





A TOUR
IN
TARTAN - LAND.

BY
CUTHBERT BEDE,
AUTHOR OF
'GLENCROGGAN; OR, A HIGHLAND HOME IN CANTIER,'
ETC.

Rev. E. B. Bentley



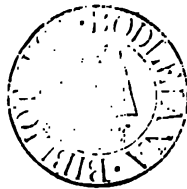
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TO
MY WIFE,

THE DEAR COMPANION OF MY TOUR,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

WITH THE EARNEST HOPE,

THAT, THROUGHOUT OUR LIFE'S JOURNEY,

WE MAY STILL BE FOUND TOGETHER.

June, 1863.

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M EDMOND ABOUT has somewhere said, that a book sent out into the world without a preface is like a man going out of doors without his hat; and, certainly, a work that makes its appearance without a few introductory words is generally considered to be as incomplete for the public eye as was the hatless Frenchman for his morning promenade. And yet the public, with the remorselessness and inconsistency that are the frequent accompaniments of a despotic power, while they seem to insist upon the customary addition of a preface, very rarely condescend to look at it. It meets with the same scorn that is bestowed upon the chimney-pot *chapeau*; and is dismissed with as much superciliousness as we may dismiss the necessary cabman who has

brought us to meet the express train that shall so quickly convey us from one country to another—from England to Scotland, for example—from London to Glasgow.

Which brings me to the point ; for I wish the courteous reader to accompany me on a pleasant tour in Tartan-land ; and, if a few prefatory words are considered necessary before we set out, let us get over the ordeal in a desultory chat, like to that *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* which has to be gone through in the drawing-room, before we can settle down to the repast to which we have been specially invited.

We are all acquainted with a delightful work called ‘Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,’ wherein the shine and shade of human existence are depicted with much pathos and power. From the title of this admirable work I had thought to have borrowed a hint ; and, as there was but little of the shade of sorrow in my descriptive reminiscences of scenes, viewed, for the most part, under bright and favourable aspects, and of which I retain very ‘sunny memories,’ I had intended to have called my lightsome Scotch sketches by the name of ‘Northern Lights.’ However, I finally rejected this title in favour of that which the book now bears, whereby I have deprived any cynical critic of the chance of saying that the name of ‘Northern Lights’ ‘was judiciously chosen from the popular designation of a certain meteor, for that the book was but a weak and flickering reflection of the light shed by bright literary orbs on the Highlands and Lowlands, and the land of Scott.’ The critic can still say this in substance, but the metaphor will not be so ready to his hand.

My ‘Tour in Tartan-land,’ therefore, has to do with the ‘Lights,’ instead of the ‘Shadows of Scottish Life ;’

and this for many reasons. In the first place, it is no new discovery (for did not the younger Pliny make the same observation—‘*Multum habet jucunditatis soli cœlique mutatio?*’—but any schoolboy knows the passage), that change of air and scene are very delightful. Brown feels this, when he goes from his butter-tubs to Pegwell Bay; Smith sets his seal to the apothegm when he changes his chambers to Chamounix; and the Country Parson will enjoy his Recreations among his own flock all the more for a brief holiday in remote pastures. In the second place, I prefer to entertain my own impressions of places and faces, thinking that if a man's opinion be worth recording, it is because it is a genuine expression, and not an echo or a cuckoo cry. If a spade appears to me to be a spade, why should I call it by any other name? although my friend Polonius declares it to be very like a rake. And, if an objection should be made that the colouring of my sketches is of a too uniform hue, and that I viewed these Scotch scenes through roseate glasses, I can only reply, that as I saw them, so have I endeavoured faithfully to represent them, and to reproduce in the following pages the impressions received from two very agreeable trips—here, for the sake of convenience, moulded into one ‘Tour in Tartan-land.’

So far as regarded an almost entire absence from the discomforts and disagreeables that frequently attend upon tourists, either in the shape of miserable weather or more miserable accommodation (and this latter point is an important one where there is a lady in the case), we, i.e. my wife and I, were singularly fortunate. The wet days came just at the times and seasons when most convenient to us; and when we had only one day to visit any certain place, that day was sure to be ‘Queen’s

weather.' In lodgings or at inns we were equally fortunate. These circumstances, therefore, must be taken into consideration; for, having sunshine both from without and within, it was impossible to view (for the first time) a long succession of lovely and romantic scenes, under the favouring effects of health, weather, and comfort, without a certain roseate tinge pervading the whole, and without associating those Scotch scenes with most agreeable reminiscences. They come back to my memory irradiated with the rosy hue of 'The Northern Lights.'

The new ideas awakened by the constantly changing panorama, and the new subjects of interest that spring up to entertain the mind, sustain cheerfulness and excite healthy thoughts; but when disturbing influences cross the traveller's path, they prevent the charms of nature from exercising their legitimate effect. Accidental circumstances readily turn lights into shadows; and very slight and unworthy causes will bring about most unexpected and erroneous results. Matters that are altogether extraneous to the scenery will, nevertheless, so greatly affect it, that the traveller will view the landscape through a distorting glass.

Thus, if Mr. Jones has set apart only one day for 'doing' Loch Lomond, and steams up the loch through a Scotch mist, his impressions of that 'lake full of islands' will naturally be very different from those of Mr. Smith, on whose three hours' sail a bright sun shone with convenient splendour; or of Mr. Brown, who had spent three weeks upon the banks, and had good sport in fishing and shooting. If Mr. Jones, too, should arrive at McGregor's Trosachs Hotel by the last coach from Loch Katrine, only in time to find the hotel so crammed with visitors that he cannot even hire space upon the

floor, with the table above him to cheat him into the belief that it is a four-poster; and if he should go on to the New Hotel to encounter a like disappointment; and should finally arrive at Callander, worn out in temper and body, to find its inns also occupied, and an indifferent lodging to be routed after at ten or eleven at night—if this sad chain of events should befall Mr. Jones, then his reminiscences of the ‘enchanted land’ of the Trosachs will, very possibly, not be of a nature to accord with the glowing descriptions in ‘The Lady of the Lake’ and the Guide Books, but will be darkly coloured by his last night’s misadventure.

Again, if Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are on their Highland tour, and have arrived at one of the chief lions, its roaring will doubtless appear to them to be more dolorous than grand, and to have been very much over-rated, if the wretched couple have tossed and tumbled through the previous night in vain endeavours to get a wink of sleep, and to gain a moment’s cessation from certain small and strong-smelling specimens of entomology, which Mrs. Robinson will delicately refer to by the euphemism of ‘fleas,’ but which she will (as boldly as truthfully) tell the landlady were nothing less than Bugs, and very fine ones too. How can Mrs. Robinson be expected to see any beauty in the scenery, when her eyes are half closed from the ugly swellings caused by those dreadful animals? And how can Mr. Robinson gaze with appreciative looks on any landscape, however lovely, when the whole surface of his skin is irritated by that sharp contact with the finger ends, pronounced by philosophers to be the final cause of those insects that the landlady is prepared to swear upon oath have been introduced into her hitherto cleanly domicile by himself and his blistered spouse?

And so on, in many ways. Perhaps you are not so good a sailor as a son of the mistress of the seas ought to be; and, consequently, under certain effects of sea and weather, the voyage to Oban and Skye is not appreciated as it deserved to be. Or, the man who has driven you in a wonderfully open and unclean carriage to Dryburgh or Abbotsford has endeavoured to impose upon you, and has added insult to injury, by abusing you in the presence of ladies; and your powerlessness under his lingual onslaught, and your inability to deal with him as you would with a London cabman, has so perturbed your gentle spirit, that the home and grave of Scott are not so pathetically interesting to you as they otherwise would have been. Or, your poetical daughter has carried you off to see Melrose by moonlight; and your sciatica has been none the better for the expedition. Or, your romantic daughter has manœuvred that you should see the sunset from the summit of Ben Lomond; and, as you were obliged to go on the score of propriety (your daughter's last admirer, Captain Whiskerwing, being of the party), and as you were forced to make the ascent after enjoying a luxurious dinner at the Tarbet Hotel, your views from the top of the mighty Ben are more dyspeptic than pleasant. Or, your artistic daughter has detained you so long while she made her sketch of the Fall of Foyers, that you never can think of that waterfall without the memory of it being accompanied by a sympathetic twitch of the neuralgia, from which you suffered so acutely after your long, long detention in its damp precincts. And thus, in many ways, do accidental circumstances convert lights into shadows.

Then, if you are an amateur artist, and have in-

creased the pleasures of your 'Tour in Tartan-land' by carrying away on your sketching-block pictured representations of the scenes that have especially charmed you; as you take out your sketches on your return home, and exhibit them to your especial circle of friends, and can yourself see nothing in them but a reflex of the 'Lights' that so delighted you in the originals, how often are unexpected 'Shadows' cast over your drawings by what even your extreme friendship cannot consider as anything else than the gross stupidity of people who ought to have known better! For example: perhaps your pet sketch is one of Loch Katrine looking from Ben Venue, with Ellen's Isle and Ben Aan in the background; and you bring it forth with a most complaisant air of inward satisfaction, and display it to your particular lady-friend, in whose good judgement you have hitherto had no reason to doubt. She forthwith charms you by saying, 'Oh, how very good! excellent! just like it! dear me, it quite carries me back to that lovely Loch Lomond!'

'Loch Lomond!' you echo. 'This is a view of Loch Katrine!'

'Yes!' says your friend, with commendable presence of mind; 'yes, of course! we saw them both in one day, you know; so I never think of one without the other. Yes! Loch Katrine, of course! Ben Venue would have told me that.'

'But that is *not* Ben Venue,' you say. 'This view is taken *from* Ben Venue, and looks across Loch Katrine to the opposite range of hills.'

'Yes,' placidly replies your friend, with a courage deserving the Victoria Cross; 'yes, as I was saying—looking *from* Ben Venue. And very exact it is. One

could recognise it in a moment; though, really now, don't you think that all mountains and lakes in Scotland are very much alike?' And, in that way, 'Shadows' are dashed across your artistic 'Northern Lights.'

Fortunately for the modern tourist in Tartan-land, he is now so every-day a character, that he is no longer forced to satisfy the curiosity of his English friends, in the same way that Edward Waverley, at Huntingdon, had to appease Frank Stanley's inquisitiveness concerning the manners and customs of the Highlanders, by whistling a pibroch, dancing a strathspey, and singing a Gaelic song. These are northern accomplishments that would severely tax the abilities of a southron. One's friends nowadays set bounds to their curiosity, and are contented with our delineations by pen and pencil. To whistle or dance a jig is not required of us; but to tell truly and faithfully the impressions we received during our 'Tour in Tartan-land.'

This I have attempted to do to the best of my ability in the following pages. And, although I am fully aware that Edinburgh, Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, the Trosachs, Melrose, Abbotsford, Roslin, and the other spots spoken of in this book, are places which have been heard of before to-day, yet, as their powers of attraction are far from being on the wane, I trust that what I have to say concerning them may not prove uninteresting, or altogether uninteresting,* to

* I have been careful to consult the best authorities on the various subjects touched upon in the following pages, and to treat them with exactness. Several rare books have also been examined, and much out-of-the-way and curious information has been gathered from them, which, it is hoped, will be found both amusing and instructive.

those readers with whom and the several places there may be a long-standing friendship; and may also act as a stimulant to those who have not seen the originals, to do so at their earliest opportunity.

If so, may the fickle Scotch weather be as favourable to them as it was to me; and may they receive equal pleasure and benefit from their tour in Tartan-land.

CHAPTER II.

GOING TO GLASGOW.

Blackstone's Judgement overruled—Past and Present Performances—Long Waggon, Machines, and Flying Coaches—James the First's Progress—The Northern Diligence—Rail-roads *versus* Snail-roads—Dick Turpin outdone—Trite Reflections—The Fogey, the Poet, and the Practical Man—The 'Nine Express' from King's Cross—A Magical Ticket—From London to the North, and Glimpses by the Way—Cathedrals and Castles.

'WHERE any arrangement,' saith Blackstone, 'includes an impossibility, that arrangement is null and void.' And in order to make this argument clear to the dullest comprehension, he brings forward an unusually striking example. He supposes that great A would arrange with that other fabulous letter of the alphabet, bouncing B, to travel from London to York in a single day: when the latter letter would find himself deceived, and the arrangement would fall to the ground, because it was manifestly impossible that the undertaking could be carried out. For, as every one knew, six days were consumed on the journey; and, therefore, any arrangement that should pretend to bring London and York within twenty-four hours' distance would include an impossibility.

Now, what would this learned Lawyer of the Past say to the possible performance of the Present, when a man can breakfast in France, lunch in England, and take a late dinner in Scotland, within the limits of a

single day's travel? How little did he dream that, within half a century from that time when the manifest impossibility was propounded, the renowned Dick Turpin would be the only exception to prove his rule (by the astonishing and convincing alibi won for him by his Black Bess gallop), until those palmy days should come when the modern Jehu should reach to the height of his glory, and when, by the help of that famous North Road, the well-horsed and well-appointed Highflyers, and Quicksilvers, and Comets should accomplish their coach journey of two hundred miles from London to York in the short space of twenty hours! Above all, how little did the learned Commentator dream of Dick Turpin, and Black Bess, and Comet coaches, and the great North Road itself, so quickly being surpassed and put out of date by the iron roads and the steam steeds that should reduce the impossible Blackstonian feat to a mere five hours' trip between breakfast and lunch! and, even as I write, we are promised that this five hours shall be further shrunk in their dimensions to four.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurps the land ———

says Goldsmith (though without the final *s* to the last verb), and with its usurpation has brought countless blessings:

The land is covered with a net of iron,
Upon whose spider-like, far-stretching lines,
The trains are rushing.

Since the present century dawned, invention has donned his seven-leagued boots, and advanced with giant strides; and, within the last twenty years, rapidity and ease of transit have so wonderfully increased, that, looking at the immediate Present, and glancing back to nò very

distant Past, we seem to be removed by many ages from those days when Stow's 'long-waggon' crawled from London to York; when Roderick Random, and Strap, and Captain Weazle and his lady, consumed a fortnight in the journey; when the machine (in shape like to a distiller's vat, or violoncello case*), with its lumbering basket, just as we see it in Hogarth's picture of the Country Inn Yard, so improved the rate of speed, as to accomplish four miles within the hour; when the Flying Coaches so belied their name, that the coachman in vain whipped on his horses in a desperate attempt to overtake the absent-minded Parson Adams, striding on with his crabstick, and making the exasperated coachman assure Mrs. Slipslop, that he might as well strive to catch a greyhound;—all these crawling performances of a short time past seem to be centuries removed from the whirling transit of the time present.

But, if the journey from London to York was not within the possibilities of the twenty-four hours, what must be said of the journey from London to Edinburgh? It cost James I. of England, and Sixth of Scotland, a month of his precious time (and who can tell how much bruising of his precious bones?) to travel from the one capital to the other. But he was a king, and enjoyed all the facilities that attend upon royalty: one of his subjects would have been almost as long again upon the journey. In the days of Waverley—now, how many more than 'Sixty years since?'—the ways and means of travelling had so far progressed, that the Northern Diligence was enabled to complete the distance within three weeks. But, the age of Progress was still in its infancy; and, less than a century since, there was but one coach between London and Edin-

* See *Tales of an Antiquary*.

burgh. It was twelve days on the road, and only made the journey once a month; and prudent Scotchmen were wont to make their wills before they undertook the perilous dangers of this overland route. Only seventy years since, it was a five days' post from London to Glasgow, places now separated by fourteen hours; and only twenty-seven years ago, it was gravely proclaimed in the House of Commons, that the swiftest transit of the locomotive engine could not exceed four miles an hour, and would be less rapid than the passage of the canal boats, which were abundantly sufficient for all our purposes of commerce.

These reflections may be sufficiently trite, and of equal novelty with the news of the decease of Queen Anne; but, when a man breakfasts in Belgravia, at no untimely hour, and with that morning's 'Times' in its wonted place upon his table, and can reach Edinburgh sufficiently early to hear the 'Trovatore' by the Operatic company who may possibly be 'starring' at the Queen's Theatre, —who that does this—more especially when he does it for the first time—can accomplish his journey without some passing thoughts on the marvellous system that can transport him from one kingdom to another, with a celerity and ease that will not break his drowsy slumbers, or interfere with that waking dream of pleasure with which 'Adam Bede' or Tennyson's 'Idylls' beguile the way? One cannot altogether avoid some such reflections. There is the same thought and fancy, although it may assume protean shapes. The Old Fogey says, 'Wonderful thing, this steam, sir!' and then, satisfied with the originality of the observation, leaves you to controvert it as best you may, and placidly sinks into a stertorous sleep. The Pedant settles himself into an attitude betokening determined speech to the head, but

has got no further than 'the invention of the locomotive may justly be regarded as the greatest discovery in this age of mechanical invention,' when the providential plunge into a screaming tunnel cuts short his address in its very exordium, and enables you, silently and swiftly, to change your seat to the other end of the carriage. The wild-eyed and wild-haired Poet who sits opposite to you pshaw-ing over the 'Idylls,' and thinking them very inferior to certain Lyrics that have not met with the success they deserve, may perhaps talk to you of the rapid journey reminding him of Southey's Car of Miracle, when

Steady and swift, the self-moved chariot went ;

and may, perhaps, spout the whole passage for your benefit, until he betakes himself to a brooding silence, in which he may labour out another of those lyrics which it is to be feared will one day be added to the pearls that he has so lavishly thrown to the swinish multitude. The Practical Man may check off the train's time by his watch, and say, 'Four hundred miles in eleven hours ; not bad work, sir ! but, we shall do it quicker before long. Why, sir, we are now building twelve engines on the Great Northern, at the cost of six thousand per engine, that will do the distance in little more than eight hours. I wonder what our fathers would say to that, sir !' Yes ! we may all vary the phrase, and dress it up in some new shape ; but, there it is, masquerade it how we may : and Poet, Pedant, Practical Man, and Old Fogey alike, all testify to the same truth, and, with varying expression, strike the chords of wonder and admiration that swell the chorus in praise of the railway system of the present.

Now, of all the trains, and of all the railways in the kingdom, however admirable they may be, there is not

one that, for punctuality, speed, and completeness of arrangement, can surpass the 'nine express' from the King's Cross station of the Great Northern Railway. Let the courteous reader do me the favour to suppose that we are just starting from there on a golden August morning, our minds intent upon Scotland, and our luggage labelled for Glasgow.

'And I wish to know,' asks Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, 'whether you can direct me the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland, called Glasgow?' 'A town ca'd Glasgow!' echoes Andrew Fairservice; 'Glasgow's a ceety, man. And what may your honour be gawn to Glasgow for?' 'Particular business!' is the reply. 'But, how now, Andrew Fairservice! what are you lingering about for?' 'I wad speer,' says the old man, with a cunning twinkle, 'what ye wad be content to gie to ane that wad bear ye pleasant company on the road, and tell ye the names of the gentlemen's and noblemen's seats and castles, and count their kin to ye.'* 'Your remark would make an appropriate motto to a guide-book, Andrew; but I must beg to decline the offer of your services, although I am proposing to have a look at Rob Roy's country;—('Wi which I am weel acquaint,' interpolates Andrew)—'doubtless: but I can find out for myself all that I shall care to know about the noblemen's seats and castles; and, as for pleasant company, I have already most admirably provided for that important item. There is my travelling companion, Andrew, seated in the end compartment of the railway-carriage.' 'Aha! a leddy; and a vera bonny young leddy. Nae doubt she may be your honour's wife?' 'Nae doubt she may be, Andrew; and nae doubt I prefer her pleasant company to your's. So,

* See *Rob Roy*.

good-bye, Andrew ! the train is just moving off.' And, into the carriage I spring, dismissing from my mind all mental quotations from 'Rob Roy,' and put the tickets for Glasgow safely in my pocket, a pocket from whence they may be conveniently extracted at those inconvenient seasons when their production may be desired.

The tickets are costly ; for, we have little more than a sovereign to show in exchange for the two five-pound notes that were passed through the wooden window of the railway's receipt of custom. But they are magical tickets ; for, have they not power over those fiery steeds of iron that will fly over broad rivers and hundred-steepled cities, and through the hearts of old hills, that they may do their bidding ? and, will they not throw open to our view strange sights and scenes whose names have been to us as household words, but whose fair outside is as yet unknown to us ? and will they not bring the servants of many companies to bow before us, and supply our wants, and perform our behests ? and will they not haply introduce us to pleasant fellow-travellers, and surround us with all the comforts that we could desire ? Truly, they are magical tickets. And moreover, on this particular occasion, there is no need to distress ourselves by aggravating thoughts of loss of luggage, or change of carriage. This same carriage will run all the way from King's Cross to Glasgow,—that same luggage-van will also travel as far ; so, that we who are going to Glasgow with our wives, though not with our little ones, can comfortably arrange our travelling *impedimenta* (including, of course, the wives) in their proper places, at King's Cross, with the very satisfactory reflection, that neither we nor they will be interfered with for the next thirteen hours. And so, with minds set at ease on these important railway

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points in a long journey of four hundred and forty-seven miles, we can bid adieu to London, and pleasantly anticipate Dun-Edin and Scotland.

Away, then, we glide from under the rainbowed roof, quickening our pace as we rush with hysterical screams through a very rabbit-warren of tunnels, from whose stifling atmosphere we emerge, with a sense of quiet and pure air, into the open country, where the bright sun on this clear August morning is shining upon the last sheaves of corn in the fields of golden stubble, where the heavy-laden wains are giving place to troops of merry gleaners. Ere we have scarce settled in our places, how changed the scene! A few minutes since, and we saw those miserable fountains that squirt their puny jets in that wilderness of flag-stones that pave at once 'the finest site,' and the most disappointing sight, in Europe: and now, by the aid of this magical ticket, ere we can say to our neighbour that it is a fine morning, and that there is absolutely nothing in the 'Times' (charitably handing him that day's record of the world's proceedings, in order that he may be able, after an hour's diligent study, to certify our statement by the remark, 'it contains nothing! absolutely nothing!') which forthwith cements our temporary friendship by the mutual knowledge of superiority, and that we are not as other men are)—ere this has come to pass, we have been transported from the Babylon of brick and stone, into this peaceful country scene, with its scattered cottages, and farmsteads with their golden beehives of corn-ricks, and the clumps of tall elms, with the cattle spotting the meadows, and every brook sparkling into diamonds. The dew yet hangs upon the grass, and where it has been brushed by the feet of labourers and of cattle there is a deeper shade; and, as the morning sun

shines upon these dewy fields, they seem to wear a satin sheen.

So we pass by pleasant Hornsey and Highgate, and then by Colney Hatch, not without a thought of pity upon those thirteen hundred to whom that magnificent institution is, in the best sense of the word, an asylum. Then by Barnet, where, once upon a time, ten thousand men (who had not come out of an asylum) were slain on an April morning, in their endeavours to do the like with certain of their more fortunate countrymen; then by Hatfield Chase and House, from which, when the troublous time of Bloody Mary had come to its appointed end, the Princess Elizabeth went forth to London there to be crowned as the good Queen Bess; then over the great Digswell Viaduct to Welwyn, which we have barely had time to remember as the parish and burial-place of Dr. Young, of the 'Night Thoughts,' when our companion points out to us the turrets and pinnacles of Knebworth, overtopping the thick woods on the upland to our left; and straightway we fall into a pleasant day-dream, wherein Rienzi, and Pelham, and Ernest Maltravers, and Alice, and Nidia, dance a wild reel with Riccabocca, and Pisistratus Caxton, and Lionel Haughton, and Gentleman Waife, and Little Sophy, and inextricably mingle themselves in a terribly 'Strange Story.'

We rush past Hitchin and Biggleswade with its market-gardens, and Sandy with its onion beds, and by St. Neots, and the two Offords, into Cowper's country with its rich Ouse-watered meadows. Here, to our left, we have a good view of Hinchbrook House, with its reminiscences of Cromwell; and although we dart by Huntingdon station as rapidly as did royalty, when all the grandees of city and county were marshalled upon its platform to present loyal addresses that were thus

untimely burked ; yet we have a peep at the town where the Gloomy Brewer lived and first saw the light. Then, by Conington church and castle—the home of Sir Robert Bruce Cotton—with their Mary Stuart relics ; then, skirting Whittlesea Mere, a few years since a wild waste of water and rough sedge, but now richly cultivated and well peopled ; also skirting Stilton, where a Stilton cheese may not be bought for love or money, and Yaxley, with its tall-spired church on the high ground, where the French prisoners enlivened their bondage in the Norman Cross barracks by converting straws into beautiful devices, and where Lavengro first fell in with the gypsies ; and then, in a few minutes, over the river Nene, and slowly into Peterborough, where we have a five minutes' rest, after our uninterrupted run of seventy-six miles in an hour and forty minutes. As we approach the station, we have a good and picturesque view of the cathedral, on whose glorious western front the sun is broadly shining, bringing out those three early English arches and columns with great clearness.

It is a great beguilement on these long railway journeys, thus to see, in rapid and untiring succession, places and buildings that are interesting either in themselves or in their associations. Here, for example, if we are fond of ecclesiastical architecture, we have a view of Peterborough Cathedral. Presently — journeying to Scotland, and, perhaps, with another illustrious Scott in our minds—we shall find ourselves beside Gilbert Scott's restoration of St. George's Church, Doncaster, the very Phoenix of modern ecclesiastical work, which has sprung from its ashes even in a more glorious form than it had heretofore possessed—the four minutes' sight of whose exterior, with its mighty tower, and its rich southern

side, so clean and white in its unsmoked newness, will repay much of the outlay of our railway ticket. And, in little more than three hours after we have left Peterborough Cathedral behind us, we shall see the beautiful towers of York Minster, looking so grey and cold, even in the glare of this hot sun; and, two hours after that, we shall see the triple towers of Durham Cathedral, standing high upon the rock above the Wear, and looking proudly down upon castle, and city, and river. That central tower, whose cemented form had for so long been an offence to us, is now admirably restored; and at this distance of two miles, we can plainly discern it; for, this sunny August afternoon, we see the glorious old cathedral standing out against the western sky, like some pictured saint of Byzantine art, against his background of gold.

Then if we have a fancy for old English castles, shall we not see Newark Castle, where died King John of England (for Shakspeare's King John died in the orchard of Swinstead Abbey); and the grand old Castle of Durham, once the home of bishop-princes, and now the temporary abode of embryo mitre-wearers, the students of University College; and the square keep at Newcastle-on-Tyne; and ruined Morpeth Castle, looking over its pleasant vale; and Warkworth, towering over its wooded height; and that haven for shipwrecked mariners, rocky Bamborough, breasting the sea; and Dunbar Castle, once so valiantly defended by a woman, where the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots twice sought refuge, one of those times being in man's attire? Yes! we see one and all. And this portion of our northward journey is exceedingly picturesque. For fifty miles the railway runs at a short distance from the sea; so that while on the left hand we have a fine

stretch of landscape, backed by the long range of the Cheviots, to the right hand we have the boundless blue of the German Ocean, flecked by sails, and here and there dotted by islands. Holy Island, for example, where, in addition to more interesting attractions (as my companion informs me), the entrochi, commonly called Cuthbert's Beads, are found; and the Farn Isles, where the scene of Grace Darling's heroism is plainly visible.

CHAPTER III.

TARTAN-LAND.

The Border Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed—Rival Races—Mixed Lineage—Chopping and Changing—Over the Border—Edinburgh—Linlithgow—Castle Cary—The Scotch 'Black Country'—Glasgow—Porters—A Cannie Scot—The Southron outdone—The Queen's Hotel.

THE approach to Scottish ground through the old barrier-town of Berwick-upon-Tweed predisposes us to favourable impressions of the Lowland scenery. The river itself, wide and winding, is spanned by the longest railway bridge in the United Kingdom, and connects 'The beautiful banks of the Tweed,' and England and Scotland, by an iron link of civilisation. The viaduct crosses the river at a curve, and sweeps by the battlemented walls and ruined ramparts of this old frontier town. From the railway we see the long narrow bridge that spans the Tweed's waters, with its fifteen arches doubled in the clear stream. Close upon our right we see the town with its confused mass of buildings, from which rises a solitary spire—but it is a secular spire, and does not belong to the church, which was built by Cromwell, who was no friend to such a sign of episcopacy as a tapering spire. The port is crowded with shipping, the river flows merrily on to the German Ocean, and the town stands pleasantly on

a gentle seaward slope—so pleasantly and conveniently situated, indeed, that it is no wonder that—

Dane, Pict, and Saxon,
Their homes turned their backs on,

to try their luck at winning so pretty a property. A true Berwick-upon-Tweed man must surely be a descendant of the two rival races, and in his own person represent the union of the two kingdoms. The town was so banded about between the two countries, the English and the Scotch element alternately being in the ascendant, that when at last it was left to shift for itself, and to settle down on its own responsibility, its inhabitants must have had no small difficulty to determine whether they should assign the honour of their extraction to North or South, or whether they should sink into a degenerate race of half breeds, or whether they should boldly soar to that proud height of lineage that should combine the best characteristics of the two nations. The question of the lineage of a Berwick-upon-Tweed man thus resolves itself into three heads, as naturally as if Mr. Gladstone himself had looked at the subject from his Cerberæan point of view; and, doubtless, the last-mentioned of the three divisions of the question would be that which would be most acceptable to a genuine native of this barrier town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. His ancestors must have been as attached to the place as a minister to office, or a monkey to nuts; and, in good truth, must have found it a most attractive and convenient spot, and one which, after its own fashion, could do a rare stroke of business. For if there was no compensative return of this kind, why should these border-people have continued to lead the

dreadfully hazardous and uncomfortable lives they must necessarily have been compelled to lead in a place where they were always chopping and changing their masters, even if they were sufficiently fortunate themselves to escape a chopping of a more personal and painful nature?

At length, then, we are 'over the Border,' where the Blue Bonnets have gone before us; we have crossed the Tweed, and are on Scottish ground, in little more than nine hours from the time that a London cab conveyed us to the King's Cross Station. The Tweed and the twilight came together, and now it is getting dusk. But if we return to England by the same route—which in fact we shall do, as we do not care for the dreary journey from Edinburgh to Carlisle—we shall see that the promise of fine Lowland scenery held out to us on our entrance into Scotland is faithfully kept as we are whirled further North; now dashing somewhat inland, then emerging on the very verge of the cliffs that breast the German Ocean; now hurrying over rugged ravines and gloomy glens; then pausing at Dunbar, with its rocky harbour and its once-dreaded fortress; then obtaining a distant view of the Bass Rock rising out of the battling waves; then over the field of Prestonpans, and by Colonel Gardiner's house, and by other places whose names are redolent of historical associations, Carberry-hill and Pinkie; then by Portobello, the Margate of the Modern Athens, with the Firth of Forth and the opposite coast in full view; then under the shadow of Arthur's Seat, and hard by Holyrood, into Edinburgh itself.

Premising (to continue the supposition with which I started) that you left London by 'the 9.0 express,' you will have reached the Waverley Station by '8.30;'

and thus, in eleven and a half hours, you will have travelled four hundred miles, and passed through the greater portion of two countries, and seen many of their notable features; and you, who were so late within the sound of Bow bells, are here plunged into the very heart of Edinburgh, at a station bearing the name that first made world-famous Scotia's best-loved son. The time of year is August; therefore, at half-past eight in the evening it is dark, and our first view of Dun-Edin is by gaslight: and a wonderfully striking sight it is!

When we have left Edinburgh, it is too decidedly dark to see even the black outlines of the hills; and, even if it were otherwise, we are too fatigued by our long journey to care much for hills or castles or landscapes, however historical and interesting. The slackening of the train rouses us, as the stoppage of the noisy mill-wheel does the sleepy miller; and the sudden glare of station-lamps, simultaneously with the shouting of the word 'Linlithgow' in the vernacular of the country, is as an enchanter's wand, whose wave bids start up before our mind's eye curiously-mingled visions of Mary Queen of Scots, and Marmion, and Hawley's Dragoons. But before we can sufficiently shake ourselves up to an endeavour to separate the mingled webs of this historical tapestry, the train is again in motion, and its monotonous rattle lulls us into drowsiness.

We must have passed through Falkirk in a dream, for when next we are roused to consciousness, it is by hearing the word Castle Cary sharply screamed in our ears, in a tone as though there were a note of interrogation at the end of the word, and the speaker of it was putting it in the form of a question. We drowsily recognise this interrogative mode of expression to be after the manner of Scotland, which tells you a fact as though it

was begging the question, and raises its voice at the proclamation of anything that does not call for a reply. But while we are mechanically asking ourselves 'Saw ye my Mary?' and making answer to ourselves, 'She's frae Castle Cary,' and just as we have begun to plunge ourselves into vague speculations as to the probability of the young lady being a unique specimen of the Caledonian Albino, from the fact that 'her hair it was lint-white,' the monotonous rattle of our onward-rushing train again transports us to the land of Nod, and we know nothing more of our journey until we find ourselves at its termination. For one brief waking moment we fancy ourselves to be travelling through 'The Black Country' of Staffordshire (in *England*, as we now think with great emphasis), but our watches tell us that we are at Glasgow—that it is half-past ten o'clock—and, that in the last thirteen hours and a half, we have travelled nearly four hundred and fifty miles, without so much as a change of carriage, or the slightest anxiety respecting luggage, for here it all is, in the very same luggage-van that brought it from King's Cross this morning. And here, in the second city of Great Britain, are we, who this morning stood in Great Britain's first city. A little before nine o'clock in the morning, we saw Trafalgar Square, London, and at half-past ten at night we are in Glasgow, and under the tutelary care of St. Mungo.

Thankfully we gather together our luggage, amid a storm of supplications from porters and cab-drivers. We have been recommended to go to the George Hotel, in George Square; and we incautiously ask the question, how far it may be to that locality.

'George Square, Sir? oh, ever such a way, Sir!' replies a cannie Scotch porter, in a dialect that I feel

myself quite unable to put down on paper, and which I therefore translate into the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

‘But how far?’ I ask, as his answer, though charmingly indefinite, is not satisfactory.

‘Oh, iver such a way! quite in another part,’ is the reply. ‘But here’s a grand hotel close by—ye’ll see it here, Sir; where the lights are shining—the Queen’s Hotel—the grandest in the ceetee—and I’ll carry all yer things there—and ye won’t have the expense of the cab-hire.’

So, touched by this *argumentum ad pocketum*—which, after all, is frequently the most effective of arguments—and, being tired and desirous of getting into comfortable rooms with as little loss of time as possible, we yield to his persuasive powers. With the aid of a porter’s knot, he, and a companion Goliath, sling our portmanteaus and other *impedimenta* over their shoulders; we form ourselves into a procession of four, and, closely following up our new edition of Porter’s Progress, we take a few steps out of the station yard, and, in a few more seconds, are within the swinging doors of the Queen’s Hotel. A minute or so has decided the fact, that the porter’s recommendation had proceeded from very satisfactory premisses, and had conducted us to premises equally satisfactory. Perhaps he received a *douceur* for every traveller brought under his convoy to the hotel doors, and, by the aid of this refresher, could plead with fervid energy in this particular hotel’s favour; but, however this may be, the cause he advocated was a good cause. The hotel was everything that could be desired; and right glad were we to avail ourselves of its manifold comforts.

While we were having tea, I said to the waiter, ‘How far is the George from here?’

‘A very few yards, Sir; just on the other side of the Square.’

‘Then is this Hotel in George Square?’ I asked.

‘Yessir,’ said the waiter.

But my opinions regarding the porter I reserved until the waiter had left the room. Doubtless, that porter went to bed happy at having proved too cannie for the Southron. I trust that his slumbers were equally as sound as were mine, on that my first night in my tour in Tartan-land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND CITY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A Scotch Institution—Snuff Sellers and Smellers—Scotch Breakfasts—A Glasgow Baillie, and the Way to dress him—George Square—Public Memorials—History of a German Handkerchief—A Forgotten Weaver—Shall William Flakefield have a Statue?—The Wellington Statue—Poking up the Lions—The Broomielaw—Glasgow Characteristics—The First and Second Cities in Great Britain—The Clyde Embankment: the Bridges—The Clyde, past and present.


THE next morning—either from the custom of the country, or from a delicate attention on the part of the waiter—our breakfast-room was supplied with an enormous ramshorn, furnished with a lid, and elaborately decorated at either extremity with cairnghorns set in silver. On closer inspection, it proved to be—not a bugle, for summoning the waiter, as my companion had suggested—but a reservoir for snuff: and how many pounds of rappee may have been stowed away within its cavernous interior I am unable to state; but, as it was evident that the longest fingers could not secure a pinch when the ramshorn's exchequer was running low, a long spoon, or ladle, had been thoughtfully provided, by whose assistance the furthest recesses could be partially explored.

As everyone buys eau de Cologne when at Cologne, drinks champagne at Epernay, eats Banbury cakes at Banbury, and sucks Everton toffee at Liverpool, so, I

is a dish to please the taste of a Lucullus, although it would probably puzzle him to name the fish that he was eating.

The Queen's Hotel breakfast certainly prepossessed us in favour of the morning meal in Scotland; and our first impressions were confirmed by subsequent experience. Indeed, we found that other meals were treated with the same profusion and variety of dishes as the breakfast; and that reasonable charges were made. On our return from the Highlands, we again stayed a few days in Glasgow, but this time at the George Hotel, where we also met with great comfort and attention, a plentiful table, and reasonable charges. One of these days was a Sunday, which day was observed with the customary strictness. Those who would wish to dine privately in their own room on that day, would have to make a Barmecide feast. In order to save unnecessary work on the Sabbath, and to afford the servants an opportunity of attending a place of worship, but one dinner is cooked. This was served up in the large room late in the afternoon; and, as all the visitors appeared to submit to this most excellent regulation, the *table d'hôte* was a very crowded one. Every seasonable luxury was on the table; all was well served, and well appointed, and the charge four shillings, exclusive of wine, &c. Both here and elsewhere, my impressions of Scotch hotels and Scotch charges were on the whole very favourable.

The George Hotel and the Queen's Hotel are pleasantly situated. As one looks from their windows, the eye is refreshed by the clumps of evergreens, and the neatly-trimmed lawns and flower knots that occupy the large area of the square, and from among them towers the tall Doric column on which stands a colossal figure



of Sir Walter Scott, wearing a shepherd's plaid, wrapped round the right shoulder instead of the left, after the fashion that was peculiar to himself, as a Borderer. The figure is forcible, and the likeness strongly developed; and the sculptor (Mr. Handyside Ritchie) deserves credit for not idealising his subject until all resemblance to the original was lost. Other statues also ornament this square, which is the finest in the city. That to Sir Robert Peel is a striking likeness, and is by Mr. Mossman. The bronze statue in memory of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, is by Flaxman, and a fine specimen of his genius. There should be one to Glasgow's other soldier-son—Lord Clyde—to match this. Chantrey is also well represented by a sitting statue of James Watt, the mathematical instrument maker of Glasgow, to whose discoveries the city owes so much of its pre-eminence. The clumsy-looking model with its tea-kettle boiler, on which he first experimented, is still carefully preserved in the University of Glasgow, and was one of the chief objects of interest exhibited at the Meeting of the British Association in 1840. Well may Glasgow be proud of her adopted son; and to testify her admiration, she has erected three public monuments in his memory—the bronze in George Square, a marble (also by Chantrey) in the Hunterian Museum, and a colossal statue over the pediment of the Mechanics' Institute.

But, while she has thus so well remembered Watt, she has forgotten another benefactor to whom she owes a share of her prosperity. Glasgow does not contain a public statue to William Flakefield. And who was he? Well, the narrative of his life is too long to tell here, but it may be perused at length in Ure's 'History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride.' To condense it into a few lines,—his proper name was Wilson, but when he

and his father and brother settled in Glasgow, towards the close of the seventeenth century, William was commonly called Flakefield (from the place where he had lived, in the parish of East Kilbride), in order to distinguish him from his brother. He joined the Scottish Guards, and went to the continent, where the object that most fascinated him was a German handkerchief, woven in blue and white chequers. He had been brought up as a weaver, and he could appreciate its excellence. He determined to weave one like it — if he could — when the time and opportunity offered. They came in the year 1700, when he had returned to Glasgow, and changed his sword for a shuttle. He had brought with him his cherished chequered handkerchief, and after overcoming many obstacles, succeeded in making one like it. Soon he had a dozen ready for sale. They were the first of the kind ever woven in Great Britain. They were at once successful; looms rapidly increased; and in a few years, Glasgow had become famous for this new branch of the linen-trade. It proved most lucrative to everyone but its inventor and introducer, who died in poverty, occupying the position of town drummer. Such, briefly, is the history of one of the benefactors of the city. The question is, shall William Flakefield have a statue? Glasgow is liberal of statues to her worthiest sons. Let her remember with honour this too-long forgotten weaver; but when she raises a monument to his memory, let not one of the bas-reliefs that may possibly ornament the pedestal of the statue represent William Flakefield in his decadence as the town-drummer.

But, talking of bas-reliefs and statues—of which there are several in Glasgow—the most noteworthy is the Wellington equestrian statue in front of the Royal

Exchange. It is by that royal favourite, the Baron Marochetti, and is in bronze. The statue itself, although elegant and life-like, is of rather too statuette a character; but the four bronze bas-reliefs on the pedestal are worthy of all praise. They represent scenes in the life of a soldier, the two smallest depicting him at home before and after the war; the two largest showing him engaged in the great battles of Assaye and Waterloo. The action and vigour of the figures, the variety of grouping and costume, and the likenesses of the Duke and of the leading members of his staff, are all given with great artistic skill, and evince much poetic thought in the conception of the designs, as well as considerable executive skill in working out those designs to such perfection.

But we have wandered (though not many yards) from our post of observation at the hotel window in George Square, where we were looking down on the lawns and evergreens, and at the fine rows of white stone houses on every side. Breakfast is over; the thoughtful waiter has replenished the ramshorn snuff-box up to the brim, so that we may be able to conveniently help ourselves at a pinch with a pinch, and not be tantalised, like a cat with its nose in the cream-jug, by poking our fingers towards the depths of the ramshorn after its unattainable delicacies. It is time that we should turn out to see the lions.

The visitor has this advantage over a resident: he comes to a place, and sees it, whereas the other lives in it without seeing it; and because he can set eyes on such and such a spot at any time, very often never sees it at all. With the visitor it is very different. He feels that his hours are numbered; and that, unless he pokes up all the lions without loss of time, their roaring

will very probably never be heard by him. And so it is, that no sooner is breakfast over—rain or no rain—and ‘it rains whiles’ in Glasgow—the guide-book, the waiter, and the map are consulted, and, assisted by their individual and united suggestions, the visitor, like duteous pilgrim to a shrine, bends his steps to look upon that lion whose roar has been the loudest or the most marked. Some visitors prefer one race of lions, and some another. *Non omnia eadem æque omnibus suavia esse scito.* The *mores dispares* will still follow the *disparia studia*, as in the days of Cicero; and the *tot capita tot sensus* apothegm (which, by the way, would be a very appropriate motto for a census paper) is still as applicable as when first it was uttered by Terence. And so one Glasgow visitor will wend his way to the Cathedral, while another will turn towards the Broomielaw. Let us, for the nonce, accompany the latter.

It is a bustling scene, and redolent with the tarry odours inseparable from shipping—for the Broomielaw is to Glasgow what the Pool and the Docks are to London. It is the great harbour of the place—a length of sheds and quays, extending for nearly a mile on either side of the river, with tiers of vessels, that ply to every quarter of the globe, ranged many deep, and packed so closely together that the intricacies of Clyde navigation become, to a landsman’s eye, as difficult a problem to solve as a London cabman’s drive from the Strand to the London Bridge Station when he has been promised an extra half-crown if he can be in time for the Folkestone express. How the steamers and ships can direct their tortuous course, without doing each other some mortal injury, is a mystery; how those closely-packed vessels were got into their places, and how they are to be got

out of them again, is also a mystery—as deep a mystery as was the apple dumpling to King George III.

The Clyde is the very heart of Glasgow—the main-spring of its existence. Without this silent highway for its mighty commerce, Glasgow could not have risen to its present proud position of being the second city in the United Kingdom—second only to London in size, population, importance, wealth, and commerce. It was not until the union of the two kingdoms, in 1707, that the commerce of Glasgow made any special progress. Since then it has steadily risen, and spread in wider circles as it rose; and, in the last half century, the energy of its inhabitants has raised it to the position of the chief city in Scotland. It combines several of the special characteristics of other cities. It has the docks and ports of Liverpool, the tall chimneys and manufactories of Manchester, with the shops of Regent Street, and the best squares of Belgravia. Its trade and productions are singularly varied and extensive. ‘Glasgow,’ says Dr. Strang, ‘unites within itself a portion of the cotton-spinning and weaving manufactures of Manchester, the printed calicoes of Lancashire, the stuffs of Norwich, the shawls and mousselines of France, the silk-throwing of Macclesfield, the flax-spinning of Ireland, the carpets of Kidderminster, the iron and engineering works of Wolverhampton and Birmingham, the pottery and glass-making of Staffordshire and Newcastle, the ship-building of London, the coal trade of the Tyne and Wear, and all the handicrafts connected with, or dependent on, the full developement of these. Glasgow has, also, its distilleries, breweries, chemical works, tan-works, dye-works, bleach-fields, and paper-manufactories, besides a vast number of staple and fancy handloom fabrics, which may be strictly said to belong to

that locality.' Truly, a very wonderful combination of trade and manufacture!

The Clyde, then, is the very focus of this varied commerce, and may well be considered the most important lion in Glasgow; and here he is found in his full roaring, if not in his full beauty, down at the Broomielaw, where ships and sailors most do congregate. Glasgow might have been quoted as a good example by that gentleman who made the wonderful discovery that, by a providential arrangement, large rivers were always made to flow by large towns; for few cities have so admirable a river frontage—like London in this respect, and yet far in front of its leader, for, in Glasgow, the river is properly embanked, and no houses, or sheds, or wharves, are permitted to encroach on the wide quays on either side. In this respect, the Thames frontage of London cannot be named in comparison with the Clyde frontage of Glasgow. In the former case, the view at high water is dolorous and dirty, and, at low water, is dirty and dolorous, and can only be obtained from the bridges or the steam-boat piers; but, in the case of the Clyde, there is nothing to interrupt the view of the river from the one extremity of Glasgow to the other, a length of between three and four miles. The wide terraces between the houses and the stone banks of the river add immensely to health, convenience, and picturesque effect. Will the Thames ever be similarly treated, and decorated with this terrace of honour? Shall we, or our grandchildren, ever see carried out any one of those designs for embanking the Thames that, since the days of Sir Christopher Wren's 'Air-drawn Babylon,' down to those of Sir Frederick Trench and Sir Joseph Paxton, have been successively shown to a tantalised public? Wealth has been long permitted to triumph over health, and

cupidity over convenience; and the river frontage of a city that is one of the wonders of the world exhibits an offensive ugliness and squalor that is (happily) without a parallel. Yet the dawn of better things is at hand; and even the Thames is to be embanked, *à la* Glasgow, though not for so great an extent. But let even a small instalment be accepted with gratitude.

Sir Walter Scott, who is always peculiarly happy in his 'derangement of epitaphs,' calls the river—

The broad and brimming Clyde;

but, at Glasgow, it is really not quite two-thirds the width of the Thames at London, although the terraces on either side considerably heighten the apparent width of the river. Five handsome bridges, in stone and iron, span the river, and are the hooks and eyes to keep together the two parts of the city. The one nearest to us is the chief bridge—the Glasgow, Broomielaw, or Jamaica Bridge (for it goes by all these names)—and is the widest bridge in the world, being four feet wider than London Bridge, though not so long by three hundred and fifty feet. In both bridges, the beautiful grey granite of Aberdeen forms the chief component part; and as Telford was the architect of the Glasgow Bridge, it is needless to say that it is as ornamental as it is useful. The traffic on this bridge is as great as that on London Bridge, the traffic on the river still greater; and the view from the bridge is therefore exceedingly animating. The old bridge, where Frank Osbaldistone had his midnight meeting with Rob Roy, has given place to a modern successor.

The river Clyde has seen many changes. Narrow as it now is for the immense traffic that it has been made to bear since Henry Bell launched his 'Comet' in January

1812,* yet it has been both wider and narrower. There is reason to believe that, in early British times, the waters of the Clyde were spread into an arm of the sea, covering that area where Argyll Street now stretches its long straight line of handsome buildings, and that the rude Mungovians of those early days boated over those spots where the Tron Tower now strides over the pavement, and where the Glasgow merchant reads his 'Times' in the Tontine news-room. In these, and other places now covered by a mass of buildings, stone celts and canoes, roughly hewn out of the solid tree, have been found imbedded in laminated sand, several feet below the surface of the soil.† At what period those floods were converted into dry land there is no record to tell us; but the Clyde had become so narrow and shallow, that, up to the beginning of the present century, it could only receive vessels of forty tons. Indeed, it could in some places be easily forded. Lord Palmerston, at the *soirée* in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the evening of March 31, 1863, mentioned this remarkable circumstance in these words:—'It is impossible for any man to see what I have witnessed in this great town of Glasgow and its neighbourhood without feeling additional admiration of the creative powers of the industry of this great country. When I see, as I did to-day, floating upon the surface of your river, ships destined for distant voyages drawing great draught of water, and when I am told, as I have been this evening, by men still in the prime of life, that they themselves have *waded on foot* through that part

* It met with great hostility, especially from the Highland Gaelt-men, who recommended their craft as sailing by the Almighty's wind, and the 'Comet' by the Devil's wind. (Dr. Strang's *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 367.)

† See *Ancient Sea Margins*, by Mr. Robert Chambers.

of the river where these great vessels are now floating triumphantly under the British and foreign flags, I cannot sufficiently admire the skill, the perseverance, the industry, of the people of this district in having converted that which was a river not available for the purpose of commerce into one of the finest and noblest outlets and inlets—outlet for the industry of Britain; inlet for the productions of foreign countries.’

However, it was not till the commencement of her present Majesty’s reign, that the river * was made anything like subservient to the purposes of that traffic which for the last half century had been so rapidly assuming giant proportions. This was effected after repeated muddings, and diggings, and scourings, and

* In an article in *The Builder*, January 4, 1862, is the following:—
‘Of the Clyde it is impossible to speak in other language than that of admiration. It is but the fourth river in Scotland in volume of fresh water, and the third in length; inferior to the Forth or Tay in Highland scenery, and to the Tweed in pastoral beauty; but it is superior to all of them in utility, in artificial improvement, in manufactures, in commerce, and in the triumphs of mechanical genius. The improvements on this river have, we must say, been conducted on a scale of unusual magnificence. About a century ago its depth at the point where the Kelvin discharges into its channel was only 18 inches at low water, and 44 inches at high water. Its course, far below Dumbarton, abounded in shallow lagoons, interspersed with low islets and marshy ground. By judicious engineering operations, spread over a series of years, accompanied with an enormous expenditure of capital, it is now as navigable as the Thames. In fact, by dint of dredging, cutting, excavating, and embanking, to the tune of about a million and a half sterling, the navigable depth of the river has been increased, within the last fifty or sixty years, from 3ft. to 20ft., and the revenue from 3,000*l.* to 90,000*l.* per annum. The Broomielaw harbour is at this moment practically nothing less than half-a-mile of excellent docks—we need not say how crowded; and the contrast is indeed great between the small fishing sloops and Virginia traders which once unloaded their treasures on the same spot and the gigantic iron steamer and the merchantman of 2,000 tons, which now constitute the honour and glory of the Clyde.’

building artificial banks, as though the river were one long lock upon a canal. It is curious to read of the crushing difficulties, founded on the pettiest subjects, that for a century and a half beset the improvements of the Clyde, and wellnigh drove commerce out of the city of St. Mungo. At one time, the formation of the harbour and docks was prevented, lest the price of provisions should be raised at Dumbarton ; and, at another time, for fear that the people of Tron should be compelled to pay more for their butter and eggs ! These are facts that read like fiction.

All the triumphs over these great obstacles of such insurmountable littleness, and all the satisfactory results of those sturdy struggles of human science and skill to reduce the river to a fit state for its work, are centred in the Broomielaw ; and are witnessed to by that human hive of busy industry, where masts and rigging and funnels seem tangled into a wild forest, in which the boats and gay river steamers flit in and out like the painted birds and butterflies.

CHAPTER V.

GLASGOW JOTTINGS.

A City turned to Stone—A Fiery Medusa—Bare Legs and Noiseless Steps—Bare Heads—The West End—The Park—Kelvin Grove—Palatial Buildings—Argyll Street—The Tron-gate—A St. Kilda Man's Idea of Glasgow—Bonnets—Mr. R. Chambers' Ideas—Highland Costume—The Glasgow Banker on the German Stage—Glasgow Men—Omnibuses—The Tron Towers—The Legend of the City Arms—A Good By-word.

AS we leave the bustling Broomielaw, and saunter back through the crowded streets, there is one peculiarity in the buildings that cannot fail to claim the visitor's notice. It is the entire absence of brick. The visitor may wander for hours, from one stately street to another, without setting eyes upon a brick house. He sees nothing but edifices of stone. (Why is it, by the way, that a house, if built of brick, is simply 'a house;' but if built or rather 'constructed,' of stone, is then exalted into an 'edifice'? The expression savours somewhat of the penny-a-liner's 'Froust'*) The Glasgow houses, then, are all of stone, a freestone, white and durable; and the wise man who carried about a brick as a specimen of his habitation, would here find his occupation gone. Glasgow looks like a vast stone-quarry, to which some enchanter's

* See a most amusing little book published under this title, by a son of the late Judge Bolland.

wand has given the semblance of a city. The Medusa that turned it into stone came in a fiery form. The great fire of Glasgow anticipated that of London but by a few years.* Both disasters brought about good results in the complete reconstruction of the two cities, with better materials, and on a better plan; but where the timber houses of London were replaced by those of brick, Glasgow, from being wood and thatch, became converted into stone. The West End streets are wide, straight, and handsomely built, and the stone houses certainly give a more stately aspect than would be imparted by rows of dingy brick. When we first saw these Glasgow streets, under a broad sunshine, and with a bright blue sky over head, the clean effect of the stone buildings was very striking. It is to be hoped that, as years roll on, and the smoke from a hundred tall factory chimneys shrouds the city with a gloomy curtain, its only effect will be to tone down the youthful West End's cheerfulness of aspect into a more subdued hue, and that the dinginess that obscures the smoked face of a dusky city of brick will never be seen in this bright city of stone.

Another thing will also claim the visitor's notice, both here and all over Scotland—the bare legs of the women and children. We had noticed them the first thing this morning, when at breakfast, in George Square, and we have noticed them a hundred times since, anywhere and everywhere, between George Square and the Broomielaw, and back again to Argyll Street. Especially are we struck with admiring wonder at those two smart and handsome young women, with their hair gathered

* The great fire at Glasgow happened in July 1662. A thousand families were burnt out of house and home, at a loss of 100,000*l*.

back in chenille nets, after the prevailing fashion, well-dressed, and apparently well-to-do, and yet (save the nets) with nothing but Nature's covering upon their heads, and undoubtedly in a state of nature as regards their legs and feet. Well, they are handsome legs, and worthy to be shown and admired, and, as the dark-striped petticoat falls only midway down the calf, we are enabled to judge of their good proportions. They stride along the pavement in mysterious silence; no echoing footfalls arise from their naked feet, and, as the English traveller recalls the clattering brogues and brodequins of foreign cities, or, haply, the Lancashire clogs of some of his own provincial towns, he blesses this absence of noise, and thinks that these Scottish lassies have acquired an added charm by that idea of quietude and repose that is suggested by their method of moving about with noiseless steps. So, with silent feet, though not with silent tongues, they went to and fro, the summer sun smiting their uncovered heads, and they, and the children about them, thinking as much of a *coup de soleil* as does a Christ's Hospital boy. And so long as these lassies are not bare-faced, we cannot reasonably object to their being either bare-legged, or bare-headed.

Wending our way back to George Square, we turn out of Buchanan Street, with its attractive shops, under one of the triumphal arches that flank the Royal Bank. Here we are among palatial-looking buildings that well grace those noble avenues of stone that pass by the name of Queen Street and Ingram Street. The latter street, with the Exchange and the Wellington statue to terminate its western vista, is one of the handsomest streets of which any city can boast, and is peculiarly rich in striking edifices, among which, that of the

Union Bank of Scotland, modelled after the Roman Temple of Jupiter Stator, at once attracts the eye. George Street is another fine street, and would be still finer if the church, that now divides it into two, was removed to its extremest point.

The West End of Glasgow is most attractive and picturesque, and the scenery of the West End Park renders it an unusually effective adjunct to the handsome-looking houses in the vicinity. The Crescents stand on a hill above the Kelvin Water, and the sides of the hill are tastefully laid out as a park, and are planted with trees and shrubs. The banks of the Kelvin are also fringed with trees, and Kelvin Grove House, situated amid foliage, on the very edge of the stream, is prettily mirrored in the Kelvin Water. In two conspicuous places are placed trophy guns and mortars from the Crimea. There are also some public buildings that here attract attention. The Queen's Rooms, a Frenchified-looking building, with elaborate bas-reliefs on the entablature; Clairmont Church and Clairmont Stair, which is a flight of steps handsomely balustraded, and ornamental as well as useful. At the West End is also Dr. Caird's church—Park Church—whose tall tower and crowded pinnacles make it a noticeable feature in the view, more especially as a campanile near to it assists in drawing attention to the building. I did not see the interior of this church; but its exterior is very satisfactory, and affords one among numerous instances of the growing taste for ecclesiastical architecture among those who, a century ago, affected to despise it. The gabled clerestory windows have a very good effect, and are much superior to the gabled windows in Clairmont Church, where they are in the aisles. Outwardly, indeed, Park Church appears to be a thoroughly ecclesiastical

building, with nave, aisles, chancel, and (attached to one of the aisles of the chancel) a detached hexagonal building, with pointed roof, which gave me the idea of a chapter-house, but which may possibly be nothing more than the vestry.

Rambling through the West End of Glasgow, we may note many fine buildings and warehouses of palatial grandeur. Here, for example, is Campbell's wholesale warehouse, at the corner of Ingram Street—an enormous range in the Scotch baronial style. Here is the Faculty Hall, in George Place, the design of which is very Sansovino-ish, and chiefly reminds one of the Carlton Club, especially as the windows in the basement are round, and not square-headed, as they are in that other adaptation of Sansovino at 'The Rag and Famish.' Here, too, near the Queen's statue, in Buchanan Street, is the Western Club-house; simple and good in design, though with nothing in its exterior to mark it from a private house or a bank. But its bold cornice is damaged by the introduction of the windows in the upper story. The effect of the Queen's statue is also damaged by the remarkable elevation of the horse's tail. Here is the Normal Seminary, in Cowcadden Street—an imposing building in the Collegiate style. Here is the Merchants' Hall, with its handsome façade of Corinthian columns. Here are the Victoria Buildings, in West Regent Street, a long range treated nationally. And here is Hutcheson Hospital, in Hutcheson Street, which terminates the vista from Ingram Street, and which looks like a theatre, out of which is growing a Wrennish-Ionic tower with a spiky spire. On the right and left of the façade, between Corinthian columns, are two large niches containing statues, which, instead of being the figures of Tragedy and Comedy, as I had

supposed, were the stony effigies of the benevolent brothers who founded the charity two centuries ago.

There are many fine streets in this city; but *the* street of Glasgow, *par excellence*, is Argyll Street, with its eastern extremity, the Trongate. Burke considered this street 'the finest in Europe;' and though it may not deserve that preeminence, yet it will undoubtedly be considered as one among the finest. 'It is a noble piece of street scenery,' says Mr. Robert Chambers; * 'indeed, one of the noblest things of the kind, perhaps, in Europe.' It runs parallel with the river, and, including its continuations, is nearly three miles in length, while its breadth is about sixty feet. Sir Walter Scott gives this description of it in 'Rob Roy:—'The principal street was broad and important, decorated with public buildings, of an architecture rather striking than correct in point of taste, and running between rows of tall houses built of stone, the fronts of which were occasionally richly ornamented with mason-work—a circumstance which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns are in some measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial, and perishable quality and appearance of the bricks with which they are constructed.' Sir Walter also refers to the occasional visits to Glasgow of the wild denizens of the Western Highlands, and their feelings of astonishment at seeing articles of luxury of which they knew not the use. A very curious instance of this is mentioned by Martin, in his 'Description of the Western Islands of Scotland,' published in 1703; wherein he tells us of a St. Kilda man's first impressions of Glasgow. This wonderful being appears to have thought

as highly of his own native place, as did that minister of one of the smallest of the Hebrides, who was accustomed to pray for his own parish 'and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland;' for, as he sailed among the islands, he considered them as so many other countries contiguous to his own native land. But when he arrives at Glasgow, he is fairly beside himself with wonder, and imagines that he is in another world. The street-pavement he considered to be one of the works of nature, as no men could take the trouble to beat stones into the ground in order to walk upon them. Those big houses, too, could never have been made by human hands. Some houses he saw that were drawn by horses, and were rolled upon wheels; the iron shoes on the horses' feet were the most ridiculous and laughable thing he had ever seen. The cathedral was evidently a large rock, though not so large as some they had got in St. Kilda; but its caves (the crypt) were much finer than the St. Kilda caves. The use of the pews was altogether beyond his comprehension: and when the bells began to ring, he thought that the world was coming to an end. The fashionable black patches worn by the ladies excited his pity that their faces should be so badly blistered; their feet he judged to be of a different shape to those of the men, because of the different form of their shoes. What so many people could mean by living in one place he could not imagine; and he was amazed to think how they could be provided with ale, for he never saw any there that drank water. He longed to get back to St. Kilda again; but he passionately wished that it were blessed with ale, brandy, tobacco, and iron, as Glasgow was.

This native gentleman, after his own fashion, appears to have been a close observer of the Mungovian man-

ners and customs—witness his reference to the non-abstainers. His report is only another confirmation of that fact which we may all remember to have read in our juvenile days in those pleasant ‘Evenings at Home,’ that you may faithfully describe a country and its people in such a way that they will not be able to recognise your description, any more than if it were given in a tongue not understood of the people.

As we walk down Argyll Street, we encounter a similar stream of human beings to what we should meet in a walk between Trafalgar Square and St. Paul’s, flavoured however with such Scotch condiments as bare legs and bare heads, plaids and bonnets—the bonnets, as we must remember, being a head-dress pertaining to the men, and not to the women. ‘Your bonnet to his right use; ’tis for the head;’ says Hamlet to Osric.

When Mr. Robert Chambers speaks of the Glasgow streets, he eulogises them in the following strain—a strain which may be called a strain after effect: ‘Few of the streets are irregular or mean, while many of them may be called fine; and what must add greatly to the pleasure of a stranger in contemplating them is, that all are filled during the whole day by crowds of prosperous and happy-looking people, who walk at a lively pace, and in whose eyes some animating purpose of business or of pleasure may constantly be read.’

What is known as ‘the Highland costume’ is, of course, not to be met with in the Glasgow streets, unless we encounter a stray professional piper and beggar who has donned the kilt and its etceteras as a matter of trade; for, as is well known, the artistic representations of the street of a Scotch city, dotted over

with variegated figures in the picturesque 'garb of old Gaul,' is nothing better than an artistic license. Neither in Glasgow nor in Edinburgh, during a considerable stay, did I see the Highland costume, except on some dressed dolls in the toy-shop windows. Nevertheless, there are imaginative people in the world who think that a Glasgow man ought to be clad after the Scotch fashion. In a German play, for example, that was produced at the chief theatre in Vienna, the hero was a Glasgow banker who had settled in St. Petersburg as a money-dealer of the Empress Catherine. Despite the severity of the Russian winter, this gentleman appeared upon the stage in what was believed to be the usual costume of a Glasgow banker, viz., a kilt, a pair of jack-boots, and a cocked hat with a plume of feathers. This banker also preserved his nationality by feasting upon the Glasgow dish of 'hot-a-meale pour-ridges and patatas with mutton-rosbif.'

The Glasgow men, by the way, whether bankers or no, *are* men—which seems but a truism, but is nevertheless a fact that is peculiar to the city; for while the males of Glasgow are 'Glasgow men,' at Greenock they are but 'Greenock folk,' and at Paisley sink into 'Paisley bodies.' Of the vehicles that clatter along the street, the omnibuses claim chief notice from their great width and size, and their being drawn by three horses abreast. A futile attempt was made to introduce a Scotch vehicle of this description into London, soon after the Great Exhibition of 1851. Its smart tartan panels made a slight sensation, and there the matter ended. Perhaps the cares of 'nursing' (in omnibus language) were too much for its unassisted strength; and jealousy and vested rights drove it off this mortal scene. It has reappeared with the International Exhibition of

1862; and although again encountering nursing difficulties, it is to be hoped that it will become an established fact.

But here we are at the Trongate, with its Tron church, where Dr. Chalmers was for many years the minister. The church, however, stands a little back from the street, and we only see its tower and steeple.* They are the surviving relics of the old church destroyed by fire in 1793; and they appear to be as much beloved as Temple Bar, and nearly as obstructive, for the Tron tower strides across the pavement supported by several arches, through which the stream of circulation is with difficulty filtered. The tower is altogether of an obtrusive character, and towards its summit becomes light-headed, and throws out an irruption of illuminated clocks, that are still further projected over the street, and which in their turn are the parents of other projections in the shape of lamps flung outwards, so that they may shine upon the clock-face, after the fashion we may see in the front of many London shops. Standing under the Tron steeple we gaze across the street upon that wonderfully elaborate branch bank, upon which the architect seems to have cleverly condensed every peculiarity of Scottish mediæval architecture — steep roofs, crow-stepped gables, canopied dormer windows, shot-holes, and a profusion of pepper-box towers with extinguisher tops cropping out from unexpected localities. Conspicuous also are the city arms, and the city motto. The coat-of-arms is made up of curious emblems—a tree, a bird, a salmon, a ring, and a bell—which have mightily puzzled antiquaries, but are supposed to refer to miracles per-

* The Tron was a place for weighing merchandise, and the ground flat of the steeple was long used for weighing butter, cheese, and tallow. This circumstance most probably gave the name to the steeple, and also to the street in which it stands.

formed by the patron saint, St. Mungo.* The tree—if it is not, as some say, an oak, or St. Serf's rod that blossomed into an apple tree †—'is emblematical of a frozen hazel bush which the saint miraculously set in a blaze once, when all the lamps in the monastery of Culross had gone out; the bird—of a favourite robin of St. Serf's, which he there restored to life, after it had not only been killed but torn to pieces; and the salmon with the ring in its mouth—of a dilemma from which he extricated the Queen of Cadzow, exposed to the fury of her jealous lord from the loss of her marriage ring, by ordering the first fish taken from the Clyde to be brought to him, and extracting the ring from its mouth; ‡ whilst the bell represents the famous "St. Mungo's bell," brought by him from Rome, and preserved in Glasgow down till the Reformation, having been rung through the streets for the repose of departed souls.' § A writer on Glasgow || suggests, that if ever the Glasgow citizens should wish to change the civic arms, they could not do better than to select a lump of coal, a bar of iron, a steam-engine, a spinning-machine, and a ship; for that these have made Glasgow what she is.

The following lines on the armorial bearings of Glasgow were written by Dr. Main, Professor of Physic at the University.

Salmo maris, terræque arbor, avis aëris, urbi
Promittunt, quicquid trina elementa ferunt;

* Before the Reformation, St. Mungo's head, mitred, was on the right of the shield, with two salmon for supporters.

† Forsyth's *Beauties of Scotland*, iii. 216.

‡ This is a very common legend. It appears in Herodotus, Pliny, and the Koran. English examples of it are found at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Ribblesford, and Stepney. See Moule's *Heraldry of Fish*.

§ Menzie's *Glasgow Guide*.

|| Mr. George Dodd, in *The Land we Live in*.

*Et campana, frequens celebret quod numinis aras
 Urbs, superesse Polo non peritura docet :
 Neve quis dubitet sociari æterna caducis,
 Annulis id pignus conjugiale notat.*

*As symboled here, the sea, the earth, the air,
 Promise unto our town whate'er they bear.
 To worship at the shrine the bell doth call,
 Our queenly town, thus guarded, ne'er shall fall.
 Let no one doubt that thus are link'd to heaven
 The things of earth ; the union pledge is given.*

To the words that now form the motto to the arms was originally added—' by the preaching of the Word ; ' but when the commercial spirit gained the ascendancy these words were obliterated, and the motto condensed to its present form—' Let Glasgow flourish ! '—' whilk,' as Baillie Nicol Jarvie observes, ' is elegantly putten round the town's arms by way of a by-word.' But it is a good by-word, and one that has stuck to it. Glasgow *has* flourished ; and long may it continue to do so.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE OF ST. MUNGO'S CITY.

King William's Statue—The Cross—The Saltmarket—A Glasgow Slum—The Wynds and Closes—Saturday Night in the Saltmarket—'The Virginians' of Glasgow—Mr. Glassford—Smallfield House—The Cross Steeple—The Jail—Guesses at Truth—The Green—Glasgow's best Lung—The Pleasure Fair—Tramping Clothes—The Briggate, and Oliver Cromwell—Turning the Tables—Scruples satisfied—Silvercraigs—The High Street—A Whiskey Climate—The Glass of Fashion—Dr. Johnson's Curiosity—Lord Breadalbane's Bait.

WE have not only seen the bizarre exterior of the Trongate bank, but we have paid a visit also to the interior, where we have had a cheque converted into strange notes of one pound in value, covered with elaborate steel engravings, and having some remote connection with a Linen Company. Then we pass the piazza of the Tontine Hotel, fronted by a ludicrous equestrian statue of Macaulay's pet, the third William, standing supreme over cabs and omnibuses. He deserves a better memorial, for he was a good friend to Glasgow, and when the citizens had assured him of their attachment to his person and crown, cemented the friendship by giving them a charter, and permitting them to worship God after their own fashion.

Now we are at the Cross: the Gallowgate is before us, High Street to our left hand, and to our right the Saltmarket of Baillie Nicol Jarvie. When the Queen had

passed down this street, in August 1849, she marked her lively appreciation of the creations of Sir Walter Scott, by asking Mr. Sheriff Alison to point out to her Baillie Nicol Jarvie's residence.* The street stretches from the Cross to the river, and in many of its buildings, with their lofty crow-stepped gables, still presents some traces of its former respectability, when it was the headquarters of the homes of civic dignitaries, and James Duke of York had his lodgings within its precincts. But the Saltmarket has now descended to the dregs, and is in rags and tatters; and the Baillie's father, the Deacon, would have many a groan at the dirt and drink that mark the locality. By the time that we have reached this spot, our senses of sight, and hearing, and smell will tell us that Glasgow, like London, has its East as well as its West End, and that the two are as wide as the poles asunder. The second city in the kingdom can rival the first in its slums as well as its palaces; and, notwithstanding sunshine and blue sky, and despite those picturesque peculiarities of Scottish architecture that make the closes and wynds of Glasgow and Edinburgh look so well upon paper, they are as equally filthy to the outward and moral senses as are the slums of any other great city. The Saltmarket, the Gallowgate, the Cowcaddens, and the Goosedubs of eastern Glasgow are the very antipodes of the shining splendours

* This part of the street was called 'The Old Coffee-House Land,' being used as a sort of exchange for the merchants before the erection of the Tontine. It had a projecting lantern-story, much used by the higher classes for witnessing the hangings at the Cross. In 1766-9 it was occupied as a book auction-room by Robert and Andrew Foulis, the celebrated printers. (*Glasgow and its Clubs*. By Dr. Strang, p. 6. *Journey from Edinburgh*. By Alex. Campbell, ii. 270.) For the Foulis works, see *The Literary History of Glasgow*, edited by W. J. Duncan for the Maitland Club, p. 49.

of the squares, and crescents, and public buildings of the western part of the city. Few strangers would wish to penetrate into the inmost recesses of these filthy spots; and, unless they went there as apostles of charity and religion, the following account of the personal experience of the late Mr. Jellinger Symons might be sufficient to deter them from making a practical acquaintance with the penetralia of a Glasgow wynd.

The account is given in his report of the 'Commission for Inquiring into the Condition of the Hand-loom Weavers in the United Kingdom,' of whom a considerable number inhabit these eastern slums of Glasgow: 'The wynds of Glasgow comprise a fluctuating population of from fifteen to twenty thousand persons. This quarter consists of a labyrinth of lanes, out of which numberless entrances lead into small courts, each with a dunghill reeking in the centre. Revolting as was the outside of these places, I was little prepared for the filth and destitution within. In some of these lodging-rooms (visited at night) we found a whole lair of human beings littered along the floor—sometimes fifteen and twenty, some clothed and some naked—men, women, and children huddled promiscuously together. Their bed consisted of a lair of musty straw, intermixed with rags. There was generally no furniture in these places. The sole article of comfort was a fire. Thieving and prostitution constituted the main source of the revenue of this population. No pains seem to be taken to purge this Augæan pandemonium, this nucleus of crime, filth, and pestilence, existing in the centre of the second city of the empire. These wynds constitute the St. Giles of Glasgow, but I owe an apology to the metropolitan pandemonium for the comparison. A very extensive inspection of the lowest districts of other

places, both here and on the continent, never presented anything half so bad, either in intensity of pestilence, physical and moral, or in extent proportioned to the population.'

This was written twenty-two years ago. It is to be hoped that, in the interim, something may have been done for the amelioration of this frightful state of things, and that a faithful picture of the penetralia of these wynds would not now have to be painted in such strong and repulsive colours. But certainly there is much to be seen, even on the outside of these slums, that may make us fear to the contrary. Dirt and whiskey-shops reign supreme in every direction, and the character of the people is reduced by them to a very low state of debasement. It is the misfortune of the city that the worst elements of its national character should here be combined with the worst elements of the Irish character. In all these quarters the Irish element contends with the Scotch for the ascendancy, and each is seen in its most aggravated form. The filthy hotbed for their rapid developement is a singular combination of St. Giles, Rag Fair, Billingsgate, Monmouth Street, and the Seven Dials, with bad additions peculiar to the locality. Even when seen, as I first saw them, on a bright summer's morning, the Salt-market, and the High Street, and their purlieus, with all their materials for novelty and quaint picturesqueness, evidence so much that is sickening both to the moral and physical senses, that one leaves their precincts depressed and sad at heart, and thankful to escape to purer air and scenes.

But I had afterwards an opportunity to visit these places on a Saturday night. It is then that all their peculiarities are brought most clearly upon the surface.

The gaslight falls on a dense crowd of human beings surging like the swarm of an anthill, amid scents as numerous and diversified as those discovered by Coleridge at Cologne. All the peddling and huckstering life of the lowest grade of shops is to be found here in full force; and, of all the shops, those for the sale of whiskey are the most numerous. The disproportion that they bear to the shops for the sale of meat and tea is most suggestive. What in London would be gin-palaces, are here 'cellars' and 'stores.' Next in importance, in point of number, to these places, are the shops for the sale of tobacco; and, on a Saturday night in the Saltmarket, all these places are doing a roaring trade. The smoke of 'vile tobacco,' grown chiefly in convenient cabbage gardens, and mixed with the refuse of the true Virginian weed, hangs heavily upon the air, without purifying it. While the nose is assailed with countless stinks, the ear is stormed by a babel of bastard Scotch and bad English, mixed with fragments of genuine Gaelic, and the rolling periods and rough brogue that mark the Irish Celt. There are old clothes' shops and brokers' shops in abundance, where your presence is fervently solicited, and where you may purchase for next to nothing garments and furniture that will last you for next to no time—the dirt being given in *gratis*. A short, thickset gentleman with a red face, and redder hair, beseeches you to expend a bawbee on his 'harrins,' which are cheap and filling at the price. Another gentleman, also very hairy and red, forces upon you the beauties of his 'soft goods,' which comprise cotton, calico, handkerchiefs, and such like. A 'souter,' or shoemaker, proffers you the chance of treading in the shoes of another man, whose character, if it was as large and solid as his cast-off boots, you would

despair of emulating. A 'carlin,' or fat old lady, with a brick-dust head of hair glimmering in the gas-light, offers you the refreshment of bannocks, and sowens, and crowdie at her stall, where you may have an *al fresco* entertainment at a small charge, in the presence of a knot of bare-legged callants, whose mouths water at the unattainable delicacies. At every step there is an inducement held out to you 'jest to wet yer thrapple;' until a fight between two drunken women drives you from the scene, and you crush your way through the wriggling mass, wondering how often the girls get their naked toes trod upon on a Saturday night in the Saltmarket.

We have already noticed the great number of tobacco shops. It was to the Virginian weed, indeed, that Glasgow was very much indebted for its present greatness. Our thoughts may have been already directed to this by the name of one of the chief streets in the city—Jamaica Street—that street at whose Ann Street corner we saw a large block of building, four stories high (and those very big stories), entirely constructed of cast iron and plate glass. This name of Jamaica Street, and also that of Virginia Street, may have suggested to our minds that there had been, at some time or other, an intimate acquaintance between Glasgow and tobacco. Glassford Street, too—whose name, as strangers, we might be likely to overlook—would also help us to the same information; for Mr. Glassford was one of those tobacco merchants who, a century ago, lorded it among the aristocracy of Glasgow, stalking through the streets in gay scarlet cloaks, like to that which Frank Osbaldistone wore when he fought Rashleigh in the College Garden, hard by the Saltmarket. A hundred years ago, and, indeed, up to the breaking out of the American

war in 1774, 'the Virginians' were the aristocrats of Glasgow.* They had a privileged walk at the Cross, where they strutted in their long scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs. If a respectable master-tradesman wished to speak to anyone of them, he had to promenade on the opposite side of the street until the tobacco-lord condescended to give him a sign of recognition, and a signal to advance. Mr. Glassford was a leader among these Virginians, in company with the Stirlings, and Spreulls, and Spiers, and Cuninghames. He lived in a fine residence, called 'Smallfield House' (which was pulled down in order to make room for the street called after his name), and there he received Prince Charles Edward, on his retreat from Derby. His five-and-twenty ships traversed the Atlantic to receive from his Virginian factors that particular colonial produce of which Glasgow alone engrossed forty-nine, out of the ninety, thousand hogsheads that were annually imported into Great Britain. But the American war brought a dismal and rapid change to these Virginians. All were great losers, and some were completely beggared. Their proud prestige had gone, never to return; and the establishment of the Tontine Coffee-room in 1781, and the increasing intercourse of the citizens with the world, gave to their reign the *coup de grâce*. Henceforth their walk at the Cross was not considered as sacred to them alone; and a master-tradesman could address them with impunity.

The corner house at the Cross (by the Tontine) marks the site of the old Tolbooth; and the turrets and embrasures with which this heavy and tasteless block of building is furnished are intended to remind us of this.

* A full history of 'the Glasgow Tobacco Aristocracy' will be found in Dr. Strang's *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 30.

Just round the High Street corner is the old tower of the jail, straddling over the pavement. Not, however, that we can recognise it as the jail, for it is called the Cross Steeple, and the lofty tower is surmounted by a royal crown, like that upon the tower of St. Nicholas' Church at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and as it occupies a similar position to the Trongate Church that we have just passed, we think, in the simplicity of our minds, that it must be a companion ecclesiastical edifice. When, therefore, a polite individual informs me that it was the steeple attached to the old Tolbooth or prison, notwithstanding that I thank that individual for his polite communication, I pass on my way with the grim satisfaction that although a slight amount of verdant greenness may be visible in my eye, yet that I am not quite such a simpleton of a Southron as to be gulled by this wily Scot; and I am confirmed in my opinion that it is the tower of a church, and not of a prison, by the hour just then striking from its clock, and its beautiful chime of twenty-eight bells vigorously clashing out into a psalm tune.*

From one mistake we may easily glide into another. I mistake the old jail for a church, and shortly afterwards I imagine its successor to be a Town Hall or 'High School'—guesses at truth of which the 'two brothers' would have been ashamed. The present jail, however,

* This steeple is so highly prized, that it was not until 1842 that the opening through its base was made for the use of foot passengers; although, from the extreme narrowness of the street, and the increased population, the traffic at this point must have been dangerously impeded. As it is, it is worse than Temple Bar! The crowned steeple is peculiar to the north, and does not occur farther south than Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The finest and richest example is, that at St. Giles' Cathedral Church, Edinburgh. Another example exists at King's College, Aberdeen; and two others were formerly to be seen at Linlithgow and Haddington.

is combined with the Justiciary Court; in its front is a handsome Grecian portico, supported by a colonnade of pillars, and approached by a wide flight of steps. It faces Glasgow Green—that system of green, and parks, and haughs, that forms the People's Park. This green is one of the largest (being upwards of 140 acres) in the kingdom, and as well situated as any, being close upon the busiest part of the town, and yet enjoying much of the advantage of the country, while for more than a mile it has a most admirable river frontage. About half way along the Green, towards Rutherglen, the river makes a sudden and acute sweep round that portion of it called 'The Fleshers' Haugh' (the 'Fleshers,' we must remember, are the butchers of the North); and here the scenery is particularly pleasing, from the combination of wood and water, the stirring sight presented by the Clyde, and the fine view of the city with its crowd of tall chimneys. There is a winding carriage-drive through the Green, two miles and a half long, and several rows and avenues of trees; but, as compared with other parks, it is a somewhat barren tract,* and leaves much room for ornament and improvement. It is a park that might very easily be laid out to pictorial advantage, and it is to be regretted that it is not made fully worthy of the city, of which it is the healthiest 'lung.' The portion of the Green near to the jail is used for the great pleasure fair of Glasgow, when the hundreds of booths and shows, and swinging-boats, are clustered near to a great obelisk, 134 feet high, which

* There is an unfortunate reason for this. The wooded and shady portions of the Green were perverted to such bad purposes, that, by order of the magistrates, rows of beeches, hedges, and shrubberies were cut down, in order to prevent the misconduct of the people. See the Rev. James Hall's *Travels in Scotland by an Unusual Route*, p. 568. Published 1807.

was the first monument erected in the country to the memory of Nelson, and not the least ugly, which is saying a great deal. A part of the Green near to this obelisk is used for a drying ground, and a large area of the green turf is abundantly flecked with bleached linen from Monday morning till Saturday night. Dr. Strang, in his 'Glasgow and its Clubs,' gives us many particulars of the scenes on this green at the close of the last century, 'when a dozen of tubs were being used for what was designated "tramping clothes,"' or, in other words, when many couples of well-made happy-looking girls, kilted above the knees, waltzed, if not with the grace, at least with the agility of the best *danseuse* at the Opera. In the words of the author of 'The Siller Gun,' it might be truly said:—

Whae'er has dauner'd out at e'en,
And seen the sights that I hae seen,
For strapping lasses tight and clean
 May proudly tell—
That, search the country, Glasgow Green
 Will bear the bell!

James Lackington, the shoemaker, bookseller, and preacher, who visited Glasgow Green in 1789, has also left a description of the tub-washing.

There have been numerous attempts made to destroy this coveted area of green-sward, but as yet it has been preserved to the people. Some have wished to build houses upon it, some, factories; some have desired to bring the railways and their stations to that convenient spot; while some have longed to work it for the coal that lies under its surface in fine seams;* but the Corporation have stood firm to their trust, and have been

* Seven fine seams of coal have been found under the Green, within a depth of 366 feet, containing an aggregate of 1,500,000 tons. See Dr. Cleland's *Annals of Glasgow*.

faithful guardians of the people's property. A portion of the Green was bought by the Corporation (for the citizens) at various times, but the bulk of it was given by King James IV. in 1450, at the prayer of Bishop Turnbull; it was given 'for the use and recreation of the citizens.' May it never be diverted from the original purport of its grant.

Passing the jail, on our way back from the Green to the Cross, and re-entering the Saltmarket, we see, to our left hand, a street slanting riverwards, called Bridgegate Street, but *vulgariter* 'Briggate.' Like the Saltmarket, it was once a respectable quarter, the home of the Glasgow merchants and bankers; but it has long since survived its best days, and is now colonised by a settlement of poor Paddies. Here we find Silvercraig's house, the home of Cromwell during his occupation of Glasgow. He had marched there after the victory of Dunbar, having taken possession of Edinburgh on the way. The following characteristic anecdotes are told of him during the time he was in Glasgow:—Soon after his arrival, he sent for Mr. Patrick Gillespie, the minister of the Outer High Church, who at that time had the chief influence in ecclesiastical matters; and by his hospitable treatment, his religious discourse, and his long prayers, so won upon this person, that he afterwards warmly espoused his cause, and took every opportunity of proclaiming his belief that Cromwell was indeed one of the elect. Not long after, when Cromwell went in state to the High Church, the pulpit happened to be occupied that forenoon by a preacher* who, with more zeal than discretion, seized the opportunity to inveigh with considerable bitterness against

* The celebrated Zecharias Boyd, according to some versions of the story.

Cromwell and his proceedings. One of the general's officers (his secretary Thurloe, as some accounts say) whispered him for leave 'to pull the fellow out by the ears;' but Cromwell replied, 'No, no: we will manage him another way.' Or, according to another version, the request was for leave to 'pistol the scoundrel;' and Cromwell's answer, 'He is one fool, and you are another.' But the preacher accepted an invitation to dine with Cromwell, who concluded the entertainment with a prayer which lasted for three hours; contriving so completely to satisfy his scruples, that when the preacher went back to church, his evening sermon was all in praise of the victor of Naseby, whom he had so abused in his morning's discourse.

The room where Cromwell held his *levées* in Silvercraig's house was used, within these thirty years, as a sale-room for old furniture. Not far from this spot Prince Charles Edward was wellnigh having his chequered career brought to an untimely close, by being fired at by some Presbyterian enthusiast, as he rode through the Saltmarket.

So we leave the old-clothes shops, and brokers' shops, and tobacco-shops, and whiskey-shops, that now infest this region, and, passing the Cross, we keep straight on, up the ascent of the narrow and tortuous High Street. But we meet the same shops all over again; for the High Street is in every respect a continuation of the Saltmarket, both as regards the street and the nature of the buildings and population. In both places the character of the houses is very high, and that of the people very low. The houses, also, look very dirty; and so do the people. The perfume from either is not very agreeable, the most pleasant to the nasal sense being the odour of whiskey, which, with a strong dash of onions and bad

tobacco, may be said to pervade the atmosphere. Glasgow, indeed, lies in a whiskey climate; and if the citizens are as saturated with the Darwin theory as they are with the odour of whiskey, we might almost expect that, in the course of time, they would be transmuted into whiskey-bottles.

Oh this whiskey, this whiskey! it thus takes hold of our noses, and stares us in the face at the commencement of our journey, and it will encounter us at every turn. The glass 'o' whiskey' is decidedly 'the glass of fashion' in Scotland. When Dr. Johnson visited Scotland, he abstained from whiskey until he had reached as far as Inverary, where he treated himself to a gill, his excuse for this unusual indulgence being, that he might know 'what it was that made a Scotchman happy.' Afterwards, when he designed 'to do honour to the modes of other times,' he put water into his quaich: like as I have known a hospitable host who disliked wine, and at his frequent dinner-parties kept close to his elbow a hock-bottle filled with clear toast and water, from which he frequently 'took wine;' also taking care that no one should interfere with his own private bottle. When the first Lord Breadalbane succeeded to his estates in Caithness, and desired to subjugate the people, he caused a ship laden with whiskey to be stranded on the coast. The bait was taken; and by the time that he knew the people would be helplessly drunk, and unable to offer any resistance, he landed, and speedily made those vessels of inebriety his vassals. This was certainly a method for preventing useless slaughter, that might find favour with rival combatants even at the present day.

CHAPTER VII.

A SCOTCH UNIVERSITY AND ITS PRECINCTS.

Glasgow University—Exterior and Interior—‘Cyril Thornton’—Character of the Students—Advantages as a Place for Instruction—A Day of Episcopal Glasgow—Foundation of the University—Bell o’ the Brae—Bearing up the Bishop’s Tail—Wallace—The Malefactors—Rotten Row—Various Derivations and Conjectures—The Drygate—Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots.

HALFWAY up this thronged and dirty High Street, we find ourselves in front of a venerable-looking building of deep brown stone, 330 feet in length and three stories high—the third story, with its dormer windows, being in the roof—with all the window-tops richly decorated with carved scroll-and-panel-work; an arched entrance-doorway in the centre lying in the shadow of heavy stone balconies, and surmounted by a mass of conventional Jacobæan ornaments, enclosing the royal arms, with the initials ‘C. R. ii.’ A tall tower, with a cupola (the lightning-conductor to which was fixed there by no ordinary workman—Benjamin Franklin to wit), appears over the steep roof; and, through the entrance-gateway, we see the first of the three courts of the building. After a while, we recognise this building to be the Glasgow University—but with some little hesitation, as the engravings that we had just seen in the print-shop windows represent it as standing in a spacious street. To our English

eyes, it looks much more like an 'university'—or rather, a college of an university—than does its modern spick-and-span compatriot at Edinburgh. But however harmonious the locality may have been two centuries since for this venerable seat of learning, yet, at this present date, its buildings look sadly out of place. But in vain have enterprising railway companies endeavoured to buy it up, and transport it to a purer atmosphere and more refined neighbourhood: the Lord Rector and his four Nations will not hear of such a profane scattering of venerated relics; and so the Glasgow fountain of knowledge still springs hard by the slums and whiskey-shops.

Perhaps the best description of it, its students, and its *curriculum* of study, is to be found in the pleasant pages of 'Cyril Thornton.' The appearance of the building, and the impression made by it upon the young student, are thus described:—

'At length, the appearance of an ancient and venerable building informed me that I stood in presence of the University. There is certainly something fine and imposing in its proud and massive front. It seems to stand forth in aged dignity, the last and only bulwark of science and literature, among a population by whom science is regarded but as a source of profit, and literature despised.

'On passing the outer gate, I entered a small quadrangle, which, though undistinguished by any remarkable architectural beauty, yet harmonised well, in its air of Gothic antiquity, with the general character of the place. This led to another of larger dimensions, of features not dissimilar; and having crossed this, a turn to the left brought me to a third, of more modern construction, which was entirely appropriated to the

residence of the professors. There was something fine and impressive in the sudden transition from the din and bustle of the streets which surrounded it, to the stillness and the calm which reign within the time-hallowed precincts of the University. I seemed at once to breathe another and purer atmosphere, and I thought, in my youthful enthusiasm, that here I could cast off the coil of the world and its contemptible realities, and yield up my spirit to the lore of past ages, where I saw nothing round me to intrude the idea of the present.'

I will make no apology for introducing two other quotations from the same work, as it is impossible for a stranger to describe with any approximate accuracy the interior life of an university with whose buildings alone he has made a passing acquaintance.

The character of the students is thus touched upon by the author of 'Cyril Thornton':—

'A few weeks passed away, and the courts of the college, formerly deserted and silent, were instinct with life and bustle. The session had now commenced, and nearly two thousand students crowded its halls. They were principally the sons of merchants and tradesmen of the city, and natives of the north of Ireland, of the very lowest order of the people, who came, generally in a state of miserable destitution, to qualify themselves in the speediest and cheapest manner for the functions of the ministry. The leavening of English in this promiscuous assemblage was comparatively small, and chiefly furnished by the Dissenters, who were compelled to seek, in the more liberal establishments of Scotland, that access to knowledge and instruction from which they were legally excluded by the great seminaries of their native land. There were also a few Englishmen of a higher class, who were placed, like myself, under

the more immediate guidance and tuition of some particular professor, and in whose family they were received as inmates.'

And, finally, the author of 'Cyril Thornton' thus sums up the advantages of the Glasgow University as a place for instruction:—

'It is, perhaps, an advantage to Glasgow, as a seminary of education, that it affords none of the appliances of elegant dissipation. Nowhere else does vice meet the eye so perfectly denuded of those external decorations with which refinement too often succeeds in hiding her deformity. She there appears, not as a young and captivating female, rich in guilty and seductive blandishments, but as a haggard and disgusting beldam. To be dissipated in Glasgow, one must cease to be a gentleman. He must at once throw off all the delicacy with which nature or education has invested him, and become familiar with the squalid haunts of low and loathsome debauchery. Youth cannot do this. At that age, even the visions of sensual enjoyment are mingled and connected with high intellectual excitement. In the very strength and ardour of his passion there is safety. He contemplates the glowing pictures of love and beauty, which teem in his imagination; and he is guarded as with a sevenfold shield from the assaults of gross and vulgar pollution.'

Professor Cosmo Innes has been enabled, by industrious research, to describe the scene presented in Glasgow on the day of the foundation of the University; and as to abridge it would be to spoil it, I present it in his own words:—

'Take one day of Episcopal Glasgow, the day of the foundation of the University. Fill that old High Street with its historical associations; remove the smoke and

squalor that in our days gather about the eastern extremities of cities; restore the quaint architecture—the burghers' houses thrusting their tall gables and "forestairs" to the street, the line broken with here and there a more ornate front of a friary or hospital, or the residential house of some dignified canon; dress the people in the picturesque dress of the fifteenth century—the merchant sallying forth in his gown and bonnet of peace, the women in snood and kirtle decking their windows and outer stairs with green boughs, and hanging bright carpets and banners from their balconies. The merchants' stalls are mostly closed, for it is a holiday. The few booths open display commodities to tempt the rural visitors—gay cloths and silks of Flanders and Italy—a suit of Milan armour, long swords and daggers of Toledo temper—sheaves of bow-staves and tall spearshafts—so tall, that poor bare Scotland has no wood fit to make them, and they are from over sea. The country people are gathering in fast, all in holiday garb—"kindly tenants" of "the barony," sturdy yeomen from the upper wards, mounted, and with their dames on pillions behind them, willing to see the grand ceremony, and to pleasure their lord the bishop, who takes mighty interest in its object. A dozen lords of neighbouring manors ride in—Maxwells and Hamiltons, Douglasses and Colquhouns—some of them with a dim vision of the matter in hand, and of the effects that may result from this day's work to future generations. Each of these rural lords is attended by a little troop of men-at-arms, flaunting their leader's banner, and making gay the streets with the clang and splash of their chargers.

'The different bands meet at the Cross, and all press up the High Street, until, near the summit, and when the grey cathedral comes in sight, they find the church pro-

cession already formed. The bishop is there in pontifical robes and mitre, preceded by his cross-bearers, and followed by the dignitaries and whole Chapter, in full canonicals, all the choral vicars, hundreds of chaplains, acolytes, and officers of the cathedral, with the banners of the Church, and all the pride and pomp which the old Church was so skillful in throwing around her proceedings. There, too, came some lines of friendly friars, black and grey, so much interested in the occasion that some are preparing their great refectory as the most convenient hall for the first lectures, and others furnish the most esteemed and popular of the teachers of the new University.

‘From the street to the cathedral, and that vast nave is filled at once; while, in the choir, after a solemn mass has been celebrated, amid the pealing of the organ, the clang of trumpets, and clouds of incense, the stately prelate in person promulgates the papal bulls of erection and privilege, and solemnly inaugurates the University.’*

But the University buildings were not always on this site. We shall see where they once stood, if we walk on up this narrow High Street, and come to its very narrowest part, where the street twists sinuously up a steep hill—a very ravine of a street—with tall houses, gloomy and dirty, on either hand, all alive with bare-legged women, and half-naked children, and whiskey-drinking men, and with innumerable entrances to closes and wynds, into whose foul mysteries we do not desire to penetrate. We are, however, treading upon historical ground, for this is the ‘Bell o’ the Brae’ portion of High Street. Here came Wallace with his brave band

* Cosmo Innes’ *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, pp. 67–9.

of a hundred and fifty men, when he had marched from Ayr to defeat Edward the First's designs against the Scotch bishops, and here he gave the word 'Bear up the Bishop's tail!' * and hastening on towards the bishop's palace, where Edward's bishop (Beck) was now installed, he met the thousand men in armour led by Lord Percy of Northumberland. The clash of conflict was just here: and it was going hard with Wallace and his valiant band, when his other band of a hundred and fifty men, headed by the Laird of Auchinleck, fell suddenly on the English rear, and divided the column. In their moment of surprise, Wallace dashed forward, and with one stroke of his broadsword cleft Percy's head in twain. Thereupon the English fled, leaving the Scots masters of the field. Bishop Beck was forced to follow his retreating countrymen; and the true Bishop of Glasgow was restored to 'enjoy his ain again.'

It was in this Bell o' the Brae, in later times, that the cart with the condemned malefactor was brought to a stand, when on its way from the Tolbooth to the gallows at Howgate. The ceremony was far different to the old bowl of punch custom at Tyburn. The condemned was dressed in a loose white gown, trimmed with black; his coffin was placed before him, and in his hand was a Bible. A verse or two of a psalm was sung, and the malefactor favoured the company by giving out the line. His equanimity must have been equal to that of Jamie Wilson, who, when he was hanged at Glasgow, August 20, 1820, for his participation in the Radical Riots, coolly observed to the hangman, 'Tam, did ye ever see sic a crowd?' This person, after he had been hung, was beheaded: the last time in which the axe and block were used in Glasgow.

* *History of Glasgow*, by Andrew Brown. 1797.

But we were to see the ancient site of the University. It was here in Rotten-row Street—this street on our left hand, leading at right angles from the High Street, and on the highest ground in the city. It stood on the south side of the street, but ‘all that is known of this edifice is, that it survived the year 1524, when it is mentioned by the term “Auld Pedogogye,” to distinguish it from the “New Pedagogye” on the site of the present edifice.’* This Rotten Row was, in those days, a fashionable and learned quarter, in the very heart of St. Mungo’s city, and pervaded by an ecclesiastical atmosphere. Here, in addition to the University buildings, were the thirty-two prebendal manses, the monasteries of the Grey Friars and the Black Friars, with other houses appertaining to a cathedral establishment. Here, in fact, was the nucleus of the present great city. It commenced with St. Mungo’s (*alias* St. Kentigern’s) Church, and consisted for a time of the dwellings of the ecclesiastics and their dependants. By degrees, the houses were gradually extended down the slope of the hill facing the river, and when Bishop Turnbull founded the University in 1451,† the little burgh made a wonderful stride, and so many new streets had sprung up, that the town now began to make pretensions to be considered as a city. Although this quarter has gone rapidly downwards in fashion and importance since those old days of ecclesiastical power and greatness, yet a faint reflex of its former splendour may still be seen in the monastic look that several of the houses wear, despite the degradations they have been made to endure.

* Billings and Burns’ *Antiquities of Scotland*, vol. ii.

† The bull was granted by Pope Nicolas V., January 7, 1451. (See *Munimenta Alme Universitatis Glasguensis*, published by the Maitland Club.) The date usually given is 1460; but the foregoing authority is explicit on this point.

A word or two as to the singular name of this street—Rotten Row: whence its derivation? We know what Rotten Row is in London;* and it is commonly supposed that this ride, where fashion displays itself on horseback, is so called because its gravel is always kept *rotten* or loose, so that horses are able to gallop over it with the least likelihood of falling, or hurting their feet. This clearly would not apply to the Glasgow Rotten Row. Nor would Rateen Rowe be the origin of the word—from its being a place where the woollen-stuff called *rateen* was sold—as some have suggested; while others have endeavoured to find its etymology in the (alleged) circumstance that it passed by buildings that were old and *rotten*—which, however true it may be at the present day, could not have been the origin of the name, as the street was called Rotten Row when its buildings were first erected. Others have said that the former inhabitants of this street were so dissolute, that the name it now bears was given to it in order to stigmatise their immorality. But this etymology—as also that which would derive it from the Scottish word ‘rats’ or ‘rattons’—is rejected by the Mungovians, although, in 1458, the ‘Vicus Rattonum’ is the term actually used in the Archbishop of Glasgow’s chartulary.† Mr. Pishey Thompson (the historian of Lincolnshire) had met with portions of more than one English parish that bore this curious name, and he derives it (on the authority of Camden) from *rotteran*, ‘to muster’—making the term to have a military origin, and quoting from Blount’s

* Nothing is said regarding the derivation of this name in *Murray’s Handbook to London*, by Peter Cunningham, Esq. Second Edition.

† *Notes and Queries*, 1st s. ii. 236, where also is another derivation which makes the term the equivalent of the *Ratumena Porta* of ancient Rome.

Glossographia (1670), where the word *Rot* is defined to be 'a term of war; six men (be they pikes or musqueteers) make a *Rot* or file;' and also from Cole's *Dictionary* (1685), where a similar meaning is given. From these authorities, Mr. Thompson is led to infer, that the term Rotten Row is a corruption of the name originally applied to the place where the feudal lord of a town or village held his *Rother* or muster, and where the *Rots*, into which his vassals were divided, assembled for the purpose of military exercise.*

This last etymology has certainly much to plead in its favour: but it is not the last derivation that can be brought forward. For example, an American lady, Madame Octavia Walton le Vert,† derives the word Rotten Row (she is speaking of London) from *Route du Roi*, saying that the ride is reserved for those on horseback, and that the Queen's carriage alone is permitted in that exclusive place; and if we were inclined to transfer this etymology to Glasgow, we should be able to find facts to strengthen our supposition. Thus, Rotten Row was the occasional residence of the Scottish monarchs, who would pass along it on their way to the High Church; where also Edward I. went daily during the three days that he spent at the Grey Friars' monastery: and so it may have been called 'the King's Route.' It may; but it would appear to be derived from the word *rotten* or *routine*—from the Latin *rota*, 'a wheel,' whence we get 'rotation,' &c.—and to have been so called because the processions of the Church passed along it.‡ This meaning clearly suits the Glas-

* *Notes and Queries*, 1st s. v. 160.

† *Souvenirs of Travel*, published in 1857.

‡ Professor Innes, however, in his *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, speaking of Glasgow, says: 'The houses of the dean and canons, and

gow Rotten Row; and might also be applied to its London namesake, hard by Westminster Abbey. It also suits a Rotten Row near to Alnwick Castle, for the 'Row' evidently was the path leading to the Abbey.

The leading streets of Glasgow take the form of a cross, the point of intersection being at the Trongate. This form of the most important streets also existed at the early period to which we have just been referring; but the point of intersection was then at the Bell o' the Brae part of High Street, where Rotten Row would form the western arm, and the Drygate the eastern. This Drygate was at that time one of the chief streets: the Royal Mint was there, and the houses of several of the nobility. But its most interesting historical association is, that here were the lodgings of Lord Darnley, during the time of his temporary separation from Mary. Here he lay grievously ill of the small-pox, and upon his earnestly desiring to see his wife, hither she came from Edinburgh to visit him. She rode to Glasgow from Callander House, the abode of her faithful Protestant friends, Lord and Lady Livingstone, where she had supped and slept the previous night;* and after a long and tedious ride through the bad roads and wintry weather of a January day, reached Darnley's lodgings at the edge of night. She had brought with her her own litter, for the greater comfort of her husband on his proposed removal from Glasgow to Craigmillar Castle, where she had made every pre-

of the cathedral vicars, were in the neighbourhood, and chiefly along the street bearing the ancient ecclesiastical name of Rotton-row.' And, he adds in a foot-note: 'It will be observed that the framers of these deeds adopted the popular etymology, *via rattunum*. The name is now generally supposed to be derived from Routine Row—an unsatisfactory etymology.' (P. 66.)

* Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland*, v. 117.

paration that should tend to his recovery. After the Queen's arrival in Glasgow, and probably in consequence of her tender attention to his comfort, Darnley progressed so rapidly in his convalescence that, within three days, he was able to commence his journey under her care, and that night they reached Callander. In four days after, they had arrived at Edinburgh; where, instead of proceeding to Craigmillar Castle, as Mary had proposed, Darnley hastened to his own destruction, by accepting those lodgings in the Kirk-of-Field which had been selected for him by the ministers, who were all secretly leagued with Morton and the returned outlaws for the murder.* We all know the fatal termination to this tale, and the ruin that followed Mary upon her supposed participation in the crime. I say 'supposed,' for, in the face of the strong evidence brought forward to the contrary, I cannot believe that she had any knowledge of, much less share in, one of the most odious crimes ever committed. So that standing here in the Drygate of Glasgow, near to the house where Darnley lodged, I can only see a young and loving wife hastening to rejoin her sick and repentant husband.

* Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland*, v. 129, 132.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOTCH CATHEDRAL.

The Old Barony Church—Improvements since Rob Roy's Day—The Waigh Kirk—Present State of the Crypt—St. Mungo's Tomb—Relics and their Worshippers—Credibility and Gullibility—St. Mungo's History—First Impressions of the Cathedral—Its Service—Its Restoration and Antecedents—Benefactors to the Work—Early History and Foundation—The Choir, Pulpit, Bible, and Bell—Stained Glass—The Munich Windows—Exterior of Cathedral—Destruction of the West Tower—South-west View—The Burial Ground—Old Restrictions on the Women's Worship.

LEAVING the precincts of the narrow, uphill, twisting High Street, with its wretched closes and wynds, we come upon a fine open space where we can both breathe and move more freely. Before us is the Infirmary, a fine-looking structure, built on the site of the old castle, or palace of the bishop. To our right is the Barony Church, built in 1801, from the designs of Adams, the architect of the Infirmary; it is in wretched taste, and the less said about it the better. But it is necessary to refer to it, as it was built for the accommodation of the worshippers in that old Barony Church, in the magnificent crypt of the cathedral, of which Pennant says, 'the congregation may truly have said *Clamavi e profundis*;' and of which Sir Walter Scott has introduced the following oft-quoted description in the pages of 'Rob Roy':—

'We entered a small low-arched door, secured by a wicket, which a grave-looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps, as if into the funeral-vaults beneath the church. It was even so, for in these subterranean precincts, why chosen for such a purpose I knew not, was established a very singular place of worship. Conceive, Tresham, an extensive range of low-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and has long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and battered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, "princes in Israel." Inscriptions which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the acts of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath. Surrounded by those receptacles of the last remains of mortality, I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer.'*

It was in this church in the catacombs, it will be remembered, that Frank Osbaldistone received his mysterious warning to give Rob Roy the midnight meeting on the bridge. These subterranean vaults and charnel-houses formed the Barony Church—the 'Laigh Kirk of Glasgow,' which Andrew Fairservice so greatly preferred to that 'High Church' just over their heads, where

* *Rob Roy*, ii. chap. 3.

there was to be found but 'cauld rife law-work,' and 'carnal morality, as dow'd and as fusionless as rue-leaves at Yule,' instead of the 'real savour of doctrine.' The chief characteristics of the crypt are somewhat changed since the day when they were so vigorously described by Sir Walter Scott; for the pews, and other lumber and rubbish, have all been swept away, together with a deposit of earth nearly six feet in depth, so that the bases of the pillars and the pavement are now exposed to view, and the 'low-browed vaults' have consequently gained six feet in height. All the stone-work, too, has been scraped, and admirably restored by Blore (during the last fifteen years) at the Government expense; and the massive columns and early English arches have now a clean and cared-for appearance. The bosses on the groined roof, and the capitals of some of the pillars, are elaborately carved. From the sloping nature of the ground towards the east of the Cathedral, sufficient window-space is obtained for lighting the crypt, which now presents anything but the appearance of a 'dark cavern;' although, from the number of the pillars and arches, the light is so intercepted, as to make it of that 'dim, religious' character, which harmonises with the solemnity of the spot. The effect was greatly improved in January, 1862, by the introduction of three beautiful specimens of painted glass, the work of an Italian artist.*

* Executed upon the mosaic enamel principle, these works illustrate the perfection to which the art of painting upon glass can be carried. The drawing is admirable, and the colours powerful and harmonious. These windows exhibit, in a satisfactory manner, the present state of art in Italy. The artist has, from the size of the lancet, enjoyed more scope in the subject of our Saviour and the woman at the well. The canopy, by a very curious design, forms the covering of the well, and to those familiar with fine old wells of mediæval times, this will recall

The crypt is thus described by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, as it appeared to him thirty years since :—‘It is fit for nothing else than a cemetery ; and how any one could have continued to sit in this dark, cold, and dismal crypt to hear to an end a Presbyterian minister’s long sermon and prayer, is to me astonishing. It is semi-subterraneous, and so thick, and so numerous are the columns, requisite as they are to support all the superincumbent edifice, that there is not more than the space of a man’s length between any two individual pillars in the whole crypt. Entering this place, and observing the light and shade distributed among its numerous columns, and the mighty arches overspread with their massive and unwrought interlacings, and recollecting not only the grave and quaint people that preached and listened there, and the old Romish bishops that, together with St. Mungo, lie here interred, I certainly was struck with the solemnity of the scene, and was caught up in the recollections which it gave birth to.’* The tomb of St. Mungo (or St. Kentigern) occupies the eastern part of the crypt, immediately below the altar—the probable situation of the spot where his body was interred,

many beautiful examples in England and on the Continent. The figures tell the touching story admirably : sitting by the well, weary and footsore, the Saviour turns to the listening woman, who came to draw water, with a gentle and persuasive look and action ; she pauses and listens with an absorbed air ; the seed which is to bear fruit in her soul is sown, the gracious promise of the text printed beneath, so freely offered to her although of so miserable a condition, converts her to a new life. The artist has felt and expressed this in his fine painting. The other two windows are smaller : one of them represents St. Luke the Apostle, and is designed and painted with feeling and skill. The other window represents St. John the Baptist. The earnest, eager, impressive look of the inspired preacher is well rendered by the artist. This window is erected by Mr. John Ferguson, merchant, of Glasgow, to the memory of his uncle, the late Rev. Edward Irving.

* *Three Weeks in Scotland.*

January 16, 601. Miracles (of which his biographer Joceline gives an account) were wrought at his tomb, and his body, as a matter of course, was long preserved in the reliquary of the Cathedral, together with many other relics, more nasty than authentic. It seems astonishing that any one with the very smallest portion of common sense, or the minutest atom of reasoning faculties, could ever be found to pin a particle of faith either on the authenticity or efficacy of Romish relics. But, as Cardinal Caraffa said of the Parisians, in that well-known Latin adage— If the people like to be deceived, why, let them. And the more fools they! I dare say the wily Cardinal added, with his tongue in his cheek. And the way the Mungovians liked to be deceived was, in flocking to honour those dry bones that had been so wondrously preserved for a thousand years—although the *exact* spot where the body of the saint had been laid was never known; and although, for five hundred years after his death, there is such a total blank in the ecclesiastical history of the place, that the only satisfactory way of accounting for it is by pulling in that *Deus ex machinâ* of the period, the Danes, who are supposed to have destroyed the church, and routed the religious community. Where were the relics all this time?

But the Glasgow worshippers never doubted the credibility of those miraculously-preserved bones; and, by their example and precept, induced others to make pilgrimages to St. Mungo's shrine, and be repaid for their time and toil by a sight of the following venerated relics, of which (as the chief attractions of the Cathedral) a list has been preserved. Here it is, for the satisfaction of those enthusiasts who may wish to trace out the present *locale* of any of these lost and scattered relics.*

* Archbishop Beaton fled with them to France, in 1560.

The aforesaid bones of the blessed St. Mungo; also, his hair shirt, and the scourge wherewith he flogged himself; also a red liquor that flowed from his tomb. A part of the blessed St. Mungo's body—(an ear, perhaps; for, as they also exhibited his bones, how could they contrive a good *alibi* for any portion of his body—unless they were reduced to the necessity of explaining that the one belonged to St. Mungo when a young man, and the other when he died in the odour of sanctity, in the eighty-fifth year of his age?*) The scourge of St. Thomas à Becket—used by him, probably, in his public performances. A piece of St. Bartholomew's skin. Bones of St. Eugene, St. Blaise, St. Thanew, and St. Ninian; also no end of bones of minor saints, with toe-nails, and other lesser relics. A bone of St. Mary Magdalene. A piece of the true cross, and of the manger. A piece of the Virgin Mary's girdle; also, some of her hair; also, a phial containing her milk, &c., *usque ad nauseam*, and a great deal further.

St. Mungo appears to have been a very good man, and highly useful in his generation; and he deserved better of his countrymen than to have his (presumed) bones and body made into a raree-show. He came of royal blood, though not born in holy wedlock; for his father is supposed to have been the son of Eugenius the Third, King of the Scots; and his mother Thametis † was the

* A curious error on this point occurs in Forsyth's account of St. Mungo, who says, 'that he reached the age of *nine* score and five years, which would make him 185 years of age.

† Afterwards called St. Thenaw, or Thanew (whence her bones, and those of St. Eugene, the saint's father, among the relics). This name was afterwards converted to St. Enoch, to whom the church at the end of Buchanan Street is dedicated. It was built in 1827; but the spire belongs to the previous church, built in 1780, which was one of the churches of the George the Third order of architecture, with a Doric portico on the outside, and a large Venetian window within.

daughter of Lothus, King of the Picts. His birth was romantic ; for his mother, in order to conceal her shame, and in dread of her father's anger, stole away from her home, and betook herself to a boat that she found upon the beach. The frail bark was driven out to sea, the sport of the winds and waves, and at length cast on the Perthshire shore, where the town of Culross is now situated. Here she gave birth to a son, whom she left in charge of a nurse, and then returned home. The boy was baptized and educated by St. Servanus (or St. Serf) Bishop of Orkney, who lived in a hermitage on the beautiful hill where the Abbey of Culross was afterwards founded. The boy (says Bishop Spottiswood) gave tokens of his rare piety, 'for he was in prayer more frequent than young ones are seen to be, of a spare diet, and so compassionate to the poor, that he distributed all that came into his hands among them.' He never ate meat, or drank wine, and he slept on the cold ground, with a stone for his pillow ; but, as Shakspeare tells us,

Weariness can snore upon a flint,
While drowsy sloth finds the down pillow hard.

On leaving Servanus, he passed into Cumbria, was chosen Bishop of Glasgow, and had his chief residence at Alcluyd or Dunbritton, near Glasgow. A persecution being raised against him, he went to Wales, and founded a monastery between the rivers Elwid and Edway, where 965 people were daily entertained, and where, by 365 of the number, prayer was ever made without ceasing, in a similar way to that afterwards pursued by Nicolas Ferrar at Little Gidding.* Finally,

* See this subject at some length in Thomas Innes' *Civil and Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, p. 127, &c. See also Professor Cosmo Innes' *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, p. 29.

he returned to his native country, founded the first church at Glasgow, and was there buried.*

But, leaving St. Mungo to his repose in the crypt below, let us ascend the flight of steps that brings us in front of the richly-sculptured choir-screen, and look around us at the splendid building that has been consecrated to his name.

It so happened (for these notes on Glasgow are not arranged in their chronological sequence, but *en masse*) that my first view of the interior of the Cathedral was on a Sunday afternoon, when, from not having duly reflected on the subject, we had gone (through a pouring rain) to hear 'the Cathedral service,' and had soon been undeceived by finding ourselves in a Presbyterian place of worship. Or, at any rate, we had expected to join in that parochial service that drew from Andrew Fair-service a supercilious sneer, and to 'hae heard the curate linking awa at it in his white sark, and the musicians playing on penny whistles,† mair like a penny wedding than a sermon;' but, 'these clauts o' could parritch, gude eneuch for dogs,' were reserved

* The tomb erected to his memory was pointed out to the Queen and the late Prince Consort when they visited the crypt, in August, 1849. A very good sketch of this, from the pencil of Mr. S. Read, is given in the *Illustrated London News* of that date (August 25); but by far the most satisfactory views of this interesting crypt are those given by Mr. Billings in his *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*.

† The Scotch Presbyterians appear to have so great a dislike to any instrumental accompaniment to their psalmody, that the Church of England church in Glasgow obtained the *soubriquet* of 'The Whistling Kirk,' from its possession and use of an organ. The antipathy to the organ dates from the time of John Knox, who denounced that musical instrument from his pulpit, saying that it was not possible that God could be pleased with 'a kist fu' o' whistles.' This Presbyterian objection appears to be giving way (as at Greenock, for example); and, as stained glass has been introduced into Glasgow Cathedral, the organ may soon follow.

for those beasts, for we found the Cathedral, or High Church, was so 'low church' as to be altogether Presbyterian.

Thus, as in our case, the first view of the interior of Glasgow Cathedral may be slightly disappointing to the English visitor who enters the building with foregone conclusions, and with a keen remembrance of the magnificence of the minsters and cathedrals of his own native country. To him, Glasgow Cathedral would perhaps be nothing more than a very fine specimen of a parish church, with its nave filled with rows of open seats, as in English churches; and it would only be some little peculiarities about the pulpit precincts, and the absence of the communion table and area, that would lead him to any other idea than that he was in some such model parish churches as that of St. George's, Doncaster, or St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. But, the first pang of disappointment over (supposing him to have felt one), he will be able to appreciate the many beauties of the building. To do this thoroughly, however, he must call to mind what was its condition up to these very few years, when cumbrous galleries choked up the aisles, and, by their weight, endangered the pillars of the nave, and nearly threw down the outer walls; when the chancel-arch was bricked up, in order that the building might be divided into two places of worship, called the Inner and the Outer High Church; when the walls were covered with many generations of white-wash, and the pavement with many centuries' accumulations of dirt; when, in short, the Cathedral was trebly branded with the ignominious D, and dirt, damp and decay reigned supreme over all.

Glasgow's benefactor, Dr. Cleland, first stirred up the citizens (in 1829) to the restoration of their Cathedral;

but, though much was said, little was done. Six years after, the Cathedral was pronounced, on sanitary principles, and by competent authority, to be unfit for worship. Then the citizens really bestirred themselves; and, incited by the example of one of the most eminent men in Glasgow (the late Archibald Maclellan, to whom the city is indebted for a fine collection of paintings, now placed in the gallery named after him in Sauchiehall Street), efforts were at once made, which, by the coöperation of the Government and the corporation, have now resulted in one of the most successful restorations of an ecclesiastical building that has occurred even in this age of church restoration. The work has extended over twenty years, and has been directed successively by Mr. Nixon, architect to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; Mr. Blore, on whom the bulk of the restoration has fallen; and Mr. Matheson, the architect of Her Majesty's Board of Works for Scotland. There was an additional reason why this beautiful building should be restored to something like its ancient splendour, as it is the only ecclesiastical building of any dimensions of which Scotland can boast, that has survived the blind fury of the iconoclastic Puritans. Or rather, one ought to say, it is the only building on the mainland, or the only accessible building; for of those who visit Scotland, or of those in Scotland born and bred, how few would visit the distant Orkneys, and see St. Magnus Cathedral at Kirkwall! To those who are unable to sail to this distant spot, the next best thing to do is, to content themselves with reading Scott's description of the building in 'The Pirate,' and to study Mr. Billings' views of the Cathedral and Earl's Palace, given with

so much artistic power combined with photographic fidelity.*

Whatever may have been the nature of the structure of the 'stately church' that (according to Bishop Spottiswood) was founded by St. Mungo, the real Cathedral of Glasgow was not erected till about the year 1124, 'being one of those acts of ecclesiastical munificence of David I. which made his successor James VI. call him "a sair saunt to the crown."' It was consecrated July 7, 1136, and burned down in 1192; a fact altogether ignored in the guide-books, which makes this Norman church (for fragments have been discovered that show its pure Norman style) do duty for the present 'Early-English' edifice, which had been at once commenced on the ruins of its predecessor, and was consecrated by Bishop Jocelyn on July 6, 1197.† The architect is unknown; unless we are to place credit in the following old inscription from the west wall of the south transept of Melrose:—

John Murdo sometime callit was I,
And born in Parysse certainly,
And had in keping al mason werk
Of Sant-Androis, ye hye kirk
Of Glasgu, Melros, and Paslay,
Of Nyddydayll and of Galway.
Pray to God and Mary baith
And sweet Sanct John to keep this holy Kirk fra scaith.

* In the first volume of *The Antiquities of Scotland*; together with a letter-press description. Another account will be found in Hugh Miller's *Cruise of the Betsey*, p. 396; and another, in *Shetland and the Shetlanders*, by Miss Sinclair, who mentions, as 'the great theme of conversation in every house' at the time of her visit, 'the most deservedly popular person in the far North, Lord Ward, the first English peer who ever penetrated into Shetland.' He astonished the natives by 'arriving across those dangerous seas, having performed a voyage of one hundred miles in an open fishing-boat; and still more, that, being an accomplished scholar, he nevertheless excelled in all the field-sports and athletic exercises to which they were accustomed.'

† I have followed Billings' authority in these dates, which slightly differ from other authorities.

1146 has been assigned as the date of this inscription ;* but Mr. Burns thinks it cannot be older than the sixteenth century, and that Murdo, whose name indicates a Scottish origin, performed any functions beyond repairs and restorations. It will be noticed, that in the nave of the Cathedral there is no foliage-work on the capitals or brackets; the effect is produced by simple mouldings. But in the choir, the foliage-work on the capitals and brackets is of the richest description. In the crypt there is a mixture of both styles.

The manner in which the choir is fitted up, reminds us (as I have said) more of the parish church than the cathedral; and the pulpit is erected (as in some of our George the Third churches) in the centre of the eastern end of the choir, backed up by the central cluster of pillars of the two pointed arches beneath the four-light east window. The pulpit is therefore the most conspicuous erection in the Cathedral. It possesses an interest from its having been constructed with oak, taken from the original roof-beams, which were nearly seven centuries old. The hour-glass of sand is also preserved—but not restored to its original position by the side of the preacher, like as we see it in Wilkie's picture of 'The Preaching of Knox.' Perhaps it is not now needed, and can only be regarded as a relic of that age of clerical coolness and long-winded discourses, when, the sands of the hour-glass having been watched out by the painfully expectant congregation, the savagely complacent preacher could turn up the glass with the oracular remark, 'Another glass, and then—' and so set the sands running again, and, like a giant refreshed, make a fresh start upon his flock's patience.

Another relic is also preserved—of a very different

* Forsyth's *Beauties of Scotland*, iii. 228.

nature to that hodge-podge of Romish relics that we lately laughed at—the old Bible, bound in oaken boards an inch in thickness. It was used by the Public Reader, in those troublous days when it was a sealed book to the common people. The inscription on the great bell of the Cathedral is also worthy of notice. It runs thus: ‘In the year of grace 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interest of the reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom (*Me audito venias doctrinam sanctam ut discas*), and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. 195 years had I sounded these awful warnings, when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790, I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader, thou also shalt know a Resurrection: may it be unto eternal life!’

The glare of light in the building, arising from the large fenestration, was excessive, and might have been avoided if the windows had been glazed with that dim greenish glass known as ‘cathedral glass,’ until they could have been better filled with stained glass. This, however, will soon be done. Active measures have been taken for filling the whole of the windows of the Cathedral with the best glass that can be procured. The east window was filled, and ‘opened’ in November 1859, and, shortly after this, the great west window was completed, at the cost of two thousand pounds, the munificent gifts of the brothers Baird, of Gartsherrie. This window was executed at the Royal Factory at Munich, where the others have also been made. The Duke of

Hamilton, the Earl of Glasgow, and others, have largely helped forward this work, and the restoration of the Cathedral will soon be complete. The Duke of Hamilton's window, which was 'opened' in the spring of 1860, came from the Munich Factory, having been produced under the direction of Professor Ainmiller, from the designs of himself, Mr. Laing, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Heath, of Glasgow—the six figures of Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Malachi, and John the Baptist, having been executed from cartoons by the Baron Von Hess, President of the Royal Academy of Munich. These figures are of grand design, and have been treated with great pictorial effect, mediæval quaintness and mosaic flatness having been designedly avoided.* Similar figures in other windows have been designed by such artists as Strahüber, Fortner, Von Schwinde, and Siebertz; and the introduction of these windows into Glasgow Cathedral, while it helps to perfect one of the most satisfactory and energetic restorations of the day, proves also that the Church of Scotland is not indifferent to the tendencies of the age, and is determined to prove herself a true patron of Art.

Let us look now at the exterior of the Cathedral. A portion of the external 'restoration' was nothing more nor less than destruction, viz. the pulling down of the western tower, and the substitution of modern pinnacles and ornaments. It is true that this tower—in the state to which it had been brought by miscalled improvements—was frightfully ugly, and a blemish to the edifice (to judge of it from prints); but, surely, its disfigurements might have been removed, and the

* Three of the cartoons were published in the *Illustrated News*, March 1, 1862, and the general design for the window in the *Illustrated Times*, December 16, 1860.

tower restored to what we may believe to have been its original condition, and so as to harmonise with the rest of the structure. In fact, *two* western towers ought to have been built, in order to complete the work of 'restoration' in its true sense; and how much the Cathedral would have thereby gained in appearance it is needless to say. One of these towers many years since had either been destroyed, or had fallen down—like the northern West-tower at Ely—and its base had been roofed in for a house; it remained thus till within these forty years. What it was like we may see by consulting an engraving in the 'Pictorial Illustrations to the Waverley Novels' ('Rob Roy'), where a view of the Cathedral is given from the south-west; and, what it and its twin tower may have been made to resemble, may be seen by turning to an engraving of Mr. Kemp's proposed restoration of the western front of the Cathedral, given in Fullarton's 'Gazetteer of Scotland,' i. 654. Both Mr. Kemp's designs and those of Mr. Graham, of Edinburgh (who was also desirous to restore the western towers), were overthrown; and a leading feature of the building has thus been destroyed, without any attempt at emendation.

The south-west view of the Cathedral—that obtained on one's first approach from High Street—is one of the best, though it would be improved if the burying-ground enclosing the building was planted with trees and shrubs, as has been so well done on the northern and eastern sides of Peterborough Cathedral. Formerly, indeed, it was adorned with trees, but in 1588 they were cut down, by order of the Kirk Session, that they might be converted into forms for the use of the men during divine worship—and for the use of the men alone, for those women who were unwilling to stand

through the service, were compelled to bring with them stools—a very needless infliction of want of gallantry, on the part of great hulking fellows, towards their better halves. The worship of the women was also fettered by other hampering laws. Their plaids, for example, were not allowed to be placed over their heads, after the Scotch fashion, and, if they thus transgressed, the plaids were to be properly adjusted by the beadles, who were furnished with staffs, and whose descendants still linger in certain churches in England.

One of the chief points in this south-west view of the Cathedral is, that it is so closely backed up by the Necropolis, which forms a most striking and appropriate background to the view. I will bring my ‘Glasgow jottings’ to a close with a description of this cemetery, from whose fir-crowned top we shall have reached the highest elevation of the city, and shall gain an admirable panoramic view of the second city in the United Kingdom, whose importance and many objects of interest have caused me to linger somewhat longer than I had purposed over this portion of my Tour in Tartan-Land.

CHAPTER IX.

A SCOTCH NECROPOLIS.

The Bridge of Sighs—The Necropolis—Beauty and appropriateness of its situation—Duteous care for the Dead—Heathen Tombstones in memory of Christians—Abstract Virtues and Pantheon Deities—Advertisements in Stone—The Living and the Dead—Streets of Tombs—Mr. Houldsworth's Mausoleum—Principal Monuments—Panoramic view from the Necropolis—Knox's Monument—Drawing it mild—The preaching of Knox—'Let Glasgow flourish!'

THERE are three cemeteries in Glasgow, of which the chief is that called 'The Necropolis.' Bristling with columns and monuments, over which that of Knox stands supreme, it crowns the rugged 'Fir-park Hill,' a block of rock that rises precipitously to the height of nearly 300 feet, and on whose summit Druids are supposed to have worshipped. Far below, a small stream, called 'the Molendinar burn,' runs rapidly through the deep ravine that separates the Necropolis from the high plateau on which the Cathedral is built. A lofty bridge, bearing the poetical name of 'The Bridge of Sighs,' spans the ravine, and connects the Cathedral Yard with the lower portion of the Necropolis. A lodge guards the approach to the bridge, and Italian gateways are erected at the immediate entrance of the Cemetery. Carriage roads wind round the hill, and tortuous footpaths traverse it in every direction. Surely there never was a fitter spot for a place of burial. In the city, and yet not of

it—far up above its strife and bustle—close beside the grey cathedral, with the shadow of its tall spire to travel over its graves at the setting of the sun—everything there to tell of the mortality that is swallowed up in life, and of the hopes that wait on those who are laid within religion's shade—this City of the Dead stands in the midst of the City of the Living; the precincts of the grave connected with the world of life and motion by the Bridge of Sighs—a type of that sorrow that divides the dead from the living.

The ground has been admirably planned and laid out, and is most carefully kept. Trees, shrubs, and flowers charm the sight, and afford a very pleasing contrast to the hideousness that was made to attend upon the grave during the last century and a half, when the churchyards were foul with unsightly weeds, and the tomb-stones bore luxuriant crops of death's-heads and cross-bones, or heathen emblems of inverted torches and funereal urns. And if those urns meant anything at all, and were designed to convey to the mourner or spectator any touching meaning or salutary lesson, they must perforce have meant that the bodies of the beloved John Smith, or lamented Thomas Jones, had not been decently interred in the ordinary way, but had been consumed by fire, and the ashes placed and preserved in urns by the afflicted and inconsolable widows. The cremation of Shelley was a reality; but this cremation of Smith and Jones is a stupid fiction, imagined by the stone-mason and propagated by the widows.

Not that heathenisms are wanting in this Glasgow Necropolis, as in every other grave-yard. To begin with, the word 'Necropolis' is itself a heathenish term, unsuitable to the old Saxon 'God's Acre,' 'the Church-yard,' or even to the Christian-Greek 'Cemetery;' and the

heathenism of the name is fully borne out by the paganism of many of the monuments. The Northern professors of the Christian faith are not a whit behind their English brethren in setting up over their graves (for many erect their monuments in their life-time) tombs bearing those various pagan emblems, that the Roman or Grecian statuary would have raised to their memory many years before the Christian era. We transact much of the world's business in buildings modelled after the edifices of Greece and Rome, and when we are laid in the last little building of all, the emblems of a Greek or Roman faith mark the spot where we have received a Christian burial. It is as though the study of the classics had perverted us to the paganism of classical times, and that when we died in our error, our relatives so gloried in our shame that they were desirous to point it out to the world so long as our tomb-stones should endure.

Abstract virtues, and deities in whom men have disbelieved all their lives, are made to cluster about their tombs, and weep over them as though they had been their dearest friends. The eminent Christian, who has largely helped in the work of reclaiming idolatrous nations from their worship of false gods, puts off his earthly tabernacle, and is taken to his last home, and straightway a legion of false deities are summoned from their Pantheon to hold a stony conclave over his remains. Neptune with his dolphins waits upon the sailor; Victory receives the dying soldier in her arms; Fame lustily blows the trumpet of one who would have been the last to do such a thing in his life-time; History, Minerva, and Eloquence attend upon the senator; Wisdom and Justice uphold the righteous judge; Liberty and Peace visit the dying statesman;

the Lyric Muse deposits a wreath of laurel upon the poet's brow; Benevolence presents her nest of young pelicans to the charitable lady; Hercules symbolises the lexicographer; the bony Skeleton uplifts his dart; Time, with his wings and scythe, breaks the javelin of Death; Tritons, Nymphs, Graces, Genii, little boys with wings, Britannia with the British Lion, Valour, Deceit, Oppression, Clio, Bellona, Pallas, Earth, Ocean, Prudence, Fortitude, Tragedy, Comedy, Anarchy, Astronomy, and even Dan Cupid*—who does not know all these ladies and gentlemen? What cathedral or abbey throughout the length and breadth of the land is freed from their expensive and heathenish mourning over the tombs of humble Christians?

We are truly taught, that

Money on tombs is vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best monument.

But cemeteries hold out the opportunity for self-glorification, and for advertisements cut in stone; and delight to erect over some worthy tallow-chandler, who, by dint of industry, has raised himself to the coveted rank of alderman, and retired from business full of honours but empty of aspirates, 'something classic, sweetly classic,' and adorn the grave of this pious Protestant with figures of heathen deities, to whom he never paid even scholastic worship in life, and with whom he would feel considerably shocked, if he could see them

All standing out naked in the open air,

around the monument that is inscribed with his name.
Most of these monuments speak rather of life than death.

* Witness, for example, Rysbrach's monument to the Earls of Stanhope in Westminster Abbey, where Cupid is represented as resting upon a shield.

The work of the buried one seems not to be over; he is still made to appear as though alive to the vanities of life; that he has not lain down in death in prayerful posture, as they on olden monuments were represented, but appears in his habit as he lived and moved, erect and defiant: the general still leads on his men to victory; the statesman addresses the listening house, and Kemble yet a little longer struts his hour on life's stage in the part of *Cato*. Those old monuments spoke of repose, these modern ones of the vain stir of life—those of piety, these of worldliness. Far away from a place of tombs such monuments to the memory of those who are dead and gone might be in keeping; but in God's Acre they jar strangely with the feelings to which such a spot should give birth.

In the Glasgow City of the Dead—where, from the emblems on some of the tombs, we might almost imagine that the old Druids, who are supposed to have worshipped in the dark fir-grove that crowned this height, had left a remnant of Mungovians to propagate an equally enlightened creed—the streets of tombs are laid out with uniform exactness, and tended with duteous care. Nearly every tomb has its little plot of garden frontage, filled, in many cases, with the choicest flowers. Some of the monuments simply record the name of the owner, who has purchased the right of being buried here, and can come when he lists to moralise over his future grave. The monuments, as a matter of course, are as varied in design as in dimensions. One large canopied altar-tomb, with its elaborate decorations and beautiful bas-reliefs of sacred subjects, cannot fail to arrest attention; and though too costly to be erected by any but the wealthiest, it may be studied with great advantage by those who are desirous to erect to a departed friend a

monument that shall symbolise Christian rather than pagan faith.

Of the Faiths, Hopes, and Charities, who are in such requisition by monumental sculptors, a very beautiful example is to be seen in Mr. Houldsworth's mausoleum, erected at the extremity of the Necropolis barely two years since. The figures are by the late Mr. John Thomas, and were 'exhibited' in the sculpture-dungeon of the Royal Academy in the season of 1858. These statues are very finely conceived, and most admirably executed; and I should suppose that no better specimens of his genius have left this prolific sculptor's chisel. The mausoleum is large and classical, with an open front, guarded by closed gates of bronze. Through these gates you gaze upon the figure of Faith standing at the back of the mausoleum, whose interior walls are of a polished red granite. Faith appears as a gracefully-draped female figure, clasping the word of God to her bosom, and looking upward with a trustful gaze, while angelic figures kneel on either side. This group stands on a bold pedestal, and is dimly lighted from a domed roof made of yellow glass, a star being engraved upon the centre of each pane. The pure effect of the white marble is thus entirely destroyed by this theatrical trick. The figures of Hope and Charity are seen to better advantage, as they stand on the outside of the mausoleum on either side of the bronze doors.

Other noticeable monuments are those to Charles Tennant, Esq., of St. Rollox; Colin Dunlop, Esq., of Kinross; Colonel Patterson, Major Monteith, Dr. Macnish ('the modern Pythagorean'), Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. Heugh, and William Motherwell—the last-named monument being noticeable, not for its architecture, but for its being the grave of the author of 'Jeannie Morrison.'

An Ionic temple is raised to the memory of Dr. Dick, near to which is an ambitious structure, hard to describe, to the memory of J. H. Alexander. Close beside it is the monument to Dugald Moore, surmounted by a life-like bust. Between the chapel and these monuments is a lofty memorial in the Elizabethan style, erected to the memory of William McGavin, author of the periodical called 'The Protestant;' it is surmounted by a statue of more than life size, the work of Robert Forrest, the sculptor of the Knox figure, and was erected by the fellow-citizens of the Glasgow 'Protestant' merchant. In a secluded corner of the Necropolis is the Jews' burial place, having an architectural façade designed after the tomb of Absalom.

The Necropolis has lately been extended in an easterly direction, so as to embrace an extensive area, where catacombs have been already formed in the side of the steep rock; and when the trees and shrubs planted in this additional ground shall have attained goodly proportions, the Glasgow Necropolis may vie with any cemetery in Great Britain; at present its area is but limited, although, as regards its situation, it is probably unrivalled. The views from every part of it are most striking and comprehensive, and embrace four counties. From that portion near to the octagonal Norman chapel where the burial service is read, one of the finest prospects of the city is obtained. Standing at the base of Knox's monument another view is obtained, such as but few cities could boast.

Immediately below us the ground falls precipitously in terraces of tombs, the carriage-ways and walks zig-zagging down amid trees and shrubs towards the Italian gateway and the Bridge of Sighs. Far beneath is the deep ravine, with the Molendinar Burn flowing rapidly

between the steep banks, like as it did in those troublous Reformation days, when 'a' the idolatrous statues o' sants' were taken from the cathedral, and 'the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture-warrant and flung into the Molendinar Burn, and the old kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her.' There is the old kirk herself on the opposite side of the ravine. From our higher elevation we gaze down upon her roofs, and on the flat grave-stones now shining white in the glare of the sun, and looking like so much linen left to bleach on the open green on which the cathedral stands. Conspicuous to the right are the Infirmary and the Blind Asylum, the St. Rollox chimney, towering 436 feet above Mr. Tennant's chemical works, and the high ground on which Sight Hill Cemetery is so admirably situated; then come dense masses of stone houses stretching from right to left—the church spires out-topping the low film of smoke—then the Botanic Gardens and Kelvin Grove, which is now a West-end Park, laid out by Paxton; and then, in the haze of the far distance, the hills of Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, and Argyleshire. Two miles to the south of us is Langside, where Murray scattered Mary's fortunes to the winds. There is Cathkin Hill, with its rock called 'the Queen's Seat,' from whence she sat and watched the ebb and flow of battle. A fir tree now supplants the thorn that once (so appropriately) marked this spot—such a thorn in Mary's side. From here she rode sixty Scottish miles before she took rest.

Above us, perched upon his lofty pillar, is the colossal figure of John Knox. There stands he (as the Regent Morton said of him) who never feared the face of man. 'It seems like the spirit of the Reformer come back to inveigh, with outstretched arm, against the cathedral,

and, if possible, to complete the work which he left unfinished at his death.* The figure, however, is very mildly treated, as mildly as in Hood's sketch of the rustic painter depicting 'the raging lion' on the inn sign—the sculptor† has drawn him *very*, very mild, has trimmed his locks, and allowed his drapery to hang in perpendicular folds, instead of streaming out in that horizontal manner suggestive of the gusts of the passion and the restless activity of the excitable Reformer. 'The preaching of John Knox,' indeed, to judge from the pencil of Wilkie, as well as from the pages of history, must have been of the ultra-energetic and thump-the-cushion style. When I look at that print of Knox preaching, I do not wonder at the excitement of the auditory; but what *does* excite my wonder is, that the baby carried by the woman (with those softly-rounded features that Wilkie stereotyped for Scotch, Spanish, Turkish and English women alike) who is literally 'sitting under' the preacher—that this woman's baby should be placidly slumbering under such a terrific cushion-thwacking and roaring; for John Knox (one had almost written Knocks), with his thumping and shouting, must surely have driven sleep far away from even an infant. But the mantle of Wilkie has not fallen upon the sculptor† of this monumental John Knox, who looks much too placid ever to have bullied anyone, much less a beautiful queen. It is true, as Mr. Chambers says, that he stands 'with outstretched arm,' but it demands weakened eyes or a lively fancy

* Mr. R. Chambers' *Pictures of Scotland*.

† The late Mr. Robert Forrest, a self-taught Lanarkshire sculptor, who settled in Edinburgh. The column, &c., was designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Edinburgh. The figure of Knox is twelve feet high.

to imagine him 'inveighing' against the cathedral. His 'outstretched arm' is bent upward, so as to hold a book, and from any expression that we can read in his features or attitude, he might be studying 'The Dairyman's Daughter' or 'Bradshaw.'

There he stands however, high in air, and looking down at that sombre but beautiful building, whose carved work would have been utterly broken down by the axes and hammers of his followers, had not the Glasgow craftsmen and deacons, with a conservative and truly Protestant zeal, of which their descendants may honestly be proud, rushed to the defence of their city's glory, and finally compromised matters by removing those obnoxious statues that were flung into the Molendinar Burn. 'Pull down the nests, and the craws 'll fly away,' Knox said, quoting the old adage that our first Defender of the Faith had used when he desired to obtain a similar end. But the nest was not to be so interfered with: beautified and restored by pious hands, it remains to this day the most perfect ecclesiastical structure of which Scotland can boast. Glasgow may well be proud of her cathedral; and, in all such good deeds as its restoration, we may heartily quote the civic motto, and say, 'Let Glasgow flourish.'

CHAPTER X.

DUMBARTON.

Bishopton—View of Dumbarton from across the River—The Mitred Rock—Its History—Wallace—Mary Queen of Scots—Captain Crawford's Surprise of the Castle—Magnetic Attraction—Rock Rabbits and Town Cats—The Royal Scotch Thistle—Paisley Abbey—Tomb of Marion Bruce—Queen Bleary—Port Glasgow.

THE twenty-two miles of Clyde scenery between Glasgow and Greenock offer but few points of interest; and these may be viewed rather better from the railway than from the river. The remarkable rock of Dumbarton, is the great lion on this route; and the view of it from the Greenock railway is certainly better and more picturesque than that which may be gained from the deck of the steamer. The line from Glasgow to Greenock is carried at a considerable elevation above the level of the river, and after passing Bishopton—where, as its name implies, was the country residence of the Primate of Glasgow—comes directly upon the Clyde, and then skirts the river all the way to Greenock. Bishopton is situated on a long ridge of whinstone rock, through which the line of railway had to be blasted for a distance of 2,300 yards, at a great expense, the gunpowder alone costing twelve thousand pounds. This whinstone ridge passes under the Clyde, and then emerges abruptly in the rock of Dumbarton, which is 560 feet high, and a mile in circumference; and all the more remarkable from its standing in a level plain.

It is just after we have passed Bishopton that we come in sight of the river and the rock. As the old Primate of Glasgow looked across the Clyde from his palace on the heights of Bishopton, this rock of Dumbarton may have reminded him of his episcopal crown; for halfway to the summit it is cleft into two parts, much in the same way as a mitre. I have said that there is a better view of this mitred rock from the railway than from the river; partly from the advantages gained by the slight distance, and the elevation of the railway; and partly from the picturesqueness of the foreground. Near to us, where the blasting operations have been carried on, the hard whinstone takes all kinds of acute angles. Next we see the natural appearance of the rock, covered with luxuriant vegetation, among which the Scotch pine stands picturesquely prominent. This rocky bank slopes sharply to the river, whose broad waters are thickly covered with ships and steamers, moving either way in ceaseless rivalry with the more rapid railway-trains,—their pathway of travel marked out by buoys, nodding their red and black heads at us from the troubled river. On the opposite side of the stream is Dumbarton's mitred rock, rising sheer from the river's edge, where the Leven Water has come down from Loch Lomond to meet the Clyde. The town of Dumbarton is spread on the farther side of the castle rock, in the level valley of the Leven, which stretches out on either side; and there is a magnificent background of that mountain range of which Ben Lomond is the king. Views of Dumbarton rock and castle are as common as blackberries, or exposures of Mr. Bright in the pages of the 'Saturday Review;' but I have never seen a sketch from this Greenock-railway point of view; although, in addition to its picturesque materials, the whinstone in

the immediate foreground would show in 'detail the material of which the great mass of the Castle Rock was composed.

If the tourist should do as we did, viz. go by rail from Glasgow to Greenock, and back again; and then, from Glasgow to Loch Lomond, he will have had very good views of Dumbarton's rock from its river and land sides. And on the last-mentioned trip he will do well to spare an hour for seeing Dumbarton,—which he can do without unnecessary loss of time, as the trains to Loch Lomond, during the summer months, follow each other very quickly. For its history is as picturesque as itself. It was a Roman stronghold, under the name of Theodosia, and perhaps the wall of Antoninus terminated here. It was then held by the Scots; when, according to Boethius, Agricola tried in vain to capture it. Then it passed to the Ancient Britons, who, says the venerable Bede, considered it one of their chief strongholds. They called it *Alclud* or *Alunth*, 'the town of the Cloud,' or 'the town of the Clyde;'^{*} but the Scots called it *Dun Briton*, or the town of the Britons, from whence the name easily passed to Dumbarton.[†] Its vicissitudes, after this period, were very great; its situation raising it to a position of unusual importance. The fortunes of war brought it a rapid change of masters—now Scotch, and now English. Miss Porter's picturesque but not correctly historical novel of 'The Scottish Chiefs,' will have early made us acquainted with the unfortunate connec-

^{*} *Balclutha* is its Ossianic name. It is said that the watch-tower on Dumbarton's rock was one of three; the second being on a hill called Drumbuck; and the third on Ben Lomond.

[†] Dumbarton would seem to be the true orthography; but (of late years, at least) the Dun has passed into Dum. Chalmers says that the word means 'the town of the castle,' and not 'the town of the Britons;' so the reader can take his choice, *utrum horum*, &c.

tion between Dumbarton and Wallace. His memory is still treasured there; and if you stop to visit the castle, they will show you 'Wallace's tower,' where was the hero's dungeon,—and 'Wallace's sword,' a huge, two-handed fellow requiring a vast amount of knack and muscle in order to be used with effect; and they will also take you to the highest peak of the rock to show you 'Wallace's Seat.' After two more centuries of strange vicissitudes, Dumbarton passed into the possession of Mary Queen of Scots. Here as a child she resided, soon after the battle of Pinkie; from here she embarked for France, in 1548; hither she came in 1563, when on a progress to Argyleshire; and this was the last great fortress that remained to her in troublous days. Its retention was looked upon as an object of importance by her friends, as it was the most convenient place in the kingdom to land any foreign force that might be sent to her assistance. So secure of his position did Lord Fleming, the governor of the castle, feel, that he boasted to the King of France, that in holding the fortress of Dumbarton, he held the fetters of Scotland; and that those fetters should be easily put on, and the whole kingdom subdued whenever the French would lend him a little assistance. But he was too confident and self-reliant, and the illness of the Regent, the revolt of the Edinburgh garrison, and the truce made by Queen Elizabeth made him careless, and he and his officers frequently passed festive nights down in the town of Dumbarton, without taking ordinary precautions. It so happened that he had punished the wife of a private soldier for a trifling theft. The husband burned with revenge, and now saw an opportunity to gratify his resentment. He deserted to the Regent, who was then at Glasgow, and laid before him a plan by which the garrison of

Dumbarton might be surprised, and the fortress captured. The enterprise was intrusted to Captain Crawford, and was arranged to come off on the night of the 31st of March, 1571, as the truce would by that time have expired. The rest shall be told in the graphic words of Mr. Tytler: *—‘Crawford and his company marched from Glasgow after sunset. He had sent before him a few light horse, who prevented intelligence by stopping all passengers, and arrived about midnight at Dumbich (Dumbuck), within a mile of the castle, where he was joined by Drumwhassel and Captain Hume, with a hundred men. Here he explained to the soldiers the hazardous service on which they were to be employed, provided them with ropes and scaling ladders, and advancing with silence and celerity, reached the rock, the summit of which was fortunately involved in a heavy fog, whilst the bottom was clear. But on the first attempt all was likely to be lost. The ladders lost their hold while the soldiers were upon them; and, had the garrison been on the alert, the noise must inevitably have betrayed them. They listened, however, and all was still; again their ladders were fixed, and their steel hooks this time catching firmly in the crevices, they gained a small jutting-out ledge, where an ash tree had struck its roots, which assisted them, as they fixed their ropes to its branches, and thus speedily towed up both the ladders and the rest of their companions. They were still, however, far from their object. They had reached but the middle of the rock, day was breaking, and when, for the second time, they placed their ladders, an extraordinary impediment occurred. One of the

* *History of Scotland*, vii. 350. Mr. Tytler does not give the legend of the soldier's thieving wife; but makes the fortress to be betrayed for a bribe by a man who had previously been one of its wardens.

soldiers in ascending was seized with a fit, on which he convulsively grasped the steps so firmly, that no one could either pass him or unloose his hold. But Crawford's presence of mind suggested a ready expedient; he tied him to the ladder, turned it, and easily ascended with the rest of his men. They were now at the bottom of the wall, where the footing was narrow and precarious; but, once more fixing their ladders in the copestone, Alexander Ramsay, Crawford's ensign, with two other soldiers, stole up, and though instantly discovered on the summit by the sentinel who gave the alarm, leapt down and slew him, sustaining the attack of three of the guard till he was joined by Crawford and his soldiers. Their weight, and struggles to surmount it, now brought down the old wall, and afforded an open breach, through which they rushed in, shouting, "A Darnley! a Darnley!" Crawford's watchword, given evidently from his affection to his unfortunate master, the late king. The garrison were panic struck, and did not attempt resistance. Fleming, the governor, from long familiarity with the place, managed to escape down the face of an almost perpendicular cleft or gully in the rock, and passing through a postern which opened upon the Clyde, threw himself into a fishing boat, and passed over to Argyleshire. In this exploit the assailants did not lose a man; and of the garrison only four soldiers were slain. In the castle were taken prisoners, Hamilton, the Bishop of St. Andrew's, who was found with his mail shirt and steel cap on; Verac, the French ambassador; Fleming of Boghall, and John Hall, an English gentleman, who had fled to Scotland after Dacre's rebellion. Lady Fleming, the wife of the governor, was also taken, and treated by the Regent with great courtesy, permitted to go free, and to carry off with her her plate and fur-

niture; but Hamilton, the primate, was instantly brought to trial for the murder of the King and the late Regent, condemned, hanged, and quartered without delay.' The news of this fatal blow to Mary's cause reached her during her 'lodgment' at Sheffield Manor-house (where Cardinal Wolsey had been placed after his arrest)—and, by its loss, and the rout of its garrison—as well as by many of her private papers relating to intrigues with the Spanish government, her projected escape from Sheffield, and other important matters, falling into the captor's hands, considerably aggravated her personal distress, as well as her disastrous position.*

In addition to its other remarkable attractions, Dumbarton rock possesses one that is magnetic; for the rock is of a basaltic character. This had been noticed long ago. 'In the upper part of the rock,' says Buchanan, 'is a vast piece of rock of the nature of a loadstone; but so closely connected and fastened to the main rock, that no manner of joining appears.' Experiments were made upon the rock by Professor Anderson of Glasgow, who marked with white paint those parts that possessed magnetism. Heron, in his 'Journey,' made in 1793, states, that a former commandant of the fortress endeavoured to breed rabbits on the rock, but that the town cats so interfered with them that he was obliged to abandon his design.

It is also a subject worthy of remark as connected with Dumbarton, that its rock is one of the places where the true Scottish thistle may be found in considerable quantities. It is a rarer plant than many might suppose, and may be known from others of the thistle tribe by its light green leaves, veined with white. It is curious that it should be found

* See Strickland's *Queens of Scotland*, vii. 116.

growing about all those castles and prisons where Mary Queen of Scots spent her happiest and most wretched days ; and it is thought by her firm champion and best biographer * that this is to be accounted for by supposing that they are produced from seed originally sown by herself, or by admirers (political or otherwise) of the beautiful and unfortunate queen. This royal Scottish thistle, for example, is found in great profusion about the earthworks that mark the site of Fotheringay Castle, and is not met with elsewhere in that locality. And so at Dumbarton ; although it grows freely on the castle rock, it is not (if I am rightly informed) found elsewhere in that locality. Thus the romantic gallantry of the admirers of the unfortunate queen has made the very ground to bring forth souvenirs of her whose presence had hallowed the spot to them.

There are other objects of interest on the line to Greenock. Paisley, for example, which is attractive to other than commercial travellers, seeing that it contains an abbey, in a ' creditable state of repair and good order,' as says Mr. Burns, and possessing many interesting features. One of the chief parts of the abbey is the chapel of St. Mirren, which is popularly called ' the sounding aisle,' from its possessing a remarkable echo, thus described by Pennant : ' the Earl of Abercorn's burial place is by much the greatest curiosity in Paisley ; it is an old Gothic chapel, without pulpit or pew, or any ornament whatever ;' (does he mean that pews and pulpits constitute the usual ornamentation of churches, and, that, in this particular case, the grained roof, with its carved bosses, the decorated windows,

* Expressed in a private letter to the author.

Queen Bleary's tomb, and the series of sculptured groups, were not 'any ornament whatever?' 'but has the finest echo perhaps in the world: when the end door (the only one it has) is shut, the noise is equal to a loud and not very distant clap of thunder; if you strike a single note of music, you hear the sound gradually ascending, till it dies away, as if at an immense distance, and all the while diffusing itself through the circumambient air.'* A magnificent description, which might have inspired that Oxford poet who, in his prize poem, made the echo of the cathedral organ

In labyrinthine groinings melt away.

The beautiful monumental tomb of Marjory Bruce is erected in this aisle. It is commonly called 'Queen Bleary's tomb;' and, shortly before we reached Paisley, we may have had pointed out to us, on an elevated ridge of land, 'Queen Bleary's Cross.' This was the spot where Marjory Bruce lost her life, in the year 1317, by a fall from her horse when hunting; though the *sobriquet* of 'Bleary' properly belongs to her son and not to herself, as will be seen from Pennant's account of her death, and the manner in which it resulted in the untimely birth of her child, afterwards King Robert the Second.†

Approaching Greenock, we pass by Port Glasgow, the predecessor of the Broomielaw—with busy ship-yards, and clanging iron foundries, and the moving panorama of the Clyde (here two miles broad) close upon our right hand. At Paisley we were reminded

* Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, p. 147.

† *Ibid.*, p. 148.

that we were near to Ellerslie or Elderslie, where Wallace was born.

At Wallace's name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?

and, if there is a Scotsman in the carriage with you, he will probably tell you, as you approach Greenock, of the cascade there that is called after the Scotch patriot's name.

CHAPTER XL

GREENOCK.

Position of Greenock—The Tontine and Porters—Wordsworth's Opinion of the Town—The Land o' Cakes—James Watt—John Galt—Jean Adams and her History—John Wilson and the Profane Art—The West Church—Grave of Burns' 'Highland Mary'—The Monument and its History—Incorrect and scanty Information concerning Burns and his Highland Mary—Enquiry into the Story.

GREENOCK is a considerable town, partly built upon a level strip by the river, and partly upon the side of a hill that rises sharply from the plain. The higher portion of the town has therefore a very terraced appearance, and with its background of hills, and foreground of quays and handsome buildings, is altogether a very picturesque seaport, as seen from the Clyde. The level of the railway station is at a considerable height above the street, to which we descend by a flight of steps, and are forthwith pounced upon by a knot of semi-nautical gentlemen, who fight for our portman-teaus, and storm us with entreaties to patronise their trollies; which trollies are all chained up donkey-wise, against a dead wall hard by. But we are not going very far as yet; only to the Tontine Hotel—a handsome building, and an excellent inn, presided over by a most obliging landlady, Mrs. Macdonald*—where we shall stay awhile, and be very comfortably cared for. It is a

* To whom I beg to express my thanks for much assistance in the matter of Burns' 'Highland Mary.'

bustling place, this seaport town of Greenock, especially at this season of the year, when the ordinary population of thirty-seven thousand is considerably increased by the daily traffic to and from the Highlands. From here and to here, across the Frith of Clyde, come and go those thousands of travellers, who, bent upon business or pleasure, pass a portion of their autumn in the Highlands. Here, to this 'busy rival of old Tyre,' came the poet Wordsworth from Loch Goil-head and Inverary (as it would seem), where there is a wild valley, nearly parallel with Glencoe, called 'Hell's Glen,' with whose grim solitude he contrasts the pleasant bustle of Greenock in the following sonnet, headed by the quotation,

'Per me si va nella Città dolente.'

We have not passed into a doleful city,
 We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
 By some too boldly named 'the Jaws of Hell ;'
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity ?
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty :—
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
 Sorrow seems here excluded ; and that knell,
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
 Alas ! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
 Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones ;
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde,
 Whose rushing current brawls o'er mossy stones,
 The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.*

Like Wordsworth, we found the streets of Greenock crowded and cheerful ; the feminine portion of the community quiet as to their naked feet, but lively enough with their tongues. There are some fine public buildings, and many handsome shops. Especially were our

* *Poems of the Imagination, suggested during a Tour : 1833,*
 xxxvi.

organs of wonder called into full play at the amazing quantity of 'goody' shops; almost every other shop appearing to be appropriated to the sale of sweet stuff, and rich cakes of every shade of biliousness. Dyspepsia was invited under the most alluring forms; and, if we had not done so hitherto, we now at least fully realised the idea that we were in 'the Land o' Cakes.'

Greenock can only boast of having given birth to one celebrity, but that one is a host in himself—James Watt, who was born here on the 19th of January, 1736, as we see recorded in the elegant inscription (from the pen of Jeffrey) on the pedestal of his statue by Chantrey. This statue was subscribed for by the people of Greenock, in memory of their illustrious townsman, and is placed in the Public Library, built at the expense of the son of Watt, and presented by him to Greenock as a memorial of his father. Galt, the novelist, lived in this town during his youth, and died here in 1839. Jean Adams, the authoress of 'There's nae luck about the house,' (often attributed to Mallet), was born in the Cartsdyke about 1710. Her father was a shipmaster, and she supported herself by needlework and school-keeping. Her poems were published by subscription in a small duodecimo volume, printed at Glasgow by James Duncan in 1734; but they proved unremunerative. Cromek tells us, that she one day read 'Othello' to her pupils, and fainted when she arrived at the end. She also read 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and felt so much reverence for its author that she walked to London and back for the purpose of paying her respects to him. At length she was reduced to abject destitution, and died in distress in the Town's Hospital at Glasgow, April 3, 1765.

Another poet and school teacher in Greenock was John Wilson, author of 'The Clyde; a Poem;' who was

appointed grammar schoolmaster October 15, 1769. Dr. Leyden tells us, that the magistrates and minister of Greenock, before they admitted Mr. Wilson to the superintendence of the school, stipulated that he should abandon 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making;' and, in order to avoid the temptation of violating his promise, Wilson committed his manuscripts to the flames, and for the remaining twenty years of his life 'never ventured to touch his forbidden lyre.'

And here, too, died Burns' 'Highland Mary,' and is buried in the kirk-yard of the Old or West Church.* This church had fallen into such a bad state of repair, that it was formally condemned in 1837, and a new church was built on a different site. Thus, the grave-yard is now closed, and it will give the tourist some little trouble to gain admittance; but the trouble is worth taking, and will be well repaid by the visit to Highland Mary's tomb. Passing by some simple headstones that mark the burial-places of the father and ancestors of the illustrious James Watt, we reach the west end of the grave-yard, guided thither by a handsome monument, about twenty feet in height, built in the form of an obelisk, and guarded by iron railings. The face of this stately monument is divided into three parts, the lowest of which bears this inscription:—

ERECTED

OVER THE GRAVE OF

HIGHLAND MARY,

1842.

My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?

* The belfry of this church contained the first bell of which Greenock could boast. In the interior of the church there was

On a plinth in the central portion of the monument is a well-executed bas-relief, representing the last parting of Burns and his Highland Mary. On the upper portion of the memorial is a female figure hanging over an urn, on which is the name MARY. Above is a star—that ‘ling’ring star’ (it may be supposed) on which the poet gazed when he composed the well-known stanzas ‘To Mary in Heaven.’ At the foot of this lofty monument, and within the iron railings, is a small head-stone, in the upper semi-lunar compartment of which are carved the tools of a carpenter, with the date 1760. Below is the inscription—

This Burying Place
belongs to Peter McPherson
ship-carpenter in
Greenock, and Mary
Campbell his spouse and
their children. 1787.

The Mary Campbell of this inscription was the cousin of Highland Mary’s mother; and it was at MacPherson’s house that ‘death’s untimely frost’ so early ‘nipt the flower’ in whose bloom Burns had delighted. Mr. Robert Chambers, who is the only one of the poet’s biographers who has taken pains to clear up the obscurity in which Highland Mary’s history had been left, made researches which clearly prove that the plot of ground (or ‘lair,’ as it is locally termed), where is the burying-place of Peter MacPherson, was transferred to him on October 12th, 1786, having previously (since January 14th, 1760) belonged to Duncan Robertson, carpenter. This accounts for the two dates on the stone,

‘a Farmer’s Gallery; and, on the opposite side, another for seamen, with a ship full-rigged suspended from the roof.’—Weir’s *History of Greenock*, p. 16.

which, as it would seem, was purchased, together with the lair, by MacPherson, who allowed the sculpture of his predecessor's emblems of trade to remain, as being equally applicable to his own line of business. The foregoing dates assisted Mr. Chambers in definitively determining the death of Highland Mary to have occurred on October 21st, 1786. Her relative buried her in the lair that he had just purchased, but her name was not inscribed on the stone. Her grave remained unmarked, though not forgotten, till January 25th, 1842, the anniversary of Burns' birthday, when, as the result of a public subscription, the present handsome monument was 'erected over the grave of Highland Mary.'

As we stand beside this stately monument placed over the lowly grave of a humble Highland lassie, our memory naturally recalls those lines by her poet-lover that have given her an immortality of fame which she, doubtless, little coveted, and could not have anticipated. She must have been well aware that he was a verse-writer of no mean order; for, at the time of their intimacy, Burns had written 'the Cottar's Saturday Night,' and the greater part of those poems on which his fame rests; and though they were not yet in print, yet, as it was his custom to recite his poems to his friends, it can hardly have been otherwise than that his Highland Mary must frequently have listened to his recitation of his own productions: and, that she was able to somewhat understand their worth, and appreciate their beauty, we may also conclude from the accounts that have reached us of her superior mind and feelings. Yet, it never could have entered into her wildest day-dreams to suppose that, from her intimacy with the young farmer of Mossgiel, her fame should circle the wide world, and that poet, painter, and sculptor

should combine to make her name a household word. But, whatever may have been her thoughts, fancies, or affections, here was their end; and under this fair tomb is laid the purer part of that romantic attachment expressed by the world-known words 'Burns and his Highland Mary.'

Standing here beside her monument, and looking at the bas-relief of the lovers' parting never to meet again in this world, we are insensibly led to run over in our memories the little that we know concerning Highland Mary's history. And, in truth, it will probably be but very little. The merest shreds of it are given by the majority of Burns' biographers, who tell us of her name, her situation, her parting with her lover, and her death at Greenock; 'merely this, and nothing more;' in fact, just the scanty intelligence that is given to us by Burns himself. Before we have done with the subject, we shall see that Burns had ample reasons for reticence; which reticence may have been winked at by his first biographers as much from charity as from ignorance of the real facts; and adopted by subsequent writers either from necessity or indolence. No one appears to have taken the trouble to deviate from the beaten path of information into a search for fresh and more satisfactory evidence, until the year 1850, when a paper on the subject was read before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, by Mr. William Douglas, who endeavoured to fix the period of Burns' attachment to his Highland Mary to a later time of his life than the poet himself would assign it—a very important point, which had always been misunderstood or misrepresented, and on which, indeed, the whole *gravamen* of any charge that we may make against Burns must hang.

But it was not till the year 1851 that Mr. Robert

Chambers, with painstaking care, filled up the sketchy outlines of Highland Mary's history, and corrected some popular errors concerning her; and, notably, that she was a dairymaid at 'the castle of Montgomery.' But the researches of Messrs. Chambers and Douglas appear to have been overlooked, not only by the compilers of Tourists' Guide-books, but also by the biographers of Burns, who still give us that scanty measure of incorrect information regarding the poet's betrothed that has been doled out to sympathising and curious readers from the days of Dr. Currie to the present hour.

Since this is the case, it may prove interesting to record what is known concerning Highland Mary and her connection with Burns. It is a history as yet unwritten, so far as regards the arrangement of scattered details into chronological order, and the gathering up of the disjointed threads of the narrative into a systematic whole. Besides this, but little can be added to those facts and dates that have been so industriously worked out by Messrs. Douglas and Chambers; although I have been able to glean a few scraps of information from personal enquiries, and from the internal evidence afforded by Burns' poems and correspondence. Let me, then, arrange my waifs and strays in due order; and, from the salvage, construct the true story of Burns and his Highland Mary.

It is a story which, when examined by the uncompromising light of dates and facts, will be found to place Burns in anything but that sentimental and heroic position which he is popularly supposed to fill. Its last page was turned in the most important year of the poet's life—the year 1786; a year crowded with conflicting passions and events; a year that

witnessed the obscurity of a Lowland farmer's life, and the sudden flaming out of a reputation that appears to increase in brilliancy with the advance of years ; and the year which terminated the modest career of one, whose fame it is that she was first in Burns' love, and who, it is to be hoped, died in her sweet belief.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRUE STORY OF BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

Highland Mary's Birth, Parentage, and Early Years—Not a Dairymaid, as generally supposed—Nursemaid in the Family of Mr. Hamilton, of Mauchline—Her Intimacy with Burns—His Worldly Position and Difficulties—His Poems—Their Last Interview—Their Parting Gift of Bibles—Mary proceeds to Campbelton—Burns' Poems in Print—Highland Mary comes to Greenock—Her Relations there—The Brothering Feast—Her Illness and Death—Superstition of her Friends—The *Lair* in Greenock Churchyard—What Burns was doing at this time—He receives the News of her Death.

MARY CAMPBELL was of Highland parentage, born near Dunoon, on the Firth of Clyde, and the eldest of eight children. Her father was a sailor in a revenue cutter, whose station was at Campbelton, in Cantire, Argyleshire. Her mother numbered among her relatives the Rev. David Campbell, of Loch Ranza, Isle of Arran; and, at his house, Mary spent some of her youthful years; to which circumstance may doubtless be attributed her superiority in cast of mind, manner, and intelligence to her station in life. Her mother always spoke of her as a paragon of gentleness and amiability, and, above all her other qualities, loved to dwell most upon her sincerity. She would appear also to have grown up in beauty, 'a sweet, sprightly, blue-eyed creature;' and, although we cannot implicitly put faith in the exaggerations of a poet-lover, who can liken his loved one's 'form, sae fair and

faultless,' to that of the 'powers celestial;' yet Burns had so keen an eye for the beautiful in nature, especially in her completest work, a beautiful woman, that we can hardly imagine that Highland Mary would have received so large a share of his attentions, and have made so great an impression on his mind, unless she had possessed that attractive gift—the gift of good looks. We may believe him, however, when he says that 'she was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love.'

She was induced to leave her uncle's house at Loch Ranza by the solicitations of another relative, Mrs. Isabella Campbell, who was housekeeper to a family in Ayrshire; and so Mary Campbell came across the water to that county where was Robert Burns. In what year this happened we do not precisely know; but she was nursemaid in the family of Mr. Hamilton, of Mauchline, at the time when his son Alexander was born, July 1785; and it is thought that she saw him through some of the early stages of infancy before leaving Mr. Hamilton's service. Mr. Chambers seems to think that she continued in that service up to the period of her betrothal and departure for Campbelton, but says that 'there is some obscurity about the situations and movements of Mary.' She is popularly spoken of as having been dairymaid* to Colonel Hugh Montgomery (afterwards the Earl of Eglintoun), whose mansion of Coilsfield was on the banks of the Ayr. This belief may have arisen from the scene of the

* Hugh Miller goes farther than this, and, in his imaginary 'Recollections' of Burns, makes the poet thus introduce Mary Campbell to his friend:—'This, Mr. Lindsay, is a loved friend of mine, whom I have known and valued for years—ever, indeed, since we *herded our sheep together* under the cover of one plaid.' (*Tales and Sketches*.)

lovers' farewell being near to 'the Castle of Montgomery,' by which name Burns poetically designates Coilsfield House. But the Ayr was but two miles distant from Mauchline, and we may readily suppose that Mr. Hamilton's nurserymaid would often take the children for a walk upon its 'bonnie banks;' and it was barely four miles from Mauchline, where the betrothal and final parting of the lovers took place, in that picturesque valley shrouded by the Coilsfield woods, where the rivulet Fayle gurgles down to join the river Ayr. I know not what authority there may be for making Highland Mary a dairymaid; but it seems improbable that she should have filled such a situation when the previous circumstances of her life are considered; and if it be correct—according to the belief of the surviving brothers—that she was nursemaid to little Alexander Hamilton for some time after his birth in July 1785, then it is hardly probable that she was dairymaid to, or otherwise in the service of, Colonel Montgomery, at the time of her final interview with Burns. For we can now safely assign the date of this interview to Sunday, May 14, 1786, which was the day before the term at which servants commenced, or completed, their engagements. It is evident from Highland Mary's history, that, at the time of the final interview, she was completing, and not commencing, a term of service, which term, according to the custom of the country, would in all probability be for a twelve-month. It would therefore follow that she remained in Mr. Hamilton's service as nursemaid up to the very time (as we may suppose) of her departure for Campbellton, and that she was not (as is generally represented by authors, poets, painters, and sculptors) dairymaid to Colonel Montgomery.

A slight confirmation of this—in addition to the traditions and recollections of the Hamilton family—is, that the poet's sister, Mrs. Begg, could not recollect any reference being made at Mossgiel to Mary Campbell but once, when Burns said to John Blane, that 'Mary had refused to meet him in the old castle.' Now this 'old castle' was the dismantled tower of the ruined Priory of Mauchline, close beside Mr. Hamilton's house, and a very likely place for Burns to make an assignation with one of Mr. Hamilton's maids. The John Blane just mentioned, to whom the poet appears to have entrusted his secrets, was his gaudsman—that is, the man who drove the horses in the plough; and he was driving Burns' team of four, the poet holding and guiding the plough, when the 'timerous beastie' of a mouse was turned up. John Blane ran after it to kill it, but was prevented by Burns, who became thoughtful and abstracted. His thoughts soon shaped themselves into that beautiful poem, which has since been read and admired in every quarter of the globe. It bears the date of November 1785. He afterwards read the poem to John Blane, and, doubtless, also to Highland Mary. Burns rented the Mossgiel farm from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, a 'writer,' (*Anglice*, a lawyer,) and his intimacy with him and his clerks—the boon companions of Burns—would give him many opportunities for seeing Mary, which would be facilitated by her nurserymaid walks. Doubtless the poet made the most of those opportunities, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a deep attachment on her part, and a warm passion on his; we say 'passion' advisedly: the why and the wherefore we shall soon see.

If Mary Campbell had lived as dairymaid at Coilsfield, it is probable that some trace thereof may have

crept into Burns' verse, and that he might (for example) have celebrated her as 'Montgomery's Mary,' in the same way that he spoke of 'Montgomery's Peggy' (who may have been the real dairymaid), with whom, two years before he knew Highland Mary, he had fallen in love at church, and had persecuted with his rejected addresses for six or eight months, and whom he has celebrated in verses of such warmth that they are judiciously printed as terminating in a line of stars:—a hiatus by no means *valdè deflendus*.

But, whether or no Highland Mary was dairymaid at Coilsfield, and went about with bare legs and short petticoats, as Mr. Faed and other artists delight to depict her, or whether she took her walks abroad with shoes and stockings on her feet, and respectably attired, as became the niece of the Rev. David Campbell, and the nursemaid of the chief gentleman in the town of Mauchline—however this may be, she parted from Burns, never to see him again, on that memorable Sunday, May 14, 1786. Burns was at this time in a desperate strait. Particular private affairs, of which I will not now speak, were driving him to desperation. His farming matters had also taken a wrong turn. He and his brother Gilbert had entered upon Mossgiel farm in the spring of 1784, and the two years that he had passed there had been far more fruitful to him in poetry than in agriculture. In the space of fifteen months, while at his plough and farming-work, he had composed those remarkable productions on which his fame chiefly rests, 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' alone doing for him (as has been well observed by Mr. Wilmott) what the Elegy did for Gray. But, as yet, the poems had not been turned into money, and the name of the poet was unknown to the world. In fact, it was

only at this juncture that the name of Robert Burns was made manifest to anyone, for, up to April 17, 1786, he had preserved his father's way of spelling the name, and had been Robert Burness. Worried by his many difficulties in love and farming, he had determined to cut the Gordian knot by fleeing from his troubles, and accepting a small salary as assistant-overseer in a West India plantation. And he so far embarked in this scheme as to pay nine guineas for a steerage passage in a vessel that was to sail from Greenock at the beginning of September.

It is supposed that it was arranged for Mary Campbell to give up her situation at Mr. Hamilton's, and go home for a short time to see her friends in the western Highlands, in order to arrange matters for her union with the poet. His own words are evidently intended to convey this meaning:—‘After a *pretty long trial* of the most ardent, reciprocal affection, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking farewell before she should embark for the west Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends *for our projected change of life*. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to *meet me* at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even learn of her illness.’ It is plain, from the first words of this quotation, that their acquaintance dated back for some time—a twelvemonth, probably, if not more; though there is no measuring Burns’ expression with any accuracy, as, to one of his temperament, ‘a pretty long trial’ of affection might not extend over many months. It would appear from

those verses in which he describes their parting, that their final interview took place where 'the mystic Faile' winds through the secluded valley of Coilsfield, on its way to join the Ayr. This valley is overhung by dense woods, the woods around 'the Castle o' Montgomerie,' as described in the lines to 'Highland Mary,' which stretch down to the river side, as mentioned in the verses 'To Mary in Heaven:—

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

Mr. Cromeek, one of the earliest biographers of Burns,* describes his last interview with Highland Mary in terms which show it to have been very dramatic as well as tender:—'Their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to impose awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook, they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other.' Mary presented to her lover a small plainly-bound Bible, in one volume; in return for which he gave her his own Bible, which was smartly bound, and in two volumes. These two volumes have been preserved. They were given by Mary's mother to her only surviving daughter, Mrs. Anderson, who gave them to her son William, a native of Renton, in Dumbartonshire. He emigrated to Canada in 1834, taking the Bible with him. The two volumes were eventually purchased by

* See his *Reliques of Burns*, published in 1808. Cromeek does not mention his author; but, as Lockhart says, 'no one would willingly believe his story to be apocryphal.'

some gentlemen of Montreal, for twenty-five pounds, and forwarded to the Provost of Ayr, to be presented by him, in their name, to the trustees of Burns' monument at Ayr. This was done on January 25, 1841, the anniversary of the poet's birthday. Together with a shining lock of Mary's hair, these two volumes are among the most interesting of the 'Burns' relics' now exhibited at Ayr. On a blank leaf in one of the volumes is inscribed, in Burns' handwriting, 'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.' (Levit. chap. xix., v. 12.) On a blank leaf in the second volume he has written, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thy oath.' (Matt. chap. v., v. 33.) His name is also written in each volume, together with his mason mark. The Bible was printed in 1782, and Burns' name therein is followed by the word 'Mossgiel,' where he did not come to reside till March, 1784—another proof that his intimacy with Highland Mary occurred at this period of his life, and not at an earlier age. When he parted from Mary in May 1786, he was over twenty-seven years of age. So,

By the winding Ayr they met,
To live one day of parting love.

They plighted their troth in the dramatic manner we have seen—exchanged Bibles, and, at sunset, separated with those tender emotions and lingering farewells that he has so beautifully described in his well-known poems:

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

* * * * *

Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ;
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Of the sacred nature of their plighted troth, he thus speaks :—

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar ?
 Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine ;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow.

* * * * *

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join ;
 And curst be the cause that shall part us !
 The hour and moment o' time !

And again, in another poem, thus :—

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O !

Mary, it would seem, proceeded at once to Campbelton, in Cantyre, where, as has been stated, her parents resided, her father being in the coast-guard service. There she spent the summer, and is believed to have received letters from her lover. At any rate, after her death, letters written to her by Burns were destroyed by her ignorant father, who could not understand the fame that the connection with Burns would bring upon his daughter, and had even forbidden his name to be

mentioned in the family; and when Burns wrote a moving letter, requesting 'some memorial of her he loved so dearly,' the father took no notice of the request. It excited Wordsworth's surprise that Burns should be altogether silent in his poetry on the splendid sea-prospect from Ayrshire, and the lovely Isle of Arran, to which he never once refers. But here was an additional reason for exciting Burns' imaginative fancy; for his seaward view was not bounded by the rugged peaks of Arran, but by the distant coast of Cantyre; and, when he stood and gazed upon the sunset, he would look straight across the water to Campbelton. I may here observe, that I made enquiries from old inhabitants of Campbelton, and was unable to meet with the slightest trace of Highland Mary. No one seems to remember anything about her, or to be able to point out the house in which her parents lived. But, perhaps, ere another generation has passed away, the good people of Campbelton will awake to a sense of their romantic responsibilities, and will emulate the Trossachs' guides, who can even show you the precise spot where Fitzjames' gallant grey

Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more;

and then Highland Mary's house may be exhibited as one of the 'lions of the place, and tourists may rush to write their names upon its whitewashed walls, as they now do in a certain cottage kitchen at Ayr.

Whether any steps were taken by Highland Mary to arrange her marriage with Burns, cannot now be shown, except from the already-quoted words of the poet—poet, indeed, by this time, and as such recognised by the world. For, while Mary Campbell was with her parents at Campbelton, in July 1786, a little book,

price three shillings, was modestly issued from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, with the title, 'Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect; by Robert Burns.' Perhaps a copy found its way across the waters to Campbelton, where a loving heart would sympathise with the young author's proud satisfaction at seeing his verses, for the first time, in printer's ink.* The poems succeeded so well, that the edition was disposed of in a month; and Burns found that, after paying all expenses, he could put twenty guineas in his pocket—a very unexpected windfall to a poverty-stricken farmer just on the eve of a West Indian voyage in quest of better fortune. We all know how he was induced, at the last moment, to abandon this scheme through the advice of the blind Dr. Blacklock, to whom the poems had been read, and who had at once discerned their genius—and how, on the 28th of November 1786, he arrived in Edinburgh, and was introduced to a new world of authors, scholars, philosophers, and critics, among whom the young Ayrshire farmer bravely held his own—and, how he awoke and found himself famous—and, how the Christmas of 1786 found him still in Edinburgh, superintending the production of that second edition of his Poems from which he was to gather so much honour and fame.

After having spent the summer at Campbelton, Highland Mary agreed (says Mr. Chambers), 'at the

* It is well to bear in mind that Burns' *Poems* were published in Highland Mary's life-time, because the very reverse to this fact is commonly stated by his biographers, who (adopting, probably, that suggestion of the Poet, that it was an attachment of his early youth) have ante-dated Highland Mary's death. Thus, in Lockhart's *Life of Burns* (5th Edition, 1847), it is said, 'Highland Mary seems to have died before her lover had made any of his more serious attempts in poetry.'

recommendation of her former patroness, Mrs. Isabella Campbell, to accept a new situation for the term beginning at Martinmas, in the family of a Colonel Mac Ivor, in Glasgow. A cousin of Mary's mother was the wife of one Peter Macpherson, a ship-carpenter at Greenock. It being determined that her younger brother Robert should be entered with Macpherson as an apprentice, her father came to Greenock to make the proper arrangements, and Mary accompanied him, professedly on her way to Glasgow for the purpose of entering on her service with Colonel Mac Ivor.' Burns says, 'she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock,' meaning us to understand, perhaps, that she came to meet him when he was about to embark at Greenock for his West Indian voyage. If this is correct, it is certain that he did not go to meet her; though, perhaps, some secret meeting might have been agreed upon to take place at Glasgow. It was now the second week in October, and, by this time, Burns had changed his plans, and was hesitating over his West Indian scheme. Whether or no he had promised that their plighted troth should shortly end in marriage, after she had been some little time in service at Glasgow, must remain a matter of conjecture.

Mr. Robert Chambers is the only writer (I believe) who has given us the particulars of Highland Mary's death; he obtained them from trustworthy sources—a daughter of Macpherson's, and a male relative of the family, who had often conversed on the subject with Mary's mother. I shall therefore quote Mr. Chambers' account:—'There was what is called a *brothering feast* at Macpherson's on Robert Campbell being admitted to the craft (ship-carpenter), and Mary gave her assistance in serving the company. Next morning, the boy Robert was so indisposed as to be unable to go to his

work. When Macpherson came home to breakfast, he asked what had detained him from the yard, and was told that the young man was very poorly. Mary jocularly observed that he had probably taken a little too much after supper last night, and Macpherson, to keep up the badinage, said, "Oh, then, it's just as well, in case of the worst, that I have agreed to purchase that *lair* in the churchyard;" referring to a place of sepulture which he had just secured for his family—a very important matter in Greenock, as there was no resting-place for the remains of those who did not possess such property, except the corner assigned to strangers and paupers, or a grave obtained by favour from a friend.* The young man's illness proved more serious than was at first supposed, and Mary attended him with great tenderness and assiduity. In a few days Robert began to recover, but, at the same time, Mary drooped, and became seriously unwell. Her friends believed that she suffered from the cast of an evil eye, and recommended her father to go to a cross burn—that is, a place where two burns meet—and select seven smooth stones from the channel, boil them with new milk for a certain time, and then give her the milk to drink! It must be remembered that these were Highland people, and that the Highlanders are to this day full of superstitious notions. The drink was duly prepared, as had been recommended, and given to Mary; but her illness was soon declared to be fever, of a malignant species then prevalent in the town; and, in a few days, the poor girl died. She was buried in the *lair* which her relative had so recently bought, being the first of the family who was placed in it.' The exact date of Mary's death would

* From the Greenock 'Register of Lairs,' it appears that the plot of ground passed into Peter Macpherson's possession Oct. 12, 1786.

appear to be the 21st of October 1786, and to have taken place in the lane called Minch Collop Close.

‘Mary’s parents and other near relations, who afterwards settled in Greenock, were of such a grade of mind and strain of sentiment, as to shrink for many years from all acknowledgement of Burns as her lover. It cannot be surprising that a man who could think of administering a decoction of pebbles as a cure for his daughter’s illness, was narrow-spirited enough to burn the letters of a great poet, and forbid his name to be mentioned in the family. The mother, who was a good, kind-hearted creature, was more relenting. She learned to sing the song of the “Highland Lassie” to her grandchildren. On being asked by her grand-nephew, Mr. J. C. Douglas, if she thought that Mary would have married Burns, she said that she could not tell what might have happened if Mary had survived, but she did not think her sweet lassie could have ever been happy with so wild and profane a genius as Burns—yet, she would immediately add, that he was “a real warm-hearted chield,” for such was the impression he had made upon her when he had subsequently paid her a visit. * * * There is, indeed, all desirable reason to believe that Mary was of a character to have graced, if not even rectified, a companion spirit such as Burns—who, in subsequent years, might well have imagined that with her he could have been something different from what he was.’* Mrs. Campbell’s estimate of her daughter’s lover proves that she must have been a shrewd woman.

At this juncture Burns had received Dr. Blacklock’s letter, and was turning over in his mind the various

* Chambers.

suggestions it had excited. He was still undecided about his West Indian voyage; the departure of the vessel in which he had proposed to sail had been delayed; and he does not seem to have abandoned his scheme until some time between the 30th of October and the 18th of November, as would appear from his letters of those dates to Major Logan and Mr. Robert Muir, of Kilmarnock. He had just written his poem of 'The Brigs of Ayr,' and had been introduced to Professor Dugald Stewart, and his (late) pupil Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk; and, as Lord Daer was the first scion of nobility to whom 'the Ayrshire ploughman' had spoken, the fact of sitting down with him at the same table was one to be remembered and celebrated in verse:—

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord!

And so on through six stanzas of self-glorification, and crooking of 'the pregnant hinges' of the mental 'knee' before this young nobleman.

The constrained enjoyment of this important repast was not damped by the knowledge that his Highland Mary had died two days previously. The news, however, shortly reached him at Mossgiel:—'Mrs. Begg remembers that, after the work of the season was over, and she had, as usual, taken to the big wheel, in which either her mother or one of her sisters was assisting her—Robert and Gilbert being also present—a letter for the former was handed in. He went to the window to open and read it, and she was struck by the look of agony which was the consequence. He went out without uttering a syllable. The family learned nothing of

the facts of the case till after the publication of some of the songs written upon Mary; and even then they became aware of this strange passage in their brother's history only as something too sacred for discussion or remark.' The letter, doubtless, was from Robert Campbell, Mary's brother, and written in accordance with her dying wishes.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

The other side of the Question—The Naked Truth—Ugly Facts *versus* Pretty Poetry—The Ayrshire Don Giovanni—An Amatory Four-in-Hand—Jean Armour's Twins—Burns ante-dates his Attachment to Highland Mary—His probable reasons for so doing—His Biographers gulled thereby—The Flaws of Genius—Splendid Gifts and Vicious Living—Character of Highland Mary and Burns.

SUCH is the story of Highland Mary: and, so far as she is concerned, it is a very pretty story, romantic and pathetic. But, strip it of its pretty romance, and what are the naked facts? Very ugly indeed, for the nude truth is not always beautiful. Hitherto, we have been carefully keeping out of sight a very painful narrative that was marching side by side with Highland Mary's history, and which must now make its appearance. That it does so to the eternal shame of Burns, is a discovery for which I am not altogether accountable; for, so far as facts go, I have been able to add but little to what has been already brought forward by Mr. Douglas and Mr. Robert Chambers, and it is these two countrymen of Burns, and admirers of his great genius, who, in the cause of truth and justice, have feathered the shafts to pierce through that false shield of poetical glamour under which he attempted to shroud his very doubtful attachment for Highland Mary. That attachment, which is now so world-

famous, and is popularly believed to have been so sincere, was nothing more nor less than one of those numerous *liaisons* with which the amorous poet beguiled his time, and on which he expended so much of his superfluous affection and verse. And from the hashed-up memories of that attachment Burns contrived to make good poetical capital, when he was writing for Mr. Thompson, of Edinburgh, new Scotch words to old Scotch melodies. His transactions with Highland Mary three years before would supply him with more than one effective passage for his compositions, which, sublimated by his genius, could be turned to very good advantage. And thus he produced the poems 'To Mary in Heaven,' and 'Highland Mary;' the emotions that their subjects recalled being held sufficiently under control to enable the poet to duly arrange his stanzas to the tunes of 'Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff' and 'Katharine Ogie.*' The 'groans' that Burns describes as rending his breast, in the first-named poem, were, of course, only poetical groans—those, perchance, that precede the *poetica tempestas*—for he had a wife and family; and when, according to his custom, he had mentally arranged his verses out of doors, he came in to write them down in the presence of his wife. Into the poetical merits of such world-famed poems it would be useless, and beside the present question, here to enter. The poem 'To Mary in Heaven' is usually considered by competent critics to be a *chef-d'œuvre* among his other compositions, 'the noblest of all his ballads,' and the most excellent of the poems

* In this respect, Burns had an advantage over Wolfe, the 'Mary' of whose pathetic lines, 'If I had thought thou couldst have died,' was purely ideal. They were nothing more than lines composed to a plaintive air, and addressed to a fictitious personage.

and songs relating to Highland Mary. To me it seems inferior in purity of sentiment to the poem of 'Highland Mary;' for, while he addresses Mary 'in Heaven,' his memories of their last interview are mingled with the very earthliest dross of sensual love. The 'sacred hour' when they met ushered in a day spent in 'transports,' in which surrounding Nature is made to sympathise—as in Michelet's prose or Shelley's poetry—

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another, &c.

the river '*kiss'd* his pebbled shore'—

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers *sprang wanton to be prest*;
The birds *sang love* on ev'ry spray!

Surely it must have been a very Mahommedan 'heaven' that could have inspired the poet's breast with such sensuous warmth!

What his brother Gilbert calls the 'under-plots in the drama of his love' were far more numerous than select, but were, nevertheless, played out with great spirit and intensity. Burns found his heart large enough to contain a plurality of attachments, and could always console himself with the bad philosophy of Moore—

When we're away from the lips that we love,
We can always make love to the lips that are near.

He was a most ardent, but fickle lover; one who was very erratic in the erotics :

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven.

While he was professing a devoted attachment to the

gentle Highland Mary, plighting his troth to her, swearing it upon the Bible, and wishing her to accompany him to the West Indies—a wish that, as is evident from his verses, he very soon abandoned*—he was repeating the same soft endearments to Miss Elizabeth Black, promising that boundless oceans should not divide their hearts and souls, and that his last throb and sigh would be for his ‘Eliza dear,’ the maid that he adored. He was also lauding the charms of the ‘bonny lass o’ Ballochmyle’ in verse whose import could not be mistaken; and, to crown all, he was telling his ‘bonnie Jean’ that her ‘dear idea’ should still tenderly entwine round his heart, and that he would love her ‘dearer than his deathless soul.’ This was an amatory four-in-hand that was by no means difficult for our poetical Jehu to steer. Long use had given him a mastery in the management of these delicate matters; and he revelled in the successful achievement of these *tours de force* in love affairs.

I do not wish to dwell upon these unpleasant facts: it is sufficient to indicate them, together with these other two facts, which also occurred in this memorable year of 1786. Early in July he did penance in the kirk of Mauchline, in order that he might obtain his certificate of bachelorhood; and a little later, on September 3 (while Highland Mary was at Campbelton), Jean Armour gave birth to twins, of which Robert Burns was the father. He had been united to her by that irregular form of union called ‘a Scotch marriage,’

* As, for example, in his ‘Prayer for Mary’:—

Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

which had been 'followed by the grosser outrage of a divorce, dictated by the arbitrary will of a third party, and effected by the simple burning of a piece of paper.' Why Jean Armour's father should persuade his daughter to destroy so precious a document, at so important a juncture, we know not. From what Professor Walker tells us, he evidently had no good opinion of Burns; and the Rev. Hamilton Paul says, 'Burns' aberrations must have been notorious, when a man in the rank of Miss Armour's father refused his consent to his permanent union with his unfortunate daughter.'

It will only be doing justice to Burns to remind the reader, that the poet was legally married to Jean Armour about a year and a half after the death of Highland Mary; and it may also be remembered, that, whatever his sins and shortcomings may have been, he proved himself to be a loving husband and father; one who, to use his widow's words, 'never said a misbehadden word to her a' the days of his life;' and, in his better and soberer hours, fulfilled that true pathos described in his own verse—

To make a happy fire-side clime,
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

This, however, had nothing to do with the transactions of the year 1786, and his vows to Highland Mary at the very time when he was repeating similar vows to others, and expecting to be a father, without the sanctity of marriage to bless the tie. It is true that he had promised to be united to the woman whose reputation he had thus ruined; but, as we have seen, he had also made a similar promise to Highland Mary, and had

confirmed it with a Bible oath and a Bible text. What, then, were his promises worth? Mary, Jean, and Eliza seem to have been swaying his Don Giovanni heart at the same time—the two former especially. Was it a Macheath difficulty? We fear so. Burns had that pliant temperament that could enable him to pass from one woman to another as easily as he vibrated between sorrow and joy, poetry and whisky. The sun for him was ever in *Virgo*.*

I have ventured to say (and this with all due admiration for the poems *as poems*), that when Burns needed a subject for his verse, he was able to make very good poetical capital out of his recollections of his 'passion' for Highland Mary, their final interview, and her early death. But though he thus made considerable and dexterous use of that episode in his history, yet he must evidently have been aware, that, if the whole truth were known, it would place his conduct in a very doubtful light, and while it engendered feelings of pity for Mary, would give rise to very different sensations towards himself. If he had not some such thought as this, why should he have endeavoured to cheat his readers into the belief that his betrothal to Highland Mary had happened many years previous to the spring of 1786? He calls it 'one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days,' and speaks of it as occurring in 'very early life;' although he is then referring to circumstances that happened but three years before, when he was in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Dr. Currie, the first biographer of the poet—who had probably received a hint from the family how he

* 'Till the sun entered *Virgo*, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom.'—Burns' *Letters*.

should treat this subject — thus guardedly speaks : ‘ The sensibility of our bard’s temper, and the force of his imagination, exposed him in a particular manner to the impressions of beauty ; and these qualities, united to his impassioned eloquence, gave him in turn a powerful influence over the female heart. The banks of the Ayr formed the scene of *youthful* passions of a still tenderer nature, the history of which it would be improper to reveal, were it even in our power, and the traces of which will soon be discoverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility to which they gave birth. The song entitled “ Highland Mary ” is known to relate to “ one of these attachments.” ’ This expression, ‘ one of these attachments,’ is certainly sufficiently suggestive ; as also the confident feeling that the truth would never be known. Professor Walker, and the subsequent biographers of Burns, are equally reticent. Mr. R. Chambers, however, grapples with the subject. ‘ Burns’ reasons for maintaining a mystery on the subject,’ he says, ‘ can only be matter of conjecture. He might have some sense of remorse about this simple girl ; he might feel some little shame on account of her humble position in life ; he might dread the world’s knowing that, after the affair of Jean Armour, in the midst of such calamitous circumstances, and facing a long exile in the West Indies, he had been so madly imprudent as to engage a poor girl to join him in wedlock, whether to go with him, or to wait for his return.’ And elsewhere the same biographer says : ‘ For his studying to keep the matter in some obscurity, there certainly might be motives of some cogency ; for one, a dislike to recall before the mind of his wife an affair which had come somewhat awkwardly between them, and run nigh to sever them for ever.’

We have now gone through this painful episode in Burns' life. Romantic as are many of its passages, yet, when the story of 'Burns and his Highland Mary' comes to be scrutinised, and divested of its poetic dress, is it not a very different version of the story to that which is usually accepted by the public? Hear, for example, what Mr. Carruthers says on the subject; and I select him as a fitting representative of the public feeling: 'This is the most beautiful and touching passage in all Burns' life. His after-loves were of the earth, earthy; but his passion for Highland Mary was as pure* as it was fervent and lasting. It dawned upon him at the most susceptible period of life; it led in enchantment upon scenes and objects which he had previously looked upon with coldness or aversion; it gave a fine tone of humanity to his whole moral being. Let us not admit the dictum of Byron, that 'the cold in clime are cold in blood,' since, in peasant life, among the woods of Ayr, was nursed in solitude and obscurity a passion as deep and thrilling and romantic as the loves of Tasso or Petrarch, and immeasurably beyond those of Sidney and Waller. *Sacharissa* and the fair ones of *Arcadia* must yield to the dairymaid of *Montgomery Castle*.' This opinion is evidently founded on Burns' verses and Burns' statements. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Carruthers, or anyone else, would have come to such a conclusion, had they been furnished with the facts adduced by Mr. Douglas and Mr. Chambers! But it is certainly a

* Lockhart also calls it his '*pure love*.' Weir, in his *History of Greenock*, published in 1829, speaking of the grave-yard of the old church, says, 'Here, unnoticed, and scarcely known, is now "mouldering in silent dust," Highland Mary, the object of Burns' *purest* and *most exalted* attachment, and the theme of some of his finest effusions.'

matter of surprise that such statements should still be made, and that writers should continue to accept Burns' decidedly erroneous version of the story, that it was a passage in his youthful days, an affair in very early life, &c.; when, if there was not the date of his West Indian scheme to help us in the matter, yet the Bible that he presented to Mary, and which has been open to public inspection since January 25, 1841, would bring up its fly-leaf texts in judgment against their writer, and condemn him from its own pages. It was printed (as we have already seen) in 1782, and bears the word 'Mossgiel,' where Burns did not reside till 1784; but, even at the former of these dates, he was twenty-three years of age.

These dates are very stubborn things: and the photographic biographers of these latter days have brought to light many circumstances that place Burns in a new aspect with regard to his Highland Mary. Our greater knowledge of the circumstances of the history does not diminish our sympathy and respect for the attached Highland girl; but it has enabled us to penetrate the poetic mystery in which the bard would feign have left that episode of his life; and when we have peered through the mist raised by the incense of his genius, we see very ugly facts vainly endeavoured to be smothered under very beautiful poetry. The higher the pinnacle on which Genius is placed, the less visible to the admiring multitudes below are the specks and stains that sully its fair seeming; until the biographer comes to note down the flaws—like an artist who photographs some tall temple of old, whose inaccessible summit seems to show to the sun a fair front, which, presently, the truthful camera proves to be seared and scarred and disfigured like every other common stone.

We may be dazzled by the splendid gifts of Burns ; we may admire the better side of his nature ; but surely this should not blind us to his faults. Surely it is a very false theory to go upon, that because there is so much to admire in a genius whose thoughts are ever with us, like household words, we must therefore extend that admiration to his walk and conduct in life, and varnish over all his vices with honeyed phrases and specious excuses—‘he was a kind father,’ ‘he was no one’s enemy but his own,’ and the like. It is a sad sight to meet with profligacy and besotted habits in any man—disreputable enough even in the case of an unlettered country clown ; but how much more so when found in one to whom such great talents had been entrusted, and whose education and natural parts must every hour have told him of the vicious folly into which he so deliberately plunged. That Burns knew his errors, and understood the punishment of his sins, we know from his own letters ; but those ‘wandering stabs of remorse’ of which he often speaks were, unfortunately, but of a transient character, and their pain was soon drugged by the opiates of which he was so madly fond.

No ! whatever may be our admiration for Burns as a poet, yet there is very much in him as a man which we can only behold with the deepest regret and disgust, and which we can only reprobate as it deserves. We would not willingly go out of our way to fling a cruel stone on the cairn of one who so nobly showed

How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Far rather would we—

—leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,

And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair ;

echo Wordsworth's prayer, in his noble lines 'At the
Grave of Burns :'

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.

But when we are called upon to deal with such a subject as 'Burns and his Highland Mary,' no desire to hide the heartless conduct of the man should make us persist in regarding the attachment under the false haze of poetical imagery with which he has contrived to invest it. To me, his 'attachment' to Highland Mary seems one of the greatest scandals in his life. That her character should come out of the trial scatheless, is so much the more in her favour. She, most probably, was greatly deceived in her lover—credited his Bible vows—and imagined that his passion was as pure as his words were convincing. Whatever fault may attach to Burns, not the slightest speck has ever been found to stain the character of his Highland Mary ; and she stands enshrined in the temple of Romantic Poesy, in all the spotless purity of Parian marble.


CHAPTER XIV.

LOCH LOMOND.

View from Balloch Pier—A Bright Day for Tourists—The Medley of Sight-seers—The Reading Party and the Photographer—The Depreciator of Fresh Water—Sea and Lake—Loch Lomond a Mediterranean Sea—Wordsworth and Christopher North—Inch-Murrin—Glen Fruin—Rob Roy—Sunday Sport—The Floating Island—The Three Wonders—Drummond and Ben Jonson—Burns' Libation.

IT is a lovely morning in the early autumn as I sit on Balloch Pier, and, looking up Loch Lomond, try my best to carry away a water-colour sketch of the scene before me.

Loch Lomond itself—'the lake full of islands,' 'the Queen of Scottish lochs'—here narrowed to a comparative strip, which gradually widens to a breadth of five miles, claims the centre of the sketch. On either side, the Loch is shut in by a long-withdrawing range of mountains, the Grampians, extending in a long and rugged line to the right, and terminating towards the centre of the view in the distant Ben Lomond, whose highest pinnacle of rock is swathed by the morning mists. The hills are fringed with foliage down to the water-side; gleaming rocks crop up from amid emerald pastures and verdant clumps; and the undulating ground is splashed everywhere with heather, with its varied tints of crimson and creamy pink and purple. Castles, villas, and humbler residences sparkle white




from amid the embosoming foliage and the dark masses of the Scotch firs. Scattered islands, receding bays, and rocky headlands break up the surface of the Loch, and crowd the picture with every variety of form and outline. The long level gleam of water is ruffled into gentle ripples, which, in the morning sunshine, are

In colour like the satin shining palm,
Or salallows in the windy gleams of March.

The sails of boats flash like sea-gulls' wings; and a cloud of small birds glisten in the air and quiver white against the clear blue of the sky, like a shoal of silver-scaled fish sparkling in the shallows.

It is the very morning of all others to induce a visit to Loch Lomond; and, as I work away with my paint-brush and moist colours, and endeavour to note down the salient features in the crowded loveliness of the scene, I am not at all surprised to find my solitude interfered with by a swarm of tourists who have just arrived by the two railways from Stirling and Glasgow. A few of these venture into the rowing and sailing-boats, whose proprietors are clamorous for custom; but by far the greater number flock to the steamer, which is snorting and puffing beside the pier. It is probable that many of these tourists have come that morning through Glasgow from Edinburgh; they will now sail twenty miles up Loch Lomond to Inversnaid, from whence they will cross Rob Roy's country in comfortable coaches to Stronachan, where a steamer will be in waiting to bear them down Loch Katrine; from whence coaches will carry them through the Trossachs and over the Brig o' Turk to Callander; where they will again seat themselves in their railway carriage, to be taken past the Bridge of Allan, Stirling, Bannockburn,



Falkirk, and Linlithgow, and will be back in Edinburgh by comfortable time in the evening. Could any single day's 'Tour in Tartan-land' surpass this — especially if, as now, the sun so brightly shines upon their undertaking?

There is the usual medley of sight-seers: the middle-aged folks, so careful about their luggage; the young ladies, in such gushing emotions at the scenery; the university men, in the latest novelties of travelling costume, casting to the winds the cares of greats and smalls; the evident reading party, with their necessary reading paraphernalia of fishing-rods, gun-cases, and riding-whips; and, among all, an adventurous amateur photographer, who, after a fatal hesitation of five minutes, has straddled out his three-legged camera, and has no sooner decided upon his point of view, and hidden his head beneath the hood like a hunted ostrich, than the signal for departure is given, and the 'Now then, sir, if you please!' of the captain compels him to pack up his traps, and leave his performance as incomplete as that of Mr. Punch, when Policeman X bids him 'Move on!' ere his tragedy has reached half-way to its diabolic *denouement*. More fortunate than Mr. Punch or the amateur photographer, I have completed my water-colour drawing; and, as I wish to get back to the comfortable hotel at Tarbet, I may as well enjoy another sail up the Loch while the weather is so propitious.

So, we are all on board; and the favourable seats on the high deck between the tops of the paddle-boxes are already crowded with ladies, who, from that moment, keep up an incessant *feu de joie* of enthusiastic comments on the lovely scenery that slides past them in a series of panoramic views, whose beauty, on a bright

sunny morning in the late summer or early autumn, cannot be surpassed in Scotland. 'The view wants for nothing!' said a lady near to me. 'Yes, it does,' replied the gentleman who stood beside her: 'it wants water.' 'Water!' cried the lady; 'why, I thought that Loch Lomond was the largest lake in the United Kingdom.' 'The largest freshwater lake,' replied her companion; 'true! that's the very point. Fresh water is not salt, and Loch Lomond is not the sea. If the base of Ben Lomond was washed by the waves of the ocean, then the view would indeed want for nothing!' I thought of poor Albert Smith's stupid engineer, with his 'I tell you what it is—Chivity Vecchy ain't London; and what's more, it never will be, Mr. Smith.' But it was evident that the wretched sea-loving tourist had come to Loch Lomond with a foregone resolution to find fault with it because it was not the Atlantic. On the other hand, Wordsworth complained of Loch Lomond for having too great an expanse of water, and said that it had 'the blankness of a sea prospect without the grandeur and accompanying sense of power.' He thought that no one could see it 'without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable, and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side.' Professor Wilson, in a good-natured-friend sort of style, showed that his brother poet was talking great nonsense, and measured Loch Lomond by the standard of Windermere. 'It is out of our power,' said Christopher North, 'to look on Loch Lomond without a feeling of perfection. The "diffusion of water" is indeed great; but in what a world it floats! at first sight of it, how our soul expands! The sudden revelation of such majestic beauty;

wide as it is, and extending afar, inspires us with a power of comprehending it all. Sea-like indeed it is—a Mediterranean sea—enclosed with lofty hills and as lofty mountains; and these, indeed, are the Fortunate Isles! We shall not dwell on the feeling which all must have experienced on the first sight of such a vision—the feeling of a lovely and a mighty calm! It is manifest that the spacious “diffusion of water” more than conspires with the other components of such a scene to produce the feeling; that to it belongs the spell that makes our spirit serene, still, and bright as its own.’

Elsewhere, in the ‘Recreations,’ under the head of ‘The Moors,’ we find Christopher North speaking thus—and I recommend the passage to propitiate the nautical grumbler: ‘Loch Lomond is a sea! Along its shores might you voyage in your swift schooner, with shifting breezes, all a summer’s day, nor at sunset, when you dropped anchor, have seen half the beautiful wonders. It is many-isled, and some of them are in themselves little worlds, with woods and hills. . . . Ships might be sailing here, the largest ships of war; and there is anchorage for fleets. But the clear course of the lovely Leven is rock-crossed, and intercepted with gravelly shallows, and guards Loch Lomond from the white-winged roamers that from all seas come crowding into the Firth of Clyde, and carry their streaming flags above the woods of Ardgowan.’ And in another volume he writes: ‘We should as soon think of penning a critique on Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost,’ as on Loch Lomond. People there are in the world, doubtless, who think them both too long; but, to our minds, neither the one nor the other exceeds the due measure by a leaf or a league. You may, if it so pleaseth you,

think it, in a mist, a Mediterranean sea. For then you behold many miles of tumbling waves, with no land beyond; and were a ship to rise up in full sail, she would seem voyaging on to some distant shore.' Perhaps the nautical grumbler now on board would prefer a mist and tumbling waves to this clear sky and placid water.

As we leave Balloch Pier behind us, we have to our right, on the east side of the Loch, Balloch Castle, the modern representative of the old moated fortalice of the Earls of Lennox, which stood on the shore of the lake, but of which no ruins remain. A little further on, however, on the same shore, are the ruins of Buturich Castle; and on the southern extremity of the island of Inch-Murrin are the ruins of Lennox Castle, surrounded by a grove of oaks. Inch-Murrin is the most southern island on the Loch, as well as the largest, being a mile and a half in length, by half a mile in breadth. It is used as a deer park, and is beautifully wooded, and has a hunting box belonging to the Duke of Montrose. On the western shore we have passed Cameron House (where lives the lineal descendant of Smollett, the historian), Belretiro House, Banuchra Castle, and Arden House, near to which is the entrance to Glenfruin, 'the glen of wailing,' so called from the great battle fought here in 1602, between the Macgregors and Colquhouns, in which the latter clan were well nigh exterminated, while their chief, Alister of Glenstrae, having surrendered on terms, was treacherously hanged. The widows of the slain Colquhouns went to Stirling, and appeared before James the Sixth, each bearing the bloody shirt of her husband displayed on a pike, and demanding vengeance. The Macgregors were then outlawed, their name proscribed, and the

adoption of it made a felony.* This reduced the clan to that predatory mode of life which was the cause of the moon in the Loch Lomond neighbourhood being called 'Mac Gregor's lantern.' The clan lived by black-mail, and their fortunes culminated in the famed Rob Roy, the only original portrait of whom known to exist is preserved at Arden House, a residence in which Sir Walter Scott was a frequent guest. The Colquhouns themselves followed the fashion of the time; and the story goes that the Colquhouns of Camstradden used to fire at those of Luss every Sunday, as they turned round an exposed corner on their way to church. Camstradden and Luss are on the western shore of the Loch, and our steamer will pass them very soon.

At present we have sailed past Inch-Murrin, and have entered the archipelago of Loch Lomond. Professor Wilson calls it 'the Loch of a hundred isles,' but this is merely poetical exaggeration. The number of its islands, like the number of its length in miles, is thirty, though, according to tradition, it once added one or two more to this thirty. Camden, for example, speaks of an island called Camstradden, lying off the place of that name, on which was a house and an orchard; and this island has altogether disappeared, although the fishermen pretend to see the ruins of houses far beneath the surface of the water, at a spot in Camstradden Bay, about a hundred yards from the shore. There was also the floating island, said to have been constructed by

* A full account of the Battle of Glenfruin is given in the Introduction to *Rob Roy*.

'Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.'

Boat Song in *The Lady of the Lake*.

Keith Macindoill (a contemporary of Fingal) of large square beams of oak, firmly morticed. This was accounted one of the three wonders of Loch Lomond, the other two being 'waves without wind' (the swell in the widest part of the lake after a storm), and 'fish without fins' (the vipers that swam from island to island), to which Camden added a fourth wonder—

*Ditatur fluvius Albania, saxea ligna
Dat Lomund multâ frigiditate potens.*

‘Scotland’s enriched with rivers, timber thrown
Into cold Lomund’s waters turns to stone.’

Tradition only speaks of one floating island; but, like Professor Wilson, Drummond of Hawthornden poetically exaggerates the number; and in his poem of the ‘River of Forth’ has the line—

Strange Lomond for his floating isles renown’d.

Drummond, by the way, says ‘that Ben Jonson intended to write a fisher, or pastoral play, and set the stage of it on the Lomond lake;’ and, after Ben Jonson returned to London from Hawthornden, he wrote to Drummond to send him information ‘concerning the Loch of Lomond;’ but whatever information he may have received he does not appear to have used. Drummond was somewhat shocked by Ben Jonson’s fondness for wine; but what would he have said to Burns, who, being at the house of a Highland laird by Loch Lomond, danced with the ladies till three in the morning, and then, to quote his own words, ‘we ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six, except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Ben Lomond. We all kneeled; our worthy landlord’s son held the bowl; each man a full glass in his hand; and I, as a priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense, like Thomas a Rhymer’s prophecies, I suppose.’

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAKE FULL OF ISLANDS.

A Cluster of Islands—The Yew of Inch-Callioch—Buchanan's Obelisk—Dog Latin—The Pot of Gartness—Lord Napier and his Logarithms—Glenfinlass—Ross-dhu—Rob Roy and the Colquhouns—The Forester and the Fairies—The Deer Island—Whisky and Delirium Tremens—Inch-Tavanach—Inch-Cruin—A Critical Contrast—Professor Wilson's Panegyrics and Dr. Johnson's Grumble—Boswell—Johnson and Lord Graham—Smollett and 'Humphrey Clinker'—Timber.

PASSING Inch-Murrin, we draw near a cluster of islands which overlap each other in such a way that they form a chain of wooded rocks between us and the eastern shore of the Loch. These are the islands of Cra-inch, Torr-inch, Aber, Clair-inch, Inch-Callioch, and Inch-Fad. Of these, the little island of Clair-inch gave the Buchanans their slogan or war-cry; and Inch-Callioch, 'the island of women,' or 'the Nuns' Isle,' still bears traces, in its ancient cemetery (used up to the present time, and containing monuments to the Macgregors), of the establishment to which its name alludes. A parish church supplanted the nunnery, and in its turn was superseded by that church which has been built about a mile-and-a-half eastward of the Loch, and is called by the name of Buchanan, into which title the original name of the parish and island (Inch-Callioch) has been merged. Above this church is 'the pass of Beal

'maha,' mentioned in the fourth canto of 'The Lady of the Lake.' Inch-Callioch is two-and-a-half miles in circuit, is beautifully wooded, and is one of the prettiest islands in Loch Lomond. From a yew-tree on this island was procured the wood for the Fiery Cross, sent forth by Roderick Dhu.

The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailloch wave
Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.

From here, and south-east of the islet of Inch-Aber, the lake forms a beautiful bay, in the midst of whose curve the river Endrick appears, flowing down from the Lennox Hills through the lovely valley of 'Sweet Ennerdale.' At the further end of the valley, at the distance of some six miles from the Loch, is the village of Killearn, the birth-place of George Buchanan, to whom an obelisk, 103 feet high, and nineteen feet square at the base, was erected in 1788. A silver medal, with the following inscription, was placed in the foundation stone:—

In Memoriam,
Georgii Buchanani,
Poetae et Historici celeberrimi
Accolis hujus loci, ultra conferentibus,
Hæc columna posita est, 1788.
Jacobus Craig, architect, Edinburgen.

From the canine nature of the Latin, especially in the last line, it is perhaps as well that they have hidden from view this inscription in honour of one whose Latinity was so classical and correct.

Midway between Killearn and Loch Lomond is a deep chaldron-shaped Linn, called 'the Pot of Gartness,' into which the river leaps from a great height,

with a thundering sound. It is said that its noise never disturbed Lord Napier, of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, who, during the greater part of the time devoted to the perfection of his abstruse problems, resided in the old mansion of Gartness House, in the near neighbourhood of the fall; but that the clatter of a mill so annoyed him, that he sometimes was compelled to request the miller to desist from his occupation. Whether or no the man was obliging enough to defer the grinding of his corn to the manufacture of Napier's logarithms, the legend does not say; but it tells us that Lord Napier was frequently taken for a ghost or warlock, from his habit of wandering out in the evening clad in the airy attire of a night-gown and cap.

On the western bank of Loch Lomond, on a line with the northern point of the island of Inch-Murrin, is the beautiful valley of Glenfinlass, with its verdant pastures, and the remains of the old deer-forest of the kings of Scotland. A mile to the north of Finlass Water is Rosdhu,* the seat of Sir James Colquhoun,

* An interesting account of the wild-fowl shooting in the neighbourhood of Rosdhu, and on the islands of Loch Lomond, more particularly on Inch-Moan, 'the Peat Island,' will be found in *Rocks and Rivers*, by John Colquhoun, Esq., p. 66. For woodcock shooting in Loch Lomond, see the same work, p. 146. Miss Sinclair gives the following anecdote connected with Rosdhu: 'The ancestors here (Castle Grant, Morayshire,) are worth travelling any distance to visit. None were so beautiful, however, as the young heiress of Rosdhu, Miss Colquhoun, painted by Ramsay, in a rich white satin dress, and adorned in a wreath of flowers. She was forcibly carried off by a second son of the Grant family, who proved, when on trial for the offence, that the lady sat in front of his horse, and must therefore have run off with him. This plea being considered satisfactory, the gentleman was acquitted, and became afterwards Laird of Grant, on which his second son succeeded to the beautiful and extensive domain of Rosdhu on Loch Lomond. We saw here a miniature portrait, including the three individuals who

Bart., whose deer-park is on Inch-Lonaig, an island nearer to Luss, where there are some ancient yews (the survivors of a conflagration which destroyed their brethren), which are said to have been planted by Robert Bruce, for the purpose of supplying his army with bows. On this island, Sir James' grandfather held a conference with Rob Roy, at the request of the latter, who agreed to abstain from committing any depredations on Sir James' property, and to exonerate him from the necessity of maintaining a guard. While Rob Roy thus adroitly made terms with the powerful chief, who could have executed the captive Macgregors on 'the Galla Hill,' he levied his contributions on the weaker clan of the Grahams. The old forester of the Colquhouns, who lived upon this island thirty years ago, vindicated to Lord Teignmouth the old superstitions of second-sight and fairies, and pointed out a conical hill which (he said) was inhabited by fairies, who frequently carried off 'women with child to serve as nurses, and children to boot,' probably to supply the absence of heira. He confirmed his tale by the assurance that he had known a woman whose shoulder had been dislocated in an attempt of a man to rescue her from the clutch of one of these monsters. Lord Teignmouth suggests that this old forester had not been without peculiar inducement to preserve the mystic awe which once infested the islands of Loch Lomond, inasmuch as they became the retreat of smugglers, who found them particularly well adapted to the practice of illicit distillation.* It is to be hoped, however, that all these spirits, not only of

descended from that marriage, Sir Ludovic Grant, Sir James Colquhoun, and Colonel Colquhoun.' (*Shetland and the Shetlanders*.)

* Lord Teignmouth's *Scotland* (1836), vol. ii. pp. 286-8.

fancy, but of reality, had been banished the island by the commencement of the present century, for within its boundaries was founded an establishment for the reception and cure of persons who had been the victims to *delirium tremens*, and those other maladies which arise from excessive drinking; and, certainly, in the absence of illicit whisky stills, 'the Deer Island' was an admirable spot for an institution where the chief treatment was quiet and the water cure. Nearer to Rossdhu is Inch-Tavanach, 'the island of the Monk's House,' so named from a monastic retreat that once existed here. It is well-wooded and rocky, and loftier than most of the islands; and it is said that from its highest point the thirty islands of Loch Lomond are visible. This island, which was once the property of the Macfarlanes, now belongs to the Colquhouns. Between Inch-Lonaig and Inch-Fad is Inch-Cruin, 'the Round Island,' or 'the Island of the Afflicted,' as Christopher North called it; for it then contained a lunatic asylum, to a description of which he has devoted his powerful pen in one of the chapters of the first volume of his 'Recreations.'

Elsewhere he has thus spoken of the islands of Loch Lomond, through another cluster of which our steam-boat is now threading her way, as she approaches Luss:—'The islands, that had before lain we knew not how—or we had only felt that they were all most lovely—begin to show themselves in the order of their relation to one another, and to the shores. The eye rests on the largest, and with them the lesser combine; or we look at one or two of the least, away by themselves, or remote from all a tufted rock, and, many as they are, they break not the breadth of the liquid plain, for it is ample as the sky. They show its

amplitude, as masses and sprinklings of clouds, and single clouds, show the amplitude of the cerulean vault. . . . They are for ever arranging themselves into new forms, every one more and more beautiful; at least so they seemed to be, perpetually occurring, yet always unexpected, and there is a pleasure even in such a series of slight surprises that enhances the delight of admiration. And alongside, or behind us, all the while, are the sylvan mountains, laden with beauty; and, ever and anon, glens widen down upon us from chasms, or forest-glades lead our hearts away into the inner gloom; and there, in a field that looks not as if it had been cleared by his own hands, but left clear by nature, a woodman's hut.'

As a contrast to Professor Wilson's panegyrics, listen to Dr. Johnson's grumble, and see how the same scenery can be variously represented according to the mood and tastes of the writer: 'From Glencroe,' says the doctor, 'we passed through a pleasant country to the banks of Loch Lomond, and were received at the house of Sir James Colquhoun, who is owner of almost all the thirty islands of the Loch, which we went in a boat next morning to survey. The heaviness of the rain shortened our voyage, but we landed on one island planted with yew and stocked with deer; and on another containing not perhaps more than half an acre, remarkable for the ruins of an old castle, on which the osprey builds her annual nest. Had Loch Lomond been in a happier climate, it would have been the boast of wealth and vanity to own one of the little spots which it encloses, and to have employed upon it all the arts of embellishment. But as it is, the islets which court the gazer at a distance disgust him at his approach, when he finds, instead of soft lawns and shady thickets,

nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness.' We must note, however, that the visit was made during heavy rain, and late in the season (October 27, 1773), and when Dr. Johnson was in the 65th year of his age. Some excuse is therefore to be made for his inappreciation of the scenery. But Boswell, on the contrary, says that his illustrious friend 'was much pleased with the scene.' Six years after, when they were dining in London at Allen Ramsay's, Lord Graham, who was one of the party, while he praised the beauty of Loch Lomond, on the banks of which was his family seat, complained of the climate, and said he could not bear it. To which Dr. Johnson said, 'Nay, my Lord, don't talk so; you may bear it well enough. Your ancestors have borne it more years than I can tell.' This was a handsome compliment to the antiquity of the house of Montrose. 'His Lordship (says Boswell) told me afterwards that he had only affected to complain of the climate; lest, if he had spoken as favourably of his country as he had really thought, Dr. Johnson might have attacked it.' When the doctor's foibles were thus truckled to by those who should have known better, we ought not to be much surprised if the doctor, in an unguarded moment, should stumble into the trap prepared for him. Johnson's visit to Loch Lomond led to his assisting in the Latin inscription on the monument erected to Smollett, on the banks of the Leven, by his kinsman, of whom it may be truly said that he gave to the novelist a stone instead of bread, for he never assisted him while living, and he allowed his widow to subsist on the charity of the public. Dr. Smollett's description of Loch Lomond is very different from that of Dr. Johnson. It will be found in 'Humphrey Clinker,' where he says that he prefers his country loch to 'the

Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva,' a preference, he adds, 'that is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting visions of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn fields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which being in bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything is romantic beyond imagination.' The woodland scenery must be tame to what it once was, for the western banks of Loch Lomond were formerly covered with large forests; and Professor Cosmo Innes, in his 'Sketches of Early Scotch History,' shows that Maurice, Lord of Luss, sold the timber from there wherewith to build 'the steeple and thesaurry of the church' of Glasgow, in 1277.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEN LOMOND.

Village of Luss—The Birch; useful and ornamental—Inveruglas—*Carpe diem*—Ben Lomond—The Beacon—The Bailie's Speculations, and an Improvement thereupon—Ben Lomond Utilised—Rob Roy's Rock—Sentiments and Characters—Swells and Lovers—Clerks and Milliners—Macaulay's Sneer—Goldsmith's Opinion—Impressions received by Scenery—The Zug Boatman—Sir Walter Scott—The Historian's Raid—Special Pleading out of place—View from Tarbet—Turner's Picture of Ben Lomond—Its Characteristics—The Tourist's Programme—Speed and Weather.

AS seen from the steamer, the village of Luss is one of the prettiest collections of houses on the borders of the Loch. The shores of the lake, up to this spot, have been comparatively low and meadow-like; but immediately northward of Luss the rocks here and there rise precipitously from the water, and on all sides soar upwards into mountains, which press around the now narrowed surface of the Loch, and contract it to a width varying from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. This brings the varied scenery of either bank within near view, and enables those on board the steamer to note those lesser objects of the landscape which distance would have hidden from our eyes on the sea-like surface of the southern portion of the Loch. Now, we not only clearly discern all the houses, but even the people also—to wit, the fisherman who is flogging the Luss water almost as lustily as an irate woman in

a mob-cap, which shines lustrous in the sun, who is belabouring a small boy with a birch. That graceful tree grows as ornamentally and usefully near to the cottagers' huts by Loch Lomond as it did by the house of Shenstone's schoolmistress. Three miles farther on, and as our steamer approaches Inveruglas Ferry, the Loch would appear to become still more contracted, and yet more beautiful. Tiny cataracts are hurled down the rocky ramparts of the Loch, and lose themselves amid the trees with a most musical murmur, a veritable performance by dame Nature of *La Pluie de Perles*.

At Inveruglas we set down some of our passengers; for from hence is the usual spot (by means of the ferry to the Rowardennan Hotel on the opposite bank of the Loch) where tourists start for Ben Lomond; and to-day is a most propitious day for the ascent, the view being clear in all directions. But the ascent from Rowardennan to the summit of Ben Lomond is a toilsome march of six miles, and will therefore consume several hours of the day; and at present I am bound for Tarbet, so I defer my ascent to another day, which, alas, never came; for on the morrow (which happened to be the only day at my command) the pelting storms and shrouding mists had well nigh blotted out Ben Lomond from base to summit, and the view of him, as seen from the Tarbet Hotel, was simply *nil*. I therefore had to take to heart that cosmopolitan *carpe-diem* proverb of 'making hay while the sun shines,' of which the German version says, 'one to-day is worth ten to-morrows.'

As seen from the various points of the Loch, however, and especially from Tarbet (weather permitting), Ben Lomond is a truly magnificent object in the landscape

—a giant amid giants—a mountain that lifts its head
amongst its fellows,

— that, like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

The height of Ben Lomond is stated at various altitudes, ranging from 3,091 to 3,262 feet. Its name appears to have been derived from the British word *Llummon*, 'a beacon;' and, in the thirteenth century, the mountain lent its name to the lake, which had previously been called Loch Leven, still retained by the river which flows out of the lake into the Clyde at Dumbarton. Ben Lomond well deserves its name of 'The Beacon;' for from its summit can be discerned the distant mountains of Arran and Cantire, Ben More, Ben Lawers, the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the vales of the Clyde and the Forth, and the Atlantic Ocean. In modern days it has literally been turned into a beacon; for when the Ordnance Survey for Scotland was being made, the engineers placed a lime-light as a station-mark on the highest peak of the mountain, which was said to have been plainly visible at Knock Layd, nearly 100 miles distant. The bonfire lighted on the Malvern Hills (not half the height of Ben Lomond), in January 1856, was also said to have been visible from the distance of 100 miles—even from Snowdon, which is 105 miles distant; although it was altogether invisible at a distance of only three miles to the north and east; * a discrepancy which may be partly ac-

* So I found, not only from hearsay, but personal observation. A strong wind beat down the flames, and carried them out horizontally towards the Herefordshire side of the hill. Thus the bonfire was altogether invisible to the thousands who were watching for it at Worcester; and when my sketch of the bonfire appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, the Radical paper of the county did not scruple to say that the

counted for by supposing that the distant watchers were provided with Sam Weller's 'extra super double-milled million magnifying optics.'

Sir Walter Scott makes Frank Osbaldistone thus to describe his approach to Loch Lomond in company with Bailie Nicol Jarvie: 'The lofty peak of Ben Lomond, here the predominant monarch of mountains, lay on our right hand, and served as a striking landmark. We emerged through a pass in the hills, and Loch Lomond opened before us. I will spare you the attempt to describe what you would hardly comprehend without going to see it. But, certainly, this noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands, of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains—while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land—affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature.' The beauties of the scene were lost upon Bailie Nicol Jarvie, who, as he was rowed over the lake, was mentally engaged in the calculations necessary for the drainage of the Loch, undertaking that it was a possible experiment, and that, while a portion of the water should be left just deep enough and broad enough for a canal for coal-barges and gabbards, there would be 'giving to plough and harrow many hundred, aye, many a thousand acres, from whilk no man could get earthly gude e'enow, unless it were a gedd, or a dish of perch now and then.' This notable idea of the bailie has been

drawing was the result of my own imagination. For stations where the Malvern bonfire was said to have been visible, see *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. iv. 411, 476; v. 55, 93.

appropriated, but improved upon, by a shrewd citizen whom Mr. Colquhoun introduces to us (in his 'Rocks and Rivers'), who had a plan for 'making money of the premier Loch at the expense of its sterile Ben.' He had ascended Ben Lomond shortly before, the day lovely, only a few light clouds flitting over the brown heath or scattered rocks, between long intervals of brilliant sunshine; the lights and shadows upon the opposite mountains seemed formed to call up feelings and recollections long gone by. Our citizen, however, returned vastly delighted at having rather called up so good an appetite for dinner. After having satisfied his craving, he abruptly broke out, 'Would it be pother to fill up Loch Lomond?' His own genius anticipated the reply: 'Ah! by tumbling Ben Lomond into it, I thuppothe! Now, how many acres of good land would you gain?'

As the steamer continues its course from Inveruglas to Tarbet, we pass, to the right, Rob Roy's Rock, about a mile north of Rowardennan Inn. The rock is a precipitous mass, rising from the water to the height of about thirty feet, and is the most advanced step of that rocky staircase which leads to the summit of Ben Lomond. A small cave appears on the face of the rock; but it would escape observation were it not for two large circles painted near to it. There is another memento of the bold outlaw a short distance above Inversnaid, called Rob Roy's Cave, or Prison, in which it is said that he not only found shelter for himself, but also for any unfortunate captives on whom he had laid hands, and whom he would let down by a rope, and duck in the water, until they had consented to his terms for ransom. They might account themselves fortunate if they did not share the fate of Morris, so powerfully described in the fourteenth chapter of the

second volume of 'Rob Roy.' As a matter of course, the steam-boat tourists eagerly look out for these retreats of the Highland hero; but the view of Ben Lomond from the Loch, near to Rob Roy's Rock, is so remarkably picturesque, that it needs no legendary attraction to add to its interest.

Of course we have a motley crowd on board, and the various exclamations that the panorama of remarkable views draws forth evince the character, and, sometimes, the condition of the speaker. 'Well, now! ain't it pretty!' and 'Stunning, isn't it?' declare their southern and plebeian origin; 'Reminds me of a picture by Salvator Rosa, that I once saw in Italy!' bespeaks the travelled Thane, who affects the dilettante style; 'Ah! but you should see the Rhine!' denotes the character of another travelled grumbler, who depreciates present scenery by the undue praise of something out of reach. The artist looks out for effects and forms; the poetical young lady thinks of similes that will be available for her 'Sonnet written on Loch Lomond,' to be published in the next issue of 'Fashion's Mirror;' and the gushing young lady sums up her ecstasies with 'Oh! isn't it nice!' A family of wealthy West Indians are on board, the ladies being splendidly handsome and magnificently dressed, and one of them being the happy mother of three of the loveliest little children that anyone ever saw—except his own. The enjoyment of the whole party was a treat to witness, and their unreserved exclamations of delight were in pleasing contrast to the frigid silence of two gorgeous swells in knickerbockers, who were 'much above that sort of thing,' and who, at length, were compelled, from sheer *ennui*, to resort to the cheaper portion of the vessel, where they might luxuriate in

a quiet smoke. A large Newfoundland dog on board was also remarkable for the way in which he enjoyed Loch Lomond after his own particular fashion, by leaping into the water for a stick, and then regaining the deck by means of a rope. The affable manner in which he trundled himself dry over the knickerbockers and thin calves of the two swells was a sight to be thoroughly luxuriated in.

I think we had a bride and bridegroom on board ; but I am certain that we had the inevitable pair of lovers who always turn up during the touring season at every romantic spot. It is not their own fault if they are so easily recognised, for some people are like glow-worms, and cannot help making themselves conspicuous. It is also probable that among our company were some representatives of those 'thousands of clerks and milliners' whom Lord Macaulay was pleased to infer are the only people now 'thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.' The reader will probably remember this passage in the historian's famous (or infamous, as some people call it) description of the Highlands and Highlanders, as he wished them to appear in the days of William the Third.* His sneer is placed in conjunction with Goldsmith's opinion of the Highlands: 'He was disgusted with the hideous wilderness, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country round Leyden, the vast expanse of verdant meadow, and the villas with their statues and grottoes, trim flower-beds, and rectilinear avenues. Yet it is difficult to believe that the author of "The Traveller" and of "The Deserted Village" was naturally inferior in taste and sensibility to the thousands of clerks and milliners' aforesaid. It

* Macaulay's *History*, iii. 302.

scarcely seems that the passage quoted from Goldsmith can warrant the very strong language used by the historian ; but, be that as it may, it is evident that the easy and careless *bon-vivant* Goldsmith was a prejudiced observer, and preferred 'a continued plain,' which gave him no trouble in walking, to a country where travelling was to him a toil, and where 'hills and rocks intercept every object.' It is difficult to conceive where Goldsmith could have been in the Highlands to write thus, and also to say, 'Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove or brook lend their music to cheer the stranger.' He might have written so on one or two spots, far away on the broad mountain tops ; but, to have reached them, he must have seen some musical brooks, even if there were no vocal groves to cheer him. As a matter of course, scenery affects people variously, according to their individual tastes and feelings, assisted occasionally, or even controlled, by such concurrent but foreign causes as weariness, indigestion, bad weather, or a disagreeable fellow-traveller. Goldsmith evidently preferred a plain to a mountainous country, just as the Zug boatman did, who, when told by Archdeacon Hare that in Russia he might go hundreds of miles without seeing a hillock, exclaimed, 'How beautiful that must be !' Sir Walter Scott, too, preferred the nakedness of his Abbotsford hills to the rich scenery about Edinburgh. 'It may be partiality,' he said to Washington Irving, 'but to my eye these grey hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land, it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden-land, I

begin to wish myself back again among my honest grey hills.' Washington Irving adds, 'He vindicated the Tweed, too, as a beautiful stream in itself, and observed that he did not dislike it for being bare of trees.' It is noticeable, however, that when Sir Walter Scott thus spoke, he was doing his best to cloke the nakedness of the land, and to completely alter its bare, bleak aspect, so that the terms in which his undoubtedly honest enthusiasm for his grey hills was expressed must be received with some reservation. Yet it would be as absurd to accept Goldsmith's remarks as a true but brief description of Highland scenery, as it would be to take Sir Walter Scott's opinion as to the greater picturesqueness of the bleak hills of Abbotsford over the rich scenery of Edinburgh, as the expression of an universal sentiment. It may be said in excuse of the 'clerks and milliners' who may not possibly have been thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Lomond in the days of Macaulay's pet monarch, that the public is generally slow to find out natural beauties until they are pointed out to them. Sir Walter Scott's discoveries (as they may be termed) of Scottish spots which are now the goal for thousands of tourists, is an instance in point; and another example is to be found in our own English lakes, the scenery of which was so little appreciated a century ago that, in the popular work on geography which went by the name of 'Guthrie,' they were only passingly referred to as 'the Derwent waters,' and were classed with Whittlesea Mere, to which they were considered as inferior in attractions.

Lord Macaulay's raid against the Highlands and Highlanders is remarkable, as coming from one who was descended from a Highland family. Perhaps, if that family had been of greater importance, he would

have been prouder of his Celtic ancestors and their contemporaries. It would seem that he designedly blackens the character both of the country and its people, in order to pave the way for the exculpation of his favourite from the blame that must ever attach to him, for signing and countersigning the warrant for the massacre of Glencoe. The historian, foreseeing that he is approaching King William's 'Seven years of Famine,' as they were termed by the Jacobites, and drawing unpleasantly near to an event which has left an indelible stain on his idol's character—that 'crime which has cast a dark shade over his glory'—foreseeing this, the historian condescends to the tricks of a special pleader, and, by making out that the Highlanders of that day were considered by Englishmen to be a race of barbarians and blood-eating savages, who lived amid filth and disease, and only supported themselves in their squalid poverty by acts of rapine and slaughter—would then hint, as it were, that King William would imagine he was treating with mere 'banditti,' thieves, and murderers, whose extermination was a duty, who had made the Highlands a thorn in the flesh to him, and had caused him to 'wish to heaven that Scotland were a thousand miles off.' It is to some such special pleading as this that the readers of Macaulay are probably indebted for their introduction to the thousands of clerks and milliners who are annually thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.

If the indulgence of raptures is to be a mark of the natural effervescence of feeling which is peculiar to clerks and milliners, then, I think, that all we on board the steamer—our knickerbocker swells excepted—must be considered as the representatives of those two useful

classes of society, on this heavenly day on which we are sailing up Loch Lomond to Tarbet, with the sunny side of the mighty Ben turned towards us. Assuredly we have a full cargo of raptures on board; and the scenery on either side of us richly deserves their liberal outlay. From Tarbet the grandest view of Ben Lomond is obtained, offering the finest study for a painter, with its magnificent combination of rock, wood, and water. The magic pencil of Turner delineated this scene early in the century,* just at that period when he had broken through the beginning of his art (as Ruskin says), 'in greyish-blue, with brown foregrounds,' and when he had mingled, with these sombre tones, bright tints and local colours; and to exquisite refinement and expression, had still preserved his reverent love of truth to nature. If, in this his 'first period' of Ruskin's division, Turner 'laboured as a student, imitating successfully the work of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself,' the master whom he had in his eye, when painting his Loch Lomond picture, seems to have been Wilson. There is the same feeling of breadth of grandeur in the long withdrawing sweep of the mountain range; the same calm brilliance in the smooth surface of the placid lake; the same sun-steeped freshness on the smiling landscape. But the ærial effect is all Turner's own. A dark storm-cloud is sweeping up from behind the hills to the left of the picture, its pall-like hue casting deep floating shadows over the mountains of the mid-distance, and causing the furthest peak to shine out snow-white from the force of contrast. A grand pile of clouds

* His first Ben Lomond picture was exhibited in 1801. Turner had visited Scotland in 1798. He again paid visits to Scotland in 1818 and 1831.

occupies the centre of the sky, meeting the mountains with their wreaths of mist, but turning their fleecy sides to the bright blue heaven that fills up the right-hand corner of the picture. At the back the lake is shut in by the fully illuminated hill-side, which continues the glittering hue of the water, and imperceptibly carries the eye to the highest lights of the picture. The mountain is finely broken up into shine and shade, and diversified by a subtle treatment of tints. The luxuriant ash and beech trees fringe the lake, and cluster round the group of white-walled houses in the valley. A single boat skims over the loch, its tiny sail gleaming against the long level shadow flung across the water. A hill-side road and rocky bank occupy the foreground, the golden brown of the rugged bank standing out with startling force against the sunny hue of the loch, and the dark group of trees down in the valley. Two figures with a flock of sheep, admirably massed, are seen on the further brow of the bank, backed by the waters of the loch; and on the hill-road, in the nearest point of the picture, are four seated figures of men and women, too lazy to work or walk in such glorious sunshiny weather, and enjoying the *dolce far niente* of a noontide rest and chat. The male figures are dressed in the full 'Highland costume;' and this is the only conventional item of a picture that is steeped in truth. If Loch Lomond should never again be represented on canvass or paper, it would not want for a faithful exponent of its manifold beauties while this picture of Turner's exists.*

It must have been sketched on just such another day

* Two other pictures by Turner of Ben Lomond are referred to in *Modern Painters*, i. 254, 360; the latter being engraved as the vignette to Rogers' *Poems*.

as this on which we are sailing up the loch to Tarbet; for, while there is the same breadth of sunshine, there is a similar pall-like cloud just appearing from behind the shoulder of mighty Ben, and threatening that stormy change of weather which did indeed come that same evening. Wo to the tourist who is condemned to hurry through his programme without any reference to the weather; his impressions of the country must necessarily depend upon the fickleness of the climate; and the landscape which he has travelled so many miles to see, may be blotted out by mists, or drenched in a down-pouring rain. Here, for example, is a steamer bearing down upon us, chartered expressly for a monster excursion. These excursionists left Edinburgh shortly after six this morning; they came by rail to Callander, stopping at Stirling for breakfast; they coached through the Trossacks; sailed up Loch Katrine; crossed Rob Roy's country; dined at Inversnaid; and are now sailing down Loch Lomond. They will reach Glasgow this evening, and will sail at an early hour in the morning, by the 'Iona,' to Oban, through the Crinan Canal. On the next day they will have a peep at Staffa and Iona, and will then return to Glasgow. They are thus the victims of a programme of speed and cheapness, which may be made dear at any price if the weather is unfavourable. For the present, however, they are in luck; the sun smiles upon them, and we are sharers in their good fortune.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCOTCH MUSIC AND SCOTCH SCENERY.

The Piper, the Modern Æolus—Antiquity of the Bagpipe—
 An Honest Confession—An *atra cura*—Tom, the Piper's
 Son—A Novel Mode of Instruction—Real Musicians—A
 Judge at Fault—The Scottish *Fête*—Mons. Clairvoyant and
 the Baggy-pipe—Nightingales—Scotia's Philomela—Tarbet—
 The Vanity of Human Wishes—The Piper again !

BUT all this time, while I have been speaking of everything as being serene, and sunny, and perfectly charming, I have been guilty of a *suppressio veri*, and have been withholding the fact that our steamer bore with it an *atra cura*, which was well nigh sufficient to throw a gloom over the brightest scene, and destroy the charm of the sunniest memory. We had a bag-piper on board. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*; hence the indulgence in curt and homely Saxon phrases; hence the oburgations, not loud but deep, which met the ear, and jarred strangely with the praises lavished upon the landscape. The blind fiddler, who was also on board, and to whose merits a printed testimony had been posted up by the cabin door, was a mitigated nuisance; but the bagpiper was an unmitigated evil, and never ought to have been permitted to walk the deck. If the sound of the bagpipes is necessary to a Scotchman (or Scotsman, as the sticklers delight to have it) for the proper enjoyment of Scottish scenery, by all means let him be gratified—but in another vessel, and that out of ear-shot

of the steamer provided for English tourists. The discordant noises that our Loch Lomond piper produced from his ear-splitting apparatus were a real detraction to the enjoyment of the scene. 'Wooring, wedding, and repenting,' may, as Beatrice says, be like 'a Scotch jig;' but the lovers and newly-married people on board did not need to be reminded of this through the medium of the bagpipe. It was but a poor revenge to sketch this modern wind-controlling Æolus; but it was all that lay in my power.

We have very many things to be thankful for in England in the nineteenth century, and, among others, that the good old days are passed and gone when the bagpipes were common throughout the land. Whether they were of Celtic or Gothic origin, and through what *curriculum* of instruction the students of the colleges for pipers had to pass are matters which may be safely left to the care of those who have the ability, no less than the inclination, to devote themselves to such a work.* Major-General Stewart, in his 'Sketches of the Highlanders,'† has stated what must be the very

* See *Dalyell's Musical Memoirs of Scotland*, for much curious matter relative to the bagpipe. Mr. J. F. Campbell, in his lately-issued and concluding volume of *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, says, 'A work on Gallic music is in course of preparation. Meanwhile, those who are curious in such matters may hear bagpipes in nearly all the European countries where Celts have been. I have heard the pipes in Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. I believe they are in Albania, and I have heard tell of something of the kind in the Himalaya mountains. They are to be seen in old English prints and old German pictures. Who first invented them is a question yet to be solved.' (Vol. iv. p. 404. 1862.) Macculloch devotes two chapters to Highland music; and, in speaking of the bagpipe, says: 'The instrument itself, under a variety of forms, has been known from almost all antiquity, and has been found all over the world. That it was used among the Greeks and Romans we are assured from ancient monuments.' (*Highlands and Western Isles*, iv. 381.)

† Vol. i. Appendix xxx.

general opinion with regard to an instrument which is so capable of torturing the tympanum of the ear, and, by its frantic notes, leading us to think of its player in a sentiment thus expressed towards our Loch Lomond piper, 'To judge from his drone, that fellow must have a bee in his bonnet!' and General Stewart's honest confession is all the more valuable as coming from a Scot and a partisan:—'Playing the bagpipes within doors is a Lowland and English custom.' (How about the piper at Highland banquets?) 'In the Highlands the piper is always in the open air, and when people wish to dance to his music it is on the green, if the weather permit; nothing but necessity makes them attempt a pipe dance in the house. The bagpipe was a field instrument, intended to call the clans to arms, and to animate them in battle, and was no more intended for a house than a round of six-pounders. A broadside from a first-rate, or a round from a battery, has a sublime and impressive effect at a proper distance. In the same manner the sound of the bagpipe, softened by distance, had an indescribable effect on the minds and actions of the Highlanders. But, as few would choose to be under the muzzle of the guns of a ship of the line, or of a battery when in full play, so I have seldom seen an Highlander whose ears were not grated when close to the pipes, however much his breast might be warmed and his feelings roused by the sounds to which he had been accustomed in his youth, when proceeding from the proper distance.' The proper distance, then, even to General Stewart's idea, would appear to be almost out of earshot—an opinion in which everyone on board the Loch Lomond steamer must have coincided.

We all know that 'music hath charms,' and the way

in which bagpipe music may be made effectual 'to soothe the savage breast,' is told in the anecdote of 'Tom, Tom, the piper's son.' Tom was the son of the Dalkeith piper of the Duke of Buccleuch, and when Tom misbehaved, his father tied him in a chair, and then blew up his pipes in a wild skirl, the drone being placed at the lad's ear. In a few minutes Tom would become quiet, and perhaps senseless. This was an original, but somewhat harsh method of correction, and a neighbour remonstrated with the father, and told him that it would be much better if he would give his son a beating with a stick. 'A stick!' exclaimed the piper, 'ye little ken him. Ye might break a' the hazels in the Duke's woods over him, and he'll no be a bit the better. But the pipes mak the callant as quiet as a pussy, and dings the music into his head, and I hae hopes that he'll one day make a grand piper, for, by this way, he has amaist learnt a' the tunes already!'

Captain Burt tells us of the piper of a regiment at Stirling who was highly indignant at a drummer being placed beside him, and said, 'Shall a little rascal, that beats upon a sheep-skin, tak the right haund of me, that am a musician!''* It is said that all the best pipers are indeed musicians, and have a style of their own—like your Joachims and Ernsts; and that each chief could tell the sound of his own piper out of a thousand. The exception, however, proves the rule; and I was told by a Highland laird, who had assisted at a bagpipe contest, as one of the judges, that, as another of the judges had boasted so highly of the merits of his own piper (who was one of the competitors) that it was very evident that he would award the prize to him; it was accordingly proposed for the judges to sit behind

* *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland.*

a curtain, and hear without being seen. This was done, the judge in question observing that it would not make the slightest difference, for that he should know his piper out of the crowd. Accordingly, when all the pipers played in their turn, this wise judge nodded his head at a certain performance, and said, 'That's my piper!' Other pipers followed, but the judge in question voted that the prize should be given to 'my piper.' It so happened that the other judges agreed that this particular performer was the best, so that they had no hesitation in deciding to give him the prize. He was ordered in, and, alas! the laird's ears had been mistaken, for, instead of the winner being *his* piper, he was the piper of his particular foe, between whom and whose clan there had been a perpetual feud since the days of—well, let us say—Ossian.

These bagpipe contests still form a portion of the so-called 'amusements' pertaining to 'the Scottish *fête*,' and they have never been described in a more amusing way than in *Punch* of July 19, 1851, where Mons. Clairvoyant writes his *feuilleton* to *Le Canard de Paris*, and gives a description of the Scottish *fête* at Lord Holland's park. Here is one paragraph of his account:—'The day was glorious, that is to say, it did rain at great pours—but then, it always rains in Scotland—and I tell you it was a Scottish *fête*. I did get myself wet all through, but I make not any regrets, for it was a Scottish *fête*, and one is always soaked to the skin in Scotland, excepting in Mons. Scribe's operas. The music was much different to that in "*La Dame Blanche*," though that is full of beautiful Scotch music, written by Boieldieu, one Frenchman, who write better Scotch music than the Scotch themselves. Oh! it was too much. It did break open my head, it did

split my ears, it did inflict pains on my stomach, with recollections of the cholera. It was the baggypipe! *Maudit instrument!* It must be the music of the spheres below. It must be the veritable *violon du diable!* different to the one that St. Leon plays with Cerito in that charmant ballet. I am told there is not any nightingales in Scotland. On my faith I understand it well—the baggypipe has killed them all! Whether this may be the cause or no, there are no nightingales in Scotland.* The Scottish poet, Grahame, calls the

Sweet redbreast, Scotia's Philomela;

And Sir Walter Scott, whose 'local colouring' of his poems is ever so correct, scarcely makes mention of the bird; and, in his three great poems of 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and 'Marmion,' only one solitary passage is to be found in which the nightingale obtains a notice, and then only in the way of a passing simile. It occurs where Fitz-Eustace, the squire (where, by the way, had he heard the nightingale?), replies to Marmion, that, with Constance, their choicest minstrel is gone:—

To dear St. Valentine no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
No nightingale her love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.

If the groves that fringe the margin of Loch Lomond

* Weir's *History of Greenock*, however, says, that somewhere about the year 1780, 'a nightingale, at least a bird that sung by night,' visited a garden, where Tobago Street now stands, 'for two consecutive summers, to the great entertainment of the neighbours, and indeed of the major part of our worthy townsfolk, who used to assemble in crowds about ten o'clock at night, and continue delightedly listening to the warbling of the stranger, until the *rising of the sun*, which had invariably the effect of rendering him mute.' (p. 59.) As the rising of the sun never has this effect on the English nightingale, could these Scottish night-watchers have been deceived by an owl?

were as resonant with nightingales as was the famous grove of Coleridge, surely the man with the 'baggy-pipes' would be put to shame and silenced.

But, here we are at the little pier of Tarbet, where some of our party land, to proceed to Arroquhar and Loch Long, or to catch the coach to Inverary, viâ Glencroe and Rest-and-be-Thankful. We, too, may rest at the comfortable hotel, and be thankful that the bagpiper is severed from us, we trust, for ever. Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! While we are looking out of window, and gazing in raptures at the sunny lake and giant mountain, a wild yell, as from a hundred tortured pigs, ascends upon the breeze, and there, 'with solemn step and slow,' pacing the lawn in front of the hotel, is the wretched man with the 'baggy-pipe.' Instead of going on to Inversnaid, he has tarried at Tarbet, to play to us while we are at dinner. 'May good digestion wait on appetite!' but I cannot see how it is to do so, when the music that accompanies the banquet inflicts 'pains on the stomach, with the recollections of the cholera.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

CRAIG ROYSTON.

The head of Loch Lomond—Ardlui—The Pulpit Rock—Rob Roy's Cave, Craig Royston—Rob Roy's House—The Outlaw and the Whigs—'The Highland Rogue,' and its statements—The Parson a prisoner—Ellan-Vhou—Robert Bruce—The last of the Macfarlanes—Legend of The Brownie's Cell—The Macfarlane's Lantern—James the Sixth and the Wildgeese.

ON a fine day, and in an easy sailing boat, there could scarcely be a more enjoyable thing than to float from Tarbet past Inversnaid to the head of Loch Lomond. The width of the lake is nowhere so great as to interfere with the full view of the landscapes on either hand. The loch, in fact, is narrowed in some places to the dimensions of a goodly river, its width northward of Tarbet varying from about two and a half miles to one mile. The height of the mountain ranges on either side assist in apparently contracting this portion of the loch to still narrower limits, and with their bold forms and serrated outlines, their rocky valleys and ravines, their mountain torrents and masses of dark firs and lighter larch and birch, their pink and purple tints of heather, and (unless it be during the summer months) their snowy peaks swathed in mist—all these form an unrivalled picture, and make the upper portion of Loch Lomond the very beau ideal of a Highland loch. Well does she deserve her proud title of 'the Queen of Scottish Lakes;' and she is charming and infinite in variety

as Cleopatra herself. It is at this upper portion of the loch that the scenery of the Trossachs may be said to commence, for many portions of the landscape are very similar both in character and beauty to the wild scenery on the other side of Loch Katrina.

At the very head of the loch is Ardlui, by Glen Falloch. The steamers come up here to convey tourists to the Inverarnan Hotel, about half a mile beyond the loch, and on the road that leads southward down the west side of the loch to Tarbet, or northward past Ben More to Killin. On the western side of the loch, near to Ardlui, is 'the Pulpit Rock.' The pulpit has been carved out of the face of the rock, and from it the minister of Arrochar occasionally preaches to a congregation seated upon the green turf beneath. Lower down, on the eastern side of the loch, towards Inversnaid, is Rob Roy's cave, of which I have already spoken. It is called Craig Royston; and in the introduction to 'Rob Roy,' Sir Walter Scott thus refers to the spot: 'Rob's own designation was of Inversnaid; but he appears to have acquired a right of some kind or other to the property or possession of Craig Royston, a domain of rock and forest, lying on the east side of Loch Lomond, where that beautiful lake stretches into the dusky mountains of Glenfalloch.' Hence Sir Walter's mention of this place in his lyrical 'Gathering of Clan-Gregor':—

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Besides his cave, Rob Roy had a house at Craig Royston; and after he and his followers had obtained

protection from the government by an apparent surrender of their arms to Colonel Patrick Campbell of Finnah, 'Rob Roy established his residence at Craig Royston, near Loch Lomond, in the midst of his own kinsmen, and lost no time in resuming his private quarrel with the Duke of Montrose.' The Duke applied to General Carpenter, who sent three parties of soldiers in three different directions, with the intent that they should meet near to Rob Roy's house, and surround him and his followers. But the heavy rains interfered with the movements of the troops, and the outlaw receiving timely intelligence of their approach retreated to a place of safety. 'The troops, finding the birds were flown, avenged themselves by destroying the nest. They burned Rob Roy's house, though not with impunity, for the Macgregors, concealed among the thickets and cliffs, fired on them and killed a grenadier.'*

Once, at least, before this occurrence, Rob Roy had been removed from his abode at Craig Royston. It happened at the time of the rebellion in 1715, when his Jacobite partialities had caused him to side with the Earl of Mar, and to oppose his former protector, the Duke of Argyle, who was at the head of the army opposed to the Highland insurgents. The Macgregors assembled in force, threatened the country south of Loch Lomond, and seized all the boats upon the lake. These they conveyed to Inversnaid, in order to intercept the progress of a large body of west-country Whigs, who were in arms for the government, and were moving in that direction. The forces of the Whigs consisted of volunteers from Paisley, Kilpatrick, and elsewhere, who, with the assistance of a body of seamen, were

* Introduction to *Rob Roy*.

towed up the river Leven in long-boats belonging to the ships of war then lying in the Clyde. At Luss they were joined by the forces of Sir Humphry Colquhoun, and his son-in-law, James Grant of Plascander, with their followers; and the whole party crossed to Craig Royston, but the Macgregors did not offer combat. Rae, the historian of the rebellion, says that they leaped on shore at Craig Royston with the utmost intrepidity, no enemy appearing to oppose them, and, by the noise of their drums, which they beat incessantly, and the discharge of their artillery and small arms, terrified the Macgregors (whom they appear never to have seen) out of their fastnesses, and caused them to fly in a panic to the general camp of the Highlanders at Strath Fillan.

In the catchpenny history of Rob Roy, published at London during his lifetime, under the title of 'The Highland Rogue,' the following fanciful description is given of his Highland home:—'Craigrostan is situated on the borders of Loch Lomond, and environed with high mountains and stupendous rocks, the passages along which are very intricate, and generally so narrow that two men cannot walk abreast. It is a place of such strength and safety, that one person well acquainted with it, and supplied with ammunition, might easily destroy a considerable army if they came to attack him, and he himself at the same time need not so much as be seen by them.' It is also stated in the same pamphlet—although its statements are regarded as partly fictitious—that Rob Roy and his band were accustomed to break into and rifle houses at the dead of night, and carry off their inmates as prisoners to Craig Royston, where they were detained until ransomed. One of his prisoners was a poor

gentleman who was utterly unable to pay his ransom and, when the outlaw found this to be the case, he not only released him, but gave him money, and sent him down the lake in one of his own boats. Of another of his captives this pamphlet gives a long account. He was 'a rich old person who was a zealous maintainer of predestination, who, coming late one night from an entertainment, where he had been a little too free with the bottle, unluckily reeled into the hands of the Macgregors.' Rob Roy recognised him to be the wealthy pastor of a flock of whom he had once been a member, and next morning demanded a heavy ransom of him. The parson endeavoured to terrify him into remorse; but Rob Roy silenced him by referring him to his own preaching, and bidding him reduce it to practice—applying to him his own doctrines, and telling him that it had been pre-ordained that he should fall into their hands and pay them the ransom demanded.

Near to Craig Royston is a wooded islet, named Ellan-Vhou. As Robert Bruce is traditionally said to have found shelter in 'Rob Roy's Cave,' in 1306, after the skirmish at Dalree, so also he is said to have planted many of the trees on Ellan-Vhou. As has been already mentioned, Robert Bruce is also said to have planted some of the yews on Inch-lonaig, in order that he might supply his army with bows; but how he found time for these occupations is a subject for speculative enquiry. Lord Hailes tells us how the Bruce fared after the battle of Dalree. 'At the banks of Loch Lomond their progress was interrupted. Douglass (the good Lord James), after long search, discovered a small leaky boat, in which he passed over with the king. The rest followed, some by the conveyance of

the boat, and others by swimming. They were now reduced to the extremities of famine. While they roved in quest of food through the adjacent forest they met Lennox, ignorant till then of the fate of his sovereign: they all wept.'

Within the trees upon the islet of Ellan-Vhou, are the ruins of an old castle belonging to the Macfarlanes, once a powerful clan in this neighbourhood, and the rivals of the MacGregors. One of the last survivors of this clan took up his residence in the vault of the ruined castle, and there lived an ascetic life. The spot is now known as 'The Hermit's Cave;' but, when Wordsworth visited Loch Lomond in 1814, and passed along the shore opposite to the island, he tells us that the solitary individual then living there had acquired the name of 'the Brownie,' and his place of abode was called 'The Brownie's Cell.' The circumstances of the case made a deep impression upon Wordsworth, who not only produced his poem (of 100 lines) called 'The Brownie's Cell,' but who afterwards, in his Scottish tour in 1831, learnt of the death of the recluse, and thereupon wrote his sonnet of 'The Brownie,' from which it would seem that this last member of his clan

Was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try
Privation's worst extremities, and die,
With no one near save the Omnipresent God.

The islet, it would appear, was the property of this 'proud remnant of a fearless race,' whose thoughts and feelings were bound up with the past fortunes of his family, and whose only relaxation was the composition

of a memorial of the deeds of his clan. Wordsworth thus describes him and his occupation :—

From year to year this shaggy mortal went
 (So seemed it) down a strange descent :
 Till they, who saw his outward frame,
 Fixed on him an unhallow'd name ;
 Him, free from all malicious taint,
 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
 A pen unwearied—to indite,
 In his lone isle, the dreams of night ;
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
 The faded glories of his clan !

The Macfarlanes' slogan was 'Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!' which is a small lake in Glensloy, at the foot of Ben-voirlich, on the western side of the loch, where their home passed out of their hands, and was converted into an inn. Of their former equality of power with the MacGregors, we have a curious proof in the traditionary story that the moon on Loch Lomond was called 'Macfarlane's Lantern;' the name of 'MacGregor's Lantern' also being given to it by the adherents of the latter clan. It was the lantern that lighted them on to mutual rapine and slaughter.

A brood of wild-geese are said to have once tenanted Macfarlane's island of Ellan-Vhou; but that they disappeared with the ruin of the clan. James VI. was once entertained upon this island by the chieftain of the Macfarlanes. His majesty had been previously much amused by seeing the geese pursuing each other over the loch; but, when one which was brought to table was found to be tough and ill-fed, the monarch observed that 'Macfarlane's geese liked their play better than their meat;' a proverb which has been handed down to the present day, and to which the Miller in 'the Monastery' makes an allusion.

The large island of Inch-tavanach, off the Rossdhu shore on Loch Lomond, has been already mentioned as having once been the property of the Macfarlanes, from whom, together with the greater part of their estate, it was purchased by Sir James Colquhoun. When Lord Teignmouth visited the island, some five-and-thirty years ago, he found a snug farmhouse, in a delicious situation, tenanted by a Macfarlane, who pointed out, on his chimney-piece, the armorial bearings of the chief of his clan, surmounted by the motto, with the gathering cry of Loch Sloy beneath it.*

* Lord Teignmouth's *Scotland*, ii. 289.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVERNSNAID.

Inversnaid Pier—Scenic Shrines and their Worshippers—
View from above Inversnaid—The Cobbler—Glensloy—
Inversnaid Burn—Butterfly Tourists—The Coaches in Rob
Roy's Country—The Burn and its Falls—Inversnaid Water-
fall—Wordsworth and his 'Highland Girl'—Platonic Rap-
tures—The newly-wedded Husband—What would Mrs.
Wordsworth say?—Was the Girl a Vision or a Myth?—
Legend of another Highland Girl—The Isle of Fairies—
Farewell to Loch Lomond.

NOW we come down to Inversnaid, and get ashore at its little pier, where the steamers set down so many thousands of tourists, on their route through Rob Roy's country to Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. Of course there is an hotel at Inversnaid—a very good one, too, it appeared to be, although my acquaintance with it was but slight; and there are several houses, and Mr. Brown's shooting-box, and an old fort, and a stream, and a waterfall: so that there is plenty to see at Inversnaid, especially as it appeared to me to be one of the best points upon the loch, from which the most striking views can be obtained. But the loch itself is so beautiful in its entire extent, that one is tempted to think that every fresh place where we tarry to sleep, or rest, or sketch, and where, consequently, we have more time to look carefully about us, than in a mere bird-of-passage flight, we are tempted to think that from this spot the combinations of rock, mountain, wood, and

water are superior to those that we noted or sketched from our last resting-place. The fact is, that no one ought to attempt to be authoritative on such a point as this, unless he has lived at least six months on the borders of the loch, and, during that time, made daily pilgrimages to the thousand sumptuous shrines of scenery that the great God of Nature has there set up for His creatures to bow in adoration before the glorious works of His hands, and, through them, to love him the more, 'looking through Nature up to Nature's God.' If grand old David Cox could, for half a century, find abundant subjects for his pencil amid the scenes of a Welsh village, what might not an artist achieve at Loch Lomond, even though all the subjects of his pencil throughout his whole life were selected from the varied materials supplied by the loch scenery? The range of subjects would indeed be unlimited.

Yet, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the superiority of one spot over another for a view of the loch, I think that no one can ascend the hilly road above Inversnaid, and, turning himself round, look westward, without being struck by the magnificence of the prospect. Far below, is the placid surface of the loch. On the opposite bank is Glensloy, the glen striking off to the south-west, and surrounded by a grand group of mountains, among which Benvoirlich lifts his head to a height of 3,160 feet, and is but little inferior to Ben Lomond himself. Crocherechan, also, rears his head, and looks to the distorted form of Ben Arthur, or 'The Cobbler.' 'To the Cobbler,' says Macculloch, 'time rolls on in vain. Still he lifts his head to the clouds, defying the sun and the storm, still he hammers at his last, unmoved, unchanged, looking down from his proud elevation on the transitory sons of

little men, reckless as his noted namesake of the turmoils and mutations of the world at his feet. Absurd as is this object, the resemblance is indeed striking. . . . The resemblance is preserved in all its integrity, even to the base of the precipice; but the whimsical effect of the form is there almost obliterated by the magnificence of these bold rocks, towering high above, and perched, like the still more noble Scur of Egg, on the utmost ridge of the mountain.' I quote this authority in explanation of Ben Arthur's *sobriquet*, but I failed to discover the slightest similarity between the outline of the mountain and that of a cobbler working at his last, although the form of Ben Arthur is certainly sufficiently grotesque and striking, and is a prominent object in the view. At the mouth of Glensloy, the ground falls gently to the margin of the loch in pleasant meadow-land, from which a few white houses gleam from embowering shrubs and trees. Above these appear the varied tints of the heather, intermingled and contrasted with the cold greys of the rocks, and the infinite variety of hues on the mountain-sides. On this side the loch, far down below, we see the blue slate roofs and white walls of the houses at Inversnaid, the trees all around and o'ertopping them. Down from us to them, Inversnaid Burn is leaping from crag to crag in a succession of small falls, that worthily culminate in the larger waterfall which completes the journey of this romantic burn from Loch Arclet to Loch Lomond. The overhanging shrubs, the trees on either side, the tufts of heather, and the irregular masses of rock, over and between which the water is dashing downward in its headlong course—this makes the near view to the left of the picture. On the right of the foreground rises a rugged bank, the tops of the hard rocky masses being

softly rounded by herbage and heather, and crowned with trees, among which groups of Scotch firs are conspicuous for their beauty no less than for their position. The front of the rock has been hewn away to admit of the steep road that winds round the abrupt surface of the hill-side, the road on the other side being guarded by a low stone wall, to prevent passengers from being precipitated into the tumbling waterfalls of Inversnaid Burn. Altogether it is a most lovely landscape; and, to those tourists who approach Inversnaid from the Trosachs, this, their first glimpse of Loch Lomond, is a view which must at once impress them very favourably with the surpassing beauty of the queen of Scottish lakes.

The steamer comes up from Tarbet to Inversnaid pier the while I am endeavouring to transfer to my sketching-block a faint reminiscence of this view. 'These tourists,' said the homely priest of Ennerdale—

These tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life: some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted; some, as wise,
Upon the forehead of a jutting crag
Sit perched, with book and pencil on their knee,
And look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.

Just so; I sit perched upon a crag, and find the sun rather more powerful than I could wish the while I 'look and scribble,' and steamers come and go, and the 'rapid and gay' butterfly tourists, who have a hard day's route to be scrambled through, pass and repass. Here come a number of gentlemen tourists straggling up from Inversnaid on foot, the road being so extremely

steep that the pulling up of a coach-load is no easy task even for four strong horses. Soon after the coach itself makes its appearance, its scarlet-coated driver becoming a spot of valuable colour in the landscape, and the gay dresses of his lady passengers making a very pretty moving mass of variegated tints. The coaches constructed for tourists in this part of the country are very capital inventions, always provided that the weather be fine. Poor Albert Smith's nervous old lady who travelled through Switzerland, did so with the blinds pulled down for fear she should see an avalanche. She could not have done this in these coaches over the Highland hills, for the very simple reason that they have no 'insides,' that portion of the vehicular anatomy being entirely devoted to the luggage. The coach, in fact, is a long luggage-box, on the top of which rows of seats are placed, and it appears to be a mixture of the *char-à-banc* and the band-carriage of a circus. As there is no awning overhead, all the passengers are exposed to the pitiless pelting of any storm which they may encounter; but in fine weather they are admirable public vehicles, conveying, I am afraid to say how many passengers, and giving to all a full view of the scenery.

The Inversnaid Burn, from the point where we have been standing, presents a series of the most lovely little waterfalls all the way down to Loch Lomond. I purposely use the feminine adjectives of 'lovely little,' as applied to this succession of falls; for there is nothing grand, or large, or solemn about them. The stream is merely a good sized brook capering down its rocky stairs until it finds its level in the great lake below. But it does this with such a charming grace, and with so many lovely adjuncts of scenery, that it fairly wins

the heart, and makes a far greater impression than might be made by many a larger and nobler waterfall. I was fortunate enough to see the burn when flushed with a considerable volume of water from the heavy rain of the two previous days; and the way in which it dashed and hurled itself, and covered itself with foam, was altogether as laudable an effort to imitate its brethren of larger growth as could well be imagined; and a second Southey might have exalted it to the position of a second Lodore, and composed in its honour a similar chain of epithets.

Two portions of this tumbling burn, however, really deserve the name of falls. The one is called 'the Upper Fall,' and the other is emphatically the Inversnaid waterfall. This latter fall is the largest, last, and best of the series, though it does not appear to be more than thirty feet in height. The water is precipitated over a wide ledge—the face of the rock being slightly scooped—into a rocky basin thickly strewn with great boulders, lichen-spotted and weather-stained, among which the stream, buried in its own foam, is broken up into a hundred channels, and straggles and tumbles towards the smooth waters of the loch. A minor fall, an offshoot of the larger, makes its appearance a little to the right. Light, feathery birches and brushwood cling to the clefts and ledges of the rocks, which are crowned with trees, and backed by the wooded hills; and a slender wooden bridge takes an aerial flight over the stream at a height above the waterfall. A tolerably good view of the fall is obtained from the loch as the steamer stands in for Inversnaid pier; but a still better view is gained by clambering to the boulders on the margin of the loch, or by taking out a boat to a little distance from the shore.

Of course this is the spot where Wordsworth fell over head and ears in love (platonically, it is to be hoped) with his 'Sweet Highland Girl,' that rustic young lady whom he apostrophised in such an extravagant fashion, and on whose head he heaped such a burden of praise and benediction. He was only thirty-three years of age, but still he would be 'thy father—anything to thee,' so that he might hear and see her, and have some claim upon her. Why, the man ought to have been ashamed of himself! He had only been married ten months, and his wife, as it would seem,* had been left behind at Grasmere, while the husband had gone off with his sister for a Scotch tour. And during the six weeks that they are absent from Grasmere, what was Wordsworth's newly-married wife doing? The poet himself shall tell us the secret, in that sonnet which he indited when returning home from his Scottish tour:—

Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale!
 Say that we come, and come by this day's light;
 Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,
 But chiefly let one cottage hear the tale:
 There let a mystery of joy prevail,
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight
 Of near-approaching good that shall not fail;
 And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
 Yea, let our Mary's† one companion child—
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
 With intimations manifold and dear,
 While we have wandered over wood and wild—
 Smile on his mother now with bolder cheer.

* All the allusions in his poems of this tour are to his sister. The notes to his poems are also extracted from the diary of his 'fellow traveller,' his sister. There is certainly a reference to travelling with his 'winsome marrow:' but all doubt on the subject of the whereabouts of his wife is set aside by the sonnet commencing—

Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale!

† His wife, Mary Hutchinson.

So, then, Mrs. Wordsworth had been left for six weeks to the company of her first and newly-born child ! and during this period her husband was taking his pleasure, and sustaining his affection for his absent wife by inditing an erotic poem to the first pretty girl he sees. It is all very well to say that the young lady in question was only fourteen years of age, that she was as ignorant of the stranger's poetic raptures as she was of 'English speech,' and that his various couplets meant nothing more than so many integral parts of a composition in verse. But, after all, why need he have wished to dwell beside her in some heathy dell, to adopt her homely ways and dress, and for her sake become a shepherd, and 'give thanks to Heaven' for leading him to a spot where he had seen so beautiful a girl, whom he would never forget so long as he should live, &c. &c.

Why should he say so much as this, with his wife and child in the background, and he a ten-months' old husband ? Verily, if these are the raptures into which a philosophic poet is accustomed to fall when first separated from his young wife, would it not be better that he should act upon honest Falstaff's advice and 'purge himself and live cleanly.'

However, Wordsworth went to Inversnaid, and there wrote his poem 'To a Highland Girl,' and as Inversnaid is nowadays never referred to without some mention of this wonderful damsel, and as tourists, on her account, flock to 'the noisy falls made classical by Wordsworth,'* it seems absolutely necessary to quote a few lines of the poem. I prefer the opening lines, which describe the scene of the waterfall.

* See the tale of *Loch-na-Diomhair*, by George Cupples, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1860.

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
And these grey rocks ; that household lawn
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay ; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream.

Perhaps, after all, it *was* a dream, and the rustic beauty a vision : indeed, Wordsworth thus calls her. But, every season, there are hundreds of enquiries made at the Inversnaid Hotel, as to whether 'the cabin small' and 'the sweet Highland girl' herself still exist. As the latter, if alive, would be upwards of seventy years of age, she would probably not bear inspection. For my own part, I would rather that Wordsworth had told us less about the girl and more about the fall ; and then, instead of a fancy portrait of a mythic Highland lass, seen through the sublimated rose-glasses of a passion-struck poet, we might have had a companion picture to those exquisitely-finished sketches of similar waterfalls and scenes as given in the 'Poems on naming of Places,' 'The Evening Walk,' or 'The Excursion.'

Professor Wilson tells a legend of another maiden of Inversnaid, which, although he narrates it in his poetical prose, would have formed a good subject for his verse. It is of a child, who, on a certain evening, got into a small boat and floated away down the loch. It will be remembered that Wordsworth also turned into verse a Highland legend which commenced in a similar way, only the hero of his adventure was a blind

boy, and his bark was converted by the poet from a common boat to a turtle-shell, for which substitution Wordsworth apologises thus:—‘In deference to the opinion of a friend, I have substituted such a shell for the *less elegant* vessel in which my blind voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Lech Leven;’ an instance of bad taste, as it seems to me, and a change which mars the truth and beauty of a poem, in which we might have expected that the author of ‘Peter Bell’ would have been more consistent and natural.

But the little maiden of Inversnaid, in Professor Wilson’s legend, floats away at nightfall, in a real boat, and, though the paddling of her oars can, for a short time, be heard, she herself is soon lost to view. In an hour, ‘the returning boat touched the Inversnaid shore; but no child or other person could be seen. The parents made an ineffectual search for her, and it was not till long afterwards that they found some little white bones and gave them christian burial, believing them to be the remains of their daughter.’ But not so thought many dwellers along the mountain-shores—‘for had not her very voice been often heard by the shepherds, when the unseen flight of fairies sailed singing along up the solitary Glenfalloch, away over the moors of Tynedrum, and down to the sweet Dalmally, where the shadow of Cruachan darkens the old ruins of melancholy Kilchurn? The lost child’s parents died in their old age; but she, ’tis said, is unchanged in shape and features—the same fair thing she was the evening that she disappeared—only a shade of sadness is on her pale face, as if she were pining for the sound of human voices, and the gleam of the peat-fire of the shieling. Ever, when the fairy-court is seen for a

moment beneath the glimpses of the moon, she is sitting by the side of the gracious queen. Words of might there are, that, if whispered at right season, would yet recall her from the shadowy world to which she has been spirited away; but small sentinels stand at their stations all round the isle, and at nearing of human breath a shrill warning is given from sedge and water-lily, and like dew-drops melt away the phantoms, while mixed with peals of little laughter overhead is heard the winnowing of wings. For the hollow of the earth and the hollow of the air is their invisible kingdom, and when they touch the herbage or flowers of this earth of ours, whose lonely places they love, then only are they revealed to human eyes—at all times else to our senses unexistent as dreams.'

The isle herein referred to is 'the Isle of Fairies,' as the fishermen call it, where, as they say, the little folk live and hold their revels. But the name might well be given to every island upon Loch Lomond, so fairy-like and beautiful do they seem, whether viewed in the strong light of the noonday, or bathed in the misty golden glimmer of sunset, or silvered into solemn whiteness by the midnight moon. It was 'with lingering step and slow' that I turned away from Inversnaid, and looked my last on Loch Lomond.

CHAPTER XX.

ROB ROY'S COUNTRY.

The Road from Inversnaid—The Fort, and a Sonnet upon it—History of the Fort—Black Knee—General Wolfe—The Key of the Fort—A Primitive Barley-wain—Government Roads—Caulfield's Epigram—Rob Roy, Laird of Inversnaid—His History—His Last Duel—A Fat Hero—Exaggerated Description of the Outlaw—Common Thief and Gentleman Drover—Rob Roy's System and Lord Clive's—A Mythic Hero and his Relics—Loch Ardet—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

WE have mounted the hill that leads us from Inversnaid, and have bidden adieu to Loch Lomond. The road now is chiefly upon the level, and may be pronounced a good one all the way from Inversnaid to Loch Katrine. The distance is five miles, and is rapidly performed by the coaches for a charge of two shillings. Accidents are rare, although on the day on which I reached the Stronachlachar inn the coach that came next after ours sank one of its wheels in a deep rut on the side of the sharp pitch that leads down to Loch Katrine and was overturned, fortunately without doing any serious injury to its passengers. Still, this is an event which is calculated to shake the strongest nerves, and to destroy all pleasure, for that day at least. The road is as yet in its infancy: and it is only a few years since that carriages were introduced to this wild part of the country, the tourists up to that time being forced to perform the transit of Rob Roy's country on pony-back

or on foot. And, certainly, the pedestrian has the best of it; and unless he is bound hand and foot to a programme that will take him all round these lakes and back to Edinburgh between breakfast and tea, it is far better that he should trudge on foot from Inversnaid, and stray to the right and left to look at Inversnaid Fort and Loch Arclet. It is true that either may be seen from the coach-top, but they deserve a more than passing recognition.

Inversnaid Fort is about a mile from Inversnaid, and stands on a slight eminence a little to the left of the coach road. It is backed by lofty hills, from whence a mountain stream comes hurrying down to meet and cross the water of the Inversnaid burn. A bridge spans the stream, and a few Highland cottages are seen scattered about the moor. But the whole scene is a wild and desolate one. The woods that once covered the spot were destroyed by General Wade, and the treeless waste is now in fit keeping with the blank desolateness of the ruined fort. Even on a fine sunny day it leaves upon the mind much the same impression as that recorded by Alexander Smith in the following sonnet:—

Like clouds or streams we wandered on at will
Three glorious days, till, near our journey's end,
As down the moorland road we straight did wend,
To Wordsworth's 'Inversneyd,' talking to kill
The cold and cheerless drizzle in the air,
'Bove me I saw, at pointing of my friend,
An old fort like a ghost upon the hill,
Stare in blank misery through the blinding rain,
So human-like it seemed in its despair—
So stunned with grief—long gazed at it we twain.
Weary and damp we reached our poor abode,
I, warmly seated in the chimney-nook,
Still saw that old fort o'er the moorland road
Stare through the rain with strange woe-wildered look.

The fort was erected early in the last century, and was intended for a barrack-station, to overawe the Macgregors, and to repress their depredations. It was, however, captured and destroyed by the redoubtable chief of the Macgregors, the famous Rob Roy, upon whose own land the fort had been erected. It was re-established, but was again taken by the Macgregors, under the command of Rob Roy's nephew, Gregor Macgregor, otherwise called James Graham of Glengyle,* and still better known by the Gaelic epithet of *Ghlune Dhu*, or 'Black Knee,' from a black spot on one of his knees, which his Highland dress rendered visible. This was just previous to the insurrection of the '45; and after the extinction of civil discord, Inversnaid Fort was established for a third time, and continued to be garrisoned till the commencement of the reign of George III., being commanded for some time by a subaltern in the Buffs, who was afterwards known to fame as General Wolfe. 'When we find the celebrated General Wolfe commanding in it,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'the imagination is strongly affected by the variety of time and events which the circumstances bring simultaneously to recollection.' It seems that up to the year 1792, when Sir Walter Scott passed through this country on a Highland tour, the semblance of a garrison was still maintained at Inversnaid, although it was limited to a single veteran. The poet says that he found the venerable warder reaping his barley croft in all peace and tranquillity, and that when he asked for admittance to repose himself, he was told that he would find the key of the fort under the door.

* Glengyle is on the northern shore of Loch Katrine. 'The lovely Flora of Glengyle' was beloved by the Lord Ronald of Scott's ballad of 'Glenfinlas.'

It was harvest time also when I visited the spot, and in the near neighbourhood of the fort a Highlander was carrying his barley in a very peculiar and primitive way. The machine was neither wagon, cart, nor wheelbarrow—in fact, it had not any wheels; but two stout shafts had been joined together, in the place where the cart should have been, by some half dozen posts, with open spaces between each, and at the further end of the shafts had been fixed a back-piece of open railwork. When the shafts were raised to the harness of the steed (a ragged hungry-looking ‘garron,’ or Highland pony), the back of the machine dragged along the ground, and was tilted to an angle which adapted it for the reception of sundry barley-mows, which were piled upon it by the Highlander’s wife and daughter, and with which the man drove off to his little homestead. It was heavy work for the ragged pony, especially as there was a deep dyke to be crossed by the side of the road, into which the machine descended with a heavy thud, and out of which it had to be assisted by the united efforts of man and beast. It was certainly the most primitive specimen of ‘carrying’ that I had ever witnessed.

It was after the first rebellion of 1715, that the government awoke to the conviction that, if the Highlands were to be subdued, the various stations throughout the country must be rendered accessible. For this purpose several great lines of road were formed, extending to upwards of 800 miles, and including the building of more than a thousand bridges, by which a communication with the Lowland garrisons was maintained, and through which it was hoped by the Government that the Highland feudal system would be broken up. The Macgregors and Macfarlanes kept the country from Loch Katrine to the north

of Loch Lomond in a state of chronic feuds, striking terror to the well-disposed, aiding the rebels at every opportunity, and harassing the royal troops by their guerilla warfare. To drive them out of their fastnesses, therefore, it was confided to General Wade to form roads, cut down forests, and open up the country for the advance and movements of his soldiers. The Macgregors' country was denuded of its timber, a road was taken over the moors and rivers, and the little fort of Inversnaid was built and garrisoned, with what success we have already seen. A number of grassy hillocks, with a few head-stones scattered around the ruins, mark the last resting-places of some of the defenders of the fort of Inversnaid.

With regard to General Wade's military road in this neighbourhood, a couplet is often quoted, though not always correctly; and as the anecdote would appear to have been first published by Grose, I therefore give it in his words:—'Caufield, to whom the management of the roads through the Highlands of Scotland devolved after General Wade, having brought his part of the road to join with that made by the General, in a fit of ecstasy commenced poet by the following verses, which preclude the necessity of saying he was an Irishman:—

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bless Marshal Wade.*

Although the road is still 'a stern, and lone, yet lovely road,' we may traverse it with more pleasurable feelings than did Andrew Fairservice, when he set foot in 'that mountainous and desolate territory, which, lying between the lakes Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and Loch Ard, was currently called Rob Roy's, or

* Grose's *Olio*, p. 185.

the Macgregor country.* And very fitly, too; for, although it was not strictly correct to say that—

The eagle he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below!

—yet, besides his inherited possessions at Inversnait, of which he was the legal lord or laird, until the southern soldiers drove him out, and built upon his own property the fort which was to keep him in check, this Highland Robin Hood, in his character of a predatory chieftain of a powerful clan, contrived to render himself an outlaw sufficiently formidable to be the recognised ruler over that wild country.

In some contemporary documents, Rob Roy is called ‘Laird of Inversnait.’ His nephew and ward, James Graham of Glengyle, is denominated in his marriage-contract as ‘Robert Campbell of Inversnait,’ and it appears from other documents that he had also at one time been proprietor of Craig Royston. It is said, however, that he had been compelled to wadset, or impledge his estate of Inversnait to the Duke of Montrose for a sum of money; that the property was afterwards adjudged by the creditor; and that the family of Macgregor was expelled by the factor for the Duke, with the most frightful outrage. The insult offered to his wife on this occasion forms the subject of a ballad entitled ‘Rob Roy’s Lament,’ said to have been composed by the unhappy lady herself; but this is very doubtful. This treatment, along with his other misfortunes, drove him to desperation, and he vowed revenge on the authors of his wrongs.†

* *Rob Roy*, II. 234.

† See the introduction to *The Trials of James, Duncan, and Robert M’Gregor, three Sons of the celebrated Rob Roy. With Anecdotes of Rob Roy and his Family*. Edinburgh, 1818. This is a work extending

Major-General Stewart, in the appendix to the first volume of his 'History of the Highlanders,' and Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to his novel, give the history of Rob Roy at some length, with many interesting particulars derived from authentic sources; and the true story of his life is so full of stirring incidents and romantic adventures, that it is to be regretted (to quote Scott's words) that 'so excellent a theme for a narrative of the kind had not fallen into the hands of De Foe, who was engaged at the time on subjects somewhat similar, though inferior in dignity and interest.'

It is somewhat remarkable that Rob Roy should have died peaceably in his bed when nearly eighty years of age. 'His last duel,' says General Stewart, 'was with Mr. Stewart, of Ardshiel.* They fought with the broadsword. Macgregor, being then far advanced in years, and very corpulent, gave up the contest after receiving a cut in the chin.† Rob Roy, 'very corpulent,' and with 'his stature not of the tallest' (as Scott testifies), comes before us in a very questionable shape as a fat hero. But, as is not uncommon, the terror of his name, added to his undoubted personal strength, invested his person, in the eyes of many of his contemporaries,

to 372 pages. It is referred to in Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to *Rob Roy*, cxvii. In the trial, Robert Campbell is always spoken of, after the Highland fashion, as 'Glengyle.' From the evidence, it would appear to have then been the custom at Highland weddings for the bride and bridegroom to go publicly to bed, around which the company gathered to drink their health; and they, in return, drank to the health of the company, who then retired. See also *Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland*, by W. Grant Stewart (1823), p. 277. 'Ghlune Dhu,' Glengyle, commanded the garrison of Doune on behalf of the Chevalier. See Introduction to *Rob Roy*, cxxxv.

* 'Of Inverrahyle,' says Scott, who narrates the circumstance at some length.

† 'A slight wound in the arm,' says Scott.

- with dimensions as exaggerated as were the reports of his actions. During his lifetime the so-called history of him (quoted in my last chapter) was published in London under the title of 'The Highland Rogue,' of which Scott says, that 'It is a catch-penny publication, bearing in front the effigy of a species of ogre, with a beard of a foot in length. Some few of the best known adventures of the hero are told, though with little accuracy; but the greater part of the pamphlet is entirely fictitious.' As Scott does not quote from this scarce pamphlet, I transcribe, as a specimen of its contents, the following exaggerated description of the personal appearance of the Highland Rogue:—'He is a man of a prodigious strength, and of such an uncommon stature, that he approaches even to a gigantic size; he wears a beard above a foot long, and not only his face, but his whole body is covered over with red hair, which is the reason that he is commonly called Rob Roy—for that, in the Highland dialect, signifies *Red Robert*; it being usual there to give people nicknames from their hair or complexion.'

To kill one man makes a murderer; to be the means of slaying a thousand constitutes a hero. And so with the Highlander who was arraigned as a common thief for a Rob Roy raid. 'Common tief! common tief!' he interrupted, indignantly, as his indictment was being read; 'a common tief steal ane cow, twa cow; tat be common tief! Lift a huntret cow, tat be shentilman trover.' Rob Roy's system is similar to what is recorded of the great Lord Clive, when he was a schoolboy at Market Drayton, where he formed his schoolfellows into a kind of predatory army, and levied black mail on the shopkeepers in the shape of apples and halfpence, in return for which he guaranteed the

safety of their windows. Though little more than a century has elapsed since his death, yet Rob Roy has even now become a mythic hero. Near Bunawe, for example, an enormous boulder, weighing many tons, is pointed out to the Saxon tourist, by his Celtic guide, as 'Rob Roy's Putting-Stone.'

Of course the Inversnaid district has not only its legends, but also its relics of the Highland outlaw, wherewith to satisfy the inquiring traveller. One cottage is pointed out as the birthplace of Helen Macgregor, the wife of Rob Roy: and in another is shown a Spanish-barrelled gun, which is said to have belonged to the outlaw. A similar gun is shown in the armoury at Abbotsford. It is marked with the letters 'R. M. C.,' for Robert Macgregor Campbell; and, after belonging to Rob Roy, was used by his youngest son Robin Oig for the murder of MacLaren, who had settled on his mother's land. The gun was taken from Robin Oig when he was apprehended for the murder; and after remaining in the possession of the magistrates was made over to Sir Walter Scott.

From the neighbourhood of Inversnaid Fort there is little to call for notice until Loch Arclet is gained; and even then, with greater attractions in view, this little Loch only meets with a passing attention. It is the feeder of that picturesque stream whose course we have followed from its final leap into Loch Lomond at Inversnaid, and its dark waters mirror wild and barren hills. The coach road passes at a slight distance from the northern shore of the Loch, and presently meets another road which strikes off to the right, and takes the tourist by the back of Ben Venue, and the romantic scenery of Lochs Chon and Ard, by the falls of Ledard, and the gnarled oak tree on which Bailie Nicol Jarvie hung by

the skirts of his coat, and on to the Pass and Clachan of Aberfoyle, where the new hotel, 'The Bailie Nicol Jarvie,' will offer him all he can desire in the way of shelter and refreshment, after his toils in exploring ROB ROY'S COUNTRY.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOCH KATRINE AND ELLEN'S ISLE.

Ancient and Modern Caterans—Stronachlachar Hotel—Coalbarns Pier—The Kernes and Freebooters—Government Proceedings—Rob Roy's Castle and Prison—Raid upon Graham of Killearn—The Influence of Poetry—Publication of 'The Lady of the Lake'—Its effect upon the District described—The Guides and their Tales—Stale Quotations—What can be done?—The Sandwich Style of Writing—A Surfeit of Scott—Gushing Young Ladies—Mr. Dundreary and Mr. Testy—Spouting—Ellen's Isle—Its Bower—An Island Jewel—Traditions.

WE have not altogether left Rob Roy's country when we approach the shores of Loch Katrine. Indeed, the very name of the Lake may remind us of the Caterans, or bold outlaws, who once haunted its shores *—

But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss'd than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.

Although Sir Walter makes these lines to refer to the

* Such, at least, is the signification given to the word by Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to *The Fair Maid of Perth*; and Macculloch so calls it—Loch Cateran. In Sir Robert Gordon's map (1653), the name is spelt Kennerin; and also in Alexander Gordon's 'Itinerarium' map, in 1727. In the *Traveller's Guide through Scotland* (1818), the second volume contains a large map (14 by 16 in.) of 'A Guide to Loch Catherine and Loch Lomond,' inscribed, by permission, to Walter Scott, Esq. Alexander Campbell (1802) calls it Loch Kaitrin. The author of the Memoir in *The Trial of the Sons of Rob Roy* (1818) calls it Loch Ketterin.

predatory habits of past times, yet it is quite possible that they may appear to some Highland tourists as prophetic of the plundering propensities of the hosts of the various hotels and inns which, since Scott's day, and mainly through his writings, have sprung up along the well-known routes. These hotels are sometimes so elaborately built, that they look quite imposing structures; and the traveller will perhaps find their exterior appearance a key to their internal charges—though, on the whole, my experience went to prove the contrary.

At any rate, when we are at the Stronachlachar Hotel (which is by no means an imposing structure), we are reminded that we are on the western shore of the Lake of Caterans, and that their bold leader, Rob Roy, bade defiance to his enemies from these rocky fastnesses, which shut him out from all pursuit. As we stand here on the little Coalbarns Pier in front of the inn, we look down the Lake to Ben Venue; and on its shoulder, 800 feet above the water, we can mark the projecting crag of Beal-ach-nam-Bo, or 'the Pass of the Cattle,' where the Macgregors used to drive their stolen cattle after their raids upon the Lowlands. Down by the shores of Loch Katrine many thousands of mild-eyed kyloes must have looked upon their new masters, and a vast amount of stolen property must have been accumulated. As the Trosachs could only be entered by one narrow and difficult pass, which could easily be defended by a handful of men, and as the rugged country at the western end of Loch Katrine rendered the movements of troops a matter of difficulty, the Kernes and Caterans had it all their own way; and even if pursued to the banks of the Lake, could retreat to its islands, where they could laugh at their boatless enemies. But at length the Government was roused

into an endeavour to suppress them ; and in 1610 the following proclamation was issued by the Privy Council :—

‘ They have now amassed themselves together, in the isle of the Loch Catrine, which they have fortified with men, victual, powder, bullets, and other warlike furniture, intending to keep the same as a place of war and defence for withstanding and resisting of His Majesty’s forces appointed to pursue them. And seeing there is now some solid and substantial course and order set down how these *wolves* and *thieves* may be pursued within their own den and hole by the force and power of some of His Majesty’s faithful and well affected subjects, who freely have undertaken the service, and will prosecute the same without any private respect or consideration,—necessary it is for the execution of this service that the whole boats and birlings being upon Loch Lomond be transported from the said Loch to the Loch foresaid of Loch Catrine, whereby the forces appointed for the pursuit of the said wolves and thieves may be transported into the said isle, which cannot goodly be done but by the assistance of a great number of people.’

The government expedition was made, and was thoroughly unsuccessful. When they reached Loch Katrine and the island the birds had flown, and taken their plunder with them. So the troops went home again ; and as soon as they were clearly off the Cate-rans’ premises, those gentlemen were at their old tricks again, as lively and undaunted as ever.

A shilling or two may be profitably expended by the tourist in taking a boat from the pier and sailing round the headland to the western extremity of the Lake, at the entrance of Glengyle, which, as we have already seen, was a possession of the Macgregors. In this four

mile course three islets will be passed, on one of which the ruins of an old building lurk amid a covert of trees. The boatman will tell you that it is 'Rob Roy's Prison,' or 'Rob Roy's Castle'—every ruined building in the Highlands being, as a matter of course, a 'castle'; and he will also tell you that this is the place where Graham of Killearn was detained a prisoner for some days. Graham was the factor to the Duke of Montrose, to whom he was also related. He was, moreover, the Sheriff-Deputy of Dumbartonshire, in which official capacity he had accompanied the royal troops when they burnt Rob Roy's house at Craig Royston. For this the outlaw determined to be revenged,* and the opportunity was soon afforded him. In November 1716 Mr. Graham had gone to Chapel Errock, for the purpose of receiving the Duke's rents, and had already taken 300*l.*, when Rob Roy entered the house at the head of his band. The steward endeavoured to hide the money and account-books in a garret; but Rob Roy found them, and, taking his place at the steward's table, received the remainder of the rents, and gave receipts on the Duke's part, saying that he would hold reckoning with the Duke of Montrose, out of the damages which he had sustained by his Grace's means. He then requested Mr. Graham to attend him, and to consider himself as a hostage; and, without treating him with violence or even rudeness,† conveyed him rapidly from place to place, and finally lodged him in this little island in Loch Katrine. There he caused him to write to the Duke of Montrose (the letter is quoted

* The insult offered by Mr. Graham to Rob Roy's wife (as already referred to in a note to the last chapter) is thought to be apocryphal.

† This would scarcely have been his conduct, if the tradition were correct concerning Graham's treatment of Helen Macgregor.

in the introduction to 'Rob Roy'), demanding 3400 merks as his ransom, which sum he pretended was the balance owing by the Duke to Macgregor. He detained him prisoner in the island for six days, from the Monday to the Sunday night, and then suffered him to depart with his account-books and papers; but he retained the cash. 'Rob Roy's Prison' could not have been a very comfortable residence for six November nights; and as Loch Katrine was surrounded by a mist of lawless deeds, we cannot be surprised that its natural beauties should have remained (as it were) undiscovered and unappreciated until the days of Sir Walter Scott.*

He tells us that he 'had read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country where he was in the habit of spending some time every autumn, and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. The poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollection, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and

* It is right, however, to mention that Dr. Robertson, in 1790, wrote an appreciative description in *The Statistical Account*, and that Garnett wrote as follows:—'Here we had our first view of the Trosachs, which are rough, rugged, and uneven hills; beyond these is seen the rugged mountain, Ben Venue, which differs in nothing from the Trosachs, except in magnitude. As soon as we had passed Lochachray, we entered the Trosachs by a road winding among them. The scenery here is exceedingly wild and romantic; rugged rocks of every shape surround the road, and in many places overhang it; these rocks are almost covered with heath, and ornamented to the very top with weeping birch. This part of the road presents scenery which is *wild and horrid*; it seemed to be Glencoe in miniature; but the mountains are vastly smaller, are more rugged, and, being covered with heath and birch wood, have a different character. I shall not enter into a further description of the Trosachs, for it is impossible by words to convey any idea of the kind of scenery.' (*Garnett's Tour through the Highlands of Scotland*, II, 172.)

incidents.' This poem was 'The Lady of the Lake,' which was not, however, published until after a considerable delay, in May 1810, when Scott was thirty-nine years of age. The success of the poem was immediate and extraordinary, and its effect upon the country which it so faithfully and beautifully described was no less immediate and extraordinary. Up to the time of the publication of the poem, no carriage had been seen at the Trosachs. In the year after, sixty carriages had found their way there, and Lockhart says that the post-horse duty rose to an extraordinary degree in Scotland, from the eagerness of travellers to visit the localities of the poem. Previously, their knowledge was confined to Loch Lomond, the most accessible of the Scottish lakes. 'I myself,' says Macculloch, writing to Scott in 1824, 'was one of the first, and I believe the very first absolute stranger who visited Loch Cateran. I had then a Scottish map in which it was not even inserted; you and the "Lady of the Lake" can tell another tale now.' Scott himself, in speaking of this subject to Washington Irving, who had told him that he was answerable for the yearly influx of English tourists, said that an old woman at Glenross, who kept a little inn, came to him and said she understood that he was the gentleman who had written a bonny book about Loch Katrine; and she begged him to write about their lake also, for she was told that his book had done the inn at Loch Katrine a muckle deal of good. Which, undoubtedly, is a fact; though, since the old woman's days, the inns have multiplied and beautified themselves, and may almost be taken as so many memorials to the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, more than any other

Highland district of similar size, owe their present popularity to the great novelist and poet. Until he had educated the public into an admiration for their many beauties, they were either but half appreciated or were altogether passed by. His poem described them in words which were not only poetry, but were as clear to the dullest comprehension as the plainest prose of a guide-book. The twenty thousand copies of 'The Lady of the Lake' that were sold within the first few months after the publication of the poem, necessarily carried the scenery of Loch Katrine and the Trosachs before thousands who had probably up to that time never heard of such places, and placed the scenes before them in a series of descriptive pictures, which, for ease of language and truthfulness of delineation, have never been surpassed. The scenes described were new, the style of the poem was also novel and forcible; and it is not surprising that the impression it made upon the public was such as to draw them by a talismanic influence to the lovely spot where Ellen met the Knight of Snowdown, and where Fitz-James's gallant grey sank exhausted. Indeed, so forcibly and truthfully has Sir Walter Scott narrated the various incidents of his poem, that his dramatic action and characters have long since passed from the realms of Fancy to the domain of Fact; and the guides, with the scrupulous accuracy of men attesting to the truth, pointed out (and still continue to point out) the very spots where 'the gallant horse exhausted fell,' and where Ellen's boat 'touched the silver strand,' and so on through all the incidents of the poem. And, certainly, the association of these shadowy fictions greatly enhances the charm of a district where nature has been so prodigal in her gifts.

The descriptions of Sir Walter Scott are so singularly clear and minutely accurate, that it is utterly impossible to look upon the real scenes without recalling the poet's words and owning their truthfulness; and at the same time it seems equally impossible that his descriptions can ever be surpassed. In such a case, what can be done? Can one quote those lines commencing thus:—

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd.
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-aan heaved high his forehead bare.

Can one quote this, and then go on to the famous Trosachs passage, commencing:—

The western waves of ebbing day—

and string together those hundred other passages from the poem, in which the scenery of Loch Katrine and the Trosachs is so effectively described? Certainly, if this were done, the result would be the production of the best guide-book that has ever yet been penned of this 'enchanted land.' But even if those publishers who possess the copyright wand of the enchanter did not interfere in preventing this spoliation of their

property and its conversion into a scissors-and-paste book, what would Mrs. Grundy and the public say? Would they bear the repetition of a poem with which they must be as well acquainted as with their ABC? I think not. They would consider it an insult to their understandings to be reminded of what was so familiar to them; and they would say that they did not want to hear what Scott said about these places, but what the author whose book they were perusing might find to say concerning them. Which, after all, must be but a very weak dilution of Scott, and 'poor parritch.' I shall, therefore, say but little; and in what I do say endeavour to forget Scott. This, at least, will be novel, if not pleasing; for they who write on Loch Katrine and the Trosachs usually do so in the sandwich style—a good rich slice of Scott being placed between their own prosy pieces of bread, scraped over with the butter of commendation, and flavoured with the sharp mustard of cleverness.

And perhaps there may be such a thing as a surfeit of Scott even in the boundary of the 'enchanted land.' In the first place, every young lady who is borne on board the little steamer is a passenger by 'The Rob Roy,' which is bearing her amid the scenes of 'The Lady of the Lake,' and she therefore feels it a necessity to quote from the poem. If bashfulness or reticence prevent her from so doing, there is sure to be some gentleman of her party who is anxious to give his poetical knowledge an airing, and will take the quotations upon his own hands and lips. This is to be regretted, as the young lady would do it much better. If the customary gushes of Scott should happen to be repressed, to the great danger of the bursting of the over-charged high pressure poetical minds of the travellers on board, the

captain of the little vessel, or the very man at the wheel himself, will haste to the rescue by a timely quotation which may serve as a vent peg, and let loose the steaming (or rather teeming) memories. And, such being the case, one can hardly wonder at overhearing the following conversation between two tourists on board the 'Rob Roy':—

Mr. Dundreary (who has just quoted four lines of Scott, taken from two different parts of the poem, and containing five errors). 'Weally, you know, it's so jolly, that one feels—aw—tempted to do nothing but—aw—spout Scott, you know.'

Mr. Testy (his friend and a pitcher). 'Then, I wish to goodness you'd spout him in the pawnbroker's sense of the word, and get rid of him altogether, for I'm sick of hearing him.'

This worthy man's powers of endurance will be put to a severer test if he takes a boat to Ellen's Isle, for his oarsman will not consider that he is fulfilling the whole of his duty unless, by way of description, he 'spouts Scott;' and when this is done in a high-pitched monotone, and with a strong Scotch accent, the result is far from pleasing to a southern ear.

This expedition to Ellen's Isle is, as a matter of course, the proper thing to do when at Loch Katrine, though there is a very good view of it from the steamer as she sails past it; and to me this view of the island (from its southern side), or the counterpart view obtained from the northern bank, were far preferable to the near views. At the present day, too, there is nothing extraordinary to be seen upon the island, which is thickly covered with foliage; the building erected by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, in imitation of Douglas 'Lodge,' having been burnt down in 1837, a few years

after it was built. Up to that time 'Ellen's Bower' was the great attraction of Ellen's Isle. The chairs were made of crooked branches of trees, and covered with deer skins; the tables were laden with armour and weapons, and the rough beams of the building were hung with antlers and other spoils of the chase.* But, although it has lost this artificial attraction, Ellen's Isle is as lovely an islet jewel as was ever set upon the fair bosom of a Highland lake; and, when viewed from a distance, or from either shore, is a truly lovely object. It is a mass of rock, thickly covered with trees, with one little bay—that which gave access to the 'shallop' of the fair Lady of the Lake. As the little craggy island rises to its highest point in its centre, and as its trees are compactly massed together, its general outline is so perfectly oval, that when the sun is shining upon its bright green foliage, it needs but a slight effort of fancy to imagine it a veritable emerald set in diamonds and silver. This is most clearly seen as we look at the island from the north shore of the lake, from that point where it has the mighty mass of Ben Venue for a background. Seen against the cold colours and rugged forms of the mountain side, the rounded outline of the island gleams sharply with bright emerald hues that catch the flicker of the sun, and are relieved by dark patches of intensest green. These hues and forms are mistily mirrored in the calm waters of the lake, along whose surface, as we now look at it, the sun has thrown a brilliant band of silver, glistening with diamonds, out of which the emerald jewel of the island stands proudly forth.

Peaceful as it now looks, Ellen's Isle has doubtless had its share in those scenes of lawlessness for which

* See *Famous Persons and Famous Places*, by N. P. Willis.

this district had so evil a name. Sir Walter Scott, it will be remembered, towards the end of 'The Lady of the Lake,' gives the ballad of 'The Battle of Beal an Duine,' a pass in the Trosachs, and the women and children of the Clan Alpine are represented as fleeing for safety to this island, where

Of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile ;

and the incident of 'Duncraggan's widow'd dame' slaying the Saxon who swam to the island for a boat, was founded upon fact, although Sir Walter says, in a note, that this incident and the skirmish were 'greatly posterior to the date of the reign of James V.' It is traditionally said to have happened during a fight between Cromwell's troopers and the Macgregors.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEN VENUE.

Coir-nan-Uri skin, the Goblin's Cave—Where is the Cave?—
 The Guide and the Cockney—Who were the Uriks?—
 Goblins and Robbers—The Highlander and 'Bony'—The
 Pass of Beal-ach-nam-bo—Views from Ben Venue—Moun-
 taineering—A Centre for a Century of Sketchers—Picturesque-
 ness of Ben Venue—What is this Ben's Height?

OPPPOSITE to Ellen's Isle is another lion of Loch Katrine, to which the boatmen usually convey the tourist after his 'light shallop' has left the silver strand of the Lady of the Lake. This is Coir-nan-Uri skin, 'the Cave of the Goblins,' a plateau projecting from the base of Ben Venue, and overhanging the lake. The plateau itself is amphitheatrical in form, 600 yards in width, and surrounded by tumultuous piles of rocks, huge fragments of which, hurled from the sides of Ben Venue, and arrested in their course by this 'dell upon the mountain's crest,' are scattered over the ground in every direction, and gave shelter (it is said) to foxes, wild-cats, and badgers. On scrambling up to this remarkable spot, with Ben Venue rising precipitously above us on the one side, and the rocks falling headlong to the lake on the other side, we naturally ask, 'Where is the cave?' But the cave is conspicuous by its absence, and cannot give back 'a sharp and shrieking echo,' as it did when the Clan-Alpine maids and matrons yelled vengeance upon the

wretch who failed to answer the signal of the Fiery Cross. The only caves to be seen, nowadays, are those recesses and fissures in the rocks, such as the West Highlanders call *geos*, dens or caves, wherein otters and badgers lie securely hid with their booty until drawn by the dogs. But as for a cave, in the accepted sense of the word, there is no more of it than of the knife-grinder's story. Macculloch speaks of 'a cockney friend,' who on one occasion accompanied him to see the cave. 'Lord, sir,' said the guide, 'there is no cave here, but what Mr. Scott made himself.' 'What! no cave?' 'Na, sir, but we go where the gentry chooses, and they always ask for the Goblin Cave first.' But, cave or no cave, this wild rocky dell, yawning like 'gash upon a warrior's breast,' presents in itself a most remarkable scene, and commands a beautiful bird's-eye view of the lake and Ellen's Isle, backed by the giant form of peaked Ben Aan. Birch-trees, mingled with oaks, overshadow portions of the hollow, though not to the extent that they assumed in Scott's day, when their mingled shade made a twilight even at noonday; and above, the 'suspended cliffs with hideous sway' seem to nod over the scene, and are reflected in the watery basin of the corrie.

Who and what were the Urisks or goblins who gave the name to this 'wild and strange retreat,' where Douglas and his fair daughter sought for a space their safety?

Grey superstition's whisper dread
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

'Tradition,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'has ascribed to

the Urisks a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian satyr.' Dr. Graham says that they were 'a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it.' These Urisks, scattered throughout the Highlands, were supposed on stated occasions to meet at Coir-nan-Uriskin for their own mystic purposes. Dr. Alexander Campbell, however, writing in 1802, does not appear to have heard this legend of the Goblin Cave, for he says:— 'Look up to the left: behold that gigantic precipice wooded to the top, bending over the pool in sullen grandeur. Among these rocks, whose gloom rests eternal on the bosom of the lake, in former times a savage band, ruthless, intractable, and cruel, had fixed their lurking place, and issued forth, naked as they were born, committing depredations on the peaceable inhabitants of these glens, ravishing the women, murdering those who resisted, setting fire to the habitations all around, and butchering without distinction the old and the young. Hence this precipice retains the name of *Cori-nan-Urischin*, the den of the wild men or savages. Such is the tradition respecting this headlong steep, whose appearance is so striking on our first entrance to Loch Kaitrin.' Dr. Campbell's tradition of these naked savages and peaceable inhabitants must evidently refer to that good old fairy period of once-upon-a-time.

When the author of 'Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman'* visited Loch Katrine, in 1804, and when

* Published 1861. See p. 251.

a small thatched cottage was the only place for the accommodation of visitors, he had a conversation with 'a hardy, iron-framed son of Clan Alpine. "Ye'il nae doubt be in the Callender volunteers?" "Ou, I my nanesel's tat, nae doubt." "Captain Campbell of Shean is y'er captain?" "Ou, I, so she is, an' a grand sodger too!" "Ye'el hae heard that Bony's comin' to tak' the glens from ye?" "Oh, let him come; it'll be a grand sport, tat. Ginn we hae him at ta Corrie an Wreck-kin!" On saying which, up sprang Hector Macgregor, giving the snort peculiar to the Highlanders when their blood is up, and crushing down his bonnet firmly on his brow, which showed out all that eager determination to meet his foe, ever so predominant in a Highlander.' But, although the opportunity of an interview with 'Bony' in the Goblin Cave was denied him, this brave Macgregor met him in other lands, and, as colour-serjeant of the 78th Highlanders, saw much service; finally, retiring with a pension, dying in his native glen, and being buried in the kirkyard of Duncraggan, by the Brig o' Turk.

Higher up the mountain, on its northern shoulder, and about 800 feet above the level of the lake, is 'the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo,' or Beal-ach-nam-bo, 'the pass of cattle,' the route by which the black-mail levies were obliged to be driven into the fastnesses of Rob Roy's country: for at that time the approach from the Trossachs was restricted to a rude ladder cut out of the rock. A few birch-trees still wave over the spot, which is almost more wildly picturesque than the Goblin Cave. 'It is an incredible chaos of objects,' says Macculloch, 'but it is a chaos of beauty and sublimity.' The pass would appear to have been formed by a partial separation of this portion of the mountain from the rest; and

it assists in giving that broken form to the sky-line of Ben Venue which makes its form so very picturesque from every point of view.

Ben Venue is not only full of beauty in itself, and presents a magnificent and tumultuous combination of glen and corrie, grey rock and precipice, crags, and knolls, and mounds, dark pools and bright herbage, but the views from it in every direction afford an unrivalled grouping of mountains, woods, and lakes, and all the best and most salient points of Highland scenery. Looking down upon Loch Chon, and across it to Ben Lomond, the eye rests upon a lake gleaming like a polished shield from amid soft beds of purple heather and rounded clumps of trees, and then travels on to the steep side of Ben Lomond, where the white boulders are strewn like pear-blossoms on grass, and shine white in the sun. Looking eastward, the rugged Trosachs lie at our feet, the lovely Loch Achray glistening over their medley of rocks and trees, and Ben Ledi shutting in the sweep of hills. Facing round, we look upon the bared forehead of Ben Aan, and then up the length of Loch Katrine, which, from its winding course and overlapping promontories, looks like a succession of lakes. It is not, however, possible from one or two hurried visits, to do anything like justice to the rich panorama of lovely scenery that rewards the tourist for his scramble up the rock-strewn sides of Ben Venue. Perhaps he may not be in such good training for mountaineering as the members of the Alpine Club or Malcolm Græme;—

Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess;

and it is probable that, when he has ascended as high as Beal-ach-nam-bo, which, however, is not more than

a quarter of the whole ascent to the summit of Ben Venue, he will rest satisfied with what he has done, and content himself with what is to be seen. Properly to appreciate the scenery, so multitudinous in its changes, effects and combinations, would occupy a far longer period than is usually devoted to a Scottish tour; and I should suppose that the tourist who visited this spot every season, and ascended Ben Venue again and again, might, at the end of his five-hundredth ascent, declare that he had only thoroughly explored a portion of its beauties, and that there were still sufficient materials left wherewith to fill many more sketch-books. Indeed, taking Ben Venue as a centre, and measuring from it five miles every way, such a distance is secured to the artist or photographer as would afford him abundant occupation for a lifetime, and leave him none but interesting and picturesque pictures to bequeath.*

In the various mountains that I have seen in the United Kingdom, I cannot recall one which has appeared to me more picturesque than Ben Venue. In altitude (about 3,000 feet) it is inferior to many of its neighbours, even to some (Ben Choan, for example), which, though of greater height, are much less heard of. Indeed, the mountain was called Ben Venue, or 'the

* There are few landscape painters, from Turner downwards, who have not set their easels by Loch Katrine. In June 1862, a painting of Loch Katrine, by Patrick Nasmyth, was exhibited (from Mr. Vernon's collection) at Morby's Gallery, Cornhill. A small picture of Loch Katrine by Holman Hunt was sold at Christie and Manson's, June 15, 1861, for 750 guineas. Curiously enough, Turner's Loch Katrine picture (in Sir John Swinburne's collection) was also sold for the same sum. (Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, ii. 407.) For Turner's pictures of Loch Katrine see *Modern Painters*, i. 288, 360. Turner first saw the Trosachs and Loch Katrine in 1831. (Thornbury's *Life*, i. 184.) The pictures were engraved, in 1834, in Scott's *Poetical Works*.

little mountain,' to distinguish it from its giant friend, Ben Lomond. But on every side its outline is grand; the play of light on the broken masses of its rugged surface is always effective, and its 'cragg, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd,' free it from monotony of appearance from whatever point it may be looked upon. When Scott described it—

A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar ;

but the alders, birches, oaks, and mountain-ashes that covered the summit have long since been cut down; and, as it seems to me, to the improvement of Ben Venue's appearance. The base of the mountain is still shaggy with foliage, and out of this rises the huge pile of granite whose grey, broken masses are mingled with innumerable veins and patches of green, where the grass grows upon every little ledge and coign of vantage. The great variety of tints and forms assumed by the mountain is thus better seen than if it had been feathered to its summit with its wildering forest, and its leading peculiarity of a huge pile of tumultuous rocks is all the more visible.

I have said above, that the height of Ben Venue is 'about 3,000 feet;' and I am compelled to use this indefinite mode of expression, as in every book or atlas to which I have referred a different altitude is given, the highest being 2,806 feet, and the lowest 2,388. The height of Ben Ledi is given at 2,381, but Sir Walter Scott evidently considered it much loftier than Ben Venue, which, he says, obtained its name of 'the little mountain' 'as contrasted with Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond.'

Venue, with sufficient distinctness to show all the salient points of the landscape. Scott, in speaking of the free-born glances from Ellen's eye confessing the guileless movements of her breast, says—

Not Katrine in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true.

And, again, you will remember the passage (which I will only indicate, for I said that I would endeavour to forget Scott, a thing more easily said than done) wherein the pleased lake, kissed by the western breeze, trembles, but dimples not for joy, so that the mountain-shadows on her breast are neither broken nor at rest, but lie in bright uncertainty, like future joys to Fancy's eye. And certainly this reflective power of the water is an important item in the beauties of the lake, and one that should not be forgotten. Although the scenery on both shores of Loch Katrine cannot fail to please the most exacting landscape lover, yet a walk along the northern shore by the point of Brianchail will, on the whole, present the best materials either for study or for a sketch. This is so far fortunate, as there does not happen to be any road formed on the southern shore, and the tourist who scrambles over the rough base of Ben Venue, beneath the Goblin Cave, will sometimes have to do so at the risk of his neck. It is true that, on this very account, the dangers of the southern shore are preferred to the safety of the comfortable road that skirts the margin of the northern shore; but nine out of ten will undoubtedly prefer the latter to the former. Six or seven streams, and innumerable rivulets, pouring down Strath Gartney from the Forest of Glenfinlas and the heights of Mealaonach or Ben Choan, cross the path on their way from the hills to the lake, and fill the air

with their gentle splash or 'drumming thunder.' The rocks, woods, and waterfalls present themselves in every possible combination; and when taken in conjunction with the winding lake and the grand mass of Ben Venue on the farther side, with the more distant Ben Lomond and the Alps of Arroquhar, make a ramble by this path not one of the least delights to be enjoyed in this 'enchanted land.'

The western end of the lake is much inferior in interest to the eastern, so far as regards scenery; but, to a thoroughly practical man, it possesses (on its southern shore, and about two-and-a-half miles from the Stronachlachar inn) an attraction that will outweigh the charms of the most picturesque landscape. This is the entrance to the tunnel of the Glasgow Waterworks, a tunnel 8 feet in diameter, 2,325 yards in length, and 600 feet below the summit of the mountain under which it passes, and the first of a series of seventy distinct tunnels, having an aggregate of thirteen miles, which assist in conveying the water of Loch Katrine, by an aqueduct thirty-four miles long, to the city of Glasgow. This is one of the most gigantic engineering works of modern times, and surpasses the greatest of the nine famous aqueducts which fed the city of Rome.* It has also the special peculiarity of being a

* See Mr. Bateman's speech at the Glasgow Corporation Banquet. For the other details I am chiefly indebted to the address of the Commissioners, *The Scotsman*, and other reliable sources. Also to *The Builder* of January 4, 1862, which devoted its leading article for the New Year to a report on Glasgow, in which some curious mistakes are made with regard to the waterworks. It says, that they were 'publicly inaugurated on the 26th of June, 1839'—a misprint for the 14th of October, 1859. It then says, 'the quantity of water delivered is from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 gallons per day; that is, from 70 to 80 gallons to each individual of the whole population.' Now, here, an additional cypher must have been used to convert the tens into hundreds.

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tunnel for nearly half its length. To cross the rugged district of thirty-four miles that intervenes between Loch Katrine and Glasgow, difficulties of no ordinary nature had to be overcome. Successive ridges of obdurate rock, separated by deep wild glens and mountain torrents, had to be traversed. The hard schistose groups, the old red sandstone, and the compact clay slate which constitute the geological character of the Highland mountains were bored, blasted, and perforated to form a subterranean passage to the stream which was destined to cool the parched throat of the great city. The very blasting materials cost, on the average, about 2,000*l.* a mile; the expense of the works was something near 800,000*l.*, and the entire expense (with compensation for land, &c.) 1,500,000*l.* Loch Katrine was selected as the fountain head, not only from the well-known purity of its water, but also from its elevation (360 feet above the sea), and from its being fed by a large amount of annual rainfall. The

In his speech at the Glasgow Banquet, Mr. Bateman said: 'The engineering cost of these works was to have been above 540,000*l.* for 26,000,000 gallons per day. They have cost about 700,000*l.*, but have produced 30,000,000 gallons a-day.' Nevertheless, in the address presented by the Commissioners to her Majesty, the daily supply was stated at 50,000,000 gallons. 'Loch Katrine, Loch Vennachar, and Loch Drunkie,' says the address, 'are all laid under contribution, either for the supply of the city, or for affording an increased and more regular supply in dry seasons to the river Teith, below Loch Vennachar, as compensation for the privilege of diverting 50,000,000 gallons per day to Glasgow. The total area of these lochs is upwards of 4,000 acres, and the available capacity within the limits to which they may be drawn off is 160,000,000 cubic feet of water.' The drainage area is more than 46,000 acres. After passing the valley of the Endrick, the aqueduct is conducted to a reservoir at Mugdock, near Strathblane, seventy acres in extent, and capable of holding 600,000,000 gallons. From thence, the water is conveyed in a double line of 3-foot pipes (up to the reservoir, the pipes are 4 feet) to Glasgow, about eight miles distant, where forty-six miles of piping distribute the stream to the several parts of the city.

purity of its water is so great* that Glasgow is probably supplied with a nearer approach to distilled water than any other city in Great Britain. Of the London waterwork companies, the Chelsea Company takes the lead in purity, their water containing in the gallon, on the average, from 17 to 22 degrees or grains of foreign matter in solution; but the Loch Katrine water contains only two such degrees or grains.† Of a copious supply of such pure water as this the rapidly increasing population of Glasgow stood greatly in need. Up to the end of the last century, forty or forty-five well-pumps furnished the city with a precarious supply of water. In 1806, the Glasgow Water Company supplied the people, but very inadequately, with water pumped from the Clyde. Great credit is therefore justly due to the corporation of the city for the energetic measures taken by them for the sanitary improvement of the city, as well as for the comfort of its inhabitants, in the

* According to Mr. Bateman, the purity of the water is such that, compared with the hard water they had previously been forced to use, it makes a saving in articles of domestic consumption equivalent to the whole water-rate, 'and a free gift to the city of nearly a million sterling.' He then adds the following remarkable statistics (but we know that figures may be made to prove anything):—'In the consumption of soap alone, the saving to the inhabitants on the north of the river will be nearly 30,000*l.* a-year. The total population of Glasgow may be taken at present at 460,000; deduct for Gorbals, 110,000; total on north of river 350,000. Mr. Porter estimates the annual consumption of soap at 9·2 lbs. per individual. This, at 5½*d.* per lb., will give 72,000*l.* as the annual cost of soap, on the average of the country, consumed by the 350,000 persons on the north of the Clyde. Since the introduction of the Loch Katrine water careful returns show that nearly one-half of the soap formerly used will now suffice. If these calculations were to be applied to London, the saving there, allowing for the harder character of the water, would amount to not less than 400,000*l.* per annum, equivalent to the outlay of 10,000,000*l.* of money, which it would be worth the while of the Londoners to pay for water equal in quality to that of Loch Katrine.'

† From the analysis of Dr. R. D. Thomson, F.R.S.

completion of a work which, in the words of her Majesty's answer to the address presented to her at the opening, 'Both in its conception and its execution reflects so much credit upon its promoters, and is calculated to improve the health and comfort of that vast population which is rapidly increasing round the great centre of manufacturing industry in Scotland. Such a work is worthy of the spirit of enterprise and the philanthropy of Glasgow, and I trust that it will be blessed with complete success.' The works were three years and six months in the course of execution, giving employment to about 3,000 men, besides the iron-founders and mechanics engaged in the manufacture of the iron pipes and the rest of the machinery connected with the works. The gentleman to whose skill and daring invention the complete success of this gigantic work is due, is the engineer of the works, John Frederic Bateman, Esq., who is now said to be engaged in developing the plans of an engineering work far more colossal than that of taking the waters of Loch Katrine into the heart of Glasgow; for it is Mr. Bateman's belief that, at an expense of some six or seven millions of money, the waters of the Welsh lakes may, in a similar manner, be conveyed to London; and it is expected that his belief will be no mere chimæra, but may ultimately be developed into a solved problem of the highest importance to the health of our great metropolis.

It was a notable day for the busy annals of Loch Katrine when, on October 14, 1859, the Queen, the late Prince Consort, the Princesses Alice and Helena, and the royal suite, steamed up from the Trosachs pier, on board the little 'Rob Roy,' in order to inaugurate the new waterworks. The royal party had

left Edinburgh at ten o'clock that morning, and by half-past eleven had reached Callender, where they were received by the lord of the manor, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, the Duke of Montrose, and other distinguished persons. There was an immense crowd of enthusiastic spectators, and abundant decoration in the way of arches and flags; but, alas! there was no 'Queen's weather,' and the royal party drove off for the Brig o' Turk amid uprising cheers and down-pouring torrents. The rain began at seven and lasted till one, and then, just as the Queen entered the Trosachs, the weather fortunately cleared. The route from Callender to Loch Katrine may be said to have been lined with people, and on no previous occasion had so great a multitude been gathered together in this romantic territory. As the Queen and the Princesses, clad in dresses of Stuart tartan, stepped on board the 'Rob Roy,' they were welcomed by the Lord Provost and magistrates of Glasgow, and floated past Ellen's Isle amid the echoing cheers that were buffeted back from Ben Aan and Ben Venue.

Great preparations had been made at the further end of the Loch. A covered landing-stage had been erected, on which was a daïs for her Majesty, from whence a narrow platform led to the mouth of the aqueduct, and a second platform was conducted to the cottage of the Water Commissioners, where the royal luncheon was prepared. Gathered round the platform and landing-stage were those who had received special invitations to be present. Here were the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Ernest Bruce, Lady Violet Graham, Lady Harriet Herbert, Lady Emily Foley, Lord Alfred Lennox, Sir

James Colquhoun, and such a host of notables as had never before been gathered together on Loch Katrine's banks. At a short distance behind them, gathered in dense groups, and forming a dark crescent on the lower ridge of the mountain, was an immense concourse of her Majesty's liege subjects, who had travelled from far and near, and braved the pelting of the pitiless storm, in order to be present at such an undertaking as had never before been heard of in all Scotland. The Queen arrived, and when all the preliminaries were over, her Majesty opened the sluices of the works by turning a small tap within the dais, which quickly set in motion a four-horse hydraulic engine at the mouth of the aqueduct; the great iron shuttles were forced up, and the first torrent of water went rushing through the quartz rock on its thirty-four mile race to Glasgow. The cheers of the people were drowned in the thundrings of cannon, and the conflicting echoes buffeted from crag to crag proclaimed the most important and useful fact in the history of Loch Katrine. After luncheon her Majesty and the royal party again steamed down by Ellen's Isle, and set foot on the little pier, *en route* through the Trosachs to Holyrood, which was reached at seven that evening.

This little pier at the Trosachs end of Loch Katrine is the centre of one of those beautiful pictures in which the head of the Loch abounds. The pier itself communicates with a rustic gallery leading along the side of the rock to the open space where the Trosach coaches wait. All around are wooded heights rising precipitously from the water; and half-way up one of these, on the southern shore, is 'the watch-tower of Roderick Dhu.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TROSACHS.

Scott's Description—The Pencil and the Pen—Pictures by Turner and others—Spires, Pyramids, Pinnacles, and Minarets—Inaccuracy and Gothic Images—Pure Ruskinism—A Pathetic Parson—Sunset at the Trosachs—The Heather—Moonlight—Sublimity and Usefulness—Wordsworth's Sonnet—Ben Aan—The Sketcher's Loss and Gain.

THE Trosachs, which is the Gaelic for 'rough, or bristled territory,' is an unusually romantic defile between Lochs Katrine and Achray. It is barely a mile in length; but in that brief space is crammed a wilderness of fantastic rocks, smothered in foliage and heather, and guarded by mountains that are unusually picturesque even for the Highlands. Sir Walter Scott's celebrated description of this pass must be so familiar to everyone, that it would be useless to fill a page by quoting it, even though that page could not be better occupied than by the transcript of lines so exquisitely beautiful, and at the same time so true to Nature. If in them Scott said that he 'presumptuously attempted to describe the romantic pass,' what shall be said of the poor efforts of any after writer? To say that they are failures is to say but little; for even Scott's description must, in a certain sense, be pronounced a failure; and of this his words just quoted seem to infer that he had a full knowledge. In short, how can the undescribable

be described? Reading the well-known lines in 'The Lady of the Lake' will give to those who have not seen the Trosachs as good an idea of the scene as it is possible to convey by words; but that idea will be very far short of the reality, and (as I shall presently attempt to show) may also, in a certain instance, be far from correct. Sketches and photographs will, in this case, do much more than Scott's or anyone else's words to convey to the mind an inkling of the scenery between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray.

The Trosachs appear to be so hopelessly indescribable with the pen—at any rate in such a way that an adequate idea of the scene may be formed merely from reading a description of it—that, in this case, the pencil gains a very easy victory over the pen. The spot was peculiarly suited to the powers of Turner, and the engravings from his pictures must be well known. Of the whereabouts of the pictures themselves I cannot tell; and I do not remember seeing any other painting by Turner of the Trosachs than one that was exhibited during the season of 1850, by Mr. Grundy, of Regent Street. It was an early picture of our great master, and in his best style, the elaboration of the details being very great, but not sacrificed to the general effect. There are many engravings which must have made the scenery of the Trosachs more familiar to thousands who have never visited the spot, than the word-painting of Scott could ever do. The engravings in Beattie's 'Scotland,' from the water-colours of Mr. Bartlett, will be familiar to most readers, and, with the exception of a little 'fudge' and 'touching-up,' are both characteristic and true. Then there are Mr. Birket Foster's pretty, yet somewhat fanciful, sketches in Black's illustrated edition of 'The Lady of the Lake.' There are also Nelson's

cheaper engravings, and a hundred others. But, above all, there are the photographic views, of which the 'stereographs' by Moffat may be specially mentioned. Thus far the Trosachs have been abundantly represented by the artist and by the photographic 'pencil of nature.'

Yet, for a due appreciation of the Trosachs' manifold and peculiar charms, nothing less than a visit to the spot will suffice. And even then it must not be that scampering visit which is made on the top of the coach, although this ten minutes acquaintance of the Trosachs is better than nothing; and, if the tourist keeps his eye open, will be such a ten minutes as he is not likely to forget to the end of his days. And when such a one has been thus driven rapidly through the Trosachs, we may easily imagine that, when he recalls the scene, Scott's lines will be realised—

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

The only erroneous impression which, as it seems to me, the perusal of Scott's verse would leave on the mind of the reader who had not seen the Trosachs would be gathered from the lines—

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle.

Here the words *spire*, *pyramid*, and *pinnacle* are used to convey the idea of certain rocky masses whose forms are anything but pyramidal, and no more resemble a

spire and pinnacle than they do a 'minaret' or 'mosque of Eastern architect.' They are certainly more like to a 'dome;' for, as Ruskin says, 'all the rocks are heavily rounded, and the introduction of the word "spire" is a piece of inaccuracy in description, ventured merely for the sake of the Gothic image.' He says further, 'Suppose Sir Walter Scott, instead of writing "each purple peak, each flinty spire," had written, "each purple peak, each flinty 'pediment.''" Would you have thought the poem improved? And, if not, why should it be spoiled? Simply because the idea is no longer of any value to you; the thing spoken of is a nonentity. These pediments, and stylobates, and architraves never excited a single pleasurable feeling in you—never will—to the end of time. They are evermore dead, lifeless, and useless, in art as in poetry.' 'But, on the other hand, that strange and thrilling interest with which such words strike you as are in any wise connected with Gothic architecture—as, for instance, vault, arch, spire, pinnacle, battlement, barbican, porch, and myriads of such others, words everlastingly powerful and poetical when they occur—is a most true and certain index that the things themselves are delightful to you, and will ever continue to be so.'*

This is a most characteristic passage of the writer, who is contending that language and literature is so steeped in Gothic ideas, 'that Sir Walter Scott cannot get through a description of Highland scenery without help' from them. And then he instances the 'flinty spire.' The argument that he builds upon this idea is pure Ruskinism. The mere mention of the words vault, arch, and porch, must surely pass harmlessly through the minds of most men, and can never be the

* *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, 51-2.

agents of such witchery as to enable them to strike with a strange and thrilling interest. I have, indeed, heard of a clergyman who, by the pathos that he infused into the utterance of the word 'Mesopotamia,' could melt his audience to tears; but then they were a country congregation, and Mesopotamia was a polysyllable, and a word of which they knew not the meaning. Yet, I fancy that this pathetic parson may have tried all his arts on the utterance of Mr. Ruskin's Gothic words, and yet not have moved those Goths, his hearers, to any feeling of delight, or to any thrill of strange interest.

It was my good fortune to see the Trosachs illuminated by just such a sunset as Sir Walter Scott describes; but, while there was the usual contrast of vivid light above and purple shadows below which must attend upon all sunsets in glens and defiles, yet I failed to notice that depth of gloom which Sir Walter's lines appear to indicate. A portion of the Trosachs, indeed, is so comparatively open that the term 'dark ravine' is not very applicable. Sketching this sunset view within the Trosachs, and having light enough to do so up to a late hour of the evening, I also could not but help thinking, as I stood literally knee-deep in heather, and with its magnificent blossom making great breadths of pink and purple tints on every side of me, how utterly deficient Sir Walter's description is in all mention of this beautiful and prominent portion of the landscape. It is true, that he speaks of 'creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,' which might refer to the heather, and of 'each plant or flower, the mountain's child,' which would certainly include the heather; but there is no specific mention of it, although it is afterwards referred to in a hundred ways. Seen as I saw it,

it was impossible to pass over the heather without notice, for it was in its full bloom, and in sufficient abundance for thousands of Ellens to dash the dew from its flowers, and for many a Knight of Snowdoun to make his bed amid its 'moorland fragrance.'

I not only had the pleasure of seeing the Trosachs illuminated by the glories of a brilliant sunset, but I was also fortunate enough to walk through the pass when the moon was silvering the scene, and making it more and more like 'the scenery of a fairy dream.' Of this spot might Scott indeed have written :—

If thou would'st view the Trosachs right,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight ;

for it seems to be a place which the moonbeams better suit than the garish light of day. This more especially holds good during the touring season, when a succession of four-horse coaches, rattling through the pass, bring sublimity and usefulness into a somewhat discordant union. By sunset and moonlight the varied beauties of the spot may be thoroughly enjoyed without any such distracting influences, and that healthful introspection may be indulged in of which Wordsworth, in his sonnet on 'The Trosachs,' thus speaks :—

There's not a nook within this solemn pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon.* Thrice happy guest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray,

* This is 'gilding refined gold;' for it is an improvement on the *splendidior vitro*.

(October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

From the centre of the pass of the Trosachs, where the defile widens into a tolerably open landscape, the view looking towards Ben Aan is very fine. It lifts 'high his forehead bare,' overtopping the rocky rampart that closely walls-in the pass, and contrasting its treeless height with the swelling masses of foliage that cover the lower hills. 'Peaked Ben Aan,' is it truly termed; for its summit terminates, on the Trosachs side, with a sharp peak, from which a precipice falls abruptly down until it is lost in the thick timber that overspreads its base. On the evening of which I have spoken, when I saw the setting sun bathe the purple peaks 'in floods of living fire,' Ben Aan stood out sharply against the violet sky, with its precipitous side illuminated by the last beams of sunset, and just at that moment two figures of tourists, who had ascended to the peak, became distinctly visible on the bare ridge of the mountain. O, that it were possible, I thought, to transport myself for a moment to their position!—to look over the linked lengths of Loch Katrine, and see them roll'd 'one burnish'd sheet of living gold,'—just as the hunter saw them from that rocky stair which was once the only outlet to the pass.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger raptured and amazed.

There is huge Ben Venue, overtopped by the distant Ben Lomond; and in every direction, whether over the Forest of Glenfinlas, or across its stream to Ben Ledi, the view must be surpassingly beautiful—more so, in

one respect, than from Ben Venue itself, inasmuch as it includes that most picturesque of Highland hills.

I greatly regretted that I was unable to ascend Ben Aan and judge for myself of the beauty of the panorama from its peak ; but sketching, although so delightful in itself, has this necessary drawback attending upon its pleasures, that it consumes many hours which might otherwise have been devoted to the exploration of new spots and the visiting of fresh scenes. The sketcher, however, has his ample satisfaction and revenge in that portfolio of drawings, the sight of which can renew his old joys, and, like the company of one's own children, be to him a spring of perpetual delight. As I closed my sketching-book, the two specks on the summit of Ben Aan also disappeared ; and I, dusted with heather-bloom up to my knees, waded down through the thick bushes, threading my way among the scattered masses of rock that gleamed ghost-like from amid the dark-stained floor of the heathy hill-side, and again set foot on the coach-road that winds through the depths of the pass, and which leads to the comfortable quarters of the Trosachs Hotel, on the margin of Loch Achray.

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CHAPTER XXV.

LOCH ACHRAY.

The Trosachs Hotel—Poetic Realities—Increase of Tourists—
 Fortune's Favourites—Detriments to an Enchanted Land—
 The Banquet Hall—The Puzzled Waiter—Is it Onion?—
 Loch Achray—View from the Hotel—Other Views—Walk
 along the Shore—The New Church—Glenfinlas—The Brig o'
 Turk—Lanrick Mead—The New Hotel—Loch Vennacher—A
 Good Starting Point.

THE Trosachs Hotel is beautifully situated by the high road that leads from the Trosachs along the banks of 'lovely Loch Achray.'

The building is the baronial successor of that thatched cottage of Ardcheanochrochan—an unpronounceable name, signifying 'the high end of the rock'—which, on the publication of 'The Lady of the Lake,' was so inundated by the streams of tourists, who, to the surprise of the old farmer, took the trouble to travel many miles to see a scene in which he had never found anything worth looking at—not even a field of barley. But, as the visitors persisted in coming, the old farmer yielded to his fate; and before his death had become so alive to the poetic realities of the spot, that he was enabled to point out (as his successors do to this day) the very spot where Fitz-James' gallant grey sank exhausted,—the soldier's grave at Beal an Duine,*—and to tell the

* Or 'the Pass of the Man.' Here took place a skirmish between the Clan Alpine and some soldiers of Cromwell, in which one of the latter was slain. His comrades determined to be avenged on the wives

romantic story of Ellen's Isle. As the visitors increased, and clamoured for accommodation, the thatched cottage grew out of itself into the dimensions of a goodly inn, which, in its turn, was all too small and insufficient; and, in 1852, was cleared away by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby in favour of that baronial structure which is now so pleasing and striking a feature in the view. Its flanking round towers, surmounted by their spirelets, with the high-pitched roof and dormer windows, help to give it a national character which is in harmony with the spot. But even this building did not suffice for the thronging tourists; and its capacities for entertainment were considerably increased by the addition of a large detached building of two stories high, which has raised the bedroom accommodation to a high pitch, and which helps to remind one of the section of a college 'quad.'

I am unwilling to obtrude personal matters into these pages; but our arrival at this hotel was not only marked by a proof that this route is daily frequented by crowds during the touring season, but also by an occurrence of that good luck that, throughout our tour in Tartanland, rendered us fortune's favourites. I had neglected to secure rooms at this hotel, and we arrived there early in the afternoon to find the building completely full, and every room in it engaged, except one bedroom in the outer building. This, of course, we secured; and as there are two public rooms, used by ladies as freely as by gentlemen, the lack of a private sitting-room was

and children who had taken refuge on 'Ellen's Isle.' A soldier swam across for a boat, and was slain by Ellen Stuart. Sir Walter Scott's ballad of 'The Battle of Beal an Duine,' and also the incident of 'Duncraggan's widow'd dame' in *The Lady of the Lake*, are founded upon this event, to which reference has already been made in the previous chapter.

a matter of small consequence. We had no sooner taken possession than there arrived two coaches; the one from Loch Katrine and the other from Callender. A good share of the passengers on each coach wanted bedrooms at the hotel, and, of course, could not have them. The Callender coach reported that the New Trosachs Hotel at the Brig o' Turk was also full. Coaches continued to arrive with full loads, apparently at half-hour intervals; and those who had come expecting to sleep at the Trosachs Hotel had to be forwarded on to Stronachlachar and Inversnaid, or to Callender. Late in the evening the lovely weather gave place to a down-pouring rain; and we were afterwards told, that up to 'the hour ayont the twal,' the Trosachs tourists, who had been sent on from one hotel to another, were clamouring in Callender in search of lodgings, knocking up supposed lodging-house keepers, and drawing down upon their devoted heads torrents of abuse that were as pelting and comfortless as the rain. One could easily imagine that, under such adverse circumstances, even the Trosachs would scarcely seem an 'enchanted land.'

Right and left of the Trosachs Hotel are the two public rooms, the one being reserved for breakfast and tea, and for general purposes, the other being dedicated to dinners. This latter room is built after the fashion of Douglas's 'lodge of ample size,' being chiefly constructed of timber 'by the hatchet rudely squared,' with a high pitched roof, and decorations of heather-toughs and spoils of the chase. I have no desire to pour into the ears of a wretched reader an uninteresting record of what we had for dinner each day, though, by the way of parenthesis, I may say that Mrs. Macgregor treated us much better than her Rob Roy ancestor would have done, and literally loaded her tables with good things

well cooked and very reasonably charged for.* But, sitting one day at dinner in her chieftain's banquet-hall, I was powerfully reminded of a circumstance which Mr. Thackeray records in his 'Irish Sketch Book.' 'Sir,' said a Cork waiter to Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, 'Sir, there is no currant-jelly to the haunch of venison, but I have brought you some very fine lobster-sauce!'

My parallel experience was as follows:—It so happened that I found roast duck upon my plate; and it having been the custom of my country to serve it up with onion sauce, I asked a good-humoured looking waiter to favour me with that accompaniment. 'The what?' said the waiter. 'The onion sauce,' I replied. After a pause, during which he was evidently collecting his senses, he said, in a loudly interrogative voice, 'Is it onion?' 'Yes.' 'Onion?' he again shouted in a bewildered tone. 'Yes,' I once more replied. Whereupon the waiter retired, consulted with a fellow waiter, and again returning to me, shouted 'Is it onion?' As the novelists say, my feelings overpowered me; unruly laughter took possession of me—for by this time everyone at table within two yards of the spot had been attracted by the scene—and I could only nod a speechless affirmative. The waiter joined in the laugh in a perfectly free-and-easy and unaffected way, and again retired and consulted with two of his brethren. After a few minutes of painful suspense, their brief but earnest debate ended in my friend bringing me parsley and butter, which was evidently considered the best

* At dinner there was an ample and varied supply of fish, flesh, and fowl; with tarts, puddings, and a good etcetera of sweets, for half-a-crown a head, exclusive of drinkables. Tea was eighteen-pence a head. Breakfast two shillings. On the breakfast-table were cold meats and ham, hot bacon, and two or three varieties of broiled fish. Other charges were similarly moderate.

substitute for onion sauce. As a 'rider' to this piece of cookery experience, I may also mention that, afterwards, at our Edinburgh lodgings, when the landlady had been told to give us duck with onion sauce, she produced at table a tureen filled with bread-sauce, into which onions had been sliced in large pieces. She appeared to be delighted with her achievement, and so we did not damp her joy at having so readily fallen into our southern customs.

From the hill at the back of the hotel, in the direction of Ben Ledi, a glorious view is obtained of the Trosachs and Ben Venue, with the lovely Loch Achray to interpose its glistening mirror between you and them. This lake is so small—being but one and three-quarters of a mile long, by about half a mile broad—that, after its greater rivals, Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, it meets with far less attention than it merits. Yet I question if any other sheet of water of the like dimensions would so well repay a diligent study, or offer a more beautiful series of subjects for the painter.

The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben Venue;
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall we find in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?

Being so small, the eye can take in all the beauties of the Loch at a glance; the graceful curves of its outline; the rich mixture of wood and rock that belts its western end, and marks the entrance to the Trosachs;—

The copsewood grey
That waved and wept on Loch Achray;

the softly-swelling moorland tract, rich in heather-bloom, that stretches from the foot of Ben Venue round

the southern shore by 'the level field' which gave its name of Achray to the Loch; and, over all, the long rocky ridge of Ben Venue, rising high in air out of the tangled mass of the Trosachs. This is the view as seen from the pretty little terraced garden of the hotel, and also from the hill behind the hotel, from whence the landscape may be studied with even more delight, because with added charms. And it is a good feature of the hotel itself, that its outline, with its high-pitched roof, towers, and spires, is a pleasing addition to the scene, and seems in harmony with it, instead of proving a detraction from it.

It appears to great advantage from the south-western corner of the Loch, from whence it is seen backed by the shaggy hills, and with the lovely lake at its feet. I would recommend the visitor by no means to miss the opportunity of walking from the hotel by the wooded path round the western sweep of the Loch. This path, skirting the entrance to the Trosachs and the margin of the lake, leads amid rocks and trees across the small stream—

That joins Loch Katrine to Achray,—

and for a summer evening's ramble is certainly as lovely a walk as any enthusiast in beautiful scenery could desire to take. To the right the Loch is seen in long perspective, its shores narrowing towards its eastern extremity, where it terminates in that river which connects it with Loch Vennachar, and which is crossed by the Brig o' Turk. From this point the hill behind the hotel is seen to sweep down to the stream of Glenfinlas; and to the right the remote shores of the Loch are backed by bold blue ridges of mountains, the chief of which is Ben Ledi, 'the mountain of God.'*

* So named by the Druids, who held their rites upon this mountain.

afternoon on which I sketched this lovely view the sun shone full upon the hotel, which was clearly mirrored in the still waters of the lake, over which a boat came floating, until it touched the little bay where I was standing, and set its lady occupants on the shore. The boat and figures gave that appropriateness and charm to the foreground which completed the perfection of the picture—Nature's picture, that is to say: for it would demand the rarest powers of the most cunning limner to paint to perfection 'so lone a lake, so sweet a strand.' The hotel proprietor keeps boats upon Loch Achray for the accommodation of tourists; and I believe that fishing may also be had for 'a consideration.'

The walk along the northern shore of the lake has also its peculiar beauties and attractions, chiefly from the views obtained of the combination of wood, water, and mountain, in the Loch, the Trosachs, and Ben Venue. These views, however, might more properly be called occasional glimpses, unless the tourist leaves the coach-road and descends to the meadow land that skirts the lake; for the road is carried along the rocky side of the hill at a considerable elevation above Loch Achray, and is so shut in with trees, that in many places the lake and Ben Venue are shrouded from view. Nevertheless, these 'rocks and bosky thickets' are in themselves objects of attraction, though the perpetually recurring coaches prevent the tourist from enjoying their charms in solitude.

At some little distance along the road the new church of the Trosachs may be seen, built close beside the Loch, and where its grassy margin is indented by a curving bay. The church is very small and plain; but with its little bell-gable, and the triple lancets beneath, makes a very pleasing and interesting foreground

object for that magnificent prospect of the Trosachs and Ben Venue, which, piled upon the shining level of Loch Achray, may be viewed so advantageously from this point.

Further along the road, where Loch Achray has narrowed its banks and is lost in the river Turk, and still within the limits of a lady's walk from the Trosachs Hotel, there are the varied attractions of the wild forest of Glenfinlas, with its still wilder legends; the cascade of the river Turk,—

Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe;—

and the Brig o' Turk itself, where Fitz-James found himself riding alone in his chase of that famous stag whose career set in motion the rolling stone of adventure that led the fair Lady of the Lake to Stirling's tower. It is an ordinary-looking bridge, that spans the narrow river with one arch, and on to whose roadway the coach-road from the Trosachs enters at a disagreeably sharp angle. Beyond are seen the flat fields of Lanrick Mead, the muster-place of the Clan Alpines; the gables of the 'Trosachs New Hotel' mark the spot where Mr. MacIntyre will receive the tourist with a Highland welcome; to the left the hills rise, 'ridge on ridge,' to the lofty summit of Ben Ledi; and to the right is the upper end of Loch Vennachar, where Fitz-James 'had his wish'—and from every rock, broom, and bracken, a follower of Roderick Dhu leapt forth to sight, and then, at their leader's whistle, vanished as suddenly as they had appeared.

In short, the comfortable hotel at the Trosachs will be found a famous starting-point for innumerable scenes

of the highest beauty and interest; and between here and Edinburgh, by way of Callander, Doune, Dunblane, Bridge of Allan, Stirling, Bannockburn, Falkirk, and Linlithgow, there are many places easily accessible by railway, of which, if I here omit the special mention, it is neither from not having visited them, nor having failed to perceive and appreciate their attractions, but solely because the limits of these pages compel me to pass over certain spots where I would fain have lingered in converse with my reader. But the reader's patience must be considered, and the printer's bounds must not be outstripped; and so I cast overboard the places just mentioned, and others not enumerated. As Newman Nogg's barber said, 'We must draw a line somewhere.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

AULD REEKIE.

First View and Impressions of Edinburgh—First, Second, and Third Thoughts—A Night View—General Illumination—Auld Reekie—Present Smells and Past Memories—Knox's House—Grave of Knox—Moray House—The Mound—Localising Scripture Scenes—The Judge and the Wild Beasts—St. Giles's Church—Blondin Outdone—The Grass Market—The Porteous Mob—The Caddies—Heriot's Hospital—Other Hospitals—West Bow and Port—Entry of Charles I.—Major Weir and his Ghostly Revels—The Haunted House—Burke and Hare.

THE first view of Edinburgh is always impressive, and a sight to be remembered, even by a travelled man who has seen the older Athens, and Dublin, Rome, Naples, and Constantinople. Sir David Wilkie found congregated in Edinburgh all those beauties for a sight of which it was thought necessary to make the tour of Europe; and although to this high eulogium we may apply the unavoidable partisanship of the writer's nationality, yet its substantial truth must be acknowledged. My expectations of Edinburgh were pitched to such a very high note, that I never expected it would be sustained when put to the trial; but would at any rate be lowered, if it was even but that half-note which Mrs. Hemans said was invariably lost by the human voice in its song of joy. I may safely say that my note, instead of being depressed, was raised, and that my expectations were more than realised. In short,

Edinburgh was almost the only city that I have seen, of which my extravagant ideal fell short of the real.

First impressions are momentous, and are usually those to which we cling; for even where second thoughts are really best, they are not commonly adopted. The second thought discusses all the *pros* and *cons* of the first impression, and generally leads to a third thought, which, for the most part, agrees with the first. In nine cases out of ten, the first impressions of a tolerably well-educated and observant person are the truest impressions, although they may have to be modified by after-thoughts and circumstances. In the instance of Edinburgh, everyone's first impression of this wonderful city will probably need no material modification by any after-thoughts or prolonged acquaintance. I certainly have never read of or met with any person to whom Edinburgh has been a disappointment. Its very slums are picturesque, and highly agreeable to the pictorial mind, even when most offensive to the moral and physical sense.

Of such a city, the first sight is an event not to be forgotten; and, in my own case, made too great an impression upon me for me ever to lose its memory. We arrived at Edinburgh at half-past eight o'clock on an August evening, when the night was very dark, though starlight. From the rocky ravine of the dried-up loch, along whose shadowy depths the railway runs, we peered through the darkness at the enormous piles of houses towering to a great height above our heads, and, high as they really were, yet looking far loftier to us, as we looked up to them from our deep ravine through the mysterious darkness. Rows upon rows of windows, rising higher and higher, and all lighted up as though for a general illumination,—the lines of light

twinkling so high up in the solemn deep-blue darkness of the night, that they seemed at last to be lost amid the stars. I had seen the giant factories of Manchester and Stockport similarly illuminated, and producing such a beautiful and striking effect, that I had felt tempted to make the wild assertion that those two important manufacturing towns were really picturesque places. But the illumination of the old town of Edinburgh is far more striking, especially when viewed, as I saw it, from the railway ravine; from which spot the lines of lamps in lofty Princes Street also contribute their share to the general effect. The view is less striking—although, even then, very remarkable—when seen from Princes Street itself, where the spectator is on a level with the lights. The endless series of illuminated windows in the old town is, of course, due to the Scotch system of ‘flats’ that apportion the various stories to different families, and thus brings about a nightly result that might remind a Romanist of Candlemas and St. Blaise.

It is this ridge of the old town, leading up to the lofty rock that rises from the valley by Holyrood, and ends precipitously in the Castle, that first arrests the stranger’s eye. It forms the very backbone of the city, whose giant limbs are now stretched over the neighbouring hills; and in it and about it are closely packed all the historical traditions of what Ben Jonson calls—

The heart of Scotland, Britain’s other eye.

It was from the narrow wynds and closes that honeycomb these ten and twelve-storied smoky houses,

Piled deep and massy, close and high,

that Edinburgh received and deserved its epithet of ‘Auld Reekie,’ of which Smollett’s ‘Humphrey Clinker’

has left us a picture; and here, where the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form' were wont to be seen, are pawnbrokers' shops and Celtic lodging-houses for the lowest Irish, where pigs have been kept in the highest bedrooms, and from thence have been lowered by cords into the street. But this was in those cleansing and purifying days of the Mrs. MacCarty period, when the prevalent 'Haud your hand!' system was rudely interfered with, and when the cholera had compelled some little attention to cleanliness.

Canongate and the High Street—'whilk,' as the Baron of Bradwardine observes, 'is beyond a shadow of dubitation finer than any street, whether in London or Paris,'*—are redolent with present smells and past memories. Here are houses that recall recollections of Sir David Baird, Allan Ramsay, David Hume, and Burns; and in yonder half-burnt and ruined pile we are reminded of Doctor Johnson. But it is in older history that this long street is made so famous. This quaint-looking corner house, for example, was the manse of John Knox, and here he lived from 1560 to his death in 1572. Up those outside stairs (from which the viragoes of the High Street insulted Mary Stuart, as she rode past them after her surrender at Carberry)—up those 'fore-stairs,' as they are called, John Knox passed to his rooms; and from that little window at the corner he was wont to exhort the people. Just beneath it there is a rude figure of him preaching in a pulpit, and pointing with his right hand to a stone, on which is sculptured the rising sun, and the words, ΘΕΟΣ, DEUS, GOD. Over the lower windows of the ground-floor is the legend, 'LVFE . GOD . ABVFE . AL .

* 'Excepting, perhaps, the High Street of Oxford.' See Walter Scott. (*Provincial Antiquities*, p. 246.)

AND . YI . NYCHTBOYE . AS . YI . SELF.' This house is the property of the Free Church (whose place of worship, a handsome building, is close adjoining), and was once a tavern; but it is now elbowed by a building which proclaims itself to be 'Knox's Refreshment Rooms for the Working Classes. Reading Room. Lodgings.' Into the Nor' Loch, below the house, were cast the images and relics which Knox so furiously denounced. After the fitful fever of his life, he sleeps somewhere beneath the pavement of Parliament Square—where formerly was the churchyard of St. Giles; but whether beneath the pedestal of Charles II.'s statue,* is not known. At any rate, Dr. Johnson's hope, that Knox was buried in the highway, is literally fulfilled.

Lower down the street is Moray House, distinguished by its massive stone balcony, and the two short spires on either side of the courtyard gateway. There is a terraced-garden at the back, where is shown the summer-house in which the Act of Union was signed, and where a thorn-tree is pointed out as having been planted by Queen Mary; but, in these guesses at truth, the Earl of Moray has evidently been confounded with the Regent Murray. Many interesting houses at the head of the Mound were taken down to make room for the new college. Among these was the house where lived Mary of Guise, widow of James V. In another of these houses were many curious paintings on panel, of Scripture scenes, one of which represented the Saviour asleep in the fishing-boat on the Lake of Galilee; but, in order to give the scene a stronger

* According to a statement in Alexander Campbell's *Scotland*, ii. 195, a statue of Oliver Cromwell had been ordered for this site; but the wheel of fortune having turned, the prudent magistrates countermanded the Protector's statue, and ordered one of the King.

local interest, the background gave a view of Edinburgh, with the Castle and Salisbury Crags. When the houses were cleared from the Mound, a travelling menagerie had set up its caravans on the vacant space, just at the time when the celebrated Scotch advocate, George Fergusson (Lord Hermand), came up, full of Pittite triumph that the ministry of 'all the talents' had fallen. 'They are out! they are all out! every mother's son of them!' he shouted. A lady who heard the words, and perceived his excited condition, imagined that he referred to the wild beasts; and seizing the judge by his arm, exclaimed, 'Gude Heaven! we shall a' be devoored!'

The tower of St. Giles's Church, with its lantern and spirelet in the form of an imperial crown—one of three for which North Britain (including Newcastle-upon-Tyne) is famous—is a leading and elegant object in the old town views, and is far more interesting than the modernised and renovated building from which it springs. It is true that the steeple itself is little more than two centuries old, but it was a careful copy of its predecessor; while the same cannot be said for the body of the church, whose extensive interior is parcelled out into three* distinct places of worship, for the High, the Old, and the New North sections. It is to be regretted that the beauties of this cathedral church should not be restored with a little of that spirit and propriety which have so signally marked the very satisfactory restoration and renovation of Glasgow Cathedral. In this church, Blair's elegant platitudes first soothed the ears of his polite congregation; against the head of another preacher, Jenny Geddes hurled her

* Soon after the Reformation there were as many as four.

famous stool; a rival to Blondin, in 1598, disported himself on a rope fastened from the steeple's summit, and at that giddy elevation of 161 feet, performed his customary tricks;* and, in 1643, the solemn League and Covenant was sworn in the church. These are but a few of the medley collection of remarkable and historical facts connected with the great kirk of the old town of Edinburgh; and as it is not possible, either in this or in similar cases, to mention all, without devoting volumes to the purpose, we will content ourselves with gleanings a few facts or strange circumstances as we ramble along.

From St. Giles's Church we make our way to the Grass Market, whose open area affords one of the best views of the Castle. Here was the old place for execution; here Montrose and Argyle suffered; and here the enraged mob hung Porteous on a dyer's pole, with a rope which they had taken out of a shop in the Grass Market, and for which they honestly threw a piece of money on the counter. The scene is acted for us again

* 'The 10 of Julii 1598, ane man, sum callit him a juglar, playit sic sowple tricks upon ane tow, qlk wes festinit betwixt the top of St. Gill's kirk steeple and an stair beneath the crosse, callit Josias Close Heid, the lyke was never sene in yis countre: as he raid doune the tow, and playit sa many pavies.' Birrell's *Diary*, p. 47. The cross was in the centre of High Street. The Earl of Athol was here made to wear a burning cross of iron, for the murder of his sovereign. The celebrated John of Leyden was also treated with this punishment; and that other person referred to in (Dr. Johnson's line in) Goldsmith's *Traveller*.—

Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.

The Edinburgh cross was taken down March 13, 1756. (*Scots Magazine*, 1756.) It is described in *Marmion* (Canto V., St. 25), and some of the ornamental portions of the structure are preserved in the grounds at Abbotsford, together with the stonework of the gateway of the Old Tolbooth—'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'—which was pulled down in 1817.

in the pages of 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' When Queen Caroline heard of the outrage, she vowed that she would make Scotland her hunting-park. 'Then,' said the Duke of Argyle, 'it is high time for me to gather my greyhounds!'—though this gathering had to be deferred for nine years, until the 'Forty-Five had come. The Grass Market was a famous rendezvous for the Caddies of Edinburgh. They were Highlanders, and were a species of porters and messengers plying in the open street, always ready to execute any commission, and to act as messengers to the most distant corners of the kingdom. They were often employed in business requiring secrecy and despatch; and frequently had large sums of money entrusted to their care. Instances of a breach of trust were rare; indeed, almost unknown. These men carried to the south the same fidelity and trustworthiness which formed a marked trait in the character of the Highlanders of that period, and formed themselves into a society, under regulations of their own. Dr. Smollett, in his 'Humphrey Clinker,' gives an account of an anniversary dinner of this fraternity, of which nine-tenths were Highlanders.*

The beautiful building of Heriot's Hospital is close by the Grass Market, and a good bird's-eye view of it is obtained from the Castle ramparts. It was the noble gift of the goldsmith to his fellow-citizens, and was founded by 'Jingling Geordie,' December 10, 1623, in imitation of Christ's Hospital, London, 'for the maintenance, relief, bringing up, and education of so many puir fatherles bairnes, friemanes sones of that towne of Edinburgh,' as the estate devoted to the purpose was sufficient to accomplish. This handsome hospital is an

* See Major-General Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, i. 208.

embodiment of architectural contradictions: touches of the Roman, Gothic, and Corinthian are mingled with Scottish characteristics; and it is said, that of its two hundred windows, not one is precisely similar to another. It is usually stated* that this noble building was reared according to plans supplied by Inigo Jones, under the inspection of Dr. Walter Balcanquhar, Dean of Rochester, one of the executors named in Heriot's last will, dated January 21, 1623, O.S. The balance of testimony, however, would appear to be against Inigo Jones; and 'two master masons,' by name William Wallace and William Aytoun, would seem to have been the chief designers of this picturesque and symmetrical building, of which Turner made a very effective picture.† The other great hospital of Edinburgh, known as 'Donaldson's Hospital,' from the name of its founder, who was formerly a printer in the city, is a modern Elizabethan edifice, of palatial dimensions, standing on a terraced ground a short distance westward of the new town. Like Heriot's Hospital, it is not a building for the cure of disease, but for the rearing and education of about 300 poor boys and girls. Similar institutions are found in 'George Watson's Hospital,' for the education of some 80 boys who are the children or grandchildren of decayed merchants; in the 'Merchant Maiden Hospital,' which maintains and educates 100 daughters of merchant burgesses; in the 'Trades' Maiden Hospital;' and in the 'Deaf and Dumb Hospital.'

* As, for example, in A. Campbell's *Scotland*, ii. 114; *Penny Magazine*, viii. 100; Fullarton's *Gazetteer*, i. 449; Beattie's *Scotland*, i. 103; Black's *Guide*, 76; and Nelson's *Guide*, 120; though, in the last-named work, it is stated that the ascription to Inigo Jones is 'without any good evidence.'

† See Dr. Stevens' *History of Heriot's Hospital*, p. 68. Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*, p. 263.

Following the example of Heriot, therefore, the noble-minded benefactors of Edinburgh have used the word 'Hospital' in the like signification which it bears in 'Christ's Hospital;' and the hospitals of Edinburgh are not the least notable things to be seen in that most notable city.

The Grass Market is approached by the West Bow and the West Port, through which Anne of Denmark, James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., and James II. entered the city. The preparations for the reception of Charles the First, and for his subsequent coronation at Holyrood, were on the most costly and extensive scale. Indeed, if we may believe John Spalding, the loyalty of the citizens on this occasion cost their 'gude toun' the sum of 41,489*l.* 7*s.* Scots, equivalent to 3,500*l.* sterling.* At the West Port triple tiers of seats had been erected, and the king was met by the Provost and Bailies, 'all clad in red robes, well furred,' who, after the customary speeches, presented to his majesty a golden basin, 'estimated at 5,000 merks,' in which they poured out from an embroidered purse 'a thousand double golden angels, as a token of the town of Edinburgh, their love and humble service.' In the West Bow lived the notorious Major Weir, who, with his sister, was strangled at the stake and burnt, for his crimes, in the year 1670. He refused all the offers of the consolations of religion, saying, 'I have lived like a beast, and I must die like one.†' The house (of

* Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, 103; Maitland's *History of Edinburgh*, 63.

† Or, according to Law's version, 'his condemnation was sealed; and, since he was to go to the devil, he did not wish to anger him!' See Chambers' *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, ii. 332; Chambers' *Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, p. 82; and Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*, p. 271.

course!) was haunted for many years afterwards. At night it would be lit up by ghostly fires, and would resound with unearthly revelry. Then a chariot, drawn by six headless steeds, would clatter up the Lawn Market, and pull up at the door of the haunted house to receive the ghostly guests: and as they drove off, the lights in the windows would die out, and all would be hushed again. Whether or no the major's magical staff of thornwood, which was wont to take walks, and even to go out shopping by itself, enacted any part in this *diablerie*, we are not informed; though the cane suffered the same penalty as its owner, and was burnt by the hangman. But we may easily credit the tale that the house remained vacant for fifty years, until a bold man, William Patullo by name, entered upon it as a tenant. But the very first night a headless monster approached the bed on which Mr. and Mrs. Patullo were lying, and so horribly frightened them that they at once left the house, which remained vacant another fifty years. In more modern times the evil name of this district (despite Dr. Chalmers' labours in it) was revived in a terrible way by the deeds of Burke and Hare, who, in 1829, lived in the West Port, and made their house a receptacle of murder.*

* See *The Court of Cacus*, for full particulars.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOLYROOD AND THE CASTLE.

The Castle Barns—Extraordinary Road-making—The Old Milk-Woman and her Evanished House—St. Cuthbert's Church—The Castle Rock—Early History of Edinburgh—Its Rise and Progress—Holyrood—Scotch Mariolatry—Picture Gallery—Palace Precincts—Sanctuary—Royal Debtors—Mons Meg—View from the Castle—Panoramas of Edinburgh—Ruskin, Scott, and Turner—The Time Gun.

MAKING our way from these evil memories and the tottering houses of the West Port, and keeping under the Castle Terrace, we come upon the Lothian Road, which connects the old town with Princes Street. Here was formerly the Castle Barns, or Grange. The modern road is said to have been formed in an extraordinary manner. The ground was fully occupied by fields, gardens, orchards, and a number of small houses; and through these a gentleman undertook, for an inconsiderable wager, to carry a road a quarter of a mile long and twenty paces broad, in a single day, and to drive over it in his carriage before nightfall. Secresy was observed up to the very day, to obviate any opposition, whether corporeal or legal; but, at the given time, hundreds of labourers were brought to the spot, who forthwith uprooted trees and hedges, and demolished houses and dykes; and with such success and speed, that the road was roughly formed before night, and the gentleman drove along it in his carriage,

and so won his wager. It happened that an old milk-woman, who lived on the spot, left her home early in the morning, leaving some sheep's-head broth to simmer in the kail-pot until her return, when, with the aid of that delicacy, she had promised to entertain a select circle of friends. Evening came, and with it the old milk-woman. Was she drunk? no; she could not be 'fou,' for nothing stronger than buttermilk had passed her lips. And yet there was the Castle, as she had left it that morning; but where were her cottage, and cows, and byre, and kail-pot? And if Echo answered 'Where, indeed!' let us also hope that the old lady received a goodly compensation for her wrongs and rights.

St. Cuthbert's Lane leads into this road; and on the other side is St. Cuthbert's, or the West Church—a conventicle-looking building, with a Christopher Wren spire, and in great contrast, not only to the domed St. George, but to its florid Gothic neighbour St. John, with its clerestory and aisles, and its crowd of pinnacles and buttresses. St. Cuthbert's was erected in 1775 on the site of the oldest church in Edinburgh—a church so old, indeed, that it is said to have originated in a Culdee cell of the seventh century. Arnot, in his 'History of Edinburgh,' represents 'the usurper Macbeth' to have made donations to the cruciform church that had risen on the site of the Culdee's timber-cell; but the Macbeth here mentioned was probably Macbeth, Bishop of Ross. This church, therefore, with its surrounding cemetery, can date its memories to those early days in the history of the city, when the Castle of the Maidens, that had been reared on the lofty rock that frowned down upon the church, was named Edwinsburgh, in honour of Edwin, the Northumbrian king,

who, in the year 626, reconstructed the fortifications. The Castle rock had been a fort long before that date; certainly so in the time of Malcolm II., in 452; but hardly so long as Stowe would wish us to believe; for, in his 'Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles,' he assigns the foundation of Edinburgh Castle to 989 B.C. It was not, however, till the tenth century that the fortress became the nucleus for any collection of buildings worthy the name of a town. Since then its history is too full to be told here, or even to be condensed with advantage. It has been thoroughly told by many writers; and by none better than Mr. Grant, who, in his 'Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh,' has produced a work that is as fascinating as a romance.

Indeed, the whole history of Edinburgh, from the eleventh century, has sprung from its fortress and palace, the Castle and Holyrood. The houses first of all sheltered themselves under the protecting walls of the fortress, and then gradually crept down hill to the pleasant valley where the Augustine monks had, in 1128, founded their abbey of Holyrood. But many years had to elapse before the wooden huts of Edwinburgh gave place to the brick and stone houses of the Stuarts that crowned the ridge that rose from Holyrood to the Castle; and the Edinburgh of Richard II.'s time, according to Froissart, consisted of less than four hundred houses. It was James IV. who first gave to the metropolis of Scotland its due renown. He removed his residence from the Castle to the Palace; and when he met his bride, the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., at the West Port, under the Castle walls, he took her down to Holyrood with great pomp, stopping midway at the Cross, where a fountain flowed with wine, and where were enacted Paris and his goddesses

—Temperance trampling on Epicurus, and the Angel Gabriel appearing to the Virgin Mary—according to the allegorical fashion of the times.

She was the first queen who ever slept in Holyrood. Through that central archway, under which she passed in state, the beautiful Queen of Scots so often rode forth to falconry, attended by a gallant train, past the North Tower, where her name is now for ever linked with a fearful tragedy. Of course, we went to see these most interesting rooms, and, of course, the guide—in defiance of Scott's practical man—continues to point out the ineradicable stains upon the floor. 'There must have been a great deal of blood,' I remarked. 'He had forty wounds,' replied the guide, concisely and sternly. The rooms remain much in the same state that they must have been left in after that dreadful night, when the supper-table 'with meat and candles thereon,' was overthrown,—when 'her Majesty rose on her feet and stood before Davie, he holding her Majesty by the plates of the gown, leaning back over in the window, his whiniard drawn in his hand,'* and when he was dragged into the next room and there butchered. It is the fortune of this unfortunate queen to raise up for herself a host of sympathising friends in every generation; but, perhaps, she never had a stauncher admirer than Mr. James Cumming, who was the first secretary of the Scottish Antiquarian Society. One day, at table (it is true that

* 'A Relation of the Death of David Rizzi, chief Favorite to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, who was killed in the Apartment of the said Queen on the 9th of March, 1665. Written by the Lord Ruthen, one of the Principal Persons concerned in that Action, &c.' 1699, p. 28. I quote from a copy of the original in my own possession. A copy appeared in Ogle, Duncan, & Co.'s Catalogue of Scottish Books, London, 1822, No. 538, priced at £2 12s. 6d. A reprint in 4to. was published by Triphook, 1815; and another in *Scotia Rediviva*, 1826, i. 327.

the company had all drank deeply), he began to sob bitterly. 'Whatever is the matter!' cried his friends. 'Alas' replied Mr. Cumming, 'I have just remembered that this is the anniversary of Queen Mary's death.' It is evident that Mariolatry may exist in Presbyterian Scotland.

That long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, affirmed to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting, and who (as Sir Walter Scott adds)* have all noses like door-knockers, contains at least two authentic and interesting pictures in the portraits of Margaret of Denmark and her husband James III. It is stated, in Walpole's *Anecdotes*, that Jameson painted 'the Royal series;' but the paintings themselves contradict the statement that they were created by a pupil of Rubens and a fellow-student of Vandyck. The painter was De Witt, to whom, it is said, a groom sat for the whole series of 'portraits'—which, at any rate, accounts for their uniformity of appearance; and they were executed by order of Charles II., who rebuilt the portions of the palace burnt by Cromwell's soldiers. George IV. restored to Holyrood a slight share of that royal patronage which it had so long lost, by holding his *levées* there, in August 1822. Wilkie painted his entrance into the palace,†

* *Waverley*, ii. x.

† The picture (and also one of the King in the Tartan dress worn at his Court at Holyrood) was a commission from the sovereign, and appears to have sadly fettered the painter's genius. Much of the composition of the picture is said to have been suggested and directed by the King himself, and much of its stiffness and affectation may therefore be transferred from Wilkie's shoulders to those of his Majesty. The artist was eight years over his drudgery, and painted the greater portion of it on his return from Spain, working into it those heavy browns that were the result of his Spanish studies. The painting is in the Royal Collection

Scott sang 'Carle, now the King's come!' Christopher North chronicled the event in *Blackwood*, and the whole city was in a frenzy of delight. But it was reserved for Queen Victoria to restore Holyrood to its regal state, and to make its precincts not only sightly and decent, but in character with the approach to a palace.

These precincts, by the way, comprehending Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, have the privileges of a sanctuary to those who are exposed to imprisonment at the suit of civil creditors. The bailée of the Duke of Hamilton, the heritable keeper of the palace, is empowered to grant to such claimants immunity of arrest, except for debts contracted when within its bounds; and, on an average, a score of persons yearly avail themselves of this relic of feudal times. The most notable example was that of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X. of France), who, with the Duc d'Angoulême, his son, and the members of his suite (Duc de Polignac, Comte de Seran, Comte de Puisiguer, &c.) took up his residence in Holyrood in 1796, and remained there until August 1799. He held *levées* twice a week, and kept up a show of regal state. The law agent employed by his creditors was Mr. C. Tait, the father of the present Bishop of London, who made such arrangements with the prince as enabled him to leave the limits of his sanctuary, and freely walk through Edinburgh, and visit the Duke of Buccleugh. After the revolution of 1830 he returned to Holyrood, 'fallen from his high estate;' and there remained till September 18, 1832.*

at Windsor, and was engraved in *The Art Journal*, March 1858. In an illustrated memoir of the painter in the same journal, for October, 1858, this painting is characterised as 'one of the most unfortunate' of his works.

* *Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman*, p. 60. Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*, 294. A. Campbell's *Journey from Edinburgh*, ii. 140.

To walk from Holyrood to Mons Meg is indeed a climb, for the height of this Mons is nearly 600 feet above the sea. But what a glorious prospect is there from the ramparts on which this old-fashioned piece of ordnance is placed ! beneath us, the beautiful Princes Street, with its terraced gardens divided by the classical *façades* of the National Galleries and Royal Institution ; the lovely Scott monument ; the mass of stony houses, meriting, by their prevailing tint, Tennyson's epithet,

‘ the *grey* metropolis of the North,’

(although he appears to connect this adjective with the idea of *mist*) ; then, the temple-crowned Calton-hill backed by the gleaming waters of the Frith of Forth ; then, the Old Town, on which Arthur's Seat, like a lion couchant, looks grimly down. This is one of the three great panoramic views of Edinburgh ; the other two being from Calton Hill and Salisbury Crag. It is hard for any Paris to decide the claims of these three rival charmers ; for each one has its own distinctive and peculiar attractions. On the whole, I preferred the view of Edinburgh from Salisbury Crag, as, in this view, one appears to lose least and to gain most.

Sir Walter Scott's description of Edinburgh is too well known to be repeated here ; his epithet of ‘ *romantic town* ’ is as happy as it could possibly be : but I may mention Ruskin's criticism of the passage, where he is speaking of Scott's love for *colour*, which he uses with such mastery and faithfulness. He says that, in the Edinburgh description, ‘ there is hardly any form, only smoke and colour.’ And ‘ Observe, the only hints at form given throughout, are in the somewhat vague words, “ ridgy,”

Les Écossais en France, les Français en Écosse, par Francisque-Michel, 1862.

"massy," "close," and "high;" the whole being still more obscured by modern mystery, in its most tangible form of smoke. But, the *colours* are all definite; note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red, sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green, and gold—a noble chord throughout.* Turner's best view of Edinburgh (not mentioned, however, by Mr. Ruskin), is considered to be that from Calton Hill. This is the engraved picture, of which the original water-colour is in the collection at Abbotsford.† For my own part, I prefer his view from near St. Anthony's Chapel, having the ruins of the chapel on the left, Holyrood in the valley to the right, and the old and new town, with Calton Hill and the Castle, to fill up the picture. The foreground of Turner's view of Edinburgh in the Vernon collection is so confused and imaginative, that it is barely possible to give it a 'local habitation and a name.'

What with the bastions and batteries, the old chapel, the Parliament Hall, Queen Mary's closet where James the Sixth was born, the Crown room with the Regalia, and Mons Meg—which Sir Walter Scott sarcastically calls 'the subordinate Palladium'—there is almost as much to see within the Castle as there is from the Castle walls. At one o'clock in the day, too, there is something to hear, although it is only the report of a single gun; but it is an important signal for the regu-

* *Modern Painters*, iii. 280.

† Another water-colour of Edinburgh 'was exhibited in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. It was painted in Turner's 'second style.' His first exhibited picture of Edinburgh was as early as 1801; it was the view of the city 'New Town, Castle, &c., from the Water of Leith.' (See Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, vol. I. chap. xi. pp. 147, 351, 367, 368. Also, the Catalogue of Turner's works in the *Appendix* of vol. ii. p. 371.) In one of the Edinburgh pictures, Turner has represented himself helping Sir Walter Scott up Arthur's Seat.

lation of time in Edinburgh, for it is fired by means of electricity, coincidently with the tick of the sixtieth second of the corrected mean time clock in the Royal Observatory, three quarters of a mile distant;* and, as the roar of the gun is heard, thus appealing to the ear if not to the eye, the Time-ball on the Nelson monument on Calton Hill drops to the bottom of its mast.† And thus, the Old Town and New are placed *en rapport*, and in accord on the subject of time.

* Professor C. Piazzzi Smyth.

† The flash of the gun and the fall of the time-ball of course communicate the exact second, at whatever distance the state of the atmosphere may render them visible, but allowance has to be made according to distance for the report of the time-gun. Thus, on the top of Arthur's Seat seven seconds elapse before it is heard, and at the shipping ports of Leith and Granton 11 or 12. On the Edinburgh and Leith Directory map circles are traced showing the distances reached by the report at each successive second up to 13; but as, notwithstanding the small charge of powder employed (only 4lb., not to render the effect too startling to inhabitants residing near the Castle), the gun is audible at even about 20 miles' distance in quiet weather, it has been proposed to issue certain sheets of the Ordnance Survey Maps with five-second circles marked. According to a paper lately read before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts by Mr. Daniel Campbell, forester at Wemyss Castle, Fifeshire, the report is distinctly heard along the opposite shores of the Firth of Forth; it penetrates to the centre of the Fife peninsula, the clocks in Markinch, 21 miles distant, being regulated by the gun.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EDINBURGH : THE NEW TOWN.

Princes Street—Royal Raptures—The North Bridge—Fall of the Bridge—Whitfield and Foote—The Parson and the Player—Waverley Bridge—East Princes Street Gardens—The Scott Monument—The Self-taught Architect—Characteristic Anecdote—Royal Institution, and Art Galleries—Notes on Art—Pictures by Wilkie and Etty—‘The Combat’—Various Pictures—Noel Paton.

IT was a bold but excellent thought to carry the chief street of the New Town of Edinburgh along the level on the summit of the Loch’s upper bank, and to build the houses only on the farther side of the street. In this respect, Princes Street is like that portion of Piccadilly that fronts the Park; but unlike Piccadilly in being a level street, and in looking down upon a deep ravine. It is only at its Calton Hill extremity that there are buildings on either hand; and as these structures are either (like the Gaol) of a castellated character, or (like Waterloo Place and the old and new post-offices) assume a palatial appearance, this portion of Princes Street, with its unique termination of the temple-crowned mass of the Calton Hill, is as grand and striking as any street scenery can well be. It was here that, as the writer of Black’s ‘Guide’ reminds us, ‘George IV. exclaimed, in royal rapture, “How superb!”’ Plebeian raptures are probably of a much tamer character; but, at any rate, neither Nob nor Snob could view this street without admiring it, and without commending

the daring architectural feat of conveying the street across the Calton Hill ravine, and connecting the line of the house-frontage by the open colonnades of the Regent Bridge.

Save at this eastern extremity, the whole mile-long stretch of Princes Street is a one-sided street of houses looking southwards over the deep ravine of the Nor' Loch to the massy piles of buildings that form the ridge of the Old Town from Holyrood to the Castle. Two bridges and a mound, that serves the purposes of a bridge, link the north and south banks of the Loch, and join the Old Town to the New. The first bridge is the 'North Bridge,' connecting the Calton Hill end of Princes Street with High Street. The new Post-office—laying the foundation of which was the last public act of the lamented Prince Consort—is now rising on the eastern angle of the fine opening to the bridge opposite the Register Office; and the whole of the bridge, except its central portion, has a range of shops on either hand. The Theatre Royal, a mean-looking building, was removed to make way for the new Post-office. It was erected two years after the bridge was begun to be built in 1767; and on Thursday, August 3rd, 1769, at half-past eight in the evening, when more than 1,000 persons had barely crossed the bridge, on their return from hearing a sermon by the celebrated Whitfield, the south abutment suddenly gave way, owing to an over-pressure of earth upon the upper parts of the arches, and five persons perished in the ruins. The fall of the bridge was attributed by the enemies of stage performances to an interposition of Providence, 'in thus graciously permitting the broad way to the temple of Satan to be suddenly buried in ruins.' The bridge itself was not completed till 1772, but the theatre was

opened in December 1769, under the management of David Ross, of Covent Garden Theatre, who, in his second season, let the theatre to Foote, who was greatly successful, and in his farce of 'The Minor' gave imitations of Whitfield. The preacher did not like this, and denounced the player from the pulpit in these words: 'However much you all admire Mr. Foote, the devil will one day make a football of him.'*

The second bridge, appropriately named the 'Waverley Bridge,' commences at the Scott monument, and is carried above the Waverley Railway Station and the line, which runs along the bed of the Loch, where no longer three men can be drowned, as happened on February 11th, 1682,†—and tunnels through the Mound beneath the National Gallery. The tunnel was a great engineering difficulty from the loose nature of the *débris* with which the Mound had been constructed. For many years, not only the Mound, but also the Princes Street bank of the Loch, were grievous eyesores; but since 1830, and more especially during the last twelve years, they have been converted into gardens such as (regard being had to their situation in the very heart of the metropolis) no other city in Europe can show. These gardens are divided into East and West: the East Princes Street Gardens extending from the Waverley bridge to the Mound, and being thrown open to the public; the West Princes Street Gardens being on the other side of the Mound, and reserved for subscribers, although respectable strangers are readily admitted. Both gardens are most scrupulously kept, and are laid out with the greatest taste, the winding walks leading among open

* See Somerville's *Life and Times*, p. 71. Alexander Campbell's *Journey from Edinburgh*, ii. 270. *Scots Magazine*, xxxi. 461.

† Chambers' *Domestic Annals*, ii. 434.

lawns and close shrubberies, or under shady avenues, with brilliant flower-beds all around. The *profanum vulgus* wander at their own sweet will in the Eastern Gardens, without committing injury to walk or turf, shrub or flower; but, of course, there are guardians of the grounds who would prevent any deliberate or wanton damage being dealt by the public to the public property. Seats and benches are liberally provided, and the highest terrace of these people's gardens is crowned by the temple of the people's poet and novelist.

To me, the Scott Monument appears the most effective and beautiful of public memorials. The lovely Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford is too small, compact, and finnikin,—wanting in depth, breadth, and shadow, and giving one the idea that it needs a glass case. But this is not the case with the Edinburgh monument, which rises proudly into the air to the height of 200 feet, from wide-supporting columns that spread about its base, and appear to give it that firm hold upon the Scottish ground that the novelist himself had upon the hearts of the Scottish people. At the same time that it is elaborately ornamental in sculptural detail, it is large, varied, and harmonious in its general design, with a perfect freedom from everything that is *bizarre* in treatment. The citizens of Edinburgh, while they may lament that the genius of the architect of this monument was as short-lived as it was brilliant, may well pay a grateful homage to his memory, whenever they proudly point to this noble memorial of their distinguished son. Its highest praise is that it is worthy of Scott, 'whose admirable writings have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other

author, with the exception of Shakspeare alone,'* while we know, from Scott's love for the architecture of Melrose, that the style of the memorial is what he would have best appreciated and most desired.

Mr. G. M. Kemp was a self-instructed architect, and was originally a journeyman carpenter. He travelled over the Continent from one cathedral and ecclesiastical building to another, studying their architecture, and supporting himself by his trade. Until the Scott memorial competition, his name had been unknown; and, when the sealed envelope containing his address was opened, the judges were astounded to find that the best professional architects of the day had been defeated by a working carpenter. Mr. Kemp's triumph was unfortunately but short-lived; for, while returning home one dark night, after a day's work at the monument, he fell into a canal and was drowned. Mr. Kemp used to relate a characteristic anecdote of Scott. When a lad, and employed as a carpenter's assistant, Kemp was walking from Peebles to Selkirk on a hot day, laden with a heavy basket containing the tools of his trade. He was overtaken by a carriage, in which was seated an elderly gentleman with a homely, benevolent face, who, noticing the tired lad, stopped the carriage and desired the boy to get up beside the coachman. Kemp did so, and, for the first time in his life, rode in a gentleman's carriage, and was thus conveyed to Selkirk. The kind-hearted man who thus proved himself to be a true gentleman was Sir Walter Scott; and it was the only time that the great novelist and the architect of his famous memorial ever met.

The two fine Doric and Ionic buildings upon the

* From the inscription by Lord Jeffrey on the plate deposited under the foundation-stone of the statue, August 15, 1840.

Mound are the Royal Institution and the Art Galleries, built at an expense of 80,000*l.*, the latter being founded by the late Prince Consort in 1850. The pictures of 'The National Gallery of Scotland' in the latter building are hung in octagon rooms, tolerably spacious and well lighted. For the most part, the old masters are kept apart from the modern; although Dr. Brown, in his 'Notes on Art,' in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*,* where he is speaking of the huddling together of sacred and profane subjects in picture galleries, quotes an instance from this Gallery of a copy of Titian's 'Ariadne at Naxos' being hung immediately above 'Wilkie's sacred sketch of John Knox administering the Sacrament in Calder House.' It is to be regretted that this latter picture, which is unfinished—Wilkie having been engaged upon it just before setting out for the East—should be the only specimen that the Gallery possesses of Scotland's most characteristic national painter.† The picture has been well engraved in 'The Art Journal.' The copy of Titian that hangs above it was possessed by Etty, and is additionally valuable for containing some of his own work. No modern artist is better represented in this Gallery than Etty, whose series of three pictures illustrating the deliverance of Bethulia by Judith, together with his 'Benaiah, one of David's mighty Men,' and 'The Combat—Woman pleading for the Vanquished,' are grand pictures in every way—in size, treatment, and conception. It is to the credit of the Scottish Academy that, so early as the year 1828, they recognised the worth of these Gallery pictures by an English painter, and purchased them as a nucleus for their national collection.

* Second Series, p. 345.

† The Gallery contains a bust of Wilkie, by S. Joseph, to the pedestal of which the painter's palette is affixed.

They are not only rewarded for their boldness and sagacity by the money value of these fine pictures having been increased more than cent. per cent., but also by the possession of some of Etty's grandest works, and probably his *chef-d'œuvre*. This is 'The Combat' picture, of whose composition and colour one could scarcely speak too highly. It was originally exhibited in 1825, on Etty's return from the Continent, and was purchased by his brother painter, John Martin. In many of his later pictures his anatomy is often defective; but this is not the case in 'The Combat,' which is as correct in anatomy as in feeling and colour. So minutely faithful is it, that a medical man pointed out to me the shrunken muscles of that portion of the extended right arm of 'the vanquished' which has received a wound. The loss of tension, &c., consequent upon the sword cut, had been noted and truly depicted.

There are many other fine modern paintings in this Gallery. I may instance Sir William Allan's large canvas of 'The Battle of Bannockburn;' Drummond's 'Porteous Mob;' and Johnstone's 'Murder of Rizzio,' three national pictures worthy of their position in a national gallery. Landscapes by D. O. Hill, Nasmyth, M'Culloch, A. Wilson, David Roberts, and the Rev. J. Thompson, worthily represent Scottish art; and portraits by Sir J. W. Gordon, Allan Ramsay, Raeburn, G. Watson, and Frank Grant, go far to make us put faith in a late statement of Professor Blackie, that the best modern portrait painters of 'the English school' are Scotchmen—or rather (I beg the Professor's pardon) Scotsmen. Then there are the pictures by the two Lauders and David Scott; and, although Harvey is not represented by any picture of a national subject such as 'The Curlers,' 'The Bowlers,' 'The Past and Present,'

and his numerous paintings of the Covenanters, or even by a subject of such general interest as the 'First Reading of the Bible in Old St. Paul's,' which was the only canvas by which he was represented in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition; yet his name is upheld in this collection by his 'Dawn revealing the new World to Columbus,' and by his small panel of 'The Alarm.' Then there are the sixty-three most interesting water-colours by J. F. Lewis, being studies from the best pictures of the Venetian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish schools; and there are Christie's Byzantine Saints, which are noteworthy from the figures having been painted by Faed, an artist who ought to be much better represented in this national collection; and there is the 'Cottage Scene' of the deaf and dumb Walter Geikie, and the three marvellous Oberon and Titania pictures of J. Noel Paton, whose fame, however, I saw more worthily sustained by an exhibition (at Mr. Hill's gallery) of his chief paintings, including 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' 'Home,' 'Hesperus,' and the Indian mutiny 'In Memoriam' picture. Now that we know that the author of 'Poems, by a Painter,' is Mr. Noel Paton, we need feel the less surprise at his perfect grasp of poetic subjects. Altogether, the 'National Gallery of Scotland' may be justly proud of her many distinguished sons. The specimens of the ancient masters are also many and important, nearly every artist of eminence being represented upon the walls.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE METROPOLIS OF TARTAN-LAND.

West Princes Street Gardens—Floral and Personal Attractions—Owls and Hawks—The City of the Wynds and Winds—Sou'-westers in Princes Street—The Force of the Gal'—Double Shops and their Peculiarities—Attractiveness of National Articles for Sale—Memorials of Tartan-Land—Toys and Dolls—Calton Hill.

THE West Princes Street Gardens commence at the other side of the Mound from the Art Galleries, and are continued as far as the Castle Esplanade. Our Edinburgh lodgings happened to be in that part of Princes Street that was immediately opposite to the Castle, whose bold profile was thus presented to us in one of its best points of view, and with all its prominent features, whenever we looked out of window. Below us, and between us and the grim Castle, were the beautiful Gardens, falling in terraces and slopes down to the dried-up bed of the Loch, along which the railway rattles and thunders, as it rushes from its tunnel beneath the Mound, and, after a breath of fresh air in the Gardens, again plunges into another longer tunnel. The Gardens are divided from the street by open iron railings, within which is a broad walk under an avenue of trees, where are seats for the loungers and nursemaids. The position of our windows enabled us to look down upon this avenue, and take a bird's-eye view of the Gardens, with its open lawns,

and winding walks, and clumps of shrubs, and bright flower-beds. The womenkind and children were always there in abundance, their various-coloured dresses and moving figures looking quite as ornamental as the equally gay but stationary flowers.

These West-end Gardens being, in a measure, exclusive, and reserved for West-end folks, formed an agreeable rendezvous where pure air and mild pedestrianism could be indulged in, and where the latest novelties in fashion could be studied and displayed. Swells, chaperons, and young ladies lounged about; while little ladies, attired in the inflated style of the day, proved themselves to be children by the energy with which they threw themselves into bowling-of-hoops, *la grace*, and such other childish sports as were lawful in these aristocratic playgrounds. The dull rattle of cabs and carriages on the level line of Princes Street, far above them on the other side of the trees, would only sound to them as the pleasant murmur of the sea; and the sharper clang of grounding arms from the troops in the Castle, high above their heads on the southern side, together with the sharply-uttered words of command, would not be louder to them than the voice of the sailor lad 'as he shouts with his sister in play.' But the music of the bugle would ring more clearly upon the air. It was wafted across to us from the Castle with great distinctness, especially at night; and we could see the figures of the sentries on the ramparts, standing out against the clear sky. The music of the military band was also a great treat.

A light bridge, crossing the railway, connects these Gardens with the northern side of the Castle Mound. This is beautifully turfed and planted; and the verdure of the trees and grass was a pleasant contrast to the dark

iron-stone look of the precipitous rock on which the Castle is built. Mr. Colquhoun says, that 'the long-eared owl generally rears its young "on this rock;"'* and the septuagenarian author of a recent work says, that, in 1797, 'there was an eyry of hawks having their nest in the front of the Castle Rock, immediately facing the bottom of South Castle Street, in Princes Street, which gave occupation to juvenile marksmen in their endeavour to dislodge them from their nests, or to bring them down while in pursuit of their prey, but which always ended in disappointment. I remember witnessing the rifle corps (or sharpshooters, as they were termed, of the North York militia), making the same attempt, but with a like unsuccessful result, which caused a great waste of powder and ball, and a vast amount of angry swearing amongst the men.'†

Although the larger portion of the Castle buildings would, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'be honoured by a comparison with the most vulgar cotton-mill,' yet, on the whole, they present a bold outline, which, with its Cyclopean masses of rock, its height, and the sudden and precipitous way in which it terminates, renders the Castle a very impressive object when seen from any point of view, but especially when beheld in profile. The windows of our sitting-room afforded me a favourable opportunity of making a water-colour drawing of the view they commanded; and certainly, if the landlady needed any advertisement of her house, she could scarcely do better than circulate an engraving of the prospect from her windows, which included the view along the street to the Scott monument.

* *Rocks and Rivers*, p. 93.

† *Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman*, by Philo-Scotus (J. B. Ainslie), p. 85.

There are classical buildings in Princes Street, and within sight of it, on Calton Hill; but no one of them is modelled after the Temple of the Winds. Yet such a memorial would be appropriate to the Modern Athens; for there could scarcely be a city more suited for the pranks of Æolus. It is not only the city of the Wynds, but of the Winds also; and as Princes Street lies open to the south and west, when sou'-westers are abroad, it is peculiarly favoured by their visitations. No sooner had my wife and I turned out of doors one morning, after a week's continuance of the sunniest and calmest weather, than we found Princes Street swept by one of the most vigorous of sou'-westers. With more or less difficulty, we struggled to the corner of the nearest street, and there found that our legs had no more power to support and guide our bodies, than if they had been the extremities of dolls. Carried passively by the gale across the wide street, my hatless course was arrested midway through the medium of a stalwart native (evidently acclimatised to these sou'-westers), who threw his arms around me, and forcibly prevented me from immolating myself beneath a three-horsed Juggernaut omnibus that was rapidly descending the street. The while I was thus held, I beheld my wife, in a tumult of drapery and feelings, borne in a wild scud immediately in front of the three-abreast horses, and, to all appearance, against a plate-glass window; but, happily, she cannoned against a ball of a man on the pavement, and was pocketed by the embrasure of a shop-door, into which my hat had already penetrated. I 'regained the felt, and felt what I regained;' and we struggled round back streets to our destination, old Boreas rushing out at us at every corner, and contesting every crossing. The sights that I witnessed on that

hurricane-day in Princes Street, especially the power with which highly-hooped and crinolined ladies were hurled against specimens of the stronger (?) sex, forcibly reminded me of the Southron, who asked the Edinburgh Sandie how it was that a lamp-post was lying upon the ground, and was answered, 'A gal' swept against it with awfu' force.' 'Bless me!' said the Southron; 'and what became of the poor girl?' But Sandie meant the gale.

Although, in strolling down Princes Street (on a calm day), there is so much to occupy the attention in looking across the Gardens to the Castle, and in studying the very opposite artistic beauties of the Scott monument and the buildings of the Old Town, yet counter-attractions of a very decided nature demand our notice in the shops and buildings. Of the latter, the clubs, and the splendid Venetian pile erected (in 1859) for the Life Association offices, take the lead; and the latter, from its position immediately facing the Mound, can be studied at a proper distance. Magnificent buildings are, however, the exception in Princes Street, and not the rule; but the shops have their own individual attractions, and, in many cases, an individual character peculiar to Edinburgh; for they are double shops. The basement-story, instead of being devoted to cellars or culinary purposes, is, in numerous instances, given up to shops, which have no more to do with the shops above them, and the houses in which they are placed, than the ground-floor shops in an Italian palace have to do with the spacious *suites* of rooms over their heads. Instead of being protected by area railings, these basement-shops are left open to the street, from which you descend to them by a wide flight of steps. Thus, in the house in which you may chance to lodge, the base-

ment-shop may belong to a grocer or toy-merchant; while the shop above it may be tenanted by an upholsterer or a saddler, whose door (festooned with game-bags), together with the entrance-door of your lodging-house, is approached by a flight of three or four steps. This arrangement causes a complete *bouleversement* of the social system; for your landlady has her kitchens up in the attics; and your dinner, instead of being brought upstairs, is carried down.

This basement system, partially carried out in Princes Street, adds a double and peculiar attraction to the shops, which already possess another peculiarity attending their profuse display of articles of a national character. No one can stroll down Princes Street and glance in at the shop windows, without being fully alive to the fact that he is in Tartan-land. Thus, the drapers' shops are gay with all manner of plaids; although there are some establishments—like that of Romanes and Paterson, on the North Bridge—which are especially devoted to the Clan Tartans, and from whence you can emerge with all the necessary materials wherewith to convert yourself into a Highland chieftain of any known or fancy clan. Or, if your modesty shrinks from this, any tailor will rig you in a Tweed suit, whose colour shall harmonise with the natural tints of the glens and straths where your sport may lead you. The printsellers' windows are rich in engravings and chromo-lithographs of Edinburgh, and other Tartan-land scenes—Newhaven Fishwomen, 'Heather Belles,' 'Tub-washings,' 'Highland Shepherds,' 'Deer-stalking,' 'Grouse-shooting,' 'Golf-players,' 'Curling,' 'Pipers,' MacIan's 'Gaelic Gatherings,' and the 'Clan Tartans of Scotland.' The booksellers show us all kinds of Scotch maps, and

guides, and tourists' companions, and memorials, and souvenirs, and Scott's works, and Burns' poems, bound in wooden, or silken, or *papier-maché* covers of Clan Tartan. Writing-cases, blotting-books, portfolios, and other articles are also displayed with their chequered sides, after the same brilliant fashion. The lace-makers hang their windows with the fairy webs of the Ayrshire embroidery. Shetland shawls appear elsewhere, wrappers and linsey-woolseys, and stockings and socks from Skye and the western isles. The tobacconists show Scotch snuffs and mulls, from the huge silvered and cairn-gormed rams' heads, to the unpretending little black horn. The jewellers, too, have their cairn-gorms, and silver-mounted Scotch pebbles, and their silver thistles, and Scotch lions, and Nemo-me-impune-lacessits, and every other national badge and device,

Unto the silver cross, to Scotland dear,

either plain, or in every variety of inlaying and enamelling. Then, the coopers show their Scotch bickers, luggies, quaiches, drinking-cups, butter-prints, and rollers; the bird-stuffers have their grouse and ptarmigan, and stags'-heads and antlers, for English visitors to carry home as undoubted spoils of the chase; and the cabinet-makers offer their stag-horn umbrella-stands, and inkstands, and other articles, into the composition of which deer-stalking trophies have largely entered. But perhaps the toy-shops, and the shops that display 'Choice and Cheap Souvenirs of Scotland,' offer the greatest national variety, as they deal in most of the articles already specified, and in hundreds of others beside. Here you may procure the Mauchline manufactures in every kind of Clan Tartan wood-work, fashioned into paper-cutters, note-books,

ring-stands, match-boxes, cigar-cases, pen-holders, tea-caddies, card-trays, spectacle-cases, work-boxes, card-cases, napkin-rings, and various other things, which will enable you to carry back a real souvenir of Tartan-land for the low charge of sixpence. Here, too, you can buy your plaided work-boxes, glove-boxes, and writing-desks; provide yourself with golf clubs and balls, and purchase for your little English friends the most charming dolls, dressed up as Newhaven fishwomen, or in every variety of tartan. In the latter, the costume of each clan is preserved to a nicety, so that these dolls may be said to combine amusement and instruction.

In short, if you are strolling down Princes Street, with the intent to mount that *Gael-ton*, or 'dwelling of the Gael,'* now called Calton Hill, and, standing amid its medley of temples, that might please the eye of Pericles, or turn the brain of Palladio,† gaze upon the magnificent panorama at your feet—or even pay a shilling for the exertion of climbing up to the top of the Nelson's monument, where, however, the camera-obscura view of 'mine own romantic town' more than repays the toil of the ascent—you will see quite enough in the shop-windows to fully satisfy you that you are in the metropolis of Tartan-land.

* Sir W. Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*, p. 228.

† *Recreations of Christopher North*, ii. 116.

CHAPTER XXX.

NEWHAVEN AND ITS FISHWIVES.

Musselburgh—Fisherrow—Portobello—The Scottish Margate—Bathing Scenes—Leith—The Landing of a Scottish Queen and English King—Newhaven—The Fishwives—Heavy Weights—Creeling Custom—Keeping a Man—Scandinavian Origin—The Old Volunteers—The Fishwives' Criticism—Robert Fergusson—Fishwives' Junketings—Christie Johnstone—The Novelist's Fishwives—Appearance and Costume—Dressed-up Specimens—The Ideal and the Real.

A VISIT to the many objects of interest in the environs of Edinburgh should include a drive or ramble along that portion of the coast of the Firth of Forth from Musselburgh to Granton, of which Leith is the capital.

Musselburgh is a goodly town, with an old Roman bridge to mark its antiquity, and a handsome portrait-monument to its modern poet, D. M. Moir, the 'Delta' of 'Blackwood.' On the Musselburgh Links, between the town and the sea, where Cromwell quartered his infantry, the Edinburgh races are now held. The suburb of Fisherrow, with its squalid houses and dirty exterior, supplies many of those (so-called) 'Newhaven' fishwomen, with whom we will presently make acquaintance. Passing Joppa, we come to Portobello, a fashionable watering-place that has arisen since the days when Scott was so fond of riding his horse into the surf on the Portobello sands. It is now to Edinburgh what Margate is to London; except that Portobello is only

three miles distant from the metropolis, and consequently is of easier and cheaper access. If you are so inclined, you can take an omnibus from Princes Street to Portobello for fourpence; and, when you are there, have a bathe for threepence. But whether or no a bashful man is able to do so without any violation to his own modesty, I am not able to say from experience. I find, however, in a clever *brochure* published at Edinburgh ten years since, and chiefly dealing with Scottish art and artists, that one of the characters asks,

How do Scotch artists study from the nude,
Where men are saints and every girl a prude? &c.

and is answered,

The artist who for travel has not wealth,
Must take the nude from statues, or by stealth :
No land is perfect, so, we have some traces
Of modesty outraged at bathing-places.
The high-art youth, the anxious rising fellow
May sketch the nude from scenes at Portobello ;
There draw a soldier, and a smooth-faced deacon,
Castor and Pollux-like upon the beacon.

The sketch of this poetical satirist is certainly not contradicted by the writer of an article (cleverly illustrated by J. Doyle) in the 'Illustrated Times' for Aug. 30, 1856, who, after describing the leading characteristics of the place, gives this summary of its rise and fall: 'The history of Portobello is brief and simple. About this time last century, an old sailor who had taken part in the capture of Portobello in America, built a house by the seaside to the south-east of Edinburgh. Intending this, doubtless, as a memorial of his exploit, he called it Portobello. The citizens of Edinburgh, considering that the air was pure and the beach agreeably soft, cast their eyes towards it as a favourable situation for


private residences ; and, forthwith, up sprang a pretty seaside town. With all its advantages and chances, Portobello has since been a bathing-place and little else. Mr. Ruskin would not find a single fishing-boat to excite his poetic sympathies or rouse his artistic enthusiasm. But, though having to support the character of a bathing-place and little else, the glory of Portobello has for some time, I am informed, been departing, and down the place goes, year after year, in public estimation.' It is now, however, recovering itself, and building and improvement are going briskly forward.

From here to Leith is three miles. It is the seaport of Edinburgh, and the most important station on the east coast of Scotland. The walk along its mile-long pier is well worth taking, not only for a sniff of the sea-breeze, and the prospect of the shining Firth of Forth dotted everywhere with sailing craft, but also for the view afforded in the return walk of the grand outline of Edinburgh and its triple hills. Here, on an August day, in 1561, the lovely widowed queen of nineteen years landed on her native shores, amid the acclamations of her subjects, who escorted her to Holyrood, and there serenaded her with 'the Queen's Wake.' And here, also, on an August day, in 1822, an English king stepped on shore amid the unbounded enthusiasm of his Scottish subjects, whose laureate celebrated the event with his broadside ballad 'Carle, now the King's come !' This is not the place to dilate on the visit of George the Fourth to Edinburgh ; but I have just been looking through the descriptions of that memorable visit as published in the earliest volumes of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and also in the Herald's official account of the proceedings, and I know not whether more to admire the frantic loyalty of the Scots, or the wonderful tact

with which their sovereign accepted their homage, and adapted himself to their predilections. During the fourteen days of his visit, his presence gave rise to a brilliant series of events which will long be remembered in Edinburgh. Wilkie was commissioned to hand down to posterity the record of the king's entrance into Holyrood; but the painter had not a genial subject for his pencil, and his picture was a failure. Edinburgh certainly owed much to this visit of George the Fourth; but what far greater things she owes to his royal niece and her late illustrious consort, the present condition of the Scottish metropolis and its Queen's palace amply testify.

Midway between Leith pier and Granton pier is a third pier, which belongs to the fishing village of Newhaven. The population of the place, more especially the female portion, is distinguished by certain characteristics that merit more than a few passing lines. The Newhaven fishwives form a distinct race, with customs and costumes peculiar to themselves. They are among the 'lions' of the 'metropolis of the North,' and not the least picturesque of its thousand-and-one picturesque features. They attract a good deal of the stranger's attention; and, as I bestowed no little trouble in investigating their history and noticing their manners, I will devote the remainder of this chapter to the consideration of this peculiar class of women—the Newhaven fishwives.

The wives of Musselburgh mechanics were accustomed to carry into Edinburgh heavy burdens of salt, sand, and other articles for sale; but, although this custom has now dropped through, the fishwives of Musselburgh, Fisherrow, and more particularly of Newhaven, still retain their ancient characters and



manners, and carry up to the city on their shoulders the fish that have been caught by their husbands, fathers, and brothers. They are as distinct a race as the gipsies, and rarely marry out of their own community.* Their laborious occupation, to which they are inured from early years, makes them very Amazons in strength, and enables them to carry upon their backs loads equally as heavy as those borne by the stoutest porters and coal-heavers. A burden of 250lbs. is frequently carried by them; and it is said that on one occasion three fishwives, each laden with a creel† of herrings weighing 200lbs., walked from Dunbar to Edinburgh, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in five hours. They certainly can go at a 'slapping pace' up the steepest streets of Edinburgh, when laden with a full creel.

As it is upon their labours and their skilful method of bargaining that the males of the household have to depend for their living, the females are necessarily the masters of the house; and, at such times as the inferior beings are compelled to remain on land from stress of weather, oblige them to do women's household work, while they themselves go abroad as the bread-winners. 'Hout!' said one, when it was told her that a certain young woman of their community was about to be

* This is also the case with the Foot Dee or 'Fittie' fisher-folk of Aberdeen.

† The creel is a basket of strong willow-plait. A curious custom called *creeling* is observed by the people of Eccles, a Tweed-side pariah in Berwickshire. On a certain day, all the men who have been married within the preceding twelvemonth are furnished with a creel. With this upon his back, the first starts off at a run to the house of his nearest newly-married neighbour, followed in hot pursuit by all the bachelors of the place, who endeavour to fill the creel with stones. The wife has the privilege of running by her husband's side and severing the strap of the creel with a knife—if she has the opportunity. When the first man has been *creeled*, his burden is passed on to his successor.

married, 'Hout!' how can she keep a mon, when she can barely keep herself?'. It is the woman who marries and supports her husband, and not the man who weds and maintains his wife.

It is stated by Mr. Ainslie* that these Newhaven fishwives are 'supposed to be the descendants of Jutlanders, who emigrated to the coast of Fifeshire during the reign of Malcolm Kenmore;' and he adds, that 'their language and expressions, as also the tones of their voice, indicate strongly their Scandinavian origin.' The schoolboy memories of this pleasant septuagenarian writer carry him back to Lord Howe's victory of June 4th, in 1794, when the spirit of loyalty in Edinburgh was manifested by a volunteer movement similar to that which has so recently been developed. A regiment of 1,000 strong was formed; the uniform—a single-breasted blue coat, faced with black velvet; the waistcoats and breeches, white kerseymere; stockings, white thread; short black gaiters, stiff black stock, black hat and feather. In these volunteer days of free-and-easy knickerbocker suits, such an uniform as this is well worth recalling, if only to fill us with satisfaction that the tight days of pipe-clay and pig-tails are past. The commanding officer of this regiment was Colonel Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session; and among the privates was to be found the illustrious Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

Mr. Ainslie says, that when this regiment of volunteers was coming from its first review at Pitton farm, about three miles to the north of Edinburgh, it encountered a bevy of Newhaven fishwives, who at once opened a heavy fire of jokes upon the blue-coated

* *Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman*, by Philo Scotus (1861), p. 45. Others say that a colony of Flemish fish-folk was first brought to Scotland by James III.

warriors. 'See, Jenny,' exclaimed one, 'at the cornel. He's a weel-faard, purpose-like mon, nae doubt o' it. Losh ine, yonder's that waaly draigled bodie, Tammy Couter. He's sair forefeuchan, and can scarce ha'd up his gun! The Lord keep me, Peggy Flockhart, if there's no' his honour, the great Harry Dundas, wi' a gun ovr his shouther — a purpose-like man he is!' Such, and much more of the like, was given out, with uproarious laughter, by these merry 'wives o' the creel.' The great Harry seemed, by his hearty manner, to enjoy the mirth, and the awakening of many a reminiscence of his youthful days, when, with the chosen of his companions, he enjoyed a dinner of 'crapit heads and Pandore oysters at Luckie Blackhall's hostelry, on a Saturday, at Newhaven.'

This is a reminiscence of Newhaven fishwives that takes us back a century ago, when the eating of 'caller oysters' in a tavern was a fashionable recreation of the choice spirits of the age. Amid the gay young men who dissipated their lives and fortunes in the uproarious society of tavern life, was Robert Fergusson, who, though he died from drink at the age of twenty-three in a lunatic asylum, had great powers, and has been called 'the laureate of Edinburgh.' He lies in the Canongate churchyard, his grave marked out by a tombstone erected by Burns, whose poems, at first, professedly imitated those of Fergusson, whom he hailed as his master and teacher, and whose sketchy poem of 'The Farmer's Ingle' he sublimated by his genius into 'The Cottar's Saturday Night.' Fergusson celebrated the manners and customs of Auld Reekie with much humour and truth; and, in more than one of his poems, speaks of the excursions to Newhaven (which were commonly reserved for the Sabbath), and the consumption of

mussel-brose and caller oysters, washed down with whiskey. On a Sunday, he says, 'the joes and lassies' loved 'to frisk it.'

Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers often spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

And elsewhere he says—

At Musselb'rough, an' eke Newhaven,
The fisher-wives will get top livin,
When lads gang out on Sunday's even
To treat their Joes,
An' tak o' fat panders a prieven
Or mussel-brose.

Just before going to Edinburgh I had re-read Mr. Reade's novel of 'Christie Johnstone,' and, in its pages, had made myself acquainted with the language, habits, and appearance of 'the Newhaven fishwives,' as depicted by the novelist. Lord Ipsden, half-dead with *ennui*, being advised by his physician to make acquaintance with the lower orders, travels to Edinburgh, and commands his man Saunders to get him some of the lower classes. In an hour and a half the valet returns; and saying, "'This is low, enough, my lord," glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.' The one is a brunette, the other a blonde, with 'a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk. Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle, and a leg with a noble swell.' They had also 'a grand corporeal tract; they had never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads!—actually! Their supple persons moved as Nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom.

What with their own radiance, and the snowy cleanliness and brightness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.' Although these meteors had flashed upon the scene bearing a creel, in which were three hundred unsold herrings, it is to be presumed that they were not scented with an ancient and fish-like smell, but were as sweet to the nose as to the eye, and in no way offensive to the 'perfumed existence' of the gentleman's gentleman. Nevertheless, they were two Newhaven fish-girls.

Their costume is thus described by Mr. Reade:—
'On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin'—he afterwards attributes to their Flemish origin their extreme cleanliness of costume—'with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unencumbered. They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings, but bobtailed below the waist; short woollen petticoats with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in colour; white worsted stockings, and neat, though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats, the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front; and the second, of the same colour, hung in the usual way.'

The description of these majestic young queens—'if queens did not wear stays,' interposes Mr. Reade—whose beauty of face and cleanliness of costume is almost exceeded by their wit and vivacity, naturally made me anxious to discover if the Christie Johnstone and Jean Carnie of 1850 had left any counterparts or

representatives; or whether Mr. Reade, by appropriating these two goodly specimens of the Newhaven fishwomen, had skimmed the *crème de la crème* of this interesting class, and had left nothing but the commoner milk for his successors. With a reminiscence of an acquaintance of some years with the Cullercoats fishwomen, I was fully prepared for the fact, that certain classes of womenkind who are so remarkably effective as artist's studies, are, to say the least, anything but attractive when off the canvas and out of the studio. I therefore went on a search for Christie Johnstone and Jean Carnie with some few misgivings that both the clever novelist, and the various artistic representations in the print-shop windows—and also at the toy-shops, where very pretty little models of these fishwomen are to be bought—represented the dressed-up humanities of the stage or gift-book, or the dolls for the curiosity-table of a drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SEARCH OF CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.

In Search—Coleridge's Jew—The Fishwives' Cry—Heard at Doncaster—Caller Ou!—Living Specimens—First Acquaintance—Disillusion—Artistic Draping—A Flemish Study—A Dozen Petticoats—We Never Exposes Oursells!—Marriage Customs—Morals—The Dons—Cleanliness amid Filth—The Fishwives' Train—The Fishwives at Church—The Fishwives on their Rounds—Cheapening a Purchase—Ballasting a Fishwife—The Fishwife's Mishap—Whiskey-drinking—The Cause of Adam's Fall.

STARTING in search of Christie Johnstone and her friend Jean Carnie, I had walked no further than the Register House, and had left Princes Street for the Leith Road, when a shrill cry of 'A Caallerr ow-hoo-oo-oo! A Caallerr ow-hoo-oo-oo!'. rang upon my ear, delivered sharply and anything but musically, but pitched in a high note that ended in a prolonged and smothered howl. When Coleridge interrogated an old Jew vendor of still older clothes, why he snuffled 'O clo!' instead of saying, 'Old clothes!' the Jew is reported to have replied, 'Sir, I can say old clothes distinctly when I so please; but, when you consider the labial difficulties that attend upon the full pronunciation of these two words, when repeated many hundred times in a day, I think you will allow that I save my lungs from considerable and unnecessary fatigue by repeating that contracted form of my cry, which is best known to my customers, instead of adopting that

pronunciation which I grant you is undoubtedly correct, and which would probably be more agreeable to the refined ears of the scholar. In future, therefore, sir, when you hear my accustomed cry, I trust you will give me credit for a knowledge of correct pronunciation, although, for sufficient and satisfactory reasons, I have preferred to adopt a popular contraction.' Upon which the old man passed on, with his cry of 'O clo!'

Now, it is just the reverse with the Newhaven fishwomen, as 'Caller Ou!' is shorter, and may be quite as readily pronounced as 'A Caaller owhoo-oo-oo!' But, there is a trade advantage attending their cry, that it cannot be counterfeited: there is not the slightest danger of an infringement on their patent, and when householders hear the owlsh cry, they know from whence it proceeds, and what articles may be purchased. It must have been an exciting day when, at the Yorkshire Isthmian games, in September 1861, the shout of 'Caller Ou!' from 50,000 throats, proclaimed that the renowned 'Kettledrum' was beaten, and that a fair unknown had snatched the crown of victory from the winner of the Derby. How those 50,000 at Doncaster pronounced the words I cannot tell; to some, their meaning and language was probably a mystery; but to many they must have recalled the fishwives of 'the grey metropolis of the north.' The two mystic words are, in fact, the Edinburgh Scotch for 'fresh oysters,' the task of supplying which, together with 'caller haddie,' or fresh herrings, to the 200,000 inhabitants of Edinburgh, is chiefly confided to the Newhaven fishwomen.* Of course, they also

* Dunbar, North Berwick, and other places also send fish to Edinburgh. A portion of the produce of the Edinburgh fisheries is despatched to London. The large 'Pandore' oysters (found near the Salt-pans) are brought from Prestonpans and Cockenzie.

carry in their creels all other kinds of fish that may have been caught by the fishermen, and are therefore to be regarded in the light of perambulating fish-shops. As somewhere about 180 fishing-boats belong to the harbour of Newhaven, this place alone must contribute two or three times that number of females, a great part of the business of whose lives it must be to exercise their lungs in the shrill cry of 'A Caaller ow-hoo-oo-oo!'

When this cry first saluted my ears my thoughts flew to Christie Johnstone, with her 'rich, full, and melodious' voice, and her charming looks, dress, manners, and cleanliness; and, turning, I saw toiling up the street, and bending under the weight of their heavy creels, some women whom no stretch of imagination or courtesy could term either beautiful or cleanly. Picturesque they undoubtedly were—far more so than the Cullercoats fishwomen; but it was the kind of picturesqueness that is much better seen and studied from pictures than from a too close study of real life. Half-a-minute's actual experience had disillusioned me of all my Christie Johnstones. It is true, that Mr. Reade says, 'After a certain age, the Newhaven fishwife is always a blackguard and ugly; but, among the younger specimens, who have not traded too much, or come into much contact with larger towns, a charming modesty, or else slyness (such as no man can distinguish from it, so it answers every purpose), is to be found, combined with rare grace and beauty. It is a race of women that the northern sun peachifies instead of rosewoodising. On Sundays, the majority sacrifice appearance to fashion; these turn out rainbows of silk, satin, and lace. In the week they were all grace and no stays, now they seem all stays and no grace. They never

look so ill as when they change their "costume" for "dress." It is also true that the first fishwives upon whom I set eyes were ladies who had reached, or passed, Mr. Reade's 'certain age,' and had therefore attained that great climacteric when they necessarily became 'blackguard and ugly.' And it is further true, that by a diligent search, I lighted upon some fishwives who were sufficiently 'bonny' and pleasant looking, although very far below the standard of beauty set by Christie Johnstone and Jean Carnie.

Yet, the picturesqueness of the 'blackguard and ugly,'—i.e., nine-tenths of the fish-wives—is undeniable. It is the dress, in this case, that makes the woman; and its picturesqueness is due partly to its colours and partly to its adjustment of petticoats. Most of the women wear white caps, after the ordinary Scotch fashion; but (so far as I saw) without the extraordinary addition of the 'broad lace border' that appeared on the caps of Christie Johnstone and Jean Carnie. I was told, however, that some of 'the Dons' occasionally wore a narrow lace border to their Sunday caps. Some were bare-headed, and had merely pads to protect their foreheads from the belt attached to their creel, for it is upon the head and shoulders that the weight of their load is thrown, although the arms being thrown upwards, the hands clasp the belt near to the ears, and somewhat relieve the pressure upon the head. By a rapid motion, the belt is slipped from the forehead, and the creel landed upon the ground before the feet of any intending customer. The woman's back is usually protected by a rough coat or coarse mantle, fastened at the neck, which prevents the creel from soiling the more gorgeous portions of her attire. Coloured handkerchiefs, and loose cotton jackets, with

gay stripes or spots, cover the upper portion of their bodies, the lower being most artistically draped with two or more (visible) striped petticoats of various colours, the upper ones being gathered up to the waist in picturesque folds. They certainly are a grateful sight to the sketcher's eye, and commend themselves to the artist who loves a figure in which vigour and colour are combined.

If some would walk in Rubens' brilliant track,
They'd get a name, though prefaced by a Mac;
A big Newhaven fishwife, fair and ruddy,
Well draped, would make a first-rate Flemish study.

The 'draping' of her figure is, indeed, the crowning pictorial glory of the fishwife, and her worldly wealth and position may be estimated by an enumeration of her petticoats. Although only two, or at the most three, of her petticoats be visible, yet a well-to-do fishwife will often wear as many as twelve woollen petticoats worn one over the other, like the waistcoats of the stage representative of Hamlet's gravedigger. I am told of a lady who has ascertained this to be a fact by frequently having the petticoats counted to her at her door. One wonders how, on a hot summer's day, and laden with the burden of creel and fish, any working woman can sustain the weight of a dozen woollen garments. But there is a fishwife-fashion in these matters; and fashion has its slaves at Newhaven as well as at Paris.

The Edinburgh lady just referred to was supplied with fish by a mother and daughter thus petticoated and well-to-do. Hearing that the daughter was about to be married, she asked her what her bridal dress would be, and was told that it would be white muslin and 'a mutch wi' knots on't.' 'And has the dress a low neck, Maggie?' asked the lady. 'Eh, no, mem! we never

exposes ourselfs noways!’ replied the young fishwife, with a look of offended propriety. The exhibition of the legs, necessarily entailed by the assumption of the short petticoats, is evidently, therefore, not to be classed among the breaches of decorum, according to the Newhaven code of propriety.

Marriage, like everything else, has its season with the fishwives. Oysters and weddings come in together. Nearly all the marriages take place in the autumn, at the conclusion of the herring fishery; for then, the pockets of the fishing population are well furnished with a silver lining. When a fishwoman is about to be converted by marriage into a fishwife, if she be ambitious to cut a dash above her neighbours, the two portions of the ‘plenishing’ on which she is prone to be extravagant are bowls and bed-covers. At the wedding party, each person present pays a small sum, which goes to defray the expenses of the entertainment; and the balance, if there be any, is given to assist ‘the providing’ for the young couple. Anyone in the village may attend the wedding feast, provided that he pays his entrance money. Whiskey-drinking and dancing are the staple entertainments; and the evening usually ends in an uproar. Their custom of intermarriage leads to no slight confusion in the increase of family names; and in order to distinguish between similarly called members of the same family, they are compelled to have recourse to a system of nicknames rivalling that of the Staffordshire colliers. ‘Where may John Ross live?’ asked a new minister of a Newhaven girl. ‘Whilk John Ross?’ said the girl. ‘Old John Ross,’ was the reply. ‘Auld John Ross! whilk auld John Ross?’ she asked. ‘Old John Ross with a squint to his een,’ said the minister. ‘Oo, aye,’ said the girl; ‘auld lang gleed John Ross, ye sud

ha' speered after. He bides in the farrest awa hoose in the back raw, whar ye see the lum a reekin.'

Mr. Reade's testimony as to the morals of the Newhaven women would appear to be founded on fact. In Forsyth's 'Beauties of Scotland' (1805) vol. i. p. 301, is the following on the fishwives of Newhaven and Fisherrow—'It is remarkable, that though a considerable degree of licentiousness appears in their freedom of speech, it does not seem to have tainted their morals in a point in which it might have chiefly been expected; there being no class of women, it is believed, who offend less against the seventh commandment, excepting in words, than they do. There seems to be no employment that conduces more to health and good spirits than their's. Some of them have been delivered of a child, and have gone to Edinburgh on foot with their baskets within a week. It is also said to be ascertained, that one who was delivered on Wednesday morning went to town with her creel on the Saturday forenoon following.* The same authority states, that 'on holidays they frequently play at golf; and, on Shrove Tuesday, there is a standing match at foot-ball between the married and unmarried women, in which the former are always victors.'

There are distinctions and differences even among fishwives. The Leith and Fisherrow women are inferior to those of Newhaven in comeliness, cleanliness, and respectability; and the latter keep themselves aloof from the inferior tribes who reside farther east. In Newhaven itself, too, there are two or three grades. First come 'the Dons,' as they are called, who form the aristocracy, and are a respectable, provident, and moral class of people, although their language is coarse, and

* See also the Memoirs of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk.

their commercial transactions are not suffered to degenerate from an over-scrupulous love of honesty and fair dealing. To see, of an evening, two or three of these Dons, standing at the white-washed doors of their humble dwellings, or strolling along the beach, wearing their white mutches, and their bright clean 'short gowns' and striped petticoats, one cannot fail to be impressed with their picturesque appearance, and, occasionally, with the easy grace and homely beauty of their faces and figures. The Scotch word 'bonny' seems to express their style of beauty better than any other word. Their clean and tidy appearance—'sae very trig,' as they say—contrasts strangely with the filthy village in which they reside, whose narrow streets are always strewn with the heads, tails, entrails, and shells of the inhabitants of the mighty deep, and are ever redolent with a most ancient and fish-like smell.* The old women of 'the Dons' for the most part, escape Mr. Reade's condemnation of being 'ugly,' for they retain their good looks and respectable appearance to an advanced period in life. But many of them become 'blackguards;' and relapse into drunken, worthless characters. The Irish girls and those who usually go up to Edinburgh at night with oysters, are looked upon, even by their own class, as 'a bad lot,' and fail in sobriety and other virtues.

The greater part of the fishwives from Newhaven and

* A similar contrast is to be seen among the herring-gutters at Wick and elsewhere. See Mr. Weld's *Two Months in the Highlands*. 'Work over, they don gay dresses, and, flaunting in colours, you would not know the girls that you meet in the evening to be those whom you saw in the morning coated with blood and viscera.' (p. 54.) 'Although the majority of the 2,500 women employed in gutting herrings are certainly not lovely nor delicate-limbed, still I observed several pretty and modest-looking girls who would apparently have made better shepherdesses than fish-gutters.' (p. 56.)

Fisherrow now take the train to market. A truck is set apart for their creels full of fish ; and on their arrival at the station a scene ensues which beggars description. Everyone wishes her own particular creel to be pulled out first ; everyone bawls at the top of her voice ; everyone goads the guards, porters, and railway officials to the verge of madness ; and as everyone is all the time using the very strongest of unrefined language, it is well to draw a curtain over the scene. And yet these queer and energetic females are good singers and churchgoers. It is true that their pipes are of the shrillest, and their method of psalmody needlessly loud and demonstrative ; but to those who are not affected with nervous headaches, it is usually considered a great treat to attend the Free Church of a Sunday, and hear with what power and vigour the fishwives 'give out' the Psalms.

Having cleared the railway station, they disperse to their various beats, to the numerous fish-shops which depend upon their daily visits for a portion of their stock-in-trade, and also to the houses of private customers. Swinging their creels from their backs, and displaying the silvery glitter of their wares, their diplomatic relations with the purchaser commence. Like the 'Cheap Johns,' they begin a sale by assessing the article at ever-so-many times its value.* This permits them to be cheapened by the purchaser, who enjoys the healthy excitement of beating down the price and obtaining as a bargain an article for which the skill of the fishwife has procured a goodly profit, by which means both parties are satisfied. So well known is this custom of the plausible-tongued fishwoman, that when other tradespeople have been goaded to desperation by some

* Like as they did with Monkbarns in *The Antiquary*.

careful materfamilias attempting to beat down their wares, they have exclaimed, 'What! wad ye mak' a fishwife o' me?'

The following dialogue, or something like it, may be daily heard between a Maggie Mucklebackit fishwife and a would-be purchaser who is cheapening the goods:—

Fishwife. 'Saxpence! hey, gae wa' wi' ye! Saxpence for they twa bonny haddies! ye sud be ashamed o' yoursell in sic weather as this! There was nae a fish tail in a' Newhaven yesterday. Saxpence! my certes! it's no fish, mem; it's men's lives ye're buying!'

Purchaser (moving off.) 'Not a halfpenny more than sixpence.'

Fishwife (throwing up her game). 'Hey, mem! tak' your fish. Ye're a guid customer; but it's no to ilka ane I would gie sic a bargain!'

The cunning displayed in their flattery is also very amusing. They are quick in discovering the weak points of their lady customers, and exceedingly dexterous in turning their knowledge to a profitable account.

I have already spoken of the heavy loads that are carried by this industrious class. The Rev. James Hall says that they could walk more easily with heavy weights upon their backs than without them, and that when they had sold their fish, if they had nothing else to carry home, they put heavy stones into their creels—just in the same way that a bee, in boisterous weather, would take up a small stone, or something wherewith to ballast his body.* But this ballasting of the fishwives is usually had recourse to when they are 'fou' with whiskey, and are 'stotting' away home after their day's business, on which occasions it is not always that one or

* *Travels in Scotland* (1807), p. 583.

two heavy stones in the creel can make the ballast effectual. A story is told of an old fishwife who was 'stotting' home in this condition, when she wandered from her right path and got on to the beach, where she stumbled and fell. As drunkenness prevented her from rising, she lay where she was, and at length fell asleep. The tide began 'to make,' and in due time had risen until it had approached the drunken fishwife, and sprinkled her face. She was snoring, with her mouth open, but awoke on tasting the unaccustomed fluid, and exclaimed, in a deprecatory tone, 'Hey, Jenny, you're changing the drink on us noo!'

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Christie Johnstones of real life are enabled to drink ardent spirits in quantities proportioned to the fatigue they undergo and the burdens they carry. 'Males and females,' says Mr. Reade, 'suck whiskey like milk, and are quarrelsome in proportion; the men fight (round handed), the women fleicht or scold in the form of a tea-pot—the handle fixed, and the spout sawing the air.' An anecdote is told of Dr. Johnstone, once the minister of North Leith, who had rebuked a Newhaven fisherman, Adam Lucksie by name, for his ignorance in scriptural matters. Adam promised amendment, and the minister left a catechism for the joint benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Lucksie. But Adam, the very next day, relapsed into his former habits; and returning home drunk, fell and hurt his face. At this crisis the minister was seen approaching, and was received by Jenny Lucksie, who was busily engaged in mending a net, having placed her husband safely in bed and out of sight. 'Where was her gude man?' 'Deed, then, he was awa' fishing.' 'Ha'ye read the catechis?' 'Deed, then, I ha'.' The minister thought he would put this assertion to the test. 'Weel,

Jenny, then ye'll tell me, What was the cause o' Adam's fall?' Jenny forgot her first parent in her husband, and replied, 'Deed, sir, it was naething else than the drink. Adam, my mon, ye'd better show yersell, for the doctor kens a' aboot it; them clashing deevils o' neebors hae telt him o' yer fa'!'

CHAPTER XXXII.

MELROSE MEMORIES.

Discovery of Melrose Abbey—A Ready-made Quarry—National Ophthalmia—Scott's 'Lay'—A New Shrine for Pilgrim Tourists—Detractions of Melrose—The Trimmiest of Ruins—A Grumble—Disappointment—The First Abbey—A Choice of Etymologies—A Legend of Melrose—Basil and St. Cuthbert—The Second Abbey and its Fortunes—Edward II. and Robert Bruce.

AMONG the many places that the genius of Sir Walter Scott may be said, in a measure, to have discovered, Melrose ought to be included. For, until January 1805, when the publication of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' had so fully and faithfully set Melrose before the public, that 'far-famed glorious ruin,' as Burns called it, was excessively glorious, but anything but far-famed. Of course full descriptions of it were to be found in typographical and historical works; but to the general British public it was comparatively unknown, and, as a tourist's 'lion,' it had not yet attracted attention. Unfortunately, like too many other similar buildings in Scotland, it *had* attracted attention as a ready-made quarry, from whence its sculptured stones could be transported to the laird's new farmstead with less expense than new stone could be excavated. The greed of gain overbalanced the love for a national memorial, and bade fair to scatter among cow-sheds and bullock-hovels a mine of the most perfect architectural

wealth. Happily, Sir Walter Scott arose and discovered Melrose. His 'Lay' opened the eyes of the public, and if anything else had been needed to complete the cure of the national ophthalmia, it would have been effected through the medium of 'The Abbot' and 'Monastery,' which made the million readers of the Waverley novels intimate with Kennaquahair and St. Mary's. This, however, was fifteen years later than 'The Lay,' to which alone may be assigned the honour of having made Melrose far more famous than it had ever been in the days of its greatest prosperity.

A year before 'The Lay' was published, Sir Walter had removed his summer residence from Lasswade to Ashestiel, on the banks of the Tweed, where, as Lockhart says, 'a more beautiful situation for the residence of a poet could not be conceived.' His day-dreams then were but limited; they were (probably) embodied in the 'lowly bower' mentioned in the concluding lines of 'The Lay,' and had not soared to the ambitious structure of Abbotsford. Lasswade had brought him near to Roslin, and Ashestiel had placed him within a few miles of Melrose; and, naturally enough, the celebrities of either place were introduced into his first great poem. To the circumstance of his residence at Ashestiel, we probably owe that minute description of 'St. David's ruin'd pile,' which is so well known. It denoted a new shrine for thousands of pilgrim-tourists, who shortly flocked to the spot to realise with the eye of sense the beauties that the great Wizard of the North had brought before their mind's eye with the magic spell of genius; and now Melrose, his loved haunt, lying midway between his two earthly homes of Abbotsford and Dryburgh, is the convenient centre of a triple attraction for the quick-recurring throngs of visitors

whom the railway carries to within a few yards of the Abbey.

In fact, it is this visible nearness of the railway (as in the case of Furness Abbey) that is a sad drawback upon the solitude and quiet that are so much in harmony with ecclesiastical ruins; added to which, the town of Melrose shoulders its streets and buildings close up to the Abbey,* which is kept in such an uncomfortable state of neatness, that the idea of ruin and desolation can scarcely be maintained. Melrose is certainly the trimmest of ruins; not a blade of grass or single stone is suffered to interfere with that perfection of neatness to which, by misdirected care, it has been brought. All the scattered fragments of sculptured work have been zealously gathered together and piled up into pseudo-altars, before which (to speak in a figure) the guide worships, and to which he directs the visitor's attention with an evident expectation of receiving that visitor's gratitude, instead of (possibly) inspiring him with a desire to kick these structures over, and restore the idea of Melrose being a real ruin instead of a modern-antique.

While I am about it, I will liberate my spirit, and get rid of my grumblings against Melrose. Messrs. Billings & Burns say, 'All the tourists in Scotland who are put into the proper groove for seeing "what one should see," are as infallibly sure to find themselves at Melrose, as the traveller on a railway line to reach the first station. Not that they carry away any very distinct

* Artists get over this difficulty, *per saltum*, by omitting the town. Thus, David Roberts' view of Melrose Abbey, from the S.E., which has been engraved in *The Gallery of Modern Artists*, 1836, and elsewhere, shows the Abbey standing in a wooded waste, backed by a range of hills, and with nothing to indicate a human habitation.

impression of it—they have seen it, and that is enough. Indeed, universally and exceptionally, as they flock thither, it is possible that many of them, were they to confess to all, would admit a feeling of disappointed expectation in the nature and effect of the ruin, for it is not of the kind best calculated to satisfy vulgar curiosity.' I fear that I must be classed with this vulgar herd. At any rate, let me be honest enough to 'confess all,' and say that, on the whole, I was disappointed with Melrose. Undoubtedly this disappointment did not arise so much from the Abbey itself as from its position and surroundings, although its trim neatness had something to do with engendering the feeling. As the Abbey is also approached immediately from the street, and the visitor is at once admitted into the nave with its hideous modern vaulting overhead to destroy the light aerial effect of the rest of the building, the first impressions are almost sure to be unfavourable. Of course these first impressions will be modified, if not obliterated, by the after-study of the building; but the causes which gave them birth will still remain as eye-sores and detractions.

Dr. Arnold remarks that the first view of St. Peter's at Rome is usually a disappointing one, and that the same feeling arises in the first sight of celebrated mountains; but, he says, 'a closer acquaintance with these and with other grand or beautiful objects, convinces us that our first impression arose not from the want of greatness in what we saw, but from a want of comprehensiveness in ourselves to grasp it. What we saw was not all that existed, but all that our untaught science could master. As we know it better it remains the same, but we rise more nearly to its level; our greater admiration is but the proof that we

are become able to appreciate it more closely.* Perhaps I had formed too exaggerated ideas of Melrose, and had imagined that Tintern, Fountains, and Furness were to be thrown into the shade by their northern rival, and that I should, when—

Home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

Mrs. Stowe says that the building is so perfectly beautiful 'that, even for the sake of being original, you could not in conscience declare you did not admire it.' Had the American lady any misgivings, that she should thus hint at the *nil admirari*? But, Melrose *is* beautiful, notwithstanding the drawbacks referred to; so, having got rid of our grumble, let us, in a charitable and contented frame of mind, devote ourselves to an inspection of those

Works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to Heaven for final rest.†

Yet, first, let us rapidly run over the history of Melrose. This is not the first abbey that bore the name, nor am I the first Bede who has ventured upon a description of the building. The original abbey was some two miles farther down Tweedside, where is now the picturesque village of Old Melrose. It dated back to the seventh century, and the introduction of Christianity into Scotland. Its site was, as usual with the old ecclesiastics, well chosen, and hard by a river which could supply them with choice dinners on fast days; though, according to the scandalous ballad,

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted;

* Inaugural Lecture on the Study of Modern History.

† Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Part ii. ix.

They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbour's lasted.

Indeed, the land around the Abbey was favourable for pasturage, and for the fattening of beef; and, for some time, its revenues were chiefly derived from this source.* The peninsula of greensward on which the building stood is formed by the sharply serpentine course of the Tweed, murmuring musically on its way;† lofty and wooded rocky banks shut it in; and, where now stands a modern mansion looking out over a fair and extensive view, is that promontory or projection which gave to the place the name of Mell-Rhos, 'the projection of the meadow.' But etymologists always give us a choice of derivatives; and some, instead of deducing the name from the British Mell-Rhos, would have it from the Celtic Maol-Ross, 'the bald, or bare, projection.' At a rather later date, we are presented with a simpler etymology. Those were the days of rebuses and punning devices; and, accordingly, Melrose was supposed to be signified by a *mell* and a *rose*—the mell, or mallet, signifying the instrument with which the building was erected, and the rose its elegant beauty and lightness; and the device of the mell and rose is seen not only in the decorations of the abbey, but also on the town gaol.

But, lest none of these derivations should satisfy us, the Melrose people have a local legend to the following effect:—There was a beautiful young Princess who lived in an island in the Archipelago, who lost her honour to her lover, and, by the law of her island, was adjudged to die. So she called together her priests, and consulted

* See Professor Innes' *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, pp. 99, 100.

† At any rate, if it does not, it ought to do; for the water at Melrose now belongs to the Messrs. Broadwood, of pianoforte renown.

with them what was best to be done. They advised her to quit the island and sail for the Atlantic Ocean, from whence she was to bend her course northwards to a certain island ; and they offered to accompany her, not only from attachment, but that they might assist her in her endeavours to atone for her sin. They accordingly set sail, and at length found themselves at Dunbar. Leaving this place, they found themselves by the Tweed-side, and, crossing it at that spot since called Monksford (and now, Abbotsford) they came a little farther on to a meadow which the Tweed nearly folded with its gentle stream. Here they resolved to stay, and the Princess caused the Abbey to be erected, in which she might pray for the repose of her soul ; ‘ the place thenceforward being called Malerose (a rose sullied or tarnished by a male), in allusion, says the tradition, to her misfortune.’ *

But, whatever may be the origin and meaning of its name, Melrose was built about 664, Oswald, king of Northumbria, being its patron, and Eata, the disciple of Aidan of Iona and Lindisfarne, being the first superior of the Culdee brotherhood. Eata’s successor was Basil, of whom Bede speaks in high terms. His name is preserved in that of the adjacent parish of St. Boswell’s ; so that Boswell and Basil are convertible terms, and Johnson’s jackal may have been a lineal descendant of the old Abbot of Melrose. Basil was succeeded by his pupil, Cuthbert, the famed and enlightened saint whose stately monument is to be found

Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear ;

and whose body had tarried awhile at Melrose in its

* So says John Bower, in his *Description of the Abbays of Melrose*, p. 6.

capricious tour between death and the grave. So that, from the very first, as Milne * has said, 'the Abbey of Melrose was a famous nursery for learning and religious men who were filled with zeal for propagating the Christian religion, particularly among their neighbours the Saxons.' It was John of Melrose who, face to face, opposed Boniface, the Pope's nuncio, as 'the fabricator of falsehood, the troubler of peace and of the Christian religion, and the corrupter of it both by word and writing.' This first abbey is thought to have been destroyed about the ninth century by the first or second Kenneth. Traces of it have been discovered in a defensive wall that passed across the neck of the peninsula; and the names of Chapel-knowe, Monk-ford, Haly Wheel, and Girthgate, still exist to remind us of the first Abbey of Melrose. Its immediate successor would seem to have been built at Newstead, a Tweed-side village, one mile from Melrose, on the Edinburgh road; so that Byron's Newstead Abbey was here forestalled. There were other chapels close around. One 'on the banks of Allan water,' was dedicated to Columba, and is now called Colmslee, or 'Columba's pasture.' Here the monks of Melrose had their dairy-farm.

We thus see that Melrose was a centre for religious teaching from the earliest time of Christianity in Scotland. The Abbey travelled 'westward ho!' and first arose on its present site—more than two miles westward of the original Melrose, in the year 1136,† when King David the First founded it for the reception of Cistercian

* See *Description of Melrose*, by the Rev. A. Milne, who was the minister of Melrose, from 1711 to 1747.

† The date was commemorated by these monkish lines:—

Anno Milleno, centens, ter quoque deno,
Et sexto Christi, Melrose fundata fuisti.

monks, brought from Rievall (Rievaulx), in Yorkshire. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and was completed in ten years. The first abbey was made of oaken planks, and had a thatched roof; but 'St. David's lonely pile' was probably not unlike Kelso Abbey, which was also founded by this royal patron of ecclesiastics. But, whatever the appearance of the second abbey may have been, it is well-nigh certain that not a stone of it now remains; for the richly-endowed Melrose met with the fate of all other Border buildings, and was more than once a prize for the English invaders.

In 1322, Edward II. resolved to rest at Melrose, and Douglas took measures with the monks to do what hurt he could to the invader, and with a body of picked men was admitted into the building by William de Peebles, the Abbot. The old chronicler, Barbour, tells us how a right sturdy friar, spear in hand, rode forth on a stalwart horse, and, when the English advanced, cried out 'A Douglas! a Douglas!' upon which Douglas and his men rushed forth from the Abbey, and, by the suddenness of their attack, drove back the English advance-guard with great loss. The success of this scheme, however, recoiled upon the monks, for Edward swooped upon the Abbey, and (says Fordun, in his 'Scotichronicon,') 'wrecked' the building, and slew the Abbot and brethren. The wrecking was, probably, complete; at any rate, in 1326, Robert Bruce gave what would now be the sum of fifty thousand pounds for the re-building of the Abbey. They were large-hearted men in those days, and no niggards in their gifts for sacred purposes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

St. Waltheof and his Miracles—Profitable Embalming—The Legend of the Heart of Bruce—The Adventures of Sir James Douglas—Melrose Abbey Burnt by Richard II.—Diversities of Opinion—A New Abbey—A Sisyphean Task—The Abbey's Vicissitudes—Fair Maiden Lilliard and her Stumps—Knox and Knocks—Cromwell's Pummelling—The Virgin's Statue Saved by a Miracle—Legend of Stumpy Thomson—Open Foes and False Friends—Monastic Masons.

THE second Abbot of the second Abbey of Melrose was St. Waltheof, whose mother's second husband was that King David who founded the Abbey. Waltheof was a true Saxon, for his father was Simon, Earl of Huntingdon, and his grandfather was Siward, Count of Northumberland, and he lived to be a man of mark, both before, and (as Paddy would say) after his death, for he was canonised for his many virtues and miracles. His most useful miracle was supplying corn to the Tweed-dale people in a time of unusual scarcity—a miracle, doubtless, which the well-stocked granaries of Melrose enabled him to perform with ease. But another miracle recorded of him is far more abstruse and peculiar, and even surpasses the feats of those Chinese conjurors who swallow bullets and produce them from their ears. A priest had hesitated to drink some wine, on the very reasonable ground that there was a great spider in the cup. Waltheof insisted that

the priest should drain the cup dry, and, as his word was law, the priest was obliged to do as he was bid. Soon after, when the priest was in the refectory, he felt a queer sensation at the tip of one of his fingers. Presently the finger swelled, then the swelling burst, and out walked the very identical spider that the priest had swallowed. St. Waltheof had worked this miracle, and, owing to his interposition, the unusual bees-wing had not done hurt to the priest. The monks of Melrose must have possessed the secret of embalming, for when St. Waltheof had been buried, they made his body into a very attractive and profitable show, by taking it, every now and then, out of its tomb, and displaying it to the wondering pilgrims in an uncorrupted state, diffusing the sweetest odours, and restoring to health the sick people who were privileged to gaze upon it. Grose, quoting from Hutchinson, says, 'The chronicle of Mailross contains this anecdote, "that Ingerim, bishop of Glasgow, and four abbots, came to Mailross to open the grave, after twelve years' interment, when they found the body of Waldevus uncorrupted; on which, with a religious rapture, they exclaimed, "Vere hic homo Dei est."' They afterwards placed a marble monument over his remains. This Waldevus was Waltheof, who is also called Walthen, Waldere, and Walter.

As we have seen, King Robert Bruce expended a sum equivalent to 50,000*l.* of modern money on the re-building of the third Melrose Abbey. He had its interests so much at heart, that he left a document commending the brotherhood to the pious care of his son and successor, David, and desiring that his heart might be buried in the monastery. It is remarkable that this document bears date May 11, 1329, within a month of his death; and 'it follows that his request to

Douglas, to convey his heart to the Holy Land, was made still nearer his end.* If we may credit tradition, Douglas fell in Spain, endeavouring to reach the Holy Land, and to carry out his royal master's last request. The circumstance has been well treated in a modern ballad (too long to be quoted here in its integrity), from which the following verses are taken.† Lord James Douglas has landed in Spain, and been welcomed by King Alphonso, but volunteers to fight the Moors. The tide of battle turns against him:—

The foremost there fell brave St. Clair,
That saw the Douglas bold,
And did unloose the heart of Bruce
From its string of silk and gold;
He hurled it through the serried spears,
And his lifted voice rang high—
'Pass to the front, as thou were wont!
I follow thee, or die!'
The day hath closed on fair Castile,
The sinking sun gleams red
On shattered plumes and broken steel,
And piles of gallant dead;
In the centre of that bloody field
Lord Douglas lay in death—
Above him was his own good shield,
And the Bruce's heart beneath! * * *
A valiant knight the casket bore;
And, for that honoured part,
His scutcheon wore for evermore
A padlock and a heart.
They buried the Douglas in St. Bride;
And the heart of Bruce they laid
In Melrose stately aisles, beside
The altar's sacred shade.

Sir Walter Scott, in his 'History of Scotland,' thus briefly sketches the history of this event:—'The good

* Cosmo Innes' *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, p. 119.

† *Lays and Ballads of English History*, &c. Burns, 1846.

Lord James, having the precious heart under his charge, set out for Palestine, with a gallant retinue, and observing great state. He landed at Seville in his voyage, and learning that King Alphonso was at war with the Moors, his zeal to encounter the infidels induced him to offer his services. They were honourably and thankfully accepted; but, having involved himself too far in pursuit of the retreating enemy, Douglas was surrounded by numbers of the infidels when there were not ten of his suite left around his person; yet he might have retreated in safety had he not charged, with the intention of rescuing Sir William Sinclair, whom he saw borne down by a multitude. But the good knight failed in his generous purpose, and was slain by the superior number of the Moors. Scotland never lost a better worthy at a period when his services were more needed. He united the romantic accomplishments of a knight of chivalry with the more solid talents of a great military leader. The relics of his train brought back the heart of Bruce, with the body of his faithful follower, to their native country. The heart of the king was deposited in Melrose Abbey, and the corpse of Douglas was laid in the tomb of his ancestors, in the church of the same name.' This was precisely one of those subjects that would impress the mind of the great Novelist. He spoke of it to Washington Irving, and said that much might be made out of the adventures of Sir James Douglas in that adventurous age; of his fortunes in Spain, and his death in the crusade against the Moors, with the subsequent fortunes of the heart of Robert Bruce until it was brought back to its native land, and enshrined within the holy walls of Melrose. 'As he spoke,' says Irving, 'scenes, images, incidents kept breaking upon his mind

as he proceeded, mingled with touches of the mysterious and supernatural as connected with the heart of Bruce. It seemed as if a poem or romance were breaking vaguely on his imagination. That he subsequently contemplated something of the kind, as connected with this subject, and with his favourite ruin of Melrose, is evident from his introduction to "The Monastery;" and it is a pity that he never succeeded in following out those shadowy but enthusiastic conceptions.'

The Douglas who is buried beneath the altar at Melrose was that other Sir James Douglas, the 'gallant chief of Otterburne,' who, sixty years after, fell at the famous battle of Chevy Chase.

Robert Bruce's princely Abbey of Melrose was not destined to remain half a century after Edward III. had kept his Christmas there, in the year 1341; for in 1385 we read of the Abbey being burnt by the troops of Richard II. on the morrow after he had slept there; and, in pretended compunction, he granted the monks, by way of compensation, a certain sum * on their wool-sacks exported from Berwick, and then shuffled out of his promise on the pretence that the monks were taking unfair advantage of the privilege. And here we lose, for a time, all accounts of the Abbey. How far the English incendiaries destroyed it is a matter for dispute and conjecture. Some modern architectural authorities tell us that no portion of the present building dates earlier than the fifteenth century, and that its few early Norman features are not vestiges of David's second abbey, or yet of Bruce's third abbey, but are later imitations of continental models, and are contem-

* Twopence on each 1,000, say some: two shillings on each 2,000 sacks of Scottish wool, say others. The curious reader who wishes for evidence on this knotty point may turn to *Origines Parochiales*, i. 224.

poraneous with the other 'Early English' features. Other architectural authorities triumphantly point to the remains of the cloisters as undoubted specimens of thirteenth century work.

But, whether this is the fourth Melrose *de novo*, or only the third, or a blending of two, three, and four, we may at any rate conclude, that whatever storms of war may have swept over the Abbey, it has arisen with new beauty from its defacement and destruction, and from every throw of fate, Antæus-like, has sprung to renewed vigour. The building appears to have been the upgrowth of many generations of munificent founders and skilled architects, who, with a persevering constancy of purpose, repaired and renewed the wanton destructions to which the Abbey was subjected. In this Sisyphean task they must have been kept pretty constantly employed through the feuds and factions that then marked a Border existence, and from which any richly-endowed monastic retreat could no more hope to escape than could a well-stocked and ill-defended travelling-carriage from the attentions of Dick Turpin, Jerry Abershaw, or Alessandro Massaroni. Scot and Southron, foes and friends, buffeted its fair face with sore blows. In 1544, the English destroyed the greater part of it, and in the following year twice visited it for the purposes of pillage and destruction. After one of these encounters, the English retired with their booty to Jedburgh, but were followed up by the Scots, under the command of Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, whose possessions at Melrose had been ravaged by the English, and the monuments of whose ancestors in Melrose Abbey had been wantonly destroyed. Douglas vowed vengeance, and told the Southrons that he would write the deed with a sharp

pen and in red ink upon their own skins. Assisted by Norman Leslie, the Earl of Rothes, and Walter Scott of Buccleugh, he followed the invaders to Ancrum Muir, about seven miles south of Melrose, and there gave them battle. The English were routed, losing 800 killed, and 1,000 prisoners. This was the famous battle of 'Lilliard's Edge,' so called (says the Border legend) from the bravery of a Scottish maiden, named Lilliard, who fought beside her countrymen, and was slain upon the field, where she was buried, and a stone raised to her memory, bearing the following inscription:—

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame,
On the English lads she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were off she fought upon her stumps.

The Rev. A. Milne, who was the minister of Melrose from 1711 to 1747, says that he saw this monument, and its inscription is given upon his authority; but I need hardly point out that it bears a wonderful likeness to the famous deed of one of the heroes of 'Chevy Chase':—

For Witherington I needs must wail
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And, unless we concede that such an abbreviated method of fighting was not unusual in Border conflicts, we must set down the fair maiden, Lilliard, as being a vile plagiarist.

In 1569, a few years after the battle of Lilliard's Edge, came Knox's 'Reformation.' Melrose was too beautiful and famous to hide its head, and escape molestation; so, the iconoclasts brake down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers, and left it a

yawning ruin, unroofed, gutted, and partially overthrown. Then, after a while, when the monks of Melrose had had time to restore their Abbey, the English Knox arose, and Melrose once again suffered from that peculiar 'pummelling' for which Oliver Cromwell has made a name in verse and history. He placed his cannon at Gattonside, on the farther side of the Tweed, and pounded away at the Abbey with a relentless heart, smashing its mullioned windows, and tumbling over its battlements and pinnacles, until, as it is said, 'he made it almost a complete ruin.' Hutchinson tells us, that when the statues were demolished, in 1649, one of the iconoclasts struck at the figure of the babe in his mother's arms, when he 'received a contusion which disabled him for ever from such useless occupations, and struck such a panic on his associates, that they fled, and left the mischievous business unperfected.' A statue of the Virgin mother holding the infant Christ in her arms still adorns a canopied niche of the western pinnacle on the south side of the nave, and is believed to be the statue of the foregoing story.* The local legend gives more particulars. It says that the iconoclast was a person of the name of Thomson, of Gattonside, who was employed for the purpose of demolishing the images; but that, when he was in the act of striking at this figure of the infant Christ, he himself was struck by a stone so forcibly on his arm, that he never afterwards regained the use of it; and that, in consequence of

* The statue in the canopied niche of the next pinnacle also is preserved. It is a figure of St. Andrew with his cross, the place of honour next to the Virgin doubtless being assigned to him from his being the patron saint of Scotland. His pedestal is supported by a head, with flowers issuing from either side of the mouth. Behind these pinnacles, above the clerestory windows of the nave, is a curious gargoyle, representing a sow playing on the bagpipes.

this, he was nicknamed 'Stumpy Thomson,' by which *sobriquet* he was ever afterwards known. It is also said, that not only was this miracle much talked of in Rome, but that it was also said there, that when this Stumpy Thomson died, he was, for his sacrilegious deed, dragged at horse's heels to his grave in the Abbey churchyard underneath the statue. And, curiously enough, this was a fact; for it so happened that Stumpy Thomson died in the winter, when there was a deep snow upon the ground, and, according to the then custom under such circumstances, his coffin was placed upon a sledge drawn by a horse, and was thus conveyed at the horse's heels to his place of burial.

After the reduction of the Abbey to such very vulgar fractions by its open enemies, and after its despoilings by false friends—to wit, James Douglas, the commendator, who, in 1590, used up as much of the Abbey ruins as would make him a house; a sacrilegious example too much imitated up to within this half century—after all these choppings and changings, we may well ask how much is there now left to us of that Melrose Abbey which arose out of, or is mixed up with, 'St. David's ruin'd pile?' It is wonderful if any part should remain; for Melrose Abbey would appear always to have been in the state of the successful tradesman who flourishes on a system of chronic bankruptcy; and, if it was not a ruin, it was either just going to be one, or had recently been so. And yet, after all this sacking, and rifling, and burning, and cannonading, and house-building, there is 'Melrose ruin'd fane,' to proclaim itself the most famous ecclesiastical structure in Scotland. The sailor's knife was still the same old knife to him, even when it had new blades and a new haft; and Melrose Abbey is Melrose Abbey still, despite the Edwards, and Richards, and Knoxes,

and Cromwells. And, as we sigh over the ruins of our Melrose, we are but re-echoing sighs heaved by the good monks five centuries ago, and repeated, alas! with too frequent recurrence on many a sad day when their beautiful home was laid desolate. One would have thought, that

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build;

and yet, looking through those troublous pages of history, we can scarcely see the period when the whole extent of Melrose Abbey could have remained in a perfect state for more than a few score years at a time. Their masons must have been ever at work, and the monastic architects must have been kept in constant employment. One of them has left a record of himself carved on a tablet near a small door leading to a gallery on the west side of the south transept. It contains the following inscription:—

John Murdo sometime callit was I,
And born in Parysse certainly,
And had in keeping al mason werk
Of Sant-Androis, ye Hye Kirk
Of Glasgu, Melros, and Paslay,
Of Nyddysdayll and of Galway.
Pray to God and Mary baith
And sweet Sanct John, to keep this haly Kirk fra scaith.

‘The stone-cutter,’ says Mr. Billings, ‘has packed the words where he could find room for them, without respect for the rhyming form in which they are here copied. The inscription cannot well be older than the sixteenth century; and it is not likely that Murdo, whose name would indicate a Scottish origin, performed any functions beyond repairs and restorations.’*

* See Billings’ *Antiquities*, vol. iv. Bower’s *Description*, p. 60, gives a somewhat different reading of the inscription, and a copy of it in black letter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIGHTS AND SIGHT-SEERS.

Melrose Abbey Ruins—The Nave—Its State Fifty Years since—The People and their Privileges—Nob and Snob—Modern Destructives—An Attendant necessary—Scott's Spoliations—A Famous Place for Antiquarian Plunder—The Protean Guide—The Shilling Show and *genius loci*—The Young Old-Covenanter—The Cloisters—Masonic Jewels—Devotional Architecture—Petrified Herbs and Flowers—Transcripts from Nature—Conscientious Art.—Bosses and Corbels—Michael Scott, the Wizard—Black and White.

THE buildings of Melrose Abbey, in their entirety, must have covered a large area ; but the only remains are a chief portion of the church, and a fragment of the cloisters. The cloisters are situated in the north-west angle of the Abbey, and appear to have been quadrangular in plan. To judge from what is considered to have been a central seat on that southern portion of the cloister that yet remains, the length of the arcade must have been about 150 feet. Over the arcade were habitations for the monks on the east, west, and north. The church was built in the form of a St. John's cross, having a tower, once surmounted by a spire, at the junction with the transepts. The nave towards its western end is roofless, and has been sadly curtailed of its fair proportions. The eastern end of the nave is roofed, and its great blemish is the stone vaulting placed there in 1618, and hideously heavy when contrasted with the light and open beauty of the rest of the

building, and with the vaulting of the aisles, south transept, and chancel. Service was held in this portion of the nave up to the commencement of the present century. Grose gives a description of the appearance that it then presented:—‘On opening the door, it is not to be expressed the disagreeable scene which presented itself; the place is filled with stalls, in the disposition of which irregularity alone seems to have been studied; some are raised on upright beams, as scaffolds, tier above tier; others supported against the walls and pillars; no two are alike in form, height, or magnitude; the same confusion of little and great, high and low, covers the floor with pews; the lights are so obstructed that the place is as dark as a vault; the floor is nothing but the damp earth; nastiness and irregularity possess the whole scene.’ These incongruities no longer offend the eye; they were removed in 1814. Not many years since an attempt was made to obtain the restoration of the nave for the purposes of a parish church; but the Duke of Buccleuch wisely abstained from patching up the middle-age ruin with modern work, and built the parishioners that neat church which, with its adjacent parsonage house, is passed on the road to Abbotsford. Although, to my eyes, the excessive trimness of the ruin is a little out of place, yet every one who reads Grose’s description just quoted, and looks at Prout’s views * of the interior of the choir, tenanted by a herd of cattle, must feel grateful that the preserving care of the duke is extended to the building, and that what has been left of it is now most religiously preserved.

The shutting out the ruins from general access, and the enforced attendance of a guide, are points which

* Published in *Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*, vol. ii. p. 46. (1830.)

cannot be complained of in an age when every Jones and Smith thinks himself privileged to carve his illustrious name across the grim face of a stony abbot; or on 'a pillar of Gothic mould' to write some such legend as, 'John Jones and Mary Ann Smith visited this spot April 1, were much pleased and intend to come again;' or, if they abstain from these things, they content themselves with joining a pic-nic party, whose convenient luncheon-table is the high altar. The ancient iconoclasts are matched by the modern destructives; and, despite the popular fallacy of the people never abusing their privileges, there is too much evidence to show, that when the people (whether Nob or Snob) are left to the uncontrolled exercise of their own sweet will, the original Adam bursts forth in some doing of what they ought not to do. A flower is plucked that should have been left to bloom; the leading shoot of a rare *pinus* or *deoda* is switched off with a cane; Bede's chair is hacked by penknives; a prioress's alabaster finger is broken off when the verger's back is turned; Chantrey's Sleeping Children have to be hemmed in with palisades in order to prevent a similarly surreptitious amputation; the scion of Charles's oak has to be encased with a tall iron fence, that it may not be cut up into lucifer matches by Boscobel tourists; and the remarkable stalactites of the Spar Cave of Strathaird, in the Isle of Skye, have been so hammered away to enrich geological cabinets, that the cave has been closed.

While such things are, and while there are so many tempting things at Melrose, one cannot be surprised that the attendance of a guide should be deemed requisite to prevent some Mr. Smith from carrying off a nice little bracket which may adorn his summer-house at 'Ackney, and not only be ornamental but useful for the

reception of a glass of grog or the teapot, on those occasions of Cockney revel when his friends 'come to take tea in the harbour.' And, indeed, might not the Cockney defend his act by quoting the precedent of Sir Walter Scott himself, whose spoliations from the Abbey went to enrich his house both in-doors and out, and helped to convert it into the extraordinary museum of which he was so proud? When Abbotsford was barely begun, Washington Irving visited Scott, and thus describes what he saw:—'About the place were strewed various morsels from the ruins of Melrose Abbey, which were to be incorporated in his mansion. He had already constructed out of similar materials a kind of Gothic shrine over a spring, and had surmounted it by a small stone cross.* No wonder that Scott should speak of the Abbey with affection. 'There is no telling,' said he, 'what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. *It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder; there are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architects, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste—the mouldier the better.*'†

* Washington Irving's countrywoman, Mrs. Stowe, however, gives the following contradiction to, or explanation of, this story:—'I went up into a little room where an elderly woman professed to have quite a collection of the Melrose relics. Some years ago extensive restorations and repairs were made in the old abbey, in which Walter Scott took a deep interest. At that time, when the scaffolding was up for repairing the building, as I understood, Scott had the plaster-casts made of different parts, which he afterwards incorporated into his own dwelling at Abbotsford. I said to the good woman that I had understood, by Washington Irving's account, that Scott appropriated *bond-fide* fragments of the building, and alluded to the account which he gives of the little red sandstone lion from Melrose. She repelled the idea with great energy, and said she had often heard Sir Walter say that he would not carry off a bit of the building as big as his thumb. She showed me several plaster-casts that she had in her possession, which were taken at this time.'—*Sunny Memories*, Letter viii.

† But such cases were neither few nor far between. Horace Walpole,

With such a precedent for plunder, we must not, therefore, grumble at having to make our acquaintance with Melrose Abbey under the tutelary protection of that terrible nuisance—a guide. Let me be just, however, to the Melrose guide, who was an exception to the general rule, and was no detraction to the scene whose several beauties it was his office to point out. He was, indeed, a well-informed companion, with an appreciative love for the building, of which he could give a thousand-and-one descriptions, without appearing to tire of his subject. Such a guide is a rarity. I have seen many guides in my time, and, though they differed in their outward form, the impression left by their attentions was pretty much the same. There was the black-robed verger at Westminster Abbey, who was so desperately annoyed if you did not follow at his very elbow, and pay the closest attention to the words of mis-instruction that fell from his lips; there was that other verger who demanded the half-crown for allowing me to walk through York Minster in his loathsome society; there was the mud-splashed Welshman at the

‘that insufferable coxcomb,’ as Bp. Warburton called him, writing to Bentley, says, ‘A little way from the town are the ruins of Llanthony Priory: there remains a *pretty* old gateway which George Selwyn has begged to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.’ This was the appropriation clause with a vengeance! Horace Walpole’s ‘mountain’ would be a mere mole-hill to a Highlander. Speaking of Malvern Abbey, this Admirable Crichton and accomplished writer thus described it and its situation:—It ‘is very large. It is situated half way up an immense mountain of that name; the mountain is very long, in shape like the prints of a whale’s back.’ And ‘pretty’ was a common term with him for architectural subjects. Of Worcester Cathedral he says, ‘It is pretty;’ and of Bristol Cathedral he says, ‘It is very neat, and has pretty tombs.’ The spoliation by European travellers of Egyptian monuments and tombs, is truly likened by Mr. Rhinds (in his *Thebes*) to breaking off mouldings from cathedrals, &c. in order to place them in a museum.

Devil's Bridge, who had arbitrarily fixed on the sex of the bridge, and called it 'her;' there was the relay of lotos-eating, languishing flunkies whom I meekly accompanied through the Palace of Blenheim, and in whose pockets I left a costly store of silver; there was the grand old housekeeper at Guy's Cliff, the sight of whom raised such conflicting emotions as to whether it would be an insult to offer her a 'tip,' or whether anything so low as a half-sovereign would be accepted, that the mental debate of this difficult question drove the attractions of the place into the background; there was the elegant young lady in the black silk flounced dress, light-coloured kid gloves, and the latest fashion in hats, who condescended to conduct me over a portion of Carisbrook Castle, and who raised in my brain the same mental tumult as to the amount or propriety of the 'tip;' there was the pseudo-sailor at Black-gang, who, after having admitted me through his wicket-gate, and down the muddy path, told me that costly tale of the wreck of the 'Clarendon;' there was the prattling (too prattling) child, who unlocked that gate which guards nearly every Westmoreland waterfall; there was the musty old clerk's wife, who showed me over that interesting Norman church, whose history was embalmed in the solitary sentence, 'It wunst belonged to the Cath'licks;' and there were a hundred others who took the Protean shape of a guide, and who, to speak generally, left but one impression upon me, namely, this—that the guide was a self-conceited and imaginary necessity, who made himself particularly obnoxious, both by his presence and the uncalled-for proffer of crude and incorrect information, delivered in bad English and still worse taste, and who effectually put to flight the *genius loci* of the scene, and reduced the exhibition to a shilling show.

Let me, therefore, give due honour to the Melrose guide, and through him make any *amende honorable* that may be deemed requisite by his abused *confrères*. It is true that he resembles his Roslin brother in sticking straws through the perforations of exquisite bosses, to show you that the carving is perfected, both within and without, with that Chinese exactness to reality which the school of Mr. Ruskin accepts as an evidence of true devotional feeling; but this is a pardonable weakness of this young old-Covenanter guide, and as the straws in question are almost his only trade tricks, and are produced as a closing performance, with as much success as the juggler's sword-swallowing, or Frikell's hundred tankards, they may well be suffered to pass, or merely to be taken as the straws that show which way lies the wind of popular favour.

Indeed, those straw-pierced bosses—seen to perfection in the ruins of the cloisters—are well worthy of any amount of attention being bestowed upon them. They are elaborately undercut, and have been worked with amazing delicacy; they are wondrous bits of carving, veritable masonic jewels, in which the sculptor has triumphed over his material, and converted the shapeless block of stone into the model of some herb or flower that grew nigh at hand. The stone is a red sandstone, capable of receiving the utmost delicacy of finish, and yet able to withstand the mouldering attacks of time, and the ravages of the bleak Scotch winds and tempests. Thus, the carved work is so sharp and clean, that we can still trace upon it the marks of the chisel, and view the artist's thought in all its integrity and unimpaired beauty. Those were the days when the erection of a building, consecrated to God's service, was something more than a question of pounds, shillings,

and pence, and 'nicely-calculated less or more.' The best energies were devoted to the service, and no details were too insignificant to be worked out with all the genius and labour that could be thrown into the work.

The architect

Built his great heart into the sculptured stones,
And with him toil'd his children ; and their lives
Were builded with his own into the sculptur'd walls,
As offerings unto God.

The carvings at Melrose have all the effect of plastic work ; the stone has been made so tractable and ductile, that we might almost imagine that modellings had been taken from the herbs and wild-flowers of the neighbourhood, and had been fixed upon the walls and capitals, and there petrified by a magic stroke of art. This is greatly evidenced in the fragmentary remains of the cloisters, chiefly from the variety in the design. As a matter of course, the observant eye of Scott had noted this, and his truthful pen has recorded it :—

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glisten'd with the dew of night ;
Nor herb nor flower glisten'd there,
But were carved in the cloister arches fair.

And there we find them—the closest transcripts from nature. The curly kail is very prominent, and proves its adaptability as a model for decorative work. Ferns, trefoils, quatrefoils, acorns, fir-seeds, plantain leaves, house-leeks, and oak leaves may also be discerned twisting and twining round the capitals of the columns, and forming themselves into fillets and garlands for the arches of the door and canopies. The pilgrim's scallop-shell also appears among the foliage, and the rose of Melrose. Over the deeply-recessed seats of the cloister

there is a cornice, on which are sixty little square rosettes; each of these is carved with the utmost delicacy, and no two are alike.* The eighth west of the doorway shows the Scotch thistle very gracefully treated.

In all parts of the building the like delicacy of treatment is observed in the carved work, which is everywhere undercut with such 'conscientious' art, that the foliated work stands clear of the capital or key-stone.

The key-stone that lock'd each ribb'd aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Not all the corbels, however, are 'grotesque and grim;' for one represents a delicate hand projecting from the wall, and holding a group of flowers, from behind which spring the triple ribs of the arch. But others are of a less poetical nature; for while one or two show us

Angels that might from heaven have flown,

the greater part depict monks and nuns, evil spirits and demons, with startling fidelity.

From many a garnish'd niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

But 'frown'd' is too mild a term to express the contorted agony of their features, which painfully represent human suffering in its extremest point of agony. One boss, pieced with some other fragments, has been

* This is also the case with the hundreds of rosettes on the outer pinnacles of Roslin, very few of which are pairs.

erected into a species of showman's altar, and does duty for the effigy of Michael Scott, the wizard—he who

cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone —

though legendary lore is by no means unanimous on this point; one version ascribing the deed to the wizard, another to the foul fiend himself, who was only vanquished by a vain endeavour to twist a rope of sand. To what base uses do we come at last! When Michael Scott, the philosopher and man of science, went as ambassador to Norway to bring to Scotland that Maid whose funeral obsequies were civil wars, how little could he dream that he should thus become showman's property! And as for his (or his familiar's) feat of cleaving Eildon hills in three, or carrying the mass away in a spade and dropping it in three parts, unfortunately for the credibility of the story, its anachronisms are betrayed by the fact that the Eildon hills were marked out in Roman times as distinguished by their triple summits, and were, on that account, called *Tremontium*, and formed a station for a Roman camp, which is still to be seen, and from which there is a magnificent view. I did not see it, it is true, for I had not the leisure to toil to the summit of the hill; but that the Eildon camp commands one of the most extensive views in the district, is plainly stated in Black and White;* and Sir Walter Scott himself said, 'I can stand on Eildon hill, and point out forty-three spots famous in war and verse.' †

* See Black's *Picturesque Tourist of Scotland*, p. 152; and White's *Northumberland and the Border*, p. 316.

† See Cunningham's *Memoir of Scott*, originally published, in 1832, in *The Athenaeum*.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCOTT'S FAVOURITE ABBEY.

Ornamentation of Melrose Abbey—The 'East Oriel'—Scott Criticised—Turner and Ruskin—Photography's Check upon the Painter—Legend of the 'Prentice Window'—Scott's Mythical Moonlight View—Mrs. Stowe and other Visitors—Old John Bower and his Notable Device—His Topsy-turvy View—An Acrobatic Feat—Old Tombstone—An Anti-Knoxian Minister of Melrose—Tom Purdie's Tomb—A Faithful Servant.

IT would be but a useless and unsatisfactory task to describe the varied ornamentation of Melrose Abbey, as it appears before us *seriatim*, in our tour of the building. The elaborate devices, the decorated finials and brackets, the grotesque gurgoyles, the canopied niches (in one of which is a cripple on a blind man's back), the windows with their flamboyant traceries, the 'perpendicular' work crown of thorns, the open rose-work balconies—all these would only form a rich catalogue, without presenting any adequate idea of their beauties. An elaborate list of them will be found in Grose, which, with few exceptions, holds good to this day. But, hackneyed as is the theme, it is impossible to pass over all mention of that architectural marvel, the eastern window of the chancel, 'the east oriel' as Scott wrongly terms it, apparently having in his mind the 'orient' east; though an oriel really has nothing to do with the east, and was always something either recessed or

projected, and not a window in a level wall.* I am not aware that any writer has ever been able to improve upon Scott's description, which so well expresses † the light character of the tracery, as well as the slender shafts ('twixt poplars straight') which pass straight up to the arch, and have been held to be a feature of the perpendicular style:—

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

As exception has been taken to Scott's definition of *oriel*, so also one might be disposed to criticise his 'foliated tracery' (which consists of the plainest cusps), and the comparison of it to the twined osier wands—a description which would better suit the beautiful south transept window, where the flamboyant tracery assumes those curves which would be more nearly imitated by twisted osier wands, than the rectilinear forms of which the greater portion of the tracery of the east window is composed. But whether faulty or no in some of its architectural technicalities, Scott's poetical description will outweigh a score in prose.

Turner, Nasmyth, Prout, Roberts, Clennell, Cattermole, and nearly every landscape painter of eminence, has depicted Melrose. Turner's best known view is

* Elsewhere he speaks of 'each shafted oriel,' as though there were many 'oriels' in the building.

† Sir Walter, at any rate, was of this opinion; for, in his description of the window in his *Border Antiquities*, he says, 'Mr. W. Scott, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, gives a most perfect idea of it;' and then quotes the lines. (i. 97.)

that engraved in the 'Illustrations to Scott,' and takes in the sweep of the river; and Ruskin mentions it as 'a bold and characteristic example' of Turner's method of drawing distant rivers.* As a whole, the best and most satisfactory engravings of Melrose are those from the sketches of Mr. Billings, of whom, however, it may be said, that he delineates architectural subjects with such professional exactitude and completeness, that the decorative work, in many of his representations of ruins, looks as sharp and fresh as though it were just new. This is the case with his sketches of Melrose. If the visitor, for example, should expect to see so perfect an east window as Mr. Billings has depicted, he will be very much mistaken. In Mr. Billings' engraving of the exterior and interior of this window, there is not a flaw or breakage to be detected in any part of the mullions or tracery; but the fact is, that the tracery is very defective, the upper portions having been sadly broken. This may readily be proved by a reference to the beautiful stereographs by Wilson and Moffat. Photography exercises a most wholesome check on art; and painters of well-known spots that have been brought home to 'the million' through the medium of photography, cannot any longer 'fudge' with impunity.

A legend—and by no means an uncommon one, either here or on the Continent, and one which is well known in connection with the 'Prentice Pillar at Roslin—has attached itself to this window, which is traditionally known in the neighbourhood as 'the 'Prentice Window.' The story runs thus, differing, in fact, but little to the usual formula provided for this popular tradition:—The builder found a difficulty with regard to the construction

* *Modern Painters*, i. 361.

or design of the window, and could not proceed with it until he had gone to Rome for information. This he did; but, in his absence, his apprentice completed the window, and engraved, upon a scroll near to it, this couplet:—

The best mason of masonry,
Except the man that learned me.

The master returned, saw the window, and the couplet also, of which, unfortunately, he only read the first line; and when he had read it, being full of rage, he fell upon his apprentice and slew him. When the deed was done, he looked again to the couplet, and read the second line, in which the apprentice had assigned to him the preeminence. Struck with remorse at his cruel injustice and wicked deed, he then put an end to his own life. So runs the legend of Scott's wrongly-named 'East oriel.'

As to that other oft-quoted passage of his, commencing—

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight, &c.,*

we know that this was merely poetical imagery, and that (as Moore tells us) Sir Walter was a too practical and careful man to be haunting Melrose Abbey by moonlight. However, on the strength of his recommendation, it is the fashion to visit the ruins by the light of the moon; and they who endeavour to follow out the poet's suggestion are usually as unsuccessful as those who go up Snowdon to see the sun rise. I was told of one enthusiastic tourist who tarried five nights at 'The George,' determined to see the moon through

* Turner painted this moonlight view of Melrose for J. F. Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, Leeds.

the 'east oriel,' and to summon up before his imagination the painted form of triumphant Michael brandishing his cross of red. Of course he had chosen a season when the Almanack told him that the moon would be propitious, but he found the uncertain Scotch weather to be far otherwise; and on each of the five nights of his stay, the sky was dark and the moon obscured; and so he had to leave Melrose with his wish ungratified. What made his position more annoying was the fact, communicated by a good-natured friend, that the weather cleared on the evening of his departure, and the moonlight view of the Abbey was all that could be desired. Mrs. Stowe, it appears, was more fortunate. She says that she intended 'to walk the whole figure while she was about it' (whatever that may mean), and therefore went to see the Abbey by moonlight, and saw all that she wished to see, though her 'Sunny Memories' of the spot are irretrievably bound up with cherished memories of 'such a dish of mutton-chops' consumed by herself and party at the hotel.

In the days of John Bower, the Melrose guide of Scott's time, the difficulty of seeing the Abbey by moonlight when there was no moon was cleverly surmounted. 'In consequence of Scott's admonition,' says Washington Irving, 'many of the most devout pilgrims to the ruin could not be contented with a daylight inspection, and insisted it could be nothing unless seen by the light of the moon. Now, unfortunately, the moon shines but for a part of the month; and, what is still more unfortunate, is very apt in Scotland to be obscured by clouds and mists. Johnny was sorely puzzled, therefore, how to accommodate his poetry-struck visitors with this indispensable moonshine. At length, in a lucky moment, he devised a substitute. This was a great double

tallow-candle stuck on the end of a pole, with which he could conduct his visitors about the ruins on dark nights, so much to their satisfaction, that at length he began to think it preferable to the moon itself. "It does na licht up a' the Abbey at aince, to be sure," he would say, "but then you can shift it aboot, and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on one side."

'Another ingenious device on which the worthy little man prided himself,' says the same writer, 'was to place a visitor opposite to the Abbey, with his back to it, and bid him bend down and look at it between his legs. This, he said, gave an entirely different aspect to the ruin. Folks admired the plan amazingly; but as to the "leddies," they were dainty on the matter, and contented themselves with looking from under their arms.' This topsy-turvy view of Melrose is gravely recommended by John Bower in his printed 'Description of the Abbeys of Melrose,' published in 1813, and dedicated 'to Walter Scott, Esq., of Abbotsford.' The old guide thus directs the visitor:—'Turn your back to the building, stoop down, and look at it through your legs, when the effect is astonishingly grand, the defects of the ruin being but little perceived, as the whole assumes such a beautiful appearance as may be more easily conceived than expressed. The effect is perhaps produced partly from looking at the ruin, as it were, through a frame, and seeing nothing but itself; partly from the object being viewed by the eye invertedly' (p. 41). This peculiar aspect is chiefly to be taken at the south-east corner of the Abbey, the point of view so frequently chosen by artists; and as Melrose has been sketched so often, that it is well-nigh impossible to draw it from a fresh point, perhaps the next painter of the scene will be inclined

to accept John Bower's advice, and sketch it through his legs.

As he will have to stand among the tombstones to perform this acrobatic feat, he may, when he has sufficiently recovered, divert his attention by spelling out the following epitaph on a tombstone that bears no date, but has evidently braved the storms of two centuries:—

THE EARTH GOETH
ON THE EARTH,
GLISTRING LIKE
GOLD :
THE EARTH GOES TO
THE EARTH SOONER
THEN IT WOLD ;
THE EARTH BVILDS
ON THE EARTH CAST-
LES AND TOWERS :
THE EARTH SAYS TO
THE EARTH ALL SHALL
BE OVRS.*

The name of 'John Knox' upon another tombstone will also attract attention. He was the nephew of the cele-

* A good deal has been written about this inscription, or one something like it, for variations of it appear in many English churchyards, the 'wold' of the second line being often converted into 'mould,' e. g. 'The earth says to earth, we are but mould;' 'Earth goeth upon earth as mould upon mould.' In 1853, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* introduced it as 'An unpublished epigram by Sir W. Scott,'—a novelty which, of course, was soon contradicted. It seems probable that the original lines may be dated back to the time of Edward III., and were affixed to a wall-painting (discovered early in the present century) in the chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Stratford-upon-Avon. A facsimile was published at the time in an account of the paintings edited by J. G. Nichols, Esq. The lines are quoted in Wheler's *History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon*, p. 98, and in Longfellow's *Outremer*, p. 68. See also Pettigrew's *Chronicles of the Tombs*, p. 67; and *Notes and Queries*, 1st. s. vii. 498, 576; viii. 110, 353, 575; 3rd s. i. 389.

brated Reformer, and was the minister of Melrose, where he died in 1623.* His successor, Mr. Thomas Forrester, a poet, was an anti-Knoxian, and was accustomed to insert a special petition in the litany, to this effect:—‘Good Lord, deliver us from all the knock-down race of Knoxes.’ He also declared that the so-called Reformers had done more harm to the Christian religion than had been done by the Popes of Rome for ten ages. He also held that reading the liturgy was far preferable to preaching; and that those prayers ought to be used which were prescribed by the liturgy. His crowning sin was in saying that works of necessity might be done on the Sabbath; and in not only saying so, but also for bringing his corn on that day out of the field into his stack-yard. For this dereliction he was deposed by the Assembly at Glasgow in 1638; and Melrose knew him no more.

There is yet another tombstone in the graveyard of Melrose Abbey, which cannot be looked upon without crowding memories of the genius of the spot. It is that raised to the memory of Tom Purdie, the faithful friend and companion of an affectionate master, and it bears this inscription from Scott’s pen:—‘Here lies the body of Thomas Purdie, wood-forester at Abbotsford, who died 29th October, 1829, aged sixty-two years. “Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things,” Matt. xxv. 21.’

I commenced my memories of Melrose with the mention of him who, in the words of his other humble admirer—‘Johnny Bower,’ the guide of Melrose Abbey, ‘may be said to have lent its beauties a tongue, and

* The visitor’s attention may also be arrested, as he walks through the town of Melrose, by the names of ‘John Knox’ and ‘Walter Scott’ emblazoned over the shop-fronts of a baker and a draper.

principally contributed to its being now more generally known, and rendered it an object of much greater interest, not only in its more immediate vicinity, but to strangers;—and I may therefore fitly bring these Melrose memories to an end with this record of Scott's faithful servant, of whom, in the first crash of his shattered fortunes, his master was not forgetful, and could pen these lines in his diary:—‘ Poor Tom Purdie! such news will indeed wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's beside, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.’

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ABBOTSFORD.

The Scottish Mecca—Tourists and Sights—Black-mail Gratuities—Views of Abbotsford—Turner's Painted Romance—Sir Walter's Whim—Environs of Abbotsford—Cartley Hole—Its Purchase by Scott—Fact and Fiction—The Duke of Darnick—The Mansion swallows the Cottage—All Work and no Play—Annoyance of keeping Open House—The Two Lame Poets and their Activity—The Last Illness—A Good Man's Last Words—At the Gate of Abbotsford—Inside—Off our Heads—Impracticable Mnemonics—Water on the Brain—Who can Describe it?—The Study—Sir Walter's Chair and Clothes.

ABBOTSFORD is the Mecca of the Scotch tourists, and during the summer months the stream of pilgrims is incessantly flowing towards Scott's shrine. The cost to each one, coming by rail from Edinburgh, and returning thither within the day, can scarcely be less than thirty shillings; and a statistician may therefore calculate the wealth that is made to filter through Melrose through 'the magic of a name.' Carriages for Abbotsford form a summer institution in Melrose, that must be exceedingly remunerative to the landlord of The George Hotel, especially when taken in connection with luncheons, and, above all, with that terrible item in a hotel bill, 'apartments,' which appears to be 'a noun of multitude, signifying many' curious additions to the normal necessities of a traveller. A one-horse carriage to Abbotsford will cost you five shillings, with eighteen-

pence for the driver, and a sixpence for a turnpike. When you are there, Black's valuable 'Guide,' with some hesitation in pronouncing an opinion on so delicate a point, says that with regard to 'the gratuity payable to domestics, the amount will necessarily vary between prince and peasant, but 1s. for a single individual, and 2s. 6d. for parties not exceeding six, may be regarded as fair medium payments.' Regarded by whom? there 's the rub. Try the gentleman's gentleman who trots you through the show suite of rooms with a shilling for a single individual, and half-a-crown for parties not exceeding six, and note the expression of his features (which might be overlooked), and (which is more to the purpose) his consequent conduct. *Experto crede*. He was barely satisfied with half-a-crown from my wife and myself; but he turned upon a French family (with whom we had formed that confluent concourse of atoms which was necessary to make up the 'party' to view the rooms) and rejected their offerings with contempt. A scene thereupon followed, in which pantomime had to explain dialogue, and which terminated, as a matter of course, in the victory of the gentleman's gentleman, and the tax-paying of his opponents. Their intense delight, while going through the rooms, whenever they lighted upon any of the French presents to the illustrious novelist, must have been in strong contrast to the chagrin with which their tour of inspection was terminated by their enforced and involuntary present to that illustrious novelist's showman.

If you wish to go round the gardens, that, of course, is 'an extra,' and we know that all extras must be paid for. If, however, you fall into the hands of a guide of the Tom Purdie school, you will not regret it,

from the study of character which may thereby be obtained for the outlay of your shilling. But, if you desire to gain a good view of the exterior of the house, you will contrive to get yourself punted across to the other side of the Tweed, where you will see Abbotsford backed by a hanging wood, and, with its terraced garden, separated from the river by a wide flat meadow, and altogether unlike anything that Turner ever painted purporting to be a view of the spot. If you do not believe me, and are unable to see for yourself whether Turner's picture of the 'romance in stone and lime' is, or is not, a painted romance, by the author of 'The Fallacies of Hope,' then buy one of those admirable stereographs of Abbotsford, by Moffat, of Edinburgh, and compare the two. As the advertising grocers say, 'One trial will prove the fact.' I believe I am correct in saying that the waters of the Tweed cannot be seen from any of the windows of Abbotsford, although the banks of the river are discernible from thence. In short, the situation of Abbotsford is almost as bad as that of Melrose, both are 'down in a hole;' and it required as great an exercise of genius to convert Cartley Hole into Abbotsford, as it did to expand a popular legend into a novel that should delight the world. By ascending the highest ground on the farther side of the Tweed, the best general view of Abbotsford is obtained; and from the position indicated (to the N.W.), Sir Walter's whim assumes its finest proportions, and is invested with its most picturesque surroundings.

Indeed, with the exception of the Tweed, whatever there is that is picturesque in the near neighbourhood of Abbotsford, is, like the house, due to the constructive and creative mind of Sir Walter himself. The drive

thither from Melrose, after Darnick Peel has been passed, is so comparatively hideous, that it will be quite as well for the tourist to lounge back in his carriage, and closing his eyes to the scenery around, indulge in day-dreams, or in a retrospective review of the interesting history attaching to the world-famous spot to which he is journeying.

Sir Walter Scott's first sight of the spot on which his 'romance' was afterwards to arise, was when he was a young man, and travelling with his father. As their carriage approached the bleak spot, the father said, 'We must get out here, Walter, and see a thing quite in your line.' The carriage stopped midway up a gently rising ground; beneath them was the Tweed, and over against them was that defensive work of the Caledonians, called 'The Cat-rail.' It was the scene of a fierce clan fight between Scott's ancestors and the Douglasses; it was hard by Melrose, and close to Huntley Bank and the Rhymer's Glen, where Thomas of Ercildoun met the fairy queen. This spot was the Cartley Hole, the old farmstead which should hereafter be developed into the Scottish Mecca. Not yet, however, for it was not till the year 1811, when Sir Walter was forty years of age, that he was enabled to purchase the farm, and the first 100 acres of land. In 1813 and 1817 he completed the purchase, and could then congratulate himself on having attained his heart's desire of being a border laird. As soon as he had made his first purchase, he built himself a picturesque cottage, and as Cartley Hole was neither a pretty nor poetical name, he taxed his inventive genius to devise a new name for his estate and residence. It so happened that the Abbots of Melrose had driven their cattle across a ford in the Tweed, just below Cartley Hole. Sir Walter

seized upon this fact, and in a happy moment coined that magical word with which the world is familiar. From thenceforth, the ignoble Cartley Hole was lost in the illustrious Abbotsford.

In June, 1812, Scott hurried his family into the yet unfinished cottage, and there, amid all the bustle of workmen, plied his author's craft, keeping his *mens sana in sano corpore* by exercising his frame in daily work on the improvement of his property. 'In fact,' says Lockhart, 'that autumn he had no room at all to himself. The only parlour which had been hammered into anything like habitable condition, served at once for dining-room, drawing-room, and study. A window looking to the river was kept sacred as his desk; an old bed-curtain was nailed up across the room close behind his chair, and there, whenever the spade, the dibble, or the chisel (for he took his full share in all the work on hand) was laid aside, he pursued his poetical task, apparently undisturbed and unannoyed by the surrounding confusion of masons and carpenters, to say nothing of the ladies' small talk, the children's babble among themselves, or their repetition of their lessons.' Fact and fiction were simultaneously pursued, though the fabric of the author's brain grew faster than the building of the mason's craft.

In November, 1816, and October, 1817, he made additions to his cottage. At this latter date, too, he purchased that small property at Darnick, which we passed on our way from Melrose to Abbotsford. He was very proud of that massive old peel tower, which dated to the fifteenth century, and was the only specimen of the old Scottish feudal fortalice that remained in the neighbourhood. 'The Duke of Darnick' was a *sobriquet* that did not displease Sir Walter's ears. In 1821 he further extended his building plans. The old

cottage was now swallowed up; its rustic porch, covered with roses and jessamine, was the last to survive; and Sir Walter was so much attached to it, that he could not make up his mind to sign its death-warrant, until winter had robbed it of its beauties. Thus his house grew, faster than his groves and woods, though they were now springing apace, and the bleak hill-sides were covered with a thick growth of young birch, and fir, and oak, that was already making the spot look tolerably picturesque. Sir Walter, as was his wont, spent some of his indomitable energy in making himself a hewer of wood; and, after working as hard as any day-labourer, would betake himself to his desk, and work harder with his brain than with his body. Many of those delightful fictions that have instructed, solaced, and assisted to humanise mankind, were thus kept 'simmering' (as he called it) in his brain, the while he worked with his hands, and communed with Tom Purdie on the thinning of his plantations. With Sir Walter, it was truly 'all work and no play.'

Meanwhile, he was constantly adding to the stores of his museum and library, and was enriching his house with all kinds of curiosities (generally purchased at exorbitant prices), and spending upon his property more money than would have sufficed to purchase an estate four times as large. But this was the passion of his life—the Promethean vulture that was daily devouring him. Already his house, as he himself good-humouredly complained—was like a 'cried fair;' and he had not a corner in it that was free from intrusion. He delighted to see visitors flocking to gaze upon the architectural creation of his brain, although they came in such crowds as to occasionally tax even his forbearance; and on such occasions he would make a pretext of business, and fly

to some outlying part of his estate. Mr. Lockhart has given us a very pleasant picture of the sore-beset Sir Walter galloping over to their cottage at Cheifswood, to spend a quiet day freed from the annoyance of open-house keeping—his there writing a chapter of 'The Pirate,' and then busying himself with Tom Purdie and the woodmen.

Scott was fond of boasting (and that not idly) that he could ride upwards of a hundred miles without resting; and, indeed, he had accustomed himself, from his boyhood and after the days of his delicate infancy, to endure a great amount of bodily fatigue. It is curious that both Scott and Byron should have suffered from lameness, and should have so triumphed over that impediment, that the one was able to swim the Hellespont, and the other to walk thirty miles a-day. Scott frequently did this, in defiance of the incapacitating circumstance of his lameness, and felt his health considerably improved by the exercise. But, after such a walk, his brain all the time busy with his plots and dialogues, he would return home, and, sitting down to his desk, reel out his long line of brilliant fancies; and thus, although the scabbard was not a weak one, it was fast being worn out by the incessant use of its brilliant weapon.

Then came days of mental darkness, and bodily pain and prostration. When the last was come, and Naples could not give him health, he yearned for Abbotsford; and, as he would have it, came back there to die. As the carriage approached his much-loved home, he awoke from his torpor, and became greatly excited at once again seeing the old spots so very dear to him; and when, at length, at the distance of a mile, his eye caught sight of his own towers, he sprang up with a cry of delight, and

it required some force to keep him in the carriage. As Laidlaw helped to lift him into the house, he recovered his wandering senses for a moment, and sobbed 'Oh, Willie Laidlaw! oh, man, how often have I thought of you!' By this time, his dogs had gathered about his chair, and were fawning upon him, and licking his hand; he knew them again, and sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him. The mighty mind was shattered, but the body still lingered on for a weary two months; until, on the afternoon of the 21st of September, 1832, the sufferer was released. A gleam of consciousness was mercifully granted to him in his last moments; and to the friend at his bedside he addressed these memorable words, in which he condensed the precept and practice of his life:—'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' So died Sir Walter Scott.

By the time our retrospect has extended thus far, our driver pulls up, and sets us down at the gate of Abbotsford. The mansion lies at some short distance below the road, on the side of the hill that sweeps down to the Tweed. The gravelled path, railed off on the left-hand side, leads us down a sharp declivity to the stone wall of the kitchen garden; and, as we descend, we have an almost bird's-eye view of the house, with its crowd of pinnacles, turrets, and crow-stepped gables. There, too, is that porch, and the open-work screen across the flower-garden, with which the prints from Sir William Allan's picture have made us so familiar. The offices and back buildings are tolerably well-concealed by shrubs and trees; and above the roof-tops we see the lofty range of 'The Catrail,' on the other side of the Tweed.

Arrived at the house, we are admitted; and from thenceforth lose our heads entirely. Apart from the personal charm attaching to the home of Scott, and the thronging memories and fancies that must be awakened in the breast of the dullest dotard who stands for the first time within the walls of Abbotsford, every individual article about the 'show' portion of the house is so intrinsically interesting, and seems to claim so much attention, that the walk through the 'show' rooms at the heels of the servitor showman is a far more confusing and mind-disturbing task than the lionising of all the colleges of Oxford in half an hour (between trains), or the quick trot with which a country cousin is conducted through the hundred halls of the British Museum. The attempt to remember everything that you saw, and to assign to the individual articles their proper position and space, is an effort of memory of which I believe no professor of Mnemonics is capable. One object of interest displaces another, as you endeavour to recall the whereabouts of each; fragments of antiquity jostle modern gifts from crowned heads; and Mrs. Caudle's articles of 'bigotry and virtue' perform a mental waltz in your distracted brain with the portals of the Old Tolbooth, and the roof from Roslin Chapel. At the end of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour you emerge from the suite of rooms, which are as interesting and wonderful as any of the romances of their gifted creator; and you endeavour, it may be, to arrange your reminiscences, and to question yourself as to what you have seen in those brief minutes. The task is a perfectly hopeless one. You are mentally bewildered, and can thoroughly appreciate Stephen Blackpool's sensation, when he pronounced everything to be a muddle. The best thing you can do will be to

walk down to the Tweed-side, dip your head into its cooling stream, and endeavour for a time to forget everything about Abbotsford and Scott.

And even when this course has been successfully pursued, and gleams of consciousness are beginning to recur, it will be a hundred to one but you will make a terrible hash of describing the interior arrangement of the lower rooms at Abbotsford, as seen by you in your ten minutes' view. Where was the Linlithgow porch? and the door of 'the Heart of Midlothian?' and Erskine's pulpit? and the carved oak from Dunfermline? and the mosaic marble pavement from the Hebrides? The last was probably in the entrance-hall: but where were Pope's chairs and Byron's silver urn—in the drawing-room or the library? Then, we certainly saw a great deal of armour in other places beside the armoury; so that we might wrongly place the cuirassiers' breastplates from Waterloo. But we remember Rob Roy's Spanish barrell'd gun, marked 'R. M. C.' for Robert Macgregor Campbell; and we had a passing thought that it was with this gun that Rob Roy's son, Robin Oig, shot M'Laren for presuming to settle on his mother's land. We remember the light and sunny cedar drawing-room, with George IV.'s ebony chairs and carved cabinets; and the dining-room, with its black oak roof, and its ghastly picture of Queen Mary's head in a charger; and we should have wished to have lingered longer in this room, for it was here that Scott brought his well-spent life to a close. Was it here, though, or in the breakfast-room, that we pondered over Turner's water-colours, and were fetched up so sharply by our guide?

But out of all the bewildering muddle, Scott's study comes out distinctly. There is the small room with

its single window; there are the panelled walls of the lower half, and the well-filled book-shelves of the upper half; there is the light gallery running round the three sides of the room; and the door into Sir Walter's bedroom; and the staircase by which he could descend at any hour to his workshop. Above all, there, in the centre of the little room, are the two pieces of furniture used by him during the composition of works that have spread his fame throughout the world. There is the writing-table, and there is the black leather arm-chair, in which, I was told, 99 out of every 100 visitors wished to sit, and were very properly forbidden. Fancy, three or four excursion trains in a day, and every excursionist wishing to ensconce himself in the chair, and assist in rubbing it to destruction! The next thing will be, that the chair will have to be put under a glass case, like that last suit of clothes which Sir Walter wore, and which, protected from touch, now hang in the little closet that opens from the study. When N. P. Willis visited Abbotsford, he says: 'After showing us the principal rooms, the woman opened a small closet adjoining the study, in which hung the last clothes that Sir Walter had worn. There was the broad-skirted blue coat with large buttons, the plaid trowsers, the heavy shoes, the broad-rimmed hat, and stout walking-stick—the dress in which he rambled about in the morning, and which he laid off when he took to his bed in his last illness. She took down the coat and gave it a shake and a wipe of the collar, as if he were waiting to put it on again.' It is well that the coat is under a glass case; for if it was to be taken down, and shaken and wiped for the inspection of every visitor, the stoutest cloth would ere this have given way, even if the metal buttons had not been snipped off by acquisitive

sight-seers. Sleeping on the summit of Snowdon was supposed to be an infallible recipe for the manufacture of a Welch bard ; and it would seem as though sitting in Scott's chair was considered to be an incubation that would undoubtedly hatch a novelist. The attendant is quite right in refusing to foster such a delusion.

Yes ! however bewildering may be one's memories of that rapid walk through the show suite of rooms at Abbotsford, yet, out of the chaos of confusion, one little room comes before our minds with all its parts distinct and clear ; and whatever else about the house may fade from our memory, or only be recalled to it imperfectly and incorrectly, we shall never forget Scott's study.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROSLIN CHAPEL.

Scott's Cottage at Lasswade—His Friends and Pursuits—Rosabelle and the 'Lay'—Attractions of Roslin—Roslin Strawberries—A Roslin Excursion Fifty Years Ago—Something to suit all Tastes—Historical and Legendary Associations—Mr. Gladstone's Cerberian View—The Chapel—The Guide—The North Front—The Interior—Poetical Architecture—Thoughts in Stone—Billings' Views—Father Hay's Sketches—Grose's Method of Cooking a Sketch—Sculptured Foliage—Variety in Design—Singular Ornamentation—The Lady Chapel—Its Carvings and Restoration—Roslin Chapel Reopened for Divine Service.

EARLY in the present century a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, was tenanted by that famous sheriff of Selkirk, who, in immortalising himself, has so greatly benefited his country. At that time, Sir Walter Scott was happily married, was thirty years of age, and had an income of 800*l.* a year; and to the Lasswade cottage, and to the neighbourhood of his noble friends, Lord Melville and the Duke of Buccleuch, he 'escaped' (to use his own word) whenever the vacations of the Court permitted him so much leisure; and it was there that he spent the sunniest portion of some of his happiest years. Thither came his friend, Dr. John Leyden, borderer and balladmonger, and Sir John Stoddart also—the latter in search of materials for his 'Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland;' and Sir Walter guided him to

the spots he wished to see, Roslin and Hawthornden, and every other local celebrity. They talked of Southey and Coleridge, of the 'Metrical Ballads' and 'Christabel,' and their conversation gave the lame young poet a hint how to treat a subject that was then 'simmering' in his brain.

Scott was already celebrated as the author of 'The Border Minstrelsy,' then lately published; and his lovely neighbour, Lady Dalkeith, had asked him to compose a ballad on a certain goblin story. To hear was to obey, and the ballad was written. The conversation with Mr. Stoddart, as they strolled by Roslin's 'castled rock,' turned his thoughts in a new direction, and in due time the ballad became developed into the stately proportions of that poem which, under the name of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' was published in 1805, when its author was thirty-three years of age, and which at once took the reading world by storm, and formed the turning point of Scott's life. In his ballad of 'The Gray Brother' he had already celebrated the beauties that surrounded his summer residence at Lasswade; and of these, one was 'Roslin's rocky glen.' In his new poem he took advantage of a legend of the lordly owners of Roslin, the proud St. Clairs, and wove it into a 'piteous lay,' usually known as 'the dirge of Rosabelle,' and considered to be one of the most successful imitations of the old ballads.

In the year after this dirge of Rosabelle had directed special attention to Roslin, a coach was started to convey tourists to the spot, and a small inn was built for their accommodation. It was an easy journey, for the village lay but seven miles due south of Edinburgh, and being pleasantly situated on high ground over the romantic glen through which the North Esk river

winds its devious way, it well repaid a visit. There was the ruined castle, the wondrous chapel, and the lovely glen; there was something to please everyone's taste, and there were Roslin's famous strawberries to gratify their palates. With these combined attractions, and with the glamour of poetry thrown over the whole by the Northern Wizard's spell, the tourists' coach from Edinburgh to Roslin proved a grand success, and the little village awoke and found itself famous in song and in popular favour. Year by year the stream of visitors steadily increased—unlike other streams, swelling in the summer, and drying up in the winter—and now Roslin is the annual goal of thousands.

Before this period the Roslin strawberries had well-nigh been Roslin's chief attraction. To go to Roslin and eat strawberries was one of the proper things to be achieved by an inhabitant of Edinburgh during the summer months. Whatever might be the antiquarian, architectural, and natural attractions of the spot, yet they were in a measure secondary to the allurements of the delicious fruit. Dr. Alexander Campbell, writing of Roslin before Scott's 'Lay' was published, speaks of the beauties of the chapel being 'greatly over-rated;' but, at the mention of the strawberries, he cannot contain his raptures. 'It is incredible,' he says, 'what numbers crowd to this scene of sylvan delight, where the heart gladdens at the delicious feast; and, when wearied of ranging among the woods and cliffy precipices of the murmuring Esk, they return but to renew the toil in the song and the dance till morning dawns; for, before their horses are harnessed, and their curricles, chaises, and coaches are hurled from the courtyard, Phœbus, in full speed along the impurpled pathway of the east, meets them on their return home-

ward from the rural revels of a Roslin excursion. Such was one of the enjoyments of Edinburgh society at the end of the last century. The 'coaches,' however, were private ones; and the first stage-coach was that one for the tourists which (as in the case of the Trosachs' coach) may be said to have been started by Sir Walter Scott.

But we need not marvel at Roslin being so much visited by tourists from far and near. The manifold attractions of this charming spot are to be found in an unusual and extraordinarily beautiful combination of the most pleasing objects both in art and nature. Whatever the peculiar tastes and idiosyncrasies of the tourist may be, at Roslin he may depend upon having an opportunity to gratify them to the top of his bent. Is he a lover of fine scenery? What can be finer than that wide stretch of wild-looking, yet richly-cultivated landscape, bounded by the long range of the Pentland hills, whose varied outline will remind him (if he be a Worcestershire man) of his own loved Malverns; or, if he be a travelled Thane, of the higher heights of the Andes? Is he a lover of castle ruins? There is the once stately home of the St. Clairs, now battered and worn, but still possessing many evidences of its former grandeur. Is he an ecclesiologist? In yonder 'chapel' he will see a choir that is unique as an architectural gem. Is he an artist? Every yard of the ground will bring him to a fresh subject for his pencil, and he may pitch his tent here for months and months, and yet not be able to paint a tithe of Roslin's beauties. Is he a photographer? Here are pictures sufficient to fill his camera and bath for every working day during the summer season. Is he a poet? He may wander up yonder glen by the banks of the murmuring Esk river

to classic Hawthornden, or stand under Ben Jonson's sycamore, or roam through Drummond's halls and cypress grove. Is he a matter-of-fact utilitarian? There is the bleaching-mill, where the waters of the romantic Esk are compelled to wash out foul linen. Is he a retired manufacturer or millowner? Are there not paper-mills, carpet-mills, gunpowder-mills, and coal-mines close at hand? Is he a lover of history? At Roslin he is surrounded by scenes made famous by Bruce and Wallace, by Queen Mary and David Rizzio, by Robert III. and his Queen Annabella Drummond, by Comyn and Frazer, and by St. Clairs without end. Is he a true-blue politician? There, within sight, is 'Melville's beechy grove' and Melville Castle, where lived that great statesman to whom even Pitt accounted himself second. Is he of an antiquarian and archaeological turn? There is the old Roman road called 'The Cast' (*via ad castra*), the military camp at Mavisbank, and the tumulus at Pennycuik, where you might hope to unearth urns, fibulæ, and the spoils of war. Is he a lover of legendary stores? At Roslin he can learn of the grandeur of the St. Clairs—of the hair breadth escapes of Sir Alexander Ramsay in the caves of Hawthornden—of the day of the triple battle between the Scots and the English—of the laird of Gilmerton Grange, who fired the house in which were his beautiful daughter and that guilty abbot, her lover, so that both perished in the flames—of the lady of Woodhouselee, a white-robed, restless spectre, with her infant in her arms—of the Baron of Pennycuik, sitting upon the Buckstane when the king hunts at the Borough Muir, and winding those three blasts of the horn by which he holds the tenure of his property, and justifies his family motto, 'Free for a Blast'—and of the lass who waded

across the Esk, with passengers or baggage upon her back, a local legend which has adapted the ideas now connected with the modern sound of the word *Lasswade* to the old Anglo-Saxon *Laeswe weyde*, 'a well-watered pasture of common use.' Or, is the tourist to Roslin but a mere animal tourist, who likes to eat strawberries in a pretty spot, and to go to those places only where he will meet other tourists? Surely, at Roslin he may be gratified; for, if Smith goes there during the season without meeting with Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, he may feel well assured that they either *did* Roslin yesterday or will do it to-morrow. So, let us *do* Roslin at once. It is very evident that, whatever may be our tastes, those tastes will be abundantly gratified, and that even if we care for none of the aforesaid pursuits, but are merely of a botanical and fernery turn of mind, we can ramble through Roslin's rocky glen and fill our specimen box to our heart's content.

If I were inclined to take that Cerberean and clerical view of the subject which Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to bestow on most matters that are brought before him, I should class the attractions of Roslin under three heads—the Chapel, the Castle, and the Glen. These, indeed, are Scott's three points; and as this triple division is convenient for our purpose, let us accept it, and take the three lions of Roslin in their due order. And, first,

ROSLIN CHAPEL.

We pass through Roslin village to the wretched little inn, where we thank our stars that we have not to abide during our stay, but where we are directed to enquire for the guide. For, alas! the chapel has (on week-days,

at least) sunk to the level of a show, and is the appanage of this wretched public-house; and we cannot see the former but through the medium of the latter. The guide, however, has already gone to the chapel; for a coach-load of sight-seers have just come in from Edinburgh. So, we turn to the right, round the corner of the inn buildings, and are stopped by a wall, in which is a doorway surmounted by the carving of a coronet, a helmet, and a shield. At this door we are directed to knock; and we amuse ourselves with this pastime, and with airing our eyes at the key-hole until the guide has gathered his last sixpence from the coach-load of sight-seers, and can find time to admit us.

We pass into a small court, and stand before the north front of the chapel. There are five aisle windows and five clerestory windows, of varied ornamentation; seven buttresses, surmounted by crocketed pinnacles, and decorated with canopied niches, support the wall of the aisle; and flying buttresses strengthen the side of the clerestory. The buttresses of the porch over the north door are also rich in their ornamental details; and this first glimpse of the sunless side of the chapel satisfactorily whets the æsthetic appetite for the good things to follow.* Through the north door, and over a threshold worn by the horse-hoofs of Cromwell's troopers, and we are within the chapel. During the Parliamentary campaign the crop-eared Roundheads used the building for a stable; but, with unwonted

* The second edition of the 'Gazetteer of Scotland,' published in 1806, and bearing on its title-page the two great names of Constable and Murray, confines its description of the exterior of Roslin Chapel to the following sentence:—'The outside is ornamented with a variety of ludicrous sculpture.' *Chacun à son goût*; but the Scotchman who wrote this must have been more easily amused than his fabled countryman, from whom it was so difficult to get a joke.

mercy, did not break down the carved work thereof; and we see it, therefore, in something of its pristine beauty.

For Roslin Chapel is not a ruin. It has glazed windows, and a stone roof covered with lead; its pillars are all upright, and its arches are unbroken. It is merely an unfinished thought in stone, like Cologne cathedral; but it is one of those architectural wonders whose intricate beauties and peculiarities extort our admiration while they baffle description. If, as Ruskin says, 'there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men—poetry and architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in reality,' why, here we have the very presence of poetical architecture. Here are all the fine poetic thoughts of those old monastic architects expressed in stone, and as powerfully appealing to the senses after the lapse of centuries, as when they first left their designers' hands. It is difficult to describe such a building, so as to give a tolerable idea of it to anyone who has never seen it. The pencil can here do a much better service than the pen; and the chapel has been so frequently sketched that its general appearance and particular beauties must be familiar even to those who have never been out of England. Its 'Prentice Pillar, indeed, has been represented times out of number—one cannot say *usque ad nauseam* with such a graceful subject for the pencil; and I suppose that the London season is never without some picture of Roslin Chapel in some one of its exhibitions.

And what labour it is to endeavour to represent with exactitude that *pêle-mêle* of architectural beauties, let any sketcher tell. Mr. Billings ought to know more about it than anyone else; for he must have passed in that chapel many days of patient toil before he could

have produced those seven engravings which are the most faithful pictorial records of Roslin's gem. In some respects they are much more satisfactory than photographs, the light being difficult for the latter as regards the interior views; but combine the two (and there are some admirable photographs of the 'Prentice Pillar, &c.) and the reader will have as clear an idea of the original as it is possible to gain without a visit to, and close inspection of, the building.

Close indeed must that inspection be ere its many beauties can be discerned; for one of the chief characteristics of the chapel is its bewildering variety. There are thirteen different kinds of arches; while endless diversity marks the prolific ornamentation of the architraves, the capitals of the pillars, the window traceries, the crocketed pinnacles, the flying buttresses, and the five compartments of the Gothic roof. Canopied niches and bracket pedestals are lavishly scattered over the exterior and interior, but display great variety in their decorations. It seems doubtful whether or no they were ever filled with figures. Slezer's and Father Hay's sketches* depict statues in abundance; but their accuracy has been impugned. Perhaps they were made and embellished much after the same fashion as many of those published by Grose, wherein the imaginative fancy of a second artist, who had never seen the places

* These sketches were pen-and-ink drawings. Father Hay was a cadet of the Roslyn family. His manuscript, in three folio volumes, entitled 'A Genealogie of the Saint Claires of Roslyn, including the Chartellary of Roslyn, by Father Richard Augustine Hay, Prior of St. Pieremont,' is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. It is dated 1700. This manuscript, illustrated with seven fac-similes of the sketches, was published in 1836, in small quarto, edited by James Maidment; but, as the edition was limited to 120 copies (12 being on large paper, price two-and-a-half guineas), it is, comparatively, but little known.

depicted, was brought into play to heighten the effect of the original sketch by the first artist. Grose's method of cooking a sketch was this:—It was first drawn by a friend, or by his own man-servant; it was then 'improved' by himself; and it was then put into shape, decorated, and served up on a plate by the engraver; a process which sufficiently accounts for the inaccuracy of the greater part of his illustrations.

An idea may be formed of the variety of the ornamentation if I enumerate some of the leading designs; though it must be remembered that the figures and grotesques are by no means so prevalent as subjects taken from natural foliage, such as the hart's-tongue fern, the curly kail, the trefoil, oak-leaves, flowers, &c.* Wordsworth was so struck by their prevalence and beauty, that the latter half of his sonnet, 'Composed in Roslin Chapel,' is devoted to their praise:—

From what bank
Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown,
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

The only repetition in the ornamentation of the building is with the rose (as though the word was derived from Rose-lin); the sculptured roses are prodigally scattered over the building, both outside and in; and hence it is that Sir Walter Scott, who is always so exact and descriptive in his adjectives and epithets, speaks of

Every rose-carved buttress fair.

* The floral sculptures on the corbels and capitals of the Oxford University Museum may worthily vie with the gems of Roslin and Melrose.

Of designs on the capitals of the pillars may be mentioned the following:—Thirteen angels playing various musical instruments, one of them (a truly national idea) being that far-from-heavenly instrument, the bagpipe! a warrior, with helmet, sword, and spear; a monk drinking (something stronger than water); a soldier; a queen; a female praying; a crouched figure of death; a female in a chair; an elephant; Samson slaying the lion; two hands grasping cockle-shells; the lamb and flag; two doves; the prodigal son feeding swine; the crucifixion, with nine figures, and the disciples regarding it from afar—i.e. the next pillar. Of designs on brackets and elsewhere may be mentioned:—The descent from the cross; the angels rolling away the stone from the sepulchre; the twelve apostles and four primitive martyrs with their respective emblems; and flowers sprouting from the empty sockets of a skull. Outside the building we see St. Sebastian bound to a tree and pierced by arrows, two soldiers holding the ropes at his feet, and crouching so as to avoid the arrows; and St. Christopher, staff in hand, carrying the infant Saviour on his shoulders across the river. Of designs on the architraves may be mentioned:—A fox carrying off a goose, which a pursuing farmer endeavours to rescue; Samson pulling down the house of the Philistines; the Dance of Death, in which are represented a king, a courtier, a cardinal, a bishop, a lady ‘admiring her portrait’ (query? looking into a mirror), an abbess, an abbot, a farmer, a husband and wife, a child, a sportsman, a gardener, a carpenter, and a ploughman; a bishop, in full pontificals, giving the blessing; the Vices, represented by the proud Pharisee, the drunkard, the careless shepherd, the rich fool, the miser, and the sinful lovers, while the devil in the dragon’s mouth stretches

out his claws for his prey; the Virtues, represented by the clothing of the naked, the leading of the blind, the visiting of the sick, the feeding of the hungry, the comforting of the fatherless, the visiting of the prisoner, and the burial of the dead; a bishop and St. Peter with the key; the nine orders of angels; and a scroll with this inscription in Lombardic characters, 'Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincet veritas.—I. Esd. Chap. III. ver. 10–12.' This last-mentioned architrave connects the south wall with the 'Prentice Pillar.

The Chapel consists of a chancel with aisles, and an eastern (or Lady) chapel, elevated one step above the rest of the building, and separated from it by a double row of three pillars. The Lady Chapel is much lower in height than the rest of the building, its arched roof being only fifteen feet above the pavement, while the height of the chapel roof is nearly forty-one feet. The four altars that were in the Lady Chapel still remain; and Sir William St. Clair, in his charter of 1523, mentions them as being dedicated to St. Matthew, the Virgin Mary, St. Andrew, and St. Peter. The roof of this chapel is groined, and the ornamentation is as elaborate as it is beautiful. At the keystones of the arches are pendants two feet long, enriched with sculptured foliage and figures, in which we see the Star of Bethlehem, the Virgin and her Babe, the three Magi, and the Angel of Death. This beautiful building was sadly defaced at the Revolution of 1688, and was in danger of falling into ruins, had not General St. Clair (in the middle of the last century) rescued it from destruction by putting it into complete repair. The first Earl of Rosslyn also showed his care for the building; but the present earl has carried the work of restoration

to such a commendable extent, that (if I was rightly informed) he has already laid out 3,000*l.*, chiefly in the renewal of the delicate carvings of the Lady Chapel. All the sculpture (including that of the 'Prentice Pillar) has been gone over with the chisel, and, where it was needed, has been replaced by new stone. I was told that this work of restoration had been suggested by her Majesty, who was much impressed with the peculiar beauty of the building, and was desirous that so unique a gem should be preserved to the country. The Lady Chapel is the burial-place of the Rosslyn family; and the present earl has opened the chapel for divine service; so that no longer will 'Christian rites be wanting' there:

The wind is now thy organist;—a clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell
 To mark some change of service. As the swell
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank
 The notes, in prelude, Roslyn! to a blank
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
 Pillars, and arches—not in vain time-proof,
 Though Christian rites be wanting.

Thus, owing to the liberality of the Earl of Rosslyn, the last line of Wordsworth's sonnet is now inapplicable. It was on Easter Tuesday, April 22, 1862, that Roslin Chapel, furnished with proper fittings,* was opened for the service of the Scottish Episcopal Church, for the benefit of the Episcopalian residents of the district. The service was conducted by the Bishops of Edinburgh and Brechin, assisted by Mr. Cole, the incumbent, and other clergymen. The sermon was preached by the

* The expense of these was defrayed by a subscription raised by Lady Ellen and Miss Wedderburn.

Bishop of Brechin, from Psalm xxvi. 8 : ‘ Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth ;’ and his discourse was mainly a defence of the application of the highest art to the uses of religion.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LEGENDARY AND ARCHITECTURAL.

The 'Prentice Pillar and its Legend—Other Derivations—The Lower Building—Legend of the Supernatural Illumination—The Uncoffined Barons—The Last Laird of Roslin—The Sinclairs and Freemasonry—The Friend of Bruce—Legend of the White Deer—Help and Hold—The Guide's Performance—Paul Pry Visitors—A Decanal Family—Scott-ish Sticklers for the Gothic—Architectural Purists—Coleridge's Five Sights.

THE chief and most notable example of high art in Roslin Chapel is the end pillar in the south-east corner of the Lady Chapel, commonly known as 'the 'Prentice Pillar.' Mr. N. P. Willis did not very accurately describe it, when he called it 'a singular column of twisted marble, most curiously carved, standing under the choir;' for the column is not under the choir, neither is it marble, nor twisted. Its material, in fact, is red and white sandstone; and around its straight shaft are twisted four spiral wreaths or bands of flowers, separated eighteen inches from each other, and each wreath sculptured with its own peculiar flower. The pillar, like all the others in the chapel, is only eight feet high,* so that the sculpture on its capital can be plainly seen. It represents the angel with the bagpipe and another

* In nearly all the published views of the interior of the chapel, the human figures, therein introduced, are drawn so disproportionately small, that the pillars, &c., are made to look far loftier than they really are.

figure at its feet; Isaac lying on the altar, with the ram caught in the thicket, and Abraham with uplifted hands. The patriarch's figure is on the architrave connecting the Prentice Pillar with the one to the west; and on the architrave connecting it with the pilaster on the wall of the south aisle, is the Latin sentence from Esdras, before mentioned. Around the base of the pillar are dragons entwined and chained. The sculpture throughout is equally bold and delicate; the flowers and figures stand out in full relief, and the guide thrusts straws through them to point out the *basso relievo* to those feeble minds that might otherwise overlook it. He also duly tells the wonderful tale of the origin of the pillar—how the model was sent from Rome; how the master-mason couldn't at all accomplish the work without going to Rome to look at the original; how, in his absence, an apprentice set to work at the pillar, and plied his chisel with such skill and dexterity, that, when his master returned, he beheld the completed work; and finally, and to conclude, how the master, being thereupon enraged, smote the 'prentice on the head with a hammer. Indeed, to corroborate his legend, the guide points out three stony heads in the south-west part of the Chapel which represent the master-mason, the weeping mother, and the 'prentice with the wound upon his head, denoted by a dab of red paint. It was Grose who pointed out that the head which is passed off for that of the apprentice represents a bearded old man.

The truth is, that such legends are as common as blackberries; and similar stories have been told of other buildings. The legend of the famous Rose window at Rouen is that of the Roslin pillar, *totidem verbis*. 'On visiting this Chapel,' said Dr. A. Campbell,

in 1802, 'one is obliged to submit to hear the ridiculous nonsense of its traditionary history; but a freemason will be able to divine the main drift of the legendary tale.'* The legend of the Pillar is a portion of the tale; for, according to tradition, all the designs for the chapel were executed at Rome, and the founder, by bestowing great rewards to the workmen, attracted to the spot the best artificers in the island, as well as from the continent; and in 1446 the building was commenced as a collegiate church, but was never completed, in consequence of the death of the founder in 1484; by which time only the choir and the east wall of the transept had been built, in which state it remains to the present day, the western apertures being merely closed in with a blank wall. This founder of the Chapel was William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney; and, according to Slezer, the chief pillar in the building was called after him 'the Prince's Pillar.' Perhaps those who handed down this tradition improved it by grafting upon it the popular story of the murdered workman, and changing 'Prince' into 'Prentice.' Others have imagined that it was called the Prince's (or Prince) Pillar merely because it was the chief pillar. It may be asked, Why should this column be made so superior to the others, when it has not a central situation—for it is the end pillar out of three? The reason probably is this, that it is the nearest pillar to the high altar of the Virgin. This altar is raised two steps above the floor; and underneath it is the flight of twenty-two steps leading down to a building erected eastward of the Chapel, and on the slope of the hill, which descends so

* See a few pages in advance for the last Laird and Freemasonry.

abruptly, that the eastern window of this building is some few feet above the exterior soil.

This building is variously called by the names of chapel, crypt, sacristy, or vestry, according to the fancy or theory of the writer; and its probable use, says Mr. Burn, 'has been a subject of sad puzzling to antiquarian brains. Was it a chapel, as generally asserted? Under the eastern window there was the stone altar; there is the piscina and the aumbry for the sacramental plate—but what else? a fire-place (which has its chimney), a goodly array of closets, a doorway once communicating with the outside, and a second door leading to an inner room or rooms. Its domestic appurtenances clearly show it to have been the house of the priestly custodier of the chapel, and the ecclesiastical types first named were for his private meditations; and thus the puzzle ceases.'

In the dirge of Rosabelle, Sir Walter Scott has preserved the popular tradition that Roslin Chapel was supernaturally illuminated on the death of any member of the Rosslyn family.*

Seem'd all on fire that Chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.
Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.
Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

* 'It happened to the present writer, one clear evening, to be walking in the neighbourhood of Roslin, when he was startled from thinking

Although there is but one pillar 'foliage-bound,' the reference herein contained to the burial custom is strictly correct; for Father Hay mentions that the first baron who was buried in a coffin was his own father.* And this was done, he says, 'against the sentiments of James VII., who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother (Jean Spottiswood, grandniece of Archbishop Spottiswood) would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner.' The great expense she was at in burying her husband occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following Parliaments.† Ten of these uncoffined barons of Rosslyn were buried in their full armour within a vault, under a large flagstone, between the north wall and the third

of other things by the appearance, through the branches of the trees, by what seemed a row of bright red smokeless furnaces. It was a fine setting sun, shining straight through the double windows of the Chapel; while otherwise, from the particular point of view, its influence on the horizon was scarcely perceptible. The phenomenon had a powerful effect on the vision; but it was more that of ignition than of sunlight, from the rich red which often attends Scottish sunsets. Though the setting sun doubtless pierces through many other double ranges of windows, yet perhaps there were few which, a couple of centuries ago in Scotland, could have rendered it with the same remarkable effect. It may be observed that the position of the building is the most appropriate that could be chosen, had its builder desired to produce this effect. It is on the summit, not properly of a hill, but of a ridge of elevated ground, parallel with a great portion of the country south of the ravine of the Esk, while northward and westward there are no near hills sufficiently high to intercept the level rays which pass through the double lines of windows.'—Billings' *Antiquities of Scotland*, vol. iv.

* Sir Wm. Dunbar, buried 1650: 'He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoilt except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner in their armour. Late Rosline, my gud father, was the first that was buried in a coffin.'

† The Act was passed in the year 1681.

and fourth pillars of the Chapel. This was before the year 1690; and it is said that on the vault being opened eighty years afterwards, the ten bodies were found in a perfect state of preservation. When the Roslin guide comes to this spot, he stamps upon the flagstone, and the ringing echo which is produced attests to the presence of the vault beneath. Scott's ballad says—

There are *twenty* of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle.

This is not strictly correct, though sufficiently near the truth for poetic purposes. The last laird of Roslin was buried there within modern times. Sir Walter Scott knew him well, and tells us that he was a genuine Scottish laird of the old stamp, the lineal descendant of the high race who first founded the castle in which he lived, and the last male of their long line. He was of commanding stature and appearance, and unrivalled in manly sports which required strength and dexterity. He was uniformly known by his patrimonial designation of 'Roslin,' and would probably have deemed it an insult in any who might have addressed him as Mr. Sinclair. He was buried beside the armoured barons, 'betwixt two of the pillars of the Chapel, the bases of which are slightly indented to make way for his corpse, in consequence of his uncommon stature.'* He was head of the Royal Company of Archers, and possessed the hereditary office of Grand Master of the Scottish Masons, but surrendered to the brotherhood the right of electing that officer for the future—for which renunciation of an ancient privilege his memory is always remembered among the flowing cups of the fraternity.

Father Hay's MS. shows that the Sinclairs were great

* Sir W. Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*, 368-370.

barons of the masonic craft. The deacons, masters, and freemen of the masons and hammermen within the kingdom of Scotland acknowledge, in a curious document, 'that the lairds of Roslin has ever been patrons and protectors of us and our privileges: ' and, while acknowledging the good effect of their patronage, and praying for its continuance, they concede 'full power to him and them, he themselves, their wardens, and depute to be constitute he them, to affix and appoint places of meeting for keeping of good order in the said craft, als oft and ma oft as need shall require, all and sundry persons that may be known to be subject to the said vocation to make he called, absent to amerce, transgressors punish, unlawes, casualties, and other duties whatsoever pertaining or belonging, or that may befall to be payed of whatsoever person or persons subject to the said craft,' &c. &c. This document (1630) is signed by the masters of 'the Lodge of Dundee,' with 'our hands att the pen led be the Notar, undersubscribeand at our commands, becaus we can not writ.' And in Wilson's 'Archæology of Scotland' is given a transcript of twenty-two of the mysterious little signs called 'mason's marks' found on the stones of Roslin.

But, besides the ten barons and the last of the lairds just mentioned, there is yet another of the old lords of Roslin who is buried within the Chapel walls, and to whom a legend pertains. This is Sir William St. Clair of Roslin, the friend of Robert Bruce, whose tomb is supposed to be marked by a flat stone (on the floor between the fourth and fifth pillars, from the west end, in the north aisle), on which is the incised figure of a man in armour, his hands joined in prayer, and a greyhound at his feet. On the capital of one of the nearest pillars are carved the figures of a man and a deer; and

both the tomb and the figures are supposed to refer to the following traditional story, which is told in Father Hay's Memoir :—Near to Roslin are the Pentland hills, where King Robert Bruce had often hunted a white deer, whose fleetness had, as often, baulked the royal hounds. In despair, the king asked his nobles if they had any dogs who would be more successful than his own; when Sir William St. Clair of Roslin at once pledged his head that his two favourite dogs, 'Help' and 'Hold,' would kill the deer before it could cross the March burn. The king at once accepted the offer, and promised to give the forest of Pentland Moor to the knight if he won his wager. On the appointed day Sir William was on the Pentland with 'Help' and 'Hold,' and the King was posted on a point from whence he could view the chase. The white deer was started by some slow hounds; and, at the fitting moment, 'Help' and 'Hold' were slipped. Away they went, Sir William galloping after them. He overtook the white deer just as it had reached the March burn; and, throwing himself from his horse, endeavoured to bar its progress. All would have been in vain, had not 'Hold,' at that very moment, seized upon the deer, and 'Help' turned it from the burn, and killed it close by Sir William's side. The King came down to him and embraced him; and granted him in free forestry the lands of Logan House, Kirkton, and Carnraig. In the crisis of his fate, Sir William had cried to St. Katherine to aid him; and, in gratitude for her fancied interference, he built the Chapel of St. Katherine, in the Hopes, on the Pentland hills. The hill from whence the monarch viewed the chase is still called 'the King's Hill;' and the place where Sir William hunted is yet known by the name of 'the Knight's Field.'

The Roslin guide gives a version of this legend, and quotes, as Sir William's invocation on the occasion, this couplet :

Help! Hold! gin ye may!
Or Rosslyn tynes his head this day.

The guide also adds the perfectly erroneous statement, that Sir William, in gratitude for his deliverance, built Roslin Chapel; confounding the baron of the legend with his descendant, 'the Prince of Orkney,' who lived more than a century later.

On the day on which I was making a sketch of the interior of the Chapel, I suffered the pain of hearing the guide go through his monotonous stereotyped performance of reciting the 'Help and Hold' legend and couplet, and stamping upon the vault of 'Roslin's barons bold' more times than I should venture to enumerate; for the day was fine, and the visitors were incessant, following each other in such rapid groups that the pecuniary results of those hours of sunshine must have been exceedingly cheering to the guide.* Since then I have never been able to look at a sketch of the interior of Roslin Chapel without hearing, in imagination, that dreadful couplet and that ringing stamp. I would have paid the guide liberally if I could have been shut up alone in the Chapel for an hour or two, and allowed to make my sketch in peace, with no showman's talk or visitors to distract the mind from its absorbing occupation.

For, in truth, it was one of the most difficult of sketches, and taxed far greater powers than mine.† The

* There is an engraving (whole length, 8vo.) of one of his predecessors, 'Annie Wilson, show-woman of Roslin Chapel.'

† In the *Art Journal* for Nov. 1, 1849, is an essay on 'Linear

multitudinous intricacies of the carved work were sorely trying both to eye and finger; and I felt the task of faithfully copying them to be so arduous, that I had shrunk from it, and had left that sketch until the last. I was, unhappily, the slave of a fated programme, which could not be interfered with; and the inevitable time of departure had come, and with it, my last day at Roslin, and my last chance for sketching the interior of its wondrous Chapel. The drawing must be made now or never. Sorely did I repent that I had left it until a day when the hot sun had brought out the swarm of gadfly visitors: but regrets were too late; and I buckled-to at my work in a state of artistic desperation, the while the guide walked his dreary round and took up his wondrous tale, and his recurring flocks distracted my attention, stood in my way, and looked over my drawing with that perfect freedom from bashfulness which distinguishes the British tourist.

One old gentleman, in the orthodox black gaiters, shovel hat, and little-old-woman-cut-shorter apron of an English dean, was especially obtrusive, and could not have been more searchingly personal in his questions if I had been a minor canon of his cathedral, and had been hauled up before him for irreverently intoning on Z flat instead of F sharp. With him were three young ladies, whose hats were also somewhat of the shovel fashion, and whose manners were quite as Paul-Pryish as those of their estimable papa. They returned to me again and again to see how my sketch was progressing, were remarkably free in their criticisms and suggestions,

Perspective,' by Mr. W. G. Herdman, of Liverpool, in which he illustrates his system by references to an outline drawing of the interior of Roslin Chapel, in painting which he says, that his 'attention was first awakened to the fact, that the present laws of perspective are not founded on our vision of nature.'

and were so excessively curious to know whom I was, and whether I was an amateur or 'only an artist,' that I began to despair of getting rid of them unless I recited the history of my life after the manner of young Norval. If this interesting decanal family should see these pages, I trust that, if they recall their Roslin visit, their then curiosity may now be gratified. All that I can say is, that I was deeply thankful when the papa bustled up to his three daughters and said, 'I am afraid, my dears, we must be going. We have Hawthornden and Dalkeith to see before we get back to Edinburgh.' They were evidently hardworking tourists. And so they went, and left me to my work; and the sun was setting before I had put the last stroke to the foliage-bound Prentice Pillar.

Much has been written of the architectural characteristics of Roslin Chapel; and Scott-ish sticklers for pure Gothic tell us many things to disparage our beautiful gem. It is such an eccentric production (they say); there is nothing of the legitimate Gothic about it; it is a mere barbarous nonentity—a mad medley of the baronial and ecclesiastical, with a snatch at all the developements of Gothic architecture in their various stages. It has no definite style; it is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring; it is neither Roman, Saxon, Norman, Gothic, Saracenic, Tudor, nor Grecian. Look (say these dreadful purists) at its squat and stumpy form, and compare its structural features with the perfection of Melrose! Why, this Roslin is merely a pound-cake encrusted with rich devices—a stumpy Dutchwoman laden with jewels! Where (they ask triumphantly), where will you find at Roslin any cryptic decoration, as you do at Melrose? In Roslin, everything is intended for the eye; there is no silent

architectural homage to Him to whom the temple is reared—no sumptuous carved-work where it cannot be seen but by the closest scrutiny. Look, for example, at that ornamental band where it turns yonder corner! press yourself into that corner (you may do so with some little difficulty and squeezing), and you will perceive, that where the work is considered to be out of sight, there the decoration has ceased. Now, sir, I turn a deaf ear to your *cui bono* remark, and ask—Would your legitimate Gothic have done this?

Of course, remonstrance and argument with such a purist are alike superfluous and useless; and we who admire Roslin as unhesitatingly as we would admire a rose, or a landscape, or a picture, or a beautiful woman, without casting about for any strict rules wherewith to fetter our admiration, are snubbed in our ecstasies, and are told to go to Melrose. Very well! let us go to Melrose by all means: but I, for my part, was glad that I had paid a visit to Melrose before I became acquainted with Roslin. The one may be pure and legitimate, and the other may be eccentric and florid; but, beautiful as was Melrose, I preferred its smaller rival—more especially when taken in connection with the Castle and the Glen. Coleridge pronounced the five finest sights in Scotland to be Edinburgh, the Fall of Foyers, Loch Lomond, the Trosachs, and the view of the Hebrides from Argyleshire; which leads me to believe that Coleridge never visited Roslin, or he would have added it to his list.

From the leads of the building* on to which I mounted, there is (on a sunny summer's day) the most

* This position is so excellent for a panoramic view that it was one of the places selected by the Ordnance Surveyors from which to make their observations.

lovely view; in which respect, at any rate, everyone must allow that Roslin on the hill has the preeminence over Melrose in the plain. Hawthornden is a short distance to the left, embosomed in woods; the Glen lies beneath and before us; and the ruins of the Castle are just below us to the right. Let us pay them a visit.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Early History of Roslin Castle—Stormy and Palmy Days—The Prince of Orkney's Court—The Blind Rat and the Whelps—An Accidental Fire—Position of the Castle—The Ruins—Cardonnel's Etchings—The Courtyard—The Modern House—Its Modern Plague—Framed and Glazed—An uncomplimentary Guide—Avernus—The Baron's Retainers and their Bed-rooms—The Little-ease and Dungeons—The Garden and Postern—View from the opposite Bank—The Past and Present.

THE origin of the building of Roslin Castle, like the authorship of the ballad of 'Roslin Castle,' is not known. The first fortalice may perhaps have been built by 'the seemly' St. Clair, who came over with the Conqueror, and to whom, about the year 1100, a portion of the barony of Roslin was granted by Malcolm Canmore. But history is silent concerning the Castle until the reign of James II., when (in 1455) Sir William Hamilton was confined therein for engaging in the rebellion raised by Douglas against the King, but was soon after released and taken into the royal favour. When Henry VIII. was incensed against Scotland for the rupture of the marriage treaty between his son, the Prince Edward, and that infant Queen of Scots whose chubby face still smiles upon us from the copper 'bawbees' struck at her coronation, he invaded the country, destroyed Leith, burnt Craigmillar, and demolished Roslin. This was in

1544. Rebuilt, it was once more battered down, in 1650, by General Monk, and those Cromwellian troopers who stabled their steeds in the 'proud chapelle;' and, on the night of December 11, 1688, the destruction of the castle and chapel was completed by the fury of a lawless mob from Roslin and Edinburgh. The triple tier of vaults, and the massive fragments of shattered walls attest the former strength of the fortress. The walls are formed of blocks of red sandstone, and have an average thickness of 9 feet. The length of the castle is 200 feet, by 90 feet in breadth. Over the vaults is a comparatively modern house, still inhabited during the summer months; 'S.W.S. 1662,' is inscribed above the door, being the date of its erection by Sir William St. Clair; and the ceiling of the dining-room is enriched with ornaments and the arms of the family.

Thus Roslin has had its stormy days of siege and battle, including that busy day of the 24th of February, 1303, when the English and Scotch met near to Roslin, and the three armies of the former were successively vanquished by the latter:—

Three triumphs in a day!
Three hosts subdued by one!
Three armies scattered like the spray
Beneath one summer sun.

But Roslin has also seen its palmy days of baronial magnificence, and none grander than when the founder of the chapel, William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, kept his court there, in the middle of the fifteenth century. Father Hay tells us how he 'was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master-household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver. He had his halls

and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all journies; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Black Fryar's Wind, 80 lighted torches were carried before her.'

One of the gentlewomen of this magnificent Princess had well-nigh burnt down the castle in 1447. It seems that Edward Sinclair, of Dryden, was on his way to Roslin to hunt with the Prince, when he met a great company of rats, and, among the rest (says Father Hay), 'one old blind lyard one with a straw in his mouth, led by the rest, whereat he greatly marvelled, not thinking what was to follow; but, within four days after, viz. the feast of St. Leonard, the Princess, who took great delight in little dogs, caused one of the gentlewomen to go under the bed with a lighted candle, to bring forth one of them that had young whelps, which she doing, and not being very attentive, set fire on the bed, whereat the fire rose and burnt the bed, and then passed to the ceiling of the great chamber in which the Princess was, whereat she and all that were in the dungeon (donjon) were compelled to fly. The Prince's chaplain seeing this, and remembering of all his master's writings, passed to the head of the dungeon where they were. The news of this fire coming to the Prince's ears through the lamentable cries of the ladies and gentlewomen, and the sight thereof coming to his view in the place where he stood, viz. upon the College Hill, he was sorry for nothing but the loss of his charters and other writings;

but when the chaplain, who had saved himself by coming down the bell-rope tied to a beam, declared how his charters and writs were all saved, he became cheerful and went to reconfort his Princess and the ladies, desiring them to put away all sorrow: and rewarded his chaplain very richly. Yet all this stayed him not from building of the college, with his liberality to the poor, but was rather more liberal to them than before, applying the safety of his charters and writs to God's particular providence. This princely gentleman was not only the Lord of Roslin, and Earl (or Prince) of Orkney, but was also Duke of Oldenburg, Admiral of the Fleet, and Chancellor of Scotland.

To arrive at Roslin Castle from the Chapel we must descend the College-hill: and, when about half way down, follow the road, shaded by trees and copsewood, to where it is carried over a ravine by a stone bridge. Turning sharply to the right along the battlemented road, we find ourselves immediately before the ruined entrance to the Castle. Looking over the wall, we see, at a considerable distance below us, the green hill-side sloping sharply down to the fringe of trees that marks the rocky bank of the river Esk—a stream celebrated even amid Scottish rivers for the beauty of its scenery, and all its beauties culminating at Roslin. On the other side of the narrow river—so narrow, that it is well-nigh lost to view under the overhanging trees—the rock, densely covered with timber, rises so abruptly and to such a height, that this portion of the valley of the Esk is narrowed to a glen—the 'Roslin's rocky glen' of Scott. From the sharp green side of the College-hill a rock juts out, and makes a little precipitous peninsula for the Esk to swirl around its base, and guard it on the

‘south, east, and west. This rock gives the name to the place; for Roslin* is either an adaptation of *Roskellyn*, ‘a hill in a glen,’ or is compounded of the two Celtic words *ross* and *lynn*, signifying ‘promontory’ and ‘waterfall,’ the latter being denoted by that part of the North Esk which runs over a very rugged and sloping channel, and is called ‘the Lynn.’

On this rock the castle was built, and was defended on the land side by the ravine over which we pass by the one-arched stone bridge. The ravine has been partially filled, but is even now tolerably deep, as we shall presently see, when we pass beneath the arch and down the gully, to get to the river’s bank. As a fortress of defence, there is sufficient left of the castle to show that it must have been a strong building; but on all sides it is overlooked by heights which press so closely upon it, that the stratagetical advantages of its position must have been small; an enemy on the opposite bank of the river may easily have carried on conversations with the besieged; and foemen in possession of the chapel on the top of the hill could have pounded the castle into dust. Perhaps Cromwell’s soldiers did so. At any rate, what with its burnings and poundings by Englishmen, and the indignities that it suffered from Scotchmen, Roslin Castle is indeed a ruin. Grose and Cardonnel, in 1788, pictured it in a very dismal fashion, insomuch that it has been written of the view by the former, that it depicted a place ‘haggard and utterly dilapidated—the mere wreck of a great pile riding on a little sea of forest, a rueful apology for the once grand fabric, whose name of “Roslin Castle” is so intimately associated with melody and song.’

* Such appears to be the accepted spelling of the word when applied to the place—‘Rosslyn’ being reserved for the family title.

When we have passed over the ravine bridge, the battlemented way leads us to the right, and brings us immediately in front of the entrance gateway to the castle—a ruin, indeed!—a tall pile of red sandstone, in which fragmentary buttresses and arches have barely survived the onslaughts that have dealt destruction all around. The chief arch of the main gateway is reduced to the segment of a circle, but tenaciously upholds a ponderous block of masonry. Behind it, to the left, rises a pile or stack of stone, in which are the semblances of windows and doors, and which, at a short distance off, looks like a church tower with one rugged pinnacle on the corner battlement. Cardonnel's etching (in 1788) represents the archway of the entrance gate in a perfect state, and the pile of the great southern outwork in a tolerably complete form; but there are many inaccuracies in his delineations, arising, perhaps, from the circumstance of his not having visited some of the places depicted, and having to rely upon the sketches of friends. His etching of the interior view of the north wall, with its tower at the south end, also shows two or three times as much masonry as is now to be found there. This wall is of great thickness and strength; but the rooms that it once enclosed are now filled up by irregular mounds of earth.

Opposite to this, and on the other side of the narrow court-yard, is that more modern portion of the castle which has over its doorway the inscription 'S. W. S. 1662.' This building, which is of three stories, and has crow-stepped gables, faces to the south, and on its sunny side is carried down to a depth much greater than its height from the court-yard; its foundations being lost in the flowering shrubs and creepers of the pretty straw-

berry garden below. The house is fitted up with modern comforts, and must be a very pleasant summer residence, with the winding Esk brawling beneath, and the opposing woods rising so closely and so high—a shut-in landscape, but one that is rich in beauty. The greatest drawback must be the swarms of summer tourists; a greater plague than even the swarms of summer insects.

From Roslin Castle's echoing walls
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls,

says the old ballad; and, up to the present day, the resounding calls are sustained by Jones shouting to Brown that he has found a capital place in which to have their pale ale and a smoke; or by Macpherson roaring to Mactavish concerning some fearful feud over smuggled strawberries.

On the first day on which I made my acquaintance with Roslin Castle, and passed the windows of this southern house, the framed and glazed portrait of a young lady at work on a piece of embroidery, 'making holes and mending them,' was a sufficient warning that the family was 'in residence,' and that tourists could not be admitted. While I was mentally bewailing this state of affairs, a guide suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular (according to the custom of the tribe—even as the vulture from the viewless distance will advance upon its prey) and sought to console me by the uncomplimentary remark (in which the aforesaid young lady was wholly annihilated) that there was nothing worth seeing in there; but that if I would follow him 'down there,' I should see something worth looking at. Like the ancient mariner with the wedding guest, he

led 'me with his glittering eye'—the glitter being evidently the result of copious whisky—and I followed him 'down there.'

The Avernus proved to be the triple tier of vaults partly built and partly hewn in the rock, and the oldest portion of Roslin Castle. They are mere dungeons of red sandstone, some of them, indeed, being pointed out by the guide as such, and no doubt correctly; but the majority have been used as bed-rooms; and, unless the beds were thick with heather, the baron's retainers who occupied them must have been anything but blythe and gay; and, although a mediæval Blair may have provided them with his rheumatic pills, the remedy could scarcely have preserved them from that Blair's grave into which the 'dungeon damp' must have hastened them. There was one undoubted dungeon—the Little-ease—a pit into which the hapless prisoner was lowered with cords, and to which not a ray of light could struggle. But all these dungeon-like rooms were but scantily provided in the matter of sunshine; the windows being mere arrow-slits that admitted the narrowest wedge of light. The largest room appeared to have been used as a kitchen; the chimney went up the rock to a great height, and looking up it at the bit of blue sky above was like gazing up the shaft of a coal-pit. A door leads out of the dungeon-like room into the strawberry-noted garden, above which the castle appears to tower with as many stories as a Manchester mill.

We pass through this pretty garden, the Esk brawling beneath us, and tree-covered precipices rising from the other bank, and we climb up to the postern-gate of the castle, shaded by a venerable yew. From here, as we cannot swim 'the Esk river, where ford there

is none,' like young Lochinvar, we make our way to a foot-bridge thrown across the stream hard by the bleaching-fields, where the green grass bears linen for daisies, and where the mill-wheels are churning up the waters of poetical Esk until he froths with wrath at being put to so prosaic a task. Then we turn to the left, and taking an artistic liberty to trespass, scramble up to a certain height from whence we conceive there must be a highly effective view of the castle and chapel.

Nor are we deceived ; beneath us and before us is a magnificent subject for a sketch, if only we have the ability to place it upon the drawing-block. The castle looks so near to us, that we seem as though we could look down its chimneys ; and an enemy posted upon these heights would have had little difficulty in winging a cloth-yard shaft through any defender who had the temerity to appear upon the battlements. In fact, the fortalice is overlooked on all sides, and must have been particularly open to attack from these wooded heights. Behind the castle ruins rises the College Hill, with its wondrous chapel, from whence the ground slopes sharply down to the right studded with fine clumps of timber. Below us, and stretching away to the right to Hawthornden, is a wealth of greenery ; it clothes the precipitous banks of the Esk, and entirely hides it from our view, save one scrap of brawling river in a direct line between us and the castle.

While I paint on at this view, and (being in a dazed state with the glare of the sun and the bright colours) am tempted to perform that wondrous acrobatic feat of mental calisthenics which is called throwing

oneself into the Past; as I gaze on this shattered home of the St. Clairs, the rattle of a railway train and the scream of the engine-whistle drag me back to the realities of the Present, and remind me that the Peebles railway is close at hand, and that tourists can see the sights of Roslin for one shilling.

CHAPTER XL.

ROSLIN GLEN.

Scenery of the Glen—The Course of the Esk—The River's Beauties—*Tria juncta in uno*—A Good Point for a View—Roslin Gipsies—Their Patmos—Robin Hood and Little John—The Banks and Walks—An Impediment—The Caves of Gorton—Wallace's Cave and Camp—Bilston, to Wit—Scott's Opinion.

PASSING under the Castle Mound, and amid a *débris* of blocks of sandstone, we find ourselves beneath the lofty arch of the bridge by which the fortress was approached from the east. This ravine is natural, and served to insulate the 'castled rock.' It leads us down to the river's bank between two walls; a door to the right gives admittance to the strawberry-garden; a turnstile to the left will let us pass into an open meadow, and into that 'sweet glen' where once came 'Harold, bard of brave St. Clair'—

With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy.

What a beautiful path it is! Here is the river Esk about twenty feet below us, carolling along amid fragmentary boulders, with overhanging rock-walls on either hand. It is but a very narrow stream; but its sinuous march is attended with far more picturesque details

than accompany many a river of nobler proportions. The rocks shelve into the water at every conceivable angle; and the precipitous banks, which are garnished with creepers and luxuriant coronals of fern, are so thickly covered with brushwood and timber that they appear to hang over the stream, and screen its waters from the noonday sun:—

Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

So says Sir Walter Scott in his ballad of 'The Gray Brother;' in which, also, he speaks of 'Roslin's rocky glen,' and thus further eulogises a scene which he must have known and loved so well:—

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Esk's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray.

And, in his dirge of Rosabelle, he also speaks of Roslin's 'copsewood glen.' The copsewood, I may remark, is composed of oak, ash, elm, spruce, and Scotch fir. On the College Hill side of the stream, the meadow slopes upward to the chapel at an angle of 45°; but the opposite bank of the river is almost precipitous—far more so than any engraving of the spot had ever given me a notion. Proceeding along this meadow, we approach a spot from whence an admirable view is gained of the three celebrities of Roslin—the Glen, the Castle, and the Chapel—*tria juncta in uno*. The chapel is seen from its north-east aspect, with the Lady Chapel and the sacristy crowning the hill to our right hand.

In the centre of the view, half-way up the hill-side, is the ruined castle; and below us, down in the left-hand corner, is the river, almost hidden by its tree-covered banks. The 'copsewood glen' rises precipitously on the opposite bank; and the foreground of the view is broken up by rocks, ferns, and brushwood ready prepared for the painter's use; while that most picturesque of all trees, the Scotch fir, lends its valuable aid to the nearest points of the picture. Although every step that is taken at Roslin is suggestive of a desirable stand-point for a sketch, yet I have no sooner arrived at this spot than I feel it to be a place where ninety-nine out of every hundred artists and sketchers who have visited Roslin must infallibly have pitched their tents, umbrellas, or camp-stools, and have worked with a will at this beautiful landscape, whose pictured form will convey to the spectator so clear an idea of the spot, and of the relative positions of its three chief attractions. And yet, among the many delineations of Roslin with which I am familiar, I do not know one that is a representative of this particular view. Mr. Billings has certainly given a woodcut of this north-eastern aspect of the chapel; and a similar view has been painted (and engraved) by P. Gibson; but I know not of any published view that comprises the Castle, Chapel, and Glen, as seen from this point. The engravings that combine these three attractions are usually made from paintings taken on the opposite bank to the south-east.

Roslin Glen was once the great resort for gipsies; and that, too, at a time when they were a proscribed race, and were treated with great severity. But Roslin was their Patmos, and there, at any rate, they met with mercy and kindness. For it happened that Sir William Sinclair, Lord Justice-General under Queen Mary, when

riding home one day from Edinburgh to Roslin, found a poor gipsy about to be hanged on the gibbet at Burghmoor, and brought him off unharmed. And, in remembrance of this kindness, says Father Hay, 'the whole body of gipsies were accustomed to gather in the stanks (marshes) of Roslin every year, where they acted several plays during the months of May and June. They were also accommodated at the castle, where 'there are two towers which were allowed them for their residence—the one called Robin Hood, the other Little John.' The Privy Council had their attention called to this Patmos of the outlawed race. They remarked that, while the laws enjoined all persons in authority 'to execute to the deid the counterfeit thieves and limmers, the Egyptians,' it was nevertheless reported that a number of them were within the bounds of Roslin, 'where they have a peaceable receipt and abode as if they were lawful subjects, committing stowths and reifs in all parts where they may find the occasion.' The council, therefore, issued an order to the sheriff of the district, who happened to be Sinclair the younger, of Roslin, commanding him 'to pass, search, seek, hunt, follow, and pursue the said vagabonds, and thieves, and limmers,' and bring them to the Talbooth at Edinburgh for due punishment. This was probably done; for an order for the execution of a number of Egyptians was issued on the ensuing 27th of January.*

Passing on from here towards Hawthornden, we soon find ourselves in the dense coppice that clothes the rocky bank of the river. The bank is traversed with walks, which, with their varied combinations of rock, wood, and water, afford numberless studies for the

* Chambers' *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 536.

artist. At one point, close down beside the river, the walk had been scooped out from the red sandstone ; and from the overhanging rock, some fifteen or twenty feet overhead, dangled a variety of creeping plants, from the midst of which tumbled a tiny waterfall which cleared the walk at a bound, and fell on to the shelving rock over which the river ran. Just here the course of the Esk is very sinuous ; and as its narrow stream is bounded by rocks that are almost, if not quite precipitous, the foliage of the river's banks in some places nearly closes overhead, and the view of the stream presents a series of the most lovely vistas.

A little further on, and we are stopped by a wall, which is carried down from the high ground to the very edge of the river, and divides the Roslin grounds from those of Hawthornden. This defence against intruders is continued across the river itself by means of *chevaux-de-frise*, beams, and a swinging gate ; therefore, if we wish to visit Hawthornden House, which is on the opposite side of the stream, we must either go on to Mavisbank or retrace our steps to that bridge, on the other side of the castle, of which we made use when we wished to gain a view of Roslin from the southern heights.

On our way back through these beautiful walks, and down by the 'sweet glen and greenwood tree,' we may notice the prevalence of caves in the rocks that overhang the stream. The chief of these are the caves of Gorton, midway between Hawthornden and Roslin, and on the farther side of the stream. They are carved high up in a precipitous rock ; and as we look at them from these Roslin walks, they appear inaccessible. As they are laid out in the form of a cross, it is thought that they were originally the abode of

hermits; and they are supposed to have furnished shelter to the gallant Sir Alexander Ramsay, of Dalhousie, and his followers, when harassed by the English army (after their capture of Edinburgh) in the reign of David II. The caverns at Hawthornden were also used by the same persons for a like purpose.

On the same side of the river is also a cave, which goes by the name of Wallace's Cave, fashioned in the form of a cross, and capable of holding sixty or seventy men. Wallace's 'Cast' or camp is not far to the north-west of this cave, on the other side of that pretty burn which is one of the Esk's tributaries, and which bears a name suggestive to English midland county ears of the very antipodes to poetry and the picturesque—viz. Bilston.

But as for Roslin and its glen, we might station ourselves at almost any point throughout its fair domain, and feel inclined to question Lord Marmion's decision as to the supremacy in landscape-picturesqueness of the view from Blackford Hill :

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.

'It is telling a tale,' says Sir Walter Scott, in his less-known work on the 'Provincial Antiquities of Scotland'—'it is telling a tale which has been repeated a thousand times, to say, that a morning of leisure can scarcely be anywhere more delightfully spent than in the woods of Roslin and on the banks of the Esk. In natural beauty, indeed, the scenery may be equalled, and in grandeur exceeded, by the Cartland Crags, near Lanark, the dell of Craighall, in Angus-shire, and probably by other landscapes of the same character which

have been less celebrated. But Roslin and its adjacent scenery have other associations, dear to the antiquary and historian, which may fairly entitle it to precedence over every other Scottish scene of the same kind.'

And so say we !

CHAPTER XLI.

HAWTHORNDEN.

Hawthornden House in Olden Time—The Modern Building—The Drummond Family—Inscriptions—The Cypress Grotto—Drummond the Poet—His Courtly Homage—The Caves at Hawthornden—The Four Sisters—Ben Jonson's Visit—Politeness in Rhyme—Ben Jonson's Tour—His Lost Manuscript—Drummond's Notes of his Conversations—*Lues Boswelliana*—Drummond's Estimate of Jonson—Dr. Johnson and Peter Pindar—Scott and the Copsewood.

THE glen scenery of Roslin is continued to Hawthornden, which is within a mile of Roslin Castle, but on the opposite side of the Esk. Hawthornden House has been constructed on the very edge of a precipitous grey limestone rock, whose base is washed by the river. Its position marks it out as having been originally built with a view to defence. Only a fragment now exists of the old fortalice, whose early history, as in the case of Roslin, is altogether lost; but the family still preserve as relics of the old Hawthornden a marble slab, inscribed with the date 1396, and the initials of King Robert III. and his Queen Annabella Drummond, also her silk dress and shoes, and a two-handed sword of Robert Bruce.

The modern Hawthornden dates back to 1638, as is testified by the following inscription over the entrance—

door of the house—'Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus Johannis Equitis aurati filius ut honesto otio quiesceret sibi et successoribus instauravit. Anno 1638.' Of course, the William Drummond of this inscription was Drummond the poet, and the wish that it implies has been fulfilled after the lapse of many years, the estate passing into the hands of the Right Rev. Wm. Abernethy Drummond, Bishop of Edinburgh, up to the year 1801. The property is now possessed by the poet's descendant, Sir James Walker Drummond, Bart., who, for a nominal payment, liberally admits the public on three days of the week during the summer season to view his most interesting mansion. The poet's 'restoration' of his home is believed to have been tantamount to a rebuilding on the old foundations; and, at any rate, we may see in it almost as much of Drummond's ideal of a poet's home as may be seen in that 'romance of lime and stone' at Abbotsford.

The family of Abernethy, of Salton, held Hawthornden upwards of 200 years; from them the estate passed to Douglas of Strabock, from whom it was purchased by the Drummonds. On the west gable of the house are the following inscriptions, placed above a seat hewn out of the rock, and commanding a remarkable view of the glen:—'To the memory of Sir Laurence Abernethy, of Hawthornden, second son to Sir William Abernethy of Salton, a brave and gallant soldier, who, at the head of a party in the year 1338, conquered Lord Dowglas five times in one day, yet was taken prisoner before sunset.'—Ford. Lib. xiii. cap. 44. 'To the memory of William Drummond, Esq., of Hawthornden, Poet and Historian, an Honour to his Family and an Ornament to his Country, this seat is dedicated by the Reverend Dr. William Abernethy Drummond, spouse

to Mrs. Drummond, of Hawthornden, and second son to Alexander Abernethy, of Corskie, Banffshire, heir male of the Abernethies of Salton, in the year 1784.

O sacred Solitude, divine retreat,
 Choice of the prudent, envy of the great !
 By the pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 I court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid ;
 Here from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 I smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;
 Here, blest with health, with business unperplex'd
 This life I relish, and secure the next.'

These lines are by Young.

To the north of the house is a room cut out of the rock, 16 feet by 12 feet, and about 6 feet high, and with four recesses in its sides. Still further to the north is another cave, which goes by the name of 'The Cypress Grotto,' and is so called from the tradition that it was a favourite resort of the poet, and that he therein wrote much of his celebrated moral treatise (in prose) called 'A Cypress Grove; or Philosophical Reflections against the Fear of Death.' Alexander Campbell, in his visit to Hawthornden, in 1802, draws upon his imagination for 'a lively image of Drummond in the moment of inspiration' in the following passage, in which the ornamental imagery of Mr. George Robins is worthily rivalled:—'Immediately under the perpendicular rock on which the fortilage stands are a variety of forest-trees and evergreens, as oak, elm, beech, mountain-ash, willow, weeping birch, yew, Scotch pine, holly, and many exotic shrubs, with arbutus, rooted and mantling among chasms, most admirably blended in all the luxuriance of pure, simple, and elegant nature. In this sheltered spot, secluded from every human eye, the power of imagination can present a lively image of Drummond in the moment of inspiration seated in the

bosom of his favourite bower. A shower is heard pattering among the trees; it is over. The fragrance it has caused, and the soft salubrity which steals on the sense of smell; the mildness and freshness of the air; the murmuring of the rivulet, clear and reflective; the gentle movement of the living branches; the singing of birds, and the pauses filled by the lowing of cattle among the neighbouring woods; the bleating of sheep, far distant and out of view; with other rural sounds stealing at intervals on the ear; all, all touch and transport the poet to ecstasy.* But let the poet speak for himself as to the sounds that broke in upon that solitude at Hawthornden which he praises so highly in the following sonnet:—

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who art not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, the evil do approve !
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.†

* *A Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain*, vol. ii. p. 309.

† See 'The most Elegant and Elaborate Poems of that great Court-Wit, Mr. William Drummond, whose Labours both in Verse and Prose being heretofore so precious to Prince Henry and to King Charles, shall live and flourish in all Ages, whiles there are Men to read them, or Art and Judgement to approve them.' 1659. One of the engraved portraits of the poet Drummond gives his coat of arms, on which are fifty-two quarterings.

We are tempted to believe that the poet was not altogether expressing his true feelings in the sonnet, when we call to mind his remarkable reverence for royalty, and the fulsome praises that he heaped on everything 'near a prince's throne.' We can easily understand, however, how readily the poet's thoughts would be attuned to healthier sentiments by the scenery and solitude of Hawthornden. It has been well said by Mr. Chambers—and I quote the passage that I may also give his opinion as to the surpassing loveliness of the Esk scenery from Roslin to Hawthornden—'If beautiful and romantic scenery could create or nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland there is no spot more finely varied, more rich, graceful, or luxuriant, than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roslin Castle, one of the most interesting of Gothic ruins; and the whole course of the stream and the narrow glen is like the groundwork of some fairy dream.'

The caves of Hawthornden are among the attractions of the place, although only a portion of them are now accessible. They are in two tiers, immediately under the house, with apertures on the face of the precipitous cliff.* Their most ancient entrance was also from the exterior, by a doorway about half way up the rock, approached by a flight of steps and a narrow passage, now destroyed. The present entrance is by a door on the south side, by which visitors descend a few steps, and pass along a narrow passage called 'The King's Gallery,' 75 feet long and 6 feet broad. The first cave to the

* Sir W. Scott's *Border Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 124. *Provincial Antiquities*, p. 366.

left, to which there is a descent of two steps, goes by the name of 'The King's Bedchamber.' Farther on is a communication with a well, which is said to have served the double purpose of being an entrance to the caves and of supplying their inmates with water. Proceeding a little way, and ascending a few steps to the left, we come to an apartment with 175 square apertures, which is called 'The King's Guard Room;' and, on the opposite side of the passage, is another apartment, known by the name of 'The King's Dining-room.' The regal title is prefixed to these caves in accordance with the popular tradition (which is supported by Dr. Stukeley), that they formed the stronghold of a Pictish king. But it seems more probable that they were made during the destructive wars between the English and the Scots in the thirteenth century, and that they, and the Gorton caves, gave shelter, in times of peril, to the gallant Sir Alexander Ramsay and his followers.

To the east of the fragmentary ruin of the old Hawthornden Castle, is the sycamore tree, called 'The Four Sisters,' which has a girth of 24 feet. It was under this tree that Drummond was sitting when Ben Jonson, the ex-bricklayer, ended his pedestrian journey from London, undertaken in order to visit his brother poet and other friends, and accomplished on foot, in defiance of Bacon's hint, that he 'loved not to see Poesy go on other feet than poetical Dactylus and Spondæus.'

He had tarried in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and at Leith, where he encountered Taylor, the Water Poet, and gave him a gold piece valued at two-and-twenty shillings, wherewith 'to drink his health in England;' and after some months delay he arrived at

Hawthornden early in the year 1619. Drummond left his seat under the sycamore, and advanced to meet Shakspeare's friend and the new Laureate, with the rythmical salutation, 'Welcome, welcome, royal Ben.' To which the Laureate, not to be outdone in poetry or politeness, improvised the rhyming line, 'Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.' And we may imagine him holding out those 'lime and mortar' hands of which his enemies made such sport, and giving the courtly poet a hearty shake.

Whether or no Shakspeare ever visited Scotland, and performed with the English players at Aberdeen, is a moot question; but there is no doubt about his friend Ben Jonson's 'tour in Tartan-land.' Besides Taylor's mention, in the 'Pennilesse Pilgrimage,' of Ben Jonson's visit to Leith, we have the poet's own reference to his trip, where, in his masque of 'News from the New World discovered in the Moon,' which was produced at court in the following year, one of the characters is made to say, 'One of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot, and came back.' Of Edinburgh he wrote a poem, calling it

The heart of Scotland, England's other eye.

For, by this time, the satire with which he had treated the Scots in 'Eastward Ho' and his earlier works, had given place to panegyrics that should please king James. Perhaps he also visited the queen of Scottish lakes; for he told Drummond that he meditated writing 'a fisher or pastoral play, and setting the stage of it on the Lomond Lake.' But no other traces than those already mentioned exist in Jonson's works to show that he had ever visited Scotland. In a great measure this

may be attributable to the fact that he would gather together all his recollections and impressions in that record of his journey, the manuscript of which was unfortunately destroyed by a fire at his own house.

The loss of this manuscript is the more to be regretted, as all that we now have to look to for an account of his pedestrian tour and visit to Hawthornden is contained in the 'Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, of Hawthornden, January 1619,'* written by Drummond himself. The impression that these 'Notes' leave on our mind of Ben Jonson's character is certainly not an agreeable one; and Drummond has been keenly assailed by Gifford† and others for placing them on paper, though he was not answerable for their publication. In this particular instance the poet of Hawthornden was attacked by that malady which Lord Macaulay has designated the *lues Boswelliana*; and whether his judgement was in fault, or whether his heart was filled with envy and all uncharitableness, it is certain that he had a perfect right to jot down in his own private notebook his impressions of his famous guest, and his recollections of their conversations. Drummond never published these 'Notes' to the world; and any injury which they may have been supposed to cause to Jonson's character ought to be laid at the doors of those through whom private memoranda were first made public.

And yet, after all, although Drummond's judgement

* Published by the Shakspeare Society, with preface and notes by David Laing, Esq., 1842.

† For Sir Walter Scott's reply to Gifford's attack—'Enough of Drummond, with whose "friendship" for our author the common sense of the reader will, I trust, be no longer insulted, except from the lips of hopeless idiotism.'—See *Provincial Antiquities*, pp. 374 to 382.

may have erred on some points, there is abundant contemporary evidence to prove that his estimate of Ben Jonson's character was, on the whole, a tolerably correct one. It runs as follows:—'He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both; interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.'

Ben Jonson stayed three weeks with Drummond; and, on his return to London, wrote to his 'worthy, honoured, and beloved friend,' announcing his safe arrival and kind reception by the king, who 'is pleased to hear the purpose of my book, to which I most earnestly solicit you for your promise of the inscription at Pinky, some things concerning the Loch of Lomond, touching the government of Edinburgh, to urge Mr. James Scot, and what else you can procure for me, with all speed. Though these requests be full of trouble, I hope they shall neither burthen nor weary such a friendship, whose commands to me I will ever interpret a pleasure.' And he signs himself, 'your most true friend and lover, Ben Jonson.' If only the London poet could have seen the Hawthornden poet's private 'Notes!'

His illustrious namesake, Dr. Samuel Johnson, also visited the spot ; and, according to Peter Pindar—

Went to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
Lest e'er a Scottish tree should wound his sight.

But shortly after this the abundant foliage was considerably thinned ; and when Sir Walter Scott, in 1803, published his ballad of 'The Gray Brother,' in which he speaks of the 'copsewood deep,' by Esk's fair stream, and of 'classic Hawthornden,' he thought it necessary to qualify his description by the following note:—'The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,—

Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade.

Upon the whole, tracing the Esk from its source till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.'

Afterwards, in 1831, when Sir Walter made his last literary efforts, he added this note:—'The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden has, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood.' And, in the thirty years that have since passed, this leading feature in the landscape has become more beautiful than ever.

The spot is wild, the banks are steep,
With eglantine and hawthorn blossom'd o'er,
Lychnis, and daffodils, and hare-bells blue :
From lofty granite crags precipitous,
The oak, with scanty footing, topples e'er,
Tossing his limbs to heaven ; and, from the cleft

Fringing the dark-brown natural battlements,
The hazel throws his silvery branches down ;
There, starting into view, a castled cliff,
Whose roof is lichen'd o'er, purple and green,
O'erhangs thy wandering stream, romantic Esk,
And rears its head among the ancient trees.

The mention of so lovely a spot may fitly close my
record of A TOUR IN TARTAN-LAND.

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