No more they struggle here below
To guide, through many a gulf of woe,
Their being's fragile bark,—
But, harboured in eternal rest,
By far off islands of the blest,
Calm on a sunlit ocean's breast,
Anchor their fearless ark.

Seem they to sleep? 'tis but as sleeps
The seed within the earth,
To burst forth to the brilliant morn
Of a more glorious birth;—
Seem they to feel no breath of love
That o'er their icy brow will move
With tearful whispers warm?
'Tis that upon their spirit's ear
All Heaven's triumphant music clear
Is bursting, where there comes not near
One tone of sorrow's storm!

Oh! give them up to Him whose own
Those dear redeemed ones are!

Lo! on their wakening souls He breaks,
"The bright and morning star!"
His are they now for evermore,—
The mystery and the conflict o'er,
The Eternal city won!
As conquerors let them pass and go
Up from the fight of faith below,
The peace of God at last to know
In kingdoms of the sun!

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"
And let the Lord of Glory's train
Throng the bright courts of day!
We follow, too, ye lov'd ones gone!
We follow, faint but fearless, on
To meet you where the Lamb, once slain,
Amidst His ransom'd church on high
Shall dwell—and wipe from every eye
The tears that, through eternity,
Shall never flow again!

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c., &c.—No. I.

The value of reminiscences of eminent men must be in proportion to the opinion entertained of the writer's powers and opportunities of observation, and of his good faith as an accurate reporter and chronicler. The reminiscences we have to present to our readers, connected with Scott and "The Shepherd," bear intrinsic evidence of their genuineness in every sentence. Yet we deem it the most satisfactory, and also the most simple and direct mode of procedure, to permit Sir Walter Scott himself to introduce the individual who here recalls his sayings and doings; and who, without being blind to his weaknesses, appears to cherish his memory with the most devoted and grateful respect. To few individuals could Sir Walter Scott have appeared under an aspect more uniformly kind and benignant than he must have done to Mr. Morrison. Their acquaintance commenced in 1803—an early period of Scott's brilliant career; and eighteen years afterwards, we find him thus cautiously and characteristically describing the author of the subjoined Reminiscences, in whose prosperity he at all times took no ordinary interest. Mr. Morrison's name does not, we believe, once occur in Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of Scott; but this is an oblivion which he shares with many other of Sir Walter's early friends; and it is one of small consequence, save that it renders this explanation necessary:—

MR. WALTER SCOTT TO MR. ROSCOE OF LIVERPOOL.

Dear Sir,—I should not have presumed to give the bearer an introduction to you on my own sole authority; but as he carries a letter from General Dirom of Mount Annan, and as I sincerely interest myself in his fortunes, I take the liberty of strengthening (if I may use the phrase) the General's recommendation, and, at the same time, of explaining a circumstance or two which may have some influence on Mr. Morrison's destiny.

He is a very worthy, as well as a very clever man; and was much distinguished in his profession as a civil engineer, surveyor, &c., until he was unlucky enough to lay it aside for the purpose of taking a farm. I should add that this was done with the highly laudable purpose of keeping a roof over his father's head, and maintaining the old man in his paternal farm. At the expiry of the lease, however, Mr. Morrison found himself a loser to such an amount that he did not think it prudent to renew the bargain, and attempted to enter upon his former profession. But being, I think, rather impatient on finding that employment did not occur quite so readily as formerly, he gave way to a natural turn for painting, and it is as an artist that he visits Liverpool. I own, though no judge of the art, I think he has mistaken his talents; for, though he sketches remarkably well in outline, especially our mountain scenery, and although he was bred to the art, yet so long an interval has passed, that I should doubt his ever acquiring a facility in colouring.

However, he is to try his chance. But he would fain hope something would occur in a city where science is so much in request, to engage him more profitably to himself, and more usefully to others, in the way of his original profession as an engineer, in which he is really excellent. I should be sincerely glad, however, that he throve in some way or other, as he is a most excellent person in disposition and private conduct, an enthusiast in literature, and a shrewd entertaining companion in society.

I could not think of his carrying a letter to you without your being fully acquainted of the merits he possesses besides the painting, of which I do not think well at present; though, perhaps, he may improve.—I am, Sir, with very great respect, your most obedient servant,

Walter Scott.

Edinburgh, 1*st June*, 1821.

In Liverpool, Mr. Morrison, as will afterwards be seen, met with the kindest reception from Mr. Roscoe, who returned him Sir Walter Scott's introductory letter, as a document of more value to himself than to any one else. Before coming to the Reminiscences, and in order to throw a little more light upon the character of their writer, and his connexion with the distinguished individuals from whom they derive their interest, we copy from the original MS. of the Ettrick Shepherd, the following rhymed epistle and epitaph, addressed to Mr. Morrison while he was engaged on some piece of professional business with Mr. Telford in North Wales.

Edinburgh, *July* 18, 1810.

Thou breeze of the south, so delightful and mild,
Enriched with the balms of the valley and wild,

With pleasure I list to thy far-swelling sigh,
And watch the soft shades of thy vapours on high.
—O! say in thy wanderings afar hast thou seen,
'Mong Cambria's lone valleys and mountains of green,
A wanderer from Scotia, unstable and gay,
The friend of my heart, but the friend of a day!
Who left us without telling wherefore or why,
Unless by thy murmurs uncertain and shy;
And pleased a new scene and new manners to see,
He breathes not a sigh for old Scotia and me!
Then say, gentle breeze, ere for ever you fly
To mountains and moors where thy murmurs shall die,
Say where my few lines or inquiries shall find
This bird of the ocean, this son of the wind!
Is he dancing with Cambrian maids on the green?
Or making a plain where a mountain has been?
Or diving the deep, the foundation to see
Of a bridge to astonish and rainbow the sea?
Or watching in rapture, unbounded and high,
The bright maiden-glance of a sweet rolling eye?
—Or say, has his deep hyperbolical smile,
With a flow of fine words, and deep phrases the while,
The gentry of Wales to astonishment driven,
At a mind so unbounded by Earth or by Heaven?
—Whate'er he is doing, where'er he may roam,
O bear him good news from his sweet native home;
And tell him his friends in Edina that stay
Are sadly distressed at his biding away;
That a *passionate* ———, and *pennyless Bard*,
Would, with much satisfaction, his presence regard;
That the one still is basking in Fortune's bright smile,
The other 's despised, though admired all the while;
And from listless inaction, if nothing can save,
He may sink, without fail, in despair to the grave;
"Like the bubble on the fountain, like the foam on the river,
The Bard of the Mountain is gone and for ever."
O tell me, dear Morrison, fairly and free,
Say what must I do to be gifted like thee!
Is genius with poverty ever combined
Without perseverance or firmness of mind?
Or would affluence load her bold pinion of fire,
And crush her in*——— of sense to expire?
If so, let me suffer and wrestle my way;
But give me my friend and my song while I stay:
With a heart unaffectedly kind and sincere,
To the lass that I love, and the friend I revere;
Though thou, as that friend, hast been rather unseemly,
A SHEPHERD, dear Jock, will for ever esteem thee.

JAMES HOGG.

In the above epistle the following epitaph was enclosed:—

EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN MORRISON, LAND-SURVEYOR.
BY JAMES HOGG.

Here lies, in the hope of a blest resurrection,
What once was a whim in the utmost perfection;
You have heard of Jock Morrison, reader. O hold!
Tread lightly the turf on his bosom so cold;
For a generouser heart, or a noddle more clear,
Never mouldered in dust than lies mouldering here.
His follies, believe me—and he had a part—
Sprang always spontaneous, but not from his heart:
Then let them die with him; for where will you see
A man from dishonour or envy so free.
For a trustier friend, or a lover more kind,
Or a better companion, is not left behind.
O! had I a headstone as high as a steeple,
I would tell what he was, and astonish the people.
How solid as gold, and how light as a feather,
What sense, and what nonsense, were jumbled together.
In short, from my text it may fairly be drawn,
Whatever was noble or foolish in man.
Then, read it with reverence, with tears and with sighs,
'Tis short but impressive,——HERE MORRISON LIES.

This much premised, we may now, with propriety, allow Mr. Morrison to speak for himself.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I BECAME acquainted with Mr. Scott in 1803, from the following circumstance:—

In the first edition of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in the ballad of "Annan Water," are these words,—

"O! wae betide the *frush* saugh wand,
And wae betide the bush of brier,
For they broke into my true love's hand,
When his strength turned weak, and his limbs did tire."

And in a note at the bottom of the page, *Frush* signifies *fresh* or *tough*. On which I took the liberty of writing to the Editor, "*Frush* does not mean fresh, but brittle, or half rotten; and such is the meaning of Holinshed in his description of Ireland: 'They are sore frushed with sickness, or too far withered with age.' The saugh wand broke in her true love's hand, from its being *frush*, *i. e.*, withered or rotten. So Barbour, when the shaft of Bruce's battle-axe broke in his encounter with De Bohun, says—

'The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa.'

"You state that the ballad of 'Annan Water' is now published for the first time; I send you the song in a half-penny ballad, published in Dumfries thirty years ago. I have seen still another copy, where the hero is more cautious,—

'Annan Water 's broad and deep,
And my fair Annie's passing bonny,
Yet I am loth to wet my feet,
Although I lo'e her best of ony.'"

I received an immediate answer, thanking me for my communication, and desiring my farther remarks on any other subject in the publication, with a present of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and an invitation to visit him when I might have occasion to come to Edinburgh.

It was two years before I had occasion to visit Edinburgh, when I waited on Mr. Scott, and had a most gracious reception. I had visited the Court of Session on my arrival in town, to have a look; and I was much disappointed. He had a downward, and, to me, a forbidding aspect; and so strikingly resembled Will Dalzell, the gravedigger of my native parish of Terregles, a person of rather weak intellect, that I could not help thinking there must be some analogy in their genius; but the spell dissolved the instant he spoke. He invited me to dinner: "Indeed, you had better wait,—in the library there are maps and prints, besides books; and dinner will be ready in an hour." His family was in the country, so that he was keeping bachelor's hall. Mr. Scott inquired much about the ruins and traditions of Galloway, but more particularly about the songs and rhymes that had not appeared in print, and if we had any legends of the Douglases, "who once were great men in your country."—"We have," said I, "their castle of Threave still standing on an island of the river Dee; but we

* A word obliterated.

do not associate their memory with anything that is good. Their castle of Threave was, with the assistance of the devil, built in one night; although the stones were brought from Rascawel Heugh, a distance of at least ten miles; as the same kind of sandstone is there only to be found. There are some lines, descriptive of this infernal piece of masonry, which I have written down somewhere."—"Do," said he, "let me have a copy. Any more about the Douglas?"—"He had a grudge at the Laird of Cardoness, and surrounded the castle; but the laird was nowhere to be found. He offered to satisfy any one with gold who would show him the hiding-place of his enemy. The cook pointed up the chimney, where he was concealed; from whence he was immediately dragged and despatched. Douglas then directed the cook to put on the fire a little pot, which he filled with gold, and, placing the betrayer of his master fast in a chair, directed his mouth to be gagged, and poured down the melted liquid: then, turning to his followers, said, 'Behold the reward of treachery!' He also, as you have yourself narrated, murdered the Master of Bomby; but the country resolved to suffer his tyranny no longer. Twelve brothers,* blacksmiths by trade, who lived at Carline work, not far from Threave, made a cannon, consisting of twelve staves, each brother making one. They then bound them in the proper form, by twelve hoops, or *girds*, and carried the cannon to a commanding situation, still pointed out, and still retaining the title of Camdudal or Camp-Douglas, and at the first shot knocked a hole through and through the castle, as the breach now shows; on which Douglas fled, and never again set his foot in Galloway. It is said that, in his flight, he robbed the abbey of Lincluden, and with his men ravished all the nuns."—"I have understood," said Mr. Scott, "that he expelled the nuns on account of their irregular way of living; but I have my doubts whether he was so stern a moralist. You must make me a drawing of Threave, or any other town or castle connected with the Douglas. The Gordons succeeded the Douglases, and some of them were not much better. I have seen a copy of a pardon granted to Gordon of Lochinvar for certain crimes and misdemeanours: for the slaughter of Lord Herries, and driving his cattle; for the crime of adultery; for abusing a witch, or supposed witch, and scoring her with his sword across the forehead; and for not only deforcing the king's messenger who came to arrest him, but forcing him to eat and swallow his own royal warrant."—"With respect to our songs, we have the Lass of Loch Ryan, which you know; Fair Margaret, of rather spectral import; we have Lochinvar who carried off a lady on her wedding day. She—

'Sent her former lover a letter, her wedding to come see.
When Lochinvar he read the lines
He looked o'er his land,
And four-and-twenty wild wight men
All ready at his command.
He mounted them all on milk-white steeds,
And clothed them all in green,
And they are off to the wedding gone.
* * * * *
Now one bit of your bread, he said,
And one glass of your wine,
And one kiss of the bonny bride
That promised to be mine.
He took her round the middle jimp,
And by the green gown sleeve,
And mounted her on his milk-white steed,
And speered nae bold baron's leave.
The blood ran down the Kylan burn,
And o'er the Kylan brae,
And her friends that kenn'd naething of the joke,
They a' cried out foul play.'"

"There's the banes of a good song there; try to recover some more."†——"The rest, so far as I can recollect, is mere doggrel. The disappointed bridegroom receives a taunt, that he had catched frogs instead of fish. *Kenmure's on and awa* is very good the old way; not the edition in Johnson's Collection, but a set much older. In 1746 or 1747, one of the Gordons of Kenmure lived in Terregles House. My father, when a boy, used to accompany him to the fishing, and had from him many stories about Kenmure. Kenmure was forced out in 1715, against his better judgment, by his wife. On leaving the castle his horse stumbled, which, he observed, was a bad omen. 'Go forward, my lord,' said she, 'and prosper! Let it never be said that the snapper of a horse's foot daunted the heart of a Gordon.' There is a saying of hers often repeated in the country, of which I do not know the import: 'If the lads lose the day at Preston, I'll let the witches of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' Some have it, 'If the dogs lose the day at Preston, I'll let the b——es of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' The uncle, William Gordon, said that she was a rank Catholic b—— from the Highlands; and was the ruin of his poor brother. And added, that Kenmure had a favourite in the clachan he liked much better, to which the old song alludes—

'Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure was the bonniest lad
That lived in Gallowa.
Kenmure bought me ae silk gown,
My minnie took that frae me,
When Kenmure he got word of that
He bought me other three.'"

"The Gordons," said Mr. Scott, "were from the south. The parish of Gordon was their property. Two brothers left the country: one went north, whose descendants are dukes of Gordon; the other directed his course west, and became Lord of Lochinvar and Kenmure. You sent us Buccleuch, and we sent you Kenmure; and as you say the one was sent for stealing sheep, perhaps the other was expelled for something of the same sort."

An old gentleman made the third person at dinner. He spoke little. He was one of Mr. Scott's neighbours in the country. On preparing to go away, Mr. Scott said—"You will oblige me greatly by making me some drawings of your old castles. I am particularly anxious to have a drawing of Caerlaverock: it is a noble ruin, and the stacks of chimneys are still very perfect, and in the finest style. I was once

* The name of these brothers was M'Min. I have talked with a person of that name, who claimed being their lineal descendant.

† See Scott's Lochinvar, in "Marmion."

there, and was much pleased. Threave, also, I must have; but I suppose there is nothing elegant there: strength was the grand object. And any old scraps of rhyme, or anecdote, will be most acceptable. Come to breakfast to-morrow, and come early; you will find me in the library, and can divert yourself with a book."

Next morning I found him in his study. "There," said he, "is a line to the keeper of the Advocates' Library. Ask for a catalogue, and the keeper will bring you any book you ask for. You can also have writing materials." During breakfast he inquired if I was acquainted with James Hogg. "I met with him," said I, "on my way to Edinburgh. I was perambulating the country for a proposed road from the south towards Edinburgh, and on my route passed the farm of Mitchelslacks, where he is shepherd. I intended to call; but before reaching the house I met him on his way to the hill. His plaid was wrapped round him, although the morning was warm and sunny. He was without shoes, with half stockings on his legs, and a dog at his foot. I inquired if he knew Mr. Hogg—'I am that individual.' We sat down by a well; and I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket. We instantly became friends. 'What are you doing in our part of the country?'—'I am,' said I, 'endeavouring to find a line for a proposed road up the vale of the Ae water; and hitherto I have met with no difficulty from the water of Sark, near Gretna, to where we are sitting. From this point I wish to get into Daar water, and so down the Tweed.'—'Your work is near an end,' said the Shepherd; 'for the devil a wheel-carriage road you will ever get from this to the water of Daar.' And on examining the country, I found that he was perfectly correct."

"Hogg is a wonderful man," said Mr. Scott; "and has been of great use to me in procuring materials when I was arranging the Border Minstrelsy; and furnished me with one of its best pieces, Auld Maitland, with some other excellent fragments." I mentioned that Mr. Hogg intended coming to Edinburgh soon. "If so, you will meet him here often. I hope that you are to remain for some time,—indeed, as a Landsurveyor, you ought to make Edinburgh your home. Come, and I will introduce you to some friendly writers; they have all the most lucrative department of your business in their hands, as I learn, by plans and surveys passing through the court." I mentioned that I had the offer of being appointed secretary to General Dirom, Deputy-quarter-master-general, worth a hundred pounds a-year, and liberal leave of absence.

"Accept, by all means; it may, nay must, lead to something better; and I will be always ready to give you a lift."

"I am here," said I, "on a trial for murder; having made a plan of the scene and country connected. I have been summoned as a witness to describe my plan as connected with the circumstances of the murder."—"Mention the leading points connected with your plan."—"On the night of the murder, Mary Robson and John Hannay met by appointment in Dumfries to arrange their marriage. She lived with her mother about five miles distant at Lochrutton, and he was a servant in Castlehill, about three miles from Dumfries. They were seen in the town, and also resting about twilight not far from the place of Hannay's residence. At the usual hour he appeared at supper with his fellow-servants. He was asked what he had done with Mary. He answered that she was gone home. He then apparently retired to bed. On the following morning the girl was found dead at a short distance from her mother's door. I was present at the precognition with the sheriff, Sir Alexander Gordon. In the meantime Hannay was secured. The girl was found on a rising ground. There had been a severe struggle from this spot to the bottom of the brae. The broom, which was in full bloom, had been grasped and stripped of its blossoms; one of her shoes was found at the bottom, where the murder had been finished; and the body carried up the bank, where the struggle had commenced, and the clothes adjusted. The black marks of fingers and a thumb were visible on her throat, and a little blood was oozing from her mouth. The body was warm when found. I was immediately sent to examine the ground. The servant, on going to make up Hannay's bed, which was in the stable above the horses, found that the bed had not been occupied. At some stiles between Castlehill and the girl's home, and on the footpath, the ground was soft, and I observed the print of feet, a greater and less, which I concluded to be a man's and a woman's; these I measured carefully, and found them to agree exactly with the shoes of Hannay and the poor girl. It was evident that he had made his victim conceal herself about the place; and, in order to lull suspicion, had made his appearance at supper, and seemingly retired to bed, but had again joined the girl, and conducted her to the place where he committed the crime.

"I am going now," I said, "to call on the Crown agent respecting the plan."—"He is," said Mr. Scott, "my most particular friend, William Clerk. I will, if you wish it, give you a card of introduction. You are likely to be the first witness called; and, after giving your evidence, you may remain during the trial, take notes, and compare the proof with the opinions you have already formed. I recollect," said Mr. Scott, "something of a murder that was committed in Galloway, where the guilty person was discovered in the same manner, by the size of his shoe, and also by some particular mark on the sole. Your sheriff, Gordon, was the person who took the precognition, and measured the murderer's foot, who was condemned altogether on presumptive proof, but afterwards confessed."

Mr. Hogg, soon after this, arrived in Edinburgh, and introduced me to Mr. Grieve, with whom we dined; and next day Mr. Hogg brought us an invitation to sup with Mr. Scott, and to be in Castle Street at eight o'clock.

When we arrived, "I have reserved my wine till your arrival; and we will have, as Burns has it, 'some rhyming ware.'" It was Mr. Grieve's first interview. "I am happy," said Mr. Scott, "to meet a Borderer and a poet." Mr. Scott read to us some of the introductions and two of the

cantos of "Marmion." In the introduction to one of the cantos, there is a description of St. Mary's Loch, which Mr. Hogg praised out of all measure. The poetry, he said, was beautiful; but the accuracy of the description better still. Mr. Scott inquired if I had been at St. Mary's; and if so, how I liked the description.

"You have," said I, "given the lake what it has not, and taken from it something that it possesses:

'Save where a line of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.'

You have no line of silver sand. You have been thinking of some of the Highland lakes, where, from the decay of the granite, the water is encircled with a beautiful line of silver sand. On St. Mary's, also, you have some good trees, particularly one very fine old ash, that has seen the deer resting under its branches 300 years ago.

'Thou know'st it well: nor bush nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge,'—

is not rendering it justice. There are also some tolerable birches on the Bowerhope side."

"You are quite correct," said Hogg. "I had forgotten these trees, led away by the beauty of the poetry."

"Very well, Mr. Hogg," said Mr. Scott; "but a few facts, or a little sound criticism, is infinitely more welcome to me than any praise whatever. I am sorry that I had not observed these trees, as the part is now printed off. I am sorry these trees have escaped me; but my eyes are not good; and I should, when I am in search of the picturesque, always have some better eyes than my own near me."

It was a high treat to hear Mr. Scott read his own poetry; even the *burr* had a charm. His voice was harsh and unmusical; but the passion and impressive manner made ample amends. I have heard many readers of high character reciting and reading his poetry; but after himself they all fell short. There is, to be sure, a sympathy betwixt a poet and his work that gives double interest. He called on Mr. Grieve to repeat a "verse or two," and if his own, it would enhance the value. Mr. Grieve recited a poem that was afterwards published in a collection arranged by Mr. Hogg. In my turn I gave a ditty called the Pedlar, who was murdered on his way to a fair. Mr. Scott was pleased to give me credit, and desired a copy. It has since been published. Mr. Hogg repeated, "The Moon was a-waning;" the best, to my mind, of the whole. Mr. Scott told some remarkable instances of the second-sight, one of which I afterwards recognised in the gray Spectre of Waverley.* "Have you any ghosts in Galloway?"—"We have many: Mary's Dream, for instance, which is a true tale, and was told in my hearing by Mary's sister. Sandy had just sailed on a voyage. Mary had 'laid her down to sleep.' The rising moon was shining in at her window, when Sandy came and sat down with a *soss* on a chest by her bedside. 'Dear Sandy,' said Mary, 'your clothes are all wet!' The Spirit addressed her nearly in the words of the song. The lady used to say the song was improperly called a dream—it was reality."

"This," said Mr. Scott, "is a most beautiful ballad as ever was written. Did the author write nothing more?" I repeated some verses, and mentioned that I had a poem of considerable length in the handwriting of Lowe. "We are obliged to Galloway," said Mr. Scott, "for the first of our clan." And he read a passage to us from Scott of Satchel's history of the name of Scott.

'Gentlemen in Galloway by fate
Had fallen at odds, and a riot did commit;
Then to the south they took their way,
And arrived at Rankleburn.
The keeper was called Brydon.
They humbly, then, did him entreat
For lodging, drink, and meat."
He saw them pretty men,
Immediately grants their request,
And to his house they came.
To wind the horn they did not scorn
In the loftiest degree;
Which made the Forester conceive,
They were better men than he.
These gentlemen were brethren born;
The one of them was called John Scott,
And the other English Wat.'

"Our tradition has it," said I, "that they were banished for stealing sheep."—"Not at all unlikely," said Mr. Scott; "for they continued to practise the business on a pretty large scale when they settled in our country. It is," said Mr. Scott, "not a bad subject for a better poem than our friend Satchel's. You should, Morrison, try your hand."

Next morning, I introduced Mr. Hogg to General Dirom, who invited us to dinner, was much pleased with his company, and continued Mr. Hogg's steady friend ever after. He left Edinburgh to enter on his new farm of Locherben, which he had taken in company with his friend, Mr. Adam Brydon of Aberlosk, in the south. About this period Mr. Hogg was arranging the "Mountain Bard" for publication; and I received many letters from him enclosing poems. Mr. Scott also showed me some of his correspondence. "I am afraid," said he, "that Hogg will neglect his *hirsel* with his poem-making."

I was commissioned to make a survey of a line of road in Dumfriesshire, the direction of which passed near Hogg's farm of Locherben; and on mentioning to Mr. Scott that I would call and see the Shepherd,—"Do," said he; "and bring me an account whether he is doing any good. I am a subscriber to the 'Mountain Bard.' Here are six pounds—it is all that I have in my pocket;—give it to him, with my best respects. He is, I am informed, an indifferent practical shepherd; and his partner, Edie Brydon of Aberlosk, is, it is said, a hard drinker: if so, the farm speculation has but a poor chance of succeeding."

I rode some miles out of my way, and called at Locherben; but Hogg was from home. His housekeeper, a very good-looking girl, under

* When Waverley was published, I had no difficulty in recognising the Bodach Glas, and nearly in the same words:—"I stood still and turned myself to the four points of the compass—turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes."—See *Waverley*.

twenty, or about eighteen years of age, invited me to alight and come in; for she expected James every minute. She unsaddled my pony, and gave it plenty to eat. I told her that I had a small parcel to leave for her master. "I have two masters," said she; "but I own the authority of Jamie only." The bottle was put down; and, soon after, an excellent tea-table was laid,—cold lamb, and fried mutton-ham, cheese, &c.,—"For," said she, "you will not have dined." She sat down, and made tea; and I would not wish to have it served by a better hand. Hogg did not make his appearance; and, after tea, the bottle and glasses were again put on the table. I waited till after sunset, and then prepared to go, presenting the housekeeper with the money. She still insisted that I would wait an hour or two. "You have only to Thornhill to ride; it is the longest day, and it never is dark." I waited still longer; but he did not come. I learned that the Shepherd was too often from home, and his partner had a farm to attend to in Eskdale Moor; from all which it was evident that the concern must be much neglected. The housekeeper said that the farm was understood to be high-rented, and, even with the most prudent management, would have enough to do. She had left her father's house in a *pet*, and was a servant for the first time. "My work is easy enough; but I have reason to regret that I ever left my father's house." On my return to Edinburgh, on meeting with Mr. Scott, "Well, friend Morrison," said he, "what the devil is this you have been about? I have had a letter from Hogg; come to breakfast to-morrow, and you shall read it. The letter was as follows. It is now before me; for, though Mr. Scott's, by some mistake I had put it in my pocket:—

DEAR SIR,—Our friend Morrison called at Locherben, and left with my housekeeper six pounds, which is far too much. I was from home; but he found things, I suppose, pretty comfortable; for he drank tea and toddy, and passed the evening, if not the night, very agreeably; and has left a dashing character behind him. I have little doubt that he was presented with the *deoch-an-doruis* [stirrup-dram] on his departure. I have also observed that my housekeeper wears a brooch in her breast, which used not to figure there.

"Pray," said Mr. Scott, "what kind of looking wench is this same housekeeper?"

"She is," said I, "a very comely, courteous, modest-looking damsel, as heart could wish, or eye look on. Her age may be twenty years. My expedition to Locherben is more like a scene in romance than an adventure in real life, and has given me a high opinion of Mr. Hogg's taste."

"Happy rogue!" said he. "I am well informed that he has put more pretty girls through his fingers than any fellow in Ettrick Forest."

The letter went on to ask advice respecting some publication; and ended by desiring to be kindly remembered to me. "So you observe," said Mr. Scott, "that Hogg harbours no malice."

Hogg, from being a shepherd on the farm of Mitchelslacks, took, in company with Edie Brydon, the farm of Locherben. I paid a second visit to Locherben. My pretty housekeeper was then gone. It was the time of sheep-shearing, which was just finished. Masters and men were sitting round a small cask of whisky, drinking it raw out of a tea-cup. They were all rather merry. I sat with them for some time, and was regaled with some excellent mutton-ham, cakes and butter, whisky and water. I had a surveying engagement at Moffat, about ten miles across a rough moor. A number of the company were going the same route. Mr. Brydon was of the party, and fortified his pocket with a bottle of whisky, which was finished on our journey. I was obliged to attend to some papers for the greater part of the night, but I heard the distant sound of revelling. The establishment at Locherben soon after was broken up—how could it stand?—and Mr. Hogg, with a small reversion, took on lease a farm on the Water of Scar, in the parish of Penpont, about seven miles west from Locherben. Corfardine was its name. I happened to be at Eccles with Mr. Maitland for a few days, and one forenoon paid him a visit, distant about three miles. The ground was covered with snow; and on entering the farm, I found all the sheep on the wrong side of the hill. Hogg was absent, and had been so for some days, feasting, drinking, dancing, and fiddling, &c., with a neighbouring farmer. His housekeeper was the most ugly, dirty goblin I had ever beheld; a fearful contrast to his former damsel. He arrived just as I had turned my horse's head to depart.

"Come in," said he. "Put your sheep to rights, first," said I; "they are on the wrong side of the hill, and have nothing to eat."

"Never mind," said he; "the lads will soon be home." The inside of his house corresponded with its out. A dirty-looking fellow rose from a bed, who was desired to go and look after the sheep. "I have been up," said he, "all night in the drift." —"You have been so," said I, "to very little purpose. Your *hirsel* is on the wrong side of the hill."

He ordered some ham, and bread and butter; but it came through such hands that I could not eat. Over our glass of whisky we had a long conversation. I strongly recommended him to give up his farm, and come into Edinburgh, and attend to the publication of the "Mountain Bard," which he said agreed with his own opinion, for that he had in contemplation a long poem about Queen Mary.

As Mr. Scott had warned me to keep a sharp look-out, particularly if his farming was doing any good, on giving him this account, he entirely agreed with the advice which I had given, and said that he would write him to that purpose. "Or why should he not engage again as a shepherd?"—"That," said I, "is now impossible. One who neglected his own flocks is not likely to manage well those of another, unless you could get him appointed one of the King's shepherds in Hyde Park or Windsor Forest. It would be a glorious sight to see him with his checkered plaid round his shoulders, and his dog, Lion, lounging behind him! On his first appointment I should like to have the keeping of the Park gates for one week, at a shilling a-head; it would be worth ten

thousand pounds. One half of London would be out to see him. One day of it would make Hogg's fortune."

Soon after this Mr. Hogg came into Edinburgh, and was at first received into the house of his friend Mr. Grieve, where I often met him, as well as at the house of Mr. Scott.

About this time, 1809, I was employed to make a survey for a railroad from Glasgow to Berwick. Mr. Telford was the directing engineer. Mr. Scott gave me letters of introduction to several gentlemen along the line of survey, and I procured leave of absence from my office in the Quarter-master-General's Office. "These cards of introduction are," said Mr. Scott, "unconnected with any business except your own; and you may deliver them or not, as you may find it convenient. Draw all the old castles,—Bothwell and Craignethan are not far from your route. I am informed that there are some fine old rhymes still lingering about the Upper Ward of Clydesdale."

I was, however, too much engaged with my survey to pay much attention to any other thing. As it was my first survey under Telford, Mr. Scott was anxious to hear how I was getting on, and desired me to write from time to time. I wrote to him in considerable perplexity, that Mr. Telford, on making the Trial Levels, had left a mark on the steeple of Lanark, from which my level differed fifteen feet; and that I had carried my level back to Glasgow in order to prove it, and found it correct. In answer to this he wrote, "Go on in your own way; but be sure that you are correct. Telford is a clever fellow, and a bit of a poet, and will thank you for correcting the error; it will be a feather in your cap." Having also written to Mr. Telford, I received a letter which put all to rights.

In the Upper Ward of Clydesdale I fell in with some old editions of some of those ballads given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and obtained two additional verses to the *Twa Corbies*.

'My mither cleket me of an egg,
And brought me out wi' feathers gray,
And bad me flee where'er I wad,—
Winter would be my dying day.

But winter it is gane an' past,
And a' the birds are bigging their nest,
But I'll flee heigh aboon them a',
And sing a sang for summer's sake.'

I also got another edition of *Young Benjie;* and the pool was pointed out to me where the Lady Marjorie was drowned; her struggles to gain the bank are described, but the relentless Benjie

'Took a *fouw* and fouwed her in,
And Bodell banks are bonny.'

Fouw is pitchfork, and the image gives a fearful picture of savage cruelty. Young Benjie I have heard sung, or rather chanted, by the late Dr. John Leyden, with whom it was a great favourite. The air is beautiful and wild, and will be found in Alexander Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." The ballad was given by Leyden to Mr. Scott, and may have received some dressing up. Mr. Leyden's style of singing young Benjie was particularly wild. The tune is not a little obliged to Allaster Dhu, (Mr. Campbell,) whose taste for the old ballad music was exquisitely delicate. I likewise found a different edition of Johnie of Braidislee:—

'Johnie sat his back against a aik,
His foot against a stane,
He shot seven arrows all at once,
And killed them all but ane;
He broke three ribs frae that ane's back,
But and his collar-bane;
Old. { Then fingers five came on belyve,
O, true heart, fail me not!
And, gallant bow, do thou prove true,
For in London thou was coft;
And the silken strings that steaten thee,
Were by my true-love wrought.'

On my return to Edinburgh, and showing my sketches and scraps, Mr. Scott wished much that I would return and explore every cottage and corner of Upper Clydesdale; "where," said he, "I suspect there is much valuable wreck still floating down the stream of Time."

This expedition never took place; as I was engaged to go, early in spring, to meet Mr. Telford in North Wales, and engaged in a survey of the Holyhead, Chester, and London roads.

On mentioning the Holyhead expedition to Mr. Scott, he gave me several letters of introduction. "Draw every old castle and glen that comes in your way. Keep a regular Journal, which, if you bring it up every night, will be, so far from any trouble, rather an amusement. Wales is particularly rich in castles; but the old towers of the Welsh, prior to the ravages of Edward, are by far the most interesting, and have been much neglected. The Welsh have famous memories, hate the English, and are partial to the Scots. There are no parts of Wales, I suppose, where the English language is not understood. You may, therefore, have translations; and the more literal the better."

With respect to understanding English, Mr. Scott had been misinformed. I found many places where the Welsh language only was spoken and understood.

Among the superstitions of Wales is the *Mort Bird*, or Bird of Death, which appears at the window of every person about to die. The Bird of Death, black or white, is seen flapping its wings at the window or door.

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—"The warning bird we have also in our own country.

'The Lady of Ellerslee wept for her Lord;
A death-watch had beat in her lonely room;
Her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the Raven had flapped at her window-board,
To tell of her Warrior's doom.'"

When at Bangor Ferry, I received from Mr. Scott "The Lady of the Lake." This book I regret much having lost. I lent it to a lady, who refused to return it. "You may spare," said she, "yourself the farther trouble of asking it; give it to me, therefore, with a good grace, and write your own name under your friend's, Mr. Scott; and I will keep it for both your sakes, besides making you a handsome present."

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—"I wonder," said he, "you hesitated one moment to give the lady the book. I will replace it. Pray, what was the present she made you?"—"It was," said I, "a handsome Bible, in two volumes, accompanied

by a letter of good advice, with a request that I never would sketch views on the Sabbath-day, and to make her a solemn promise to that effect."

"Well; and did you promise."—"No. I answered her with a story of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. When the latter was on his death-bed, he sent for Reynolds, and desired him to promise three things: "First, you are not to ask me to repay the thirty pounds that I borrowed of you long ago; second, you are to read a portion of your Bible every Sabbath-day; and third, never use your pencil on Sunday." To the first two Sir Joshua readily consented, but bolted at the third. The lady wrote me back that Reynolds consented to all the three requests.*

Alas! she has been several years dead. I would give anything for the book; and have some thoughts of making a pilgrimage into Wales to endeavour to recover it.

I was often at a loss to reconcile Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery, which were excellent, to his practical taste, which was not always in good keeping; for, after all, Abbotsford is a strange jumble. If he had searched all over his property, he could not have built on a less interesting spot. The public road from Melrose to Selkirk passes within fifty yards of the front of his house, and is on a level with the chimney tops. I have read somewhere, by some dashing Syntax, the following description of Abbotsford:—

"Beyond the gates you had an extensive park' laid out on the best and boldest principles of landscape gardening, as applicable to forest scenery!" The gates are very simple affairs; and the park, a field of eight English acres, rising up the shoulder of a steep brae, with the public road passing betwixt it and the mansion-house. Before building his garden-walls, and constructing a very expensive screen, as it is called, I seriously recommended that he would lift or remove the whole to a more eligible situation, and, being built of hewn stone, the affair could be easily done; and cited, for example, the House of Glasserton, in Galloway, which was removed, stone by stone, from a distance of, at least, fifteen miles, and it was of treble the magnitude of Abbotsford. "You require no architect, or new plan; the stones are numbered as you take them down; and if you have committed any mistake, you will have an opportunity of correcting it in the new erection."—"I wish," said he, "that it stood at Castlesteads, or Turnagain; but it has cost me so much to place it where it now stands, that I feel something like a duke or lord of Drumlanrig, who built that castle, expecting, it is said, to marry Queen Ann; and, when disappointed in that plan of ambition, locked up, in an iron box, the accounts of the expense of the building, pronouncing a curse on the head of any of his descendants who should uncover the nakedness of their father."

While I was engaged in surveying the estate of Abbotsford, Sir Walter was much with me in the fields. He used to come, leaning on his favourite, Tam Purdy, and tell me tales connected with the spot I might be surveying.

"This," said he, "is Turnagain; and the field below is Castlesteads, where, between the Scotts and Kerrs, a battle was fought in 1526. Buccleuch fled, pursued by the Kerrs, when one of Scott's men, an Elliot, *turned again*, and killed Kerr of Cessford, which was the cause of a bloody feud between the families for many a day."

One day a large wagon arrived, drawn by eight oxen, loaded with an obelisk from Forfarshire, or some of the distant eastern counties, covered with Danish or Norwegian hieroglyphics, animals, and so forth; and was erected, with great ceremony, on the rising ground above Turnagain. Having, no doubt, been erected to commemorate some battle-field, it was of little value out of its original place. My opinion being asked, I said that it had better be taken home again; for such monuments having been raised to commemorate some victory over the Scotch, were rather a disgrace to the country. Sir Walter pointed out to me, with considerable triumph, the door of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—that is, the old prison-door of Edinburgh—which he had procured, and erected as the gateway from his mansion-house to the offices. I observed, that its grim aspect gave me a disagreeable feeling, to think how many human beings had passed through it—never to return, but to the scaffold and death. How many of our noble martyrs and patriots!—"Yes," said he; "but many a traitor has passed also to receive his doom!"—"Yes," said I; "your friend, Montrose, passed through it."—"Noble martyr!" said Sir Walter, with great emotion. "As he passed to prison, up the Canongate,—placed backwards, with his face to the horse's tail, the hurdle drawn by an old white horse, and driven by the common hangman,—on passing the Chancellor's house, his head uncovered, the ladies, the Chancellor's wife and daughters, leaned over the balcony, and spat on his sacred head—the b——s!"

We entertained very different sentiments respecting the character of Montrose.

Abbotsford is intersected by footpaths in every direction; and he was particularly anxious that none of these paths should be interfered with, although the Road Commissioners offered to close some of the least important up. "Remove not the ancient landmarks," he would say. The consequence was, that he never received any injury in the way of trespass; and the people declined of themselves to walk on many of these paths, restricting themselves to those that were least offensive; such was the effect of his forbearance. "If I was to stop up any of these footpaths, which I might be able to do as unnecessary, the people, if they took it into their heads, would walk over them in spite of both the law and myself; so far, then, my indulgence is good policy." His attention to the lower orders of the country people but ill accorded with his high aristocratical visions; and his political principles were as ill digested. He wrote and distributed the *Visionary*,† a poor, ridiculous pamphlet, which he said was written in

* The Bible was accompanied with other things: two very handsome shirts, six neckcloths, and three pairs of Welsh stockings, wrought by her own fair hands.

† During the heat of the Reform Bill agitation.—*E. T. M.*

a style to meet the acquirements of the country people. It was distributed in the villages around, Galashiels, Selkirk, Darnick, Melrose; and a large parcel was despatched to Jedburgh, Kelso, &c. A Conservative acquaintance of mine boasted that not a single copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Scotsman* was received on the banks of the Jed. Mr. Harper, a great favourite with Sir Walter, and a very large, powerful man, was fixed on to distribute, read, and explain the *Visionary*, to his neighbours. I asked Harper what success he had, and what he himself thought of the pamphlet. "O! man," said he, "it's *waesome* to see so good a man in other respects, in such a state of bewilderment."

Sir Walter presented me with some copies, and said, "They may be useful to some of your Galloway friends." After having perused a copy, I returned the parcel and said, that it was my business to prevent such principles being circulated in my native country. "Why," said he, "I have been endeavouring to prevent the rascals from pulling down the old house about their ears; and some of my best friends will render me no assistance."

Mrs. Maclean Clephane of Torloisk, in the Isle of Mull, and her daughter, were guests at Abbotsford. Both ladies were highly accomplished in Highland traditions and music. During dinner, Bruce, the family piper, was parading before the dining-room window, dressed in the richest Highland costume, and the great drone of his pipe decorated with a flag. "Is he not an elegant performer?" said Sir Walter to Mrs. Maclean Clephane; "and does he not go through these martial airs well?"—"He is a pretty man," replied she; "but he understands little of his pipe."—"Some throw cold water on the poor fellow, others praise him to the skies; for myself, I do not pretend to be a judge."—"His drones are not in tune with his chanter," said Mrs. Maclean. "He wants the Highland style altogether." The piper was served with a dram, and retired. Mr. Thomas Scott of Monklaw, uncle to Sir Walter, who was himself an excellent performer on the pipe, told me that he had given Bruce some lessons. "But his ear is false, and he will never play well. My nephew, however, is fond of a good-looking man, which Bruce is; and he can make a noise, which is all that is necessary."

Sir Walter Scott had a ballad ear only for music; and his voice, though interesting, was not musical. He complained of the judgment of Spurzheim, the phrenological doctor, because, after examining the heads of two ladies, one, of his own family, the other a daughter of the late Lord Kinedder, the doctor gave the preference to the latter, Miss Erskine. "The other lady," said Sir Walter, "I am told by her masters, is quite a prodigy." I entirely agreed with Spurzheim. Miss Erskine was, indeed, a very superior performer. Allister Dhu used to lament, that he never could teach Scott anything of tune; but he had excellent time, and his reading and reciting were impressive. One Sunday morning he read prayers and part of the service of the Church of England, which Mrs. Maclean declared was the most impressive church service that she had ever witnessed; and every one present seemed to have the same feeling.

On a day appointed, we all set out on a hare-hunting expedition. Miss Scott rode Queen Mab, a little pony; and John Ballantyne was mounted on Old Mortality, an old, gaunt, white horse. He was dressed in a green coat, the buttons of mother-of-pearl, silver and gold, with, if I remember well, a precious stone in the centre, and altogether a most harlequin and piebald figure. Sir Walter appeared to laugh and amuse himself with his grotesque appearance. I admired the buttons. "And well you may," said Sir Walter. "These buttons, Sir, belonged to the Great Montrose, and were cut, by our friend John, from an old coat belonging to the Marquis, and which he purchased from the unworthy descendant of the family, Graham of Gartmore, with many other nick-knackets, too tedious to enumerate in this place."

As we rode to this hunt, he told us many tales connected with localities. "Here is the old Kirk of Lindean, where I once saw a vision. I had sent my servant, with a horse and cart, for provisions and other articles expected from Edinburgh. I had walked out to meet him about the time he was expected, and I saw the man, horse, and cart, coming to meet me. At once, the whole tumbled down the bank. I hurried on to render assistance, when, to my surprise, nothing was to be seen. I returned home, not a little ashamed at having allowed myself to fall into a delusion. The cart did not arrive for two hours and a half after its proper time; and when I questioned the man what had occasioned his delay,—'The carrier from Edinburgh, Sir, did not arrive until two hours after his usual time, which caused me to wait till it became dark. I got all loaded, and came away; but, on account of the darkness, the cart ran too near the brae, and all tumbled to the bottom. I found the horse had thrown himself out of his harness, and was standing unhurt. Assistance came, and I got the cart righted, and again set on the road, and we are all here safe at last.' The time that the cart really tumbled over was at least two hours after my vision."

On passing a field near Selkirk,—"There," said he, "a relation of my own, a Scott of Raeburn, fought a duel; and, in order to save himself from his adversary's weapon, wrapped round his waist a web of wet flannel. But this device did not save him; for Pringle killed him."

On passing Philiphaugh,—"There the brave Montrose had encamped, little thinking that the sly old fox, Leslie, was at his heels, who surprised and killed the greater part of his army."—"I think I see Montrose," said I, "flying out at the Harewood head, or, as the old song has it,—

> 'At Philiphaugh the fray began,
> At Harewood head it ended;
> The Whigs out on the Grahams they ran,
> Sae merrilie as they bended.'

I am told," continued I, "that Montrose never drew bridle till he arrived in Edinburgh."

"I believe," said Sir Walter, "that he rested at Peebles. But they made a sad hand of the prison-

ers. Four hundred of the Colkitto Macdonnels they enclosed in the castle-yard of Newark, which you see yonder, and, at the instigation of one of their canting ministers, put them all to death; while he addressed Leslie, exclaiming, 'The wark gangs bonnilie on.' On cleaning out the old castle-yard lately, their bones were found where they fell and had been buried."

We were now at Bowhill, and the hunting commenced. Sir Walter did not ride after the hounds, but stationed himself on high ground, where he could observe the chase. The hares were so plentiful, that the moment they were started the poor creatures were run down. I never* enjoyed hare-hunting; and, giving my pony its freedom to graze, took out my sketch-book and employed myself in drawing,—"which, after all," said Sir Walter, "is more rational." He stood beside me, and inquired if conversation disturbed my drawing.—"Not in the least," said I; "and but for the pleasure of being with you, I should not have joined in this ignoble chase, which is, indeed, murder; for the hares are in a park or enclosure, and have no chance for their life."

"No doubt," said he, "the deep baying of the fox or stag-hound has a much grander effect; but we must take such as we can get. Poor things," said he; "after starting, they make a short round, and return to their *form* to be worried."

More hares were soon killed than could be conveniently carried home, and we left the ground at an early hour; and some of the neighbouring young farmers, who had joined the day's sport, were kept to dinner at Abbotsford.

"I promised," said he to me, "to show you some of the articles purchased by my friend, Mr. Ballantyne. He purchased for himself books, some of which I have picked out. Some old armour, &c., were all laid on a heap on the floor, and bills at three and six months about to be granted; when my friend's falcon eyes searching round the premises, to see if any article of worth had escaped his notice, espied a sword hanging on the wall. 'Whose sword may that have been?' —'That,' said Graham of Gartmore, 'is the sword of my ancestor, the Marquis of Montrose.' —'Will you sell it?' quoth John. 'No, by G—, I am bad enough; but not quite so low as that yet." —'Well,' responded John, 'if you will throw that sword into the concern, I will, in twenty-four hours, make the whole a ready-money transaction.' —'Take it, and be d——d to you,' said Graham, throwing the sword upon a heap of other articles.

'My poverty, but not my will, consents.'

And here it is," said Sir Walter Scott. "This is the very sword sent by King Charles to the gallant Montrose, the General of his armies in Scotland;" and he presented the sword for examination. "No," said I; "it was drawn against the cause in which my fathers bled, and I should account it pollution to touch it."

"Morrison," said he, "if you had lived in those times, you would either have been killed or hanged."

"And why not? If I had been properly exercised as a warrior, might not this lucky hand have saved the hangman's trouble, as a predestined arm achieved in the case of his descendant and successor bloody Clavers? But we will let the old fellows sleep."—"So be it," said Sir Walter.

At and after dinner, although he looked very kindly on Johnny Ballantyne, he made himself merry sometimes at his expense; and Ballantyne seemed awed in his presence, although, when addressed, he turned a bold front to everybody else. I ventured to joke him a little on the quality of his coat, and said that it was the best at table. "Yes," said John, "and it belonged to a better man." —"You will find some difficulty in convincing Mr. Morrison of that," said Sir Walter.

The piper strutted about as usual, and played during dinner. His dress and decorations, at least, were imposing; for, as Mrs. Maclean said, he was a pretty man. Sir Walter observed, that *pretty*, in the Highland idiom, did not so much apply to a handsome man, as to a man of courage, and to the deeds he might have achieved; "yet, although Mrs. Maclean does not approve of his music, I think that she would have no objection to Bruce as a recruit."

(*To be continued.*)

* Wae betide the hunter's horn,
The chase's surly cheer;
And ever that hunter is forlorn
That first at morn I hear.

THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES AND THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

In the Acts of the Scottish Parliament "holden and begun at Edinburgh the third day of October, 1706," chapter VI., entitled an "Act for securing the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government," we find a clause to the following effect:—"That in all time coming, no professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any university, college, or school, within this kingdom, be capable, or be admitted or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions, but such as shall own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or to be prescribed by act of parliament: as also, that *before, or at their admission, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith,* AS THE CONFESSION OF THEIR FAITH; *and that they will practise and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in this Church, and submit themselves to the government and discipline thereof; and never endeavour, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same.*" This is not an oath of allegiance merely: it is a *Test* act, a Protestant Presbyterian TEST act. It constitutes an exclusive privilege in favour of the Established Presbyterian Church, directed generally against all denominations of dissent,—intended, however, specially, as the historical circumstances out of which it arose indicate, to operate against Episco-

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c., &c.—No. II.

BY JOHN MORRISON.

The dining-room at Abbotsford is a very splendid and highly decorated apartment; but certainly not in good taste. The roof or ceiling is divided into panels; and at the corners are placed heads, and other grotesque figures, taken in plaster from those in Melrose Abbey, where, in their original position, they are placed sixty, seventy, and eighty feet from the eye, but at Abbotsford at fifteen or sixteen only, where the harshness of the features is not softened by distance. Mr. Bullock of London, made these casts of heads and figures, and otherwise gave his assistance and advice.

Sir Walter told us a strange tale one morning at breakfast. "My wife," said he, "awakened me at midnight, and declared that 'Mr. Bullock must be returned from London, for I hear him knocking in the dining-room.' I prevailed with her to fall asleep, for it must be all nonsense; but she again awakened, and assured me that she not only heard his hammer knocking in the usual way, but heard him speak also. In order to satisfy her, I arose and examined the premises, but nothing was either to be seen or heard. On the second day after, a letter, sealed with black, arrived, stating that poor Bullock was dead,—mentioning the hour, which exactly agreed with the time he was heard in the dining-room by my wife."

I have heard other editions of this tale; but what I have stated, I heard Sir Walter narrate.

The story of Lord Byron I have heard differently told than in the "Demonology;" as if he had really seen the apparition of Byron; and he saw it without fear, not recollecting that Byron was dead. And my strong impression was, that he believed he had seen the apparition of his friend, and that he intended to leave that impression on his hearers. His Gray Spectre in "Waverley," the White Lady of Avenel, and the Mermaid's Well in "The Bride of Lammermoor," with many other instances, are proofs that such impressions were strong on his mind.

Upon one occasion he said to me, "It is ill-advised, and has a bad tendency, to do away a system that connects us so closely with the other world. A believer in ghosts can never doubt the immortality of the soul! Come," said Sir Walter, "to supper, and bring your friend, Grieve; Hogg and Allister Dhu will be here to meet you. I wish that we could have Jameson; but he has taken up ill-will to me. He wished to be librarian to the Advocates; but the affair was decided before his application:—explain this to him. Jameson's ghost stories are excellent:—

It was far in the night, and the bairnies grat,
Their mither aneath the mools heard that;
The wife stood up at our Lord's knee,
And said, 'O! may I gang my bairnies to see!'
She pleaded sae sair, and she pleaded sae lang,
That he at last gied her leave to gang.
'But see ye come back ere the cock does craw,
For langer ye mauna bide awa."

"Grieve," said I, "is ill, and cannot come." Mr. Scott, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Campbell, and myself, made the party. We were sufficient of ourselves to fill the country with ghosts. "It is reported," said Mr. Hogg, "that you saw the spectre of Byron."—"I did so, to the wonder of mine eyes that looked upon it. It was in the dusk of the evening. I saw the figure of Lord Byron exactly as I last parted with him in London. I was so suddenly taken by surprise that I had not time to recollect that he was dead, and went forward, with my hand stretched out, to welcome him to Abbotsford. But it vanished; and I stood for some time in wonder and disappointment, till I recollected that he was dead."—"I never," said I, "knew any good coming of seeing ghosts and dreaming dreams: the ghost of Hamlet is fatal to his son's happiness, and is the cause of his death; the Gray Spectre comes as an enemy to MacIvor."

"I have one exception. The White Lady," said Mr. Hogg, "of Froud Water did some service. The stream of that name falls into the Tweed, a short distance above the Bield Inn, on the opposite side of the river. Two or three miles up the burn there is a shepherd's house, with some aged trees. One fine summer evening, the shepherd and his family were assembled to supper, except a bairn, who came running into the house and said, 'O come out and see the most beautiful lady in the world, dressed all in white, and walking down the waterside.' The family all hurried out; and just as the last person had cleared the door, the house fell with a great crash, and would have killed them every one. This story," added he, "is perfectly true, and happened in my own recollection. My brother, William, now lives in the house."—"It was an honest ghost," said Sir Walter. "Let us have a round of ghosts."—"I have dreamed dreams," said Mr. Campbell. And he told us a dream he had had of the death of his daughter, which came exactly to pass. "I think nothing of dreams," said Hogg. "Come, Morrison, let us have a ghost."—"I once," said I, "made an engagement with a friend, that whoever died first should, if permitted, return and tell the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him die, and felt the last beat of his pulse, and proceeded immediately to the place of appointment, a most retired spot, where we had often sat and talked of the narrow house. It was dark, about two o'clock in the morning; but nothing came. I remained till it was fair day; so that it is not my fault that I have no ghost tale to tell you. But I can tell you a tale told me by a lady who had it from her own brother, who told it to her on his death-bed. He was in a ship of war with a fleet, and lieutenant. It was night, and a very particular friend of his was on the watch; he came into the cabin very pale, and declared that he had seen a ghost. 'I saw a lady whom I left in Portsmouth under particular circumstances, dead, with a child in her arms.'—'Return to your watch,' said his friend,

'it is imagination only.' He did return; but rushed down the hatchway in greater terror than ever, and said that she was still standing where he had first seen her. He soon after died. Mr. Stewart, for that was the gentleman's name, made a note of the day and hour, and found, on his return to England, the lady had died in child-bed exactly at the time that she made her appearance in the ship."

"You must," said Sir Walter, "make me a survey and plan of Abbotsford."—"I will begin," said I, "in the first place, and make you a proper waterfall in the Rhymer's Glen. True Thomas, if he ever were there, would never have suffered the present formal affair: the breakwater is laid right across the stream, and the water falls in threads."—"You shall," said he, "call up the *posse comitatus* of our establishment, with Tam Purdie at their head."

I had the largest and most rugged stones tumbled to the narrowest pass in the glen, and had the chinks stopped with moss; so that the water fell irregularly, and was forced to wander and find its way round the rock. He was much pleased, and exclaimed, "Here is the hand of a painter!"—"I have endeavoured to follow the idea of a poet," said I.

Whyles o'er a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it stray'd,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel."

"We have too little water," said Sir Walter; "but in time of floods the effect will be excellent."

"You may assist that by constructing a large dam or reservoir, somewhere out of sight, about the head of the glen; and when you have occasion to show off, send some brownie to draw the sluice, taking care to bring the party just in time."

"Excellent idea," said he; "and taking care to withdraw the party when the supply of water begins to fail."

In the course of my survey of the estate, the titles *Eildon Tree* and *Stone*, *Bogle Burn*, and *Huntly Bank*, were unknown. The house called Huntly Burn, where the Fergussons lived, was formerly called Toftfield.

In 1819-20, when I had finished the rough plan, Sir Walter wrote in the names as they now are noted in the plan; but the Eildon Tree and Stone, Bogle Burn, &c., do not appear. And yet, in 1816, if we may believe Washington Irving, Sir Walter exclaimed to him—"We are now treading classic ground. There, in ancient times, stood the Eildon Tree, under the shade of which Thomas the Rhymer delivered his prophecies; and this is the haunted glen where he met the Queen of Elfland, and the Bogle Burn along which she rode on her gray palfrey! *

At every tait of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and ten."

On a ride with Sir Walter Scott, to call on his relation Mr. Scott of Raeburn, we visited the Eildon Tree, which is from two to three miles distant from any property belonging to Sir Walter,—"I have small hope," said he, "of ever stretching my wings so far as this same Eildon Tree; but if ever it should come into the market, I will have a hit at it."

On this ride he was in excellent humour; and from the commanding site of the Eildon Tree, he pointed down towards Old Melrose.—"There," said he, "tradition says, fell Richard of Coldingham, by the hand of the Baron of Smailholm."

"They would not have very far to carry him," said I, "for he was buried here.

That knight is cold, and low laid in the mould
All under the Eildon Tree."

"You have a good memory," said he, "Morrison; go on."—And I repeated the ballad to the end. On the other side of the Tweed we saw Bemerside and Smailholm Tower.

"You must go and make me a drawing of Smailholm Tower," said Sir Walter. "You will think it but a poor thing after the towers and castles which you have seen; but I passed some of my early days there, when I thought it the grandest object in the world." This drawing I made a few days after our return.

I found Mr. Scott of Raeburn a very reverend old gentleman. We recognised each other, having met some time before on the summit of the Eildon Hills, where he had come, he said, to take his farewell. "My relative, Raeburn, is a great antiquary," said Sir Walter, "and would be gratified to look into your portfolio." On our return, we repassed the Eildon Tree, which is near the roadside, and whose site is now occupied by an old hawthorn, very different from the dern or dark tree of True Thomas. "I would have a clump of trees planted here," said he; "oak, plane, and others; to afford shelter to the 'Throstyle and the Jay.'

Ye mawes movyde of her sang,
Ye woodwale sange notis gay,
That all ye wood about rang.

And I would have a flagstone, broad and long, with an appropriate inscription."

I observed, that Fernielee, in his own composition, is pressed into the service. In the old tale, Fair-lee is the trysting-place, where the Fairy Queen desires True Thomas to meet her, and not Fernie-lee; which, if the hunting-ground, they must have had a long ride to dinner to the Tower of Ercildoun, the Rhymer's residence.

This was one of the most delightful days I ever passed.

Sir Walter had lately purchased Toftfield, now Huntly Burn, and the high pasture-land marching with the property of Buccleuch, and had planted about twenty acres, which he named Chiefswood. I advised him to extend the plantation along the line of his march with Buccleuch to an hundred acres, the land being high and of indifferent quality, though wood was likely to thrive when planted in large masses. It may be observed by the plan,† that he was too much given to plant in

* See Washington Irving's visit to Abbotsford.

† This refers to a plan of the Abbotsford estate, drawn and published by Mr. Morrison.

stripes or belts; and I have even thought that his descriptions of landscape are much superior to his practical taste. He said that he preferred the scenery of the Forest to that of every other country; the Tweed, the Yarrow, and the Ettrick, to all other waters. They are bare of wood; and there is nothing entitled to the name of waterfall from head to foot on any of the three. He used to regret that Cauldshiels Loch was not all his property. "For a few acres to the west I would exchange acre for acre of the best land on the south-east side of my estate. I would have it planted with wood round and round." He planted his own portion of the margin; but so wretched is the soil, that the plants all died. I recommended to make pits, and fill them with a more generous soil; select the plants from high-lying nurseries; and also to sow seeds. It is a cold, naked, uncomfortable-looking place; and "the Lord of the Lake with flowing mane," the Water Bull viz., must have a poor way of living. Even St. Mary's Loch is a poor affair, and by no means answers the description Scott has given of it. *One* very good tree grows on its western margin, large and old enough to be one of those that graced the ancient Forest, and may have served King James as a gibbet whereon to hang a Border thief. It is at least as large and ancient as the tree at Tushielaw on which he hanged Adam Scott, commonly called the King of the Border, and "made the rash-bush keep the cow." Hogg used to say, that the Forest mountains were the grandest in the world. I hate rocky hills; and never like to look down from the west or south side of Loch Skeen or Tala Linn, which is as wild as anything in the Highlands.

> I thought the hills were sharp as knives,
> And the blue lift lay whamled o'er them,
> And glowered wi' wonder on the wives
> Wha spake of other hills ayont them.

This was the year of the mock rebellion in the West, and the skirmish at Bonnymuir. Sir Walter was seriously alarmed. The East Country cavalry were out, and quartered at Kilmarnock and other suspected places. Many of his friends were among the cavalry, for whose safety he was interested.

Although in the confidence of the Tory faction, I cannot think that he was in the secret, for he believed the business real. His heart would have revolted at the base plot of getting up a mock rebellion in order to support a corrupt ministry at the expense of blood. He lamented the fate of the sufferers; for, in such cases, he foresaw that much innocent as well as guilty blood would be shed; nor did he approve of the execution of Hardie and Baird at Stirling. "But the law could not save them," said he; "they were taken with arms in their hands, fighting against the king's forces."

There is at present a monument about to be built by subscription to their memories, as having died martyrs in the cause of Freedom.

I mentioned the horror which was felt by the people at the execution of the poor, old, half-witted man Wilson, in Glasgow, who was incapable of forming any plot; that, when apprehended, Wilson was found thatching a house; and that the only crime laid to his charge was carrying bread and cheese to some meeting of weavers on the Cathkin hills, in his own neighbourhood. At his execution, he wore the same wooden clogs in which he was apprehended. When the hangman was about to fasten the rope round his neck, poor Wilson said, "It is no possible:—ye can never be in earnest to hang me that never did ill to onybody?" After having hung some time, a person in a mask sprung on the scaffold, and cut off the head, in order that nothing might be wanting to complete the horrible farce. "It was," said Sir Walter, "a fearful business, and carried much too far."

"At the time of the riots at Tranent," he related, "I was in the Mid-Lothian cavalry. After some review or other duty, on returning to Edinburgh we were much hissed by the rabble, and a fellow from a house-top threw a stone which hit me betwixt the shoulders, slightly. I could have easily brought him down with my pistol or carbine; and such was my first impulse. 'But no,' quoth I, 'I will not deface the image of my Maker.'" Such was his awe, forbearance, and tenderness of heart.

He proposed raising a volunteer regiment,—"And you, Morrison, must be our engineer."

"That," said I, "depends on circumstances: I will, if I think you are in the right; if not, I will be of the other party. I am a Whig and Cameronian."

"We must secure you at all events, either as a friend or foe; as, from your knowledge of the country, you would be a dangerous subject in the enemy's camp."

Once, on walking into his study, I observed a portrait hanging up. "You are," said he, "admiring the portrait of the Great Dundee."—"In Galloway," said I, "he is better known by the title of the *Bloody Clavers*." The author of Old Mortality could never have drawn from this picture; it is red-haired, squints, and has an unnatural length between the nose and the chin, and well accords with the countenance my father used to describe from the account of his old acquaintance Joseph Robson, who saw Claverhouse attending the murder of two martyrs on the sands of Dumfries. He rode his horse along the coping of a parapet wall built to guard off the waters of the Nith in time of floods; and when the horse had arrived at one end, he wheeled round on one of his hind legs as on a pivot, repeating the same manœuvre. His arms were long, and reached to his knees, his hair red or frizzly, and his look altogether diabolical. Such could never be the face that "painters would love to limn and ladies to look on."

"Your father and his acquaintance were Whigs, and drew a distorted picture."—"The painter there," said I, "has done the same."

(To be continued in our next.)

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c., &c.—No. III.

BY JOHN MORRISON.

Sir Walter was fond of talking of his uncle Thomas Scott of Monklaw, near Jedburgh; and said that he had been his early guardian when he was a little boy at Smailholm, and first mounted him on a pony. "He was," he said, "the best horse-jockey on the Border, though he was once outwitted. It is a custom on the evenings of horse-fair days to lead out the unsound animals when their blemishes cannot be observed, and cry, Halter for halter! that is, exchange horse for horse. My uncle had a blind one, which was fat and in excellent order. He fell in with a lean raw-boned horse, but in his mind younger than his own, which a little good keeping would soon bring round, and made the exchange; but on more closely inspecting the new horse, he turned out also to be blind, and not younger than his own. He had therefore received a *lean* blind horse for his *fat* blind horse." But telling the story, his uncle used to add, "I was not often outwitted."

"Morrison," said Sir Walter, "you must step over to Monklaw and paint my uncle's portrait. He is an excellent performer on the Northumberland bagpipe; and his son James plays the great Highland bagpipe with great taste. He will also delight you with his tales and anecdotes; some, perhaps, about myself, which I wish you would keep on your memory. My uncle tells of a most wonderful bagpipe which he constructed. He prepared a board, with a sufficient number of holes bored through it; and selected as many cats, and confined them in appropriate boxes with their tails out. These tails he introduced through the holes in his prepared board, and arranged them so as to form an octave or gamut. The first low or grave note was performed by a great tom cat: my uncle with a small stick giving the imprisoned tail a rap which caused the cat to cry out; and so, by selecting cats with the proper pitch of voice, he formed his scale; a kitten, of course, would perform the high notes." On this singular instrument Monklaw affirmed that he could play several slow tunes; but I never heard his performance.

About this time Mr. Shortrede, the Sheriff-substitute for Roxburghshire, came on a visit to Abbotsford. Scott and he had been early friends, and had ranged the Border together, collecting matter for the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Many of the songs were supplied by Mr. Shortrede himself, and sung in excellent style to the original airs—as, Jock o' the Side, Hobbie Noble, Johnny Armstrong, &c. On learning from Sir Walter that I was going to Monklaw to paint his uncle's portrait, Mr. Shortrede invited me to his house; and I shall never forget the kindness and attention I received in his family. They were all musical, particularly Mrs. Shortrede, who sung the softer Border airs, with the words, in a style that I have never heard equalled, as *The Lament of the Border Widow*, *Binnorie*, The *Wee Wee Man*, and numbers more. Mr. Alexander Campbell was sent here to collect for his work, and resided in the house of Mr. Shortrede, and wrote down all the above airs, which are to be found in his book, "Albyn's Anthology;" and, so far as I know, in no other work.

I found that Sir Walter had not overrated his uncle's powers, either as a tale-teller or performer on the bagpipe. "My nephew Walter was an auld-farrand boy, and is a strange chield," he said. "I had him under my charge at Sandyknowe. He used to argue every point with me, and would obey no order till he had examined its tendency; and he is still obstinate. He desired me to give his piper (Bruce) a few lessons, and sent him here for that purpose; but after having assured myself that the man had little talent for music, and told his master as much, 'Bruce,' said his master, 'is a good-looking fellow, and shall be equipped in the first style. I do not see the use of what you call a fine performer, and greatly prefer a bold, loud pipe; besides, I wish him to play the Pibroch, and that, you know, has neither beginning nor end. My cousin, your son James, does not play so loud a pipe as Bruce.' So you see," said Monklaw, "I thought on the Fable of the Cuckoo, Nightingale, and Ass, which last was made umpire of the melody. 'You have a very soft, pretty note,' said the ass to the nightingale; 'but for a strong, bold song, give me the cuckoo.'" I made a memorandum of this anecdote, which made Sir Walter laugh much.

"I expostulated with Walter," said Monklaw, "in one of his poems, where he says to the Teviot water,—

> Thy wild and willowed shore.

Now there is not a willow wand grows from head to foot of it. I have heard him say that he was never in Melrose by moonlight."

I had made a drawing of Cauldshiels Loch, with the Eildon hills in the distance, where they, with their three tops, look very formal. "I do not think," said Sir Walter, "that the Rhymer has much improved the Eildon hills, by cleaving them in three; I would rather have had one good mountain."

"Parnassus, however," said I, "has two summits; and it is the *beau-ideal* of mountains. Your own verse has rendered the three summits immortal:—

> And warrior, I could tell to thee
> The words that cleft Eildon hills in three."

While painting Monklaw's portrait, I was engaged to paint several others in the neighbourhood. I also received a letter from Sir Walter, desiring me to paint a portrait of an acquaintance. "Paint Jamie Veitch; he is a most wonderful man. He not only makes the best ploughs and carts in the country, but the best telescopes. He has a side-

long kind of stealthy look, which is highly characteristic, which you would do well to consider; and do not forget his apron." The apron, however, Mr. Veitch did not approve of.

In the town of Jedburgh, and its neighbourhood, the name of Scott was in high estimation; and when, with the family of Mr. Shortrede, I visited the surrounding families, after the King the health of Sir Walter followed: himself and his books were the general theme of conversation, particularly at the tea-table. Every letter or card which I received while here, was requested as a particular favour; and to be under his patronage was a passport.

Having finished these commissions, I came to Edinburgh; the Court was sitting, and Sir Walter Scott in town. He seemed pleased with my portraits, and said, "You must also paint me Tam Purdie and Allister Dhu."

One Sunday I dined with him in Castle Street. Mr. Constable and the two Ballantynes were of the party. When I entered the library they were sitting in judgment on the portrait of Allister Dhu; and they all approved of the likeness. Sir Walter proposed that I should paint for him these three gentlemen; and, addressing them, said, "Constable and Ballantyne must sit: I wish to have a gallery of the portraits of all my friends." On going, Mr. Constable and I walked the same way home towards his house in Park Place, when he said to me, "I will pay my own portrait in books; and you will let me know what you would wish to have." I said, "It will be time enough when the portrait is painted; then you may send me ten guineas' worth of any books you think proper." Next day he sent me the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, then publishing, and continued it from time to time, as it appeared. Mr. Constable soon after sat to Mr. Raeburn, and the portrait turned out one of the best he had ever painted. Mr. Constable, on this, said to me, "You can paint me a landscape: I wish a drawing of Caerlaverock castle, as I understand that it sat for the portrait of Ellangowan in Guy Mannering." —"With respect to Guy Mannering," said I, "the scenery is completely Galloway."—"Do," said he, "tell me all about Guy Mannering."

"Colonel Mannering spends the afternoon in sketching some ruined abbeys in Dumfries-shire; and, after passing the town of Dumfries, rides thirty miles into Galloway, which would carry him nearly to the scenery alluded to. It lies near a point of land running into the sea, where a revenue cutter had an engagement with the smuggling lugger of the famous Yakins. From Ellangowan, Kennedy rides round to Wigtown to give information that a smuggler was on the coast. David M'Guffog was the baron-officer at the Ferrytown-of-Cree, the Portinferry of Guy Mannering; and Skyrburn, a sequestered romantic village, is Derncleugh, and was at one time the habitation of a gipsy gang. The mother of the notorious Jane Gordon, who sat for Meg Merrilees, is said to have been the last of the gipsies expelled by the proprietor. She was driving her only cow before her when she met the laird on horseback, with his servant. 'Woman,' said he, 'ye manna drive awa' the beast,—the rent 's no settled;' and, with his servant's assistance, he turned back the cow."

While residing in the house of Mr. Shortrede, in Jedburgh, he told me that it was rumoured, and believed by many in the country, that Gilbert Glossin was meant for himself. "And so, and Mr. Scott is the author. It is very unkind to an old acquaintance." I said to Mr. Shortrede that he might make himself perfectly easy on that point: the person who sat for the portrait of Gilbert Glossin was a John Bushby.

Soon after this, on meeting with Sir Walter, I asked if he had any guess who was meant by Gilbert Glossin; and mentioned the uneasy feelings of Mr. Shortrede on that point. "I have always understood that the 'Black-nebbit' Johnny of Robert Burns was the person who had sat for the picture of Glossin." On telling this to Mr. Shortrede, it gave him entire satisfaction.

Being in Edinburgh, I mentioned that I was about to make a short excursion over the Border, as far as Lannercost and Naworth castle. "I will," said Sir Walter, "write a list of what are the most interesting objects. If you go by Abbotsford, I have a day's work for you there. Have you read the 'Monastery,' which was published the other day? He or she, or whoever writes it, must have been in our neighbourhood. I wish that you would hunt me out this Fairy Glen, the Corrie-nan-Shian, Glendearg, &c.; and here is a copy of the book: take it in your hand. We are to be at Abbotsford in two days: you had better wander about till we arrive."

The route which he wrote out is now before me: —"Newark, Darnick, Melrose, Smailholm; a view from the Eildon Tree, looking down upon Old Melrose; Jedburgh Abbey; and, if you go by Hawick, the Peel of Goudielands. And as you purpose to go by Cannobie, Hermitage lies on your way. I should like much to have a drawing of Curdell castle, particularly the gate-way. You will then pass along the Roman wall to Lannercost and Naworth castle. Still further on, you will meet with Thirlwall castle, which is said to be the place where the Scots broke through the wall; and, if you have time, cross the country to Barnard castle, and I will give you a letter to my friend Mr. Morrit at Rokeby. The scenery at Greta Bridge is fine."

I was at Abbotsford two days before he arrived, and proceeded to explore the Fairy Glen. I crossed the Tweed, and ascended the Alnwyn,—a stream that passes through the valley,—and soon found myself in the Fairy Glen, among the beautiful green knolls formed by the action of the stream when at much higher level. The fairy stones, which a shepherd assisted me to pick up, confirmed the author's description to be correct.

On proceeding up the glen about three miles, I came to Hillslap Tower, with some fine old trees. It is a strong tower, and may well represent the Glendearg Tower of the "Monastery." There are two more strong houses, all within half-a-mile of each other, with some very old ash-trees. On proceeding further up, the glen began to narrow; and I observed a rocky eminence to the right, and a

small, sparkling stream descending, of which I conjectured the source must be the Fairy Well. On passing up to this rock, I was much delighted to find a beautiful holly-bush, and at the base of the rock a well, pure and sparkling. The sun was nearly sinking below the disc of the western hill, and tinted all the Fairy Well side of the Corrie-nan-Shian. I took off my shoe, and repeated the incantation—

"Thrice to the holly brake,
Thrice to the Well,
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!"

I thought that I observed a thin, white mist beginning to dance on the surface of the Well; but it was only a dense group of midges revelling in the beams of the setting sun. I repeated the incantation; but the White Lady was not in the humour. I thought it might be too early for her ladyship, and proceeded to make a drawing of the rock, holly-bush, and Well. The sun was down, and gloaming began to spread her mantle over the scene. I again took off my shoe, and invoked the Maid of Avenel; but she still refused to make her appearance.

On Sir Walter's arrival I presented him with my portfolio. "Your drawings appear to be exactly what is described in the book. I am afraid, my friend, that your imagination has run away with your judgment; but Mr. Skene is to be here to-morrow, and these pretty drawings shall be put to the test."

Mr. and Mrs. Skene arrived. "Now," said he, "Morrison, we are bound for the Corrie-nan-Shian, to prove your drawings." We were mounted on ponies, &c., Scott, Skene, Laidlaw, Charles, Tam Purdie, and myself. Tam Purdie had charge of a bottle of whisky and a glass, to have some grog from the Fairy Well.

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On Lady Byron's visit to Edinburgh, she had a letter from some London bookseller to Robert Miller,* who escorted her about the place. I met them on the walk round the base of Salisbury Craigs, with another lady in company. After having passed, he turned back and whispered, "That is the great Lady Byron."

"She is," said I, "very little. Does she speak much?"

"No," said he; "very little. She has an elegant taste for music. Call at the shop, and I will tell you about it."

On afterwards calling, I found that he had whistled Highland Laddie, and other Scots airs; "with which," said he, "her Ladyship is highly delighted."

At this meeting I made a cast round, and met them at Holyroodhouse, on their return. I saw a pale little woman, which, contrasted with Mr. Bobby's bluff face and figure, made the contrast still greater. I saw her again at Abbotsford; but for a few minutes only. I had come in soon after dinner, and I had just drank one or two glasses of wine, and had a tolerable survey of her Ladyship, when a servant announced that Lady Byron's carriage was waiting; which surprised the family much, for she had given no intimation of her departure. She had written to Selkirk for post-horses, and intended to proceed that night to Hawick, a good stage of 14 or 16 miles. On speaking of her afterwards, "She is," said Sir Walter, "a cold-blooded little woman."

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When, in 1823, Miss Edgeworth visited Abbotsford, I was not in the country. She sat on a cushion, I was told, at Sir Walter's knee, looking up in his face, and talked much. She is a little body; "But she has," said Sir Walter, "the mind of a giant."

I met her in York Place, in the painting-gallery of Sir Henry Raeburn, who told me there was an excursion projected to Fife, to visit the castle of Ravensheugh; "and maybe," said he, "as far as St. Andrews. You had better accompany us as topographer-general." I was unfortunately engaged, on the day fixed, to be examined before a committee respecting an estate of which I had made a survey and plan. This engagement I much regretted, and was strongly tempted to break through every restraint; but Sir Walter said that I could not do so.

During their excursion the weather was hot; and Sir Henry, not accustomed to long walking, and exposed, although in summer, to the keen air of Fife, had taken cold; and particularly as, Sir Walter observed, he walked with his hat in his hand, Miss Edgeworth having hold of the other arm. On the day after his return, he walked to his gallery in York Place, and proceeded to touch the portrait of a Mrs. Dennistoun, but was unable to proceed. He walked home, and, with considerable headache, went to bed, from whence he never arose. Sir Walter regretted his death, and was much affected. "I never knew Raeburn, I may say," was his remark, "till during his painting my last portrait. His conversation was rich, and he told his story well. His manly stride backwards, as he went to contemplate his work at a proper distance, and, when resolved on the necessary point to be touched, his step forward, were magnificent. I see him, in my mind's eye, with his hand under his chin, contemplating his picture: which position always brought me in mind of a figure of Jupiter which I have somewhere seen."

When Sir Henry Raeburn was first taken ill, I was some miles from town, but had occasion to return to have my surveying instrument repaired; and, hearing of his illness, I had called down late in the evening to inquire for him. The servants told me that every hope of his recovery was over,—that he was lying motionless on his bed, and the family had retired. I mentioned to the servant who was in waiting and used to arrange his palette, that I wished much to have a last look, to which he readily agreed. It was about twenty-four hours before his death: he was lying motion-

* Late bookseller in Edinburgh, and among the last of the Old School of Edinburgh Bibliopoles; gentlemanly, jovial, and of elaborate courtesy. Mr. Miller's elegantly furnished back-shop was, until his death, the boudoir of the Edinburgh *Blues*, whom the spirit of trade has now, we fear, driven from all such retreats. Mr. Miller was a famous whistler.

less, with his eyes shut, but not asleep. I touched softly the hand which was lying across his breast, —that hand which had been so often stretched out to welcome me. "When you are in Edinburgh," he had said, "take your lodgings near York Place, and Robert will bring you up a palette and canvass at any time; or, having little else to do, he will grind you a set of colours; and any query you think necessary to put shall be readily answered. But, indeed, a word goes in at one ear and out at the other; so, if you will write down your query, I will write the answer under it."

I have a book containing thirty-six queries so put by me, with Sir Henry's answers. Sir Walter Scott expressed a strong wish to see these queries and answers; and after reading them, said, "They will some day be worth a hundred pounds."

Prior to this excursion with Miss Edgeworth, Sir Henry had symptoms of falling off. "I sometimes," he previously said, "lose sight of the picture, and stand still in a kind of dream; while the picture changes its aspect, and sometimes looks to be composed of many figures. A few days ago one of my teeth fell out; it was fresh and good, and gave me no pain. To-day the same thing happened: the tooth was one of my best. It came out, or rather fell out, without giving me any pain; and no blood followed." On my mentioning this to Dr. Saunders, who attended him at his death, "I wish," said the Doctor, "that I had known of these symptoms sooner." Miss Edgeworth was still in Scotland at Sir Henry's death. He had purposed taking her portrait for his own private gallery, which contains most of the celebrated characters in Edinburgh, and which is now in the possession of his only son.

Sir Walter Scott proposed having a map to illustrate the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and desired me to construct one from Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Dumfries shires. I stated that a map was already in preparation from the National Survey, and was engraving in the Tower, of much more perfect workmanship and accuracy than could be produced by any individual, and at a fourth of the price; and that a square, containing any county in Scotland, would, in a short time, be forthcoming.

From Abbotsford, after the visit I have mentioned, made with Sir Walter, to the scene of the White Lady, I accompanied him to Edinburgh in his carriage. He had some observation to make on every passing scene. "There," said he, on passing Torwoodlee, "and farther west to Caddenhead, was the hunting-ground of Thomas the Rhymer."—"Yes," said I,—

> They roused the deer from Caddenhead
> To distant Torwoodlee.

"In some of these broomy fields across the Gala Water, the lassie lost her silken snood, poor thing:

> Down among the broom, the broom,
> And down among the broom, my dearie,
> The lassie lost her silken snood—
> That makes her look sae wae and wearie."

Sir Walter desired me to repeat him some of my poems. "I will," said I, "repeat you an ode for the anniversary of Burns' dinner at Dumfries. In your Review of Cromek's Reliques there is a ridiculous story of a sword-stick told you by Mr. Syme. Now my uncle, Mr. Boyd, was present, and gives a very different turn to the story. The whole was a piece of rodomontade, and acted entirely for effect." Mr. Syme was reproving Burns for some of his irregularities, when Burns started up and made the exhibition alluded to.

"I have ever thought," said Sir Walter, "that it was a ridiculous story, and am sorry that it was ever mentioned. As you are from the same place, did you know anything of my old friend Thomas Douglas Earl of Selkirk? I have known little of him since he became Earl; but we were members of the same club, and passed advocate about the same time. We once formed a party to have a sail and visit Inchcolm, [a small island in the Firth of Forth, where there is the ruin of an old monastery.] My friends, William Erskine, William Clerk, and others, were of the party. We landed, spread our scrips, and made a hearty dinner. In the meantime it had come on to blow; and the sea became so rough, that we durst not launch our boat. We, therefore, made up our minds to pass the night on the island; and, with the sails of our boat, constructed a tent; and having plenty to eat and drink, determined to be happy in spite of wind or weather. Tom Douglas was the most romantic of us all, and strolled about the monastery, repeating verses applicable to our situation."

"If," said I, "his Lordship spouted poetry, he must have been very different from what I knew him. He first brought me to Edinburgh, and took considerable charge of my studies. Once, in my absence, he called at my lodgings, and said to the landlady 'that being a friend, he would wait for my return.' He inquired most particularly respecting my walk and conversation; what I ate and drank; whether I rose early; what time I went to bed; if I saw much company, &c.; and had left before I came home. On the following day I received a note to call. On going, he looked grave. I did not much like his appearance. 'Morrison,' said he, 'I called at your lodgings yesterday, and was disappointed to observe the arrangement of your studies. Instead of books of science, I found Shakspere, Ossian, and other stuff. I even saw a violin, and books of music! What have you to do with such trumpery? A lad like you, fighting for your existence, ought to mind nothing but the sternly useful.' I answered that I could not live without such articles about me; that constant application to the sternly useful would drive me stupid; but that a little relaxation of that nature prepared me for closer application.—'Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.'

"'Well, well,' said he, half laughing; 'but let me advise you to let those trifling amusements occupy as little of your time as possible.' I was," I told Sir Walter, "well acquainted with his Lordship, and read under his eye the first six books of Euclid; received from him much instruction in drawing; and had liberty to borrow any book from the library at St. Mary's Isle, which was magnificent in books of prints, and everything connected with the study of drawing." I added, that some of his letters in my possession proved his accomplished taste in painting, and its connecting studies.

"I have heard something of your acquaintance

with my old friend, and that the whole correspondence is romantic. I should like to see some of these letters. Also, if you have made any memorandums, I should wish to have a sight of those along with the letters." On returning the letters referred to, —"They are splendid," said Sir Walter; "and show his Lordship in an entirely new point of view. One letter, in particular, gives the best instructions to the student in painting that I ever read; and his letter to Major Dawson is excellent. He has watched over your studies with the greatest care. I have also heard of your proposed voyage to America."—"I have," said I, "a Journal of my whole acquaintance and adventures with his Lordship, which I have not looked into for many years. It contains a Tour among the Hebrides, particularly in Mull and Skye, which I made by the advice of the Earl when we parted at Tobermory."—"Do," said Sir Walter, "let me see it by all means. Come to-morrow, and Allister Dhu shall read it."

[Though this Tour in the Hebrides has but slight connexion with Mr. Morrison's Reminiscences of Scott, it is in itself a somewhat remarkable production. Nowhere has steam navigation, and the facilities of intercourse which it affords, effected a more rapid change in manners than in the Islands of the Hebrides, which, save for this discovery, might have remained much as Martin or Dr. Johnson describes them for centuries more. In Mr. Douglas, afterwards the Earl of Selkirk, Mr. Morrison seems to have found a liberal, a really kind and considerate, besides an enlightened patron; yet the history of their connexion makes it doubtful if ever any patronage benefited a young artist, except giving him occasionally a generous order for some specimen of his art. When Lord Selkirk went out with the first detachment of those colonists whom he wished to settle on his Canadian territory, he invited Mr. Morrison to accompany him on the expedition; which Morrison did, though he was fated not to get farther than the Island of Mull. Lord Selkirk and his emigrants were detained at Tobermory, from some misunderstanding with the custom-house; and disappointment as to ulterior views having arisen between the Earl and his protegé, Mr. Morrison was to return to Dumfries; but he resolved first to see something of the Hebrides and the Highlands. By selling the most of his outfit to the emigrants he raised the necessary supplies. The Earl also gave him five guineas as pre-payment of five sketches that were to be made in the course of the Tour; and he set forth on the discursive ramble, which we shall leave him to describe. His friend the Ettrick Shepherd has recorded a voyage of discovery to the same misty regions some years later. Both these tours contrast singularly with those undertaken in our times, though only forty years have elapsed. Thus Mr. Morrison sets forth.]

"From Tobermory I walked down the Sound to Arros, where there is an old castle, and from thence to the head of Loch Na-Keal, where I found a boat with a number of young men about to embark. I inquired whither they were bound. They said for Iona; that they had plenty of provisions, and invited me to come on board. They were purchasing whisky from a person who had a *still* in the neighbourhood, with whom they seemed well acquainted. I purchased a gallon as my contribution. They bought two more. They had also cold fowls, roast beef, hams, with bread and cheese in abundance. We commenced fishing, and were very successful. We called at a farmer's house, and were invited to dinner. The lady played very gracefully on the guitar, and accompanied with her voice in Gaelic; the subject was from Ossian, and the air of the same age, very plaintive and beautiful. We went to visit a cave, and landed on Inch Kenneth, the former residence of Sir Allan Maclean, where Dr. Johnson was entertained. The island was now without an inhabitant. It was now too late for gaining Iona, so we landed in Mull, and were hospitably entertained at the house of a clergyman: a most hospitable gentleman, with a numerous family of daughters. After tea, we were entertained by the young ladies with some excellent ghost stories; the scene of one of which was not fifty yards from where we were sitting. A young lady, the beauty of the country, was about to be married, and, with her betrothed and many friends, was making merry on the green, when a handsome youth on horseback made his appearance, and at once rode up and whispered in the bride's ear; on which she at once sprung up behind him, and they galloped off like the wind, and were never seen or heard of more, except on the anniversary of their flight, when the horse with his riders is seen galloping round the green. The young lady is said to have been very proud and fickle, and her lover some air or water spirit, and she was thus punished; so that the tale is not without a moral. We sat up late after supper, and were entertained by other tales of the same kind: one of a mermaid who carried away a young man, and kept him for seven years in a palace studded with precious stones. She allowed him to come to land and visit his friends, who could see no symptoms of approaching age; indeed, he himself thought that he had been absent a day only. He, however, declined to return, and removed more inland. The mermaid was often heard lamenting on the shore and singing a mournful ditty, which, with its original tune, was sung by a young lady of the company.

In the morning the minister paid us a visit in our bed-room, with the family whisky bottle under his arm, and gave us the morning dram. After an excellent breakfast, we pursued our voyage, and soon landed on Iona, the sacred island of St. Columba. After visiting the graves of the kings, Scots, Irish, and Norwegian, the Crosses and monastery, I proceeded to draw, my young friends forming a circle around me, with a bottle of mountain dew and some biscuit. Previous to this we had secured a room in the public-house, landed our provisions, and moored our boat. I continued drawing for several hours; and in the meantime it was agreed that we should pass the night on holy ground. I was anxious to draw as long as possible, knowing that there would be little time after dinner; and I found my companions very accommodating. We had caught plenty of fish, and had it both boiled and broiled in excellent style; which, with our cold roast-beef and pie, made a sumptuous

feast. We had also plenty of sugar to make our toddy. In order to prevent too much drinking, I proposed having a walk; that we should ascend Dun I,—that is, the Hill of God,—and see the sun setting on the Atlantic; which was unanimously seconded. The hill is said to be 500 feet high. I should think that it is more; but I had no means of ascertaining it. The sea was smooth as glass, with all the islands to the west—Coll, Tiree, the Dutchman's Cap, and others, with the sun three diameters of himself above the sea line. We descended, and returned by the Abbot's Walk, where we saw, in a bog, some remains of birch-wood. Some old people recollected having seen decaying trees, that appeared to have been planted in rows, forming an avenue; and, indeed, all the mosses or bogs contain the remains of wood, which is said at one time to have covered the island. At present, there is not one bush growing on the island. We returned to our inn through the burying-ground, and examined the Day of Judgment Stone, or *Clach-brath*. Three stones, of about 3 or 4 lbs. weight, were placed on a thruch-stone at a considerable distance from each other. Every stranger must give each of these stones a turn round; and they must have often been turned, for each has worn a hollow or pot from the repeated action of turning round. When the grave-stone, on which the *Clach-brath* are placed, shall be worn through, so that the stones shall fall to the ground, then comes the end of the world, and Day of Judgment! It is accounted unlucky not to turn these stones; and equally so to turn them more than once round. In the evening, as we returned by the ruins of the Nunnery, we observed thousands of starlings returning from the sea-shore to their lodgings in the walls of the building. These holes, or nests, they had formed by picking out the mortar and small stones; and at each hole the owner was sitting half in and half out, chattering to his neighbour, or to ourselves. They appeared not in the least disturbed by our presence, though we were standing not more than three yards from the wall. If not speaking to us, it is at least probable that we were the subject of their conversation. The daws were also returning to the abbey. The starlings and daws form distinct and separate establishments, the one not intruding on the other; and are held sacred by the people. They are thought to be the souls of the monks and nuns, and are not allowed to be molested. Some dandy tourists, visiting the island, commenced shooting the birds; and after being warned, still persisted. They were instantly seized, and underwent a severe ducking.

On arriving at our inn we had good tea, which had been brought from the mainland, with excellent fish and ham; and finished with toddy of the best quality.

There was but one bed, which, it was insisted, I should occupy, being the stranger. The rest of the party were to sit up, and drink *moderately*. This preference I declined; when it was concluded that we should occupy the bed by turns, and that I should take the first. We, however, sat singing and telling tales till midnight. I went to bed, which was in a separate apartment; but the people of the inn contrived to make up a succession of beds, or shake-downs, all round the room; and when I awoke, for the first time, about four o'clock, on going into the room, I found my new friends all fast asleep.

The sun was just rising over the mountains of Mull; and on going out, I found my old friends, the starlings, at their morning's conversation, consulting, I suppose, in what direction they were to take their flight; which is, I was informed, always regulated by the point from which the wind is blowing, which best answers their feeding-ground. I stood very near; but they did not seem in the least alarmed, and kept chattering away. After I had retreated to a considerable distance, they all took flight in the direction of Mull, which is their feeding-ground. I was soon joined by most of the company, who brought along with them the morning dram, and stood and overlooked my drawing, which I continued till the hour of breakfast. After breakfast we embarked for Staffa, and had a pleasant sail, the morning being beautiful. After reading Sir Joseph Banks' and Pennant's description, I was disappointed in Staffa; which, however, must strike every beholder with wonder. On entering the cave, the action and swell of the water below makes one giddy. My attention was directed to a sound, which was not the immediate action of the waves rising and falling within the cave: for I was told that it was the music of an enchanted organ, played by a wizard; which all my companions firmly believed. It appeared to me to be an echo, from the roof of the cave, of the rushing of the waves, which rose and fell not less than fifteen feet. When our piper played a pibroch, the music of the waves drowned or softened down the harsh sound of the bagpipe, which discoursed most excellent music. I recommend all performers on the great pipe to go to this cave, at least once in their lives, and get a lesson.

We landed on the island; and as the sea was becoming rough, we felt the ground trembling under our feet. A family once resided on Staffa; but they were afraid, one stormy night, that the island might fall to pieces; and left as soon as a boat could be launched. Here we spread the feast, having seated ourselves immediately above Fingal's Cave. The day was fine; but a heavy sea was setting into the cave. The sound was musical, and the ground beneath us was still trembling. Our glasses and plates felt the motion, and made a small clattering noise.

From Staffa we landed on Ulva, where I found a boat preparing to sail for Rasay, which, in passing the strait between Glenelg and Skye, could readily land me on that island. The boatman offered to carry me for half-a-crown, including provisions; but this last was unnecessary, as my friends, from our boat, put me up a basket of biscuit, ham, cheese, and three bottles of whisky, which was the half of our remaining stock. As my boat was not to sail till the evening, we had tea and toddy before parting. Some years after this, I had it in my power to be useful to two of those young men, when they were attending college in Edinburgh.

We had a good voyage to the ferry betwixt

Glenelg and Skye; and in order that I might have a view of Skye as an island, I was landed on the shore of Glenelg, from which the view of the Cuchullin mountains is magnificent! I was ferried over to Skye, and walked about fifteen miles to Dunscaich castle of Cuchullin, "the noble son of Semno." I rested on the rock, which affords the best view of the sea towards Ireland, and thought of the spouse of the car-borne chief of the Isle of Mist:—

Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuchullin? Return, my love, for it is night.

What remains of the castle is not much; but the view towards Strathaird, Coruishk, and the whole range of the Cuchullin mountains, is a scene of gloomy grandeur that I have never seen equalled.

From Dunscaich I engaged a boat to cast me over to Coruishk at once, a distance of about seven miles. I sat in the stern of the boat, and kept drawing the varying outline of the scene before me, which I was approaching. On landing, I began to ascend the Cuchullin mountains to the west of Coruishk. The view to the west, with all its islands, is very fine; and from the edge of the summit, to look down into the dark waters of Coruishk, is not unmixed with terror. To the north and east, the mountains enclosing the lake are of most rugged character; and beyond the first range, enclosing the lake of Coruishk, the mountains seem much higher. They are, I was informed, the highest in Skye.

The sun was about an hour from sinking in the ocean, which was smooth and of a rich yellow. I began to think, like Edom of Gordon, "of drawing to some hauld," and descended down Strath Na, a valley to the north. I had not walked a mile downward till I met a shepherd, and inquired if a public-house was near. "You can be at no loss," said he; "for the first house that you come to will be happy to receive you. I will go with you." We soon arrived at, and entered the cottage. I asked for whisky, intending to treat my guide, when a good-looking young woman put down glasses, and a bottle and whisky of the finest quality, and said that tea would soon be ready. I observed the whisky was fine—

"Yes," said he; "I made it."

"Then this is your house?"

"It is," said he; "and that is my sister. You are in no public-house; but make equally free."

The tea came, and was excellent, with eggs, ham, cakes, &c. The sister had been in Glasgow for years with a lady, and understood housekeeping well. My bed-room and bed were very neat. In the morning we had an early breakfast, and the shepherd proposed to instruct me the proper route of descending to the Glen of Ghosts, and insisted that I should return in the evening.

(To be continued.)

VERSES ON FREE TRADE. BY A LADY.

Genius of England, hail! All hail! With hopeful hearts we trace
A bright'ning beam within thine eye, a smile upon thy face.
Genius of England, Commerce, hail! Soon shalt thou rise again
To feed, with free, unshackled hand, the pining artisan!
Yes, thou shalt rise, and spring aloft with bold, elastic bound;
Spread thy broad wings, and speed afar wherever man is found;
Shalt traverse every ocean path, through distant regions roam,
To bring back plenty, peace, and joy, to this thy island home,
Exulting in thy boundless course! spite of that ruthless band,
Whose sordid grasp sent Famine forth to stalk through all the land;
Who bound thee down with heavy chains, which made thee droop and die,
Thy vital essence freedom is—Thy wings were meant to fly!
That band whose mean and cruel laws kept thee a fetter'd slave,
And tore from us the sacred right that God and Nature gave,
To feed ourselves, as best we might, with Labour's honest hand,
And seek our food where cheapest found, though on a foreign strand.
That blind and suicidal band destroyed a nation's weal,
And marr'd their own prosperity, for which alone they feel.
Oh, you brave champions of our cause, who boldly flung the gage—
The sturdy gage of battle down, a dauntless war to wage
With the dark fiend Monopoly, whose pestilential breath,
Like Upas-shade, had doom'd the poor to slow and lingering death!
On! on! ye peaceful warriors! and heed not though ye find
That feebler spirits shrink aghast before the march of mind!
Or while the struggle lasts look on, supine, and half-afraid,
Who, when the victory is won, will rush to offer aid!
But though the crowd may stand aloof, your friends are firm and true;
To the good cause devoted all; through life to that and you!
And though your foes, with slanderous lies, may seek to blast your fame;
In England's annals shall be found, inscribed, each honour'd name!
When you your noble task have done; when Trade again is free;
And every willing hand may work; your high reward shall be
To mark the smile on Labour's face; to see the humble thrive;
To listen to the cheerful hum through all the busy hive:
When shall you hear their grateful shouts in pealing echoes rise,
Then may you "read your history within a nation's eyes!"

masters of their profession, although he has never erred nor blundered to anything like the extent of some of the humblest and dullest of the craft, finds, in looking back upon his brilliant and prosperous career, nothing to regret of excess on the side of candour, gentleness, and indulgence; but a good deal to repent in the arrogant tone and sharp expression to which he has sometimes given way, under the influence of personal provocation, or party feeling, and the possession of that most seductive power—the power of being gracefully saucy and *piquant*.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c.

BY JOHN MORRISON.

(*Continued from page 786 of our December No.*)

Something* came in the way, and my landlord desired his sister to walk up with me to the Dun, and show me the way. We, of course, fell into conversation. She had, she said, accompanied a lady from Skye to Glasgow for two years; that she could have been married there to a man she did not dislike; but she felt that she could neither *live* nor *die* in the Low Country, and made her escape; and added, that she would rather die an old maid in her own country, than be the wife of a Lowland laird. She was a handsome girl, about twenty-two years of age, and spoke English well; but regretted that her lady spoke to her more in Gaelic than in English, otherwise she would have improved her English more. After receiving her instructions, and her hoping to see me in the afternoon safe from the Glen of Ghosts, we parted. I walked along the eastern range of the mountains, and entered Coruishk from the south, where the waters of the lake fall into the sea.

I walked along the eastern range of mountains, and entered the valley or glen of Coruishk from the south. The lake discharges itself into the sea by a considerable descent or rush. Here I found a man fishing. He had caught many fine sea-trout, or herling. On proceeding up the lake, from the fragments of rock and other obstructions, I could not walk more than a mile per hour. The further I proceeded, the scene became more gloomy. The bleating of the goat, the scream of the eagle, tended to heighten the solemn grandeur of the whole. The sea-eagle I observed to alight on one of the small islands, where, it is probable, she builds her nest. I observed one pretty large birch on one of the islands—the only shrub I saw. I wandered round the lake, which took me at least four hours. I observed, in a kind of recess in the rock, some red deer—about five; and above them, on a rock, several wild goats of a reddish-brown colour, and very small.

On returning down to the mouth of the loch, I found a new fisher: he had, in the last hour, killed more than a dozen. I pointed out six of the best about a pound weight each, and asked the price; he said sixpence. He strung them through the gills on a bit of small cord, and I carried them home; where we had an excellent feast of tea and trout, and some of the best whisky I ever tasted, made by my landlord.

I wrote my Journal, adjusted my drawings; and on the following morning the boat arrived. I bathed, put on a clean shirt, had an excellent breakfast, and asked what I had to pay; the answer was—nothing. I had a small brooch in my breast, with which I presented the lady of Skye. I had opened a small leather portmanteau, to pack some article into, when she put in, with her own hands, a pair of beautiful stockings which she herself had knitted. I learned, many years afterwards, that she was well married, and had gone to reside on a neighbouring island.

I embarked, and was landed on the north side of Mull, and walked to Tobermory. The emigrant ships had sailed three days before. I walked to Arros, where there is an old castle and village. I crossed over the Sound to Ardtornish, drew and examined the ruin, returned by the same boat, and walked down to Duart. The castle is built on a rock; it is very fine, and then contained a small garrison of from twelve to twenty soldiers. They were very civil, and directed me to a small public-house, where I was very comfortably accommodated, and proceeded next day to make drawings.

Duart was the stronghold of the Macleans, and is the scene of *The Family Legend*, and of Campbell's ballad of Helen of Lorn. After having made my drawings on land, I procured a boat, and rowed myself to the rock where Maclean abandoned his lady to perish, and made a drawing of the castle from this point. An old lady at the inn told me the tale pretty much in the way it has since been given to the world; except that the hero who relieved the lady from the rock, was either warned in a dream, or saw, by the power of the second-sight, the figure of a lady abandoned there; and arrived barely in time to save her. The rock is dry at low, and covered at high water.

From Duart I sailed to Oban, and visited Dunstaffnage and the Pictish city of Beregonium, where I could observe nothing like the regular remains of an ancient city. The descriptions of it by the Ettrick Shepherd are all exaggeration; but the surrounding scenery is magnificent. I visited the Fall of Connel, where, during the flood-tide, the water flows inland over a rock, where the pass is narrow, and fills a large basin inside. When the ebb commences, the water below retreats much faster than it can be discharged from the basin above, which, falling leisurely, forms a beautiful cascade. I walked up the banks of the river Awe,

* It will be recollected that we left Mr. Morrison in the Isle of Skye, in the midst of his Reminiscences of Scott, relating his adventures in a Highland Tour forty years since.—*E. T. M.*

to the lake, and along its margin, which exhibits many grand views, with Ben Cruachan towering to the north. I fell in with an old fisherman who lived on an island in the lake, and kept a public-house. He promised me good fare if I would embark with him, which I did, and fared well. The island was stocked with rabbits, and he had taken some very fine trout in the lake. The house was kept by his daughter, who had, for some time, been a servant in Glasgow. She understood cookery, and I had stewed rabbit and fried trout to dinner. I stayed here three days. The fisherman, who rented the island, provided me with a small boat, in which I sailed about by myself, visiting the fine scenery on the island and the shores of the lake. I ascended Ben Cruachan, which is 4400 feet in height; and the day being good, enjoyed a most extensive view: Loch-aber and Glenorchy in gloomy grandeur to the north and east; and to the west the magnificent scenery of Morven; the rich island of Lismore and Ben Awe in the foreground; the Sound of Mull, and, over and farther to the west of Mull, many other islands of fantastic figure; the Dutchman's Cap; Tiree, famous for its breed of ponies; Iona; Scarba; Jura with its five Paps, as the five mountains are termed; with Colonsay and Isla, to the south-west. It happened to be the time of the tide when the whirlpool of Corryvreckan is in motion, for I could plainly observe the white foam of the troubled waters, while all the surrounding ocean appeared "one burnished sheet of living gold." I made a bird's-eye drawing to the north, east, south, and west, and forgot that I had to descend by a perilous route. The sun was sinking in the sea when I began to descend. I found my little boat, and regained the island by moonlight. My bill was sixpence for breakfast, and the same for dinner and tea, besides the whisky, a little of which was necessary, as brandered trout formed one dish at every meal.

I proceeded towards Inverary,—passing through the romantic village of Cladich. The whole road to Loch Fyne is grand. I rested, and drew so many views that, although the distance was short, it was late before I reached the inn at Inverary. The accommodation was excellent; but the bill of one day here would have kept me a week on the island, and the fare was not better.

I varied the ordinary route, and sailed down Loch Fyne, where I fell in with a boat about to sail for the Island of Arran. I embarked, and landed in the port of Loch Ranza; than which, with its old castle, I had seen nothing finer. I rambled about for a day, visiting the Torruidyan, a high rocky mountain, where millions of seafowl build their nests, and where my guide, (the same who had attended Professor Playfair,) pointed out a junction of the granite with the schistus. Next day, I travelled over a wild and high range of grand mountains to Glen Rosa. Near the summit, I was overtaken by a thunder-storm and heavy rain. I got under a grand flat stone, or rather cave, from which I heard the thunder and saw the lightning with great effect. I felt a disagreeable putrid smell, which was accounted for when I observed two foxes passing into the cave; one of them carried something in its mouth, like a hare or muirfow likely had young. Glen Rosa, in terrific gı is the next thing to Coruishk in Skye; but, of beauty, with its woods skirting the glen, superior. The lake is wanting. At the b the valley are some fine old Scots fir from thence to Brodick is Culshant, or th of Enchantment.

Next day, I ascended Goatfell, the vie which is very extensive: the whole range West Highlands, with Ben Nevis, Ben Cr Ben Lomond; the mountains of Galloway south-east; the whole of Ayrshire; Ailsa Ireland in the distance; the whole of K spread like a map, and at no great distance all the Hebrides south of Tiree and Mull.

I descended by the Glen of Corrie, a m rific scene; and in the evening arrived at B The old castle of the Boyds is kept in good and occupied by the Duke of Hamilton's fa land-steward. Next day I sailed for Gr and Glasgow, and on to Dumfries,—having on my Highland tour three weeks: my wh penditure five pounds or thereby.

Sir Henry Raeburn regretted to me th Walter had declined to sit to him. "The p I have already painted," he said, "has a look. There are three; but two are copie though I wished him to sit for them all. he is a restless sitter."—"Not only myself," Sir Walter, on the other hand, "but my dog growls when he observes a painter prep his palette."—"I will undertake," said I, Henry, "to prevail with him to sit, provided to be present with the sitter's leave, and perm by way of lesson, to copy the work in ce stages."

"You shall not only have my leave to be sent," said Sir Henry, "but I may paint your head into the bargain." I mentioned to Sir W that it would be conferring on me a most parti favour, as I had conventioned with Sir H Raeburn that I should be present at all th tings, if he was not averse to the arrangen "I have been painted so often," said he, "t am sick of the thing; especially since, with exception of Raeburn's old portrait, I can onl so many old shoemakers or blue-gown beg Even Lawrence, whose portrait is in progress, been thinking more of the poet than the man.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,

is what he is aiming at; but I anticipat failure. Raeburn's portrait looks down, and Thomas's too much up. I think that someth between the two would be better; I hate attitu ——My compliments to Sir Henry, and say t I will be glad to see him here to-morrow, to bre fast: it is not a court day. You will accomp him, of course." This was after dinner. I cal at St. Bernards on the following morning, and fou the artist walking in his garden. He was m gratified with my success, and prepared to go w me to Castle Street.

"His time," said he, "as well as my own, is

much taken up, that I seldom see him. I will send an apology to all my sitters to-day."

"You will do well," said I; "for he mentioned that if no unlooked-for thing came in the way, he would accompany you to York Place, and have the first sitting."

After breakfast, they sat two hours conversing. It was interesting to hear two men, the first and most accomplished in their several departments as poet and painter, discoursing on different effects and departments of their art.

"I wish," said Sir Walter, "that you would let us have a little more finishing in the backgrounds. Sir Thomas Lawrence, I understand, employs a landscape painter."—"Of that I do not approve," said Sir Henry. "Landscape in the background of a portrait ought to be nothing more than the shadow of a landscape: effect is all that is wanted. Nothing ought to divert the eye from the principal object—the face; and it ought to be something in the style of Milton's Death:

> The other shape, if shape it might be call'd
> That shape had none, or substance might be call'd
> That shadow seem'd, for each seem'd either.

I am at present painting an admiral, and had some thought of asking my friend, the minister of Duddingston, to paint me a sea; but, on second thoughts, I am afraid that Mr. Thomson's sea might put my part of the picture to the blush."

"We will proceed to the first sitting," said Sir Walter; "and I think that I shall be able to find you a customer for the picture."—"You may, for a copy, Sir Walter; but the portrait that I am now painting is for myself, although it may find its way, in time, into your own family." A copy of this portrait was painted for Lord Montague; but the original is in the possession of the painter's only son, Henry Raeburn, Esq., of St. Bernards.

During the painting of the portrait I attended, and throughout its progress made many studies. After two or three sittings, Sir Walter was highly pleased. "I wish none but your portraits of me were in existence," said Sir Walter. "A portrait may be strikingly like, and yet have a very disagreeable effect." This portrait is the *beau-ideal* of his appearance. The painter has seized the happy moment; and it is, by far, the best likeness that has ever been painted. A small head in wax, by John Henning, done about 1807, of which I have a copy, is also a capital likeness.

I was preparing to go to London; and, being anxious to see Sir Thomas Lawrence, both Sir Walter and Sir Henry gave me cards of introduction. I was particularly anxious to see the arrangement of his palette. "I will," said Sir Walter, "desire that favour for you. I think that you will find double the number of tints, as you term it, that are on Raeburn's palette."

On arriving in London, I delivered Sir Walter's note, and was asked to breakfast next day. Sir Henry Raeburn's card I still retain. "With respect to the arrangement of my palette," said Sir Thomas, "which your friend Sir Walter desires me to exhibit, you shall see it immediately." He was, in other respects, most polite. He showed me Sir Walter's portrait, which was in progress. I knew it, and that was all; it had an affected cast-up of the eye; in fact, he had determined to make him a poet. He asked my opinion, which I gave him frankly, and which he received with great good nature. "Sir Walter, when he looks up, half shuts his eyes; yours are too open."—"You are quite correct in your remark; and I will endeavour to attend to it." On leaving, Sir Thomas gave me a card to attend his lecture in the Royal Academy; but I was obliged to leave London soon after, and did not again see him.

In the time of breakfast, Sir Thomas spoke much of Mr. Raeburn and his style of painting.—"He ought to be richer than I can be; for he can paint three pictures for my one. His prices are much too small. His portrait of the Highlander M'Nab, is the best representation of a human being that I ever saw. Mr. Raeburn's style is freedom itself." Sir Thomas kindly offered to give me an introduction to the private collection of any of his acquaintance in London.

I had been in London to give certain evidence respecting some survey that I had made with Mr. Telford; which having finished, I returned to Edinburgh by sea.

Having afterwards business at Stirling,—"When you are in that neighbourhood," said Sir Walter, "go to Castle Campbell, and make me some drawings of certain parts that I will describe to you in writing; but draw every odd-looking object that comes in your way. The title of Castle Campbell will please you. The castle of *Gloom*, on the water of *Grief*, in the glen of *Care*, and in the parish of *Dolour*. Be particular about an old garden door, at which your friend John Knox held forth a sermon to the Duke of Argyle, and a great multitude. Argyle was then the owner; the castle was taken and burnt down by Montrose."

On my return, he was much pleased with my portfolio. The country around Dollar is highly picturesque. The Falls of the Devon, the Cauldron Linn, and Rumbling Brig, are in the true Salvator style. Clackmannan Tower, with Stirling and the wild Loch Katrine scenery—the country of the Macgregors—are in the distance. Sir Walter regretted that I had not proceeded on to explore the whole range.—"But," said he, "there is a good time coming."

I mentioned to him that I had an invitation to paint some pictures in Liverpool, and had received letters from General Dirom to Dr. Macartney and other Galloway gentlemen residents in that city.—"I will," said Sir Walter, "strengthen these letters by one to my friend Mr. Roscoe."*

On presenting this letter to Mr. Roscoe,—"You must," said that gentleman, "be a great favourite with Sir Walter; and I think that you would be highly gratified by reading his letter. I wish to show it to some friends, to whom it will have the effect of an introduction in your favour; but I will return it to you, to retain by way of heir-loom." I was much struck with the venerable appearance of Mr. Roscoe, and his kind, interesting manner; and not

* This refers to the letter of introduction printed in the first part of the Reminiscences.—*E. T. M.*

a little surprised to hear him speak the broad Lancashire dialect. He gave me a card of introduction to the Athenæum Reading Rooms and Library; and, in particular, to a part of the library that once belonged to himself, which required a particular introduction.—"Come," said he, "any evening to tea. I am always at home." Some days afterwards, he returned me Sir Walter's letter, saying,—"It is of more value to you than to any one else."

I resided more than a year in Liverpool, and made some short trips into North Wales, renewing my old acquaintance with its mountains and ruins. Dr. Macartney had introduced me to Mr. Blundel at Ince, that I might examine his collection, famous for its four Richard Wilsons. "Do not," said the doctor, "be surprised that he turns you out of the house, which has nearly happened to myself. "I will ensure good reception," said Mrs. Macartney, "and indorse your document; for Mr. Blundel, with all his foibles, is a bit of a knight-errant." I was received with much courtesy by Mr. Blundel. He was, when I entered, in conversation with a person dressed in black, who seemed forcibly to detain him. He broke away from him, half saying to himself, "These old fools, there is no end to their trifling nonsense. That," said Mr. Blundel, "is my family priest: a very good person in his way; but there is no end to his talking. There," continued he, "is a catalogue of the pictures and marbles. I am a member of the Roxburgh Club, and printed my own catalogue. A servant will show you all the rooms, and then leave you to yourself; which is, I suppose, your own wish. You are to make no sketches, or even memorandums. Dinner will be ready at two o'clock—a cold one, to be sure; for it is our Lent; but you shall receive all the indulgence in my power." He rang the bell, and ordered wine and cake to be placed on a side-table, and so left me.

There are many good pictures, particularly by Gaspar Poussin, and much indifferent matter; but the pictures by Richard Wilson are magnificent. They are,—*Phaeton asking leave to draw the Chariot of the Sun*, which would, in my opinion, be better without the figures; a *Distant view of Rome; Tivoli;* and another. The figures in the three last, put in by Wilson's own hand, are simple, and accord well with the landscape. The skies and back-grounds of all these pictures have suffered greatly by a foolish conceit of placing them in panels on the walls of the room, from which they have been much injured by the damp.

There is a temple detached for the marbles. Most of the figures are copies, or modern manufacture of the antique, and are about 500 in number.

At two o'clock I was summoned to dinner; a table was placed in the middle of the largest picture-room, with a cover for one only. Several servants were in waiting, and Mr. Blundel himself was halting round the room, being lame. "I am not permitted," said he, "to eat animal food; but that is no reason why you should be restricted; here is fish and fowl, potted and preserved in different modes." He opened a pot which contained woodcock, and was a most excellent dish. There was cold venison pie, tongue, puddings, &c.; but, if I remember right, neither beef nor mutton. He stood like the physician over Governor Sancho, pointing out and recommending the different dishes. But I was more fortunate than poor Sancho; for I was not only allowed, but pressed to eat. After the eatables had been removed, he drank a glass of wine, which he had also done during dinner. "The bottles are on the table," said he; "you may make your observations, and return occasionally and inspire yourself with a glass. I am obliged to leave you; remember that money offered to my servant, I consider an insult. They will, I hope, decline it, and inform me if it is offered. Come back at any time you wish, warning me by a note left at the George Hotel, Liverpool." He left me, but soon returned,—"I have," said he, "still an hour to spare; and after your wine I will join you in a cup of coffee." I pointed out to him that the pictures had suffered much from damp by their position on the wall; nor, in case of fire, could they be readily removed. "I will," said he, "have them placed in portable frames immediately; and am much obliged to you for the hint. I have just heard," said he, "that a member of our Roxburgh Club has been shot by a person of the name of Steuart. Do you know anything of the parties."—"I know Boswell, and passed some days with him when on a visit to Mr. Oswald of Auchincruive, while I was making a survey of that estate. He was then a good Whig; but turned his coat, received a pension, and contributes to a newspaper of infamous character; not infamous because it is Tory, but because it is filled with libels, the worst of which have, it is reported, been supplied by Sir Alexander Boswell; and if ever the finger of God was visible in the death of one person and the preservation of another, it was in the affair you mention."—"I am astonished," said he, "that Sir Alexander should have gone out with such a person below his own rank." "He is," said I, "a better man than himself; and if that can be a feather in his cap, is descended from the kings of Scotland. Have you not observed that the Earl of Rosslyn, who is Mr. Steuart's cousin, was also his second."—"Of these circumstances," said he, "I was ignorant. That alters the case." Some time afterwards I forwarded Mr. Steuart's trial to Ince. "I understand," continued Mr. Blundel, "that Sir Walter Scott supports the same paper, *The Beacon*, which I sometimes read."—"He no doubt supports the paper the same as he supports *Blackwood's Magazine*, for its Tory principles; but Sir Walter is incapable of writing a single line to the injury of any man's character."—"I am happy to hear you, a Whig, say so. I am a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott, and have many of his letters. I hate libels, and hope that he will discontinue his support." Sir Walter did withdraw his support from *The Beacon* soon afterwards.

On returning to Edinburgh, I showed Sir Walter some drawings that I had made on stone—a view of Hermitage. "Select," said he, "from your portfolio, six castles, and execute them in the same style, with a sheet of letter-press at a guinea the book, and I will sell you fifty copies. Fall about it immediately, and show me the impressions as

they are thrown off." I selected six old castles, and submitted to him the list. Hermitage Castle, Liddesdale; Caerlaverock, Dumfries-shire; Threave, the Castle of the Black Douglas, in Galloway; Bruce Castle, in the Island of Rathlin, County Antrim; Duart on the Sound of Mull; and Ellandonan, in Ross-shire; in all six, with a sheet of letter-press description. "They are all very good," said Sir Walter; "and, with respect to your descriptions, I have found very little amendment necessary. The price must be one guinea; and I shall be able to dispose of 25 or maybe 50 copies. Constable has promised to lend his assistance, and will publish for you if necessary. Go on, and do not allow the business to rest one day." I printed 125 copies, which were all sold in ten days. He pressed me to publish another series; but I did not like to draw too much on the good-nature of my friends, for the sales were all private. Printing on stone was then in its infancy in Edinburgh; and indeed is so still, with respect to landscape; and the impressions by no means pleased me.

One morning, while at breakfast, a woman called, complaining that Maida, Sir Walter's stag-hound, had bit her child. "And did not I give you something handsome to help to cover it?" said Sir Walter. "You did so; but I am told that if the dog is not hanged, the bairn will go mad."—"I do not think that the crime deserves death, as the child is not yet dead; but Maida shall be banished; and if the child die, he shall suffer, which is the law of the land; and there is some more money."

Maida was an ill-natured tyke, and no favourite with me. He once attacked me. I met him in a narrow path; and he stood in the middle, disputing my passage. Having, by good luck, a measuring-pole in my hand, about eight feet in length, I prepared to make my passage good. If I had turned my back, he would have been on me immediately. I advanced, and with my good ash pole hit him a whack along the ribs, on which he gave a fearful howl, and fled. So much for the courage of this Highland brute. On telling it to his master, he would not believe it. "I will again defend myself in your presence; indeed, I will make believe to attack you, and you shall see whether this Highland bear of yours will be bold and faithful in defending his very kind and over-partial master." "I do not entertain the smallest doubt of his courage and affection; but it may be as well not to put it to too severe a test."

One morning I heard a dog howling in distress. On going to the place, I found Maida, who had been hunting hares; and on leaping a paling, was entangled by the hind-legs, and could not relieve himself. At breakfast, I mentioned the circumstance of Maida's distress. "And did you relieve him?"—"I did not think it at all safe, as he holds me at a grudge." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "the poor brute's legs may be broken."—"Do not be alarmed; I sent Tam Purdie to his relief." And soon after the dog made his appearance, much fatigued, and the skin peeled from his hind legs.

After this, I did not again see Sir Walter till after Lady Scott's death, and the Castle Street establishment had been broken up; from whence he had removed to a furnished lodging in Castle Street, as I was informed. I met him, by chance, on the street, and he invited me to come to breakfast on the following morning in Walker Street. I congratulated him on living in so elegant and quiet a street. "Yes," he said; "but as the lad said who went a-wooing, when congratulated by the lass on his smart appearance on horseback,—

'The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare.'

Miss Blair has been so good as to lend me her house while she is absent."

A French gentleman was at breakfast, who brought him in a present, a copy of his poetical works, from Galignani, I think. He examined the prints, and said the work was neatly got up; and referred to me. I said that I thought the work much inferior to our own. "It is well that the Frenchman does not understand English; otherwise you might be in a scrape."

He invited me to return to dinner, and said he would ask Mr. Campbell, who made a third. He desired Allister Dhu to give us Macrimmon's Lament, first in Gaelic, and then a stanza in English. I never have seen him more pleasant company. "The Gaelic," said he, "is infinitely more musical than my own words." Sir Walter, at this time, talked of the lightness of heart, and the prospects of youth, seldom realized, and repeated some lines from Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes"—

"O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion thunders o'er his head."

But mark the sad reverse—

"From Marlbrough's eyes the tears of dotage flow;
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

On preparing to go, he inquired how long I was likely to be absent. "A year," said I, "at least. I am going to the west country to paint some portraits."—"Cast yourself round by Abbotsford. I am projecting some new plantations, and am in hopes of making an exchange, and acquiring the entire margin, or boundary line, of Cauldshiels Loch; and if I succeed, I will adopt your design, and plant the whole land around, to a considerable extent."

I had been praising a small medallion portrait as an excellent likeness. "It was," said he, "first done in wax by Henning, and then cast in glass. I have more than one. Accept of this; and permit me to hang it by a small chain." It was a silver chain, such as he used to hang his whistle or dog-call by. The same kind of chain is painted round his neck in the last portrait by Raeburn.

My reflections on parting were melancholy. Sir Walter looked care-worn; and his efforts to be merry appeared painful. I saw that the "Life of Napoleon" sat heavy on his spirits. "There is no imagination in it," said he; "and the incidents are so distorted by party, that there is great difficulty in coming at the facts. It may happen," said he, "as you are often unsteady in your movements, that you may not leave Edinburgh so soon as you at present purpose: if so, come to breakfast—half-past-eight, or at the same hour in the evening."