

# The Scottish Historical Review

VOL. XVI., No. 62

JANUARY 1919

## Mr. Hutcheson's 'Journal,' 1783

ARRAN in 1783 was frequently visible to Robert Burns in Ayrshire; many people besides Keats and Wordsworth have wondered why there is no thought of the island in his poetry; there is no mention of it in his prose either, for the matter of that. As Burns is for most readers the chief representative of those coasts at that time, and as Keats's walking tour in 1818 and his remarks on Burns are pretty generally known now, the island is frequently thought of as lying beyond the reach of the eighteenth century; an unsubstantial vision far off. The *Journal* shows that Arran in the eighteenth century was a real place as well, and of some importance for the holidays of the West of Scotland; 'a place where companies are fed.'<sup>1</sup> Mr. Charles Hutcheson, a young man (aged 21) of some spirit and intelligence, with a taste for good literature and a device of a sentimental journey engaging his holiday mind, has been able to set down some part of the truth about the life of himself and his friends, and may be thanked for another instalment, none too large, of such travels as Dr. Johnson had recorded ten years before, as Faujas de Saint-Fond was to make in search of Fingal's Cave the year after.

Arran is divided, like the adjacent island of Britain, into two

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Dunlop speaks of Arran to Burns, 22nd Sept. 1791: her daughter 'has lost her whole wardrobe and paintings by a large trunk stolen or cut from the back of the carriage as her brother and she were travelling between Blair and Beith, on her return from Arran, where she had spent the summer, and was come in full contemplation of the Ayr races.'

parts, north and south, or like Scotland, into highland and lowland. Opinions and tastes are still divided between the south and the north, between Whiting Bay and Sannox. The factor's records show that Corrie was a resort of tourists in time of this Whiting Bay document. Mr. Hutcheson goes no further north than the String and Brodick, and takes no notice of the mountains except as impeding the view. To do him justice, it should be remembered that the tops were all in mist as he came over the pass to the head of Glen Shirag. He is less of a mountaineer than Mr. Boswell, who went up Dun Caan in Raasay, and Prieshall near Talisker in Skye. But it cannot be said that his time was wasted.

His record is written under the influence of literature. His book at Whiting Bay is the *Spectator*, but obviously his model is not Addison so much as Sterne, though the likeness to the manner of Sterne is partly accidental; 'the brisk intemperance of youth' encourages the broken style of phrasing, the dashes and ejaculations. There is no suspicion of anything exaggerated or dressed-up falsely for effect in the ingenuous narrative; though clearly the writer is pleased, as the reader well may be, with the way his experiences fall out according to imaginary schemes. The churl at Kildonan is followed by the pastoral harmony of Shisken (July 14-15); this contrast might have been invented for a moral essay, but it really happened so. There is no reason to doubt 'Charles's best deed' (Wednesday 23rd) in helping the poor woman at Lamlash. It has some rhetoric attached, in the mention of Rumbold and Clive, putting those heroes in their place according to the true scale of humanity. But this is additional, and does not spoil the truth of the story, while it adds to the expressive disclosure of the author's mind and interests.

The *Journal* has been published before, though not verbatim: first in the *Evening Times*, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 1885, then about sixteen years later in the *Kilmarnock Standard*, 1901, under the title *A Trip to Arran in 1783. Written by a Glasgow Merchant*: of this 25 copies were printed in pamphlet form.

The original MS., here followed as exactly as possible, is now in the possession of Dr. George Neilson, who bought it about two years ago from Mr. James Glen, bookseller, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow. It was shown at the Old Glasgow Exhibition in 1894 (Cat. No. 2572); the owner then being Mr. Allan Buchanan, Burnsyde, Fairlie (he died in that same year). Mrs. Buchanan was a granddaughter of Charles Hutcheson, author of the *Journal*;



daughter of his son Charles (1792-1860), a well-known Glasgow citizen, who had the same literary tastes as his father; a friend of Motherwell, and one of the earliest members of the Society of *Dilettanti*; of whom something has been written by Strang, leaving still much that might interest readers of this *Review* in a later enquiry.

Charles the diarist was born about 1752, in 1764 'Carolus Hutcheson filius natu secundus Caroli, Bibliopolæ Glasguensis,' entered the University of Glasgow; his elder brother James was matriculated in the same year. In 1789 Charles entered the Merchants' House. In 1795 (Oct. 26) he became a member of the Grand Antiquity Society of Glasgow, exhibiting three burgess tickets. In 1799 (Jan. 16) Charles Hutcheson, Merchant, Glasgow, was served heir to his father, Charles, bookseller there. His wife was Rothesia Chalmers. He died on the 24th of February, 1818, and was buried in the Cathedral churchyard; his age in the Register is 66. In connexion with the entry 22nd July, 1783, regarding 'two new acquaintances from the main land, a Mr. Lockhart and a Dr. Gibson,' it may be of interest to some readers to have the notice of his son's marriage—*Glasgow Herald*, 6th June, 1825: 'At Glasgow, on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Lawrence Lockhart, Inchinnan, Charles Hutcheson, Esq., to Margaret, eldest daughter of Stewart Smith, Esq.'<sup>1</sup>

Attached to the original book is a letter dated 11th October, 1897, addressed to Mrs. Buchanan by Mr. Patrick Blair, some time Sheriff-substitute of Inverness, which gives information about some of the company at Whiting Bay, as follows:

I am very much obliged to you for the perusal of Mr. Hutcheson's Journal to Arran in 1783, and now return it in a separate parcel with my thanks.

I think the Mr. Robinson was John Robinson who married one of the Misses Paterson, and who had two daughters; one married a Mr. Hood, a minister at Neilston, and the other married Mr. Mathew King, of Port-Glasgow.

Doctor Shaw, afterwards captain in the 51st Regiment, was killed in Corsica; he was the eldest son of Bailie James Shaw, who died in 1790. Dr. Shaw was a brother of Ellenora or 'Heely' as Mr. Hutcheson calls her. She married (1st) Hamilton Robertson, writer in Irvine, and (2nd) the Rev. Alexander Campbell, minister in Irvine, and died in 1832.

<sup>1</sup>For these particulars the Editor and his collaborator, Dr. Neilson, have to thank Mr. J. R. Anderson, Ayr, and for general furtherance of enquiries, Dr. David Murray, Dr. Robert Renwick, Mr. James A. McCallum, Mr. H. Moncrieff, and Mr. M. Graham, Editor of the *Evening Times*.

Miss Margaret Shaw was a daughter of John Shaw, of Treesbanks, Kilmarnock, and sister of Sir James Shaw, who was created a baronet in 1809. In 1813 he obtained a second patent with remainder to his nephew John, son of his sister Margaret. Margaret married John Macfie, calico printer, Kilmarnock, afterwards merchant in Glasgow. She died in 1843. She must have been married about 1783, for I find that her daughter Helen was born on 10th October, 1784. Her daughter Helen married Mr. William Muir, merchant in Glasgow, and was the mother of John Muir, C.I.E. and D.C.L., the distinguished Sanscrit scholar, and Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., principal of Edinburgh University.

These Macfies are no relations of the Greenock Macfies.

The unusual spelling 'Ellenore' may interest (far from Whiting Bay) the biographers of M. Benjamin Constant, who thus writes the name of the heroine of *Adolphe*.

Spring Bank, where some of the cavalcade rested on the way home from Brodwick, is the old house now standing at the back of the Douglas Hotel. Miss Stoddart, Strathwhillan, has kindly given some of the story of the place: the house was built by her great-grandfather, Hector M'Alister, who left Kintyre, where he had three small estates, and came to Moniquil in Arran (see *Journal*, July 15th); later he got a feu of Spring Bank and built the house there. Mrs. M'Alister was a Miss Fullarton, of Corse, in Ayrshire. A letter from Hector M'Alister addressed to his sister 'at Milliken by Glasgow,' and dated 'Monyquill March 18th 1774,' tells of the loss of his only son Charles, drowned, a fortnight earlier, on a voyage from Drumadoon to Islay. It was said of Hector M'Alister that he was a Jacobite, and on that account left Kintyre and took refuge in a Hanoverian island; but this rumour is not confirmed by the latest historian of Arran.

Some points of glossary remain for the commentator. The Sail Fish (Friday 11th) is a basking shark, such as is described by Pennant at Loch Ranza, and represented in one of his best illustrations. What is the meaning of 'Leige' in Sunday 20th? 'We had the Same Dull Leige, that held furth to us the preceeding Sabbath' (13th) at the Parish Church of Kilbride; when he 'gave us a 15 minutes discourse which any body wou'd as soon have believed to have been *Senecas*, as his, had they read it in a Book.' A year or two were to go by before Burns at Mauchline bethought him of 'Socrates or Antonine or some auld pagan heathen,' with a rather different application. But what did Mr. Hutcheson mean by 'Leige'? Is it a word vaguely remembered out of a play-book, as Mrs. Proudie remembered 'unhand me!' at the great crisis



in her new drawing-room? It seems to serve the author's intention well enough. By the way, Mr. Hutcheson's spelling of 'Hely' or 'Helly Isle' is remarkable. 'Brodwick' had already been turned to the southern form from 'Braithewick.' When did *Gaitfell* (= *Geitafell*) turn to *Goatfell*? Mr. Hutcheson has nothing to say about that mountain. On 'Rumbold and Clive' (once more) it may not be irrelevant in an Historical Review to observe that the life of Sir Thomas Rumbold, Governor of Madras, has recently had some fresh illustration in the second volume of Mr. William Hickey's *Memoirs* (1775 to 1782). 'Pickocks' (Wednesday 23rd) are small saith. 'The Kiskadels' (Monday 28th) 'about a mile or so up hill' evidently does not mean both North and South Kiscadale; the plural is like two other familiar Arran names: Sannox=North Sannock and South Sannock (=Sandvik), and the Corrygills, probably one and another Carragil (=Kjarra-gil).

We may add for epilogue, a reference to Arran, not too well known, in the letters of the young Adolphus to Richard Heber, on the author of *Waverley*: 'The sublime Hebridean Archipelago is as yet unentered by the novelist; but he, as well as the poet, extols with great ardour, and in language forcibly descriptive, the enchanted isles and shores and waters of the Firth of Clyde, and the savage grandeur of Arran.'

W. P. KER.

Journal to Arran in [Buteshire] Argyle-Shire<sup>1</sup>

7<sup>th</sup> July 1783

**W**ONT the dog of a Driver wait a few minutes on me Said I—'tis ten o'Clock, and I have 20 things to do at 12 different places—well I Swear—'tis provoking—no matter—! this is the case, will you Lose your Seat in the Kilmarnock diligence, & 6/ to boot, or leave these 20 mighty matters to another time—I'll go Said I—!—like every man, that has not a moment to Spare, I thought the Time flew fast away out of Spite— However I got Forward and found only one passenger on Board,—a M<sup>r</sup> Govan from Anderston. “There's a mighty fine day—“ it is so indeed : how many tickets are out do you know Sir—“ 5 the people tell me—any Ladys, because we must give them the “best Seats,—that is Just if they come in time—!”— Well thinks I, we must Just, it seems, Sit here as as the good folks ly in the Grave, without distinction,—my Soliloquy was Interrupted by the ingress of M<sup>r</sup> John Austin—a Big, Jolly, good natured Blyth Fellow,—So Bigg, that my impatience for the detention of the machine was Exceeded by my Anxiety for its departure—with one Voice we roar'd to the Driver, to mount and move on—Snail-like, he Crept thro' the town, well knowing that the more passengers there was, the more perquisites there would be—

Stop Stop!

why? Says I, O here is another Companion & fellow Traveler—'twas a Lady from the Town of Kilmarnock whither we were bound—your Servant madam Said we all, hand here your Bant box—! On we Drove—! I thought it was Female Shyness that prevented our Fair Companion from Entering into discourse

<sup>1</sup> Title page of MS. is—in the writer's best half-text—'Journal to Arran,' followed, in pencil, by the words, 'Lent by Chas. Hutcheson, 270 Bath Crescent, Glasgow, 1857.' On the reverse of that fly-leaf title is, in the writer's half-text, 'Journal to Arran in Argyle-Shire' with the correction '[Buteshire]' and addition 'by Ch. Hutchison, Merch' Glasgow.' *Argyle* is pencilled through to delete.



for the first two miles—no! She was Constitutionally Silent—impossible! what!— a woman So——! Come now Cha<sup>s</sup> no reflections!—truely, I never was so long in Company with so Dumb a Lady—& I think I never before used more Stratagems to make a Young Lady Speak, without Some Success, answerable to my Expectation,—positively I thought She was a Quaker—Come Says M<sup>r</sup> Austin to her, do now give us a Song—you're very Grave, why dont you Speak! tell us Some Cracks—you're very Dull—these severe Charges, produced only alittle uneasiness in the person Address'd with 4 words—"I dont Sing "Sir!"—— She was resolved to keep her Lips as Closs as an Oyster when the Tyde is out—On we went recording Such little anecdotes as Ocured to us anent Sailors & Irishmen—having diverted ourselves about an hour or so with these, without any thing from the Lady but a Smile now & then M<sup>r</sup> Austin threw his Arms Arround his neighbour Miss Morrin (for that was the Quiet Ladys Name) and again repeated the Same desire of hearing her Sing—but it wou'd not do— How Cruel are We Men, Said I to myself, to Say that talkativeness is a female Vice, and yet we are Still more wretched, to See a Woman Sit Dumb—I've found it—! 'tis the *music* in their Voice 'tis the Soft modulations thereof that Captivates—well did Solomon (was it) desire people to beware of "Singing Women"—with the Single Accomplishment—Women have had more humble Servants in Europe, than all the Popes in Christendome have had Applications to Kiss their Bigg Toe's—well we arrived at *Kilmarnock* & unloaded the Coach of our talkative nymph and the rest of our Baggage— When we were dining at the Public House—in Came M<sup>r</sup> Galt who intends taking a Trip to Arran with me M<sup>r</sup> Galt has for these twelve years resided in New York & Virginia,—he is very fond of music & performs upon Several Instruments, particularly the German flute & Fiddle—<sup>1</sup> We were intimately auquainted before he left this Country, and till the commencement of the troubles in the Western World, we had established a regular & friendly correspondence—our tempers are much the Same—he labors under one very Material disadvantage in being exceedingly near (that is Short) Sighted to assist his Eyes he allways walks with Spectacles. I had informed him the day before by post that I wou'd be here (Kilmarnock) by this day—well, after finishing two Bowls M<sup>r</sup> Galt & I took leave of the other two Gentlemen & proceeded on our way to Irvine which is about 8 miles from

<sup>1</sup> A note is pencilled here—'probably an uncle of John Galt.'

Kilm<sup>k</sup>— After marching a good way out of Town, and beguiling the time with relating old Storys and wishing for Some fun on the road and also Intending to try my Friends temper I pointed to Some thing and ask'd him what Gentlemans house that was—he immediately pulled out his Spectacles with great expedition & Looking the way I pointed told me it was “Dreghorn Kirk,” “O (you fool) its a Hay Stack”— he bore it well—which made me think I had done enough in that way for one day well on we went,— the day was pleasant and the roads good, M<sup>r</sup> Galt is concerned in the Coal works at the Warricks So, we agreed to Step out of our way & view them—the Engine is a Curious pice of Mathematics, we however were Soon Satisfied therewith, for there is Some thing dreadfull in the Operation, and is ready to Scare a Stranger (which I believe proceeds from the consideration that the Ground is all Boss below)<sup>1</sup>—the motion of the Lavers over ones head—the dreadfull & disagreeable noise of the Steam Bursting from the Boilers & the Gushing of the water raised by the Engine from the Pit, which added to the frightfull appearances of the miners, hoisting now & then out of Heugh, all of them as black as little Devils—the Sight was rather awfull than pleasing— *on* we came, and arrived at Irvine Bridge which was built over a Small Burn, but is rebuilding by one M<sup>r</sup> Muir who it Seems has undertaken to do it for £150: owing to Some miscalculation however this Undertaker finds he will be a Loser of about £50 which has so affected his mind that he has (it is Said) lost his Judgement altho' rich enough to Sustain the Loss without any detriment to his family— Alas ! that any body Shou'd Lose so valuable a Blessing as a Sound Judgement on account of their being indifferent Arithmeticians! but So it is—the Bridge is only half finished—well, *now* we come to

#### IRVINE

The Situation of this Place makes it truely agreeable—every now & then, there is a fresh importation of fine Sea Smelling Air—So extensive is the prospect that, Arran, the Craig of Ilsa and Some times the mountains of Ireland in a very Clear day are visible— On the Other Side of the Town, the Eye is regal'd with the view of a fine, fertil, Level, plain, Campaine Country—the Landscape nicely Studded w<sup>t</sup> the Seats of different Gentlemen, & the fields abound with the Blessings of Ceres— If the Ayr Bank Hurt the Country in its money matters, it has done good to the Grownds, for the Landed Gentlemen not being nice Calculators and leaving

<sup>1</sup> Over the word Boss there has been written ‘hollow,’ now almost erased.



Figures to your Dull mechanical Geniuses, put off the Day of Reckoning with their Banker & laid out their Cash accounts in purchasing & improving their Lands, which indeed are Beautifull & pleasant thro' the whole of this neighbourhood, & through all Ayrshire. This Town (Irvine) is a receptacle of *Kind*, Humane, polite, Hospitable people—being Strangers to Affectation, their manners are unfettered with the Shackles of restraint, reserve or distance—the Situation of the Town & the Genius of the people entirely Correspond—the *advanced* among them, consist for the greatest part of Old Seamen— &, as old Masons make good Barrow-men, (altho' they have given over Sailing,) they Still are fond of venturing part of their property on the Briny Billows, and carry on a very Snug coasting Trade with the Isles and w<sup>t</sup> Ireland, by which a Considerable revenew Arriseth to the Place—the Streets are Elegant, Clean and Handsome & their Relief & Parish Churches are Surprisingly fine in a Short time this Little Town may grow into a Rich and oppulent City—M<sup>r</sup>. Galt, Introduced me to Several of his Acquaintances particularly to M<sup>r</sup>. & M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop—the last is a Sister of M<sup>r</sup>. Galts at their house I have taken up my Quarters, and now I am in my bed room a Writing, Waiting till Morpheus give Signal of his Approach with repeated yawnings—but there's 12 o'Clock—*Sleep*, or not Sleep I must to bed—So my prayers are for all my Freinds, and God Bless them !

*Twisday 8<sup>th</sup>*

To the Sterility of Arran this Town is obliged in Some measure for part of its Stirr—The Sloth of the inhabitants of that Island is by no means a disadvantage to Irvine—, Had we been bound for Some desert place, unvisited by mortals, whose Soil had never been disturbed by the plough or Harrow of the Peasant, we cou'd not have been more industrious to prevent the evil consequences resulting therefrom,—Tea, Sugar, Bacon Hams Loafs Biscuits, pease Barley & I dont know how many other Articles were this day Laid in by us—when our marketing was over—I Lugg'd M<sup>r</sup>. Galt away to the Quay, to See *the vessels* was my pretence but my whole intention was to find a boat going Soon to Arran— Had I told my errand to my friend, ten to one but he woud have Shifted the walk (about a mile from the Town) but by good Luck, I found that Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>e</sup>. Lish was to go off to Arran by Tomorrow at 3 o'Clock i'the morning—M<sup>r</sup>. Galt wou'd fain have had me to postpone it for a day or two that I might have the opportunity of Seeing the rest of his freinds but as Arran was the

place of our destination I accounted every hinderence, Impertinent & So Struck a bargain with M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>Liesh, M<sup>r</sup>. G. Saw there was no help for it, So he agreed too & told that his Sister & M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop wou'd also go— Home we went, & both M<sup>r</sup>. & M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop & M<sup>r</sup>. G. & I did little else all day but pack up our provisions and Clothes—when Business is over, the pleasures of amusement are never better relished, 'tis painfull to think of Something omitted, when we are embarkd in recreation—with unbended minds then we went about the Streets—the walks & Gardens, & often with ironical, Satyirical and Complimental observations on the different objects that presented themselves, amused ourselves; (till Supper time) in which we were much assisted by M<sup>r</sup>. Duncan<sup>1</sup> a Class Fellow of mine & and now a preacher in the parish Church through which he conducted us, (after having given us some Grogg,) he then made us mount to the pinnacle of the Temple, (thats the top of the Steeple) where I had a most Beautifull prospect: touching my Sleeve, “Charles! “you See the Hills yonder,—you also see the Wood with the top “of a House peeping through them”—“I do” well, the next time “you come to Irvine you must Call yonder for *me*”— what do “call yon Charming place”? Said I—“Dundonald:” have “you got a Call there?” yes: Lord Eglinton has done me a “Service” I wished him much Joy & promised I woud very probably Wait Some time or another upon him——\*. Well Supper being over I departed to my Bedroom rather earlier that usual because to morrow we must all be up by times—adieu altho' I cant, yet I must *try* to Sleep—

*Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup>*

Three o'Clock Surprised us all fast asleeping, but were awaked by Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Lish, who beg'd us to Breakfast as fast as possible & hurry away as the tide & wind were in our favōrs—all Hands were employd, & in half an hour we were all Sitting at Breakfast when in Came a Miss Jeany Brice<sup>2</sup> who went along with us As a passenger,— all things being now ready for our departure we

\* Note by the authors son. This intention of visiting Dundonald was realisd about the year 1802 when the writer & family visited the Clergyman in his beautiful Manse—he died about 1808. He was celebrated in the Parish for his likeness to Charles J. Fox.

<sup>1</sup> A note is pencilled here—‘ afterwards Parish Minister of Dundonald.’

<sup>2</sup> Pencil note, ‘ Mrs. Crawford, Hillend, Greenock.’



marched along with part of our Baggage in our hands, We Men, were dress'd in Long Jacky Coats the Ladys in long Cloaks & hoods, So we looked like a parcel of Irish Emigrants Just going to embark— M<sup>r</sup>. Galt Carried with him a Dog by name Boatswain w<sup>ch</sup> he thought woud now & then afford us Some Amusement— well aboard we got at the Quay of Irvine—in Going over the Bar we Struck down one of the perches and Broke our Je-bomb—, we Soon got it Spliced, (Lash'd rather) and off we went with a fine Southerly wind—Saw Several vessels, and among the rest the Isobella Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Alester, oft did I wish the wind woud Chop about, that I might have an opportunity of coming aCross C Galbreath who is on board that vessell but, this felicity was deny'd me—well now up got one of The Ladys then M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop then M<sup>r</sup>. Galt and all on board were Sick except the Hands Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Lish Miss Brice & I—

what Strange Creatures are we Miss Brice? why are *we* not affected as well as they—? they are Surely made of other Sort of Clay—” “atleisure awee” Sayd Miss Brice “you'll perhaps be “as sick as any o'them”—— it proved otherwise—our Invalids Cou'd not Speak a word till they Landed which in 5 Hours after our departure from Irvin we did, on the Island of

## ARRAN

a Strange Mountanous bleak looking place—one woud think that Nature must have been in one of her merry moods when She Dropped from her hands this romantic Island.— It is almost of a Circular form, it is a continued Series of Steep Hills & deep valleys to the North & Eastward—about 24 miles Long—it is finely water'd with innumerable rivulets constantly Supplied with the neighbouring Springs—its Situation for trade is excellent but the Laziness of the people, obligeth them to overlook that advantage and were it not necessity they woud not even plant their few patatoes, Sow their oats, or venture a mile from their Shore in Search of their Fish —Civilisation has made but a Small advance—and were it not for the Intercourse betwixt this Island and the Main land—the Natives, I believe wou'd be but a little remote from Barbarism—those however who are Situated near the Bays where Vessels come to Anchor are better off, and now & then trafficking with the Seamen they pick up Something that renders them more conversible than the more interiour inhabitants—but perhaps, it is too early to give an Acco<sup>t</sup> of this kind let me then pursue my own diurnal movements—

whitingbay was the place where we disembarked and Landed our

Sick—a M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobbard, and a miss Polly Niel<sup>1</sup> both daughter of M<sup>r</sup>. Niel Haberdasher in Edin<sup>r</sup>. and acquaintances of M<sup>r</sup>. and M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop came to the Shore and welcom'd our Arrival—with them we breakfasted and laid our Sick a bed. Largy-more is the name of M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobards House and lies at the South End of the Bay—M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobard is a most Excelent Body, exceedingly Clever, & very ready witted her husband Cap<sup>t</sup> Hobbard of the 21<sup>st</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup> is on the Mainland but expected in a few days Miss Polly Niel is a fine aggreable girl, but younger than M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobbard.\* After M<sup>r</sup>. Galt had alittle recoverd, He and I Set out in Search of Quarters and being informed where we had the best Chance of geting a House, we directed our Course thither—about a mile to the northard of Largymore, and found a most convenient Lodging—that is a room w<sup>t</sup> 2 windows 3 Chairs & a Bed, every thing both about and in the house was Cleanly & neat & the Landlady herself at first Sight prejudiced me in her favors as She was neat and well dress'd altho' She expected no Company— upon Seeing the room, we were determind to have it, and therefore told her we would give 3/ a week for the use of it w<sup>ch</sup> in Broken English She thanked us for, & promised to Assist us in Cooking our Victuals,— we then returned and dined with M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobbard and the rest of the Invalids who were now begining to crawl about after dinner We departed to our Lodgings (caled Shore house) to put all things to rights & Stow away our Baggage & provisions—this was Soon Accomplished— So we thought we could not do better than Spend the remainder of the day in playing the flute each of us were provided with them, So we caled our Landlady to enquire if there was any place nigh at hand where there was an Echo' for the flute is as pleasant again where the Sound is repeated— but it was not in our power to make her understand what we meant by “*Echo*”——“is that a Peast?” Said She no, no, Said I it is, (filling the flute) when you hear that among the Hills again and again—— She then directed us to a Glen whither we repaired & play'd Several Tunes, but our Music Was disturbed by Boatswain who pushing his head into a Bush at our Side (where we were Sitting) & making a mons'trous growling, we arrose to See what he was about & found he was tearing to pices a prodigious Large Toad—we caled him off & Left this place which now became irksome by the very Sight of that unsightly Annimal Thus ended we the evening of the 9<sup>th</sup>

\* half Sisters of M<sup>rs</sup>. Ro Thom of Camphill who died about 1842—3—

<sup>1</sup> Pencil note, ‘Mrs. Lightfoot of London.’



and repairing home Sup'd on milk & Bread & went to bed like good boys.

Thursday 10<sup>th</sup>

Early this morning our Landlady visited us with a pint of Goat whey, which we cou'd easily have dispensed with for it was ushered in with Such a noise that our agreeable Slumbers were disturbed with the Barking of Boatswain whom we planted near our Bedside to watch our Clothes & provisions—no Sooner did he hear our Landlady Sliping in with our mornings Draught, than he flew with fury at her & wou'd have torn her Clothes to pices had not M<sup>r</sup>. Galt Saluted him with a parcel of Curses and Caled him to "*Lay Down*"—but the Screams of Christian (our Landladys name) M<sup>r</sup>. Galts Oaths & Boatswain & Colleys Quarrel (each of the last engaged in their master's disputes)—these—put all further thoughts of Sleep out of my head; So having hushed our civil Broils, we drank off our whey—took a turn w<sup>t</sup> M<sup>r</sup>. Galt to the Northward, and after Breakfast met with M<sup>r</sup>. M Liesh & M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop & play'd at pennystone, with various Success—Saw a M<sup>r</sup>. Hutcheson of Southfield, & Shook Hands with him, I remembered to have been twice in Company w<sup>t</sup> him in Glasgow—recived an Invitation to drink tea with the two Miss Shaws—(the one from Irvine & and the other from Kilmarnock)—accepted,—as we were going home to Dinner "pox on it" Crys M<sup>r</sup>. Galt what a pity it is that So *many* fine Girls Shou'd want Husbands! —'pshaw" Says I "thats only two we have Seen to-day" well Says he but Look up that Strath, every Hut you See there is Choke full of Ladys & all of them Deserving good Creatures—I wish then Hugh we may not be "Led into temptation"—or Says he, "that we may have Grace to resist it—Amen! Say'd I—With Hearts determin'd to be proof against the Charms of Beauty, or the wining alurements of an engaging Behaviour, we Sat down to Dinner in our own house, Situated about half a mile from the place where we were to drink Tea,—Bacon Ham, Some Cold mutton & Green pease & Butter composed our repast, after which we fortified ourselves with a good Draught of Grogg—Drank to Friends and favōrites & then Sallied forth away to the Ashlin Birn on the Banks of which are Situated a number of Small Houses, each of them the Lodgings of a Social Groupe of Friends from The Town of Irvine—, Our kind entertainers met us, so In we went,—here, there was Crued up in a Small room not 8 foot Square 5 Gentlemen & about 8 or 9 Ladys besides, 3,

outside of the House, whose tea and Bread were handed them out of the window—I certainly was the Dullest among them—A Certain Sheepishness I believe will Cleave to me inspite of many resolutions till I am no more—well no help for it, they must fight *hard*, that fight against nature—however once I am alittle Acquainted *then*—but I wont say any thing—— but, considering the Shortness of Life—it Surely is preposterous to higggle about ceremony—were we indeed to Live as Long as the Ante-dilvians did, we might be excused in Saying for a month or two, O’ yes Sir ” “ most undoubtedly Madam ” “ you’re certainly right ” —“ I am Just of your oppinion ” and all these remote Complimentary Sayings Accompanied with a Bow, a Courts’ey or an Inclination of the Head which of it self, without the words are Sufficient with your tongue-tied folks—My Principles wher’eer I go, is *freedom of Behaviour*, But my Practise is wide-ly different—till riper Acquaintance render it *Justifiable*—*Justifiable* ! is it then a fault— ? yes ; if you cannot Suport it uniformly—that happens to be my Case—poor Devil that I am ! what is the reason— ? want of Ideas : want of vivacity : want of Sense : & want of Assurance : the Lord Help me Say I : — well the Joke went round and M<sup>r</sup>. Galt and his Spectacles, were not Spared, for he has Learned the Language of Ashdod in Virginea & Swore like a Trooper, every now & then, which the Ladys with a push with their Hand & Sometimes Scalding him with their warmed tea Spoons punished him for”— Tea being over & having Invited all the Ladys present to repay us their Visit tomorrows afternoon, & to bring any of their Acquaintances alongst with them that we had not yet Seen, & orderd each of them to Bring Tea Cups & Saucers also ;— This evening being very mild we agreed to Spend it in fishing, & having provided ourselves with Lines in Irvine, we rowed out about 3 miles with a Most Bloody Design, but after two howrs work of it we only Caught 18 Fish— Home we then went with a few of the fish which Christian prepared for supper—

*Friday 11<sup>th</sup>*

’Tis too much like the Town to ly abed all the morning, So giving my Bed Fellow a Lusty Skelp it procured me a Sweet benediction—he D—d my Blood and ask’d if the D—l was in me— ? up we got and having procured two fishing rods went up Nockenkelly Birn about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile to the northward of us and after having toiled all the morning we only Caught 2 or 3 Trouts, but if we were Disappointed of Sport I was regaled with the fine



Glens, Cascades, & other Romantic Scenes, which my Companions want of Eyes to See made Exceeding dull, so that all my relations of the Beautys which I Saw, only entertained him, in such a manner as was Accompanied with the melancholly reflection that he was unable to Discern them— now Hugh Says I, I'm ready for Breakfast So home we went and w<sup>t</sup> Porridge & milk we allay'd our hunger & then all hands fell to work to prepare the House for the reception of the Ladys— Accordingly I went owt & procuring a Prodigious Quantity of Shrubery with the Broadest Foliage I cou'd Find, we ornamented the Brace pice with them with a Variety of Figures, Imitations of Fine pilasters at each Side of the fire Seemed to Support a Romantic Arbor composed of Boutry Leaves & Honey-Suckle, the two Windows also were richly adorn'd with Birch Leaves & Heather, the Bread Basket too was finely twisted round with Bear Stalks, with a neat Festoon of Beer heads hanging down from the Handle which like a Cornucopia Seemed to point out to all the *plenty* that prevailed not only the Biscuits & Bread & Butter in the Basket, but that the fields about promised *more*, when the Contents was *gone*, The Tea Kettle too wanted no embelishment, whilst the Tea Table was rigg'd out in all the Collours of the rain bow—inshort we had Collected all the Sweets of the Country to grace our repast, —5 o'Clock came & in Came one posey of the Ladys usherd by Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Lish M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop & a M<sup>r</sup>. Ferrie they had Scarse finished their Laugh when Came a Second Company Accompanied with M<sup>r</sup>. Brice I think there was 13 Ladys & 6 Gen<sup>t</sup> the Ladys were M<sup>rs</sup>. Bannatyne & her 3 Daughters, three Miss Brices, 2 Miss Pattersons Miss Helen Shaw & Miss Peggy Shaw, M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop & Miss Niel—every one of them produced their Cups and Saucers—they also Brought tea Spoons with them, So we laid down our own two which with two horn Spoons & a Slap Bowl & a Chopin Can, Composed the whole of the Contents of our Cupboard—it was hard work to Spread Bread to them all but no matter, it most be done— we were as merry as So great a Company Could be, had it been less, I believe we Shoud have enjoyed it Better—to Accomodate our Guests we had planted round the Walls 3 Planks which with the Bed & 3 Chairs Served us very well for Seats— having finished Tea— we agreed to walk to Kings Cross a place about 2 miles North on our way we Look'd at the Sail Fish w<sup>ch</sup> was come ashore and which was killed by Some fishermen from the main land— it was Cast ashore about a Stone cast from our house, as if Neptune Seemed to favōr

us w<sup>t</sup> a present from his Hoary Dominions— this fish is about 22 foot Long—thick in proportion—a fine Shapely fish— After Looking at the works of Nature presented to our Eyes in this Strange Creature our Brilliant Company went up a high hill near the mouth of Lamash Bay we went up with Great regularity & halting at the Top and Seeing a Kings Cutter (Cap<sup>t</sup> Hamilton) Cruising very near the foot of the Hill M<sup>r</sup>. Galt and I pull'd out our Flutes & play'd "God Save the King" M<sup>r</sup>. Hamilton in Return Hoisted his Jack to the mast Head & Gave us 3 Cheers, which we all returned— about Ships he then went & we play'd the Highland march, he kept his Jack flying for 10 minutes we then Conveyed the Ladys home as it was now turning late— returning to our own place of abode we play'd flute till Supper time & then went to bed

*Saturday 12<sup>th</sup>*

I cou'd have wished for a little more ingenuity to find out ways & means to Spend my time in this Curious Island which surely furnisheth many resources had I penetration to find them out— but entirely unacquainted with rural life, I am obliged to pursue Such diversions as are too flagrant to elude observation— Fishing, (which no man but must think of when he views the tremendous Ocean) Fishing, the business of our Antient Predecessors, was ever uppermost & and as we are at all times ready for the Sport will, I find, be one of our principal Employments when the Weather will permitt This day I rowed 3 miles from the Shore to one of the Best Banks, but the fish were very Shy, we only Caught 1 doz, & rowed Back with Blister'd hands, So that I can Scarse hold the pen, Sent our fish with our Comp<sup>s</sup> to M<sup>rs</sup>. Banatyne, who Invited us to tea— Christian ever watchfull of her guests had prepared a whole pot full of Stoved potatoes for us which with many a Slice of Bacon & draughts of Grogg we dispatched with Keen Appetites— having thus Gorged ourselves we threw ourselves on the Bed & Sleep'd profoundly till it was past five— when Hugh put me in mind of our Invitation to Tea— we then Shak'd ourselves like two Dogs & repaired to M<sup>rs</sup>. Banatynes Drank tea with her & her Daughters— After which we caled upon the miss Brices & the miss Shaws, As we wished to See the Cascade up the Ashlin Birn which the Ladys Assured us was worth going 6 miles to See— It was too fatiguing work (to propose it) to the Ladys we therefore declin'd their Company ; so M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop M<sup>r</sup>. G. and I took our Stafs in our hand



& like 3 pilgrims trudged away up the Glen, but whither it was the Bushes, the up & down-hill-road or Chance or Design we all Separated & cou'd Scarce find out one Another M<sup>r</sup>. Galt had wandered half amile from us, but I Soon found M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop, but cou'd not give ourselves any rest about the other Stray'd Sheep—we halo'd on him we whistled, but nothing was returned—Owing to his Short sightedness we were much affraid he had falen into Some of the Chinks of the rocks or down Some of the precipices, and we were Begining to Sympathize & bewail the Loss of one of our Mates & to abuse ourselves for Leaving one Another & Separating in a place So dangerous when Boatswain (his Dog) presented himself Jumping over Bushes 3 foot high and thereby Announced his Arrival—he began with abusing us for taking Such a Crooked navigation notwithstanding it was himself that mistook, but we were too happy at meeting him to recriminate—we resolved to keep together the remainder of the Journey, which was now nearly Completed; Atlast we arrived at the

#### CASCADE!

which indeed is one of the Beauties of the Island— It Tumbles down a Rock near about 100 foot High & makes Such terrible noice, that Speech is of no manner of Use—Signs, answer'd in the place of language—it has Scoop'd a monstrous Rock before its fall nigh about 6 foot on Each Side, by which I conjecture it must have run in that Tract near about 5 thousand years— at the Bottom it has Made itself a very Capacious Bason, & runs with great rapidity over two Smaler precipices— It was now Turning Late, we therefore returned home, calling upon M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobard: we had our flutes with us, & play'd Several tunes by the way, which Some of the Miss Brices, whom we met, informed us they heard & “Liked Vastly!” we then went home for BATCHELORS HALL as the Ladys now Call it & here what with fatigue & hunger we rather devoured than Eat our Supper

#### Sunday 13<sup>th</sup>

This is a day that comes very oppertunely once in 8 days— The weary, if So disposed, have leisure to relax themselves:— one wou'd think he Hears on that day (there is so little noice) the very Sound, of the whirl-ing about of the Spheres:— It pleaseth me much, where'er I go, to See the Deference paid to it:— *he* cannot be quite void of Religion, who altereth his mode of living on that day, when *that* difference of Conduct, proceedeth

from conviction that it is his duty, However to be uniformly what one Shou'd be, is far Better—a Good person will make Scarse any distinction, he will always maintain his good Character without regard to Time or Place— Upon this day, (which Some Christians have taken upon them to Change from Saturday, the *original Sabbath* in memory of the Resurrection of our Saviour) Upon this day, I am well pleased, to See our Tradesmen in Glasgow, throw aside their Dirty Dudds, & appear upon the Street and at Church, like So many Bride-grooms—the maid Servants, & our plain, better-Sort-of-folks, appear very Decently—methinks there is Something more meant in it than merely to please their Acquaintances— I wou'd consider it as an acknowledgement of Gratitude, to that divine Being who not only Supplieth us with the *necessarys*, but also with the Conveniencys of Life—. Lamlash kirk is the nighest & is about 3 miles off— I cou'd hardly prevail upon Hugh Galt to Shake off his Laziness and go to Church with me, as the day was Exceeding Hott.— However I pull'd him along, and on our way Descanted on the Beauties of the adjacent fields, and the Capacious Bay of Lamlash, which is Capable to Contain the whole British Navy— it is finely Shelterd from almost every wind— Nature Seems, in its formation, to have had its Eye to the present, and furture ages, when Navigation wou'd flourish & be the Link for Cementing distant Nations— The Hely Isle is Situated about a League from the Shore & Defends the Bay with its prodigious Hills from the rough Salutes of the East N:E: & S:E: winds, whist the Land on which the Bay is formed, is protected from the virulence of the other Arts— there is comnication w<sup>t</sup> the Bay both at N. & S. end of the Helly Isle, so that vessells may come in, or go out with the utmost freedom— we now enter'd the Church which has nothing but the Shell to recomend it, it is very ill appointed as to Seats & the windows are all Broke in pieces— the pulpit is without a Cloth and has more the appearance of a Cockstool, than the Chair of Verity— there were placed Several forms around it, in Imitation of a Bench, which I Shou'd not have known to be such, had it not been for the reverend faces that Sat there— their faces were all be-brown'd with the Sun like a parcel of Fox hunters & their hair, Some Gray & Some jett Black was combed down each Side of head & Cheek, with a division in the middle w<sup>ch</sup> ran from the front to the Crown of the Head— The parson (a young fellow, & Son of the present Incumbent) whose name is *Stewart*, gave us a 15 minutes discourse, which any body wou'd as soon have



believed to have been *Senecas*, as his, had they read it in a Book— Benevolence was the Subject— which was good enough to preach up to Highlanders, (with proper restrictions) for they are like every other Wild nation, quite Romantic in their attachments, and when affronted, their *revenge*, is not to be Glutted w<sup>t</sup> the very Blood of their adversaries.—it however is no difficult thing to live in Amity with them, for the Smalest concession at the *Begining* of a Quarrel, will pacify them, & the way to live happy with them (& allmost every other people) is to “Study to please”—

Sermon being over—we were desired to remember our Charity to the poor— Small purses of Black velvate & very like a Mole-skin in Size, fixed on the end of a Staff, was presented to us, in which we threw our mite— we then departed home, leaving the Highlanders in the Church, who immediately thereafter receive a Sermon in the Galic Language, coming home, met with Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Liesh M<sup>r</sup>. Dunlop & Some Ladys, and Conserted a Jaunt as to morrow— We mean to go round the South end of the Island & Up by the *String* and next day to Come Down to Brodwick, where all the Ladys our neighbours are to meet with us & dine.— hope they will keep the day & Hour.— Having got home M<sup>r</sup>. Galt & I read Spectators till Suppertime & then Christian Sounded the Horn for Bread & milk

Monday 14<sup>th</sup>

SESKIN, is one of the Largest Farms in the Island, Situated about 17 miles from Batchelors Hall.—in consequence of our yesterdays Bargain, we, M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>L. M<sup>r</sup>. D— M<sup>r</sup>. G & Self Sett off about 11 o’Clock— The day was rather warm than pleasant,—a prodigious fogg all round the Coast, permitted not the rays of the Sun, (tho’ unclouded) to point out to us any Land but our own Barran Mountains— Plada a Low flatt Lying Island, being nothing but a Rabbit Warren, unpeopled with the Human race, Situated I suppose about a League from Arran, was the only Land detached from our Own which Phoebus wou’d condescend to render Visible, & that, even *that Island*, was not So conspicuous, as to enable me to form any proper Idea of its dimensions. M<sup>r</sup>. Galt turning very Sick on the road we thought it would be prudent to halt alittle, at *Kildining* (Kildonnan)<sup>1</sup> Castle and endeavour to procure Something for him; but, *money, Fair words, promises* nor any thing we cou’d think of, cou’d procure for our *patient*, Somuch as a drink of Grog a dram of whiskey or a draught of milk or

<sup>1</sup> Kildonnan is a correction, probably by the author’s son.

why—the proprietor of this farm has had a very Long & Cheap Lease of it—& the fields are the most Beautifull & the farthest forward that I have yet Seen in the Island, prosperity Seem'd to Smile upon the Landlord, but he had a Nabals Heart (and a Nabals Hand)—it cou'd not melt at the recital of distress nor wou'd so much as Solace my Friend, w<sup>t</sup> a Cup of Cold water, he never So much as ask'd us to participate of the Shade which the very Stones of the House cou'd have imparted— Hospitality! these are not thy Tabernacles, Blest are the Habitations where thou residest—

Looking Round the fields Says Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Lish . . . . . they Seem to have plenty too  
Says M<sup>r</sup> Dunlop, had they less, they might perhaps be more Liberal  
Says I . . . . fy upon them & their plenty!  
Says Hugh Galt “Curse them & their plenty too may Thistles”  
Says he “grow inplace of wheat & cockle in place of Barley”  
well, there was no help for it, the day was advancing, & Something we must determine on, M<sup>r</sup> G *cou'd not* go forward—  
I proposed returning home with him, but he wou'd not consent, So we with difficulty got a Lad as a Guide, whom we tipp'd with a Shilling, who promised to carry him and his horse *home*, (about 3 miles from this Same Kildining)— when ever we saw M<sup>r</sup> Galt fairly on his way, we proceeded on ours, & Came thro' many a wild & desolate place, till we arrived at Lagg— Here, we dined on mutton ham (as hard as Leather,) & Some eggs; for nothing else could this Tavern afford us, but M<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Lish Suspecting this woud be the Case, procured A fishing rod, & in a few minutes Brought in five excelent Trout which w<sup>t</sup> our ham and Eggs made a Shift— After dinner we Mounted our horses & proceeded to— *Seskin*, the place where I am now Writing, as both M<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>L and M<sup>r</sup> D. are out— the rest of this days transactions, I shall write tomorrow If I can get it Cleverly done

*Tewsday 15*

Yesternight M<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Lish & I, walking round our Landlords Farm in Company with our Said Landlord we discovered a long String of Peat diggers coming down from the Moss leaping & jumping Like mad-ones, our Landlord Soon informed us they were his servants, coming from the muirs to Supper & that they usually had a dance after their work was over— Happy State! when the *pleasures* of Life, is not the *Business* of Life, but when they only Serve to Strengthen & encourage us in the performance of our Duty— Our Host was a Lowlander, his name Crawford, &



cou'd once Shake his foot w<sup>t</sup> the most agile—but Age, blunted his relish :—no matter—the Sweetness of his disposition, was an encouraging circumstance to the young folks who well knew it, & Liked him well for it— After Supper we heard the Sprightly notes of a Fiddle— Says M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>Lish will you go & hear the music, yes Says I & See the dance too— Accordingly we repaired to the great Barn, where there was about 10 or 12 fat, Blooming Country Lasses, Wallouping it away to the tune of Greigs Pipes— M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>Lish & I were Soon Accomodated with partners, and danced till we were tired, but were far eclipsed by the Country Lads, who had more kicks & flings in 3 Setts than we had in 50— So having left Something for them to drink, we retired—

By Seven o'Clock this morning we left Sesskin & on our way bye *Mony-Quil* & the *String* traveled many a Weary Step— Some Hills were exceeding Steep & we were often obliged to alight and Lead— our View was often Interrupted by exceeding high hills on each Side the road, and when we got into a more open place our prospect was most ungraciously Block'd up with thick mist and fogg— well, having drank Some Grogg at

BRODWICK

our Business was to thank God for many things to witt

- 1<sup>st</sup> our Safe arrival without Hurt or Skaith of any Kind
- 2<sup>dly</sup> Our meeting with only one Kildining all our life
- 3<sup>dly</sup> The Happy meeting of about 13 Ladys & M<sup>r</sup>. Galt in perfect health—who with a M<sup>r</sup>. Brice two M<sup>r</sup>. Ferreys & a Doctor Shaw (Brother to Miss Heely) Served as Guardships to the Fleet & Saw them Safe *Here*, where we all dined together after the Ladys had employ'd alittle time at the Toilette, as the riding 6 miles had Shak'd away the powder which no doubt perfumed the Breeze which those woud relish who rode to the Lee-ward— After dinner & a Glass of wine—the Ladys *drop'd* off in pairs into Another Room, So we plyed the Glass pretty Briskly, every now & then, put in mind by the Ladys that it was turning Late— Having Seen them all mounted on their Poneys we followed— there was about 21 of us in the Cavalcade we rode pretty Smart Some part of the Way, but Stopping at Spring Bank a party drank tea there (at M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>Alasters) the rest of us proceeded to Lamdash where we drank tea in two Seperate houses— we all mounted again, & arrived Safe excepting one of the Miss Shaws<sup>1</sup> who fell twice of her horse on which I Soon reinstated her

<sup>1</sup> Pencil note, 'Sister of Sir James Shaw, Baronet. The first Scots man that was Lord Mayor of London, and mother of Sir John Shaw, Baronet.'

—being a Bad & fearfull rider Says I, “Miss Peggy If you’ll ride double, my horse is strong— but She declin’d it, So on we went, and arrived Safe at Batchelors Hall, & there took fare Well of the Ladys, as none of them woud be prevailed on to alight— the Lasses were all dressed Suitable to the occasion & made a most Capital Appearance—

*Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup>*

We wou’d not have Seen the Light of this morning before 11 o’Clock, had not Christian burst open the door of our appartment and presented us with a Choppin of delicious warm milk which we drank with the Greatest *Gout* or *Gu* as the French Call it— fatigued alittle with our yesterdays Excursion, we thought it woud not be Amiss, Softly to lay down our heads and let pleasant dreams alone awake us, but we had Scarse begun them when Mr. M<sup>c</sup>L & Mr. D. Batter’d at our door & roared out “Huzza for a match at Quoits” as I was turning pretty Good at the Sport & Liking it very well I Soon got rigg’d, & Mr. G & I were both ready before they had well condescended on where the best place wou’d be— Penny Stone is a Game which we often are obliged to have recourse to, and as the Exercise is not Violent, we are the easier perswaded to engage in it; — A Jamaica Vessell passing this way this morning we were Soon Visited with a Rum merch<sup>t</sup> from whom We bought a Gallon at 6/— I find we drink much more Grog than Goat whey, for this is the Second Gallon within these 8 days. Happening now to be pretty well Stock’d with provisions we detained Mr. M<sup>c</sup>L & Mr. D. to Dinner— they threaten to Come and live with us, but we told them we wou’d inform our Porter Mr. Boatswain to deny them free ish & Entry without Special Licence, & we wou’d let them know that We had Seen *Kildining* This afternoon with the above Gentlemen we drank tea at Mr<sup>s</sup>. Pattersons where there were Several of the Ladys that yesterday dined w<sup>t</sup> us at Brodwick— After Tea Mr. Galt & I proceeded homewards & made 50 remarks, on Women Simply as Such— Secondly, Women of prudence 3<sup>dly</sup> the danger of a Good education bestowed on Women of bright parts— 4<sup>thly</sup> how effectually education was Lost upon a man or woman of mean & weak abilities 5<sup>th</sup> How pernicious to Society Education was, in either Man or Woman whose hearts were Bad or had any predominant Vicious Bias— Our observations on all which pretty much disposed us for Supper & Supper & *Bed*—



Thursday 17<sup>th</sup>

After my Friend Hugh had drank his mornings draught—  
“well” Says he “how are we to kill this day for Curse me if all  
“we do here is worth the while of any rational Creature— we  
“visit and receive visits, we pitch Stones, & Fish,—D—n it there  
“is no variety— its all the Same dull repetition without the least  
“prospect of mending the matter”— “take another Draught  
“Hugh” said I “it may brighten your faculties I know you  
“have *Invention*, and I know that you only want one to go hand  
“in Hand with you— he did So he did So— then peeping out  
at the window “D—n it Charles” Says he “the Wind is all  
“Southerly we Shall have glorious Fishing to day”— finding it  
to be So I Left him in the House to hoop hooks whilst I went &  
gathered Logue, Cockle & Mussel— by 1 o’Clock we Set off in  
a Neat Skiff which I thought wou’d have thrown us all into the  
Water— We were very Sanguine in our Expectations, which we  
have often Seen to answer little good, as it frequently embraceth  
disappointment— the whole amount of our Success was 2 doz of  
whitens However, I consoled myself & my Partner as we were  
rowing Back with the thoughts of a few Slices of Bacon which we  
wou’d command in about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an Hour & which was Locked up  
in our Chest.— But why Does Fate take notice of any Such  
reptiles as we are, or rather are we Such odditys when Buffeted as  
to Occasion her any merrymt in Such a predicament— Reader  
who ever thou art—drop one Sigh (if thou hast any Bowels of  
Compassion,) for the Bacon is—gone! — Hugh Says I, I find I  
was Counting without my Host— we expected Some fine Slices  
off our Bacon, but as I was allways telling you the Aversion that  
Some Consciencious people had to Swines Flesh, I am Sorry to  
Say that there most be Some foundation for their Scruples for I  
am pretty Certain the Chest was Lock’d, & that now it is open  
& the Bacon is Departed— “what!” Says he “the Bacon  
gone”— “every ounce,” Says I, “how i’the *D—l* is that—”  
“He doubtless can Tell, I doubt he has a predilection Still for  
“Hoggs Flesh, & that in pure Spite, he has run down Some  
“Steep Place & Drowned our Ham in Lamlash Bay”— “I’ll  
Cane the Scoundrel”— he was Just pronouncing when  
Christian, brought in the Stray’d Bacon in a Large Earthen  
plate— “you Just came in Time Christian! M<sup>r</sup> Galt was this  
“moment Flourishing his Cane & threatning a thrashing to the  
“thief.”— She then Informed us that the door of the Chest was

left open & that She was afraid that Some of the Children might have peep'd in, & that the Cat, or Colly, might have lighted on it, & that She thought it Safest in another Place, as we had not left the Key— Hugh, now threw his Snow Balls at me which I deserved & Bore— he threatened taking the Keys from my Girdle and Giving them (by way of Contempt) to Christian all of which I bore— Having finished our dinner & Several Cans of Grogg we Stroll'd awhile among the Hills and returning home, play'd at penny Stone till Supper time

Friday 18<sup>th</sup>

This day M<sup>r</sup>. & M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop a M<sup>r</sup>. Hutcheson of Southfield & Several young Ladys departed the Island & Sett off for Irvine— There was about 1 doz young Ladys upon the Shore taking FareWell of the Emigrants, or rather of the Home ward Bound— when we Saw them fairly off, we, & the Left Ladys Sympathized with one another for the Loss of their Society,— we then returned home—& Shamefull to tell did nothing all day but play at Pennystone, Eat, Drink, play the Flute & Go to Bed— well one good this idle day affords—it may lead us to Comparison with other days— Alas ! this Journal contains little else but a repetition of this day—every day varys almost nothing—I mean there are So little done, as a Wise man ought to have done, that I feel my Cheek Blushing for my Conduct— why do we censure *time* as *Short*—? we use a thousand Expedients to get ridd of it and yet after all we Say *Life* is Short— we are either Bad *Trustees* of our Time, or Very Bad *Logicians*—perhaps, that we are *Both*, is the Truth— !

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup>

This morning the God of day was wrapt about with thick impenetrable clouds but as he advanced in our horrison these dispell'd, & our prospects of a Beautifull day were not disappointed— After Breakfast we spent  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour w<sup>t</sup> M<sup>rs</sup>. Hubbard & Miss Niel— their is a Liveliness in their Conversation, that we thought might in some measure assist in diverting our thoughts from the Loss of Somany of our Friends— we found the Expedient afford a temporary relief, but on Going Home I found M<sup>r</sup>. Galt was almost Broken Hearted— I bade him look himself in the Glass & See if he did not See a fool— “you repine “at things now impossible to be remedied— 10 days more & we “are home ourselves— I am with you— our provisions are not



“done all together— & to Crown all Miss Heley Shaw (who  
 “by the bye is engaged to a M<sup>r</sup>. Robertson Writer in Ayr) is Still  
 “Here”— “what have I ado w<sup>t</sup> her”— “w<sup>t</sup> half an Eye Hugh  
 “I can See that if there’s a Lass in the Island that you like better  
 “than another, it is *She*”— “Faith She’s a Fine Girl” Says he  
 Scratching his head, “but who was pope when you were made  
 “father Confessor— the D—I!” Says he “to be Sure”—  
 I posed him no farther, but whilst he was at my Elbow reading  
 the Spectator I took up the pen & Seeing a Bit of paper on the  
 Table I writ the following Accrostic & Enigma which I presented  
 him, bid him transcribe & present to his Sweet heart

M, en often choose a Wrong pursuit  
 I, n pitching Stones, or playing Flute  
 S, ome Fishing choose, & like it well  
 S, ome Beau prefers an Ogling Belle

H, ow vain are all who so employ their Time  
 E, ach day I wish to read or write in Ryme  
 L, et each their fav’rite wish pursue  
 E, ach Lad his Lass be’t Sall or Sue  
 N, one’s to be found like Helen true }  
 }

S, hall empty Fops in verse their Phillis praise  
 Harmonious numbers they Shall Hely raise  
 A, rt she disdains— tis Virtue Join’d with Grace  
 W, ill with these Lines proclaim the Ladys Face

#### ÆNIGMA

In Court’sey a *term*, there is given young Women,  
 In Town & in Country, by Bishop & Layman ;  
 prefix it to her that Occasioned Troys Wars,  
 A Term of disdain too, if you add it Declares,  
 The Name of a Nymph, near mountains thats Barren  
 At the Side of a Brook, in the Island of Arran

The good effect of these Verses upon my Friend was very Con-  
 spicuous for he was So partial as to thro’ the Spectator to the  
 other Side the House & wrote & transcribed every Verse & upon  
 Occasion Quoted more of it than he Cou’d of Joseph Addison.

#### Sunday 20<sup>th</sup>

We were Determined to go to no Church to day— but we had  
 Scarse finished Breakfast when a neighbour of ours Beat at the  
 door & Inform’d us he had 2 horses for us in his hand if we  
 meant to go to Church the offer we did not choose to resist for  
 two Reasons first, the fellow that brought them about a mile off

to us— we knew woud be affronted w' our refusal, Secondly the Kirk *here*, is the market place, where people meet once aweek, to See, & be Seen; So our mornings determination was overruled by 1<sup>st</sup> Slavish Fear

& 2<sup>dly</sup> by Vanity

two very bad principles of Action— may we never be Actuated by them Again— well to Church we went, and as the day was mighty fine we were honor'd with the Company of mostly all the Ladys & Gentlemen within 6 miles of the Church, all of them dress'd well.— at coming out of Church, I found most of the Gay part of the Audience, were on a Closs Confab on the Green before the Church door, now & then Casting a Sheeps eye at the Strangers as they came out as if they wou'd Speak, however there was only a few that embraced the Invitation— We had the Same Dull Leige, that Held furth to us the preceeding Sabbath— his discouse had nothing novel in it but its Shortness— There were people in Church, who had marched 7 miles to hear his 15 minutes discourse— but 7 miles, to a Country man, is only what he Calls a *Bittock*— well—Pleasure in the way we Choose it—before I wou'd go 7 miles a foot/every Sunday/ to hear such a Sermon, I must of necessity have burnt my Library, and have Lost the powers of the Sweetest employment of the Human mind— I mean, *meditation, reflection Contemplation, &c<sup>c</sup>* Well Home M<sup>r</sup> Galt and I went— read Spectators on the Green before the door till Suppertime

*Monday 21<sup>st</sup>*

There was a Terrible fall of Rain Last night, and as the Birns were now coming down, I thought their woud be Sport— So I left my Good friend M<sup>r</sup> Galt with the Spectator in his hand, Saying Hugh, do you replenish your mind with Seasonable Truths, & I will endeavour to have our Table replenished with *Trouts in Season*— “ psha ” Say'd he, (for he does not, nor *can* fall in with all my Sports)— “ I'll roast all you'll Catch on my Little finger ”— “ If you do, you wont eat them too with the Same,”— off I went & in a Short time killed 8 very fine Trout, but it rained So very hard, I thought it prudent to desist & Come home— “ Huzza ” said Hugh when he Saw the fish, “ we shall Live Like Kings ”— “ ay, but remember how you are to roast them,”— “ O yes Honey ! we shall eat them first, & then Speak about “roasting them afterwards— The Spectator in rainy days is the Best Companion one can have in this Same Batchelors-hall, for



this reason M<sup>r</sup>. Galt and I (very Soon exhausting our Subjects, and very often our Breath itself) Step to the Spectator; the reading a paper of which, furnisheth, both with powder and Lead, for a hot battle, but our Civil wars are Soon quashed, for Christian Coming in, in the midst of our hottest fire, with a mess of Broth, or a few potatoes, will most effectually Sound a Retreat, & make the Combatants drop their Logical Weapons, to take up the Horn Spoon, or with unanimity of Sentiment, fall upon the ribs, of some poor Lamb, whose fate it was, to tumble in to Christians bigg Kail pot— This afternoon we Visited M<sup>rs</sup>. Banatyne & M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobbard, and having our flutes with us, we play'd all the way home, when two young Ladys and M<sup>rs</sup>. Patterson meeting us, insisted on a Tune, accordingly having planted ourselves on the grass, we play'd Rosalind Castle Etrick Bank, Birks of Invermay & Tweed-side—for which we had more thanks than we had Buttons on our Clothes, which indeed are Snibbing off very Cleverly, & there is no replacing them here— thus ended we the Evening of the 21<sup>st</sup>—

*Tewsday 22<sup>d</sup>*

It is amazing, that what people have in their power to do, & which they know to be in Some measure necessary to be done, yet they Seldom think of doing it—*Bathing*, was recommended to us, & yet, altho' the water is at the very door, we are quite Indiff<sup>r</sup> about it— all the Ladys of our Acquaintance here do it every morning— Says I “Hugh its a Shame we dont use better “our good fortune—the day is good, Lets Strip & Bathe” — we did So, but it was So cold, we thought it enough to kill a Cow— however we determined to try it Some other time— To day we were joined with 2 new Acquaintances from the main Land (a M<sup>r</sup>. Lockhart & a D<sup>r</sup>. Gibson)— we play'd Several Games at penny stone, & gave them Some Grogg, which is all the Cordials we have & with w<sup>ch</sup> we treat both Ladys and Gentlemen— by the assistance of M<sup>r</sup>. Galts telescope, we Saw Several people at a distance, & a pilot boat Cruising backwards & forwards, w<sup>ch</sup> made us believe it must be Some Company from the mainland; we went down to them and found it to be So— John Wilson of Coultershoggle, Gilbert Hamilton, Walter Nielson, Will Ingrame, & Some other Glasgow Gentlemen, all dressed in Seamens Garbs, & wading up to their Henches, pulling out a most enormous net, at the foot of the Birn, where I was yesterday a fishing,— they only Caught 2 Smal Trout, 2 Codd & 2 Bull fish, I dare say every fish they Caught Cost them 2

Guineas, if all their Charges were Counted.— Came home & dined & afternoon, we Drank Tea with the Miss Brices.— we then walked with them all the evening, & were now and then favor'd with a Sprightly Song from Miss Betty Brice,— we then Saw the Ladys fairly home, & we proceeded to Batchelors hall, where Christian had kindled a Large peat fire, which induced M<sup>r</sup>. G. and I, to Crack an hour Longer out of Bed than usual.— having Suped we went to Bed— !

*Wednesday 23<sup>d</sup>*

This day being pretty Easy, we fell a fishing off the Rocks which project alittle into the Sea at full Water— I had only time to Catch two Small pickocks, when we observed a Boat coming out of the Bay of Lamlash, and Bearing down upon us.— it proved to be a Cap<sup>t</sup> Alexander of the Jenny belonging to Irvine, Just arrived from Memel w<sup>t</sup> Timber, and was on a Visit to Some Irvine people our neighbours— he found out M<sup>r</sup>. Galt at once, but M<sup>r</sup>. Galt with Spectacles & all, cou'd not recolect the Skipper, till explanation took place; a thing which proud Spirits can Scarse Stoop to, but the Cap<sup>t</sup> Soon informed him who he was— on which M<sup>r</sup>. Galt Invited him to go up to our house & take a bit of dinner, which he refused altho' we were better provided than usual, which I knowing, Seconded M<sup>r</sup>. Galts proposal, with every possible Argument, but it Seems he had Something to do on board, & he Said he was not Sure but he might Sail that night for Irvine.— however, after he had Caled upon his friends, he in  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour Came to our house, and his Mate alongst with him, who had a Quid of Tobacco in every Cheek, as Large as 2 Walnuts So that he Looked like a highland piper filling his Bag-pipe,— I then opened the provision Box & took out a few Biscuit & a Bottle of Rum drank grogg, & Chatted for a whole hour, when the Cap<sup>t</sup> turned merry and insisted upon our Going back in his boat to Lamlash, & dining with him on Board the Jenny, on Such fare as the Ship Could Afford.— being Idle men, we had no excuse left us to refuse the Invitation, which the Skipper knew very well, & therefore half forced us aboard his boat— as the Wind was all a head, we had to row all the way, but 4 Good Oars made the work easy, & we arrived Safe on Board the Jenny, where we dined on Good Broth, Salt Beef & Biscuit, & made ourselves very happy with the Captains Gin & Grog— I was now tired of the Cabin, w<sup>ch</sup> is always much lumberd after a Voyage, & therefore went upon Deck, and



observing a hand line at the Stern, I threw it over, and in  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour Caught a Dozen very fine fish.— We then went on Shore, and treated the Cap<sup>t</sup> at the public house in Lamlash, with 3 Gills— whilst we were Sitting here, I peep'd out of the window, and Saw a poor Girl whom I recollected to have often Seen in Glasgow ; She had a Child in her arms— I Saw She was a Stranger here, and as I Saw no body taking any notice of her,— I caled upon her, telling Cap<sup>t</sup> Alexander that I was Sure She was a Good Girl, and one that I had Seen in Glasgow, but, I knew not her Name She however, wou'd not be perswaded to Come into the public house, till M<sup>r</sup>. Alexander with much intercession prevailed upon her— immediately on her Coming into the room She recolected and named me at once— we then gave her Something to drink— I asked if She did not come from Glasgow She answered in the affirmative, & named Several people that I knew with whom She lived— I found the poor thing had been Married about 18 months ago, & that her husband was Gone to Dublin where he was thriving, and had wrote for her, & of consequence, She was following with a very Sickly Child, & with all her Clothes, & furniture, which were on board a Sloop in the Bay, which being wind bound, waited here in Comp<sup>y</sup> with Several others.— She was so very Simple however, as to part with all her provisions, to her fellow passengers, who I observed, to be people of a Quite Contrary Stamp to this poor woman *they* looked like the *worst* of women & the *men* looked very *neer-do-well like* ; for there Seemed to be 6 or Seven besides this poor Christian whose *face* & *modesty* prejudiced us all in her favors These passengers were faring Sumptuously upon this honest Creatures provisions, whilst She was runing up & Down in Search of meat for the present & also for the remaining part of the Voyage, but no body, She Said, wou'd part w<sup>t</sup> what they had.— I pitied the poor Woman, for Women, *are* to be pitied if in a Strange place, & in Similar circumstances,— So after She had drank Some Grogg I bought a Leg of Mutton to her, & prevailed w<sup>t</sup> Cap<sup>t</sup> Alexander to part with Some of his biscuit to her, w<sup>ch</sup> he assured me he wou'd that night give her out of the Ship— Blush Charles ! for I believe this is the Best deed thou hast done, Since thou Camest to the Island of Arran ! Our taking So much notice of this poor Body, however, procured her Some degree of Credit with the Publican, in whose house we then were— it seems that before this he had refused to admitt her into his house, but so Soon as we began doing her Some office of humanity, his frozen heart

began to thaw, & tho' it was now 8 o'Clock at night & we had near 3 miles to walk home we woud not leave the house till our Landlord made a promise that She Shou'd not want for any thing, that his house cou'd afford whilst the vessel Staid, in which too he promised to Charge no profit— Then Says I, begin & Give her Salt for her mutton, which he readily did and Charged nothing for it— All of us (I think) had the modest prayers & thanks, of (I believe) a poor, yet *Virtuous* Woman— ample payment, for So small an outlay.— well, home we trudged, with lighter hearts, than ever Rumbold or Clive possessed, after Cutting the throats of a thousand Asiatics, altho Such Carnage might Cram their Strong boxes Choke full of Roupees— money, is a Curse, if it is ill laid out, And (can be) a blessing (*then only*), when it is employ'd in a Good way

This night Brought as a new lodger at Batchelors-hall, a M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburgh, whom we the more readily admitted, as he Brought with him, Bread, Rum, Sugar, Some Vegetables, & Some Excellent mutton, ready roasted, & Quite Cool for eating.— this Supply is the more Acceptable, as our own provisions are neither So *good*, nor So *fresh* as these, & besides all, are nearly Consumed, owing partly to the keenness of our Appetites, and partly to our Liberality to neighbours and Strangers.— I find Roxborough is a Boisterous, roaring Blade of a Tar ; & that Miss Jeany Patterson is his Flame.— these circumstances, are leading Strings enough, to an Acquaintance-ship ;— Altho' I never Saw him before, we are almost well enough Acquainted to be free with one another— But I *must* to bed

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup>

We may thank the Wetness of this Morning for a new Breakfast (Viz Tea & Bread & Butter) & M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburghs Company, for Jeany engross'd all his thoughts— “D—n the Rain” “Curse my old Shoes” were only Simple things, to what he annexed by way of making a well turned period.— however we Breakfasted together, but no Sooner did the Sun push through the Watry Clouds, than Jack Button'd his Coat, & Swore “he woud get “down, if it Should Rain *Old Wives*, & Great Guns”— M<sup>r</sup>. Galt & I play'd a few Games at penny Stone, but I beat him so confoundedly, that he lost all heart, & proposed reading apaper of the Spectator— “why Sure it wont teach you to play at Quoits—?” this nettled him “Damn it” Says he “I'll go & See Miss Shaw “or Miss Niel”— “do” Says I “& I'll go & fish your Dinner



“for the Birns are Down”— Away we went, taking different routs, to our respective Amusements— I had Just begun the Sport, & do think, I woud have made a very Good hand of it, had not Christian come running up to me, & told me that “M<sup>r</sup>. Galt “& a Bra’ Gentleman wae a rid Coat was in the House & had “Sent her to desire me to Come & Speak with them”— with reluctance I left the Sport, but was Shock’d with myself, when I recollected that the Stranger was my Guest, & that it Cou’d be *no other* than Cap<sup>t</sup> Hobbard, who had Come over, in yesterdays boat, with a M<sup>r</sup>. Boyd, M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburgh & Some others.— I immediatly wound up my fishing tackle, & marched homeward, and found it to be no other than Cap<sup>t</sup> Hobbard, to Whom I was Introduced by M<sup>r</sup>. Galt.— Cap<sup>t</sup> Hobard has been long in America, & was unfortunate enough, to be among the rest of these *poor*, but *Spirited Clever* fellows, that were under *Burgoyne* when taken.— Cap<sup>t</sup> H. is a *fine merry hearted*, facetious Gentleman, & one of the best players on the German flute, I ever heard.— So much So indeed, that I dont know, if I will touch a flute again this month, for I am perfectly Sick of my own Music.— we drank alittle of our Grogg, & he insisted on our Going along & eat a Bit of mutton with him at his house, we Consented & found there M<sup>rs</sup>. H. Miss Niel & a Miss Hamilton from Edin<sup>r</sup>. who also arrived yesterday— Miss Hamilton, Seems to be a very delicate young Lady— I doubt the Air of Arran, is too keen for her.— Dinner was Soon on the Table— but owing to C<sup>t</sup>. Hobards merrymment, & the Chit Chat on all hands, we Sat long, & eat much, & Concluded all, with Some Toddy— after<sup>r</sup> which Cap<sup>t</sup> H. entertained us, with a vast variety of Tunes on the Flute, Accompanied in Some of them, by M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobbard who Sings very well.— we then Walked about, as the evening was fair, & as I had the Keys of the provision-Chest and fearing Lest our Son of Neptune Shou’d be roaring for meat, I, & M<sup>r</sup>. Galt, took leave of Cap<sup>t</sup> H. who went up the Birn to Visit the other Ladys there— by good Luck, we arrived at Batchelor Hall,  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour before M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburgh, but he no Sooner came in, than in a Voice, that woud have made every Soul hear him from Stem to Stern of a first rate he roared out— ‘CHRISTIAN’!

“D—n your B—d Bring the Mutton & patatoes!” Christian *heard*,—but I *answered*, for I had all under Lock & Key— “why M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburgh” Said I “I think Love, both “strengthens your *Lungs*, & whets your *Appetite*”— “D—n “me” Says he “if I love any thing that does’nt both—” So

applying his lips to a Can of Grog—"Here's your health D—n your Blood!" "well" Says I "heres Miss Jeany Patterson"

"Ah my Boy Drink it off if it were as Deep as H—l I'll "pledge you"— I did So, & he was as good as his Word— He was so intoxicated with the Charms of his dear Jeany, that we cou'd not get a rational word out of him, from 10 till 12 in which time, I believe, he Sang 4 Score Songs, whilst M<sup>r</sup> Galt & I, so willingly fell in with his Humour, that we Sung our selves Hoarse, and beg'd of him to desist till next night,— he was the more easily perswaded to give it up, as he found he was begining to be foundered himself—

*Friday 25*

No sooner had poor Roxburgh opened his Eyes this morning, than he Saluted it (now considerably advanced) with a *Loud roar* of a Song, by way of Clearing his pipes.— this by the bye was a plan of a Certain Virtuoso Or one of your *Literati* that I have heard of, Some where, who every morning, So Soon as awake, used to Run in his Shirt to the window, & Repeat in as loud an Accent as he Was able, Several of the Hardest Greek Verses he cou'd find in Homer, which he *Said* or *thought* was an excelent method of both Strengthening his *Lungs* & improving his *Voice*,— but I very much doubt if our Lodger, is so *Servile*, as to make this Genius or any Land Lubber (as he calls us all that never Lost Sight of Land) the object of his imitation—no—it was a mere impulse—of *what*, I dont know, if it was not mischief—for what had we poor people, who were enjoying Sound Sleep and agreeable dreams to be plagued w<sup>t</sup>

"Too much care will make a young man Look Sad  
 "And too much care will make a young man go mad  
 "But thou Shalt dance & I shall play  
 "So merry we Shall be  
 "For I hold it one of the Wisest things  
 "To Drive Dull care away"

How ever this was our mornings Salute, after which he flew to his Clothes, & dressed in 10 minutes, & away he went to Breakfast w<sup>t</sup> Jeany, leaving poor Hugh & I, to our own Meditations.— After M<sup>r</sup> Galt & I had breakfasted, we Ventured once more to Bathe, and having play'd at Quoits till dinner time, we did not Spare M<sup>r</sup> Roxboroughs mutton, altho' he was absent (for Lovers are always So—but thats a pun—nay there was 5<sup>lib</sup> of the mutton—but thats another pun—nay it is 5 of them—will there no end to this I will Stop—) well M<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Liesh & Cap<sup>t</sup> (or rather Doctor)



Shaw (for he both fought & Bled—(more puns) under General Murray at Fort St. Phillips—the Doctor & Mr. McLiesh, I say, Just whilst we were exercising our knife & fork, caled upon us—drank Some Grog, & went w<sup>t</sup> their Guns in Search of Some fowls, but returned without Success;— we went home with them, & Miss Shaw being at home, we chearfully embraced the oppertunity of an Invitation from the Doctor to Drink Tea with her & Mr. McLiesh.— we were pretty Happy, till about 7 o'clock Mr. McLiesh thought, it wou'd be a Good night for fishing, So Cap<sup>t</sup> Shaw Mr. McL. Mr. G. & I rowed out about 2 miles & got only a few Dog fish and Some whitens the first of these is a very ugly fish and quite detested by all fishers who generally cut their head off & throw overboard as they are ill to unhook & destroy the Lines Like an Eel, what was pretty Surprising I observed that Boatswain always flew at them as if they had been Rats, whilst he never So much as looked at the other fish, whither he read in our Countenance, our *hatred* at them, or Actuated by pure Instinct, I cannot tell, but Sure enough, he cou'd not have displayed more Inveteracy at any noxious Animal, than he did at the Dog fish.— Night coming on we rowed Back & went home—no word of Roxburgh— the Ladys have realy bewitched him—

*Saturday 26<sup>th</sup>*

It is not an unpleasant thing to hear the Billows roar & Beat on the peebled Beach—to hear the wind whistling about the roof, whilst Some Solitary tree at the end of the House in a kind of Trio makes natural responses whilst we are Safe ourselves & protected on all hands— The wind being very High this morning, I partook of this pleasure Such as it was,— I cannot now recolect how many Vessels of diff<sup>t</sup> Burdens went past our Window, during the Hurricane;— Several of them Seemed full Loaded,—& a Strong Southerly wind favõred Some of them, whilst it Chased others for Shelter, into Lamdash, after Beating about for Some days, in order to get out to Sea—. How magnificent a Sight is the Sea— So Seldom am I blessed with the prospect of it,—that I, almost never view it without a kind of religious Awe & pleasure, whither in its Boisterous or Serene States.— This morning whilst I was Viewing this August Spectacle, while Hugh was pore-ing on the Spectator, & I, insensibly (as I was leaning my head upon my Hands) fell into the following (Categorical) *Soliloquy*— How long hast thou retained thy present Situation?— How many fathom art thou in

thy Deepest profundity?— How are thy Subterraneous recesses peopled?— How many millions of animals doest thou give birth & Life to?— Where are these inexhaustible magazines of Salt, which with continued infusion, preserve thee from putrefaction?— what a number of Inhabitants doest thou Support!— Fish of all Shapes and Sizes!—like the Terrestrial animals, Some please the Eye, and Some Shock the Sight— Some excite our Smile, while others provoke our hostile hand,— Some raise our aversion, and others Seem to Call upon our Pity— Some are trimm'd in Silver, and Some in Gold— Some Seem to have borrowed their Garb from the refuse of the ocean, whilst others are wrapt about in Suits, that for the Brilliancy of their Spots, & vivacity of their Collours, far outstript the Beggarly imitations of Manchester—. others Seem calculated for Hostilitys, and Continually carry their Amour on their Shoulders— Some are So Exceeding Small, as to be Scarsely perceptible, whilst others are tremendously Large—! prodigious Ocean! Hou many of the unfortunate Sons of Adam have in a moment been Swallowed up by thee!— Hou vast are the Treasures which thou Containest!—Durst yon gripping miser Leave his Iron Box without Dread of being plunderd, He wou'd venture to thy very Extremitys in Search of Golden Ore— Here I was interrupted in my Soliloquy, by receiving a good Slap on the Shoulder with the Spectator from M<sup>r</sup>. Galt who roared out—“G—ds Curse man “I believe you're in a Brown Studdy—whats the matter”— I answer'd (like a Child that) “I was looking at the water”— he Laugh'd— why d'ye Laugh? “because I think you might “employ your time better,”— “why, I'm Sure the Subject is 24 “miles Broad,—unmeasurable in Length and as to its depth— “you know, *your* line which is 23 Fathoms *cou'd not reach it* the “other day— now, In imagination, I have Explored it—visited the “miriads of its inhabitants, & Sumoned up many Shapless, Beautiful, terrible, Shapely & well proportioned fish, whilst you have “been reading the Tea Table chat, Current in the year 1712— pray “what mighty improvement have you Acquired in the Land of “Letters?”— Breakfast being over, and the day Quickly calmed — when M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>Liesh & Doctor Shaw, called upon us & Drank Some of our Grogg— they had their Guns with them— we Accompanied them to the Bay, where they killed two plover— that Madcap Roxburgh had prevailed upon Miss Jeany Patterson Miss Brice & Miss Banatyne to Accompany him & M<sup>r</sup>. Boy'd (his Great Companion) to Lamdash— they Were all provided



with Horses— but Scarse Had they mounted, when I Suppose Some of the Company (I suppose our Lodger) Set Spurs to the Horses & poor Miss Banatyne Losing her Seat fell Back & was taken up for dead— by Invitation, we came & Drank tea at M<sup>rs</sup>. Banatynes, who Inform'd us of the misfortune which if We had known we wou'd have postponed. For when trouble is in any Family it is a hard matter to behave in Such a manner, as not to Seem, either *rediculously disinterested* in the *present & immediate* concerns of it; or *rediculously affected* therewith— the first I am apt to Look on as an *insult* done the family—the *other*, is an implicit charge of Hard heartedness against *them*—for they *will* upbraid themselves when they see a *Stranger* feel So much, unless Better Sense falls to their Share, than is Generally the portion of most part of people— Called with M<sup>r</sup>. Galt on his Sweet Creature Miss Heely Shaw and Miss Brice— Both of whom we found as Bussy as Bees— after Chatting Some time, we repaired to Batchelor Hall, where I am now writing & waiting upon our Marine, who I suppose is engaged with his Ladys who were at Lamlash with him— M<sup>r</sup>. Galt now Insisted on Reading all my Journal, which I chearfully agreed to, but as I Saw my write was too bad for him to make any progress, I read the remainder myself, which furnished us with a method of putting bye the time till Supper time—

*Sunday 27<sup>th</sup>*

There are no Bells here to announce the parsons intention of Holding furth— I'm told it is a popish Custom (the ringing of Bells,) whither it is aversion to any thing that Savōreth of the *Beast*, or the Scantiness of their funds, I Shall not determine, but Sure enough, there is not a Church in the island with one to it— but I am apt to believe it is rather owing to poverty than principle— indeed the people are all So far Scattered that perhaps the Sound of a Bell wou'd not reach  $\frac{1}{3}$  of them, but it is hard even on that proportion to Come to Church in a Cold winter day & find the doors Shut, which I am told is very frequently the Case, without intimation there of the preceeding day, for the people Say that the Minister of Lamlash preacheth only when he pleaseth, but they also Say that when they Hear what Company he has been with on Saturday, or what Company Dined with *him* on that day, they can draw Shroud Conjectures whither there will be Sermon or not.— The *Clergy* think the *Laity* are Dull, Stupid animals, where as they are Sagacious enough to detect *their* errors, & policy

enough to Shun Some of them— Superior Learning will not encrease, though it may improve our Abilitys— *Judgement* then, may be the portion of the most *illiterate*— if So, *his* opinion must have weight altho' deliver'd in words not cut & carved conformable to Grammatical rules— but, Such is the frailty of Human nature that we no Sooner arrive at any degree of knowledge, than we contemn all whom we are able to instruct, & are allways Sure to be so proud of *attainments*, as to despise instruction, or advice, from people whom we judge not *So learned* as ourselves— 'tis no wonder then that Certain Sects of Christians affirm that a regular Education is by no means necessary to Assist in preaching<sup>1</sup> the Gospel, for Seeing that the effect of Human Learning is the promoting of Pride, & that the Genius of the Gospel is to Discountenance it, & promote Humility—they undoubtedly have reason on their Side—

Mr Galt & I agreed to go for the Last time to Lamlash Kirk where there was a Great number of Genteel people but I thought Our Acquaintances Miss Niel Miss Shaw, Miss Binnie & Mrs. Hutcheson of South field & I dont know how many more Quite eclipsed the rest of the Congregation, fortunately, we all were crowded into a Table Seat— As all the Ladys had Horses, & Mr Galt & I were walking— we Set off immediately after Sermon.— a fine northerly wind having Struck up when we were In Church, we had the pleasure of Seeing no less than 10 Sail of Vessels, Crouding all their Canvas, to get out of the Bay.— it was realy a pretty Sight— I fancy our Dublin woman is among them— well a Good Voyage to her— they were all out of Sight in about 3 or 4 hours— After Dinner, we entertained ourselves reading Spectators at the Door on the Green where We had Spread an old Blanket Sail on which we reclined ourselves, & read our book Like Good boys— about 5 o'Clock, However, our Studys were disturbed by the arrival of Some of our freinds, who had been hearing Sermon at Lamlash, and were Coming up at full Gallop and coud hardly Stop their Horses when they came to Batchelor hall— however they dismounted—viz

Mr Hamilton Robertson, Miss Shaws Lad,

Doctor Shaw

Miss Niel

Miss Hamilton &

Miss Heely Shaw— they did us the Honor of

<sup>1</sup> Over the word 'preaching' has been written—now almost erased—the word 'practising.'



Drinking tea with us, and with agreeable Chat we Spent about 2 Hours together, which, the Ladys told us, would Likely be their Last Visit at Batchelors Hall (as we intend departing tomorrow)— Scarse had we got these Ladys mounted on their poneys, than we were favōred w<sup>t</sup> another Company of Ladys who also came to take farewell of us— there were about 10 or 12 of them Accompanied with M<sup>essrs.</sup> Boyd & Roxburgh the Ladys having Drank tea, we allowed them to rest alittle, & then we had recourse to Grogg, of which when they had all tasted alittle, we Sallied out With a Slow pace to Kings cross & in order to give a Collour to our Walk we aggreed to drink Goat milk there— The Town consists of 4 or 5 Houses— the Sight of Such a number of people Looked like an invasion & Brought all the people in the Village to their Doors, Some were Leaning on the Dykes, & others Lying over the Fences, but all of them were very much our Humble Ser<sup>ts</sup> when we approached & touching their Bonnets, or Clawing their Heads, or making acward Courtseys, they by these Signals testified they were not used w<sup>t</sup> Such Visits or So much Good Company on a Sunday night— there was only one of them that understood English— to him we Signified our Errand, So having planted ourselves on the Grass, we Soon received what we wanted, and drank in presence of about 20 Gaping Spectators about 5 pints of Goat milk— we then went homewards, after paying for our milk, which however we were obliged to throw down on the Ground, for we cou'd hardly perswade the people to take any thing for it, as they thought themselves honored by the Visit— had we been at Kildining we wou'd have fared otherwise— We then took Leave of the Ladys, at our own house into which they woud not be perswaded to venture again, as they Said it was now too late— M<sup>r.</sup> Roxburgh finds this night very hard upon him— he is now as much Chop-falen as he was a few nights ago, *immoderately happy*— well, it preserves the poise— commend me however to an Evenly temper— the remainder of this night we employ'd in packing up our alls.

Monday 28<sup>th</sup>

The Boat we came & meant this day to have gone in, is the Property of M<sup>rs.</sup> Patterson Family, as this Lady means to Accompany us—the Boat will not Sail till Said Lady is in a Humour for it— they are to be pitied who depend wholly on the Caprices of any Woman— She is a Great Coward on Water, having once got a fright that ever Since intimidated her— She did not feel Bold

enough to day altho' She gave out, that this was to be the day of departure, which however, She has postponed till tomorrow, altho' this was as fine a day as cou'd be, & the wind fair, tho' little of it— It vexed us a little this, as all our Baggage was Carried down— and as we did not know but She might take it in her head to go off early to-morrow morning, We Lodged all our articles w<sup>t</sup> M<sup>rs</sup>. Banatyne which is near the Boat— Well Patience and resignation are Christian Virtues, We therefore Studied to make our disappointment subservient to us, So we all went a fishing— our Sport was dull & the Day was Warm, & having Cleared our Quarters at Batchelors hall we embraced an Invitation to Dine and drink Tea at M<sup>rs</sup>. Pattersons where was present her two amiable Daughters— after Tea we fell in with the two Miss Brices Miss Shaw & M<sup>rs</sup>. Banatyne & M<sup>r</sup>. Robertson all of whom were fond of having a Sail, but the Evening being So hot, or rather our being So Lazy (and altho' they offered to take Spell about as the Sailors call it) we had the address to Shift it, which they Soon Saw, and proposed a Walk to the Kiskadels about a mile or So up Hill mostly, & to give an Air of Bussiness to the Walk they purchased at different Houses about 5 doz Eggs at 2<sup>d</sup> per Dozen & Some fowls at 6<sup>d</sup> per p<sup>r</sup>.— we then walked home with our purchases, & as our own provisions were packed up, (which by the Bye consisted of only a few handfulls of meal  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz Biscuit and about a pound of Mutton & Some rum) we went & Suped with the Miss Brices— We then went to our old Quarters, which Christian Expected wou'd be the Case, altho She would not discourage us by the Information— with M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburgh I Spent a full half hour Explaining to him the nature of Love & what a Glorious Passion it was— the Influence it had upon men of diff<sup>t</sup> Tempers,— how powerfull an incentive it was to Action &<sup>c</sup> &<sup>c</sup> in short my discourse was heard with attention both by M<sup>r</sup>. Galt & Roxburgh, the Last of whom frequently, in the midst of my Rhapsody, cry'd out—“Give me your hand my “Boy— D—n me If I dont think So myself— but who i'the “D—I told you all these things—! you'll be Some D—d “Methodist, I Suppose, when at Home now”— “No no Said M<sup>r</sup>. Galt “but I'll be Cursed if he has not been Studying it these “10 or 12 years”— Gentlemen if you have felt What I have Said, you Shoud rather Applaud than Critiscise— I will therefore proceed to the Sweetest part of my Subject I mean the

APPLICATION!

“For the Love of G—d Lets have no more of it” Say'd



Roxburgh my head is Light with what you have already Said—  
 “if you do I Shant Sleep”—— finding the half of my Congregation  
 dissenting & being pretty tired my Self I willingly gave it up in  
 hopes thereby of Geting 10 minutes more Sleep myself So to bed  
 we went & waited with Impatience for the Light of

*Tewsday the 29<sup>th</sup>*

which Blew a perfect Tempest & rained so hard that even M<sup>r</sup>. R.  
 was obliged to keep house with us & play at pitch & Tost—  
 Tho’ we had been never So willing it was imposible to Sail  
 to day, being therefore fairly Storm Sted, we amused ourselves in  
 the best manner we cou’d till 5 o’Clock afternoon when we went  
 to M<sup>rs</sup>. Hobbards to drink Tea— this was a Lucky thought for  
 we were designed after tea to have gone and taken a formal  
 farewell of all the Ladys, but were Saved that trouble as one  
 half of them Drank tea here & the remainder with the 2 Miss  
 M<sup>c</sup>Alastirs of Springbank came afterwards— So many young  
 folks together implied a Dance, So having procured the piper of  
 the Cutter we fell to work ; I had the honor of footing it away  
 with one of the 2 Miss M<sup>c</sup>Alasters, whom Miss Brice whispered  
 me, were the very Gayest people in the Island & the Duke of  
 Hamilton when here frequently danced at their House & with  
 “*my partner*”—— I gave her a twitch for her Information & told  
 her that if I had known it & thought *that* any Honor, I certainly  
 wou’d have given the perference to Some other Gentlemen there,  
 who had a better right to it— your Servant, M<sup>r</sup>. Modest  
 Humility— your Servant Mem—

Had my Strength, been equal to my Spirits upon this Occasion I  
 woud have enjoyed it Better, but, *Disappointments* clogg’d my  
 Spirits ; my Boots were heavy on my Legs & two pocket fulls of  
 little matters, which cou’d not So conveniently be packed up with  
 our other things, weighed So heavy as Considerably to impede *my*  
*Exertions*—foolish fellow ! however we finished the Diversion by  
 Introducing a Spae wife who in broken English promised good  
 things to most part of us— After taking a Sorrowfull Leave of  
 the Ladys we proceeded homewards, hoping that the Old woman  
 M<sup>rs</sup>. Patterson will be courageous enough to venture her precious  
 body in the Boat To morrow—

*Irvine Wednesday 30<sup>th</sup>*

The Good old Woman plucked up a Good Spirit this morning &  
 determined to venture on Board, in Company w<sup>t</sup> Miss Brice a

Miss Patterson M<sup>r</sup>. Boyd M<sup>r</sup>. Roxburgh M<sup>r</sup>. Galt a number of Highlanders & myself we Set Sail about 9 o'Clock and in two hours & 50 minutes arrived Safe here with a Cargo of Sick Passengers— dined with M<sup>r</sup>. & M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop, & hearing there was a Company of Strolling players in Town I went w<sup>t</sup> Several Irvine Bucks to See Douglas.— was poorly entertained with the play, but then I fell in with M<sup>r</sup>. John Wilson a M<sup>r</sup>. McLean & a M<sup>r</sup>. Frazer of Greenock all dressed like Tarrs w<sup>t</sup> round hats, Jackets & trousers,— if M<sup>r</sup>. Wilson had not roar'd out to me I Should not have known him he was So disguised— they have the pilot Boat w<sup>t</sup> them and are Going as far as Campbleton for a pleasure Expedition, but were obliged to put into Ayr J Wilson was exceding funny— after drinking a Bowl with them, I saw them fairly lodged in their Chaise w<sup>ch</sup> Carrys them to *Ayr* this night, where I mean to be tomorrow—

*Thursday 31<sup>st</sup>*

Having mounted our horses, we proceeded Accompanied with fine poneys and a fair day— M<sup>r</sup>. Galts Shortsightedness was now more felt by me than ever, for there was not a Gentlemans Seat that he Cou'd give me the Smalest certain Account of, altho' born in the very neighbourhood— however, we rode Smart, in order to overtake Some person or other who cou'd give Some Account of the Country, but without effecting this we arrived at

AYR

which I confess is a neat Town enough, but by no means So Cleanly as Irvine— having traversed the Streets, observed their Public buildings, & Look'd at their Harbour, we returned to the Tavern and dined together— took Horse & made off again for Irvine— when we were half way, by Good Chance we over took a Country man on Horse back who was going to the Same place— he was well Acquainted with every Acre of the Ground, and gave us every information we wanted— In order to make the most of our Time after our Arrival at Irvine we Drank Tea at M<sup>rs</sup>. Patterson's in whose Boat we Came over— After Tea we Caled on the Miss Brices— we then went once more to Look at the Country round the Town which owing to its flatness & the improvements visible every where give one an Idea of its fertility and the riches of the proprietors— In Company with two or 3 Irvine Bucks we Caled upon the Players at their Quarters and finding them to be entertaining enough in their own Line, we treated them with Several bottles of Porter— *Garrick* & M<sup>rs</sup>. *Siddons*, furnished us with an



hours talk, and—having now and then a Song between hands we Spent this Evening but with very Little Satisfaction (to myself,) for the greater part of their Songs were Calculated for foxhunters—Drunkards—Debauchees, or Fools

## GLASGOW

*Friday 1<sup>st</sup> August*

Its a good thing to have a freind at Court by virtue of it I procured a Seat in a neat Chaise hired by M<sup>rs</sup>. Granger (an Edin<sup>r</sup> Lady) to Kilmarnock— M<sup>rs</sup>. Granger was on her way to Edin<sup>r</sup> So we were Fellow Travelers all the way to Glasgow— She is an Excelent Body & fine Company— Assoon as we arrived at Kilmarnock we procured tickets for Seats in the Glasgow Diligence— There was 3 boys w<sup>t</sup> us who had been at the Schools in Kilmarnock & were on their way to Port Glasgow the Place of their Nativity,— being Informed there was another passenger a Comming, we waited a full half hour upon them past the usual hour.— losing all patience, and the Crowd Gaping at us, we ordered the Driver to get forward when— “Avast Brother”! was Vociferated as thro’ a Trumpet— “Dont weigh Anchor till “you get your Cargoe on Board”— it was a Drunken Tar, who was talking with Some of His Companions behind the machine— I was Sure we woud get fun, After he had fairly planted himself beside 2 of the young Boys, and the Diligence had Got clear of the Town we Chalenged him for not appearing Sooner as we had waited full 20 minutes on him— “D— me if I wou’d not have “waited till the wind Shifted” Said he “before I wou’d have “enter’d the Ship till I knew if all hands were before me— Jack, “Thom & I, were just over hauling old Storys till the Canvas fell “a trivvesing— “well but” Said M<sup>rs</sup>. G., “you might have Seen “that all the Passengers were in but yourself”— “why d’ye See “Madam, I thought I might Assoon account 3 muskettoes your “passengers as any of these D—d Little fellows— Give me “your hand my Boy”— you may perhaps be an Admiral of the “Blue you little Dog—” I Supose Jack you have been on Board of Man of War”

O D— me that I was— look that D—d Eye of mine”— all round it I saw where Several piles of powder had Lodged— “I lay 3 months in my hammock w<sup>t</sup> that D—d Eye” Said he Giving it a Blow w<sup>t</sup> his fist— “what 3 months”! “yes faith 4 “months & a fourthnight in Blanket Bay under Cape Rugg & all

“that time I was out of my Senses”— “in what Action did you get it”— “why did you ever hear of the 12 of Aprile”— “yes”— “well”— winking very hard & Looking Very Arch— “that was a Day”—! here he Launched out in the praises of the British & (to Magnify that the more,) into the praises of the French, to a most immoderate Length— his own Exploits were also rehearsed with all the rhetoric of a Veteran, who in the recital of his adventures Seems to repeat, both by his Gestures & Speechs the very part he play’d in the Scene of Action— he Several times in the midst of his description knocked off the Boys hats w<sup>t</sup> as great facility as the heads of Frenchmen— for the Elbows &<sup>c</sup> of a Drunk man & especialy of a Drunk Tar are insensible— the Hardness of their work (even *without inebriation*), so braceth their nerves, as to render them less Susceptible of Delicate Sensation— Both M<sup>rs</sup>. G & I found Jack however to be a lying Dog & often detected him, but the Same impudence which tempted him to attempt to deceive us, furnished him also with Specious reasons for his Assertions— it had been the Fair at Kilmarnock the preceeding day, & Jack had Just come home w<sup>t</sup> 32 Guineas as his proportion of prize money— it flew about like feathers it seems, for having only 2 Acquaintances in the Town he insisted on Having a Frolic and made them Bring a dozen of their Friends & Some Girls & 2 Fiddlers, with which Society, Jack Drank & Danced till morning, & when he came into the machine he had just parted with the last of his Company— his tawdry appearance Justified this account that he Gave of himself— turning pretty familiar on the road, M<sup>rs</sup>. G. asked him “If he was at all the Expençe”— he Said he was— “& how much was that pray?” “—that is Sailing nigh the wind, but madam call it 2 Guineas & “you are within 10/6 of it”— “& how Long was you in the “Service?” “why about 6 years— O you are Cunning madam I “Spy what mischief you are meditating your looking Smart after “me— now I’ll wager all that is here Left of 32 Guineas”/ pulling out his purse in which thro’ the Mashes I saw about 12 Guineas/ “that you are going to tell me how Bigg a fool I have “been— why Says M<sup>rs</sup>. G you are right for once, and I cannot “help telling you that you have been a Great fool indeed you “have Spent as much in one Night as might have Supported “Some familys a whole month— besides your last nights frolic “or folly, has cost you 6 months of your Labour for all you have won by your 6 years Service is 32 Guineas—”

—“well Mam, I believe you keep a very Good reckoning, but



“you know the old Saying—Sailors win their money like Horses  
 “and Spend it Like Asses, and an ass I believe I Shall Live &  
 “Die”—— “well but have not you a mother——” “I hope in  
 “G—d Shes dead 5 years ago— By G—d I woud not go near  
 “Glasgow If I thought She had eat a Biscuit this 5 years— *She*  
 “drove me to Sea— I might have been as rich as a Jew and as  
 “fat as a Hog, but the Jade woud Give me no rest but always  
 “took my Wages & Drank it like a Devil as She was”—— “what  
 “Trade was you before you went to Sea?” ——“I wrought in the  
 “Glass house” Here an old Beggar Woman going Past— Jack  
 roared out—“Here D— your B—d,” and threw a handfull of  
 Half pence at her.— A Marine Officer going past w<sup>t</sup> 2 Ladys—  
 “Jack! do you know that Livery?” “O D—n him— I know  
 “that fellow by the Cut of his Gib”—— As we went nearer  
 Glasgow, the Grounds were more familiar to Jack for he pointed  
 out where he used Steal wheat & pease, where he had a Bonnet,  
 & where he had a Coat taken off him— As the machine drove  
 Exceeding Slow Jack Haild the Driver & orderd him to “take  
 out all his reefs” & “clap on the Studding Sails”—— At last we  
 arrived— I dined at the Saracen with M<sup>rs</sup>. G. & having Gone  
 through part of the Town with Her I called upon my friends &  
 found them all well & So ended the expedition to ARRAN!<sup>1 2</sup>

## C. H.

<sup>1</sup> At the end there is pasted a memorandum in pencil on a piece of bluish notepaper :—‘Miss Morrin, one of [illegible], Miss Jeany Brice, Mrs. Crawford, Hillend, Greenock; Miss Polly Neil, Mrs. Lightfoot, of London, sister to Mrs. Constable; Miss Betsey (?) Brice, afterwards Mrs. Boyd, of Port-Glasgow. Communicated by Mrs. Edward Connell, of Manchester, formerly Miss J. Montgomery, of Irvine.’ This memorandum is addressed on the back ‘Edward Connell, Esq.’

<sup>2</sup> The terminal C. H. is on the final fly-leaf.

## Precedency among the Canons of Carlisle

THE dissolution of the chapter of Carlisle Cathedral during the civil war in the middle of the seventeenth century was not attended with any permanent break in the traditions of that establishment. After the Restoration in 1660, when the chapter was reconstituted, the threads of administration were taken up by the new dean and canons, without appreciable change in the old methods of procedure. In an institution of this kind, composed by its very nature of elderly men, a period of sixteen or seventeen years must necessarily cause great changes in *personnel*, but by a happy coincidence there was one comparatively young canon in the chapter at its suppression in 1643-4, who bridged over the intervening period and ensured a continuity of administration in the revived institution.

Lewis West was the only member of the old chapter who survived the Restoration, a man of high intelligence and ample knowledge of the traditions and customs of his cathedral. In the administrative work of the restored chapter he took a prominent part. The liturgical revival, associated with the great name of Archbishop Laud, had full expression in the cathedral while he lived. The ritual observances were carried out on the old lines: old forms of procedure were continued. Bishops were elected and enthroned, and deans and canons were installed, according to the old rites.

The statutes of this church, under which the capitular body discharges its duties, are so general in their scope that much discretionary power is left for the management of details. If it be true of civil life that *de minimis non curat lex*, the law of cathedrals often lumps great things with little things and cares for neither. For instance, since 'the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth' it has been a subject of complaint that the statutes of Carlisle make no provision for the mode or rite of enthroning bishops or of installing deans and canons. As the law of Carlisle leaves such things to the discretion of the chapter or perhaps of the dean, tradition becomes an important element in wise adminis-



tration. But when five earnest men of mature years, each more or less independent of the rest, are associated in a corporation, charged with the furtherance of a high purpose and governed by a code of rules conspicuous for their elasticity, the wheels of progress are apt to cause friction or generate heat. To the credit of the dean and chapter of Carlisle be it said, that they have been, all things considered, singularly free from domestic broils throughout their history. The student of ecclesiastical records does not welcome tameness. In church as well as state it is often the mischievous man who makes history, and, happily, very few of such disposition have found a resting place in the cathedral of the Border city. When the eye is thrown over the modern story of Carlisle on its ecclesiastical side, there is scarcely anything to arrest attention or relieve monotony, except the occasional vagaries of some eccentric dean or ambitious canon.

After the Restoration, however, when the expositor of the old traditions of the place was dead, one of the new canons was so exercised in his mind about the indefiniteness of the Cathedral statutes on the matter of precedency that he took the trouble to make elaborate investigation and submit it to the judgment of a learned friend. It was not exactly an inquiry as to which of the canons should be accounted greatest in the capitular body, but which of them should sit nearest the dean in church and chapter-house or precede his fellow canons in capitular functions. It may be assumed that one canon alone was obsessed with the need for guidance: in the letter below he ascribes the origin of the doubts to another, but there is other evidence to show that he himself was the person chiefly interested. Jeremy Nelson was in many ways a remarkable personage, though by no means a personage worthy of imitation. While he was canon of Carlisle, 1667-1685, he was a source of anxiety to his bishop, to his brethren of the chapter, and most of all to his distinguished father-in-law, Dr. Isaac Basire, archdeacon of Northumberland and canon of Durham. One dean of Carlisle tried to befriend him, and another treated him with scant respect, but Canon Nelson remained restless and wayward to the end of his life.

The documents here reproduced, for the first time, from the Hunter manuscripts<sup>1</sup> in the library of Durham Cathedral bear no indication that Nelson's letter was addressed to Dr. Basire, or

<sup>1</sup> Most of these manuscripts were collected by Dr. Hunter, a Durham physician a century or more ago, for the purpose of writing a biography of Dr. Basire, a task which he failed to accomplish.

that his Four Cases about precedency at Carlisle were submitted to him, or that the opinion expressed thereon is that of Dr. Basire, but there is little doubt that such is their true ascription. Whatever else may be said of the author, it must be acknowledged that he was diligent and sincere in his inquiries. In the circumstances of the period from which they emanate, the contents of the documents are neither surprising nor lacking in interest.

[LETTER FROM CANON JEREMY NELSON.]

Carlisle, Dec. 8th, 1670.

Sir,

I was very unhappy, my urgent occasions calling me away from you so suddenly, remembring very well my former happynes when I was near you & under ye influence of yo<sup>r</sup> commands & directions. I must also beg yo<sup>r</sup> pardon of that trouble I gave you in the paper of Cases about precedency: I think I need not repeat to you that M<sup>r</sup> Sill<sup>1</sup> is the person therein mainly concerned, possessed of y<sup>e</sup> first Prebend (my Lord Bishop's domestick), which I thinke myself obliged again to represent, he intending shortly after the approaching Holydays to wait on you, as also on M<sup>r</sup> Dean<sup>2</sup> of this Church. I need not assure you that y<sup>e</sup> rest of the Prebendaries here, M<sup>r</sup> Savage, M<sup>r</sup> Musgrave & myself value not themselves upon their places, but since we must not doe or suffer wrong, nor entail it upon o<sup>r</sup> successors, we are unanimously resolved to consult the Learned. The Dean of this Church is acquainted with the friendly dispute of precedency from ye Bishop's mouth, but is ignorant of ye course taken & has never seen or heard the cases I troubled you with: neither is my Brother Sill privy thereto. I will not intreat your silence to them both, being confident thereof, notwithstanding ye inquiries they may make concerning ye same.

Sir, I beg that I may by ye next adde to your trouble & intreat you to instruct me further in a case of Dilapidations, w<sup>ch</sup> my present occasions will not suffer me to state at present: you knowing me to be bad at stating such cases. I returne you my humble thankes for your Book<sup>3</sup> & am commanded to give

<sup>1</sup> William Sill, canon of the first stall, 1668-1681: afterwards canon of Westminster and archdeacon of Colchester.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Guy Carleton, 1660-1672: afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

<sup>3</sup> This would be the second and enlarged edition of Dr. Basire's book on *Sacriledge arraigned and condemned by St. Paul*, which he was distributing among his friends about this time.



you my Father's<sup>1</sup> service & thanks therefor. Apprecating to you good health & long life for ye good of the Church, & presenting my humble service to yo<sup>r</sup>selfe & yo<sup>r</sup> Relatives, I remain;  
Sir, Yo<sup>r</sup> most obedient servant,

JEREMY NELSON.

[No endorsement.]

Acknowledgments are due to the Dean and Chapter of Durham for permission to make known these documents, and to the Rev. H. D. Hughes, their accomplished librarian, for transcribing them for that purpose.

JAMES WILSON.

#### IV CASES STATED ABOUT PRECEDENCY.

King Henry viij., having suppressed the Monastery of St. Mary in Carlisle, in the room thereof founded a Cathedrall Church there, consisting of one Dean, four Prebendaries and divers others Ministers, and for governing the said Church made sundry Statutes, requiring all the members thereof at their admission to take their oathes to observe the same. By which Statutes the Prebendaries are not distinguished by any discriminating names or titles, nor placed in any order of dignity or precedency: but they are all Residentiaries, and their offices and stipends are the same, unless they shall be elected into the offices of Vicedean, Receiver or Treasurer. Only 'tis thus provided therein: '*Ædes Decani et Canoniorum ad fermam quovismodo dimitti non permittimus, sed quo melius diligentiusque in posterum reparentur, statuimus ut Canonicus de novo electus et admissus in mortui aut resignantis aut quovismodo cedentis aedes succedat, easque cum horto et stabulo, cum aliis commoditatibus ad dictas aedes pertinentibus sibi habeat. Adhaec stallum in choro, locum in Capitulo Predecessoris sui similiter possideat.*'<sup>2</sup> But since it hath been accustomed to distinguish the Prebends which are possess by the Prebendaries by the names of first, second, third and fourth: according to which order the Prebendaries have been and still are successively installed in and possess of their seats in the Quire and in the Chapter House, the Prebendaries of the first Prebend the first seats next to the Dean, the Prebendaries of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Prebend the second seats, etc. By vertue of which custome A. B., lately admitted to the first Prebend, not only keeps the first seats next to the Dean in the Quire and Chapter House without any let or molestation hitherto, but also challenges of the other Prebendaries that were admitted before him and are of the same degrees in the

<sup>1</sup> Father and son, who bore the same name, are often confounded. Jeremy Nelson, the elder, was admitted to the rectory of Elsdon in Northumberland in 1657, and was brought by his son's influence to Carlisle and made incumbent of Wetheral in 1671, a benefice in the patronage of the dean and chapter.

<sup>2</sup> Statute 20.

University the first place elsewhere within the precin[c]ts of the said Cathedrall Church and College: requiring also that his name be first called at the Chapters, and that all orders and writings be first signed by him and then by the other Prebendaries according to the order of their Prebends.

Against which his claims 'tis alleged

1. That by the Register book of the said Dean and Chapter, during the reign of King James, which gives a full account of many yearly generall and other chapters then held, it appears that the Prebendaries were never once called at the said Chapters according to the order of their Prebends: but sometimes according to the dignity and precedency of the offices they then bare, the Vicedean first sometimes then of the 3<sup>d</sup> Prebend, the Receiver next sometimes of the 4<sup>th</sup> Prebend, then the Treasurer sometimes of the first: lastly the Prebendary not elected to any office, of whatso[e]ver Prebend he was. But very oft and usually their names were called according to the seniority of their admission, without any respect had to their offices, insomuch as sometimes the Vicedean being the junior Prebendary by admission was then called in the last place. The practice observed before King James's reign does not appear, some Register bookes having been lost, and what are extant being very confused, neither does the practise appear after the said King's reign till towards the middle of the late King's reign, since which time it appears by the Register bookes that the Prebendaries were usually called at the Chapters according to the order of the Prebends they enjoyed, although some instances to the contrary may be given, but upon what account this alteration was made it does not appear.

2<sup>ly</sup> 'Tis alleged that the said Register bookes declare that the orders and writings were always signed by the Prebendaries according to the seniority of their admission, although the senior was of the 4<sup>th</sup> Prebend and the junior of the first: only the Vicedean for the time being, of whatsoever Prebend he was, always signed first, excepting only 3 or 4 instances of two Prebendaries successively of the 4<sup>th</sup> Prebend being of superior degrees in the Universities that signed before the other Prebendaries that were of inferior degrees. But it appears by the said bookes that it was otherwise practised at other times.

There has been also a long uninterrupted custom and practise observed in the said Church for the Prebendaries to precede within the precin[c]ts of the said Church and College (except only in the Quire and Chapter House) according to the seniority of their admission.

3<sup>ly</sup> 'Tis alleged that the said Statutes seem to oppose the aforesaid claims, taking no notice of the 1<sup>st</sup> Prebend, but giving power and privileges to the senior Prebendary by admission in these words—'volumus et mandamus ut tam Canonici quam Minores Canonici et caeteri ecclesiae nostrae ministri omnes et singuli ipsum Decanum caput suum et ducem agnoscant, ipsumque revereantur et in omnibus rebus et mandatis licitis et honestis quae Statuta nostra concernunt, aut ad bonum regimen et statum ecclesiae nostrae pertinent ipsi Decano seu Vicedecano aut (illis absentibus) seniori secundum admissionem Canonico pareant, obediant, adstant et



auxilientur.<sup>1</sup> Again—‘volumus et mandamus ut in commune pio affectu consulant Decanus et Prebendarii. Ita tamen ut praecipendi potestas unius Decani sit, aut (eo absente) Vicedecani, vel (utroque absente) senioris secundum admissionem Canonici.’<sup>2</sup> And thereby ’tis further ordered that the Prebendaries shall admitt the new elected Dean, and that at his admission he shall take the oath therein appointed, ‘Vicedecano (si praesens fuerit) aut seniore secundum admissionem Canonico hujusmodi juramentum exigente,’ etc.<sup>3</sup>

Against w<sup>ch</sup> allegations ’tis objected that notwithstanding the aforesaid custom and practise the right appertaining to the 1<sup>st</sup> Prebend will be prevalent: and ’tis pretended that in other Cathedrall Churches of the same and like foundation precedency is taken according to the order of the Prebends. As for the Statutes recited, ’tis objected that ‘senior secundum admissionem Canonicus’ may signify either ‘seniorem secundum admissionem in Academia,’ whereby a Prebendary of a superior degree in the University, or that is senior in the same degree is to be preferred: or ‘Canonicum primae Prebendae,’ although he be last admitted: or if there be evasions, by the said Statutes the senior Prebendary by admission hath not precedency granted to him, nor any power or privileges in the presence of the Dean or Vicedean.

Qu[estion] 1. What is the rule of precedency in Cathedrall and Collegiate Churches within their precincts? Is it the seniority of the admission of the Prebendaries, or the order and place of the Prebends, or the dignity of the offices of Vicedean, Receiver and Treasurer etc. in such Churches, or the superiority and seniority of degrees in the Universitys? And may a Prebendary that is last admitted and into the last Prebend, who is Dean of another Church, or Chancellor or Archdeacon of any Diocese by vertue of such his superior dignity or office precede all the Prebendaries of the same Church whereof he is Prebendary within the precincts thereof?

Qu[estion] 2. What is the usuall custom and practise in the case of precedency in other Cathedrall and Collegiate Churches? And will the uninterrupted custom and practise in the said case observed in the Church of Carlisle prevail against all contrary pretended pleas of right?

Qu[estion] 3. What is the genuine sense of the words exprest in the Statutes aforesaid—‘senior secundum admissionem Canonicus’? And are the two aforesaid interpretations thereof reconcileable with the plain and grammaticall sense of the said Statutes? Or is it agreeable to them that the Prebendary first admitted should precede within the precincts of the said Church and Colledge?

Qu[estion] 4. Whereas in the said Statutes ’tis appointed ‘ut omnibus Festis principalibus Decanus, majoribus autem duplicibus Vicedecanus, caeteris vero Festibus duplicibus reliqui Canonici (quisque suo ordine) in Divinis officiis celebrandis executor sit’<sup>4</sup>: is the order of the Prebends or of the Prebendaries (i.e. their seniority of admission) there intended?

II. The said Statutes require the Dean and Chapter of the said Church every year to elect out of the Prebendaries their officers, a Vicedean, a Receiver and a Treasurer, giving full power and authority to the Vicedean

<sup>1</sup> Statute 10.

<sup>2</sup> Statute 17.

<sup>3</sup> Statute 3.

<sup>4</sup> Statute 33.

so elected and sworne to govern the said Church in the absence of the Dean and in the vacancy of the Deanry: commanding also that the Vicedean shall be 'proximus Decano praesenti tam in Choro quam alibi, caeterisque (Canonicis) eminentior.'<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding which Statutes the Prebendaries of the first Prebend always (for ought that appears to the contrary) have been successively installed in the first seats next to the Dean in the Quire and Chapter House. But 'tis affirmed by credible witnesses that such Prebendaries have not always used the same seats, and that in the late King's reign when any Prebendary of the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, or 4<sup>th</sup> Prebend hath been Vicedean, during that time he hath relinquished the seats assigned to his Prebend and hath possess the first seats abovesaid by vertue of the abovesaid Statutes, the Prebendary of the first Prebend at such times using the seats there next to the Vicedean: which custom the present Vicedean hath not observed, but retains the seats of his Prebend: the present Prebendary of the 1<sup>st</sup> Prebend keeping the said first seats alleging therefore the Statutes afore recited—'Statuimus ut Canonicus de novo electus et admissus stallum in Choro, locum in Capitulo praedecessoris sui similiter possideat': requiring also that his name be first called at the Chapters before the present Vicedean who is of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Prebend: whereas beside the aforesaid power and dignity granted to the Vicedean by the said Statutes, 'tis also thereby further ordered that he, for the time being, in the absence of the Dean, shall call the Chapters, and that all the Prebendaries shall meet at the time appointed by the said Vicedean.<sup>2</sup>

Q[uestion] 1. Hath the Vicedean for the time being by vertue of the abovesaid Statutes right to be first called at the Chapters, and to sit in the first seats next to the Dean in the Quire and Chapter House: notwithstanding that the Prebendary of the first Prebend has been installed in the same?

Q[uestion] 2. If the Vicedean shall take the said first seats, ought not the seats of the Prebendaries to be otherwise assigned then now they are, i.e. ought not the Prebendary of the first Prebend to sit next to the Vicedean, the Prebendary of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Prebend next to the first, etc. and ought not the succeeding Prebendaries to be installed accordingly? May the Dean and Chapter order and determine the same, and will such their order oblige their successors? Must the Bishop's confirmation be procured to make it effectual? Otherwise wh[at] remedy must be provided in this behalfe?

III. By the said Statutes the Bishop of Carlisle for the time being is appointed Visiter of the said Church and expounder of the said Statutes—'Quotiescunque ambiguitas aliqua aut dissentio orta fuerit inter Decanum et Canonicos, aut inter Canonicos ipsos de vero et sincero intellectu Statutorum nostrorum, quae omnia juxta planum et grammaticum sensum intelligi volumus, decernimus ut Statutum illud, vel aliqua Statuti clausula, de qua orta est contentio, ad Episcopum Carliolensem referatur, cujus interpretationi et declarationi (modo Statutis nostris non repugnet) eos, qui dubitarunt et contenderunt sine dilatione aut contradictione stare et

<sup>1</sup> Statute 18.

<sup>2</sup> Statute 38.



obedire praecipimus. Inhibemus tamen Visitatori aut Statutorum declaratori aliisque omnibus cujuscunque dignitatis aut autoritatis fuerint, ne ulla nova Statuta hiis nostris Statutis contraria condant aut in horum aliquo dispensent. Inhibemus etiam Decano et Canonicis ecclesiae nostrae ne hujusmodi Statuta ab aliis condita recipiant sub poena amotionis perpetuae ab ecclesia nostra.’<sup>1</sup>

Qu[estion]. If the Bishop aforesaid shall determine precedency to the Prebendary of the first Prebend, ought not the rest of the Prebendaries to submit to such his determination, notwithstanding their pretenses to the contrary, and if not, what must be done?

A. B. commenced Master of Arts 2 or 3 years before C. D. commenced the same degree: C. D. was admitted Prebendary of a Cathedrall Church one year before A. B. was admitted Prebendary of the same Church: A. B. challenges precedency of C. D. within the Diocese and elsewhere, which C. D. denys to give, alleging, 1. that a dignity or preferment in the Church ought to be preferred to an inferior degree in the University, and therefore C. D., being senior Prebendary by admission, is to precede A. B., senior Master of Arts (except in the Universities), 2. that it hath been and is accustomed within the Diocese where they reside for the Prebendaries to precede the rest of the Clergy of the same degree with them, 3. that the Heralds affirm that the degrees which any man shall take in any University shall not entitle him to any other place out of the said University then what he might take justly without any of the said degrees.

Qu[estion] 1. What is the rule of precedency for the Clergy in places not privileged?

Is it their seniority or superiority in respect of their degrees in the Universities, or in respect of their dignities and preferments in the Church, or in respect of their orders? And is A. B.’s claim first or C. D.’s pleas?

Qu[estion] 2. What place may a Chaplain to an Archbishop or Bishop, or to any Nobleman take?

Qu[estion] 3. What places may a Dean of a Church, a Chancellor and Archdeacon take in the Diocese?

#### CONJECTURES CONCERNING THE CASES OF PRECEDENCY, ETC.

The principall Quest[ion] in the cases about precedency depends upon the true sense of the 18<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> Statutes concerning the place of the Subdeane, and of the other Prebend[arie]s: and to find out the meaning of those Statutes. The surest rule is so to expound them that they may not thwart and destroy one another, but that they (words *interlineated above*) may be satisfied w<sup>th</sup> an obvious grammaticall sense and according to the Statute 39, for *maledicta est expositio quae destruit textum*: so that if the 20<sup>th</sup> Statute be construed that the ‘stallum in Choro et locum in Capitulo predecessoris sui similiter possideat’ shall be meant only that the first Prebend[ary] may precede all but the Subdeane, then the words of the Statute 18—‘Vicedecanus proximus Decano presenti tam in Choro quam alibi’—will be clearly satisfied and a reasonable construction made of the

<sup>1</sup> Statute 39.

## 140 Precedency among the Canons of Carlisle

20th Statute, so that the first shall be next to the Subdeane, and the second next to him, and the rest in order accordingly.

To the Question concerning the signification of 'senior secundum admissionem Canonicus,' there is no shadow of reason that the words should be meant of admission in the University, but it is intended of senioritie in the installation, that being the inherent antecedent to this subsequent relative.

To the several Questions concerning precedency within the precincts of the Church and of precedencie in the University, it is without the least scruple that precedency of the Dean or Prebend[ari]e within the precincts of the Church, *quatenus* they are members of the Church, extends no further. But superiority of degrees in the University qualifies the parties to take place all the Nation over, as they do in the Universities, unless they be members of the same Church, and within the precincts of it only, and then they are to be regulated as before.



## Two Unpublished Letters of James VI.<sup>1</sup>

### I. JAMES TO HIS WIFE (1594-5).

**J**AMES VI. of Scotland and I. of England married Anne of Denmark in 1589. This letter was written not long after the birth of her son, Prince Henry, in 1594. He was taken from her and entrusted to the Earl of Mar on account of her suspected Roman Catholic proclivities. Calderwood, in his *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, v. 365-6, states that James was averse to his Queen's having the keeping of their son Henry.

There is no indication of date on the letter itself. It is a holograph, in easily legible writing.

My hairte,

Immediately before the resaitte of your letter I was purposed to have written unto you, & that without any greate occasion except for freeing myself at your handis from the imputation of suearenes, but now youre letter has given me more maitter to vryte, althoch I take small delyte to meddle in so unpleasant a proces, I vonder that nather your long knowledge of my naturall, nor my laite earniste purgation unto you, can cure you of that rooted erreure, that any living darre speake or inform me in any vayes to your preiudice, or yett that ye can thinke thaim youre unfriends that are treu servantis to me, I can say no more but proteste upon the perrell of my saluation & damnation that nather the erle of marre, nor any fleshe living ever informed me that ye was upon any papiste or spanishe course, or that ye hadde any other thought but a wronge conceaued opinion that he claimed interest in youre sonne, or volde not deliuer him unto you, nather dois he farther charge the noblemen that was with you thaire but that he was informed that some of thaim by force

<sup>1</sup>These two letters (for which the Editor is indebted to Dr. Preserved Smith, Cambridge, U.S.A.) are found in the collection of autographs made by the late Frederic Dreer and now housed in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

so have assisted you in the taking of my sonne out of his friendis handis, but as for any other papiste or forraine practise, be god he doeth not so much as alleadge it, & thairfore he saies he will neuer presume to accuse thaim, since it maye importe youre offence, & thairfor I saye ouer agane, leaue these womanlie apprehensions, for I thanke god I carrie that loue and respecte unto you quhiche be the law of god & nature I ouchte to doe to my wyfe & mother of my children, but not for that ye are a Kings dauchter, for quhither ye uaire a Kings or a cookes dauchter, ye must be alyke to me, being once my wyfe, for the respect of youre honorable birthe & discente I maried you, but the loue & respecte I now beare you is for that ye are my maried wyfe, & so partaker of my honoure, as of all other fortunes. I beseeche you excuse my rude plainnes in this for the casting up of youre birthe is a neidlesse argument to me, god is my witness I euer praeferrid you to all my bairnes, much more then to my subjectes, but if ye will euer give place to the reporte of euerie flattering sicophante that will persuaide you that quhen I accounte well of ane honest seruant for his treu service to me, it is to compare or praeferre him to you, then will nather ye or I be euer at rest. I have according to my promise coppied so much of that plotte quhair of I wrotte unto you in my last, as did concerne my sonne, quhiche heirin is inclosed that ye ye [*sic*] maye see I wrotte it not without cause, but I desyre it not to have any other secretaries<sup>1</sup> then yourself. As for your doole ueede it is alluterlie impertinent at this tyme for sicc reasons as the bearer will show unto you quhom I have lykeuayes comandid to impaite dyuers other points unto you, quhiche for fear of uearieing your eyes with my raggit hande I haue heirin omitted, praying god my hairte to praeserue you & all the bairnes, & so send me a blythe meiting with you & a couple of thaim.

Your awin

JAMES R.

## II. JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND TO HENRI IV. OF FRANCE.

Engrossed by Secretary, signed by the King. This letter is a further illustration of King James's persistent policy of keeping on good terms both with Protestant and Catholic rulers, with the object of eventually securing the English Crown.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* sharers in the secret.



Falkland, September 3, 1597.

A très hault très excellent et très puissant prince nostre très cher très ayme bon frere Cousin et ancien allié le Roy de France &c.

Très hault très excellent très puissant Prince, nostre très ayme cousin et ancien allié : L'occasion que nous avons tant delaye d'envoyer par-devers vous pour renouveler l'ancienne amitié, alliance et confederation qui este entre les couronnes de France et d'Escosse a este pour ce que nous attendions touiours nostre ambassadeur selon vos lettres que nous furent apportez par le Sieur de Meynne l'accomplissement de quelles nous expectons aussitost que vos grandes et continuelles occupations seront en quelque repos. Ce que nous souhaittons de tout nostre couer [*sic*] avec la continuation et accroissement de vostre honneur et prosperité.

Priant dieu très haut très excellent et très puissant Prince nostre très cher et très ayme cousin et ancien allié qu'il vous ayt en sa très saincte et digne garde.

Escrit a fakland le 3 de septembre 1597.

JAMES R.

## Peasant Life in Argyllshire in the End of the Eighteenth Century<sup>1</sup>

**I** WAS born in the year 1774 at Barichreil, a small village of Nether Lorn.

My father was a descendant of that McCallum of Colagin, the sight of whom, as he entered Kilbride Church one Sunday, followed by his twelve sons in order of their age, provoked the Lady of Dunollie to exclaim: 'A third of Albyn were none too much for McCallum of Colagin!'

My mother's family, the Macnabs, belonged to Glenorchy. Her forefathers had been armourers and silversmiths for seven hundred years, the son stepping into the father's place throughout the whole of that long period.

My mother had a training such as fell to the lot of few Highland girls of the period in which she lived. In early girlhood she went to live in the family of a relative, whose wife had been educated in one of the best schools in Edinburgh. This lady delighted to teach my mother not only all that a good housewife ought to know but also the spinning of wool and flax, and the working up of both from the raw material to the finished web.

My childhood was cast in that transition period when the domestic life of the Highland people was gradually adapting itself to modern civilisation. To-day one can hardly realise a time when there were no railways, no steamboats, no penny post, no telegraph, no looms driven by machinery, no wheaten bread nor tea in country districts, no newspapers giving us the news of the wide world.

Clive had just laid the foundation of our Indian Empire. Canada had become one of our possessions. The first ominous mutterings were heard of the storm about to break over our

<sup>1</sup>The following paper by Mrs. K. W. Grant of Oban gives an account of life in her native village as related to Mrs. Grant many years ago by her grandmother.



American colonies. Australia and New Zealand began to loom on the horizon. That was abroad. At home the forces which were to overturn social life were already set in motion. Watt was busy improving his steam-engine. Arkwright's spinning-jenny had penetrated into the Scottish Lowlands.

In the Highlands the spinning-wheel was beginning to supersede the spindle and distaff; schools were being established in every parish; the New Testament was translated into Gaelic, and the books of the Old Testament were in capable hands for translation.

At the same time the daily life of the people continued to be what it had been for ages. They had not outlived the simple life which had been theirs from time immemorial; the shielings were still theirs; nor were they restricted from fishing the rivers, or from taking a hare from the hill.

Our village was an important place in its own estimation. It consisted of a group of sixteen thriving families, whose boast it was that every known trade required in the district was represented among the men. That was something to be proud of in those days, when to be a first-rate tradesman meant that a man possessed as thorough a knowledge of every branch of his craft as a master-workman is expected to have in these days.

The town of Oban did not exist except in the brain of the then Duke of Argyll and his Chamberlain. The first time I walked into Oban there were but three houses on the bay: the Custom House, the Inn, and a farmhouse.

The edict that made the wearing of our national costume punishable made a tailor of my father. The finest linen underwear as well as upper garments were made at that time by the tailor. When some thrifty dame brought a web of linen and another of woollen material to be made up, my father turned the web of linen over to my mother, who could manipulate it as well as any tailor. When, on the other hand, my father was out boarding with a family till all the household sewing was finished, he received  $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day, which sum was considered to be very good pay.

When I was old enough to attend school my brothers pled with mother to allow me to accompany them. It was an unheard of thing for girls except the daughters of 'gentlemen' to be sent to school. But my mother came of a family that loved learning, and she knew how to value education, so it did not take much coaxing to get her to consent to my taking a winter at school.

So I trudged there and back in company with my kind brothers, who, if the weather proved severe, took turns in carrying me, so that I might sit dry and cosy at school.

It was always during the six winter months that we attended school. Each boy carried a peat under his arm to keep the fire blazing. One of the older lads provided a good broom of long, wiry-stemmed moss from the marsh, wherewith to sweep the earthen floor. All had helped to gather the thatch and cover the roof before the winter session began.

That season in school would, I was confident, enable me to go on by myself afterwards, so I made the most of my time. For I doubted whether there would come another opportunity. When could a woman find time for schooling with the clothing of the whole family dependent upon her knowledge and skill in working wool and flax; even the sewing thread had to be manufactured by her deft fingers. The women had also the care of the cattle to a great extent, and oftentimes they were obliged to grind the meal before baking it. How could time be spared to read and write?

When my eldest brother was old enough he was allowed to go to the harvest work in the Lowlands. On his return he brought with him an English Bible; he read it aloud to us in the evening, not in English but as if written in Gaelic.

My brothers learned trades. John became a farmer; another brother built many of the houses in Oban and the Congregational Chapel, which was the first place of worship in Oban. He erected also the high wall around Iain Ciar's grave.

One morning our quiet village was greatly startled by a rumour that we might have a visit from the press-gang. A friendly warning was sent us to the effect that the press-gang were in the vicinity and would be certain to pay us a call in the passing as we were quite near the highway.

The good wives of Barichreil were not in the habit of overstepping the bounds of modest conventional womanhood, but on this occasion they took the law into their own hands. The husbands, with all the sons and brothers old enough to be impressed, were ordered off to make peats, and forbidden to return until sent for. Boy scouts were stationed here and there to keep us women informed of the appearance of the enemy, and report his movements. Meanwhile, a supply of ammunition was prepared in the shape of clods and turf.

At length the press-gang arrived, and looked greatly astonished



on finding a village composed of women and children only. Before they had time to ask, 'Where are the men?' the wives attacked them with such a volley of clods and turf that they wheeled right about and marched off, the officer saying he 'wasn't going to fight with women,' and there was no time to go about the hills searching for the men.

Our village lay in a green glade, flanked by two low, brown hills. The houses were clustered on both sides of a burn that divided the glade in two and fell into the river Euachir just below the highway. The Euachir is a fine salmon stream running through a deep channel between steep banks covered with birch and hazel.

My brothers were keen fishers. There was a beautiful salmon that haunted a deep pool in the Euachir; all the fishermen about had tried in vain to catch it. My brothers were determined not to be baffled; they would blaze the river. They got up during the night and sallied forth with torches and fish-spears. I was suddenly awakened at daybreak by the call, 'Get up and see our fishing!' In a twinkling I was up, dressed, and in their midst. There among smaller fish was the great big beauty!

Salmon was so plentiful that when a farmer engaged a ploughman he was bound to promise not to give him salmon oftener than four days in the week.

Each family in Barichreil owned a few sheep and cows. The sheep provided us with wool for clothing, the cows with milk, butter and cheese.

The sheep were the native sheep of the Highlands; small, intelligent creatures covered with fine wool, each answering to its name, and milked as well as the cows. We were obliged to fold them at night, because of the numerous foxes and wild cats that prowled about freely. Our fowls, too, had to be carefully closed in for protection.

Our household utensils were made of wood and a few of pewter. Bowls of all sizes were made of hard wood, preferably birch, because of its sweetness, also because it was easily kept clean. Tubs, too, were of all sizes; shallow tubs for holding milk and for working butter in, as well as wash-tubs such as are still in use. There were cogues for milking, luggies for feeding calves, pails and stoups for bringing water from the well. Our spoons were of horn, some thin and finely ornamented, and used only on special occasions.

Each croft had a plot set apart for the cultivation of flax. On it we depended for linen for household use as well as for underwear.

The cloth of which the men's suits were made was very much the same as that called tweed or homespun nowadays. The women wore drugget. Their best dresses, as well as the cloaks of the men, consisted of a firm shiny material called temin, which lasted a lifetime, being manufactured of the longest and finest wool, and treated in the working exactly as flax was. The temin for dresses was often watered to look like silk. A softer cloth was called caimleid, which was as fine as temin. It was, however, dyed in the web, and dressed so as to have a nap on the cloth.

The dye-stuffs for all kinds of cloth were gathered, each in its season, all the year round. Berries, flowers, leaves, bark, roots, heather, and lichens formed our principal stores of dyes. There was hardly a plant on hill or meadow that was not laid under contribution for dye, or medicine, or food. Even the autumn crowfoot had its use as a substitute for rennet, when no rennet could be had; nettles were prized when the 'curly kale' was exhausted in spring.

The fulling of a web of woollen material was the least agreeable as also the most toilsome labour connected with the manufacture of cloth. When the web came home from the weaver, word was sent out to the most experienced women and girls to the number of from sixteen to eighteen. A fulling-frame of fine wicker—the common property of the village—was set on trestles of the proper height. It was from two-and-a-half to three feet wide, and eight or nine feet long. The most experienced and careful woman was installed mistress of ceremonies at the head of the frame, to deal out the web and watch over the working.

Seven women stood on each side of the frame, care being taken that each couple were of the same length of arm. There was one at the foot of the frame to fold the cloth as it was passed along, and to attend to it being kept soaked with liquid as it was being thickened.

About a yard of the cloth was unrolled to begin with, by her who stood at the head. It was soaked at once with ammoniated liquid, then drawn slantwise across the frame; that is No. one on the hither side worked with No. two on the opposite side—not with the woman directly in front of her, for that would bring no nap on the cloth, and it would be streaky, because the treatment would not be equal. Then the cloth was rubbed and pounded to thicken it, and drawn backwards and forwards till it was ready to be passed on for the next two couples to thump, and rub and see-saw it and pass it down farther to undergo the same process.



The whole of this toil was set to music. Every movement of the hand was regulated by a waulking-song, sung in perfect tune by all. If a part (or the whole) of the cloth needed more working, the women never said, 'It will take another half-hour, or hour's work,' but 'It will take another song,' or 'It will take so many more songs.'

The tweed being thickened and smoothed to the satisfaction of the experts, a thin straight board three inches wide was brought, on which to wind the web. This process was called 'winding the cloth into a candle.' The board was necessarily a little longer than the width of the cloth. The winding of the web was done with the minutest care, lest there should be a crease or a wrinkle or an unequal overlapping of the selvages anywhere. In this winding the cloth, the women kept slapping every inch of each fold with all their might, with the open palms of their hands. The song sung during this performance required a different measure from the other. It was called *Port-nam-bas*, the palm-chant, or rather palming-chant. Those who sang it were well acquainted with the gossip of the country-side. They knew who was the favoured laddie of each lassie, present or absent. In the song the names of the maidens and their real or supposed sweethearts were coupled, thus adding to the merriment and the interest. Such songs are termed 'pairing' songs. The candle of the cloth was left lying as it was till next day, when it was soused in water and left to dry.

Here is a specimen of one of the 'pairing songs' sung on such an occasion. The title is, 'An Long Eirionnach,' The Irish Ship. It begins with the lines :—

Hó ! *có* 'bheir mi leam, air an luing Eirionnach,  
Leis an fhidhil, leis an truimb, air an luing Eirionnach ?

The rhythm of the words requires that it be translated :

Ho ! *who* sails with me, on the ship 'Irishman,'  
With a fiddle, with a harp, on the ship 'Irishman' ?

Ho ! *who* goes with me, on the ship 'Irishman' ?  
*Mórag* I'll take with me, on the ship 'Irishman' !

Ho ! *who* sails with me, on the ship 'Irishman' ?  
*Donald* I'll take with me, on the ship 'Irishman' !  
O'er the billows riding free, on the ship 'Irishman'.

And so on to any number of couplets, as long as there were names in the district to be linked together. When those gave

out the next district yielded a fresh supply, till the web was rolled into a 'candle.'

Very gradually during these years, potatoes were becoming more and more an article of diet, but so little were they used that we set aside only one creelful as seed potatoes against the following spring. Turnips, too, were slowly coming into general use. Tea was still a rare treat; baker's bread—soft, spongy stuff!—was not to be thought of. Until then it was honey that was used for sweetening. Salt was very expensive, being taxed to more than forty times its value.

There was one kind of food used occasionally which is probably unknown nowadays. Some of the stronger cattle were bled in spring by an expert; the blood was carefully prepared, salted in a tub and set aside for use. We called it black pudding.

We had no winnowed rye-grass or turnips in those days to feed the cattle; we were entirely dependent on the natural grass. When the lower pastures became bare it was necessary to take the cattle to be fed once, or in some districts twice, a year to those higher pastures where sweet hill grass was plentiful. This relieved the lower pastures, allowing the grass on them to grow afresh.

A green, grassy hill was called an Airigh (pronounced ah-ry). When spring work was over, the men of the village went to the airigh to get the sheilings, that is the huts, into order. Being built of turf they required to be put into thorough repair, so as to make them habitable after the storms of winter and the rains of spring, which were sure to dismantle the roofs.

One end of every hut was banked up some eighteen inches from the rest of the floor, and part of it covered with heather-tops for a bed. The heather made a fragrant springy couch, and, as it was to be used in June weather, a thin blanket to cover it, and another to cover the sleeper, were all that were needed for comfort. The remainder of the banked up space served for a seat. We did with as little furniture as possible for our six weeks' picnic.

The little village of turf huts was a woman's township. Only one man, the aireach (herdsman) was there to help about the cattle in all matters that needed such experienced aid as his special knowledge could afford.

The sheilings were generally ready for occupation by the first week of June; then a day was fixed upon for the setting out. Of course the whole village set out together. The children



were welcome, boys as well as girls, at that first outset. There were so many articles to be carried that all alike could be of help. There were the utensils and implements needed for making butter and cheese—cogues, churns, luggies, milk-tubs, cheese-vats, a large iron pot for heating the milk in, and a block of iron which, when heated red-hot, was used to sterilise the milk. The women took their distaffs and wool, for they were in the habit of going among their flocks twirling their distaffs as they minded them. Household provisions were taken, clothing too, and a few dishes and cooking utensils, and each company carried a milking-stool.

The cows and the little sheep knew the way and gave little or no trouble. To prevent any bother about the calves, a churn called an imideal (butterer) was carried on the back. This special make of churn was flat on one side, so as to fit on to the back, and was covered with a skin. The lid also was secured with a skin round it; but on such an occasion as this setting out it was not so tightly fastened but that a few drops of milk were jolted out of it while climbing the hill, and trickled down over the skin covering. The calves, lured by the dropping milk, followed the imideals of their respective owners, licking the skin as often as they were able to overtake the climber, and thus they arrived at the airigh.

There were frequent journeys to and from home during those six weeks. As often as a certain quantity of butter and cheese was ready it was carried home to be stored for future use. When the home was not too distant some of the stronger young women were accustomed to put the proper amount of cream into the imideal, then, strapping it on to their backs, they thus carried it to its destination, the churning being done by the jolting in going down the braes. The butter in this case was washed and salted after arrival. The churn did not slip off when it was bumped up and down so much, because it was held securely by two stout straps, and rested on the bunched gathers of the drugget skirt as on a cushion. When several of those heavy drugget and plaiding skirts were worn, as was the habit then, there was quite a shelf for the churn to rest on.

Every meal taken in the open air was a feast. We rarely took our food indoors. We had whey porridge very often, which I liked better than the rich milk porridge, which was our Sunday treat. What a wealth there was of wild strawberries and blaeberreries, as many as we could eat! We had children's rhymes to repeat too for almost everything we met.

When we children came upon a bed of cuckoo-stockings and primroses, we sang out :

Primrose, cow-sorrel, wood-sorrel, white clover ;  
Food for all the little children all the bright summer over !

Did we come upon a bird's nest, we covered our mouths, believing that if our breath came near the eggs it would taint them and so scare the bird away. In leaving the nest we sang :

Tweet-tweet-tweet-O,  
Who spoiled my nest so sweet, O ?  
Should he be a tall man,  
Fling him headlong from the keep !  
Should he be a small man  
Toss him from the rocky steep !  
But a clown—who doesn't care !  
Turn him over to his mother  
And leave him there !

If a corra-chòsag—a wood-louse—crossed our path, we instantly stopped and asked it gravely :

O, corra-chorra-chòsag, pray,  
Will to-morrow be a lovely day ?  
If you tell me quick and true,  
A pair of brogues I'll make for you !

When the cuckoo was due to return in April we were careful to eat a bit of bread before turning out in the early morning, as it was deemed unlucky to hear it for the first time in each season with our fast unbroken. But in June, it was bound to forsake its summer haunts, so we addressed it thus :

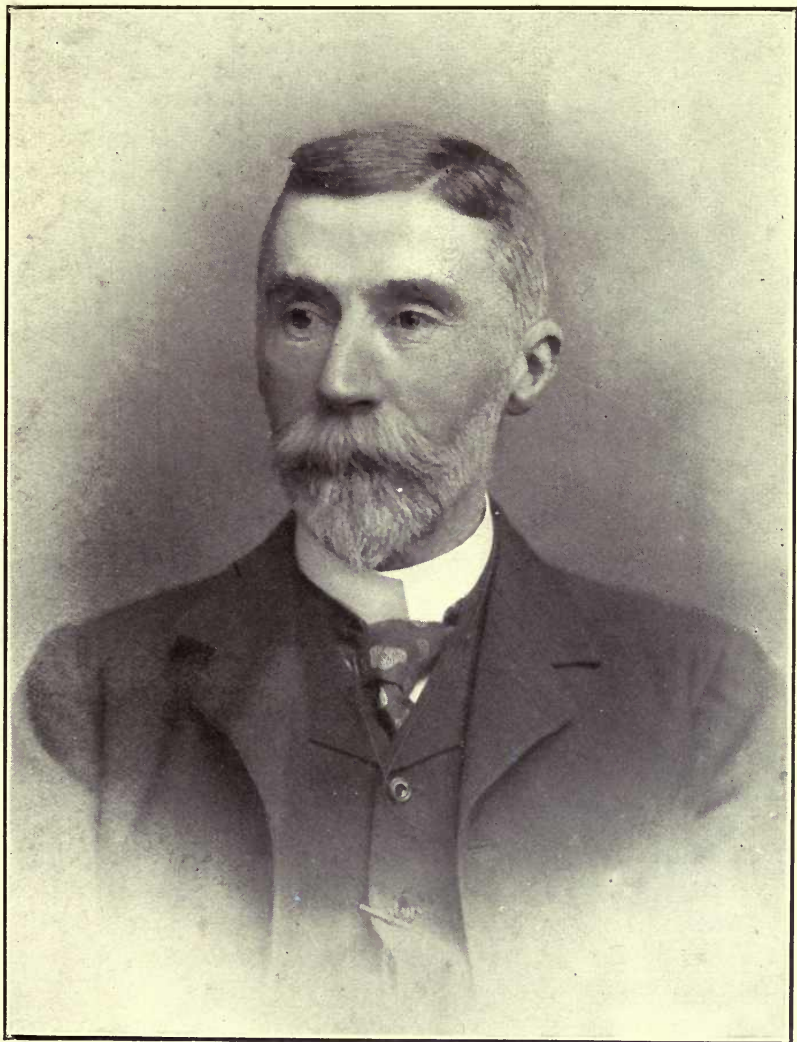
'Cuckoo !' cried the gowk on a spray,  
'I've missed thee yestre'en and to-day' ;  
'Cuckoo !' cried the cuckoo, 'farewell !  
By the hunter I'm chased from the dell !'

The little blue scabious was treated rudely, I don't know why. Holding it by the neck firmly between the root of the thumb and the palm of the hand, we twisted the stem with the other hand, then, loosening the pressure of the thumb, the flower began to turn slowly round. As the flower began to turn round we repeated :

Gillie, gillie blue-boy, if thou turn not round, down comes  
my fist upon thee.

Suiting the action to the word, at the emphatically pronounced word 'down' we crushed the head of the flower by the violence of the blow.





PETER HUME BROWN

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## In Memoriam

PETER HUME BROWN

THE life of a scholar is in his writings, not in its external incidents; it is through his books that he exercises his influence, it is through them that his memory is kept alive outside the circle of his friends. Professor Hume Brown was born at Haddington on December 17, 1850, and graduated at Edinburgh in 1878; he was designed for the Church, but abandoned the intention of entering it, and, after a few years' schoolmastering and private teaching, resolved to devote himself to literature. He found it a hard struggle, but adhered to his purpose, and published in 1890 his *Life of George Buchanan*. The biography at once attracted attention, for the subject involved both exact research and wide reading, and it showed by its solid workmanship and discriminating criticism evidence of maturity of judgment and sound scholarship. There was something significant in the choice of Buchanan as the subject of his first book. 'In his own country,' wrote Hume Brown, 'his great name and the inspiration of his example have been amongst the strongest influences in maintaining the tradition of the higher studies. For such studies Scotland has always had the most meagre provision, yet in every generation since Buchanan's day there never has failed a line of students with the highest ideals in learning and national education, and it is to Buchanan, more than to any other, that this tradition is due.'

In another way, too, the example of Buchanan may have influenced Hume Brown. Buchanan, he tells us, 'might have found in the Church some comfortable benefice that would have enabled him to cultivate his muse in peace. That the temptation came to him we have some reason to believe. But he was too deeply moved by the new ideals of the time in religion, in literature, in politics, to make the compromise without injury to his best self. Accordingly, as we believe, he made what for a man of his type is



the highest sacrifice he possibly can make. He sacrificed the life that would have yielded him the best opportunity of cultivating his special talent.'

The biography of Buchanan was followed in 1895 by a *Life of John Knox*. Both were representative men, but while the first represented the intellectual movement of the beginning of the sixteenth century, the second represented the religious revolution which succeeded it. Hume Brown elucidated from fresh evidence the political activities of Knox, and settled by documentary proof the vexed question of his portrait. His estimate of Knox as a man was in all essentials the view which Scottish tradition has handed down. In a remarkable passage at the end of the book he insisted on the value of such national traditions—'the deposited impression of collective bodies of men,' he terms them—as a guide to the historian in forming his conception of historical characters. As to the doctrinal system of Knox, Hume Brown was too deeply imbued with the modern spirit to accept it without large reservations. He treated it philosophically, as the manifestation of the religious needs and ideals of the time. The adoption by Scotland of some form of Protestantism was, under existing conditions, inevitable: the particular form Protestantism took in Scotland was determined by the character of the nation, which the Presbyterian Church in its turn reshaped and moulded.

After writing these two lives, Hume Brown abandoned historical biography. 'The history of no individual, however great or fascinating, is to be weighed against the interest that belongs to a people evolving the fate conditioned by its own natural forces and the changing circumstances in which these forces must be exercised.' In other words, he found the life of a nation more interesting than the life of a man. Accordingly, in 1899, he published the first volume of the *History of Scotland*, which he completed ten years later. 'Remarkably compendious and lucid,' said one of the critics of the first volume; others complained that he omitted the romantic, and seemed sedulously to avoid the picturesque. But the moderation and sanity of his judgment, his breadth of view, and his learning, were too conspicuous to be disregarded, and when the last volume had appeared it was recognised as the best history of Scotland in existence. One merit was its completeness. Tytler ended in 1603, Burton and Lang stopped with the '45, Hume Brown carried the story of the Scottish people down to the Disruption, and in a later edition down to 1910. Another merit was that he gave a clear and consecutive narrative

of events, bringing out their significance, but not crowding his pages with superfluous details or controversial digressions about doubtful points. He was critical in his use of evidence. 'I have confined myself to what seems to be indisputable fact'—'Between the conflicting authorities it is impossible to fix with certainty the exact sequence of events'—'A detailed account of the battle would consist only of balancing authorities; and these authorities themselves are both brief and obscure, and, in general, entitled to no implicit faith.' This caution gained him the confidence of other historians, who knew of what flimsy materials smooth accounts of historical events are often constructed.

However, the history was constructive as well as critical. By adducing fresh evidence, or by incorporating the results of recent researches by other scholars, Hume Brown made the story of Scotland more accurate, and filled up a certain number of gaps in it. At the same time he brought out with more clearness and fulness the various factors which retarded or furthered the political development of Scotland, such as the physical condition of the country itself at various times, the progress of trade and agriculture, and the social changes. In the two volumes entitled *Early Travellers in Scotland* and *Scotland before 1700, from Contemporary Documents*, published respectively in 1891 and 1893, he had collected a mass of evidence illustrating these problems, and his editorship of the *Register of the Privy Council* familiarised him with another mass of evidence bearing on the same side of his subject. In the Rhind Lectures on *Scotland in the time of Queen Mary*, published in 1904, he showed how these and other sources of information could be systematically combined so as to produce a true and vivid picture of the life of the nation at any particular stage.

Another feature of the *History of Scotland* is the systematic employment of literature to explain the intellectual life of the nation and the ideas which influenced its development. In one of his lectures Hume Brown shows the nature of the assistance which literature affords the historian. Contemporary chroniclers are often preoccupied with petty details and incapable of philosophical or spiritual insight. They do not see the true proportions of the events they record. The writer of history in a later age 'sees past ages through a double veil—the veil of his own personality and that of the age to which he himself belongs.' He can only escape from 'this double illusion' by familiarising himself with the



literature of the generation whose actions he is relating.<sup>1</sup> In the literature of any period 'we have the veritable expression of its spirit, disfigured by no distorting medium.' Furthermore, 'the deepest springs of natural life' are only to be discovered through the study of its literature.

'What were the conceptions of man's relations to his fellows, to life itself, to the general scheme of things, which dominated the mind of the nation at the different periods of its history? It is only with these conceptions in our minds that we can adequately interpret the outward and visible signs of a nation's life at any given period. Behind the social order, behind the forms of government, which meet our eye, these conceptions are the impelling and directing forces that brought them to birth. They inspire and regulate the policies of statesmen; they make what is called public opinion, and they determine the ideas to be found in all art and literature.'

Selecting four literary monuments as representative documents, Hume Brown shows how they reveal the varying ideals of individual and collective life which inspired successive generations of Scots.<sup>2</sup> The lectures quoted form part of a series of addresses delivered to the class of Scottish History at the opening of successive sessions. Taken together they make up a commentary on Hume Brown's *History*; they emphasise the principles which underlay his accounts of the facts, state them disentangled from details and made plain by examples, show his conception of the problems to be solved and his method of arriving at their solution. They give us, in short, his philosophy of Scottish history. In one he explains the process by which the various races and classes of Scotland were consolidated and amalgamated into a nation.<sup>3</sup> In a second he vindicates the Scottish nobility from the sweeping condemnation often pronounced upon them, proving that their action was not so purely selfish and its results not so maleficent as is generally supposed.<sup>4</sup> In a third he discusses the Union of England and Scotland.<sup>5</sup> The Union was

<sup>1</sup> 'Literature and History,' *Scottish Historical Review*, vi. 9.

<sup>2</sup> 'Four Representative Documents of Scottish History,' *Scottish Historical Review*, x. 347.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Moulding of the Scottish Nation,' *Scottish Historical Review*, i. 245.

<sup>4</sup> 'The Scottish Nobility and their part in the National History,' *Ib.* iii. 157.

<sup>5</sup> 'Scotland in the Eighteenth Century,' *Ib.* vi. 343; 'Intellectual Influences of Scotland on the Continent,' *Ib.* xi. 121.

also the subject he selected for the six lectures he gave in Oxford in 1912, as Ford Lecturer. He held that the Revolution put an end to the conflicts about religion which began at the Reformation, by effecting a working compromise between Church and State, and that henceforth secular interests were predominant. The Union completed the change by making material progress possible, and in the end producing material prosperity. The two together 'opened the way to a larger life,' and made possible the intellectual development which gave Scottish literature and Scottish thought European fame and influence. Hume Brown quotes Masson, who declares that the latter half of the eighteenth century was for Scotland 'the period of her most energetic, peculiar, and most various life.' He goes even further, and terms it 'the most distinguished period of her annals,' because of 'her contribution to the world's thought' during those years. Here and elsewhere his strong national feeling and his pride in the achievements of Scots is combined with a resolution to estimate men, facts, and ideas from a European as well as a local standpoint.

Hume Brown was the pupil of Masson, to whose teaching he always expressed great obligations. He succeeded Masson as editor of the *Privy Council Register* in 1898, and completed during his editorship fifteen volumes of the digest, covering the period from 1627 to 1684. He was also chosen to succeed Masson in the office of Historiographer Royal of Scotland in 1908, which was a fitting recognition of the value of his work, and pleased him because of its antiquity, and because his patent bore the great seal of Scotland. In 1901 he was elected to the Fraser Chair of Ancient History and Palaeography, of which he was the first holder. In his palaeography class and by his lectures on Scottish history, he inspired a few students with his own enthusiasm for his subject, and equipped them for historical investigations. Some have since done credit to his teaching by their writings, and more will in due season. As the adviser of the Carnegie Trust in questions of historical and literary research, he was able to secure for his best pupils opportunities to continue their training and to produce their work, and to help in the same way students trained in other universities. No one was more eager to encourage young students, none a better judge of their merits.

While he did much for the higher branches of learning, he was equally zealous for popular education. In an address delivered in 1908 he discussed the teaching of history in schools. 'Know-



ledge of our own national history must be the basis,' said he ; to be supplemented by teaching the history of England and the British empire afterwards. Not for patriotic reasons chiefly, but because a child could understand and assimilate the history of his own country as he could that of no other country, and by developing his intelligence and imagination, it would qualify him to understand the history of any other country. At the time the chief obstacle to the teaching of Scottish history in schools was the lack of a good text-book. The publication of his *Short History of Scotland*, in 1909, supplied this want : it has since attained a circulation of many thousand copies.

Hume Brown was essentially a man of letters as well as an historian, and literary topics filled a large place in his conversation. Two of his favourite authors were Montaigne and Sainte Beuve : the speculative freedom of the one, and the delicate critical insight of the other attracted him, and his way of thinking was influenced by both. Perhaps the greater ease and freedom which marks the style of Hume Brown's later writings compared with the earlier ones, was in part due to constantly reading great French writers. With German literature of the best time he was also familiar. A mask of Goethe, which he inherited from Carlyle through Masson, stood for the last ten years over his bookcase, and for twenty years a life of Goethe occupied his leisure moments. The first instalment of it was published in 1913 ; the rest lies in manuscript, ready for printing. Its completion was a source of great satisfaction to Hume Brown, for he feared he might not be able to finish it. Not that he was conscious of any weakening of his faculties, but his strength was diminishing, and he felt that time was a dangerous antagonist. A few weeks before his death he wrote to me, saying that he wished to read an unfinished book of my own, and hoping that it would be published before long, because 'the night cometh.' What I took for a warning was a premonition. He died suddenly, after a very short illness, on November 30.

Hume Brown was a man of very equally balanced mind and character, in whom, like Horatio, the blood and judgment were well commingled. His temper was remarkably even and cheerful. His feelings and enthusiasms were strong, but he was restrained in his expression of them by habitual self-control and a natural sense of measure. What he believed he adhered to tenaciously, and was as constant to his ideals as to his friendships ; but he was open to new ideas, and received new acquaintances with an attrac-

tive kindness. Sensitive himself, he had in matters of feeling the gift of understanding instinctively without many words, a delicate consideration for others, and great tact in conveying his sympathy. His conversation had a peculiar charm, it was an honest exchange of ideas over a wide range of subjects ; he never talked for effect or seemed to seek an argumentative victory ; the opinions he expressed were the result of independent thought and long observation ; his large knowledge had served to form them, it was not an appendage to his mind, but something he had absorbed and assimilated so that it was a part of himself. As he talked on his quiet eyes glowed, his face lighted up, and he allowed his humour and his imagination to find free play.

C. H. FIRTH.

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