upon the summit of the Calton Hill—wrapt in delight at the growing grandeur of the Metropolis of the North.

Yet—there is *one* visit to record, which was paid in company with several of “the Bretheren,” to William Smith, Esq., brother of James Smith, Esq.,† resident about nine miles to the north of Glasgow, in a spot which to me had a sort of lonely air of grandeur—midst heathy hills and uneven greenswards. The house has a good deal of architectural

* Paisley is a large manufacturing town about ten miles to the south of Glasgow, across the Clyde, in Renfrewshire. Its population is reputed to be little short of 60,000 souls. The staple commodities of trade are cotton and wool. Sugar, tobacco, rums—with their multiplied adjuncts, follow in the train. Such has been the rapid increase of population in this county, that within 30 years, it has been nearly doubled. In 1801, the census was 78,056: in 1831, it was 133,443. At the next census, within four years, there will probably be an increase of 20,000 in addition. In spite of Mr. Malthus, all this looks rather *CHEERING* than otherwise.

† See page 746 ante.

pretension ; and it is at once spacious and commodious within. The apartments luxuriate in *bores*. There is an excellent, and, as it were, “*ex professo*” Library—with brave folio and quarto furniture : and warm rich curtains, which, when drawn of a winter’s evening—as the snow falls in heavy flakes, and the blast whistles with an impudent note of defiance—seem to shut out a world of distraction and woe. But the drawing-room—in addition to many downright sterling prints, handsomely framed, contains no despicable muster of morocco, russia, and neatly tooled calf bindings. And yet, it was agreed on all hands that the most interesting as well as elegant object, within this Tusculum, was the *Ladye*—the “*placens uxor*,”—who presided over our symposium with a marvellous sweetness of deportment. Here I met the eldest son—the clergyman of the parish—of my old college friend Lord Moncrieff :—the exact representation of his parent, when we associated together within the academic walls of Oxford. This was in *all* respects a day of unusual pleasantness and liberal hospitality. On getting into the carriage, to return home, about eleven o’clock, I was surprised to see such a strong clear light in the heavens, without a moon. It was as if the sun were shortly to rise. “You forget,” observed Mr. Smith, “the *latitude* in which you now are.” I do not think that any coach of breaking-up schoolboys ever contained a set of inmates more thoroughly disposed to be merry and happy.

If I am here compelled to say “FAREWELL to GLASGOW !”—or rather, to the city and its immediate

suburbs—I cannot conscientiously take my departure without conducting my readers a short way out of the city gates, for the purpose of tarrying a few days within the VICINITY : for this neighbourhood contains several *Lions* that are constantly roaring in all directions, and which may be approached with admiration divested of terror.

VICINITY OF GLASGOW.

My kind friend and liberal host, John Kerr, Esq. had, or rather has, a country residence on the banks of the Clyde—some eight or nine miles from Glasgow—called by the most absurd name of *Frisky Hall*. The steamer, which almost brushes the bay window of the drawing-room, on passing it, conveys you thither within the hour. I shall ever have reason to remember my first visit. We were to start from the quay between three and four on the Saturday : the day and the hour when most citizens leave their commercial cares behind them for forty-eight hours enjoyment at their villas, Dumbarton, or Greenock. It was a sad day of incessant rain : rain, of which the particles seemed to spread out, before reaching the earth, so as to cover you all over with one garment of soaking moisture. We had a mile to walk before reaching the steamer ; and the whole line of the quay seemed to be crammed with these vessels—from the iron chimneys of which the escape of the steam was accompanied by an almost stunning noise. Down fell the rain in heavier torrents—and louder and louder roared these chimney tops. Our

pace continued to increase in proportion ; and I was almost breathless—as well as entirely wet through of foot—when we reached the vessel which was to drop us within a bow shot of Frisky Hall. The steamer was crammed with passengers—above and below. I maintained a sort of neutral position, from rain and mess-mates, by standing under a shed upon the stairs which led to the steward's room. At length we leapt on shore. The gallantry of my friend, as one of the proprietors of the vessel, would not allow me to pay even the very small cost of conveyance ;—but had it been four times as much, my friend's gallantry had increased in a four-fold ratio. The Scotch are splendid in these *petite convenance* matters. At Edinburgh I was allowed with difficulty to pay my hackney-coach fare.

We had to traverse a plank lopsidedly placed, and slippery with saturated moisture—which was put across a ditch adown which galloped a mountain torrent . . . all foam and fury ! In dry weather this stream is scarcely visible. It is well to be firm of head, as well as of foot, on these occasions. Heavy and incessant as was the rain, I yet could not help turning an eye to the right, to notice the shaggy fir clothing of the towering hills, and the shining red tint of the granite precipices and excavations. One of these excavations—on the following day—presented a picture of *colour*, before which more than one artist of my acquaintance would have sat down, from sunrise to sunset, with equal profit and delight. The weather began to set in dismally unpropitious to our neighbouring excursion. The next

morning showed everything without—water, wood, hill, and pasture—to be enveloped in rain and mist; a *secundum ordinem* SCOTCH MIST. But there were comforts within doors. And here, for the first time, I read Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. "It cannot fail to please you (observed my friend) for it is a copy upon *thick writing paper*."* I will fairly own that I was greatly disappointed in the perusal. The plot is miserably bald—and the arrival of the rich uncle, Sir William, soon puts an end to the very pleasant and brisk intercourse between the two pairs of lovers: of whom the nephew and Peggie "speed the soft intercourse" with a great deal of brisk coquetry and archness on her part.† My friend seeing my looks increase in

* It is of the date of 1788, 4to. The prints are in mezzotint, and said to be the first specimens of that style of engraving in Scotland. The grain is coarse, but the touch is generally firm and good. The subjects, drawn by the Author's son—of the same christian name—are full of spirit and point. Ramsay, in addition to having been Painter to George III, and Queen Charlotte, obtained from this work the proud distinction of being the HOGARTH OF SCOTLAND. He was a man of great respectability in other respects besides art; and as much above Hudson his contemporary, as Reynolds infinitely surpassed their happiest efforts united.

† A Scotch gentleman, with whom I once travelled—on my expressing to him the general languid impression made upon me by the GENTLE SHEPHERD—observed, "it was so with me, on a first perusal; but a friend resolutely insisting upon my reperusing it, I took it up, and laid it down so gratified, that I was ashamed to think upon the previous impression. There is such an equable softness of versification, and purity of sentiment about it—the imagery is so natural, and the equivoque so unexceptionable—that a Scotchman has good reason to be proud of the name of the Author." I look forward therefore with a pleasing anticipation to a second perusal.

disappointment, next put into my hands—begging my acceptance of it—a little volume of a widely different cast of character: grotesquely absurd—and endurable only on the score of outrageous originality. The reader is introduced to it in the subjoined note.*

We dined at a neighbour's, of the name of Mills,

* It may be a moot point whether the *Manufacturer* of such a truly absurd production is more to be ridiculed than its purchaser or reader. I am willing to be included among the latter—and prepared for all the anathemas which may accompany the republication of the following specimens: premising, that the Author, Printer, Designer, and Binder, are *one* and the *same* person. All I shall say of the wood-cuts is, that they are *worthy* of the text. The size of the book is a sort of square octodecimo. The title and opening run thus: "A DIALOGUE between the Old and New Light Burgher Kirks of Dunfermline, overheard by a benighted traveler; *the third edition, enlarged and improvd*, to which are added savral Answers and Epistles To WILLY ——. Concluding in a most serious Battle. Printed by D. PATTEN, *Dunfermline*, 1815. Price eight pence."

"This is some books that I have got
the same I am a selling,
I pray you Sir, take one or too
you's have them at a shilling.

You'll find this to be the nissest thing
that ever was in print Sir,
It to the point at once doth bring,
what is a genuan burghar."

It most grandly also tells
the duty of covenanting,
I, as an old light burgher still,
am wea for that defection."

At page 64 it is said——

"This book defends the good Old way,
some thoughts on persecution;
The covenants fasting hearing too
in a most grand situation."

an enterprising and intelligent shipbuilder : and here we met a Mr. Charles Wood, who had built the far-famed *Columbus*, of 4,000 tons ; which, on reaching our shores from America, took it into its head to go to pieces. The cargo was almost wholly saved. It was an experiment to try what might be accomplished on the score of *tonnage*. But the second vessel built by Mr. Wood, called the *Baron of Renfrew*, was of yet larger dimensions. In both instances the wood was obtained from the interior of the country, and built into the vessels almost in a green state. Mr. Wood was ready for another experiment—even upon a more daring scale. . .

“ Nil mortalibus arduum est.”

On returning home, although we had scarcely three hundred yards to walk, the blackness of the night seemed to threaten us with extinction. Ebony is not so black as was that night. Mr. Mills is an exceedingly agreeable bachelor, and seems intent on seeking a partner for life from the south. His neighbours will fasten upon him for this heresy ; and Mrs. Kerr is already sharpening her weapons of attack.

The next day compensated for a good deal of previous discomfort. I walked to DUMBARTON. The colour of the soil, and woody heights, to the right, is of a warmish red—in which the lake colour now and then occupies a good portion. The whole route—about three miles—is full of interest ; especially from the steamers propelling their sure and steady course, to the left, and the Castle of Dunglass

with the Castle and town of Dumbarton* in front. Here I caught the first peep of the MIGHTY BEN, or BEN LOMOND: but he had not taken off his

* Of all places or neighbourhoods, washed by the waters of the Clyde, none perhaps have stood out, in the panoramic view of Scotch history, with brighter or bolder colours than DUMBARTON and its Castle: the latter, an isolated rock of some 250 feet in height, with a biforked summit—and defended by fortifications, which in the early part of the sixteenth century might have been considered the key of the Western Islands. So it is described by MACKY and DE FOE. In the time of the latter—upwards of a century ago—“there was a garrison maintained in it—’tis exceeding strong by situation (observes De Foe) being secured by the river (Leven) on one side, the Frith of Clyde on the other, an impassable morass on the third side, and the fourth is a precipice:” p. 228: and see Macky, p. 301. The Roman fleet in all probability anchored in the waters of the Clyde, and the Wall of Antonine is thought to have terminated at Dunglass castle. See Chalmers, *Caledonia*, vol. i. 167. “The Britons (says Macky—but he should rather have said the *Cumbrensians*—see Chalmers, p. 237) kept this castle for three hundred years, after the Romans left the island: and Bede says it was the best fortified city of the Britons in his days. Since the Scotch held it, it hath done them very great services at a pinch. It held out long against Edward I of England:” p. 301. It did so; but it was the presence and spirit of WALLACE that gave such energies and success to the besieged.

In Bede’s time, the metropolis of the *Cumbrensiæ Kingdom* may be said to have been spread over the whole of the southern parts of Scotland—as far up as Dumbartonshire. The metropolis of this kingdom was called *Alclyd*—which in British language means “*the rocky heights on the Clyde*.” This was precisely the castle in Bede’s time, who died a little before the middle of the eighth century. Chalmers is full of topographical erudition upon this point. *Caledonia*, p. 237-8. That any trace of *Roman* antiquity now remains, is perhaps an equivocal point: and there are those who think no portion of the existing castle can be pushed up to the time of Wallace. PENNANT infers that “the ruined fort on a point, might have

nightcap, and was therefore much shorn of his grandeur and elevation. This mountain presents to the eye, from Dumbarton—where the Lomond Lake

been the site of a Roman fort—for probably the wall might have ended here; as at this very place the water is deep, and unfordable by foot or horse.”—vol. i. p. 161. But of all the deeds of gallantry and heroism, in the way of successful assault, ever exhibited within this rocky recess, was that of Capt. Crawford of Jordan Hill, in the time of the Regent Murray. The castle was held by Lord Fleming, in the service of Mary: and it will be seen that the governor relied too confidently upon its supposed impregnability. The event is thus described by the picturesque pen of ROBERTSON—on the authority of Buchanan:—

“Towards evening Crawford marched from Glasgow with a small but determined band. By midnight they arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was set, and the sky, which had hitherto been extremely clear, was covered with a thick fog. It was where the rock was highest that the assailants made their attempt, because in that place there were few sentinels, and they hoped to find them least alert. The first ladder was scarcely fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted, brought it to the ground. None of the assailants were hurt by the fall, and none of the garrison alarmed at the noise. Their guide and Crawford scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladder to the roots of a tree which grew in a cleft. This place they all reached with the utmost difficulty, but were still at a great distance from the foot of the wall. Their ladder was made fast a second time, but in the middle of the ascent they met with an unforeseen difficulty. One of their companions was seized with some sudden fit, and clung seemingly without life to the ladder. All were at a stand. It was impossible to pass him. To tumble him headlong was cruel, and might occasion a discovery. But Crawford's presence of mind did not forsake him. He ordered the soldier to be bound fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over, and turning the other side of the ladder, they *mounted with ease over his belly.*”

The castle was won without the loss of a man: Lord Fleming escaped in a small boat into Argyleshire. His Lady, the French

may be said to terminate—a cone upon a table-land. It is just about this spot where travellers begin to open their eyes for the enjoyment of the LAKE SCENERY of Scotland: but, with whatever reluctance, I am compelled to turn my back upon it for the *present*, and to carry the reader with me in a totally opposite direction.

Nor should that same reader grieve at the abruptness of the departure; for he is about to be placed in what may be supposed to partake of an earthly paradise—all objects duly considered; as arising from nature and art. The *Falls of the Clyde* and *Hamilton Palace* are now in view .. with a few words by way of “avant propos.” Among the friends whom a too short stay at Glasgow secured to me, was Mr. Bailie Johnston; a gentleman, of whose magnificent cotton manufactory at Glasgow these pages have before made honourable mention.* He

Ambassador, and Hamilton the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, were the principal prisoners taken. The latter in the end suffered the ignominious death of the gallows—at Stirling—in a too memorable *Raid*. This was the very bloodiest period of recrimination which Scotland ever witnessed. One word more about this castellated rocky island. In its vicinity is Kirkpatrick, of which my good friend Dr. Fleming was lately the minister. This is the supposed native place of the ST. PATRICK, the tutelary saint of Ireland: who, in a struggle with the great Arch-fiend of darkness, threw a huge fragment of rock after him—which plumped into the water as we now behold it, in the shape of Dumbarton Rock. Pennant describes the surrounding country with rather more than ordinary animation. The fort, so much talked about, was blown up in 1640—when the Earl Haddington, with many persons of distinction, were “miserably destroyed.”

* See page 664 ante.





THE INTERIOR OF A HUT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

had hired a country residence, as he usually does, called *Dalzel House*; about thirteen miles from Glasgow, within a quarter of a mile of the Clyde. Mrs. Johnston with her children were in residence there; and his carriage conveyed Mrs. Kerr, Dr. Fleming, my daughter and self, to spend a few days with his family—making our visit instrumental to those to Lanark and Hamilton. The mansion hired by Mr. Johnston is of the date 1649, as these figures appear cut in stone within an architrave on the exterior. The stabling, which is massive, and of considerable extent, is of the same date: but the inhabited mansion is a sort of appendage to an *Old Castle* of probably upwards of four hundred years standing; and of which the walls are in some places full nine feet thick. There was one room presenting us with a fire-place* of about the time of Henry VI, not inelegantly sculptured. From the summit of the old castle you catch a fine view of the surround-

* I wish with all my heart, that some clever artist and well qualified architectural Antiquary, would give us a good bulky tract, or disquisition, embellished with about a dozen cuts, of the *chief existing CASTLES OF SCOTLAND*—of which so many, as the one in the text, are appropriated to objects so little within the contemplation of their founders. Sheds, stables, warehouses, kitchens, barns, or what not—are now the degrading characteristics of these once proud and strong edifices, of which the interior was filled by implements of warfare, and by human beings who could use them with such destructive effect. Look, gentle reader, at the *OPPOSITE PLATE*—representing a *Highland Kitchen*, or cottage, attached to a Castle in the neighbouring county—of which Mr. M'Lea (of St. Andrews, and of whom by and by) furnished me with a faithful portrait drawn on the spot.

ing country, encircled by the Clyde as with a broad and shining silver belt.

There are some oaks in the park-ground of no common magnitude; and one, within a stone's-throw of the house, which may well challenge antiquity with the time of Wallace; who, in company with a few gallant followers, might have caroused around it, after defeating a skirmishing party of his great antagonist Edward.* It is a noble specimen of sylvan glory. Evelyn would have republished his *Sylva*,—and Johnson have withheld his barbarous anathemas against the treeless condition of Scotland, if they had seen it. Attached to it, there is a large garden and orchard; † so prolific, that the produce of the fruit, in the year of my visit, was upwards of £400: and the year preceding it had exceeded £600. Gooseberries are an important article in the

* Had Edward I *pardoned* Wallace, after the bloody and disastrous battle of Falkirk, what ever-green laurels would he have won! What desolation and almost rivers of blood had Scotland been spared the sight of!—while the English power would in fact have been established both upon a broader and firmer basis. But Edward I, with all his sagacity and fine understanding, was cruel at heart; and the forerunner of Cromwell as a bloody conqueror.

† Chalmers says, “even the Romans began to plant orchards in Lanarkshire: and the ancient poet, Merthyn, mentions with feelings of regret THE ORCHARDS OF CLUYD.” *Caledonia*; vol. iii. p. 596. A few pages onwards he says—“Gardens and orchards are of very early use in Clydesdale. The orchards are not so general as the gardens. The former comprise, in the whole of this small county, above 250 acres: but their produce is precarious. In some fortunate years the whole has been valued at £2000.”—Chalmers: vol. iii. p. 599. But this was the result in 1823. It is *now* greatly exceeded; as the fact alone, above stated, may prove.

Scotch kitchen garden. I am not sure whether these alone had not produced nearer £50 than £40. They are a popular dish as a preserve. The boughs of the orchard bent lowly beneath the weight of the clustering apple. The forcing houses were well trained, and productive of heavy bunches of sweet and juicy grapes.

What might have been the hospitality of the "*olden time*," when the forementioned fire-place was built, I cannot take upon me to determine; but the character of the hospitality of the *present* inmates would at least afford an honourable rivalry. Never were three days—parenthesized by sight-seeing—more agreeably spent. In the dining-room, of which the sides are almost covered with portraits in oil of the time of George II and III, (the property of the owner of the mansion) there was a large organ, and Miss Johnston now and then obliged us with a lively reel or a melancholy "lament." A more apparently happy and united family could not be seen. From morn till night it was as the constant chirrup of glee and contentment on all sides. By way of variety, it was proposed that my daughter should be united to * * *—"for you know (said the master of the mansion,) that I have the power of *legalizing* the match *instantly!*"* Mingled shouts of laughter

* In Scotland, the facility of marriage startles a Southern. I remember, when partaking of the hospitalities of Mr. David Laing, (see p. 541, ante) at Edinburgh, that Dr. Lee, towards eight o'clock, seemed to leave the room abruptly—after looking at his watch. He returned within twenty minutes. "What have you been about?" observed the host. "Only marrying a couple on the third flat—in

only ensued. It is to Mr. Johnston that I am indebted for other means, besides a fixed plan, for seeing the few Scottish Lakes which the ensuing pages describe. At first I hesitated . . . from various considerations. "Go, (said mine host,) and by way of a satisfactory return, toast me on the top of Ben Lomond." I did so.

But the carriage is at the door. The sky is bright, and the breeze is soft; and good Dr. Fleming is with us—than whom we could not have had a more effective cicerone. The horses' heads are in the direction of Lanark, and all the country breathes of historical recollections; among which none lay so strong a hold upon the heart as those connected with the name of WALLACE.* At a distance rose, to a gently tapering point, the beautiful hill or mountain of Tinto, some twelve hundred feet in height. The base is broad, but the apex is sharp and slender. There is a species of mountain scenery which exceedingly soothes the mind on its contemplation; and there is also a species which excites it even to terror and alarm. When you view the hilly softness of this neighbour-

High Street:" was the Doctor's reply. This, with us, would have been a SPECIAL LICENSE matter, at the cost of at least £30.

* "The name of WALLACE (says Sir John Stoddart) is attached to every spot with which there is a bare possibility of historically connecting it. In the present instance there is something more. Lanark is mentioned by *Fordun* the earliest historian, as the scene of his first warlike exploit in defeating the English sheriff Hestroe; and *Blind Harry*, relating the same, with many interesting and romantic circumstances, particularly describes *Cartlane Craigs* as his hiding place."—*Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland*; vol. i. p. 163.

hood, you feel inclined to give full scope to all the reveries and imaginings which are to be found in the prose of Burton,* and in the poetry of Thomson, Collins, and Wordsworth. But when you come in contact with the rocky passes and craggy projections of Hell-Glen and Glencroe—when your eye is steadily fixed upon the Cruachan, the Doran, the Cobbler, and the Lomond—you start, and are reminded of Macauley, Southey, and Byron.†

On entering Lanark, about thirteen miles from our place of starting, we passed a bridge—raised, I think by the ingenuity of the late Mr. Telford, across a ravine of little less than 120 feet in depth. Some of the party alighted, to descend and examine the scenery: especially as the tradition runs that it was in *this* immediate neighbourhood that the lurking place of Wallace was betrayed by the execrable Monteith.‡ It well repaid the toil of the descent

* "*Anatomy of Melancholy.*" We want a well edited and well printed edition of this very extraordinary and most fascinating work;—of which I suspect that the boudoir of the great SELDEN, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, furnished the principal materials.

† Zachary Macauley, Esq. late M.P. and perhaps the most powerful prose writer, as well as strictly eloquent speaker, of the day. His late article in the Edinburgh Review, entitled "Lord Bacon," is a very MOUNTAIN of grandeur and magnificence, replete with the richest ore; now frowning in precipices, and now smiling as well as abounding in springs and pastures. The *Madoc* and *Don Roderick* of Mr. Southey, and the *Childe Harold* of Lord Byron, are my *poetical* illustrations.

‡ Dr. Fleming, whom I have designated as our intelligent Cicerone on this excursion, was at once learned and communicative upon all these interesting points of old history. He who passes through

and ascent, which was rather precipitous. At the bottom, you cast your eye up the enormous mass of brick-work, of which the three arches are composed—and wonder, from its elevation—which is full 120 feet, and seems half way up the sky—how its solidity can be maintained. A narrow but brisk stream, like an enlarged mountain torrent, runs through a briar-entangled rocky bed, beneath the central arch. The whole scenery, viewed as we saw it, was full of beauty and interest. In the town of Lanark,* over the porch of the principal building, stands a colossal figure of Wallace—NOT sculptured by a Chantrey. A few turns brought us to the regular descent to Mr. Owen's Utopian settlement, by the banks of the Clyde.* This road is admirable, and at every hundred yards the interest increases.

The first view of the *Owen Manufactory* is gratifying—from the extent and simplicity of the building :

a country, of which its leading features of nature or art become doubly interesting to him from historical associations, may be said to look at every thing with two pairs of eyes.

* Although this town gives name to the most populous county in Scotland—namely, Lanarkshire—yet its own population, at the last census in 1831, did not reach 8,000; and it may be doubted, from Dr. Cleland's tables, p. 214, whether it *yet* reaches an increase of a thousand. It is *Glasgow*, within the same county, which constitutes almost two thirds of the population of the whole. The antiquity of Lanark may reach the twelfth century; but there is little about it worth compressing. It had a royal charter from Alexander I. See *Caledonia*, vol. iii. page 607.

† This Utopian settlement—where human thoughts were never to be impure, and human hands never to “pick and steal,”—has passed away like a day-dream. The houses remain.

and, above all, from its locality. The scenery continues to increase in interest, especially as you run down upon the gate of the park, or grounds of Lady Murray, from which you view *the Falls*. Every kind of accommodation is tendered; and a female guide, of good-sense and even temper (not like the Roslyn Chapel cicerone*) was our companion till our return. You soon begin to hear the thunder of the first, or the Great Fall: and as you eagerly twist and turn yourself to catch a view of it, the guide requests that "you will be pleased to follow her"—and she takes you in an opposite direction a little to the left: conducting you to what looks like a summer-house upon a rising ground. You enter . . . and look through an opened window—and CORA LYNN, or the *Great Fall*, is before you! within some three hundred yards. Its locality or *site* is perhaps the first thing that strikes; for having seen the fall of Lowdore, at Keswick Lake, I had seen a larger body of falling water.† Here, the greater quantity, or

* See p. 665, ante.

† Without being aware of it, I find that my friend Sir John Stoddart, in his *Local Scenery* of Scotland, vol. i. p. 150, has been disposed to institute a similar comparison: but when *he* saw Lowdore, "it was the mere skeleton of a fall." When I saw it, some twenty-five years back, this "skeleton" was well clothed with flesh, blood, and muscle; and was alive in most tremendous force and action. To change the metaphor, it was an overflowing bumper, discharging itself into the main bosom of Keswick Lake . . . and heard at a distance . . . even within the closed windows of my bed-room in the Town. My approach to, and departure from it, was in a boat—upon a quiet moonlight night: the little breeze that stirred setting in the quarter of Lowdore. There had been, within three days of my ar-

second division of the fall, is precipitous : of which the reaction of the boiling eddies below, wedged and worked between black projecting rocks, together with the mounting spray, and the hurrying rush of the river above, exhibited a most magnificent spectacle.* As abundance of rain had previously fallen, the roar and hurly-burly of the whole scene could not be surpassed. We stood enraptured . . . as who does not ?

rival, a week's heavy rain—so that the fall was in all its glory and grandeur. It may be in an angle of 45.

* My friend, whose work has been referred to in the preceding note, estimates the height of the great town fall at eighty feet. I was not prepared for such an elevation. At the risk of throwing my *own* description of this splendid scene into *deep shade*, I quote with alacrity the fine impassioned language of my friend. "The size, the roar, and fury of the cataract, at first absorbed me in astonishment : the very rapidity of the water made it seem, to a steadfast gaze, immovable ; and the fineness of the foam gave it the flaky and substantial appearance of wool. . . . To an open and extensive scene, nothing can be more appropriate than this fall, partly broken, and partly continuous, which first tumbles precipitately over a small descent, then sliding along a craggy ledge, rushes at last, in one wide spreading sheet, to the bottom . . . I have dwelt thus long on the fall itself, because it first seized, and long rivetted my attention ; but its accompaniments are so grand, so varied, so characteristic, that they deserve, if possible, greater admiration. The upper part of the river proceeds from a dark recess, formed by steep, rugged cliffs, and rock, and the deep chasm below is of like feature ; its rocks dark and dripping, stained with various hues, and broken into huge masses overspread with moss, ferns, and hanging weeds, and crowned above with shrubs and wild luxuriant wood. On a lofty crag, immediately above the Fall, stand the picturesque remains of the old CASTLE OF CORA."—*Local Scenery*, &c. vol. i. p. 149-152. This Castle, if in existence, escaped my observation.

To add to our gratification, there came forth a broad bright sunbeam, spread upon the surface of the water just before it tumbled below; and this was mixed up with the ascending particles of the spray in a very beautiful manner—radiant with prismatic colours. Sights of this sort depend upon so many contingencies, that perhaps we could hardly have chosen a more favourable moment for its enjoyment. Above all this never-ceasing tumult, and upon a summit near the edge of a neighbouring precipice, peeped forth the gothic pinnacles of the mansion of Lord Corehouse—the late Hortensius, if not Cicero, of the Scotch bar. The thunders of forensic eloquence are now exchanged for those of Cora Lynn . : and long may the owner live in the midst of all this lulling uproar !

“ You will please to move forward,” said the guide, “ for it seems as if we should soon have rain.” Before obeying, we surveyed, with much pleasure, the little cabin, or retreat, whence we had contemplated the waterfall. It is admirable in itself, as well as for the object in view. The seats, chairs, and tables, were of thorough primeval rusticity. The ceiling partook of all this characteristic propriety—and here, in the hottest solstitial day, might Bannatyners and Maitlanders (but not *together*—for the limits, to say nothing of the possibly conflicting jealousies between the two great **black-letter** CLANS, forbid,) have one round of champêtre festivity—viewing, or listening to, the waterfall enfiladed by tapering bottles and rectangular quartos. It would be a sort of “ larking” at “ heaven gate,” in

the language of the old Shakspearian ballad. But we are again called away by the guide, and prepare to continue our route to the upper or second fall. The "route" is perfectly romantic: now ascending, now descending—with the river, to the right, hurrying along below . . . as if within "the rapids" of Cora Lynn. At times the surface is broad, black, and smooth: edged with foam as with silver lace. Now it is all worked up into boiling fury, impeded and chafed by constant opposition. Disdaining trifling impediments, it now leaps over the smaller projections of its rocky bed, and maintains a tranquillized and collected force till it reaches Cora Lynn, where it is precipitated below. The immediate approach to the *second fall* is very different to, but scarcely less interesting than that to the first; only *here* you may, if so disposed, hang over it. You stand upon a slight bridge, or upon a rocky projection just below, and view the entire fall—greatly inferior in quantity to what you have beforewitnessed. But still it is both a grand and pleasing sight; and I could not but tacitly compare the commanding and exasperated state of the Clyde, as HERE contemplated, to its pigmy and unpretending form as I viewed it in its infant bed—silently creeping and insinuating itself in the upper country, not far from the Pentland hills.* No pencil can afford too extravagant a delineation of the whole of this romantic scenery. Truth to say, however, this said river Clyde has been a very "troublesome sort of a gen-

* See page 476, ante.

tleman" in his way—and in his day. Some half a century ago he threatened havoc and destruction in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow.*

We had scarcely prepared to turn our backs upon all this truly romantic scenery, when there were but too palpable evidences of the truth of the guide's prediction. The heavens lowered ; the sun withdrew his beams ; and to soft pattering rain succeeded a shower upon the Frisky Hall scale.† Yet where the devious path led us now and then under a projecting cliff, we stopped—as well to look around as for shelter : but in spite of all our efforts the clothes of the greater part of us were nearly soaked through. The guide was wet to the skin. Again we came within the range of the echoes of Cora Lynn ; and having recruited our forces by the side of the fire within the outer lodge, we stepped into the carriage drawn up to receive us ; and a quick pace brought us within little more than the hour to Dalzel House. It rained heavily the whole of the way : but a reception awaited us whither we were hastening, which made us speedily forget the *désagrémens* of the past. Our discourse constantly rolled upon the Falls of the Clyde, and the

* The tale was once long and lamentable : but there is neither space nor necessity for its repetition. Judge of the river's height and force about Cora Lynn, when it swept away, in its awfully increased size and fury, a mill situated upon the upper banks ! About Glasgow its vagaries were dreadful ; and in the midst of surrounding torrents, shoals and rocks presented themselves, which had never been before seen or thought of.

† See page 779, ante.

thunder of Cora Lynn seemed to be yet in my ears after I had rested upon my pillow—so as to make me insensible to the modified echo of a “tinkling rill” which was constantly running into a small ravine about forty feet below my bed-room window.

On the morrow all flags were hoisted, and all hands called aloft, for an attack upon HAMILTON PALACE—at the short distance of three miles. Every facility and aid were likely to be afforded, from the kind intercession of Mr. * * * the factor or house-steward of the noble owner of the mansion, in consequence of a note from our host. As it has been my good fortune to examine this splendid mansion a second time—in the exclusive society of David Hamilton, Esq., the architect—I shall throw the fruits of *both* these visits into the present narrative; and deliver my opinions with the freedom of truth, and I trust with the courtesy of a gentleman. The visit was in both instances made with the strongest prepossessions in favour of this “*Great Lion of Scotland*” . . . as I heard it designated.

In skirting the park-wall, between the palace and the stables, upon an eminence to the left—called *Chastelherault*,* you pass a most magnificent speci-

* It is the French title attached to the Dukedom: the ancestors of the HAMILTON FAMILY having had a large portion of noble French blood in their veins. The origin of the family and of the palace is neither incurious nor uninteresting. My authority is Pennant; who relies entirely upon *Burton's Leicestershire*, p. 1261, and upon *Crawford's Peerage*, p. 119: “In the time of Edward II lived *Sir Gilbert de Hamilton*, or *Hampton*, an Englishman of rank, who happening at court to speak in praise of Robert Bruce, received

men of bronzed iron railing, raised upon a wall. The pattern and the effect are admirable. Mr. Hamilton told me that the exclusive merit of it belonged to the Duke. The park entrances are not yet perfected: but are all in a similar good taste. The park itself is very large: rich in pasture and in trees. Avenues here: clumps there: knolls in a third place --with a magnificent solitary oak, or beech, or fir, at good and proper intervals. But two circumstances tend greatly to operate as drawbacks on the approach; the one, that the palace or mansion is close to the town of Hamilton—from the chimneys of which the trailing smoke is ever shrouding much of its exterior beauty: the other, that the site is unfortu-

on the occasion an insult from John de Spencer, Chamberlain to the King. Hampton fought and slew him; but dreading the resentment of that potent family, he fled to the Scottish monarch, who received him with open arms, and established him at the place the family now possesses. The original name of this place was *Cadzow*; but in 1445 the lands were erected into a Lordship, and the then owner, Sir *James*, sat in parliament as *Lord Hamilton*. In 1579 the old Castle of Hamilton was destroyed by order of James VI, on account of its being in possession of certain of the Hamilton family who had had an hand in the murders of the Earl of Lennox, and Murray." The regent Murray was shot dead by a Hamilton, at Perth, who took deliberate aim at him, from a window sill—darkening the room behind him. The aim was unerring; and with such force was the bullet propelled, that, after passing through the body of the Regent, it killed a horse on the other side of him. A fleet courser, waiting in a yard near the house, brought the murderer in safety to Hamilton palace. He escaped detection. The cause of this awful deed was sufficiently dreadful. The Regent had caused a house to be set on fire in a night of intense severity of frost—in which he knew Hamilton's wife was among the inmates. Exposed to the inclement horrors of the season, she became deli-

nately low. From not one window could I view the course of the Clyde . . . which runs so near it. Had this *new* Palace been built upon the height of Chastelherault, the effect must have been truly magnificent : but it was thought to be *selon les règles* that it should occupy the site of the *old* palace. Surely this is even more than a *mistake* ?

The grand portico of entrance has much to command attention and elicit applause. The pillars, of the Corinthian order, are twenty-seven feet in height, and composed each of one solid stone, weighing in its present state nineteen tons ; but before being worked, was upwards of twenty-two. These masses of stone are hewn out of the Duke's quarries. I hope the day is not far distant when the shafts of these pillars will be *fluted*. At present, they seem to want lightsomeness. The hall of entrance, which is composed of stone from the same quarries, is scarcely more than half finished. To the left runs a course of state bed-rooms, yet unfinished—of magnificent dimensions ; and of which the elaborately ornamented ceilings, in white, are of striking beauty. Indeed, in all the apartments, as well as at the top of the two grand staircases,* where this sort of ceiling

rious, and soon died raving mad. Her husband swore he would take no rest till *her murderer* had been dispatched by his own hands. The revenge was at once terrible and sweet.

* Within the circle, at the base of the larger of these stair-cases—and beneath a beautiful old Italian picture—the present Earl of Lincoln, heir apparent of the Duke of Newcastle, was married to the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. The staircase and corridor were crowded with spectators on the occasion.

obtains—nothing can be richer and handsomer than the effect—wrought in plaster of Paris, manufactured at Glasgow.

To the right of the grand entrance-hall is the *Library*; quite finished as to wainscotting and bookshelves. The doors and window-shutters, in mahogany, are of surpassing skill and beauty: the joinings being almost invisible. The whole workmanship is, if I may so speak, indigenous. London sends nothing. **Books** are beginning to fill the shelves. Whatever is already mustered is in fine choice and condition: folios of *Antiquities* and *Engravings*—and *Voyages* and *Travels*—chiefly in morocco attire. Here I opened perhaps the most covetable book in Scotland: a copy of *Bellenden's Translation of Hector Boece's Chronicles of Scotland*, ON VELLUM. On the outside, upon old calf binding, is "JACOBVS QUINTVS REX SCOTORVM." In all probability this royal copy came, in the first instance, from the hands of the printer—as the translator undertook the work at the express command of James V. This copy is not so large as that in the University of Edinburgh, but is much preferable on account of the purity of its condition. One never tires of handling such a treasure; and of the four *membranaceous* copies of this intrinsically valuable book which I have seen, the present is to me the most to be desired. I suppose the value of it to be little short of 300 guineas. Near this book, which was not in its class, but lying horizontally upon the shelf within the glass door, was a noble MS. connected with the *Abbey of Aberbrothick*, of which the ancestors of the Duke of

Hamilton, for upwards of three centuries, had the ownership. There was a talk of getting this MS. printed for the Maitland Club. In its immediate vicinity was a copy of the first *Aldine Pindar*—with the impressed devices of Henry II and Diane of Poitiers, upon the binding. Had it been *upon vellum*! But *that* can only be seen at Althorp. The chairs, tables, carpet, with all appropriate furniture, are in the best possible taste; while the ceiling, little short of twenty-four feet in height, is in a blaze of gold—from one end to the other. It is the most gorgeous Library which I ever entered.

Of yet more dazzling splendour, and upon a larger scale, is the *Dining Room*: the ceiling being as it were embedded in gold. In this room is David's *Bonaparte*; the hero is just rising from his chair, after a midnight sitting of apparently no common anxiety. There are duplicates of this portrait by the painter himself: and the upper part of the figure is perhaps, after all, the most faithful as well as popular resemblance of the extraordinary Original. This room has yet to receive the greater part of its pictorial furniture.

The Picture Gallery is at hand—where the Lions of Rubens prowl from morning till night. But there is an ante-room, which is well deserving of more minute attention than I was able to bestow upon it; add to which, at both visits, the day was rather unfavourable. But, in all these pictorial apartments, there is a want of light; and place side-windows where you will, there will be some specimens or portions of art of which no satisfactory

glimpse can be obtained. Light, as well as "wisdom," "is from above." One of the particular charms in the collection of pictures at Hamilton Palace, is, that you frequently see specimens of Masters of whom you had never heard ; or *such* specimens of those known, of which you had no previous intimation. Thus, in this ante-room I saw much on this score to please ; and especially, as it seemed, a fine specimen of Albert Durer. There is, however, a most beautiful whole-length of Henrietta Lotheringa, Duchess of Phalsburg, with an attendant black boy—each of the size of life, by Vandyke ; in his very best time. Near it, but placed in an unfavourable light, is a fine portrait of a *Man with mustachios*, said to be by Titian : perhaps by Tintoretto ?

You now turn into the PICTURE GALLERY ; of which the hither end has a canopy carpetted at bottom, used I understood by the Duke when he was ambassador at St. Petersburg. The first thing that your eye lights upon, is the ceiling—upwards of eighty feet in length, divided into small square compartments, in the centre of each of which is a red fleur-de-lis (part of the Douglas arms) relieved by a blue ground—the whole laid upon gold. The general effect is admirable, and the cost I learnt was little short of £2000. Altogether, the very singularity of this ceiling, to say nothing of its splendour, gives the room a perfectly unique character. Before throwing the eye upon the pictures, a word must be said—and a warm as well as just word—upon the two *Chimney-Pieces*. They are of beautiful dark grey marble ; of which the material

in its rude state cost £500—but in their present beautifully worked, and if possible yet more beautifully designed, state,* their united cost was little short of £1200. Nothing which I saw at Stuttgart palace, in this department of furniture, approached it. And now for the PICTURES, of which, however, I am compelled to give but a summary account. First and foremost in my estimation is the *Lord Denbigh* by Vandyke. He is painted in a red silk jacket and trousers, with red boots; having a gun in his hand, and is looking upwards with a stern air of defiance over his left shoulder.† An attendant black page is to his right. On looking at this picture, place your hat between yourself and all the part of the portrait below the chest, or rather chin, and the countenance may be mistaken for that of Cromwell—owing to the peculiar prominence of the lower lip. As a physiognomy *alone*, it is equal in power of painting and expression to those of Snyders, Bentivoglio, and Strafford, by the same consummate artist.‡

* The design *could* only proceed from the tasteful pencil of David Hamilton, Esq.

† Pennant calls this picture (which, splendid as it may be, it is *not*) “the FINEST PORTRAIT in the kingdom.” Why he assigns the pencil of Rubens for its execution, is not very obvious; since it is *Vandyke* all over. “The figure (says Pennant most justly) seems to start from the canvas, and the action of the countenance has matchless spirit.” It is the portrait of William, Earl of Denbigh, miscalled governor of Barbadoes. His daughter married the first Duke of Hamilton. From what circumstance in his Lordship’s life the painter has placed him in an Indian forest, is unknown.

‡ As a specimen of portrait painting, in *all* its bearings—and

We now approach one of the most noted pictures of Rubens, representing *Daniel in the den of Lions*. The light, as all *opposite* lights are, is unfavourable: but having moved in every direction, and examined as well as I could every portion of this picture, I do not scruple to say that I was much disappointed. That the drawing and composition are those of Rubens, cannot be questioned; but the working and finishing are clearly by a different hand, and in all probability by more than one of his pupils. The surface of the colour is tame and smooth: no rough, bold, rectangular touches, warmed by alternate lake and spaltum, which are seen to such advantage in the *Lion Hunt* of Rubens, and in that at Bridgewater, or York House in particular.* The figure of Daniel, upon which Gilpin has expatiated, and upon whose comments Sir John Stoddart has expatiated in turn,† does not impress me with any strong feeling. It looks like that of a man shivering, and huddled up together from cold: and why he should be *naked*, is not perhaps very intelligible.‡

by the pencil of VANDYKE—I cannot help placing that of the *first Duke of Bedford*, and *Digby, Earl of Bristol*, at Althorp, at the very summit—without excepting even the *Pembroke Family* at Wilton.

* I incline to believe it to be in the former.

† See vol. i. p. 175. Gilpin asserted that “if the mixed passions of hope and fear existed any where, they existed in the countenance of Daniel: but he at the same time contends they cannot properly exist together: or that, at the most, one passion only takes possession of the face, while another actuates the limbs.” Whereupon my learned friend launches forth with equal ingenuity and success.

‡ When Rubens gets *wholly* rid of drapery in the human figure, he in general borders upon caricature: especially if the figure

The countenance wants that calm and composed devotedness or reliance upon an Almighty power—upon HIM—whom his very Judge, on conducting him almost to the mouth of the den, told him apart would “deliver him.”

A rough memorandum implies that here is a small black-letter book, painted by Lucas Cortona—“*Lucas Cortonensis* pinxit—very fine.” There are two beautiful *Guercinos*: the one *David with the head of Goliah*; the other, the head or half figure of *St. John the Baptist*. The latter is represented a young man—and is truly exquisite: although the chest may be thought to be too narrow. A most singular picture, behind a clock, by *Pontormo*. The *Marriage of Jacob*, by Pietro Cortona—query, N. Poussin? A glorious *Head*, by Giorgione—but difficult to see satisfactorily. Here would be necessarily several whole-length *Family Portraits*; but we desiderate those of the *present* Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. Of former Dukes, there are four; including that of the great anti-Union champion, who was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun.* Sir

be in a state of excitement. I wish Mr. Landseer would try his extraordinary hand upon this subject, in an easel picture.

* No duel ever made a greater noise. The parties fought in the Bird Cage Walk in St. James's Park. The Duke was ambidexter; and having been disabled in his right hand, his left was exercised with such skill that his antagonist fell—in the end lifeless. While the duke was inclined upon him, he received his own death-wound; either by Lord Mohun's shortening his sword, or by his *second* inflicting the fatal blow. The *latter* is the general surmise. BOTH bodies were taken DEAD from the spot. But the Duke had been cautioned against the peppery and fiery temper of his antagonist—

Joshua's magnificent portrait of the Duchess who was the famous Miss Gunning, is unluckily placed between the windows, and therefore difficult to see satisfactorily. It might well change places with one of the opposite dukes.

You turn to the left, and enter a suite of comparatively small apartments, of which there is ONE covered with pictures of almost inappreciable value. We will begin with the famous *Shield of Silver*, displaying the beautiful designs of Rubens upon its outward surface. These designs are in a warm brown tint—not elaborately finished. This shield had been the property of Charles I.* The pendant to this picture, to the left, is a small easel one, by the same pencil, of the *Loves of the Centaurs*. For freedom of execution, and sweetness of tone of colour in the trees constituting the back-ground, it cannot be surpassed. The subject is perhaps objectionable; but Rubens contrives to make even his monsters palatable to the eye of taste. Above, and just in this dazzling nucleus of graphic splendour,

who was moreover a good swordsman. It was necessary they should meet together upon some family law business; and they never met but twice. Party spirit much sharpened the points of their weapons. Swift's letter to a Mrs. Dingley, upon this subject—dated Nov. 15, 1712—may be seen in the first number of Mr. Smith's *Historical and Literary Curiosities*. Swift calls it "the most terrible *accident* that hath almost ever happened." Surely it was any thing but an *accident*? Both parties came with a *determination* to kill or be killed. "The dog Mohun was killed on the spot. He gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge,"—are the words of Swift.

* See No. 848 of Mr. Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* of Rubens' Pictures; also No. 765.

is a small *Hobbima*—which, for transparent depth, richness, and power of colouring, I would place second to *no* *Hobbima* in the kingdom. It is a miracle—and almost converts me to *Hobbima-ism*. At hand is a truly beautiful and genuine portrait of Edward VI, in fine condition. I do not remember to have ever seen so fine a specimen of coeval art. Facing the light there is an *Infant Christ sleeping upon the Cross*,* by Guido; of the purest quality, and to my eye a finer picture than that of the same subject by the same master (but on a smaller scale) at Bridgewater House.

Another sacred and small subject is that by Parmegiano, of the *Infant Christ in the lap of the Virgin*. The latter is kissing him, as he stands upon her knee. This gem exhibits all the charm of the master. The figures are in perfect elegance of form, sweetness of expression, and warmth of colour. This lovely performance may stand with safety by the side of the far-famed *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by the same pencil, in Bridgewater House. A *St. Sebastian*, by Guido; who must have delighted in the subject — for surely no old master ever stuck so many arrows into this unfortunate martyr's body as Guido Reni? In this apartment is the famous *Dead Christ, with the Three Marys*; a small easel picture, of which so much has been said in a previous page.† Of these three female figures, that to the right is

* The female, who shewed the house, would have it that it was a *Cupid*. I did all I could to undeceive her; but to no purpose. It might have been, that Cupid “was running in her head” at the time. She was under thirty.

† See vol. i. page 339.

the less perfect. The conception and colouring of this picture are beyond all praise. In the upper portion of the room is a *Sibyl*, by Ludovico Carracci; who here seems to have painted with the mantle of Michael Angelo upon his shoulders. It is grand in design; grand in treatment; and most harmonious in colour. The drapery is in the artist's happiest manner for breadth and effect. Now and then Ludovico takes a wider stride than his brother Annibal. The *Judgment of Solomon*, by Paolo Veronese: very fine. The *Entombment of Christ*, by Tintoretto: the same. And to crown the whole, in this room is the famous little picture of the *Child playing with the clappers*, by Leonardo da Vinci; so celebrated through all the graphic world. The countenance of the child is to me a vacant one: but the treatment of it, and the colouring, are worthy of the pencil by which it was executed. The show-woman soon bade us understand that "two thousand guineas had been refused for this little picture." Such are a few of the PICTORIAL *gems* in a room scarcely twenty feet square.

We pass on, and thread two boudoirs filled with pictures. There is no time for minute memoranda: but here are some remarkably curious little specimens, including a portrait or two of which I had once hoped an engraved copy might have graced these pages. Here is an apparently coeval picture of the *Battle of Bothwell Bridge*, to which Sir Walter Scott has alluded.* It is rather curious

* In his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. "An engraving of THIS PAINTING (says he) would be acceptable to the curious; and I

than instructive; the colouring being very dark, and the hostile movements very doubtfully made out. The large picture, by Paolo Veronese, of *Fame trumpetting forth the acts of greatness of Philip II*—who is introduced into the picture—is at least *unique* in its treatment: and the sooner passed by the better. There yet remains what some may consider as the grandest picture to describe in the Palace of Hamilton. It is (if my memory be not fallacious), in an upper chamber, or dressing-room, near a bedroom. The subject is *Cain's Murder of Abel*, by Guido. The figures are of the size of life; and the subject is treated (as far as the murderer and the murdered go) in the manner of Titian's *Peter Martyr*. The extended arm of Abel connects him with the uplifted arm of his brother. In both there is the same propriety of action and expression. The countenance of Abel betrays an agonizing supplication for mercy: the uplifted eye—the quivering limb—the averted, shrinking position of the body. The murderer is all wrath and determination. The weapon of death is raised, and the firmness of purpose of him who is about to deal the blow leaves no doubt of the dreadful result. The picture is throughout in the finest preservation, and betrays a loftier style of art than anything I have before seen from the pencil of Guido.

Such are my *pictorial* HAMILTONIANA: to be received as little better than an *avant-propos* to a

am satisfied an opportunity of copying it, for that purpose, would be readily granted."

“well dressed” catalogue (as I hope) of the entire collection.* I cannot quit this palatial domain without noticing two objects, each architectural, but of very dissimilar materials. The *one* is the remains of the old chapel (perhaps somewhere about 1490?) or family vault, where the duke’s ancestors lie entombed; and of which little more than a fragment (with a few small brilliant specimens) remains.† The *other* object is the offices and stabling—by the eminent architect of the new portion of the palace. The latter are about one hundred yards from the house, to the right. Their composition and construction are alike perfect.

Another “Lion,” in the shape of a “sight,” was at hand. To be almost elbowing BOTHWELL CASTLE, as you are, when in the town of Hamilton—and not to linger within its ruins, as well as contemplate its

* Pennant has enumerated a few which are not noticed in the text, and which I do not remember to have seen. He winds up the whole in the following chivalrous strain: “Irresistible beauty brings up the rear, in the form of *Miss Mary Scott*; a full length in white satin: and this concludes the list with what is more powerful than all that has preceded:—than the arms of the warrior, the art of the politician, the admonition of the churchman, or the wisdom of the philosopher,” vol. i. p. 143. What an opportunity for the display of ART and historical research would a well-methodized and fully descriptive Catalogue of this collection afford! And why should not noblemen consider such PERMANENT TESTIMONIES of their *wealth* and *taste* as worthy of their reputation as those of equipage, banqueting, and even less rational objects of gratification?

† Grose has a plate (as I apprehend) of this identical Mausoleum, but his account is brief in the extreme; and what is curious, it is the only object in Lanarkshire to which his attention appears to have been directed.

exterior attractions—were quite out of the question. And accordingly, the same post-chaise which took Mr. Hamilton and myself to the palace, set us down, *en route*, at the entrance to Bothwell Castle: the castle that *was*—not the would-be castle, or house, that *is*. We skirt along the sloping sides to the left, following a well-trimmed gravel path, when one of the hither-end circular towers of the Old Castle comes immediately into view. You can scarcely err in its date: of the middle perhaps, rather than the beginning, of the fifteenth century.* The whole castle, combining the farther-end circular tower, is Caerlaveroc (in the language of the Club) upon *large paper*! But how superior its site! How magnificent its elevation! At its base, and full a hundred feet below, rolls the rapid Clyde, in a sinuous and enchantingly picturesque course. The intervening ground displays the beech, the birch, the alder, and the willow. It is fairy land on every side. Seen from the *opposite* bank of the river,† this castle with its adjuncts can scarcely be eclipsed, assuredly not surpassed, by any castellated ruins in Scotland. There are views of it without end; and

* Pennant praises, and with justice, the sight of this castle: telling us, from Fordun, that it was levelled to the ground by the partisans of David Bruce in 1337: but had held many of the English prisoners taken at the battle of Bannockburn. No portion of the *present* ruin is before the year 1400.

† My friend Sir John Stoddart expatiates with his usual feeling and ability upon the picturesque vicinity of Bothwell Castle, and gives a *view* of it as seen from the opposite direction. I wish he had confined all the views in his work . . . to his *pen*.

the interest excited by *historical* associations serves to envelope these views in a sort of magical halo. With the exception of that of Dunstanborough, in Northumberland, the area of Bothwell Castle is the largest which I have paced in this Northern Tour. Its locality, as far as amenity of landscape is considered, is unrivalled. And in *what* a neighbourhood! Of course, as I passed over Bothwell Bridge, I thought of the "*bloody Clavers!*"—a name justly execrated in Scotland.*

* The ferocity of Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards first Viscount Dundee, has been somewhat subdued by the partial colouring of Sir Walter Scott; who in his *Old Mortality* has represented him with perhaps more ability than any other character in that marvellous historical romance. It is just enough and no more. Balfour and Bothwell are perhaps more bustling and stormy characters, but Claverhouse is hit off with a sweet and delicate pencil. It is a Terberg in its way—all over. The heart however of the romancer leant towards his bloody hero rather with clemency than otherwise. It was sufficient for Scott that Claverhouse was a Royalist. In the quantity of valuable historical matter in which Sir Walter has as it were embedded the "*Ballad of Bothwell Bridge*" in the *Minstrelsy*, the concluding portion of the annotations is almost harrowing. The execution of John Brown (a Cameronian) is given at minute length: and if ever brutality, cold-blooded cruelty, revenge and injustice, were concentrated in one human bosom at the same time, *these* were concentrated in that of Claverhouse. The act here alluded to was MURDER by PIECEMEAL. And yet the narrator of this unparalleled atrocity, calls it rather characteristic of the times than the man—(a cloak, this, to cover *every* personal enormity!)—whose adherence to James II, and gallantry at the Pass of Killiecrankie, "have tended to preserve and *gild his memory!*" The raw colour, which was afterwards mixed up for the palette of *Old Mortality*, may be found in the notes here referred to.

Thus much for the VICINITY OF GLASGOW—according to the time and opportunities afforded me. I am sensible that the whole is little better than a sketch—but a sketch, I trust, not entirely divested of spirit and truth. For a moment we must revisit old quarters. Kind friends are to be seen for the last time; and a few hours only are left for the last adieus . .

“—— vocat Auster in altum.”

The vessel lies at the quay side. The roar of the escaping steam is heard from afar. The warning bell is ringing. Passengers are pressing onward. The steamer quits the land. We are on board for
THE LAKES.



DUNDURRAW CASTLE: LOCH Fyne.

THE LAKES.



IMMORTAL be the memory of EDWARD SOMERSET, the second Marquis of Worcester; and of JAMES WATT, native of Greenock, whither the steamer is about directing its course. Immortal, I say, be the memories of these illustrious men: the one, for the discovery of the power of STEAM—and the other for perfecting that

discovery, and making it subservient to innumerable useful purposes of civil life. In the hands of the first it was but the "scantling" of an invention;* in those of the second, it assumed a more intelligible as well as matured form: and has since moved as a giant with fleet strides upon water and upon land.

Welcome the water, without surge, or quicksand, or rock! The green fields, the fir-clad hills, the

* In 1663, the celebrated work of the Earl of Glamorgan, afterwards Marquis of Worcester, appeared under the title of *A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, &c.* In this strange, but on no account valueless work, the noble author first gave a description of the uses and effects of his steam engine. This was shortly afterwards followed by a small pamphlet entitled "*An exact and true definition of the most stupendous water-commanding engine, invented by the Rt. Hon. (and deservedly to be praised and admired) Edward Somerset, Lord Marquis of Worcester.*" In neither of these works does the Marquis give any statement of the mode of constructing his engine; but from his description and account of its effects, it may be inferred that its action depended on the condensation as well as the elastic force of the steam, and consequently that in principle it resembled the MODERN STEAM ENGINE. Such was ONE in this "Century of Inventions:"—a work, which the audacious coxcombr of Lord Orford (*Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. iii. p. 104, edit. 1806) has designated as "an amazing piece of folly." The account of its author, by the same hand, betrays all the peculiarities of his thoughts and style. The Marquis of Worcester is yet to be more satisfactorily deciphered. After a life of extraordinary activity, (having once had a *carte blanche* to create any title, in Ireland, short of that of a *Duke*) he shut himself up in the shades of solitude, to meditate, and to invent: dying in 1667. His "*Diary*" would have been 'nuts and malmsey madeira' for posterity. Charles I petted and patronized, and afterwards, as was "his wont," deserted him. He could have *told*, as he had *seen*, "strange doings," had he been so disposed: and the inclination of my own mind is, that he *did* write a *Diary*.

castle-crowned cliff, the overhanging and uprising mountain—welcome alike! We were reposing, as it were, upon the bosom of the Clyde. A bright although declining sun lit up every object within a circle of twenty miles; in the foreground of which objects, was, very frequently, a Liverpool, a Dublin, or a London steamer—full charged with passengers: to say nothing of those belonging to Glasgow, which carry you to the neighbouring lakes, and to the isles of Arran and Bute. The first time I got into a public conveyance (the old-fashioned stage-coach, holding *six*!) from Edinburgh to Glasgow, there were two young ladies inside, having a friend on the roof, whose very happiness seemed to exist in reaching the *Isle of Bute* steamer, at Glasgow, in time to meet their husbands on the following morning, who would be waiting for their arrival. “Can you make *sure* of this, if you reach the steamer in time?” —“No question, no question of it,” was the reply . . . and the journey or voyage was for a few shillings. “Immortal,” therefore, I deliberately repeat, “immortal be the memories of Edward Somerset, second Marquis of Worcester—and James Watt, native of Greenock” . . . of which place the quay and the custom-house are scarcely a league in advance.

Our crew was very limited. The evening seemed to increase in splendour and warmth: yet a few of this small crew lingered below. On descending, I found almost all of them reading. The Scotch are great readers. It is a distinct and a powerful national feature among them. On another occasion, in a steamer from Stirling—the afternoon being rather

unpropitious—on going below, I found nearly the whole of the cabin occupied by readers of all ages and conditions.* We were at last, and for a few days only, fortunate in the weather. On landing, we saw the opposite shore, with the village of *Helensburg*, beautifully lighted up by the sinking sun. We went to the principal inn at Greenock, which was full of bustle—with an important air in the countenance of the landlord and his clan of waiters, indicative of “plenty of custom;” as if all the wheels upon land and upon water were in full and prosperous play. We secured sleeping-rooms, and a sitting-room on the first floor, without any difficulty. Everything had an air of comfort, and even of elegance. The landlady made her appearance to receive orders. My daughter observed, and truly, that “she was the prettiest woman she had seen in the North.” Alas! she was a *Southern*.

After bespeaking coffee, we strolled upon what might be called the heights of the town; viewing from thence the scenery we were about to visit, as well as the general spread and character of the town itself. The custom-house, of solid stone, is large and appropriate. It stands well upon the quay. The quay was full of animation and bustle,

* In a circle perhaps of forty, not a sound escaped. All eyes were intent upon books, and all lips sealed. But, what struck me as being yet more singular, the very *Porters*—who lounge about the streets of Edinburgh with leathern straps over their shoulders hanging loosely before them—ready to lift any burden—these porters will be often seen, on a fine day, to be lounging on the steps before bettermost houses, intent upon their BIBLIOMANIACAL occupations.

and countless vessels seemed to be along the shore and within the docks. The place has quite the air of a sea-port town, in full commercial prosperity. The trade is brisk in all departments ; and the population is little short of 30,000 inhabitants. I could have wished for a twenty-four hours' residence at Greenock ; but by nine the next morning we were to be on board the *Loch Goyle* steamer, and were to dine and sleep at *Inverary*. The morning was one of those sharp, clear, bracing, autumnal mornings, which, after a good night's rest, set the spirits dancing, and put the whole frame in a mood to be in the best possible humour with everything and everybody about us. Add to this, all the objects stood out sharp and clear against the bright blue sky. The steamer seemed to linger as loth to leave the quay. At length we got well out upon the surface of the lake, and prepared to hold discourse with everything—at least with our eyes.

What a beautiful little world of waters was around us! To the left, sweeping far away, appeared the towering heights of the twin mountains of *Arran*—full two thousand five hundred feet in elevation. To the right, appeared the collected waters of *Loch Long*: in front, those of *Loch Goyle*. The sun is shining sweetly upon yonder hillock and greensward, in the neighbourhood of a group of dark, heather-clad hills—purple to their very summits. A boat is coming off with a passenger ; and a small cluster of ladies and gentlemen are watching its progress to the steamer. Half a minute only intervenes between taking up the passenger, and the vessel's resuming

her course. This cheering little nook of earth was called, as I seemed to understand the words, *Arran-Ten* :—

“ Full many an autumn’s sun I’ve seen
Serenely shine o’er vale and glen ;
But no where with so bright a sheen
As on thy greensward—ARRAN-TEN,”

were the words of an impromptu on the spot. We steer to the right. The heights increase in magnitude and depth of tint. Broad brown masses of shadow now envelope their bases, or float upon their summits. Every movement of the vessel brings new objects of admiration to view. Here, the commingling waters of the two lakes, *Goyle* and *Long*,* happened to be singularly marked by a bright dazzling line, as if of newly-molten silver. You cannot look steadily at it for a minute. It extends from shore to shore—while above, you see, as it were, a broad cordon of glittering gold, edging the mountain-tops : tops, upon which the passing cloud loves to linger, as if to catch something of this world’s warmth. But that nothing might be wanting to render earth, water, and sky, in the finest possible state of harmony, the latter was occasionally covered with huge masses—the *Ben Lomonds* and *Ben Cruachans* of the air—of which their shadows, upon lake and land, produced corresponding grandeur, of effect.

A very few hours brought us to the end of our first voyage. As we landed, we discerned carriages, each with three horses, rattling down from the heights, to receive the expected passengers. No gentleman’s

* The muse of Campbell has dignified the waters of Loch Goyle in his beautifully romantic ballad of *Lord Ullin’s Daughter*.

carriage is ever seen in these parts. We soon took our seats, and I was lucky enough to sit with the driver—a young man who had not long come of age. This drive can never be forgotten ; on more accounts than one. Our conversation was somewhat singular ; but the scenery, opening in vastness and grandeur, seemed to make me breathless—while upon the highest point of the road I caught the first glimpse of *Ben Cruachan**—“who bangs Ben Lomond all to nothing,” observed the charioteer. It was, however, little more than the tip of his nose which I saw—and it so chanced that during the whole excursion I never came nearer. But what a road ! What a pass ! “Where are we, my good man ?”—“This is *Hell-Glen*, sir,” was his only reply. I startled, necessarily. Here the *place* was indeed “suited to the *word* ;” but I have been since told that the effect is grander on the *return*. Fissures, ravines, adown which the mountain-torrent was precipitating in all its fury—but in a diminished quantity : vast fragments of rock at given distances,—and isolated in a singular manner—the amusement, as if of marbles, of a gigantic race of antediluvians ... “the fragments of an earlier world !”

We had to pass a narrow bridge, across one of these ravines. The leader seemed to prefer scrambling up the side of the hill. A precipice of two

* “The most stupendous mass of mountain is that of CRUACHAN—the SOVEREIGN of this region—whose base is more than twenty miles in circuit, and its height nearly 3400 feet.” *Stoddart*, vol. i. 267. Cruachan is therefore, in round numbers, only about 150 feet higher than Ben Lomond.

hundred feet was on the left. Terror seemed to possess us all. "Ah! *Robin roguy*," said the driver, "you must e'en be taught good manners." So saying, he made the poor hobbling animal feel the sting of his whip's end. He was obedient; got into the line; and the carriage (holding eight of us) cleared the bridge in the most precise and art-evincing manner. "Your horses seem to know you?"—"Possibly better, sir, than I know myself. The leader is full as old as I am.* We come here twice a week in *all* weathers: even in the depth of winter, if the snow do not hinder. Along this road the *post* is carried by a lad of about sixteen—of bare legs and feet—the former, as red as lobsters, sometimes dipping into snow as high as his middle. But what signifies?"—"Do the landlords often visit their tenants, in these parts?"—"Truth to say, sir, seldom or never. Times are vilely altered. Nothing now goes down but gambling, harlots, and opera-boxes. Yon is *Hangsman-hill*; it is part of the property which belonged to a Campbell—and when tenants could not pay their rents, they used to be hung up, eight or ten at a time, as if on a string, under a gibbet, erected on that spot for the purpose: but *now* (with an oath) they dare not do the like.† He concluded this astounding intelligence by whistling

* He told us he was twenty-two years of age.

† I regret my total inability to give the above tirade in the precise language and emphasis with which it was delivered. It was worthy of the ear and pen of Scott. The points, or facts, may be implicitly relied upon. Moral principle is not so base a metal among the lower orders of society as some philosophers may dream.

and talking to "*Robin roguy*" . . who seemed disposed to comport himself in the most obsequious manner.

We had been mounting sharply for a considerable time ; and having gained the utmost point of elevation, I was told to look right before me. I did so ; and saw, for the first time, *Loch Fyne*, and the ferry of INVERARY. It might be at the distance of seven miles. As I looked, I saw a small speck, rather than boat, in motion upon the water ; and was told that it was the ferry-steamer, leaving Inverary, on the sight of ourselves, to convey passengers over. The water there, is two miles across. As we neared the beach, the steamer, becoming more intelligible in form, looked like a very toy from its diminutive size. And now the whole bay of Inverary spread itself open : the *Castle* (the residence of the Duke of Argyle) became conspicuous—backed by luxuriant woods—with the height of *Dun-y-Coich* (sometimes spelt *Duniquaich*) surmounted by a tower, to the right. The whole had the air of sweet enchantment ; while the fore part of the picture was occupied by a number of boats, across the rigging of which the nets of the fishermen were spread open to be dried in the sunbeam. This is the region of the *Loch Fyne* HERRING*,—so bruited

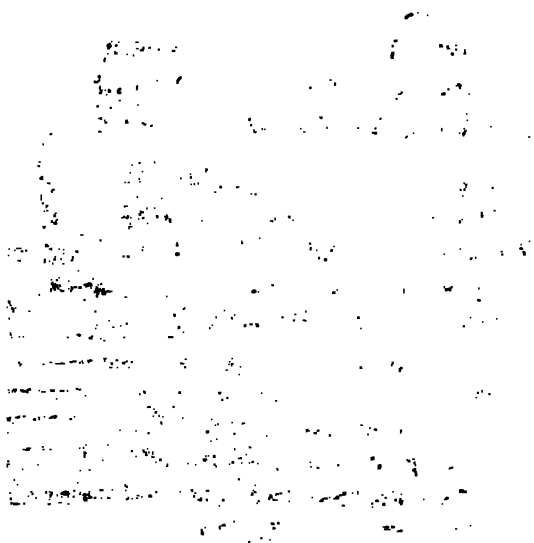
* The Loch-Fyne herring is considered in these parts—indeed in all parts of Scotland—a great dainty. It is a small fish—and when in season, is greatly sought after. I was told that the Fishery occupied 2000 men in the height of the season—from July to December. In Pennant's time there were 600 boats, with four men in each, employed. A chain of nets is used (for several are united) of an

through Scotland—and of which the fame is so vehemently attested by the Southern, from the extraordinary comparative eagerness with which they devour the fish. It was near the spot of our taking water that the late lamented Geikie, with his pencil in his pocket, and nature in his eye, sketched the following highly characteristic group. The man in the foreground is evidently expatiating upon the extraordinary *haul* of the preceding evening. Nature speaks in every countenance. The whole is *etched* as well as drawn by the same skilful hand.



hundred fathoms in length. According to the same authority, Loch-Fyne is thirty miles in the extreme length; but its breadth in no place exceeds two miles. The depth in some places may be seventy fathoms.

The situation of Inverary* is exceedingly favourable for all immediate lake-excursions. A steamer was at the water-side, to carry such parties as chose to go round the islands of Bute and Arran, at one o'clock A.M. so as to bring them back by the following evening, after an excursion of 120 miles. You here walk, run, or fly, upon the surface of the water. There is a good deal of pleasing quiet scenery about the little town of Inverary, and a long avenue of fine beech trees is the boast of the inhabitants. The shore, on the opposite side of the lake, is rather



... discoverable, either by means of Sir John Stoddart or Mr. Morrison. The latter, in his beautiful sketches of Scenes in Scotland, in folio, has given a view of this mountain, with Ben Lomond—the lake forming the forepart of the composition; and he observes in conclusion, that a climb to the top of the Cobbler is preferable to that of Ben Lomond, and nearly as practicable. The

strikes you as never to be forgotten. Not only is its shape grotesque, and perhaps terror-inspiring, but its extreme altitude is little short of 3000 feet. All this scenery is in the vicinity of the farther end of Loch Fyne; and if the Duke's castle had been built about five hundred yards to the left, upon one of those richly wooded knolls with which the park abounds, it would have commanded not only a sight of this magnificent scenery, but also of the sylvan beauties of the place; while Dun-y-Coich with its tower-crowned summit might have finely varied the scene.

We put up at the Argyle Arms, close to the water's edge. Never was a situation so abused by the ill-contrived arrangement of the inn. It has no bay window: no immediate view across the lake. The rooms are small, and the dado high beneath the window-sill. The furniture was tolerable, and the beds comfortable; but it was clear that, here, "the Master's eye was not making the horse fat." The Duke was in residence after a very long absence. He was so good as to allow us (although it was Sunday, and contrary to prescribed orders) to visit the castle, which was built by his grandfather.* The disposi-

view is neither so vast nor varied as from the latter, but it should be attempted "were there no other reason for the choice than the graceful form of *Ben Lomond*, which is seen from no point to so much advantage as from *THE COWL OF THE COBBLER*." There is a tradition that the heirs of the Argyle property, on coming of age, were compelled to seat themselves on the loftiest summit of this jagged mountain.

* Views of both the old and the new castle are given by Pennant: and who, on comparing these views, does not wish for a resuscitation of the form of the *old*?—were it only for the transmission of

tion of the rooms is pleasing ; but there is nothing of magnificence or splendour in the furniture. In fact, the rooms had a melancholy aspect. A portrait of the present Lady Charlotte Bury (then Campbell) the Duke's sister, by Hopner, was the only painting.* His Grace is liberal to all his immediate neighbours, and the inhabitants of Inverary have free access through his park, by walks very prettily arranged and nicely kept.

The hill of Dun-y-Coich is a very distinguished feature in the landscape of these parts. It is wooded nearly to the summit, and may be some four hun-

former architecture to a late generation. Pennant predicts that the "place will in time be very magnificent." He speaks of the fine appearance of the trees in his time, about the castle ; and says that the beech were from nine to twelve feet in girth, pines nine, and some of the lesser maples seven and eight. These trees are supposed to have been planted by Archibald, the ninth and unfortunate Earl of Argyle. Nearly seventy years have elapsed since Pennant's description : and these species of trees of which he speaks have now assumed a most gigantic form. I saw several pines which might compete with picked specimens from Norway. I have above noticed the avenue of beech just behind the Argyle Hotel. See *Pennant*, vol. i. 139, &c.

* There was another portrait of the same beautiful personage, by the same artist—in the character of Aurora showering roses upon the earth : not unlike one of the figures in Guido's well-known fresco picture at Parma. It is in looking at such objects, that one sighs that "art is long, and life short." Youth and early maturity remain for centuries—upon *canvas*—the same blooming object. With the *person* they are either ebbing fast, or entirely GONE ! So beautifully has Pope "rendered" the "anni euntes" of Horace :

"Years following years steal something every day ;
At last they steal us FROM OURSELVES AWAY."

dred feet high. It strikes you particularly as you come in the route where we first surveyed it. It faced our sitting room, and we thought there would be "nae luck" for us if we did not ascend to its summit. Unadvisedly, the attempt was made after dinner. Let no lady, and few gentlemen, henceforth make a similar attempt at such a time. Insignificant as was this mount, rather than mountain, the walks are in a serpentine direction, in some places rising sharply, and in others unnecessarily protracted. You go round and round, looking upwards, and fancying you make no approach to the summit—but when that summit is obtained, the view richly compensates the toil. The lake is at your feet. Mountains seem to be tumbling upon mountains, the Cobbler still maintaining its terrific singularity and elevation. To every question proposed, the answer of the guide only increased curiosity and awakened wonder. It is a region of itself; rather wild than savage, and rather beautiful than vast. The prospect is of no very great extent; and upon the summits of certain hills within our view, the Duke's red deer are said to be sometimes bounding from crag to crag.

On descending, we met Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, with their little girl, intent upon occupying our place upon the summit, and with the guide. Her Ladyship appeared fatigued: not so her daughter. We gave every encouragement; but for ourselves, on reaching home, the fatigue had been so great, that, on comparing notes after our descent from Ben Lomond, we confessed that the latter had

been less painful than the former.* Night fell upon us as we entered the hotel. On the morrow, we put all our resolutions into good effect, by not losing an hour in setting off direct for Loch Lomond. The weather continued fine ; and as the more prompt and pleasing, as well as very little less economical plan, we hired the toy-steamer, to take us to the head of Loch Fyne, and land us at *Cairndow* : from thence, through Glen Croe, we were to reach *Tarbet*—close to the Lomond lake—in good time for dinner. More than once, however, our courage seemed to fail us as to the kind of *reception* we were likely to meet with at this latter place ; since we had heard that, not many days, or rather *nights*, before, the company was so great that thirteen ladies were obliged to sleep upon chairs, sofas, and the carpet, in one room. *Tarbet* is in fact the grand rallying spot for *Lakers*—from all quarters.

The morning was beautiful,—the wind gentle,—the sky partially covered by light grey clouds,—when we got on board the steamer for *Cairndow*. On turning the first point of land, from which the window of our sitting room at the hotel commanded a pleasing view, we caught the first glimpse of the entire reach of the lake to its extremity. Around the banks, and around almost all the lakes of Scot-

* I learnt, in the village-like town of *Inverary*, that the grandfather of the present Duke, who built the Castle and made the walks about *Duniquaich*, laid a wager of 100 guineas that he would drive a carriage and four to the summit of the hill. He won his wager ; but the carriage-road had been well prepared for the feat.

land, there is a good, firm, well-kept carriage-road ; and we saw more than one vehicle in motion, with parties disposed to make as much use of their eyes as ourselves. The first picturesque object, abutting the lake, was the *Castle of Dundurraw**—of which a beautifully engraved copy is at the head of this chapter. It is entirely deserted, and partially in ruins. The date of 1596, with the following inscription, is rudely cut in stone over the door :

“MAN BEHALD THE END BE NOCHT
VISER NOR THE HIESTES HOIP IN GOD”.†

This residence, be it what it might, could never have been of great extent. It is now a receptacle in part for grain. We walked over every portion of it. Its foundation is hard rock. Contiguous, upon an eminence, we had a complete specimen of a *Highland Cottage*—without a chimney. The good woman showed us every thing ; and bade us remark that her cow fared better than most rich folk’s cows : for *there* was her stall and crib, under the same shelter, every night, with themselves. Upon the whole, there was a melancholy, wild air about Dun-

* Gaelic “*dun-du-ramh*, the fort of the two oars.” *Stoddart*, vol. i. p. 254.

† This inscription is given on the authority of the writer last quoted ; not only because I omitted to make a transcript of it, as because Sir John Stoddart corrects the inaccuracy in the Statistical Account of this place. He adds, that “here are some rude ornaments sculptured, in bass-relief, particularly a figure playing on a long pipe, resembling no instrument of modern times, unless it be a bass-flute.”

durraw Castle—the last abode of the M'Noichtons or M'Naghtans—which induced us to seek our steamer somewhat precipitately.

As the sun broke out in his golden meridian splendour, we landed at CAIRNDOW: apparently a neat, clean, and tidy traveller's resting-house. There was no chaise to be had; but a strong little animal, between poney and cob, was quickly put within the shafts of a sort of jaunting car;* and our luggage being arranged, we prepared for the remainder of our journey—a good fifteen miles—chiefly up hills; beset with crags, precipices, rocks, and mountains upon the very grandest scale. In fact, as the landlady observed to me,† with a solemn look, and in grave and measured accents, “'Twas *the pass of GLEN CROE*: and a mighty *pretty thing* it was.” On expressing a doubt whether so small an animal could take three people (the driver being the *third*) so long a way, and up such a mountainous route, she snapped her fingers, shouting aloud, “Oot, oot, there's nae dout of that: the beast will gang along as merrily as yoursels.” I had however very great doubts; but, as it turned out, without foundation. I settled for the whole expense of the journey at starting; and we “vaulted” into our “car”—tho-

* The harness belonged to a horse full sixteen hands high. The fit was in consequence ludicrous: but there was neither time nor use in remonstrance, “It's just all ane,” said the lad—as he went on shortening and shortening till the whole was accomplished.

† The good woman was in great distress on account of her house being designated, on the board, *Cairndew*: adding that “it was cruel people would not call things by their right names.”

roughly disposed to wonder as we gazed, from the conviction (in the language of a preceding traveller) that "we were now approaching the great theatre of a new and more impressive class of natural beauties."*

The excellent condition of the road in this lone region of mountainous grandeur, was the first object of surprise as well as gratification. They were even improving it, by cutting down the heights in some places: as regularly as upon the great roads of the South. We continued to ascend. It seemed as if—

"Hills peeped o'er hills, and alps o'er alps arose."

Now and then the scream of a wild hawk—soaring, or rather floating over a granite precipice of some four hundred feet in depth, based upon a swelling hill of mixed heather and brushwood—added greatly to the character of this wild region. I learnt from our driver that eagles were not unfrequently seen about these heights:† and so desperate is the love of the chase in these parts, that he pointed to a high hill, telling us that, the day before, a fox, after a hard run, was taken up dead—from a fall of about two hundred feet from the edge, upon a sharp rock of flint. He had been "in at the *death*—but hoped never to witness such another death." More

* Sir John Stoddart, vol. i. p. 215.

† "One of these torrents, called the Eagle's Burn, is frequented by those birds. They are of a large grey kind. I saw two of them hovering about the mountain-tops: and was told that they had been known to fly more than a mile across the glen, with a *lamb* in their talons."—*Id.* vol. i. p. 250.

than six of poor Reynard's canine pursuers had shared the same fate. It was well that the huntsman was not added to the pack. We are still ascending : the driver and myself walking by the side of the vehicle. Higher and wilder yet is the road and the scenery. Fragments of loosened rock are close at the side of us—apparently choking up a deep ravine, through which the winter torrent must drive and foam with indescribable fury. At this season, too, numberless streams would shoot down from the heights—the whole forming both a morning and an evening concert . . . of which not even a *rehearsal* must be attempted at the Hanover Square Rooms.

We overtook a poor man in the prime of life, with his wife carrying a child in her arms. We stopped to let our animal breathe a little. No advantage was taken by them of this stoppage. Their heavy, leaden eyes were fixed upon the earth : poverty and way-worn wretchedness had almost sharpened their features to stone ; their legs moved mechanically, as it were : the baby-child was asleep. Not a sound escaped their lips. I never saw human wretchedness so complete. The more I contemplated, the more I thought ; and even agony of mind was possessing me. Oh ! that I were laird of this district—that I might shelter such wretchedness in a cottage like that which I had just quitted, by the side of Dundurraw Castle ! We did what we could : and coming back, hurried into the car. I had not the courage to meet their eyes as we overtook them, to pass them perhaps for ever. They were strangers in the country, as the driver informed us.

But the sun is standing out bravely: masses of floating clouds—the moving mountains of the upper world—just stoop to salute the hill-tops, and pass on in their aerial course; shifting their forms and changing their hues, as time and light may serve. Still we are ascending—to mingle with the clouds ourselves. *Ben Doran** here seems to roll himself up in all his gigantic terrors: his crest darkening as we gaze. And now we come in full view of *Ben Arthur*, or the *Cobbler*†—whose fantastic summit had so much struck and astonished us when strolling along the margin of the lake at Inverary. What forms!—what an elevation! “Wait a bit, till you see Ben Lomond,” observed our intelligent guide.

We were now to “*Rest and be Thankful*.”‡ which indeed we were well disposed to do. In fact we were in the very heart of GLEN CROE. (What the glen called COE—too memorable from historical recollections!—might be) we neither cared nor wished to inquire. Here we were, seated in a world of rocky and mountainous wonders;§ the scene, doubt-

* It means “the mountain of otters.” Near it is *Ben Loy*; meaning “the mountain of fawns”—from *laogh*, a fawn.

† See page 825 ante.

‡ This is the name of a hill, or rather of the summit of a carriage road—made, a little after the rebellion of 1745, as I learnt, by General Wade’s troops: to which an allusion occurs in a preceding page. An inscription with the date of 1748 is carved upon the spot, which is exactly twenty-nine miles from Dumbarton.

§ “Upon entering GLEN CROE (said my friend Sir John Stoddart, nearly forty years ago) a new scene of savage magnificence is presented, by the bold rocky mountains which shoot up to the

less, in bygone times, of the wildest sports and of the bloodiest conflicts. Everything has a sort of *sui generis* aspect around you. A breadth, and even vastness, of scenery, does not impair its absolute terrific wildness. You long to see the blue bonnets of the country gleaming upon the summit of the craigs—the tartans fluttering in the wind—claymores glittering in the sunbeam, with the echoing of the pibroch-notes. It is only “art” like this which here can “ennoble nature.” There seemed to be no limits to our admiration . . . when, almost instantaneously,—

“The clouds seem’d big with show’rs;
Sunny beams no more were seen,”—

and, with Burns thus brought to our recollection, we prepared for a descent as long, but not as wearisome, as our ascent. The driver did not wait a second word to accelerate our departure; but wrapping his cloak about him, while we hoisted our umbrellas, and huddled as closely together as we might, prepared for the descending storm. It came down in right earnest: with a rushing blast, that howled as it reached the extremity of the glen. In an instant all was veiled from our sight; save the

clouds, and approach so close as to imprison you between their folds. The narrow bottom of the valley is occupied by a dashing torrent, and the road is carried along its course—as nearly as the convulsive breaks and rocky fragments will permit. In short, the wildness and sublimity of this scene, which, in general, was on too broad and simple a scale for the pencil, surpassed anything we had hitherto seen; and was scarcely rivalled in its own style, until we reached Glen COE—on the borders of Inverness-shire.”—Vol. i. p. 245.

rebounding rain upon the hard road, which seemed to leave a trail of smoke behind. The road was like moistened adamant. The horse never made a single trip—and for ought we knew to the contrary, might have *verified* the landlady's prediction, by "whistling as he went for want of thought."

We only wanted a few sharp claps of "live, leaping thunder" (as Lord Byron designates that of the Alps), with a vivid flash or two of lightning, to render this incident quite perfect. But all this "hurly-burly"—this commingling of clouds with mountain—of heaven with earth—was of short duration. It should seem as if the preternatural *genii* of the glen had raised it by their wand of enchantment—by way of affording a specimen of their own powers, and an opportunity of exciting a yet more intense admiration and astonishment on our parts: for, within ten minutes, the first object that broke, or rather blazed, upon our view, was the fantastic height of the *Cobbler*—deliciously enveloped in mixed purple and gold. Anon, object after object, stood regularly out to view; while the reeking moisture of the sides of the bolder projections ran down in little mountain cataracts—like cords of bright silver. A new character was impressed upon every feature around us. The breeze came sweetly as well as briskly from the varied vegetation of hillock, hill, and mountain. We were bathing in an element of which we had never before partaken: and it was with grief, when, on gaining the bottom, we turned our backs upon the *wonders* of GLEN CROE. It should seem that my friend Sir

John Stoddart and myself had precisely reversed our routes, in these regions of mountainous grandeur : but, from mere accident, I think my own was the preferable one. The last two miles, on the level road, and by the border of an arm of Loch *Long*, or *Long Ard*—on this side of the Tarbet—affords, for varying picturesque effects, and of a peculiar class, the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld.

At length we reached *Tarbet*—and after arranging for our quarters, ran instinctively to catch the first view of the *far-famed* LOCH LOMOND.* Of course we could see little more than the extremity of this magnificent sheet of water ; while across the lake the MIGHTY BEN appears much shorn of his natural

* I present the reader with an ingenious and perhaps satisfactory definition of the word “LOMOND,” from the pages of the author just referred to.

“Of the word *Lomond*, two different etymologies are given, the one applying to the *Lake*, the other to the *Mountain* ; but neither very certain. In the highland districts, it generally happens, that the names of places are strictly descriptive of some one object in the view, from which they are afterwards transferred to others. Thus *Ben Lomond*, the bare green mountain, may have given name to the lake ; or *Loch Loamin*, the lake abounding with Islands, to the mountain. It must be confessed that the Gaelic language is very unfavourable to philological accuracy in this respect, its words admit of so many changes in form, and from their vocality, coalesce so readily together, that a very little ingenuity is sufficient to discover many different radicals in the same compound : such, at least, is the only conclusion which I have been able to draw from the very different accounts which Gaelic scholars have given me of the origin of words. Whatever is the signification of *Lomond*, it is probably of very ancient date, for in the time of Ptolemy this lake was called the *Lacus Lelamonius*, which seems to prove the early prevalence of a dialect very similar to the present.”—*Stoddart*, vol. i. p. 221.

height and grandeur. In fact, from the inn, and even along the shore, at Tarbet, this mountain is seen fore-shortenedly; its top appearing to rest directly upon the base of a hill which in fact is at least three miles from it. Having been so much without doors, let us now enter and reconnoitre the Tarbet Inn. It is the property of a venerable gentleman of the name of M'Murich, turned of his eightieth year, and Laird of *Stuckgoune*; in the immediate neighbourhood. From what quarter I now forget, but I had a letter of introduction to this gentleman, which I took care to dispatch to him immediately on my arrival; thereby not indirectly securing better quarters at the inn. All our fright about the little chance of accommodation was dissipated in an instant. The "thirteen ladies"* had long taken their departures, and three times thirteen had succeeded them, and disappeared in turn. We were fortunate in securing a good sitting-room, and two bed-rooms on the first floor:—but, oh! what opportunities are lost—or what proper spirit is still wanting in these regions—to make inns, not so much comfortable in *themselves*, as attractive and delightful from *situation*! Here, as at Inverary, an *hippopotamos* error has been committed—in the site of the house. It is close by the road-side, and commands the veriest smallest view of the lake. It is little more than the *Eagle* at Snaresbrook.† Build

* See page 829 ante.

† Close to Epping Forest—in the vicinity of the spot where Wanstead House *once* stood. That house was wantonly and mur-

your inn, my good "Laird of Stuckgoune," some three or four hundred paces to the left, on a knoll—with twenty-five sleeping-rooms along a double corridor, with stabling for half the number of horses, (because travellers usually *post* it) and the largest barn in your lairdship shall not contain the golden harvest to be annually gathered therein. But here comes the venerable Laird himself to invite us to "a Scotch breakfast" on the morrow; which is accepted with thankfulness.

There was scarcely any company at the inn; so that we may be said to have had it "all to ourselves." As we sat down to dinner, the steamer from Dumbarton—the farther end of the lake—came in view; and put down, as it is daily in the habit of doing, a traveller or two for the inn. A band of music was on board, and the lake and mountains re-echoed the Scotch airs that were played. The Fyne herring was doubly delicious: the sherry sparkled with livelier tint in consequence. We had seen the wonders of Glen Croe and were preparing for those of Ben Lomond. But the days were beginning too visibly to shorten, and the nights as obviously to lengthen. It was, however, more than negative consolation to have all this romantic scenery somewhat lighted up, each night, by a moon that was walking very low in the heavens, but was within three nights only of the full. As

derously pulled down, and its Proprietress as wantonly murdered. Romance has nothing so sudden and so shocking as was the Drama of real Life enacted **HERE**.

our first night approached, I inquired for a guide or ——“ Perhaps (rejoined the landlord, smartly) you would like a sight of our *Album* ?” —“ What might it contain ?” —Only the names and remarks of visitors, for the last two years.” I desired nothing better; and on the arrival of the candles, spread this folio, of sable outside, and not of snow-coloured interior, before me. It was a perfectly *unique* volume; and, of its kind, among the most diverting I had ever perused: as the subjoined note may testify.* The great and

* The good-natured Landlord, on bringing up this very singular folio Album, told me several leaves had been torn out, from the curiosity of their contents: an act of barbarism which cannot be too severely treated. He farther said, that he admitted both censure and praise from the pens of his visitors. Such an *Olla Podrida* I had never before examined. The names of one family, called J **, sometimes to the number of *ten*, were put down at *entire length*. A wag scribbled at the side: “ Too many J.’s by half.” Another writes “ Dear Tarbet—sweet Tarbet—if ever I forget *thee*, and thy neighbourhood, may my right hand forget its cunning !” —By the side is the following pungent annotation, “ *A regular cram !*” A third observes—“ The neighbourhood divine—the costs and charges of the Inn quite reasonable—much gratified with man and beast.” A commentator remarks—“ Very well—but why such a flourish of fine words? Can’t you say you are well content—and there’s an end of it.” The late Duchess of St. Alban’s had entered her expression of entire satisfaction with landlord, inn, and neighbourhood . . . as if the *latter* stood in need of ducal commendation! Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, has a few pleasing verses, not unworthy of his own highly-gifted intellect. In fact, there were entries, of every description—and by very varying powers of the pen. Some of them rapped the knuckles of the landlord, by a hint or two to which he will do well to attend: but in carrying some suggested improvements into effect, he will require the aid of the Laird of Stuckgoune’s purse. Of course, notice of a journey to the *summit of Ben Lomond*, is

the little, the known and the unknown, the lettered and the unlettered, the philosopher and the commercial traveller, the foreigner and the native, are all mixed up in the pages of this unique volume. All the world visits Loch Lomond.

On the ensuing morning, we started to partake of the breakfast of the venerable Laird of Stuckgoune. The walk—a good mile and half, by the side of the lake, which now peeps through the trembling branches of the birch, and now, open and expansive, exhibits its bright blue waters slightly ruffled by a rising breeze,—this walk was perfectly enchanting. But what a house!—what a site! What beauty of surrounding scenery! It is called New Oak Cottage; and although low, and limited as to apartments, yet the few rooms that are, are at once elegant and convenient: the whole having the air of what might be called Elizabethan architecture. Its position is delightful—looking over the lake, and catching at once a lengthened view of its expansive water. If the venerable master of the domain would only part with a few hundred head-tops of hazel and birch, which are scattered about in saucy luxuriance, and decidedly impede the view, the effect would be

constantly introduced into these manuscript pages. One party returns without reaching it—from nervousness or fatigue. Another gains its height, and is all rapture. A third is overtaken by fog, mist, or rain, and sees nothing. A fourth is *disappointed* in the view. One, of the latter description, writes thus: “Mr. * * * from *London*, gained the summit: was much disappointed in the view.” A wag underwrites: “because you could not see *St. Paul’s*.” A patient examination of this unique MS. might furnish a little frican-deau of dainty anecdote.

yet greatly improved. But I found this to be rather a tender subject. The whole of the coppice and shrubbery had been of the Laird's planting; and not a hair of the head of any one tree should be touched in his life-time. I learnt this intelligence from one of the party who accompanied us over the grounds. These grounds were both cultivated and wild. Where cultivation ceases, rocky knolls, yawning fissures, and frowning precipices, succeed. In winter, the water rushes down in boiling foam and fury . . . hurrying into the lake. The summits of some hills behind Stuckgoune can be scarcely less than a thousand feet in height.

Our breakfast was a joyous one, graced by the presence of the Laird's nieces. On quitting, and in consequence of the frequent and even urgent entreaties of Mr. M'Murich, my daughter and self resolved to scale the heights of Ben Lomond, rising in all its magnificent vastness, immediately opposite the house, across the lake: and on that very day—the more so, as the weather continued fine, and a clear sky, we were told, was “half the battle” on the summit of the mountain; a summit, which was generally a sulky one, enveloped in mist and clouds. It so happened, however, that our visit was retarded to the following morning. On parting from our amiable and venerable host, I was presented by him with a fine specimen of the hooked Highland hazel, in the shape of a walking stick, which I promised him to keep “*in memoriam*” for life. “That will not be long,” added he, “for having turned my eighty-first year, I cannot even count on the mor-

row!" He had mistaken me. "I will keep it, barring accidents, for my own life, sir. *That* was what I meant."—"Then you may keep it some twenty-five years," replied he, jocularly. "I wish you may prove a true prophet," observed I; and so saying, I shook him by both hands, and we returned to the Tarbet Inn.

On returning to our quarters, we saw the steamer gallantly advancing from the Dumbarton end of Loch Lomond, in full force upon us. It stopped to take up passengers every day, to carry them to the upper end beyond Inversnaid; and then to return, touching at *Rowardenan* and *Luss*. Our plan of operations was instantly formed; to take the steamer, with all our little baggage on board, and after seeing the wonders of the upper part of the lake, to stop and sleep at *Luss*, and ascend Ben Lomond from thence on the following morrow. "It was a pity that so fine a day should be lost for the lake scenery," was the observation of the landlord of the Inn, against his own interest, as taking us away from him a day earlier than was originally intended. Within fifteen minutes we were on board; and on moved the vessel over the soft, broad, and deep bosom of the lake—the largest fresh-water lake in Great Britain. Its length is not less than twenty miles: its breadth in some parts eight: its depth, in parts, is said to be four hundred feet.* It was in the centre

* Such was the intelligence of length, breadth, and depth, gained on the first evening of our arrival; when we hired a cock-boat, and stood out towards the immediately opposite banks. A couple of young raw lads were our boatmen: but what we saw was only a sort

of the lake, between the opposite shores, where my friend Sir John Stoddart ought to have been, for the exercise of his talents for picturesque description. But steam and James Watt,* forty years ago, were comparatively in obscurity. Instead of a low flat road, close to the water's edge, by which my friend went—we stood out upon the main lake : straining every muscle of the eye, and exercising our tongues in the expression of increased admiration at those mountains, on the left, which were in advance of us as we had descended Glen Croe : an amphitheatre of stupendous height and vastness !—where the lowest mountain-top was scarcely less than 3000 perpendicular feet, and amongst which the Cobbler seemed to be more fantastically imposing than ever. A world, this, of picturesque richness and glory,—where the geologist may build him a castle of all the materials of the earth, and of eternal duration into the bargain. It was indeed in every respect the most magnificent and gratifying sight I had ever beheld : and my daughter's ecstasies were *nearly* as ungovernable as my own.

On reaching the extremity we prepared to return : and directing our attention chiefly to the scenery *opposite* that which we had contemplated on *coming up* the lake. INVERRNAID, with its mill and contracted waterfall, soon caught our attention :

of avant propos to the morrow. As far as I can make out, from history, it must have been just across *this* portion of the lake that Bruce fled from the blood-hound pursuit of his enemies.

* See page 815 ante.

but of these anon. Yet I could not but call to mind Mr. Wordsworth's most wild and beautiful lines upon the *Maid of Inversnaid*, but who should seem to have had existence only in his own thrilling and romantic imagination.* We next passed to *Rob Roy's Rock*—still to the left. In former times, some hundred and thirty years ago, all this part of the neighbourhood was the scene of the exploits of that too memorable mountain-robber and vagabond. Having read the *Loch Lomond Expedition*,†

* I borrow these verses from Lumsden's very simple and satisfactory little "*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond, Loch Ketturin, and the Trossachs, &c.* ; 1835, 12mo. : with a Map of the Lakes and the Trossachs." A shilling will put the traveller in possession of this unpretending and well executed production. The verses are worthy of a volume in elephantine folio.

"Sweet Highland girl ! a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower.
Yes, I am loth, nor pleased at heart,
O Mountain Maid ! from thee to part.
But I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair a maid shall ne'er behold,
As I do now : the cabin small,
The lake—the bay—the water-fall,
And THEE ! the spirit of them all."

† By the kindness of my friend Dr. Fleming (to whom indeed I have a score of obligations to record) I am favoured by the loan of the reprint (at Glasgow, 1834, 12mo.) of the rare and famous little tract called, "*The Loch Lomond Expedition ; with some short reflections on the Perth Manifesto*"—Glasgow, 1715, 12mo. This tract was so rare as to have entirely escaped the knowledge of Sir Walter Scott ; but the reprint (of which I regret to say only sixty copies were struck off) is of greatly superior value, by an Appendix of original matter relating to the depredations of Roy Roy, &c., containing a minute and interesting account of the rapacious confiscations of the Clans in the counties of Dumbarton, Perth, Stirling, and Fife—as they are related with great simplicity and fidelity in

undertaken in search of him, and in hopes of his capture, I was prepared to look at everything with an eye of provoked curiosity (if this expression may be used) but not with a mind in unison with one gentle emotion towards his memory; for a greater "scape-grace" never "slept upon the heather." The magical colouring of Scott's pen, in one of his most interesting and racy romances, has invested the character of Rob Roy Macgregor with something approaching to that of both chieftain and hero; but the sober voice of history, based upon truth, has clearly "set him down" for a ragamuffin and a coward.

During the whole of this excursion there was hardly one point from which a view of the *entirety*

the Wodrow Correspondence. The tenor of this interesting little book perfectly bears me out in the above designation of Rob Roy M'Gregor. His clan was considered a synonyme for a collection of rogues, vagabonds, and plunderers. It has been said, that the Chieftain himself "never KILLED." But this is not the fact; for he would hang those who could not pay their rent, as readily as the Campbell mentioned in a preceding page: and his men had orders to *burn* and *devastate* in every possible direction. Of course with the *houses* many of the *inmates* were burnt to death. Read the shuddering letter at page 47 of this reprint. It alone speaks volumes. Can it be possible that the proclamation issued by the Earl of Mar, the arch-rebel of this period, was a genuine one—emanating, as it purported to be, from James II? It begins thus: "BY THE KING—A DECLARATION. JAMES R. Whereas it was absolutely necessary for our service and the public safety, that the villages of Auchterarder and Blackford *should be burnt and destroyed*, to prevent the far greater inconveniences and hardships which must have ensued to our subjects, had our *clemency* and *tenderness* prevailed upon us to *preserve* these places:" &c.—See p. 45, of reprint.

of Ben Lomond could be obtained : he being so *vast* a monster, in his way, as to require a good sweep of foreground for being duly contemplated. But there was enough to reward us, in the beauty of the water, the sweetness of its wooded banks, and the richness of its dotted little islands. Still, as a Lake, taken as a whole—if my memory be not fallacious—it is not superior to that of Keswick or Derwentwater : which latter has its Skiddaw and Saddleback—no mean competitors with Ben Lomond and Ben Arthur. The little village and inn of Rowardenan are very inviting. Here we dropped a passenger or two ; and then made our way direct for *Luss*. We had not heard a very high character of the inn, but fame is usually a propagator of falsehood. It is kept by a widow ; who is neat, civil, and attentive to the comforts of her guests. With her husband, the bad character of the inn should die. In the lower rooms, there is little better than pot-house proceedings, with whiskey, drank by the labourers in the adjoining *slate quarries* :* who begin their orgies early and end them late. We had an excellent sitting-room, and two bed-rooms, as usual, on the first floor. The waiter was an active, civil, and

* Had time permitted, I should have much desired a view of the Lake and Ben Lomond from the heights of these Slate Quarries, perhaps a short two miles from our inn : but it was impracticable. I am quite sure that Ben, from hence, must have gallantly displayed his towering altitude over all about him. The slaterers are not the most tractable part of the community in these parts. They were constantly assailing our little inn—even before seven in the morning, shouting eagerly for WHISKEY.

intelligent young man ; begging that we would excuse his attendance without his coat. As his linen was perfectly clean, we indulged him in his humour ; but I have now forgotten the cause of this request. A council was quickly called ; and it was resolved to ascend the “ mighty Ben ” on the morrow ; weather permitting. The boatmen, attached to the ferry, were admitted to the conference, and quickly joined in “ the ayes.” The hour was fixed, and the plan and expenses were agreed upon.

By ten the next morning the boatmen were with us : but the top of Ben was enveloped in a nightcap of mist. “ What think you, my friends—shall we attempt it ? ”—“ It ’s just as it *should* be,” they replied : “ you will see the nightcap off before we reach the opposite side of the lake : some four miles across. Fear nothing.” One is easily persuaded into what one wishes to take place, and upon which one’s heart may be said to have been fixed : so we cheered up, and clothing ourselves accordingly, “ prepared for action.” We were told it would take us eight hours, there and back ; of which six would be spent upon land, and two upon water. Accordingly, providing ourselves with no [stinted portion of prog,—in the character of chicken, Fyne-herring, bread, butter, wine (with whiskey—for our guide) and ordering dinner to be ready on our return, at six, we quitted Luss with our two boatmen : muscular, tall, strong, efficient men ; parsimonious of speech, but attentive and civil withal. We had no sooner taken our seats in the boat—of ample dimensions, and therefore very different from the

frail bark of Finchale Abbey ferry*—when I fixed my eye steadily on the nightcap at the summit of Ben. The base and sides of the mountain, to within five hundred feet of its extreme height, were in a greyish tint: without one gleam of sunshine. Still it rejoiced me to see that the cap did not descend to the shoulders. It was, at least, stationary. The boatmen looked backward, at my suggestion. “How say you, now?” —“See, sir, it’s just slipping off his head, and out comes the sun.” It was so, in a trice. We rubbed our hands, and were eager for landing. “Row, boatmen, row!” exclaimed my fair companion; and they redoubled their exertions. The lake was all sunshine, and Ben Lomond all glitter. We seemed already to be at its top.

Rowardenan is the principal rendezvous for the ascent to Ben Lomond: whose base may indeed be said to terminate hard by. Here you are provided with horses, or mountain ponies, used to the track; and upon whose backs you may sit safely in ascending or descending. We made terms; gave one of the boatmen our prog-basket, who proffered his attendance in the absence of the regular guide: and, with a lad in front, we prepared to ascend—the guide and lad walking. The route was circuitous, and in some places both boggy and precipitous.† Our attention being chiefly fixed upon the height to which we were regularly mounting, we paid little

* See page 306, ante.

† In one spot, the hind legs of my pony became steeped in a bog, up to the thighs—and I was obliged to throw myself off, to escape inconvenience or injury.

attention to objects right or left, but were well pleased to find the day quite fixed for fair weather. You dismount within five hundred feet of the summit; and leaving the stunted horses within stone walls from which they cannot escape, you pursue a well defined walk, skirting the immediate apex of the mountain: the broad earth below—with all upon its surface, of wood, water, and buildings—getting smaller and smaller; and your horses diminishing to the size of mastiffs. “In a minute (said our friend the boatman) you shall top it.” We did so. It narrows so much at the summit, that, on first view, a firm footing seems doubtful. But there is ample space; though not quite sufficient, as the saying here runs, for turning a coach and four.

On reaching the very highest point, we stopped—to breathe, as well as to look around us. Here then we were upon the summit of the far-famed Ben Lomond.

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around!”

seems to be the first truth that impresses itself upon the eye, as you stand to gaze at the mighty far-stretched landscape at your feet. Mountains here, plains there; towns in one place, lakes in another; islands, even to the distance of Arran and Bute: Ben Nevis in the far background on one side, and the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh at equal distances on the other. Beneath our feet, the Loch, with the steamer reduced to a cockle shell; yet, although at the height of 3,260 feet, we heard the noise of the steam escaping from the valve. The woods and manor of

Stuckgoune seemed of the size of pasteboard toys, such as are shown to children in a raree show. Luss, a cluster of cottages: Rowardenan, a hut: the Tarbet Inn, a dog-kennel. *Ben Voirlich* and *Ben Venue*, which in the *Lady of the Lake* throw their mighty shadows upon the face of the Loch Catherine, and seem to be the mountain heroes of *that* scenery, were, here, five hundred feet *below* us. One seemed to stand above everything earthly, in the immediate vicinity of the spot; although *Cruachan*,* in the nearer distance, might teach even Ben Lomond a lesson of humility. I shall abstain from farther particularity of detail; first, because the view from this lofty region has been so often and so well done;* and, secondly, because I am not

* I do not think a better description of the general view from the summit of Ben Lomond will be found, than in the pages of my friend Sir John Stoddart, so frequently referred to. At the same time, a most excellent, and more minute description, will be found in Lumsden's Guide; before commended. For myself, my opinion is simply this—in defence (if there be need of defence) of the above opinion respecting views from the more elevated points. In the first place, there is, commonly speaking, a sameness in all general or distant views—unless indeed terminated by something like Alpine scenery. Houses, trees, hills, are all commingled and generalized: but, secondly, the charm, in views of nature, arises chiefly in having *towering* objects before you—clothed with vegetation, or darkened by precipices—with their varying summits, now bright in the sun-beam, and now purple from the passing cloud; showing their harsh or soft outlines against a contrasting sky. Hence in the vale of Glen Croe, the scenery by which you are surrounded, looks awfully impressive: on the summit of Ben Lomond the same scenery is comparatively passive and tame. A feeling of indifference attaches to what is *below* us: perhaps on the *plain* as well as the hill-top?

particularly attached to extensive views: unless chosen at favourable moments, and under a genial and transparent sky. What may be the first sweep, or bird's-eye view of *Italy*, from the summit of Mount Cenis, is another thing. Here, the extreme horizon—enclosing Edinburgh, Stirling, and the Isles of Arran and Bute—was too much involved in mist; but all the islands of the lake itself; Dumbar-ton; the Clyde, on one side; the lakes Catherine (Ketturin,) and Ard, with the Trossachs on the other; are, in truth, magnificently striking. Loch Catherine—although seven miles in extent—was here a good-sized looking glass.

But the wonder of Ben Lomond is on the side opposite to that of the lake; I believe on the north side; where there is an awfully yawning precipice, or fissure, of at least two thousand feet in depth!—according to my predecessor Sir John Stoddart.* I own, frightfully precipitous as it looked, (and by the help of my friend's highland hazel, I approached the very edge of it within three yards) I cannot make up my mind to so extraordinary a depth.† What is fearful, if not appalling, the sheep—which sometimes feed in

* “The north side of Ben Lomond itself excites a degree of surprise arising almost to terror. This mighty mass, which hitherto had appeared to be an irregular cone, placed on a spreading base, suddenly presents itself as an *imperfect crater*, with one side forcibly torn off—leaving a stupendous precipice of 2000 feet to the bottom.”—*Stoddart*, vol. i. p. 236. It is precisely.

† It is this abrupt shelving off that gives the character of a cone (in some points of view) to the upper part of Ben Lomond: see pages 685-6 ante.

great numbers upon this mountain-top, run, if frightened, to the very edge of this precipice, and all at once stop—as if touched by mechanism. I never heard of any considerable accident from their precipitation below. We spent the greater part of an hour in the indulgence of an unbounded gaze ; and having looked till our eyes began to ache, and our appetites to be stirred by the keenness of the mountain air, we thought we might as well betake ourselves to something like a sheltered recess, and “ hold familiar discourse” with our basket of goodly viands. The guide-boatman said “ it would do us a world of good—and might he help us to lay the cloth upon a little jutting piece of rock or spar ?”^{*} He had told us not to provide ourselves with water, as whiskey never mixed so well as with the water found upon the mountain. Accordingly he soon returned from filling a small jug to the brim ; and, I must say, made himself as agreeable and efficient a waiter as could be found at the *Clarendon* or the *Albion*. All things being prepared, we fell to our substantials : the guide seeming to enjoy the alacrity with which we “ maintained the combat.” Cold chicken and Fyne-herring are only to be eaten to advantage on the summit of Ben Lomond.

^{*} “ The great body of Ben Lomond, like that of all primitive mountains, is formed of *granite* and *micaceous schistus*, with large masses of *quartz* embedded in it : some specimens of *red-jasper* are found on the borders of the lake, which have been washed from the summit of the mountain, and been polished by attrition.”—*Lumsden*. I was anxious to bring (as I did) one specimen of the spar from the mountain-top : at once a specimen of the soil and a trophy of our achievement.

We now prepared for the celebration of other rites. We thought of relations and friends—yea, kind friends, in Scotland as well as in England—who ought to be remembered and toasted in the “dew of the mountain.” I screwed up my courage to its sticking-place, to immerse my lips in this identical dew—qualified by mountain-water : and getting upon the extreme point, asked my man if he had ever heard of the *Roxburghe*, *Bannatyne*, and *Maitland Clubs* ?—“Truth to say (replied the man) I never heard mention made of such clubs. Were they of a very large *size* ?” Rebuking him for such unheard-of barbarism, I proposed to toast these clubs, or societies, collectively ; and made my man join in the *hurrah* which ensued !—prefaced by a glass of sheer whiskey for his own potation. He seemed to enjoy the thing exceedingly. The rites not being concluded, I proposed “*The immortal memory of William Caxton.*” * The man instinctively held out his glass, which was again filled with the same

* The FATHER of PRINTING in Great Britain ; who exercised his art in one of the side chapels, or within the cloisters, of Westminster Abbey. The Roxburghe Club have erected a mural marble tablet to his memory ;—but will it be BELIEVED by Posterity, that the Chapter of Westminster would not grant this tablet admission within its walls without the payment of a *Fee*, thrice the amount of the expense of it ? Of course it could not be listened to for a moment : and the tablet is placed just over the entrance door of the vestry of St. Margaret’s church—within which Caxton’s family appear to have been buried. Now there could be *no* such exception to the general rule of demanding fees, as THAT in the present instance. The art of Printing is the greatest of all the mechanical arts, and the Father of the art in Great Britain had erected his printing office *within the Abbey-walls*.

material—and after the shout, gravely asked me “*Pray, who might the gentleman be ?*” This was natural enough. A third potation (in which our friend the Bailie* was not forgotten) terminated our Ben Lomond pick-nickery. The guide and lad were to finish what we left—and “surely (said the boatman) we never had such doings here before. Did I think of coming next year?” I told him, in reply, that “as it was my *first*, so it would in all probability be my *last*, visit to this country.”—“Dear, dear !” was his only comment.

We left a few fragments behind, and had scarcely commenced our descent, when the noise of the “*corbies*,” as the guide designated them, told us that nothing was likely to be wasted. The herring and chicken bones would be to them a delicate repast. They would, therefore, be the *third* set of guests at our mountain-feast. We soon reached our horses, who appeared to be waiting in melancholy suspense for our return ; but after venturing some thousand feet upon their backs, we were glad to dismount,—as in some places, our bodies, as well as heads, were far in advance of those of our animals. The distance from top to bottom is not, I should think, more than three miles ; but they are tedious miles in ascent.† At Rowardenan, the

* See p. 790 ante.

† The mountain is ascended by different routes, and with various results. There is a foot-path above Rowardenan to Loch Ard, by which it is sometimes attempted ; but this is both a tiresome and lengthened route. On the other hand, some frolicsome Academics from the South have been known to make the attempt in the very precipitate, arduous, and not unperilous route—direct from the Tarbet

boat, with the other boatman, was in attendance ; and we were rowed back again to our quarters at Luss with increased speed. I cannot, however, help observing that the inn at Rowardenan appeared to be one of the best conditioned, as well as best situated, of all those which I had seen. Indeed its site is perfect. Before we took to boat, the landlord of the inn bade me look to about a mile in advance, to see the famous *Rob Roy's Rock* : upon the summit of which that ruthless outlaw (an edition of Robin Hood upon coarse brown paper) played cruel pranks with those who did not choose to submit to his exactions.* We reached our Luss quarters about

Inn. The whole mountain is the property of the Duke of Montrose ; — and a great deal may be yet advantageously accomplished, both for houses of accommodation and routes of ascent. I see nothing so alarming, on the score of expense, or of physical obstacles, in the completion of a good carriage road to within three hundred feet of the summit of Ben Lomond. For three months in the year they may *drive* a profitable trade, in consequence, within these romantic regions.

* This rock, close to the water's edge, rises about thirty feet— the front and sides being nearly perpendicular. The top of it is flat. From this summit, Rob Roy M'Gregor was in the habit of letting down, by means of a rope tied round their waists, those who would not comply with his demands. They were drawn up, and, on still refusing, were again let down— with a gentle hint, that, on the third time the rope would be fastened round their *necks*. Their only means of escape was by jumping into the Lake . . . and this of course would be only a different species of death. This rock is attached to another— of considerably greater height. I ought perhaps to have consulted— or at all events to have seen— Mr. Macleay's curious *Memoirs of the Outlaw and Robber, Robert Roy M'Gregor*, which was published in 1818. Upon the stage, he is made a sort of romantic hero, by the admirable acting of Mr. Macready— from the *gentlemanized* portrait of him by Sir Walter Scott.

half-past five; as well disposed to partake of what was provided for us, as to recount the adventures of the day. Our Lomond guide accompanied us to the inn-door, and seemed mightily inclined again to enact the part of *waiter*.

On the morrow we were to take leave of this magnificent region of land and water, and to prepare for a visit to *Loch Catherine* and the *Trossachs*, on the other side of Ben Lomond, in the route to Stirling—from thence to Edinburgh. About eleven the Dumbarton steamer touched at Luss; and bidding adieu to our widow-hostess, we joined a family-party, who had come from Helensburgh in their carriage, to proceed (as a mere excursion of pleasure) on board the same steamer to the extremity of the lake. As the vessel left the land, I observed on its surface the ominous "*blue belt*" in a sweeping segment of a circle—the sure forerunner of foul weather! This belt may be six inches in elevation, and little more than twelve inches wide*—while

* A great fuss is made about this ominous "BLUE BELT." But to my eye it did not appear as it is usually described—namely, without *any* elevation of the water, but merely an extended circle—having its surface particularly rippled. But elevated, or not, it seems to be a *sure* omen of what is to *follow*: sometimes, say the guides, "the precursor of a storm." This singular and unusual appearance is occasioned by the unequal agitation of the atmosphere in the vicinity of lofty mountains, which produces a corresponding inequality on the surface of the water; some parts being gently ruffled by the air, while others remain quiescent, and give the appearance of long stripes or belts, very equally defined. During the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, the surface of this lake was greatly agitated; the water rose suddenly far above its ordinary

it may stretch entirely across the lake. It was too true a signal. We had hardly come in view of Tarbet, when the mighty Ben became almost entirely enveloped in a heavy moisture-dropping fog. The higher points of the mountains necessarily became first obscured—till the whole amphitheatre of rock, glen, and greensward, was absorbed in impenetrable mist. As the rain was beginning to patter about us, out darted a cock-boat from beneath a hazel ambush, with the venerable Laird of Stuckgoune, making direct for the steamer. The dear good old man came on board to renew an affectionate farewell. “I saw you (said he) through my glass, mightily busy, yesterday, upon the top of Ben.” I told him of all our doings; and that the hazel-stick which he had given me had been my companion, and thrice mysteriously waved round my head, as I looked down upon his residence from its extreme point. He appeared well pleased; and as the steamer rested at the Tarbet Inn (his property) to drop and take up passengers, we bade each other a hearty, and, in all human probability, a *last adieu!* His prompt, cordial and unanticipated kindness can never be rooted out of my memory . . .

“Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.”

The sequel, touching this “LAND OF LAKES,” must necessarily be brief, and sad as brief: for the “blue

level, and again quickly retiring, sunk greatly below the usual height: and this unnatural motion continued for a considerable time. A boat on that occasion was carried forty yards beyond the ordinary limits of the water's edge.

belt" had been too true a prophet, and the rain came down smartly as we went on shore at Inversnaid for the Trossachs. Groups of ponies face you—and the clamour of their owners to "drive a good bargain," must be immediately encountered. It was clear nobody would *walk* five miles on such a day; for *that* we were told was the distance to the head of Loch Catherine. They had all the bargaining, therefore, their own way. Many passengers had left the steamer for the same object: when consigning our baggage to the common carrier, we mounted our ponies, spread open our umbrellas, and a party of half a dozen started for the lake. We were obliged to go at a moderate pace; for the road was reeking with moisture, and about as bad and devious as could be encountered. What scenery around us! all veiled in mist. "On!" was the word—for there was no hope of the day's clearing. We were an hour reaching a cottage, or rather hovel, at the hither end of Loch Catherine; which is used for shelter or refreshment. We all stood in need of both: and had to wait two hours for the last relay of passengers. I do not conceive it possible for a situation, like that of this house, to be more abused by the dearth of comfort and good fare. The noble landlord* cannot be aware of it: for here, a civil and well-managing tenant, with good sleeping accommodations, might make a little fortune during the season, from the visits of *anglers*, and southern university *readers for degrees*. It must be enchantment

* Lord Willoughby d'Eresby—as I was informed.

in fine weather : for, opposite, the terrific, precipitous side of Ben Lomond presents itself . . with all the neighbouring fraternity of Ben Voirlich and Ben Venue. We were denied a sight of such mountainous glory and grandeur.

A large eight-oared boat, uncovered, and soaking in the rain, was at the lake's margin, to receive the passengers bound for the Trossachs. With difficulty we could contrive to procure dry places upon the bench. A melancholy half-drenched crew—we waited the signal for departure ; but one of the boatmen, who appeared to be the captain, “ ran very restive :” and had we not all united in cudgelling him with sharp words, we had been destined to spend the night within the cottage. Their oars were at length brought into play, and to keep “ good time”—the surly chief taking the lead in discourse ; which, among themselves, was in the Gaelic tongue. As we reached the extremity—a good seven miles from the place of starting—and as, in consequence, the moment of *payment* approached—our “ chief ” relaxed from his wonted severity, and dealt largely in the “ personal history”—if I may so speak—of the lake. In short, we had an abridgment, in prose, of the doings of Fitz-James, Roderick Dhu, and the fair Ellen, as we read in the *Lady of the Lake*. During his recital, he nodded to certain parts of rock, ambush, coppice, or hillock, where certain adventures are supposed to have occurred . . thus stamping much of fiction with the seeming air of truth. He was altogether a cicerone of a higher grade than the one

who attended us at Caerlaveroc castle :* but his countenance was coarsely cast, his look sullen, and his features immoveable : the obverse of one of Pisani's severer copper medals. This was the observation of my travelling companion.

We landed in the heart of the TROSSACHS : but from darkness it was wholly an unknown country. Another source of uneasiness awaited us. Would there be room at Mrs. Stuart's ? "Who might Mrs. Stuart be ?" A landlady of considerable fame in her way ; "well to do in the world ;" fond of money ; having plenty of it ; extravagant in her charges—and mightily independent of demeanour : add to which, it was ten to one that she could receive so large a party, as her inn was always thronged in the season. Such a piece of intelligence, even without the driving rain in which we were now enveloped, could not fail to prove a *dampener*. However, we took courage to storm the fort, without a previous *reconnaissance* ; and calling to mind what had occurred from exaggeration at Tarbet,† I was disposed to be exceedingly sanguine of success. The result proved me to be right. It was resolved that I should be the spokesman—first to encounter this redoubtable landlady, and afterwards to procure beds and a sitting-room on the best terms attainable.

I found "my landlady" in the back apartment or kitchen ; she was holding a candle in her left hand, and giving instructions with her right. By the help of the candle, I had a full view of her face and

* See page 460, ante.

† See page 829 ante.

figure. Mistress Stuart might be in her forty-fifth year,—of middling height, and of figure crumby and substantial. Her countenance partook of the sleeky rotundity of her form. Her eye was as quick to observe, as her tongue to utter. Yet (prepared as I was for a different result) were her words rather sweet than bitter. “She could accommodate us to the utmost of our wishes;” and forthwith six beds were ordered by her to be got ready,—certainly not in a *sotto voce* style of utterance. She seemed to gather herself up into larger coils, and to move with a more measured and commanding step,—in consequence of so wholesale an order. Lights, fires, hot water,—cook, chambermaids, ostler,—tea, coffee, sausages, beefsteaks, pickles, &c.—were words that seemed to tumble out of her mouth at one and the same respiration. Every body was soon put into motion; and in five minutes a tallow candle was seen to glimmer at every window.

Our repast consisted of dinner, tea, and supper, all consolidated into one meal. My own bed was humble enough,—at the top of the mansion, in a two-bedded room,* only occupied by myself. Where

* The primitive simplicity of patriarchal times, or the golden age of Ovid, might be supposed to dwell in these regions; for on the chambermaid assigning a double-bedded room to a lady, in which the second bed was, at the time, unoccupied, she added—“you will of course, Ma’am, have no objection to my putting in a *stranger* for this *second* bed—if any should come in the course of the night—which is often the case?” “Indeed (replied the lady) I shall take good care to bolt my door, and to unbolt it for no one.” The lassie looked with the eyes of perfect astonishment—and muttered as she retreated.

and how manufactured, I do not pretend to say ; but the materials of this bed seemed to be a compound of tow, cotton, hair, hay, straw, and heather : and in consequence, the live-long night I did nothing but contend with such rebellious ingredients of the tick. The next morning a council was summoned about the charges ; which might have been *heavier*. When the amount was pocketed, I approached Mrs. Stuart to say good-day ; and then her countenance was mantled with a widely-distended smile. It was Mrs. Stuart the gentle, the kind, the encouraging. "Your landlord is Lord Willoughby D'Eresby?"—"Yes,—and a dear bonny gentleman he is : the best of landlords." "You seem to be thriving, ma'am?" "And why should I not—when so much pains are taken to make the *gude folk* comfortable who come to this inn?" She anticipated my concurrence—by a wistful look, which terminated in an equivocal bend of the figure, almost approaching a curtesy. It were lack of the veriest ordinary politeness not to have taken off one's hat in saying "good-day,"—and we parted "the best of friends."

A pair of stout horses, yoked to a large barouche, brought six of us to Callender the next morning, through a heavy and unceasing rain—so unerring had been the "blue belt!" To indulge in vain regrets were idle ; but there is a *Glen* about Callender which I had sorely desired to visit. It were now out of the question. The next stage brought us to Stirling ; and at Stirling we took the steamer for Edinburgh. It had been a long morning of vexatious trial and fatigue : and deep was my regret

on quitting one of the most celebrated and interesting towns (that of Stirling) in Scotland, without a reasonable opportunity of seeing it. The "blue belt" had spoilt all. The Forth almost washes the banks of the memorable field of Bannockburn. I believe it is never passed by a Scotchman without his feeling the blood dancing more lively in his veins. A faint sun-gleam rested upon it, as the steamer glided onward; and darkness coming on, it was no cheerless object to see a bright full moon rising in the horizon, as we landed at the Newhaven swinging-bridge, about eight of the clock. If some things were left undone, more had been successfully accomplished. We had navigated the Lake, and revelled on the summit of BEN LOMOND.*

* A good publication, connected with, or rather confined to, the LAKES OF SCOTLAND, is still a great DESIDERATUM. The *Clubs* should unite, and engage an able, active, light-penned Tourist for this object. Yet, should the writer be something of both Archæologist and Historian—accompanied by a pure taste in the selection of picturesque objects. Mr. Morison's noble folio—entitled "*Sketches of Scenes in Scotland*," published at Perth—has some beautiful plates, and some beautiful writing. The former are lithographized outlines, slightly shaded—from the pencil of Lieut. Col. Murray. They are of FIRST-RATE excellence.

ENTRANCE TO ST. ANDREW'S.

ST. ANDREW'S.



HERE is, perhaps, no spectacle, upon a small scale, of the perishableness of human institutions and earthly fabrics, more decided and more desolate than that of ST. ANDREW'S:—the once metropolitan see, and ecclesiastical law-giver, of Scotland. “I have seen the walls of Belclutha, but they are desolate.” The first view

of this venerable Town and University—the spot alike of ancient renown and ancient devastation—where the blood of the *Protomartyr Wishart* was shed, and the havoc of presbyterian violence nearly illimitable, under the banners of *John Knox*—the first view, I say, of such a scene, naturally suggested this passage from the strains of a native bard.* After skirting the Bay of Largo, and gaining a gentle eminence, I saw at a distance the diminished spires of St. Andrew's—with the broad, blue ocean behind it. To the left was the *muir* where Archbishop Sharp was murdered . . . and a pyramidal heap of stones yet attests the spot where that prelate's life-blood was shed. The town and the neighbourhood, as we shall presently see, are replete with the most interesting historical recollections.

But all things in order. A second *Interlude*† must pave the way to our *Recollections of St. Andrew's*; for, in truth, what follows relating to it can be called little better than a sketchy detail. Such as they are, the reader will take them *en gré*; and thank Mr. Professor Napier,‡ as much as myself, for any little amusement derivable from their perusal. Again, I say, “all things in due order.” I had received an invitation (through the epistolary introductions of Mr. Bigge, at Newcastle, and Mr. Professor Napier, at Edinburgh) to spend a few days with Robert Ferguson, Esq. of Raith, at that time member for Haddingtonshire. Raith is situated about two miles to the left of Kirkaldy, on the banks

* Ossian.

† See p. 646, ante.

of the Forth ; a rising town in population and commercial enterprize. In the principal church of this town one of the most dreadful accidents upon record took place.*

The character of the gentleman I was about to visit was one of unlimited generosity—of goodness of heart, so ample and uniform—of principles, moral and political, so sound and so steady—and of a disposition at once so joyous and gentle—that I was resolved to make every effort rather than forego the gratification of such a visit. Add to all this, his domains were ample, and his hospitalities knew no limits. Besides his own fine fortune, he had been united thirty years to a NISBET—one of the largest heiresses in Scotland;

* It was in consequence of a meditated preachment-visit of the too-celebrated Mr. Irving, that this dreadful accident took place. The preacher had been bred at Kirkaldy, and had been an instructor of youth there : and it was his first visit after the extraordinary fame he had acquired in London. In consequence, the church was crowded to excess. The galleries were filled to suffocation. A young lady, an inmate at Raith, was present—and she described to me the scene, as it occurred (fortunately for herself and her mother) in the *opposite* gallery. The rafters beneath gave way; and one pew fell down after another pew, precisely as cards fall in a pack. It was not a general simultaneous crash ; but the interval was so short, that very few succeeded in making their escape. The universal scream was as indescribable as horrible. No one, in any part of the church, fancied himself safe ; and my fair informant told me, that her mother and self rushed to a side window, to escape a supposed impending destruction by clinging to the iron bars. How many were killed, and how many were sorely hurt and wounded, I cannot pretend to say : but the consummate, if not insane, vanity of the *Preacher* thought the people would be yet glad to hear him in the church-yard—surrounded by the DEAD and the DYING !!

and their united efforts to make every visitor happy, were famed throughout the land.

I took the steamer from New Haven, and made direct for Kirkaldy, a distance across the water of about eleven miles. Falling into conversation with one of the passengers, as we neared Kirkaldy, I enquired how far the residence of Mr. Ferguson might be? "Yonder, (replied the stranger) upon those wooded heights, where all the chimneys are smoking. The mansion is just now standing out to view." I looked, and saw a noble mansion of stone, embosomed in a fine wood. A large, soft cloud was floating over the house at the moment—and presently it was all in a glow with sunshine. "As *without*, so *within*"—thought I to myself: and I seemed to chide the tardy course of the steamer for not making way more rapidly. At length we reached Kirkaldy. From a second-rate inn, but the first on landing, I procured a horse and gig, with a driver, and a rapid trot of two short miles brought me to the park-gate of Raith. On entering, I saw a fine piece of water to the left; perhaps a mile long. This was afterwards christened, at my particular entreaty, *Loch-Raith*. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson received me with a heartiness of feeling which told me in a second that I was welcome. Two distinguished visitors were there at the moment: one, the brother of Mr. Ferguson, Sir Ronald Ferguson, Bart. "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,"—the other, Sir James Kemp, an officer who had seen what is called in the profession, "the most brilliant service:" having

fought under the banners of Abercrombie, Moore, and Wellington. He had been Master of the Ordnance under the administration of Earl Grey. There was also a family group of ladies, in the characters of relations, neighbours, and friends: the young rather than the old predominating. The house was at once large and commodious: and, better than either consideration, the walls were warm, and the servants as civil and attentive as numerous.

I spent two days of unfeigned gratification at this hospitable mansion. It has much furniture, and many pictures, well deserving a second and a third examination. Here I think is the best specimen of Raeburn's painting, in the character of a portrait of Mr. Ferguson, in his earlier years, with which I am acquainted. The colouring is transparent; the look at once natural and expressive: the back-ground is light, so that the figure stands out admirably . . . and it is throughout treated in the artist's happiest manner.* Amidst several family pictures, is one by Zoffani, over the fire-place in the same dining-room, called the *Social Meeting*, of some fifty years ago. It is a very clever little easel picture of a meeting of relations and friends, in the open air, under a tree;

* There has been very lately a portrait of Mr. Ferguson painted by W. Pickersgill, Esq. R.A.: of about the same dimensions with Raeburn's: from which a private mezzotint print by Ward has been engraved. This portrait was painted at the express desire and entire cost of Mrs. Ferguson's tenants. To my eye, it is less resembling than the marble bust of the Original, in the town-house in Portman-square. But I should say—as far as a *profile* resem-

some hatted, others without their hats : some seated, others standing. A few bottles of wine, upon a small circular table, seem to develope at least *one* of the causes of such apparent felicity. In the background the painter has modestly introduced himself. There are few more delightful ornaments upon family walls than those of the pictures of Zoffani. I wish his mantle had fallen upon the shoulders of some modern painter. In the same room is a portrait of *Fox*, by Opie ; the upper part of the well-known whole-length by the same artist. The resemblance is I think perfect : but here the great orator is neither hurling the bolts, nor brandishing the forked lightning of eloquence : he is quietly looking over his right shoulder. He sat twice to Opie for this picture.

blance may satisfy—that the following, from a bronze medal of the same size, can scarcely fail to be satisfactory to all Mr. Ferguson's friends. It is engraved by Mr. William Penny, of Midcaldor, near Edinburgh, and was presented to the *LADY* of the Original as “ a little surprise.”



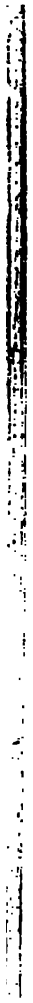
Portrait of





STEWART, JAMES,

1718-1785. Scottish philosopher and mathematician. He was a member of the Scottish Enlightenment and a leading figure in the development of the Scottish School of Common Sense. He is best known for his work on the philosophy of mind and the theory of knowledge.



But of the portraits at Raith, few, in the estimation either of its proprietor or his Scottish friends, are held in higher regard, both for the individual, and the artist by whom it was executed, than *that* of which a copy appears in the OPPOSITE PLATE, by the masterly burin of Horsburgh. I am told that the resemblance is perfect. It must be confessed that it does not appear to be flattered. But the original was, in all respects, of peculiar physical conformation as to countenance and body. With a mind, shrewd, elastic, penetrating, and comprehensive—which has led its possessor, SIR JOHN LESLIE, to be ranked among the most distinguished philosophers of Scotland*—it was yet the destiny of that possessor to subjoin a body, obese, and constantly provocative of somnolency. Sir John would oftentimes sleep at table :—even at the table of his pupil Mr. Ferguson. But there were moments when even the hilarity of youth would possess him ; and I learn from more than one quarter, that he has more than once been seen to go down a country-dance with a nosegay of no trifling dimensions in his left hand.

* The life of SIR JOHN LESLIE has been written with as much ability as impartiality by Mr. Professor Napier, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Of this interesting piece of biography a few copies have been printed in a small octavo form, and privately circulated among the friends of the deceased and his biographer : and I take this opportunity of tendering my best thanks to the author for a copy. I have read it with equal attention and gratification. Mr. Napier is also in possession of a likeness of the *head* only of Sir John Leslie—in profile—as large as life :—“ the man himself,” as its possessor more than once remarked to me.

In the drawing-room are two or three beautiful Flemish pictures ; and among them one of *Ruins, with a Hawking Party*, by Woovermans. It had been obtained at the sale of Lord Eldin's pictures, for £168. The more brilliant pictures from the same sale are in the boudoir of Mrs. Ferguson ; a small room at the left extremity of the mansion, commanding a noble view—across the woods and water of Raith—of that lady's own property : some fifteen miles distant across the Frith of Forth, bordering upon the Bass Rock. It is in *every* sense a heart-cheering view to the owners of Raith. It was certainly so to my eyes ; for, exclusively of its picturesque attractions, from the leaves of the trees in the foreground beginning to put on the mottled tints of autumn, the amiable owner of these distant possessions was pleased to express a strong wish that my daughter and self would take Biel and Archerfield on our return home. It will be seen in the sequel that her wish was carried into effect. In this boudoir there is an exquisite Mieris, of a *Man selling onions* ; and a Maas, *A Father, Mother, and Child*—treated quite in the Rembrandt school of painting.* But I had forgotten to mention that in the drawing-room there is a *Cabinet of Jade*—so precious and so unique, that the Emperor of China should send a special embassy of Mandarins to obtain it at any cost. Yet more precious in the eye of the scientific visitor, is the *Cabinet of Minerals*,

* The first of the above pictures was procured at Lord Eldin's sale for 200—and the latter for 100 guineas.

below, particularly rich in rare foreign specimens; but now that the owner has ceased to disport himself with these mineralogical gems, it should become the property of a public body—and I seem to think that, at Glasgow, there are some free biters at such a bait. Of course, as Mr. Ferguson is a Bannatyner, I must do justice to his LIBRARY—the largest room in his house, and stocked with some five thousand goodly volumes: the sensible collection of a well-informed country gentleman.

It will be readily believed that I parted from such a mansion with reluctance and regret: but my days, and even hours, were becoming numbered, and there were yet sights to be seen and visits to be paid. I started with an *au revoir*, for ST. ANDREW'S; taking a horse and gig at Kirkaldy, from the same place where I had procured it on landing from the steamer. All the world seemed to be in motion in these parts. A grand dinner was to be given, on the following day, at Cupar, to Sir John Campbell, the Attorney-General, on presenting him with the freedom of the town, of which he was a native.* Cupar might be fifteen or twenty miles from Kirkaldy, and both Mr. Ferguson, and his brother Sir Ronald, not only *went*, but each *spake* after dinner—and spake as honest men and honest senators. There was a little trial of patience in getting a horse; which, at last, white as a snowball, and apparently well stricken in years, rolled, or rather staggered, out of the stable-door: with a tightly fitted harness upon him.

* See p. 488, ante.

I expressed my doubts about such an animal taking the driver and myself to St. Andrew's—a good twenty-five miles in advance. Landlord, landlady, ostler, waiter, and boots, all screamed out, in reply, that he would whisk me thither “like a racer.”

The poor creature winced dreadfully as he received the first cut of the whip and jerk of the reins : but we started almost at score. The day was cheerless, and my driver mute : but the Frith of Forth was on my right all the way, and I talked more to its white and sparkling waves than to my travelling companion. We rested two hours at the half-way house ; and then skirted the *Bay of Largo* : that of Naples in miniature, as it is deemed. Here are some nice lodging-houses for the summer season of bathing. The site is beautiful. The sun was getting low when I caught my first glimpse of the scanty towers and spires of St. Andrew's ;* but the horse betrayed such proofs of agonizing exhaustion, that I thought the last three miles must have been performed on foot. It will be found that there was but too good cause for such agony.

You enter St. Andrew's under a *Gateway*, of which a most faithful representation appears *at the head*

* In Pennant, part ii. p. 189, there is one of the best distant views of St. Andrew's with which I am acquainted : speaking only of its composition : the execution being sufficiently indifferent. Grose has three very inferior plates, illustrative of St. Andrew's, at the end of his second volume. One of the most beautiful, for picturesque effect, is that seen in Mr. Morison's *Sketches of Scenes in Scotland*, through an archway ; but there are three more interesting lithographic prints in the same work, connected with the account of St. Andrew's.

of this chapter. The street before you, half a mile in length, is the longest in the town. It is broad, but very indifferently paved, and the houses have a low and mean aspect.* It improves as you get on: when the school, built from the funds bequeathed by the late Dr. Bell—close to an old chapel, in ruins, to the right—command attention, and bespeak admiration. As I drew up to the principal inn, there appeared to be great cause of excitement, by increasing groups of well-dressed gentlemen—as I supposed in array for the public dinner at Cupar. No such thing. It was the great annual *Golfing Meeting*. Not a room, not a bed, was to be procured. Parties had come from all parts, and in all directions, to its participation. What was to be done? I fell back upon my letters of recommendation from Mr. Professor Napier and Mr. Ferguson, to Dr. Haldane, Principal of St. Mary's College and Rector of the University—to Dr. Cook, and Mr. Professor Gillespie: and while in the act of bargaining for lodgings at a grocer's, the first-named gentleman was seen to quit his house, and to pass the shop. In a moment of excitement we catch at anything. Abrupt as was the measure, I quitted the shop and presented my credentials to Principal

* In Pennant's time this street was "grass-grown," presenting such a "dreary solitude, that it formed the perfect idea of having been laid waste by the pestilence." Pennant continues—"On a farther advance, the towers and spires, which at a distance afforded such an appearance of grandeur, on the near view showed themselves to be the awful remains of the magnificent, the pious works of past generations."—Part ii. p. 189.

Haldane. He received me with equal cordiality and courtesy. He even said he had expected me, as Mr. Nairn,* then at St. Andrew's, had apprized him of the probability of my arrival. His table was at my service; and a bed too for that evening; and during my entire stay "if his friends did not carry their intention into effect of coming over to the ball on the following evening."—"What, you have *balls* here, Mr. Principal?"—"Ay, and public dinners, too, as you will find this evening; for I shall take you with me to our *Golfing Feast*."

Never was an individual less disposed to plunge into the gaieties and vociferations of a public dinner than myself, at the time of being asked. A long, wearisome, and cold drive had jaded and depressed me: and so far from wishing to exchange a travelling for a dress suit, I desired nothing better than a cup of coffee and my nightcap. But it was in vain to remonstrate. The Principal became only more urgent as I strove to back out; and renewed his attacks more vigorously as I pleaded inability from fatigue. At this critical moment the poor white horse, taken out of the gig, passed me . . . slowly creeping, rather than walking. (In Scotland, if a horse comes in foaming from heat and exhaustion, he is taken out of the stable "*for a cooler!*") Well might this poor creature have winced at starting. The spot occupied by the collar was as one circle of scarlet—from the flesh being torn off by the friction of the collar. It was sheer blood; looking at a

* See p. 629, ante.

distance like a red collar. I was horrified . . . and the poor creature would have to return, the same night, with the same cauterising collar round his neck ! A horsewhip—and a thick one too—for the shoulders of his master !

I was literally taken by storm : first, to go and pay my personal respects to Major Belshes, the presiding hero of the feast—who said and did everything short of *insisting* upon my taking a seat at the upper or cross table. Then the worthy Principal would have me accompany him to Mr. Professor Cook, in the next street, and in a trice we were at his mansion. The Professor was from home; but we met at the festival. Meanwhile the streets increased in population, and human beings seemed to be moving in all directions with unusual agility. I had never heard of these *Saturnalia* ; and as I was dressing for the dinner, could not help tacitly considering all this a very odd prelude to “ sketches of John Knox, George Wishart, Cardinal Beaton, and Archbishop Sharp.” The fates, however, had so ordained it ; and under the protection of my academic host I sallied forth to encounter the perils of the field. We mustered very nearly fourscore. Of the faces present I had only a previous knowledge of two. In a trice we were marshalled at the banquet-table, and I found myself just below Principal Haldane, and within three of the President, Major Belshes. The President, the various *croupiers*, with several other gentlemen in the room, wore short red coats, with dark blue collars—to my eye, a hunting-dress ; but, in fact, these dresses denoted that the wearers

had been, in turn, the *Captains of the Day*—by winning the game at golf. If not a *star*, it was a *vestment* of merit : and a certain sparkling gaiety of eye and freedom of demeanour denoted their deportment. I sat next to a very pleasant gentleman, of the name of Melville, who had married a daughter of the Duke of Leeds.

After dinner the mysteries were entered upon. The silver baton, staff, or club, which is used to propel the ball onward,* was placed on the table,

* The game of *Golf* or *Goff* is very ancient. Strutt (*Hone's Edit.* p. 102) has a facsimile of two players at it—in the fourteenth century. In the reign of Edward III, the Latin name was "*Cambuca-sive, Baculus incurvatus*, or a crooked club or staff." The French expression is *pale-maille*. The staff or club is a thin stick of about four feet in length, with a broad curved extremity of about five inches faced with horn, and having lead inserted, in order to strike the ball the harder. The ball is what is ordinarily called a trap-ball—about an inch and three-quarters in diameter ; but within this short compass a hat full of feathers is sometimes compressed. It is, in consequence, capable of being struck to a considerable distance. On enquiry I found that a ball had been struck to the distance of 220 yards. The game is played in what are called the *Links*, or upon an uneven greenward, near the sea. The Links of St. Andrew's are considered to be the finest in Scotland, and are of two miles in extent. I purchased a large *plan of the Golfing course over the Links of St. Andrew*, for five shillings. The game—of which I was a personal witness—is carried on with great keenness ; and is composed of the "outward" and the "inward" course ; that is to say, of the number of strokes given in *holing* the ball outwards, and doing the same inwards : in the whole, nineteen holes. It is played in partnership or alone. Each champion is vigilantly attended by a marker ; and to obtain the game within *ninety strokes* is considered to be the performance of a master in the art and craft of Golfing. The game I saw was not got under one hundred and four strokes : fifty-five out,

before the President; having silver balls, with a little jingling knob at the extremity of each, fastened to the body of the baton. Then came a shorter silver club, called a *putter*—also encircled by silver

and forty-nine in. Major Wemyss was the champion. At starting, a little boy raises a very small portion of dirt—perhaps three inches in height—upon the top of which the ball is placed—and from whence the first stroke is made, which is generally a very long one. Here follows a portrait of A GOLFER, having made the last stroke, watching the progress of the ball.



bells. The candidate, on his admission into the Golfing Club, by ballot, comes forward to the side of the President, who, raising the putter aloft, the former courteously receives it, and kisses one or more of the balls. All these admissions occupied about half an hour; and were to me a matter of equal amusement and mystery. Shouts ensued on the admission of each candidate. Then the toasts and the speeches followed uninterruptedly. We are told by Young that—

“Men are but children of a larger growth;”

and a fine set of stout and animated boys we all seemed to be:—but what is a little unusual, boys without mischief. The party broke up in orderly time; and the Principal and myself were at rest by eleven o'clock.

It was impossible, on retiring to my pillow, to dispossess myself of, to say the least, the *oddity* of the foregoing scene. I had entered St. Andrew's in a suit of sables—if the mind may be attired as the body is: but found its interior to be a very *carnival*. One yields with the pressure—whether upon land or upon water:—add to all this, I was domiciled with a gentleman whom I had not only never before seen, but not even heard of. His time of life—hovering upon fifty—together with his station and influence, necessarily commanded respect. But I soon found cause of closer attachment. A brother could not have treated me more kindly. His fire was warm: his cup was overflowing. He had the education of a scholar, and evinced the kindly

courtesies of a gentleman. I spent three days of about as much social happiness as is usually found in this strange and capricious world, with the Very Reverend the Principal Haldane : and yet, only *one* of these days at his dinner-table. Everybody was flying about in all directions, and engaged in five hundred ways ; so that with difficulty he could make up a dinner-party of six. There need not have been more : the conversation was unusually animated and instructive ; and viands more choice and abundant could not have been placed upon the table. The Rev. Dr. Cook, (of whom presently) and a professor of Greek of the same university, made a sensible impression upon me. The latter and I were discoursing of the past and present eloquence of the House of Commons. He had not heard Peel, Stanley, or Macauley. We happened to touch upon *Canning*. He told me he had been fortunate enough to hear him in one of his very finest orations upon the subject of the Roman Catholic Emancipation. " He filled my mind (said he) the livelong night. I could not help striking my thigh, on retiring to rest, in exclamations of vehement admiration at the matchless force of his eloquence ! It seemed to be something superhuman." Altogether, this was one of my very pleasantest symposia in Scotland.

The Principal looked at his watch, and observed in a *sotto voce*, that " it was time to go to the ball." " Do *you* go, Mr. Principal ?"—" Why should I not ?"—and in five minutes we were the second party in the ball-room :—the room where the previous day's festival had been held. It was past

ten—and the room was empty with the exception of ourselves and a party which had come nine miles on the occasion. How absurd—and how insulting!—to observe the unnatural hours of London in this remote and unpretending region. The band—the *Weippert* band of *Edinburgh*—was posted in the gallery; and air succeeded to air, sometimes slow, and sometimes quick, all as voluntaries—till, at a quarter past eleven, there was a semblance of a *muster*. The *roll* should have been called over the next morning, and some smart punishments inflicted. The dances were chiefly the country-dance and the Scotch reel: the quadrille languishing between them—and the waltz seeming to be a failure. The reel was a novelty to me—since boyhood. Major B. Colonel C., and Colonel * * *, but above all Mr. * * *, were pointed out to me as the great heroes of this “*Alterno quatiant terram pede*” achievement. During the reels, I was requested to take special notice how dexterously Major B. and Mr. * * * executed the *Highland Fling*. But there was vigour and sprightliness throughout the whole—and the ladies reminded me of those of former days disciplined under the bow of the renowned Gow: * days, when there was pliancy in the limb, joy in the eye, and delight in the dance. The drawl of the quadrille has neutralized activity and frozen utterance of speech. What would John Knox have said

* Mr. Chambers is rich in biographical details respecting the elder and the younger Gow; and Lord Gray, of Kinfauns Castle, has a portrait in oil of the former. I just remember the elder

to all this uproarious assemblage—in a spot, however, where he himself had roared more lustily than any one, and indirectly countenanced outrages of the most flagrant description? The occupier of *his* pulpit—or rather *Church*—to be found in an assembly room! I hope he may be found there for a dozen and a half years to come. The appearance of such a man does positive good—many ways. But we must leave for awhile the description of the living for that of the dead:—the gaieties of stirring life for the melancholy of departed grandeur.

The next morning I was abroad betimes after breakfast, in company with an amiable and efficient artist*—to whose pencil this account of St. Andrew's entirely owes its graphic embellishments—in order to take a leisurely survey of *the Castle* and the *Cathedral*—or rather, of the REMAINS of both. What a history of destruction belongs to each! Scotland presents no where such *another* speaking proof of the waywardness of human passions, and the mutability of earthly institutions. If the floors of the Castle have been stained with human blood, the walls of the Cathedral are no longer in existence to tell the tale how they once echoed with the noise of the destructive pick-axe and hammer of the Knoxite Reformers. A more wide-spreading ruin can be rarely seen.

Gow,—who used to sit with his cheek resting upon the bowl of his fiddle—his eyes half shut—his right-arm moving mechanically, as it seemed, at full force and swing—with now and then the room echoing to his electrifying bellow, or shout.

* Mr. John M'Lea.

But to our immediate object. The morning was singularly favourable to out-of-door researches. A few thin, soft, flaky, clouds were floating across a sky of vivid ultramarine. The ocean, apparently commingling with the heavens, partook of this general exhilarating hue. The outgoing tide, at the extremity of a huge bed of rough red granite, presented scarcely more than a slight ripple of foam. Peace, joy, and happiness, seemed to be everywhere abroad. The collier, with every inch of canvas stretched, was steadily ploughing the yielding deep—hastening to deposit his cargo of black diamonds within “the pool” of the metropolis. The steamer was discharging the long-extended column of trailing smoke, and seemed to be walking upon the ocean-wave. Turning my back upon all these attractive objects—and putting to flight every thought of *golfing* and *banqueting*—I was quickly immured within the walls, or area, of THE CASTLE. A guide attended. The first object presented to me, was, a room, over the entrance, from the windows of which Cardinal Beaton is said to have leisurely surveyed the execution of the *Scotch Martyr*, GEORGE WISHART. A long, intricate, and in part doubtful, history, belongs to this transaction.* My belief is

* If any motive operated with Wishart, like that inferred from Mr. Chambers's narrative—namely, that by taking part against the Cardinal, he thought he was serving the stronger party, or playing a surer game, by having the royal favour with him—there is an end at once to the *martyrdom* in this transaction. There is an end to its being taken up in a strictly or exclusively religious point of view. As to the *prediction* of the *death* of the Cardinal, by

briefly this. The sacrificed Wishart was not actively engaged in the conspiracy to "apprehend or slay" the Cardinal. It was his younger brother, John, of Pitarrow, who took an anxious part in that desperate proceeding: yet I cannot divest myself of the impression that the elder brother knew of it, and had no objection to its ultimate success. So sadly and so frightfully had THAT *Gospel*, which came down from above to minister "peace and goodwill towards men," been made the instrument, in perverted minds and implacable hearts, of executing vengeance the most prompt and sanguinary. George Wishart, with all his goodness, and all his godliness,* might have lulled his reason into the belief that the perpetrators of such a black act were even "doing God service." After the execution of Archbishop Sharp, one of his murderers put himself to prayer, and rising up, told his colleagues, that the Lord had said unto him, "*Well done, thou good and faithful servant.*"†

Wishart, when surrounded by the flames which were quickly to devour him, I do not attach much, if any, weight to this—be it true or false: however the *primâ-facie* inference may be as above stated. Wishart was in the habit of predicting woe and wretchedness to the places which he visited. When at Dundee, and especially at Haddington, he did the same thing. It was mere dramatic effect: to excite attention, and gain followers.

* It is ROSCOE (I think, in his *Leo the Tenth?*) who says that no collision or position of circumstances, and no depravity or iniquity of character in the individual sacrificed, can justify the crime of ASSASSINATION:—and it is well and wisely said.

† Pennant, pt. ii. p. 196; on the authority of Sir David Dalrymple. We are much indebted to Mr. Robert Chambers for an admirable

Be the fact as it may, the meed of calm intrepidity and of christian heroism belongs to George Wishart on the day of his suffering. It is said that the scaffold was erected in front of the main entrance to the Castle, when the victim presented himself before his judge with an undaunted brow. We may reasonably infer that his sufferings were neither acute nor protracted; for the quantity of gunpowder placed about his person would necessarily hasten disso-

article upon "GEORGE WISHART," in his *Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen*: an article, comprising the very pith and marrow of the substance collected by Scotland's best historian, Patrick Fraser Tytler: as well as a great deal that is curious in Dr. M'Crie's *Life of Knox*. How much, or how little, Knox was mixed up in the conspiracy, is another question. His intimacy with George Wishart is undeniable; in fact, he may be considered as a sort of "Gamaliel," sitting at his feet for instruction. It is not a little surprising, that the *first* mention made of Knox *himself*, in history, occurs in that Reformer's own history of the Reformation, where he introduces himself in the third person: see *M'Gavin's Reprint*, p. 47. It is clear that Knox held Wishart in the light of an oracle when living, and worshipped his memory when dead.

The earlier life of Wishart, when at Cambridge, was distinguished by peculiarities and privations which might have marked him for a man beside himself. At any rate, an inward and self-devouring melancholy seems to have "marked him for her own." He could never give away enough—and never eat upon too coarse a plate, or sleep upon too poor a bed. As he grew up to manhood, and mixed with society, his mind became inflamed with religious ardour; and he went about preaching, somewhat wildly, and quite fearlessly, in the northern parts of Scotland: never concealing or qualifying his opinion about the Archbishop or Cardinal. It was clear that two such combustible bodies could not move in the same orbit, and Wishart's was the first to be consumed. Consult also Mr. Tytler's Appendix to his *Life of Sir T. Craig, of Riccarton*, p. 333, &c. 1823, 12mo.

lution.* With his dying breath the sufferer truly predicted the unnatural end which was speedily to overtake his judge. The Cardinal survived his victim little more than two months and a half; and it has been asserted that this prediction of Wishart clearly involves him in the charge of a knowledge of that conspiracy, which had been long hatching for the

* The good Archbishop Spottiswood, one of Scotland's best ecclesiastical historians, (of whose life and labours I wish we had more extended details) has thus minutely and pathetically described the *LAST MOMENTS* of Wishart:—"Within a little space," says he, "two executioners came up to him (i. e. Mr. Wishart) one of whom apparelled him in a black linen coat, the other fastened some bags of powder upon all the parts of his body, and thus arrayed, he was brought to an outer room, where he was commanded to stay till all things were prepared. A scaffold was in the mean time erected on the east part of the castle, towards the Abbey, with a great tree in the midst of it, in manner of a gibbet, unto which the prisoner was to be tied; and right against it was all the munition of the castle planted, if perhaps any should press by violence to take him away. The fore tower was hung with tapestry, and rich cushions laid for the ease of the Cardinal and prelates, who were to behold that spectacle. And when all things were made ready, he was led forth with his hands behind his back, and a number of soldiers guarding him to the place of execution.

"Being come there, and gone up upon the scaffold, he turned himself towards the people, and besought them not to be offended with the good word of God because of the torments they saw prepared for him, desiring them withal to show his brethren and sisters who had often heard him, that the doctrine he taught was no old wives' fables, but the true Gospel of Christ, given him by the grace of God, which he was sent to preach, and for which he was then, with a most glad heart and mind, to give his life. Some have falsely spoken, said he, that I should hold the opinion that the souls of men departed, sleep after their death until the last day: but I know and believe the contrary, and am assured that my

destruction of the Cardinal. However this may be, I cannot believe that the Cardinal, on the day of Wishart's execution, ordered cushions and seats to be placed in the balcony of the window—that he and his Catholic friends might glut their eyes and their ears with the sight and the screams of the expiring victim. This is the transparent varnish, which, to eyes that will not take the trouble of a close examination, time frequently daubs over the canvas of history.

We now come to the more dramatic (in its close and severe sense) execution of Cardinal Beaton, who suffered on the 29th of May, 1545. Wishart had suffered on the second of March preceding. It is not perhaps upon record where the assassination of an individual of the high rank of the Cardinal, had been so long determined upon, without the slightest intelligence of it having reached the ears of the individual to be sacrificed; the more so as the friends and emissaries of the Cardinal were numerous. But our astonishment increases when we learn that

soul shall be this night with my Saviour in heaven. This said, he bowed his knees, and, having conceived a short, but most pithy, prayer, he was led to the stake, and then cried aloud, '*O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me; Father in heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands!*' The executioner having kindled the fire, the powder that was fastened to his body blew up. The Captain of the Castle, who stood near him, perceiving that he was yet alive, bade him be of good courage, and commend his soul to God. 'This flame,' said he, 'hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit: but *HE who from yonder high place beholdeth us with such pride, shall within a few days lie in the same AS IGNOMINIOUSLY as now he is seen proudly to rest himself.*'"



Fig. 1. Seal of the Roman Curia.
Fig. 2. Seal of the Roman Curia.



the conspirators were not fewer than sixteen in number, and that the favourable moment for striking the blow had been sought after for a whole year preceding. However, that moment *did* at last arrive; and the deed was as effectually as inhumanly accomplished. I quote the sense of the words of honest David Lyndesay when I speak thus.* It is right, however, to add, that, after a good deal of narrow and anxious investigation, I acquit Knox of being *particeps criminis* in this deep tragedy; however he might have, as in truth he did, "cut his jokes"† upon its successful performance.

At the head of the sixteen conspirators was Norman Lesly, the heir-apparent of the Earl of Rothes; or, as it is said in the Scotch phrase "the Master of Rothes." He had been long and well known to the Cardinal—as a man of rough spirit and resolute daring: intractable, and swift of revenge. Whether personal quarrel, or excitement upon grounds of

* "As for THIS CARDINAL, I grant,
He was a Man we might well want:
God will forgive it soon:
But of a truth the sooth to say,
Although the Loon be well away,
The deed was FOULLY DONE."

† Knox himself, in his *facetiæ* upon the mode and place of the Cardinal's interment, tells us that he had "written merrily," upon the subject of the assassination: an avowal as indecent as ill-timed. That he rejoiced in heart at its success, seems scarcely to be doubted. He would consider it as an expiation for the life-blood of Wishart. "The Cardinal was murdered (says Dr. Johnson in his Journey) by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which Knox has given what he himself calls 'a merry narrative.'"—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 212.

religious differences, induced Lesly to take so determined a part in this tragedy, does not appear to be very clear :* but having decidedly *taken* his part, he as decidedly *acted* upon it. The conspirators met by appointment, at the break of day, in the churchyard, near the monastery—in order that before the inhabitants were awake and abroad, to draw unfavourable inferences from so singular a meeting, they might one and all distinctly understand the method to be pursued, and the part to be performed. The castle had been for some time under repair, and not fewer than one hundred and fifty workmen and attendants are said to have been daily within its walls. The workmen went to work betimes, and in numbers ; the porter regularly letting down the drawbridge as they appeared. The conspirators—perhaps in some degree assimilating their dresses to those of the workmen—sought the opportunity of entering with them ; and not the slightest suspicion ensued. But that, after all of them

* The account of Mr. TYTLER may however serve to shew that both Lesly and Beaton had at least a mutual hatred of each other. " The master of Rothes had resigned to Beaton, on the promise of a valuable equivalent, the estate of *Easter Wemyss* in Fife. In the meeting at St. Andrew's, he claimed the stipulated reward, and receiving what he deemed an equivocal reply, remonstrated with freedom : warm words followed : the Cardinal complained of insulted dignity ; and Norman Lesly answering with scorn, departed in wrath. On complaining to his uncle, John Leslie, they agreed that no time was to be lost : and obtaining the concurrence of the Laird of Grange, it was determined that the murder should be committed without delay."—*Hist. of Scotland*, vol. v. 426.

had been admitted, they should turn round, and with their weapons threaten destruction to every one who did not immediately quit the castle, is surely to be credited with the greatest difficulty.*

They were not long in finding their way to the Cardinal's bed-room. The voice of Lesly was soon heard upon the staircase—and the Cardinal heard in it the voice of death. It has been said that the promise of life was held out if he would instantly open the door. Upon the faith of that promise the door was opened . . . and within a few seconds the dagger of James Melville was thrice thrust through the Cardinal's heart; the perpetrator adding, that “this deed was done entirely from the Cardinal's opposition to the true gospel of Christ, and not from personal hatred to himself, or from a desire to possess themselves of his wealth.” Pennant has a different rendering of this tragical event:—“The conspirators forced open the Cardinal's apartment, which he had barricaded on the first alarm. They found him seated in his chair, and transfixed him with their swords; and he expired, crying, ‘*I am a priest! Fie! fie! all is gone!*’”† A third variation states, that “the Cardinal was in bed when the con-

* Yet such is the current of the received narrative. The very noise and uproar of the scuffle (for a hundred and fifty men were not likely to submit tacitly or tamely to a handful of sixteen) would necessarily reach the ears of the Cardinal, who would as necessarily cry aloud for help, and enlist a good number of the servants and workmen in his defence.

† *Tour*; vol. ii. p. 196.

spirators rushed in, and that Melville stabbed him to the heart thrice, through the bed clothes."* The

* A most minute account of this assassination,—and one of breathless interest—is given by Mr. Tytler, with which I cannot resist presenting the reader: calling on him at the same time to notice, in particular, the cold-blooded refinement of *that man* (Melville) who could bring himself to the belief that he was serving the cause of CHRISTIANITY, by delivering a *preachment* with the point of his sword fixed opposite the heart of his victim:—that sword, on the conclusion of such preachment, being thrice thrust through it! Thus narrates Mr. Tytler, in vol. v. p. 427-9, of his valuable *History of Scotland*.

“ On the evening of the 28th of May, Norman Lesly came, with only five followers, to St. Andrew's, and rode, without exciting suspicion, to his usual inn. William Kirkaldy of Grange was there already; and they were soon joined by John Lesly, who took the precaution of entering the town after nightfall, as his appearance, from his known enmity to Beaton, might have raised alarm. Next morning, at day-break, the conspirators assembled in small detached knots, in the vicinity of the castle; and the porter having lowered the draw-bridge to admit the masons employed in the new works, Norman Lesly and three men with him, passed the gates, and inquired if the Cardinal was yet awake? This was done without suspicion; and as they were occupied in conversation, James Melville, Kirkaldy of Grange, and their followers, entered unnoticed: but, on perceiving John Lesly, who followed, the porter instantly suspected treason; and, springing to the draw-bridge, had unloosed its iron fastening, when the conspirator Lesly anticipated his purpose by leaping across the gap. To dispatch him with their daggers, cast the body into the fosse, and seize the keys of the castle, employed but a few minutes; and all was done with such silence as well as rapidity, that no alarm had been given. With equal quietness the workmen, who laboured on the ramparts, were led to the gate, and dismissed; Kirkaldy, who was acquainted with the castle, then took his station at a private postern, through which alone any escape could be made; and the rest of the conspirators going successively to the apartments of the different gentlemen who formed the prelate's

conspirators maintained possession of the castle, which they fortified, a full twelvemonth; and the

household, awoke them, and threatening instant death if they spoke, led them, one by one, to the outer wicket, and dismissed them unhurt. In this manner a hundred workmen, and fifty household servants, were disposed of by a handful of men, who, closing the gates, and dropping the portcullis, were complete masters of the castle!

“Meanwhile, Beaton, the unfortunate victim against whom all this hazard had been encountered, was still asleep; but awaking and hearing an unusual bustle, he threw on a night-gown, and drawing up the window of his bedchamber, inquired what it meant. Being answered that Norman Lesly had taken the castle, he rushed to the private postern; but seeing it already guarded, returned speedily to his apartment, seized his sword, and with the assistance of his page, barricaded the door on the inside with his heaviest furniture. John Lesly now coming up, demanded admittance. ‘Who are you?’ said the Cardinal. ‘My name (he replied) is Lesly.’ ‘Is it *Norman*?’ asked the unhappy man, remembering probably the bond of Manrent; ‘I must have Norman, he is my friend.’ ‘Nay, I am not Norman,’ answered the ruffian, ‘but John; and with me ye must be contented;’ upon which he called for fire, and was about to apply it to the door, when it was unlocked from within. The conspirators now rushed in: and Leslie and Carmichael throwing themselves furiously on their victim, who earnestly implored mercy, stabbed him repeatedly. But Melville, a milder fanatic, who professed to murder not from passion, but religious duty, reproved their violence: ‘This judgment of God (said he) ought to be executed *with gravity*, although in secret;’ and presenting the point of the sword to the bleeding prelate, he called on him to repent of his wicked courses, and especially of the death of the holy Wishart, to avenge whose innocent blood they were now sent by God. ‘Remember (said he) that the mortal stroke I am here about to deal, is not the mercenary blow of the hired assassin, but the just vengeance which hath fallen on an obstinate and cruel enemy of Christ and the Holy Ghost.’ On his saying this, he *repeatedly passed his sword through the body* of his unresisting

from their precipitous bases, which are washed by the sea. From the outer portion I descended gradually to the ocean's bed: and what a *bed* to stand upon! Of what materials (diametrically opposite to everything in the shape of *eider-down*) was that bed composed! Never did granite rock appear to be harder, or to present itself in broader or deeper masses—a scene of appalling barrenness! without sea-weed, or polypus, or shell. What instant destruction to the wrecked vessel! With a heavy rolling sea—and this a lee-shore at the time—how certain and how tremendous the issue! How often (as I was told) would floating portions of the wreck, tossed onward by the rolling surge, present themselves to the eye, with the morning's light, after a night of tempest and hurricane!

Still in company with my artist, I prepared to visit the ruins of THE CATHEDRAL: which, yet more than the Castle, may be said to “stand out to sea.” Facing the entrance is the front of an old house, with the initials G. D., cut in stone, beneath a coat of armour: not, as has been incorrectly inferred, the initials of *Gawin Douglas*, Bishop of Dunkeld, but of *Gawin Dunbar*, who lived a little later. This house, or a portion of it, may be of the date of 1550. The keeper of the ruins was not immediately to be found, and our impatience increased in proportion to his delay. At length the key turned, and a SCENE presented itself which I shall not easily forget. Horror of horrors!—“the ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION!” Could such wide-sweeping destruction have ensued without cannon-ball or bullet? Even

so.* The pick-axe, the hammer, the rope, and human hands, have not only *guttèd* the whole building, but have almost caused every particle of wall to disappear. A fragment at the beginning, and a fragment at the end, are all the standing evidences of a SACRED EDIFICE which had consumed a century and a half in its erection, and had been consecrated in the presence of Robert Bruce. To gratify the reader with something like "ocular demonstration"

* Pennant has a very striking passage upon this dreadful subject : " A foreigner, ignorant of the history of this country, would naturally enquire, what *calamity* has this city undergone ? Has it suffered a *bombardment* from some barbarous enemy ? Or, has it not, like Lisbon, felt the more inevitable fury of a convulsive *earthquake* ? But how great is the horror, on reflecting, that this destruction was owing to the more barbarous zeal of a MINISTER, who, by his *discourses*, first enflamed, and then permitted, a furious crowd to overthrow edifices dedicated to that very BEING he pretended to honour by their *ruin* ! The Cathedral (he might have added, like that of St. Peter at Rome) was the labour of a *hundred and sixty years*—a building that did honour to the country—yet, in June 1559, JOHN KNOX effected its dissolution in a *single day*."—*Scotland* ; pt. ii. p. 190. It is however quite clear that such a scene of desolation must have been the work of *weeks* or *months*. The following are from the threnodiical strains of ARTHUR JOHNSTON (in his *Encomia Urbium*) upon this desecrated spot :

" URBS SACRA nuper eras toti venerabilis urbi,
 Nec fuit in toto sanctior orbe locus.
 Jupiter erubuit tua cernens templa, sacello
 Et de Tarpeio multa querela fuit.
 • • • • •
 Ordinis hic sacri princeps, spectabilis auro,
 Jura dabat patribus SCOTIA quotquot habet.
 Priscus honor periit: traxerunt templa ruinam.
 Nec superest Mystis qui fuit ante nitor.
 Sacra tamen Musis urbs es, Phœbique ministris,
 Nec major meritis est honor illè tuis."

of this deplorable result, I subjoin a vignette of the *western* extremity, accompanied by the **OPPOSITE PLATE** of the *eastern*.





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ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

Western Australia.

1845.



Such is the heart-rending picture, or representation, of what was once the largest cathedral in Scotland; being in length three hundred and fifty, and in width sixty-seven, feet. The nave alone was two hundred feet in length : the transepts were one hundred and eighty.* Sixteen massive pillars (of which the bases remain) on each side of the nave—having side aisles of about seventeen feet—once supported the ponderous roof. The bases of the four large pillars upon which the tower was built are yet seen. The altar—or its site—is vanished ;† the large flat stone constituting the top of it being now sunk four feet below the rubbish. A bit of the wall of the south transept, having short Norman columns, (upon the capital of which are some heads, of which Mr. M'Lea made me a drawing) is yet standing. It may be as well to add, that Bishop Arnold began the building about 1150 ; and that it was finished in the time of Bishop Lomberton, and consecrated in the year 1318, in the presence of Robert Bruce.

It should seem, then, that the pious labour of this long period was dashed to atoms in one short week. Under the plea of “doing God service,” the infuriated Knox, with his yet more infuriated followers, rushed

* Pennant most erroneously says the transepts were three hundred and twenty feet in length. Defoe, evidently without the slightest ocular knowledge, says the Cathedral was twenty-five feet longer than *St. Paul's*. It is here (p. 152) where he calls Cardinal Beaton an “old limb of St. Lucifer.”

† A part of the top of the altar was cleared of rubbish, and searched for supposed hidden treasure, some few years ago. Nothing was found but a large *white owl*—which had taken refuge beneath the altar.

from the parish church, and, pointing to the towers of this cathedral, addressed them in these remarkable words :—"To get rid of the *rooks*, we must down with their *nests* :'" and to work they went, with the savage alacrity of fiends ! How forcibly, and too appositely, do the following couplets (of bitter solemnity) here apply !

" Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous Invader sack'd the land ?
What does he think our *sacrilege* would spare,
When *such* the effects of our DEVOTIONS are ?"*

DENHAM.

* The above quotation, as well as the preceding extract from Johnston, are borrowed from an obscure and now rare volume of *Poems illustrative of the Genius and Practice of Christianity, &c.* by the Rev. Wm. Robb ; Episcopal Clergyman in St. Andrew's, &c. 1809, 8vo. At page 41, there is an "Elegy on the Ruins of St. Andrew's." The preface—especially that part which contains extracts from "the Religious Letters of Samuel Rutherford,"—is curious enough : letters, which Arnot, in his history of Edinburgh, hath not inaptly designated as "a compound of hypocrisy, calumny, obscurity, and nonsense." "Some passages, indeed, (says Mr. Robb) are so grossly indecent, that he would not shock the delicacy of his readers or pollute his pages with them." I chuse only to place the first two extracts at the mercy of the reader :

"*Epist.* 1. To Mr. Robert Cunningham, Rutherford says—"Let us be faithful to HIM that can ride through hell and death upon a wimble straw, and his horse never stumble." *Epist.* 2. To his Parishioners, "CHRIST sought his *black wife* through pain, fire, shame, and the grave, and swimm'd the salt sea for her ; and she consented, and said, even so I take him." All this is shocking enough ; but that any bookseller, thirty years ago, should find his "bowels of godliness yearning" to REPRINT this trashy blasphemy, is almost beyond credence. I ought to add, that to Mr. Robb's book a very pretty copper-plate view of the Cathedral is prefixed.

Now it seems not to have occurred to Knox, that when birds are thus suddenly and sorely deprived of their resting places, they may turn round and use their *beaks* and *claws* pretty freely upon the faces of their destroyers.* The sequel shews that this is not merely figurative language. But this tale of mingled horror and disgrace does not stop here. Will it be believed, that, what even this infuriated mob spared, has been allowed, till within the present generation of men, to be carried away, piecemeal, for the building of houses or the mending of roads †

“ ——— en quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros !”

If ever “ piety ” should “ grow warm,” it were *here*. If ever a homily upon decency, order, decorum, and sanctity, be to be read, let a sight of *this place* furnish the materials of its composition. Naked, destitute, and desolate, as all things do look within and without it, there is yet more than the whisper of a voice heard within its precincts, that “ intolerance is a bane—and persecution a curse—upon the earth.” How men, interweaving “ THE CROSS OF CHRIST ” upon their banners, could have stained their hands,

* Whether Knox delivered the flaming harangue, which led to the destruction of the Cathedral, at the village of *Krail*, hard by—or in the town church—is perhaps a yet debatable point.

† Till just before Dr. Johnson’s visit to St. Andrew’s, “ every man carried away the stones who fancied that he wanted them.” But I learnt, *on the spot*, that, almost till within these few last years, the ruins of this venerable Cathedral were to be “ had away,” on asking for them.

and loaded their consciences, with all this frightful work of iniquity, is a problem not solvable by the ordinary process of reasoning.* Fight with *doctrine* as much as you please, if you feel disposed to fight : use the weapons of reason, of ridicule, or of persuasion, unsparingly—if such be your fancy : but do not drive the *propounders* and *defenders* of such doctrine from their homes : and do not, after they are so driven, pound these homes to dust within the mortice of your wrath. Above all, do not let one particle of human blood stain the progress of any cause in human reform.

The reader will, I feel persuaded, bear with me in this impassioned digression—wrung from the *pains* of memory, on a contemplation of these remarkable and too speaking ruins. When one thinks of what the revenue, extent, and influence of this Archiepiscopal See once *was*—and beholds the almost transparent shadow of its *present* state—one is lost in

* It is well observed by Mr. Dalzell, in his *Brief Analysis of the Chartularies of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, &c. &c. Edinb. 1828, 8vo.* that “that venerable structure, in common with many other sanctified places, fell a sacrifice to the zeal of the Reformers in 1559—who seem to have been incapable of discriminating the *religion* which they abhorred from the *site* of its ceremonies.” I cannot withhold the following just and forcible observation of Johnson in his *Tour to the Hebrides* : “The change of RELIGION in Scotland, eager and vehement as it was, raised an *epidemical enthusiasm*, compounded of sullen scrupulousness and warlike ferocity : which, in a people whom idleness resigned to their own thoughts, and who conversing only with each other, suffered no dilution of their zeal, from the gradual influx of new opinions, was long transmitted in its full strength from the old to the young,” &c.





FRAGMENT OF A SAXON TOMBSTONE - ST. ANDREW'S.

From the collection of the Rev. J. G. ...

Engraved by ...



reflecting upon the fluctuations of human affairs !* Not fewer than the bodies of *forty Archbishops and Bishops* repose beneath the turf—between each extremity: with no tomb, no tablet, no indication whatever of their several interments. Before the time of Knox, their tombs were sufficiently visible—and provocative of the passing sigh! “I have *indeed* seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate.” Within the area of the cathedral walls, there are, at some little distance from the tower and chapel of ST. RULE, several fragments of *tombstones*, with allegorical sculptures, cut upon a sand-stone; and amongst these sculptures the monkey and snake form frequent subjects. I present the reader with a *facsimile* of an ENTIRE FRAGMENT, executed by the practised pencil of a lady: being a most faithful transcript of the original, from which it was directly drawn. The ACCOMPANYING PLATE may be said to present the *stone itself*. I agree with my friend Mr. Raine of Durham, that these tombstones may be as old as the *Saxon* period; or the beginning of the eleventh century.

We will now walk beyond the western extremity, and approach the very curious *tower* and *chapel* of ST. REGULUS, or St. RULE. The former has been, with the usual precipitancy of antiquaries, assigned to the period of the *Danes*. Its form is best attested

* The see of St. Andrew's was made an archbishopric in 1441: the bishop of it having been previously called “MAXIMUS SCOTORUM EPISCOPUS. The *compass* of the see was alike extensive with the *revenue*. It was said by Sir John Spotiswood, son of the Archbishop, that an Archbishop of St. Andrew's could leave Eng-

by the subjoined vignette : from a drawing by Mr. M'Lea, made upon the spot. The engraving is by a very young hand, which promises to do great things in time.



land in a morning, and with easy journeys travel far into Scotland, and yet lodge every night on his own lands—that is to say, on lands

It is to me, in all respects, a very singular architectural object. Its height is one hundred and eight feet,

He is now only a creature of history.

* Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, was twitted for not having visited this ruin. It is extraordinary how, having explored the area of the Cathedral, he could have *missed* it—especially as so singular

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land in a morning, and with easy journeys travel far into Scotland, and yet lodge every night on his own lands—that is to say, on lands

It is to me, in all respects, a very singular architectural object. Its height is one hundred and eight feet, and its summit is attainable by one hundred and fifty-two steps. The interior presents the roughest rubble or grouting I ever beheld. But what had it to do with the sacred edifice to which it seems to be attached? Or was it, long before the erection of the Cathedral, a watch-tower for the observance of an approaching enemy? I will yield to any conclusion that appears to be the more reasonable one. On this side of it the reader observes an old building, or chapel, called that of *St. Rule*: thirty feet in length, by twenty-five in width, which, as is sufficiently evident, appears to have had a loftier and a more sharply terminating roof.* So much, or rather, perhaps, so little, for the ruins and the precincts of the CATHEDRAL OF ST. ANDREW'S.

holden of himself: and it appears from a tax roll of 1665, that the Archbishop had at that time, holding lands of him, one marquis, fifteen earls, three viscounts, and five temporal lords, besides many persons of inferior rank. He had also the power of coining money, a privilege granted to no other subject within the kingdom: but the tradition goes that he could not coin "above a groat price." The Archbishop might however be fairly said to have been a sort of minor MONARCH in his way: for every citizen who took an oath of allegiance to the king, was obliged at the same time to swear allegiance to the Archbishop, in these words:—*I, A. B. promitt fealtie and lawtie to our Sovereign Lord, the King's Grace, and my Lord Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Lord of the regality of St. Andrew's.* The same Archbishop was also—— but I lack the courage to go on. He is now only a creature of HISTORY.

* Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, was twitted for not having visited this ruin. It is extraordinary how, having explored the area of the Cathedral, he could have *missed* it—especially as so singular

We enter the town, containing a population of four thousand souls, and seek the *next* most ancient ecclesiastical edifice; which is a chapel of the *Black and Grey Friars*, in a line with the principal street, just in front of the public *Grammar School*. The monastery, to which this was attached, was of great extent and opulence;* and I agree with those who think that, as a specimen of Gothic architecture, this chapel, although in ruins, exhibits the choicest in St. Andrew's. It is, however, of the early part of the fourteenth century, and of the best time. This monastic establishment shared the fate of the cathedral, in the memorable explosion caused by the train

a tower must have caught his attention. Sir Walter Scott, according to a note in Mr. Croker's edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, (vol. ii. p. 296) supposed this chapel to be "perhaps the most ancient building in Great Britain." Assuredly it is not so. I do not conceive this chapel to be one day older than that of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Cathedral. The apsis of LEUCHARS CHURCH—of which by and by—is questionless older. As to the tower being built by the *Danes*—"credat Judæus Apellas!"

* "This Priory was founded by Alexander I, in 1122, and the monks (canons regular of St. Augustin) were brought from Scone, in 1140, by Robert, Bishop of this see. By Act of Parliament in the time of James I, 1404, the prior had the precedence of all abbots and priors, and on the days of festival wore a mitre (in fact he was a MITRED ABBOT) and all episcopal ornaments. Dependant on this priory were those of *Lochleven*, *Portmoak*, *Monimusk* (the name of a once celebrated reel and country dance) the *Isle of May*, and *Pittenween*, each originally the seat of the Culdees. The revenues of the house, before its dissolution, were vast: viz. in money £2237. 2s. 10½d.; of wheat, 38 chaldrons, 1 boll, 3 firlots; beare, 132 chaldrons, 7 bolls; meal, 104 chaldrons, 3 bolls, 1 peck; oats, 151 chaldrons, 10 bolls, 1 firlot, 1½ peck; peas and beans, 3 chaldrons, 7 bolls; in land, 480 acres."—*Pennant*; vol. ii. p. 192, &c.

of powder laid and lighted by John Knox ; but whether all this mischief ensued from a sermon preached by him at Crail,* or within the parish church of the town, is now no longer a moot point. Although of quite recent date, yet, as being built upon the *site* of this old monastery, let us say a word about the far-famed public GRAMMAR SCHOOL, established here from the bequeathed funds of the late celebrated Dr. Bell, a native of this town.†

* In a preceding page I have expressed a doubt whether the immediate outbreak upon the Cathedral, by Knox and his followers, was in consequence of a sermon preached at *St. Andrew's* or at *Crail*. I find it was, as would probably be the case, at the FORMER place ; but on the Sunday *before* that on which he denounced impending wrath and desolation upon the Cathedral, the preacher had so well *rehearsed* the part he was to act at *St. Andrew's*, that his rabble-auditory followed him from *Crail*, and lent both a helping and willing hand in the destruction of the Cathedral. The Abbey of Black Friars would necessarily share the SAME FATE...an awful lesson to POSTERITY ! The words of Spotiswood are these:—“ John Knox preached a sermon at *Crail*, and persuaded the expulsion of the French. The people were so moved by his exercitation, that they immediately set about pulling down altars, images, and everything which had been abused to idolatry ; and did the same next day at *Anstruther*, and from thence came to *St. Andrew's*. That day being Sunday, John Knox preached in the *parish church of St. Andrew's*, and did so excite the auditors, that they went and demolished, and razed to the ground, the *Black and Grey Friars*, and made spoil of all the churches.”—*Grierson* ; p. 33.

† Some mention of Dr. Bell will be found in my *Reminiscences*, p. 233. I here speak on unquestionable authority, that the care, trouble, and anxiety—not to say expense—of those who were to act upon these “ bequeathed funds”—arising from the extraordinary fickleness and vacillation of the testator—can hardly be credited. But the fact WAS so.

The number of pupils in Dr. Bell's establishment is not less than eight hundred :—chiefly for the *English language* and *Arithmetic*. Principal Haldane, as Rector of the University, was so obliging as to show me its general arrangement. The building is admirable; large, roomy, convenient, and even has an air of elegance. The two towers are in the best possible taste, and claim Mr. Burn, of Edinburgh, as their architect. I heartily wish the talents of the same architect were engaged in the completion of the quadrangle of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard: but of this presently. Principal Haldane requested me to hear the *parsing* of one of the upper classes—from Livy. It was perfect, both for plan and execution. I never witnessed lads, from fourteen to sixteen, as these seemed to be, quicker and sharper in the *running fire* which they maintained. The slightest trip—“*down went the tripper.*”

We must yet linger within ecclesiastical walls; and visit the church or chapel of the COLLEGE OF ST. SALVATOR, built by Bishop Kennedy in the middle of the fifteenth century. On more accounts than one, *the tomb* of that bishop is worthy of minute inspection. It was built by him during his life, for the interment of his own body. Its cost is reputed to have been full £2000 sterling—an enormous sum in those days. What its original beauty was, can now scarcely be ascertained; as, about fifty years ago, some bungling workmen, in pulling down the old beautiful Gothic roof of the chapel, left the horrible traces of their *gaucherie* behind them, in the mutila-

tion of a great part of this interesting mausoleum—the final resting-place of one of the most amiable, exemplary, and best-educated prelates of Scotland. Its height is twenty-three feet. The following is from the pencil of Mr. M'Lea.

I have said that this tomb is worth introducing to the reader's attention "on more accounts than one." It will be readily conceded that it is so: for within the bowels or at the base of this monument, there were found, in 1683, *six beautiful silver gilt* MACES: which had doubtless been deposited there either in the troublesome times of John Knox, or in those of the Civil Wars of 1645.* How, or wherefore, deposited, they were found in the year first above-mentioned; and three of them have been presented to the Universities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. The remaining three are preserved within the walls of St. Salvator's College. Of these three, *one* is of especial beauty and skill in design and execution—as the following representation of the upper part of it abundantly proves. According to its inscription, it was made at Paris, in 1461.* Its entire length is two feet ten inches.

* DE FOE, whose account of St. Andrew's is both vague and superficial, digresses very absurdly about the motive, or origin, of the discovery of these maces. "To me (says he) the story does not tell well at all:" but there is no story to tell, one way or the other. The maces were found in the tomb of Bishop Kennedy, at the time above stated; and why they should not as well be found in the time of Charles II as of Oliver Cromwell, is by no means self-evident. De Foe talks of "the King's tomb." There is no such tomb at St. Andrew's. He describes the Mace—of which the opposite PLATE is a copy of the upper part—most justly as "of very fine workmanship, all of silver gilt, and very heavy; of fine imagery and curious workmanship, made at Paris by the Archbishop's special directions."—Vol. iii. p. 155.

* The Latin inscription, with the Translation, thus appear in Dr. Grierson's Guide, 154: "*Jacobus Kennedy, illustris Sancti Andree Antister, ac Fundator Collegii Sancti Salvatoris, cui me donavit me*

fecit fieri, Parisiis, an. dom. mIIIcLXI.—"James Kennedy, the illustrious prelate of St. Andrew's, and Founder of the College of St. Salvator, to whom he who presented me, caused me to be made at Paris, in the year 1461."

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W. M. G.

Scott Glasgow

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When this mace was borne across the shoulder of the University Beadle, on the deputation of the colleges to pay their personal respects to George IV, on his visit to Scotland, it was at once the object and topic of general admiration. I should have doubted such a state of art in *France* at such a period. When the three maces are shown to strangers (as they were to me) care is taken at the same time to show a great number of silver medals won for *arrow-shooting*—together with two silver arrows—of which one (and the first medal upon record, for it is of the date of 1618) was won by James Cunningham; the second, and the last medal, of the date of 1751, was for the arrow won by Lord Elgin. The amusement has ceased, for the last half century, and that of *golffing* has usurped its place—in spite of the statute of James II.* I own I felt uncommon curiosity in carefully turning over such a number of silver medals—were it only to notice the costume of the archers for so long a period: together with their attitudes, &c. The full flowing peruke, and tight-tied bob of the eighteenth century, curiously contrasted with the more natural flow of hair of the previous century. My late friend Mr. Douce would have lingered here for a whole day.

* A law was passed in the reign of James II—very fulminatory against the game of *golffing*, which was ordered to be instantly put down, and "*bow shooting*," to be restored—enacts thus: "*bow-marks* should be made at every parish church, and that whoever did not repair thither on the appointed days, and shoot at least *six shots*, should be fined in *two pennyes*, to be given to those that came, to drink."

It is now high time to notice the venerable, and yet highly respectable, UNIVERSITY of this place. It has had many shining, as well as emphatically marked, characters, in many ways, within its walls : and there is yet alive a spirit, which, if properly supported by the patronage of government (hitherto unaccountably averted, or perverted*) may justify the indulgence of the loftiest hopes ; whereas, in the language of Johnson, directed to this very spot) “ to see it pining in decay, and struggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual

* I believe the following statement to be not far from the truth. Some years ago an order of Treasury was obtained for the *completion* of the collegiate buildings of St. Andrew's : government approving the plan, and having in fact carried a great portion of it into effect. By what eddying circle or motion, the supply, in going through the *Exchequer*, was carried quite in *another* direction—in short, was appropriated to the rebuilding the *Marischal College*, at *Aberdeen*—is a matter as much of amazement as of mingled dissatisfaction and regret. The question is not, here, whether it was or was not worth while to rebuild the *Marischal College*, at *Aberdeen*? but, whether a government order for a *specific* object was not, *pro tan'o*, to be carried into strict effect? or cause shown (which never has been shown) on the opposite side, that such moneys were better applied at *Aberdeen*? But be it one way or other, it is unworthy an enlightened, wealthy, and powerful nation, like our own, to hesitate about the completion of both objects—and that although one is “ *done*” the other should not be left “ *undone*.” Dr. Johnson has a noble sentiment upon this identical subject, in his account of St. Andrew's. “ It is surely not without just reproach, that a nation, of which the commerce is hourly extending, and the wealth increasing, denies any participation of its prosperity to its LITERARY SOCIETIES ; and while its merchants or its nobles are raising palaces, suffers its universities to moulder into dust.”—*Journey to the Western Islands*.

wishes.”* There is nothing like the rivalry of letters, when conducted upon the principles of Christianity: when slander, and envy, and malice, and bigotry, form no particles in the chalice of mental nutrition: when the young may drink freely of the contents of such a chalice, and the old as freely exult in the laudable fruits of their labours. Nations, and rich and powerful nations like our own, act wisely and well when they uphold these venerable institutions of their forefathers. They cannot, perhaps, revive a sunken spirit of intellectual inquiry and activity—but they may afford a *body* for a vital and active spirit to *inhabit*. They may at all events grant an *option* to the hungry and thirsty after literature and science: at least, the finger of scorn should not be suffered to be pointed to a spot, as if unworthy of a renewal or extension of former privileges enjoyed. The *academical* soldier should have his barrack, as well as the soldier of iron, steel, and lead.

There are, at present, two colleges—those of *St. Salvator* and *St. Leonard*, united under one Principal: to which, since the text of a preceding page† was printed, one of the most scientific men in Scotland has been appointed. I allude to Sir David Brewster: a gentleman disposed to carry into quick and sure effect whatever may be thought the most conducive to the credit and comfort of all who come beneath his charge. A long and a bright fame has gone before him; and it is not in his nature to allow it to wax

* Journey to the Western Islands: ST. ANDREW'S.

† See page 639, ante.

dim. The cold solitude of St. Andrew's will gain warmth by his presence. I had the pleasure of being introduced to the venerable Dr. Hunter (a name, bright in the classical annals of his country) his immediate predecessor—in his ninetieth year: perhaps, on the whole, the finest man, in face and figure, whom I had ever seen. Although of such years, he was anything but a *ruin*: he stood well, and promptly, upon his feet—and his eye seemed to discourse as much as his tongue. He was kind enough to favour me with the autograph of his name and titles; and the compositors in the office of the printer of *this* work have doubtless wished that the scription of its *author* had been as graceful and legible as that of Dr. Joseph Hunter. There was much benignity in the expression of his countenance; and he lived in an ancient and not incurious mansion.*

* A portion of the exterior seemed to reach the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. The President told me, that, in an old cupboard, attached to the room in which we were sitting, a very curious old—if not coeval—document was found, which threw some interesting light upon a portion of the *History* of the University. I have forgotten its exact designation. Mr. Chambers, in his life of Buchanan, (*Scottish Biography*) describes the furniture in the house of that great man, when, nearly three centuries ago, he was Dr. Hunter's predecessor here. I regret I was ignorant of that fact when at St. Andrew's: for I will allow no Scotchman to have a more affectionate reverence for his memory than myself;—who, with Buchanan (in Johnsonian phraseology) “have often solaced the midnight hour, and with Buchanan welcomed the morning.” His Latin poetry is equal to that of Politian, Sannazarius, Vida, Lotichius, or other great men—his predecessors. What a version is that, by him, of the Psalm, beginning “By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,” &c.

Another bright ornament has lately graced this united college, in the acquisition of Adam Anderson, Esq. LL.D. as Professor of Natural Philosophy ; a gentleman of extensive practical attainments in the mathematical and physical sciences. Of his talents in hydraulics I shall have something to say when I get to PERTH.

This University has another College, called *St. Mary's*, or the *New College* ; of which Archbishop James Beaton, uncle and predecessor of the Cardinal, was the founder—and of which the Rev. Dr. Haldane is the present Principal—as well as the Rector of the University.* There is also a CHANCELLOR : the present Earl Melville, who succeeded the Duke of Cambridge, in 1814, and who in turn became the successor of the father of the present Earl. At the hither end of the University Library is a large whole-length portrait of the present Chancellor, sitting in his chair of state, painted by his countryman Sir David Wilkie. To my eye it is executed in too low a tone of colour ; bordering in some parts upon morbidity. I was told that the artist had received five hundred pounds for his labours. It was my good fortune (as so frequently mentioned) to take up my abode with the worthy and learned Principal of St. Mary's College. The funds of government have lately been applied to the repairs of the Principal's house ;† the front of which,

* Johnson says that formerly the Rector used to have the designation of Lord Rector.

† In the repairs, and new portions of Principal Haldane's house, I now and then saw the *fleur-de-lis* carved in wood. It is also in

facing the street, is curious and picturesque. Dr. Haldane has a noble dining-room ; in which, on state occasions, he entertains the *Magnates* of the place and neighbourhood with all the warmth and plenty of the olden time. He prefers, however, nestling in a room of smaller dimensions—in which I enjoyed, as before mentioned, one of the pleasantest symposia in the North.*

The mention of *one* festivity recalls the remembrance of *another*—in a private mansion—and upon a scale of great liberality and correspondent joyance. It is of a symposium with Dr. Cook, the professor of divinity, and historian of the Reformation of Scotland, of which I am about to enrol a few particulars. It was on the day preceding the public ball. Eighteen, at the least, sat down to a generously-furnished banquet. Mrs. Cook necessarily at the top ; the Doctor, in the full attire of the order of the light blue ribbon, at the bottom—with hilarity in his countenance, sweet words in his discourse, and all the emblems of hospitality glittering upon the table. My good friend Mr. Nairn was on my right, full of mirthful heart and spicy discourse. Mrs. Cook had a demand for every attention from us, and I will hope that she received it. A good deal of young female beauty (which had a most *decided* effect on the ensuing evening) sparkled round the table ; and the

stone at the back of the entrance arch. “ You see (said the Principal, on my noticing this) we have still a *sneaking fondness* for our old allies !”

* See page 881, ante.

brisk repartee, the animated discussion, the mutual outbreak of innocent sprightliness—with the glass occasionally replenished with ruby-tinted wine—produced a most harmonious amalgamation. There was a good speech or two—with a most hearty spontaneous reply. In the evening, on retiring to the drawing-room, there was music and dancing. Here I heard the “*Flowers of the Forest*” sung by a female voice, upon the piano, not unaccompanied by tears:* but the same voice was quickly exercised in notes of joyfulness. Dr. Cook and myself enacted the parts of sedate lookers-on, seeming to creep insensibly into each other’s pockets. He hoped, at parting, that I should not speedily forget him? He has been with me ever since.

Of course it was but fitting that I should see the UNIVERSITY LIBRARY: the concentration, now, of the books of the three libraries united. It is attached to Principal Haldane’s College, and may indeed be said to be next door to his house. To the honour of the University, there is a noble alphabetical catalogue of this library, in folio, executed by the academical printer, here, Robert Tully, in 1827:† and I was well pleased to accept a copy of this useful

* See page 622, ante.

† When will they let us know at Oxford the twentieth part only of what the BODLEIAN LIBRARY contains? Collection after collection has been spiritedly purchased, or fortunately obtained by bequests: but when are only *some* of the fruits to appear? Or what is the *public advantage* from an establishment so liberally endowed, and so liberally maintained?

book at the hands of Principal Haldane. As this was one of the nine universities in the United Kingdom which had the privilege of receiving a copy of every work published, the library would necessarily, in a given time, have been crammed to suffocation with books—good, bad, and indifferent—for its dimensions are only seventy-six feet long, by twenty-seven feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. It has now, from a compensatory annual sum from government, the choice of selecting only what may be thought the more eligible publications. I may be wrong, but I should not suppose there were more than 35,000 volumes in this collection of books?*

Of MSS. there are, with the exception of *two*, literally *none*: although a glance upon the earlier MS. catalogue of the library attests the existence of several. The history of their disappearance is not divested of mystery. In no town of Scotland had there once probably been such ecclesiastical collections. The Library of the Black and Grey Friars' Monastery alone must have been very extensive—and the only ancient MS. (of the thirteenth century)

* It certainly betrayed an uncommon state of ignorance in a former Principal of St. Mary's College, to tell Dr. Johnson that "there was no such library in England." The last Editor of Boswell's Life of Johnson (J. W. Croker, Esq.) annexes, in a note, the measurements of some of the larger libraries at Oxford, which more than doubly exceed the length of that of St. Andrew's. But the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, exceeds even that of All Souls, Oxford, which is 195 feet in length—while the Library at ALTHORP—taking all the rooms as if consecutive—is upwards of 240 feet in length: a WORLD of BOOKS! with every surrounding comfort of loveable furniture.

now visible, belonged to that learned fraternity. It is the *Liber Retractationum* of St. Austin : in fair, good condition.

But the other MS. is indeed a "precious pearl:" it being nothing less than a transcript, in the sixteenth century, of Prior Wyntown's *Metrical Chronicle*; a chronicle of inestimable value in the earlier part of Scottish history, and of which Macpherson has published the text, with notes, in all the luxury of press-work, and with all the fidelity of editorship.* There was no MS. seen by me in Scotland which created a livelier interest on its examination than *this*. I was asked "if I should like to see my own Tour upon the *Continent*?" Nothing loth on my part, it was brought before me...

"Oh! unexpected stroke—worse than of death!"

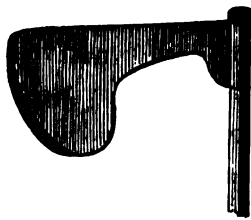
It was in *calf half-binding*!... I had fainted—but for the opportune and friendly interposition of the Librarian, who assured me that the *present* work should be clothed in *morocco*. Nothing sat comfortably on my stomach that day. I looked at the marble bust of George III (over the chimney-piece) when he had just mounted the throne; then, at the oil portrait of the Earl of Kinnoul—a late Chancellor; and a second and third time at my friend Sir David Wilkie's whole-length portrait of the present Chan-

* The performance of Mr. David Macpherson, came out in 1795—printed by Bensley in all the luxury of his unrivalled press. There are many transcripts of Wyntown's Chronicle; but those in the British Museum, and Advocate's library, are the best. I do not observe an entry of this MS. printed in the catalogue of the Library.

cellor, Earl Melville. It would not do. An air of morbidity pervaded the whole. The "calf half-binding" was to me as "Amen" in the throat of Macbeth. It "stuck" in remembrance. On quitting the precincts of the library, the worthy Principal, tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Consider it not so deeply." One "sore sigh"—and it was forgotten: on discoursing with good Mr. Fletcher, the bookseller and bookbinder on the opposite side of the way. He felt proud to tell me that "he had been a pupil of *Charles Lewis*, the famous bookbinder: whom you (said he) *helped* to make famous. It is nearly twenty years ago that I used to see you (addressing himself to me) enter and have many a long gossip with him—and I remember how very particular you used to be about a *full-charged gold back*."—"Ah! Mr. Fletcher, (observed I) I have had too much to do with *blind tooling* since." The good man took me *au pied de la lettre*.

Mr. Fletcher asked me if I had seen the famous *AXE*, in the *Town-House*, which had cut off the heads of the brave nobles who had fought with the Marquis of Montrose in the battle of Philiphaugh? I told him I had not; and should have no objection to pay my respects to the town clerk. That worthy person, Mr. ———, in whom I recognized one of the croupiers at the Golfing Festival, was so good as to show me several interesting relics and curiosities connected with the venerable town. Among them, a small deed of conveyance of a large landed property, upon a piece of stiff vellum, scarcely twelve inches long, by three wide. It was of the

time of Edward I. Here, indeed, I thought to myself, was a reproof monitor of the ponderous prolixity of modern modes of conveyance of landed property—as if it had been the object of succeeding legislation to puzzle and perplex by interminable amplification. On showing me the *axe*, I begged him to lay it upon a sheet of paper; and I took the accurate dimensions of it:—the *gaucherie* of the *form* being evinced by the accompanying copy.



From the top of the handle to the extremity of the iron, is fifteen inches and three-quarters—from the extreme point of the iron to the lower part, forming the edge of the axe, is ten inches: the thickest part of the iron, receiving the return of the segment of the circle below, is four inches. It had altogether a terrific aspect; and as I passed my finger across the entire edge of the axe, (now sufficiently blunted!) I could not but think of those brave men,* upon whose necks, in former times, this edge had so fatally fallen.

* Those "brave men," were, the Earl of Hartfield; Lord Ogilvy; Murray, brother to the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Robert Spotswood, son of the Archbishop; Colonel Nathaniel Gordon; and Andrew Murray, son to the Bishop Murray—all taken prisoners at the battle of Philiphaugh—where says Scott, "the Marquis of Montrose lost in one defeat the fruit of six splendid victories. Leslie (continues he) abused his victory and dishonoured his arms, by slaughtering, in cold blood, many of the prisoners whom he had taken; and the courtyard of Newark Castle is said to have been the spot where they were shot by his command." Leslie was the counterpart of Cromwell, as "a bloody, bold, and resolute" com-

On quitting this frightful object, I was conducted by the worthy Rector of the University to visit the interior of his own church—where Knox had preached his devastation-spreading sermon—with a view to see the *tomb of Archbishop Sharp*; whose murder, as is well known, took place on *Magus Muir*, within three miles of the spot. Of course I was but too anxious to pay it a mournful visit; for although I never had the slightest personal respect for the memory of the Archbishop,* I never could consider this assassination but as a deed of the blackest blood ever spilt upon the soil of Scotland. Ferocity, excited by opposition, is one thing: but here was the case of an unarmed individual, travelling with his daughter, and set upon by a band of ruffians. The act was cowardly, from the disparity of numbers; and doubly base, from allowing their vengeance to be wreaked on *one* individual, when, on starting upon their deed of blood, they had expressly selected *another* for that object. This “deed” has been so often, so fully, and so shudderingly, told by the pen, as well as depicted by the pencil, that, not

mander. He had no humanity. From the field of this battle the Marquis of Montrose may be said to have been hurried to the gallows at Edinburgh; as detailed at page 537, ante. Leslie had promised him his *life*: but the promises of such men are written in the dust.

* The primate had been originally a strict Presbyterian; and would not hear of episcopacy. However, then, as now, it is no unusual thing to espouse a cause and a party directly in the teeth of what had previously claimed the warmest admiration, and received the most unflinching support. It is not necessary to state particulars:

having space for it in the text, I assign a summary of its leading features to the subjoined note.* Meanwhile, it may be as well to observe here, that not fewer than fourscore quarto pages, written by

but Sharp ("per fas et nefas," I fear) obtained the primacy of Scotland in 1662. He first intrigued at the Court of St. James, with the Earl of Middleton, to whom he wrote an abject letter, accompanied by no unsparing terms of abuse of the Duke of Lauderdale, the great rival of Middleton. Lauderdale is pronounced by Chalmers, (in his *Caledonia*) to have been one of the "most atrocious characters" of the times: but as moral turpitude was, of itself, no bar to advancement in the court of Charles II, Lauderdale became in the end the champion of the Cabinet, and was appointed Lord High Commissioner of Scotland. In the language of Kirton, the Archbishop "posts to court, to procure of the king the erection of a *Court of High Commission*, which had been the former Bishop's great rock in the times of King James and King Charles:—a court so odious and tyrannical, that, when England restored King Charles to all his prerogatives and dignities, of the *High Commission* they would *not hear*; but anything is welcome to slavish flattering Scotland, and such it was at that time. 'The bishop gained his point.'—*Hist. Ch. of Scotland*, p. 201, 1817, 4to.

It was of course necessary for Sharp to have an interview with the Duke of Lauderdale. He approached him as if he had always entertained the highest personal respect for him. The Duke asked if these had been *uniformly* his sentiments, and whether, in a letter to my Lord Middleton, he had not expressed himself in terms of severity and bitterness against him—the Duke? The bishop *denied the existence* of such a letter. The Duke drew it out of his bosom, and *presented it to him*: (Charles, in fact, had obtained it from Lord Middleton and given it to Lauderdale). The wretched Prelate threw himself upon his knees, confessed his crime, and solicited the Premier's forgiveness! He obtained the primacy: for which, in truth, he eventually paid dear enough.

* One may be well wearied of such a horrible subject:—but the reader will perhaps hardly allow it to pass *sub silentio*. The outline is this. A knot of desperate enthusiasts, under the leadership of

the pen of *one* of the Archbishop's *murderers*, (of the name of James Russell) may be seen as an appendix to Mr. Fitzpatrick Sharpe's publication of *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland*, by

Balfour, Henderson, and Hackston—who had about seven or eight fellows, as desperate and as infamous, at their command—and whose lives were led in the most reckless contempt of all moral precepts—took it into their weak and wicked heads that “THE GOSPEL was quite extinguished out of the shire of Fife (in which St. Andrew's is the principal town)—the hearts of many like to wax faint anent the keeping of the same, through the terror and cruel oppression of William Carmichel,” &c. These are Kirton's words. Now, Carmichel was an elderly gentleman, and the Archbishop's head-man or factor, in the collection of tiends or tithes, &c. The only way, in the estimation of these preachers and practisers of the Gospel, was, to waylay and murder this defenceless old gentleman. On Saturday, the 3rd of May, 1679, they got early intelligence of Carmichel being in the neighbourhood of Magus Muir; and they sallied forth to carry their *pious* views into effect. But no Carmichel was to be found; and vexed and wearied in their search, their horses' heads were turned homewards—when a shepherd-boy told them that he saw, at a distance, the ARCHBISHOP'S carriage coming. This was an unlooked for felicity—for such “a bloody band,” as Sir Walter Scott calls them. In the true spirit of the cant of the times, they immediately dropped upon their knees and betook themselves to—what they had the profanation to call—PRAYER. Of course they were their own interpreters of the supposed response of a higher power, and “the Lord had delivered the Archbishop into their hands.” They cocked their pistols and drew their swords—as vicegerents of the will of Heaven!

The carriage approached nearer and nearer. Its unsuspecting inmates looked out, and too surely predicted the coming danger. They were received by a volley of pistol-shot through the back of the carriage—for, cowards as well as fiends, they commenced their attack in the rear. How either *escaped* this first assault, is miraculous. The coachman increased the speed of the four horses—but a horseman is always more than a match for an harnessed animal;

the Rev. James Kirton, from the Restoration to the year 1678; 1817, 4to.—a volume, of the most singular, and, in the main, honest details; and upon which Wodrow has based the greater part of his ecclesiastical history of that period. Its author died in the last year of the seventeenth century.*

and stopping and surrounding the carriage, the murderers proceeded in their work of butchery. The Archbishop and his daughter were, by rude hands and sword-thrusts, soon dragged upon the ground—and the bullet and the dagger as soon stretched the Archbishop a corpse before the eyes of his daughter. All entreaty and supplication were rudely smothered. Meanwhile, Hackston, holding two of the assassins' horses, calmly looked on—avowing that “his hands were not stained with the Archbishop's blood!” Such was the canting logic of the period. Sir Walter Scott has introduced a most touching incident—I presume based upon truth. The Archbishop was left for dead (his daughter had not been touched in the struggle) when one of the murderers happening to stop behind, to girth his horse, “unfortunately heard the daughter of their victim call for help, exclaiming, that *his master was still alive!*” This intelligence was brought to the ears of the ferocious Burly or Balfour, who, quickly dismounting, kicked the Archbishop's hat off with his foot, and immediately split his skull in two with his broadsword.

Of all the murderers, two only suffered by the hands of the public executioner: Hackston and Guillan. The former was subsequently engaged in the most ruthless civil warfare—and took a hand in the business of Bothwell Bridge. Brute as he was, his *punishment* bore the marks of yet greater brutality—and although nothing can palliate crime, it is horrible to think that a *judge* should share with a criminal the disgrace of cruelty and revenge. The particulars of his shuddering end are related at page 674 ante, note. Balfour met his death in battle; but he has been fortunate in meeting an imperishable name in the pages of *Old Mortality*.

* Kirton was a great preacher; and the famous work called *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, was supposed to have been levelled against him. He felt it sorely.

Sir Walter Scott, who, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, (as the note in a preceding page will testify) has incorporated many curious particulars about the murder of Archbishop Sharp, says "this murder is accurately represented in bas relief, upon a beautiful monument, erected to his memory in the metropolitan church of St. Andrew's." The epithet "beautiful" is surely here misplaced? The sculpture is at best a very homely performance, and was, I believe, the production of a Flemish artist. The subject is treated, or divided, into two parts: in the upper are represented the assassins in pursuit of the Archbishop's carriage, which, with four horses, is pushing on as fast as the coachman can drive the animals. The Archbishop, with his daughter, are in the carriage. The lower division represents the assassination: the Archbishop, on his knees, supplicating for mercy, and his daughter, at a little distance to the right, in full distracted view of her murdered parent. Physiognomical expression, in any countenance, is almost out of the question. As a perfect contrast, in *all* particulars, I recommend the treatment of this subject by the accomplished pencil of Mr. Allan, the President of the Scotch Academy of Painting, about whom our previous pages have discoursed largely.* Dr. Haldane took me all over his church—to its remotest extremities, and convinced me how admirable was the whole arrangement for the advantageous hearing of a congregation which must be upwards of twelve hundred in number.

* See page 571.

And here, methinks, it is time to finish both our St. Andrew perambulations, and, with them, the reflections which a sight of so many traces of departed grandeur—and so many proofs of former civil fury and commotion—can scarcely fail to engender. Melancholy seems to have “marked” St. Andrew’s “for her own.” Dr. Johnson had scarcely staid twenty-four hours within the place, when, upon the announcement of dinner, he exclaimed, “Ay, ay, amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner.” Yet the preceding pages have not, I trust, ineffectually shewn, that, at times, “the voice of joy and gladness” can be heard within these venerable walls*—and that the tabret, harp, and lute, may here be occasionally exercised in innocent and laudable purposes. The *golf*-inoculation alone will work wonders in due time; and the presence of new professors and teachers will at least prove that the spirit of intellectual refinement is not consigned to somnolency. Or, should such weightier considerations fail of effect, a sight of the animation and bustle of what appears in the OPPOSITE PLATE, will at least convince the doubtful, or satisfy the cheerful, that at times there is merriment and vivacity in the lorn streets of St. Andrew’s.† And here, in taking leave, I cannot but colophonize with a soft, but sincere, word spoken in commenda-

* The town is in part surrounded by a wall, in which there are the traces of watch-towers. I possess a pencil-drawing of one of these towers, by my young friend Mr. M’Lea.

† This drawing is quite in the *Lewis* style; but Mr. M’Lea has been unfortunate in the accessories of the scene. To be faithful,







tion of the artist by whose pencil all these graphic illustrations of St. Andrew's have been achieved. Mr. M'Lea is at present a resident of the town, and a teacher of drawing ; but I predict for him a rising and a lasting fame, and a more exalted habitation, in consequence. His attentions to me were kind and constant, and I hope he did not find them unrewarded.

ST. ANDREW'S TO PERTH.

ON quitting Edinburgh for this *détour* of about one hundred miles, I had been introduced, at Douglas's hotel, to Lord and Lady Gray of Kinfauns Castle, on the banks of the Tay, in the neighbourhood of Perth. I owed that introduction to Lieutenant-General Ainslie, of Edinburgh; the half brother of an old friend of mine, a Chancery Barrister, formerly living at Brompton.* General Ainslie is a virtuoso, including books and literary pursuits in his love of art; and I had scarcely made my first bow at Edinburgh, in the late shop of Mr. David Laing, when that gentleman did me the honour to introduce himself to me.† Through his kind and prompt offices, I became acquainted with Lord Gray, one of the six-

* Some of the pleasantest hours of my past life have been spent in the society of this amiable man—who died, at his villa in Hampshire, about two years ago. He had a pretty country house beyond Bedford; and was sensibly alive to the elegant and healthful amusements of a rural life. He had no chance at the bar; for his habits were retired and shrinking. The miseries of an ill-assorted match drove him to retirement and obscurity, and at times sunk his spirit in the dust. His voice, as the sound of the softest-toned silver bell, will ever be in mine ear, as, in a season of the deepest affliction, it has spoken comfort to my heart.

† I am indebted to this gentleman, the son of the well-known Sir Robert Ainsley, who was our Ambassador at Constantinople, for a very beautiful quarto volume, (of which he is the reputed author) entitled *Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage*; London, 1830. This was a work of competition; and the author had the honour of receiving the gold medal of the French Institute. The seal of Edward the Black Prince adorns the title-page; and in the dedica-

teen representative Peers of Scotland. I had heard much of that nobleman's mansion—of his pictures and books—and I believe it to have been based upon *bibliomaniacal* sympathies that he pressed me to visit him at Kinfauns Castle. I was not long, as will be found, in putting that visit into effect. On quitting St. Andrew's, I had only to go to Dundee, and the Perth steamer would set me down on the very banks of Lord Gray's park-grounds.

I hired a horse and gig, of very different construction in all respects from those hired to take me to St. Andrew's, and started for Newport—immediately opposite to Dundee, and some three or four miles across the water from that town—in the *embouchure* of the Tay. I may say, that on taking leave of a spot—so seated in my memory even from its melancholy associations, and so endeared from the numerous personal attentions and kindnesses experienced there—I felt on the occasion what could not be well expressed by the lips. There is something in the “long farewell”—to those well advanced in life—that chokes utterance: and so, commending all these excellent and learned gentlemen to the good and kind Providence above, I sprung into the chaise—the horse seeming well disposed to perform his duty effectually.

On quitting the town, I saw several of my Golfing friends, in scarlet attire, actively busied in their vo-

tion of the volume to the Duke of Wellington, it is not inaptly observed at the commencement, that “His Grace was the first general, since the days of the great Black Prince, who had traversed Aquitaine at the head of an English Army.”

cations. The morning was fine ; and we were not long in reaching *Leuchars*—which I was told was the oldest church in Scotland. I stopped to make a leisurely *reconnaissance* ; and was well paid for the examination. The construction, size, and above all the exterior, of the chancel, exhibit unquestionably great evidences of antiquity ; but I doubt if a stone was laid before the reign of Henry I.* Time has laid a heavy hand upon some portions of this exterior ; but the erection of a comparatively modern tower (perhaps not a century and a half old, upon the eastern or chancel end) is enough to—make you seek your carriage and run away as fast as you can.

At Newport—by no means a small village—at the

* Mention of this church is made in “Boswell’s Tour to the Hebrides,” incorporated into Mr. Croker’s edition of the famous *Life of Dr. Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 305. It is there said that the minister of Leuchars told Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell that the church “was supposed to have stood eight hundred years:” that there had been a colony of Danes in the parish: that they had landed at a remote period of time, and still remained a distinct people.” Boswell properly adds, “we were not satisfied as to this colony.” A note of Sir Walter Scott is here subjoined. “The Danish colony of Leuchars is a vain imagination concerning a certain fleet of Danes wrecked on Sheughy Dikes.” In regard to the form or ornaments of the building, the same exterior, as to the chancel-end, will be seen in the first plate of Dalmeny Church, in Sir Walter Scott’s *Provincial Antiquities, &c.* p. 198 : and in the second plate, of the porch of the same church, (one of the most curious in Great Britain) the heads—as at Leuchars—are most distinctly represented : but the apsis of either church is enfiladed by these heads. They also appear in the fillet round Kirkliston Church—in the same work—following that of Dalmeny. In each is seen what, in the Bayeux tapestry, is called the *Saxon Whisker*.

water's edge, I waited the arrival of the steamer from *Dundee*—which was on the opposite shore, with the Perthshire hills in the background. At the moment of my seeing them, they were purple even to blackness; and the bystanders predicted an afternoon of heavy rain. The prediction was too true. On approaching the harbour of Dundee, you see a little forest of masts before you. In truth, this seaport has become the *Trieste* of Scotland: and the good merchants at Leith reluctantly own its rising, and eventually eclipsing, commerce. All is stir and bustle. Wet docks, dry docks, quays, anchors, ropes, blocks, and all the paraphernalia of a seaport town, immediately salute your eyes on landing. The reposing, or the stirring vessel—the incoming or the outgoing steamer—the flutter of flags, the whistling of the wind in the cordage of the vessel—shouts—locomotion—every thing of busy life, was before me. In the wet docks, I saw some vessels which were of four hundred tons burden; but they told me that they were now building them of six hundred tons. Inhabitants of Leith, how like you this? The Dundee steamers are the *Monarchs* of the Northern Ocean.

At three the *Perth* Steamer was to leave her moorings; and as the warning bell was ringing, the rain fell in torrents. We were all soon housed below. Although the cabin was large, it was quickly filled: but no groups of loud talkers. Some were reading, some were sleeping, a few were in gentle converse. Perth is about thirty miles by water, and the river Tay is one of the most rapid as well as the largest estuaries of Scotland. Its banks are adorned

and diversified by greensward and luxuriant shrubs ; but these I took *for granted*—as it should seem that the spirit of the “blue belt,”* was here floating upon the surface of the water. The embouchure of the river is wide ; and as the banks contract, you observe the increased rapidity of the current. The rain somewhat abating, I stood upon the deck, under my umbrella, and held discourse with a very intelligent stranger. It was getting dusk, and at six I was to be at Lord Gray's dinner-table. Kinfauns Castle is about two miles on this side of Perth. The Captain told me, he would put me into a boat belonging to a dredging vessel—in the midst of the river, within half a mile of the first lodge of Kinfauns Castle, by the water side. He hailed the vessel ; and forthwith appeared two dark, huge, muscular men—in a wide and dirty small boat—to receive their cargo. The Captain added at parting, “give them only a shilling for the boat, and sixpence for taking you and your luggage to the house.”

The evening was coming on apace, and the rain was anything but drizzling. The men, on sitting, put their feet on the ribs of the opposite sides of the boat ; and so huge did their limbs appear, that if the boat had been twice as wide, they would doubtless have obtained a similar fulcrum. Something like alarm began foolishly to possess me. These men might doubtless have “made minced meat” of me in a moment—even for the sake of plunder : but what could the ordinary carpet bag of a traveller

* See page 857, ante.

afford? We landed in silence, and almost in darkness. A sort of smothered growl followed on their part:—they had forgotten the way. Their first strides up a steep bank were terrific. “This way, Sir.” I hesitated. “Come on if you please.” “But are you *quite* sure?” “Never fear, sir; yonder is the light of the lodge.” It was clear we had made a false landing. Still I kept at a *respectful* distance—with my eye steadily fixed on every movement of these giants. However they maintained an *onward* march; and as the light of the hall-lamp came in view—at the distance perhaps of two hundred yards—I began to feel my spirits, and with them, my courage, mounting:—and to be vexed with my unworthy suspicions. “Yonder is my Lord’s hall alight!”—they both simultaneously exclaimed:—and no little gratification did I feel on ringing at the hall-bell: beneath an ample *porte-cocher*. The men, bargained lustily for an odd sixpence—for whiskey, “to drink my Lord’s health.” I was too prompt and happy to give it them.

What a change of scene—as if wrought by the touch of a talisman! Lamps, lofty ceilings, marble sculpture, pictures, bronzes, were all gazed at, and passed by, in a hurried manner, as one of the servants conducted me to my bed room—where a blazing fire, a sumptuous bed, closely drawn window curtains, and brightly shining wax-lights, soon dissipated the remembrance of the boat-giants. “My Lord had been expecting me this hour past.” It was impossible to have been more punctual. I dressed and descended for dinner. The receiving room was the library.

Oh rare, bright, and heart-cheering books ! Never did I hail their presence with more heartfelt joy. A noble lamp, suspended above, threw a bright lustre upon all around—and at the fire-place was collected a visiting circle, with Lord and Lady Gray in the midst of them. The Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Professor Anderson, Dr. Macfarlane, and some other gentlemen, whose names have escaped my recollection, sat down, with myself, as bidden and welcomed guests, at one of the most elegantly furnished tables in Scotland. I had heard that my Lord Gray's "*batterie de cuisine*" was "*de toute force*"—and I found the designation abundantly correct.

The noble owner of this noble mansion is a great lover of Mechanics—in every shape and direction. We had not sat half an hour at the dinner table, when a singular clock, over a sideboard, struck up, in a trumpet-stop, a very animated martial air. I thought a band of soldiers was about to enter. The dining room is of spacious dimensions : thirty-five feet and a half in length, by twenty-five in width and eighteen feet in height. It contains some good family portraits by Raeburn and Gordon. Of the former, there is an excellent performance of my Lord's only son, the Hon. John Gray, in his sixteenth year. It has been as excellently engraved by Hodgetts in mezzotint. This and the head of Mr. Ferguson are the best pictures of Sir Henry Raeburn which I saw in Scotland : and the whole-length portrait, in this room, of Lady Gray (as before alluded to*) is by

* Page 574.

much the best performance of Watson Gordon, Esq. which I had seen. Here is the best portrait ever painted by Hoppner—that of W. Pitt: for which one hundred guineas were given. You proceed into the Library,* after the dining room; which is forty feet long, by twenty-seven and a half wide, and nineteen feet high: a noble room, in all respects—and wisely made a receiving room—as what furniture is so costly as that of books? Immediately connected with the library are two drawing-rooms: the one, thirty-seven, and the other—with a bay window, at right angles, on entering, twenty-nine feet long—the ceiling all continuing of the same height.

Lord Gray has furnished his drawing-rooms with some admirable pictures, chiefly small easel ones. Of these, the *Triumph of Religion*, by Rubens—obtained at the sale of Lord Eldin's pictures, at the price of three hundred guineas†—is probably the

* Of this LIBRARY, as well as of all the PICTURES, there is a complete catalogue, in a quarto volume, of which one copy of each is printed UPON VELLUM, and the margins are decorated with most comely illuminations, under the controlling eye of Mr. D. Morison of Perth. I mention this, not so much in commendation of the thing itself, as by way of its setting an example to other noblemen and gentlemen, with pistole-garnished purses, to do the like. There is a pure and strong pleasure in the thing itself. What a tome would a catalogue of the LAMBETH LIBRARY make—"dressed" in this splendid attire!

† In the *Eldin Catalogue* (at least, in the large-paper copies of it) there is an etching of this picture—but little calculated to impress the observer with a notion of the power and perfection of the original—as to spirit and colour. I am not sure whether the principal figure—that of Religion—a female—be not rather too short.

master-specimen. In the adjoining room there is a most beautiful Wouvermans, an *Encampment of Travellers*, obtained at the same sale for £194, which receives a warmer admiration at my hands. The treatment of this horse, by the pencil of the artist, can only be appreciated fully by a close examination of it. Never was shadow more marvellously managed. *The Prodigal Son*, Van Harpe: *The Legend of St. Christopher*, Elsheimer. This was originally in the collection of King Charles I; and had been in the collection of Mr. Walker, at Edinburgh: the whole of which was purchased by Lord Gray. *Hagar and Ishmael*, Annibal Caracci, a fine performance: *Boy's Head*, Correggio. This picture had belonged to the Cornaro family, at Venice. *Denial of St. Peter*, Guercino: *Virgin and Child*, Luini: *Flight into Egypt*, Carlo Dolce: *Magdalen*, Guido: of great beauty. There are several good Nasmyths, and one or two Morlands of no ordinary calibre. A great deal more of excellent art is to be found and admired within the walls of Kinfauns Castle. There is a corridor, or gallery leading to the hall of entrance, which has many "precious bits" worthy of notice: *Poultry*, by Cuyp, a singularly curious and clever picture. A Wynants, of considerable beauty. A couple of small Salvator Rosas, full of talent: *Canaletti*: *Karel du Jardin*: the latter a sweet picture. Opposite the grand staircase is the only picture I ever saw—the subject *Jacob's Dream*, treated as large as life—by Vasari: and last, and not least, in my humble estimation, is the portrait of *Hugh Stewart*, by Alison, (a pupil of Raeburn's)

which forms the **FRONTISPIECE** of the second volume of this work. Under the picture, which Lord Gray was so obliging as to send to Edinburgh to be copied for the occasion, is the subjoined inscription.*

This picture of Stewart is in the billiard-room, or what may be rather called my lord's "workshop;" for here he indulges himself in all his mechanical reveries and undertakings—as doubtless the second Marquis of Worcester would have a similar retreat.† Here is everything to excite surprise and elicit admiration. How hard you can hit—how heavily you weigh—how swiftly you can walk—electrifying machines in all shapes—and, above all, the *Conjurer and the Invisible Girl*—the latter brought to memory after an absence of many years.‡ Clocks, watches,

* "Hugh Stewart, aged eighty-four, was sixty years a soldier. He followed the fortunes of Prince Charles, in the year 1745, and fought in all his battles. He afterwards went into his Majesty's service, from whence he did not receive his discharge till he was eighty years of age. He was living on his pension in 1806." The artist who executed this picture was at *least* the HARLOW of Scotland; he being only twenty-two years of age when he died. On a careful examination of it, at my lodgings in Edinburgh, Mr. Allan was at once prompt and profuse in his commendations of it; for colour, expression, and composition. It may be doubted whether the artist's master ever went beyond it. The fixed, lustrous eye, and compressed lips, seem to denote that Master Stewart would make as little scruple in slicing off a head, as in drinking a bottle of whiskey.

† See page 816, ante.

‡ Who can forget the very sweet, and truly original verses of Mr. Moore upon this elegant toy, when it made its first appearance? I was led to discover the true secret by the absence of one of the

guns, swords, musical instruments, and I know not what—to shorten the tedium of privacy, or to make the day lively, when the sun is enveloped in masses of indigo-tinted clouds. But this sketchy list of beautiful furniture must not be concluded without the most unqualified praise of the marble statue of *Paris*, in the entrance-hall, as large as life, with the apple in his hand, executed by Gibson, at Rome, for George Watson Taylor, Esq.; at the sale of whose effects, in Wiltshire, the statue was purchased by its present noble owner. It would do ample justice to any living sculptor.

The particular charm of the interior of Kinfauns Castle, is, the gaiety and cheerfulness of the whole. There is no gloom. Light and warmth are everywhere. But then, what a *neighbourhood*! What a river to look down upon, with its green banks and wooded heights! The first morning after my arrival, which had taken place in darkness and rain, I got out of my bed-room window, upon the leads, at the top of the *porte cochere*, and gazed around with a gratification for which I could have been in no wise prepared. The sun was shining brightly: and the river Tay was flowing with an almost equal lustre. The little islands, with their cultivated banks—the rich depth of the meadow-lands—the wooded heights behind the castle—the nice care and exact finish of the pleasure-grounds—the gates and lodges, in stone,

two men who had been previously in the room: and who, going down stairs, put himself into connexion with one of the perpendicular tubes in the machinery. Asking me “if I loved music?” he began to play a Scotch tune upon the fiddle.

and in the best taste I have anywhere seen—produced altogether an indescribable buoyancy of feeling, with mingled surprise and admiration. This is the country for fine locality. The Tay is a noble creature, always bright, rapid, and full.* Certainly I had no where in Scotland before gazed upon such beautifully cultivated scenery. Behind my lord's mansion the grounds rise gradually to a very high point, elbowing Kinnoul Cliff, the adjoining property of the Earl of Kinnoul: perhaps five hundred feet above the bed of the river. A folly—or small prospect house†—is built on its summit; and from thence you obtain a nobly sweeping view of the rich vicinity of the town of PERTH—while to the right, the *Grampian Hills*, and, a little behind, the *Dunsinane Hill*, remind you of the ground immortalized by the Muse of Shakspeare and Home.‡ Young Mr. Mac-

* I was told by Dr. Anderson, one of the often-inmates of Kinfauns Castle—and who has lately been removed from Perth to be instrumental to a larger diffusion of scientific intelligence, as one of the professors at St. Andrew's University—that, within a given time, the Tay makes more water than any other river in Scotland—if not in Great Britain.

† This “folly,” or prospect-house, stands immediately to the left, on the second piece of rising ground, in Colonel Murray's most magnificent view from the Kinnoul-heights or cliffs, looking eastward, down the Tay: in Mr. Morison's oft-mentioned work of graphic splendour.

* The “GRAMPIAN HILLS” are more familiar to the English reader by the picturesque notice of them by Young Norval, in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*; but the curious and inquisitive antiquary will not fail to betake himself to Colonel Miller's recent disquisition (read in the Society of Scotch Antiquaries, and pub-

farlane accompanied me, in one of my lord's carriages, to this elevation—and he will bear witness of the unqualified admiration bestowed upon all the surrounding scenery. To have “shuffled off this mortal coil,” without seeing the *Grampian Hills*, did appear to me to be a hardly defensible position. The talents of Colonel Miller have lately added to the interest derivable from a sight of this noble chain of mountains.*

It will be seen, therefore, that Kinfauns Castle is placed in one of the most interesting neighbourhoods in Scotland; and that its immediate and positive advantages are not less obvious. Lady Gray did me the honour to conduct me over the whole of the mansion, from the attics to the kitchen, where the best *grouse soup* in Scotland is manufactured—and on the completion of this *détour*, she told me, what was most joyous to hear, that every part and parcel of the building, the furniture, and the ornaments, were PAID FOR. What an honorable inheritance! . . . how rich and how RARE! His lordship is a member of the Bannatyne Club; and was so obliging

lished in their *Transactions*, vol. iv. pt. i. 1830, 4to.) “respecting the site of the battle of MONS GRAMPIUS, fought between the Caledonians on one side, and the Romans, under AGRICOLA, on the other.” The whole dissertation is based upon the text of Tacitus's *Life of Agricola*. Colonel Miller is of opinion that the Romans never advanced beyond *Perth*, on the river Tay. The accentuation of “Dunsinane” is upon the *second* syllable, by the Scotch: the English, in conformity with Shakspeare's rhym, give it on the last:—

“Till Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinane.”

† Consult the last note.

as to present me with a copy of his contribution,* illustrated with the extra ornament of a copy of his *portrait* in lithography. In his earlier days, my lord must have been a handsome man. The portrait of him, by Raeburn, sitting in a chair, with his boots on, which is in the dining room, is quite unworthy of the Castle and of its master. It was a subject of no small regret to me, that the Hon. Mr. Gray, his lordship's son, with his lady and family, were compelled to quit Kinfauns Castle on the day preceding my arrival.

* It is entitled, *Letters and Papers relating to PATRICK, MASTER OF GRAY*, afterwards seventh Lord Gray; (in the times of Elizabeth and James I) Edinb. 1835, 4to: with a facsimile of the Master's Letter to Cecil, secretary to James, prefixed; and many facsimiles of autographs throughout the book. At page 190 occurs the autograph of Cecil, of the date of 1601, appended to a very curious letter: and the next letter is the first from Cecil, after he had been created Earl of Salisbury, in 1605; and this is the first letter to "the Master" after he had succeeded his father as Lord Gray, in 1608. It is one of the many which show either the obsequious submission or the crafty deference of Cecil to the King. He says, "if he preferred any private end of his before his majesty's service, he deserved to be wiped out of the book of life—for never servant owed so much to king or master." In the next letter, from the same to the same, appears the first autograph of "*R. Salisbury*." To this, is part of a reply from Lord Gray, (with his autograph) in which the writer is no whit behind his wary correspondent in courteous phraseology:—"I put it not in question but he (his majesty) will be plain with you, seeing God hath blessed him (without all flattery) with *supernatural and not common wit*," &c. The ready Secretary continues in the same unctuous strain:—"You know so much better than I what his majesty's sharp and piercing judgment was like to do." And a little before, in the same letter, as the climax of unctuous fulsomeness and absurdity—"Your lord-

Of PERTH, presently. Hard by is *Scone*, the residence of the Earl of Mansfield, who may be said to have lately almost rebuilt this castle. It was once most famous in history, for here the *Kings of Scotland* were CROWNED: upon a mound of earth, called *Omnis Terra*.* I paid a morning visit to the Earl and Countess, in company with Lord and Lady Gray: a morning unfavourable to out-of-door views—or, as Lady Mansfield told me, I might have seen from their windows some of the splendid mountain-scenery about Loch Katrine. Scone Castle is a large and long, but, as it strikes me, (after the cheerfulness of Kinfauns Castle) a dull pile of building: and, on every account, there wants a grand Gothic lodge of entrance into the park. The river Tay is in the immediate front. At the back, within

ship may perceive what it is when kings have right of their side—whom, Almighty God, as his anointed, more miraculously preserveth and protecteth than *any other of his creatures*.” Patrick, Master of Gray, played a very important part in the politics of Scotland and England for many years. The judgment of posterity, in the voice of more than one historian, has been severe upon the integrity of the part taken by him—as having been uniformly paid, by the purses of Elizabeth and James, for all the services performed, in strict accordance with the instructions of *their own courts*. Be this as it may, this volume, put forth by the FIFTEENTH LORD GRAY, is one of no ordinary interest and importance.

* Here then was the spot upon which the immortal Bruce was crowned by a Scotch prelate worthy of being selected for such a coronation. A glance at page 696 ante, will furnish us with the name of the bishop selected on the occasion. But if Edward I, on arriving at Scone, took away the old coronation seat or chair—as now shown at Westminster Abbey—Bruce must have been furnished with a new chair. He was worthy of it—in all senses.

an old chapel, (where the coronation of the Kings of Scotland took place) there is perhaps one of the finest, as well as largest, *monuments* in the United Kingdom: and the subject is not less singular and impressive, than the material is rich and costly, and the execution nearly perfect. It tells the following tale. Two fierce noblemen had resolved to meet, to kill, or to be killed, in mortal combat—another Hamilton and Mohun affair.* The then Earl of Scone, personally attached to each nobleman, interceded in the most earnest manner to prevent the hostile meeting: but with no apparent chance of success. It is said that, such was his agony, he betook himself to prayer; and as the prayer of a “righteous person” is said in scripture to “avail much,” the result led to the pacification of the parties. They embraced, and were afterwards the closest friends. The artist or sculptor has most happily availed himself of this feature in Lord Scone’s life, in the monument before us. The Earl is upon his knees, in prayer: the combatants, one on each side of him, are looking round their shoulders with a fierce air of defiance towards each other: one grasping his spear, the other about to draw his sword from the scabbard—reminding us of Homer’s picturesque description of Achilles, in his memorable quarrel with Agamemnon:

“Ἐλκετο δ’ ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος,†

* See page 806, ante.

† *Iliad*, lib. i. v. 194: thus translated by Pope:—

“And half unsheathed appeared the *shining* blade.”

It should have been *ponderous* blade.

Lady Mansfield informed me, that, to the best of her recollection, there was no print—or even drawing—extant of this wonderful specimen of elaborate art.

The present residence of the Earl here is of the castellated form—plain and unobtrusive. There is a corridor, or gallery, two hundred feet long, running the entire length of the mansion. It had been lately filled to its utmost limits by a large party of Perthshire fashionables, during the Perth Races, when the adjoining nobility and gentry vie with each other in splendid hospitalities. The living rooms are extremely comfortable, as well as capacious ; and I had an opportunity of witnessing several happy specimens of the Countess's skill in painting—for which Lord and Lady Gray had properly bespoke my admiration. At that time, my Lady's brother, Archdeacon Markham, was greatly indisposed, and I regretted to her my inability to have seen him at York. Alas ! within a few weeks only of the receipt of a letter from her, announcing to me the prospect of his speedy convalescence, he expired.* Her Ladyship was so obliging as to attend me, while conducted over the sleeping rooms, and I

* The father of the Countess of Mansfield was Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, and preceptor to George IV and his royal brothers Frederick and William : the latter our late king. The amenity of his manners, and the urbanity of his disposition, to say nothing of his scholastic attainments and high character, well fitted him for the situation :—a situation, which he filled with equal integrity and success. When at York—on my return home—calling upon that excellent, good creature, and cunning bibliopegist, Mr. Sumner, I chanced to alight upon a volume of singular curiosity, belonging to Archdeacon Markham, the brother of Lady Mansfield. It was a quarto volume of AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from George IV,

do not think it possible for greater comfort as well as elegance to present itself. There were *two* rooms not likely to be soon forgotten : one, called the *Ambassador's* Chamber, in which is a large sumptuous bed, of rich crimson damask, formerly slept in by Lord Mansfield's uncle, the late Earl of Stormont, when he was Ambassador at Paris : the other contained nothing less than the *original bed*, with all its *original furniture*, once occupied by James the Sixth, before he ascended the English throne—or as James I, on his first visit to Scotland after his accession. James resided in this house, and slept in this bed. The curtains are silk and much faded, and the coverture or quilt is a silver taffeta upon something

and his brothers the Dukes of York and Clarence, to the Archbishop, their tutor, and the father of the Archdeacon. There were also letters from noblemen of the royal household to His Grace : but the letters of the young Princes (from, I think, their twelfth year) to their tutor, were alike remarkable for elegance of diction and beauty of penmanship : especially those of George IV, when he had reached his fifteenth year. It was a sort of copper-plate handwriting. There were also letters from the royal parent, George III : and one from him to the Archbishop, in particular, communicative of his warm and entire approbation of the intended nuptials of His Grace's daughter with the present Earl of Mansfield : a letter, to be preserved in porphyry, mounted with gold, in the best muniment-room at Scone. I have not forgotten, also, a letter from the Prince of Wales to the Archbishop, on the first piece of preferment which fell to him on his elevation to the Archbishopric. It was to *secure* it for an early friend of the Prince. Nor must I omit a singular letter of the Duke of York, in which mention is made, and horror expressed, of tyrannical rulers of nations. On the death of Archdeacon Markham, this precious volume, as I conclude, has fallen to the lot of his sister, the present Countess of Mansfield.

like eider-down : all in a very tender condition. In this identical bed—as the Countess informed me—slept John Philip Kemble, when on a visit to the house, the night on which he had played *Macbeth* at the Perth Theatre : scarcely sleeping a wink—and fancying half the night that “the Weird Sisters” were hailing him, each with her “choppy finger laid upon her skinny lip.”

The principal books and pictures of Earl Mansfield are concentrated at his suburban villa of Caen Wood near London : so that at Scone there is nothing in either department deserving of particular detail. A splendid exception must however be made in the execution of a head, painted in distemper, or fresco, after the manner of the Cartoons by Raffaele ; and it did strike me that the head in question bore a strong resemblance to that of St. Peter, in the boat, during the miraculous draught of fishes. This fine specimen is over the mantle-piece in a small room—in the suite of the sleeping rooms. It was a matter of regret to me, that, from his Lordship's being from home, I had not the opportunity of paying my personal respects to him.

PERTH.

Of *all* neighbourhoods in Scotland, give me that of PERTH. The Lakes, Stirling, Dundee, St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, are each within a morning's drive to dinner—by six o'clock. And then its *immediate* vicinity—Scone, Dunsinane, Birnam Wood, the Grampian hills, the Pass of Killiecrankie, with the exquisitely picturesque windings of the Tummell

and Garry, Dunkeld . . . to say nothing of historical associations connected with the REFORMATION—the Gowrie conspiracy—Gawin Douglas, Shakspeare and Walter Scott*—what *intellectual* as well as *visible* luxuries abound HERE! Mr. Morison has wisely and happily availed himself of such accessories, in his splendid folio volume of *Sketches of Scenes in Scotland*, to which I always recur with undiminished pleasure. To have visited Perth, as represented by Mr. Morison “*Before the Reformation*,” would indeed have been to have seen it in all its architectural integrity: but I was as well pleased to have visited

* What recollections!—what emotions—does such a cluster of names excite! A little volume is attached to each: but here they must do little more than “come like SHADOWS, so depart!” Of the GOWRIE CONSPIRACY—that most mysterious and most unsolvable of all conspiracies—I will only refer to the pages of Robertson and Scott. It is full of delightful novelty and terror, and ought to be dramatized. James escaped—if ever there was intention to kill him. Walking with Messrs. Macfarlane and Anderson upon the spot where Lord Gowrie’s house, or castle, stood—“Here, (said the latter, stamping his foot) on this identical spot, was the Gowrie conspiracy hatched and executed!” GAWIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, was an admirable diplomatist, (as the pages of Mr. Tytler abundantly prove) as well as a great literary character. He stood out alone—in a fierce age of political intrigue and national ferocity—a wooer of the Muses! His metrical version of Virgil, first printed in 1553, in English types, to the full as rude as the age itself, shows of what metal his mind was composed. Ruddiman gave it the careful polish of his hand in 1710. But I earnestly intreat the whole fraternity of Bannatyners to search about for coeval MSS. of this version: a version, considering all things, to the full as faithful as Pitt’s, and as poetical as Dryden’s. It is a storehouse of English philology.

It is impossible, in our estimation of the talents of the numerous able CLERICAL CHARACTERS in Scotland, (“the superiority of the

it under the patronizing attentions of Professor Anderson and Dr. Macfarlane. The latter gentleman (with his son) whom I had met at Lord Gray's, are the leading medical men of the town and neighbourhood : and I was indebted to them for the shelter of their roof as well as the hospitalities of a breakfast

spiritual over the temporal estate, at this period, being decided"—says Mr. Tytler, vol. v. p. 237) not to contrast the quiet dignity and affable mildness of Douglas with the dark intrigue and overpowering talents of his contemporary, Cardinal Beaton : of whom these pages have already discoursed largely. It so happens, that in no spot in Scotland have the opposite qualities of these spiritual chieftains betrayed themselves with a more decided effect than at PERTH : in Douglas, to produce admiration and love : in the Cardinal, horror and execration. The Cardinal's ecclesiastical progresses were sometimes marked by fire and smoke. He was a slaughterer "with a high hand." At Perth he ordered four men to be hanged, and one woman (with a child at her breast) to be drowned, on the charge of heresy, by some despicable informant : whose own immoralities were probably as great as those of the condemning judge—for Beaton was notoriously profligate.*

It is hardly worth while to annotate upon the other names mentioned above. They are known all over the world, and their

* He married one of his daughters (of course a natural one) to Lindsay, Master of Crawford ; and settled upon her, says Mr. Tytler, "the dowry of a princess." Yet THIS virtue (and no mean one in his day) adheres to his character—he was a PATRIOT. While three-fourths of the Scottish nobility were bribed and debased by the gold of Henry VIII, the Cardinal, with the Governor Arran, loved his country, and fought as well as counselled for her safety. He had more brains than the whole of the privy-council put together : but a secret contempt for his colleagues, and an unbounded ambition in his profession, (perhaps the natural result of his position) could never extinguish his love of intrigue, nor cause him to relax in his efforts, to gratify his *Pontifical Master*, by any sacrifice—however great—of the BLOOD OF THE REFORMERS! His execution of Wishart was the more atrocious and murderous, as he enacted the part of civil judge on the occasion—having dispensed with the attendance of the one who proffered his services. I agree, however, with Mr. Tytler, that his own death was a purely *political* assassination, long preconcerted—in which the welfare of Religion was the last thing in the minds of the conspirators : notwithstanding the contrary preaching of Melville. In many respects, Beaton was the WOLSEY OF THE NORTH.

table—where the “true Scotch *Marmalade*” is to be partaken of in all its pungent purity. Their house is charmingly situated in face of the race-course and the river.

On descending from the heights, the whole town has a fine aspect: reminding me, I know not why, of the smart cheerful air of a provincial town in England. A broad and noble bridge of stone bestrides the river Tay. To the right is a beautiful race-course, of rich turf; enfiladed by the river, and having, to the left, some fine street scenery. But what most struck me, on my first approach to Perth—descending from the upper road to Kinfauns Castle—was, the Water-Works, of which Mr. Professor Anderson had both the construction and direction. Here was a lesson to learn—or a model to copy—for all England. Here was deformity converted into beauty, and a nuisance rendered a picturesque accessory. The reservoir of water—which holds eight hundred tons, is a circular building, apparently of stone, with a dome at the top, encircled by a band or fillet, having the air of a primary place of public resort: a picture gallery—a library—what you will. By the side, is a fluted column, (eighty-four feet in height) of the Doric order, having an urn-like ornament at top—but

works are the common property of mankind. The *Fair Maid of Perth* was one of Sir Walter Scott's latest productions, but it is not among his most popular. For the picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood, I refer with equal confidence and delight to Mr. D. Morison's *Sketches*. That of the *Kinnoul Heights*, looking eastward, and of the *Tummell and Garry*, sets the heart leaping to become a spectator of such mingled grandeur and luxuriance of scenery.

being nothing more than the chimney attached to carry away the smoke from the steam-engine. The subjoined note, furnished in part by the printed Report,* will afford the reader some interesting details connected with *Perth Hydraulics*. It is as full of interest as of intelligence. The grand *fulcrum* or substratum, which supplies the enormous mass of superincumbent water, is obtained by means of *Iron Wells*, sunk four feet below the lowest level of the

* I have unfeigned pleasure in presenting—as, I am sure, the reader will have in perusing—the following statement of the HYDRAULICS OF PERTH, furnished by the master-hand which planned the whole. Professor Anderson thus observes:—“The town of Perth, though built on the banks of the largest river in Britain, and intersected by canals of considerable size, conveying the waters of the tributary streams of the Tay in various directions through the city, was, till lately, worse supplied with water than perhaps any town of equal magnitude in the kingdom. This evil was long felt by the inhabitants, and many attempts were made to remove it; but it was only about three years ago that a plan, proposed by myself, was carried into effect, which has not only removed all the inconveniences that were felt from the want of pure and wholesome water, but provided the city with a more abundant and regular supply of that necessary article of life, than is usually enjoyed by other places. As the plan by which the measure was accomplished has some features of novelty, and as the hydraulic arrangements to which I had recourse, may be adopted with advantage in similar circumstances, I shall endeavour to give a brief outline of them.

“It may be proper, however, to state, at the outset, that the city of Perth is built upon what geologists term an alluvial formation, consisting of sand, gravel, and clay, intermixed in various proportions; and not seldom these materials are disposed in beds or layers, stretching onward to a greater or less extent. As the whole of the subsoil of the district is copiously impregnated with the muriate of

river. These are formed of large cylinders of cast iron, composed of different pieces, united together by stanches, and rendered perfectly water-tight by iron cement. The principal difficulty in reaching the depth, was occasioned by the rapidity with which the water sprung up in the excavations, after they were carried considerably below the bed of the river; which was such, that the unremitting exertions of fifty or sixty men, with a couple of large pumps in an inclined

lime, the water, percolating through it, is strongly charged with the same saline matter; inasmuch that the water drawn from pit wells, close to the banks of the Tay, as well as from excavations at a considerable distance from the river, is found to hold in solution so large a proportion of the salt alluded to, as to be quite unfit for many culinary and domestic purposes. Nay, so very generally diffused is the muriate of lime through the alluvial materials, over which the Tay flows at Perth, that, on causing an iron pipe, of considerable length, to be driven into the bed of the river, it was ascertained that not only the water which sprung up in the pipe was copiously charged with that salt, but that it constantly stood about eighteen or twenty inches higher than the surface of the river, on the outside. This state of things, while it proved that the hard water contained in the pipe was derived from the water percolating through the loose materials which compose the sub-soil of the district, suggested the means to be adopted in constructing the filter, so as to prevent the hard water from having access to it.

“The filter is accordingly constructed in an island, opposite the town; and from that recipient for purifying the water when the river is in a flooded state, the water is conveyed in pipes, which are laid to the depth of five or six feet under the surface of the gravel composing the bed of the river, to the bank on which the town of Perth is situated:—being the only instance in the kingdom, of pipes being laid across the channel of a river, navigable by vessels of upwards of two hundred tons burden. The reservoir for receiving the water is composed of cast-iron plates, which are strongly bolted

position, were barely sufficient to remove the water as it flowed in from every side.*

Professor Anderson walked with me round the balustrade of the building : whence some interesting objects of scenery presented themselves. The Town may be well proud of such a man ; and therefore may well regret his departure—although his sphere of

together in a circular form, terminating at the top in a handsome dome. The cylindrical part is ornamented with pilasters, in the Ionic order, and adorned with a rich frieze and cornice, which are executed in a more finished style than can be done in stone. The lower part of the structure, for supporting the reservoir, is built of a fine-grained free-stone, and is in the Doric order. The reservoir is capable of containing about eight hundred tons of water, and is filled daily by means of a steam-engine of ten-horse power."

* What here follows is from the " Report of the Commissioners for Supplying the City of Perth with Water."—" As a great waste of power would have been incurred by placing the bottom of these wells above the level of the surface of the water in the river, I caused every exertion to be made to sink the foundation for the masonry by which they are surrounded, to as great a depth as possible,—or, at least, to such a depth, that the water from the river might, in its lowest state, flow by its own statical pressure into the wells, without the necessity of drawing it, at any time, by the suction of the pumps ;—a state of things which would have been attended with a considerable, as well as a constant, additional expense of fuel for the engine. By the vigorous exertions of Messrs. Cameron and Galletly, directed and encouraged, as they were, by the advice and assistance of Mr. Turnbull, a depth was at length attained, which, I was perfectly satisfied, would suit the intended purpose ; and, at that depth, on a stratum of compact gravel, which is firmly bound together with a ferruginous cement, the foundations of the masonry for enclosing the iron wells, were securely laid.

" THE STEAM ENGINES.

" In consequence of the derangement and decay to which every mechanical contrivance is liable, and the serious inconvenience to

utility, as well as his professional revenue, are likely to be considerably enlarged. From this balustrade I saw an iron steamer being built at the river's side. It was small—but destined doubtless for bold speculations. What, in the end, will not steam accomplish—in its onward or upward propelling powers? But Perth has a *Literary and Antiquarian Society* of its own, and has published volumes of its Transactions. It has also a *Chronicle* of its own.* I was taken to the public room where the sittings are held, and to which a Museum is attached: the whole very light and commodious. Although, compared with its for-

which the public would have been exposed by any failure or interruption, in the means of raising the water, I felt it to be my duty to recommend to the Commissioners, the propriety of providing the establishment with two steam-engines, and suitable forcing-pumps; and, accordingly, before the engine-house was commenced, two cast-iron wells were constructed, with a view to that arrangement. One of these engines was furnished by the Dundee Foundry Company, and the other by Mr. Russel, of Kirkaldy. Both of them are constructed on the most approved principles, and finished in the best style of workmanship. Either of them acting alone, is capable of raising the quantity of water, necessary for the daily supply of the town, in four or five hours—being at the rate of about one hundred and fifty tons of water per hour, raised to the mean height of sixty feet above the river. Should an increase of the inhabitants take place, even to the extent of fifty per cent, the present engines would still be abundantly adequate to supply them with water, without exposing the community to any additional expense, beyond that of erecting a plain cistern, in some elevated situation, (such as the south end of Pomarium) which might be done for £500."

* "The CHRONICLE OF PERTH, a Register of Remarkable Circumstances, chiefly connected with that city, from the year 1210 to 1668. Printed for the Maitland Club, by James Maidment, Esq.:" Edinb. 1831, 4to. Sixty-three copies were printed on club paper.

mer state before the Reformation—and before the neighbouring towns of Glasgow, Leith, and Dundee, had assumed their present prosperous positions—the Town of PERTH was perhaps the *first* in Scotland, for size, population, and commercial enterprise—yet under existing circumstances, this imposing air has greatly subsided into moderation or indifference. Its fisheries and manufactories* are, however, far from being despicable. There is no accounting for tastes : on quitting Perth, in the stage for Edinburgh, I was complimenting a lady-passenger on the elegance

* In Pennant's time, *Linseed Oil* and *Salmon* were the great articles of trade at Perth : three hundred tons of the former being annually made—bringing in from eight to nine thousand pounds. The first mill for the linseed oil manufactory was erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by John Duke of Athol. At first, a glass of whiskey, mixed with half as much of the oil, was a fashionable *dram*. Now, for cattle, the dram is converted into a *cake* : and millions of the latter I presume to be annually disposed of. Of *salmon*, in Pennant's time, the export to London and the Mediterranean brought in an annual sum of five thousand pounds. The salmon is caught in such abundance, that three thousand have been taken in one morning, weighing, one with another, sixteen pounds apiece. This is an extraordinary produce. The rents of the fisheries, at the same period, amounted to three thousand per annum. *Tour*, vol. ii. p. 76.

I was anxious to have presented the reader with something like a STATISTICAL ACCOUNT of Perth, in its present day ; but as my materials are incomplete, the information would be necessarily imperfect. I believe, however, that the intimation conveyed in the text is not very short of the truth ;—and that the Sun of Commerce shines feebly upon the soil of this once populous and once celebrated spot. It may in part be accounted for, from the rising prosperity of Leith and of Dundee : especially the latter.

of the town and beauty of the neighbourhood. "Ah, Sir! (said she) you see both with the eyes of a *stranger*: to me, the town is odious and the neighbourhood detestable. Edinburgh for ever!—where I am going to spend a fortnight."

I had been prepared to pay particular attention to the road from Perth to Edinburgh, as one of extreme picturesque beauty: exhibiting, in short, one of the "*crack glens*" of Scotland. But with every *disposition* to look and judge favourably, there was absolutely no *opportunity*: for the heavens were dark, and the rain was incessant. I remember, during this journey of some thirty-five miles, having an interesting conversation with a gentleman in the coach, about the mode of delivering evidence—or rather of swearing witnesses—in criminal cases in Scotch courts of judicature. "We are evidently behind you (I observed) in this form. When at Glasgow, I heard the Lord Chief Justice Clerk swear in a witness, and was much struck, as well with the emphatic propriety of his manner and tone of voice, as with the solemn import of the words themselves."* The gentleman observed, that the same thing had presented itself as forcibly to his own mind, when he

* The witness, directed by the judge, holds up his right hand, and speaks aloud—as follows: "I swear by Almighty God, and as I shall answer to God at the great Day of Judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Before entering upon examination, the following questions are put to the witness. "Has any one told you what to say as a witness, or given you anything for being evidence? Have you any ill-will to the

was at the first examination of witnesses in England. "It is extraordinary (added he) how slow you Southerners are in the admission of common sense into your public forms . . . perhaps of something else besides those of law. Scarcely a dozen years have passed, since, in the forms of pleading, the plaintiff boldly charged the defendant (whether he had stolen a turnip or a turquoise) with having been 'instigated by the devil, not having the fear of God before his eyes.' Now this, in its severe, literal sense, may be true : but it is as well not to introduce God or the Devil into forms of pleading : or, in a civil action, a man was accused, if he had only, by mistake or design, made three strides upon his neighbour's land—of maliciously and wickedly 'trespassing.' In an action of debt, if he owed three pence or three thousand pounds, with what vague, superfluous, rubbishing phraseology, the charge was encumbered ! All this is in part cut away : but legislation, Sir, (concluded he) like education, is in its *INFANCY*.*"

There is a ferry, where a steamer is in waiting to convey the passengers, with their luggage, across

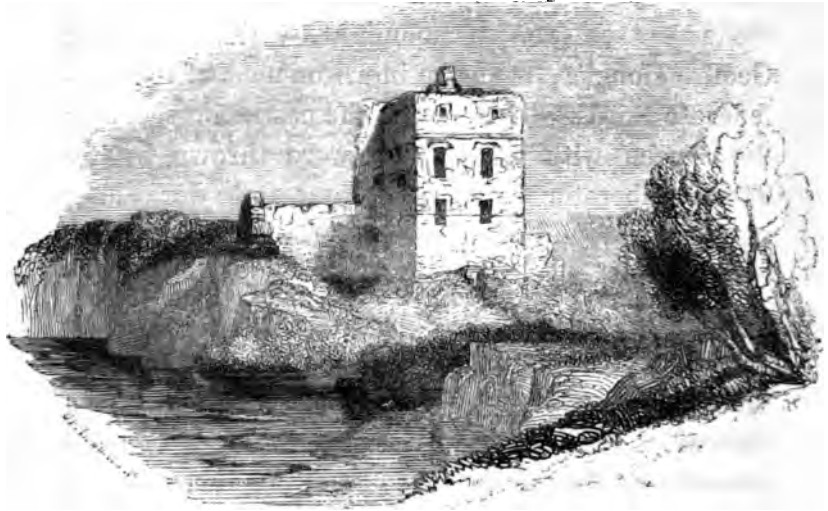
prisoner at the bar?" Now, conducted as I have seen this examination, with admirable effect, in a Scottish court of justice, it is painful to think of the hocus-pocus way in which, in too many instances, the swearing of witnesses, in criminal matters, is conducted in the English courts of law : the parrot-note of the officer ; and the thumbed and greasy exterior of the book—to be submitted to the *lip-service* of the witnesses !

* I have given the substance of what the Unknown delivered with equal point, fluency, and conviction. It were no easy task to refute the whole : and in respect to the action upon *DEBT*, it may be as

the Frith of Forth to Edinburgh—some twelve miles on the opposite bank. You stop (I think to change horses) near the *Lochleven Lake* . . . where a fragment only remains of the Castle from which Mary made her escape, by moonlight, with the young George Douglas, from the imprisonment of the confederate Lords. The keys of the castle, on securing the Queen within the boat, were thrown by her gallant liberator into the lake; and were long afterwards found or fished up. The back-ground, composed of the Lomond Hills, is rather pretty than striking; and the lake is almost annually shrinking in size. Were it not for Mary, whose spirit seems to haunt so many spots within the vicinity of the Scotch capital, you would hardly look at this neighbourhood a second time. In the foreground of the picture, at the moment of my viewing it, was one of the sons of Lord Moncrieff, (a judge of the Sessions) on horseback, quietly exercising a couple of greyhounds. It was the *Father* precisely—as I remembered him at Oxford :

“Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.”

well to inform posterity, as well as present times, that if this *civil* action be brought for a sum exceeding, however little, that of £20, the *costs of the pleading*, before the action comes into court, amount to FIFTEEN POUNDS !—be the verdict as it may. What is this but the hatching of eggs for a never-failing swarm of sharking, pettifogging attorneys? And how comes it to pass that this cankerous sore has not been cut deeply and fairly out by the pruning knife lately exercised in LAW REFORM? I agree with the unknown traveller : “legislation is in its INFANCY.”



NORHAM CASTLE,—NORTH DURHAM.

THE RETURN.



ON the twenty-eighth day of October, I bade farewell to that city which by courtesy has been called the **MODERN ATHENS**. It has been so designated in the preceding pages: a title, of which the local and architectural character of the place, as well as the pursuits and talents of the citizens, should seem to justify the assumption. But, whether fitly or un-

fitly bestowed, is of secondary importance. The City of Edinburgh wants no fanciful, titular adjunct to bind the "form and fashion" of it upon my memory by cords as numerous as they will be lasting. If I have turned my back upon its buildings for ever, the "windows of the soul" (to borrow Primaudaye's expression) shall be always open, whence to survey its beauties, and to waft the warmest wishes for the prosperity of its Inhabitants . . .

"— longum, FORMOSE, vale, vale!"

On reverting to a preceding page,* it will be noticed that, during my visit to Raith, the fair mistress of that lordly mansion bade me observe, from the window of her elevated boudoir, her residences of *Biel* and *Archerfield*—partially, at that moment of observance, presenting themselves to my view—across the *Frith of Forth*: just about where the *BASS ROCK* rears its isolated granite sides, and receives the lashing of the ever-restless wave. This rock, as I believe I have before remarked, is a sort of *pet* in its way. Everybody is called upon to notice and almost to worship it: as if there was no other rock . . . even in Scotland. It is a mere pin-cushion, fastened down upon the ocean-bed; an octodecimo edition of St. Michael's, in Cornwall, and of Mont Michel, in Brittany. One of the real good old strong-limbed knights—

"Who carved at their meal
With gloves of steel"

at King Arthur's Round Table—would hop, step, and

* See page 872, ante.

jump from one end of the rock to the other. Its surface (as Colonel Ferguson told me) presents sometimes the singular spectacle as if covered with snow, during the autumnal months : owing to the thousands of sea-gulls and solan-geese which rest upon it.*

On the 28th day of October, as before observed, my daughter and self bade farewell to Edinburgh, on THE RETURN to Exning Vicarage ; but, ere that point should be accomplished, more than a month would be necessarily devoted to paying a few visits, and to a renewal of some societies of which we had scarcely more than a snatch on our outset. What the winter of Scotland might *usually* be, we could not pretend to know ; but the day on which we departed was one of bitter and intense severity. The ground had absolutely become as rock. The air was as if impregnated by myriads of needles, thrusting their sharp points into our throats and faces. Our breath was almost taken from us. We started for BIEL, and stopped at Haddington to change horses—which would take us direct to Mrs. Ferguson's. The sun had now well got up into the main sky : the breeze became softer—the road yielding. On this side of the town of Haddington are Musselborough and Preston Pans : the former celebrated for the disastrous battle of *Pinkie* ; † and the latter quite as memorable, for the victory, which,

* See Defoe's Account in Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*, p. 186.

† See page 25 ante. The battle of PINKIE has been described by Mr. Tytler, in the sixth volume of his *History of Scotland*, with a particularity and power such as are rarely met with in modern historical pages. The slaughter of the Scotch was dreadful, and was perhaps exceeded only by that at Falkirk : but the infantry of the van-guard, under Angus, made a noble and impenetrable display of

had it been instantly and vigorously followed up, might have brought the Pretender to the gates of London. To the left, all the way, the foam of a gently-setting in tide, presented a beautiful, long-drawn silver cord, which glittered in the sun-beam. We reached the hospitable manor, or castle, of our friends somewhere about three o'clock: the splendour of the day quite going off as we entered. Our reception was of the most cordial description.

BIEL is veritably a magnificent mansion. Its original structure was at once enlarged and ennobled by Willam Hamilton Nisbet, Esq., the father of Mrs. Ferguson: the present proprietress of the estate. You enter, at the back-front, into a corridor of large dimensions, and impervious to all those whistling blasts which are usually kicking up all manner of frolics within the area of a huge, gaping, stone staircase. The back-front is gothic; and the entrance in good gothic taste. The sitting rooms are, as usual, upon the ground floor, in one continued suite:—and brave, “sitting rooms” they are, for size, comfort, and warmth. A sort of corridor, or vestibule, divides the dining-room from the drawing-room; and in this ante-room is placed, upon a slightly elevated pedestal, the marble statue of Mr. Westmacott’s *Beggar and Child*. It is full of the eloquence of grief: denoting the decided hand of a master. The only accessory, is the tied-up bundle:

“This handkerchief holds all the treasure she has”—

their bristling spears, full eighteen feet in length—grasped and directed in a manner, which reminded me, on perusal, of the *Squares and Bayonets of Waterloo*.

are the words of the well-known ballad*—and anything *beyond* this, would have encumbered the grouping, and distracted the attention of the beholder. The infant is asleep upon the mother's exposed bosom. The wind blows sharply upon the child and the pillow. The countenance of the mother shows sadness and sorrow, it is true: but it exhibits, at the same time, all the loveliness of resignation. Her clothing is certainly not of "wrought gold:" and yet, such *another* felicitous garment, the united gipsy-wardrobes of Norwood and Blackheath could not furnish. If the sculptor had travelled from Dan to Beersheba, he could not have cast about the figure of his beggar-woman a more appropriate vestment. The rich taffetas of Titian and Rembrandt do not become their wearers with a better grace than does this semi-blanket or quilt the beggar of Mr. Westmacott. This beautiful piece of art was not obtained under the sum of six hundred pounds.

The drawing-room—with a noble bay-window looking upon green terraces, at the bottom of which runs a little bustling streamlet, called *Biel Burn*—*

* The first stanza is thus:—

" This handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
And away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join some ship's jolly crew."

These were the words once heard by a father—as his son took his leave of him, throwing his bundle over his shoulder, to join "the crew" . . . which perished in the wreck of the *HALSEWELL* East Indiaman!

* This "burn," or narrow stream, changes its name as it passes through other grounds. About two miles off it is called *Whittingham Burn*, as it glides through the beautiful scenery of Mr. Balfour.

is at once lofty and spacious. Here are two standing up, whole-length portraits, in oil ; one of Mr. Nisbet, the other of Mrs. Nisbet : the father and mother of Mrs. Ferguson. The former was executed in Italy, partaking of anything but the warmth of an Italian sky. It is cold, hard, and dry. The latter is by Gainsborough ; but I should think G. Dupont, the nephew ? Beyond the drawing-room is a snug, small library—just as we should fancy a library collected chiefly in the reign of George I, when folio romances were not banished the shelves. The books are in a most *healthy* condition. Beyond the library is a charming sitting-room, commanding a near home-view of exhilarating comfort. There *are* such views in this world. This is the private retiring room of the master and mistress of the mansion. Hence, culinary edicts issue, as well as invitations to tenantry to partake of what those edicts produce. No chimney is suffered to remain cold forty-eight hours within BIEL CASTLE ; and at the time of our visit, it was just the kind of weather for putting the virtues of warm chimneys to the test. Again, beyond this room—where the ready and undisguised interchange of the heart's warmest sentiments, as well as all the domestic cares and anxieties of house-keeping, are necessarily brought upon the *tapis*—there are two noble bed-rooms and dressing-rooms ; occupied, on our arrival, by Mr. Ferguson's brother and nephew, Sir Ronald and Colonel Ferguson.

The reader must now return with me to the vestibule, in which we left the poor beggar-woman patiently sitting—and enter the dining-room : equally

capacious with the drawing-room, and “dight with pictures rare.” The paintings in this room were obtained by Mrs. Ferguson’s father, in 1781, at Rome: out of the *Palazzo Mattei*. They are mentioned by Vasari, and are as follows. *The Tribute Money*, by Spagnoletti; and not, as intimated by Vasari, by Rembrandt. *The Betrayal of Christ*, Girardo della Notte. *Christ Disputing with the Doctors*, Michael Angelo di Carravagio. *Our Saviour and the Woman of Samaria*, Antonio Varromeयर. Two excellent *Bassans*. *The Madonna della Pagdiola*, Sassa Ferrato: a beautiful copy of the beautiful original by Raffaelle, with some alterations. Upon the whole, this is one of the finest pictured rooms in Scotland. Nor can any table, throughout the same country, boast of daintier *garniture*. The dining-room is in immediate connexion with the servants’ offices and kitchen—all upon the same floor: and when the visitor reaches the termination of that floor, he has paced an area of upwards of three hundred feet: very different indeed from traversing “Judah’s barren sands!” The sleeping rooms, on the two floors immediately above, are on the most capacious and comfortable plan; the walls of which are not wanting in some curious old family portraits, including one of the old *Dukes of Chastelherault*: the blood of the Hamiltons having contrived to trickle in Mrs. Ferguson’s veins: she herself uniting the name of Hamilton and Nisbet with that of her christian name Mary. Among these family pictures, there is *one* to which the finger of the Cicerone always points: it

is that of a child in petticoats, about three years of age, standing up, and in the act of eating a berry : with a large dog by her side. That act destroyed the child ; for the berries were *poisonous*. The little innocent was heiress to the whole of this fine property of Biel. By her death, that property has flown into its present channel. I anxiously and earnestly desiderate the collocation of *all* these family pictures in the grand corridor-entrance. There are no ornaments like them.

I have observed that approaching darkness succeeded our arrival at Biel : a darkness, followed by a night of a deep snow-fall. The next morning discovered no colour but that of *white* : trees, meadows, lands, fruits and flowers (for the latter were yet lingering in the dress-garden) were all over-burdened with their white load. It blew, as I learnt, terribly all the night long, from the North—and this on the 28th of October ! There was an end to out-of-door enjoyments : nor riding nor walking could be thought of : not even a visit to Mrs. Ferguson's own lake, called *Pressmener*, (some mile and a half distant)* could be attempted. Hardly ever, in one night, did the heavens deposite such a general and heavy burden of snow. The cedar in front of the window—or just below it—was absolutely bending from the pressure of the weight.† I had seen it on

* This lake lies snugly in a little valley under the shelter of the Lammermuir Hills. It has steep banks of coppice-wood, and is a little more than a mile and a quarter in length.

† Cedars, when their branches attain a great length and breadth, are usually broken down by means of the snow. The two noble cedars at Althorpe are striking evidences of this fact.

my arrival, broad, beautiful, and of a deep verdant colour : its fan-like branches spreading far and wide. It is a tree in all the pride of health and strength ; and has yet a half century to attain its maturity.* Towards the afternoon we contrived to get a stroll upon the swept gravel walks ; and well pleased I was to take a view of the whole frontage of the house ; and the arrangement of the greensward terraces ;—for you descend into the garden by a flight of steps. In spite of snow, above and below—and dark dreary clouds over our heads—*this* was, to me, precisely the kind of residence, with its appropriate adjuncts, which I should chuse, for study within doors, and meditation and contemplation without. It had all the *abstraction* of a castellated residence, without its gloom and inconvenience. The *Biel Burn* brawls merrily as it hides itself in coppice wood, to reappear with increased rapidity and transparency. It were a spot, on the hottest of dog-days, in which to woo and to enjoy the refreshing breeze.

The next day was Sunday. The Library had supplied those who sought for it with proper devotional food. The master and mistress of the house visited their own church, at the distance of three miles. The conversation afterwards ran upon the strictness of sabbath-keeping in Scotland. I could not help observing, that, to whatever length this strictness might be carried—whether for good or for bad—I yet desiderated in Scotland that appearance of

* Mr. Ferguson tells me that this cedar is a mere *boy* : only one hundred and twenty years old.

cleanliness and even smartness among the lower classes, which I observed in England—where the poorest mother of the poorest child always contrived to clothe the latter with a clean pin-before on a Sunday. “ Sir, (replied a Scotch gentleman) what you say is quite right. I remember the case of a dirty boy, who had *not* gone to his church, being accosted by two ladies, who *had*—requesting him ‘ to whistle a favourite little dog back,’ which had gone astray ; they themselves not being versed in the art of whistling. The lad surlily replied—‘ *This is nae day to whistle dogs back!*’ and as surlily walked on.” It must however be remarked, that, in cities and great towns, the Scotch teach the English a very sensible lesson, in attending their parish churches twice on the Sabbath-day : but among the most exemplary, as well as serious, I never could discover that sort of *cant vocabulary*, which I grieve to say is making sad inroads upon the common-sense of too many good Christians south of the Tweed. It is at least to be hoped, for the blessing and comfort of all classes of society, that the “ *Cameronian rant* ” has “ worked its worst ” in Scotland.

On the morrow, according to a previous arrangement, (before our arrival) “ the whole army was to put itself in motion to march ” . . to ARCHERFIELD : a distance of some twelve miles—close to *Dirleton Castle* ; which, with Archerfield, is the property of the Proprietress of Biel. On the afternoon of the Sunday, Col. Ferguson was so good as to conduct me to an elevated piece of ground, in the immediate neighbourhood of Biel ; and pointing to the ruins of

a large castle, at the distance of some two miles, by the sea-side, observed, "That is TANTALLON CASTLE!" My heart leaped and my fancy fired at the sound. Angus, (the then Douglas) and James V, were in an instant before me:—the first, upon the ramparts, directing the defence; the other, near the trenches, urging the siege.* Fire and smoke, with shouts and groans, "followed hard upon." Then the whole was immediately mystified in the veil of poetry; and I seemed to view the form of Marmion, having buckled on his armour, striding from the Barbican, to meet his death-wound at Flodden Field. Again I say†—THE SPIRIT OF SCOTT is every where. To "ding down Tantallon, and make a bridge to the Bass,"‡ came

* It will afford no contemptible notion of the massive strength and extent of this castle, to be told, that James V twice sat down before it: in the first instance with eight thousand, in the second, with twelve thousand men—to compel the rebel DOUGLAS (the Earl of Angus) to surrender at discretion. In the latter instance, James was "not only compelled to raise the siege, but endured the mortification of having his train of artillery attacked and captured, after an obstinate action, by Angus in person."—*Tytler*; on the authority of Lesly.

† See page 530.

‡ *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; Introd. anno 1528. "The shattered ruins of this celebrated fortress still overhang a tremendous rock on the coast of East Lothian."—SCOTT: but see a laboured and highly instructive account of it in his *Provincial Antiquities*. The above words are thus arranged by Scott:—

" Ding down Tantallon,
Make a brig to the Bass."

" These lines, (adds he) recording the two attempts as equally impossible, were sung to the military air which formed the old Scotch *reveillée*."—p. 166.

immediately across me : for the Bass Rock is within a mile and a quarter from the Castle. It was resolved that Col. Ferguson and myself should take Tantallon in the way to Archerfield on the morrow.

The court-yard was filled with numerous carriages by twelve o'clock ; and before one, we had all turned our backs upon Biel. Two baggage-wagons, carrying plate and " household gear," preceded about two hours before. The snow was yet deep upon the road ; and in some places more than forty men were engaged to cut a carriage way through it. A fearful earnest of winter ! The estate of the Earl of Had-dington elbows that of Mrs. Ferguson. The roads, lanes, hedges, and gates, were all in trim order, and looked cheerily in spite of the snow. We were now nearing Tantallon Castle. The chaise put up at a farm house, within two hundred yards of it. The Colonel obtained the key of the Castle ; and scudding along a field of grass, impregnated with snow water, we commenced our attack. No enemy was upon the ramparts, to watch or oppose our movements. No artificial sound—but the echo of the key turning—invaded our ears. A cold snow blast whistled in every direction. The ruins, the sky, the climate, were all alike melancholy and murky. The bleeding heart of the Douglasses, in the coat armour of that family, is yet visible, in rough, red stone, just over the port-cullis drop ; between the bastions of the Barbican. Judging from what you have read, you would perhaps have supposed the castle to have been of larger dimensions : *stronger* it could not have been. On first entrance, I looked up to the

once-habited chambers of its occupiers—built as it should seem for eternity : but now, fire-places, doors, windows, with all their mullions and stancheons, are in crumbling desolation—or rather, almost swept away. From the force of historical recollection, it is impossible to gaze upon all this denuded grandeur—upon these broken remnants of departed glory—without agony of heart. Yet, who would wish a finger to be raised in causing one atom of them to *dissappear* ? Who would part with such monuments of past times, to teach us what human bravery on the one hand, or human tyranny on the other, has accomplished, for the instruction of future generations ? These castles are standing commentaries upon the texts of history.

The area is large, and quite open to the sea behind ; but in all such places you can form the slightest possible conception of what its original integrity was. Yet, on the largest estimate, I should doubt if these walls ever enclosed more than two thousand men. This were perhaps a very large garrison. While gazing around, and from such an elevation, upon the open and “ still vexed ” sea, it was natural to fix our eyes upon the *Bass Rock*—then just before us. A sort of dreary yet grand melancholy air invested the whole scene. I own I should prefer to have mingled with the soldiers of Douglas : to have heard the ring of their arms : the roar of their mirth ; and witnessed the glittering splendour of some of their chieftains’ shields. There are two views of Tantallon Castle in Sir Walter Scott’s *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland* ; the one, by Turner, in which the sea is all foam and

fury ; the other, by the Rev. J. Thomson . . . of the most delicious character for truth and calm picturesque beauty.

I quitted Tantallon in no ordinary mood of thoughtfulness. The past seemed as a dream. Generation after generation had "come and departed like shadows ;"—but **THERE** stood the yet ponderous barbican, and most of the outer walls of the castle ! wind, rain, snow, tempest and hurricane, passing alike without injury to its foundations. We reached Archerfield within the hour—the roads and fields being covered with snow. From one castle I went to another. The second was that of Dirleton*

* A distant view of Dirleton Castle, from the pencil of the Rev. J. Thomson, engraved by W. Miller, will be seen in Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*—together with a brief account of the Castle and its ancient occupants. The tale may be told in few words. Sir Walter observes that, "from the ruins still extant, it seems to have been a mighty fabric." It was originally occupied by the great family of *De Vallibus*, or *De Vaux*, which was powerful in both kingdoms. In 1298 it yielded to the victorious arms of the martial Bishop Bek, of whom these pages have already made honourable mention : see page 265. That prelate took it as the Lord Lieutenant for Edward I. In the reign of Edward II it was occupied by the powerful family of the Haliburtons, whose descendants were Lords of Dirleton Castle, and who made a great figure in the commotions of the Border history. On the extinction of this family, the castle became the property of that of Ruthven, "and was the bribe (says Sir Walter Scott) which the last unhappy Earl of Gowrie held out to the cupidity of Logan, his associate in the memorable conspiracy. It seems to have been coveted by that person in the highest degree.—"I care not (says Logan, in his correspondence) for all the other land I have in the kingdom, if I may *grip of Dirleton* : for I esteem it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." But Dirleton was included in Ruthven's forfeiture, and

within the precincts of the village so called—and scarcely more than three stones' throw from Archerfield House. The village and the castle are equally the property of Mrs. Ferguson. In the former, what evidences of comfort, as well as of neatness and cleanliness, throughout! What greenswards, roads, and gravel walks! In some places there was even an air of superior *society*. The grounds of Archerfield may be said to encircle the village. The whole is flat: but the sea looks grandly to the right, and the Bass rock yet rears its “grey and battered sides” at the distance of a couple of leagues.* In early

passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Erskine...who had been greatly instrumental to the detection of the conspiracy. Erskine was created Viscount Fenton, BARON DIRLETON. In the year 1650, it was possessed by the moss-troopers; and Monk and Lambert marching against it, it surrendered at discretion. On the Restoration, in 1663, the purchase of this fine property, by SIR JOHN NISBET, the King's Advocate, is thus noticed in the *Diary of Mr. John Lamont*, p. 167, 1663:—“About this tyme, Sir Johne Nisbitt, advocat att Edb. who leately married Petmille's second daughter, bought the lands of Dirlton in Lowthian. It stood him a great sowme of money, and was looked on as a great bargaine and purchase at that tyme.” Edinb. 1830, 4to. From Sir John, it descended regularly to the late William Hamilton Nisbet, Esq. the father of the present Mrs. Ferguson, who, in default of male issue, became possessed of the whole of this fine property.

* I may just observe, that perhaps the finest near view (a bird's-eye one) of this rock, may be seen in the splendid publication of the *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*, so frequently referred to in these pages. It is a view of it in storm and tempest. The forked lightning rends the sky. The rock is in a sort of visionary half tint—the clouds are black behind; and the waves are generally black before. An upset boat is in the fore part of the picture. The winds whistle aloud, and the surges throw up their foam on the

autumn, I should like to people these plains with Arcadian shepherds—blowing their Pan-pipes. Carols, roundelays, may-poles, and fairy dances, should haunt the spot from July the first to August the thirty-first, inclusively. There never was a greater air of pastoral simplicity and Arcadian happiness than here. Every shepherd would be faithful, and every shepherdess kind.

But be this as it may, there can be no question about the profitableness of the soil, as well as the skill of the farmers, in the vicinity of Kirkpreston, Dirleton, and Biel. The farms here are usually very large, including sometimes extensive sheep-walks; but the soil is abundantly kind and compensating, averaging forty shillings an acre. I learnt, on my route to Biel, that the late William Hamilton Nisbet, Esq. (the father of Mrs. Ferguson) had made large and lucky purchases of landed property in the county of Haddington or East Lothian, in which Biel and Archerfield are situated; and I understood, on my arrival at the latter place, that three farms *alone* yielded to their amiable Owner not less than £8000 per annum. This may in some measure

rock's base. The state-prison, on its surface, seems but as a toy. Taken as a picture, it is altogether marvellous: but no such combination of circumstances could ever encircle the Bass Rock. The perspective should imply that the artist was in the clouds at the moment of taking the view—"ruling his own whirlwind, and directing his own storm." The engraver has gone beyond himself: and yet I prefer him (Mr. Miller) in the immediately succeeding print of "Fast Castle"—from the pencil of the Rev. J. Thomson. It ought to be noticed, that the letter-press account of the Bass Rock, by Sir Walter Scott, is done "after the best manner of the author."

account for what "greeted mine eye" at Biel, and what charmed my heart at Archerfield . . . where at this precise moment, the carriage stops—and Col. Ferguson and myself alight. If I may be warm, I shall be also faithful, in my account of this mansion: "the pet residence," of its owner—and in which her earlier years were passed: occasionally practising, as I make no doubt she did, upon one of those Pan-pipes whose echoes cheered the villager's toil by day, and gave a keener zest to his glee and frolic by night.

The house at Archerfield is low: as is indeed all the immediately adjacent ground. It is built of stone, with the old fashioned architectural ornaments of the latter half of the eighteenth century: but there is an air of old fashioned English hospitality and respectability about it, which tells you that here is "good entertainment for man and horse." The entrance is upon the ground floor, as with many of the larger mansions built at the same period. A short flight of steps, from the ground hall, conducts you to the first floor, within an octagon—in which the doors of all the sitting-rooms may be said to concentrate. The staircase, concealed by a door, also springs from this base. Here is no grandeur; no ostentation; no proud display of costly furniture: and yet I am not sure that I ever entered a mansion which approaches Archerfield on the score of cheerfulness, neatness, and a general, gentlemanly air of comfort. Whatever greets your eye is of the best sort. The colouring and painting of the rooms and staircase must have been accomplished by Italian artists—allured to come over on the completion of some Car-

dinal's palace. Chairs, tables, carpets—sofas, settees, cabinets and commodes—all, orthodox of construction and colour, invite you to no transient repose, or unwilling occupation. The paintings throughout the house are few; as nearly the whole are concentrated at Biel. But of those to be seen, I was mightily amused with a portrait of a broad-chested gentleman holding a large glass filled with red wine to the brim. On enquiry, I found that he had been as "jolly a toper," in the way of *wine*, as Toby Philpot had been in that of *beer*; and that the Irish Giant (O'Brien) happening to visit Edinburgh when our Bacchanalian hero was there, the giant was invited to dine with him—and, at parting, was left *prostrate on the floor!* I think this *unique* copy of a man, who lived in the days of hard drinking, was some relation or friend of the family. The ordinary drawing-room is well and wisely furnished with books. Indeed it is from the Library,* with a screen or division of

* This library gives a good notion of what a country gentleman's collection of books was some half century ago. Among the books is a copy, upon thick paper, of Sir John Nisbet's own work upon *Doubts and Decisions of the Law*, in 1689, folio; with a head of the author prefixed, engraved by White, from the original portrait in the dining-room. Sir John is attired in a full, flowing peruke, which, in White's coarse plate, has a more formidable appearance than in the painting. The family still preserve the original plate: and be it remembered that the *doubts* of Sir John Nisbet were considered more valuable than the *decisions* of others. This library also contains a fair sound copy, bound in yellow calf, of Andrew Hart's *Scotch Bible*, of 1610—the second impression of the sacred text printed in Scotland. "This edition (says Dr. Lee) as well as Bassandyne's—of 1576-9—was in folio, and, though well adapted

a smaller room at the end, whence you catch a cheerful view of the sea, and of the ever visible Bass Rock. There is, however, a sort of state drawing-room; of a beautiful form, but not yet completely furnished. It is a parallelogram, about forty feet in length, by twenty-five in width and sixteen in height. It is papered with that elegant French paper introduced into this country a little after the year 1790. A large bay window is at one end; and at the other, on entrance, there is a semicircular niche on each side, which, I presume, will in due time be the receptacle of some classical vase or figure. The chairs are white, picked out with gold; having seats of eider-down, covered with rich taffeta—whereupon many an invited guest, at a coming marriage feast, was speedily to sit.* But it was in the boudoir, or private sitting room, of the mistress of the mansion, that my admiration was more especially confirmed—as well from the rich and rare gems within, as from the bright, broad, and beautiful sea view, with-

for the pulpit, or for family use, could not be attainable by persons in humble circumstances. This (Hart's) edition was much admired, and it continued long to be accounted a high recommendation to be 'conform to the edition printed by Andrew Hart.'"—*Memorials for the Bible Societies in Scotland*, 1824, 8vo. p. 55.

* It was the marriage of a fair young lady, a *protégée* of the lady of the mansion—whom I chuse to designate as LUCINDA—to which I here allude. The ceremony was performed the week following my departure, to the heart's content of every witness of it, and, I make no doubt, to that of the happy couple themselves; who spent the first half of the honey-moon at Biel. I had an equally vivid and faithful account of the wedding-day. The usual result has followed.

out. Drawing her finger over a long line of landscape, the occupier of this boudoir might have said

“I am MONARCH of all I survey.”

A subsequent experience has taught me that her subjects (alias, *tenants*) yield her the warm and ready homage of the heart.*

Such is Archerfield : quickly and easily described. Together with the cooks and under-cooks, maids and kitchen maids—came over all the spirit of HOSPITALITY from Biel. Far be it from me and my friends to disparage “the roast beef of old England ;” but with all my admiration of the pastures of Lincolnshire and Durham, I do desire to make it known that Haddingtonshire hath its “stalled ox,” which yields in flavour and nutrition to no *Southern Monster* whatever. Mr. Ferguson, in the true spirit of *the Club*, (not the *Smithfield*, but the *Bannatyne*

* In the account of my VISIT TO RAITH, (page 869) I noticed the prompt generosity of the tenantry of Mrs. Ferguson to present her with a portrait of their *Master*, from the pencil of Mr. Pickersgill—which has been engraved by Ward. I have now to record an evidence of “the warm and ready homage” of the same tenantry, in requesting their *Mistress* to sit to Sir David Wilkie for her own portrait. This matter was no sooner mentioned than carried into effect. An address was drawn up by a few of the leading tenantry, and in five minutes nearly as many hundred pounds were voted to the accomplishment of the object. All this is very delightful and heart-stirring. In the wording of the address, two epithets, applied to the lady in question, much gratified me : her uniformly “*considerate* and *warm-hearted*” conduct towards them. These are the links that tie landlord and tenant together, by metal which no accident can impair and no electricity dissolve.

Club) seemed to expatiate with rapture on the large-paper copy of a *Sirloin*, which was smoking at the extremity of the table before him. It could not be surpassed in marginal amplitude: *illuminated* in a manner with horse-radish. The days and the nights, passed here with my daughter, flew too rapidly away;* but the premature severities of winter were beginning to steal upon us, and an incipient illness was possessing me—so that I could scarcely summon resolution and strength to pay a visit to DIRLETON CASTLE: whither it was settled, on my arrival, that I should be conducted with all due ceremony by its Governess. “It is a genuine relic, (said Mrs. Ferguson) and you ought to have no peace of mind till you have explored it in all its extremities.”

It were want even of common civility to have declined: and I twice visited this very interesting relic of the old fighting times—which had yielded in turn to Englishman and Scot . . . in the wars of the first three Edwards. The area is comparatively small; but it has a few features worthy of description. Among these, the *kitchen* may be deemed a curiosity: being of no great dimensions, but having two huge fire-places, of which the chimneys (as usual in those

* Among the many invited guests to the table at Archerfield, was Sir Thomas Lauder, Bart. a gentleman, whose acquaintance I was well pleased to make, and to whose conversation I was indebted for much lively anecdote and solid information. He appeared to be all over enthusiasm and mental elasticity; as if he could spring, at one bound, from the top of Ben Lomond to that of Ben Nevis.

places) go directly in a strait line to the summit. The breasts of these chimneys tell us that a whole ox (whether of the "large paper" description, is another question) might be roasted in each of them. A fire-place, yet existing, attests the neighbourhood of the banquetting room. This fire-place is in stone, prettily ornamented, betraying the period of about 1320. A drawing of it should be in the Library. The most singular objects of visitation, here, are the two huge rooms, or halls, or excavations below—where the garrison was undoubtedly kept—and where, from good stowage, perhaps five hundred men might have been maintained. The chief entrance to it must have been from below the Barbican.* The ravages, rather of intestine broils or civil commotions than of time, impress their awful traces upon the greater portion of this building: of which the walls yet maintain their pristine strength. There is an exceedingly appropriate or characteristic old-fashioned garden—in the style of the latter part of the seventeenth century—attached to it; and where yet, on its smooth bowling green—begirt with cypress, yew, and the ilex—many of the respectable tenants of Mrs. Ferguson enjoy themselves in a "goodly game of bowls."

There is also, within the castle's area, a dove-cote

* What I desire to see—and possibly may see, before its present possessors are "gathered to their fathers"—is this: that the huge subterraneous caverns, or recesses, above mentioned, may be *filled* by the tenantry at Raith, Biel, and Archerfield—at a festival, for which two entire roasted oxen may be supplied from the huge kitchen-chimneys above noticed.

built of stone, peculiar but picturesque ; which I do not hesitate to push back to the period of James the Fifth. Nor must I omit the mention of the church, with its manse : the latter recently built by the Lady of the Manor. Here I saw some inmates—both active and passive—which afforded me no trivial gratification.

“ O ! *fortunatos* nimium sua si bona norint
PASTORES ! ”

At length, reluctantly, came the day of departure. We had just begun to fancy ourselves at home, when the plan of ulterior operations compelled us to say farewell to our generous host and hostess, and to the bridal *protégée*. I regretted the utter impracticability of waiting till the wreath of white roses was to encircle her brow . . . and as early as half-past eight on a Saturday morning we started for Dr. Gilly, and the *Vicarage* at NORHAM. We had hardly fewer than fifty-three miles to accomplish before night fall. A journey of such extent would at least furnish both time and opportunity for reflection upon the week just past,—devoted to all the varieties and all the cordiality of Scotch hospitality. On approaching England, and passing (perhaps for ever) the line which connects it with Scotland, it were difficult not to feel emotions which seem to defy an accurate transcription. The day was breaking forth into unclouded sunshine. The tints of departing autumn were deeper and darker : the branches were almost stript of their “ red and sear ” clothing . . . and a hazy mist enveloped the distant offing—while the receding breakers seemed to be gently depositing

their foam upon the pebbly shore. To requite me for all the handsome things said of it, it should seem that the *Bass Rock* was anxious to take leave of me in a dress of no ordinary gaiety. The colour in which its sides were invested, through the marine vapour exhaled by the morning sun, can never be forgotten. Let the reader conceive a sort of transparent tint between amethyst, topaz, and emerald—mottled with opal-hues . . . and yet he shall conceive nothing half so beautiful and so extraordinary as the halo, that morning, with which the Bass Rock was encircled.

I was well pleased to turn my back upon *Dunbar*—as the shuddering scene of one of Cromwell's most frightful achievements.* He made it a very slaughter-house of human blood . . . and all Scotland was in consequence at his feet. The Amalekites met with mercy, comparatively with what the citizens of *Dunbar* experienced at the hands of Cromwell: for in the latter case the *cattle*, as well as their owners, were indiscriminately butchered. The road is excellent: running continually upon high ground, with the bright blue sea rolling below. The effect is sometimes most exhilarating. We approached the Tweed—the far-famed Tweed—with the castle and town of *Berwick* on the other side of it—connected by a bridge.

* In the volume so frequently referred to, is another of the graphic capriccios and marvels of Mr. Turner's pencil—in a view of *Dunbar*, by the sea-coast, where the waves are kicking up such a storm and tempest, as to prevent your looking a second time at the castellated ruin, which ought to be the principal feature of attraction.

“Farewell to Scotland!”—as we cleared the bridge, and entered a spot, which of all others, in times past, was one of the most distinguished for its political importance. The Governor of Berwick Castle, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, might be said to wear the KEYS OF SCOTLAND in his Girdle. The Castle is now little more than merely scattered ruins.

At Berwick, where we changed post horses, for the last time, Dr. Gilly was so kind as to meet us : having ridden on horseback from his vicarage, a distance little short of nine miles, for the express purpose of directing us in the better route. I now made up my mind for NORHAM CASTLE—encircled in a halo of glory, as it were, from chivalrous and poetical recollections : the proudest of all the Northern Castles for strength, position, and deeds of bravery : or, in the language of the *Scala Cronica*, “the most perilous and adventurous place in the country.”* Here, THOMAS DE GREY, some five centuries and odd years ago, performed miracles ; the fairest flower of Northern chivalry ; the bravest

* See “*Introduction to the SCALACRONICA*,” p. xxii.—as edited by Mr. Stevenson, and published, for the first time, by the MAITLAND CLUB, in 1836, 4to., from a unique MS. preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge : a publication of an exceedingly curious and most interesting description—written by Sir Thomas Gray (or Grey, one of the most illustrious of Earl Grey’s ancestors)—in the French language, from the year 1066 to 1362. This publication reflects equal credit on all parties concerned. I have diligently read the greater portion of the latter part of it—which abounds with many bright and beautiful, as well as apparently veracious, touches of graphic description.

of the brave.* Within view of this castle—issuing upon his courser from the barbican-gate—WILLIAM MARMION won his “helmet of gold” from “his

* During the reigns of Edward the First, Second, and Third, this distinguished character acted a conspicuous part; and from 1319 to 1331 had the important post assigned to him of being **CONSTABLE OF NORHAM CASTLE**. He merited every confidence: for his wisdom in council was equal to his bravery in the field. The first account we have of him in his martial character, is in 1297, when he was surprised in the night-attack made by Wallace upon William de Heselrig, Sheriff of Clydesdale. Heselrig was killed; and Grey severely wounded, stripped, and left for dead. He afterwards took part in the unfortunate affair of the battle of Roslin, in 1302. In 1304 he was in the retinue of Henry de Beaumont, at the siege of Stirling; where he was struck in the face by a heavy cross-bow bolt, discharged from one of the engines on the ramparts—while in the act of rescuing Beaumont, who was about to be captured by the garrison. “To all appearance he was dead, and preparations were made for his funeral; but signs of animation being visible when he was about to be committed to the grave, he escaped this premature fate, and recovered.”—*Introd.* p. xvi.

Yet a few more words about our well-beloved **THOMAS DE GREY**. He was present at the coronation of Edward II; and was dispatched into Scotland to take the command of the Castle of Couprie (Cupar). Here he narrowly escaped assassination; but retorted upon his enemies with vigour and success. There never was such a man for “cutting his way through the midst of an enemy.” We next find him at the all-important battle of **BANNOCKBURN**; where, considering his gallant services to his commander (Beaumont) at the siege of Stirling, he appears to have been gratuitously and most unwarrantably insulted by that commander. The anecdote is full of interest.—“In the year 1314, (says Mr. Stevenson) being at the disastrous battle of Bannockburn, apparently in the retinue of Henry de Beaumont, he remonstrated with that baron, when instructions were issued to give the Scotch troops farther advantages than seemed prudent. ‘If you are *afraid*,’ said Beaumont, ‘you may *retreat*.’—‘Sir,’ said Grey, ‘I will not retreat this day!’—and

ladye-love.”* Here, too, another Marmion—the hero of creative poetry, of a later day—won a certain laurel crown, which is not likely to perish quickly. One thinks instinctively of the opening of the magni-

striking his horse with his spurs, he and Sir William Dayncourt charged the approaching body of the Scotch. Dayncourt was slain. Grey, after having his horse killed under him, was made prisoner.” *Introd.* p. xix. But he was not long in “durance vile.” An honourable interchange of prisoners introduced him into new scenes, and won for him an increase of distinction and renown. The ensuing note will prove this; to which, however, an anecdote of no trivial character may be attached. When besieged at Norham Castle, a party of about one hundred and fifty Scotch desperately sallied forth to carry off some cattle which pastured under the protection of the garrison. The younger soldiers of the garrison rushed out to encounter them: a desperate conflict ensued—and the latter were obliged to take shelter amongst some ruined houses. Grey declared he would share their fate, whatever it might be, at the risk of a rescue; and letting loose all the fierce mastiffs attached to the castle, he sallied forth, and drove the marauders to the other side of the Tweed. Perhaps I ought to add, that the *scaling-ladder*, the crest of the noble family of Grey, is taken from the martial exploits of this warrior.

* The tale is thus circumstantially, in the “*Introduction of the SCALACRONICA*,” based upon the text of that chronicle.—“During the busy period between 1319 and 1331, whilst Thomas de Grey was Constable of Norham Castle, occurred various feats of arms, of which a few are recorded in the subsequent pages. The story of WILLIAM MARMION, the knight of Lincolnshire, to whom his mistress gave a *hemlet of gold*, bidding him make it known wherever glory was most difficult to be won, breathes a spirit of chivalry, and is narrated with a force, which competes with the glowing pages of Froissart. We are told how it was agreed by the assembled knights, that Norham “was the most perilous, adventurous place in the country;” and that to Norham he should go. Within the fourth day after his arrival there, he had an opportunity of celebrating his

ficent poem, called by his name, as one catches the first view of Norham Castle—as I saw it—towards sunset . . .

“Day set on Norham’s castled steep ;
And Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep ;
And Cheviot’s mountains lone.”

As the chaise ran down the hill, with the Castle to the right, I could observe little more than the towering keep of this once almost impregnable piece of architecture : but to be seen to the best advantage—as in the vignette prefixed to this chapter*—it

mistress’s gift ; for Alexander de Mowbray appeared before the castle, attended by the most valiant of the Scottish chivalry, and at the head of eight-score men-at-arms. When Grey was about to lead his followers to the attack, he saw William Marmion approaching on foot, splendidly armed, and wearing his golden helmet. ‘ Sir knight,’ said the Constable, ‘ you have come hither a knight-errant, that you might celebrate this your helmet, and since it is more fitting that chivalry be done on horseback than on foot, where it is practicable, mount your courser ; see there your enemies, spur into the midst of them : and I renounce God if I rescue you not, dead or alive, or perish in the attempt.’ When the knight, in compliance with these instructions, had charged the Scotch, and, being surrounded by them, appeared on the eve of perishing, Sir Thomas Grey and the garrison spurred into the thickest of the fight—rescued and remounted the stranger knight. They so conducted themselves, that the Scotch were defeated, and pursued as far as Berwick, of which Sir Philip de Mowbray, Alexander’s brother, was then the governor ; and in the conflict Grey slew with his own hand a Fleming named Cryne, who stood high in the estimation of King Robert Brus.”

* There is a beautiful view, beautifully engraved, of Norham Castle, from the Scotch side of the Tweed, in Mr. Allom’s well-known *Northern Tourist*. It seems to stand in solitary grandeur, encircled with mysterious light and shade. This view embraces

was quite evident that the spectator should place himself on the opposite banks of the Tweed. We now threaded the village of Norham; which consists of little more than one broad, strait street, of low and straggling houses. The Church—once a proud edifice*—and the Vicarage, are at the extremity. Our reception, on the part of both host and hostess, was a warm and a welcome one: nor did it in the least diminish my anticipated gratifications, on this “RETURN,” to find a letter, on my arrival here, from Earl Grey—expressive of his kind readiness to receive me after a visit paid to Alnwick Castle. It would necessarily follow, that almost every hour of every remaining day was set down for an achievement of *some* kind or other: especially as, during my abode with Dr. Gilly, it was fixed that *Melrose* and *Abbotsford* were to be encountered. Could Old Time have only had the civility to step back *one* month in the Calendar?—but he was deaf to my entreaties.

Never were travellers better disposed to be both sensible of, and grateful for, attentions and kindnesses received, than were ourselves—on alighting

more of the foreground than is seen at the head of this chapter, and for which I am indebted to the taste of Mrs. Gilly's pencil; a pencil, that has been often and successfully employed in the later publications of her husband.

* A view of it, together with an engraving of a mural monument within the chancel, will be found in Mr. Raine's *North Durham*—as well as every particular connected with both church and castle. It was from this castle, delivered by traitor hands to James IV, that the Scotch monarch issued to meet Lord Surrey in the fatal FLODDEN FIELD.

at the Vicarage. The journey had been long, and proved fatiguing to my invalided companion ; and the wind whistled around us as we alighted from our vehicle. The snugger of our quarters made us forget all previous fatigue : but had a palace been our reception, it were impossible to forget the delights of Archerfield. And yet I doubt if the proudest palace in Christendom could have contained an *Individual*, who has carved out for himself a brighter or more honourable career of glory than the master of the mansion in which I was about to be domiciled. Dr. Gilly is known as the successful champion in fighting the battles—or, more quietly speaking, in promoting the claims—of the *Vaudois of Piedmont* ; who, in the loneliness of mountain-solitude, and in the midst of external oppression and persecution, both civil and religious, have established their claims to the PROTESTANT FAITH, as of a thousand years' growth . . . in short,

“ Whose flags have braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze”—

if such metaphorical language may be permitted. Although the “labour of love,” on the part of the Vicar of Norham—as best evinced in his publications*—be not concluded, and other objects con-

* The history of these publications is at once simple and touching. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, Dr. Gilly happening to attend a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, heard an affecting letter read to the Board, signed by *Ferdinand Peysani, Minister of Pramol*. In this letter, aid was requested, in money or in books, to the ANCIENT PROTESTANT CONGREGATIONS in

nected with it yet bespeak his attention and his labour; still, the GREAT WORK is triumphantly settled: and Dr. Gilly is the constituted national almoner for the annual distribution of seven hundred pounds, to the indigent, virtuous, and laborious Protestants of Piedmont. In consequence, he has two atmospheres to breathe in: one, wherein the poor of his parish are comforted by his doctrine and relieved by his bounty; the other, in a distant realm, where aspirations are put up to God's throne for blessings upon the head of an advocate who has laboured so gloriously in such a vocation. They are not, therefore, "idle words" which salute his ear, when he makes a pilgrimage, as he frequently does, to the *Piedmontese Shrine* . . . No, they are words of

Piedmont, who were struggling hard against poverty and oppression. Dr. Gilly had hitherto but a most indistinct and imperfect knowledge of these *Vaudois*: but from *that* moment a fire of mingled curiosity and philanthropy was lighted in his bosom, which would admit of no coolness till he should visit the Protestants in question. Accordingly, he mounted his cockle-shell and staff, and made a pilgrimage to the land of these enlightened, but retired and unbefriended, true sons of the Church; and in 1824 appeared his *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont*, in 1823. The work fell like an electric-spark upon the attention of the public, lighting up a general anxiety to know more of such a region, and of its inhabitants. Four editions of it have already appeared. This was followed by *Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont*; and much incidental information relating to them will be found in his *Memoirs of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps*. Dr. Gilly's pen is now busied in writing a methodical HISTORY of these Protestants of a thousand years standing; whose Church, in the Alps, planted upon Italian soil, exposed to the crafty wiles of the Roman Faith on the one side, and to the mercy of

“truth and soberness” as well as of love and gratitude. They come from the heart of the suppliant . . . and they reach the heart of him to whom they are addressed. The conqueror of cities and citadels has his path sometimes strewn with flowers . . . among which there may be a *thorn* to prick his foot. It is the peculiar privilege, as well as boast, of Dr. Gilly’s path of triumph, that the flowers scattered upon it are yet as they were in the primeval days of man’s innocence . . .

“ — *without thorn* THE ROSE.”

MILTON.

If I am thus warm, I am at least as honest as ardent, in my testimony of admiration and respect for an individual, who appears to me to have marked out for himself a career of most singular, if not enviable, glory and gratification. But the outer bell is ringing. Visitors are announced—and a dinner-party of twelve graces a well-replenished

absolute sovereigns on the other, has struggled through ages of persecution; still exhibiting its triumphant motto—“LUX LUCET IN TENEBRIS.”

The author’s appeal to the benevolence of Englishmen, in behalf of these Alpine brethren, has been nobly ANSWERED. Parliament has recognized their claims to British protection, in virtue of ancient treaties. Government has restored the annual stipends to the Vaudois pastors, which had been suspended during the late war: and a committee, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at its head, superintends the application of the funds raised for the relief of the Vaudois. It is, I trust, no vain hope entertained by Dr. Gilly, that his history may vindicate the claims of the Vaudois to Christian *antiquity*, as completely as his statements, relating to their present condition, have secured attention to their *necessities*.

table. Here I met Samuel Swinton, Esq. of Swinton, living in the immediate neighbourhood; with his two amiable daughters... who have at once graced and enlivened many an evening circle in the vicinity of Gloucester Place. Mr. Swinton is laudably repossessing himself of "the hall of his ancient sires." The other guests were strangers. Among them was Commander Hayes—on the Berwick station—a naval gentleman, who won upon me exceedingly by the unaffected pleasantry of his manner and conversation—the more so, as, happening to have been first lieutenant on board the "Talbot," commanded by the Hon. Frederick Spencer, brother to the present Earl—in the memorable battle of *Navarino*—I learnt, from his mouth, what I had also learnt from other mouths, that nothing could exceed the calm courage, skill, and bravery of that honorable officer in the fulfilment of his duty—opposed to *odds*, which were almost as fearful to think upon as to encounter! They were both spared to tell the tale of terror and glory.

The next day being Sunday, I assisted Dr. Gilly in the pulpit. The pillars and arches of the old Church—in one strait line—formerly enfiladed by many more, attest the departed grandeur of this place of worship; and the reader must content himself with its restoration by the pen of the historian, and antiquary, in the pages of Mr. Raine's *North Durham*; of which I learn, the second part has just "seen the light."* The chancel is now exclusively

* There is perhaps no county-history extant—whether for im-

devoted to divine worship—exhibiting, in its arrangement, all the neatness and comfort of a metropolitan church. The congregation was numerous and attentive. Among them, no purer lips would be exercised in devotion than those of an elderly lady, of the name of Maitland; who, in her carriage, every Sunday, “braves flood and fell” to attend the service of her Maker in Norham Church. The Vicar introduced me to her—and I quickly recognized all that amenity of manner and gentleness of spirit—coupled with strong good sense and a cheerful air—which mark the Christian’s gradual approaches to “another and a better world.” Mrs. Maitland will not leave “her like” behind on the banks of the Tweed. If human worship be yet idolatry, the poor in her neighbourhood are guilty of that act. The singing in the gallery was quite above the ordinary run of similar performances. Among the voices was a *barytone*, of some power and flexibility: but

portance of materials, and elaboration and fidelity in working such materials together—as the work here alluded to. I remember its amiable and learned author telling me, that, the *Genealogy of the GREY FAMILY* cost him nearer *three* than two months, in its completion. Norham Church and Norham Castle are here “done to the life”—as much as such objects can be done. The castle was built in the twelfth century; our good friend Bishop Pudsey (see page 261) having had a considerable hand in the construction of the keep. It was taken, when in an infantine state of defence, by David I of Scotland, in 1140: the governor of the castle, Geoffry, Bishop of Durham, (surnamed *the Red*) being away. Its chivalrous glories belong to the fourteenth century. At the beginning of the fifteenth, it was taken by stratagem by James IV, who, within its walls, heard the prophetic voice that his doom was at hand in *Flodden Field!*

much as the singer was ambitious of it, I could not allow it to approach to the absolute dignity of a *bass*. Few evidences are stronger of the harmony and good feeling between Pastor and Flock, than the neat appearance of a church, and the well-regulated conduct of the congregation.

After the Service, the Curate (whose name I have forgotten) most obligingly accompanied me to the CASTLE. The day happening to be fine—although the wind was fresh and sharp—I had every opportunity for a leisurely survey. The Barbican (which never could have been very large) and a good share of the outer wall, yet encircle the *Keep*: which Keep, battered, shorn, and stunted as it is, yet shews “a proud front” to the visitor, as it doubtless shewed a yet prouder one to the enemy of old. No thorough-bred Antiquary can tread the area of this keep, without at least three acts of prostration, or homage, to the GENIUS of the place—if that Genius, or Spirit, yet haunt the precincts! While standing upon an artificial mound of earth within this area, I looked at *Halidon Hill* in one direction, and at *Flodden Field* in another. They are each within two cannon-shots of the castle—and it seemed as if I yet sniffed the gunpowder of Surrey’s artillery from the latter quarter.* Where is such *another*

* The battle of *Halidon Hill*, fought in 1333, by King Edward the Third in person—within a short distance of Berwick—may be said to have been gained by the English *archery*. The English were posted on the summit of the hill; and the Scotch—many of the officers of whom dismounted, in order to accompany the infantry, and to push them up the hill to a resolute charge which

castellated area to be found ? Of the ancient dimensions of this far-famed edifice, little can now, with accuracy, be collected. Dr. Gilly (perhaps on the authority of our common friend Mr. Raine) seems to think that it occupied a good portion of the high

might lead them to victory—were doomed to receive their arrows full in their faces. They wavered, and the English spearmen and billmen went to work with their usual impetuosity and success. The defeat of the former seemed to be as complete as sudden ; and the slaughter was little short of that of Flodden Field : numbering eight earls, ninety knights and bannerets, and four hundred squires. The Scotch general, THE DOUGLAS of that day, after affording great and unavailing proofs of personal valour, fell among the slain, on a spot called *Douglas Dyke*. The town of Berwick opened her pliant gates to the victorious Edward ; who, I fear, on this, as well as on many other occasions, was not remarkable for his clemency towards the vanquished.

A word—although ten thousand times ten thousand words have been written—touching FLODDEN FIELD. Not only have writers of both sides copiously described this ill-fated battle for Scotland, but the materials by which their descriptions have been supplied have fortunately happened to be as faithful as abundant. In consequence—having read them *all*, from the *Faques Tract*, through Hall, the Chronicles of Paulus Jovius, up to Buchanan and Herbert—enlarged, polished, or compressed, by Hume, Henry, Ridpath, Lingard, and Tytler—add to these, the poetical effusions of Scott and Webber—I trust I may, without the slightest imputation of arrogance or presumption, be supposed to know something of the Flodden Fight:—and yet, much as I admire Mr. Tytler, I love to fight the battle with Hall and Ridpath. There never was perhaps such an extraordinary affair, from beginning to end : wild, quixotic, desperate, and deadly. It was another “Fontarabia”—

“When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell!”

Never did the earth drink more gallant blood from Scottish veins. James fell, absolutely embedded in his slaughtered nobility. Foolishly and rashly as he acted before the battle—scorning alike the

ground, opposite the road. On the side of the Tweed, it would be almost inaccessible; while all the vulnerable parts would be fortified and strengthened with every possible attention to the art of *Strategy*. My good old friend Bishop Pudsey once paced the

counsel of the wise and the entreaties of the brave*—he was resolved to “stand the hazard of the die,” and perish or conquer upon the field. He took every possible pains to let his adversary beat him. With a superior park of artillery, he allowed Surrey to make a movement in his rear, by crossing the Twysell, when he might have annihilated half his army, if he had only allowed his cannon to open their mouths upon them. He descended, from an almost impregnable position—the last of the lower heights of the Cheviot Hills†—upon a plain, where the English artillery and archers dealt destruction midst his tumultuous ranks: Bravery was everywhere personified, on both sides, on that tremendous day: but the cool self-possession, and consummate military skill, of Surrey, together with the personal activity, and the heroic daring of Sir Edward Stanley, at the head of his Lancashire men, (who probably

* The old Earl of Angus pressed upon James, even with much vehemence, the desperate folly of the approaching contest. The Scottish monarch tauntingly replied, that “he might go home, if he was afraid.” The veteran nobleman bowed to this bitter insult, and sought his home: but, as pledges of his loyalty and good affection, left behind him two of his sons...who, fighting bravely, perished in the battle.

† As far as I can make it out, the real brunt of the action took place on an extensive and level plain, called *Milfield*, to the south of Flodden, having the branches of the Cheviot Hills to the west—and to the north, Flodden Field, and some gently rising eminences, where James took up his first position. At the foot runs the slow and winding course of the Till, which disembogues itself into the Twysell. “The nearest approach of the English army (says Ridpath) towards Flodden, was through *this plain*, in every part whereof there would have been a full view of the Scots.” The reader will be pleased to discard all the fiction of the two armies not seeing each other, till the points of their lances were at each other’s throats—owing to the smoke from the burning of the Scotch baggage-wagons, &c. When at Howick, Earl Grey informed me, that *Milfield*—the Marathon of the North of England—had been, from *that day to this*, the property of his OWN FAMILY.

Wild as may seem the project, I honestly confess that I should like to have a DIG in *Milfield*—with the aid of fifty pickaxes and spades supplied by the poor of Norham Parish!

area of the Keep—on the Western side of which *was* one of the loftiest and most genuine stone staircases of the olden time. This, through an ill-judged spirit of humanity, has but very lately disappeared.* Norham Castle has had many masters. Even at this

turned the fortunes of the day) are beyond all praise. The action began at four in the afternoon, on the 9th of September, 1513, and ended at night-fall. The morning sun showed the Scotch artillery, without a single man by the side of a gun, upon an eminence; and the intermediate ground choked with the slain. Among them, was the Monarch of Scotland, too horribly mangled for description; with fifteen earls, one archbishop, two bishops, five eldest sons of peers, banerets and squires without end, and at least ten thousand common soldiers! The voice of lamentation and woe echoed from one end of Scotland to the other!—for almost every family of distinction and respectability wore crape round the heart as well as the arm.

Throughout England the contrary effect was manifest; for the loss had been comparatively slender—only one nobleman of distinction having fallen. The Queen ventured upon the fearful experiment of writing to Henry VIII—then leading his victorious troops from Tourenne to Tournay—telling him that *his* victories were not thought of after what had just taken place at Flodden Field!†

* The fact is this. Two idle lads, rambling on a Sunday, mounted this staircase, about seventy feet high, to the summit. Descending incautiously, they lost their footing—were precipitated to the bottom, and dashed to pieces. The then, and, I believe, the present, owner of the castle—Sir H. Blake—ordered the staircase to be taken down. This was a pity; for it was one of the most ancient in the kingdom; and an iron gate, kept locked, at the

† There is a spirit and a truth in the following passage from Mr. Tytler's concluding account of this ill-fated battle, which cannot be too indelibly engraven upon the memories of every succeeding generation:—"When we consider the flood of noble and of honest blood which was poured out at Flodden, and the long train of national misfortunes which this disaster entailed upon the country, it is right that the miseries of unnecessary warfare, and the folly of a thirst for individual glory, should be pointed out for the ADMONITION OF FUTURE AGES!"—*Hist. of Scotland*; vol. v. p. 88.

day there is an attempt to purchase that and the adjacent land : the latter now rented, as cattle pasture, by the Vicar, at twenty pounds a year. But difficulties beset a safe conveyance of it : the title being yet involved in doubt. J. Hodson Hinde, Esq. the member for Newcastle, and the last negotiator, furnishes me with this information. One curious fact, as stated to me by Dr. Gilly, is worthy of especial notice : namely, "the Castle of Norham has never remained long in any family, since it was forcibly abstracted from the Church, by compulsory sale, in the time of Elizabeth."

I spent three extremely pleasant days at Norham Vicarage ; and on the fourth, leaving my daughter, who was a great invalid, behind—to the care of a medical gentleman of the name of Ainslie*—I started

bottom, would have prevented a recurrence of such a disaster. An anecdote belongs to this staircase worth the mention. I was describing to a Scotch lady the gratifying view from the area of Norham Castle—dwelling, undesignedly, upon Halidon Hill and Flodden Field. "It is a pity," observed she, "that the old staircase was pulled down ; as on the top of it you might have got a view of BANNOCK-BURN !"

* A melancholy fate awaited this clever and highly-respected medical gentleman last year. His avocations, being an accoucheur, embraced a considerable extent of the neighbourhood—as much on the Scotch as the English side of the Tweed : and he usually forded the river on horseback, at all hours and seasons. One night, his father presented himself, at midnight, at the foot of the bed of Dr. Gilly's curate ; urging him to rise, and accompany him to the Tweed-side...for that he had been dreaming of the loss of his son in the river. The Curate rose, and they both rushed to the spot of the supposed submersion :—when, instead of a *dead*, they found a *living* body, in the person of the son—who had just recrossed the ford,

for Melrose and Abbotsford ; to return for my charge on the third day. As Dr. and Mrs. Gilly were going to spend a day with an old friend—in their route to Edinburgh—they were so obliging as to allow me to occupy a place in their carriage, as far as *Coldstream* ;* and we had hardly gone five miles, when Mrs. Gilly, pointing to a sort of triforked hill in the distance, to the right, told me that those were the *Eildon Hills*,†—and that Melrose lay

and jocularly upbraided them for their credulity. Hard upon *this* spot, and in the immediate vicinity of the village, last year, that same son was DROWNED: his horse and himself having made an unavailing struggle against the rising and overwhelming current of the Tweed.

* The regiment of guards, called “the Coldstream,” owes its name to a regiment raised at this place, in the reign of James II. What every citizen of London may not know, the post town of *Cheapside* is within a dozen miles of it.

† “Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And *Eildon* slopes to the plain...

Eildon Hill is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. *Eildon tree* is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.”—SCOTT: *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*: “The Eve of St. John.” My friend, Sir John Stoddart, supplies but a very indifferent view of these *EILDON HILLS*, although furnished by the pencil of Girtin. He adds, however, “It is no small addition to these lovely landscapes, that they are almost all stamped with poetic celebrity. (How much more so since the days of Scott!) The pastoral muse has dwelt with singular delight on the Tweed and its tributary streams; and has almost appropriated to them those Lowland airs, so peculiarly sweet and plaintive:”—vol. ii. p. 278. Of these *Eildon Hills*, the outline view, in Mr. Morison’s book, is singularly clever, and almost grand: but we desiderate the course of the Tweed.

just on this side of them. At that moment, the loftiest of these three summits was tipped with snow. On passing the stone-ribbed arch of the bridge, over the river Twysell—and over which the victorious Surrey led his army at the Flodden fight—Mrs. Gilly related to me an affecting anecdote; from which the reader will gather that a stinging remembrance of that disastrous event yet lurks in the patriotic bosoms of the Scotch. A lady, on her return to Scotland after many years' absence, alighted from her carriage when on this bridge; and kissing the earth, “thanked God that not *one* of her ancestors had returned from that fight—as a *fugitive*: they having all *perished in the field!*” Kelso may be called a fine town. The bridge, by the late illustrious Rennie, is that of Waterloo in miniature; being precisely of the same form. A little above it, the Teviot-river pays its homage to the Tweed, by a diagonal shallow fall, of about two feet. The adjacent country is beautiful and luxuriant. You soon catch a peep of *Fleurs*, the residence of the Duke of Roxburghe; which has a sort of monastic character of architecture, not very unlike that of Sion, the property of the Duke of Northumberland, near the Thames.* All this country, with its historical details and associations, has been so fully and

* My friend, Colonel Charlewood, (the Duke's uncle) informs me that some alterations and additions, under the presiding taste of Mr. Playfair, of Edinburgh, are about to be adopted in this building. Its position, and its dimensions, will afford a good opportunity for the exercise of such taste. I learn that there is a muniment-room at *Fleurs*, in which are deeds, with seals appended, enough to set the heart of an antiquary capering from morn till midnight!

so satisfactorily described by the Rev. James Morton, in his *Monastic Annals of Teviotdale*, that it were almost a waste of words to attempt to add to the illustration of this splendid and instructive volume.* The Roxburghe Family may prize it as among the more precious jewels in their ducal coronet: for where shall we find a braver, or a fairer knight, than the KERR of the sixteenth century—with his raised shield and his levelled spear against the legalized marauder, Somerset? I walked to the mound of the old Roxburghe Castle, of which—

—“ every sod beneath the feet ”

may be said to be “ a soldier’s sepulchre ! ”

The day was greatly on the wane when I started from Kelso to Melrose, resolving to pay a rapid visit at Fleurs—from respect to my friend Colonel

* The liberality of Mr. W. H. Lizars, of Edinburgh, has caused my limited library to be adorned with a copy of this splendid volume, upon large paper. It contains the monastic annals of the *Abbeys of Jedburgh, Kelso, Melrose, and Dryburgh*. Of these, not fewer than one hundred pages of text, with four plates, are devoted to *Kelso*: and the same number of pages of text, with seven plates, to *Melrose*. It is, therefore, in Mr. Morton’s book that we must dig for solid information and felicitous research. It is a work which does high honour to the author; nor does slight credit reflect upon his patron, Earl Grey, who rewarded him with a living chiefly in consequence of these toils. In Mr. Morton’s third plate illustrative of Kelso Abbey, there is a faithful representation of an interlacing lateral arch, with a peculiar diamond-shaped ornament. Having seen the original, I can vouch for its accuracy. I may add, that, in this same plate, there is a small engraving of the font in Dryburgh Abbey—which, in my visit to this latter place, it was my horror to see converted into a—*stand for flowers!*

Charlewood, the uncle of the Duke. His Grace was from home—fishing. This was on the 6th of November. On expressing surprise at such an occupation, so late in the season, the servant told me that “it was the *last day* of the sport”—and what will not a young man, just of age, encounter on the last day of fishing, hunting, or shooting? I left my card—and proceeded at a sharp pace for Melrose: the postillion having bunglingly taken me two miles round-about to Fleurs. In my whole journey, since quitting home, I never endured so tedious a stage. A hoarfrost, with accelerating darkness, pinched and perplexed me on all sides. To enter Melrose with *such* accessories! There was however a young moon, scarcely five days old,—enough to swear by, as visiting Melrose

“—by pale moonlight!”

I saw the last glimmer of day upon the surface of the Tweed, as I crossed the bridge and entered the Town. Driving to the principal—and not over and above well-furnished inn—I wrote a hasty note to Sir David Brewster, living on the opposite banks of the Tweed, at Allerly; and claiming his “promise of protection” when at Edinburgh,* announced my arrival, and intention of visiting him the next day. An immediate and kind answer was returned, enclosing a note from G. C. Bainbridge, Esq. of Gattonside House—in the immediate neighbourhood; in which enclosure “bed and board” were tendered for the ensuing day by the amiable writer: he having been, in times past, one of the subscribers to my

* See page 629 ante.

Decameron. In consequence, I trimmed the lamp and stirred the fire with additional glee—for a morrow of varied gratification was unexpectedly held out to me. *Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh*—names, which will live in pages long after *these* shall have been consigned to oblivion!

The morrow fortunately happened to be fine. Having bespoke a carriage for the day, I sallied forth immediately after breakfast, on foot, for the ABBEY: within bow-shot of the Inn. The Abbey ought to hold out some gratifications, for the town is the most *unpoetical* one imaginable. Let no man henceforth trust to the pencil of the poet or the artist—for the conveyance of an accurate impression of Melrose Abbey. On my first approach within its consecrated precincts, I saw . . . a *washerwoman* coolly hanging out linen, of all colours, upon an iron railing round an ordinary tomb-stone! I saw mean and obtruding houses elbowing the sacred edifice on all sides!* It

* The Duke of Buccleuch—to whom the Abbey, with the adjacent lands, and a great portion of the town, belongs—is doing wonders to clear the Abbey of this ungracious neighbourhood. Such improvements must be necessarily step by step. “If (says my friend Sir John Stoddart) this noble ruin stood, like *Pluscardine*, in a solitary vale, instead of being elbowed by the village, it would be still more impressive. This effect is, to a certain degree, (continues he) produced, by the exclusion of the adjacent buildings, in the view of it from Prior Bank.”—*Local Scenery and Manners of Scotland*; vol. ii. p. 227. I presume it to be from some such partial spot, that the two very fine, *imposing*, views of this Abbey are given in Mr. Morison’s splendid folio—views, that are even clothed with the poetry of the pencil. Treacherous poetry! Sir John Stoddart’s description of the Abbey itself also runs strongly into “the poetic vein.” That of the adjacent country is at once pleasing and faithful.

would indeed require the keeping-down tint of "pale moonlight," to absorb all these vulgarities in a sort of poetical mist. But I was resolved to be well pleased; and on entering, fancied I saw the embodied spirit of the GREAT POET sitting upon the *identical spot* which it used to occupy in its more substantial form of flesh and blood. The following is little more than an etching.



“There, Sir,” said the living genius of the place—(a Mr. Bower—who has made every nook and recess of the ruin his own) “there, Sir Walter Scott used to sit and look about him.”* Of course I was bound to sit and do the same: but the interior is so thoroughly *guttèd*, from ball, bullet, and pickaxe—it is so entirely roofless—that there is nothing but “the mind’s eye” to be exercised on the occasion.† I doubt the existence of any visible portion of the building before the year 1870. The window of the



can exhibit greater delicacy or truth of execution.* My cicerone expatiated upon it *con amore*—running a straw through the several interstices of the capital. The eastern, or altar-window, of about a century later, is very delicate, and a more mutilated ruin than that of the south transept. The side aisles are the narrowest and lowest I ever beheld. In its ancient glory, the exterior of the nave boasted of flying buttresses—of which no mean specimens yet remain...in two figures—one of the Virgin, the other of St. Andrew, the tutelary saint of Scotland. Of the old corbels, or brackets, the reader may form a notion from the following—furnished by the pencil of Mr. Bower, from the original which was directly before me.



* It is well observed by Sir John Stoddart, that "its stone appears still fresh and sharp; and the unparalleled elegance of the Gothic tracery and sculpture, is everywhere striking." He adds, that duty

The exterior, however, is almost entirely denuded of these relics: in fact, there are scarcely any vestiges of tombs, if we except a few towards the north side of the nave, at the western extremity. All which presents an aspect yet more annihilated than that of St. Andrew's. What the whole was, in its *primitive* form, I cannot pretend to say; but the ingenuity of Mr. Kemp has attempted to supply it; from which a small neat engraving has been made by Mr. Johnstone, and published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, at Glasgow. Were this Abbey situated as Sweetheart Abbey is,*—and were as much of its component parts visible—there had been a richer repast for the appetite of the poet to feed upon; but it is the province of the severe and more humble topographer, not to conjure up beauties which do not exist, nor to fill space by materials which are comparatively of very limited extent. The wand of the poet only has here created a fairy land.

On quitting the Abbey, I accompanied my *cicerone* to his dwelling, and found Sir David Brewster waiting to receive me. Mr. Bower is however worth visiting. He has a repository, up one pair of stairs, all covered with *Melrosiana*—represented in draw-

was performed at the western end—which is now discontinued. In fact, of all disfigurements—as if originating from a prize gained for the best representation of deformity—that, at the western end of Melrose Abbey, appeared to me to be the most frightful: “down with it, even unto the ground.” It may be as well to add, on the authority of Sir John, that the word Melrose is quasi *mul-ros*—the Gaelic of “a bare peninsular.”

* See page 467 ante.

ings, prints, plaster, and what not. Here I saw a plaster bust of the original gentleman from whom Jonathan Oldbuck, in the *Antiquary*, is supposed to have been taken. I bought several articles, and started with Sir David for Abbotsford.

If I have been brief in my account of Melrose Abbey, I must be yet briefer in that of Abbotsford—for, in the first place, all the world has been there: though not stirring from their fire-sides. What Shakspeare and Stratford-upon-Avon have been, such Scott and Abbotsford now are. Upon the stage—off the stage—in the banquetting-room of the rich, and in the cottage of the poor—*there* is Abbotsford, or its late master: or both together. I can present no new feature; even to the man whose migrations have been exclusively confined from Cripplegate to Austin Friars. I was indeed most fortunate in my companion: the intimate friend of the deceased—and the visitor of all the gentry in the neighbourhood. Sir David had kindly written to Sir Adam Ferguson, a fine, racy, old, antiquarian gentleman, for the key of the Library; that I might at least have the satisfaction of handling the copy of my *own* work, of which the acceptance on the part of the deceased (as I have before intimated*) so triumphantly established his being the author of *Waverley*. But the key was with one of the trustees: so that *that* felicity was denied me.

The mansion, or residence, or semi-castle, of

* See page 675 of my *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*.

Abbotsford, is close by the high-way-side—a part of it presenting the following aspect : which, although perhaps not so strictly picturesque as other portions which might have been selected, yet brings the

roof of a coach, might almost see within the rooms on the first floor? There is a mixture of trellis-work and French gardening, which may not perhaps be quite in character with a baronial exterior. But the hall-door is opened—and here breathed, and for a while lived, the greatest of intellectual mortals in this country, after Shakspeare, Bacon,

Milton, and Newton. You walk into Sir Walter's study, sit in his chair, gaze upon the motley furniture; and hard by, in a boudoir, behold his straw hat, jacket, waistcoat, trousers, high shoes, and walking-stick—in all which he was wont to be arrayed—hanging upon a couple of nails. You cannot fail to be sensibly affected. I own that I felt more than when I was standing by his graveside. Criticism were an ungracious, if not an almost unhallowed, task, to be exercised, upon what struck me as incongruities in the furniture. I wished many things away,* and others to supply their places: but the house is much larger, and there was more of *spectacle*, than I was prepared for. Of course I could have lingered here the day through. In an *Album*, I found that not fewer than nineteen visitors (among them several foreigners) had written their names since the *first* of the month—and this was the *seventh* of November:—a proud test of the never-dying curiosity connected with everything attached to the name of SCOTT!

The library is a large and handsomely gothicized room. There may be three thousand volumes: with now and then some gay coating upon the backs of the

* In a preceding page (561-2) I have adverted to what I conceive to be the revolting taste of fixing up a plaster cast of a human skull—frightful under every modification, as an exposed object—said to be that of Robert Bruce—as seen in the Museum at Edinburgh, and at Abbotsford. In the former place, it is said to be the *original* skull of that great man. It is as likely to be that of King Fergus. But in Mr. Tytler's *Scottish Worthies*, there is a plate of the body of Bruce, as found in his stone coffin—with his *head upon his shoulders!*

books. Pictures and ornaments without end were in the adjoining rooms—and especially in the dining-room; where I saw, for the first time, *The Head of Queen Mary upon a charger*, (evidently an apocryphal head) as we see that of John the Baptist. I had desired a copy of it to embellish these pages; but without the slightest hope or chance of success, as everything in the shape of ornament is catalogued for lithographic representation on some forthcoming day. The trustees watch over the very penetralia of this building, with an Argus-like vigilance, which allows of no stray flower to escape from the precincts. We shall see what will be produced: only, “’twere well it were done quickly.” The most splendid ornament in the shape of a present, was a large, magnificent, Celtic sword, in a red velvet case. Of all hands, those of Sir Walter Scott would have brandished this sword *con amore!* He breathed his last in the dining-room. One thing struck me exceedingly. From no one of the lower rooms could I obtain a view of the Tweed.

With a heavy heart I sought the chaise; and Sir David Brewster continuing my companion and guide, we turned round for Dryburgh Abbey,* in the opposite direction. On quitting, it should seem that all

* I again revert, with equal pleasure and confidence, to the *Monastic Annals of Teviotdale*, by the Rev. J. Morton; from p. 199 to 318: with three illustrative plates, and a fourth plate of Jedburgh, Kelso, Melrose, and Dryburgh. If ever I meet the author, I shall scold him for the many ladies and gentlemen he has allowed to wander about the cloisters of Dryburgh Abbey. They should have been monks and friars. The views are too picturesque.

the immediately adjoining land had been Sir Walter Scott's:—"There (observed my intelligent companion) he sat; or walked with his pruning-knife in hand; or superintended the planting of forest-trees—of which he was exceedingly fond. Never was a master more in love with his domain; and never, alas! did a master pay dearer for its enjoyment." We were now nearing Dryburgh Abbey—which lies quite in a bottom, by the side of the Tweed. We stopped at the swing bridge, which, at great length, nobly bestrides the river, running rapidly and strongly below. We were now in the *Buchan* lairdship: the Abbey, and all its adjoining lands, being the property of Sir David Erskine.* Of this abbey, there are views nearly to the full as numerous as those of Melrose: but it is a mere *apology* for what it once was. It is chiefly of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—with good specimens of a refectory, dormitory, and a banquetting-room. Its more sacred part is compressed within very narrow limits.

* "At Dryburgh (says my friend Sir J. Stoddart) I was received with great kindness. I must equally acknowledge the politeness of Lady Buchan, who herself shewed me the ruins—and of the Earl, (the then brother of the famous Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England) who obligingly communicated to me every information respecting them: and my satisfaction in the society of this noble family was increased, by meeting here my friend Mr. Henry Brougham, (afterwards also Lord Chancellor of England). The Erskine Family, having been subsequently the commendators of Dryburgh Abbey, were induced to purchase it, and build an adjoining residence. The ruins, which are very extensive, stand in an open pleasure-ground, which, though, upon the whole, rather too trim and neat, to accord with the character of these massy fragments," &c.

Sir David Erskine was so obliging as to accompany us—carrying the key of the several enclosures in his hand. Of course I cared to look at nothing till I was brought to the GRAVE OF SCOTT. It is close to that of his Lady, who died several years before. A sort of wild scrambling wall-flower was running over the grave of Lady Scott; while the top of Sir Walter's was composed of large loose clods of brown turf. An iron-grating was locked before it: above, and in every other direction, the corpse would be protected by the remaining roof and the side walls. In the direction of the spectator, it is entirely exposed to wind and weather: so that it may be said to be neither wholly within, nor wholly without, coverture; a sort of half and half disposition of the remains: while, for want of rain from above, the turf must ever remain brown and unadhesive. I could not, necessarily, find myself on such a spot, without deeply seated emotions of respect and attachment towards the memory of HIM who was sleeping at my feet:—whose fair fame has filled

“Nothing is now remaining but the walls, and they are so much demolished, that the outline of the building is not easily traceable.” Vol. ii. p. 279. If there be such a thing as *demoralizing* a VIEW—as there is of demoralizing the *human character*—all these *garden adjuncts* and *appurtenances* clearly effect that object.

When Sir Walter Scott, in his *Minstrelsy*, (“Eve of St. John”) gave a brief description of this abbey, he little anticipated that his own remains would be deposited there. “Dryburgh Abbey (says he) is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its desolation it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.”

the wide world—and whose best monument perhaps would be the heavens above, and the rude mountains by the side of him. But artificial creatures as we are, we yet desiderate a better “local habitation” for the corpse of this great man. I fearlessly affirm I would have it **DISINTERRED . . . *some few paces only*** : and all Scotland, if it so please, should be present at the disinterment. Or, pulling down what is immediately above, let there be erected a monument over his head, of rich Gothic tracery—broad, lofty, substantial—towering towards *that* sky, from which his spirit would be looking down while the pious work was going on. We might then have something to see and to point at. We might *then*, midst the very negative claims to attention and admiration which the ruins afford, have *one* **DECIDED OBJECT** to captivate the eye, and to touch the heart. Pilgrims, without end or number, would hie thither ; and the shrine of Becket be eclipsed—if not by the costliness of offerings, at least by the ardour of the vows, and the purity of the prayers breathed forth ! What Garrick has said of the shrine of Shakspeare, will doubtless be said of that of Scott . . .

“ The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
And hallowed the turf be which pillows his head ! ”

On retiring from this consecrated spot, Sir David Erskine, after giving us a kind reception within his house—perfectly bestudded with pictures of the most complex and miscellaneous description I ever beheld—(but in which neither Guido nor Guercino, as he intimated, played any part in the exhibition)—we

left the ruined domains, and made for the bridge ; Sir David Brewster bidding me remark, to the left, a huge cavity, out of which the stone materials had been taken for the erection of the Abbey. Scotland can never be impoverished by a thousand such cavities. We now neared the bridge, and saw our postilion slowly exercising the poor animals upon the pebbled shore. On seeing us, he put up a loud shout of savage remonstrance—wanting to know “ whether we meant to kill his master’s horses ? ” They had doubtless been six hours upon their legs. We made our peace on remounting, and pushed at a sharp trot for Mr. Bainbridge’s, at Gattonside house. The hill of *Cowdenknows**—as pointed out to me by Sir David Brewster—was before us to the right ; and I thought of all the ancient ballads con-

* “ O ! the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
 And the broom of the Cowdenknows !
 And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
 I’ the bought, milking the ewes.
 The hills were hills on ilka side,
 An’ the bought i’ the lirk o’ the hill,
 And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
 Out o’er the head o’ yon hill.”

Such is the commencement of the original ballad of the *Broom of Cowdenknows*—situated upon the river Leader, about four miles from Melrose. Who does not long to scale its soft and towering greensward, after reading the above stanzas, the first two of the twenty-seven of which the entire ballad is composed ? In *Ettrick Forest*, says Sir Walter Scott, these are the words uniformly adapted to the tune : and they are different from those given in Herd’s Collection. I am for Scott versus Herd. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in his *Letters to Paton*, p. 12, calls it *Cowdiknows*—“ a very beautiful green hill that rises near the ancient abbey of Melrose.”

nected with that celebrated greensward. "Time was, (observed my agreeable companion) that all this neighbourhood was studded with what might be called classical villas : Scott, and Lockhart, and Cranstoun, and Ferguson . . . but how few remain !" There is about the whole of this scenery a sort of soothing amenity of landscape : nothing to kindle surprise, or bestir a violent sensibility : while its quickly attainable distance from Edinburgh (about thirty-six miles) renders it a point of very general attraction.

The shades of evening were prevailing as we reached Gattonside House. From what trifling objects or incidents, sometimes, do you gather the certainty of a warm reception from the master of the mansion ? The head man-servant got quite out of breath as he helped to take off my great-coat—telling me " his master had been expecting me these two hours." The drawing-room door was opened, and behold Mr. Bainbridge and his amiable daughters—all of whom I saw for the first time. I was received most cordially. Sir David, living hard by, had stopt *en route* to " make his toilette." I was soon ushered into a bed-room, warmed as well as *illuminated* by a blazing fire—and, truth to say, I stood in need of in-door comfort :—for Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh, had been equally fireless. The bed, with its accessories, were fit for the Ducal owner of Melrose Abbey : a palpable contrast to what I had occupied on the preceding evening. Mr. Bainbridge has here a most excellent mansion, with a fine sweeping view of the Tweed ; and if the

chimneys of Melrose would only consume their own smoke, there would be no objection to their vicinity.

At six, an admirable repast, in the shape of a dinner, awaited us ; and Sir David and myself “ fell to,” with the alacrity of men whose appetites had been sharpened from the unusual quantity of oxygen gas imbibed—for we had scented nought but “the broom—the bonny, bonny broom!” the live-long day. The wines were choice. The champagne was of the genuine opal tint—the hock yet more surpassing . . . and doubtless had once been an inmate in the cellars of Messrs. Fust, Schoeffher, & Co. some three centuries and a half ago.* The charm of the evening consisted in chatting, about every body—every thing—and nothing. No talk for victory. Our discourse was as fluent, and perhaps at times as transparent, as the famous river flowing within two-hundred yards of the house. Midnight stole upon us when we were little prepared for its arrival.

Our host had been among my early *Decameron* patrons, and “ the true **book-lobe** ” was yet running in his veins. The next morning he placed before me a book, of which all the world has heard ; but of which, as well as of *Cocker*,† I had never seen the earliest edition or parent text. It was *Hoyle on the Game of Whist*—of which the subjoined account may not be unacceptable.‡ I had hardly fancied

* See page 625 ante.

† See a somewhat particular account of an early edition of this well-known work at page 726 ante.

‡ This *first edition* of the game of *Whist* is bound in one volume, with the first editions, by the same author, upon the games of

myself warm and at home, within this mansion of hospitality and friendliness, when the arrival of the postchaise, from Melrose, reminded me that it was absolutely necessary to say farewell . . . and to return to Norham Vicarage for my invalided companion. I owe to the widowed owner of this mansion, and his amiable daughters—the eldest of whom presided at the symposium of the preceding day with equal tact and grace—a Winchester-bushel full of heartiest thanks.

On returning, precisely by the route I came, I could not help being struck with the truth of a remark made by Sir Walter Scott to Sir David Brewster, (as the latter informed me) that the banks

Backgammon, Piquet, and Quadrille: by EDMOND HOYLE, Gent. The title-page to the Whist is unluckily wanting, but as the dates to the other games are 1745 and 1746, we may reasonably infer that that of the Whist is either one or the other. The Quadrille and Picquet are of the date of 1746—both the second editions. The Backgammon is of 1745, and is the first edition. The Picquet is followed by the *Game of Chess*; together sixty-eight pages. Whist has eighty pages. Each treatise seems to have been published at the price of one shilling. From that upon Whist, the following not incurious passage is extracted. “He (the author) has also framed an *Artificial Memory*, which does not take off from attention to the game; and, if required, he is ready to communicate it, upon payment of *one Guinea*: also he will explain any cases in the book upon payment of *one guinea more*.” Then ensues the following

“ADVERTISEMENT.

“This book having been entered at Stationers’ Hall, according to Act of Parliament, whoever shall presume to print or vend a Pirate Edition, shall be prosecuted according to law. At the particular desire of several persons of quality, the laws of the game are printed on a fine imperial paper, proper to be framed or made screens of,

of the Tweed are neither choked nor disfigured by encumbering bushes nor weeds. There is an air of neatness about these banks, precisely the opposite of art; which gives even a cheerful aspect to the river. You long to be gliding in a gondola by the side of them, with guitar and harmonious voices on board—to awaken the slumbering spirit which once peopled them with shepherds piping to their listening flocks. Alas! the annals of Teviotdale are those, I fear, which have furnished these banks with human beings engaged in different occupations—in repelling the invading moss-trooper, or throwing back the tide of almost interminable warfare.

At length we bade a long adieu to *Norham Vicarage*. In pursuing a near cross road, to get into the main northern road from Berwick, I could not help again and again taking a “lingering look”

that the players may have them before them, to refer to if any dispute should arise. Price one shilling. Whoever pirates either of these works will be sued. The proprietor has already obtained *injunctions against nine persons*, for pirating, or selling pirated editions of, one of them.” Again :

“ TO THE READER.

“ The author of the following treatise has thought proper to give the public notice that he has reduced the price of it, that it may not be worth any person’s while to purchase the *pirated editions*, which have already been obtruded on the world; as likewise all those piratical editions are extremely incorrect, and that he will not undertake to explain any case but in such copies as have been set forth by *himself*, or that are authorized as revised and correct under his *own hand*.—EDMOND HOYLE.”

Of the private life of this renowned author, I have looked in vain for particulars among our more popular biographies.

at the CASTLE ; that lone, but massive monument of departed power ! Whoever becomes its possessor, or whatever be the plans adopted for the improvement of its immediate neighbourhood, I hope the latter will not be accomplished without due consideration and care. *Two* heads ought at least to be consulted for its successful execution. This cross-road (from the advanced season of the year) was a very *Bay of Biscay* by land. Fortunately it did not exceed two or three miles. We were now, then, in full pursuit of the ulterior objects of our journey : *Alnwick, Howick, Sunderland, and Eshton Hall.* With the exception of some glimpses of the ocean (which are always cheering) to the left, nothing can be well duller than the road . . . till you get within near view of the CHEVIOT HILLS* to the

* Of all the mountainous objects in this BORDER COUNTRY, none are so lofty, and none so celebrated, as the Cheviot Hills. Deeds of arms and feats of poetry have alike contributed to this celebrity. The hills are a sort of insulated ridge, towards the north extremity of the county, of which the highest point may be two thousand five hundred feet. The Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire, convey a notion of their insulated form ; but these latter, although more graceful in outline, are neither so lofty nor so long. The famous *Ballad of Otterbourne* was composed upon the yet more famous battle of Otterbourne—fought not far from the base of these Cheviot Hills, on the 15th of August, 1388 : a battle, headed by the two great champions—the Douglas of Scotland and the Hotspur, or Percy, of Northumberland : men of an equally lofty spirit and irrepressible daring : bitter towards each other from martial jealousy—but imbued, each, with all that noble and heroic principle, which may be said not only to soften the asperity of war, but in some measure to atone for its enormities. These illustrious chieftains met on the fatal field of Otterbourne . . . where Douglas fell, and where Percy

right—of Lindisferne, or Holy Island, and *Bamborough Castle* to the left. The only instance, in the whole route, in which fate seemed to be unkind, was, in not affording me time to spend a day at each of these contiguous spots.* I expected no mercy at the hands of my friend the Rev. J. Raine, of Durham, for not visiting—at the former place—the shrine whence holy St. Cuthbert was called away in a vision to become the founder and tutelary saint of Durham Cathedral: while I knew my ancient friend Walter Calvary Trevelyan, Esq., would almost lift the axe of decapitation upon me for abstaining to handle the tomes in the latter place.† Besides, from one

was captured. There is no “war-tale” like unto that of the *Field of Otterbourne*, if personal anecdote be exclusively considered. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Minstrelsy*, (as might have been expected) has alike charmed our attention and won our admiration for the dying hero of Scotland: and Addison, in his *Spectator*, has illustrated the usually received ballad of *Chevy Chase*, with all the graces of his style and all the elegance of his criticism. Mr. Archdeacon Singleton, who may be said to live upon the very spot of this memorable fight, was as kind as urgent to invite me to his abode, Elsdon Castle—built upon its site: “a sort of cross (as he humorously calls it) between a belfry and a dove-cote.” But “*Diis aliter visum.*” It may be as well to add, that the village of Otterburn is pleasantly situated on the north side of the Reed river, three miles west of Elsdon, deriving its name from the *Otter* river, (qu. river of *Otters*?) which falls into the Reed at this stone. The great or perpendicular stone, by way of a monument of this famous battle, is incorrectly called “Percy Cross.”

* See Mr. Raine’s *North Durham*, where their early histories are exhausted. Mr. Allan has, I think, a view of the Castle, in his fascinating *Northern Tourist*.

† The LIBRARY here is neither small nor inconsiderable. Among

of the Prebendaries of Durham being always in residence at Bamborough Castle, I might have expected a kind reception : as well as to witness the roaring sea lashing the Castle's base, and to hear the whistling blast rushing along the deserted ramparts. But it might not be.

The rain fell the whole way for the last two stages : and the "Cheviot" was completely concealed from our view. We alighted at the "Angel Inn" at Alnwick. As you approach Alnwick, you see, to the right, a lofty tower, or prospect-house, in the centre of the Duke of Northumberland's park, surrounded by rising ground, thickly wooded with various trees, upon whose branches scarcely one last straggling leaf of autumn was lingering. A lofty air of patrician wealth characterises the whole. To the left, as you enter the town, is THE CASTLE—the residence of THE DUKE. Upon the parapets, turrets, and raised portions of the wall, and especially over the barbican, are erected figures, in stone, in warlike costume ; some of them being in the most threatening attitudes of assault. The sword, the javelin, the bow and arrow, the sling, the stone, are all

its *Keimelia* are a copy of Walton's *Poyglot Bible*, on small paper, with the *Dedication to Charles II* ; and a copy, UPON VELLUM, of the second edition of the *Siege and Destruction of Troy* ; printed by Pynson, in 1513, folio. This library, surrounded by, and kept harmless from,

" the rolling surges of a restless sea,"

was bequeathed to this castle by Dr. John Sharp, a prebendary of Durham ; who died in 1792. There is a printed catalogue of its contents. I desire nothing better than three days' residence within its precincts—but not in the season of the year on which it was our destiny to pass through the neighbourhood.

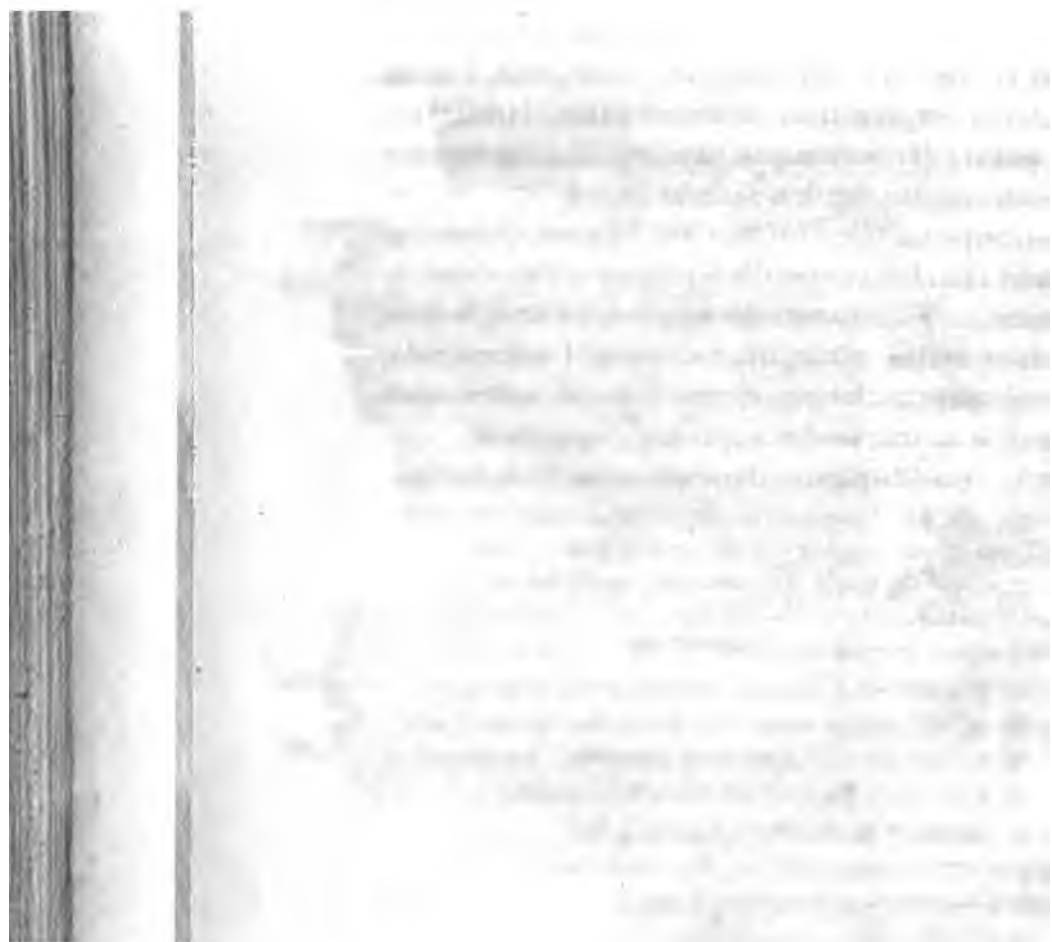




F. Hermandes Straße

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

J. W. Richardson's Hotel



ready to be hurled at you!*—forming a remarkable contrast to the reception awaiting you within—where all is gentleness, kindness, and warm as well as splendid hospitality. The *Barbican* is what may be called “a grand creature” of castellated antiquity; and while its exterior bespeaks the reader’s attention in the OPPOSITE PLATE,† it may be as well to inform him that this barbican is not less genuine than perfect, in all its component parts; and, I make no doubt, of the time of Edward III. How often the gallant HOTSPUR may have issued from beneath it—surrounded by his faithful followers‡—and in what especial armour he was clothed, when he sought *the Douglas* on the fatal field of Otterbourne, it were necessarily vain to enquire:§ but I believe I am speaking within limits, when I affirm, that, throughout the kingdom, there is no *other* such entrance as THIS—for impressing us with the real character of by-gone days of baronial grandeur.

* These figures, together with the present general appearance or arrangement of the Castle, were completed about the year 1755-80, by the present duke’s grandfather. The figures *seem* to be about three-fourths the size of life; whatever they may be in reality.

† There are views of it out of number; even by the pencil of Mr. Richardson, of Newcastle, from which the OPPOSITE PLATE was engraved. The wooden rails should be away; but taken from any, and every point, the effect can scarcely fail to gratify.

‡ Mr. Allom, in his *Northern Tourist*, p. 196, has not been so happy in his “hunting sortie” out of this barbican-entrance, as in his other instances of dressing up old castles by appropriate figures and occupations.

§ Strictly speaking, Hotspur left *Newcastle* for the field of Otterbourne.

Over this entrance "*the Brabant Lion,*" and the "*War-cry of Esperance,*" are conspicuously displayed. The entire castle, comprising the outer, the middle, and the inner ward, contains about five acres within its walls, which are flanked and strengthened by sixteen towers and turrets. My authority is the elegant volume—containing an account of the "*Castles of Alnwick and Warkworth,*"—privately printed, and executed from sketches made, by THE DUCHESS herself: a production, of which I am equally prompt and proud to acknowledge the gift of a copy.*

From such an authentic document, the reader may be well pleased to receive something like a minute account of this celebrated residence. It is told in few words. We will begin with the exterior, or

* This elegant, and even useful, volume, was put forth in 1823, 4to.—and is dedicated by its Ducal Authoress to her mother...in the following lines:—

" TO
HENRIETTA ANTONIA,
COUNTESS OF POWIS,
THIS WORK
IS DEDICATED BY
HER AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER."

Her Grace's name, in her own hand-writing, is below the last line. It contains but thirty-nine pages of text, but is crowded with lithographic plates, of varying merit. Among these plates, the most curious and gratifying to my eye, is the "View of Alnwick Castle, copied, on a reduced scale, from an old picture"—with a fox-hunt in the foreground—but it wants more determination of the parts, and picturesqueness of effect. These plates relate to "Warkworth Castle and Hermitage," as well as to Alnwick; and are thirty-nine in number.

flanking objects—the towers and turrets. 1. *Avener's Tower*; 2. *The Barbican*; 3. *Caterer's Tower*; 4. *Water Tower*; 5. *Guard House*; 6. *Auditor's Tower*; 7. *Ravine Tower, and Hotspur's Seat*; 8. *Record Tower*; 9. *Constable's Tower*; 10. *Postern Tower and Sally Port*; 11. *Armourers' Tower*; 12. *West Garret*; 13. *Abbot's Tower*; 14. *Falconer's Tower*. You pass under the gate-way, or main entrance of the Barbican, and obtain an immediate view of what was once “the *Donjon* or *Keep*”—raised apparently upon a grass bank, kept in the nicest order. This, in fact, is the principal floor of the Castle, or the ordinary residence of the family; containing not fewer than fifteen apartments, which are noticed below.* To the eye of severe taste, this exterior—in which, to his credit, the present Duke “had no hand”—abounds with incongruities. It is not in harmony with what precedes it, and belongs to no period of castellated architecture. Both the facing and the windows of this noble sweep of building should be, as easily might be, converted to a better Gothic taste. You pass under another gate; and turning to the left, prepare to enter the Keep. And here your eye is refreshed and comforted by the sight of a fine old zig-zag Norman arch—perhaps a little before the year 1200—which has been judiciously selected by the Duchess as the frontispiece

* 1. State dressing-room. 2. State bed-room. 3. State dressing-room. 4. State bed-room. 5. State dressing-room. 6. Great staircase. 7. Saloon. 8. Drawing-room. 9. Dining-hall. 10. Breakfast-room. 11. Duchess's tower. 12. Duke's tower, or Percy's closet. 13. Duke's room. 14. Library. 15. The chapel.

for her book.* There is a private entrance—generally used by the family—immediately to the left: but strait forward, across the court, there is another and the principal hall of entrance.

I dined with His Grace on the first day of my arrival; and could not but be particularly struck on entering the first court-yard, after passing under the Barbican. There, in the heavens, shone, as the day was retiring, the *Crescent-Moon*, or the PERCY CREST—over the battlements of the wall to the right. It was just as it should be; and not many hours afterwards, within the library, the Duke shewed me this Percy Crescent, stamped in gold, upon one of the volumes (obtained from Mr. Heber's library) of the Earl who was so long confined a prisoner in the Tower of London.† One need not enter the hovel for evidences of the mutations of human life! The dining-room is a noble apartment, exceedingly lofty; and necessarily curtailed by screens when a limited circle only assemble in it. The whole circuit of Judges, Barristers, Sheriffs, Magistrates, Attorneys—with side tables for clerks and constables—might be commodiously received and entertained in it... while their united shouts to “the health of His Grace,” after dinner, would hardly cause the slightest

* Her Grace calls it—in accordance with the usually received term—Saxon gateway. A five-minutes' perusal of Mr. Rickman's book upon Architecture will rectify this error. There is no legitimately established SAXON ARCHITECTURE.

† This was HENRY PERCY, the ninth earl, and a Knight of the Garter. He married Dorothy, the sister of the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favourite; and died in 1632. He was imprisoned by that most capricious and at times besotted monarch, James I.

crack in the most delicately carved work of the elevated ceiling. Sir John Smith, Bart., an ancient gentleman, whom I met at the Duke's table—and who was the intimate friend of his father, and is of course the constant inmate of the Castle, told me—if my memory be not treacherous—that the whole Corps of the *Alnwick Yeomanry* once dined in this room. Over the fire-place is a copy in oil of the whole-length portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the great Somerset Heiress, in her coronation robes, who engrafted such wealth upon the Percy stock.* We had scarcely sat down to dinner, when the arrival of the Marquis of Douro, the Duke of Wellington's eldest son—was announced. We were a compact pleasant party of somewhere about ten. I have noticed a coincidence in the heavens on my way to this dinner :—I may notice one on my departure. The horizon was in a blaze with the trembling up-shooting flames of the finest *Aurora Borealis* I ever remember to have seen—while the stone figures upon the battlements stood boldly forth in the most picturesque forms imaginable.

The next day was one of unqualified gratification to me. The family keep early hours ; and by nine the breakfast table was surrounded by the same party who had risen from dinner on the preceding day. I was necessarily anxious after breakfast for a *book-*

* She was the daughter of Algernon Seymour, Duke of Dorset ; who was summoned to parliament in 1722, on the death of his mother, as BARON PERCY. She married the grandfather of the present duke ; and, with her husband, were the *first* DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

forage; or a rummage in the Library—especially as this Library was not of yesterday's growth, and the general appearance of the books indicated good sport for the bibliomaniacal Angler. The room may be sixty feet long; with a fire at each end. I flew to the Catalogue. There was a *Leland's Itinerary*, of 1710. Was it upon *fine paper*?* The Marquis of Douro seemed exceedingly to enjoy my fidgetty anxiety—wondering at the consequence, if it *were*! In a trice I pounced upon these little thin starveling volumes—and taking down the first, my visage fell. The most dismal augury was inferred. “But what if it *had been* the fine paper?” “My Lord Duke (observed I) *it were impossible to pronounce.*” General laughter ensued—and I continued my “forage.” Here may be some 10,000 volumes: but a divided Library—one in London, and the other at Sion—necessarily thins the book-ranks at Alnwick.

At the end of the library, to the left, is the CHAPEL: picked out, like all the rooms upon this floor, with white ornament upon a blue ground. This was done by His Grace's grandfather. Such a pattern, or plan, will not be repeated on a second beautifying. At the end of the chapel, beneath a window, is a marble sarcophagus to the memory of

* The uninitiated might as well be informed that there never were more than *ten copies*, of this first edition of Leland, printed upon *fine paper*: and of these, the only copies which I remember to have seen, are, the one in the old library at Woburn Abbey—the other (Dean Aldrich's) in the library of Christ Church, Oxford. After all, these copies have only a common-place aspect: but the ordinary copies (and of these there were only one hundred printed) are sorrowful enough in aspect. See *The Library Companion*; p. 225.

His Grace's grandmother, whose portrait is in the dining-room. It is of the most exquisite material and workmanship—but should be somewhat raised. On the sides of the chapel are inscribed the *Percy Genealogies*: to the left, those which are pushed up to the time of Charlemagne: to the right, those from Hotspur downwards. These inscriptions are also of the time of His Grace's grandfather. I do not think that the Grandson would have been privy to them in . . . a House of Prayer . . . where, in the midst of all such ancestral emblazonings,* you cannot but be reminded of a more impressive and inextinguishable inscription, "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!*" Within a recess, opposite

* The present Duke of Northumberland is necessarily and wisely alive to the fame of an ANCESTRY with blood enough to inoculate half the kingdom: but when a superior Power may be said more especially to reside—where only "two or three are gathered together in HIS NAME"—those so gathered will as necessarily be but "*dust and ashes*" before Him. In other respects, and where the *muniment-room* calls upon its owner to remember days and deeds long passed away, too much care and attention cannot be bestowed on a collection of all that helps to emblazon and to illustrate the pedigrees and achievements of our forefathers. It has been from a sure and sober estimate of the bearing of these points, that the present Duke has called in the aid of HERALDRY—directed by a *Lodge*, and executed by a *Thomson*—to produce perhaps the *most marvellous shield of COTE-ARMOUR* in the world; containing not fewer than EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO QUARTERINGS. Of this shield, glittering with ten thousand colours, His Grace has had an *engraving* (a private plate) executed, with a brilliancy and apparent fidelity that cannot be surpassed. By his courtesy, I possess a copy of this engraving—which might even make the Montmorencys of France "hide their diminished heads."

the reading desk, the family take their places at divine worship: the outer or larger portion of the Chapel being quite filled by His Grace's establishment of servants.

About eleven o'clock, agreeably to a fixed plan, His Grace accompanied me in a drive round the grounds, or park, which I saw on my entrance to Alnwick—on the right. I desired nothing better: for although the day was gloomy, there was no rain, and I was sure of seeing everything under the best possible auspices. The start was *en plein costume*, and most splendid. A barouche and four magnificent black horses, polished like ebony—upon whose backs, heads, and haunches, profusely embossed silver harness shook and glittered at every movement—with two out-riders, and a third in the rear, upon animals of equal giant-size:—the whole rolling under the Barbican,* as we proceeded on our excursion to the *Abbeys of Alnwick*, and *Hulne*, situated within the very bosom of the park. I had scarcely entered this magnificent and peculiar domain, when, in spite of the day and the season, I augured the liveliest satisfaction: but, sooth to say, I longed in my heart for a summer's sun, or a summer's moon!—to revel as I gazed upon such a

* Till lately, there was a drawbridge, over a fosse, which helped to keep up the ancient character of the place: but the present race of horses happening to be of higher metal and more sensitive nerve than those of five centuries ago, the rumbling noise in rolling over the bridge, caused much capering and starting—to the alarm of those within the carriage;—and the bridge was prudently *withdrawn*.

succession of gratifying objects. We inverted the ordinary course of the route, by taking the Abbeys *last* on our trip : but it was of no consequence, and they may be described as Her Grace has described them in her instructive volume. First, for nature. Here was a field for "Capability Brown!" who has indeed *belted* and *clumped* the rising grounds with no sparing hand. His Grace is necessarily, and most judiciously, thinning these dense woods, and thereby alike improving and fertilizing the grounds. The sun now shines, and the air circulates, where before there was no entrance for either. In consequence, timber is largely falling ; and it is no small or easy task to see, that, as destruction ensues in one place, accumulation or planting follows in another. It is a vast domain of varied property ; enriched by a park wall of scarcely less than nine miles in circumference. The river Alne runs sweetly in a quiet vale at the bottom.

On the banks of this river, about mid-way in the park, are the entrance or gateway only to one Abbey, and a great portion of the ruins of another. The first is that of *Alnwick*,—founded for Canons of the Premonstratensian order—by the family of the De Vesci—in the middle of the twelfth century. The grants of this family were subsequently confirmed and augmented by the Percys, their Baronial successors at Alnwick. Many of the Percys, to the period of the dissolution of this Monastery, in 1535, were buried within these consecrated walls : particularly Henry, the second Lord of Alnwick, who died in 1368. What the character of the *interior*

might have been, is now necessarily only matter of conjecture; but if it in any respect resembled the purity and correct taste of the *gateway*, now standing— and which may be of the date last mentioned— it would have been—

“ The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

Of its kind, (which, however, from the machiolating portion, seems to belong rather to a Castle than to a Monastery) it is, to my eye, quite perfect; a very text in its way for architects to discourse upon: and, on that side upon which the beating rains and buffeting winds of nearly five centuries have fallen with comparatively less violence, its contemplation is one of unmixed satisfaction.*

We proceed to the neighbouring ruins of *Hulne Abbey*. It is one, having the most peculiar characteristics with which I am acquainted. Disjointed and crumbling as appear to be its component parts, you fancy you could easily unite them: compose a refectory here; a dormitory there; a cloister in this place; united to the existing chapel-walls, marked by the cross at the gable end. Anon, you place the Lady Abbess in the snuggest recess possible. The whole of the “ Ground Plan” has been admirably detailed by the Duchess, in her book—from which I borrow without scruple the subjoined details.* The entire

* There is a pretty lithographic view of it in Her Grace's volume; and a more varied and picturesque one in Mr. Allom's *Northern Tourist*: but it is here represented in too mouldering a state, and too much adumbrated by trees.

† “ The Ground Plan” of Hulne Abbey is thus marked out by the Duchess. 1. Gate-house tower. 2. Kitchen, 3. Bake-house.

area, together with what has been described as preceding it, is, to the lively eye of a thorough-bred antiquary, *faery-land*. Or, it is a sort of *Imperium in Imperio*, which will with difficulty be found in any other domain. What a spot for a noon-day frolic—or symposium—in the solstitial heat of summer! The champagne is plunged into the cooling waters of the Alne,—the cloth is spread midst corbels, and niches, and fragments of clustered shafts of pillars. A monk in stone stands here,—another sculptured figure rests there—a third a little beyond—each looking upon the gay occupants of this once quiet and secluded area! The very genius of *picnicker*y should reside in such a place.

It is moonlight, and the sun has sunk “in the ocean-bed” at the distance of some six miles. The voice of mirth ceases; and the ripple of the Alne, and the hooting of the owl, are only heard. It is then—on the dawn of the anniversary of the Otterbourne Fight—that the spirit of *Ralph Fresborne*, gliding from the heights of Mount Carmel,* is seen to haunt

4. Boulting-house. 5. Well and bath. 6. The chapel. 7. Hand-mill. 8. South-west entrance. 9. The church. 10. Lord's tower. 11. Cloister. 12. Principal church. 13. Founder's tomb. 14. The sacristy. 15. Women's-house. 16. Refectory. 17. Dormitory over the refectory and part of the cloister. 18. East entrance. A print accompanies it.

* We gather from Her Grace's book, that this spot was selected by Fresborne from its resemblance in the surrounding scenery to that of Mount Carmel. The founder had made the acquaintance of Lord William de Vesci in the Holy Land. At the instigation of this nobleman, the Abbey was built, and a grant of the site and neighbouring pastures was presented by him—which was confirmed by his sons John and William, and by the successive Lords Percy of Alnwick.

these ruins, sometimes with, and sometimes without, the accompanying ghost of *De Vesci*. Sweet, solemn sounds, as from the diapason-stop of the organ, rise from the chapel's area . . . and the whole is terminated by a fragrance of exquisite pungency—together with a broad effulgence of light, so vivid and so searching, that birds bestir themselves in their nestling places, shake their plumage, and sing, and

“ — think it were the morn.”

Daylight and sobriety be our attendants henceforth. The square tower and entrance-gate to Hulne Abbey, (inferior in pure Gothic taste to that of Alnwick Abbey) was erected by Henry, the fourth Earl of Northumberland; “who has left (says the Duchess) the following memorial of himself in this curious inscription :

“ [I] N the year of Crist Ihu mcccc iiiii viii
 This towr was builded by Sir heñ Percy
 The fourth Erle of Northuberlad of gret hoñ & worth
 That espoused Maud ye good lady full of virtue and beut
 Daughter to Sr william harb'rt right noble and hardy
 Erle of Pembrock whose soulis god save
 And with his grace cosarve ye bilder of this tower.”—p. 20.

We return to the Castle: of which the main features of its earlier history are embodied in the subjoined note.* Its site, in former days, when

* Ridpath, Sykes, and Her Grace's volume, are all at this moment spread before me: but there is no necessity to be profusely minute or tiresome in investigating. Lord William de Vesci and his heirs kept possession of Alnwick Castle till the end of the thirteenth century; when it became the property of that most extraordinary man and prelate, *Anthony Bek*, Bishop of Durham—upon whose

scarcely a fourth part of the present town was visible, must have been commanding in the extreme; and when its battlements were bristled with cannon, it would necessarily pound the town, with its inhabi-

character the preceding pages (265) have discoursed somewhat; and for twelve years our "Bek" kept lusty possession of the same. He then sold it (the amount of *all* the *subsequent* revenue of the See of Durham could hardly have reached the amount of Bek's) to Lord Henry de Percy, one of the most powerful barons of the realm, who had distinguished himself in multitudes of campaigns in Scotland, and whose family enjoyed an immense revenue from possessions in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Sussex. The deed of conveyance between Bek and Lord Henry is dated the 19th of November, 1310; being the third year of Edward II's reign. "From this period (says the Duchess) Alnwick Castle has been the stronghold and fortress of the Percys in the North of England; and has descended, through all the vicissitudes of hostility, attainder, and neglect, from LORD HENRY, the original grantee, to his representative, the present Duke of Northumberland."—p. 2-3.

But the walls of this venerable castle witnessed many a tremendous encounter, before they became the property of the Percys. They were scarcely built by De Vesci, when they had to sustain the desperate attack of Malcolm Canemore, King of Scotland, in 1095. The tale is brief, but most singular. The garrison was reduced to the last extremity; when one of them, of the name of Moræal, a native of Bamburgh, undertook to relieve them, or perish in the attempt. Mounting a strong and fleet courser, and carrying the keys of the Castle upon his spear's point, he hastened towards the Scottish camp, as if to lay them at the feet of Malcolm. Malcolm, warned of his approach, unwarily advanced to meet him without his armour: which Moræal perceiving, he rushed forward and transfixed him with his spear. The Scottish monarch fell dead, and the perpetrator of the deed escaped by the fleetness of his horse.—*Ridpath*, p. 69-70, — where we learn that Dr. Percy told Mr. Ridpath that the man's name was *Hammond* and not *Moræal*, according to an old Chronicle of Alnwick Abbey, preserved in the British Museum. Another reading makes it Mowbray. The pun

tants, to powder. In the great suite of apartments, before noticed, the drawing-room—and retiring-room after dinner—are contained, in narrow panels edged with white, (which will be one day doubtless covered with gilt) a few family portraits—chiefly copies, by my friend Mr. Phillips, of what are at Petworth—whither went all the precious *Vandykes*, on the breaking up of the Somerset property in 1748.† Among these portraits, there are two genuine ones, by the same distinguished Royal

of making him *Piercie*, because he pierced the Scotch king through the eye, (*hinc*, the *PERCIES*!) is too despicable for the gravity of history. In 1135 the castle was taken by King David of Scotland. After this event, we may suppose the more ancient part, now visible, of this castle, to have been built: and so strongly, that, after the Scotch, in 1327, had taken Norham Castle, they were miserably worsted before Alnwick, and several of their chief knights slain. In the year 1463, there were desperate deeds done within the neighbourhood of the Castle, when it was besieged and taken by the famous Earl of Warwick—the opponent of Queen Margaret—in the January of that year. The French General Brézé, with many of his own countrymen, and at the head of a Scotch army, strove in vain to relieve it. In an unguarded moment, and betrayed by false hopes of ultimate success, the celebrated Sir Ralph Percy, and the Duke of Somerset, betrayed Edward, and went over to Margaret; the former excusing himself on account of his coronation oath to Henry VI. Edward bestirred himself in right earnest; and Neville, Lord Montacute, (who gained the battle of Hexham, see page 407 ante) was put in motion against the recent adherents to Margaret. He gave them battle at Hedgeley Moor,—where the brave Percy, deserted by the Lords Hungerford and Roos, gallantly fell: performing wonders to the last—and exclaiming with his expiring breath, that he “*had saved the bird in his bosom!*” The cross, called Percy’s Cross, was raised in remembrance of this sad event.

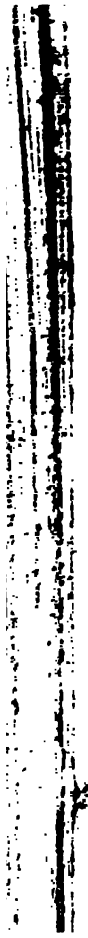
* See page 1029, ante.





Portrait of a man in a dark coat, possibly a military or official figure, standing in a dark setting.

Portrait of a man in a dark coat, possibly a military or official figure, standing in a dark setting.



Academician, of the Duke's father, and of his Grace himself. When I had the gratification of seeing my friend in the act of finishing this latter portrait, it could have little entered into my imagination that a copy of it, in the OPPOSITE PLATE, should have adorned the pages of any work of which I was likely to be the author. I am indebted to His Grace's munificence for its appearance.* The original stands in an unfavourable light—but it is painted with great depth and warmth of colouring, and the resemblance is, to my eye, quite perfect. The bay-window recess in this drawing-room—in a semi-gothic style of fitting up—looks very singular and elegant by lamp-light. There is a vignette of it in her Grace's volume.

I spent two days of unfeigned gratification at Alnwick Castle. The quiet and unaffected good-nature of its DUCAL MASTER—together with the subdued tone and manner in which all his concentrated dignities seem to be regulated—is very pleasing to those, who, whatever be the adventitious splendour of rank and fortune, love chiefly to dwell upon the *natural character* of the individual who possesses them. I reckon, among the most pleasing reminiscences of this tour, the conversation which passed between his Grace and myself while encircling his Grace's grounds.† Another farewell bow belongs

* And also for the plate at page 1025 ante, as well as *The Percy Tower* at Warkworth Castle, page 1065, post.

† The present Duke of Northumberland has filled two high and important offices of state. He was selected, under the Foreign-Secretaryship of Mr. Canning, to represent the nobility of this

to THE DUCHESS. Her Grace was a *Clive* : a synonyme for all that is gallant, and good, and warm-hearted, and noble-minded. She is one of the few ladies, in the capricious circles of high-life, who allow her rank to *follow* her : and a most becoming back-ground does it afford to the original picture ! Such a character was well selected to be the preceptress to the presumptive heir to the crown of these realms ; and when the moment arrived for the latter, as QUEEN VICTORIA, to mount that throne, the meeting and the separation of the pupil and preceptress, was one, which, to be comprehended and described, must have been seen. Wax and parchment cannot bind individuals closer than THESE will be probably bound . . . to the end of their days.

Before quitting Alnwick Castle, I had promised both its Noble Occupiers to take *Warkworth Castle* in the route to Morpeth — after I should have paid my respects to Earl Grey at Howick : for Warkworth and Alnwick seemed to be as one and the same *individuality*. I then started for HOWICK : where, from more than one previous

country on the coronation of Charles X of France. The sum advanced by Government, for the maintenance of proper dignity on that occasion, was at first politely refused ; and eventually accepted only on account of its being, otherwise, the establishment of an inconvenient *precedent*. The Duke of Northumberland stood in need of no resources but his own. However, the sword that hung by his side, on that ill-fated coronation day, represented the sum bestowed—which was £10,000. His Grace was also Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, during the administration of the Duke of Wellington ; and when he left Phoenix Castle, not a letter remained behind unanswered. This I learnt from his own lips.

report, I was prepared to anticipate a large and commodious mansion, (impervious to the whistling blasts by land and by sea,) and to that sort of domestic comfort, harmony, and good taste, which convince you in a moment of the truth, as well as poetry, of Thomson's memorable line :

“ Well-ordered home, man's best delight to make.”

I was prepared to find—and I *did* find—the upright statesman and the eloquent senator sunk . . . in the Father of a Family—as endearing from filial attentions, as courteous and winning in manners. Far removed from the stormy elements of political life—wherein, however, he had but very lately ceased to grasp the helm of the vessel of state—it seemed now to be the province and delight of this venerable Nobleman to resign himself to domestic and to rural occupations. Cicero, Clarendon, Guicciardini, Dante, Shakspeare, and Linnæus, within;—the pruning knife, the spade, and the bill, (peradventure with a pocket edition of Columella or Evelyn) without. With these latter accessories I saw, some thirty-five years ago—and for the last time—the illustrious Fox in his garden at St. Ann's Hill.

Much as I might have desired a passing peep at *Chillingham Castle**—the residence of the elder

* I had heard much, and read some little, about THIS Castle—one of the largest and most celebrated in Northumberland: as well for its locality, as from its having been the residence of the GREY FAMILY from the time of Edward III—our old friend Thomas de Grey (see page 984 ante) having been, I believe, its original constructor. The descendant of the elder branch of that noble family,

branch of Lord Grey's family—I was resolved not to give it a second thought. The reception which *here* awaited me was at once kind and cordial. I paid my personal respects to his Lordship in his library—a room, which, on entrance, marvellously prepossessed me in its favour: as well from its goodly furniture, as its locality. It consists of two rooms, at right angles, the second terminating in a conservatory—where I saw several fine specimens of blooming plants, and among them the large American lilly. Although it was approaching night-fall when I arrived, there was yet light enough left to assure me what the

the present Earl of Tankerville, is its present possessor. It is within a short drive of Howick: and whoever looks into Mr. Allom's *Northern Tourist*, and examines the *second* view in the plate, illustrative of the "Court Yard" of the Castle, will not care how soon he drives thither. The upper view illustrates a singular, and what had nearly been a sad, event. "In the park may still be seen an uncontaminated breed of *wild cattle*, called the *white Scottish bison*, the beef of which is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour. These animals are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are finely horned: the orbit of the eye, as well as the tip of the nose, is black; but the bulls have lost their manes, the distinctive characteristic attributed to them by Hector Bocce. They are swift, untameable, and savage in their dispositions; and it is only in the severity of winter that they will venture to explore the neighbourhood of the outhouses in search of food." The "event," above referred to, was this. Lord Ossulston, the eldest son of Lord Tankerville, was once, on a sporting excursion, attacked by one of the bulls of this species, with such determined rage, that, although well mounted, and discharging his pistol in the animal's face, he would not have survived to tell the tale, had it not been for the prompt and effectual interposition of his sporting friends. I saw at Howick some admirable sketches of these animals, by the masterly pencil of Mr. Bulteel—the son-in-law of Earl Grey.

morrow's *reconnaissance* would bring forth. Altogether, this library, which should contain some seven thousand volumes at the least, had such a cosy, snug, study-inviting aspect (the second room being chiefly lit by a sky-light) that it seemed to be a kingdom of happiness within itself.

But the sitting rooms partake of great cheerfulness and comfort. His Lordship has some fine specimens of the modern school of painting: and especially of those by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Here is the incomparable head of *Curran*—by that master: in which one of the most ordinary and repulsive human countenances ever attached to human shoulders, is made to dart forth fire, and to be electrified with the very spirit and soul of intellectual inspiration. I remembered this wonderful head, when it was exhibited at Somerset House. What is curious, it is executed upon a ground on which the painter's own portrait may be traced. Of a widely different impress, is that same painter's portrait of the *Countess Grey*—in my Lord's private room—sitting at the end of a sofa. It was executed some twenty years ago, and I took the liberty of remarking to his Lordship—what I remarked on the first view of it in the Exhibition—that, for quiet, unaffected, lady-like aspect and expression, I had never seen it surpassed by the same master. There is a simplicity about the whole—as well as a more than ordinarily rich and deep tone of colouring—which pushes up this performance very closely upon some of the happiest of those of Reynolds.*

* There is another picture of the Countess, surrounded by her

But a yet warmer admiration must be, and honestly too, bestowed by me upon the same artist's last portrait of the *Earl himself*.* It is surely the happiest of all happy performances:—representing three fourths of the figure, with the right hand within the left breast, the left arm resting upon a pedestal. The tone of colour, especially in the countenance, is pure and transparent: the eye is all penetration: and the lips are, if possible, indicative of the workings of the mind: an inestimable treasure for those who are in the daily habit of contemplating it, and of paying to it, as they pass along, the secret homage of affectionate and grateful hearts.† We

family, when young, also by the pencil of Lawrence: of which the chief excellence, to my eye, is rather in the expression of maternal fondness and infantine attachment, than in purity and vigour of colouring, or felicity of composition. The colouring is somewhat *hard*. There are, if I remember rightly, two prints of this picture: one in stippling, the other in mezzotint.

* One of the *earliest* pictures of Lawrence, of the same illustrious individual, has equal merit in its way: yet, on gazing at the two countenances, you find a difficulty in reconciling them to represent one and the same person. Thirty-five years, as I conceive, had passed away in the interval of their execution. The attitude of the younger man, as one of the unflinching opponents of Mr. Pitt, is full of spirit—not very unlike that of Sheridan; and you may trace in the countenance, and general air of the figure, a presage of that political courage, and high intellectual vigour and virtue, which, in later life, lifted EARL GREY to the topmost seat in the Treasury.

† The PILLAR, about to be erected to the memory of that same parent, upon one of the proudest sites of *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*—as seen in the frontispiece to the first volume of this work—is doubtless a more imperishable, as well as general, object of admiration and respect. Its height is about one hundred and twenty feet.

direct our attention in an opposite direction: and there hangs one of the noblest specimens of Calcott's landscapes—in a *View of Rotterdam*—which the eye can well alight upon. It is all air, sunshine, and transparency: intelligible throughout: one of the most successful performances of this great master. Of equal praise, because of equal skill, in its degree, is the picture by Eastlake, of *Pilgrims on the first view of the Holy City*. They are upon an eminence: some kneeling, some standing, all pointing at an object, of which the first glance seems to touch their hearts with pious transport. Several of the female countenances are of inexpressible beauty and tenderness; and the shortness of the figure (too often an attendant heresy on Mr. Eastlake's elegant pencil) scarcely here seems to betray itself.

Here are two Northcotes: one in the outer entrance-hall, of *The Disobedient Prophet*: the other, in the breakfast room, of *The Earl of Argyle, sleeping just before his being carried out to execution in 1685*:—a subject, upon which the pen of Mr. Fox has warmed into impassioned eloquence. But had that historian known at the time, that the “sweet sleep” of Argyle, of which the executioner is said to “envy him the enjoyment,” was one—not so much the result of calm self-possession, as of a physical infirmity, which rendered sleep, after dinner, irresistible*—it is just possible that the eulogy in

* The fact is curious, and perhaps not generally known: but my authority is Robert Wodrow, as given in his *Anecdotes of the Marquis of Argyle and some of his Descendants*, printed in the work mentioned at page 675 ante—and of which work only sixty-

question might have been modified—whatever will always be our sympathy with Argyle's fate, and our admiration of his character. In the picture before us, the colouring is unexceptionable: the sleeping victim is lying down and heard softly to breathe: his bosom is open, and a religious book is by the side of him. The gaoler is between him and the individual, who, on seeing such a spectacle of composure and resignation, (having been privy to his condemnation) is said to have rushed home and gone out of his wits. The only objectionable part of the composition, is the obtrusion of the gaoler's leg—which had better have been away. I take some shame that I did not make a more complete catalogue of these elegant specimens of modern art, to lay before the reader; but I made no memoranda at the time, and the preceding is from memory.

But among these specimens, let me not omit the mention of some of the cleverest black and white chalk drawings which I remember to have seen,

six copies have been struck off. It occurs at page 12:—"In some of the scuffles of these times, a bullet lighted upon the wall of a castle in which he (Argyle) was lodged, and, rebounding, struck him on the head, and cracked his skull; and it was trepanned, and the piece taken out. This made the Earle that he behooved still to sleep one hour or more—and *that day he was execute he behooved to have his sleep after dinner.*" The Marquis had his choice of the hour of execution, between two and five. "He ate a whole partridge at dinner; and after dinner *took a little nap, which was his ordinary.* He was execute about four; and when he was opened, there was nothing found in his stomach, which was a demonstration that he was void of fear, otherwise he would not have had such a quick digestion."—*The same.*

from the pencil of J. C. Bulteel, Esq. of Fleet House, Devon; the son-in-law of the noble owner of the mansion. Some of these drawings, representing the wild cattle in Chillingham Park,* could only have been exceeded by the pencil of Landseer. They evince great tact and dexterity. On the Sunday, after church,† I walked with the Honorable Captain Frederick Grey, R.N., down to what is called the "Sea view:" some mile and a half off, through the grounds. I could not but be struck with the neatness of the style of cultivation on all sides, as well as with the rich aspect of the soil itself. The *Pinctum* promised to be another Garden of HESPERIDES. The tender birch, the twisted thorn, the stately elm, the towering ash, the spreading beech, with the "unwedgable and knarled oak," were all picturesquely intertwined in the route we pursued. Presently we approached the ocean: wide and vesselless—at the moment of our approach. The incoming tide seemed to increase the size of each wave, and the whiteness of the foam. We were now at Sea-view House, the property of the noble Earl, built within a stone's-throw of the beach.

To enter the room on the first floor—after you

* See the note at page 1041 ante.

† His Lordship (in whose gift the living is) has presented the church with an excellent organ and a singing gallery: and the organist (I think from the town of Alnwick) is worthy of the sweet-toned instrument which he plays upon. The church is necessarily very small; having rather the air of a chapel to a private mansion. I heard a sermon in it, to the full in as perfect an *intellectual* tone as had been the mechanical sounds preceding it.

have paid your respects to the presiding Genius of the place*—occupying the ground floor—were to enter a room of which you can never forget the advantages, *positive* and *relative*, all your live-long days. First, this room is of goodly dimensions ; and liberally endowed with sofas, settees, chairs, and tables. Everything invites to a lounge, and to an abstraction (over some favourite author) from all worldly noise and intrusion. You seem to have never been before so snug in your life ; but, secondly—and for *relative* advantages—look out of window. The ocean is at your feet : now blue, now green, now yellow or white, as the sun illuminates its ever-dancing waves. You hold discourse with it. You hear its distant boom, or its immediate reverberating roar. The fisherman's vessel is approaching—and of what piscatory dainties may not your coming meal be composed ! Isaac Walton would have given all his bream, and dace, and roach, barble, perch, and pike, to have had but the first slice of your dory or turbot ! Anon, the steamers meet and pass—walking, at it were, quietly upon the ocean waves. Next succeeds a shoal or a fleet of coasting vessels, with their pigmy sails spread out stiffly

* This “presiding Genius” is an elderly “goody”—an old servant of Lord Grey's father—who “lives and rules without controul” in this snug domain. In early life (for she is now nearer ninety than eighty) she must have been a magnificent specimen of a Northumbrian lassie ; and she yet retains the traces, in face and figure, of no ordinary personage. She is shrewd, sensible, and chatty ; and told me some amusing particulars about the first Duchess of Northumberland (as I think) when she, the narrator, was a little girl.

before the breeze—red or yellow as they catch the darting light. The German and Norwegian seas are before you—and, tired with the interminable gaze, sleep at length surprises you!

We return to the Howick Mansion. On the Sunday, the dinner table was graced by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, who, that day, had left Edinburgh, on their way homeward from Gordon Castle in Banffshire. His Grace, as I understood, had been, for the first time, to take possession of the *Gordon Property*; which, it was said, would enrich his revenues with a great and goodly income. I rejoiced to gather from him that it was his intention to concentrate the book-forces found at Gordon Castle, and scattered about in the upper rooms, within a lower apartment; to be accessible with little trouble. I necessarily commended such sound orthodoxy; and do here most especially entreat that amiable and gallant-minded nobleman, to make this library the nucleus, or nest-egg, of every volume of the least pretension to credit, which should exhibit, when united, a *perfect SCOTCH LIBRARY*: a more than *Nicolsonus Redivivus*.* Presuming His Grace to be both a *Bannatyner* and a *Stattlander*, I feel persuaded that he will be carried, by acclamation, through all the hazards

* Bishop Nicolson's *Scotch Library* is one among his English and Irish Libraries—first published, in 1690-5, in detached parts—and afterwards collected, as the better editions, in one folio volume, in 1736. I have called this book—and I repeat the appellation—"a very comfort to a lover of his country's literature:" *Library Companion*; p. 517-18. And in the *Bibliomania*, of some twenty-eight

attendant upon such a noble enterprize. The Marquis of Douro—whom I had before met at Alnwick Castle—was also a dinner-guest: and a great deal of sharp-shooting we had, in our respective avocations, before retiring to rest. I found him colloquial, communicative, and unaffected: and an accurate quoter of Horace. He is like his illustrious father in figure, voice, and feature, with the exception of having dark, instead of blue, eyes. He springs upon a subject, unhesitatingly; and will sometimes endure a heavy beating before he yields an inch. We had occasional skirmishing; but never a pitched battle. On more than one account,* I was glad to have made his acquaintance.

The Marchioness of Clanricarde was on a visit at Howick, at the time of my arrival. Not catching

years standing, I have before used words to the same import. I think it is in Berkenhout's *Biographia Literaria* that the reader will find the best account of Nicolson—who was Archbishop of Cashel, in Ireland, and who left behind a fair and an undying fame.

* In a moment of familiar intercourse, I mentioned to Lord Douro what may be seen at page 109 of my *Reminiscences*. I have never, from the moment of that publication to the present, had reason either to shift my opinion, or to cause my belief to be shaken in what is there advanced. When the Duke of Wellington, the inducted Chancellor of the University of Oxford, came to visit the *Clarendon Press*—that press, so rich in its endowments, and so exhaustless in its productions—he was led to witness a mere common working, or throwing off, of the names of those noblemen and gentlemen upon whom His Grace had conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. A wretched application, on *such* an occasion, of the powers of the CLARENDON PRESS! Why was not the Duke of Wellington presented with the first page of a

the sound of her name correctly, when introduced, I mistook it for that of... I know not whom: and not having seen the daughter of the illustrious CANNING for these last thirteen years, I could not call her former features to recollection. If I had only met a beautiful personage—with a highly gifted intellect—as I did, in her, it were necessarily a pleasing gratification; but when, with whatever admiration of externals, I had to mingle the recollection of a dear departed son's obligations to her Father*—of course the presence of Lady Clarricarde would be doubly interesting... and I only lament that the shortness of my stay admitted of scarcely any opportunity of dilation upon this circumstance. But were the pleasure derivable from such a circle of visitors ever so great, I soon saw and felt enough to convince me that the *home-circle* at Howick abundantly justified all that had been said in its commendation by the vigorous pen of Lord Byron.

Once more we are in the Library, and a parting word for the "*dear books.*" The collection at Howick is one of general utility: of sterling classics in almost every department. Here, however, is a bound copy of the Bible of 1766,—(as I think) in two quarto volumes,—having very indifferent

projected folio edition of *Cæsar's Commentaries*—which should more than rival the magnificent publication of the *same* imperishable work, dedicated to JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, under the editorial care of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Clark? Is it too late to repair this *hippopotamos* error?

* See *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*; p. 822-8.

prints—but such a bound copy as I had never before seen. Whether bound by Baumgarten, Montagu, Johnson, or Roger Payne, I cannot tell : but the late Charles Lewis might have held a lighted wax taper to it from morning till night—and then, almost gone to bed in despair of rivalling it! Here are *Bacon* and *Locke*, in their genuine quarto attires—exquisitely put forth from the binder's hands. The last edition of *Fox's Martyrology*, in 1683, folio, 3 vols. upon large paper : *Skinner's Etymologicon Anglicanum*, in the same condition : *Prynne's Records*—standing firmly upon *three* legs.* The ordinary historians and chroniclers of British History. Fox's work, in elephantine form. The Greek and Latin Classics in mingled quarto and octavo sizes. A choice collection of Italian and French memoirs—and no sparing exhibition of what I should conceive to be a good botanical library. There is an early portrait of the Earl, over the entrance door of the Library ; and a portrait of Bonaparte, in the military dress, when a very young man, over the fire-place of the farther room, or Library.

The second hall of entrance, at Howick, is likely soon to receive the most splendid and acceptable ornament of the whole mansion. It is that of AN ALMOST COLOSSAL STATUE of the noble owner, in white marble, executed by Campbell : the proud testi-

* In other words, having the three volumes complete. See *Library Companion* ; p. 286-7, where a good deal of not incurious history may be found, connected with this extraordinary work : of which the author, poor PRYNNE, lost both his ears. There is an admirable article upon Prynne in an early volume of the *Retrospective Review*.

mony of a public subscription from the Earl's friends and admirers in all parts of the United Kingdom.

On taking leave, his lordship was desirous that I should visit the ruins of *Dunstanburgh Castle*, some two or three miles only distant—by the sea-side—and of which the area, consisting of seven acres, was the largest castellated area in the kingdom. I was forewarned of the ruggedness of the road: a forewarning, which impressed itself pretty sensitively upon me, when within three quarters of a mile of the Castle—where the public road ends—the post-chaise with its contents having been as nearly as possible laid level with the earth. The morning was bright and sharp; and after passing a lone village, by the sea side—the entire abode of fishermen—the object of my visit presented itself fully to view. To the right the ocean was clear and sparkling; to the left, some four or five miles distant, the Cheviot Hills were dappled over with snow. On dismounting, I walked on foot through slippery fields, direct to the Barbican entrance. It was altogether the most lone, if not awful, area of desolation which I ever witnessed: little more than bare walls, seven feet in thickness, by the side of a Barbican . . . more remarkable even than that of Tantallon for massiveness and strength.* The barbican is the only attesting witness of what this mighty residence must once have been—of which, in truth, scarcely any traditional history has reached us. I conceive its antiquity to extend at least to the time of the second Edward—whatever might have been the previous claim of its site to the

* See page 971 ante.

reception of a Roman garrison. For reasons not very intelligible, this castle seems to have been early marked out for destruction.*

Nothing but a few nibbling sheep was to be seen within the area—which is dispossessed of all traces of masonry. I approached one of the “exploratory turrets,” as they are called—not far from the remains of a chapel;† and scrambling up its sides, I gained a firm footing, and contemplated, with no un-stirring feelings, this wide and wild scene of mountainous grandeur . . . calling to mind the strains of one of the latest of the Northumbrian bards . . .

“I stood alone on DUNSTANBOROUGH TOWER!—
And gaz'd around me while the loud winds blew,
And CHEVIOT HILLS were streak'd with early snow.”

Thus musing, I started not a little at the “bolting” of a large fox—who had doubtless been in anxious suspense for a dainty repast upon *lamb*—and who

* It will be seen, from a note in my account of Warkworth Castle, that upon the sad havoc made of the latter, after the memorable attack by the Scotch and French, in 1525, a royal edict was issued, that as much lead should be taken from Dunstanburgh Castle as would repair what was necessary for the Donjon at Wark: *Ridpath*, p. 517. There is rather a fine view of Dunstanburgh Castle, in Mr. Allom's *Northern Tourist*, in which a wrecked vessel forms the fore part of the picture. The castle is there said to have been rebuilt in the fourteenth century, by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. In 1462 it was dismantled by Edward IV.

† “Nigh to the eastern tower are the remains of a chapel, and beneath it is a frightful chasm, where, in boisterous weather, the sea makes a dreadful inset. This spot has obtained the name of the *Rumble Churn*.” ALLOM.

made off to the right, at full speed, waving his tail in all the plenitude of its bushy magnificence! I now turned, and made a circuit of the whole area—especially of that portion (to the full one-third of it) which is at once washed and protected by the sea. It was the most shuddering circuit, of its kind, which I had ever made, or perhaps shall ever again make. The sea rushes, as well as roars, with such violence—from thirty to fifty perpendicular feet below—that it seems, every tide, to be scooping out the rocky foundation upon which the whole area is based. Never was the word “impregnable” (from *this* quarter at least) more strongly impressed upon my conviction. There being no other object to view—and the whole ruin being almost resolvable into what has been just described—I retraced my steps in a sort of moody melancholy which I do not remember to have often experienced. What a contrast was all this departed grandeur, and were all these thinly-scattered ruins, to the mansions or castles in which I had recently partaken of such splendid hospitality!

The postilion and the horses seemed to be equally rejoiced at my return. Within the hour I was at Alnwick—and from thence started, with my companion, for Warkworth Castle and Sunderland: only threading, as it were, Newcastle, Durham, and York, in our way to Eshton Hall . . . where I might somewhat rest from my labours in the Paradise of Miss Currer’s library. Bad as was the day on our quitting Alnwick, we were resolved to keep our promise to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, of explor-

ing the interior, as well as exterior, of WARKWORTH CASTLE—and, if possible, to “tell a bead” within the *Hermitage*. The former was accomplished; the latter was rendered quite impracticable from the state of the weather. Of *all* the domains appertaining to the Duke of Northumberland, perhaps this of WARK is the most interesting and deserving of admiration. As a fabric, although in roofless ruin, it is yet an instructive specimen of ancient castellated grandeur. It is at once large and entire, within its walls, with the exception of demolitions from time and accident. Its history is replete with heroic bravery and royal gallantry;* and although the seductive colouring of fiction be largely blended

* Ungracious as may be the task of dispossessing the history of Warkworth Castle of all the gallantry attached to its defence by the heroic spirit of enterprise of the Countess of Salisbury—who is said to have held it out against the Scotch monarch David II, until Edward III came successfully to its relief—and of however questionable a character might have been the English monarch’s subsequent intercourse with the romantic Countess—the foundress of the *Order of the Garter*) still, looking steadily and dispassionately into the sober pages of RIDPATH, I agree with that Border-chronicler in treating the whole as a *fiction*—palmed upon us by that very picturesque and courteous chronicler, FROISSART: who seems to have been partial to bringing the fair sex into the field, like the amazonian Penthesilias of old! and whom we have already (vol. i. p. 277-8) detected in making Philippa, Edward’s Queen, cut a figure at the battle of *Neville’s Cross*, while she was all the time quietly housed at *York*. The pages of Ridpath, (p. 332-5, with the notes) merit a careful perusal. At page 423, we learn that the Castle of Wark was “taken and demolished” by the Scotch in 1460. But what do these words imply? Assuredly the castle was *not* demolished.

with this history, yet such an air of individuality and of local interest seems to be impressed on all sides of it, that the enlightened antiquary may prepare himself to revel within its precincts,—but under a more auspicious sky than it was our lot to experience. The *Lion of PERCY* is everywhere. It is rampant upon the keep—and still roars over the tower, near the chapel porch. The ensuing wood-cut represents him upon the *Keep*. In the phraseology of Heraldry, it is “The Brabant Lion.”



And then, for the locality—the adjacent ground, or heights, luxuriantly wooded ; while, below, the silver *Coquet* winds its devious stream. Upon the banks of this beautiful river, in the full angling season, the fisherman lingers or loiters, as his sport may invite him ; while, peradventure, the strains of ballad-poetry are chanted, or repeated, as he pursues his route :

“ The COQUET for ever ! the Coquet for aye !
 The Coquet, the king o’ the stream an’ the brae !
 Frae his high mountain throne to his bed in the sea,
 Oh ! where shall ye find such a river as *He* ?
 Then blessings be on him, and long may he glide,
 The fisherman’s home, and the fisherman’s pride,
 From *Harden’s* green hill to old *Warkworth* sae grey,
 The COQUET FOR EVER ! the Coquet for aye.”

Fisher’s Garland : 1826.*

* I insert, with the conviction of their being received almost with acclamation, two “ dainty ballads,” upon the piscatory attractions of the “ Coquet,” from *A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers*. Newcastle : Charnley, 1836. They occur in the second and third pieces of *The Fisher’s Garland*, 1823.

“ THE AULD FISHER’S WELCOME TO COQUET-SIDE.

TUNE—‘ *Auld Lang Syne*.’

“ We twa hae fish’d the *Kale* sae clear,
 An’ streams o’ mossy *Reed*,
 We’ve try’d the *Wansbeck* an’ the *Wear*,
 The *Teviot* an’ the *Tweed* ;
 An’ we will try them once again,
 When summer suns are fine,
 An’ we’ll throw the *flee* thegither yet
 For the days o’ auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For gie’s a drappie till our cheek,
Our ain gad in our han’ ;
The tackle tough, the heckle rough,
An’ match us yet wha can !

At a very short distance rolls the ocean. Meanwhile, standing proudly erect upon a commanding

“ ’Tis mony years sin’ first we met
On *Coquet’s* bonny braes,
An’ mony a brither fisher’s gane,
An’ clad in his last claes :
An’ we maun follow wi’ the lave,
Grim Death he heuks us a’,
But we’ll hae anither fishing bont
Afore we’re ta’en awa’.

For gie’s, &c.

“ For we are hale an’ hearty baith,
Tho’ frosty are our pows,
We still can guide our fishing graith,
An’ climb the dykes and knowes :
We’ll mount our creels an’ grip our gads,
An’ thraw a sweeping line,
An’ we’ll hae a plash among the lads
For the days o’ auld lang syne.

For gie’s, &c.

“ Tho’ *Cheviot’s* top be frosty still,
He’s green below the knee,
Sae don your plaid, an’ tak your gad,
An’ gang awa wi’ me.
Come, buak your *stees*, my auld compeer,
We’re fidgin a’ fu’ fain,
We’ve fish’d the *Coquet* mony a year,
An’ we’ll fish her owre again.

For gie’s, &c.

“ An’ hameward when we todle back,
An’ night begins to fa’,
When ilka chiel maun tell his crack,
We’ll crack aboon them a’—
When jugs are toom’d an’ coggies wet,
I’ll lay my loof in thine ;
We’ve shewn we’re guid at water yet,
An’ we’re little warse at wine.

For gie’s, &c.

“ We’ll crack how mony a creel we’ve fill’d,
How mony a line we’ve flung,
How mony a Ged an’ Sawmon kill’d
In days when we were young ;
We’ll gar the callants a’ look blue,
An’ sing anither tune ;
They’re bleezing aye o’ what they’ll do,
We’ll tell them what we’ve *dane*.”

For gie’s, &c.

eminence, the entire castle seems alike to scorn the future accidents of time, and all judgment from comparative criticism. Its *condition*—with respect to the conservation of the *identity* of its character—is perhaps unrivalled, and reflects lasting credit upon the good-sense, and good-taste, of its ducal owner: while its *history*, illustrated by the pen and pencil of the present Duchess, demands our honest as well as ready thanks. I had well nigh wished to have

THE AULD FISHER'S FAREWELL TO COQUET.

“ Come bring to me my limber gad
 I've fish'd wi' mony a year,
 An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,
 Au' a' my fishing gear;
 The sun-beams glint on *Linden-Ha'*,
 The breeze comes frae the west,
 An' lovely looks the gowdene morn
 On th' streams that I like best.

“ I've thrawn the *flee* thae sixty years,
 Ay, sixty years an' mair,
 An' mony a speckled troutie kill'd
 Wi' heckle, heuk, an' hair;
 An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
 My locks are like the snaw;
 But I'll gang again to Coquet side
 An' take a fareweel thraw.

“ O Coquet! in my youthful days
 Thy river sweetly ran,
 An' sweetly down thy woody braes
 The bonny birdies sang;
 But streams may rin, an' birds may sing,
 Sma' joy they bring to me,
 The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
 The streams I dimly see.

“ But, ance again, the weel-ken'd sounds
 My minutes shall beguile,
 An' glistening in the airly sun
 I'll see thy waters smile;
 An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,
 An' Age forget his pain,
 An' ance mair, by sweet Coquet side,
 My heart be young again.

been three hundred and fifteen years old, in order to have viewed this castle as it is described to have been by the veracious pen of George Buchanan. I should have declined participating in the assault.*

“ Ance mair I’ll touch, wi’ gleesome feet,
 Thy waters clear and cold ;
 Ance mair I’ll cheat the gleg-e’ed trout,
 An’ wile him frae his hold ;
 Ance mair, at *Weldon’s* frien’ly door,
 I’ll wind my tackle up,
 An’ drink ‘SUCCESS TO COQUET-SIDE,’
 Tho’ a tear fa’ in the cup.

“ An’ then fareweel ! dear Coquet-side !
 Aye, gaily may thou rin ;
 An’ lead thy waters sparkling on,
 An’ dash frae lin to lin :
 Blithe be the music o’ thy stream,
 An’ banks, thro’ after days ;
 An’ blithe be every fisher’s heart
 Shall ever tread thy braes !”

There is yet a third ballad, entitled *The Coquet for Ever* : to the tune of *O whistle, an’ I’ll come to you, my Lad*,—from which I have borrowed the last stanza, in the text ; and from which, here, the reader is presented with the *first* :—

“ I have sung thee, dear Coquet—I’ll sing thee again,
 From Harden’s bleak fell to the deep-rolling main ;
 And the *Alwine* and *Wreigh* in the garland shall shine,
 For they mix, lovely river, their waters wi’ thine.
 In my youth I have danc’d on your bonny green braes ;
 In my old age I sigh as I think on those days :
 In your streams I have angled, and caught the scal’d fry,
 And your streams they shall live, tho’ the beds should be dry.”

CHORUS—*And your streams, &c.*

* The passage thus occurs, as under the year 1523, in RIDPATH’S *Border History*, p. 516.—“ In the inmost area was a *tower* of great strength and height. This was encircled by two walls ; the outer including a large space, into which the inhabitants of the country used to fly, and carry their flocks and corn in time of war : the inner was of much smaller extent, but fortified more strongly by ditches and towers. The captain of this castle was *Sir William*

The Castle of Warkworth came into the possession of the Percy Family (Lord Henry de Percy of Alnwick) in the fourth year of the reign of Edward III, in 1330: and has continued in the same family to the present day—in spite of imprisonment, defeat, and attainder. It was formerly their favourite residence in the North; but the anecdote recorded in the ensuing page, informs us by what means that object was no longer rendered

Lisle; it had a strong garrison, good store of artillery and ammunition, and other things necessary for defence. The Duke of Albany sent over the Tweed some battering cannon, and a chosen band of Scots and French, consisting of three or four thousand, under the command of *Andrew Ker*, of Farnherst. A body of horse was also sent over to scour and ravage the adjacent country, and to cut off the communication between it and the castle. The French carried the outer inclosure at the first assault. The garrison drove them out of it by setting fire to the corn and straw that were laid up in this inclosure. But the besiegers soon recovered it, and made a breach by their cannon in the inner wall. By this breach, an assault was given, in which the French shared with great bravery; but the English resisting with equal vigour, and the assailants being sore galled by the shot of those who were above them in the tower or donjon, were at last obliged to retire, after considerable slaughter on both sides.”

The following note is subjoined by Ridpath:—“Holinshed says, that part of what he calls the castle, he means the tower or donjon, was beaten down by the artillery on the other side of the Tweed. But Buchanan affirms, that when the assault was made, the tower (*arx intima*) was entire. It appears, however, that the roof of the donjon was hurt—by a letter of Cardinal Wolsey to Lord Dacre, in the following June, in which the Cardinal writes, that it was the King’s pleasure that as much lead might be spared from Dunstanburgh, as should be employed in repairing the donjon of Wark.” And see page 1056 ante.

practicable. Such, however, is its commanding site, that even yet the wish is expressed, abroad, that the *Penates* of Alnwick may be transported to Warkworth. Such things are easily said. Their *execution* depends upon circumstances not so easily arranged. It was when the family were residing here, that

“Hotspur’s father, old Northumberland, lay crafty sick,”

as noticed in the volume of the Duchess. In the time of Henry VIII, Leland describes the castle as being “well maynteyned:” but in the eighth year of Elizabeth’s reign, it was in a state of comparative decay—“as well in the coverteur beyng lead, as in the tymbere and glass.” In 1608, Earl Henry “removed the lead from the ruinous towers and places of Warkworth,” with the evident purpose (says the Duchess*) of future reparation. In 1672, by the selfishness of an auditor of the widowed Countess, (and mother of the Duchess of Somerset, then an infant) all these materials were carried entirely away, to build his own house at Chirlon: and Warkworth Castle has ever since “remained in roofless dilapidation.”†

In spite of an increasing rain, we gallantly stormed the castle, in all directions: entering through the gate-way, and making directly for the Keep. This

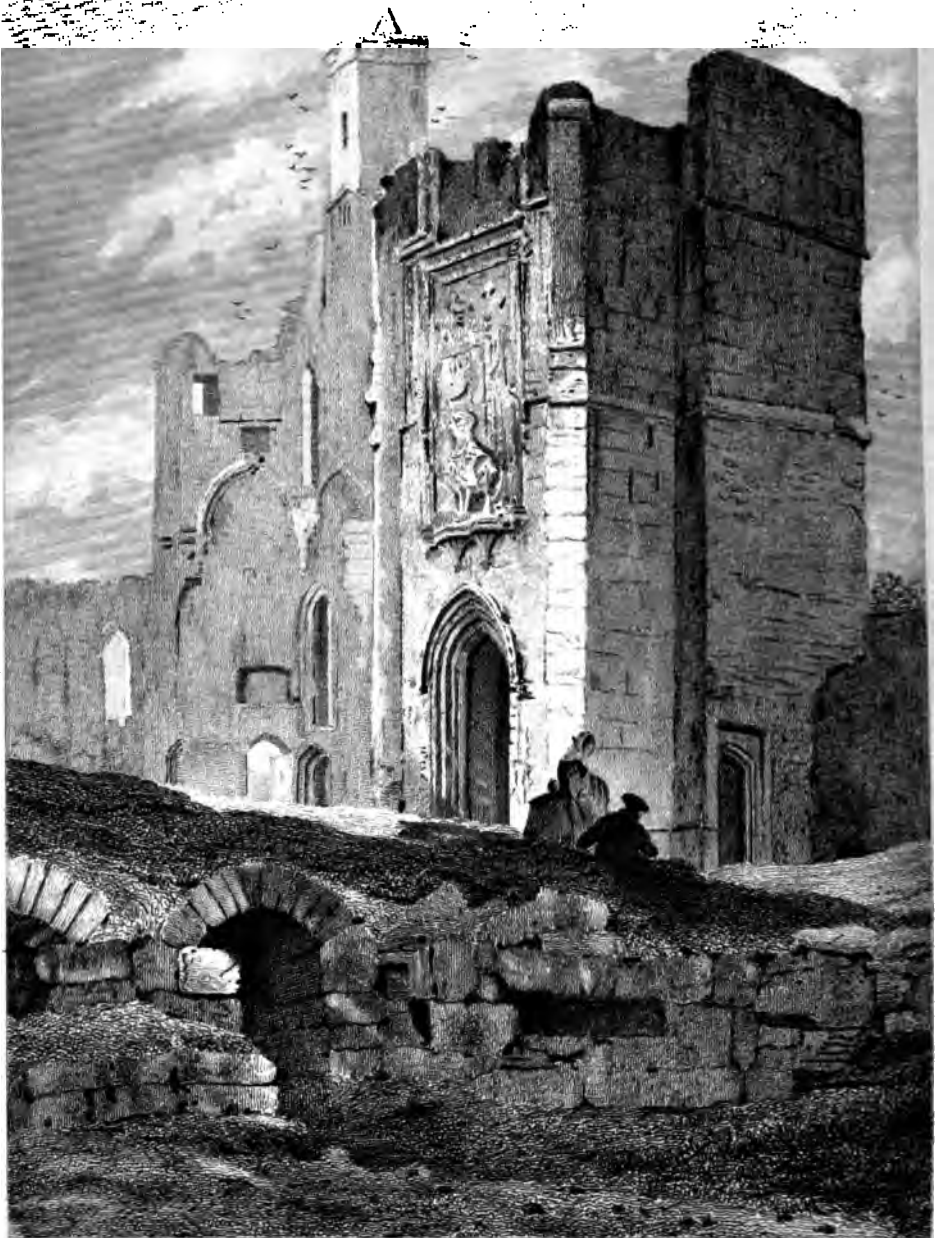
* *Description of Warkworth Castle*: p. 27.

† The plan adopted by the present Duke, of keeping the whole castle in sound repair—so as to intrude with nothing in the shape of modern improvement—is admirable. The floors preserve their entirety by being encrusted with a sort of indurated sand and pebble, which bid defiance to the workings of weather.

gate-way (the third view in the work just referred to) is perhaps of the time of Richard II. The Keep is large, and intelligible in all its bearings. Here lived the family; and its general plan, with ground floor and second floor, are minutely designated by the Duchess.* It is more complete and instructive (if I may say so) than any similar building of this period with which I am acquainted. My daughter would have it, that, in the state apartment, Edward III

* In the work just referred to. "The GENERAL PLAN" embraces, 1. The west portal; 2. Old windows in the embrasures; 3. Chapel and various apartments; 4. Stone stairs; 5. The lion-tower; 6. South-east tower; 7. Principal entrance-gateway, and porter's lodge; 8. The well; 9. South-east, or, Amble tower; 10. The east door; 11. The east tower; 12. Recess in tower; 13. Rooms without the tower; 14. Passage; 15. Room supported by two octagonal pillars, and Well therein; 16. Apartment; 17. Square shaft, or dry well. The GROUND FLOOR. 1. Hall, arched with stone; 2. Stone steps and passage, leading to the second-floor; 3. Recess in the wall; 4. Entrance to the dungeon. (I descended to this dungeon: it was not very large or terror-striking—after the fashion of those at Naworth Castle and St. Andrew's Castle.) 5. Closets in the walls; 6. Principal entrance; 7. Outer lobby; 8. Room and fire-place; 9. Principal stone staircase, leading to second-floor; 10. Small closets in the wall; 11. Hollow or dry well, called the lanthorn; 12. Cistern; 13. Closet in the wall; 14. Easin to carry off waste water; 15. Passage leading to second-floor; 16. Small room, with two closets; 17. Room with closet. The SECOND FLOOR is thus described by the same authority. 1. Northern apartment; 2. Fire-place; 3. Recess; 4. Stairs leading to roof; 5. State chamber; 6. Kitchen; 7. Pantry; 8. Oven; 9. Boiler; 10. Outer kitchen; 11. Lobby; 12. Hollow, or dry well, called the lanthorn; 13. Chapel; 14. Apartment; 15. Great Hall; 16. Passage and stone stairs to the music-gallery at the east end of the hall; 17. Waiting-hall, with stone seats; 18. Top of the great staircase; 19. Stone stairs leading to roof.





H. W. Ravenhill

F. Horsfield sc.

PERCY CHAPEL, WARWICK CASTLE.



firted with the Countess of Salisbury—and in the great hall, Hotspur banquetted the surrounding nobility and gentry. What walls! All the lions, tigers, and hyænas, of Asia and Africa united, could scarcely make a scratch upon their surface. In spite of a certain air of desolation, which may be said to brood over all such ruins, there is yet at Warkworth Castle a lingering spark of what may be called comfort: and here, if any where, (should I ever catch a good basket of fish by the side of the Coquet) *here* I would desire to partake of it: supplied with every necessary attention and garniture (including the daintiest barley-broth) from the adjoining inn . . . where, as I learnt, the wine and beer were as good as the post-horses.

On retiring, reluctantly, from this 'spot of antiquarian fascination, we pursued our route, along a greensward, which at every foot's pressure gushed out with moisture—to the ruins of the Chapel close to the *Lion Tower*—as seen in the OPPOSITE PLATE. All this is in dreary, desolate, ruin—clean gone; with the exception of the outer walls: so sorely dispiriting, that we tarried not long therein. We then made a complete circuit of the walls, within and without: embracing an area of about five acres and a quarter. The "*Hermitage*" guide soon approached. "Were we disposed to visit it?" "Look, my good woman, at what is over our heads and beneath our feet. How can we proceed another step—much less upwards of half a mile?" "Well, Sir, as you please:" meaning thereby, that "if you are in your senses you will not think of visiting the hermitage." So, contenting

myself with the long recollected strains of Bishop Percy, in his "*Hermit of Warkworth*," I was compelled to forego the illusion of local enchantment.* Balancing "the Pleasures of *Hope*," (to see this spot by mere possibility, on a future occasion) against those of *Memory*, we departed—having evinced more personal courage and inconvenience for the gratification of our eye, than perhaps on any previous occasion.

* A few words, gentle reader, touching this Hermitage; of which the south view, in the Duchess's volume, is among the very best in the book. Allom has also a view of it. Of its ancient history, the Duchess speaks with hesitation. From her vignette of the interior of the chapel, I see nothing which should justify the inference of an antiquity beyond the date of Edward II. It is situated in the very heart and soul of solitude: an excavation in the mountain's or hill's side. All that Eloisa says of 'Paraclete's' white walls and silver springs, belongs to this solitude. Tears, by day and by night, (as an old inscription implies) might have been the food of its first occupant. A human frame, short only of an absolute skeleton, is the only piece of fitting furniture here. "The chapel (says her Grace) is eighteen feet in length, with an altar at its eastern extremity, and a monument adjoining, on which is sculptured a recumbent female. A bull's head, rudely carved, at her feet, has been considered an heraldic bearing; and the mysterious lady has been successively identified as a *Birham*, a *Weddington*, or a *Neville*. [I give my voice for a *Neville*.] The LAST HERMIT was Sir George Lancaster, who enjoyed an yearly stipend in money, and a variety of privileges and accommodations, by a grant from the Earl of Northumberland, which is dated in the twenty-third year of King Henry VIII: 1532."—p. 33.

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that prelate's passion for old ballad poetry is evinced just at the time of his publishing the first edition of his *Reliques*. In his first letter to George Paton, the bookseller, who was the next man after Allan Ramsay in this department of bibliopolism—he says: “You ask me to inform you what sort of pieces I am *desirous of collecting*? I answer, *all sorts of ancient poetry*, whether printed or manuscript; particularly those fine old SCOTCH SONGS and BALLADS, which are so much admired for their simplicity and artless unaffected beauties. *Historical ballads* would, in a more particular manner, be exceedingly acceptable . . . though any good poetry will be acceptable, provided I have it not already.” George Paton of Edinburgh was of the greatest possible service to the Bishop on many future occasions.

* In the *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, p. 686, will be seen a letter from this worthy gentleman to the author of that work, which shows that the “true stuff” is yet in his constitution. Mr. Ekins has lately married a daughter to the Rev. M. Baker, of Newnham, a widower—the brother of my good friend the Rector of Whitburn; see vol. i. p. 315.

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length of time—was Newcastle; which we reached at night-fall: after a day of no ordinary excitement,—accompanied by weather the most repulsive. We stopped three days with our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Adamson; and here was celebrated a certain semi-public symposium, which, for the sake of juxtaposition, has been recorded in a preceding page.*

SUNDERLAND would therefore be our next principal place of resting—before we reached Eshton Hall. My good friend Walter Featherstonhaugh, Esq. was so obliging as to send his carriage and horses, to convey us from Newcastle to his own residence: the distance to Sunderland being rather more than fifteen miles. I cannot dissemble the pleasure which I anticipated from a visit, where I knew that warm hearts would be prepared for our reception—from an acquaintance, on my part, of upwards of thirty years' standing, with the late Mrs. Featherstonhaugh.† On referring to a preceding

* Vol. i. p. 388.

† This amiable and excellent woman was cut off, like her mother, in the vigour, if not bloom, of life. Her mother died in her thirty-first year, from her confinement... having given birth to eleven children. What was written upon her tomb may apply with perfect aptitude to her daughter, the late Mrs. Featherstonhaugh:

“Snatch'd, when just past the pride of youth,
A form of innocence and truth
Beneath this stone is doom'd to lie;
Whoc'er thou art, lone-wand'ring near,
Oh! yield the gentlest shade a tear—
Whose memory lives in VIRTUE'S SIGH!”

These lines are upon a grave-stone in Hampstead Church-yard, Middlesex, and the author of them was the *too* notorious Peter Pindar. “*Si sic omnia scripsisset!*”

page (314-5) it will be seen that a rapid, and merely passing-through, view of Sunderland, had been sufficiently stirring ; that its dense population—narrow as well as wide streets—the shipping—the harbour—and bridge—held out no tame inducements for a more accurate account of so enterprising a place. By the help of the statistical knowledge of my friend Sir Cuthbert Sharp, I am enabled to present the reader with a sketch (a spirited though a brief one) of the chief features of the trade and commerce, which can scarcely fail to excite a deep and lively attention. Sir Cuthbert is domiciled at Sunderland ; and with his official situation, as a Commissioner of Customs, unites the pursuits of an Antiquary, and the researches of a man of letters. He is, in an especial manner, alive to everything connected with the town and the country. An old ballad or an old charter, has equal claim upon his affectionate attention. Now he lingers within the ruins of Tynemouth Abbey—now he revels in the banquetting hall of Lambton Castle. To-day he is shaking hands with the Emperor Severus, upon one of the bastions or fortresses of the Roman Wall, between Newcastle and Carlisle: to-morrow, he is engaged in a conference with the Antiquaries of the former place—examining an old deed of enfeoffment with Mr. Adamson, or a numismatic inscription with Mr. Brockell. Why tarry his *Memorials*,* so long in the press ?

* The Rebellion of the Earl of Westmoreland, and Duke of Norfolk, in 1567-9. Sir George Bowes, of Border-notoriety, was the principal agent in developing the particulars of this matter ; and we have seen in a preceding page, (vol. i. p. 327) that Sussex “made no

The Borough of Sunderland, comprehending the parishes of the same, and of Bishop Wearmouth and Monkwearmouth, contains a population of 50,000 souls.* It seems to tread as hard upon Newcastle in shipping as in population. Not fewer than *six hundred and eighty-five vessels* belong to the port of Sunderland; making it the fourth port-town in the kingdom. These vessels annually convey about 131,471 tons of coals and other goods, and give employment to about *five thousand six hundred and twenty-six seamen*—"of a particularly bold and hardy temperament"—says my intelligent correspondent. The amount of duties received, one year with another, is little short of £80,000. Everything, too, is on the increase; and more ships (of small tonnage) are built here than in any other port in the kingdom. Consequently the lads of Sunderland are wide awake to their calling, and to a sense of what tends as much to their profit as to their credit. You see

bones" of hanging and destroying, right and left. The Duke was beheaded; and Westmoreland died in a foreign land. The cunning and cleverness with which their schemes were laid and conducted, for a long time defied even the vigilance of Cecil. Sir Cuthbert proposes bringing out this interesting octavo volume this season. I learn also from Sir Cuthbert, that a new edition of his *Bishoprick Garland* (as quoted at vol. i. p. 303) is not unlikely shortly to see the light. I am fortunate in the possession of one of the only hundred copies printed of this curious book,—and which is not less curiously bound by Oliver Sumner of York; in vellum, of a whiteness which yields only to that of snow.

* I had before, on the authority of Paterson, called the number 17,000: but perhaps the two latter divisions of the town were not included in that census? And yet, they are nowhere else mentioned.

these “ lads” bustling and squeezing about in the narrow streets, which branch from the main (and nobly-wide) streets, from morning till night—now, from or to the *glass manufactories*—and now, to those of the *rope* :—to say nothing of the thousands occupied in the *coal trade*.

They do a great stroke of business in the glass-way. My daughter was delighted with the different processes she saw ; but almost screamed as well as startled, when she heard, that, to the identical manufactory which she was visiting, an order had come down that morning, for a “ *thousand dozens of gin-glasses !*” Of course, this could only have come from the region of “ gin-palaces.” The ordinary wine or beer bottle is the prevailing article of commerce in the glass-way—but both here, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle, you shall see decanters, tumblers, and wine glasses—vases—with all their accompaniments, manufactured in a style of surprising beauty and in endless variety. Perhaps the most wonderful department in trade, at Sunderland, is, the *Rope Manufactory*. The ordinary vulgar phrase is, to give a man “ rope enough, and he will hang himself.” Such an unfortunate creature never need be in want of “ rope enough” at Sunderland—for at the manufactory of Mr. Webster, *one* rope was manufactured nearly *three miles and a half long* :—without a single splice ! This was for the great neighbouring railroad. Another rope was made not less than 4,900 yards long, (or nearly *three miles*) for the same railroad—which weighed *eleven tons*—was six inches only in circumference—

and cost about £450.* The railroads also give great occupation to the *Iron Foundries* of Sunderland, which are numerous ; and at the season of our visit, were in such force, that they had been compelled to work on the sabbath day in order to get the business executed in time. I had rather they had violated the order, than the sabbath. There are also manufactories of *earthenware*, in which a great stroke of business is struck : as well as in *sailcloth*—and *kerseymeres*.

In fact, it appears obvious that Sunderland is intent not only upon rivalling, but even upon eclipsing, the neighbouring town of Newcastle. They will not have it supposed that they “play second fiddle ;” for their *ship-building* is incessant—and no man is seen to loiter upon the beach, or to gaze about as if feeding upon air.

The best COAL lies within the immediate neighbourhood of the town—and the transportation of *half a million* of chaldrons, annually, to London, and to every quarter of the globe, calls for as many hands as can be tendered—and ships are manned and dispatched with a celerity that can scarcely be conceived. The River Wear, of which honourable mention has been made in a preceding page,* runs here very rapidly, within compressed limits ; but it is bestrid by a bridge of iron, with one single

* I believe that the rope used at the mouth of the Birmingham railroad, in London, to convey the train to Primrose Hill, was manufactured at Sunderland, and cost about the same money.

† Vol. i. p. 305.

arch of not less than the span of two hundred and thirty-six feet :—being also one hundred feet above the surface of the highest tide, while vessels sail under without striking their top-gallant sails. A noble view of this bridge is seen in Surtees' *History of Durham* ;* to the pages of which masterly work I refer the more curious reader for particulars about the early history of the town. I ought however to add, that, since my visit, a wet dock has been opened on the north side ; which is likely to give a wonderfully increasing impetus to trade—in almost all its varieties. In short, it should seem as if gold were indigenous in the very soil of Sunderland : and when I remarked to one of its most prosperous inhabitants that “ the ever-rolling volumes of black smoke—emitted from I knew not how many glass and iron founderies—were sufficient to horrify the fastidious taste of a southern”—“ it may be so—(he replied) but to our eyes, this canopy of black smoke is befringed with diamonds !”

Let it not, however, be supposed that literature, philosophy, and science, are banished in these sooty domains. Quite otherwise. Here are societies which embrace all these objects ; and Museums and Libraries which include specimens of natural history, anatomy, and antiquarian relics. Compared with its neighbour, Newcastle, on this latter score, it is doubtless in its infancy ; but the infant in the cradle is of Herculean form and power. Within a quarter of a century, it will spring up into vigorous

* A slight notice of it occurs in vol. i. p. 314.

and gigantic maturity. Nor shall its records, or annals, want to be known to the latest posterity, while the press of Mr. Marwood* is instrumental to their propagation.

I return to a more confined, but not less interesting, topic—to my own feelings. My stay with my friend was at an unfavourable moment—on account of his unavoidable absence in Devonshire; so that I saw only his amiable daughters, and their not less amiable and excellent aunt—the sister of the individual to whose memory the sweet verses have been given in a preceding note. But every comfort, from a roomy house and a commodious establishment, it was our good fortune to experience. After three days, we thought of our departure; and from the interposition, or rather persuasion, of Sir Cuthbert Sharp, we resolved upon taking *Lambton Castle* (the seat of the Earl of Durham*) in our way to

* I am in possession of several specimens of this worthy printer's productions. They need not fear comparison even with those of the office from which these volumes emanate. Mr. Marwood, who paid me a visit at Mr. Featherstonhaugh's, is an active, intelligent, and obliging man. He is sure of his long-tailed ponies—in the end.

† The reader, however, shall not be disappointed by a total silence as to the contents of this splendid residence; for although, had I visited it, no flag would have been flying at the turret head, as my Lord Durham had not then returned from his embassy to Russia, it would have been hardly possible to have given a more minute and correct account than what here follows; furnished by my kind friend Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who is intimate with everything described. We may first remark, that *Lambton Castle* is well described by Surtees, to which is added the exquisite graphic decoration mentioned in the

Durham ; as being only a trifling *détour* to our right. My friend, Mr. Raine, had also strongly

text : and I am only speaking the sentiments of those who know it well, when I add that this noble residence combines magnificence and comfort in a remarkable degree. The west terrace is not less than three hundred and sixty feet in length. It commands a glorious view—bordered on the north and south by the undulating sides and deep over-hanging banks of the river, which gradually terminate in a point, where the blue hills of the western moors mingle with the clouds. The river divides the park into nearly equal portions.

We enter the VESTIBULE, and look at the following pictures :—*General Lambton*, by Romney ; *Garrick's Villa* ; *Mr. and Mrs. Garrick at tea, with Mr. Bowden, and Mr. Geo. Garrick's family*, by Zoffany ; *Shakspeare's Temple*, Zoffany. These were purchased at Mrs. Garrick's sale. The SALOON : *Captive*, by Reynolds ; *Lady Hamilton*, by the same ; purchased at Lady Thomond's sale. *Titian's Mistress*, Giorgione ; *Woman taken in Adultery*, Unknown. Of BUSTS, here are those of *Buonaparte*, by Chaudet ; *Pope*, by Roubilliac, purchased at Mrs. Garrick's sale ; the *Earl of Durham*, and a statue of the *Hon. Charles Wm. Lambton* ; each by Behnes. Here also are two *Malachite tables*, of most extraordinary beauty ; and two noble porcelaine vases, from the imperial manufactory of Alexandroffsky, which were presented to the Earl of Durham by the Emperor of Russia, in 1832 and 1836, in testimony of his personal friendship and regard. In the third place, for the LIBRARY ; of which, be it understood, from the reports which have reached me, the collection of books is at once copious and select. The pictures, or rather portraits, are these : *Wm. Henry Lambton*, Angelica Kauffman ; *Charles, Earl Grey*, T. Phillips, R.A. ; *Henry Brougham*, the same ; *A Priest*, Bassan ; *William Lambton*, Reynolds ; *Frances Susan Lambton*, A. Kauffman.

The grand *cheval de bataille*, at Lambton Castle, on the score of pictures, is to be witnessed in THE GALLERY,—a noble room, and worthy of the gems which its walls enclose. I shall begin with those which are necessarily more endeared to the noble owners of the mansion. *Lady Louisa Lambton, the present Countess*, by Lawrence ; I saw this picture in the Exhibition. Nothing more graceful and

urged this visit upon our consideration: adding, that, in his opinion, there was no castle—or rather

ladylike was ever struck out by the hands which painted it: and I understand that the resemblance is, or was, perfect. How can I dwell sufficiently upon the departed offspring of that parent—the *Hon. Charles Wm. Lambton*—executed, and I may add matchlessly executed, by the same pencil. To describe the attitude and mind's occupation of this beautiful youth—snatch'd from this world's storms in his thirteenth year—were indeed quite a work of supererogation; for the *PRINT* of him is everywhere. Apart—or with others—in volumes of every form and fashion—this delightful subject is introduced. Every body loves to look at, and to linger upon, such a countenance—“his rapt soul sitting in his eye,”—and that eye directed to heaven, through the moon's broad and lucid orb. It is a creature that is not composed of the ordinary elements of this life: and therefore—

“Too soon did HEAVEN assert its claim,
And call'd ITS OWN away.”

Such were the “*fata aspera*” which fix the memory of this young “*Marcellus*” more deeply, perhaps, in the bosom of his Father, than numerous other privations of the same solemn import!

We proceed, in our brief catalogue. *The Earl of Durham*, by Lawrence—among his last productions; a clever brilliant picture, as I saw it in the Exhibition. *View on the Medway*, Callcott; *Italian Scenery*, the same; both exhibited, and running away with half the admiration of the room. *Death of Sir William Lambton, at Marston Moor*, Cooper; *Battle of Bosworth Field*, the same; each admirable. *The Trossachs*, Glover; *Garrick, at the Farmer's Return*, Zoffany; *Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, as Jaffier and Belvidera*, the same; both purchased at Mrs. Garrick's sale. *Woodcutters, scene in Devonshire*, Collins; *Landscape*, S. Glover; *View on the Tiber, Evening*, Wilson; *Landscape*, Both; *Landscape*, Salvator Rosa; *Seventh Plague of Egypt*, Martin; *View near Tunbridge*, P. Nasmyth; *The Careless Messenger*, Mulready; *Ullswater*, Hoffland; *Durham Cathedral*, Glover; *Lady Ann Lambton, and Family*, Hoppner; *London and Blackfriars' Bridges, morning*, Marlow; *Westminster Bridge, evening*, the same; *Gravel Diggers*, Alphonson; *Rat Catch-*

no hall, within a castle—like the one in question. I wanted very little coaxing or inducement of this kind: for how often had I feasted upon the *View of Lambton Castle*—from the drawing by Glover, engraved by John Pye—in Mr. Surtees' splendid folios! Never were earth and heaven—water, clouds, and sky—trees, shrubs, and flowers—more deliciously, because more thoroughly naturally, represented. The breeze is softly blowing, and the sun as sweetly shining. The flag is flying upon the turret-head, and the master is at home, in the expectation of numerous visitors. The gondolas are getting ready for an evening regatta—

“ On the smooth surface of the glassy lake”—

and soft music will be heard anon, as the moon rises in all her silvery pomp and amplitude.

The morning destined for our departure, and for an hour or two's tarrying at Lambton Castle, was one of the most inauspicious imaginable. It not only “blew great guns,” but the heavy rain rushed along laterally, as if determined to upset the vehicle with its inmates. The post-boy turned his head and shoulders doggedly to the “water-spout”—the horses for a little moment were staggering—and the windows shook and rattled on all sides: the blast howling through, as if determined upon unroofing the chaise. I was told, on reaching Durham, that this had been a “genuine specimen of the climate,” in one of its

ing, E. Landseer; *Liberty*, F. C. Turner; *Tillietudlem Castle*, Thomson (Edinb.); *Tantallon Castle*, the Same; *Landscape*, Dominichino; *Landscape*, the Same.

angry moods. On such a day, it were folly to think of a *détour* in any direction—and stern necessity, and a yet sterner compliance with it, compelled us to go direct for Durham. Here we revisited our old quarters at the “Waterloo Hotel”—anything but quarters of comfort*—but what was much better, renewed a brief intimacy with the illustrious corps of antiquaries and tutors of the University. Banquets were in preparation, and “ancient hospitalities” to be renewed, if possible, on an enlarged scale of sociality. On more accounts than one, we were compelled to turn a deaf ear to the charmer, “charmed he never so wisely.” I was in bed the whole of the first day, from severe indisposition: and on the second, could only receive friends, on the sofa—upon the condition of their keeping up conversation in a *sotto voce*. Even in my bed-room was their anxiety evinced—for Messrs. Gilly, Townsend, and Raine, obtained admission—as if determined to take me by force from my “lair.” Such demonstrations of warmth of feeling were worth all the physic in the world: but though the heart was leaping, the limbs could not be moved—and I lay as if half the weight of Ben Lomond were upon me.

In vain did my good friend, (the Rev. J. Raine) the historian of North Durham, unravel his magic

* The principal families in the North, in travelling this road, usually sleep at Rushyford: see an anecdote, vol. i. p. 258. The town inns, in the North of England, are greatly inferior to those in the West.

roll, described in a preceding page*—in vain did Messrs. Peile and Whitley join the invading cohort, to carry me off by storm or stratagem—I remained clenched to my couch ; and there was no loosening the nail which had thus clenched me. I longed for an introduction to Mr. Archdeacon Thorp, the Warden, and Mr. Chevallier, professor of mathematics—but it was not to be. On the ensuing day, in a state little calculated for locomotion, we started for York—a wearisome distance of nearly seventy miles. Winter was now coming on apace, and the upper lands were beginning to be mantled with snow. There was no charm from without ; so that on reaching our old and comfortable quarters, at Etridge's hotel, we were resolved upon a few days' rest, and refreshments from within. The latter we were sure to possess, from the never-wearied attentions of our kind-hearted friends—the family of Mr. Atkinson. One of these days was devoted to a renewal of my acquaintance with the splendid hospitalities of *Bishopthorpe*—where I exhibited the drawings collected since my former visit, during a circuit of some fifteen hundred miles. It was a sort of "*Plaudite et Valete*" at the close.

At York there had been a concentration of letters and parcels awaiting me :—even from the distance of St. Andrew's. Among the latter, was the fragment of a stone, or monument, found near the precincts of the Cathedral—of which a most accurate copy, and admirable drawing, was made by a lady,

* Vol. i. p. 290.

whom I here choose to call BELINDA. As it is possible that lady may not know the Latin tongue, I will only add—" *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" But the *pencil* is only a reflex light of her varied merits. Some one is tapping at the outward door—and in walks good Mr. Oliver Sumner, the book-binder,—with not one jot of enthusiasm or of civility abated since his first visit. He was embedded in morocco and russia leather: a quarto here, an octavo there, a duodecimo in a third place: bestudded with Arabesque, or gothic, or classical ornaments, in the rich tracery of gilt tooling. Trade was stirring. Hope was bright: and he was "blessed with the best of sons." Prosperity and happiness be ever his portion! I yet fancy there will one morning be a cart-load of books, in sheets and in boards, for his binding—from ESHTON HALL . . . whither it is high time that the reader should accompany me.

Where can a traveller—made up of complex materials like myself—better fix his staff of rest, than in a soil, rich and loamy—and prodigal of resplendent fruit—like that of ESHTON HALL? Where shall this Journal or Tour *colophonise* with a better grace? No where. It is the morning—and, for a wonder, the heavens are blue and the zephyrs are soft. Nearly forty miles are before us. We stop, for a single minute, to take leave of our amiable friends the Atkinsons—assembled at the door to receive us—the venerable parent bonnetted in a semi-cardinal's cap of brown flowered silk . . . with a

bright blue eye, and the carnation-tint of early manhood . . .

“ I thought—but it might not be so—

’Twas with pain that they saw us depart.”

We had indeed good reason to be abundantly grateful, as well as mindful, of their unceasing attentions and hospitalities. I have probably turned my back upon York, and upon its inhabitants, for the last, as well as the third, time ; and when the long expected volume of *YORK WORTHIES* shall appear, most assuredly I shall look sharply through the *first* letter of the alphabet.

The country towards Wetherby and Earl Harewood’s fine domains, looks temptingly luxuriant. There is the river Wharf, which meanders in a most winning manner—usually running at the foot of wooded heights : along pastures, where cattle should seem to stray and to feed as if never to be submitted to the slaughter-knife. About this neighbourhood is some of the finest land in Yorkshire : and when I mention *Bolton Abbey*, as an attraction of another description, the reader is prepared to hail the country as one which has no common claims to admiration. But the days are getting at the shortest : and we have no time to stop, or leisure to look around. It is the second of December, and even now, night is advancing. At Skipton, we took the last post-horses, which would carry us to Eshton Hall, at the distance of five miles. Rapidly as the lad drove, we deemed his pace slow. At length we discern lights from an eminence. They are the lights of the hospitable mansion whither we are

hastening: and which, as we near it, increases in size and character. The last gate is opened, and we drive to the door.



ESHTON HALL.

A dear and deceased friend used to say, that, to enjoy the thorough luxury of in-door comfort and hospitality—especially on a first visit—you ought to arrive at *night-fall*: and the heavier the rain, and the louder the wind, the better. It is the *contrast* that produces the first charm. Be this as it might, although there was neither “heavy rain” nor “loud wind”—yet the night was moist and murky—and we wanted no adventitious incident to charm our eyes, or win our hearts, on arriving at Eshton Hall. The reader will be pleased to observe, on examining the above vignette, that all the portion of the building to

the right—including the tower—has been built, or is in the act of being built, since my visit : but what was seen on that visit, quickly convinced me that I had entered no finer library,* and mounted no such

decided resemblance—although executed more than twenty-five years ago, by our mutual friend Mr. Masquerier.† The portrait of Mr. Wilson is by the same hand—and at the same time. You move on

* I ought to except the Library at SYSTON PARK ; see vol. i. ; although this latter, on the score of books, has not its shelves so numerously furnished. The library at Syston is in *one* room ; which, although loftier and more magnificently furnished, does not equal in length the united rooms at Eshton Hall.

† *Reminiscences of a Literary Life* ; from page 949 to 957.

‡ Every prayer and entreaty for a copy of the original, or for a private plate, was not listened to for a moment. Will that ORIGINAL allow me one day to remind her of the anecdote of Montesquieu and *his* portrait ?

to the grand staircase : executed in oak—of elaborate and most tasteful ornament, of the Tudor period—under the direction of Mr. Webster, the architect. In no one house—however lofty in rank its inmates—had I before ascended a more perfect staircase. It is also of easy ascent, with a return on each side from a landing-place, which, right and left, is connected by corridors with the chief divisions of the house. The staircase is lighted from a sky-light ; in which I rejoiced to learn that the stained glass was speedily to disappear : as the climate of Yorkshire, if not of England, will hardly admit of a blue or yellow intercepting medium of light. At present, from this deficiency, the staircase is not illuminated as it deserves to be.

The sides of this staircase are pretty well covered with pictures—obtained, some fourscore years ago, by an ancestor of Miss Currer, of the name of Richardson.* Among these paintings, none obtained so strong a hold upon my attention as a sort of fresco *Head of a Shepherd Youth*, surmounted by a white conical cap—of which Raffaele is the reputed master.† It is executed in the style of his cartoons, and hangs over the entrance-door of the bed-room which was allotted to myself. As we have a little oddly, and inversely, mounted the first-floor of

* An account of a privately printed volume, under the title of Mr. Richardson's *Correspondence*, will be found in the pages referred to in the last note.

† Perhaps Miss Currer will one day get this head lithographised, under the care, and from the drawing, of Mr. Lane—the *facile princeps* of all lithographic artists.

Eshton Hall, it may be as well to add, that, all the sleeping-rooms are upon so lofty a scale as to be full sixteen feet in height, with length and width in proportion; and they are numerous and commodious. Were Skipton Castle to be resuscitated, and again attacked, the hostile army, on the night preceding such an attack, might all slumber in these bed-rooms; where, on a pinch, a score and a half of men might be stowed in each room—provided a few could sleep standing upright.

We descend; having dressed for dinner. The “bidding bell” rings, and the guests sit down—as we did, for four days, to an abundant and dainty repast. Here are some excellent pictures, of which a *Portrait of Charles I*, purchased by Miss Currer out of a family where it had remained since the time of Vandyke, is clearly the chief attraction of the pencil. It is in fine preservation; but like almost all the portraits of that unhappy monarch by the same artist, there is a stiff, melancholy air of quiescence about it. To be sure Charles had little, in later life, to mantle his countenance with a smile. A most *singular* picture (of the time of Mr. Richardson) can scarcely fail to arrest the attention, in that of *Cymon and Iphigenia*, by Breughel. It is treated quite in an original manner; but what is not less singular than its mode of treatment, is, that the colouring is absolutely glowing with the warmth of Rubens. Another picture, or portrait, (also of the time of Miss Currer’s ancestor) is one of a *Woman in a ruff*—executed by Boll—in the school of Rembrandt.

The lamps are lighted. The coffee and tea are announced : and we break up for the *Drawing Room*—or, rather, the Library. I must again refer to a preceding work, in which this Library has been somewhat minutely described : but now, having *seen* it—consisting of two noble apartments, entirely filled with finely bound books, and extending some eighty feet in length, and twenty-five in width, by sixteen in height—to say nothing of a third library, or *book-boudoir*, at the extremity of the second, to the right ;—having, I say, seen, leisurely surveyed, and as leisurely examined, all this **boke-domain**, I may fairly and honestly say, that with the exception of Althorpe, Chatsworth, and Stowe, I know of no such collection of books, situated in the country, which can pretend to break a lance with it. And then, the absolute good-sense and practical utility of the whole library (having, however, many redeeming *tit-bits* of **black-letter** lustre) bound and adorned in such comely and appropriate attire—sets one's very heart in a glow, to contemplate them ! I should think there might be *eighteen thousand volumes*—reposing upon shelves of oak, admirably contrived and carved—with mantle-pieces of brave “gear.” Upon the whole, although these rooms are of considerable architectural *pretension* compared with those of Althorpe—being loftier and wider—yet, in the beautiful condition of the books, I was instantly reminded of the library of that place : which, alas ! I have never gazed upon since the demise of its late noble master.

What is to be done ? Is no volume to be described ?

No specific book to be handled and laid open to the public view? Yes—but upon ONE *only* shall I dwell at large. First, because I consider it to be the purest and most brilliant in the whole collection; and secondly because Miss Currer has caused a *Catalogue of her books* to be privately printed, and liberally circulated amongst her friends.* Yet, liberal as

* But as this elegantly-printed volume is now opened before me, the reader—whose felicity it may *never* be to press a copy of it to his heart—(alas! for my friend Mr. Trotter Brockett, on this score) will surely be disposed to tender me a vote of thanks, rather than of censure, for the ensuing analysis—or picking out a few of its rarer gems. Of *Greek and Latin Classics*, here are twenty pages, comprising about four hundred articles, all of useful import, and some few of proud bearing—as the *Pliny Senior* of 1472:—which, by the bye, it is hardly possible *not* to find in beautiful condition! Of *Manuscripts*, I hold the one, about to be described in the next note, as the most precious; but there are not fewer than forty-one volumes, in folio and in quarto, of the *Hopkinson MSS.*—purely topographical, and relating to Yorkshire; in which Miss Currer's property is situated. Hopkinson was the secretary of Sir William Dugdale in his visitation of the county of York. These volumes contain many transcripts of Dugdale, with additions; and they are still farther enlarged by Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Leeds, a relation of Thoresby the antiquary. Wilson gave them to Mr. Richardson, of Bierley, Miss Currer's great-uncle, in 1755: of whom Hopkinson was an ancestor.

History is perhaps the grandest feature in this well-furnished library. It embraces a range of not fewer than two hundred pages: comprehending *Travels, Antiquities, Topography, and Biography*: but many of the rarer pieces in the Scotch and Irish histories are yet desiderated. The "Collections" are nearly perfect. The fair owner may be proud of her *Theology*: for here are Polyglot Bibles, Hebrew and Greek Bibles, with some choice specimens of early English—with the *Coverdale* of 1535 almost complete—and let it be known, far and wide, that not fewer than nine pages are devoted to

was the circulation, you shall not be able to procure a copy of this catalogue, upon sale, under the sum of five guineas. The "brilliant" however, about to be described, in the subjoined note, is entitled, *The Correspondence of Lord Dacre, Warden of the West and Middle Marches, from June 1523, to August 1524*. The reader may have learnt from more than one of the preceding pages, what an important part this Lord Dacre played, from the time of Flodden Field downwards—especially under the command of the famous Earl of Surrey, who, however, has not spared the motley qualities of this Border-Warrior, in one of his letters to the king: respecting a night adventure before Newcastle-upon-Tyne. In itself, this volume—containing 334 pieces, or letters—is inestimable: for although several are printed in Hearne's *Otterburn and Whetamstede*, and several are copies of previous instruments, yet are there

the dissection of the invaluable *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Sacrarum* of Ugolinus. There is hardly a good old English Divine wanting. In *Topography*, the collection appears to be nearly perfect: many of them upon large paper—of the rarest calibre: while all *Hearne's Pieces* are original copies, as subscribed for by Dr. Richardson of Bierley. In the *Fine Arts* here are many delightful specimens; and one of the best copies known of Earlom's edition of Claude's *Liber Veritatis*. In *English Philology*, a grand favourite with me is the finest copy I know anywhere of Sir Thomas More's *Works*, in 1577, folio—bound in blue morocco—and obtained of Mr. Major, the bookseller. In younger days, this tome was one of the higher horses which I loved to ride. Here, too, is a Capgrave's *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, in purple morocco—worth, at the least, a dozen sovereigns. It is a work as full of veracious history as of droll fiction—and should be translated *cum notis variorum*.

many *original* pieces ; and some of WOLSEY among the rest.*

There was little or no inducement—indeed no opportunity—for out-of-door recreation ; as, exclusively of an increasing indisposition, it rained the whole time of our stay. There is a pretty hilly view, seen from the dining-room windows—over which was my bed-room—and upon which I was frequently gazing. Mr. Wilson told me that the hill in question had been said to resemble a good deal the Rock of Gibraltar : and I could well conceive, in the flowery months of summer, or during the varied tints of autumn, the whole of the landscape would assume a beautiful and interesting character.† There was a sort of *burn*, or rapid

* It was from this identical Collection, that Hearne, on a visit to Dr. Richardson—whose book it was—published several of the letters in the work above referred to. The orange yet retains a good deal of precious juice, to supply nutrition for a future historian : as the *taste* of Hearne was miserably in arrears of his industry and accuracy. Miss Curren possesses a neat transcript of the titles of every one of the three hundred and thirty-four letters contained in it, executed by our common friend W. C. Trevelyan, Esq. It seems, of the whole number, that Hearne published only eighteen : while there are not fewer than sixty-four *original* documents—which, I believe, have never made their appearance in print. This PRECIOUS VOLUME contains only the correspondence of fourteen months. What would fourteen *years* of a similar correspondence have produced ! Some of the highest names in *England* and *Scotland* figure in these pages.

† There is an engraving of *A View from the Library Window*, in the catalogue of Miss Curren's library ; which, although depicting a beautiful landscape, wants force of light and shade in its composition. Yet is such a view no ungratifying adjunct to such a library.

rivulet, to the left, which, when the storms of mid-winter were abroad, would deluge the lands, and endanger the cattle, by the increase and impetuosity of its current. Alas! if ever Eshton Hall be revisited, it must not be in the month of December. Its contiguity to the post-town of Gargave, only two miles distant, renders it a very commodious residence; and the Leeds Union coach, which runs through it, from Skipton, is often the carrier, I ween, of many a rare gem for the book-shelves of its owner. In that coach *we* took our departure from Skipton to Newark, the family carriage conveying us to the former place. From Newark, a postchaise brought us, on the eve of the second day, to the threshold of EXNING VICARAGE.

If ESHTON HALL has been reserved for the *last* place in the order of this narrative, it will be evident, on the reader's casting an eye upon the second page of the first volume of this work, that its owner will rank among the *first* in the author's estimation for "regard and respect." Her acceptance of the DEDICATION of this work has helped to cheer me in the long hours of a painful illness, which immediately followed on my reaching home—and it also invigorated me, on returning health, to conduct and to conclude these pages, amidst the toil, solicitude, and expense, of an almost overwhelming Correspondence.

FINIS.

D. W.

