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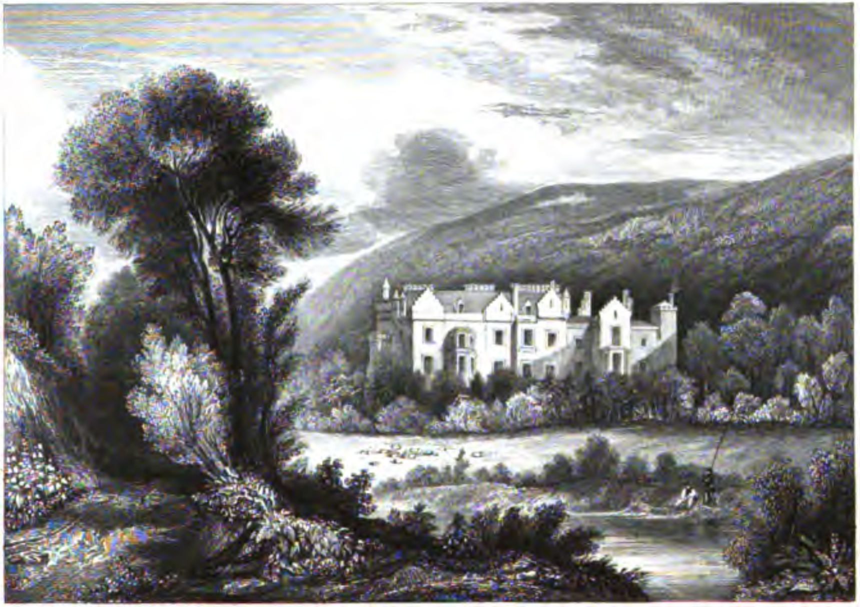

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14

PREFACE.

The complaint of Johnson regarding the hopelessness of fame which attended his lexicographical labours, has hitherto been common to the Industrious Obscure who busy themselves in the compilation of Tourist's Guides, Peerages, School-Books, and Almanacks. Such publications are usually anonymous, and the purchaser thinks no more of the unknown author than he thinks of the man who made his hat or tanned the leather of his shoes. Even when they bear an author's name, no distinct idea is attached to the words—Philips perhaps, or Carey, or Goldsmith, or Debrett—any more than to the maker's name on the blade of a table-knife, or the still more hopeless initials so carefully impressed upon his work by the goldsmith.

An attempt is here made to elevate a topographical work into the superior region of the belles lettres. It has been forced upon the notice of the present author by the success of several similar but less comprehensive works, that an interest may attach to localities of such a sort as to excite and bring into play many of the higher order of sentiments which pervade our common nature. Cities are more than mere collections of houses and men; hills are not merely accidental eminences of the earth; rivers, fortuitous confluences of running waters; stones, mere blocks. Such they might be when the primeval savage first set his foot amongst them; but such they are not now, after so long a connexion with the fortunes and feelings of civilized man. What is it that gives the sculptured stones of Greece a superior value to the unquarried marble over which they have risen? It is because, though both are alike as old as the creation, the former have received attentions at the hands of men a hundred ages ago, have been looked upon with veneration by millions of human beings, and yet remain monuments of their early power and ingenuity. A house may thus be more than a domicile, a hill more than an eminence, a river more than a stream of flowing water; and thus it is that, in the words of one who must have been perfectly acquainted with this occult philosophy, we may find

> Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Under these impressions, I have in this work, endeavoured to direct attention almost exclusively to what may be supposed capable of exciting the moral and imaginative faculties of my countrymen. Whatever places derive an interest from the associations of history; whatever places enjoy a reputation from popular poetry and song; wherever man has fought, or loved, or sung; wherever human nature has appeared in circumstances of extraordinary peril or pain, innocence or degradation; wherever talent has arisen or virtue flourished, magnificence dwelt or misery groaned; the fanes of religion, the scenery of passion, the infant-land of genius, the graves of the good; whatever has been associated with what man most delights to observe; whatever is capable, on being mentioned, of exciting an interest in his bosom; these places, and these things, receive most attention in the following pages.

To alleviate as much as possible, the gravity inseparable from topographical details, I have moreover interspersed this work with innumerable local anecdotes and stories, some of which are merely humorous, while others have the more valuable property of illustrating the manners and condition of the country in former times. In all that relates to the selection of materials, it has been my prime and governing object to be *original;* to say as little as possible where I could say nothing new, and to be as copious as my limits would allow, when I possessed information that was at once novel and agreeable.

It will be readily conceded, that these objects have not been attained without the employment of considerable pains. It would have been easy to copy the humdrum details and innumerable errors of my predecessors, as each and all of them have done in their turn. But to produce a work aiming at so much originality and correctness required a very different process. It scarcely becomes an author to speak at all, and far less with pride, of his labours; but it is perhaps allowable to say something in the present case, in order that the reader may know to what extent he is to rely upon the accuracy of the details which he has condescended to peruse.

Without alluding to previous historical studies, I may be permitted to state, that after employing several months of the last year in the perusal of former topographical publications and manuscripts, I began, in the early part of summer, to make a round of deliberate pedestrian tours through the country. Instead of the pilgrim's scallop in my hat, I took for motto the glowing expression of Burns, "I have no dearer aim than to make leisurely journeys through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her streams; and to muse by the stately towers of venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes." In order to secure an acquaintance with every remarkable locality, and with its popular legends, I carried letters from my city friends, giving me a claim upon the best offices of the most intelligent persons resident in the districts which I was to visit. I was thus generally successful in eliciting, over and above the kindness of many a worthy and true-hearted Scot, the best information that was to be had regarding all the more attractive localities of my native land.

Goldsmith speaks with just contempt of the travellers who are whirled through Europe in a post-chaise. I sedulously eschewed this practical absurdity. Except in cases where stage-coaches could convey me over a desolate and uninteresting tract, I constantly adopted the more deliberate and independent mode of locomotion, of which nature supplies the means. I had thus an opportunity of becoming familiarly acquainted at once with the face of the country and the traditions of the people; I could move fast or slow as I pleased, and make such digressions from the main route as seemed necessary. I traversed almost every vale in the lowlands of Scotland, and a greater proportion of those in the more northerly region. I saw all the towns except three or four. My peregrinations occupied upwards of five months, and extended to between two and three thousand miles.

In presenting this array of doings and sufferings to the public, I disclaim being influenced by the sentiment which caused Dogberry to assert himself "one that had had losses." What I say is mere naked truth, told for the simple purpose of assuring the reader, that the work he has now got into his hands is not the catch-penny compilation of a bookseller's back shop; no patched and contorted tissue of stolen rags, like too many similar publications; that it is not the crude fruit of a literary hot-bed, inflated into premature perfection by the bribe of a greedy publisher; but the result of an honest enthusiasm; an enthusiasm which the consideration of pecuniary profit could neither nourish nor inspire. I consider these assurances, moreover, the more necessary, because almost all the statements in the following pages rest solely upon my personal credit —upon the idea which the public shall form of the pains I have taken, and the opportunities of observation I may be supposed to have enjoyed.

To say that enthusiasm could insure the production of a good work would be palpably absurd. It may, however, be asserted, that it is indispensably requisite to the production of a work deserving that appellation in its best sense. Money alone, though a powerful, is after all but an imperfect inspiration; and the books which it creates are no more like the productions of a purer motive, than the dowdy flowers of a secluded city dunghill resemble those which spring from the fair primeval earth, generated by the natural juices of the ground, and freshened by the nightly visits of the loving dew.

It is not the intention of the present writer to say, that because he was not conducted through his labours by the hope of gain, he has found every difficulty successfully overcome by the mere ardour of his mind. He is certain, however, that that is the burning liquid which can melt down the obstructions upon which harder instruments had been tried in vain, and that, though it may not in this case have secured, its influence must at least give the chance of, success. It has been his wish from earliest boyhood, in the words of Burns,

> "That he, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or book could make."

He has already done more than perhaps his years would give to expect, towards the preservation of what is dearest to her; the memory of her ancient simple manners and virtues; the celebration of her native wit and humour; and in a more extended view of the subject, for the reclamation of that which is altogether poetry—the wonderful, beautiful, glorious past. In the present work, he has steadily pursued the same object; conscious and certain that, though many of his own generation may not give him credit for so exalted a purpose, the people who shall afterwards inhabit this romantic land will appreciate what could not have been preserved but with a view to their gratification.

Edinburgh; February 8, 1827.

THE
PICTURE OF SCOTLAND.

PRELIMINARY OUTLINE.

Scotland is the northern and smaller section of the island denominated Great Britain. Originally a distinct kingdom, it still displays striking points of difference from the larger portion to which, for upwards of a century, it has been politically annexed. Nor does it differ from England more strikingly in its laws, manners, and religion, than in the respect of its geographical features. Instead of being, like that more fortunate region, an almost uninterrupted plain, it is a generally and decidedly mountainous country: it is, as one of its greatest poets has described it, a

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood.

The smooth beautiful face of the Saxon is not more dissimilar to the harsh and strongly marked visage of the Caledonian, than is the champaign aspect of English scenery to the irregular appearance of that of North

Britain. Though this, however, be the general characteristic of Scotland, it by no means applies uniformly to all its details. The whole territory is divided into two distinct regions, which, on account of the strong dissimilarity of their topographical features, are respectively designated the Lowlands and the Highlands. The Lowlands bear a near resemblance to England, to which they adjoin; and it is only in the more remote region, broken as it is into the wildest irregularity, that a violent difference is perceptible.

The littoral outline of Scotland is quite unlike that of England. The whole coast, but especially the western, is penetrated by innumerable arms of the sea; so that, while England forms itself into an almost regular isosceles triangle, Scotland is unlike every mathematical or regular figure, and defies all attempts but those of the hydrographer at its description. An idea may be formed regarding this peculiarity of its character, from the circumstance that, though in some places nearly three hundred miles long and two hundred broad, there is only one spot throughout its whole circuit, upwards of forty miles from the sea. Of course, the irregularity of the littoral outline arises from the unequal nature of the ground; and this peculiarity, therefore, prevails most in the Highlands.

Scotland is neither triangular like England, square like France, leviathan-like like Russia, nor boot-like like Italy. There is, however, one object in nature which it resembles, and by comparing it with which, it may almost be possible to communicate an idea of its real figure and proportions. This object is *an old woman;* one who has a hunchback, and who may be supposed to sit upon her hams, while she holds out and expands her palms at a fire. The knees of this novel and somewhat startling personification of Caledonia are formed by the county of Wigton. Kirkcudbright, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Berwick represent the lower part of her limbs, upon which the whole figure is incumbent. Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Peebles, and the Lothians represent the upper part of the limbs. Fife (including Kinross) stands, or rather sits, for the sitting part of the old lady. Argyll hangs in pieces from a lap formed by Dumbarton and Stirling. Perth is the abdomen. Angus and the Mearns make the back. Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and Nairn constitute the prodigious hump. Inverness is the chest. Ross looks like a voluminous kerchief enclosing the neck. Sutherland is the face, ears, and brow. And Caithness is a little nightcap surmounting all. To complete the idea: the isle of Skye is the right palm turned upwards, that of Mull the left inclining downwards. The fire must be *understood,* unless the distant archipelago of Lewis be held as untowardly representing something of the kind; and the islands of Orkney and Shetland may be pressed into service by a similar stretch of fancy, in the capacity of a rock or distaff which the figure bears over her head, after the manner of a flag-staff.*

With the exception of a few plains near the sea, the whole surface of Scotland is more or less hilly, and level tracts are only to be found along the banks of rivers. As most of the rivers determine their courses latitudinally from the interior of the country towards the sea, the whole may be described as an oblong field, with an irregular alternation of *rig* and *fur*. Such is the predominance of mountain land throughout Scotland, that out of the nineteen millions of acres of which it consists, only five are cultivated; and it is an old popular saying that there is no spot anywhere to be found, that is more than two Scotch miles from heather.

Though the surface of Scotland do not measure less than a half of that of England, it contains only about a

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* That this resemblance really holds good, is proved by an anecdote which I have since been told by a Perthshire clergyman. An old purblind Highland woman, visiting the manse one day, was shown into the study, where there was a large map of Scotland hanging against the wall. The whole was highly coloured, and Caithness happened to be pretty strongly marked with scarlet. "Eh!" cried the old woman, who had never seen a map in her life before, "what a braw carline, sitting on her hunkers, wi' a red nightcap, and a pipe in her cheek!"

Berwickshire.

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How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed
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The Vale of Tweed, forming the south-eastern limit of the kingdom, comprises the greater part of the district called the Border, so justly celebrated for the martial character of its people. Ever forming, in the language of their most illustrious minstrel, "the first wave of the torrent" poured by our sovereigns into England, and kept perpetually in arms by the corresponding aggressions of their enemies, the inhabitants of this district necessarily exhibited in former times all the features of chivalry. The country, at this latter day, contains innumerable relics of military antiquities; and, the times of war having been here as elsewhere succeeded by "*piping* times of peace," it abounds no less in the remains of a romantic description of poetry, commemorating the marvellous events and deeds of noble daring, peculiar to that period of warlike glory.

Two centuries of domestic tranquillity have now permitted the plough-share of the husbandman and the pipe of the shepherd to take the place of sword and trumpet. The Vale of Tweed has in that time obtained as great distinction by the arts of peace, as it won of old in those of war. The culture of its plains has afforded an example of skill and success to the rest of Scotland; while the gentle lyrics of Cowdenknowes and Traquair, breathing the pure quiet spirit of pastoral love, have acquired a fame as good as the savage ballads of Otterbourne and Yarrow.

The Tweed is held as the fourth of Scottish rivers, ranking after the Tay, the Forth, and the Clyde. It is a river of greater fame than perhaps any of its brethren, on account of its dividing, at the lower part of its course, the two sections of the Island. It performs this office for a space of only about twenty out of an hundred miles; but, as this is the principal point of communication between the two kingdoms, and the boundary is nowhere else so distinct, it has been assumed by a licence of common speech as indicating the separation in general, so that "the two sides of the Tweed" is a phrase equivalent to the names of the two kingdoms. At this, the lower part of the vale, the country is level and fertile; but a little above the place where the river ceases to be the boundary, its aspect is materially altered. The river flows through a vast collection of hills, from the bosom of which it receives many important tributaries. Roxburghshire is thus little more than the vale formed by the Teviot; Selkirkshire, two vales formed in like manner by the Ettrick and Yarrow; and Peeblesshire the still more mountainous region, from which the river itself draws its earliest waters.

The course of the Tweed is about ninety miles in length. It rises from a spring called Tweed's Well, in a hill of no great height—*non admodum editus*, saith Buchanan,—but from which, nevertheless, other two first-rate rivers flow towards various seas on various sides of the kingdom. This is the junction-point of the three shires, Peebles, Lanark, and Dumfries, into each of which one of these rivers flows; a circumstance which sufficiently proves that spot to be the highest land in Scotland south of the Forth. The source of the Tweed is fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; and such is the comparatively mountainous character of the upper part of its course, that, on reaching the bridge of Peebles, only thirty miles from the source, the river is found to have descended a thousand feet, leaving only five hundred to be descended during the remaining sixty miles.

The large district watered by the Tweed, though not remote from the metropolis, possesses little of a manufacturing character. This is owing to the total want of coal. The greater part of the territory is pastoral; the remaining portion purely agricultural. There are nowhere, of course, any of those overgrown masses of population which, however suitable to the views of the political economist, are generally supposed to be so little conducive to the promotion of private virtue. The vale of Tweed makes up in the quality of its population what it wants in number. Its inhabitants are alike distinguished by a primeval simplicity of manners, by a rational description of piety, and by an attention to the decencies of domestic life, which we shall hardly find so exquisitely combined in districts where superior natural advantages have given occasion to greater industry and wealth.

There is something in the nature of a Border or boundary which always interests mankind. The idea of standing with one foot in England and the other in Scotland, which is possible at some places, fills the mind with a wonder more natural perhaps than rational; and the same sensation is felt, though with less vividness, and only in the case of persons who have occasion to respect these minuter divisions, in regard to counties and parishes. It may perhaps be interesting to know, that, though the limit of the two kingdoms is in general pretty strongly marked, either by rivers or hills, and though only two centuries have elapsed since any intercourse could take place without a treaty of peace, the shades of distinction are now completely blended. It is worthy of remark, however, that in this matter Scotland has laid down the law to her richer neighbour. I mean, there is more of Scottish manners, and religion, and language, in the English border, than *vice versa*. In all alliances, including matrimonal ones, it is said that the strongest mind acquires the ascendency; but I am not disposed to assert any thing of this sort in the present case. The true cause seems to be emigration. Such at least appears to be the conviction of the natives of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, who have long assumed the appellation of Bastard Scotch. And that the Teviotdale people look upon them as the reverse of aliens, is evident from their circumlocutory phrase for an Englishman—" an ower-the-Fell man," implying that they do not consider him as coming from a different country, but only the other side of a neighbouring range of hills.*

The vale of Tweed comprehends four counties, namely, those of Berwick, Roxburgh,† Selkirk, and Peebles. The two first alone adjoin to England; the two last are inland counties. Each has minuter natural divisions, which will be attended to in the following pages. The district altogether contains eighty-three parishes.

Having introduced the subject with these general observations, I shall proceed to its minuter specialities, surveying the banks of the Tweed in a progress contrary to the direction of the stream, and digressing into all the lesser vales, on both sides, as they successively occur.

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* The boundary of the two kingdoms is here formed by Carter Fell.

† Liddisdale, a minor district of Roxburghshire, belongs to another of the great geographical divisions, but is included here for the sake of convenience.

Berwickshire comprises three districts of various local character; the Merse, Lammermuir, and Lauderdale.

The Merse is remarkable as being the largest piece of level ground in this mountain kingdom. It is twenty miles long and ten broad. The whole is so fertile, so well enclosed, and so beautiful, that, seen from any of the very slight eminences into which it here and there swells, it looks like a vast garden, or rather perhaps like what the French call *une ferme ornée*. The Merse forms the northern bank of the Tweed, throughout the whole space where the river divides the two kingdoms.

Lammermuir is a hilly region, equal in size to the Merse, lying parallel with it on the north, and dividing it from the fertile plains of East Lothian. It may be unexceptionably described as a pastoral territory.

Lauderdale, a vale formed by the course of the Leader, lying transversely at the west end of the other two districts of Berwickshire, partakes of the characters of both, being mountainous at the upper extremity, where it adjoins to Lammermuir, and level at the lower, where it forms a sort of extremity to the Merse.

The county derives its name from the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, once its chief town, and belonging to Scotland, but now unconnected with either. It contains four towns; Lauder, a royal burgh; Greenlaw, the county town; Coldstream, on the banks of the Tweed; and Dunse, the finest and largest of them all.

The Merse is universally allowed to be the most fertile and the best cultivated part of Scotland; the place where nature has been kindest, and the husbandman most inclined to cultivate her good graces. To the eye of a traveller, it seems rather a portion of rich and lovely England than of this "land of mountain and flood." It is tinged, as it were, with the geniality of the country to which it adjoins. It possesses the glorious hedgerows of England in the fullest perfection, with the lines of trees between; making each field resemble a splendid picture deeply and doubly framed. Here also are to be seen houses built with less regard to the harsh climate of Scotland, than those farther north. The honey-suckle and eglantine luxuriate around slim cottages and villas, whose large bow-windows presented towards "the sweet south"—a thing to be seen nowhere else in Scotland,—give assurance that there is here a greater sum-total of summer delights than of winter discomfort. The sight of such beautiful and well-appointed residences fully justifies the honeymoon taste of the Scottish poet, who says to his mistress,

> We'll lodge in some village on Tweed.

But the general aspect of the Merse is worth a thousand of its details, pleasing and admirable as they are; and I do not know a finer sight in Scotland, than that which is to be obtained of this luxuriant region, from some point on the Lammermuir or Eildon hills; especially on a fine July day, when the vast umbrageous plain is covered by a flood of glowing light, and the living spirit of repose seems to breathe throughout the far green retreats in the dazzling incense of the summer glim.

The Merse does not abound in *Seats*; but such as it possesses are mostly modern and extremely splendid. It is for the houses of its farmers that it is most remarkable. These mansions approach in size and fineness to the villas of the rest of Scotland. They are not only good houses, but they are in general surrounded with not a little of the pomp and circumstance of patrician mansions. They are backed with trees and fronted with shrubberies; the main door is approached by neat gravel walks; and all the inferior buildings, as stables, cowhouses, barns, &c. are sedulously concealed or masked.

"The Men of the Merse," with less of the predatory character than the rest of the Borderers, were formerly more remarkable for discipline and steady valour. They behaved with great spirit at Flodden, and on many other bloody fields, under the command of Lord Home; and there is a tradition, that a party, led to the Holy

Land by some of their feudal chiefs, obtained there the highest credit for their conduct. The present generation has seen that the Yeomanry of the Merse have lost no portion of their ancient military spirit.*

Commencing a survey of this district at the eastern extremity, the first remarkable object is Berwick, formerly the capital of the county, and which, though not in Scotland politically, usually receives some notice in works descriptive of that country.

Berwick, which, with the environs termed its *Bounds*, forms a liberty distinct from both kingdoms, though deprived of much of its original importance, is still a considerable town. Its inhabitants, including those of its appendages, Tweedmouth and the Spittal, amount in gross numbers to nine thousand.

Berwick is situated upon a gentle declivity close by the German ocean, on the north side of the mouth of the river Tweed. It is a well-built and compact town, surrounded by walls in a regular style of fortification, with gate-ways corresponding to the terminations of the streets. These walls are now dismantled, and the gates mostly removed; but as the town has never yet greatly transgressed the bounds it occupied at the early period of its fortification, the warlike and primitive character of the town is still impressed with tolerable distinctness upon the mind of a stranger. It is totally unlike every other town in Britain; and the most obvious idea which the sight of it is calculated to suggest, is that it resembles the fortified cities of the continent, though on a miniature scale. Great square masses of sand-stone oppress the eye wherever it may turn; massive walls, massive houses, a massive bridge, and massive quays and piers! There is a corner-and-copestone-like completeness about Berwick, a perfect portliness and old soldier-like accuracy of department, that at once fills and pleases the mind of a beholder.*

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* When Charles paid his first visit to Scotland in 1633, Lord Home met him at Berwick with a train of six hundred Merse gentlemen gallantly arrayed on horse-back.

The streets of Berwick are spacious, with a strong cast of antique dignity about them. Most of the shops are elegant; and from the multitudes of people constantly seen moving about, a conclusion may be drawn that the town is in a thriving condition. But Berwick is evidently a town not to be affected by the fluctuations of national prosperity; it is a sturdy old annuitant kind of town, with a regular income. Things may be dear now and then, but it still has the means of purchasing them. Or it is like the arctic bear, and can put over the wintry period of misfortune with tolerable comfort by the self-devouring process so well known as the attribute of that animal. Berwick, I am persuaded, could stand a longer siege from the hosts of Poverty and Famine than any other town in the world, excepting only perhaps the cathedral cities of England.

The public buildings of Berwick are not very remarkable. The town house has a spire, which the church wants. There is a large establishment for soldiers. The castle, so celebrated in the early history of these kingdoms, is now a shapeless ruin, with a deserted wind-mill towering in the centre; the position has been very strong, and the remains of two raised causeways by which it was approached, give a high idea of the scale upon which the whole had been constructed. The charitable institutions of Berwick are of a singularly munificent character, as also the privileges of the citizens. The town is governed by a mayor, a recorder, and four aldermen; and it sends two members to parliament. The church and laws of England obtain in the town. The trade of the port is considerable, the salmon caught in the Tweed being the chief export.

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* Berwick was fortified and garrisoned for the last time by Charles the First, for the purpose of overawing the Covenanters. He himself spent a few weeks in the town, and there settled a treaty with his Scottish subjects, in the year 1639.

Here, the conveniences called Berwick Smacks first originated; but that species of trade has been of late years removed in a great measure, to the ports of Leith and Aberdeen.

The bridge of Berwick is an ancient, conspicuous, and beautiful object. It contains fifteen arches, and measures nearly two hundred double paces, or the fifth of a mile, in length. The river is here smooth, broad, and sea-like; and there can scarcely be a more delightful scene than that which it presents on a moonlight summer eve, when the citizens of Berwick move, Venetian-like, over its smooth surface in boats, and the monotonous dash of the oars is enlivened by some flute-player or singer, whose strains are again echoed by the overhanging walls of the town. The view from the bridge, looking westwards, is at any period of the day extremely fine.

The women of Berwick are, without the exception of even Edinburgh or Inverness, the most beautiful to be found north of the Tweed. They are not only beautiful, in so far as bloom of complexion and regularity of features are concerned, but they possess the utmost elegance of form, and dress with taste at least equal to their native graces. The art of the toilette has here been carried to a height rare in this quarter of the island, or indeed out of the metropolis, on account, it is said, of the facility with which the belles of the last age procured the *fashions* from London by means of the smacks.

The people of Berwick are distinguished by their incapability of articulating the letter *r*. This defect of their speech, called the *burr*, gives a ridiculous effect to their elocution, an aspirate of peculiar sound being substituted for the impracticable letter. What seems very strange, the burr is exclusively confined to the natives of Berwick and its bounds, the people living at a small hamlet immediately without that limit, being exempted from it, as well as even those residing at the toll-house on the Edinburgh road, which marks the extremity of the liberties in that direction.

The Merse.

Halidon Hill, about three miles west from Berwick, is perhaps worthy of a visit as the scene of an important battle in 1333; when the Scottish army received such a discomfiture from the English, as almost neutralized both the profit and the glory of Bannockburn.

The road from Berwick to Kelso leads through an interesting tract of country. Paxton House, the seat of Forman Hume, Esq., is remarkable for a splendid collection of paintings, chiefly by Italian masters, which a late proprietor purchased when abroad some years ago. The adjoining village of Paxton seems to have been the locality of the song entitled "Robin Adair." In the immediate neighbourhood, the Tweed is crossed by a wire bridge, the finest as yet erected in this quarter of the island. It admits two carriages abreast, besides foot passengers, and is one of the most interesting objects of an artificial nature to be seen in the south of Scotland.

About twelve miles west from Berwick is the parish-church of Ladykirk, remarkable as one of the few Gothic buildings of the kind that survived the Reformation. The legend connected with this church gives it an additional claim to notice. It seems that, when James the Fourth was crossing the Tweed at the head of his army by a ford in the neighbourhood, he suddenly found himself in a situation of great peril from the violence of the flood, which had nearly carried him away. In his emergency, he vowed to build a church to the Virgin, in case that she should be so good as deliver him. The result was this edifice, which, being dedicated to the Virgin, was denominated Ladykirk, a name which afterwards extended to the parish, formerly designated Upsettlington.

The ford itself deserves some notice. It was the passage by which the English and Scotch armies geneally invaded the countries of each other, before the bridge of Berwick, which appears not to have been erected till the reign of Elizabeth, had its existence. It was, on this account, a point of resort and conference, and the adjacent field called Holywell Haugh was the place where Edward I met the Scottish nobility, to settle the dispute betwixt Bruce and Baliol relative to the crown of Scotland. At the church of Upsettlington, which preceded the erection of James IV, a supplementary treaty to that of Chateau Cambresis was settled by commissioners; and Norham Castle, on the opposite bank of the river, derived importance from its commanding this isthmus of intercourse between the two kingdoms.

About three miles westward from Ladykirk is Swinton a considerable village, with the house of the same name, about a mile distant. Swinton House is a modern seat, but is the substitute of an edifice of prodigious antiquity which occupied almost the same site, and was burnt down thirty years ago. This was the residence of the family of Swinton, one of the oldest baronial families in Scotland of which there is still a representative. The first of the Swintons acquired his lands in reward for the bravery and diligence which he displayed in clearing the country of the wild swine which then infested it; hence the name: And one of his descendants sustained the original warlike character of the family by his strikingly brave conduct at the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402, an incident that has been admirably well dramatized by Sir Walter Scott, whose grandmother was the daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton.

Coldstream, about six miles south from Swinton, and fourteen from Berwick, is an agreeable and thriving town, situated upon the banks of the Tweed, near the place where that river ceases to be the boundary of the two kingdoms. This place formerly derived importance from a ford, but it now derives much more from a bridge erected about forty years ago, over the Tweed. Without any assistance from manufactures, the town seems to subsist chiefly upon the thoroughfare which this useful edifice has occasioned, and upon the trade which is supplied by the opulent agricultural country around it. On the first Thursday of every month, there is a great cattle-market at Coldstream, which is chiefly resorted to by dealers from the north of England. There is also a corn-market every Thursday. It is resorted to by many imprudent couples for the same purpose which has sent so many to the more celebrated Gretna. The landlord of the principal inn tells, with some pride, that Mr H. Brougham was married in his house.

Previous to the Reformation, Coldstream could boast of a rich priory of Cistercian nuns; but of the buildings not one fragment now remains. The nunnery stood upon a spot a little eastward from the market-place, where there are still some peculiarly luxuriant gardens, besides a small burying-ground, now little used. In a slip of waste ground, between the garden and the river, many bones and a stone-coffin were dug up some years ago; the former supposed to be the most distinguished of the warriors that fought at Flodden;* for there is a tradition that the abbess sent vehicles to that fatal field, and brought away many of the better orders of the slain, whom she interred here.

. General Monk resided at Coldstream† at the time when he only waited for a favourable opportunity to spring into England, and effect the restoration. During the winter of 1659-60, which he spent here, he raised a horse regiment, which was therefore, and has ever since been denominated the *Coldstream Guards*.

The third house east from the market-place of Coldstream is said to have formerly been the inn. It is an old thatched edifice of two stories, but might have at one time been the best house in the town. In this house many personages of distinction, including kings and queens of Scotland, are enumerated by tradition as having resided, and that occasionally for several days at a time, while waiting till the fall of the waters of Tweed permitted them to cross at the ford. It would be worth a traveller's while to inspect the humble apartments in which the royalty of former days found shelter and accommodation.

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* The field, or rather hill, of Flodden is not more than six miles from Coldstream, and the tall stone that marks the place where the king fell only about half that distance, the battle having terminated about three miles from the spot where it commenced.

† The Scottish Presbyterian army of 1640 invaded England by the ford of Coldstream.

About a mile and a half to the east of Coldstream are the ruins of the church of Lennel, surrounded by a burying-ground. Here there was also a village, which was so completely destroyed during the border wars that the precise site is unknown. Lennel was the name of the parish, before Coldstream existed. The inhabitants of that town still use the burying-ground. In Lennel House the venerable Patrick Brydone, known to the literary world by his travels in Sicily and Malta, spent the latter years of his long life.

A peculiar turn of the Tweed immediately above Coldstream gives additional beauty to the beautiful house and pleasure-ground of Lees, the seat of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart. It is worth mentioning, that the river here almost every year makes some encroachment upon the English territory, and adds just as much to the kingdom of Scotland; which may be considered a very patriotic line of conduct on the part of the Tweed, inasmuch as it is a Scottish and not an English river. Not long ago, Sir John Marjoribanks thus acquired several acres of ground, which the opposite proprietor cannot reclaim, except at the good will and pleasure of the genius of the stream. Scotland, it is true, has not always been favoured by the caprice of the river; for the water flows over a place opposite the site of the nunnery, where Monk is said to have been in the habit of reviewing his troops.

Hume Castle is the next object worthy of attention, in pursuing westward the survey of the Merse. Hume Castle properly does not exist; but the late Earl of Marchmont raised the walls from the ruins into which they had fallen, and, by battlementing them, produced something like a castle, or which at least may pass for that at a distance. It is from situation a conspicuous, and indeed a picturesque object. Placed on a considerable eminence, it commands a view of the whole Merse, and a great deal of Roxburghshire; the view being bounded on one side by the hills of Cheviot, and on the other by those of Lammermuir. The space within the exterior wall, at least half an acre, is now fitted up as a kitchen garden for the farmer who keeps "the key of the castle." Traces of the vaults are yet distinguishable, and the well still exists. This was the station of one of the beacons erected during the last war, for the alarm of the country in case of invasion; and it partook in a celebrated mistake, by which, on the chain of beacons being lighted throughout this district, the militia of a great part of the south of Scotland were roused and collected in the course of a single night. This remarkable event, which took place in 1803, has been introduced into the well-known novel of "the Antiquary." It is believed to have been occasioned by what is termed in Scotland a *house-heating*. The people attending the beacon of Hownamlaw in Roxburghshire mistook the festive light which proceeded from a house undergoing that process near Dunse, for the beacon on the top of Dunselaw; and on Hownamlaw being lighted up, Dunselaw took up the alarm which it was guiltless in giving, and all the rest lighted in their turns. Owing to some negligence, the beacon of Blackcastle on the confines of Lothian, did not catch the alarm, otherwise the whole of that extensive district would have been also roused. What is very amusing, the yeomanry of Berwickshire went over to Dunbar in East Lothian, while the East Lothian yeomanry, on the other hand, crossed over to Dunse in Berwickshire, neither of them being able to ascertain the point of attack. The Teviotdale militia assembled at their proper capital of Jedburgh. The whole were in arms before the morning; a circumstance which showed at least that Government had not miscalculated the patriotism of the people in intrusting them with arms for the defence of their country.*

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* The Teviotdale yeomanry marched into Jedburgh early in the morning of the alarm, playing the spirit-stirring old tune,

Hume Castle was the seat of the ancient and powerful family whose name it bears or rather conferred, the leading family of the Merse. It was besieged in 1547 by the English under the Duke of Somerset, when, after having stood out for some time under the command of Lady Hume, it was delivered up on fair terms. During the time of the Commonwealth, when governed by a person of the sterner sex, Oliver Cromwell sent from Haddington a requisition for its surrender, to which a reply was sent in doggerel rhyme,

> I, Willie Wastle,
> Stand firm in my castle,
> And a' the dogs o' your town
> Will no drive Willie Wastle down;

though, ere long, on Old Noll taking more serious measures with it, the garrison saw fit to recognise in more respectful terms a power which they could not oppose.

The village of Hume was once much more extensive than now, stretching to a considerable distance all round the castle, and inhabited by the numerous retainers of the Earl of Home. The bow-butts are yet to be seen where the men were exercised; and there is a field in the neighbourhood, called the *post rig*, from having been the *dulcia arva* of the Earl's running footman, a personage of whom a singular anecdote has been preserved by the tradition of Hume. He was once commissioned by the Earl to carry to Edinburgh a message which concerned a matter of the utmost consequence to his Lordship. It was night; but the poor fellow did not hesitate instantly to take his departure for the capital, a distance of at least thirty-five miles. He was so ex-

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"Wha daur meddle wi' me?" On this being told to Leyden in India, he is said to have started up from the sick-bed on which he was reclining, and, shouting "Wha daur meddle wi' me? Wha daur meddle wi' me?" at the top of his voice, rushed out of the apartment to give vent to his feelings. Intense nationality seems to have been one of the most remarkable characteristics of this wonderful man.

peditious that he returned before morning; when, the Earl not being a-stir to receive intelligence of his dispatch, he threw himself upon a bench in the hall, and sought some repose. By and bye Lord Home rose, and coming into the hall, found his footman lying snoring upon the bench, instead of being engaged in the performance of his pressing errand; which so enraged him, that he drew his sword, and was on the point of killing his faithful vassal, when providentially the man awoke, and explained the cause of his seeming negligence. Perhaps the *post rig* was a donation in reward of his meritorious expedition.

It is remarkable of the united parishes of Hume and Stitchell, that, although there is a schoolmaster and also a smith, there is not a public house within the bounds! What may be the natural cause of this apparent miracle goes beyond my information, and is equally inexplicable by conjecture.

A series of basaltic rocks near Hume Castle, called the Largie Craigs, are considered a curiosity.

Mellerstain House is one of the most conspicuous objects in the western parts of the Merse. It is a vast modern seat, supposed to have as many windows as there are days in the year. The former edifice and the estate belonged to a family of the name of Hatelie; but for at least a century past, they have been the property of a branch of the Baillies of Jerviswood.*

The parish of Gordon, in the western extremity of the Merse, is notable as the *prima sedes* of the family of Gordon, who first acquired distinction by clearing this part of the country of wild beasts, and afterwards migrated northwards. Huntly and Huntly-wood are still the names of two different localities, formerly the property of that noble family. The people of Gordon were recently a very primitive race, some of them having lived in the same farms from father to son for several centuries. It was perhaps on that account they were stigmatized as "the gowks o' Gordon" in popular parlance, and in a rhyme which enumerates, in language as soft and fine as that in which Milton enumerates his beautiful localities, some places in the neighbourhood:

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* Lady Murray of Stanhope, author of the interesting narrative of the Life of her mother, Lady Grizel Baillie, lately published, often resided at the old house. According to the information of an old domestic, who remembered seeing her, she was a little woman, somewhat marked with the small-pox.

> Huntly-wood—the wa's is doun,
> Bassandean and Barrastoun,
> Heckspeth wi' the yellow hair,
> Gordon gowks for evermair!

The parish of Gordon once included that of Westruther, with a considerable part of Longformacus, and the church-town of Bassendean.

The county town, Greenlaw, lies in a valley upon the north bank of the Blackadder, over which there are two bridges. It consists in one long straight street, with a square market-place receding from the north side about the middle. In the centre of this square stands the cross, a neat Corinthian pillar, surmounted by a lion presenting the coat-armorial of the Earl of Marchmont, who erected it. The upper side of the square is formed by a line of buildings comprising the church, the steeple, and the court-house, all surrounded by a burying-ground. The steeple seems as if inserted between the other two; and the circumstance of its having been used as the county jail, with its dark and dungeon-like appearance, suggested to a waggish stranger the following descriptive couplet:

> Here stand the Gospel and the Law,
> Wi' Hell's hole atween the twa.

Hell's hole is now vacated, and there is a handsome new jail at a little distance.

The town of Greenlaw was formerly situated upon the top of an eminence about a mile to the south, where a farm onstead is still denominated Old Greenlaw. The site is said to have been changed on its becoming the county town.

About two miles north-west from the town, near a place called Newburn, there exists a singular curiosity. At the edge of a vast black heath, where the Blackadder runs at the bottom of a narrow valley, the precipitous sides of which are at least two hundred feet of sheer descent, there is a small promontory, divided on both sides from the moor by deep ravines, and guarded on the side which connects it with the level ground by three distinct mounds and as many ditches. This well-defended enclosure, which may occupy an acre of ground, is supposed to have been a Roman camp, though more probably it was a bulwark erected by the natives against the encroachments of that power. It is one of the few fortifications of the kind which have not been subjected to the plough; and what is worthy of remark, it exhibits turf of the finest green, while all around is a brown and hopeless moor. About a mile east there is still to be seen, stretching athwart the heath, a long entire piece of Harit's Dyke, a strong rampart with a ditch, which once extended between the town of Berwick and the Boon (termination) Hill in Lauderdale. This may be seen from the road between Greenlaw and Dunse, about a mile and a half from the former place.

Marchmont House, the seat of Sir William Purves Hume Campbell, Bart., about four miles from Greenlaw, is worthy of a visit. It is a modern edifice, surrounded by an extensive park, most of which is planted. It is approached by an avenue about a mile and a quarter long, and an hundred yards broad, the most imposing thing of the kind I ever saw. The house is plain externally, but is well furnished, and possesses many paintings. On some person taking the liberty to represent to the last Earl of Marchmont, who built it, that rublework was unworthy of so fine a mansion, the eccentric and witty old peer said that he intended to live in the inside, not the outside of his house; a consideration perhaps but too little attended to in Scotland. The

Berwickshire.

rooms are full of old family portraits and others, which cannot fail to delight any dabbler in family history. There are no fewer than five of Patrick, the first Earl, whose sufferings for conscience sake, immediately before the revolution, have endeared his memory to the Whigs. In one original, he is represented with a long beard, a cowl upon his head, and a psalm-book in his hand, as he appeared after his concealment for several weeks in the sepulchral vault underneath Polwarth church. One of the best portraits in the house is a fine full length of Charles the Twelfth. There is still preserved in the house an old chair, which has no doubt been once very fine, though now in ruins—the last relic of a suite of furniture presented by King William to the Earl as a mark of his friendship. There is likewise, framed and glazed, a holograph letter of Queen Anne, in which she thanks the Earl for his useful services in carrying through the Union. In the cellar of the house is preserved the trunk of the original Polwarth Thorn, so celebrated in Scottish song.

Between Marchmont House and the village of Polwarth stands the parish church, upon a site which has been appropriated to purposes of worship since the earlier ages of Christianity. The present edifice is not old, but the vault beneath is still the same which afforded the patriot Earl shelter from the vengeance of King James. He was concealed here six weeks, unknown to the greater part of his own family, being supplied with food by his daughter, the amiable Lady Grizel Baillie, whose memoirs by her daughter were recently published. In addition to the statements made in that delightful book, it may be worth while to record, that at the time of Sir Patrick's concealment, the vault was so full of the relics of mortality, that he could not walk through it without coming in contact with the bones of his ancestors. Surrounded by these horrible things, he was sitting one night by a small table with a light, engaged upon Buchanan's Psalms, (the whole of which, by the bye, he learned by heart during the time of his concealment,) when his eye happened to stray from the book to a skull at his feet, which he presently observed to make a slight motion. He was at first disturbed in mind by this strange circumstance, but soon recovered his composure, and continued to look upon the skull, in order to be convinced of the fact. In a short time the motion became too violent to be at all doubtful, and Sir Patrick had the courage to turn the skull over with his cane, when a mouse jumped from the interior, where it had been battening on the fresh remains of the brain. His mind was thus set completely at rest. He used to tell this story in after-life, as a reason why people should not be too much alarmed at things which may appear supernatural. His daughter must have possessed fortitude not inferior to his own. The manse then stood close to the church-yard, and, besides the midnight terrors of that dreary place, she had to brave the ferocity of the minister's mastiff, which used to keep up a prodigious barking at her as she was proceeding on her nightly errands. This latter annoyance she contrived to get quit of by an ingenious expedient. By raising a report of a mad dog having been seen roaming through the country, her mother, having first sacrificed a stupid old spaniel of her own, by way of example, prevailed upon the good clergyman to take similar measures with the Cerberus of the manse.

Polwarth is rather a field powdered with cottages than a village, the houses being literally scattered, without any view to regularity, over the common called "the Green," in the centre of which is a small enclosed space, with three thorn trees of various sizes, the successors of the poetical thorn. The legend connected with this tree might furnish materials for a good romance. The estate of Polwarth formerly belonged to Sinclair of Hermandston, whose family, so far back as the fifteenth century, terminated in co-heiresses. At that early period, there used to be dreadful rugging and riving at heiresses; few were married without having first been the occasion of one or more broken heads; and it generally happened, that the most powerful, not the most beloved wooer obtained the prize. The renowned case of Tibby Fowler seems to have been nothing to that of the Misses Sinclair. Out of all their lovers, they preferred the sons of their powerful neighbour Home of Wedderburn; and it so happened, that the youngest sister was beloved by the eldest Home, (George,) while the eldest placed her affections on the youngest, whose name was Patrick. After the death of the father of the young ladies, they fell into the hands of an uncle,* who, anxious to prevent their marriages that he himself might become their heir, immured them in his castle somewhere in Lothian. What obstacles will not love overcome? They contrived, in this dilemma, to get a letter transmitted to their lovers, by means of an old female beggar, and they were soon gratified by the sight of the two youths, accompanied by a determined band of Merse-men, before the gate of their prison. The uncle made both remonstrance and resistance, but in vain. His nieces were forcibly taken from him, and carried off in triumph to Polwarth. Part of the nuptial rejoicings, (for the marriage ceremony immediately ensued,) consisted in a merry dance round the thorn which, even at that early period, grew in the centre of the village. The lands of Polwarth were then divided between the two Homes, and, while George carried on the line of the Wedderburn family, Patrick was the founder of the branch afterwards ennobled by the title of Marchmont. In commemoration of so remarkable an affair, all future marriage-parties danced round the thorn: and a tune seems to have been composed of the name of "Polwarth on the Green," to which several songs have been successively adapted—in particular one beginning,

At Polwarth on the green,
  If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
  To dance around the thorn,

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* By the bye, what detestable characters *uncles* always are in stories, from the Babes in the Wood downwards!

The Merse.

A kindly welcome you shall meet
  Frae ane that likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
  The lad and lover you.

This custom continued in force for several centuries, but has been given up, in consequence of the privacy with which all marriages are now conducted, not to speak of the fall of the original tree. It is not, however, more than three years since the party that attended what is called a paying, or penny-wedding,—that is, a wedding where every guest pays a small sum for his entertainment, and for the benefit of the young couple,—danced round the little enclosure to the tune of Polwarth on the Green, having previously pressed into their service an old woman, almost the last that had seen weddings thus celebrated, to show them the manner of the dance.

Polwarth was once a place of some trade, especially in shoemaking, there having at one time been no fewer than fourteen professors of this craft in the village, each of whom tanned his own leather.* There is now scarcely a tradesman of any kind, the people all living by agriculture or weaving. The village was formerly much more extensive, and the houses were all old fashioned, having stupendous clay-built chimnies, and each provided with a knocking-stone at the cheek of the door, with which the barley used by the family was wont, in not very remote times, to be cleansed every morning as required. Of late years, all has been changed except the knocking-stones, which in general survive, like old servants retained about a house long after they have ceased to be of any use. In the severe winter of 1740, when it is remembered that all the mills of the Merse were stopped by the frost except two, these primitive engines were used by the country people for grinding corn into meal.

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* This was a prevailing fashion, till the imposition of the present high taxes on leather. It was also customary for curriers to go about from shoemaker to shoemaker, to dress the small quantities of leather which each individual prepared for his own use.

The people of Polwarth drive a sort of trade as musicians, almost all of them being expert violin-players, and willing to be employed as such at rustic balls, dancing-schools, &c. This is probably owing to the celebrity of their town in popular song, and the custom of dancing round the thorn.

Polwarth is not the only village of the Merse which modern times have seen fall into decay. There is, for instance, in its neighbourhood a place called Fogo, that once could boast of some importance, but is now reduced almost to the condition of a mere farm-stead. Fogo used to be distinguished for the excellence of its cooper, or rather for the progressive improvement and increasing dexterity of a long race of coopers; every successive member of which displaying greater skill than his father, there arose a proverbial saying, "Ye're just the cooper o' Fogo," which means that you are a better man than your father. Alas! both Fogo and its coopers are now alike non-existent. The same fate has overtaken a place called Sisterpathmill, where tradition records that they were once no fewer than five houses for the entertainment of the public, though there are not now half so many houses at the spot altogether of any sort. Sisterpathmill was truly "a merry place in the days of yore." It is recorded of it, that a convivial party having met once in one of the hostleries precisely as the landlady was *setting* a hen,—that is, placing it upon its eggs,—they did not rise to depart until the chickens were running about the house!

In the neighbourhood of Polwarth, there were once many little onsteads, of which no vestige now remains, and for which no substitutes are to be found in the country. Streaks of livelier green and slight mounds generally mark these spots, which are fully as well calculated to inspire melancholy reflections as the ruins of palaces and cities; for how many scenes, such as those described in the Cotter's Saturday Night, must have there taken place, and what pangs may have rent the hearts of the innocent poor before this desolation was perfected! One such place, called Murlierig, about a quarter of a mile south-east from Polwarth, has a singular legend. There was a laird of Murlierig in times long bygone. He happened to have a feud with a neighbouring small proprietor, who, instead of fighting it out bravely, employed a base artifice to procure vengeance upon his foe. He stole some sheep, hid the skins in Murlierig's peat-stack, and then raised a hue and cry. The search of the officers of justice being directed to the peat-stack, Murlierig was seized, tried, and, upon circumstantial evidence, condemned to death, which he accordingly suffered, in spite of his protestations of innocence. This story is characteristic of a period when, in the midst of much primitive virtue, the basest vices sometimes flourished with peculiar vigour.

Some of the localities around Polwarth have various traditions connected with them. At the west end of the village is a spring called the Black Well, out of which, if any stranger drinks, the old women believe that he will shortly contract such a fondness for the town as to be unable to depart from it. A little further west, there is an eminence called the Witch's Knowe, on account of a witch having been burnt there in times past: the stones which enclosed the fire still remain. About a mile north from the village is another eminence called the Hangit-man-hill. Here tradition and history affirm that the covenanting army was pitched in August 1640 when meditating their invasion of England; and the marks of a camp yet remain to attest the fact, as well as the name, which was conferred on account of the soldiers, at their departure, leaving one of their number hanging upon a temporary gallows. The miller of Polwarth made a good deal of money by selling sowens to the soldiers, which he did at the rate of a penny per bicker, the bicker containing a pint. The farmer of Choicelee, whose onstead is situated close upon the road from Edinburgh to Dunse, at the place where that from Greenlaw joins it, made also a small fortune by selling his cheese, which was distinguished at that time, and long after, by its superior flavour. There is a common saying all over Scotland to this effect,—"There's as guid cheese in Choucelee," (so pronounced) "as ever chafts chowed; and the cheese o' Cheshire's nae mair like the cheese o' Choucelee than chalk's like cheese." This is supposed to have taken its rise among the soldiers, and to have been conveyed by them to every part of the country, on their retiring to the shades of private life.*

About a mile and a half to the westward of Dunse is the modern village of Gavinton. This was erected about fifty years ago, in place of an old hamlet called Langton, the appendage of the castle of that name, so celebrated in Border history, but now entirely swept away. The name was conferred by Mr Gavin, the parvenû lord of the manor. Gavinton is a neat and regular village, situated in the midst of a most beautiful country. In the neighbourhood of the church, there is an eminence called the Witch's Knowe, where the marks of fire and the remains of half-burnt bones, the relics of a scene of human incremation, were visible only a few years ago. Such localities are by no means rare in Scotland, but are on the contrary, to be met with in the neighbourhood of almost every large town, while the freshness of the traditions usually connected with them, communicates a dreadful idea of the barbarism from which the people of this country have but recently emerged. A field to the south of Gavinton, called Battlemuir, was the scene of an early and unrecorded combat; a relic of which was found at the spot fifteen years ago, in the shape of a gold ring, as large as a bracelet.

Dunse, which, though not the capital, is the principal town in the county, in respect of size, business, schools, and the respectability of its inhabitants, lies upon a sunny plain at the southern base of the celebrated hill called Dunse Law. It is a town of respectable external aspect, and is found, when entered, to contain some spacious streets, the private buildings of which are neatly built. In the market-place, which occupies a central situation, stands the Town-house, a new structure that does equal credit to Mr Gillespie as architect, and to Mr Waddell of Gavinton as builder. The tower which surmounts the building is a fine object, and gives great additional beauty to the external aspect of the town.

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* It appears from a manuscript volume entitled "Historical Miscellanies," (*Advocates' Library*, W. 3. 12. p. 299.) that the Scottish army lay a fortnight at Choicelee, August 1640, immediately before their invasion of England.

Dunse, which contains about three thousand inhabitants, is not a manufacturing town, though deriving considerable employment in the shape of weaving from Glasgow. It seems to subsist chiefly upon its market, its shops, and its lawyers, which last are astonishingly numerous. It is always considered the emporium of Berwickshire, though not the capital, for it possesses all the attributes of a county-town, except the privilege and the name. Its superiority is indicated by the popular phrase, " Dunse dings a'."

The town originally stretched from the northern border of a lake near Dunse Castle, called the Hen Pow, along the southern skirt of the Law, and covered no part of its present site. The remains of this former town were only removed from the park round the Castle within the recollection of people in middle age. The house in which the celebrated logician Duns Scotus was born, stood of course in this old town. Its site is marked by a large stone, which is said to have lain from time immemorial at its gable, and which the present Mr Hay of Drumelzier, proprietor of Dunse Castle, has been careful not to stir in the course of his improving operations. It is now built into the wall upon the north side of the road from Dunse to the Castle, and may be observed directly opposite to the exterior gate, being distinguished from the stones forming the foundation of the wall by its upper part receding, so as to cause a hollow of about six inches depth. Dunse was the birth-place of a man, whose reputation, though not so extensive as that of Duns Scotus, is at least as high in his native country, the Rev. Thomas Boston. The town derives some additional importance from a mineral well in its neighbourhood, known by the name of "the Dunse Spa."

Dunse Castle is a magnificent new house, in what is called the castellated style. It was erected partly upon the remains of a former castle, which had been the property of that glorious patriot, Randolph Earl of Moray, and it went into the hands of Cospatrick (Earl of Dunbar,) by his equally glorious daughter, Black Agnes, who married that powerful nobleman. The former castle was remarkable, on account of having been the head-quarters of General Leslie, when he lay with the Scottish army of 1639 on the top of the neighbouring Law. The apartment in which he and his officers dined, having fortunately been preserved untouched at the re-edification, can now be seen in the Castle: it is the Butler's room.

The interior decorations of Dunse Castle are truly splendid; some of them, indeed, curiously beautiful. The gothic style prevails in both the architecture and the furniture of the house, the stair-case is exceedingly fine, and one of the galleries is lighted by a window of the loveliest stained glass to be seen in Scotland. The best rooms are full of pictures, many of which are very good. The portraits are worthy of especial attention; for, besides those of his own family, Mr Hay has collected many others, and possesses, in particular, the best of the Seton gallery. One of the latter, the first Viscount Kingston, drawn as he appeared on alighting from the flight of Worcester, is worthy of more than ordinary notice; the dusty sweat of battle and flight glistering with all the force of reality on the brow of the fatigued soldier, who seems just to have laid aside his head-piece.

Dunse Law still bears upon its broomy top, marks of the encampment which the Covenanting army planted there, June 1639, when prepared to oppose by force of arms the Episcopalian innovations of Charles I.

The Merse.

That monarch at the same time lay in camp with his army at the Birks, a place on the other side of the Tweed, three miles above Berwick, and about eight from Dunse Law. The two armies, which thus lay within sight of each other, did not come to a collision, but were simultaneously dissolved, after three weeks of reciprocal menaces, in terms of a pacification which was ratified between Charles and his insurgent subjects. During this period, Dunse Law presented the singular spectacle of an army of twenty thousand men, who, as the establishment of a particular form of worship was their moving object, and as it seemed requisite that they should exemplify their theory by practice, exhibited rather the solemnity of religious meeting than the levity of a military assemblage. Their commanders lay in tents, and the men themselves in small turf and shingle huts; and in both alike, the sound of prayer was almost incessant; while no such thing as an oath or execration was ever heard throughout the camp. They had about forty guns, the most of which were pointed towards the south-east, that being at once the direction of the enemy, and the point from which, owing to the comparative easiness of the ascent, an attack was to be most apprehended.

Wedderburn House, the modern successor of the ancient seat of Home of Wedderburn, situated a very few miles to south-east of Dunse, is also worthy of being visited. In a park near the house, there is a rude monument to the memory of George Home, the oldest of the heroes of the legend of Polwarth Thorn, who was killed there in 1497, fighting against a party of English that had approached his house as he was sitting at dinner, and whom he went out to fight half-dined.

Pursuing the survey of this district eastward, the traveller finds, embowered in glorious woods, the house of Ninewells where the celebrated David Hume first drew breath, and which is now the property of the nephew of that great man. At a little distance is the long village of Chirnside, the capital of the parish, and the seat of a presbytery of the same name. The father of the famous Erskines, who founded the chief sect which dissents from the Church of Scotland, was once minister of Chirnside.

LAMMERMUIR.

LAMMERMUIR is a wild and primitive mountain-land, where one might at any time spend a delightful week, in exploring the infinite details of the locale, and getting acquainted and in love with the simple manners and interesting traditions of the people. Of yore, the hills of Lammermuir served as a sort of natural chain of forts for the protection of Lothian and the capital, from the incursions of the English; in modern times they have been employed in the more peaceful character of a sheep-walk, for the supply of the same territory in wool and mutton. The district extends from Berwick Bounds, northwards along the coast, and then westwards to Lauderdale. The southern front of the range looks down upon the Merse, and the northern upon East Lothian; and there can scarcely be a more admirable view than what is obtained of the latter fertile territory, of the sea, and of Fife beyond, from any one of the numerous shoulders which Lammermuir pushes forward from his vast sides in that direction.

From the pastoral character of this district, there has arisen a ridiculous phrase; "a Lammermuir lion;" which every little boy in Scotland can tell you, signifies neither more or less than a sheep. This proverbial expression once caused a hearty laugh among the officers of a Scottish regiment serving abroad. On the day after the capture of Belleisle, the said officers, when assembled at dinner, could talk of nothing, of course, but the various incidents of the siege; and each individual, without regarding the narratives of his companions, was busily engaged in setting forth the glory achieved by his own particular arm. Their colonel was Sir Andrew Agnew, a distinguished soldier in the wars of George the Second, but one whose boisterous uncouthness of manner caused him to be generally treated with a great deal of familiarity by his brethren in arms. Sir Andrew's servant, well known to be a Lammermuir man, stood behind his master's chair; and to him Sir Andrew appealed, as to a fellow soldier, in the course of a self aggrandizing account of some of his own feats. "John," said he, "did not I look the boldest man in the whole regiment?" "Oh yes, Sir Andrew," quoth John, willing to enter into his master's humour, "you looked just as bold as a lion." "A lion, you fool," said Sir Andrew, smartly turning round upon him; "where did you ever see a lion?" "Oh, there's plenty of lions in John's country," observed a witty subaltern, and threw the whole company into convulsions of laughter at this honourable testimony to their colonel's bold looks.

The hills of Lammermuir, though now forming only a sheep-walk, bear traces of having been in many parts subjected to the plough at some former period; and there are numerous vestiges of the ruins of cottages, in secluded spots, now never visited except by the hermit raven and the wandering sheep. At a very remote period, the whole region was overspread with wood; but there is now not so much as a single tree anywhere to be seen. Besides being universally wooded, it was infested by wild beasts. The lady of Gamelshiel Castle, a ruined strength situated in a hope or small glen, near the farm of Mill-Know, was one evening taking a walk at a little distance below the house, when a wolf sprung from the wood, and, in the language of the simple peasants who tell the far-descended story, *worried* her. Her husband buried her mangled corpse in the corner of the court-yard, and ever after, till death sent him to rejoin her in another world, sat at his chamber window, looking through his tears over her grave; his soul as dark as the forest shades around him, and his voice as mournful as their autumn music. This castle was one of a chain, which guarded the pass between Dunse and Haddington; a natural opening across the hills formed by the course of the Whittadder, near the head of which stream it is situated. Two tall, spiky, pillar-like remains of the tower are yet to be seen, by the travellers passing along this unfrequented road, far up the dreary hope; and a flat stone covering the grave of the unfortunate lady yet exists, to attest the verity of a story, so finely illustrative of the aboriginal condition of this country.

A considerable part of Lammermuir belongs to the county of Haddington; but it will be here considered as a distinct region, without regard to political divisions.

On emerging from Berwick bounds, the first object of interest that occurs in the survey of Lammermuir, is Lamerton Kirk, celebrated as the place where James IV was married (by proxy) to Margaret of England; an union from which all the blessings now enjoyed by Britain as an united instead of a divided kingdom, may be said to flow. Of the edifice itself, only a few feet of the walls remain, and even these, perhaps, would not be preserved if they did not enclose the richly nettled burying-ground of the lord of the manor. The churchyard, which seems to be still used by the common people as a place of sepulture, is surrounded by a number of melancholy trees, that give the little area an appropriate air of seclusion and repose. There is a tradition, that the clergyman of this church, in consequence of having favoured the king by dispensing in his case with the proclamation of banns, was permitted ever after to exercise his functions without that preliminary ceremony. If his occupation were not gone, as well as his privilege, it is by no means hypothetical to suppose that Lamerton would become a sort of Gretna-Green to the people on both sides of the Tweed.

The remains of a Danish camp and the castle of Edrington, which is situated on the top of a steep rock, are objects in this neighbourhood usually visited by travellers.

Eyemouth is a goodly sea-port village, situated upon the north side of the confluence of the little river Eye with the sea. The inhabitants principally subsist by fishing; and there are several prosperous establishments for the curing of herrings. The port has also considerable trade in exporting the grain produced in the fertile fields of the Merse. The harbour has some important advantages over most others, as that of sheltering vessels in all winds, and admitting them at almost every stage of the tide.

On account of its being the nearest sea-port to England, Eyemouth formerly drove a great trade in the contraband way, but has of late years entirely lost that bad distinction. It is said, that at one time all the people, high and low, young and old, rich and poor, were more or less engaged in smuggling, and no house was built without a view to accommodations for contraband goods. The whole town still has a dark, cunning look; is full of curious alleys, blind and otherwise; and there is not a single individual house of any standing, but what seems as if it could unfold its tales of wonder. A stranger, in forming an estimate of the size of Eyemouth, must not go superficially to work: there is as much of the town under as above ground! A fine villa on the opposite bank of the water, called Gunsgreen, was built out of the profits of smuggling, and constructed in a peculiarly ingenious manner, for the advancement of the trade: it was once alluded to in Parliament, as a remarkable illustration of the extent and success of smuggling in Scotland.

A little to the north of the harbour, upon a promontory overhanging the sea, the remains of Eyemouth Fort may be traced, in the shape of large earthen and grass-covered mounds. This structure was first erected by the Protector Somerset, and soon after demolished in consequence of a treaty between the English and the Scots. It was, not many years afterwards, restored by the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorrain, with the view of provoking a war with Elizabeth; but it was again as speedily demolished on the same account as before. There is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Fort, a field called Barefoot, said to have been the scene of a battle, in which the Scots, having been surprised in their beds, and not having time to put on their shoes, fought with *bare feet*, and yet gained a decided victory.

The banks of the Eye afford some fine scenery. The seat of Mr Molle of Molle's-mains, about a mile above Eyemouth, is worthy of notice. About a mile still farther up, stands the old Scottish manor-house of Linthill, remarkable as the scene of a dreadful murder, committed about ninety years ago, upon the person of Mrs Hume of Billy, by her own servant, Norman Ross. The little village of Ayton, through which the road from Edinburgh to London passes, lies two miles west from Eyemouth.

Pursuing the line of the coast, the next object is the delightful little village of Coldingham. Situated upon a small eminence in the centre of a fine valley, at a short distance from the sea, undisturbed by the clatter of the mechanic, or the bustle of the merchant, each house embowered by its own vine and fig tree, Coldingham seems as if it had been the very birth-place of the goddess Pleasantness. The village consists in two or three humble streets, with a cross at the centre. The ruins of the priory, so celebrated in Border history, lie upon the south side of the town, but all unfit in their dilapidation to give any idea of the former magnificence and extent of the buildings. The modern parish-church having been placed amidst them, the north side and east gable of that edifice are parts of the old church; besides which, there are only a few straggling fragments, including a small Saxon arch, which are said to have been part of a palace reared here by King Edgar, (the brother and successor of Malcolm Canmore,) who was the great early patron of Coldingham. The old people of the village still remember the time when the remains of the religious buildings were so extensive and so intricate, that a stranger, if led in blindfold, would scarcely have found his way out again; and the plough is perpetually impeded in the adjacent fields, by the foundations of buildings buried beneath the soil. The cause of the rapid dilapidation which has taken place of late years, is the rapacious licence of the common people, in taking away stones for the purpose of building their own houses; a custom which has prevailed to such a degree, that the bedral of the parish, who speaks upon the subject with emphatical but becoming indignation, says, "he disna believe there's a house in the village, that hasna a kirk stane in't."

The monastery was established by St Abb in the seventh century, and is said to have been the first in Scotland. It underwent many revolutions before the Reformation; one of its misfortunes being destruction by fire from heaven, on account of the disorderly lives of its tenants. Yet it would appear, that the laws of the veil were sometimes enforced in this establishment with sufficient rigour. About fifty years ago, the entire skeleton of a nun was found standing upright in a hollow of the wall; of course a victim, like the mother of Romulus, to a breach of her vows. The shoes of this unfortunate lady were still quite entire, and especially the latchets, which were of silk, though all the rest of the clothes, and even the bones of the figure were decayed. Such a mode of punishing female improprieties far transcends the more famous rigours of the Presbyterian stool; for it would certainly be better to sit one hour exposed before the minister, than to stand before him thus concealed for centuries.

A lane near the ruins, leading towards the sea, is called *the chariot*, on account, it is said, of the nuns having, by this road, gone down to bathe at a beautiful little sanded bay about half a mile below the town, *in a wheeled vehicle,* the sides of which were screened up with cloth, to prevent the people from seeing their pale beauty. The bell of Coldingham priory is said to have been transported somehow to Lincoln, where it yet remains. The inmates of the cloisters were supplied with water by a leaden pipe extending up a romantic little wooded glen called the Dean, to a strong spring which yet bears the name of St Andrew. The water of this well is of the most excellent quality; for, as Edie Ochiltree observes, "Waur than the best wadna serve the monks."

Berwickshire.

There now scarcely exists any vestige of a vast common formerly attached to this village under the name of Coldingham Moor; and a similar fate seems to have overtaken an annual festival connected with the ground. It was not long ago customary, on a particular day of the year, for the men of Coldingham to arrange themselves in two distinct bodies, the married and the unmarried, and to have a tough game at foot-ball on the moor, the former playing eastwards, and the latter towards the west. The sea-shore formed the *hail* to which the married men played; but that of the unmarried was one a thousand times more difficult to hit; namely, at a remote period, a hole in the earth about a mile and a half west from the town, and, latterly, a barn-door at a farm-stead which has been planted above the said hole. It is needless to say, that the former were invariably victorious, in spite of the bright eyes that rained influence upon their youthful antagonists. Old and young turned out to partake in this good old sport; and the day was usually one of entire festivity, as the night was of pure broken heads.

The coast to the north-west of Coldingham is extremely precipitous, and breaks into numerous bold headlands, while the aspect of the interior country is bleak enough to accord with the wildness of the shore. About four miles from Coldingham is the celebrated foreland called St Abb's Head, a place well worthy of a visit from the "sentimental" traveller. It consists in two tall hills, which are divided from the rest of the promontory by a cut so deep, as to have caused the common people to say, that the Picts had attempted, and nearly accomplished, an entire separation from the mainland. The western hill is occupied by an observatory belonging to the Preventive Service, and the eastern, called the Kirkhill, still exhibits the remains of a monastery and church founded here by the saint who gives name to the headland. A sort of path winds spirally up this interesting eminence to the top, where a considerable esplanade is found, with the low and slightly marked vestiges of St Abb's church. The

Lammermuir.

desolation of Lamerton is splendour and prosperity to this scene of melancholy waste. A very few stones still upon each other; a small enclosure like a squashed *feal dyke;* the apparition of a defunct burying-ground at a little distance, sporting, upon its withered breast, a ghastly nosegay of hemlock and nettles; the sea in front, to which the eye can discern no shore; and a savage mountain scene spreading as far behind;—such are the characteristics of a place resorted to, twelve hundred years ago, for the performance of Christian rites, by the Pict, the Briton,—perhaps, the Roman. The ruins lie within ten yards of a precipice at least three hundred feet in sheer height, covered all over with restless sea-fowl, and at the bottom of which the ocean perpetually boils.

There was a religious establishment here, it seems, before St Abb's time. The priests were one day surveying the terrors of a storm which raged in the sea beneath, when a little bark was discovered, with two figures, bearing towards them through the turbulent waves. By and bye it came nearer, and went ashore at a place not far off, where the precipice receding affords a small patch of beach, the only spot in the neighbourhood of the Kirkhill at which a vessel could touch with any chance of safety. The priests hurried down, and found a fine young lady lying senseless on the sand, having apparently sunk down, after landing, with fatigue. But they looked in vain for the other figure. They immediately brought the female to their house, and succeeded, after great exertion, in restoring her to her senses. As soon as she could speak, they made inquiry respecting the other person whom they had perceived in the boat; but, to their great astonishment, the lady declared she came quite alone. She further declared herself the daughter of a Northumbrian prince, compelled, by family misfortunes, to fly from her native country, and trust herself to the pathless sea; that she had been overtaken by a storm, and carried by the impulse of winds and waves, without the use of sail or rudder, to the place where her hosts had found her.

Berwickshire.

The priests, now remembering that the extra-passenger in the boat seemed to sit at the helm, *saw* that he could have been nothing less than an angel deputed to steer the vessel to their doors; and they, therefore, did not scruple to give forth the whole affair as a miracle. Abb herself was the first convert they got to this supposition, and the effect produced upon her mind by the adventure, was such as to induce her to take the veil. She afterwards became abbess of the establishment, and, being noted for her piety, was sainted after her death, which happened in the seventh century.

The neighbouring promontory of Fast Castle derives its name from an ancient baronial fortress,* which, like St Abb's church, is built upon the very point of the precipitous headland. Only two tall fragments now remain out of all the buildings, and a scene more wild and desolate can scarcely be conceived. The mass of rock on which the castle stood is nearly isolated, or only connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus; and the mainland overhangs the walls in most fearful style, being, at least, an hundred and fifty feet above the level of their site. Fast Castle was, at the end of the sixteenth century, a seat of the ancient family of Logan, so famous in the history of the Gowrie conspiracy; and it was to this place that the actors in that ill-starred enterprise designed to convey the king, after getting possession of his person. It was believed by the conspirator Logan that his castle contained a vast quantity of hidden treasure; and he employed Napier of Merchiston, a man whose comprehensive genius did not insure him against the superstitions of his time, to make search for the same by divination. Napier was to go snacks in case of any being disco-

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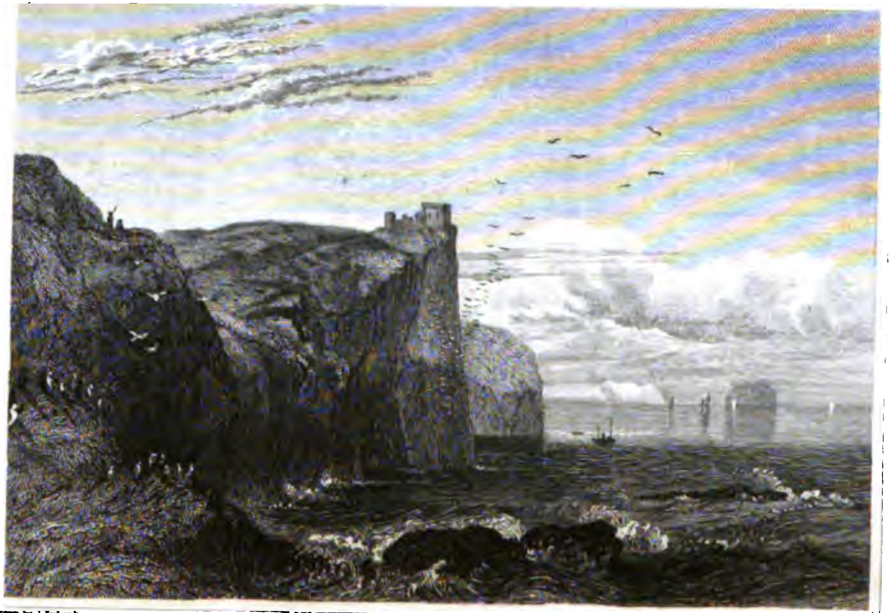
* Margaret of England, after her marriage at Lamerton, and on her way to join her husband James IV at Edinburgh, lodged a night at Fast Castle. She progressed next day to the nunnery of Haddington, and, on the subsequent day, arrived at Dalkeith, where James had his first interview with her.—*Leland's Collections.*

Lammermuir.



Drawn by J. Ewbank

Eng^d on Steel by W. H. Lizars

FAST CASTLE.

Edinburgh, Published by W. Tait. [illegible]

vered, and to have his expenses paid in whatever event. But the issue of the project was completely unsuccessful.*

The multiplicity of the sea fowl that people this precipitous range of coast, has given occasion to a "trade" as "dreadful" as that of gathering samphire on Dover Cliffs. A number of stout young men, rather for amusement than for gain, employ themselves occasionally in scaling these dreadful and dizzy heights, in order to steal the eggs of the birds. It would surprise a stranger to see with what confidence they perform their tasks, and to know that an accident does not occur among them, perhaps, once in a century. The secret seems to be, that a precipice which appears at a little distance quite sheer and plain, in reality presents many points to the gripe and step of the climber, and that what seems a narrow ledge, on which the foot could scarcely find room, becomes, when it is reached, a spacious platform. One man, many years ago, fell from a height of about four hundred feet, and left himself by instalments upon the rugged face of the rock. But that was owing to the faithlessness of a rope by which he had been let down; a mode of going to work which all true climbers hold in utter reprobation. An inexperienced person once wagered with a friend, that, though he had never put a foot on the rock in his life, he would climb one of the highest and most dangerous precipices. The trial was made. He ascended about fifty feet, without showing either inaptitude or fear; but he then declared he would come back, and be content to lose his bet. To descend, however, was ten times more difficult than to go up, owing to the impossibility, in that case, of *seeing* his steps. He found that, if he could not go farther, it was equally out of his power to go back, and in his dilemma, he loudly implored the assistance of his companion; but no assistance could be rendered to him. He clung to the rock for several hours, and desperation then achieved what skill could scarcely have done. Resolving to proceed at all hazards, he moved on cautiously at first, but afterwards more rapidly, never once looking behind him; and, to the astonishment of all who beheld him, for crowds had now come to the spot, he at last reached the top, safe and sound; though the sudden revulsion of his feelings caused him immediately to swoon away.

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* "Fast Castle was surprised and taken in 1410 by Patrick Dunbar, son of the Earl of March, when Thomas Holden, the governor, was made prisoner. Patrick Hume of Fast Castle was one of the negotiators of the truce made betwixt Henry VII and James IV. Cuthbert Hume of Fast Castle fought at Flodden under the standard of his chief, Lord Hume. In the year 1570, this fortress, then belonging to Lord Hume, was attacked by two thousand English, under Sir William Drury, mareschal of Berwick, to whom it surrendered. A party of fourteen English was then left in garrison, as a sufficient force to keep it against all Scotland, the situation being so strong."—*Cardonnel's Antiquities.* From this it appears that, previously to Logan obtaining possession of the Castle, it had belonged to a branch of the powerful family of Hume.

Berwickshire.

The tract of country between the headland of Fast Castle and Dunglass has this remarkable peculiarity, that it is high and flat, but broken at little distances by numerous deep and narrow ravines, each of which is provided with its slender stream at the bottom, running towards the sea. The sides of these ravines rise like lofty walls to the top, where the edges are quite abrupt, and correspond with each other in point of level. The most remarkable is that denominated the Peaths, over which a bridge was thrown about fifty years ago, three hundred feet in length, and two hundred and forty high; being thus *the highest bridge in the world.* A tall slender pier rises from the middle of the glen, with two arches, reaching the respective sides. It is an object often visited, though not upon the post road; and it is recommended to all strangers to descend the side of the glen to the bed of the stream, and enjoy the sight of the bridge from below. In former times, the Peaths was an important pass, on account of a few men being able to defend it against a multitude. An army, in order to cross this ravine, required to move man by man, first down and then up the paths which traversed in zig-zag fashion the steep sides; and the enemy would have had nothing else to do than just stand at the termination of the ascent and destroy man by man as he arose. This was one of the channels of escape which the Scottish army stopped up against Oliver Cromwell when they had got him hemmed in at Dunbar; and that celebrated general describes it in his despatch to the Parliament, after the battle, as a place "where one man to hinder is better than twelve to make way."

A little beyond the Peaths is another ravine commanded by a strong old tower called Colbrandspath (pronounced *Coppersmith*) Castle. This was another of those passes so important at a time when the wooded state of the country, and other causes, compelled invading armies, as well as single travellers, to take particular roads, from which there was not a possibility of the slightest deviation. The little village of Cockburnspath lies about a mile to the westward of the castle: and a little farther on stands Dunglass, the seat of Sir James Hall, Bart., surrounded by beautiful woods.

Such are the objects which, stretching along the north-eastern boundary of Berwickshire, may be reached by the great road between Edinburgh and London. No others of the least general interest occur in Lammermuir, except those which skirt the road between Haddington and Dunse, already mentioned as crossing the hilly region about the centre.

The only inn betwixt Gifford and Dunse is that of Danskein. This solitary house stands at the opening of the hills, like a march stone marking the division between the fertile lowlands of East Lothian and the wild uplands of Lammermuir; and it is not advisable to penetrate farther southwards without here preparing for the journey. Connected with the inn, which is of very old standing, is a legend of truly fearful character. The landlord of Danskein, some generations ago, was a monster that murdered his guests in their beds for the sake of their property, and who never permitted any person, who might only bait at his house, to pass towards the hills, without pursuing him on horseback with a masked face, overtaking him at a convenient place, and then killing and rifling him. As he took great care to conceal his practices, and always threw the bodies into the unfathomable peat-haggs which then, as now, skirted the road, he carried on his murderous trade for many years. At last, some circumstance brought the sluith-hounds of suspicion to his door, and the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose house of Yester is not two miles from Danskein, resolved to put his honesty to the proof. His lordship disguised himself as an ordinary traveller, called at the inn, paid his reckoning out of a pretty stout-looking purse, and then took the way for the hills. Before he had ridden very far, he heard the footsteps of a steed at full gallop behind him, and presently up came mine host, with a pistol in his hand, which he fired without effect on coming within a few yards of his object. The marquis, requiring no further proof, put his bugle to his lips, and out sprang a few of the men whom he had previously planted all along the road, who soon seized and secured the monster. Of his ultimate fate I am uncertain, though no doubt he expiated his innumerable offences by the loss of his own life.

The days have been, when the farmers of the Merse, in returning from the market at Haddington, would go in *en masse* to Danskein Inn to enjoy themselves; in which cases, it is said, they would procrastinate so long the unhappy moment of going home, that the market-day of the succeeding week would surprise most of them as they sat. They used to bring their grain to Haddington in single sacks, each upon a horse's back; and the cavalcades thus formed, have been known to extend a whole mile along the road.

The less frequented road, about a mile to the eastward of this, pursuing the course of the Whiteadder, comprises a more interesting class of objects than the other, which is comparatively a modern and wild one. It

Lammermuir.

was, as already mentioned, defended by a chain of towers; John's cleuch, Gamelshiel, Painshiel, Redpath, Harehead, and Cranshaws. The last is one of the very few such buildings which are still kept in repair; all the rest are in ruins. Cranshaws Castle is the principal object in the small and thinly inhabited parish of the same name, (formerly resorted to for goat-whey,) and seems to be the only house in Lammermuir which answers to the description of Ravenswood in the Author of Waverley's beautiful tragic tale. It belongs to Mr Watson of Saughton, who occasionally uses it as shooting quarters.

Cranshaws Castle has had the luck in its day to be haunted by spirits of different descriptions. But the most remarkable of all was a brownie, who is a supernatural being of a much more eligible nature than any other known in Scotland, on account of his good-will to the household which he chooses to honour with his presence. The brownie of Cranshaws was as industrious as could well have been desired; insomuch that at least the barnsman's office became a perfect sinecure. The brownie both *inned* the corn and threshed it, and that for several successive seasons. It at length happened, one harvest, that after he had brought the whole victual into the barn, some one remarked that he had not *mowed* it very well, that is, not piled it up neatly at the end of the barn; whereat the spirit took such offence, that he threw the whole of it next night over the Raven Craig, a precipice about two miles off, and the people of the farm had almost the trouble of a second harvest in gathering it up.

From the remains of military works in this neighbourhood, and from the names of many of the localities, this part of Lammermuir appears to have been at some period the theatre of war. A hill called the Twin Law, is said by the people to have got its name from the circumstance of two twin brothers, who led an army in compact, having here quarrelled, fought, and killed each other. The same authority makes Manslaughter Law the scene of a bloody battle. Indeed, it is the belief of the peasants of Lammermuir, who are a singularly intelligent as well as a most patriarchal race, that their country was the last ground contested by the Scots and Picts. The unfortunate Picts, when nearly exterminated, are said to have chosen for a last refuge, the top of Cockburn Law, a high hill between Cranshaws and Dunse, and the top of which is said to have been rendered greener than its sides by their residence there. The same hill presents a remarkable curiosity in the shape of a rude fortification, which the country people call Etin's or Edin's Hold. It is situated on the north side, a little below the middle of the hill, and consisted when entire of three concentric circles, the innermost forty feet in diameter, the second seven feet from the first, and the third ten feet from the second. The interior space was vacant; but the spaces between the walls were arched over, in such a manner as to form two distinct circular suits of apartments. The building was not cemented by any sort of mortar; but the stones, which were whin, and many of them large, stuck together by means of groves. A spring of water, that arose a good way farther up the hill, was introduced into the building by a secret pipe, and the overplus was conveyed a little way down, and caused to arise through the ground, in order to deceive an enemy, who might otherwise, in case of a siege, have cut off the supply of this necessary element. The tradition of the people around is, that Edin's Hold was the residence of a giant; a sort of Cacus, who used to make free with the herds in the neighbourhood, and here, a solitary outlaw, set all his fellow creatures at defiance. A chasm of some feet in width, formed by the rocks which skirt the course of the Whiteadder, and commonly called the Giant's Step, is shown at the bottom of Cockburn Law, as a pass used by this monstrous being, but which could not be crossed by any man of ordinary legs. Yet it is told, that he could leap this horrible gulf, even when his back was burdened by a bullock that he might be conveying to his hold.

To the north of Cockburn Law, surrounded on all sides by hills, like a jewel set with coarser stones, lies the pleasant valley of Abbey St Bathans. The beauty of this sequestered spot was not neglected by the tasteful religious of former times; neither should it be passed over by a modern traveller. Here, on the banks of the Whiteadder, which winds through the centre of the vale, amidst fertile fields and beautiful plantations, are situated the ruins of a Bernardine Abbey, founded in 1170, by a Countess of March, and for which Ada the prioress swore fealty to Edward I in 1296. The Earl of Wemyss has, upon another part of the stream, a hunting-seat, called the Retreat, which proves highly ornamental to the scene.

The parish of Longformacus occupies the southern debouche of the pass between East Lothian and the Merse, but, with the exception of two fine conical hills, called the Dirrington Laws, which are seen at a great distance, it contains no local details of any interest. I introduce it only for the purpose of narrating a story which refers to an inhabitant of the Kirk-town, recently deceased.

John Neale, a blacksmith at Longformacus, was remarkable all his life for strong good sense and wit, debased by great coarseness of manners and indifference to the ordinances of religion. A man he was, as rough and sturdy as the iron bars he hammered, and one who seemed the last in the world likely to fear *any thing*, earthly or unearthly. John lived in tolerably good repute for about fifty years, and by dint of industry and frugality, (for he had ever a keen eye to the world,) acquired at length not inconsiderable wealth. He had a sister, who, having got a bad match, lived in depressed circumstances at Greenlaw. With her he had never been on good terms, nor did he upon any occasion deign to afford her that pecuniary assistance which she might have required at the hands of so opulent a brother. At length, this ill-starred person died, and was at rest from all her troubles; when John, by no means disposed to carry his cruel neglect beyond the grave, willingly attended an invitation to her funeral. Whether this melancholy ceremony, and the reflections excited by it, wrought upon his mind, cannot now be known; but he afterwards made it no secret, that, as he was returning home on horse-back, just as the twilight was beginning to thicken, and when he was passing along a peculiarly dreary part of the road, *a staff of darkness*, as he described it, came across him, and for a moment obscured his vision, as if a sensible black object had passed close before his eyes. Confounded, and mortally afraid, he reached home without further misadventure; but the effects of the fright, or the force of an accusing and regretful conscience, were destined to prove fatal to him. He lost all his wonted vivacity, became peevish and moping, spoke no more witty or profane good things, and in the end, fell seriously ill. It was in what the people of Scotland called the *back end* of the year, that he saw the sight that changed him: he pined all the winter; but he did not live to see the leaves of spring.

Having been gathered to his fathers, his property and business were inherited by his eldest son; a youth, a good deal like himself, and who never but scoffed at the cause of his father's death, as he would have done at any other thing of a similarly serious nature. This person continued to do well in the world for about half a dozen years, when his mortal career terminated under circumstances of terrible mysteriousness. He was expected home one night from Greenlaw, where he had been attending a fair or market; but the morning came, and he did not make his appearance. His wife, in the utmost alarm, then sent some one towards Greenlaw, in order to discover the cause of his detention. By this messenger, the unfortunate young man was found stretched lifeless upon the road, close to the spot where his father had met this strange adventure; his person quite unviolated, but bearing testimony that he had died in a state of the utmost terror and disorder. His hair was raised quite out of its natural curl and arrangement: his hat and stick were lying at considerable distances from him; his coat and vest were open, his neck-

Lauderdale.

cloth half-drawn off; and, what appeared strangest of all, his drawers were *off*, while his trowsers were still *on*. There was no mark about his body that could lead to the idea that he had been attacked and deprived of life by a fellow-creature; his mortal agonies, as they had been caused, were also witnessed, only by some power beyond the nature of man, and the circumstances of that dark hour of strife and pain remain, and will probably remain while time endures, an inexplicable mystery.*

LAUDERDALE.

LAUDERDALE, as already described, is the vale formed by the Leader; a stream arising in the wilds which form a natural boundary between Lothian and the Vale of Tweed, and which, after a southerly course of about twenty miles, falls into the Tweed at a place called Drygrange, two miles below Melrose. This district contains several localities of the highest interest, as Cowdenknowes, Earlstoun, and Lauder, words which no Scotsman can hear without emotion, agreeable or disagreeable. The pleasantness of the banks of the Leader has long been celebrated in the popular strains of a ballad, entitled " Leader-haughs and Yarrow ;" in which almost all the localities of the vale are enumerated and characterized, from Thirlstane Castle, towering

> ———as fair on Leader side
> As Newark does on Yarrow,

to

> ——Drygrange with the milk-white yowes,
> 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.

Coldingknowes or Cowdenknowes, which may almost be termed the Parnassus of Scotland, are situated near the opening of this vale, on the east side of the river, so as to divide Lauderdale in that quarter from the Merse. As the reader may feel considerable interest in this place, about which so much has been said in verse, and so little in prose; the following *full and particular* account of it will not be unacceptable. It consists in one hill of no great height, whose ridgy or undulatory outline has given occasion to the term *knowes*. It overhangs the little village of Earlstoun on the south, and is distinguished by the ordinary name of the White Hill, from a high eminence in the neighbourhood, which, on account of its dark heathy surface, is denominated the Black Hill, and upon the top of which there may be seen the remains of a vitrified fort. The White Hill, or Cowdenknowes Proper, is now subjected to the horrid plough, so that no trace is at this day to be seen of the broom which called forth such touching eulogies from our pastoral muse.

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* The whole of this affair has taken place since the beginning of the present century, and is quite well-known to the people of Berwickshire. Many of his relations yet live in Longformacus.

The broom of Cowdenknowes of old extended over the whole hill, and along the haugh, down to the very brink of the water. It is said to have been so tall and luxuriant, that a man on horse-back, riding through it, could not be seen. The author of these sheets was shown a specimen in the diningroom of Cowdenknowes House, that reached from the ground to the ceiling. The heroine of Crawford's fine song, therefore, might well exalt the shrub which grew here over that of all other places, in the verse,

> More pleasant far to me the broom
> So fair on Cowdenknowes,
> For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom,
> Elsewhere there never grows.

The soil of the Cowdenknowes is extremely fine. It was once cleared of broom, cultivated, and finally suffered to lie in fallow; when it displayed the tendencies of its original nature by again growing up in broom. In the present improved state of agriculture, it is not likely ever to be again put to such a trial; but the broom is still produced, in a very luxuriant state in the beautiful pleasure-grounds attached to Cowdenknowes House.

The Cowdenknowes give their name to an estate and seat which formerly belonged to a branch of the noble family of Home, and which, after an interval of two distinct proprietors, have in recent times again become the property of one of that name; Dr James Home, Professor of Physic in the College of Edinburgh. The house is a building of considerable antiquity, adorned with some pious inscriptions in the taste of the time of Queen Mary. It overhangs the Leader and is surrounded with some fine old trees and a great quantity of modern plantations. Some former proprietor is said to have been a great persecutor, and the bottom of an ancient tower is shown near the house, as the dungeon in which he confined and tortured his prisoners. But whether he was merely a cruel feudal baron, or a "wicked laird," or, as the most common tradition has it, a "persecutor," seems very doubtful. He is said to have been very much given to hanging people, and his favourite place of execution was the head of the avenue leading to his house, where there yet exists a tree said to have acted as the gallows. This tree bears all the marks of great age, and is commonly called the Borrows Tree: it is a hard, knotty, stubborn, stunted, downlooking piece of timber, with strange stuff festering upon several parts of its trunk and branches, like the pasterns of a diseased horse; a tree, in short, that seems to have a bad conscience. It would have been nothing if he had stopped at simple hanging; but he went the dreadful length, it seems, of putting people into barrels full of spikes and sent them rolling down the Black Hill; a mode of torture known to have been in use among several of the nations of antiquity. Whatever faith may be placed in popular tradition, or in the maledictory rhyme, awful as the cry of blood,

Vengeance! vengeance! when and where!
Upon the house of Cowdenknowes now and evermair!

Berwickshire.

these circumstances are certainly indicative of a state of society very different from the present, and add something to the proofs which already exist, of the common people having been, in former times, liable to oppressions and cruelties beyond conception severe.

. The bottom of the old tower in which the persecutor tortured his prisoners, was found by the present proprietor to contain a pit or well, which took an enormous quantity of rubbish to fill it up, and which the common people report to have been the orifice of a subterraneous passage communicating between Cowdenknowes and a house on the other side of the water called Sorrowlessfield. This passage entered the house of Sorrowlessfield by a trap-door concealed beneath the hearth-stone of the principal room. Sorrowlessfield is said to have got its very remarkable name, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, from a dreadful incident; namely, the complete extermination, in a feudal battle which happened there, of a whole party, so that none survived to mourn for the rest. The estate belonged, till recent times, to a respectable old family of the name of Fisher, some of whom lie buried below the eastern window of the Abbey Church of Melrose. On the death of the last of this family, Mr James Fisher of Sorrowlessfield, a gentleman whose amiable character and charitable dispositions are still remembered with respect in the country, the property fell into the hands of various neighbouring proprietors.

Beneath the north shoulder of the White Hill of Cowdenknowes, and occupying the mouth of a vale stretching eastward from Lauderdale into the Merse, lies the little but celebrated village of Earlstoun. Earlstoun consists in one good street of considerable length, having about the centre a triangular market-place: from the south corner of which stretches the road from Edinburgh towards Dryburgh, Kelso, &c.

Earlstoun is the seat of a Justice of Peace Court for the ten neighbouring parishes, and was once that of the Presbytery of Lauder. It possesses an excellent school, which is partly supported by a charitable endowment.

It has two great annual fairs for cattle, and is a place of considerable trade and manufacture. Though the population does not exceed a thousand, there are at least 120 looms employed in the village. There is also a small but promising manufactory of shawl-cloths and ginghams, carried on by the Misses Whale; producing goods, which, for fineness of texture, strength of fabric, and durability of colours, are said to be unrivalled.

It is not, however, upon such common-place distinctions that Earlstoun builds its pretensions to fame. It rests its claims to notice upon the circumstance of its having been the birth-place and residence of one of the most remarkable of its country's worthies, a man distinguished by the splendour of his character and talents, and whose name, after a lapse of 500 years, carries with it at this day as much of exciting interest, as it did at the time when he was a living reality, and impressed the signet of his wonderful mind upon the living age. Earlstoun was the Delphi of Thomas Learmont, commonly called the Rhymer, whose romantic history might be the theme of a volume, and whose oracular sayings are yet as fondly cherished by the people of Scotland, as ever the rhymes of Ennius were by those of Rome.

The common tale of Thomas the Rhymer is simply this. He was a man of good birth and respectable condition in society, being the proprietor of an estate, and tower belonging to it, in the neighbourhood of Earlstoun. That he was a man of high poetical acquirements, is evident from his long minstrel tale, entitled "Sir Tristrem," edited some years ago by Sir Walter Scott, and justly supposed to be the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry extant. When a young man, he happened to be one day sleeping beneath a tree, called the Eildon Tree, about two miles below Melrose, and the site of which is still indicated by a large stone, called the Eildon-Tree-Stone, when a lady appeared before him, "such as youthful poets fancy when they dream."

Berwickshire.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hang fifty silver bells and nine;

in short, the Queen of the Fairies. Having the hardihood to kiss the lips of this beautiful personage, he was carried by her into Fairyland, and kept there seven years; after which he appeared on earth, and astonished his former acquaintance with the extraordinary knowledge he had acquired in his absence, particularly his oracular power. He remained at Earlstoun seven years, and then again disappeared and was never more seen.

The written monuments of this man's existence, as presented to the public by Sir Walter Scott, are such as the most incredulous cannot dispute. The substantial existence of the ruins of his tower at Earlstoun, accompanied by the flagrant traditions of the people, must be allowed to add to that testimony. The ruin called the Rhymer's Tower rears its shapeless form in the midst of a beautiful haugh, on the east side of the Leader, halfway between the river and the town, and about fifty yards from the Edinburgh road. All that now remains of a mansion said to have been entire, as well as its outer wall or barbican, within the memory of man, is a corner of the height of two stories, presenting the appearance of having had arched roofs instead of ordinary ceilings. An humble cottage adjoins to the south gable of the tower, blackening its rude form with peat-smoke, and a cottage-garden surrounds the residence of the Rhymer on every other side.

The memory of Thomas the Rhymer is still cherished with some respect by the villagers, who retain wonderfully distinct impressions of the character of the man, and some of whom actually continue, like their fathers, to believe in his prophecies. Thomas, say they, had a sister named Beatrix, and his wife was a daughter of the Knight of Thirlstane, ancestor of the Lauderdale family. He predicted that there should be nine successive lineal male representatives after him; that his family would then be lost in a daughter; and that, after the extinction of his family had taken place, the hare should leave her young upon his desolate hearth. All these predictions, according to the people of Earlstoun, have come to pass; the last and most striking within the memory of the present generation.

One of his prophecies ran thus:

Tide, tide, whate'er betide,
There'll be a Haig in Bemerside.

The family of Haig of Bemerside, (an ancient seat near Dryburgh,) has accordingly been represented by eighteen lineally successive heirs-male, from the time of William the Lion, when its origin is lost in the obscurity of antiquity, down to the present day. The third last Mr Haig, indeed, had above a dozen daughters before he had a single son; and the common people had almost given up their favourite soothsayer for a false prophet; when at last, in consequence of the old gentleman's earnest and daily prayers, an heir was born to the house of Bemerside, and the belief in Thomas the Rhymer confirmed throughout the country beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another of Learmont's rhymes ran thus:

A horse shall gang on Carrolside Brae,
Till the girth gaw its sides i' twae;

implying that a time should come when the country will be desolated, and its inhabitants perish, and a war-horse, the sole survivor, walk on the place mentioned, part of an estate near Earlstoun, till the unremoved girth gnaw its sides into the bone. This prediction, however, remains, and long may it remain, unfulfilled.

By far the most memorable of all the Rhymer's pro-

Berwickshire.

phecies, was one which found its way into Spottiswood's History, and which the present inhabitants of Earlstoun tell in the following manner. The Earl of March at that time lived in Earlstoun, in a house at the east end of the town, (where the names of some localities seem to point out the former existence of the mansion of a man of distinction;) and it was from him that the village derived its name. The Earl one day met the Rhymer, and, after saluting him, remarked how fine the day had been. "Aye," said the seer, emphatically; "but for a' sae fine as the weather just noo is and promises to be, there'll be sic a blast blawn frae the north the morn ere noon, as Scotland has never heard the like o'!" The Earl jeered at this extravagant piece of weather wisdom, but found next day that Thomas was a true though mysterious oracle. With Learmont by his side, he was sitting at a window, looking towards the north, in order to observe the first symptoms of the blast; noon approached, but brought no symptom, and the Earl jestingly asked Thomas, "where was the blast he so confidently promised?" "Wait a little," answered the seer with great complacency; "it is not yet noon." Noon came, and at the moment a courier appeared at full speed, turning the corner of the Corsehill head, by which the road from Edinburgh was then led. This man blew a blast, according to custom, upon his horn, to announce his approach, and soon communicated to the Earl the intelligence of King Alexander the Third's death, by a fall from his horse over a rock at Kinghorn. "That," said Thomas Learmont, "is the blast I expected;" and the results of the incident were certainly such as to justify the metaphor under which he chose to couch his prediction.

The Rhymer figures in the works of both Blind Harry and Barbour, commemorative of the events which followed upon Alexander's death; and the common people are not ignorant that he was an active agent in the affairs of that bloody period. It is probable that the story of his mysterious disappearance from the earth is only a romance founded upon some real event. He

Lauderdale.

might be sent for to attend his friend Wallace, either in the council or field, and, perishing in battle, be never more heard of at Earlstoun. But be the truth what it may, the following is the most accredited traditionary account of the affair.

The site of a public house (which existed within the last forty years) is pointed out in a close opposite the market-place, where the Rhymer was enjoying himself with some friends, when a neighbour came running in, breathless with haste, declaring that a white hind had left the neighbouring forest, and was pacing deliberately along the street of the village. "Then," quoth Learmont, "I have been lang eneuch here;" so he arose from the table, went out, and disappeared along with the hind. He never more was seen on earth; but it is the belief of the more primitive of the people, that he yet *drees his weird* in Elfland, and may some day come back to astonish a modern sceptical age with the supernatural knowledge he has there acquired.

Dr Leyden, in the notes to his beautiful poem entitled "Scenes of Infancy," relates as a common tradition, that a shepherd was once conducted into the interior recesses of the Eildon Hills, by a venerable personage whom he discovered to be the famous Rhymer, and who showed him an immense number of steeds in their caparisons, and, at the bridle of each, a knight sleeping in sable armour with a sword and bugle-horn by his side; which, he was told, were the host of king Arthur, waiting till the return of that monarch from Fairyland.

Though the Rhymer himself have not yet received Christian burial, it would appear that his successors were more fortunate. There is a stone built into the south wall of the Church of Earlstoun, having upon it the words,

Auld Rhymer's race
Lies in this place.

The church was renewed in 1736; but this stone was carefully transferred from the old to the new build-

Berwickshire.

ing and permitted to resume its former place. There is now no person in this part of the country claiming kindred with the Rhymer, and the small piece of ground pointed out by the stone is used by other people. It most unfortunately happened about forty years ago, that one of these, an old half-crazed person of the name of Waterstone, taking into his head that the stone interfered with his right of property to the burial place, chipped off the whole inscription, which was in a very old character; and it is but small consolation to the local antiquary, that some masons, more patriotic than tasteful, being employed, a few years after that scrupulous Christian had gone to his rest, upon the church-yard wall, volunteered to renew the ancient couplet in a rude style as it now appears.*

The ancient tower of the Rhymer was possessed as a dwelling house about a century ago, by a singular person of the name of Murray, whose accomplishments as a physician were such as to fit him for a correspondence which he regularly kept up with the illustrious Boerhaave, and who, from the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and the power of curing inexplicable diseases, was regarded as fully as much of a wizard as the Rhymer himself.† About the same time, there also flourished in a neighbouring cottage, a most eccentric man named Blaikie, who though only a joiner by trade, seems to have possessed a strength of mind which few men exhibit in any rank of life.

James Blaikie lived at Craigsford, a place on the other side of the Leader, about two hundred yards from the ruinous residence of Thomas the Rhymer. Besides a cottage, he had there a work-shop, a sawpit, and a garden or orchard of peculiar trimness, but which is now desolated, as his house is demolished. The trees alone, which surrounded and sheltered the Eden-like spot, remain to mark the site. There also still exists within the circuit of the garden, this strange man's tomb. It was one of the freaks of his fancy to prefer inhumation out of consecrated ground. Long before he died, and when he must have been only forty-eight years of age, he caused his grave to be dug within his garden, his mausoleum to be prepared, with an appropriate inscription, and had with his own hands constructed his own coffin. From that period till his death, he regularly paid his morning and evening devotion to God—kneeling in his grave! From the performance of this duty, no engagement could prevent him. He has been known to walk ten miles from a place where he had been working, in order to have it done. So singular a temple, and such a course of mortification as he voluntarily subjected himself to, find perhaps no example even in the eleventh century, so remarkable for its fantastic ascetics.

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* In the church-yard of Earlstoun, there is an older gravestone than I ever saw anywhere else in Scotland, in an exposed situation. It is a little wedge-like stone, sunk firmly into the earth; and bearing a pair of open scissors, like the arms of the corporation of tailors, with the initials of a name, and the date 1564.

† For more extended notices of the Rhymer, reference may be made to "the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and to "the Popular Rhymes of Scotland;" in one or other of which works almost all his prophecies are embodied.

Lauderdale.

Blaikie was a man of prodigious bodily strength. A large detached stone is shown near the vestiges of his house, which he is said to have appended to the bottom of his long saw, to serve by its weight instead of the man who always stands below and pulls down the instrument. He resorted to this strange expedient, with the view of saving money, of which he was avaricious, and in order that he might have as little intercourse as possible with his fellow-creatures. The stone can hardly be lifted by an ordinary man, and how he contrived to pull it up and down incessantly for a whole day, is perfectly inconceivable. He was thought to have the strength, and be able to do the work of three men. One morning, having come as usual very early to a new house, which he and some other joiners were engaged to complete, he arranged all the beams, forming the frame-work of the roof, single handed, ere the rest of the men made their appearance. Of this feat, an ordinary reader may form some idea, when he is informed that the men declared they could not have by their united efforts performed it in less than half a day!

Blaikie never made any scruple to sell the coffin he had prepared for himself, when he got an order for one of the same size; always making another for himself as soon after as his leisure permitted. In the end, however, to his great mortification, he died when *out of a coffin*, and had to be provided with that convenience by a surviving brother in trade. According to his desire, he was buried in the grave that had so long yawned for him, beneath the shadow of the mournful shrubs and trees which he had erected as a screen around it. His monument, a goodly *thruch*, is still entire, with sculptures of all the implements of his trade, in strong relief around its edges. The inscription, however, has been obliterated by the weather and the boys of Earlstoun: and the whole scene, formerly so lovely, now displays an appearance of melancholy desolation not easily to be described.*

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* The good memory of a respected friend at Earlstoun has fortunately enabled me to restore the inscription, which, being highly characteristic of its singular author, I am induced to give entire.

" *At Craigsfoord, January 20th,* 1724.

" Here is the throuch, and place designed for the body of James Blaikie, wright in Craigsfoord, and Marion Sclater, his spouse; built by himself; wishing that God, in whose hand my life is, may raise me by the greatness of his power to a glorious resurrection; that this stone when I view it, may mind me of death and eternity, and the dreadful torments which the wicked endure. Oh that God may enable me to have some taste of the sweet enjoyment of his presence; that my soul may be filled with love to him, who is altogether lovely; that I may go through the valley of the shadow of death, leaning on him in whom all my hope is; so, strengthen thou me, oh Lord, who have done to me great things, more than I can express.

(Added after his death.)

" Here lies James Blaikie, portioner of Earlstoun, who died the 23d day of June, 1749, aged 73 years, as also Marion Sclater, his spouse, &c."

Such are the facts and traditions that tend to render Earlstoun one of the most truly visit-worthy places in the south of Scotland. With the hallowed region of Cowdenknowes on one hand, and the localities embalmed in the ancient verse of the Rhymer on the other and all round, it is a place calculated to excite the deepest interest in every breast that has throbbed to the music, the poetry, and the romantic legends of its native land. It is, moreover, a very curious old-fashioned sort of village; and the writer of these sheets has enjoyed, in his lifetime, few such happy days as the three which he spent there, collecting from the primitive inhabitants the materials of the last few pages.

Lauder is seven miles farther up the vale than Earlstoun; but between the two towns there is a farm or piece of territory called the Blainslies, remarkable for producing the best seed corn in Scotland. That its superiority on this account has been long established, is proved by the mention made of the circumstance in the song of "Leaderhaughs and Yarrow," which must have been composed a good deal more than a century ago. The Blainslies suffer as much in popular proverb, as they gain in national song; the ungracious phrase, "a Blainslie lawin," signifying a reckoning where there is more for eating than for drinking, which is considered a scandalous fact in this convivial country.*

The royal burgh of Lauder consists in a single street which lies from east to west, upon the south bank of the Leader. The street widens sufficiently about the centre to admit a line of additional houses, like the Luckenbooths of Edinburgh, or the Middle Row of Holborn, and at the west end of which is the town-house. As the buildings of Lauder are of an ordinary and somewhat irregular cast, and nature has spread few charms around them, the general aspect of the town must be confessed to be by no means prepossessing.

The church stands near the street, to the south of the town-house. It was built in 1673, when the Duke of Lauderdale removed the former church from the neighbourhood of his house. The building, though in the venerable form of the cross, is not remarkable for elegance. A market-cross formerly stood in front of the town-house; but the spot is now only marked, as in the similar case of Edinburgh, by a radiated pavement.

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* "A Galashiels lawin" is applied, when every individual pays his share, probably in allusion to the mechanical accuracy of the worthy manufacturers.

Between the town and the river, stands the stupendous and spacious house, or rather Castle of Thirlstane, surrounded by a park and some fine trees. The nucleus of this edifice was a strong tower called Lauder Fort, originally built by Edward I, as a check to the Scots in this quarter. The duke of Lauderdale, (whose family had formerly resided in a little tower called Thirlstane, about two miles to the eastward,) in 1672 added a new front and wings, removed the church and church-yard from the space they had formerly occupied directly between the castle and the town, and, changing the name, made it his family residence. The church then removed, was that in which took place the celebrated conference of the Scottish nobles, that ended in the murder of King James the Third's favourites. Cochrane the chief, was seized at the church door, and hanged over a neighbouring bridge, by a rope which his assassins found, during a search for such an article, in one of the cellars of the Fort. The said bridge, though still "flourishing in immortal youth" in the ordinary travellers' guide-books, has not existed for a century; the foundations alone are to be seen about two hundred yards below the Castle, and the river is now crossed by a modern erection, a good way farther down.

Thirlstane Castle is fitted up and decorated in the best taste of the reign of Charles II, with massive balustrades and cornices, and a profusion of marble chimney-pieces and flowers. It contains a vast quantity of family portraits, including the poetical knight of Mary's time, his son, usually denominated in history Secretary Maitland, and the Duke himself, of whom there are no fewer than five paintings.

Lauderdale.

The tradition of Lauder does not improve the historical portrait usually given to this anomalous personage; this prodigy of wit and cruelty, of extortion and munificence. He is remembered as having been a big burly man, with lips so voluminous as to bealabber not only himself but all the bystanders. He had a false appetite, which obliged him, when about to dine in the presence of strangers, to eat a whole leg of mutton before-hand, in order to reduce his stomach to a level with those of his company; that, to use an ordinary phrase, they might *start fair.* His common breakfast was (*incredible dictu!*) a pint of marrow. There is, moreover, a tradition at Edinburgh, that whenever or wherever his grace travelled, he was accompanied by a separate carriage fitted up like a kitchen, with a set of cooks for the purveyance of the food which his appetite unremittingly demanded. Such "intemperance of mouth," as the old Scottish historians would term it, almost exceeds all belief, and much of the tale may be ascribed to the virulence of the covenanting party against the Duke's memory;[*] yet, as may be seen below, it is by no means without parallel.[†] The treatment which it seems our early ancestors gave to extraordinary eaters, might have been revived in his Grace's favour, I doubt not, to the infinite satisfaction of not a few of his contemporaries. "All dronkittis, gluttonis, and consumers of vittalis, more nor was necessary to the sustentation of men," says Bellenden translating Boece, in ane compendious treit concernand baith the new maneris and the auld of Scottis,* "were tane, and first commandit to swelly thair fouth of quhat drink they pleasit, and incontinent thaireaftir *wes drounit in ane fresche rever.*"

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[*] See the book entitled "the Scots Worthies," in which Lauderdale is spoken of in this strain: "He became such a remarkable epicurean, that it is incredible the flesh or juice of flesh it is said he devoured in one day, eating and drinking being now his only exercise and delight."

[†] One of the most remarkable human cormorants of modern times, was one Nicholas Wood of Harrison, in the county of Kent, who lived but a little before Lauderdale's time. Taylor, the water poet, wrote a most amusing account of this fellow's supernatural voracity—where the following passage occurs.

"Two loynes of mutton, and one loyne of veal, were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach, that he ate as much as would have well served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving man turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while; which, when the knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had laine bedrid with eating.

Berwickshire.

Among the traditions of Lauderdale, one which respects the duke's footman may not be unworthy of a place. An instance is told of the speed of this official, even surpassing that already related of the footman of Hume Castle. On laying the cloth for a great dinner party at Thirlstane Castle, it was discovered, to the consternation of all concerned, that there was not a sufficient number of silver spoons in the castle to correspond with the number of plates. In the emergency, it was resolved to dispatch the runner to the duke's other seat of Lethington for a supply of the articles required. Lethington is near Haddington, and the mountain path which lies between the two places must be ten good Scottish miles long. Yet the man ran to Lethington, got the spoons, and was back at Thirlstane before the dinner bell had rung! It is only possible to account for so extraordinary a feat, by supposing that it was then customary to lay the cloth for large dinner-parties pretty early in the morning.

The upper extremity of Lauderdale is wild and mountainous, but not without some localities of an interesting character. The vestiges of an ancient hospital may be discerned amongst the inhospitable wilds of Soltra. It was erected in the time of Malcolm the Maiden, and was the first stage between Melrose and Dundee for the way-farers, who made what were called the pilgrimages.† For the further convenience of these enthusiasts, there was a good road, which may still be traced along the range of hills between Lauderdale and the vale of Allan Water, in the shape of a broad green stripe, upon which the heath, so luxuriant all round, never grows. A place between Melrose and Soltra, upon this line of road, bears the name of Resh-law, supposed to be properly Rest-law, or the eminence on which the pilgrims were accustomed to rest. The next place of rest, after passing the hospital, seems to have been Kakemuir, an extensive heath in the southern part of Mid-Lothian, on the way towards Dalkeith. Here, according to the steadfast and unvarying report of the country people, did the pilgrims sit down to partake of cakes and ale; from which circumstance the waste derived its name. After Kakemuir, the next stage was an hospitium at Cranstoun, within three miles of Dalkeith. This place of entertainment was a small house of two stories, built of good stone, and stood near Preston-Hall House, (where the church of Cranstoun formerly was,) within the remembrance of the present generation. On a stone over the door-way was inscribed in old characters the words, "*Hospitium supra, Diversorium infra,*" which would appear to indicate that the religious visitants were preferred to the better part of the house.

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* Bellenden's Boece—Edit. 1821—I. lviii.

† The pilgrimages were four—Melrose, Dundee, Scone, and Paisley.

Lauderdale.

Soltra was the site in former times of the beacon by which Lothian was warned of any invasion by the English of the border counties.

Berwickshire.

Roxburghshire.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore.
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn.

SCOTT.

ROXBURGHSHIRE resolves itself into two tracts, that which is watered by the Tweed, and that which is traversed by the Teviot and the Liddel. The former is entered by the road from Berwick to Kelso, near the village of Ednam, which usually commands some respectful interest from the passing traveller, as the birthplace of Thomson, and which presents a scene as lovely and luxuriant as any ever drawn by that immortal poet.

Little more than two miles to the southward lies Kelso, a town noted for its neatness, and for the beauty of its environs. It is situated upon the Tweed, near the junction of the Teviot, and, though not the county town, is the largest in the county. Over the river there is a fine stone bridge, the view from which, looking westwards, and taking in Fleurs House, is exquisitely beautiful. Kelso is a thriving town, and is the resort of a great number of idle and affluent people, whose suburban villas, stuck closely around, give it an air of peculiar comfort and refinement. Towering above the town, the remains of Kelso Abbey are to be seen in every direction around. This rich ecclesiastical establishment, which formed one of a chain of abbeys planted in early times for the protection of the Border, was founded by David I, in 1128, and still, though much dilapidated, exhibits the Saxon architecture, which had not then altogether given place to the Gothic. The town possesses a manufacture of stockings and of leather, but seems to subsist chiefly upon the money spent in it by its genteel inhabitants. It is often the seat of the Caledonian Hunt, and has well-attended races, which are run upon a course called the Burymoss, a mile to the northward of the town.

As the illustration of popular antiquities is one of the objects of this work, it may be allowable to mention, that "*a Kelso Convoy*" is a common phrase used from time immemorial in the Lowlands of Scotland, to signify the circumstance of being accompanied by one's host no farther than the threshold, or rather, as it is commonly phrased, a step and a half owre the door-stane. The origin of this stigma upon the hospitality of Kelso is unknown; but, that the reader may the better understand the extent of satire which it implies, it is necessary to inform him, that at all old Scottish mansion houses, there was a tree at some distance from the door, called the Coglin Tree, where the landlord met his guests, and to which he always accompanied them, uncovered, when they took their departure. In old society, accustomed to such punctilio, and with whom any neglect of the laws of hospitality was held more heinous than at least two of the pleas of the crown, it is easy to conceive how the coldness of a *Kelso* convoy would be appreciated.*

The ruins of Roxburgh Castle, so celebrated in Border history, are situated about a mile above Kelso, on an eminence now partially covered with wood. The Tweed and Teviot, which join about half a mile below, here approach each other so as to form a narrow isthmus; and part of the defences of the castle consisted in two ditches, by which the waters of these rivers were made to surround the edifice. It was formerly one of the few extensive and important fortresses which the policy of Scotland would permit to exist upon the Border; but, having been dismantled 400 years ago, very little now remains to give an idea of its original strength. In 1460, when in possession of the English, it was besieged by James II, and, after his death, taken by his army under the direction of his widow. James was killed by the bursting of a cannon, which he had approached too nearly, says Pitscottie, from a curiosity inconsistent with his dignity as a king; and the spot where he fell is marked by a holly tree which grows upon the opposite bank of the Tweed, within the policy of Fleurs Castle.

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* A former town-piper of Kelso is said to have been the original John Anderson of the song and air known by that name.

Fleurs Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe, and one of the mansions planned by Sir John Vanbrugh, stands upon the left bank of the Tweed, nearly opposite to the ruins of the castle. It is a large and imposing edifice, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. Its beautiful park, it is much to be regretted, has lately been sadly disfigured by a large garden which has been made to come "cranking in" upon it.*

The town of Yetholm is the cynosure of the eastern district of Roxburghshire, which may be said to comprehend the parishes of Yetholm, Hownam, Morebattle, and Linton. Yetholm is divided into two parts; the largest called Town-Yetholm lies on the west bank of the Bowmont Water, and the other, designated Kirk-Yetholm, is situated about half a mile distant on the other side of the stream and of the haugh which it traverses. Both are but humble in appearance, especially the last, which is chiefly inhabited by gypsies, a race formerly remarkable for their disorderly and idle lives, but who are not now greatly distinguished by peculiarity of habits or character from their fellow townsmen; with whom, however, they seldom intermarry. An idea may be formed of the humility of Yetholm from the fact, that the church is not slated, but, according to a primitive fashion, covered with thatch.

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* Further information regarding the objects which adorn this beautiful part of the country, may be obtained in "the History of Kelso and Roxburgh," by Mr James Haig of Edinburgh.

Yetholm lies in a valley, which, being surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, seems completely sequestered from the rest of the world—alike inaccessible from without, and not to be left from within—in fact, a sunny little world in itself. To such a retreat would the pensive and pious hermit have resorted, in order to spend his long life of living death. The bare silent hills, rising around like the walls of a hermitage, would have left only the possibility of communing with heaven; and the waters which traverse the quiet vale, would have reminded him, in their constancy and purity, of the stream of devout thought that ought never to fail in his own torpid breast.

The valley of Yetholm has, however, more than one outlet. The road to Kelso leaves it on the north side by a circuitous opening in the hills. Hard by the right hand side of this path is the mansion of Cherrytrees, remarkable on account of the celebrated adventure which procured for David Williamson, a persecuted presbyterian clergyman, afterwards minister of St. Cuthbert's at Edinburgh, the nick-name of Cherrytrees Davie. A scoffing popular song upon this subject informs us that Mr Williamson, having taken refuge here from the pursuit of a party of dragoons, was put by the Lady of Cherrytrees into the same bed with her daughter, boots and all; by which means he was saved, but at the expense of the young lady; who, however, afterwards became the first of Mr Williamson's seven successive wives.

About two miles from Yetholm in this direction, in the north-east side of Wormiston Hill, is a dean or little glen, called the Worm's Glen, said to have been in the twelfth century, the haunt of an enormous serpent or wild beast, which was killed by the ancestor of the noble family of Somerville, a foreign adventurer, who, on that account, obtained large possessions in the neighbourhood. This spot will not be easily found without a guide; but it may perhaps be reached by any traveller who observes that two places called Falside and Gradin lie on the north, one called Lochtower on the east, and another denominated Glenlees on the west. In the south wall of the parish-church of Linton, which is little more than two miles to the west, there is a semicircular stone, bearing a sculpture commemorative of this daring exploit; perhaps one of the oldest things of the kind in Scotland.

Linton Church is itself one of the most ancient places of worship in existence; though as much modified, perhaps, by repairs, as ever Sir John Cutler's stockings were by darning. It stands upon a little knoll which forms its church-yard, in the centre of a fertile and comfortable valley, and is almost completely embowered among fine trees. The knoll has a curious legendary history. A border gentleman having been condemned for some offence, his sisters, two beautiful women, undertook to expiate his crime by raising this eminence with riddled earth, and that within a certain time. They succeeded in their singular task, though it is said not without great difficulty, for so much were they pressed as to time, that, by reason of their haste at the conclusion of the task, one of them broke her arm. This tradition, improbable as it may seem, derives countenance from the fact that the knoll is composed of fine light sand, without a stone so large as a pigeon's egg, while the soil around and close up to the very walls of the church-yard, is a stiff black clay full of stones. Another version of the story represents the two fair damsels as having performed their task as a penance appointed by the Pope for the slaughter which their charms, like those of Marcella in Don Quixote, had occasioned among the youth of the district; and this seems to obtain credit on account of a grave having recently been found in the church-yard, containing about fifty skulls, most of which seemed to have been cleft by violence.

Cessford Castle, the original seat of the Roxburghe family, is situated in the neighbourhood of Linton. It was formerly a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert or Habby Ker, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. Near the castle, a large ash tree is pointed out as that which served for the baronial gallows.

In pursuing westward the survey of Teviotdale, the county-town next claims attention.

Jedburgh is a picturesque congregation of neat houses, mixed with a picturesque congregation of fine trees; a woodland town—as the river on which it is situated is, by Thomson's[*] consecrating epithet, "the sylvan Jed;" and who will dispute that the true and whole secret of landscape beauty, is that exquisite charm, analogous to the ringlets and the smile under them of woman, FOLIAGE?

The vale of the Jed is not spacious; it therefore presents no such view as that of Tweed at Kelso. But, as it is serpentine and irregular, its views, if not so extensive or imposing, are much more varied, infinite, and even picturesque. At every step one takes along the banks of the stream, he discovers a novel and striking variety in the general tone of the landscape. On this account, if view-hunting be the only object of any of my readers, and should he also wish to have pennyworths for his money and time, I advise him by all means to come *here*. Here he will find as much gross amount of good landscape in a walk of two miles along the Jed, as he will find it possible to obtain even in the Highlands in a whole day's ride. If better authority be wanting, reference may be made to Burns, who speaks somewhere of "Eden scenes on crystal Jed," and has expressed the highest satisfaction with this part of his tour through the Arcadia of his native land.

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[*] Thomson was reared upon the banks of the Jed, having been transferred, on the death of his father, and when two years of age, to the family of Mr Oliver, minister of Southdean, upon that river.

Jedburgh principally consists in a single street, which stretches from the water-side at the north end up along a gentle acclivity towards the south, where, like the Old Town of Edinburgh, which the whole somewhat resembles, it terminates at the Castle. The water runs past its east side, as if the Cowgate of Edinburgh were filled with a stream. The only fault in the external appearance of the town lies in its slated roofs, of which the rectilinear outlines ill assort with the soft and graceful shades in which they are embosomed. Thatch was till lately the only covering of the houses, as it still obtains to a certain degree in the inferior parts of the town; but here effect has necessarily been sacrificed to comfort. Distinct above houses and trees, and almost above the very hills that hedge in the scene, rises the vast ridge of the Abbey, like Gulliver prostrate among the Lilliputians; prostrate, but still overtopping the erect stature of his guards.

Jedburgh is a royal burgh of very ancient erection, and appears from a statute of William the Lion to the abbey, to have been a place of note previous to the year 1165. It was formerly called Jedworth, and the vulgar name Jethart seems to be a corruption of that word. The name has led some antiquaries to suppose that it was the capital town of the people denominated the Gadeni, who, in the period immediately subsequent to the dissolution of the Roman power in Britain, possessed the central part of the marches between Cumberland and Lothian. It is, at least, certain that, before being burnt by the Earl of Surrey in 1523,* it was so important a place as to be thus described by that general, in a letter to his master Henry VIII: "There was two times more houses therein than in Berwick, and well builded, with many honest and fair houses therein, sufficient to have lodged a thousand horsemen in garrison, and six good towers therein." At this time, it derived importance from its castle, which was one of the strongest and most extensive on the borders, as is testified by the circumstance that, on the Scottish government determining to destroy it, it was meditated to impose a tax of two pennies on every hearth in Scotland, as the only means of accomplishing so arduous an undertaking. If the quality of self sufficiency in the magistrates be any proof of prosperity in the town, Jedburgh must have been in a truly flourishing condition during this century. In what are called "the Queen's Wars," Jedburgh had the hardihood to espouse the interest of King James and the Protestant faith, in opposition to Kerr of Ferniehirst, their powerful neighbour, who stood out for the unfortunate Mary. This daring feud was accompanied with some ludicrous, but fully as many tragical circumstances. When a pursuivant, under the authority of the queen, and countenanced by Ferniehirst, was sent to proclaim that every thing was null which had been done against her during her confinement in Lochleven, the provost commanded him to descend from the cross, and, says Bannatyne the journalist, "caused him eat his letters, and thereafter loosed down his points, and gave him his wages on his bare buttocks with a bridle, threatening him that if he ever came again he should lose his life." In revenge of this insult, and of other points of quarrel, Ferniehirst, having made prisoners, hanged ten of the citizens of Jedburgh, and destroyed with fire the whole stock of provisions which they had laid up for the winter.

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* It is said to have been seven times burnt.

The distinction of the people of Jedburgh in arms at this early period, is indicated by their proud war-cry of "Jethart's here!" as well as by their dexterity in handling a particular sort of partisan, which therefore got the name of the "Jethart staff." It is said to have been their bravery that turned the fate of the day at the skirmish of the Reidswair, one of the last fought upon the borders.

The change of affairs produced upon the marches by the union of the crowns, caused Jedburgh to retrograde in prosperity for a century and a half; and it has only been within the recollection of the present generation that the town can be said to have recovered any part of its original prosperity. It now contains about 5000 inhabitants, boasts of a considerable manufacture of stockings, flannels, and narrow cloths, and draws some additional revenue from fruit, which is produced in greater quantities in the private gardens throughout the town than in any other part of Scotland, with the exception of Clydesdale.* Its importance as the seat of a circuit and of a presbytery, added to the advantages which it enjoys as the county town, complete its means of subsistence. It is governed by a provost, four bailies, a dean of guild, and a treasurer, a convener of trades, and sixteen councillors.

The principal object in Jedburgh is the abbey, founded for canons regular by David I. Though the west end of this venerable structure has been mutilated into a parish church in a style too shocking to be patiently described, while the eastern extremity is partly ruinous, enough remains to impress the spectator with a high idea of its original beauty and magnificence. Some patriotic individuals have lately expended a considerable sum upon such repairs as seemed calculated to prevent further dilapidation; and these operations have been conducted with the greatest taste and success. The buildings occupying a part of the town analagous to the head of the West Bow in Edinburgh, are closely hemmed in on all sides by streets similar in character to that venerable place; and a squalid house of good though ruinous architecture is pointed out near the east end of the abbey, as the private mansion-house of the abbot. The whole of this darksome precinct has such an appearance of unmodernized antiquity, that one almost expects to see a decent monk or two creeping like a shadow along the causeway, saluted from doors by pretty damosels in peaked caps and scarlet stomachers, or to hear the clanking heels and see the flaunting plumes of some rude forayer, bounding up the wynd as fast as he can, to make his peace with the church for some recent and too daring raid.

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* There is reared in Jedburgh a peculiarly fine species of apple, which is believed to have been introduced from abroad, by the inmates of the abbey, before the Reformation. "*Jedburgh Fruit*" is, thus, an article which may be seen advertised upon the windows of shops in both the English and Scottish border counties, as Lasswade Meal, Dalkeith Barley, Peterhead Butter, and Lochfyne Herrings, are upon those of Edinburgh and other towns. Bread is another commodity which is said to be produced in extraordinary perfection at Jedburgh.

Near the abbey formerly stood the cross,—the scene of the poor pursuivant's disgrace,—and there also were the court-house and jail. The court-house and jail of Jedburgh are objects of more than ordinary interest in the eyes of a south country man; for Jedburgh is a transient seat of the court of justiciary, and these buildings have proved fatal to many a stalwart borderer. It is on this account that the name of the town is constantly associated in the mind of a Merse, Tweeddale, or Teviotdale man with ideas of sheep-stealing and hanging. Nor does the fearful import of the phrase "Jethart justice" alleviate the horrors of this concatenation of ideas. Jedburgh justice implies the circumstance of first hanging and then judging a criminal, and is a piece of popular obloquy supposed to have taken its rise in some instance of summary and unceremonious vengeance, executed here by either a feudal chief or a sovereign in one of his justiciary tours through the borders.

There is a new jail, denominated the Castle, in consequence of its occupying the site of the ancient fortress, and perhaps of its architecture being of that castellated description which has lately become so prevalent. The splendours of the edifice are such as to disguise its real character as completely to the eye as its name does to the ear. The eminence of the situation at the head of the town conduces greatly to its fine appearance, and causes it to be seen from a distance all round the town. Executions have, from time immemorial, taken place on the esplanade in front of this edifice, from which a view is obtained so charming and so calculated to make one in love with this world, that, unless the hope of glory in another have been pretty strongly impressed by his ghostly attendants upon the mind of a criminal, I am persuaded the sight must add greatly to the misery of his situation.

In Jedburgh may yet be seen the house in which Queen Mary lodged after her visit to Bothwell at Hermitage. It is a large old house, with a sort of turret behind, more like a mansion-house of the reign of Charles II, than what it is said really to be, one of the bastel-houses of which Surrey enumerates six as existing early in the sixteenth century. It is situated in a back street, and, with its screen of dull trees in front, has a somewhat lugubrious appearance, as if conscious of its connexion with the most melancholy tale that ever occupied the page of history. Mary remained in Jedburgh several days, with a sickness contracted in her forced march, from which for a time she gave up hopes of ever recovering.

The same appearance of entire antiquity which so strongly marks the Abbey Wynd or Close, prevails in a larger district of the town in a situation resembling the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and denominated the Town-heid. The Town-heid is composed solely of very old houses, which seem to have never either needed or received any of that species of mutilation called by antiquaries ruin, and by tradesmen repair. The secret is, that the inhabitants of the Town-heid all possess their own houses, and, being a quiet unambitious kind of people, not overmuch given to tormenting themselves for the sake of comfort, or killing themselves with cleaning and trimming, just suffer their tenements to descend peaceably from father to son, as they are, have been, and will be, world without end, Amen. The houses, therefore, are venerable enough in all conscience;

Roxburghshire.

but it is impossible for them to be more old-fashioned than the people who live in them. The *Town-heid folk*, for such is their common appellation, are in fact a sort of problem even to the other people of Jedburgh. They are a kind of knitters in the sun; a race who exercise, from the morning to the evening of life a set of humble trades which do not obtain in other parts of the town. For instance, one would not be surprised to find that the Town-heid boasts of possessing an ingenious artisan who can make cuckoo clocks and mend broken china. And the trades of the Town-heid, not less than the houses thereof, are hereditary, even unto the rule of primogeniture. A Town-heid tailor, for example, would as soon think of his eldest son becoming chancellor of Great Britain, as he would form the ambitious wish of making him a haberdasher in the lower part of the town. There was once a barber in the Town-heid, who lived seventy-one years without ever being more than two miles from Jedburgh on any occasion, except one, and that was a call to Oxnam, (*three* miles,) which he was only induced to attend to because it was a case, not of life and death, but of death itself; being to shave a dead man. There have not been more instances of Town-heid folk descending to the lower part of Jedburgh, than of Town-fit folk ascending to the Town-heid. The cause is plain. There is never such a thing in the Town-heid as a house to be let. The Town-heid is a place completely built and completely peopled; no change can ever take place in it; fire alone could diminish the number of its houses, and the gates of life and death are the only avenues by which people can enter or go out of it. Nay, it is a question that perhaps would not blink or look blate before the Fifteen themselves, whether there does not exist in the Town-heid of Jedburgh, as in the church of England, a sort of right of *mortmain;* by which, if the descendant of a Town-heid man can prove that any piece of property ever belonged to his kith or kin, at however remote a period, he may fairly eject from it the family of a Town-fit intruder, in spite of both the law of prescription and the law of clubs.*

The environs of Jedburgh abound, as already observed, in rich woodland scenes. This is principally to be ascribed to the circumstance of the woods called Jed Forest never having been intruded upon by modern improvers, but having been permitted ever since they formed part of the Sylva Caledonia, to flourish and bourgeon as they pleased. Nothing can be more delightful to a contemplative traveller, than to walk through that primitive and most picturesque grove which adorns the left bank of the Jed a little above the town, and which partly surrounds the old border fortress of Ferniehirst.

Ferniehirst was the original seat of that branch of the family of Ker which is now represented by the Marquis of Lothian. It is situated upon the edge of a steep bank overhanging the Jed, and consists in a tall square tower, with smaller buildings and offices, forming a court-yard. It is now half-ruinous, and only occupied as a farm-house. Built towards the end of the fifteenth century, it made a considerable figure in the old Border wars. It was besieged and taken from the laird in 1523 by the English, and afterwards suffered the same fate in consequence of the disaster of Pinkie. Two years after the latter event, the borderers, with the assistance of some French troops, having exerted themselves to recover the fortresses which had fallen into the hands of the victorious English, stormed and took Ferniehirst. One of the French officers, named Beaugé, has left an exceedingly minute account of the siege, and thus preserved some horrible particulars which would appear to be but too characteristic of the age. A band of Frenchmen, with the laird of Ferniehirst, having advanced to assault the fortress, the English archers showered their arrows down the steep ascent leading to the castle, from the barbican by which it was surrounded. A vigorous escalade, however, gained the base court, and the sharp fire of the French arquebussiers drove the bowmen into the square keep, or dungeon of the fortress. Here the English defended themselves till a breach in the wall was made by mining. Through this hole, the commandant crept forth, and, surrendering himself to the French leader, implored protection from the vengeance of the borderers. But a Scottish marchman, eyeing in the captive the ravisher of his wife, approached him ere the French officer could guess his intention, and, at one blow, carried his head four paces from the trunk. Above an hundred Scots rushed at once to wash their hands in the blood of their oppressor, bandied about the severed head, and expressed their joy in such shouts as might have announced the capture of a metropolitan city. The prisoners who fell into their merciless hands, were put to death, after their eyes had been torn out; the victors contending who should display the greatest address in severing their legs and arms before inflicting a mortal wound. When their own prisoners were slain, the Scottish, with an unextinguishable thirst for blood, purchased those of the French; parting willingly with their very arms, in exchange for an English captive. "I myself," says Beaugé, with military sang-froid, "I myself sold them a prisoner for a small horse. They laid him down upon the ground, galloped over him with their lances in rest, and wounded him as they passed. When slain, they cut his body in pieces, and bore the mangled gobbets, in triumph, upon their spears. I cannot greatly praise the Scottish for this practice. But the truth is, the English tyrannized over the borders in a most barbarous manner; and I think it was but fair to repay them, according to the proverb, in their own coin."

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* Upon the front of one of the venerable tenements of the Town-heid, there is a tablet of stone representing a bull in strong relief, and supposed to have been the *sign* of an inn called the Black Bull. It was common long ago for people to have signs of this substantial description. See a subsequent notice of Falkland in Fife, for mention of a boot like those worn by Cromwell's dragoons, which there marks the house of some shoemaker long dead and gone.

Roxburghshire.

It is worthy of notice that Robert Ker, the infamous favourite of James I, was a cadet of the house of Ferniehirst, and must have spent his earlier years in the castle.

The only road by which Ferniehirst Castle was to be approached from Jedburgh, was a narrow one, still in partial use, as a foot-path, leading up from the haugh on the left side of the Jed. Hung closely round with the branches of many old oaks, which may have been brushed in their day by the passing plumes of the Border chivalry, it forms a most delightful summer walk. At the top of the ascent from the haugh, there stands a glorious old oak, called, on account of his prodigious size, "the king of the wood," and on the haugh below, is another equally large, but of a different shape, and standing alone. The latter is called the Capon Tree, on account, it is said, of some person having once had his choice, by way of gift, of as many beeves as could stand under the branches, or as many capons as could sit on them, and preferring the *capons*.

Jedburgh was the scene, in 1285, of the festivities which attended the marriage of Alexander III; when a ghost, or something resembling a ghost, joined in one of the dances. Fordun describes this terrible object in ambiguous language; but Boece, less apt to stick at trifles, roundly asserts it was a skeleton—"Effigies hominis mortui, carne nudatis ejus ossibus, visa est." It was supposed to portend the childless bed of Alexander, and the consequent mishaps which befel his country.

Burns visited Jedburgh in his southern tour, and was publicly entertained by the magistrates. After the feast, which took place in a tavern, this singular man retired from the room, and, making up to the landlord, endeavoured to prevail upon him to take payment of the reckoning, instead of putting it down to the magistrates. Mine host knew the magistrates of Jedburgh better than Burns, and would do no such thing; at which the poet was very much chagrined. We can only account for such strange conduct, by attributing it to

Roxburghshire.

that extravagant love of what he called independence, and that childish fear of being obliged by men who considered themselves his superiors, which so often transported this highly gifted individual over the bounds of good breeding and discretion.

The Jed takes its rise amid the Carter Fells, a tract of waste and bleak mountains dividing the two kingdoms in that quarter, and distant about ten miles from Jedburgh. The edge of this desolate upland is denominated Reidswire, and was, as already mentioned, the scene of a sanguinary conflict, one of the last fought upon the borders. The Scottish clans of the middle marches arrived in arms and in attendance upon Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, (ancestor of the Earl of Hyndford;) and from the opposite side the Borderers of Tynedale and Reidsdale advanced, " with jack and spear, and bended bows," as the ballad says, under Sir John Foster, the English warden. Yet the meeting began in mirth and good neighbourhood; and while the wardens proceeded to the business of the day, the armed borderers of either party engaged in sports, and played at cards or dice, or loitered around the moor. The merchants or pedlers erected their temporary booths, and displayed their wares, and the whole had the appearance of a peaceful holiday or rural fair. In the midst of this good humour, the warders were observed to raise their voices in angry altercation. A bill had been filed, or, as the phrase went, *fouled* upon one Farinstein, who, according to custom and law of march, ought to have been delivered up to the Scots. The excuses made by Sir John Foster did not satisfy the Scottish warden, who taxed him with partiality. At this the Englishmen rising suddenly and drawing up his person, so as to have the full advantage of all his height, contemptuously desired Carmichael to match himself with his equals in birth and quality. These signs of quarrel were sufficient hints to the Tyndale men, who immediately shot off a flight of arrows among the Scots. The warriors of the different clans then rose on every side; and these willing warriors, instantly starting to in miniature, and that not only in point of manufactures, but also in regard to the character of the inhabitants. Placed in the centre of the wild border country, it must therefore be considered in some measure an anomaly. The people have all that propensity to political speculation, and that jealousy of the power of their rulers, which usually characterise the votaries of the sedentary arts; insomuch that, on the agitation of the Currency Question, in spring 1826, they petitioned the national senate *for* the proposed change, while all the rest of Scotland was like to rise in arms against it. This is engrafted on the old chivalrous spirit Border, and gives a very strange cast to what yet remains of that original character; like a crab engrafted on a generous pine. It is yet customary in Hawick for every person to have what is called a *to-name* or sobriquet, in conformity with the well-known ancient practice of the frontier clans; and it often happens that a man is better known to his fellow-citizens by his fictitious than his real designation.

Hawick is a free burgh of regality, and has made a considerable figure in Border history. From its propinquity to the border, it generally suffered severely from the excursions of the English, and was more than once burnt. This caused a species of architecture to prevail in the houses, some specimens of which yet exist. The houses were built like towers, of hard whin-stones, and very thick in the wall; vaulted below; no door to the street, but a *pended entry* giving access to a court-yard behind, from which the second flat of the building was accessible by a stair; and the second flat communicated with the lower only by a square hole through the arched ceiling. The present *head-inn*, called " the Tower," was a fortress of a better order, belonging to the superior of the burgh, and, the only house not consumed in 1570 by the army of the Earl of Sussex. It was, at a late period, the frequent residence of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, the widow of the unhappy scion of royalty who bore the latter title; and there were persons lately alive who remembered the *state*, i. e. elevated chair, and the canopy, which that high dame, who took upon her the rank of a princess, was wont to occupy on solemn occasions, while all other persons stood. The mansion was lately possessed by a lineal descendant of the celebrated free-booter Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, who, instead of his ancestor's perilous marauding achievements, levied contributions upon the public in the humbler character of a landlord.

At the head of the town, upon a steep ascent, is a square mound of earth, flat upon the top; one of those moot or moat-hills whence in ancient times laws were dispensed, and where public meetings were held by the tribes around. The brave Sir Alexander Ramsay, so famous for his achievements against the English during what are called the Baliol wars, was acting here in his capacity of Sheriff of Teviotdale, when Sir William Douglas, incensed against him for having been invested with an office which he considered to belong to himself as a right, seized him, and transporting him to Hermitage, plunged him into one of the dungeons below that dreary castle, where he perished of hunger.

Kelso has its "convoy;" but Hawick has, better far, its "gill." *A Hawick gill* is well known among Scottish topers to be half-a-mutchkin, equal to two gills. Of the mistress of Andrew of the Cuttie Gun, the old song says,

> Weil she loo'ed a Hawick gill,
> And leuch to see a tappit hen.

But how the scrimpit word *gill* should have arrived at such a liberal construction in Hawick, is a question of that profound and mysterious character which none but a committee of sound drinkers will ever perhaps be able to elucidate.

The river Slitterick, dividing the town nearly in two, is crossed by a bridge of a peculiarly antique construction, which no stranger should leave the town without seeing.

The Slitterick is one of the principal tributaries of *Roxburghshire*.

the Teviot, and its course forms the main road from Hawick into Liddisdale. However uncouth its name may appear, the reader will be surprised to learn that it has been embodied oftener than once in verses, where it has even supplied a rhyme. Dr Leyden, in his fine poem, entitled " Scenes of Infancy," where he reduces to glowing verse the poetical associations connected with all the streams of his native dale, has, it must be confessed, found himself necessitated to Macadamize the harder of its consonants, and render the word into the more classical-like and mellifluous epithet of *Slata*. But in an ancient rhyme, which enumerates the chief streams of the Border, the Slitterick is made to sound in all its natural rudeness.

The Ettrick
And the *Slitterick*,
The Feeder
And the Leader,
The Falla
And the Galla,
The Ale
And the Kale,
  The Yod
  And the Jed,
The Blackater,
The Whittater,
  The Teviot and the Tweed.

The banks of the Teviot, are, in the neighbourhood of Hawick, ornamented in no small degree, by the extensive nurseries of Messrs Dickson and Company, which were established here, under the auspices of the same firm, or at least the same family, considerably upwards of a century ago. On the left bank of the stream, about two miles above Hawick, stands the ancient tower of Goldielands, one of the most entire now extant upon the Border, and over the gate of which its last laird (a Scot,) is said to have been hanged for march-treason.

The ancient and far-famed house of Branksome, the principal scene of the " Lay of the Last Minstrel," and during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the residence of the Buccleuch family, stands about a mile farther up the river, on the opposite bank.* Little of the original castle remains, and the whole has now the appearance of an ordinary manor-house. Branksome was also celebrated of yore, for the charms of a *bonnie lass*, whose beauty and good fortune have become proverbial in Scotland. She dwelt not, however, in the mansion of Sir Walter's Witch-lady, but in the alehouse of the adjacent hamlet, which was kept by her mother. A young officer of some rank, whose name is believed to have been Maitland, happened to be quartered in the vicinity, saw, loved, and married the bonnie lass of Branksome. So strange was such an alliance deemed in those days, that the old mother, under whose auspices it was performed, (her nick-name was Jean the Ranter,) did not escape the imputation of witch-craft. Upon this incident, which probably happened near the end of the seventeenth century, Ramsay composed a ballad, beginning,

> As I came in by Teviot side,
>   And by the braes o' Branksome,
> There first I saw my bloomin' bride,
>   Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.

When Queen Mary visited Bothwell in Hermitage Castle, she did not take the present course of the road by the Slitterick, but penetrated the mountainous tract which lies between that and the Teviot. The perils and the difficulty of her journey must have been truly great, and it is inconceivable how she contrived both to go into Liddisdale, and come back from it again to Teviotdale in the space of one day. She proceeded up Priesthaugh-swire, between Pencryst-pen and Skelf-hill; then through a long boggy tract called Hawkhass; next, up along the course of a mountain-stream, to the ridge called the Maiden Paps, where the district of Liddisdale begins; after that, she descended the Braidlee-swire, till she again reached a low piece of boggy ground, where her horse swamped, and nearly caused her to lose her life: other hills, and those extremely precipitous, had now to be ascended and descended; the narrow track generally sloping along their sides, and crossing the little burns at the bottom; till she reached the course of the Hermitage Water, and, by following it, came at last to Hermitage Castle; altogether one of the most hazardous, and one of the most impracticable-looking journies that ever was achieved, and which must be acknowledged to look still more wonderful, when we consider that it was performed by a delicate female, and one who had recently risen from child-bed. Tradition says she was attended on her expedition by only twelve men.

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* Harden Castle, an equally interesting specimen of the ancient Border fortress, is secluded within a narrow valley, formed by the Borthwick Water, about three miles from Hawick. In its immediate neighbourhood, a deep dell is shown in which the free-booting lairds of former times used to conceal the cattle they took from their English neighbours. The crest of this family is remarkably appropriate to the character which it bore before the union of the Crowns, on account of this species of rapine: a crescent, with the motto, "*Reparabit cornua Phœbe.*"

Roxburghshire.

However strange it may appear, it is perfectly true, that the district of Liddisdale possessed no roads other than such as that described till within the last thirty years. When the Editor of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border made what he now (in private conversation) calls his " raids into Liddisdale," in order to collect the materials of that work, he found the country almost inaccessible, and the people as *strange* to the appearance of a visiter as the Indians were at the advent of Columbus. On his visiting the house of Willie o' Milburn, in company with a friend from Jedburgh, the gudeman happened to come home just as he was engaged in tying up his horse in the stable. The farmer, like all the other people of his rank in Scotland, entertained a profound respect for the character of a lawyer; and this added considerably to the embarrassment which he felt regarding his visiter. In a little while, however, he came up to Sir Walter's friend, who had gone into the house, and asked *if yon was the advocate.* Being

Roxburghshire.

answered in the affirmative, he slapped his thigh with joy, and exclaimed, "De'il a me's feared for him; he's just a chield like oursells!" What idea the honest farmer had formed of the person of the future great unknown must for ever remain a mystery.

It was amongst the primitive people of Liddisdale, that Sir Walter collected the greater part of the ballads which formed his first distinguished publication. He took occasion at a subsequent period, to repay their attentions to him, by commemorating in a narrative which can never perish, the simplicity, worth, and honour, which marked their character before it was reduced to the ordinary standard of modern manners.

Liddisdale is that part of Roxburghshire which lies to the south of a ridge of hills comprising those called Grit Moor, the Maiden-paps, and the Fanna. From these mountains, a great number of streams descend towards the south, forming at last the river Liddel, which joins the Esk and falls into the Frith of Solway, giving name to this district, though at the lower part of its course it adjoins to Dumfries-shire and separates it from England.

Liddisdale has even yet an extremely wild appearance, and may be described as entirely a pastoral district. Like other parts of Scotland, it was formerly covered with wood, and abounded in the wild game proper to a savage country; as is testified by the well-remembered rhyme:

Billhope braes for bucks and raes,
  Carit-rigs for swine,
And Tarras for a gude bill-trout,
  An it be ta'en in time.

The banks of the Liddel alone at this day display any approach to cultivation or planting.

The most remarkable object in Liddisdale is the celebrated Castle of Hermitage. This ruin raises its square, massive, stately form at the bottom of an extensive waste declining all round from the hills; and the

Roxburghshire.

Hermitage burn, which runs past it toward the Liddel, with its shining and noisy waters, is the only object of a lively nature in the whole of its bare and desolate vicinity. The fortress has been one of the largest on the Border, and consists in a sort of double tower, with the remains of entrenchments and other fortifications around. At a little distance is a deserted burial-ground, adding, if possible, a deeper melancholy to the whole aspect and circumstance of the ruin.

Since its erection at the beginning of the thirteenth century, Hermitage Castle has passed through many hands. Soon after its erection by Comyn Earl of Monteith, it became the property of a family of English settlers of the name of Soulis. Soulis being forfeited by King Robert Bruce, it fell into the possession of the Douglasses, whose representative the sixth Earl of the Angus, nicknamed "Bell the Cat," exchanged it with Hepburn Earl of Bothwell for the castle and lordship of that name in Clydesdale. The possessions and title of the Hepburns became the property of Francis Stuart after the forfeiture and disgraceful end of Queen Mary's lover. This man was in his turn attainted, and Hermitage then came into the Buccleuch family, who still retain it.

The tradition of the country has loaded the memory of the Soulis family with many crimes; and an idea prevails, that the ruin of the castle, oppressed as it were with a consciousness of the scenes of guilt transacted within its walls, is gradually sinking into the earth; that, indeed, thirty feet of its original height of ninety have already gone down, while thirty have fallen from the top, and only thirty now remain above the level of the ground. The last Lord Soulis, in common with all the tyrants, "persecutors," and "wicked lairds" of former times, is accused of magical practices; and the whole portrait preserved of him by tradition unites every quality that could render strength formidable. At once a tyrant and a sorcerer, he was constantly employed in oppressing his vassals and fortifying his castle against the king of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal, invoking the fiends by incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. The common tale of his death is precisely similar to a real fact which occurred at a much later period in the Mearns. Reiterated complaints having been made at court by his neighbours, the Scottish monarch at length exclaimed, in a moment of irritation, "Feind nor he were sodden and suppit in brooe!" Of this answer they immediately proceeded to take advantage. They seized the tyrant, and, having erected a caldron at the distance of a mile from his castle, literally boiled him alive! The place where this is said to have happened, is called the Nine-stane-rig, from a druidical circle of upright stones, two of which supported the bar upon which the fatal caldron was suspended. The caldron itself is still in existence; but not "at Skelf-hill, a hamlet between Hawick and the Hermitage," as it is said to be in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. It was gifted by a late possessor of that farm to his relative Mr Pott, of Pencryst, where it now is. Though popularly denominated the "mickle pat o' Skelf-hill," it is of an ordinary size, and seems by no means large enough to contain the body of so large a man as Lord Soulis is said to have been. It bears, however, some marks of antiquity; the *legs* are curiously ornamented, and it seems to be composed of bell-metal.

When in the possession of William Douglas, the knight of Liddisdale, Hermitage was the scene of a cruel transaction already alluded to. That warrior, though distinguished by the proud title of "the Flower of Chivalry," showed that his heart was not inaccessible to the baser passions. Envy of the office of Sir Alexander Ramsay as sheriff of Teviotdale, urged him to the murder of that knight, who had been his compeer in arms. He caused Sir Alexander, along with his horse's furniture, to be thrown into a dungeon beneath Hermitage Castle, and left him there to the most fearful of all deaths, that by hunger. The wretched captive is said to have prolonged his existence by the corn which fell from a granary above his dungeon; and, in proof of this circumstance, a mason, having, about thirty-five years ago, broken down a part of the wall, (for the sake of the stones,) and descended into the vault within, found a quantity of chaff, together with some bones, a sword, and the bit of a bridle; the last article uncommonly large. So weak was the royal authority in those days, that King David found himself obliged to appoint the knight of Liddisdale to the office vacant by the death of his victim. He was, however, killed some years after, while hunting in Ettrick forest, by his godson and chieftain William Earl of Douglas, at the instigation, it is supposed, of the king, who could not otherwise dispatch him. The place of his assassination is called, from his name, William's Cross, and lies upon the ridge of a hill, for the same reason denominated William's Hope, above Yair, between Tweed and Yarrow.

Besides these fearful traditions of Hermitage Castle, other tales of horror are told respecting it. A Northumberland warrior, called the Cout of Keeldar, on account of his enormous size and strength, came to defy Lord Soulis at this his place of power, and suffered dearly for his injudicious bravery. He was obliged to retire by Soulis's retainers, who, however, could make no impression upon his coat of proof, till, having got him into a deep part of the brook, they dispatched him by holding him down beneath the water with their spears. This place is exactly opposite to the deserted burial-ground already mentioned, and is called "the Cout's Pule." It is a hollow formed by a little cascade, and is overhung and darkened by an old weeping birch, which the superstitious, but not less poetical, peasant of Liddisdale, remarks to be the only birch among all those which line the stream, that turns its branches and its leaves downward. "The Cout's Grave" is also shown, near the western corner of the cemetery in the shape of a mound considerably larger than that of an ordinary grave.

The burial-ground at Hermitage is a small enclosure, containing many old, but very few recent graves. The vestiges of a small place of worship are yet to be seen in the centre, with an aged knotty crooked tree growing from the place where the pulpit, or perhaps rather the altar, is said to have stood. With all these tokens of great age about the ruin, it is understood to have been preceded by a hermitage, which gave name to the stream, as the stream gave to the castle. There were formerly five chapels such as this in the district of Liddisdale, besides the parish church at Castleton; which seems to prove that the country was better peopled in the riding days than in these piping times of peace. The Wheel church was the most remarkable of all the five. It lies in a waste at the head of the Liddel. The architecture seems to have been very good, and the size of the building considerable; yet, when standing on the spot at this time, only three houses can be seen, taking in a circle of many miles.

Hermitage Castle is supposed to cover or contain great store of concealed treasure. But the superstitious fears of the peasantry seem sufficient to prevent any discovery. Such is the dread with which the ruin is regarded, that the common people could scarcely be persuaded to approach it by a darker light than that of broad day, much less to molest it at any other time. The apartments are now so dilapidated, and the dungeons so completely filled up with rubbish, as almost to be undistinguishable; yet it is not many years since an entire room, in which Lord Soulis had held his conferences with the evil spirits, was supposed to be opened once every seven years by that demon, to which, when he left the castle, never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return.* Into this chamber, which was really the *massy more* or great dungeon of the castle, the peasant was afraid to look; for, such was the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow wand, inserted at one of the chinks of the door, was found peeled or stripped of its bark, when drawn back.

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* A large rusty key was found amidst the rubbish near the gate of this dungeon, in 1806, by the late Duke of Buccleuch, and supposed to be that which Lord Soulis threw over his shoulder on going to pot. Another relic, a large iron comb, was found at another time by a neighbouring peasant, and converted

When the dreadful character of the place is considered in all its array of horrors, the reader will be surprised to learn that an individual was once found, and that amongst the weaker sex, of sufficient hardihood to suppress the influence of education, and that terror of supernatural things which seems to have been implanted by nature in the human breast, so far as to reside by herself amidst the ruins of the castle. In the turret to the left of the great gate-way, a roofless apartment, about ten feet square, and furnished with a fire-place of modern construction, is pointed out as having been occupied, within the memory of the present generation, by an old woman, who preferred this substantial habitation, which she had rent-free, to one of the wretched hovels usually occupied by people of her rank. The nun of Dryburgh was not such a heroine as this; for she was supported in her lonely cell by the indifference of insanity: but the aged tenant of the Hermitage was only supposed to be a witch. Her fortitude seems only to find a parallel, and yet an unmeet one, in the case of an old woman who, about the same period, chose to tenant a much smaller apartment among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral; to be noticed in its place.

The name of Liddisdale, as a parish, is Castleton, from the church being situated at the decayed precinct or hamlet of a castle overhanging the east bank of the Liddel, about four miles below Hermitage. The country is, at this place, luxuriantly wooded and extremely beautiful. Two miles farther down the stream is the large modern village called New-Castleton.

by the base churl into hob-nails for his shoes. "To what base uses may we come, Horatio!"

New-Castleton consists in two long streets of neat new houses, and occupies a haugh on the right bank of the Liddel, part of the possessions, in former days, of John Elliot, the free-booter who wounded Bothwell. The village owes its rise to Henry Duke of Buccleuch; but it is not very prosperous. Every house has a small portion of land connected with it, a source of amusement and profit to the inhabitants.

The remains of Mangerton Tower, a fortress known in Border story as the seat of the chief of the Armstrongs, are still to be seen, near a mill, about a mile and a half below New-Castleton. The lower vaulted story of the edifice is all that now exists; all the rest having been taken away to build the said mill; near the door way of which there may be seen in the wall a large stone bearing the arms and initials of the laird, with the date 1583, probably that of a part of the original building. There is a tradition, that one of the barons of Mangerton was shot, as he was taking an evening walk upon the battlements, by an assassin who had stationed himself among the bushes of the Cock's Knowe, a little eminence commanding the castle.

The great tradition of Mangerton is a tale highly characteristic of the period to which it refers, the early part of the reign of Queen Mary. The lord of Hermitage, whatever might then be his name, was a prodigious tyrant. One day, attending the church of Ettleton, he saw and loved a young lady of the name of Foster, whose father resided in the lower part of Liddisdale. Resolving to prosecute a dishonourable courtship, he paid her father a visit a few days after, but, Foster, apprized of his coming, had taken care to convey his daughter to a place of security in Cumberland, and, when the lord of Hermitage called for her, said she had gone to pay a visit at some distance. The impassioned baron, unable to brook his disappointment, immediately stabbed Foster, who fell down dead upon his own floor. No sooner was this barbarous act known, than the country-people, already incensed against their oppressor, rose *en masse* and resolved to have blood for blood. The murderer fled, closely and hotly pursued by the rustics, and only escaped by taking refuge in the tower of Mangerton, the laird of which, espying him from the walls, ordered that he should be received and protected. The people surrounded the tower, which had been carefully closed upon the object of their fury, and threatened to burn it unless he were instantly delivered up into their hands. Armstrong, loath to withdraw a protection once extended, refused to gratify them, and finally succeeded in pacifying their anger by promising that regular cognizance should be taken of the offence they complained of. When all had departed upon this assurance, the baron returned to his castle, but not till he had invited Armstrong to come and see him there, that he might have an opportunity of repaying his hospitality. Mangerton accepted this invitation, and in spite of the advices of all his friends, went to dine in the fatal halls of Hermitage. His fate was already sealed by the cruel baron, who hated him partly on account of his possessing a reputation in the country so much superior to his own, and partly by reason of the obligation he had incurred to him. At the end of the feast, one of the servants, according to order, came in behind Armstrong's back, and, by an oblique stroke, stabbed him to the heart. All the country now rose, unable any longer to permit such atrocities to pass unrevenged. The lord of Hermitage judged it prudent to avoid the storm and retired to Cumberland, with the intention of waiting there till it should blow past. His place of concealment was, however, discovered by the brother of the deceased, the brave Jock o' the Syde, who had assumed a palmer's habit, and gone upon a pilgrimage of vengeance, resolved never to rest till he had accomplished his end. Getting admission to the baron's chamber, as he was lying in bed beside his wife, Jock dispatched him where he lay.

Armstrong's body was conveyed from the Hermitage, and, without being brought into his own house, buried in Ettleton church-yard, which lies about a mile distant, on the brae rising from the opposite bank of the Liddel. The country people tell that, though it was not thought necessary to carry the corpse this distance out of the way, the funeral company went themselves over the water to Mangerton, to partake of some refreshment before proceeding to perform the last offices for their unfortunate friend. Meanwhile, the coffin was left at a spot about a hundred yards below the burial-ground. It was customary long ago, in England as well as Scotland, to erect crosses at all the places where the body of a person of rank, on its way to the grave, was *rested;* and I believe there is one instance of an English princess having died at a considerable distance from Westminster Abbey, and thereby caused the erection of as many such emblems throughout the country, as would, if collected, build a pretty large church. A cross was erected at the place where the murdered Armstrong was deposited, and another over his grave in the church-yard. The latter is now overthrown and broken; but the other still stands quite entire at what is called the Millholm. It is eight feet four inches high, and stands in a socket of stone. The initials of the deceased may be distinguished among some half-intelligible hieroglyphics at the top; and a sword is carved upon the long slender shaft of the pillar. It is still commonly called "Mangerton's Cross."

Ettleton burial-ground, like that of the Hermitage, is now deserted by its church. It contains a great number of monuments, adorned with curious stiff carved figures in the dress of George the First's time. There is one monument to a woman who died at the age of 113. Her name was Margaret Wylie, and a very strange thing is told respecting her. She was one day tedding hay, along with some persons of both sexes, her juniors by many years, in a field at Louriston, near New-Castleton, when it occurred to her that she had tedded hay on that same field when she was, as she said, a gilpy lassie. On inquiry being made into the circumstance, it turned out, to the amazement of all present, that the old woman had actually worked at the same employment in which she was now engaged, on the very same spot, *that day an hundred years!* She remembered the day because it was a holiday, and the year from some other circumstance.

The Syde, where the hero already mentioned, and whose name is so conspicuous in the Border Minstrelsy, formerly held sway, is a place not more than half a mile from Ettleton Kirk-yard, farther up the face of that bare declivity. A few very slight mounds and little heaps of stones are all that remain to mark the site of Jock's Castle; and, all around, nothing is to be seen but the brown heath, and nothing to be heard but the wind whistling through it. It is possible, however, that, as in the case of Lammermuir, much of the adjacent territory, though now pastoral, was formerly cultivated, and maintained more inhabitants than now; for the people point out a place a little below the Syde, which they call the Gaudsman's Field, on account of such an official having once been killed there in a quarrel by his superior the ploughman, as they were engaged in labour. The list of officials employed in steering the old plough of Liddisdale (and perhaps that of the rest of Scotland) through the soil, is curious. There was the ploughman who held the stilts, the gaudsman who drove the cattle, the callant who redd or cleared the share; another loon whose duty it was to come up behind and *lay over* such of the heavy wet clod as had returned to its original position after being raised by the share; finally, there were the eight horses or oxen. Truly, as Mrs Violet M'Shake might say, a plough was a plough in those days!

A considerable way eastward from the Syde, on the banks of a mountain stream, and touched at by the hill-path between New-Castleton and Langholm, the ruins of Puddinburn House may be seen by the traveller who is disposed to traverse these wilds. The lower wall of the ruin now forms a sheep-fold; but its tenants were formerly of a different description, as may be seen by reference to the ballad, entitled Dick o' the Cow, in the Border Minstrelsy. The path alluded to crosses the Tarras brook, and passes over the shoulder of the Tinnis Hill, one of the highest in this part of the country.

The most remarkable natural curiosities in Liddisdale, occur upon the course of the Blackburn, one of its inferior streams. This water forms several cascades. Sometimes the river shoots over a perpendicular rock in one unbroken sheet of water; at other times it is darted over tremendous precipices, and rages furiously among the huge masses of the rock below. In this wild and romantic vale, nature appears in various forms, now beautiful, now awful, sometimes sublime, and frequently terrible. One of the falls is twenty-seven feet in sheer height, another thirty-one, and the breadth of the rock thirty-six; a third is thirty-seven feet in height, and twenty feet wide. But the chief wonder of this stream is a natural bridge or arch of stone, which, stretching over its course, in length fifty-five feet, and in breadth ten, joins the hills which rise precipitously on both sides. This singular piece of natural masonry is composed of innumerable small square stones neatly set together; and the water rushes below through an opening of thirty-one feet.

This was, till the era of 1792, the only bridge in Liddisdale! Though the waters of Hermitage and Liddel divided the country for a space of six and twenty miles, on neither, says the author of the Statistical account of the parish, was there ever a bridge before that year, when one was erected upon the Hermitage. It would appear, however, that there was no deficiency of fords. A traveller in those days had to cross the Liddel twenty-four times in the course of sixteen miles, in order to obtain something like secure footing along its banks, or rather its course; for, adds the ingenious statist, the road lay rather *in* the river than *upon its banks*, or indeed simply consisted of what is called the *watergate.* "There is much intercourse," he continues, "both with Hawick and Langholm, and the difficulty of travelling to those places is inconceivable. Every article must be carried on horseback; and through these deep and broken bogs and mosses, we must actually *crawl*, to the great fatigue of ourselves, but the much greater injury of our horses."

It was this qualification of utter inaccessibility, that made Liddisdale long ago such a nest of freebooters; and has latterly caused it to preserve its original character, both in regard to the soil and the people, much longer than other districts in the south of Scotland.

The Armstrongs and the Elliots were the chief families who practised the system of reprisal or depredation in Liddisdale; and this is commemorated by the well-known exclamation of obloquy, "Elliots and Armstrongs, ride thieves a'!" But the reproach of thieving is now deprived of its sting, from the good humour with which all the border clans seem disposed to contemplate the mode of living and the feuds of their ancestors. It is now in fact the staple material of wit and jocularity among the borderers; as witness the convivial society at Edinburgh, into which nobody is admitted who cannot show that some one of either his name or his place of birth was a thief in the riding times. A noted instance of this description of pleasantry was communicated to me by one whose own pleasantries seldom fail in delighting his friends. When the ambulatory members of the court of justiciary had occasion to traverse this wild district, on their way from Jedburgh to Dumfries, they were obliged, eighty years since, as at a much later period, to ride upon a string of horses, and take one of those unhappy *bridle-roads* across the hills, which I have already attempted to describe. It was a matter of some interest to the primitive inhabitants of this rarely-visited glen, to see a woe-begone cavalcade, comprising two or three Lords, an advocate-depute or two, a macer and trumpeter, &c. &c. picking their steps down the *watergate*, crossing and re-crossing the water, and presenting altogether an appearance of imbecility and defencelessness strangely at variance with their real character as the ministers of life and death. While Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto was Lord Justice-Clerk, old Armstrong of Sorbie near Mangerton,

Roxburghshire.

a gentleman of primitive manners, and withal something of an humorist, used to come out of his house with a huge bottle of brandy, to treat his friend Sir Gilbert and the rest with a dram. On this occurring when Henry Home (afterwards better known by the title of Lord Kames) for the first time went round the circuit as advocate-depute, or prosecutor for the crown, Sorbie took occasion, after all had passed on but the Lord Justice-Clerk, to whisper into his lordship's ear, "whatna lang black-a-vised, dour-looking chiel's yon, at the head o' the procession?" "Oh," quoth the Elliot, "that's a man come to hang a' the Armstrongs." "If that be the case," rejoined the Armstrong, turning his back, "it's time the Elliots were *ridin.*"

A memorial of the chivalrous character of the former inhabitants of Liddisdale, is to be found in the name of a low piece of ground at the juncture of the Kershope water with the Liddel, at the place where the former ceases, and the latter begins to form the line of separation between the two kingdoms. This place is called Turnersholm, a corrupted association of syllables, meaning the field where the tournaments were held.

One of the principal natural characteristics of the vale of Liddel, is that it is an extremely wet district, probably on account of its vicinity to the Solway Firth. A Teviotdale farmer being observed going into Liddisdale on horseback, without a great coat, at a time when such a garment is considered indispensable, was asked the reason of his self denial. "Why," answered he, "I ken very weel, though I were to tak twae, they wad be wat through, and it's needless to burden baith mysel and the beast wi' wat claith."

It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning, that the poet Armstrong was a native of Liddisdale; his father and his brother having successively been its clergymen. In his poem on health, he celebrates the Liddel in some very glowing verses, with which I shall conclude this notice of its dale:

——————— Such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air.

Roxburghshire.

Liddel, till now, except in Dorick lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,
Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain.

It is now necessary to return to the northern part of Roxburghshire, in order to survey that richer portion which lies along the banks of the Tweed.

About five miles directly west from Kelso, upon a considerable eminence, stands Smailholm Tower, a deserted Border strength, now classical from its being the scene of Sir Walter Scott's admirable ballad, "The Eve of St John." The poet passed much of his childhood at the neighbouring farm-house of Sandy-knowe, then inhabited by his paternal uncle.

This loveliest part of the vale of Tweed is ornamented by the sweet and classic shades of Dryburgh, which, though locally in Berwickshire, may be here more conveniently described. Dryburgh Abbey lies upon a level haugh, round which the Tweed makes a fine circuitous sweep, and which is completely covered by luxuriant trees. The abbey is an impressive ruin, though more remains of the domestic buildings than of the church. It was founded in the reign of David I, by Hugh Moreville, constable of Scotland, upon a site which is supposed to have been honoured by the worship of the Druids. Near the ruins still flourishes a large tree, which there is good reason to suppose was planted upwards of seven hundred years ago. The view of Dryburgh from the opposite bank of the river, which rises abruptly to a considerable height, is extremely fine.*

The environs of Dryburgh have been decorated with various objects of taste by the venerable Earl of Buchan, who is lord of the manor, and resides in a modern house near the abbey. In the first place, they are rendered accessible from the south side of the river by a wire bridge, which his lordship built at his own expense. Then there is a temple erected to the Muses, containing statues of these famous divinities, and surmounted by a bust of his lordship's favourite poet Thomson. Lastly, there is a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, crowning the brow of an adjoining hill. The last of these objects occupies so eminent a situation, that Wallace, frowning towards England, is visible even from Berwick, a distance of more than thirty miles. The statue is twenty feet high, and is formed of red sandstone painted white. Upon a tablet near the pedestal there is the following verse:

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* "About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault among the ruins of Dryburgh

> The peerless knight of Elderslie,
>   Who bore round Ayr's romantic shore
> The beamy torch of liberty,

Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Haliburton of Newmains, or to that of Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth appellation of Fat-lips, and whom she described as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded by the well-informed with compassion, as deranged in her understanding, and by the vulgar with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-46, and she never more would behold the light of day. The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination." *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 246.

Roxburghshire.

And, roaming round from sea to sea,
From glen obscure and gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots called, to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke.

The village of St Boswell's, noted for a great annual cattle-fair, held in July, lies on the opposite bank of the Tweed. It is now a small and unimportant village; though, when burnt by the English in 1544, it contained no fewer than sixteen bastel-houses or towers.

About four miles west from these interesting objects, upon the southern bank of the Tweed, stand the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Melrose, surrounded by the little village of the same name.

The ruins of this ancient monastery, or rather of the church connected with it, (for the domestic buildings are entirely gone,) afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which this country can boast. By singular good fortune, Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scattered throughout this reformed land. To say that it is beautiful, is to say nothing. It is exquisitely—splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and in its minutest details; it is a study—a glory. The beauty of Melrose, however, is not an healthful ordinary beauty:

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Its is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.

Its is not the beauty of summer, but the melancholy grace of autumn; not the beauty of a blooming bride, but that of a pining and death-stricken maiden. It is not that this is a thing of perfect splendour that we admire it, but because it is a fragment which only represents or shadows forth a matchless whole which *has been*, and whose merits we are, from this shattered specimen, completely disposed to allow.

Melrose Abbey was first built by David I in the year 1136, dedicated to St Mary, and devoted to the use of a body of Cistercian monks. The church, which alone remains, measures 287 feet in length, and 157 at the greatest breadth. It is built in the most ornate style of the Gothic architecture, and therefore decorated with an infinite variety of sculptures, most of which are exquisitely fine. While the western extremity of the building is entirely ruined and removed, the eastern and more important parts are fortunately in a state of tolerable preservation: in particular, the oriel window, and that which surmounts the south door, both alike admirable, are almost entire. It is also matter of great thankfulness, that a good many of the shapely pillars for the support of the roof are still extant. It is to these objects that the attention of travellers is chiefly directed.

It is not to the zeal of the reformers alone that the desecration of our best old religious buildings is to be attributed. The enthusiasm of individuals in more recent times has sometimes done that which the reformers left undone; as is testified by a notorious circumstance told by the person who shows Melrose. On the eastern window of the church, there were formerly thirteen effigies, supposed to represent our Saviour and his apostles.* These, harmless and beautiful as they were, happened to provoke the wrath of a praying weaver in Gattonside, who, in a moment of inspired zeal, went up one night by means of a ladder, and with a hammer and chisel, knocked off the heads and limbs of the figures. Next morning he made no scruple to publish the transaction, observing, with a great deal of exultation, to every person whom he met, that he had "fairly stumpet thae vile paipist dirt *nou!*" The people sometimes catch up a remarkable word when uttered on a remarkable occasion by one of their number, and turn the utterer into ridicule, by attaching it to him as a nick-name; and it is some consolation to think that this monster was therefore treated with the sobriquet of "Stumpie," and of course carried it about with him to his grave.

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* In the drawing of Melrose Abbey in Slezer's Theatrum Scotiæ, the niches are all filled with statues. Slezer took his drawings early in the reign of king William.

It would require a distinct volume to do justice to the infinite details of Melrose Abbey; for the whole is built in a style of such elaborate ornament, that almost every foot-breadth has its beauty, and every beauty is worthy of notice. I shall content myself with merely adding the description which Sir Walter Scott has given of it in his Lay of the Last Minstrel.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are dark in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

* * * *

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
  They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
  On pillars, lofty, light, and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed 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 capital furnish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.
* * * *

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
  By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'st 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.

At the time of the Reformation the inmates of this abbey shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Romish churchmen, as is testified by a ballad then popular, which contained the following verse:

The monks of Melrose made gude kail
  On Fridays, when they fasted;
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,
  As lang as their neighbours' lasted.

Whatever might be the sensuality of the monks of Melrose, it is certain that some of their power was sometimes matter of real inconvenience to the public. The abbot had such an extensive jurisdiction, and the privileges of girth and sanctuary interfered so much with the execution of justice, that James V is said to have once acted as baron-baillie, in order to punish those malefactors in the character of the abbot's deputy, whom his own sovereign power, and that of the laws, were unable to reach otherwise. But, whatever may be thought of this, there can be no doubt that the protection extended to criminals by the religious was a true blessing in the main, at a time when the law could neither inflict punishment, nor protect a criminal from the rash and unmeasured retribution of those whom he had offended.

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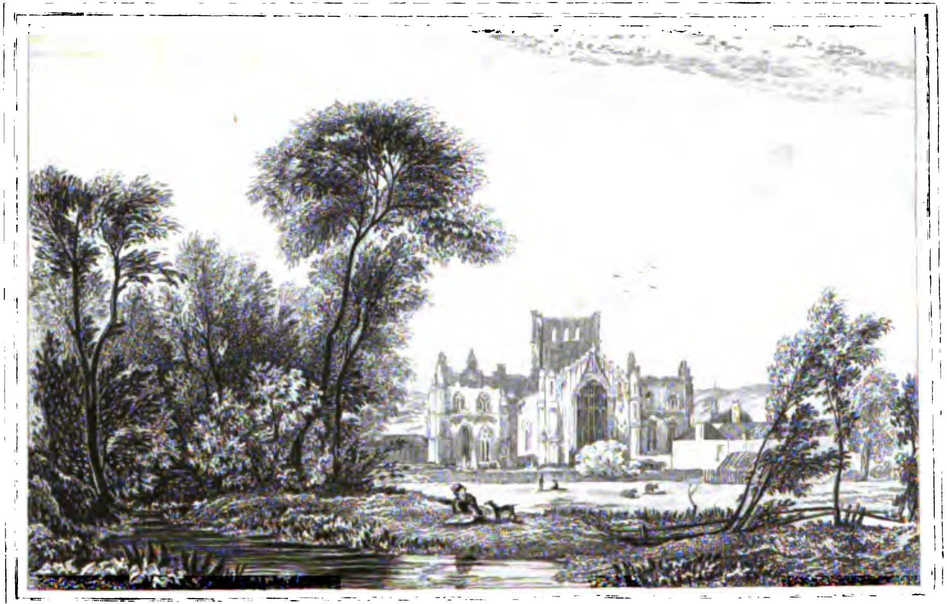
[*] Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

After the Reformation, a brother of the Earl of Morton became commendator of the abbey, and out of the ruins built himself a house, which may still be seen about fifty yards to the north-east of the church. The regality soon after passed into the hands of Lord Binning, an eminent lawyer, ancestor to the Earl of Haddington; and about a century ago, the whole became the property of the Buccleuch family.

The village of Melrose is an extremely curious and antique little place, in the form of a triangle, with small streets leading out of the corners. Some of the houses, in the midst of the general plainness, exhibit decorated stones which, having been filched from the ruins of the superb abbey, suggest the idea of a troop of beggars, each decorated with a shred of some splendid robe. Here, evidently, as at Coldingham and Cambuskenneth, the town is in a great measure built out of the ruins of the abbey. The only public building in the town, besides the parish church, is the jail, a plain and small structure, recently substituted for a curious old one, of which no relic has been preserved, except a stone bearing the arms of Melrose, which are a *mell* or mallet surmounted by a *rose;* a pun upon the name of the town, no doubt suggested by some monkish imagination. In the centre of the triangle stands the cross, a structure supposed to be co-eval with the abbey, and which bears all the marks of that great age. It is well known that such things stood like outposts at a little distance from all abbeys on the principal avenues leading towards them; and that, marking the precinct of the monastery, they received the first homage of the pilgrims who approached. An eminence near the abbey of Kilwinning is called the *Corse*-hill; and, for a similar reason, a rivulet which crosses the road from Edinburgh to Peebles, at the distance of half a mile from the monastery of Red Friars at the latter town, is called the *Cross*-burn. The cross of Melrose has been more fortunate than most other such fabrics; for it is sus-



J. Ewbank del^t.

W.H. Lizars sculp^t.

MELROSE ABBEY.

Edinburgh Published by W. Tait 1825

tained by a particular endowment. There is a ridge in a field near the town called the Corse-rig, which the proprietor of the said field holds upon the sole condition that he shall *keep up the cross;* and it is actually not more than four or five years since twenty pounds were spent in repairing it, by Mrs Goldie, the present proprietor of the field.

The situation of Melrose, like all other places ever honoured by the residence of the monks, is extremely beautiful. The fertility of the soil and amenity of the climate are both indicated by the excellence as well as plenty of the fruit produced in the numerous gardens around the town. Seclusion, not less than pleasantness, having apparently been a matter of choice with the monks, it is sheltered on every side by hills. The most remarkable of these are the Eildons, of which the most northerly overhangs the town upon the south. The Eildons form properly one hill, divided into three peaks; a peculiarity of form which the Romans described by the term Trimontium. The highest eminence was selected by that people for a military station, and a more appropriate place for such a fortification could not have been found anywhere in the whole surrounding country, the view which it commands being very extensive. It is at the present day customary for tourists to ascend the hill, in order to have their eyes charmed by the prospect, which includes a great portion of the south-eastern province of Scotland. Eildon is believed by the people to have been originally an entire hill, which the familiar spirits who attended on the famed wizard Michael Scott cleft in three, one night, at the command of their master.

On the bank of the Tweed opposite to Melrose, which has been recently connected with the southern by means of a wire bridge, the sunny little village of Gattonside lies scattered throughout its innumerable orchards, like a town of garden-houses and arbours. This place is remarkable as one where superstition has longer kept its hold of the public mind than in most others. It is, or was lately, the belief of the people, that one quiet summer evening, less than a century ago, as all the good folks were standing as usual by their doors, an invisible cavalcade, supposed to be of fairies, passed through the village. They at first heard what appeared to them the sound of a body of horse approaching the extremity of the street: this became more distinct as it seemed to come nearer, and all eyes were turned in that direction with the expectation of seeing a troop of gentlemen on horseback, perhaps dragoons, enter the village. The sound came on and on, and at length passed along the street before them; but nothing could be seen. It died away in the distance; and, though they stretched their necks, they never perceived a single hoof of the cavalcade. Surprise and fear took place of curiosity; and the villagers shrunk back into their cottages to pray. To confirm them in their delusion, it appeared next day that a young man having entered the street at the other end, met the invisible host, and was so convinced of the approach of a troop of horse, that he had stepped aside into a close in order to let them pass. The story which follows is perhaps more generally known.

A Gattonside man had one night to ride to Melrose for the midwife, whose services were urgently required, either by his own wife or that of one of his neighbours. The night being dark, and the river which he had to ford somewhat swollen, his expedition was not so agreeable as he could have desired. On approaching the river at the ford, which is a little above the village, he perceived a female sitting upon the brink of the stream, apparently with no better purpose than that of the countryman in Horace, (who by the bye should rather have been a *cockney,)* namely, waiting till the water should flow past and permit her to cross. Just as he was entering the stream, this woman rose and beseeched him to take her on behind him and convey her across, mentioning several reasons which she had for going over immediately. The man of Gattonside, considering that he was engaged in an office of humanity, at first expressed unwillingness to stop for such a purpose; but she got the better of his scruples upon that head, by instantaneously springing up behind him. He then addressed himself to the stream. As he proceeded forward, he was somewhat alarmed at finding his companion gradually insert her hands between his body and a goodly leather belt which, according to the fashion of the times, he wore round his middle; and this alarm was increased to serious apprehension, when it appeared to him that she had taken a fast hold of the said belt and seemed by her silence to be designing some fatal purpose. He had, however, the presence of mind to unbuckle the belt and hold it in his hands in case of the worst; and well was it for him that he did so, for just as he reached the deepest and most impetuous part of the river, the base fiend threw herself off the horse, with the intention of pulling the rider with her, but in reality with only the belt in her hand; and she went down the stream roaring with rage, and shouting out exclamations expressive of disappointed malice; while the man passed the stream in safety, and went on his way rejoicing towards Melrose.

Pursuing the course of the Tweed for about three miles westwards, the traveller reaches Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. The house stands upon a bank overhanging the south side of the river, in the neighbourhood of the public road between Melrose and Selkirk, and at nearly an equal distance from both of these towns. It is a house of very extraordinary proportions, making an approach to the ancient irregular manor houses in England, and impressing the beholder with a very peculiar sort of admiration. It is surrounded by some flourishing plantations, and overlooks a beautiful haugh along the Tweed. The house and its woods have been entirely the creation of the present proprietor, who, when he purchased the ground about twenty years ago, found it occupied by a little farm onstead which bore the name of Cartley Hole; and it is really astonishing that the exertions of one individual should have done so much in so short a time. The magician who has called up so many wonderful creations with so little trouble to himself, and so much amusement to the public, seems to have found equal facility in the formation of this pleasing seat; like his African brother, he appears to have had little else to do than to *trim his lamp*, in order to produce a palace.

The very singular style of building which has been adopted in Abbotsford, has this favourable effect, that the rooms are small and comfortable, now-a-days a rare virtue in mansion-houses, though formerly common. The visiter, besides being charmed with this revival of the good old system, will have his eyes feasted, and his best associations awakened, by the innumerable relics of antiquity, which the illustrious proprietor has compiled and arranged throughout its various apartments. The vestibule is perhaps the most curiously beautiful and interesting of all the apartments. Its walls are paneled with pieces of old oaken carved work, which are said to have formerly figured, in the shape of a *close bed*, within the walls of Holyrood Palace. Two complete suits of armour are erected at the lower end; and there are various other specimens of the military implements of a former day hung around. The ceiling is divided into a great number of compartments, which are adorned in a singularly tasteful style with the coats armorial of all the families which bore arms of old upon the Border, as the Scots, the Kers, the Rutherfords, &c. These were the work of Mr D. R. Hay, house-painter, Edinburgh, whose taste is also conspicuous in the decoration of *the Library*. This last apartment, which contains a collection of extremely rare and valuable books, and is admirably fitted up, is one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, having a recess from its north side which commands a fine view up and down the river for a great distance. The external walls of Abbotsford, as also the walls of the adjoining garden, are enriched with many old carved stones, which, having originally figured in other situations, to which they are calculated by their sculptures and inscriptions, have here a very curious and generally very amusing effect. Among the various strange relics which Sir Walter has contrived to collect, may be mentioned; the old pulpit of the church of Dunfermline, (from which, of course, Ralph Erskine preached;) and the door of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, which, together with the hewn stones that composed the gate-way, are now made to figure in a base court at the west end of the house.

About a mile above Abbotsford, the Tweed may be crossed by the ferry of Boldside. A tragical event, which took place at this spot about a century ago, still retains its place in the popular memory, and may here be noticed. A great number of people from Galashiels were crossing the water at this point by the ordinary ferry-boat, in order to attend the March fair of Selkirk, when the impetuosity of the river, which happened to be in flood, drifted them down, and finally caused the boat to upset. All that were in the boat perished, except one, who, by clinging to a floating fragment of the wreck, kept himself above water till he was taken out at Melrose. So disastrous an occurrence made that impression upon the public mind which might have been expected; and by many the whole affair was ascribed to witchcraft. It is still the general belief of the common people, that the Lord Torphichen of that time,[*] a noted warlock, sat at the stern, in the shape of a large black crow, and caused the boat to overset; but, from more authentic documents, it appears that the catastrophe was occasioned by the ferry-man himself, who, as the boat was drifting down the water, rashly threw a rope round a stump upon the bank, and thereby jerked it over.[†] It is a fact worthy of notice that the survivor of the disaster, a man of the name of Williamson, preserved the fragment of the boat by which he had saved himself, till the day of his death, when, according to his desire, it formed part of his coffin. His grave-stone, dated 1763, may be seen in the burying-ground of Galashiels.

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[*] This was more probably Patrick Sandilands, third son of James Lord Torphichen, who, when a boy in 1720, affected to be under the influence of witchcraft, and caused several old women to be apprehended and almost brought to the stake. See Mr. Sharpe's curious introduction to Law's Memorialls, p. cvi.

[†] Lord Torphichen, however, seems to have had only himself to blame for the bad reputation which he bore; for, amused by the foolish notions of the country people regarding his necromantic powers, he appears to have taken pleasure in promoting their delusion. He often resided at Mellerstain Castle, the residence of his aunt Lady Grizell Baillie, where some anecdotes of him have been preserved. One morning, after a dreadful night of

From Boldside to Selkirk the distance is about four miles, out of which two are included in Roxburghshire. The only object of any interest in this space is the burying-ground of Lindean, to which a church was formerly attached, and which the pertinacious attachment of the people of Scotland to the cemeteries of their fathers yet prevents from going into utter desolation. Some members of the Roxburghe family are interred in this beautiful secluded spot; and the tomb-stone of one Katherine Kerr, who died in 1615, was discovered a few years ago, on the title of Roxburghe becoming a matter of dispute, by a citizen of Selkirk, who made the search with the hope of obtaining some evidence of his pretensions to the dukedom from the sepulchral monuments, but whose best claim, as he himself used to re-

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wind, when it was found that a large rick of hay had been blown down and a considerable part of it battered against the house, so that even the key-hole was stuffed full of it, the first thing his lordship said on making his appearance, was, "I think I have given my auntie's hay-stack a blast this morning." On another occasion, he came into the house and asked if dinner was ready; it was not; he retired, and in about an hour after came back to repeat his inquiry; when, being told that it was not yet ready, he angrily remarked that he had taken a walk the length of Greenock since the last time he was in the house, and was now so hungry that he could scarcely wait any longer. He also took the credit of scooping out a piece of earth or clay, in the shape of a boat, from a field near Smailholm Castle—more probably the instantaneous work of a thunderbolt. This thing lay long, to attest the reality of the phenomenon, close beside the hollow which it had left in the ground, and which was fitted exactly to receive it; and the people commemorated the circumstance in a stanza which the children still have by heart:

Sic a wonder was never seen—
A boat of earth cut out of Smailholm green!

Roxburghshire.

mark, lay in the fact, that a great number of that clever family had "a bee in their bonnet," an ornament in which he candidly allowed his own head-gear was by no means deficient.

The Vale of Gala, usually called Galawater, and so renowned in popular song, extends northwards towards Edinburgh from a spot nearly opposite to Abbotsford, and terminates amidst the moorish uplands, which, in that direction, separate the vale of Tweed from Lothian. The district is irregularly divided amongst the three shires of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Edinburgh; but in the following sketch these divisions will not be considered.

The vale is singularly tortuous; so that the road from Edinburgh to Melrose and Jedburgh, which proceeds along the face of the hills on the east side, is at least a third longer than the crow-flight. The lower part, where it adjoins to the vale of Tweed, is highly cultivated and beautiful; but the upper part is very moorish. The town of Galashiels is situated on the water-side, about a mile above its junction with the Tweed; there is a village called the Stow about the centre of the vale; and the upper part is peopled only by a few lonely farmers.

The baronial burgh of Galashiels, so remarkable for its woollen manufacture, consists in several streets parallel with the water, contains two thousand inhabitants, and possesses nine thriving "factories," with all their appendages of waulking-mills, dye-houses, &c. Some of the streets are very neat. They are built of the blue whin-stone which predominates so completely over every other in the higher part of the vale of Tweed. Many of them having been erected nearly about the same time, they are more uniform than those of most towns of the same size. The whole have been erected within the last forty years.

The old village of Galashiels, which is first mentioned in authentic records of the reign of David II, lay upon an eminence a little way to the south of the present town. It was merely an appendage of the baronial tower, which, with various modifications and additions, is now known by the name of Gala House, and forms the seat of —— Scott, Esq. of Gala. The old town contained about four or five hundred inhabitants, the greater part of whom supported themselves by weaving. It was erected into a barony in 1599. All the houses belonged to the superior, Scott of Gala, whose family came in place of the ancient Pringles of Gala, in the year 1632. About forty or fifty years ago, on the manufacture of cloth succeeding, and the people feeling a tendency to remove nearer to the river, the baron consented to feu out the necessary ground at ten pounds per acre, instead of building houses at his own expense and becoming the landlord of the new, as he had been of the old town. The site of the town having thus been completely changed, scarcely a vestige of the ancient village remains to tell the tale of other years.

The site is now included in Mr Scott's beautiful policy, and the short little clay-built steeple of the Tolbooth alone exists, a melancholy monument of "the deserted village." The vane on the top of this structure still obeys the wind, and the clock is still in motion; but both are alike useless to the people; the former being concealed from public view, while the dial-plate of the latter is a mere black unlettered board, over which a single hour-index wanders, like a blind man exerting his eloquence to a set of friends who have vanished from before his face.

The people of Galashiels are remarkable for steady industry; but, though active and enterprising far beyond their neighbours, it must be mentioned to their honour, that they are tainted by none of the vices appropriate to manufacturing towns. This is perhaps owing to the circumstance that manufactures have here risen naturally among the original people of the district, and not been introduced by a colony from any large manufacturing town; on which account, the inhabitants, not having received vices by ordination, and being all along and still isolated amidst people of the highest primitive virtue, retain all the pleasing characteristics of the Lowland rustic, with the industrious habits, at the same time, of the Manchester and Glasgow mechanic.

It is not generally known that Galashiels was the first place in the old world, where any specimen of the American invention called the wire bridge was erected. Mr Richard Lees, manufacturer, assisted by a blacksmith, constructed one over the Gala, so far back as the year 1813; being guided in their operations only by an odd number of an American journal, in which the mechanism was described. This, however, is erroneously ascribed in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, (article Peebles-shire,) to the bridge erected over the Tweed by Sir John Hay.

It is remarkable in the appearance of Galashiels, that there are few shops of any consequence. Commerce does not appear to have advanced with steps equal to those of manufacture; or the town has been so recently a mere village, that it has not yet had leisure to change the attributes of a small for those of a considerable town. Till recently, for instance, there was no bookseller in the place; but all the *merchants*, as the shop-keepers are called, sold school-books and articles of stationery. A singular shop-keeper, who was generally known by the descriptive epithet of *Willie a' things*, dealt in the goods usually distributed among at least a dozen different traders. His shop, as the soubriquet imports, contained a miscellaneous and endless farrago of commodities; in the arrangement of which, it would appear, he paid little regard to the "*lucidus ordo*" so strenuously recommended by the poet. Red herrings lay side by side with parasols; yellow sand consorted in a manner truly suspicious with yellow sugar; treacle took up its abode beside Holland linen; bittles stood alongside of Bibles; and cradles lay cheek by jowl with ready-made coffins. A stranger, who had heard with scepticism of the extent of Mr Turnbull's stock, once attempted for a wager to inquire for an article in which he should be deficient. He asked for a pair of hand-cuffs. The infallible trader, not at all at a loss, immediately gave for answer, that he happened to be *out of hand-cuffs* at that moment, but that he expected a supply next day from Edinburgh.

Notwithstanding the extinction of old Galashiels, and the consequent dissipation that might be expected of all the old feelings and associations connected therewith, the traditions of the place are wonderfully distinct and long descended; and the kindness and industry of an ingenious friend, Mr Elliot Anderson of Galashiels, have enabled me to present them to the public in a form more than ordinarily ample. That they occupy more than a fair proportion of these volumes, will, I trust, be no objection, since it will be found that they illustrate, with curious felicity, the old state of a *Scottish burgh of barony*, and that, indeed, they may be said to apply generally, as well as particularly, to the features of the olden time.

The armorial bearings of Galashiels are a fox and plumb-tree; and the occasion is thus accounted for. During the invasion of Edward III, a party of English who had been repulsed in an attempt to raise the siege of Edinburgh Castle, came and took up their quarters in Galashiels. It was in autumn, and the soldiers soon began to straggle about in search of the plumbs which then grew wild in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile, a party of the Scots having come up, and learned what their enemies were about, resolved to attack them, saying, that they would prove sourer plumbs to the English than any they had yet gathered. The result was such as fully to justify the expression. They took the unhappy Southrons by surprise, and cut them off almost to a man. In commemoration of the exploit, the people have ever since called themselves "the sour Plumbs o' Galashiels;" and they are celebrated under that title in an old song, the air of which is well known to Scottish antiquaries for its great age. The arms, though originating in the same cause, seem to have been vitiated by the common fable of the fox and grapes.

Roxburghshire.

All the old people agree in the tradition, that Galashiels was once a hunting-station of the king, when, with his nobles, he took "his pastime in *the forest*." The lodge or tower in which he resided, was pulled down only twelve years ago, in order to make room for some additions to the parish-school. It was called "the Peel," and was a rudely built square tower, with small windows, two stories high—rybats of free-stone—stone stair—and finer in appearance than any other house in the whole barony, that of Gala alone excepted. It was built of very large stones, some of them about six feet long, and extending through the whole thickness of the wall. A narrow lane leading from this tower to a part of the town nearer Gala Hill, was called "the King's Shank;" and, what adds to the probabilty of the tradition, there was a clump of birches on the south or opposite side of the hill, called "the Touting Birk;" where, it is conjectured, the hunters would be summoned from the chase, the forest lying open before the place.

Galashiels, in the year 1622, was so considerable a place, that it was thought proper to remove to it the parish-church, hitherto stationed at Lindean. The reporters to the commission by which that affair was managed, give, as reasons for the translation, that "there lived above 400 pepill in Galashiels, and so meikle the more as we find ane house already there, well built, comelie appareled, and which, with small help, as is provided, may easily be made sufficient for the whole pepill in their most frequent assemblages." The same report states, that "the old vicar's church of Lindean" had been abandoned for thirty-six years previously. From another source, it appears that, in 1655, there were "three wauk mylles" in Galashiels.

The lairds of Gala seem to have taken every opportunity of advancing the interests of this little barony. Part of their attentions consisted in the institution of *fairs*. "The Martinmas fair" was established by act of Parliament in 1693. It was principally a mart for black cattle; the fleshers of the neighbouring towns assembling and killing a great quantity of these at "the auld Tolbooth," and selling them as "marts" to the townsfolk. But there was afterwards a much grander and more general market than this, called "the Midsummer fair," which people from all parts of the south of Scotland used to attend. It was regularly every year proclaimed from the Cross, by the baron-bailie, in the following words :—"Oyez, oyez, oyez! Forasmuch-as, in his Majesty's name and authority, given and granted to —— Scott, of Gala, Esq. and to —— ——, his baron-bailie-depute, to hold a free fair yearly on this 8th day of July; I hereby prohibit and debar from this fair all false weights and false measures, all cutters of purses, Egyptians, and randy beggars; and that none trouble or molest this fair for auld debt or new debt, auld feud or new: And this fair to continue for the space of eight days. God save the King." In the present changed state of the country, these fairs have both fallen into complete desuetude.

Under the strange name of "the Penal Statutes," there existed, till the change of times, one of those kindly and comfortable old practices which must have contributed so much long ago to soften the lot of the poor man. The tenants of the barony,—that is, the farmers, for the inhabitants of the town were called feuars—had, it seems, to pay a penny of fine at the bailie's court for every time they "loupit the Laird's dykes." At Candlemas, when the whole tenantry dined at a tavern with the laird, these pence were regularly paid, with the rents, and went towards the liquidation of the reckoning. On some occasions, six *birliemen* were chosen, to act as a sort of jury, throughout the ensuing year, at the sederunts of the bailie or birlie court. The qualifications for the office were extremely simple. It was only necessary that the birlieman should possess what was called a *twasome mailen*. The reader is left to judge of the dignity of these jurors, when he is informed that it took no less than a *twalsome mailen ground* to maintain two horses and two cows, a *saxsome* one to support one horse and one cow,

Roxburghshire.

and so on in proportion. The birlie-court was held *sub dio* at the Cross every Saturday, and was the tribunal before which were determined all matters of property and trespass within the barony.

It would appear that the powers of the baron were of the most sovereign and arbitrary order; for, in a ratification of the regulations of the Galashiels weaver corporation, by Hugh Scott, of Gala, Esq. (July 17, 1699,) "baron and bailie-principal, he ratifies all and sundry their acts and statutes foresaid inclusive, and grants to them and their successors *our* full power and commission, by thir presents, to put their said acts to all due execution; to fine, unlaw, and amerciate the contraveners thereof, conform thereto; and to compell, poynd, and distrenzie by their own ordinary officer therefor." Among other regulations, it was then ordained that "if *any member shall happen to be married*, he shall present a pair of gloves to the deacon, of the value of ten shillings, whether he be present at the wedding or not."

Several other practices show in a lively manner that the baron had the people constantly at his command. They were compelled, for instance, to appear at the ringing of a bell, "to redd the mill-dam in frost." They had also to give the laird several "days dargs," —that is, to work several days upon his property; and their wives and daughters spent about a week every year with the lady, in her house, spinning the lint that was to make the family linen. These practices were by no means burdensome, but, on the contrary, highly agreeable to the tenants, who thus enjoyed much more of the countenance of their landlords than they do in these days of unqualified hauteur. The thirlage of the corn-mill was exercised in Gala as well as all other feudal holdings; as also the payment of part of the rent in kind. They are all still specified in leases, but commuted for sums of money.

The present age, we suspect, is not quite justified in thinking itself the best of all possible ages. Individual men commit a similar mistake, in thinking, ever as they grow older, that they are now much wiser than they were a twelvemonth ago. Neither the age nor the man, in reality, is at all improved, but has only got upon a different tack, and vainly hopes that the land of perfection is now about to be reached. It is customary to hear the feudal system, which till lately obtained throughout this country, in the language of the Scots Acts, "utterlie cryit doun," as rank oppression on the one hand, and slavish ignorance on the other. The people, however, who indulge in these philippics, are evidently ignorant of the real spirit of the system. The picture of contentment and real happiness presented by this simple little old baronial burgh, is a complete proof of the very reverse of what they urge.

Notwithstanding the comparative wealth which has flowed upon Galashiels since the New Town was built, and new system of things established, the people who remember the old world—and they need not yet be very old—speak with fond regret of "the Golden Age of the Barony," when every man lived by his mailen, or by his individual exertions as a weaver, laid in his meat and his meal at Martinmas, and then had nothing to do but look forward to a long winter of festive amusement. When the stores had all been secured, a bell rung on a particular day, and "the haill town" assembled in front of their bailie's door. Headed by that important personage, and joined by the minister, (thus having both law and religion upon their side,) they adjourned to a field in the neighbourhood, and spent the greater part of the day in a social match at that most spirit-stirring and delightful of all games—the shintie. Their mode of choosing, or rather forming *sides*, was very singular. Hab and Jock, Tom and Andrew, Adam and Dan, played against all the other names in the town. On this account, the festival was usually called "the day o' the Hab-and-Jock Ba." When frost or snow prevented a game at shintie, the bailie's bell as regularly sounded the happy villagers to assemble on the Pond of "the Place," to enjoy the sport of curling. On these occasions, as at the shintie, there prevailed the

Roxburghshire.

most obstreperous mirth and the utmost harmony; and always, at twelve o'clock, a mess of nowt's feet brose was brought out from the Manse, sufficient to feast and enliven the whole "Rink." Alas! those gala days of Galashiels are gone, never to return.

It was perhaps rather a bright than a dark feature in that age, that the people were extravagantly superstitious. The good folk of Galashiels believed devoutly in all descriptions of spirits; they also believed, however, in the "big ha' bible," and we would gladly see this innocent superstition come back, if accompanied by piety. The sepulchral aile of the Gala family in the church-yard was believed to open of its own accord nine nights and nine days before a laird died; and the *Round-about-Tree,* a fine old elm now enclosed within the Gala policy, is pointed out as having been the resort of the fairies when they held their moonlight revels, and as the scene of the pranks of many a mischief-loving bogle. It is quite certain that there are many people still living in the town, who have seen very strange *sichts* near the Round-about-Tree. The fairies, moreover, were often heard playing their shrill lilts up the Lint Burn.

Among the principal natural wonders in the neighbourhood of Galashiels, may be reckoned a particular spot in the minor vale of Allan, about three miles from the town, and one and a half below the tower of Hillslack, known by the name of the Fairies' or Nameless Dean. In a small clayey recess or scaur, in the side of a hill, it is common to find little concretions of lime, which the people, from the singularity of their forms, and the inexplicable wonder which attaches to the whole affair, denominate *fairy stanes.* They are seldom above half an ounce in weight, and their most general form is circular, with lines resembling those which are occasioned on wood by the tools of the turner. Some, however, are said to resemble boots, cradles, guns, &c. All are smooth and toy-like. It is a popular belief that they are manufactured by the fairies within the hill, and that they are always found most easily, and in greatest quantities, by persons who are willing to render service to Fairyland by violently swearing and blaspheming. This sacrifice of conscience is, however, rendered unnecessary, when the inquisitive traveller can make his researches immediately after a heavy shower of rain; the descending water washing down the stones from the clay in which they are imbedded.

"Dobbie's Grave" is a spot in the neighbourhood of Galashiels, often visited by those who love to wander amidst the blooming heather. It is the solitary burial-place of a piper who died on the spot in a very singular way. Dobbie was, about a century ago, a most renowned person, who made his bread by acting as piper to the towns of Lauder and Galashiels. Having taken a bet that he would play all the way between the one place and the other, seven miles, he fell down and expired when about half way, and was buried where he fell. A grey cairn on the centre of a green hollow on Ludhope Moor, points out the lonesome spot; which the shepherd or visiter never approaches without that mysterious feeling of awe that is invariably awakened by the contemplation of a desert grave.

One of the principal ornaments of the environs of Galashiels is Torwoodlee, the seat of James Pringle, of Torwoodlee, Esq. which lies about a mile and a half above the town, upon a fine terrace overhanging the Gala. The old house is an impressive ruin jutting out from the side of a hill, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the handsome modern mansion. The Pringles of Torwoodlee are a very old family. They excited the vengeance of government in the reign of Charles II, by their active partisanship in the cause of the covenant, and their concern in Argyle's rebellion. The present laird's father left the old house to decay about fifty years ago. He had previously built a remarkably spacious barn, about fifty yards distant, now converted into an agreeable house. When asked how he came to lay out so much money upon an inferior department of his household, he said "he was conscious of having the worst house in Gala Water—so he resolved at least to have the best barn." At a little distance to the west of the ruin, lies the family burying-ground, a small ruinous enclosure, embowered in the midst of a horrid grove. It is remembered by the country people hereabouts, as a singular fact, that on the day when the present proprietor succeeded to his uncle, a flock of herons came and settled over and around this lugubrious spot; shedding with their dark wings and melancholy cries, an additional horror over the place. Thirty-nine of these rare birds have been counted at once within the little clump of wood around the burying-ground.

The Whig laird of Torwoodlee seems to have been blessed with no very pleasant neighbourhood. Within a mile of his house, on different sides of the vale of Gala, were two old towers, occupied by two wicked old persecutors, who are said to have kept him in perpetual hot water. The tower on the west side of the vale was called Buckholm, and still exists, though modified into a farm house; in the lower vault are three large hooks all in a row, along which a beam is said to have been laid, and four and twenty covenanters thus suspended all at once! The tower of Blindlee, on the other side of the water, is now levelled with the ground. The two towers completely overlooked Torwoodlee, and it is conceivable that their grim old proprietors must have done nothing else but just watch the motions of that laird all day long, in order to find occasion to accuse him to government, and get his lands wrested from him. As they are both half way up the hills, a mile at least intervenes between them; but they obviated that inconvenience, it seems, by a subterraneous passage, which enabled them to play into each other's hands. The laird of Blindlee, in particular, was a most unpopular character; and the people even yet tell the following story of him with a kind of malicious satisfaction. He once went to court, and got himself introduced into the king's company, under the impression that his services against the covenanters would procure him high favour. On being introduced, however, his majesty, in shaking his hand, only uttered the words, "cold, cold, Blindlee!" in allusion to the weather, and then turned to some other person. Blindlee came home, dreadfully mortified. Not far from Torwoodlee, on the north side of the Meggilt Hills, and near Meggilt farm, there are several strange hollows, called the Meggilt Pots, in which the covenanters used to hold conventicles, and where the laird of Torwoodlee was once concealed from the pursuit of his persecutors for several nights and days.

Towards the head of Gala Water, there are very few objects of particular interest. The Stow is a delightfully irregular and old fashioned village, mostly inhabited by weavers. In the immediate neighbourhood, at a place called Torsonce, there is a first rate inn. The water is at last lost in the pastoral wilds of Heriot Muir.

Roxburghshire.

Selkirkshire.

Welcome, James Boyd! sayd our noble king;
  What foreste is Ettricke Foreste frie?
Ettricke Foreste is the fairest foreste
  That evir man saw wi' his e'e.

Sang of the Outlaw Murray.

The scenes are desert now and bare
Where flourished once a forest fair,
Up pathless Ettricke and on Yarrow,
Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow.

SCOTT.

SELKIRKSHIRE adjoins to Roxburghshire on the west, and is the third of the four counties which form the Vale of Tweed. As Roxburghshire chiefly consists in the vale of Teviot, this county is in like manner little more than that of the Ettrick, another southern tributary of the Tweed. The Ettrick being joined, about four miles above its termination, by a stream of nearly equal magnitude, the Yarrow, the county may be more properly described as consisting in the parallel vales of these streams, besides a considerable piece of territory upon the banks of the Tweed, around the place where the united streams mingle with that river.

Selkirkshire, not many centuries ago, was a royal hunting-forest. Though now divested of wood, it is still commonly called *"the Forest;"* and being celebrated by that endearing and descriptive title in popular song, its original condition is not likely to be soon forgotten. James V first showed a disposition to change the Forest into what it now is, a sheep-walk, by stocking the lands of Deloraine in Ettrick with extensive flocks. Queen Mary was the last sovereign that visited the district for the sake of the chase. A native of Selkirk, who died seventy years ago, at the age of eighty, used to tell that he had seen a person older than himself, who said he had in his time walked from that town to Ettrick, a distance of eighteen miles, and never once all the way escaped from the shadow of trees. With the exception of a few straggling thorns, and some not less sturdy birches, forming what the shepherds call "banks of wood," no vestige of this primeval forest, this boundless contiguity of shade, is now to be seen. The nature of the ground, however, is supposed to be such, that, were the sheep removed from the pasture, every foot of the ground would spontaneously spring up again in natural wood.

Selkirkshire is the least populous county in Scotland, but for the obvious reason that it is entirely a pastoral district. Its general aspect is bare, nor does its mountainous character secure to it the compensation of magnificent scenery. It is composed of hills from 300 to 2,300 feet in height, affording pasture for numerous flocks of valuable and healthy sheep, but presenting nothing extraordinary to the eye, in point of either form or hue. An exception must be made from this description, in favour of the dark stupendous hills around Ettrick Kirk and St Mary's Loch, as also in regard to the romantic scenery around Newark Castle, and the modern fineness of the Yair, the Haining, Broadmeadows, Torwoodlee, Thirlstane Castle, and Bowhill, where the sombre grey hills are seen planted half-way up, suggesting the idea of the spirit of civilization creeping with the stealthy pace of ivy up the rude form of primeval and melancholy wildness.

But it is for a more valuable qualification than mere scenery, that Selkirkshire is remarkable. Fine scenery may be got by the square wilderness in the Highlands, and rich land found in whole counties among the Southrons. But where is the place in this wide island, invested with any thing like the poetical charm which attaches to only a minor portion of this county,—the vale of Yarrow,—*Yarrow*, a district of little more than twelve or fourteen miles in extent, and inhabited only by a few store-farmers, yet which has been the subject of more verse than Tempe itself!

In travelling between Edinburgh and Selkirk, an opportunity is obtained of seeing the Yair, the seat of Alexander Pringle, Esq. and one of the loveliest little spots in Scotland. The hills, wooded most luxuriantly half-way up, rise abruptly from the banks of the Tweed, forming a narrow but beautiful amphitheatre around the house. The river moves, half-seen, along the bottom of this delicious little vale; and, with hills rising closely around him on all hands, the stranger is puzzled not a little to conceive how it contrives to find its way out.

The Ettrick joins the Tweed a little above Boldside, and about a mile below Lindean, two places already mentioned. Proceeding from the extremity of Roxburghshire, the first house that occurs in the county of Selkirk, is the neat one of Bridgelands, the seat of George Rodger, Esq. A field about half-way between Bridgelands and the town of Selkirk, known by the name of "Raeburn's Meadow-Spot," was the scene, on the 3d of October 1707, of a fatal duel between two country gentlemen, which arose from a very remarkable circumstance. The parties were Pringle of Crichton and Walter Scott of Raeburn, great granduncle to the present Sir Walter Scott. The Michaelmas head-court of the county took place on the preceding day, and was very numerously attended, about thirty freeholders being present. Neither of the duelists was a freeholder; but both had many relations who attended in that capacity. The quarrel is said to have occurred at the dinner which followed the meeting, and where, probably, there would be deep drinking. The whole cause of quarrel, according to unvarying tradition, was nothing more than that Mr Scott remarked that Mr Pringle had bit his glove, an act which was considered as indicating a just cause of quarrel repressed. Raeburn went that night to Gala, along with the laird, who was his father-in-law; and next morning he was roused out of bed at the call of his antagonist. He immediately mounted his horse, and accompanied Pringle to the place mentioned. They fought with swords, and that for a considerable time, as both were skilled in the use of their weapons. The people of Selkirk, hearing of what was going on, ran down to the spot, which is at least a mile from town, and witnessed the greater part of the combat. Pringle repeatedly requested Mr Scott to give it up, and let the matter be at an end; but the hapless youth persisted till he was killed by being run through the body. He was only in his twenty-fourth year.*

The town of Selkirk is situated at this eastern extremity of the county, upon a piece of high ground overhanging the Ettrick. It is a town of neat appearance, with a steeple to its town-house, and not to its church. The former building is adorned by excellent portraits of their late majesties; but the church is destitute of every species of ornament. The jail is new, neat, and commodious. Till of late years, the town had a general air of meanness; but many handsome houses having been recently erected, it is now very different. The whole derives great ornament from its proximity to the beautiful woods surrounding the Haining, the very elegant and ancient seat of John Pringle, Esq. of Clifton; which, with its fine loch, is situated immediately at the west end of the town.

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* Two generations have not yet elapsed since the custom of drinking deep and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical events on the border, to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel, who flourished about 1720, and is often talked of by the old people, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hand, struck off with a back-stroke, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose moveable, only observing, the owner would miss it sorely next morning.

Selkirk is a royal burgh of very ancient erection, and was a place of considerable consequence previous to the battle of Flodden, when, in revenge for the gallant manner in which its citizens had behaved on that disastrous occasion, the victorious English laid the town in ashes. The succeeding sovereign endeavoured to repair this misfortune by granting to the burgesses an extensive tract of Ettrick forest, the wood to rebuild their houses, and the land as a reward for their heroism. As the traditionary account of this circumstance may be, if not so authentic as a narrative proceeding upon charters and records, at least more amusing, I shall make no apology for presenting it to the public, as it was recited to me by the most intelligent of the present generation of the citizens of Selkirk.

Some time before the battle of Flodden, an order came from the king, requiring all the male adults of each family, with the exception of the eldest, to muster with arms in their hands, for the royal service against England. The king's reason for excepting the eldest son was, that *he* might be spared in order to maintain the females and junior members of the family, in case of the rest being cut off. There was one family of the name of Fletcher, consisting of five sons, the youngest of whom, not happening to relish the king's order, fell a-crying, and expressed the utmost unwillingness to proceed upon so hazardous an enterprise. The eldest brother, enraged at such symptoms of cowardice, struck him upon the face, and said he would himself go in the young poltroon's place. He did so, and, in the event, was the only person of his family that survived the conflict. He took from an English leader, and brought home with him, a pennon, which is still kept in Selkirk by the successive deacons of the weavers,* and which was, till lately, exhibited annually at the ceremony called the Riding of the Common. The author of this work succeeded, with some difficulty, in getting the frail relic drawn from its dread abode, the garret of the present deacon in the Back Raw of Selkirk, in order that he might be able to describe it. It is of green silk, fringed round with pale silk twist, about four feet long, and tapering towards the extremity most remote from the staff. Some armorial bearings, such as an eagle and a serpent, were once visible upon it, but scarcely a lineament can be discerned amidst the tatters to which it is now reduced. The people have entertained but too little veneration for this memorial of the warlike glory of their ancestors; and the boys of the last generation, who, like all other boys whatsoever, were incapable of sentiment, used to call it "the weaver's dish-clout,"* and pelt it with stones when it was exhibited, to which cause its dilapidation is chiefly to be ascribed.

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* He presented it to the incorporation of weavers, of which he was a member.

The Selkirk party at Flodden were a hundred in number; and James was so well pleased with their appearance, that he knighted the town-clerk, William Brydone, who commanded them, upon the field of battle. Few survived the dreadful day, but amongst the rest was the gallant town-clerk, whose sword is still in the possession of his lineal descendants. On their return to Selkirk, they found, by the side of Lady-wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. "This person," says a writer in the Macfarlane MSS, "thinking long for her husband, had come that length in order to meet him;" but, spent with cold and hunger, she had sunk exhausted, and breathed her last.† In memory of the incident, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female, holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the back-ground a wood.

The principal trade carried on in Selkirk at the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, was that of manufacturing thin or *single-soled* shoes. Hence the glory of the above enterprise is wholly appropriated by what are called " the sutors of Selkirk," though, it appears, that the great trophy of the day was won by a person of a different profession. This, and the popularity of the song denominated " the Sutors o' Selkirk," have occasioned a dispute among some antiquaries. But it seems very evident that the shoemakers have only become conspicuous in the story by their numbers, and by the predominance of their craft over all others in remote as well as in recent times. This has proceeded to such a length, that to be made a sutor of Selkirk, is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess; and a ceremony is gone through on such occasions that seems to set the thing at rest. The candidate for burgal honours, at the festivity which always attends these ceremonies, is compelled to lick or pass through his mouth a small bunch of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, which has previously been licked or mouthed by all the members of the town-council who may be present. This is called *licking the birse,* and is said to imply allegiance or respect to the craft who rule the roast in Selkirk. The present distinguished sheriff-depute of the county, who supplies part of this information, on being made *a sutor*, used the precaution of washing the beslabbered birse in his wine, but was compelled, *nolens volens*, to atone for that act of disrespect by drinking off the polluted liquor. Nor was the custom ever dispensed with in any case on record, except that of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, who visited Selkirk in 1819. It should be mentioned that the birse is always attached to the seal of the ticket.

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* From its being so very inferior in appearance to the gaudy modern standards of the other incorporations.

† The tradition of the town rather is, that she had accompanied her husband, and was on her return home.

Selkirkshire.

As a further proof of the importance of the shoemakers of Selkirk, it appears, from the town-records, that, when the Highland army in 1745 commanded the magistrates of Edinburgh to produce 6000 pairs of shoes, a call was made by these officials upon the burgh of Selkirk for no less than a third of the quantity, and soon after for a few hundreds more; for which they

Selkirkshire.

agreed to pay a certain price. This transaction could not have happened, had not the profusion of shoemakers at Selkirk been a notorious thing, as the enormous quantity of shoes specified could not have been produced in the short time allowed, unless their numbers had been very great. At the present day, there are more of this than any other trade in the burgh; and not long ago one whole street was filled with them,—whence the popular rhyme,

Sutors ane, sutors twa,
Sutors in the Back Raw!

which, being cried at the top of one's voice in the said street, was sufficient to bring sutors, and sutors' wives, and sutors' bairns, and all that ever lay in sutors' arms, out like a nest of hornets, and the offender would alone have to thank his heels, if he escaped as comfortable a lapidation as any man could desire to have his bones blessed withal on a summer's day.

In former times, the spacious triangular market-place of Selkirk was ornamented by a curious building which served the purposes of a cross. This was many years ago ordered away by the magistrates, in conformity with a taste which has of late years proved as destructive to these fine old ornamental structures throughout the burghs of Scotland, as the ruthless order of the General Assembly of 1648 proved to their namesakes the crosses that had been almost everywhere preserved on their churches at the Reformation.*

The market-place of Selkirk also contained an ancient Tolbooth, and the stalls of the flesh-market. A story is told in connexion with the latter. When the middle detachment of the Highland army in 1745 approached the town in their march towards England, four men were sent forward to provide food for the rest. These adjutants went into the market-place, and began, in the good old Highland fashion, to make free with what they found lying ready to their hands. Some of the butchers remonstrating, high words arose, and a plea, dirks *versus* cleavers, seemed on the point of commencing; when a stout young butcher, enraged beyond bounds at the insolence of the Highlanders, seized a hand-barrow, with one effort parted its shafts, and began, with one of these deadly weapons, to belabour the intruders. A combat ensued, which exhibited all the formidable symptoms that usually attend such brawls, and terminated with all their ordinary bloodlessness. In a few minutes, the young butcher, armed only with a stick, and scarcely assisted by any of his companions, actually drove the four mountaineers out of the market-place. He, of course, found it necessary to conceal himself till the army had fairly gone past the town.

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* The removal of these fabrics is greatly to be lamented, for the sake of taste, no less than of Antiquarianism, as they generally had a handsome appearance, and gave a sort of burgal dignity to a town which nothing else seems able to supply. It is also matter of execration that, in nine cases out of ten, they have been demolished as *encumbrances*; that is to say, as occupying an inconvenient share of space in streets which are generally empty, or at least where there was not the slightest chance of their impeding a wheeled carriage once in a century. They order these matters better in England.

Almost the only other object of interest in the town, is an old thatched house of three stories, situated on the south side of the main street, near the western extremity, and at present possessed by the poorer class of the inhabitants. This was the original inn of Selkirk, and is said to have been used in that capacity by the Scottish monarchs when they came to hunt in Ettrick Forest. It seems, at least, certain that the great Montrose lived in this house previous to the battle of Philiphaugh, and that indeed he was sitting here, taking his ease in his inn,* when Leslie, the parliamentary general, attacked his troops. He is said to have been writing a letter to the king, informing him that royalty had not a single armed enemy in Scotland, when the noise of the conflict struck his ears. He then threw himself headlong upon a horse, galloped down the steep descent towards the plain where the principal part of his army was lying, and saw that he had lost the day. On visiting (May 1826) the house, which had been honoured by the residence of so many distinguished persons, I found a sow established with a vast litter of pigs in the principal room, which yet, however, bore the marks of ancient magnificence, as a high ceiling, wide chimney, massive chimney-piece, &c.

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* There is a tradition that the people of the town did not know him to be the detested Montrose; and that the landlady, in committing a sheep's head to the pot in his presence, exclaimed, with devout fervour, that she wished it were the head of Montrose, in which case she would "take care to haud down the lid." The alarm arising at the moment, she never learned how he would have treated her irreverent remark.

Selkirkshire.

Some of the traditions of the town regarding the battle of Philiphaugh are curious and worthy of preservation. One of Leslie's dragoons went into a farm-house on the Abbotsford property early in the morning, as the army was advancing on Philiphaugh, and, taking the gudewife aside, informed her that he had a considerable sum of money upon his person, which he wished to secure before the battle. He delivered the money into her hands, saying, that if he survived the conflict, he would come back and reclaim it; but that, if he fell, she should be his general legatee. In the evening, he re-appeared at the farm-house severely wounded; and the gudewife, with what good-will I know not, restored him his property.

It is also told that, after the conflict, as one of Leslie's troopers was approaching the river Ettrick, in order to cross over, a Highland woman, the widow of a royalist, came up and implored him to take her over behind him. The poor fellow was so good as permit her to jump up *en croupe*, and was riding slowly across the stream, when the faithless wretch, suddenly snatching his poniard, stabbed him to the heart, tumbled him over into the water, and galloped off with his horse.

The surprise of Montrose at Philiphaugh was owing to circumstances which clearly show that this illustrious personage must have been regarded with great ill-will by the people. When Leslie arrived a few miles to the east of Selkirk, and prepared to attack the cavalier army, he met a man whose first name was Will, and who, on the question being put to him, readily told the general where Montrose was lying and all he knew about his troops. He added that if the object was, "to do Montrose's business effectually," he (Leslie) should divide his army into two parts, one of which should go up the south side of the water, to attract the attention of the enemy, while the other ought to cross the Ettrick, and, making a circuit round behind the hills, come in on Montrose's far-side; thus putting him between two fires. At hearing a proposal so sagacious, Leslie asked Will if he had ever been a soldier; to which the rustic replied in the affirmative. Leslie thanked him for his advice, and followed it. Will guided the latter division to the water-side, through a hollow in the Briglands property, which is called "Will's Nick" to this day. When on the other side of the stream, Leslie fell in with the herd of Singlie, a man named Whitson or Hutson, who conducted him up the Netlie Burn, round about behind Philiphaugh, and down Philiphaugh burn, directly in rear of the royal army. The consequences are well known.

When Montrose saw he had lost the day, he fled up Yarrow, and over Minchmoor, towards Peebles. Near the Harehead-wood, at the opening of Yarrow, where the conflict terminated, there was a round deep pool, called "the Meyster Pule," [*meyster*, an old word for treasure,] into which it was always said that the discomfited leader threw his military chest, "telling the devil to keep it till he came back to seek it." On this being drained a few years ago, however, nothing was found at the bottom but a Lochaber axe. The fate of the treasure has been accounted for in another way. The person who carried it, being very hotly pursued, threw it into a house at Foulshiels, and made the best of his way unencumbered. The inmates of the cottage were an old man and his wife; who, on discovering the nature of the deposit, immediately fell a disputing about what they should do with it. The husband was for purchasing the neighbouring lands of Kershope, and the wife stoutly contended that it should be laid out in some other way. But the old fable of the frog and mouse held good; some of Leslie's men, coming up and entering the house, set their minds at rest by appropriating the treasure. On the day after the battle, the people of Selkirk went over to the field, "to see what they could see," and very few came away without something. The progenitor of my informant got a grey galloway for his share of the spoil.

The present bridge over the Ettrick was erected in 1778, to supply the place of one which had been swept away by a flood, and which crossed the water about two hundred yards below. A very singular circumstance attended the destruction of the former edifice. It was on a Sunday morning, and two men were lounging upon the bridge, expressing their surprise at the extraordinary height of the stream; when the fabric gave way, along with one of the persons, who was immediately drowned. The other was left behind, although he had been standing only about half a yard from his unfortunate companion. What is certainly very remarkable, the survivor, about twenty years after, *drowned himself* in the river, close to the very place where he had so miraculously escaped that death![*]

The celebrated preacher, Mr John Welsh, was, for some time, minister of Selkirk, and the treatment which he there received is taken notice of in the work called "the Scots Worthies." Tradition says that, as he was leaving the town, which he did by the East Port, the people followed him out a little way, reviling him with the most opprobrious language, and not scrupling even to pelt him with stones and mud. When the reverend gentleman had borne with them as long as his fortitude would permit, he at last turned about, and, with a burning cheek and flaming eye, called upon a thorn which grew by the way side to witness, and remain a monument of the treatment he had received. The thorn continued to exist, and to be held, as Bellenden would say, "in great veneratioun of pepil," till the year 1811, when some improvements made it necessary, in spite of a saying that lightning was to strike dead any one who should attempt its destruction, to remove this venerable and interesting object.

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[*] The huntsman of Philiphaugh was drowned in the Yarrow within the memory of man. The body was carried down into the Ettrick, then into the Tweed, and lastly into the sea; a distance of fifty miles. It was eventually found on the coast of Holland, and recognised by means of the bugle-horn, which bore the name and arms of Philiphaugh.

The traditions regarding a remarkable case of witchcraft at Selkirk are peculiarly distinct. The unfortunate person's name was Margaret Lawson. After she was condemned, the burgesses kept watch and ward over her, by turns. One morning, as the story goes, her keepers were surprised, on going into her solitary cell, to find that she had some herrings lying beside her, though nothing of the kind had been left with her on the preceding evening. They asked how these had come into her possession, and had their curiosity gratified by the poor wretch declaring that she had turned herself into a mouse, gone out by a small hole under the door, travelled to Edinburgh, and there procured the herrings. On her guards expressing wonder that "when away she did not bide away," she answered that, though she had the power to go, she could not resist the weird which constrained her to return and abide her sentence.

Margaret Lawson, it is understood, was burnt at the Gallowsknowe, on Selkirk Loan, a little way to the south of the town. As she was passing the fountain now called the Foulbridge Well, on her way to the place of execution, she asked for a drink of water. The person to whom the request was made, refused to gratify her, adding, with savage glee, that "if she was dry she would burn the better." Strange to say, she expressed no resentment at this, but, instead of murmuring at the man's inhumanity, only observed that, had the drink been given to her, there would never have been any more water in the well. It would thus appear that the dotage of extreme senility, in almost all cases of witchcraft, disposed the accused party to encourage the people in their absurd beliefs, and even to affect perfect acquiescence in the justice of their sentence.

Among the traditions of Selkirk, there is a tale of diablerie of almost Germanic horror. It was, at a remote period, the custom of the sutors, on the winter mornings, to rise and begin working long before daylight. Early one morning, a sutor who lived in the Kirk-Wynd, and whose shop was the nearest of all others to the church, being at work, was called upon by a stranger who ordered a pair of shoes, which he said he would call for at the same hour on a certain future day. The customer accordingly came, and got and paid for the shoes. The sutor, thinking there was something extraordinary in his manner and appearance, was induced by curiosity to follow the stranger, in order to see where he would go. He went into the church-yard, which was then, and till lately, uninclosed; and, to the sutor's great astonishment, he disappeared at a particular grave. The shoemaker, in his haste, had brought his awl in his hand; this he stuck into the grave, that he might recognise it on his return. When day-light came, he went, along with a great body of his wondering neighbours, and, breaking open the grave, found his shoes snugly deposited in the coffin. Forgetting that they were no longer his property, he took them home with him. Next morning, as he was sitting at work, the stranger suddenly stood before him, with a countenance whose ferocity almost froze his blood to perfect roset. He accused him of having taken away that which had been bought and paid for. "You have thus," he continued, "made me a world's wonder; but I shall soon make you a greater." So saying, he dragged the unhappy sutor to the church-yard; and at day-light poor Crispin's body was found torn limb from limb upon the grave which his curiosity had so unjustifiably violated.

Selkirk, like most other burghs, had once a provost;

but it ceased to elect such a dignitary soon after the Revolution, when the last official, a county gentleman imposed upon them by the government of James VII, disgusted every body at the office by his extravagant proceedings. When the town-council gave an account of their set in 1709, they said very *naively* that their last provost had involved the people in so much debt, that they had since *contented themselves with bailies.*

Before quitting Selkirk, it ought to be mentioned, that it is famous for the manufacture of a peculiarly light and agreeable species of bread, called "Selkirk Bannocks." The loaves were originally made of barley-meal, but are now composed of the finest flour.

Philiphaugh, the scene of Montrose's defeat, is an extensive plain on the north side of the Ettrick, above Selkirk, at the head of which the Yarrow comes out from Newark's "birken bower," to join her sister stream. The confluence of the two waters occasions a piece of very fine natural scenery. In the very angle formed by the junction, lies Carterhaugh, supposed to be the scene of the fine fairy ballad of *Tamlane.* Behind this again, on the face of an eminence commanding a view of the whole vale, and embowered amidst its beautiful new woods, is "sweet Bowhill," as Sir Walter Scott calls it in his Lay of the Last Minstrel, a hunting seat of the Duke of Buccleuch.

The Vale of Yarrow parts off from the head of Philiphaugh towards the right, that of Ettrick towards the left. Yarrow is narrow at the opening, and somewhat woody for the first few miles, but the upper and greater part is merely composed of those green pastoral hills which have been already described, with small haughs which would be very fertile, but for the humidity of the climate. Yarrow, partly from a certain melancholy event which occurred upon its banks, but more perhaps from its adaptation to rhyme, has been the subject of ballads, songs, and poems innumerable. The last distinguished verses written upon it, were those by Mr Wordsworth called "Yarrow Unvisited" and "Yarrow Visited," the first composed eleven years before the poet had seen the vale, the last immediately on having for the first time seen it. Both compositions refer throughout to the poetical charm thrown over the locality by the ballads of which it has been the subject, particularly that by Mr Hamilton of Bangour, beginning,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;

but, without being aware of it, the poet of the Lakes has more than doubled the whole charm that previously existed, by his own sweet little poems, some verses of which may here be quoted as descriptive of the scenery, and calculated to develope in the best possible style, that charm to which so frequent allusion has been made.

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So faithfully a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings,
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And through her depths, St Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused—
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
  Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound,
  On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
  Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
  And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
  The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
  The leavy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
  That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
  Bear witness, ruleful Yarrow!

But thou that didst appear so fair
  To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
  That delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
  A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
  And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
  Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
  Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from these lofty groves,
  Behold a ruin hoary
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
  Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
  For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
  And age to wear away in!

* * * *

I see—but not by sight alone,
  Loved Yarrow, I have won thee:
A ray of fancy still survives—
  Her sunshine plays upon thee!

Selkirkshire.

Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

* * * *

The incident which gave occasion to this profusion of verse, is said to have been a duel fought betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law Walter Scott, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlstain, in which the latter was slain. The alleged cause of malice was the knight of Thirlstain having proposed to endow his daughter with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The residence of the youthful husband or lover as he is sometimes represented, was Oakwood Castle in Ettrick. The combat took place on a muir a little way west from Yarrow Kirk, opposite to a pass in the hills by which the duellists might have come over from Ettrick to fulfil their deadly purpose; and two tall unhewn stones stand at the distance of a hundred yards from each other, commemorating the fatal scene.

As Mr Wordsworth has remarked, the sight of Yarrow does not destroy aught of the romantic picture which the mind may have previously drawn of its local character. On the contrary, unless the present writer has been strangely deceived by his imagination, there is something in the real scene, which, while it is perceptible in no similar vale, seems rather to elevate that conception. There is something highly *peculiar* in Yarrow. There is more than natural silence on *those hills,* and more than ordinary melancholy in the sound of *that stream.* There is dolefulness instead of joy in the summer wind, and sternest winter here mingles with the withering breeze of autumn. But the dejected loneliness of the place is described to perfection in the term applied by the old ballad-writer to the dim recesses of the vale—*the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.*

As an exemplification of the sentiment which may be inspired by a personal visit to this enchanted land, I shall relate an anecdote of a humbler enthusiast than

Wordsworth. S——, long the best Caliban on the Edinburgh boards, but now, alas, no more, having once occasion to sojourn on foot between the theatre of Dumfries and the metropolis, resolved to go a few miles out of his way, in order to visit the romantic vale about which so much had been said and sung. It was a summer Sabbath morning, when, after a painful journey across the hills, he for the first time saw spread out before him, in all its ineffable charms, that deep-receding vale, along the bottom of which the gentle stream moved and murmured—like thoughtless childhood dreaming amidst the silken luxuriance of its cradle. The sight was too much for poor S——. "All impulses of soul and sense" had stirred his guileless bosom. The "dowie dens," the vale, the stream; the singing of the birds, the lustre of the sun, the pure mountain-breeze; every thing had conspired to overpower him. He threw himself upon the ground in a sort of transport, and then, without heeding that it was Sunday, he gave vent to his feelings by singing with all his might, that is to say with the voice of ten Antiburgher precentors, the long ballad by Hamilton already mentioned. When he had finished it, he began that entitled the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow; and Logan's more exquisite little modern ballad succeeded. S—— conceived he was only pleasing himself, and in the danger of offending no ears but those of the echoes, which, so far as he was aware, had never displayed any scruples of conscience on the score of the fourth commandment; but it unluckily happened that, just at the full tide of his raptures, an old reverend-looking shepherd, who turned out to be an elder going to church, came up to him, and, with a face that might have soured all the ewe-milk in Yarrow, reprimanded him in the severest terms for so shameful a breach of decorum, not neglecting moreover to throw out a few hints about the power of both the ecclesiastic and the secular arm in those parts. S—— was of course confounded and enraged beyond measure by this unexpected interruption of his poetical beatitude; and the venerable elder was just as heartily scandalized by the *regardless* expressions and conduct of the way-faring player. But to do full justice to a contrast so very striking, would require the pen of a Wilson or the pencil of a Wilkie. It may only be added that, while to the Englishman or foreigner S——'s conduct will appear neither extraordinary nor reprehensible, the height to which his enthusiasm had carried him, will be better understood by the native Scot, who knows with what rigour the singing or even whistling of profane music on the day in question is refrained from by the people of this country.

Newark Castle, the ancient mansion in which Anne Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth is made to listen to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, rears its grey massive form at the mouth of the Vale, and, with the dark wooded hills rising closely around on both sides, has an appearance truly striking and romantic. It is remarkable of Selkirkshire, that, as in this case, every opening or pass in the hills has been commanded by a fortress, the ruined and haggard forms of which generally survive, like the ghosts of sentinels haunting their old favourite posts, and which, it is easy to see, must have been originally used as the means of robbing and depressing as well as protecting the country. Newark Castle, the strongest tower in the county, was once the residence of a famous outlaw named Murray, ancestor of the present family of Philiphaugh, who is said to have occasionally laid the country *lee*, that is, waste, by an enormous club which he carried about with him, and whom the king was yet obliged to honour with the office, surely ill-suited to his faculties, of heritable sheriff of Selkirkshire. It is a huge square tower, now roofless, with a half-demolished barbican forming a court-yard, and having its lower story formed into one entire vault for the keeping of cattle. It stands upon an eminence overhanging the Yarrow, opposite to the farm of Foulshiels, where Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, first saw the light. A strange contorted, unhappy-looking tree grows out of the wall of the barbican, which the sheriff is said to have used of eld in the capacity of a gallows. But Newark was at a later period the scene of a more dreadful sacrifice of human life than any which had ever taken place beneath this fatal piece of timber. After the battle of Philiphaugh, the Parliamentary general executed here, in cold blood, no fewer than a hundred prisoners; a divine of his own complexion standing by all the while, and remarking, as he observed the unfortunate loyalists successively shot, "Oh! but disna the wark gae bonnily on!" The place where this atrocious butchery was committed, is still called the Slain-men's-lee; and, to confirm the truth of the almost incredible circumstance, a prodigious quantity of fresh bones was found at the spot a few years ago.

As an illustration of the state of society and of property in this part of Selkirkshire at the close of the fifteenth century, there is appended below an indictment extracted from the earliest criminal record of Scotland, (MS. in Advocates Library,) together with a pardon by the king, from which it is to be inferred that the royal authority was then insufficient for the execution of the laws against a titled offender, however enormous and notorious his crimes.*

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* "*6to Marcii*, 1474.

"Thomas Turnbule in Falinshop, Miles ad signituram Regis, pro arte et parte furtive surreptionis 340 ovium, le yowis et weddris, extra Skaddamness, a Patricio Murray, in commitiam cum Johanne Weir; item pro arte et parte furtive surreptionis 80 catallorum, 12 equorum et equarum, et bonorum utensilium novi domus extra Carterhauch, in com— cum dictis furibus; item pro arte et parte furtive surreptionis 60 ovium extra Lewynhop a Patricio Murray; item pro furtiva receptione Roberti Turbule de Mudlaw suorum filiorum, Johannis Turnbull de Newhally, Thome Newtoun, et Alex. Gray defuncto 20 ovium et 11, unius bovis, unius vaccæ, 26 boum et vaccarum, trium equorum et equarum, a David Tait de Pyrn; item pro arte et parte furti et—160 ovium, le hoggis, a Georgio Tait de Pyrn, et suis tenentibus extra Sithop; item pro arte et partive furtive sumptionis 17 caprarum a Johanne Cleghorn, et suorum bonorum utensilium, ad valorem 40s. et 40 ovium, le yowis, a Wilhelmo Cleghorn extra Leuhanhop; item pro arte et parte furtive surreptionis 7 le stirkis

About a mile above Newark, the handsome modern mansion-house of Broad-meadows, (John Boyd, Esq.) occupies a conspicuous situation, and commands a delightful view of the lower part of the vale. Still farther up is the little village of Yarrow-Ford; near which formerly stood the strong and venerable castle of the Hangingshaw, one of the possessions of the Outlaw Murray, and of his descendants till a late generation.

The Hangingshaw Castle had a commanding position half way up the hill on the north side of the vale. Behind it was a shaw, (an opening in the forest,) the precipitant steepness of which caused the name. Of all this large and renowned strength, only a few feet of the wall now exist, besides some ruinous offices. The house was burnt down by accident about sixty or seventy years ago, to the great grief of the people, who loved the proprietor on account of his numerous virtues, and, especially, his kindness to his tenants and inferiors. An affecting story is told of one poor woman going every day for a long time to the desolate ruins, and weeping for hours over the melancholy scene. Such a person must have possessed the right old spirit of feudality. As a trait of the systematic hospitality practised at the Hangingshaw, it is recorded by grateful tradition, that whosoever called at the house, however slight his errand might be, was treated with a draught of ale sufficient to intoxicate him. The liquor, a species of the stoutest, was presented in a capacious vessel known far and wide by the couthie title of "the Hangingshaw Ladle;"

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a Johanne Scot extra Glensap; item pro arte et parte rapinæ 24 boum et vaccarum.

"Rex

"Justice, it is our will, and for certain considerations moving us we charge you, that ye charge not, nor compel, our lovit knicht, Sir Thomas Turnbull to find sourtie in our justice-air, for satisfaction of party, for any accioune that he may be accusit of, committit before our coronation: And yis precept be you sene and understandin, deliver ye samyn again to ye berar. Given under our signet at Linlithgow, ye 25 day of Februar, and our regne ye sevint yer."

and no one was permitted to flinch from taking off the whole draught.*

The next object of interest that occurs in the vale of Yarrow, is the Church. This neat little edifice was erected in the time of the Commonwealth, when it was thought necessary to abandon the former place of worship at the upper end of the valley, and perform the public ordinances of religion at this more central and convenient part of the parish. The parish of Yarrow is the most extensive in the south of Scotland; and, before this change took place, the people resident about Ashiestiel on the banks of the Tweed must have had to walk at least twenty miles to hear the weekly sermon. The minister's glebe is still situated near the old edifice; but its proceeds are now commuted for the pasturage of a certain quantity of sheep.

Between Yarrow Kirk and St Mary's Loch there is no object of particular interest, except Montbenger, the residence of James Hogg, more commonly called the Ettrick Shepherd; a man of the highest order of poetical genius, and whose literary labours, though of unequal merit, will be ever remembered in Scotland, as among the most brilliant efforts of her inspired peasantry.

St Mary's Loch, at the head of the vale, and fourteen to eighteen miles distant from Selkirk, is a beautiful sheet of water, four miles long, and from one to half a mile broad. It lies in the very centre of the Southern Highlands. A smaller lake, called the Loch o' the Lowes, is connected with its western extremity by a small stream, and the river Yarrow descends from the other end. The hills around are of that sombre russet description so common in the north. They resemble the Highland hills in form also, though not so high; and this may, altogether, be termed a fine specimen of mountain scenery. Dryhope Castle, a ruin near the eastern extremity of the loch, was the residence of Mary Scott, the Flower o' Yarrow, renowned in song, and who, having been married to Elliot of Minto, became the ancestress of the ingenious lady who wrote "the Flowers of the Forest." In the adjacent vale of Megget, stands Henderland Castle, where James V executed a great Border reiver named Cockburn; the occasion of the exquisitely beautiful and pathetic song entitled "the Border Widow."* On a rising ground near the north shore of the loch, the ancient burying ground of St Mary's Kirk is still extant, though the church has long ago disappeared. The ancient resident families of the neighbourhood still use this place of sepulture, as the Andersons, the Scotts, the Brydones, and others of meaner name. The late Rev. Walter Grieve, of Ettrick, the best model of an old Ante-Revolution Divine that Scotland shall ever see in these latter degenerate days; after railing against popery for sixty years with a zeal and energy in which there was no affectation; was, by a singular chance, interred in the very chancel of St Mary's Kirk, and consequently amid the ashes of its former popish incumbents. The whole scene around this singular burial-place is wild and lonely in the extreme; and few things can be more touchingly sublime than the idea of depositing the ashes of a beloved friend in a wilderness where no human habitation is to be seen, and no voice heard but the occasional bleating of the flocks, the bay of the heathcock, or the lonely whew of the plover. In the stormy twilight days of winter, the infinite dolefulness of the scene is aggravated to a degree perfectly terrific, by the sky that hangs like a pall upon the hills, by the roar of the lake, and the throbbing thunders of the cataract—by

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* The former road betwixt Selkirk and Peebles, and that by which Montrose retreated from Philiphaugh, passes a little way behind the Hangingshaw, up the enormous hill of Minchmoor. The wildness and difficulty of this singular path is proverbial in the surrounding country; and a circuit of four or five miles in twenty-two is now gladly made to avoid it. At a particular part of the hill there is a well by the way-side, supposed to be under fairy domination, and where some present was always left by the passing traveller, by way of tribute to Elfin-land, on his quenching his thirst. It is called the Cheese Well.

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* James V was induced to take sharp measures with Cockburn and other notorious border thieves, by the necessity of keeping on good terms with England, which they were in the constant habit of invading for predatory purposes. It was in the course of a tour of extermination that he performed the deed mentioned in the text. The common tradition bears, that when he and his party arrived in the neighbourhood of Henderland, Cockburn was at dinner with his family. A message was sent in, requesting him to come out and "speak to a gentleman." The reply was, that the laird was at dinner, and could not come out. A second and more pressing message was dispatched, and a similar but more surly reply was returned. On the third message being sent in, Cockburn cried in a rage that he would not come out for even "the Laird o' Ballengeich himsel!" The royal messenger was then sent in, to *order* Cockburn to come out to the Laird o' Ballengeich. On hearing these terrible words, the knife and fork dropped from his hands; he went out like a condemned criminal, and was immediately hung up over his own gate. Meanwhile, Marjory, his lady, leaped out at a back window, and ran to a very sequestered and intricate recess in a rock, a few hundred yards from the house, where a small rill falls over a rugged precipice. Screened by this cascade, she found a seat and place of concealment till the king and his party were gone. The place is called the Dow's Linn, and the recess where the Border widow endeavoured to drown, amidst the noise of the falling waters, the shouts which announced the close of her husband's existence, is designated the Lady's Seat. On a small mound near the house, a flat

> The bleat of mountain goat on high,
> That from the cliff comes quivering by,
> The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
> The cataract's swell, the moaning wood,—
> That undefined and mingled hum,
> Voice of the desert, never dumb!

On the north side of St Mary's Loch, and forming the left guard of the opening of Meggatdale, is a hill called the Merecleuchhead. Straight over this passes a scarcely visible track, termed the King's Road; sup-

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stone broken in two, with a half-obliterated inscription, denotes the grave in which the unhappy couple found their last repose.

Selkirkshire.

posed to have been that by which James V invaded this wild district, in the justiciary excursion so well remembered in song and tradition for its unsparing severity. The track passed through between the two lochs and over the hills into Ettrick. An old song opens with this picturesque stanza:

The king rade round the Merecleuch-head,
Booted and spurred, as we a' did see,
Syne dined wi' a lass at Mossfennan yett,
A little below the Logan Lee.

The present writer once walked from the Merecleuch over into Ettrick by the King's Road, and was impressed with an idea that the sentiment of justice must have burned in the royal breast with no ordinary vigour, when it sustained him through the perils and fatigue of such a journey.

St Mary's Loch abounds in fish of various sorts, and is much resorted to in summer by anglers. For the better accommodation of such enthusiasts, there has lately been erected at the head of the loch a small neat house, kept by a decent shepherd's widow, who lets her spare room for any length of time at a small rent, and who (*expertus loquor*) can provide her lodgers with as halesome and agreeable country fare as may anywhere be found. It is hardly possible to conceive any thing more truly delightful than a week's ruralizing in this comfortable little mansion, with the means of so much amusement at the very doors, and so many interesting objects of sight and sentiment lying closely around.

The deep long vale in which St Mary's Loch is bedded, forms the principal pass, or rather the most convenient opening in this Alpine territory, between the eastern and western counties of the South of Scotland. It is continued at the limit of Selkirkshire by the vale of Moffat Water, and thus descends upon Annandale, the central district of Dumfriesshire. Referring the reader for a continuation of its survey to the part of this work where that county is treated of, and only mentioning that innumerable notices regarding the scenery and antiquities of Yarrow may be found in the publications of Sir Walter Scott and Mr James Hogg, I shall now complete this account of Selkirkshire, by a few paragraphs concerning its other vale, that of Ettrick.

After passing Bowhill and Carterhaugh, at the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, the first object of interest that occurs in the former vale is Oakwood, a tall and almost entire tower, perched on the top of a steep bank overhanging a haugh on the south side of the river. Besides having been the residence of the unfortunate hero of the ballad already mentioned, Oakwood or Aikwood is believed to have been the mansion of the famous Michael Scott, the wizard—(see notice of Lanarkshire.) This tower has the good fortune to be still possessed of its roof, though the floors are all gone. There used to be a haunted room in it—called "the Jingler's Room." A very remarkable thing happened at Oakwood some years ago. A cow belonging to the farm-house now attached to the old castle, happened to enter the long spiral stair-case which leads from the bottom to the very top of the tower. Soon finding it impossible to turn back, the animal was obliged, though the process must have been the most awkward and difficult imaginable, to press forward through the narrow sinuous defile till she reached the top. To achieve this painful task took more than two days, and the people of the farm had given her up for lost or stolen, when, to their great surprise, Hawkie informed them of her situation by sending down a faint low from the battlements. They were obliged to kill her there, and bring her down by instalments.

Two or three miles further up the glen stands the considerable village of Ettrick-brig-end; about six miles above which the ruins of the important strength of Tushielaw may be discerned upon the brae which rises from the north bank of the water, opposite to the debouche of a rivulet called Rankleburn. Tushielaw was the property of a branch of the powerful clan Scott.

Adam Scott of Tushielaw, who flourished in the reign of James V, was so distinguished and so formidable a freebooter, that he was ordinarily called the King of the Border. James at length came upon him one morning early, and put an end to his greatness by hanging him over his own gate.*

Opposite to Tushielaw, the minor vale of Rankleburn recedes back into the dense mass of hills, containing the lonely farms of Buccleuch. This is supposed to have been the original property and residence of that noble family. There is now no trace of a baronial mansion throughout the whole of the extensive wild, to give countenance to such a tradition; but there are the remains of a church and burial-ground, and what is more, of a kiln and mill, besides traces of a large dam which conveyed water to the latter. The mill could only have been used for grinding the kane-corn paid to a feudal chief—there never having been a single ridge of grain raised in the whole glen. It is, moreover, handed down by tradition, that a daughter of one of the early chiefs of the Scotts—a young lady of great beauty—was the heroine of the first song to the tune of "Andro and his Cuttie Gun;" which commenced with the following stanza:

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
  Blythe was she butt and ben;
Blythe when she gaed to bed,
  And blyther when she rose again.

The *lower* part of Ettrick, unlike that of Yarrow, is bare and uninteresting; but its superior division is quite the reverse. Here the spirited and most truly praise-worthy exertions of Lord Napier have begun to work a splendid change upon the primeval face of nature. This nobleman, whose proper name is Scott, and who is the lineal representative of the old family of Thirlstain, which succeeded to the revered title of Napier by a maternal right, has, with an enthusiasm which finds too little emulation in the land, employed for some years past his whole time and talents, together with much money, in improving the stock of the hills, and introducing into a district hitherto bound up in its own natural wildness, all the attributes and amenities proper to the most civilized regions. He has planted a fine new seat close by the faded baronial ruins of Thirlstain; surrounded the same with extensive plantations; and dotted the country all round with snug little stone and lime lodges for the officials connected with his property. It is pleasing to know that the descendant of the great Napier has been guided in all his operations by notions only of the most disinterested kind,—that, indeed, his enthusiasm has been one of benevolence rather than any thing else,—and that from the full half of the beautiful cottages which he has planted in this wilderness, the prayers of the widow and the orphan nightly ascend to heaven in his behalf.

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* He was hanged upon an elm tree which still exists among the ruins, and over which he himself had previously hanged many an unfortunate wight. This is called the gallows tree, and it is curious to observe, that along its principal branches there are yet visible a number of nicks or hollows over which the ropes had been drawn, wherewith he performed his numerous executions.

Ettrick.

The modern mansion of Thirlstain contains some highly interesting portraits, and a few paintings by the best masters. Among the former are two of the inventor of Logarithms, one of Queen Mary, an excellent King James,* and one of Lord Treasurer Marr.

About a mile farther up the glen, stands Ettrick Kirk, with its little hamlet. The hills are here lofty and dark, resembling those of the Highlands, and forming one of the most impressive natural scenes in Selkirkshire. The church rears its smart little spick-and-span new form in the midst of the awful solitude, surrounded by a burying-ground and a few trees. One of the very few houses near the sacred edifice, is pointed out as the birth-place of the Ettrick Shepherd.

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* It is worthy of note that there is no engraving of this witty and much-defamed monarch at all like the original paintings, most of which are highly characteristic and pleasing.

This was in ancient times the site of a strength called Ettrick House, around which there was a village that contained no fewer than fifty-three fire-houses at the time of the Revolution, though a more inhospitable place for a population so numerous could scarcely be conceived. A Mr James Anderson, of the latter Tushielaw family, turned out these poor tenants and subtenants about the year 1700, and built a fine mansion-house on the property, which he was resolved to take into his own hands. This, of course, excited the indignation of the country people in a great degree, and was the cause of a rhyme being then circulated in the district, to the following effect:

> Ettrick-Ha' stands on yon plain,
> Richt sore exposed to wind and rain;
> And on it the sun shines never at morn,
> Because it was built in the widow's corn;
> And its foundations can never be sure,
> Because it was built on the ruin of the puir;
> But or an age is come or gane,
> Or the trees owre the chimley-taps grow green,
> We winna ken where the house has been.

This maledictory prophecy has been strangely fulfilled. Not a vestige of Ettrick-Hall has been visible for many years; and its site can only be known by the trees which had been intended to form its avenue and adorn its garden.

In the church yard of Ettrick, a handsome monument has been erected since the commencement of this century, over the grave of the Rev. Thomas Boston, well known for his religious publications, who died pastor of this parish in the year 1732. The modern church of Scotland has produced few men like Boston. At the Revolution, when the regular clergy were expelled for a political reason, the church was filled by a set of wild fanatics, half-educated school-masters, &c. &c.; and, till a new generation arose, during the reign of George II, there was scarcely a single parish minister in Scotland of decent attainments. In this dark period, Boston shone almost alone, a man of high talents and of respectable literature. His works, in the midst of much superstition and fanaticism, display glimpses of the purest and most exalted piety, with, at the same time, a poetical fancy of no ordinary cast. His memory is held in great reverence by the people of Ettrick, many of whom in youth had their religious sentiments elevated and confirmed by "the flights" of Boston, as commemorated and handed down by their fathers.

Boston performed his duty as a clergyman with singular assiduity and zeal. It is remembered by tradition that, at his last illness, when unable to rise from his bed, to go to the pulpit, he was so anxious to preach to his flock, that he got a couch erected in a peculiar manner within a window; and, half-reclining thereon, he delivered an animated discourse to the crowd who stood in the court-yard below.

The peasantry of Selkirkshire still wear in all its primitive simplicity the true Lowland costume of the short blue coat, the gamashes on the legs, the broad flat woollen bonnet, and the chequered grey plaid. The common toast at all festive meetings is perhaps worthy of commemoration; and with it, as with a benediction, I close this article:

Green hills, and waters blue,
Grey plaids, and tarry woo!

Selkirkshire.

Peeblesshire.

Sweet scenes of youth! to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,
When, in the softened light of summer skies,
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!
I come to trace your soothing haunts again,
To mark each grace, that pleased my stripling prime,
By absence hallowed, and endeared by time.

LEYDEN.

Peeblesshire occupies a central place in the Lowlands of Scotland, being bounded on the north by Mid-Lothian; on the south, by Dumfriesshire; on the west, by the county of Lanark; and on the east, by that of Selkirk. It is, therefore, an inland county. Owing to its situation, also, amidst what are not improperly termed the Southern Highlands, it is a decidedly pastoral district, though the vales which border its numerous streams are in general well cultivated. Owing to the mountainous character of the territory, out of 188,000 acres, in which it consists, only 30,000 are arable. The county is not large, its extreme length being only twenty-eight miles, while the mean breadth may be about fourteen.

The **Tweed**, which takes its rise in the southern extremity of this country, and intersects its whole extent, gives it the inferior and popular denomination of Tweeddale. The shire is mentioned under this name for the first time in a charter by David I. The idea which gave rise to this name is obvious; for the dale of the

Tweed is the most fertile and important part of the county, while the rest rises on both sides into lofty and barren hills, that only serve as a sort of boundary to the lower region. Like all mountain streams, the Tweed, of which I now speak only so far as Peeblesshire is concerned, affords excellent fishing. At particular seasons of the year it is much resorted to on account of its trout-fishing. It also affords good salmon. That fish seeks its upper extremity about the end of autumn, and returns after having spawned. On account of the increase which thus takes place in the number of salmon, the armorial bearings of Peebles consist in three fishes, one swimming upward and two downward, with the explanatory motto, "*Contra nando incrementum.*" The inhabitants of Peebles, whose immunities were once much greater than now, still have a right to fish over a certain part of the river, and this privilege is altogether of importance sufficient to justify the honourable place of the three salmon in the town arms. Tweed is fed by innumerable mountain streamlets, *burns*, and *waters*, all of which are more or less distinguished by their value in the eyes of Tweeddale fishers. As this work may perhaps fall into the hands of some who resort to these streams for the pleasure of fly-fishing, we may be permitted to hint that it is to these little brooks rather than to the main river a stranger ought to direct his attention. The Tweed itself has been of late years so well combed of its treasures by "gentlemen from Edinburgh," and from other parts of the world, that fishing in it has become quite a vague unproductive affair except to the skilly natives alone. On the contrary, the little tributary streams are comparatively unransacked. The *Terth*, the *Lyne*, the *Manor*, the *Eddlestone*, the *Leithen*, and the *Quair* yet afford capital fishing. And there are even minuter burns, such as the *Haystone*, &c. which will be found little less productive. A stranger would be surprised at the living wealth which the smallest streams in Tweeddale can produce. If he be at the pains to traverse the mountainous regions of the county, he will find every occasional hollow occupied by an insignificant looking rill, that goes "branking down the fell," with a merry and innocent sound, sometimes going darkly and quietly under the purple heather, and at other times coming out bright and noisy into the sunshine, like a beautiful living creature playing at bo-peep. Here let him unwind his pirn, and prepare his basket. Every here and there he will find a small pool at the bottom of a descent, like a landing-place in a stair. In each of these *flats*, throughout the whole *land* of the stream, even until he reach the ground-story in the valley below, there is to be found one respectable indweller, the monarch of the tide, the head of the house, with a family of smaller fry around him, which he devours day after day at his leisure after the manner of the one-eyed giant in Sinbad the sailor. Keep a little way back from the brink, and gently drop a fly over the said pool. It is necessary to use such a precaution, for the rogue will remember having been nearly hooked last year in the days of his mennen-hood, and may therefore look before he leaps. In a little while, he has swallowed the delusive bait, and in three revolutions of a pirn, the unconscionable guttler lies sprawling on the heather. Repeat this practice all the way down, and there cannot be the least doubt that, before you reach the confluence of your stream with the neighbouring water, you have been the occasion of as many widowhoods as the battle of Flodden.

The hills of Tweeddale are not at all like those of the north and west Highlands. None of them are precipitous or rocky; nor do they rise into peaked or even into conical summits. Their outlines are in general soft, and their ascents gentle. When a range of them is seen from a commanding eminence, it suggests the idea of the unbroken waves of the Biscay during the undulations of a subsiding storm. The chief mountains are *Cardon*, *Scrape*, *Dollarlaw*, *Hell's Cleuch*, and *Dundreich*. From the top of Scrape, the desolation of which is proverbial in Tweeddale, a view is obtained of the Lothians, the Merse, and the borders of England.

Tweeddale.

On the top of Hell's Cleuch, which lies in the western part of the county, is a cairn of stones, called the *Pyketstane*, marking the boundary of three parishes, namely, Stobo, Broughton, and Kilbucho; and from this cairn there is a view of the country beyond the Forth, and a chain of mountains from the east part of Fife as far as Dunbarton. South of the Forth, the view extends as far east as North Berwick, likewise to the Eildon Hills near Melrose, and the Cheviots in Northumberland. A view of similar extent may be obtained from the top of Dundreich or Druid's Hill, situated in the parish of Eddlestone, a more central part of the county. The height of both Hell's Cleuch and Dundreich is upwards of two thousand feet. Hartfell and Broadlaw, two of the loftiest summits on the extreme border of the county, are 2,800 feet above the level of the sea. In the parish of Tweedsmuir, where the Tweed has its sources, a number of hills are very beautiful, being covered with grass to the very tops. The whole afford excellent pasture for both sheep and black cattle.

In its course from the heights of Tweedsmuir, the chief river takes a northerly direction, and presents, for many miles, beautiful but very narrow arable banks. Here its innumerable windings, with the projections and retrocessions of the bases of the hills, some of which are skirted with wood, present a delightful variety of rural scenes. Towards the north and east, the features of the country are here and there softened; the hills subside; broader valleys intervene; the Tweed assumes new majesty as it flows along; and cultivation displays greater efficacy. About the centre of the county, there occurs an extensive plain, rising up gradually from the banks of the river towards the hills on both sides; and in the middle of this beautiful district, upon two eminences, skirting the north bank of the river, is situated the town of Peebles.

PEEBLES, the capital of the county, and the seat of a Presbytery, is a royal burgh of great antiquity, containing upwards of two thousand inhabitants, and situated about twenty-two miles directly south of Edinburgh. The town consists in three or four streets, besides a few little lanes, and a suburb on the south bank of the Tweed of recent erection. The main street is spacious, and well built of a fine blue whin-stone; and many good houses are interspersed throughout the meaner parts of the town. The appearance of the whole from any point around, is highly pleasing, while the beauty of the surrounding scenery conspires to render it the admiration of tourists. It is divided into two districts, the old and the new town. The old town is a single street, mostly consisting of cottages of one story, and unpaved. The other is a more extensive and populous as well as elegant district. The Eddlestone Water, here called by the strange name of *Cuddie's Pule*, divides the two. The old town lies to the west of the new. It was once larger than now, and formed the whole burgh; but, having been found unsusceptible of defence, and perpetually exposed to the inroads of the English, the inhabitants resolved, about the middle of the sixteenth century, to remove its site to a more eminent and defensible piece of ground on the other side of the Eddlestone Water. The new town was surrounded by a wall, few vestiges of which now remain, though its limits do not appear to have been ever much transgressed. The High Street of Peebles is terminated to the west by a modern church, which occupies the site of an ancient castle, no vestige of which has existed within the memory of man. On both sides of the street the ground descends, and is occupied by the gardens of the inhabitants. The bottom of the gardens on the north side is bounded by Cuddie's Pool, on the south by a common called the Green, which, like that of Glasgow, extends along the bank of the river. At the west end of the town, Tweed Bridge, a structure of great antiquity, consisting of five arches, and upon which the magistrates of Peebles have the right of levying a custom, connects the town with a large suburb on the opposite bank, and with the southern district of the county.

Tweeddale.

Peebles is a town very slightly distinguished by commerce or manufacture. Woollen, linen, and cotton weaving; a brewery; the cultivation of the burgh lands; fishing; the various mills; retail merchandise; and servile rustic labours; afford to the inhabitants their principal means of subsistence. The town, though neat and agreeable, has thus a decidedly dull aspect. It has a weekly market, and seven annual fairs.

The chief charms of the town arise from its healthiness, and the celebrated excellence of its schools. Many genteel families are induced to reside in it upon these accounts, and a considerable number of boys are sent from various parts in Scotland, as well as from abroad, to the two boarding-schools kept by the respective teachers. The prosperity of the town has been of late years much improved by the attention and encouragement of one of the neighbouring proprietors, Sir John Hay, of Haystone and Smithfield, Bart.

In the eyes of the antiquary and the admirer of the native literature of his country, Peebles possesses considerable charms. It is the well-known scene of the ancient poem, entitled "Peebles to the Play," in which the author, supposed to be no less a person than James I, represents a great annual festival of music, diversions, and feasting. The festival, which was attended by all the inhabitants of the south of Scotland in their best apparel, took place "at Beltain," or May. The *Beltain fair* of Peebles, which is still held regularly upon the first Wednesday of May; must be considered, though very inferior in every respect, as the descendant of the ancient "Play." Indeed, this is quite certified by the circumstance of the fair having been, till about the middle of the last century, distinguished by a horse-race, and other festivities approaching nearer to those of the "Play," than the mere tryst into which the thing has now degenerated. The theory of James I having been the author of the poem, derives credit from the circumstance of that monarch having granted to his confessor David Rat, an hospital styled St Leonard's, about a mile and a half eastward of the town. Peebles is also well known to have been the occasional residence of the Scottish kings. Its situation on the direct road to the king's forest of Ettrick, and in the midst of a fine hunting country, (part of which still gets the name of *King's Meadows*,*) caused it to become a royal residence at a very early period. The traditions of the town still preserve the remembrance of this fact in very vivid terms.

Within the remembrance of people still alive, some of the houses of Peebles bore the names of noblemen, attendants of the court, who had once inhabited them; and there are some other places in the town, which still bear very remarkable names. A strand which crosses the High Street about the middle, is called the *Dean's Gutter*, on account, no doubt, of the minister of Peebles, who was always Arch-Dean of Glasgow, to which diocese the town belonged. A corner of the street near the cross is called the *Cunyie Neuk*, in allusion perhaps, to a mint which might have once been established in its neighbourhood. An ancient and good-looking house in the Old Town, now occupied by a variety of poor families, is called the *Virgin Inns*, having probably been a nunnery. There also still exists a large and highly respectable house in the close neighbourhood of the Dean's Gutter, known to have belonged to the family of Queensberry, and in which the last Duke was born. This edifice has a castellated appearance, one of its corners bearing a curious turret of the pepper-box order, and there being no entrance to the mansion excepting by an arched passage leading into a court yard behind. This is believed to be the scene of a highly romantic incident, which has been thus related by Sir Walter Scott.

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the young lady fell into a consumption: and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants.

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* The property of Sir John Hay on the south bank of the Tweed about half a mile below Peebles.

Peebles, from its British name signifying *shealings* or dwelling-places, seems to have been a settlement during the earliest centuries of the Christian era. Before the end of the thirteenth century, it must have been a place of sufficient importance to require a municipal government; as "Guillame de la Chambre, bailyf of Peeblis," signed the bond of allegiance to Edward I at Berwick, in the year 1296. The town and county of Peebles formed one of those provinces assigned over to Edward III in 1334, by the younger Baliol, in liquidation of L.2000 per annum, which the latter monarch bound himself, with such security, to pay to the former. There cannot be any doubt that the town suffered frequently and severely from the "auld enemies of England," who usually, in their incursions across the Border, burnt all the towns that came in their way. Henry Darnley once spent a Christmas at Peebles, when, a storm preventing his departure from the town, he and his train exhausted their stock of provisions and were nearly starved. Birrel, in his diary, records that on the fourth of July 1603, there was "ane grate fyre in Peblis town." The people have a tradition that the town has been twice altogether burnt, and believe a prophecy which foretells that it is yet to be burnt down once more. Peebles was the first halting-place of Montrose after the defeat of Philiphaugh. The town, however, cannot be said to make any figure in history. The inhabitants seem to have beheld the course of political events with a degree of apathetic indifference, hostile to the fame of history. Such, for instance, was their laudable coolness upon even that exciting subject the Covenant, that, out of all the Lowlanders assembled at Bothwell-bridge, only twelve men were from Tweeddale.

At the end of the fifteenth century, there were no fewer than eleven places of worship in Peebles. The number is now diminished to three. Out of the whole eleven ancient fabrics, the remains of only two now remain visible. The most ancient was that of *St Mary*, which still exists as a ruin in the centre of the churchyard at the west end of the Old Town. This edifice was built in the eleventh century, out of the materials, it is supposed, of a more ancient fabric which occupied the same site. To the chaplains of St Mary in Peebles, King David granted the corn and waulk mills of Innerleithen, with the adjacent lands. It has been disused as a place of worship since the Reformation, though not altogether for other purposes, as Oliver Cromwell appropriated it to his service as a stable for his dragoons, during the siege of Neidpath Castle. Of the whole edifice only the steeple, a very strong piece of masonwork, with an internal stair, now remains. The churchyard is extensive and enclosed by a goodly stone wall. The second church in point of antiquity was the still more dignified one called the *Cross Church*, situated on the north side of the town. This was founded in the thirteenth century, by Alexander the III, upon a very curious account. The remains of a human body that had been cut in pieces and enclosed in a shrine of stone, with a cross lying near it, bearing the name of St Niculaus, having then been found on the spot, and being supposed to be the remains of that saint, who suffered martyrdom in the third century, the bishop of Glasgow, ecclesiastical superior of Peebles, requested the king to build a church over the place, for the preservation of the relics and the commemoration of the circumstance. Alexander complied by erecting a conventual church, with cloisters for seventy Red Friars; and the edifice was dedicated to God and the Holy Cross,* and designated the Cross Church of Peebles. In the front or south wall of the church, a small arch was built over the shrine in which the relics of St Nicolas were deposited; so that the religious, whether within or without the church, might pay their devotions to it. At the Reformation, the church was converted into a presbyterian place of worship, which it continued to be till 1784, when the present edifice at the western extremity of the High Street succeeded it in that office. Part of the cloisters, which assumed the form of a square behind the church, were used as the public school of Peebles till the beginning of the last century. At the present moment, not the slightest vestige of these buildings remains; while the rich territory in the neighbourhood, which formerly belonged to the Friars and is still known by the name of the *Kirklands*, owns for proprietors the honest burgesses of Peebles. Since its desertion as a place of worship in 1784, the Cross Church has undergone prodigious dilapidations, so that little more than the square tower at the west end, and one or two fragments of wall, now exists above the ground. This has been entirely owing to the indifference which prevailed till lately among all provincial persons in authority, regarding objects of antiquity. For a long course of years, it was the custom of the common people and the serving damsels of the town to resort to the "Auld Kirk," for free-stone, wherewithal to sand their floors and burnish their pewter and brazen culinary utensils. The rybats and architraves of the edifice, the only parts consisting of sandstone, thus suffered most severely; so that at length, after having been *free* to all comers for thirty years, almost the whole body of the Cross Church tumbled one day to the ground. We must, however, do the magistrates the justice to say that, immediately thereupon, they issued what old Birrel would have called " ane strict proclamation" forbidding in the strongest possible terms any further dilapidations! A third old church of Peebles stood till forty years ago with its steeple in the centre of the High Street, about a hundred yards in advance of the modern fabric. It used to be popularly denominated *the Chapel*, but was only used as a place of worship during bad weather, when the people found it inconvenient to attend the Cross Church.

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* In Peebles to the Play, one of the persons swears "by the Holy Rude of Peebles."

Peebles is governed by a provost, two bailies, and seventeen counsellors. As a royal burgh, it unites with Linlithgow, Lanark, and Selkirk, in sending a member to parliament.

Peeblesshire contains no towns besides that which forms its capital. Some of its villages are worthy of notice. LINTON, a burgh of regality in the northern part of the county, situated upon the water of Lyne from which it takes its name, and about sixteen miles from Edinburgh, is inhabited chiefly by weavers, shoemakers, and other mechanics, who work only for the people in the neighbourhood. It has annual markets, which begin on the second Wednesday of June old style, and continue for four successive Wednesdays following. At these there are always great quantities of sheep for sale. The prosperity, former or present, of this institution is indicated by a proverbial phrase of the county; it being customary for the people of Tweeddale to compare any great throng or crowd, without or within doors, to " Linton Mercat." EDDLESTONE, on the road from Edinburgh to Peebles, and four miles north of the latter, is a neat village, situated on the banks of the water of the same name. It has a fair for black cattle and the hiring of servants, held annually on the 25th of September, and which, in the better days of fairs, enjoyed an immense celebrity.

SKIRLING is an irregular village, situated on the western frontier of the county, with four annual fairs. BROUGHTON, on the road from Edinburgh to Moffat, is a thriving village, remarked by strangers for its neatness, having been rebuilt in the English fashion, by the late James Dickson of Kilbucho, Esq. INVERLEITHEN is situated about six miles below Peebles, in an uncommonly fine situation, at the confluence of Leithen Water with the Tweed. The village occupies the bottom of a sequestered dell, with mountains rising on all sides, some of them wooded to the top, and having the majestic Tweed rolling in front. Here is a mineral spring, which has of late years been resorted to by vast numbers of invalids, as well as others who only desire the pleasure of a few weeks of summer rustication. The place has therefore undergone a recent change from a sequestered and unknown village, distinguished only by a woollen manufacture, into a fashionable watering-place. Various new houses have been lately built for the accommodation of families, as well as individuals visiting the well; and rapid approaches are making to a conventional system of comfort that must soon render it one of the most agreeable summer residences in the south of Scotland. A grand ball-room has been recently built, a circulating-library established, and a neat structure erected over the well, which, besides the ordinary pump-room, contains apartments to be used as lounging-places by the visiters. The great cause of the prosperity of Inverleithen seems to be, that it is the nearest place to Edinburgh, where scenery may be found of a completely pastoral and sequestered description, or where refuge may be found from the *disagremens* which always attend the capital in the autumn months. It is little more than twenty miles from Edinburgh. The well, which forms the main attraction, is impregnated with salt and sulphur, and is used in cutaneous and scorbutic disorders. Near Inverleithen are pointed out the remains of a British Fort, and ruins of towers may be traced at the mouth of every defile through the mountains. The church formerly belonged to the monks of Melrose and Kelso; but the parish now forms part of the presbytery of Peebles.

Of the numerous seats and villas scattered over the surface of Peeblesshire, I shall only be able to notice a few. *Barns* (Burnet) is a fine old Scottish manor-house upon the Manor water, two miles west from Peebles. *Cairnmuir* (Lawson) is situated in the parish of Kirkurd, on the western confines of the county. *Cardrona,* the seat of the old family of Williamson, and the antiquity of which is proved by the mention made of it in "Peblis to the Play," stands about four miles from the county-town, on the south bank of the Tweed. *Castle-Craig,* in Kirkurd parish, is the modern mansion of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart. *Cringletie,* a fine seat partly ancient and partly new, which gives a title to its proprietor as a Lord of Session, stands amongst some trees about two miles north of Peebles. *Darnhall,* an ancient seat of the family of Elibank, is four miles from Peebles in the same direction. *Kailyie,* mentioned in the poem above mentioned, and where there is now a handsome modern mansion, the seat of Robert Nutter Campbell, Esq. lies about two miles from Peebles, on the opposite bank of the Tweed. *King's Meadows,* the beautiful seat of Sir John Hay, stands on the opposite bank of the Tweed from Peebles. *La Mancha,* Lord Dundonald, is in Newlands parish, west from Peebles. *Magbiehill,* Montgomery, Bart, on the Lyne, is near the above. *New Posso,* Nasmyth, Bart. is seven miles south from Peebles. *The Pirn,* Horseburgh, is in Inverleithen parish. *Portmore,* the beautiful seat of Colin Mackenzie, Esq. lies close by the road between Edinburgh and Peebles, about five miles from the latter. *Romanno,* Kennedy, lies on the Lyne. *Skirling* is the property of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael. *Stobo Castle,* the handsome modern mansion of Sir James Montgomery, Bart. is about seven miles from Peebles in a south-westerly direction. *Traquair,* Earl of Traquair, is seven miles

Tweeddale.

from Peebles on the Tweed. *The Wheim,* Montgomery, stands upon the Lyne, seven miles from the town.

Peeblesshire contains few natural curiosities, and labours under a deficiency of valuable minerals, such as coal, marl, &c. though small seams of lime, white and red free-stone, fuller's earth, slate, and even of both coal and marl, are to be found in some of the sequestered districts. The county is by no means deficient in remains of antiquity. These chiefly consist of encampments and fortresses of different degrees of strength. Of the former, there are two; one, a Roman Castra Stativa at Lyne, containing an area of about six acres, now ploughed, and where many coins and other things have been found. The other is a British Fort on a rising ground immediately adjoining to the village of Inverleithen.

The vale of the Tweed has not been in past times more distinguished by the smiles of Flora, or the breathings of poetry and love, than by the alarms incident to a territory exposed to all the perils of predatory and national warfare. During that unhappy era, still remembered in the country by the descriptive appellation of "the riding times," Peeblesshire took its share in the system of mutual rapine and bloodshed which prevailed between two states that ought naturally to have been allied, as they now happily are, in the bonds of domestic as well as political union. In defence against the depredations of their enemies, strong castles were built along the banks of the Tweed, partly at the expense of government and partly that of the landholders of the country. These were built of stone and lime, in the shape of square towers, with a few exterior defences. They usually consisted of three stories; the lower one on the ground floor vaulted, into which the horses and cows were brought in times of danger; the great hall in which the family lived; and the highest, in which were the bed-rooms designed for public as well as for private safety. They were by general consent built alternately on both sides of the river, and in a continued view of each other. A fire kindled on the top of these towers was the known signal of an incursion of the enemy. The smoke gave the signal by day, the flame by night; and over a tract of country seventy miles long, from Berwick to the Beild, and fifty miles broad, intelligence was in this manner conveyed with a dispatch which has only been equalled by the modern invention of the telegraph. As these buildings are not only antiquities, but evidences of the ancient state of the country, it will not be improper to mention those along the Tweed for ten miles below Peebles and as many above it. Thus Elibank Tower looks to one at Hollowlee; this to one at Scrogbank; this to one at Caberstane; this to one at Bold; this to one at Purves's Hill; this to those at Inverleithen, Traquair and Griestane; this last to one at Ormiston; this to one at Cardrona; this to one at Nether Horsburgh; this to Horsburgh Castle; this to those at Haystoun, Castlehill of Peebles, and Neidpath; this last to one at Caverhill; this to one at Barns, and to another at Lyne; this to those at Easter Happrew, Easter Dawick, Hill-house, and Wester Dawick, now New Posso; this last to one at the Dreva; and this to one at Thanes or Tinnis Castle, near Drumelzier.

Of these fortresses, the castle of Neidpath, about a mile west from the town of Peebles, and in the line of the principal street, is the strongest and in the best preservation. This castle stands on a rock projecting over the north bank of the Tweed, which here runs through a deep narrow glen once well wooded on both sides. Towards the land on the north side, Neidpath Castle commanded an important pass. By whom or at what period it was built is unknown. Its walls are eleven feet in thickness, and cemented with lime almost as hard as the stony whin-stone of which they are built. It was anciently the property and chief residence of the powerful family of the Frasers, first proprietors of Oliver Castle, and afterwards of a great part of the lands from that to Peebles, and sheriffs of the county; and from whom sprung the families of

Lovat and Salton in the north. The last of that family in the male line was the brave Sir Simon Fraser, who, in 1303, along with Sir John Cumming, with only 10,000 men, repulsed and defeated 30,000 English in three battles fought, throughout the course of one day, on Roslin Moor. Sir Simon left two daughters, coheiresses to his great estate; one of whom was married to the ancestor of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and the other to the ancestor of the Earl of Wigton; which families therefore quartered the arms of the Frasers with their own. Though it is a good many centuries since the Frasers thus ceased to possess Neidpath in the male line, a deer's head, the crest of that family, was lately visible over the archway which gives entrance to the court-yard of the castle; and the same was carved upon the cross of Peebles, a curious pillar springing from an octagon of mason-work, about the centre of the town, but which, for reasons inexplicable, was removed about fifteen years ago, from the street which it adorned, in the course of one of those calentures of improvement with which the magistrates of country towns are sometimes visited.

Neidpath Castle, an object truly worthy the attention of strangers, consists in a single massive tower, with a suite of out-houses, having a square court-yard on the north-east side, while in all other directions it overhangs the precipitous bank of the river. It was formerly approached by an avenue of trees, all of which are now gone. On one side of this avenue was an orchard, while on the other a garden, laid out in a succession of terraces, descended to the brink of the Tweed. Not having been inhabited by any person of consequence, or repaired, for thirty years, it is now falling fast to decay; all the offices are roofless, the gardens are reduced to the condition of parks, the court-yard is dilapidated, and at least one side of the castle itself is in a state of absolute ruin.

Though history has not recorded the foundation of this interesting old strength, tradition, as usual, is by no means silent upon the subject. It is said and believed in Peebles, that Neidpath Castle and Tweed Bridge were respectively built, an inconceivable while ago, by two sisters. It will be observed that these may have been co-heiresses of Sir Simon Fraser. But the supposition is somewhat invalidated by another report, which bears that the church was, like so many other public works in Scotland, constructed by the Picts. I shall not attempt to reconcile the two conflicting theories, but merely content myself with mentioning another curious traditionary trait respecting the very ancient bridge of Peebles. When this fabric, say the country people, was constructed, the wages of a labouring-man were just a plack, or the third part of a penny, per day. This appears an exceedingly paltry pittance in the eyes of a modern; but it was, in reality, as good a wage as any now procured by working people. The plack which the architects of Peebles Bridge received, was sufficient to purchase a peck of oatmeal; now, it is a generally understood fact, that the value of that quantity of food is to this day the ordinary criterion of the wages of a day-labourer.

Neidpath Castle continued in the possession of the family of the Hays of Yester for several centuries; and after its proprietors had been raised to the peerage of Tweeddale, John, the second earl, garrisoned it in 1650 for the service of Charles II. It is remarkable for having held out longer against Cromwell than any place south of the Forth. The poetical Lord Yester must have been inspired by his residence here, in the composition of his beautiful old Scottish song "Tweedside." The exile which he there apprehended from the banks of the Tweed, on account of the cruelty of his mistress, befel his family through the impoverishment brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of distressed royalty; and they were obliged, before the end of the reign of Charles II, to part with their barony of Neidpath. It was purchased by William, first Duke of Queensberry, for his second son, the first Earl of March; in the possession of whose family it continued, till the late Duke of Queensberry, (who, on his accession to the dukedom in 1772, had united the estates and titles of March and Queensberry,) dying in 1810, left it to the Earl of Wemyss, its present proprietor.

The view of Neidpath Castle to be obtained from a spot near the toll-bar on the west, with Peebles, its bridge, and the course of the river in the back-ground, is considered very fine, and has been frequently brought under the pencil.

Drumelzier Castle, the extreme-western individual of the Tweeddale chain of fortresses, is worthy of particular notice. Situated upon the banks of the Tweed, it was formerly the seat of the Tweedies. This once powerful family had, in former times, great possessions in the south of Scotland, but is now reduced, I believe, to a single laird or small proprietor. The story of its origin is yet told in the country. The bold baron who possessed Drumelzier Castle in the twelfth century, having gone a-crusading to the Holy Land, his young spouse was left at home, in charge of the house and estate. Coming back "after long years," he was surprised to find—not "a man where nae man should be," —but a stout little brat, who saluted his dame by the startling term mother, and was, in all conscience, equally out of place with "the man" of the exquisitely humorous old Scottish song. On inquiring

How cam this *bairn* here, kimmer,
How cam this to be?

he was given to understand, that as she had, one evening soon after his departure, walked alone upon the banks of the Tweed, a strange wight, whom the classical fancy of a later age would have represented as the genius of the river, suddenly rushed from the stream and compelled her to submit to his embraces. The result had been the birth of this little stranger, who, for want of a better name, had got the familiar one of *Tweedie*, from an idea that he had a sort of claim of paternity upon the river. How the baron relished this information, or what he did in consequence, either is not recorded, or has escaped the memory of my informant. But this much is certain, that little Tweedie afterwards succeeded so well in life as to become the founder of a powerful and opulent family. Drumelzier Castle went, by marriage, to a cadet of the Hays of Yester, whose descendant still possesses it. In the neighbourhood of the castle, upon a point of a steep conical rock, stands the ruin of a smaller fortress called the Thanes or Tinnis Castle, formerly used as a sort of redoubt or citadel by the garrison of Drumelzier, and still also the property of the Hays.

Horsburgh Castle,—situated upon a rising ground about two miles below Peebles, and passed by the road between that town and Innerleithen, Selkirk, Kelso, &c.—was the fortress which immediately corresponded with that of the Castle-hill of Peebles. The tower, now a ruin, was formerly the seat of the family of Horsburgh of that ilk, still a considerable proprietor in the county, though now resident at the Pirn. Of the origin of this family, which was respectable enough in the sixteenth century to intermarry with the Hays of Yester,—when the name was spelt Horsburche,—the following traditionary account has never been given in print. During the time that Peebles was a hunting-residence to the kings of Scotland, the king and his nobles were one day engaged in the sport of hawking along the banks of the Tweed. The hawk happening to fly across the river in pursuit of his prey, and the river being in flood, the royal party were put out, and had the additional mortification of being unable to recal their bird, which was a favourite of the king. They were relieved, however, from their dilemma by an unexpected circumstance. The ancestor of the Horsburghs, then bearing a different (if any) name, was engaged on the opposite side of the river in ploughing the lands which afterwards became the estate of his family. Acquainted with the stream whose banks he cultivated, he loosed his plough, and, with one of his horses, came across, and restored the hawk and his prey to the royal hunter; for which meritorious service, the king, in a transport of gratitude, instantly endowed him with all the lands that could be seen from his plough north of the Tweed. The tradition adds, that, as he was crossing the river, either the king, or one of his attendants, cried out, "Horse bruik weel!" as much as to say, "May the good stead bear well up against the current!"—and thence the lands and their owner were called *Horsbruik*, which in the course of time has been softened to Horsburgh and pronounced *Horsbra*.

Traquair House is the only other fastness which I can distinguish by a particular notice. It is situated, like the rest, on the banks of the Tweed, and consists in a tower of very remote antiquity, to which the great additions which caused the house to assume its present un-fortress-like aspect, were made in the reign of Charles I by John Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland under that monarch. The house continues to be the seat of the Earls of Traquair, so remarkable in this protestant country for their continued attachment to the Roman Catholic faith. Upon an eminence at a little distance, is "the Bush aboon Traquair," consisting of a few meagre birch trees, the remains probably of a considerable thicket, once the seat of pastoral love, and which, as such, has been consecrated in the strains of one of our best national melodies.

In the upper part of the country many remains of antiquity are still to be seen. The church of Tweedsmuir stands upon a mount, which is generally supposed to be an ancient tumulus, and is vulgarly called a Roman work. Vestiges of the ancient castle of Oliver, Fruid, and Hawkshaw, are extant near a farm called Nether Minzeon. On the banks of the Fruid is the grave of Marion Chisholm, who is said to have come hither from Edinburgh, while the plague was raging there, and to have communicated the pestilential infection to the inhabitants of the three different farms of Nether Menzion, Glencotha, and Fruid, by means of a bundle of clothes which she brought with her; in consequence of which a number of persons died, and were buried in the ruins of their houses, which their neighbours pulled down upon their dead bodies.

In the parish of Glenholm are the remains of six ancient towers which were built for defence against the incursions of the borderers. There is a plain by the side of Tweed, on which there are several mounts, apparently artificial. The proprietor had the curiosity many years ago to cause one of them to be dug up, and there found the skeleton of a man with bracelets on his arms; the body was enclosed in a stone building, and nigh him was an urn.

Upon a spot in the parish of Drumelzier, near the confluence of the Powsail with the Tweed, there is a little tumulus, said to be the grave of Merlin, the celebrated Caledonian seer. Whatever may be thought of such an averment, it cannot be disputed that the tradition has at least probability. Connected with it, is a rhyme,

> When Tweed and *Powsail* meet at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England that day ae king shall have.

This old prophecy is said to have been fulfilled on the day of King James's coronation as monarch of Great Britain, when there was such a flood in both the Tweed and Powsail that their waters did actually meet at Merlin's grave; a juncture which never took place either before or since.

In the parish of Broughton are the remains of ten old fortresses or towers, which appear to have been houses of great strength. In the under story they had a wooden door of uncommon thickness, full of iron spikes with broad heads, and a strong iron gate that opened on the inside. One of these doors and gates was preserved in the parish for a long time, as a piece of antiquity, and had been seen by several people alive thirty years ago. In one of the castles Macbeth is said to have lived, and it is called Macbeth's Castle to this day.

In Megget, a district of the parish of Lyne, once a distinct parish, are the remains of two old towers, which appear to have been built partly for defence, partly for accommodating the kings of Scotland, when on their hunting-parties in "the Forest." The traces of three or four roads, in different directions across the hills, are still visible. At what period, or with what design they were formed, is uncertain, though it is probable that, when the country was covered with wood, they were cut out for the king and his suite when they went a-hunting.

The parish of Manor, which stretches to the south-west of the town of Peebles, contains several curiosities of an antique description; in particular, the remains of a Roman camp, where a Roman urn and some old coins were dug up a few years ago; a tower raised upon an eminence, and which appears to have served as the watch tower of the district; and a huge upright stone, built into the wall by a way side, marked by strange holes, and apparently an aboriginal monument.

In the parish of Newlands, at the confluence of the Forth and the Tweed, stand the stately ruins of Drochils Castle, which was built by the Regent Morton, and left unfinished at his decapitation.

The Crook Inn may occasionally appear to travellers the most important object in the county of Peeblesshire; and it cannot, therefore, be passed over in silence. It is a lonely house, in the southern and mountainous district of the county, serving as a stage upon the road from Edinburgh to Dumfries. Its situation upon the west bank of the Tweed, and the circumstance of a farm house called Hearthstane being placed directly opposite to it on the east, have given occasion to a very curious and popular puzzle. "The Tweed," say the inhabitants of Tweeddale to strangers, "is one of the most remarkable rivers in the world, for at one part of its course it runs through between the Crook and the Hearthstane." We need not explain to our Scottish readers, that the *crook* is the name of an iron hook, from which culinary utensils are suspended over the fire in the kitchens of farm-houses in Scotland.

END OF "THE VALE OF TWEED."

Peeblesshire.

Dumfriesshire.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
BURNS.

DUMFRIESSHIRE, one of the most important of the southern counties, adjoins to Roxburghshire on the west, and completes the Border-line. It is a county of great extent, being in length sixty, and in breadth thirty miles. Its length is intersected latitudinally by three rivers of note, the Esk, the Annan, and the Nith, which, descending from the mountains at the head of the county, fall into the Solway Frith, and form three distinct vales, respectively termed Eskdale, Annandale, and Nithisdale. Eskdale adjoins to Roxburghshire; Annandale is the central strath; and Nithisdale the most westerly. The county is not particularly distinguished for its natural features, though the banks of the rivers usually afford fine scenes. Dumfriesshire, like the rest of Scotland, was once covered with natural wood, though now chiefly bare; and it is told by tradition, that the laird of Corehead, a place pretty far up Annandale, used to boast he could let a hound slip at his own door, which would not get out of the wood upon his own property, till it reached the sands of Solway.

The Vale of the Esk is remarkable, over most others in the south of Scotland, for the exquisite loveliness of its scenery; and it is generally allowed by travellers, that there is nowhere a more delightful ride than that between its chief town Langholm and the village of

Longtown in England. The situation of Langholm itself is highly beautiful. Embosomed in woods, surrounded by hills, intersected by streams, its scenery is of that quiet unobtrusive character, which soothes rather than overpowers, and which yields in the long run more permanent pleasure, perhaps, than the gigantic and frowning heights, stormy firths, and troubled lakes, that form the chief attraction of the Western Highlands. Here the Ewes and Wauchope, after sojourning "through moors and mosses many," end their pilgrimages as separate streams; and it is this meeting of waters in the midst of spires, villas, and gardens, that lends so peculiar a charm to the scenery of Langholm. After engrossing the two moorland streams just mentioned, the Esk careers away with increased bounds and greater speed; and on a fine summer morning, when the birds are singing, the trouts leaping, the trees in leaf, and the flowers in bloom, nothing—nothing can be finer than a walk by this part of its course—fit avenue to the luxuriances of merry England!

Eskdale derives a more than common charm from the memory of Johnnie Armstrong, whose name is associated with many of its localities. His tower of Gilnockie still stands,—though converted into a cow-house,—a few miles below Langholm, on the left bank of the Esk. It was on "Langholm Holm," that, when going to meet the king, he and his "gallant companie" of thirty-six men "ran their horse and brak their spears;" when, to pursue the picturesque language of the ballad,

> The ladies lookit frae their loft windows,
>   Saying, God send our men well back again.

Johnnie terminated his mortal career at Carlenrig, a place not far distant from Moss-Paul, on the road between Langholm and Hawick. He had come to meet James V, in one of that monarch's thief-destroying tours through the south, attended by a numerous band of followers arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. The stern sovereign, instead of receiving his homage, turned to a courtier, and exclaimed, "What wants this knave that a king should have?" and he ordered the unfortunate reiver to immediate execution. Armstrong, confounded at so unexpected a reception, endeavoured to soften the king by entreaties; offering, as the guerdon of mercy, to maintain forty men in the royal service, and be ready to bring any Englishman of rank whom he might wish to secure, within a certain space, to his feet, alive or dead. But James was unrelenting; and Johnnie at last exclaimed, in an agony of indignation, that it was needless to seek grace from one who possessed it not; though, had he known what he now knew, he should have lived upon the borders in spite of both King Harry and King James. He then addressed himself to his fate, only observing before he died, that this would be welcome intelligence to the King of England, whose power he had so long opposed in favour of his own ungrateful monarch. He and his thirty-six companions were all hanged upon growing trees which happened to stand near the place, but which immediately afterwards withered away, as if to manifest the injustice of Johnnie's sentence. The graves of the gallant marauders are to be seen in a deserted church-yard near Carlenrig.

Lanholm was long famed for a curious iron instrument, "called the Branks," which, fitted upon the head of a shrewish female, and projecting a sharp spike into her mouth, fairly subdued the more dreadful weapon within. It was formerly customary for husbands who were afflicted with scolding wives, to subject their heads to this instrument, and lead them through the town exposed to the eyes and ridicule of all the people; and tradition records that the discipline was rarely unproductive of a complete reformation. A similar way of taming shrews formerly prevailed, it seems, in Staffordshire; and Dr Plot, the quaint old historian of that county, sagely observes that he looks upon it "as much to be preferred to the ducking-stool, which not only endangers the health of the patient, but also gives the tongue liberty betwixt every dip; to neither of which disadvantages this is at all lyable."

Langholm, now a large thriving manufacturing town, owes its origin to a border-house or tower, which was formerly the property of the all-powerful Armstrongs, but is now only seen in a state of ruin. The curious stranger may also see here, a place where several witches suffered in the century before the last. The witches of Eskdale are said to have played pranks beyond all example in the history of female necromancy. Some of them were midwives, and had the power of transferring part of the primeval curse bestowed upon our first mother from the gudewife to her husband; so that the former underwent the actual process of labour without the least uneasiness, all the while that the gudeman was roaring with agony in his uncouth and unnatural pains!

The wild district embraced by the sources of the Ewes and the Wauchope, was not more remarkable long ago for irregularity in the matter of births than in the still more important one of marriages. It was here that the celebrated practice called *hand-fasting* obtained. The people had no species of clergyman within their forlorn and ill-conditioned bounds, and therefore could not obtain the accomplishment of their desires in the ordinary way. This caused them to form engagements by some simple ceremony, and agree to live as man and wife in the interim; and once every year a monk from Melrose came round and solemnised marriages and baptisms according to the rules of the church. He was called Book-i'bosom, from the porteous or breviary which he brought with him in the folds formed in his gown by the girdle. This was not all. It was so provided that if either party chose to retract from the engagement, it might be done without loss of character! Only, in that case, the withdrawing party was obliged to provide for the offspring, if any, of their temporary union. This singular custom was known to have been sometimes practised even by persons of rank.

Dumfriesshire.

From Langholm down to Cannobie and that "lee" where there was such "riding and racing" after "the young Lochinvar," the distance is six miles; and six miles of more admirable scenery are nowhere to be found *(experto crede)* in Scotland. The accommodating Esk winds and winds, never running straight where it can describe a circle, as if its sole object were to give occasion to bridges; now rushing over a rocky channel and thundering into the linns below, and then sweeping in silent majesty round the fair and fertile holms of Netherby. These holms are either under tillage, and produce enormous crops of corn, or, having lain in pasture for half a century, exhibit grass of the richest flavour and the loveliest green. At Cannobie Bridge the most incurious traveller reins in his steed to gaze on the fairy scene around; for there he has nearly all the elements of the finest landscape, wood and water, bank and brae, cultivation in all its forms in the foreground, and far in the rear a whole amphitheatre of verdant pastoral hills. Cannobie is a small village, with a handsome new church, situated in the very centre of elegant villas, extensive gardens, trees that shelter from the winter's cold, and streams that mitigate the summer's heat.

Besides the three great rivers of Dumfriesshire, a considerable number of lesser streams flow in the same direction, and make independent confluences with the Solway. The Sark is the first of these west of the Esk. It forms the boundary-line between the two kingdoms, from a spot between Cannobie and Kirkandrew; and the ground between the two streams, anciently called the Debateable Land, but now attached to England, includes that celebrated morass (Solway Moss,*) which made so strange a shift in its position little more than half a century ago, and which was, at an early period, the scene of one of the most shameful defeats Scotland ever got from her English foes.*

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* Though not in Scotland, the history of Solway Moss may here be given in a note. It consists of sixteen hundred acres, lies some height above the cultivated tract, and seems to have been nothing but a collection of thin peaty mud. The shell or crust that kept the liquid within bounds on the low side, was at first of sufficient strength to sustain it; but by the imprudence of the peat-diggers, who were constantly working on that side, at length

On the west bank of the Sark, near its junction with the sea, lies the famous or rather infamous parish of Graitney. To the disgrace of the legislature, this place is still resorted to, as it has been during the last seventy

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became so weakened as not longer to be able to resist the weight pressing on it. To this may be added, that the fluidity of the moss was greatly increased before the catastrophe by three days incessant rain. Late in the evening of the 17th of November 1771, the farmer who lived nearest the moss was alarmed by an unusual noise. The crust had at once given way, and when he went out with a lantern to discover the cause of his fright, he saw the black deluge rolling towards his house. His first impression was that he saw his own dung-hill moving towards him; but speedily ascertaining the real nature of the flood, he hastened to warn his neighbours of their danger. Many received no advertisement of their perilous circumstances till they heard the noise, or saw the dark mass burst into their houses. Some were surprised in their beds, where they passed a horrible night, remaining totally ignorant of their fate and the cause of the calamity till morning, when their neighbours with difficulty got them out through the roof. About three hundred acres of moss were thus discharged, and above four hundred of land covered. The houses were either overthrown or filled to the roofs, and all the hedges buried beneath the flood. Providentially no human lives were lost; but several cattle were suffocated; and those which were housed had great difficulty in escaping. The case of a cow is so singular as to deserve particular notice. She was the only one out of eight in the same cow-house that was saved, after having stood sixty hours up to the neck in mud and water. When she was relieved, she did not refuse to eat, but would not taste water; nor would she ever look at that element without showing manifest signs of horror! The eruption had burst from the place of its discharge, like a cataract of thick ink, and continued in a stream of the same appearance, intermixed with great fragments of peat, with their heathy surface; then flowed like a tide charged with pieces of wreck, filling the whole of the cultivated valley, and leaving upon the shore tremendous masses of turf, memorials of its progress into the sea and the river.

* The defeat of the Scottish army under Oliver Sinclair, which occasioned the premature death of James V.

Dumfriesshire.

years, by runaway couples from the sister kingdom. A man of the name of Elliot, residing at the village of Springfield, about a mile from the church and village of Graitney, is the principal person employed on these occasions to profane the sacred function. The trade was founded by a tobacconist of the name of Joseph Paisley, who, after leading a long life of profanity and drunkenness, died so late as the year 1814. The common phrase, Gretna Green, arose from his first residence, which was at Megg's Hill, on the common or green betwixt Graitney and Springfield, to the last of which villages (one of modern erection) he removed for convenience-sake, in 1791.

The state of the trade of Gretna Green in 1771 is thus delineated by the masterly hand of Pennant. "The resort of all amorous couples whose union is forbidden by parents and guardians. There a young couple may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a-job to a dram of whisky: but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to step into bed, and thus shown to the pursuers, who, imagining that they are irrecoverably united, generally retire and leave them to

> 'Consummate their unfinished loves.'

This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place; a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the High Priest, by stratagem I succeeded; he appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about his price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain; for those infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, as excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

Mr M'Diarmid, of the Dumfries Courier, has given the following still livelier picture of the present state of the trade. "There are," says he, "two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married Paisley's granddaughter, and fell heir to his office, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a good deal of custom; and here, as in every thing else, competition has been favourable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made beforehand, a marriage-monger who has no rival to fear, might fix his fee at any sum he pleased. And instances have occurred, in which the parties complained that they had been too heavily taxed. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, who had failed to procure his father's consent, arrived for the purpose of being married without it. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand at which his reverence demurred, at the same time stating that though he had married many a couple, his highest fee had never exceeded half a guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him; but it was agreed that he should pay L.10 in hand and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negociated through a Carlisle banking-house, and as regularly retired at the time appointed. And here I must mention a circumstance which has not been provided for in the late bill anent combinations, though it manifestly tends to augment the tax on irregular marriages. At Springfield there are two inns, as well as two priests, one of which each of the latter patronises exclusively. More than this, the house at which a lover arrives at Springfield depends entirely upon what inn he starts from at Carlisle. Though he may wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders are uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys will only stop at one house, and that for the best of all reasons, that the priest, knowing the value of their patronage, goes snacks with them in the proceeds. Except in cases of sickness or absence, the priests never desert their colours: all the guests of the one house are married by Mr ——, and of the other by Mr Elliot; so that those who are most deeply concerned have very little to say in the matter. (From first to last, indeed, it may be said that the fond pair are, as it were, passively transported from their own homes of single-blessedness, at once into a foreign country and a state of matrimony, without any pains on their part but simply what consists in 'paying as they go along.') In this way something like a monopoly still exists, and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drives a couple, but his companions and the whole litter of the inn-yard are permitted to share in the profits of the day. The thing is viewed in the light of a windfall, and the proceeds are placed in a sort of fee-fund, to be afterwards shared in such proportions as the parties see fit. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield. Indeed, an inhabitant confessed that it is 'the principal benefit and support of the place,' although he might have added that smuggling has lately become a rising and rival means of subsistence. Upon an average, 300 couples are married in the year, and half a guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples; and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. Not long before I visited Springfield, a gentleman had given L.40; and, independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds must annually find their way into the pockets of the priests and their concurrents the post-boys. In its legal effect, the ceremony performed at Gretna merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is

Eskdale.

required to constitute a marriage in Scotland; a marriage which may be censured by church-courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the legitimacy of children. Still, a formula has a considerable value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage-service, offer up a prayer or two, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, and so forth. At my request, Mr Elliot produced his marriage-record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to say the truth, would require to be so, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court."

It only remains to be added, that an attempt was made in the General Assembly of 1826 to have this shameful system of fraud and profanity suppressed; but without effect. It is perhaps necessary as a sort of safety-valve to the rigid system of the English church in regard to matrimony. But it is impossible to use terms of sufficient reprobation and abhorrence, in alluding to the base panders, from the inn-keepers of Carlisle to the kennel-boys of Springfield, who make it the means of supporting their villanous and contemptible existence.

From the banks of the Sark, saddened as they are by the memory of national dishonour and defeat, and polluted by the residence of a set of heartless prostitutes, it is delightful to turn towards those of her purer and more poetical sister the Kirtle. The Kirtle traverses the scene of the impassioned and pathetic tale of "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel Lee," which has been embodied in so many and in such various forms of poetry. Fair Helen is said to have been a lady of the name of Irving, and to have lived about three centuries ago. She was the daughter of a person of rank, but beloved for her beauty only, by a gentleman named Adam Fleming. Another lover, whom she had rejected, entertaining the most fiendish emotions of revenge, stole one day upon their privacy as they were conversing in a bower upon the banks of Kirtle Water, and fired a carabine across the stream at the bosom of Fleming. Helen leapt before her lover, and, receiving the shot, immediately fell down and expired. Fleming then drew his sword, pursued the murderer, and is said not to have been satisfied with vengeance till he had cut his body into a thousand pieces. After this, he went abroad, and served as a soldier in some foreign army; but, finding no peace of mind, he at last came home and laid himself down upon the grave of his mistress, from which he never again arose. The graves of both the lovers are pointed out in the church-yard of Kirkconnel near Springkell; that of Fleming is distinguished by a stone bearing the figure of a cross and sword, with the inscription "*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming.*" A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed; and the peasantry still point out the place where Fleming slew the murderer, at a little distance, upon the opposite bank of the Kirtle.

The next vale to that of the Kirtle is the great strath of the Annan, which, under the name of Annandale, forms the central district of Dumfriesshire, and was anciently an independent stewartry. Annandale contains twenty parishes, is thirty miles long, by from ten to twenty broad, and comprises many lesser vales, as those formed by the Moffat, the Ae, and the Dryfe, the Kennel, the Wamphray, and the Evan; which are tributary to the Annan. It is a country renowned in prose and rhyme; is fertile and pleasant; and seems to be regarded by its children, to whatever part of the world they wander, with a feeling of stronger and more ardent attachment than that which the natives of other southern vales bear towards their respective home-lands. To be an Annandale man is nearly equivalent to an assurance that you are a more patriotic, and consequently more excellent individual than most others.

The town of Annan stands upon the eastern bank of the river, near its confluence with the Solway. It is an extremely neat and regularly built town, of about three thousand inhabitants; is a sea-port by means of the river; and a royal burgh, from a charter by Robert Bruce, who was lord of Annandale before his accession to the throne. That hero had a castle here, of which no memorial is left but a stone which was taken from the rubbish and inserted into the wall of a neighbouring gentleman's garden. It is inscribed with the words, "*Robert de Brus Counte de Carrick et Seigneur du val de Annand:* 1300." The grammar-school of Annan is a distinguished seminary. The town has of late years begun to dabble in the disgraceful traffic for which Graitney is so infamous. There are here two very fine bridges over the Annan. A great part of the town has been built of late years, and it is still increasing in extent and prosperity.

About five miles west from Annan are the parish-church and town of Ruthwell, pronounced Rivel. The village was once a straggling dirty place, but is now rebuilt in a regular manner on both sides of the road, and has a pretty appearanee. It may be mentioned, that all that part of Dumfriesshire which has been hitherto described, and especially this particular part of the country, has, like the Merse, a decidedly English look; the cottages being mostly white and embowered in fine shrubs, as honeysuckle or eglantine. It is strange that all Scotland should not be white-washed—town and cottage; for nothing would be more advantageous to its appearance, and the expense would be trifling.

The inhabitants of this parish are celebrated for having once made salt in a peculiar way. They used to collect the surface of the sand upon the beach, which was strongly impregnated with salt, and, pouring water upon it, caused the saline matter to filter through a pit, leaving the sand behind. They then boiled the water, thus doubly impregnated, and produced a coarse article fit for salting meat or fish. King James VI, on his way back to England in 1617, saw them working at their pits, and was so pleased with the originality and ingenuity of the practice, that he granted them an immunity from taxation; and they were regularly exempted from all acts relative to salt-duties till the Union. It is remembered, that, notwithstanding the king's kindness, none of the individuals who devoted themselves to the manufacture, prospered so much as those who applied to a more steady though less promising employment. So true it is, that there is no mode of acquiring wealth successful in the long-run, but that which, besides being urged by strenuous activity, is supported by monotonous perseverance.

The shore is here graced by the little sea-bathing village of Brow, where, it will be remembered, Burns spent several of the last weeks of his existence.

Ruthwell church-yard contains, or did contain, two objects of no small curiosity. The first consists in the fragments of a Runick monument, which is said to have been brought from heaven, and planted here, before a church existed upon the spot. The church was built over it some time after, in consequence of the worship which the people paid to it, or, upon the principle of the Santa Casa of Loretto, to prevent the venerated object from taking another flight. It was broken down from its place in the church, by order of the General Assembly of 1644, who were scandalized at the respect then still paid to it by the far-descended prejudice of the people.

The other object of curiosity was a monument to the Rev. Mr Gavin Young, once minister of Ruthwell, and a sort of Scottish vicar of Bray. This reverend person was ordained minister in 1617, when the church was presbyterian. Soon after, the king established an episcopalian form of church government, which was followed up, in 1637, by the introduction of a liturgy. Mr Young treated these matters very differently from his brethren, being apparently more concerned about the spirit of religion than its forms. By and bye came the Covenant; and presbytery again flourished in its plenitude of acrimony, corrugation, and baldness. It was all one to Mr Young. Next came Cromwell's time, when sectaries of all sorts, like a variety of carrion flies, arose from the prostrate carcass of the church—all equally hating, persecuting, and being persecuted in their turns. But Mr Young had a fair word to every one, and in secret made the church and living of Ruthwell the chief object of his care. At the Restoration, Episcopacy got once more upon his legs, and, putrid and gouty as they were, contrived to stagger through the six and twenty years which ended in the Revolution. Good old Gavin still held fast by his integrity and the kirk of Ruthwell. What is more, he maintained his character; was respected by all parties for his moderation and learning; lived a tranquil and useful life; and died in peace, after enjoying his cure fifty-four years. There is surely no impropriety in supposing that it would have been much better for Scotland had all the ministers, instead of canyelling for two generations about visionary points of doctrine, administered the practice of the church with the gentleness, faithfulness, and effect, of the minister of Ruthwell.

Good Mr Young's epitaph is worthy of commemoration, if but to show the good he did to the state in one way while he was benefiting the church so much in another.

Far from our own, amidst our own we lie:
Of our dear bairns thirty and one us by.
(Anagram.)
Gavinus Junius
Unius agni usui
Jean Stewart
A true saint.
A true saint I live it, so I die it;
Though men saw not, my God did see it.

The sport of salmon-hunting, long practised on this coast, and alluded to in Redgauntlet, (of a great part of which novel this is the scene,) is now disused. The mode of the sport was this. A man mounted a fleet horse, and, furnishing himself with a long spear, went to search the fish among the shallow channels which the Esk forms across the wide sands of Solway. On starting a fish, he would immediately pursue it at full speed, track it in all its windings with the certainty of a greyhound following a hare, and seldom fail to transfix his prey at last.

Pursuing the survey of Annandale upwards or in a northerly direction, the first place of note which is reached after leaving Annan, is the castle of Hoddam, the seat of Lieutenant-General Matthew Sharpe. This is a strong square keep of the antique fashion, and one of the few such edifices still kept in repair on the border. Its former importance as a fortress is testified by the circumstance that it was appointed by the border laws to be kept "with ane wise stout man, and to have with him four well-horsed men, and thir to have two stark footmen servants to keep their horses, and the principal to have ane stout footman." The environs of Hoddam at present are distinguished as forming one of the most delightful spots in Annandale.

On the top of a small but conspicuous hill, opposite Hoddam Castle, on the left bank of the river, there is a square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and serpent, and betwixt them the word Repentance. Hence the building, though its genuine old name is Trailtrow, more ordinarily gets the designation of the Tower of Repentance. It was anciently used as a beacon, and the border laws direct a watch to be maintained there with a fire-pan and bell, to give the alarm when the English crossed or approached the river Annan.

The following account is given of the cause of erecting the Tower of Repentance. A certain Lord Herries, some three or four hundred years ago, was famous among those who used to rob and steal,—in more courteous phrase, lift and convey. This lord, returning from England, with many prisoners whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm, while passing the Solway Frith, and in order to relieve his boat, cut all their throats, and threw them into the sea. Some time after, feeling great qualms of conscience, he built this square tower, carving over the door, which is about half-way up the building, and had formerly no stair to it, the figures above mentioned, of a dove and a serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, and the motto "*Repentance.*"

Annandale.

It is said that Sir Richard Steel, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it. "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me?" said Sir Richard in banter. "You must go by that tower," replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the tower of *Repentance.*

The parish of Hoddam contains the thriving and sweet little post-town of Ecclefechan, so remarkable on account of its frequent and well-attended markets and fairs.

The most remarkable natural feature in this part of Annandale, is the Hill of Birrenswark or Burnswark, which, though not very high, is, from the levelness of the country, widely conspicuous. No traveller can fail to remark the singular shape of this hill, and how many different shapes it assumes as he travels round it. It rises up into a ridge, like the culmen of a *hay-sou;* and the profile of the top is almost as curiously varied as the features of the human face. Upon the top there is a very extensive and pretty entire Roman work; and the view to be obtained from thence is such as fully to repay the trouble of the ascent.

A few miles farther up the Annan, the traveller reaches a district thick with interest, comprising the towns of Lochmaben and Lockerby, with the course of the Dryfe, the scene of a memorable feudal conflict, and the beautiful place of Haleaths.

Lochmaben, delightfully situated in a level country, is surrounded by all the charms which wood and water can bestow upon landscape. The town itself, ancient beyond the reach of record, and so decayed that houses have lain in ruins for a century even at its market-cross,—the favourite burgh of King Robert Bruce, and the "Maggie wi' the monie lochs" of Burns,—is an object of considerable interest. It is a genuine rural town, a town subsisting on its own resources, not upon the bounty of Glasgow; a town of natural size and growth, not inflated by the adventitious and precarious wealth derivable from manufactures; a town where simplicity of life, and ancient faith that knew no guile, may still be found; not the tipsy sickliness of a population of raw and precocious mechanics. Poverty may here be found, but it will be rather the uniform *res augustæ* of decent modest content than the howling starvation of unprincipled and improvident wretchedness.

Lochmaben chiefly consists in one wide street, with a town-house and cross at one end, and a very handsome modern church at the other. Either from its unnecessary breadth, or the unfrequency of travellers, the street is partially overgrown with grass; a mark of decay and want of trade which Belhaven anticipated as the fate of all the Scottish burghs, in his speech against the Union. It is considered at this day the poorest royal burgh in the south of Scotland; but, supposing that its privileges and character as a burgh were laid entirely out of the question, would it not still be a delightful little old primitive village?

It is said to have owed its charter, as a royal burgh, to King Robert, who, as Lord of Annandale, resided in a castle not far from the town. That great man seems to have entertained a strong affection for the place. He established all his domestics and retainers in pieces of land in the neighbourhood, where many of their descendants still continue, under the denomination of "the king's kindly tenants." They hold their possessions by a species of right now without parallel in the land, being virtually *proprietors*, while they are nominally only tenants of King Robert's successor and representative, his present Majesty, who is probably not aware of this part of his property. The kindly tenants of the four towns of Lochmaben live (or at least lived till lately) much sequestered from their neighbours, marry among themselves, and are distinguished from each other by soubriquets according to the old border custom. Among their writings there are to be met with such names as John Out-bye, Will In-bye, White-fish, Red-fish, &c. They are tenaciously obstinate in defence of their privileges of commonty, which are numerous. Their lands are in general neatly enclosed and well cultivated, and they form a contented and industrious little community, exemplifying the ancient system so much lauded by Goldsmith, by which

"—— Every rood of ground maintained its man."

Lochmaben Castle was the royal residence just alluded to. This edifice is situated about a mile from the town, upon the point of a promontory jutting out into one of the lochs. The site has been strong by nature, according to the ancient modes of warfare, and art seems to have been liberally employed in improving its natural advantages. The promontory yet bears marks of having been intersected, at three different distances from the castle, by wide ditches, through which the waters of the lake must have flowed. Lochmaben Castle has evidently belonged to that first-rate order of Scottish fortresses which comprised the castles of Tantallan, Roxburgh, &c. Some enormous walls yet exist amidst the melancholy firs which have been permitted to overspread the place, giving impressive manifestation of its former strength and importance. These walls have a peculiarly ghastly and emaciated look,—like a large man broken down and disfigured by cutaneous disease,—in consequence of all the exterior ashler stones having been picked out and carried off, leaving only the ruder internal work behind. The fortress of the Royal Bruce, I am grieved to say, has, from time immemorial, been regarded by the people around in no other light than that of a superterraneous quarry. Many of the houses of Lochmaben, among the rest the new school, have been built of materials torn from its shattered remains; and a particular inhabitant at this day warms his toes beside a pair of fine jambs which he procured in Bruce's Castle. Could the unfortunate edifice become animated, and demand its mutilated members of the town which it so long protected, fearful would be the reckoning among the honest burgesses of Lochmaben.

Dumfriesshire.

The Castle Loch is a fine sheet of water, skirted by green and fruitful fields, and woods of the true rich and massive hue. Fed entirely by its own springs, it is remarkable in the eyes of the natural historian and the gourmand, for containing a peculiar species of fish entitled the vendise. It is said that a causeway traverses the bottom of the loch between the point of the castle promontory and a spot called the Castle-hill of Lochmaben, where the vestiges of an ancient and unrecorded fortress are yet very distinctly to be traced. The common tradition regarding this phenomenon is, that the materials of the old castle were transported by its means over to the site of the new one, which was thus built out of it. But how so elaborate a work of art could have been constructed at the bottom of a loch seven feet deep, is not accounted for. It is very remarkable that a similar causeway passes under the Loch of Forfar, and another under Lochleven.

The history of the Cross of Lochmaben is curious. It is a tall time-worn stone, fixed into a broad freestone socket, and stands in the market-place. At the time when the neighbouring Castle of Elshieshields was built, this stone was left from the materials employed in its erection; and Lochmaben being then deficient in the object which was considered indispensable in all burghs, the town-council made over to the laird of Elshieshields, and his heirs and successors for ever, the mill and mill-lands of Lochmaben, a part of the burgh-property, as the price and purchase of the said stone, to the intent that it might be erected as a market-cross in their burgh, and remain a proud monument of their taste and public spirit. The mill and mill-lands with which it was purchased, then afforded to the town a yearly rental of only a few merks; at present, the proprietor of Elshieshields draws from them annually the sum of one hundred pounds sterling.

Lochmaben is poetically called "Queen of the Lochs," from its situation in the midst of eight or nine sheets of water. On account of these great natural ornaments, an experienced person once declared that if the town were cleared away, a good house built in its place, and the environs, including the lochs, converted into a pleasure-ground, there would not be a finer thing in Scotland. Lochmaben, in its present state, is well worthy of a visit, and, indeed, *is* much visited.

The tower of Spedlins, the scene of one of the best-accredited and most curious ghost-stories perhaps ever printed, adorns the south-west bank of the Annan, in this neighbourhood. The ghost-story, according to Mr Sharpe, in his highly amusing and elaborate introduction to "Law's Memorialls," is simply this: Sir Alexander Jardine, of Applegirth, in the time of Charles II, had confined in the dungeon of his tower of Spedlins, a fellow named Porteous, by trade a miller, suspected of having wilfully set fire to his own premises. Being soon after suddenly called away to Edinburgh, he carried the key of the vault with him, and did not recollect or consider his prisoner's case till he was passing through the West Port of Edinburgh, where perhaps the sight of the warder's keys brought the thing to his mind. Sir Alexander immediately sent back a courier to liberate the man; but Porteous had in the meantime died of hunger. It is said that famine constrained him to devour one of his own hands; and some steps of a stair within the small dungeon are still shown, on which he was found stretched out in this deplorable condition. No sooner was the man dead than his ghost began to torment the household; and no rest was to be had within the tower of Spedlins either by night or day. In this dilemma, Sir Alexander, according to old use and wont, summoned a whole legion of ministers to his aid, and by their strenuous efforts, Porteous was at length confined to the scene of his mortal agonies, where, however, he continued to scream occasionally at night, "Let me out, let me out; I'm deean o' hunger!" He also used to flutter like a bird against the door of the vault, and was always sure to remove the bark from any twig that was sportively thrust through the key-hole. The spell which thus compelled the spirit to remain in bondage, was attached to a large black-letter Bible, used by the exorcists, and afterwards deposited in a stone-niche, which still remains in the wall of the stair-case; and it is certain that, after the lapse of many years, when the family repaired to a newer mansion. (the delightful one of Jardine-Hall,) built on the other side of the river, the Bible was left behind to keep the restless spirit in order. On one occasion, indeed, the volume, requiring to be re-bound, was dispatched to Edinburgh; but the ghost, getting out of the dungeon and crossing the river, made such a disturbance in the new house, hauling the baronet and his lady out of bed, &c. that the Bible was recalled before it reached the capital, and placed in its former situation. The good woman who told Grose this story in 1788, declared that, should it again be taken off the premises, no consideration whatever would induce her to remain there a single night. But the charm seems to be now broken, or the ghost must have become either quiet or disregarded; for the Bible is at present kept in the house of Jardine-Hall. It is of Barker's printing, dated 1634, and, besides being well bound, is carefully covered with rough calf-skin.*

The ground between Spedlins and the town of Lockerby was the scene of the bloody conflict of Dryfe Sands. It was fought at the end of the sixteenth century by the two great rival barons of this district, Johnstone and Maxwell, each with at least two thousand men. Lord Maxwell was defeated with great slaughter, and he himself killed under very cruel circumstances. Four small trees called Maxwell's Thorns are still pointed out, where his death took place. He was struck from his horse in the flight, and inhumanly slain, after the hand, which he stretched out for quarter, had been severed from his body. Many of his followers were severely wounded, especially by slashes in the face; which species of wound was thence termed, "a *Lockerby Lick.*"

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* It may be mentioned, by the way, that Lady Margaret Douglas, sister of the persecuting Duke of Queensberry, and wife to the above Sir Alexander Jardine, was of so extremely penurious a temper, that she generally went abroad covered with rags, and so anxious was this lady to amass money, that she would sit for whole days on the bank of the Annan, near her house of Spedlins, to carry people across upon her shoulders, for the moderate remuneration of a halfpenny. What must we think of a country and an age, in which a lady of the first quality, and sister to a prime minister, descended to the office of a porter? It may be safely conjectured that the keeping of Porteous had been consigned to this female Elwes.

The Dryfe, which gives a name to this sanguinary conflict, is a small accessary to the Annan, which joins it near this spot, after forming the minor vale and parish called Dryfesdale. The Dryfe, though a small river, is one of some consequence, and of a highly peculiar character. Having innumerable resources in the mountains, it is subject to the most sudden and violent *speats* of any river in the south of Scotland. Sometimes raging like an impetuous sea, and bearing away all the rustic produce that comes in its way to the infinite damage of the helpless swain; it is at other times so small that the person whom it has so deeply injured may pass over his prostrate enemy dry-shod. For many years the Dryfe has been making ceaseless aggressions upon the parish church-yard, which happened to be pitched upon one of its banks; insomuch that the parishioners have at length seen fit to shift their place of worship to Lockerby, and abandon the graves of their fathers to the will of the remorseless stream. Many coffins deposited in the more exposed part of the burial-ground, have thus been swept away; and this has given rise to the saying, that a Dryfesdale man once buried one wife and married another on the same day. The truth was, that the man, in taking his second wife to church, met his first spouse coming down the water, and was obliged to take her back and re-inter her, before proceeding to the more lightsome affair of the bridal.

Lockerby is a neat cleanly little town, with perhaps eight hundred inhabitants, and is situated in a fertile and inviting part of the country, midway between the rivers Annan and Milk; along the banks of which latter stream there is to be seen some of the most lovely scenery in the whole of Annandale. The town is of an origin sufficiently remote to allow the necessity of a large share of tradition with its history. The manner in which it is said to have got its name, is piquant enough. There stood in ancient times, nearly upon the spot which now forms the centre of the town, the solitary cottage of an honest peasant, whose wife, though he suspected it not, was none of the most faithful, either to his interests or his honour. To her other bad qualities, she added a wonderful propensity to stray from home, and to spend the day in troubling her neighbours with impertinent visits and idle conversation. One of these neighbours, a friend of the honest unsuspecting husband, and who had been teased beyond further sufferance by her visits and loquacity, took one day an opportunity of opening his friend's eyes to the real character of his mate; and, when earnestly besought to suggest some expedient for reclaiming her, he advised the disconsolate husband to "Lock her bye;" from which circumstance the cottage retained the name of Lock-her-bye ever afterwards. New houses, in process of time, were built round the spot, till at length it swelled into the dimensions of a village; and the name continued to be attached to it, with only a varied emphasis. So much for tradition; now for fact. For several centuries past, the town of Lockerby has been a Lamb and wool market, though not upon the same scale as at present. When the Border raids had so far ceased as to allow a slight intercourse between the Scot and the Southron, it was customary for our sheep farmers to assemble annually at this place for the purpose of meeting with English dealers, who bought up their surplus stock for the southern market. This meeting was called "a tryst,"—tryst signifying assignation or appointment,—and was held a little way to the north of the town, on the lowest acclivity of the large hill whose top is now the arena of the market. This hill is now a common, and on the annual fair-day presents a scene of animation, combining the charms of business and of sport, said to have nothing like a parallel in the country. The Lamb-

Annandale.

fair of Lockerby may be in fact considered the Olympic Games of the south-western province of Scotland.

An extensive tract of country, level, fertile, and beautiful, intervenes between the central part of Annandale and the upper extremity of the district. But, in this tract scarcely any object of particular interest occurs, except, perhaps, the very handsome seat and well-wooded grounds of Raehill, on the banks of the Kinnel; the property of J. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq.

In the upper part of Annandale, and surrounded on all sides but one by lofty mountains, lies the pleasant and picturesque village of Moffat, noted for its mineral well. It is a delightful peculiarity of Moffat, that many of its houses, as well as of the villas which surround it, are whitened. The whole place has thus a cheerful, cleanly aspect, very uncommon in Scottish villages. The town chiefly consists in a single spacious street, a great part of which is composed of handsome little boxes, for the residence of the numerous invalids who annually flock hither. "The well" is situated at a little distance from the village; it was discovered in 1633,* and has been ever since then celebrated for its cures in scrofulous and rheumatic disorders. The environs of Moffat are remarkably beautiful, from the profusion of foliage occasioned by the ornamented villas.

Besides a piece of singularly fine cascade scenery called the Belle Craig, a few miles south from Moffat, this district comprises the great natural curiosity celebrated under the name of the Grey Mare's Tail.

The Grey Mare's Tail is nearly ten miles north-east from the village of Moffat, and is approached by the pass which has been already alluded to at the conclusion of the account of Selkirkshire. The chief wonder of the south of Scotland in the department of the terrible, it is situated almost in the very centre of the southern highlands so often alluded to in this work, and of course is surrounded on every side by objects of a similarly wild and dread-inspiring character. The cataract is formed by a small stream which leaves a mountain-lake called Loch Skene, and which, after falling over the precipice, joins the Moffat water. The gully in which the fall takes place, recedes from the north side of the great glen, or pass, at a point about a mile and a half below the little inn of Birk-hill. The mouth of the gully is flanked by a strange, crescent-like rampart, called "the Giant's Grave," but which has evidently been a battery for defence of the pass. The stranger is obliged to creep over the hill to the left of the gully, in order to obtain a station for observing the fall. The water is precipitated over a rock three hundred feet high; a dark rugged precipice, with slight projecting ledges, which, by interrupting the descent of the tiny stream, occasion the appearance described so graphically by the name. A more terrible —more horrible scene than this can scarcely be imagined; the precipice and falls are in themselves so terrible, and such is the depression of mind that takes place in these awful solitudes.

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* The discoverer was a daughter of Bishop Whiteford, who, having used medicinal waters in England, recognised a similar taste in those of Moffat, and was on that account induced to try their efficacy. A Latin tract was written on this well by Matthew Mackaile of Edinburgh so far back as the year 1659, and it was the subject of another publication a century afterwards.

A dreadful accident occurred at the Grey Mare's Tail, about the year 1811. A young man who had recently come to serve as a shepherd in that part of the country, feeling a great curiosity respecting the fall, attempted one Sunday, when all the country-people (except one boy who accompanied him) were at church, to climb up the face of the precipice, close by the cascade. When he and his companion were near the top, the boy, who was foremost, heard a great scream, and, looking back, beheld the unfortunate youth flying down the profound abyss, (as he expressed it,) *just like a crow*. At this dreadful sight, "*his een lookit a' gates at ance*," and he had nearly lost all muscular energy; yet he got unskathed to the top, and immediately hastened to alarm the neighbouring shepherds in behalf of their lost comrade. After a considerable lapse of time, a few men were got together, who, providing themselves with ropes, hastened to the spot. The body was found lying on a ledge of the precipice a good way up, so that it was only reached with great difficulty. The head of the unhappy youth was dashed close to his body, which was otherwise dreadfully mangled; life had long been extinct. His bonnet and plaid lay among the precipices for many years afterwards, till they rotted away; no one venturing up to get them, and few caring to touch the relics of one against whom heaven seemed to have directed so fearful a *judgment.*

The mountains around the Grey Mare's Tail are little less elevated or steep, though more verdant, than the greater part of the Highland hills; and, in traversing them, the sense of loneliness—destitution—helplessness—diminutiveness—of hopeless distance from the haunts of man and places of domestic comfort—is not less oppressive. The author of these sheets went alone and on foot athwart the awful wilderness, on a misty November day, when the light shed around his path was neither that of sun nor moon, but of snowy vapour, and when the hill-tops frowned out from their overwhelming coverings, like troops of swarthy Moors from beneath their vast white turbans. A scene of greater sublimity could scarcely be—nor one of greater discomfort. Yet, in this inhospitable wild, were the stern enthusiasts of Ayrshire and Clydesdale obliged to seek refuge from the terrors of the military law which their disorders introduced into the west of Scotland in the reign of Charles II. Here they lived for many days, and even months and years, without shelter and scarcely with any food, exposed to cold and rain, and the killing night-dew, and with no comfort but that which they derived from the hope of bliss after death. Their distresses in such a place, removed from their houses and all that loved them, deterred from applying for relief at the few poor and lonely cottages scattered throughout the country, and in hourly fear of the men of blood who were perpetually seeking them, must have been truly great; and it is impossible to look upon their place of refuge and cast a moment's thought at its resources, without pitying if not respecting the sentiment, visionary as it was, which caused men to prefer such a mode of life to the comforts which they might have easily continued to enjoy by a trifling dereliction of opinion.

Claverhouse, the great scourge of the Suffering Remnant, as they styled themselves, was in the habit of pursuing them into these fearful fastnesses; and hill-sides are shown, almost as steep as walls, up which he galloped in the pursuit, mounted on a black charger, whose extraordinary speed and sureness of foot caused the people to regard it as neither more nor less than the Enemy of Mankind. From curiosity regarding the feats of this wonderful cavalier, I attempted to climb one of the verdant precipices which he so easily surmounted, and can testify that a more dangerous adventure, and one which would put human powers more completely at naught, can hardly be imagined. Yet that intrepid soldier, with no other aid than what was supplied by a spirit of enthusiasm and a frame incapable of shrinking, is said to have gone up and down these heights rather like a winged bird than an armed man.

The hill opposite the little inn at Birkhill already mentioned, is called the Watch-Hill, on account of the custom among the wanderers of stationing one of their number there, to watch the motions of the soldiers, while the rest were engaged at worship in the deep dell behind. On one occasion, Claverhouse, by means of a spy-glass, discerned the watch from the heights above Bodsbeck several miles off, and accordingly made for the place; but, long ere he approached, the sentinel had given the proper warning, and all the worshippers were dispersed about the hills, and concealed from his sight either in the deep moss-haggs or amidst the long heather. On another occasion, having been more successful in his dreadful chase, he shot four men at once opposite the door of Birk-hill, whose graves-stones were discernible in Ettrick church-yard very few years ago. Dob's Linn, a hideous gully, celebrated in Mr Hogg's "Mountain Bard" as the retreat of two champions of the Covenant, lies between the Birk-hill and the Grey Mare's Tail. Chapel-hope, where the same writer has fixed the scene of one of his best tales,* and established a whole colony of Bothwell-brig heroes, lies on the other hand between the Birk-hill and the Loch of the Lowes. Bodsbeck, which gives the tale its name, is a lonely farm between the Grey Mare's Tail and Moffat; and it was in reality haunted by a brownie, one of those familiar and industrious spirits who performed so much nightly work, without prospect of reward, and who invariably quitted the household when any attempt at remuneration was made by the inmates. The brownie of Bodsbeck, who, like all other brownies, was nothing more than a proscribed religionist, is remembered by tradition as a little grotesque creature, that, either from natural decrepitude, or from his wounds at Bothwell, or from "the pains" (which might have come upon him among the hills,) walked double, with his hands always lying on his back. He was very useful about the house, though rarely apparent during the day; on which occasions all not in the secret fled at his approach. At length the gudewife, wishing to hire him away, as it was called, paid some unusual attention to his comforts, and he departed, crying as he went—

Ca', brownie, ca'
A' the luck o' Bodsbeck away to Leithenha'!

a very ungrateful sentiment on the part of the Rev. Mr Brownie, considering the kindness with which he had been entertained. Leithenhall is a farm some miles from Bodsbeck, down Annandale.

Annandale being now completely surveyed from bottom to top, it will be necessary to flit over into Nithisdale, in order to finish the notice of this county. The *natural* region of Nithisdale includes a small piece of territory which *politically* belongs to the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; but which I shall take the liberty of considering as part of the environs of the town of Dumfries.

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* "The Brownie of Bodsbeck." Great part of the striking information on this subject wrought into that fiction, is authentic tradition.

Dumfries is not only the county-town of Dumfries-shire, but may be termed the capital of the South-Western Province of Scotland; a term which is meant to include Galloway. In point of population it is only the seventh town in Scotland, but it may be called the fifth in point of looks. It is an extremely handsome town. Well and regularly built, with an aspect of great cleanliness, it derives a prodigious charm from its situation on the Nith, which is here so large a river as to bring up little vessels to the town. The older streets of Dumfries have in general a respectable appearance, while some of the new ones are absolutely elegant. The prevailing material is a dark-red sand-stone; but most of the houses are painted white; and this taste has even proceeded so far as to affect the monuments in the church-yards, most of which (as in other parts of the county) have a pale cadaverous appearance, and might pass in the dark for a troop of shrouded ghosts.

Dumfries was at an early period a town of some, but not of first-rate note. It now derives a melancholy interest from having been for some years the residence of Robert Burns; the place where he breathed his last, and where all of him that could die has been deposited. It is a town of considerable pretension in regard to its society, which is reputed to be singularly pure and select. It has the double advantage of being the residence of the smaller, and what may be called *dotarial* gentry of the province, and of being a great market town. In its mercantile affairs it is much connected with England.

The spot where Sir Christopher Seton, a brave adherent of Robert Bruce, was executed by Edward I, is a little way east from the town. The spot is called

Kirsty's Mount, and somewhat resembles the artificial erections known by the name of Moat Hills. It is commonly supposed to have been the ordinary scene of executions, and perhaps also of the distribution of civil justice, in times much remoter than that of the death of Sir Christopher. Christian Bruce, widow of the deceased, and sister of King Robert, built a chapel on the spot in memory of the unfortunate knight; but this edifice, which got the appellation of Kirsty's Chapel, is now satisfactorily rooted out of the little eminence.

Kirsty's Mount was included in a fortified angle of the wall which anciently protected Dumfries on the side most remote from the river. There is a green between the Mount and the buildings of the town, watered by a rivulet called the Loreburn, and which was in former times the area where the citizens of Dumfries assembled on occasion when danger was apprehended, to consider and form the means of defence. Hence, the war-cry, or gathering-word of Dumfries, was simply the word—"Loreburn!" which is at this day to be seen inscribed upon the Provost's baton of office.

The last time that the citizens of Dumfries assembled by the Loreburn, was in 1715, when the Viscount Kenmure hung upon the neighbouring heights of Tinwald, like a thunder cloud ready to burst upon the town. A curious story is told of the way in which he was induced to raise the siege. His friends at Terreagles House,* having learned the warlike posture of the Dumfriessians, dispatched a man to his camp enjoining him to depart. It was at that time impossible to communicate intelligence of so delicate a sort with safety. But they got an old crazy rustic into the buttery, and, having secretly sewed a letter into the lining of his broad blue bonnet, offered him a small sum of money on condition that he should go to Tinwald and make a present to the Viscount of his goodly head-piece. The old man reached the camp without suspicion, and made rendition of his bonnet according to compact, but with a very imperfect notion of the end to be served by so strange a proceeding. The insurgent general, accustomed to such mysterious practices, took the bonnet as a matter of course, and soon made sense of its contents. He immediately broke up, and marched to Annan.

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* The residence of the Earl of Nithisdale; a capital old house near Dumfries, well worth visiting.

The place where Bruce stabbed his mortal enemy and rival the Red Cumin, can now be pointed out only with difficulty and uncertainty; the buildings of the Friary in which the assassination was transacted, having all been long ago demolished in such a manner that hardly a scrap remains. The spot generally concluded upon by the local antiquaries, is the site of an *outside stair*, in a recess at the south end of a little street called the Grey-Friars Lane, near Buccleuch Street, in the north-west quarter of the city.

Near the Friary formerly stood that ancient and important fortress, the Castle of Dumfries. The site is now occupied by a church: *Arma cedant togæ.* Between the castle and Terreagles, which is three miles off, there was a paved way crossing the Nith a few hundred yards above the bridge, exclusively devoted to the use of the mighty proprietors of that splendid old mansion.

Dumfries has three steeples and two bridges. The Old Bridge was built in the thirteenth century, at the expense of Devorgilla, mother of John Baliol. It originally consisted of thirteen arches, instead of the present seven, and was considered the next best bridge in the two kingdoms to that of London. The New Bridge is a handsome fabric, erected little more than thirty years ago. These edifices connect this part of Dumfriesshire with the district of Galloway, and may therefore be considered public works of primary importance. On the opposite side of the river, there is an extensive suburban village called Maxwell town, which is said—but great obscurity hangs over the fact—to possess a certain description of burgal rights, independent on Dumfries. Maxwelltown seems to be the great standing joke of its proud neighbours the Dumfriessians. Some idea may be formed of its character from a saying of Sir John Fielding, the great London magistrate; that whenever a delinquent got over the bridge of Dumfries into Maxwelltown, he was lost to all search or pursuit!

The principal church of Dumfries stands at the southern extremity of the town, surrounded by its extensive cemetery, in which are several very handsome monuments—generally white, as already observed. Burns was originally buried at the north-east corner of this cemetery; but, after having lain there about twenty years, his body was, in 1814, translated to another spot, which was supposed to be more suitable for the erection of a monument. The stranger desiring to see the last home of this illustrious poet, is conducted to his mausoleum, which, if not very magnificent, is at least the finest in the place. Opposite the gate-way of the little temple, is a large piece of sculpture, representing Burns at the plough, and his genius Coila investing him with the mantle of poesy; an absurd attempt to reduce to a substantial form an idea which the poet had expressed in the following words: "The genius of my country found me, as Elijah found Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me."

It cannot fail to strike the stranger who visits the grave of Burns, that, while all the other monuments, though commemorating "honourable, most honourable men," are left to be overgrown by dust and obliterated by decay; while simple virtue, and splendid rank, and even respectable learning and glorious achievement, are forgotten like nine-days wonders; Burns's Mausoleum, the object of perpetual attention, exhibits a *constant freshness!* The grass gets leave to grow rank around the grave-stones of citizens, and the locks which secure the vaulted dust of birth and title grow so rusty that the key forgets its cunning; the inconsolable widow ceases to visit the tomb of him who was dearest to her bosom; the son forgets his mother's grave: the monuments of such persons pass away in generations, even like those whom they commemorate. But the sepulchre of the poet is never neglected. *He* was the friend of all mankind and for all time; every successive generation has an interest in *him*. While the services of statesmen and warriors, matters of merely temporary gratitude, as of temporary usefulness, perish from the public mind, *his services*, always before the eyes of mankind, and always capable of yielding the same profit and delight, are *never* forgotten. The track which stretches athwart all other graves towards the mausoleum of Burns, is—glorious symbol of real fame!—*a beaten thoroughfare;* the door is ever open; the floor is daily cleaned; and the evergreens and flowers which bourgeon around it, are unfading and imperishable for his sake.

When James the Sixth, impelled by a salmon-like instinct, to use his own words, visited his native kingdom in 1617, he passed through Dumfries on his way back to England. The house in which he lodged, stood, till within the last few years, in the High Street, adjoining to a little square in which the citizens of Dumfries have erected a neat monument to Charles the Good Duke of Queensberry. It was an edifice of the true old construction, with a wooden front; and there is a curious legend connected with its foundation. There lived in Dumfries, some years before the royal visit, a very poor labouring man. It was then the custom for people of all ranks to give entertainments on Yule Day; but this poor man one year found his funds so low, that it was not in his power to be *neebour-like* on that occasion; so, in his dilemma he resolved to go out of town and leave his wife in the house, locking the door upon her, and enjoining her in case any person called not to answer. He went to Lochar moss to dig peats, and, before he had worked long, found a *pose* of gold. He knew that all treasure found in such a way belonged by law to the king, and he hesitated long before applying any part of it to his own use. At length, impelled by the fear of a discovery, and by the emotions of his conscience, he made a pilgrimage to London, and confessed to the king, what he had done, promising, however, if allowed a little time, to make good every farthing of the treasure. James was struck by the simple honesty of the man, and, with that generosity for which he was so remarkable in the case of unseen money, told the treasure-finder that he might keep the whole; adding that he might employ it in building a house, and when he (the king) came back to "auld Scotland," he would accept, as sufficient compensation, one night's lodging under its roof. The man built this house, in which the king lodged accordingly. The story has been handed down by a singularly clear and credible line of traditionary evidence; the great-grand-daughter of the treasure-finder having been in the habit of telling it, as above-written, previous to her death, which happened since the beginning of the present century.

When King James was at Dumfries, the magistrates gave him a public entertainment. It is recorded by tradition, and the thing is certainly highly characteristic of the king, that, some strange little fishes being presented at table, and his majesty being desired to taste them, as peculiar to this neighbourhood both in their quality and their cookery, he started up from the board, crying "Treason," and could not be prevailed upon to sit down again till the dish was taken away. The fishes, which were probably vendises from Lochmaben, had a strangely black and *birsled* appearance; and, emitting a peculiar smell, caused the sagacious nose which scented out the Gunpowder Plot, to suspect poison.

James was, however, so well pleased in general with his treatment at Dumfries, that he presented to the town a small model of a gun in silver, to be the object of a shooting-match at periodical intervals, in imitation of some such sports which were exhibited before him on this occasion. The Siller Gun, as it is called, has been

Dumfriesshire.

since then shot for, once every seven years, in much the same manner as silver arrows have been shot for by archers at Musselburgh, Peebles, and St Andrews. The place of sport is a low holm by the side of the Nith, about a mile below the town, called the King's Holm. But the Festival of the Siller Gun has of late years become unpopular, from the number of accidents by which it is so disagreeably characterised. It unfortunately happens that that important part of the Festival, termed "the Drinking," is never postponed, as it ought to be, till the termination of the sport, but diffused generally throughout its continuance. The consequence is, that the whole affair becomes one rather of outrage and peril than of innocent amusement. To testify that people are not prevented from shooting when dead-drunk, a case is on record, of a man having once fired when so completely intoxicated, that the gun was held for him by his friends; and yet he hit the mark and was declared victor, though it is said he was not aware of his good fortune, nor conscious of the honours which had been paid to him, till next morning!

The principal objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Dumfries are Caerlaverock, Camlongan, and Amisfield Castles, Locharmoss, the Maiden-bower Crag, and the Abbeys of Lincluden and Sweetheart.

Caerlaverock, an ancient possession of the Maxwells, one of the most powerful families in this county, has been distinguished by its misfortunes. It was besieged by Edward I in person *anno* 1300, when it was so important a fortress that he thought fit, after capturing it, to appoint no fewer than three great barons for its keepers. Since then it has been taken and retaken, dismantled and destroyed, times without number. It ultimately ceased to be a tenable fortress in the time of the Usurpation, when one Finch gave a receipt for its furniture, in which, among other particulars, mention is made of eighty beds; a proof, observes Pennant, of the hospitality and splendour of the place. The ruin of Caerlaverock is massive and picturesque. It is

Nithisdale.

situated on a very level plain on the east side of the debouche of the Nith, about eight miles from Dumfries.

Camlongan Castle, situated much nearer Dumfries, is still in repair, and forms a very curious, as it is a very rare specimen of the old Border Tower. It is surrounded by some fine old woods, which its battlemented pinnacles surmount in a highly graceful fashion. This house is one of the seats of the Earl of Mansfield.*

Locharmoss is a morass of several miles extent, lying to the east of Dumfries, adjoining to the sea. The common tradition is, that this vast flat was originally a forest, that it was then overflowed by the sea, and that, by the recess of the inundation, it finally became a peat-moss. It is watered by a rill called the Lochar Water. So late as the days of Bruce it seems to have been in such a state of fluidity as to be impassable; for it is recorded by tradition, that, when that hero went from Torthorwald Castle to slay Cumin at Dumfries, he went round by the skirts of the Tinwald Hills, thus making a considerable circuit along the upper extremity of the moss. That it was once occupied by the sea, is proved by the quantity of shells found beneath the stratum of moss, but more unequivocally by several curraghs (or boats of one piece of wood used by the primeval inhabitants of this island) having been dug up in the course of peat-casting, many miles from the present shore of the Solway.

The road over Locharmoss is remarkable for its origin. A stranger, more than a century ago, sold some goods to certain merchants at Dumfries upon credit.

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* According to Pennant, the great Earl of Mansfield was born here. We have been informed by a venerable inhabitant of Edinburgh, the niece of that illustrious man, as a veritable and striking anecdote of him, that he made a point of *never reading* any of the numerous satirical publications with which it was his lot to be assailed when Lord Chief Justice, lest he might thereby have lost any portion of the equanimity and moderation which it was his desire to maintain upon the Bench.

Before the time appointed for payment, he disappeared; and neither he nor his heirs ever claimed the money. The merchants, in expectation of the demand, very honestly put out the sum to interest; and, after a lapse of more than forty years, the town of Dumfries obtained a gift of it, and applied the same towards making this useful road.

The Maiden bower Crag, about a mile east from the town, is a crag or rock curiously hollowed. It is said to have received its name from having been, in times of druidism, the scene of some rites practised as the test of virginity.

Amisfield Castle is a tall slender square tower at the back of a more modern mansion about half a mile to the right of the road from Edinburgh to Dumfries, five miles from the latter town. It stands in the midst of a grove of old, decrepit, emaciated trees, on the tops of which myriads of crows and pigeons keep up a perpetual cawing and cooing. The tower is not large, and not in the least imposing; but yet it is, without exception, the most *curious* specimen of the baronial tower now existing in Scotland. The lower part is coarse and perhaps very old, but the upper region is of fine ashler-work, laid out in neat little projecting turrets and gables, with highly decorated windows and crow-steps, bearing date only 1600. The whole thus bears some resemblance to a pillar of the Corinthian order; a plain shaft and flourishing capital. The roof is still entire, but only the lower flat is habitable. Here there are still some fragments of an original ceiling, which has apparently been, at one time, as highly ornamented as that of the celebrated King's Room at Stirling. The door of the second flat is one of the greatest curiosities of the kind perhaps in Scotland. It bears date 1600, which seems to have been the era of a general repair upon the whole edifice; and it represents in low relief Samson tearing asunder the jaws of the lion. The scripture hero is clad in the costume of the time; a monstrous ruff, a tight doublet, an unbounded plenitude of breech, and roses in his shoes. He is at full length; but, from the ignorance of *grouping* which prevailed among the native artists of that time, the carver has given him an attitude quite unexpressive of the violent exertion in which he is supposed to be engaged. His body seems, to use a Scottish phrase, *thowless*. Perhaps, however, this has only been intended by the pious artist as a compliment to Samson, to show with what ease he performed his superhuman feat. For want of room at the top of the door, the tall-crowned Spanish hat of the Jewish champion is removed from his head, and suspended in the air over that of the lion, where, on account of the animal's head only reaching up to Samson's middle, there happens to be room for it! I must repeat, that this door alone, from being so truly ridiculous, makes Amisfield Castle worth going twenty miles to see.*

Amisfield is the seat of the ancient family of Charteris. King James is said to have visited it on his return to England in 1717, and to have exclaimed, on first observing its tall and formidable appearance, that the man who built it, though externally and habitually honest, "must have been a thief in his heart."

It would be improper to quit this neighbourhood, without mentioning that Tinwald, a little parish-town near Amisfield, was the birth-place of Paterson, the projector of the bank of England; a man of adventurous spirit and great genius, but who was never rewarded for even that project which has been the cause of wealth to so many, and which has become so important an adjunct of the Government of Great Britain. After experiencing the ingratitude of England, Paterson turned his attention to his native country, and, having first established the bank of Scotland, planned the disastrous expedition to Darien, which, notwithstanding its unhappy issue, is said to have had the good effect of stirring up a spirit of mercantile adventure among the Scottish people. Here he had greater reason to expect a scurvy remuneration for his services, and it was not wanting. The writer of these sheets has seen rare pamphlets and broadsides, replying to his own very clever and sensible publications; stigmatising him, among other abuse and scurrility, with the profane epithet of "the Man Paterson;" as Charles had been titled some years before by the saintly Roundheads; and he is said to have eventually died of grief, occasioned by the ingratitude with which he was treated by the world.

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* There is one other very interesting curiosity at Amisfield; a peculiarly large holly tree, the branches of which are so arranged by art, that a party of upwards of a dozen persons could sit at tea in an open space amongst them, without being seen from without. In the immediate neighbourhood of the house, there is also a very entire Roman camp.

Dumfriesshire.

The ruins of the Collegiate Church of Lincluden form, with the beautiful scenery amidst which they are placed, by far the most attractive and interesting object in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. The place is three miles from that city, and situated in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

Lincluden was originally a convent; but, about the end of the fourteenth century, Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway, on account of the alleged profligacy of the nuns, but more probably from a desire to establish a more commodious means of providing for the cadets of the house of Douglas, converted the institution into a collegiate church for a provost and twelve beadsmen. At the Reformation, the lands were erected into a temporal lordship, and bestowed upon the family of Nithisdale.

So late as the time of Pennant, a large proportion of the original buildings was entire, and several richly ornamented tombs remained unmutilated; in particular that of Margaret, the sister of James I, and wife of the grim earl above-mentioned. But the whole is now dreadfully dilapidated. Enough only remains to shew that the whole had been originally built in a style of surpassing splendour, and enriched with much minute decoration.

The best point from which the beauties of this scene may be viewed, is a small wooded mount near the ruins, erected by the former religious inhabitants for a summer-seat, and around which there was, in Pennant's time, a fine spiral walk, with a turf-seat at top. The ruins are seen immediately below, and beyond them moves the gentle Cluden, which is also seen to the westward, sleeping in its sinuous course, like a number of lakes, fringed by innumerable birches and alders. The junction of this stream with the Nith, which takes place immediately below, is another fine point in the landscape. The neighbouring peasants, still deeming the place to have a certain degree of sanctity about it, resort to the firry mount on the Sunday afternoons of summer, to read their Bibles and commune with the heart. The Cluden, moreover, is endowed with all the honours of poesy. Burns used to haunt it in the summer evenings, when engaged in the composition of his immortal lyrics. He repeatedly alludes, it will be remembered, to "Cluden's silent towers," and to its "sounding floods;" and it is supposed that he speaks of this ruin, in his admirable "Vision of Libertie," beginning,

> As I stood by yon roofless tower,
> Where the wa'-flowers wave i' the dewy air.

No place could be more appropriate for the suggestion of poetical ideas, or the promotion of poetical feeling, than the neighbourhood of Lincluden; for poetry and pensiveness actually seem diffused throughout the precincts like an atmosphere; fanning the cheek, and inspiring the lungs. At the distance of only a few yards from the ruins stand two or three solitary cottages, with thatched roof and ived walls, one of which bears upon the lintel of its door this inscription, "*Felicitati proximum;*" the stone having, in all probability, belonged to the college. Strangers have only to visit the place, to be convinced of the truth of this small scrap of monkish latinity; that is to say, supposing happiness likely to choose for her retreat beautiful scenery and calmness and solitariness of situation.

In proceeding up Nithisdale from Dumfries, the first object capable of interesting the traveller is Ellisland, the farm last occupied by Robert Burns. The onstead, which is nearly the same as when inhabited by the poet, lies about seven miles from the town, on the right hand side of the road, surrounded by a few trees. The river Nith rolls majestically beyond it, and on the opposite bank are seen the house and fine woods of Dalswinton.

It was here that Burns composed his fine poem Tam o' Shanter, which it is well known he did, in order to induce Mr Grose to adopt Alloway Kirk into his Scottish Antiquities. The widow of the poet, who still lives at Dumfries, has some curious reminiscences connected with this subject. She remembered having one day taken a walk with her husband, in the course of which he involuntarily repeated some lines which she afterwards observed in the published poem. It is her belief that he was then in the act of composing some verses. On another occasion, but about the same period, she made a more unequivocal observation. On her going out of doors, one morning, to call him in to breakfast, which he seemed to be neglecting, she found him seated astride upon a feal dyke, saying to himself, with that energetic emphasis which was so peculiar to him,

Ah Tam ! ah Tam ! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, &c.

and he accompanied every accented syllable with a thump on the top of the dyke with his fist, as if he had been threshing out the poem by a manual as well as mental process of labour.

The scenery of the Nith, hitherto meagre, here begins to assume a more pleasant aspect. A little farther on, is the beautiful place of Friars Carse, consecrated by the muse of Burns. The ground here displays a remarkable degree of inequality, without breaking into any very lofty eminences. The hill of Blackwood has a striking and highly decorative effect, being dotted over with a great number of planted patches, in a variety of fantastic shapes.

At the distance of nine miles from Dumfries, a stupendous tree overhangs the road. It springs out of the earth in three distinct trunks, and spreads out above into a perfect wilderness of spray. This is called the Tree of Barjarg, and seems to be considered one of the principal wonders in the country.

At the distance of twelve miles from Dumfries, the road is enlivened by Brownhill Inn, a goodly place of entertainment which was kept, till within the last few years, by a man of the singular name of Bacon, regarding whom an amusing anecdote, connected with his celebrated neighbour Burns, was communicated to me by an ear-witness. My informant, an old *English rider*, alighting one day at Brownhill Inn, was ushered into the presence of some country-people, with whom he was told he might dine. Among these Burns soon discovered himself by his wit. The landlord was one of that sort who always take care to honour their companies with their own immediate and constant presence, and display a great deal of solicitude in the circulation of the bottle. Burns was such an ingrate as to entertain a sort of dislike towards poor Bacon for this paternal care over his guests. Accordingly, after the cloth had been withdrawn, and during a temporary absence of Mr Bacon, on my informant requesting Burns to give the company a taste of his quality by producing an extemporary verse, he retired for a minute's space into the recess formed by a window, and produced a quatrain; before quoting which, however, it ought to be mentioned that beans and bacon was a frequent dish at Brownhill, and had been presented that day at dinner. The stanza produced in so brief a space ran thus:

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
We've all things that nice and mostly in season,—
But why *always Bacon*, come give me a reason?

It is unnecessary to describe the success of the hit.

Dumfriesshire.

In the immediate vicinity of Brownhill, the stranger ought to visit the natural curiosity called Creekhope Linn, celebrated as a retreat of the Covenanters; as also Closeburn Castle, the seat of C. G. S. Menteath, Esq. and formerly the patrimonial property of the ancient family of Kirkpatrick.

The baronial family of Kirkpatrick, which is represented by Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, present Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, is the oldest in the county, being derived from the celebrated patriot who completed by a blow of his dagger the murder of the traitor Cumin. Charles the good Duke of Queensberry once testified his respect for this venerable race in a very remarkable manner. He was proceeding in his carriage, along with the eccentric Duchess Katherine, towards Dumfries, in order to exert his influence at an election, when, just as he approached the head of the Closeburn avenue, the coach of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, (the second-last generation) who had taken a different side of politics, was observed to leave the house on its way to the same place, and for the same purpose. The Duchess felt infinite alarm at this, and thinking that priority of appearance at the market-place would be favourable to the Queensberry interest, called out in her usual lusty way to the coachman to drive with all his might, "else Tom of Closeburn," she exclaimed, "will get in before us, and lick the butter off our bread." The Duke was scandalized at the nick-name she gave his old friend Sir Thomas, and by way of reproof made this remarkable observation, "Let me tell you, my lady Duchess, this gentleman's ancestor was Knight of Closeburn, while mine was only Gudeman of Drumlanrig!"

The school of Closeburn is singular amidst all the parish-schools of Scotland for its munificent character. It was endowed by legacy, with a considerable extent of landed property, so that the teacher draws his revenue much in the manner of a country gentleman. He instructs all the boys in the parish for nothing, takes in boarders from other quarters, and has a capital house, the dining-room of which is supposed to be the best in the country-side.

Thornhill, fourteen miles from Dumfries, is a large modern village of a cruciform shape, with a cross in the centre. Penpont, at a little distance across the Nith, is a much smaller village, and only remarkable as the seat of a presbytery. Morton, the next parish to the northward, contains no object of curiosity except the ruins of an ancient castle, destroyed by David II, in consequence of a treaty with the English monarch.

The country around Thornhill is extremely beautiful, the hills bounding in the scene as with an insurmountable wall. The vale of the Nith is here very spacious, and the hills rise up suddenly from the plain, at such a distance as to suggest no idea of sterility. The enormous masses of Carshogle and the Lothers rise at the head of the vale. The Dalveen hills, the Waal Hill, (like the top of a globe,) and the two Queensberries, range along the north side, while on the south the fantastic crags of the Tynrons seem to toss their fronts, like a stag, into the air. From the rising ground, a little way up the hills to the west of Thornhill, the enormous square mass of Drumlanrig Castle looks down with its innumerable windows upon the plain, like a great presiding idol.

Drumlanrig Castle, the principal *wonder* of this district, is a house nearly as large as Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and nearly of the same shape, though much inferior in point of architecture to that admired structure. The stone is a white inclining to red, and somewhat friable. The house stands on a tall knoll about a mile to the south of the Nith, and is enclosed by a too slight plantation. It was built by the great statesman and *persecutor*, William, first Duke of Queensberry, who grudged the expense so much as to write upon the bundle of accounts referring to it, a sort of denunciation of any of his posterity who should attempt to discover the extent of his folly: the diction of his curse was by no means elegant, but it may perhaps be considered as characteristic—" The de'il pyke out his een that looks herein!" From dates upon various parts of the fabric, it seems to have taken no less than ten years a-building. Yet it is said the builder, after all, never slept in it, or used it, but one night. It is decorated with a wearisome repetition of stars and hearts, the arms of the Douglasses; and, besides a thick oak door, it is secured by a grate of ponderous iron, which is still regularly shut every night. The cruel dungeon, moreover, as Pennant remarks, was not forgotten by the architect.

Drumlanrig, though the finest seat of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, is at present in a very crazy state, while the furniture is at once very meagre and dilapidated. The state chair of the early Dukes and Duchesses is almost the only existing curiosity in the latter department. The family portraits are also scanty, and scarcely worthy of attention. The staircase is adorned by a set of four large portraits, (William III and his consort Mary, and Queen Anne with her consort George Prince of Denmark,) said to have been a present from Anne to Duke James, in consequence of the Union. The monarch first named has been somewhat mutilated by the broadswords of the Highlanders, who, in 1745, slept in the great gallery of Drumlanrig for one night. There are also portraits of the Dukes of Rothes and Lauderdale, of all the four Dukes of Queensberry, &c. &c.

There is a very curious anecdote told of the Duke who built Drumlanrig. He was a prodigious land-buyer, and not very scrupulous about the means he took for acquiring the "*dulcia arva*" of his neighbours; practising the art of acquisition by wadsets to a scandalous extent. Among the little contiguous estates which he wished to add to his own overgrown property,* was that of Eccles, not far from Drumlanrig. But this belonged to a gentleman of the name of Maitland; a relation of the Duke of Lauderdale, who, on observing the artifices of his brother-statesman, interfered in behalf of Eccles, by telling his grace, that, should he persist in his dishonourable designs, he (Lauderdale) should " sit in his skirts on some other occasion." The rapacious nobleman was thus induced to spare Eccles, which remains to this day a separate property.

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* The traveller passes over upwards of twenty miles in Nithisdale, without going out of the Queensberry property.

Nithisdale.

There was, till recent years, preserved in the park around Drumlanrig, a herd of the aboriginal wild cattle of Scotland; animals said to have been perfectly untameable and unapproachable, and to have had shaggy white manes and fiery eyes. The gardens around the castle are kept in a state of laudable repair and neatness, strangely in contrast with the internal condition of the house. They are of that old-fashioned regular sort which Milton must have thought of when he formed the idea of

> ——— Retired Leisure,
> Who in *trim gardens* takes his pleasure.

I would particularly direct the stranger's attention to a line of ancient yew-trees behind the house, which, being overgrown below by close bushy creeping plants, look like a troop of comfortable old gentlemen who have all got on their stout sufficient lamb's-wool stockings, and thicksoled winter shoes, and are come out to have a short forenoon walk in the winter sun-shine.

Drumlanrig lies in the parish of Durisdeer, a piece of territory so extensive as to stretch across the whole vale of Nith from the hills of Galloway to those of Clydesdale. The little kirk-town of Durisdeer occupies a romantic situation under the mountains last mentioned, from among which it looks out upon the vast area of the vale, like a startled deer, projecting its head from the savage brake, to watch the approach of the chase. Durisdeer seems indebted for its existence to an ancient fortress planted here to guard the pass which opens behind into Clydesdale, through which passed the great Roman way between Carlisle and Paisley, and which, under the name of the Waal Path, was, till lately, the principal road from Nithisdale into Lanarkshire. The castle has been demolished since the days of David Bruce, and the road for some time disused; so that Durisdeer is now a sequestered lonely village. Nevertheless, it is still worth visiting on various accounts. The church contains the sepulchral vault of the Queensberry family, their pew, and a large apartment for their use during the intervals of public worship. The vault is surmounted by an aisle, containing one of the most splendid monuments, if not the most splendid, of which this country can boast. It is a magnificent structure of white marble, in the form of a mausoleum, and on the wall behind is a representation, in exquisite statuary, of the second Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, the first of whom died in 1711, only four years subsequent to his triumph at the Union. This monument is in the Roubilliac taste, now so justly exploded. The noble pair are represented lying in a bed in their state dresses; the Duchess, who had died two years before her lord, lies quiescently on her back, as if dead, with her hands clasped above her breast; behind her—for it would appear the Duke, contrary to the humour of Captain Wedderburn, had chosen to lie next the wall—appears his Grace himself, half-raised on his elbow, and surveying the placid face of his lady with a countenance which might be rueful, but for the ludicrous common-place expression given to it by his enormous Ramilies wig. His ermine cloak, moreover, his collar, and more than all, his knee-buckles and rolled stockings, all the intricate paraphernalia of full dress, as described so wittily in the Spectator, taken in conjunction with his Grace's awkward attitude, make it absolutely impossible to survey this elaborate piece of art with any emotions other than those of ridicule.

The church-yard of Durisdeer contains some plebeian monuments worthy of attention. Upon one, commemorating the Master-of-works at Drumlanrig, and dated 1685, there is a good effigy of that important personage, affording a very fair specimen of the costume of the middle ranks in the reign of Charles II. The man is represented in a wide-skirted coat, buttoned up the sides of the skirts, and having very large cuffs also buttoned; with a cravat hanging down his breast, and with a broad Lowland bonnet,* from beneath which his hair descends in a full flow upon his shoulders. He very much resembles the Covenanters upon Archbishop Sharpe's monument at St Andrews, whose dress refers to the same period. In order to show the prevalence of cravats about a century ago, there is an effigy on another old grave-stone in Durisdeer church-yard, representing a child of two years, who wears round his short little neck as good a cravat as that of James Lukup, the master-of-works; though, by the way, he looks as if the thing was only accustomed to strangle him on Pace-and-Yule occasions, and was not a daily wear. At another part of the burial-ground there is a monument to the memory of a Cameronian who was shot by General Dalyell at the neighbouring farm of Nether Dalveen. This man's name was Daniel M'Michael; and in the autobiographical epitaph which has been inscribed on his tomb, he says that as his celebrated name-sake was cast into the Den of Lions, so was he devoured by the lions of tyranny, perjury, and prelacy.

In the awfully wild glen behind Durisdeer, may still be seen the remains of a Roman Castra Æstiva, as well as the traces of a vast rampart formed by the natives of this country between Lochmaben and Lochryan. The banks of the Carron between Durisdeer and Thornhill, being lined with natural copse-wood, afford some fine scenery; and at a particular place, where the bank is very steep, there is a cave, supposed to have been originally a place of refuge for the Druids, latterly for the Covenanters. To this cave, it is reported, Gay the poet, during his residence at Drumlanrig Castle, used to resort, to woo the Muses; loving, it is said, the delicious coolness of the retreat, so much more favourable to his studies than the tepid and noisy atmosphere of the castle.

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* All the rustic people of Scotland, except Lairds, used to wear bonnets till less than a century ago; and it is not above three hundred years since noblemen, and even the king himself, wore nothing else. A curious fashion connected with this subject still obtains amongst that respectable corporation, the Butchers of Musselburgh. Upon some particular festival day, they all wear broad flat blue bonnets, and meet in that guise to dine together. Nobody knows the origin of the custom.

A little to the westward of Durisdeer, the barrier of hills is penetrated by the Pass of Dalveen, the principal thoroughfare between the vales of the Nith and Clyde, and celebrated on account of its romantic and impressive scenery. The Pass of Dalveen is a narrow, tortuous strath, with a rivulet running along a stripe of pastoral haugh at the bottom, and high hills rising on each side with almost perpendicular precipitousness. As the line of the Pass is extremely crooked, and the hills are closely indented into each other, the aspect of the scenery is perpetually changing to the eye of a traveller; but nowhere is the general characteristic of grandeur awanting. The road winds along half-way down the hills on the east side of the Pass, and some part of it is never lighted by the sun. That luminary casts a gigantic, massive shade from the hills on one side against those of the other, which is not the least magnificent thing about the scene. But rarely are any travellers seen moving along the dark hill-sides, and were it not for a solitary farm or two, a toll-house, and the few sheep straggling about the faces of the braes, there is no object that tells of life or civilization anywhere to be seen. Nor is there any sound to disturb the infinite stillness and repose of the scene; save perhaps the brattling of the burn and its chasm-descended accessories, or the trickling of a pebble from the artificial scaur above the road, brought down, it may be, by the slight disturbance it has received from the foot-fall of the passing traveller.

The upper part of Nithisdale contains no object of interest besides the town of Sanquhar, which is a royal burgh, with a carpet-manufactory. Sanquhar Castle is a ruin of some interest, having been taken by Edward I, but afterwards retrieved by a stratagem. The castle of Elliock, about a mile from the town, is supposed to have been the birth-place of the Admirable Crichton, whose father was Sir Robert Crichton of Elliock.

Galloway,

COMPRISING THE STEWARTRY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT AND COUNTY OF WIGTON.

At length he to a winnock cam,
It was a winnock braw,
Through it was seen ilk fertile neuk
O' bonnie Gallowa;
The Ken, the Cree, the darling Dee,
Were seen a' rowin' sweet,
And just below did wimplin flow
The Minnoch and the Fleet.
Old Song.

The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright forms the eastern, and larger portion of the ancient and extensive district of Galloway. Adjacent to Dumfriesshire on the south-west, it runs along the shores of the Solway Firth; and its western extremities are bounded by the Irish Sea, Wigtonshire, and Ayrshire. In shape and extent it is somewhat of an irregular parallelogram, containing 88,257 square miles, or 449,313 Scotch acres. The great strath of the Dee, continued by the beautiful vale of the Ken, divides it diagonally from the Solway upwards. The general aspect of the Stewartry is hilly, but it contains no mountains of any considerable height, and its character in this respect has been well described by Buchanan, in the laconic expression, *tumescit collibus.*

From its remote and peninsular situation, the early history of Galloway is involved in greater obscurity than that perhaps of any other part of Scotland. It has, however, been generally represented, and probably with truth, as a region where primeval barbarity long and powerfully opposed the progress of civilization. At a period when Galloway included the southern division of Ayrshire, it formed in some sort an independent kingdom or lordship, and was engaged under its native princes and barons in almost perpetual war with the monarchs of Scotland. At one time it was attached to England; and Fergus, a Lord of Galloway, signed the Great Charter in this character. At a later period Galloway sided in the wars of the competition, with its native master Baliol; and in the reign of David the Second, the representative of that unfortunate family found protection, and established a Court in this remote corner of his nominal kingdom. Galloway was at length entirely subdued, and brought to acknowledge the authority of the Scottish king, by William, Lord Douglas, about the year 1353. Its long-maintained independence is yet indicated by the popular phrase, *the fremit** *Scot o' Gallowa;* while the rude and barbaric character of the early inhabitants may be traced in similar local traditionary expressions or gathered from the concurring testimony of all our historians. A still more convincing proof of the late period at which the native *wildness* of the inhabitants of Galloway yielded to civilization, is supplied by the undoubted fact, that persons were recently alive, within whose memory the Celtic language was spoken in the higher and more sequestered districts of the Glenkens, which separate the Stewartry from Ayrshire.

It is but fair to mention that to these unfavourable views of the character of the early inhabitants of Galloway, stands opposed the *veracious* authority of that amusing traveller William Lithgow, whose travels through various parts of the world were published in 1632. We are solemnly assured by this writer, that he found in the "road-way inns" of Galloway "as good cheare, hospitality, and serviceable attendence" as though he had been in Lombardy or Naples. In the same strain of panegyric, he describes the wool of the district as "brighter and softer than the silks of Calabria," the mutton as "excelling in sweetness," the horses as "bastard barbs," and the nobility and gentry as "courteous and every way generously disposed."

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* Not a-kin.

It is not improbable that some part of this commendation may have been well founded even so early as 1632. From its hilly and irregular surface, Galloway is in a great measure a pastoral district; and *Galloway for woo*, has long been a proverb not more popular than true. It is equally celebrated for its breed of horses, and polled black cattle. The former, distinguished by the appellation of *Galloways*,* are of a Spanish or rather Moorish race; and, when the breed is pure, of a dun colour, with a black line along the back. These animals are small, but active, sinewy, and full of blood and spirit. Their merits, like those of the *woo*, are *proverbial*.

The eel-backet din
Ne'er lea's his maister far a-hin,

is still a familiar saying in Galloway. The greater part of the rents of the Stewartry are paid from the profits of cattle-dealing, a trade which seems to be well understood in this district. It is principally carried on, through the intervention of *drovers*, at the English markets in the county of Norfolk, where the Galloway cattle are fed for a year, and afterwards transferred to the shambles of Smithfield. It has long been remarked that the best beef killed in this market, is from Galloway.

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* Dr Jamieson derives this name from the German word *Wallach*, signifying a gelding, but it seems much more probable that the horses were originally named from the district to which the breed was peculiar.

Galloway.

That part of Galloway which is called the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright will be most intelligibly described by following the line of its coast, and the courses of the different rivers by which it is intersected. The intermediate country, which is generally high and woodless, presents few objects worthy of attention, and may with propriety therefore be disposed of by occasional incidental remarks.

The traveller who visits the Stewartry in search of the picturesque, and commences his pilgrimage from Dumfries, will naturally at once leave the great Irish road, and bend his steps in a southern direction towards Newabbey. The road passes along a strath bounded upon the east by the river Nith, and upon the west by a range of wooded hills, studded with seats and villas. Among these, the most remarkable are Goldielea, the residence of Colonel Newall Maxwell; Dalscairth, belonging to James Lennox, Esq.; and Mabie the seat of Mr Howat. The latter is a sweet bird's nest high up among the hills, and completely embosomed in wood. To the east of the road lie Cargen, the residence of Mr Stothert, and Kirconnel, the seat of Mr Maxwell. The latter is a fine place, with extensive pleasure-grounds extending towards the Nith.

Newabbey is about seven or eight miles from Dumfries, and the situation of the monastery is chosen with the usual skill of the Monks. Its more ancient name was Sweetheart, *Abbacia dulcis cordis*. It was founded early in the thirteenth century, by Dervorgilla, daughter to Alan, Lord of Galloway, niece to David, Earl of Huntingdon, and spouse to John Baliol. The ruins are still extensive, and form an interesting subject of research to the antiquary, while the beauty of the surrounding scenery is well calculated to gratify the most fastidious taste. On the north and west lie the woods of Shambelly, and on the south, Loch Kindar and the dark brows of Criffel, the loftiest mountain in this part of Scotland.

From Newabbey to Kirkbean, the road runs nearly parallel to the Nith. Between the latter village and the river, is situated Arbigland, the seat of Mr Craik, the representative of the celebrated and patriotic agriculturist of that name. From Kirkbean, the road leads in a westerly direction to Southwick, the fine seat of General Dunlop, and from thence along the shores of the Solway, through the wild parish of Colvend to the village of Dalbeattie. The shores of this parish are well worthy of being explored. They abound with magnificent rocks and caverns, and it has been supposed, with no inconsiderable degree of probability, that they furnished materials for the scenery of "Ellengowan."

Dalbeattie is a village of a peculiar and in some respects striking character. The surrounding country is barren in the extreme, and composed entirely of gray granite hills, covered with the most scanty herbage, and occasionally interspersed with oak and birch copse. The cottages in the village are built of granite, which, from its light and lively colour, gives the place a gay and *riant* appearance.

Dalbeattie is situated upon one of the tributary streams of the water of Urr, which is navigable for small vessels nearly to the village. The *embouchure* of the Urr is a few miles below Dalbeattie, between the point of Almorness and the rugged coast of Colvend. This river rises at Loch Urr, and its course from thence to the Solway is upwards of twenty miles. It flows through an interesting and well-wooded strath, having upon its east bank in succession, Walton Park, the seat of Major Campbell; Kilquhanidy, the seat of Mrs Martin; Chipperkyle, the seat of Colonel Maitland; and Spottshall, the seat of William Young Herries, Esq. On the west bank of the water of Urr again, lie Largnean, the residence of Henry Wight, Esq.; Mollance, formerly the seat of Mr Copland of Coliston, and now of Mr Napier; and Munshes, the extensive and highly improved domain of Mr Maxwell. This last place is in the immediate vicinity of Dalbeattie, while the others which have been mentioned, occur at intervals along about twelve miles of the course of the water of Urr. One of the largest and most entire Roman camps in Scotland, called the Moat of Urr, is in this neighbourhood, and well deserves the attention of the antiquarian traveller.

From Dalbeattie the road conducts the traveller through the grounds of Munshes, and under the gray rocks of Kirkennan, by a highly picturesque route to Orchardtown, the seat of Colonel Maxwell. Few places in the south of Scotland are richer in natural beauty than this. It is situated upon a deeply indented bay of the Solway, and surrounded by the richly wooded promontories of Torr and Almorness. Towards the north again it is encompassed by an amphitheatre of hills, the most remarkable of which are Skreel and Bengairn. If the traveller has time, it will well repay his trouble to witness from the summit of either of these mountains the rising of the summer sun behind the opposite mountains of Cumberland. At such a moment, the broad and still waters of the Solway, with the varied and rocky shores of the Scottish coast, form a foreground to which the pencil of a Claude alone could do justice.

For six miles to the west of Orchardtown, the road passes along an uninteresting ridge of the parish of Rerwick, still however commanding magnificent prospects of the Solway and the English coast, till at length it opens upon the beautiful and secluded valley of Dundrennan.

It is impossible to tread this classic spot, without carrying back our recollections to the period when the Abbey of Dundrennan[*] afforded a temporary shelter to the unfortunate Mary Stuart during the last hours she spent in Scotland. Tradition has traced with accuracy her course from Langside to the scene of her embarkation for England. Passing through the wildest recesses of the Glenkens, she reached Queenshill, so named from her resting for some time there, and now the seat of

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[*] This monastery was founded by Fergus lord of Galloway in 1142.

Kirkcudbright.

Mr Campbell at the head of the vale of the Tarff. Proceeding in the direction of Tongland, she is supposed to have crossed the Dee by an ancient wooden bridge which then spanned the river about a mile above this place. Her attendants, it is said, immediately cut it down, in order to stop the progress of any who might attempt to pursue her. The materials of the bridge were hurled into the stream and carried down to the sea; and it is not many years since several large logs, bearing marks of having formed some such structure, and supposed to have been a portion of the bridge destroyed on this occasion, were found sunk to a considerable depth in the sands below Kirkcudbright. While her friends were busied in demolishing the bridge, the Queen, *wearied and worn*, entered a neighbouring cottage and begged for something to satisfy the cravings of her thirst. The poor old widow to whom she applied, brought milk and coarse bread, upon which the Queen regaled herself. Expressing high satisfaction with the simple hospitality of her hostess, Mary asked if she could do her any service in return; to which the woman replied, by expressing an anxious wish to become proprietrix of her cottage and of the small field adjacent. How the Queen, in the dejected state of her fortunes, was able to grant this request, does not appear; but it is the common tradition that she accomplished it, and it is certain that the little property has from time immemorial, and till recently, continued to belong to a family, who, from a natural feeling of pride, long resisted the importunate entreaties of their wealthier neighbours to dispose of it. It occupies a place in the most ancient valuation rolls of the Stewartry, among other estates, all of which surpass it by many degrees in value.

Mary arrived at Dundrennan in the evening, and spent her last night in Scotland beneath the walls of the monastery, then a magnificent and extensive building. The situation of Dundrennan Abbey has much natural beauty, independent of historical associations, to recommend it to the attention of the traveller. The building is now greatly dilapidated; but enough still remains to indicate to the spectator its former splendour. It is almost entirely covered with a pale grey-coloured moss, which gives a character of peculiar and almost airy lightness to the lofty columns and Gothic arches, many of which are entire. Placed upon a gentle eminence, on the bank of a rocky and sparkling mountain *burn*, and surrounded on all sides except the south by an amphitheatre of hills, Dundrennan forms an exception to the usual aspect of Abbey scenery. There is little old wood near it, save in the deep and devious glens which intersect the adjacent grounds belonging to Mr Maitland of Dundrennan; but the neighbouring *braes* are generally clothed with copse, and afford from many points the same magnificent views of the Solway, and of the mountains of Cumberland which have been already described. From Newlaw-hill, an eminence adjoining the house of Dundrennan, the prospect is still more extensive, commanding, in addition to an almost boundless range of ocean, a view of the Isle of Man, and of the mountains of Morne in Ireland. But *sentiment* no doubt gives to Dundrennan its principal charm. Those broken arches and tottering columns—these deserted cells and weed-grown aisles—these neglected monuments of ancient Barons and Belted Knights*—and this wide scene of ruin and desolation, melancholy and silent though they be, are all invested with an inexpressible charm, as far superior to that imparted by mere fine scenery as the pleasures of the mind are to those of sense. To some this charm may appear visionary, but to the poet or philosopher it will be quite intelligible.

From the Abbey to the sea, the distance is about a mile and a half. The road runs through a secluded valley of surpassing beauty, and leads directly to the shore, where the rock is still pointed out by the peasantry, from which the hapless Mary embarked upon her ill-starred voyage to England. It is situated in a little creek, surrounded by vast and precipitous rocks, and called Port Mary, in commemoration of the Queen. The scene is appropriately wild and sublime; and the contemplative stranger who visits it in the stillness of evening, is apt to imagine that the waves fall here with a more mournful dash upon the shore, and that the cadence of the autumn wind is more low and melancholy, than elsewhere, as if "nature's self" were conscious of, and lamented the unhappy event she had seen take place upon the spot.

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* Several monuments of this description exist among the ruins.

Kirkcudbright.

The sea coast in this neighbourhood merits the attention of the mineralogist, the natural philosopher, and the painter. Two caverns upon the Barlocco Shore, called the White and Black Cave, are particularly worthy of notice. The entrance to the former is as lofty as the "mast of some great Ammiral," and its vast extent reminds the spectator of the airy and echoing Halls of Fingal in Staffa. The Black Cave is of an opposite and gloomy character, and its dark caverns would form no unfit habitation for the water kelpy, or Spirit of the Solway.

The valley of Dundrennan is separated from the strath of the Dee by an uninteresting ridge of pastoral country, after passing which, the road at the top of Kilrony Brae suddenly opens upon the delicious scenery, of St Mary's Isle and the Bay of Kirkcudbright. After skirting the shore for about two miles along richly wooded banks, and through the pleasure-grounds of the Earl of Selkirk, the traveller reaches the town, which is situated upon the east banks of the Dee about two miles above the spot where the river discharges its waters into the Solway. Assuming at this point the appearance of an estuary, it is called Kirkcudbright Bay, and sometimes, from its land-locked character, and the usual serenity of its surface, the *lake*. This place afforded shelter during a storm to the Fleet of William the Third, when on his voyage to raise the siege of Londonderry.*

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* The following traditionary account of King William's visit has been supplied by an ingenious friend, Mr Robert Malcomson of Kirkcudbright. "The fleet put in at the Manxman's Lake, about two miles and a half from Kirkcudbright, where it lay for

Kirkcudbright, a royal burgh, a sea-port, and the capital of the Stewartry, is well built, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. It is a town of very pleasing appearance; for it is not only regular, clear, and neat, but possesses considerable charms in the way of natural scenery, and derives a certain degree of almost city-like grandeur from the towers of the jail, and of the ruined abode of the ancient Lords of Kirkcudbright, which at a little distance are seen to overtop the ordinary buildings. The streets of Kirkcudbright are all laid out in squares or parallelograms, like the New Town of Edinburgh; and there is no town in Scotland which possesses such a proportion of new houses. The

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some time. Every day, crowds of people from the town and neighbouring country repaired to the place, to see and congratulate the Deliverers of Britain. One day, the Admiral, or some other person in command, inquired of the visitors if they could inform him who lived at a little white house on the other side of the Dee, which attracted his notice. On being informed that the possessor was a Mr Brown, a Roman Catholic gentleman of fortune, who had a fishing on the river, and annually salted a great quantity of salmon for exportation, the commander ordered a party of his men to repair to the house, and carry away all the fish they could find. His orders were punctually and rigidly obeyed. The men assailed the house, which they found locked, stove in the door, and proceeded to secure all the fish. Having boiled or broiled a considerable quantity, they took a commission for their trouble in the shape of a hearty meal, and then began to ransack the house for drink. To their great mortification, no liquors were to be found, and they were obliged to slake their thirst at a neighbouring *burn*. It was said that William intended to present the fish as a gift to his unfortunate uncle King James.

"Tradition further affirms that King William embarked at this remote part of his dominions in disguise. It is at least certain that the fleet here took on board a considerable quantity of troops. An old woman, who died within the recollection of people still alive, remembered having seen these men pass through the Stewartry towards the bay in which the fleet was lying. They made a halt at the Haugh of Urr, and fed their horses on grey oats, the only species of grain which the country then afforded."

Kirkcudbright.

cause of this is an arrangement among the inhabitants, similar to that known by the name of a *menage*, by which a certain number of houses are built by subscription every year and acquired by lot. In addition to the air of gaiety and liveliness which the town has acquired in this way, it is ornamented by the residences of many persons of good fortune, which, instead of being scattered in the suburbs of the town, as elsewhere, are placed in the streets, and that in considerable numbers. Kirkcudbright, although at one period a place of some foreign trade with our West India Colonies and America, now possesses little or none, and has no manufactures except hosiery upon a small scale. Chiefly subsisting upon its resources as a county-town, it is a very quiet and genteel-looking place. Some of the inhabitants are opulent; and few have the appearance of living in abject poverty.

Kirkcudbright is nearly half surrounded by the river, and its other sides were formerly defended by a ditch into which the water ran, and by a rude rampart called *the Dykes*. In 1547, a party of that army whose object and conduct caused the Earl of Angus to observe that the young English King was a rougher wooer than the lion that formed his cognizance, repaired to Kirkcudbright, with the intention of causing the people to swear allegiance to their master; but, though early in the morning, the people were upon the alert, and shut their gates and kept their dykes; "for (says our authority) the town is dyked on both sides, with a gate to the water-ward, and a gate on the over end to the fell-ward;" and this defence was effectual in preserving the town. Hector Boece, writing a generation before this time, calls Kirkoubrie "ane rich town, full of merchandise." It then consisted of a single street, at the extremity of which was the harbour. The shipping interest in the town is supposed to have been formerly much more extensive than at present. Paul Jones first appeared upon the stage of public life as commander of a West India vessel belonging to Kirkcudbright.—*Galloway.*

But he killed his carpenter, did he not, did he not?
He killed his carpenter, did he not?

and was then obliged to take to another way of doing.

The county buildings and jail of Kirkcudbright have a highly respectable appearance; and from the tall tower which surmounts the latter, a most extensive view may be obtained of the beautiful environs of the town. The former jail and court-house is a very curious old structure, on the opposite side of the street, with the market-cross stuck up against it, and a pair of formidable *jouggs* attached thereto. Though by no means an elaborate piece of architecture, either in point of size or ornament, this venerable fabric seems to have been considered no small matter at the time of its erection, (1584) from the inscription on its front—"*Nisi dominus edificaverit, frustra.*" The cry of the pious Mussulman, "In the name of the Prophet—Figs!" can alone be brought as a parallel to this instance of the *Soli Deo honor et gloria.*

What is called the Castle of Kirkcudbright is a large dingy house, partaking slightly of the fortified character, formerly the property and residence of the Lords Kirkcudbright. Though bearing date 1584, the walls are still perfectly entire and very strong; but the interior of the building has been removed, and the court now forms a wood-yard. It has not been occupied since the fall of Lord Kirkcudbright's fortunes at the Restoration. This noble family seems to have exemplified in real life the fictitious misfortunes assigned in a popular novel to another Galloway house. The third Lord Kirkcudbright was a violent opponent of Oliver Cromwell and the Independents, so long as they were in power, and lost not a little in the royal service. But such was this nobleman's felicitous knack of contradiction, that, when the Restoration seemed to have put him on the right side of the hedge, he was just as much in the wrong as ever. For opposing the introduction of an Episcopal

Kirkcudbright.

clergyman into the church of Kirkcudbright, or rather for helping the honest old women who took that matter in hand, he had four of his neighbours sent to inquire into his conduct; a circumstance equivalent to attainder, for these good gentlemen were by no means to seek in finding reason for sending the unfortunate presbyterian to jail, and far less in adjusting among themselves the partition of his estates.

Near the harbour of Kirkcudbright, may be seen the remains of a battery which King William erected while stationed in the bay. A more ancient piece of fortification is pointed out at a little distance from the town, in the shape of some indistinct mounds, vulgarly called Castle-dykes. This is said to have been at one time ranked among the strongest and most important fortresses in Galloway. It came into the possession of John Baliol by marriage, and afterwards went to the Douglasses. At a later period it was transferred to the town-corporations; and being alienated by them, it eventually became private property. The unfortunate Henry VI resided for some time in it, during his exile in Scotland; and both he and his queen, on leaving the country where they had found a temporary protection, embarked at Kirkcudbright.

The burial-ground of Kirkcudbright is situated about half a mile out of town, in a beautiful and sequestered spot, surrounded by fine old trees. It was originally the precinct of a church, which was a very old edifice dedicated to St Cuthbert, and whose name, Kirk-Cuthbert, has extended in a corrupted shape, first to the town, and subsequently to the whole Stewartry. The church has long disappeared; but, with a natural attachment to the graves of their fathers, the people scrupulously cling to the ancient place of sepulture, in preference to any which might be laid out in the more immediate vicinity of the town. St Cuthbert's sacred ground contains some very old monuments, which, owing to the laudable enthusiasm of a citizen of Kirkcudbright, are kept in singularly good order. Among the rest are those of several Covenanters, who happened to be shot guard the boat. When the writer of these pages was at Kirkcudbright, he had the good fortune to converse with an intelligent man, who had been a servant in the house at the time this band of desperadoes made their attack. They came up to the front of the house, in number about sixteen, each provided with a cutlass and as many pistols as would stick in his belt. They were at first taken for a press-gang, or the crew of a revenue-cutter, and Lady Selkirk, who alone happened to be at home, sent out some person to inquire their business, and to entertain them if necessary. Simson at first held very mysterious discourse; and the first symptom of violence he showed, was to refuse the offer of whisky and to call for wine. He finally went into the house and seized the whole of the plate. Lady Selkirk was engaged at breakfast (for it was only about ten o'clock;) and they took the very tea-pot off her table, with no ceremony other than that of pouring out all the liquid. When Jones restored the plunder, which, to do him justice, was taken against his will, and which never was unpacked all the time it was aboard, the tea-pot was found to contain the identical tea-leaves that were in it when it was abstracted from the breakfast-table.*

The news of an armed and inimical vessel hovering on their coast, and of a band having landed and attacked Lord Selkirk's house, soon reached Kirkcudbright; and the most remarkable thing about the whole of this singular affair was the conduct of the honest folk of the burgh under these alarming circumstances. Quite ignorant of the quarter from which danger was to be apprehended, and destitute of a point from which they could obtain a view of their enemy, they were in a state of perplexity far beyond that of a community of ants at the moment a disruption has taken place in their earthy tenement, or the stone has been removed under which they had hitherto nestled in comfortable security. As emmets would have done in such a case, the people of Kirkcudbright ran hither and thither, backwards and forwards, up streets and down streets; every one making inquiries, and no one possessing any intelligence. The people who lived at the east end of the town were carrying their goods and gear to the west end, and those of the west end were just as busy transporting theirs to the east. Household furniture was shifted out of houses into barns and byres; and cows, and bows, and firlots, were just as zealously introduced into dwelling-houses. All was hurry, bustle, and confusion. The very school, which had just assembled, *skaled of itself*; as if the master, and the walls, and the doors, and the taws, had all at once, like certain viscera under similar circumstances, totally lost their natural power of retention.

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* Mr Allan Cunningham lately employed himself in a large work upon the adventures of this personage; and I have been informed, that when he called upon the present Countess of Selkirk at London, in order to learn the family-tradition of Jones's attack upon St Mary's Isle, her ladyship, who happened to be taking her breakfast from the identical tea-pot abstracted on that occasion, said, with a ready wit which is the least of her good qualities, that she would give him a cup of tea out of the vessel, as the most appropriate Helicon which the Novelist could drink.

Kirkcudbright.

Paul Jones, we have said, was originally master of a trading vessel belonging to the port of Kirkcudbright. In consequence of the charge of murdering his carpenter in a homeward voyage, he was thrown into prison by a warrant of the magistrates. Being a desperate and very disorderly character, a little more severity than usual was practised towards him in his confinement, but principally to insure his safe custody. He took high umbrage at the treatment he received, and, on being enlarged from prison, uttered the most dreadful imprecations and threats of vengeance against the town. These were not altogether disregarded at the time; but, years having afterwards rolled on, without any news of the desperado, the fears of the inhabitants were lulled into repose, and even the fellow's name was almost obliterated from their remembrance, when he at length appeared on the 23d of April 1778, to astonish them with his terrible presence.

Galloway.

After the alarm of the morning above described had subsided a little, the people collected some of their scattered courage, and, getting an old crazy twenty-four pounder down to the beach at St Mary's Isle, triumphantly defied the departed pirate. During the course of the night, somebody cried that he saw Jones's ship at a little distance from the shore, and the cannon was, by trembling hands, brought to bear, and fired at the object he pointed out. No answer was returned from the supposed ship; and the good burghers, thinking him disabled, and resolved by no means to spare him even in his misfortunes, continued the cannonade with might and main. "For the love of God, more powder," was an exclamation often uttered that night, in the urgent distress of the assailants for supplies of ammunition. At last, when morning dawned, and when they thought they must have completely destroyed the object of their mighty rage, to their inconceivable mortification and shame, it turned out that they had been all along wasting their powder, their balls, their courage, and their execrations, upon an uncompromising rock, which stood a little way from shore.

This notice of Kirkcudbright should not be terminated without adverting to the excellent arrangements and successful system of education pursued in the high school of the burgh, under the patronage and direction of the magistrates. Nor would the antiquary forgive me were I to forbear mentioning that the vestiges of ancient camps and fortresses in the vicinity of the town are innumerable; indicating that this quarter of the country was formerly the scene of much greater activity than now. The town has some other attractions. It is a place where one could live very idly and very cheaply; and, to sum up all, if I were asked to write out a list of the six prettiest and pleasantest places in this my native country, *Kirkcudbright* would occupy a conspicuous situation in the catalogue.

Kirkcudbright derives interest from the vicinity of Compston Castle and Tongland, which are situated at a distance of about two miles higher up the Dee.

Kirkcudbright.

Compston Castle, now a ruin, it is all but certain, was the residence of Captain Alexander Montgomerie,* the author of a poem entitled "the Cherry and the Slae," and of some others which have been published in a complete shape by Mr D. Laing of Edinburgh. The Cherry and the Slae, written two hundred years ago, has often been printed, and may be considered as ranking amongst the popular poetry of Scotland. It contains many highly descriptive verses, and the object of the allegory under which it is couched, seems to be, says Dempster, to vindicate the preference of a low-born to a high-born mistress. The common local tradition assigns a somewhat different object to the poem. Montgomerie, it is said, was in love with two beautiful young ladies who dwelt at Tongland on the opposite side of the Dee, and whom he often visited. These two beauties, like Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, or like Minna and Brenda, were of different complexions, one being exquisitely fair, the other gloriously dark; and their distracted lover put the faulterings of his fancy into the shape of a poem, entitled, in allusion to their various styles of beauty, the Cherry and the Slae.

The ancient and ivy-covered tower in which the poet resided still exists, though in a roofless and ruined state. It stands upon a rising ground encompassed by a grove of fir, and forms a capital object in the beautiful pleasure grounds of Compston, the seat of Mr Maitland of Dundrennan. If the traveller visit this spot, he may with advantage prolong his expedition for seven or eight miles up the vale of the Tarff, a considerable stream which discharges itself into the sea at Compston. The scenery of this little district is of the most pleasing character. The Tarff flows through rich holms, and the hills which bound the valley, particularly to the north and west, are well wooded. After passing Queenshill, which has been already mentioned as a resting-place of Queen Mary, the valley contracts, and the scenery assumes a wilder character, which it retains the whole way to New Galloway. It was under the inspiration of an evening spent among these wilds that Burns composed his celebrated ode, "*Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

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* Master Audro Symson, who lived within a generation after Montgomerie, says, in his Description of Galloway, that it was then the tradition of the people that this poet and gentleman had lived at Compston.

Galloway.

There is a mineral well at Lochenbrack, on this route, about ten miles above Kirkcudbright, which has had considerable celebrity. The mineral ingredients which enter into its composition, are sulphate of iron and carbonic acid. The spring is copious, and the water transparent, and by no means unpleasant to the taste.

To return to Compston; opposite to it there is a magnificent new bridge over the Dee. It consists of a single arch, the span of which is 110 feet, and it is built of vast blocks of free-stone brought from the Isle of Arran. The cost of the work was somewhere about L.7000 sterling, and it may be mentioned, to the honour of the Stewartry, that this sum was raised by the private contributions of the gentlemen of the district.

From Tongland-hill, in the immediate vicinity of the bridge, there is a view well worthy of a painter's eye, and which is not inferior in beauty and magnificence to any in Scotland. The distant horizon is bounded by the everlasting ocean, and the mountains of Man, which are seen in their whole extent. The centre of the picture is occupied by the high and rocky island of Little Ross, the woods of St Mary's Isle, the town of Kirkcudbright with its varied and castellated outline, and the windings of the Dee, which flows to the foot of the eminence upon which the spectator is supposed to stand. On the left, the bay of Kirkcudbright and the course of the river is bounded by a long range of wooded hills, for the beauty of which we are mainly indebted to the patriotic improvements of Basil Lord Daer, the eldest brother of the late Earl of Selkirk. The right of the picture, again, is filled by a similar range of hills, extending along the west side of the bay, and terminating in the ornamented grounds of Compston, which are seen to the greatest advantage from Tongland-hill.

The Dee near this place forms a fine series of cascades, which Montgomerie describes in a verse of his famous poem:

But, as I lukit me alane,
I saw a river rin,
Out ower a steepie rock o' stane,
Syne lichtit in a linn;
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the rockis round;
Devalling and falling
Into a pit profound.

The salmon, with all their efforts, cannot surmount this cataract in dry summers; and "here it is," says Symson, "that the Viscount of Kenmure, as bailie of the Abbey of Tongland, hath privilege of a Bailieday; prohibiting all persons from fishing in that time; so that on a day appointed there is excellent pastime; the Viscount and his friends, with a multitude of other persons, coming thither to the fishing of the salmon, which being enclosed among the rocks, men go in and catch them in great abundance, with their hands, spears, yea *with their very dogs.*"

Of the Abbey of Tongland, which was founded for Premonstratensian Monks, by Fergus Lord of Galloway in the reign of David I, only a few fragments, like the ruins of a stable, now remain. They stand in the burial-ground, near the new parish-church, and seem to have been indebted for their preservation to the circumstance that the tallest part supports the kirk-bell. The office of Abbot of Tongland was conferred by James IV, upon a French or Italian quack, named John Damian, who cheated his majesty out of a good deal of money by gambling, alchemy, and borrowing, and whose adventure with wings at Stirling Castle, will be found recited at its proper place in this work. The scenery of the Dee at Tongland is exquisitely beautiful, and is not the less worthy of being explored, that Montgomerie indulged his poetical fancies throughout its wild recesses, and that Mary crossed it last of all the rivers of her native land.

Pursuing the course of the Dee upwards, the traveller reaches Thrave Castle, at the distance of about eight miles from Kirkcudbright. This was a most distinguished fortress, and belonged to the warlike Douglasses. It stands upon an islet formed by the river, in the centre of a very desolate and moorish tract of country. It is a huge, tall, square, roofless tower, surrounded by the remains of a strong barbican, which has had circular turrets at the four angles. The whole, in the bleakness of its gaunt and terrible majesty, suggests the idea of an armed skeleton, in whose facial apertures lies the darkness of death and decay; a thing retaining the posture of war without the power, the strength without the energy, the bone and its armour, without the muscle and its weapon; as if the spectre of a cruel knight had been ordained for ever to preside over a scene which in life he blasted, and was now seen surveying, with awful remorse, the wide-spread work of his iniquity.

The history of Thrave Castle is such as to justify this idea of its external aspect. One dreadful circumstance, in particular, invests it with a fearful interest. In 1451, when held as a royal castle by William, eighth earl of Douglas, it was the scene of a noted insult upon the royal authority. The earl, who in fact possessed a more unlimited authority over the southern districts of Scotland than the reigning monarch, had, on some pretence, seized and imprisoned his neighbour, Maclellan of Bombie, whom he threatened to bring to trial by his power of hereditary jurisdiction. The uncle of this gentleman, Sir Patrick Gray of Foulis, who commanded the body-guard of James II, obtained from that prince a warrant requiring from Lord Douglas the body of the prisoner. When Gray appeared, the earl instantly suspected his errand. "You have not dined," said he, without suffering him to open his commission; "it is ill talking between a fou man and a fasting." While Gray was at meat, his unfortunate nephew was, by Douglas's command, led out to the court-yard, and beheaded. When the repast was over, the king's letter was presented and opened. "Sir Patrick," quoth Douglas, opening a window, "right glad had I been to honour the king's message; but you have come too late. Yonder lies your sister's son without the head; you are welcome to his dead body." Gray went down, mounted his horse, and, turning about to the earl, expressed his wrath in a deadly oath, that he would requite the injury with Douglas's heart's blood. "To horse!" cried the ferocious baron; and the messenger of his prince was pursued till within a few miles of Edinburgh. Gray, however, had an opportunity of keeping his vow; for, being upon guard in the king's antichamber at Stirling, when James struck the earl with his dagger, Sir Patrick rushed in, and dispatched him with his pole-axe.

This earl of Douglas used to keep a pompous retinue of more than one thousand armed men at the Thrave; and, in the plenitude of his sovereign power, is even said to have here coined money. Symson mentions a tradition as existing in his time, that the celebrated piece of ordnance known by the name of Mons Meg, was, "wrought and made in the isle of the Thrave." It was the last of the fortresses which held out for the house of Douglas after their grand rebellion in 1453. It then became the royal property; but, some time afterwards was gifted to the Maxwell family, in whose hands it continued till the attainder of the earl of Nithisdale in 1716. The surrounding estate had been sold in the year 1704; but the castle and its island were excepted, on account of a curious privilege attached to the locality. As keeper of the castle, Lord Nithisdale had a right to what was called a *lardner cow* from each of the twenty-seven parishes composing the Stewartry; and these cows were always delivered on Martinmas day, at the island of the Thrave. He retained that spot after losing all other connexion with the district, that he might continue to get his winter stock of provisions on these easy terms; and he only lost this privilege when he lost his title and other property, in consequence of the civil war of 1715.*

The Dee here expands into a lake, and the scenery a few miles above Thrave becomes exceedingly fine. The lake is about ten miles long, and in some places half a mile broad. On both sides there are some level stripes of highly cultivated and well-wooded ground, with some handsome seats; and the hills rise behind in all their irreclaimable sterrility and grandeur. This tract of country is called the Glenkens, from the river Ken which runs through it, and which is joined by the Dee, about the middle of the lake in which it loses itself. The Glenkens is celebrated throughout Dumfriesshire and Galloway in much the same way that the *beauty* of a town or parish is famed in her peculiar sphere. It is the subject of talk and of song; and not to have visited it, is a declaration on the part of a native of the South-western Province, equivalent to a confession that he has never travelled in search of the picturesque.

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* The considerable village of Castle-Douglas, formerly called Carlinwark, lies in the vicinity of the Thrave, upon the road from Edinburgh to Kirkcudbright. It is a burgh of barony, under the superiority of ——— Douglas, Esq. of Castle-Douglas; and its inhabitants, who amount to about 1000, are chiefly employed in weaving. The vicinity is adorned by a beautiful lake, and by a number of handsome seats. Among the latter, Mollance, the seat of Mr Napier, has already been noticed in our account of the *Water of Urr*. It deserves to be mentioned with peculiar commendation, on account of the soft and beautiful sylvan scenery which surrounds it. It is a fact strikingly illustrative of the progress which this district has made in wealth, &c. within the last seventy years, that Mollance, which was at one time considered the best house in Galloway, and may be still esteemed a spacious and handsome building, was reared in 1750, at the trifling expense of forty-nine pounds! Gelston Castle, a few miles to the south of Castle-Douglas, the seat of Mr Maitland of Auchlane, is a handsome castellated edifice, situated at the base of a range of highly picturesque mountains, upon some of which extensive plantations are beginning to make their appearance.

The Dee joins the Ken from the west, and the angle formed by their confluence comprises a beautifully wooded piece of territory called the Airds. This is the hallowed locality of the song entitled "Mary's Dream." John Lowe, the author of that song, was the son of the gardener of Kenmure Castle, and, during a residence at this place, fell in love with a young lady of the name of M'Ghie, whose sister, Mary, had a lover drowned at sea, the subject of the song. Lowe constructed a fine bower amidst the woods, the remains of which are still to be seen. It was visited by Burns, who, according to the report of his travelling companion, "lingered, and lingered, and lingered on the spot, as if he expected the passing spirit to appear." The lover afterwards went to America, and, forgetful of his early attachment, married a lady of that country, who revenged his faithlessness by dishonouring his bed, and imbittering all the latter years of his life. The era of the song, which is almost the only known composition of Lowe, was about 1750. Immediately opposite to Airds, Mr Cunninghame of Duchrae has converted a wild moor into a fine park; and amidst the oak copse upon the banks of the black water of Dee, has erected a magnificent mansion of antique Gothic architecture. The building is composed of roughly-hewn blocks of granite, and accords admirably with the rugged character of the surrounding scenery.

The next object worthy of notice in proceeding up the Ken, is Kenmure Castle, the seat of Viscount Kenmure. This ancient house stands upon a tall naked mound or hillock, overlooking the meadows, at the place where the river expands into a lake. It is rather a cluster of towers than a distinct house, having been originally a single tower, to which various additions appear to have been made in the tastes of different ages. The original keep is now roofless and ruinous, while the great body of the mansion is in good repair and coloured with a dingy blue. The apartments contain a fine series of family portraits. The view from the top of the mound, which must be at least sixty feet above the level of the plain, is extremely fine, especially that part of it which comprises the sylvan scenery of the Glenkens. Kenmure Castle is not far from the public road, and is approached by a short avenue of fine old lime-trees, which an aged man declared thirty years ago to have been equally tall and beautiful ever since either he or his father before him could remember.

The sixth Viscount Kenmure was the only Scottish nobleman that suffered on the occasion of *the Fifteen.* His grandson, by a highly popular act of the legislature, was in 1824 restored to the title then forfeited. The Kenmure family is one of most respectable antiquity; being a branch of the Gordons, who first settled in the south of Scotland soon after the Conquest. One of the Viscounts was very conspicuous as a loyalist in the Great Civil War; he commanded a troop of horse; and it was not the worst point of his military character, or rather of his discipline, that he constantly carried a huge cask of brandy at the head of the corps, for the use of the men; which cask, says an old historian, "was well knawne to the whole army by the merry appellation of *Kenmure's Drum.*"

At a very short distance from Kenmure Castle, the little burgh of New Galloway stretches along the road in the shape of a single street. This is the most deplorable of all Scottish burghs, except perhaps Dornoch in Sutherland. The motto of its armorial bearings is "*Crescimus cruce;*" but it would be well if the people could improve their condition by any means, profane or sacred. Near the town is a fine new bridge over the Ken. The most conspicuous hill in the neighbourhood is one called the *Black Rock abune the Dee;* which must have been that alluded to in the first verse of "Mary's Dream," so remarkable for sweet poetical description:

The moon had climbed the highest hill,
  Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silver light on rock and tree.

A few miles to the west of the road from New Galloway to Dalry, is situated Loch Dungeon, a little mountain *tarn* of singular sublimity. It is encompassed by high and precipitous rocks, which have been for ages the dwelling-place of the eagle, whose eyry has seldom been disturbed by the approach of man. In the immediate neighbourhood of the loch there is a *rocking-stone* of vast size, which may be moved by the slightest impulse.

Near New Galloway, the Glenkens changes its character of softness and cultivation for that of a heathy wilderness. The large parish-village of Dalry, and two or three seats occurring within the first five miles, form the only exceptions to this description. Among the latter is Earlstoun, formerly the seat of a branch of the Gordons. The Gordon of Earlstoun who flourished a hundred and fifty years ago, was a covenanter, and one of the few gentlemen of birth who joined that unhappy sect. When brought to trial before the privy council, he feigned madness to escape the torture, and finally escaped. This house is one of the old-fashioned sort composed of a tower and a *to-fa'*, abounding in steep slated roofs, with crow-steps along the gables, and carefully provided with the indispensable appendage of a dove-cot. It is whitened, and forms a conspicuous object from all parts of the glen. The woods around are extremely thick, old, and glossy; the very reverse of that *parvenu* description of forestry which almost everywhere forms so striking a commentary upon the well-known exclamation of the old English squire in regard to a neighbouring cotton-lord, "Thank heaven, the fellow cannot make a tree!"

The Ken takes its rise amidst the wilds of Carsphairn, which is the most northerly and mountainous of all the parishes of the Stewartry. The aspect of the country is here as desolate as the wildest Highland tract; and indeed it is scarcely possible to conceive a scene more hopelessly, miserably bleak, than what is presented around the little clachan of Carsphairn. The clachan itself consists of a few scattered houses, with its kirk and modest white manse; and, on casting the eye around, though a circuit of about eight or ten miles can be seen in almost every direction, not a single house or shealing is to be discerned. The country stretches away in extensive flats on various inclinations, towards the hills, which rise in vast round protuberances. The hue of the whole region is a mixture of green and yellow,—the colour of melancholy, according to Shakspeare,—with no interruption or variation except the black seams* formed by the torrents in the hills, and which descend their great round sides somewhat after the fashion of the longitudinal lines of an armillary sphere.

Amidst this wilderness of bare hills, on the confines of Ayrshire, lies the large sheet of water called Loch Doon, out of which proceeds the stream of the same name, so often celebrated by Burns. Loch Doon affords excellent sport to the angler, but is remarkable on no other account, except that it surrounds a castle which belonged to Edward, the brother of Robert Bruce.

The Fleet, the next river to the westward of the Dee, is a much smaller stream, much shorter, and not skirted by so many objects worthy of attention. It falls into the beautiful estuary called the Bay of Fleet, at the large modern village of Gatehouse. On the west side of the river, and about half a mile below Gatehouse, the once-important Castle of Cardoness stands on an eminence; and on the other side lie the extensive woods which surround the beautiful modern house of Cally, the seat of Mr Murray of Broughton. Gatehouse derives it name from an old tenement near the principal inn, which, standing at the entry of the avenue to Cally House, was named from that circumstance, and which extended its title to all the houses successively planted around it. The village is beautifully situated, and has a singularly neat and clean appearance.

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* The mountain torrents, when in force, during rainy weather, appear to the eye of the traveller like silver threads.

Gatehouse occupies both banks of the Fleet, the larger half being in the parish of Girthon, and the other part, called Fleet Street, being in the parish of Anwoth, the church of which, however, is two miles distant. Anwoth is a parish worthy of particular notice, as having been once under the ministerial charge of the celebrated Samuel Rutherford. The Manse occupied by this divine, a very little building, and scarcely fit to be a stable to the new one, is still to be seen near the small old-fashioned church; and some labyrinthine tracks are pointed out in a neighbouring copse, which, from having been used by that eminent person, are still called Rutherford's Walks. Rutherford is the presiding genius of the whole place; his name is attached to all the localities; and the people preserve numerous characteristic reminiscences of him and his habits.

It is told that Archbishop Usher, hearing the fame of Rutherford, once came to Anwoth in order to converse with him; a romantic species of adventure, which seems to have been common among distinguished authors before the press and the post-office had given such facilities to intellectual correspondence. He appeared at the manse on a Saturday night in the guise of a beggar, and solicited lodging, which was readily granted. He was desired to sit down in the kitchen, where Mrs Rutherford soon after, according to custom, catechised the servants, and with them the apparent pauper. She asked him how many commandments there were?—to which he answered, eleven. She was shocked at his ignorance, and commented upon it in no very respectful terms; but she did not the less on that account show to him the hospitality of a Scottish matron of the period. She gave him a good supper, and sent him up to a bed in the garret. This was the very situation in which the bishop desired to be placed; for he was mainly induced to undertake his strange pilgrimage by a desire to hear Mr Rutherford pray, and he now expected to overhear his private devotions. Though the minister, however, slept just beneath, Usher heard no sound for several hours; wherefore, he resolved to pour out his own soul in a prayer to his Maker. He prayed with so much fervency and eloquence that Rutherford started out of bed, put on his clothes, came up, and told the stranger that he was sure he could be no other than Bishop Usher. The bishop confessed who he was, and consented, upon Mr Rutherford's earnest solicitation, to preach next day in Anwoth church, obtaining a promise, however, that no one should be made acquainted with his secret. Furnished with a suit of Mr Rutherford's clothes, the bishop, early in the morning, went out to the fields; the other followed him, and soon after brought him in as a strange minister passing by, who had promised to preach for him. Mrs Rutherford found that the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship and breakfast, the family went to the kirk; and the bishop had for his text, (John xiii. 34,) " A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." In the course of his sermon, he observed that this might be considered the *eleventh* commandment: upon which the minister's wife said to herself, " That is the answer the poor man gave me last night," and, looking up to the pulpit, added, " Can it be possible that this is he!" After public worship, the strange minister and Mr Rutherford spent the evening with mutual satisfaction, and, early on Monday morning, the former went away without being discovered.

The church in which this sermon was preached, and even the very pulpit, and all the curious old-fashioned seats, were seen in an entire state by the author of this work in June 1826, but cannot remain so much longer, as a new church was then on the point of being erected. The church-yard contains a number of singularly old grave-stones, including some to the memory of covenanters.

Rutherford was one of those lights of the presbyterian church in the time of the usurpation, and of Charles II, who mingled, with their sternness and enthusiasm, the merit of great natural eloquence, and who possessed, to a degree of which no modern pulpit orator has the slightest idea, the power of moving the souls of men heavenward. Rutherford had prodigious reputation on this account in his own day; and it is yet possible to discern by the work entitled his "Letters," that he was a man of the highest order of natural genius. Some of the passages termed his "flights," display a warmth and opulence of fancy that can be compared to nothing known in literature, except perhaps the splendid conceits of Donne, or the delightful imaginations of Bunyan.

The little village, or rather mill-town of Skyreburn, a little way westward from the church of Anwoth, affords one of the most exquisite little morsels of *burn-side scenery* to be found in Scotland. Its old rude cornerless comfortable-looking mill, the undulating outlines of its little old-fashioned thatched cottages, its brawling shining brook, its tall old trees, its utter want of every thing sharp and new, and its abundance of every thing soft round and warm, combine to form altogether that happy spot where childhood best may sport, manhood enjoy, and age decline. The burn itself is one of the most unequal and poetical temper. Deriving its waters from the bounteous bosom of a range of lofty hills, it is apt in case of showers to assume suddenly all the consequential airs of a large river, without regard to the good linen webs which may be bleaching, or the bairns that may be plucking gowans or pursuing butterflies on its verdant and copsy banks. This remarkable characteristic has occasioned the proverbial expression, "Skairsburn Warning;" which is used throughout Galloway in case of any unexpected calamity.

Between this place and the thriving sea-side village of Creetown, though the scenery is very fine, there is no object worthy of particular attention, except Heathdale, the seat of Sir Samuel Hannay, and a large moat-hill on the coast, surrounded with the remains of some fortifications, and having upon its north side a tall upright stone, adorned with the figure of a cross, and supposed to have been the object of some species of early idolatrous worship. The view obtained here of the opposite coast of Wigton Bay and the town of Wigton, excites the admiration of every traveller. In the neighbourhood of Creetown are more than one highly ornamented seat; but the place demands no further notice. By crossing the ferry at the village, the traveller enters the county of Wigton.

Wigtonshire mainly consists in two peninsulæ, which, jutting out from the more continental part of Galloway, are distinguished from it by comparative flatness, and greater partial fertility. Luce Bay divides and helps to form these promontories. In other words, the northern part of the county, like the districts of Carrick and Kirkcudbright, to which it adjoins, is moorish and mountainous; but the southern part, consisting of these peninsulæ, is level and in a high state of cultivation. The ground, in particular, which lies in the neighbourhood of the town of Wigton, is inferior to none in Scotland; producing successive crops of the strongest wheat. The estate of Baldoon, south from Wigton, is believed to be the very best wheat land in the kingdom.

Wigton itself derives its only support as a town from its situation amidst these fertile fields; having little shipping-trade besides what is supplied by export corn and import lime, and no sale-trade except what is occasioned by the wealthy farmers and " prosperous gentlemen" of the neighbourhood. There is perhaps no town in the south of Scotland so completely *out of the way* as Wigton; being situated in one of the peninsulæ above mentioned, at the distance of several miles from any post-road. It is therefore obliged to depend entirely upon its own resources; to have every thing, as the proprietors of self-contained houses say, *within itself;* to be in fact a *self-contained town!*

Wigton is a small, but very neat town, lying across a ridge near the sea, much after the fashion of a sack of corn athwart the back of a horse. The principal street is a parallelogram, of which the internal space is laid out in shrubberies and enclosed by a rail. At the upper end of the innermost space, which is used as a bowling-green, the ground has been erected in the shape of a circular stair, upon the verdant steps of which the citizens recline, in the fine summer evenings, to witness the sports of the bowl-players below. At the lower extremity there is a remarkably fine and very intricate dial. All round the bowling-green there are shady walks which the contemplative may traverse without being seen from without. This is altogether a wonderfully fine thing, and quite unexampled in Scotland. Its merit must be doubly appreciated by the stranger, when he is informed that the space which it occupies, was once the site of the great common dung-hill of the people of Wigton. An amusing thing is told in regard to the former use and purpose of the place. Upon the occasion of an election, when it was found impossible to clear the ground of its vast stercoraceous incumbrance in proper time, boards were thrown over it, and upon these were erected tables, at which a great body of honest burghers and wily politicians sat down to a public dinner. Perhaps so many "honourable men" were never before known to *dine upon a dunghill!*

At the upper extremity of the parallelogram, without the rails, stands the market-cross, a fabric of singular elegance, composed of a species of grey granite very common in this part of the country. At the other extremity is the town-house. The church, a very plain building, is situated between the town and the sea. The church-yard contains the tombs of two women who, in the persecuting times, were drowned in the tide at the mouth of the river Blednoch, which runs into the sea about a hundred yards to the south of the town. They were girls, but more obstinate upon points of politics and religion than perhaps becomes women of any age or condition. They were offered their lives, when at the stake on condition of saying "God save the

King;" and, on refusing, were left to be overwhelmed by the rising waves.

A strange and ridiculous story is told at Wigton in regard to this unhappy affair. One of the most active persons at the execution was, it seems, the town-officer of Wigton, who, when the girls were raised out of the water, and refused to save their lives by the simple expression above mentioned, took his halbard, and, pressing them down again into the water, exclaimed with savage glee, "Then tak anither drink, my hearties!" Heaven, for this, is said to have afflicted him with an intolerable and unquenchable thirst; insomuch that he never after durst venture abroad, without carrying along with him an enormous jar full of water, wherewithal to gratify his unnatural appetite. As he crawled about with this singular load, people used to pass him by with silent horror; for, though his misfortune might have been the result of disease, it was, in that superstitious age, universally believed to be a manifestation of divine vengeance.

The church-yard of Wigton, besides several other "martyrs' stones," contains a number of monuments remarkable for their antiquity. It is a peculiarity, however, common to all Galloway, that the burial-grounds contain more ancient tomb-stones than are to be found anywhere else in Scotland. Many are found perfectly legible and entire, though bearing date from the seventeenth, the sixteenth, and even the fifteenth centuries, and though exposed all that time to the open air. Some of the houses of Wigton have the appearance of considerable antiquity. The town is decidedly a dull one, for the reasons already mentioned; yet such is the wealth of the country around, that it supports a branch of the British Linen Company's Bank.

Whithorn, situated about twelve miles to the south of Wigton, nearer the point of the promontory, is remarkable as the seat of the oldest bishopric in Scotland, that of Galloway. There are still some slight remains of the Cathedral, as well as of a priory, founded by Fergus Lord of Galloway, and of a place of worship upon the coast, at some distance from the town, said to be the earliest religious foundation in Scotland. Whithorn is a royal burgh, and unites with Wigton, Stranraer, and New Galloway, in electing a member of Parliament.

Newton-Stewart, another of the numerous towns of Wigtonshire, is situated about eight miles to the northward of the county-town, upon the banks of the river Cree. It is a large modern village, and fast rising into importance. About fifty years ago, all the houses consisted of one story and were covered with thatch; but more than the half of them are now two stories in height and slated. The village has a species of municipal government, and is consequently adorned by a town-hall. The bridge erected of late years by Mr Mathison of Stranraer over the Cree, is a highly ornamental structure, connecting the main part of the town with an inferior portion which lies on the other side of the water in the parish of Minniegaff and Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. At the upper extremity of that inferior portion of the town, there is a large moat-hill, where David Graham, brother to Claverhouse, and superior of this district, used to administer justice immediately before the Revolution. Newton-Stewart is a stage on the road from Dumfries to Portpatrick.

The next stage on the same road is Glenluce, a small village of no great prosperity, but surrounded by some very pleasant scenery. The only curiosity in the neighbourhood is the ruins of the abbey, which lie at the distance of a mile and a half up a delightful vale behind the town. Luce Abbey was founded in 1190 for Monks of the Cistercian order. It suffered very little at the Reformation or for a century afterwards, but has insensibly fallen to decay since that period. Considerable masses of the church and cloisters yet remain; and the chapter-house, which seems to have been the most elegant part of the building, is still quite entire. The ruins cover altogether an acre and a half of ground. The precinct forms the minister's glebe, and the manse is immediately adjacent to the ruin. As in almost all cases of great ecclesiastical remains in Scotland, the neighbouring dykes are of a peculiarly splendid character, being constructed with stones picked out of the ruins. It is reported that the famous Michael Scott was once abbot of Luce, and that his magical library is still existing underneath a particular part of the ruins.

The part of Wigtonshire which lies to the west of the vale of Luce, is termed the Rhinns of Galloway, (from a word signifying a peninsula;) being almost completely enclosed by the bay of Lochryan. The southern point of this wild coast-land, called the Mull of Galloway, is the extreme southern point of Scotland, and as such is alluded to in a well-known verse by Burns,

> Hear, Land o' Cakes and brother Scots,
> Frae *Maiden Kirk* to John o' Groats, &c.

being part of the parish of Kirkmaiden. Of this district, Stranraer may be considered the chief town.

Stranraer is a thriving and handsome sea-port town, situated at the bottom of the bay above mentioned, and containing at least two thousand inhabitants. Being reported a healthy place, it has become the retreat of a good number of respectable annuitants. There are several seats in the neighbourhood, adorned with all the charms of nature and art, as Castle Kennedy, and Culhorn.* In the centre of the town, stands a tall strong edifice, originally a castle, but now used as the jail. There is scarcely any thing else worthy of notice about Stranraer, except that the people are remarkable for extraordinary attention to the duties of religion.

Lochryan is a bay extending about ten miles inland, and from two to four broad, affording excellent anchorage for vessels, which often put in here from stress of weather. Seen from Stranraer, where its length is considerably fore-shortened, it resembles a lady's fan. It is consecrated to the lovers of Scottish poetry by the fine old pathetic ballad, entitled the Lass o' Lochryan, upon which Burns founded his admirable song of "Lord Gregory," and which many other men of genius have attempted to modify in a similar manner. The story of the ballad is simply this. Fair Annie of Lochryan, longing for the return of her lover, resolves to set out on a voyage in search of him. She accordingly embarks in a splendid barge, the sails of which were of silk, and the ropes of taffety, and, learning from a pirate whom she met, that her lover lived in a fine castle on the coast, she hastens thither, and goes up to the gate with her babe in her arms. Lord Gregory was confined to this place by enchantment, under the control of his mother, who was by no means disposed to be very courteous to the wandering lady who had thus come in search of him. When Annie, therefore claims to be admitted from the cold night wind, and intreats shelter, if not for herself at least for her child, the old woman assumes the voice and manner of her son, and rejects the petition of the unhappy wanderer. Dejected and forlorn, the Lass of Lochryan retires to her boat and puts again out to sea. In the morning, when Lord Gregory awakes, he informs his mother that he had dreamed that fair Annie had come to the door and intreated for admission. The hardened wretch avows the reality of his dream, and he goes out to see what has become of his mistress. He sees her little vessel tossed upon the rising surge far out to sea, and soon after is agonized by the spectacle of its wreck. While he stands upon the beach wringing his hands and bemoaning his fate, the body of the unfortunate lady is washed ashore at his feet. True or fictitious, this pathetic tale gives to Lochryan, rude and haggard as is the scenery which bounds it, a charm superior to all that cultivation and beauty bestow upon landscape.

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* This last is a seat of the Earl of Stair, and the woods around are said to have been laid out by the great Earl, nearly a century ago, in a peculiar species of arrangement, meant to express the position of the troops at the Battle of Dettingen.

About six miles west from Stranraer is Portpatrick, a town of considerable size and thriving character, situated on the nearest point of Great Britain to Ireland, the channel being here only twenty-one miles across. This is the chief point of communication between Scotland and Ireland: four packets sail constantly. The facility of intercourse produced by these means, has caused the population of Wigtonshire and the district of Carrick to be liberally tinged with natives of Ireland; a circumstance by no means advantageous to the morals of the community. I was informed by one who had repeatedly travelled through Galloway, that, when approaching Portpatrick, he never failed to meet numbers of wretched Irish people by the way, plodding towards the interior of this country, but that on the contrary, when he happened to be *leaving* Portpatrick, his eyes were rarely greeted by such objects, and only when he happened to overtake them.

Portpatrick possesses an excellent harbour, with a reflecting light-house, for which it was chiefly indebted to the exertions of Sir David Hunter Blair. An ancient fortress in the neighbourhood, called Dunskey Castle, and overhanging the sea, is an object worthy of inspection.

Ayrshire.

We'll awa' to Ayrshire,
  Where green grow the rashes, O;
We'll awa' to Ayrshire,
  To see the bonnie lasses, O.
    SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

AYRSHIRE, the country of Bruce and of Burns, the peculiar part of Scotland where man is most manly and woman most beautiful, is one of the largest counties south of the Forth, stretching eighty miles in a crescent shape along the coast of the western sea, and being in some places thirty miles broad. In every sense of the word, this is a most important county. It is everywhere highly productive, either in grain, cattle, the labours of the dairy, or in mineral wealth; it possesses a large and very active manufacturing community; and it is endowed with a liberal share of that dearest of all gifts, historical and poetical association. Every thing seems to be constituted on a peculiarly large and liberal scale in Ayrshire. The men are decidedly taller and more robust than other natives of Scotland,* and the cattle and horses display proportions equally extraordinary. There is also a degree of masculine strength and energy about the minds of the Ayrshire people, a sort of whiskered and buckskin-breeked hardihood, correspondent to their physical qualifications. The mind, character, and consequently the writings, of Burns, were thus characterised in a very eminent degree.

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* It is, I believe, from Ayrshire, that the gallant and gigantic horse-regiment so well known by the epithet of "the Scots Greys," has been for many years chiefly recruited.

The aristocracy of Ayrshire is a very numerous and honourable body; as is testified by two valuable genealogical volumes lately published by Mr Robertson of Irvine. The Kennedies, the Montgomeries, the Boyds, the Blairs, the Stewarts, the Campbells, the Boswells, the Cunninghams, and the Cochranes, are the chief families. Of the first of these, now represented by the Earl of Cassilis, it was formerly said in an old rhyme:

'Twixt Wigton and the town o' Ayr,
  Portpatrick and the Cruives o' Cree,
Nae man need think for to bide there,
  Unless he court wi' Kennedie;

a fearful delineation of feudal power. All the great Ayrshire families have produced men more or less eminent in the history and literature of their country.

Ayrshire is divided into three great districts. Cunningham, the most northerly, is separated from Kyle by the river Irvine; and Kyle, the central section, is divided from Carrick, the most southerly, by the famous river Doon. Cunningham is a level and fertile district; Kyle is partly mountainous; and Carrick is little else than a vast tract of hills. The best productions of those different regions are thus expressed in an ancient popular rhyme.

Kyle for a man, and Carrick for a cow,
Cunningham for butter and cheese, and Galloway for woo'.

But modern improvements have tended somewhat, I believe, to derange these peculiarities.

It was in Ayrshire that the doctrines of the Reformation were for the first time promulgated in Scotland. The Lollards of Kyle, as the first persons tinged with these sentiments were called, suffered persecution for conscience-sake before the termination of the fifteenth century.* When the Reformation, therefore, arrived in full force, the people of this country, being to a certain extent prepared for the change received it with unexampled facility. The impressions so easily made were proportionably strong, and remained ineffaceable amidst all the religious convulsions that afterwards took place. This was all very well at the time. But it unfortunately happened that the state of apprehension and alarm into which they were thrown by their persecutions, caused among the people an excessive tenaciousness and affection for the unworthy as well as worthy parts of their faith, and occasioned the perpetuation of many observances which appeared to every unconcerned eye as nothing but ridiculous. Thus, the state of the public mind in regard to religion was in Burns's time perfectly contemptible, as appears from his writings; and it may be said even yet to be characterised by no little degree of the fanaticism and austerity, which called from that satirist so powerful a correction.

Previous to the era of 1770, Ayrshire was in a very rude state; destitute of roads, the land unimproved, and no manufactures. Such was the state of the country in regard to roads and the means of transportation from one place to another,† about the year 1730, that Hugh, Earl of Loudoun, then a child, being under the necessity of travelling from Loudoun Castle to Edinburgh, was, it is recorded by tradition, carried in a species of pannier, slung across the back of a horse, and thus, accompanied by a servant on another horse, accomplished the journey of sixty miles in somewhat less than a week.

It was on account of some attempts at reforming and improving the domestic condition of the farmers of Ayrshire, that the unfortunate Earl of Eglintoune acquired his unpopularity, and was so little lamented at his death. His lordship used to cause his tenants to change farms with each other, with the view, as he alleged, to prevent their beds and other furniture from rotting with damp, and in order to incite them to greater personal activity. "He's an unco fashious man that Yerl o' Egglintoune," they would sometimes say to each other; "he's ay plan-plannin and ay change-changin, and ae way or another he's never off our tap. Od, I wiss he mayna meet wi' his merchant *some* day." When eventually shot by a poacher, it was very generally remarked, that "he had lang been *fey*, and lang been working for a mischief, and noo he had got it." The indolence and squalor which the earl vainly endeavoured to abolish, have now, of course, entirely disappeared.*

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* Knox, in his History of the Reformation, calls Kyle "an old receptacle of the servants of God."

† Carts were first used in Ayrshire, at the erection of the bridge over the Irvine Water near Riccarton, in 1726.

The first thing that gave an impulse to agriculture in Ayrshire was the establishment of Douglas, Heron, and Company's Bank at Ayr. This institution, no doubt, was ill-conducted in all its departments; its officials, for one thing, were foolishly extravagant in their expenses wherever they went, insomuch that there is a proverb current to this day throughout Ayrshire, Galloway, and Dumfriesshire, being the expression used on all occasions by these men, "Never mind the reckoning; Douglas, Heron, and Company pay for a'!" Yet, though productive of ruin to many individuals, the Ayr bank was the cause of much good in the country; supplying, while it lasted, to some public-spirited persons, the means of improving and planting their estates, and raising a spirit of activity in the community at large, which was never afterwards permitted to flag.

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* Mr Aiton, in his intelligent "View of the Agriculture of the County of Ayr," where many highly curious facts are stated, thus accounts for the ignorance and indolence of the tenantry. "The generality of the tenants were altogether ignorant of the fundamental principles of agriculture, and of the laws of nature on which these principles are founded. Information on these subjects was not then relished. An extensive acquaintance with the mysterious, abstruse, and disputed points of systematic divinity, was the species of knowledge then generally sought after, and to which the greatest fame was attached. The people had been taken from the plough and other peaceful labours of the field, to assist the reformers in demolishing churches and hunting down the popish clergy, who were the best farmers then in Scotland; and it was not till near the end of the last century that they returned to their proper occupation. * * * Their ambition was not to improve the soil, but to reform the church; not to destroy weeds and brambles, but to root out heresy; not to break up the stubborn soil, but to tread down the Whore of Babylon and the Man of Sin." *p.* 74. Mr Aiton immediately afterwards adds: "The selling of meal by the weight instead of measure, was, when first introduced, considered a dreadful schism; and the introduction of winnowing machines was *testified against*, from some of the pulpits, under the denomination of DEIL'S WIND." *p.* 77.

The most striking of the natural features of Ayrshire is the appearance, from the shore, of Ailsa Craig, which rises sheer out of the sea, at the distance of fifteen miles from land, somewhat like an inverted top. The distance of this object causes it to be seen from the greater part of the coast, though it everywhere appears to be quite at hand. The Bass alone, on the coast of East Lothian, bears any resemblance to this singular rock; and it is remarkable that both teem with the peculiar bird called the Solan Goose, which is only to be found in one other similar Scottish island, that of St Kilda. So tall and massive is Ailsa, and such is the effect produced by the levelness of the sea between, that the sight of it, even at the distance of fifteen miles, oppresses the imagination. Nothing can be more startling than its first appearance, as the stranger comes down upon the coast from the mountains of Carrick. It is an object quite unlike any he has ever been accustomed to see upon the ocean; it seems some strange, some awful prodigy; and his very senses reel under the terrific impression. Yet, such is the difference which education and circumstances can work upon the minds of different men, that, according to veritable report, an honest farmer from the interior, on first coming within sight of the rock and the surrounding watery plain, made no other observation upon the subject than that "he thought he never had seen so large a meadow, with so large a hay-rick in the middle of it." Ailsa Craig belongs to Ayrshire. It is about two miles in circumference; is the property of the Earl of Cassilis; and is let at L.30 *per annum*. Its principal productions are solan geese, goats, and rabbits. It is uninhabited, though the remains of a house of some strength are yet to be seen perched upon the upper edge of the eastern front of the crag.

Commencing a survey of Ayrshire at the southern extremity, the first place worthy of note is the Vale of Glenapp, which stretches from the shore of Lochryan a good way up into the interior, and abounds with fine natural scenery. Such is the irregularity of the burn which runs through Glenapp, that the road crosses it at least a dozen times, by as many bridges, within the extent of half-a-dozen miles. A more perplexing, cross-tempered burn is not to be found perhaps in all Scotland, abounding as it does in wayward capricious burns. Glenapp is well worth traversing for the sake of its delightful scenery.

This southern nook of Ayrshire constitutes the parish of Ballantrae, and is in general very wild. Ballantrae was formerly a great haunt of smugglers; a circumstance by no means calculated to soften the natural rudeness of the people. It is perhaps sufficient to record, as evincing the state of primitive rudeness from which this parish has recently emerged, that, till within the last twenty years, there was not a single individual connected with the three learned faculties, not so much as a justice of the peace, in the whole district, nor within twelve miles of it.

The village of Ballantrae is situated at a level part of the shore, close to the mouth of the Stinchar water, picturesquely overhung by the ruins of an old castle.

The road from Ballantrae to Girvan is extremely unequal, from the bold nature of the coast. At one place it winds tortuously over or rather through a range of precipices called Gamesloup, which, with the neighbouring ruin of Carleton Castle, form the appropriate scenery of one of the wildest tales known in the nurseries of Scotland, that of "May Collean." Carleton Castle, which now frowns down upon the road from a green hill-side, about two miles north from Gamesloup, was, in former times, it seems, occupied by a wicked baron. This man, who usually gets the name of "the fause Sir John," and is decked out with all the terrific attributes of a Blue Beard, married a vast number of wives for the sake of their fortunes, and successively precipitated them into the sea from one of the high perpendicular rocks at Gamesloup. He, at last, married a young lady named May Collean, in whom, for the first time, he met with his match. Having conducted her to the usual place of execution, he desired her to strip herself of all her rich clothes, as he designed immediately to throw her into the sea. She exclaimed loudly, of course, against this proposal; but Sir John was "as deaf as Ailsa Craig," and not to be shaken by any thing in the shape of mere whimpering. So he told her to prepare for her fate: she affected to comply, but desired him to turn about his back, as it was not meet for male eyes to see a woman undo the labours of her toilette. Sir John was so kind as to do this; when she immediately seized the opportunity to trip him over, and lay him in the place where he had designed to lay her. She then came home, and, succeeding to the possessions of the deceased, spent all the rest of her days in wealth and honour. This strange story, which has been made the subject of a fine old ballad, is firmly believed and currently told by the common people of Carrick.

Girvan, twelve miles from Ballantrae, and as many from Maybole, is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is a large *parvenu* village indebted for its existence to the vast herds of Irish who flock to this district of Scotland, and who here find employment in certain branches of the manufactures of Glasgow. Girvan consists almost entirely of cottages of one story, with two apartments, one for domestic accommodation, and the other for a workshop; and, such are the gregarious habits of the population, two thirds of whom are of Irish extraction, that it is by no means uncommon to find two, three, and even four families, living in one of those little apartments, while as many looms are at work for their subsistence in the other end of the house. This system, at a *prima facie* view, would appear to involve much personal misery; and, for the sake of cleanliness, health, and comfort, it is certainly to be wished that each family had at least one room, if not two, to itself. But how constantly do the poor defy all attempts on the part of philosophy to improve their physical condition! Instead of finding any inconvenience from the crowded state of his house, the Milesian of Girvan who is so unfortunate as to have a whole room for his own family, feels disagreeably lonesome, and either advertises half a house to let, or hangs out a ticket informing the passing traveller that he can give him lodgings for the night.

The banks of the Girvan, which are opened up by a road to Maybole, abound in fine scenery and in fine seats. Burns testifies his admiration of the natural beauties of the vale, by speaking somewhere of "Girvan's fairy-haunted stream."

The coast road to Maybole possesses more charms of an artificial, if fewer of a natural character. About five miles north from Girvan, the remains of Turnberry Castle may be seen upon the points of a rocky promontory, which there projects into the sea from a low sandy desert of several miles in extent. Turnberry was the property and residence of Robert Bruce, having been acquired by his father's marriage to the Countess of Carrick. It was in the neighbourhood of this place that a kiln-fire, mistaken by the hero for an appointed signal, brought him over prematurely with his followers from Arran, to attempt the deliverance of his country, as related by Barbour, Sir Walter Scott, and others of his historians. Burns describes the place as "where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks, and

Carrick.

shook his Carrick spear." Though Turnberry is dreadfully dilapidated, and even considerably worn by the sea and weather, the vestiges of a drawbridge, several large vaults, or caves, and the extent of rock covered by the ruins, testify, in a very impressive manner, the former vast strength and importance of the fortress.

Within sight of Turnberry, and not more than a mile from it, the farm of Shanter may be seen on the height which there gently swells up from the shore towards Kirkoswald. This was the residence forty years ago, sooner and later, of Thomas Reid, a rough-spun Carrick farmer, who was in the habit of wearing a broad blue bonnet, riding a sturdy white mare, and getting regularly drunk at all the fairs and markets held within forty miles round. Burns, being on a visit for some months, when nineteen years of age, at Duwhat, the next farm, then occupied by a maternal relation, had constant intercourse with this doughty hero, and full leisure to observe all the peculiarities of his highly original and amusing character. He has accordingly made him the hero of his immortal poem, "Tam o' Shanter." The picture there given of the dissolute manners of a Carrick farmer is generally allowed in Ayrshire to have been by no means overcharged. Smuggling having at that period wrought fearful changes in their primitive character, and involved them in all the evils of dissipation and idleness, it was nothing unusual for the whole family—men, women, and children—to continue in a state of intoxication for three days and nights without intermission. It is even said to have been by no means an unfrequent occurrence, at the farm of Shanter in particular, for the servants to be so stupid with liquor, as to boil the matutinal meal of the family with brandy instead of water, a mistake the more natural, because all the domestic vessels were occasionally put in requisition, to hold the generous fluids which had been hastily transferred from on board the passing luggers.

The farm of Shanter is now annexed to another farm; all the buildings of the stead have been taken away;

and a modern cottage, built out of the materials, and occupied by one poor family, alone exists to mark the place to the eye of the curious traveller. Duwhat is still the same as when it was the residence of Burns. It lies close to the road-side, about a mile south-west from Kirkoswald, and is worthy of notice as the place which the poet described in his "Halloween." Kirkoswald is a picturesque old village, and the school still stands which Burns attended when residing at Duwhat.

The noble mansion of Colzean, the seat of the Earl of Cassilis, is situated upon a bold part of the shore, about three miles north from these last-mentioned localities. This is the finest house in Ayrshire; and, whether its architectural elegance, its internal decoration, or its prospect sea-ward be considered, commands the admiration of all strangers. It was built about the year 1770.*

Between Kirkoswald and Maybole, are situated, in a low valley, the remains of the Abbey of Corsregal. This magnificent religious house was founded in 1144, by Duncan, son of Gilbert Earl of Carrick. The church is sorely dilapidated; but there is no ecclesiastical ruin of the kind in Scotland, where the cloisters and other domestic buildings are so entire. Two towers or castles close to the ruins, and which were the houses occupied by the abbots, are yet but little injured; and the chapter-house, as in the cases of Glenluce, Elgin, &c., is fortunately almost whole, being a small but beautiful apartment supported by one pillar in the centre.

The celebrated George Buchanan had, some years after the Reformation, a small pension out of the revenues of Corsregal. It is a well-authenticated fact that the Earl of Cassilis of that day, impelled by a diabolical rapacity, seized the commendator, who enjoyed the principal part of the revenues, and, in order to make him sign a deed in his (Lord Cassilis's) favour, roasted him before a slow fire till pain obliged him to comply. Buchanan, hearing of this horrible exertion of feudal power, put his person under the protection of the state, lest he might have been caught and scouthered on the same account. The brutal Earl was one of the most zealous of the Reformers, and like too many of his brethren in that holy cause, chiefly indebted for his sanctimonious enthusiasm to a love of the good things of this world.

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* The rock underneath the Castle is penetrated by deep caves, which the vulgar have peopled with supernatural beings, and which are known to have afforded shelter after the Revolution to Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzean, who had rendered himself offensive by his adherence to the cause of the exiled family.

Maybole, the capital of Carrick, and a burgh of barony, is a good-looking town, situated on the face of a gentle hill, with a southern exposure. Though the streets have the fault of narrowness, and contain no eminently fine place or public building, Maybole, nevertheless possesses a certain degree of massive and metropolitan magnificence, seldom seen in much larger towns. This is owing to the circumstance of its having been in former times the winter-residence of a number of the noble and baronial families of the neighbourhood, some of whose mansions, yet surviving, with their stately turrets and turnpikes, give an air of antique dignity to all the houses around. There were once no fewer than twenty-eight such mansion houses; and, previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdictions, the town derived additional respectability from the legal practitioners who attended the court of the Bailiery of Carrick; a few of whose ancient maiden descendants, lately surviving, gave token by their pride and high manners, that the society of Maybole was a very different thing a century ago from what it is now. Tradition preserves but a very faint remembrance of the glories of that past time; but it is at least evident, that Maybole was then invested with many of the proud attributes of a capital.

The mansion-house of the Cassilis family is the finest surviving specimen of the twenty-eight winter seats formerly existing in Maybole. It is a tall, stately well-built house at the east end of the town, and *par excellence* is usually termed "the Castle." A finer, more sufficient, and more entire house of the kind, has never fallen under the observation of the present writer. It is said to have been the residence of the repudiated Countess of Cassilis, whose story is so well known, from its being the subject of a popular ballad.

The common version of the Countess's story among the people of Maybole, is as follows. John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, and of whom it is remembered that he would never permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man of singular genius, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage and the best fortune of his time. The match, as is probable from the character of the parties, seems to have been one dictated by policy; for Lord Haddington was anxious to connect himself with the older peers, and Lord Cassilis might have some similar anxiety to be allied to his father-in-law's good estates; the religion and politics of the parties, moreover, were the same. It is therefore not very likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, her affections were shamefully violated. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were spent and gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, then the principal residence of the family, and which is still to be seen in its original state. He was disguised as a gypsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. In the words of the ballad,

The gypsies cam to the Yerl o' Cassilis' yett,
  And, Oh, but they sang sweetly;

They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
  That doun cam our fair ladye.

She cam tripping doun the stairs,
  Wi' a' her maids before her;
And as sune as they saw her weel-faured face,
  They cuist the glaumoury owre her.

Alas, love has a glaumoury for the eyes much more powerful than that supposed of old to be practised by wandering gypsies, and which must have been the only magic used on this occasion. The Countess right soon condescended to elope with her lover. Most unfortunately, ere they had proceeded very far, the Earl came home, and, learning the fact, immediately set out in pursuit, accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question; he overtook, and captured the whole party, at a ford over the Doon, still called the Gypsies' Steps, only a few miles from the castle. Having brought them back to Cassilis, he hanged all the gypsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon "the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes upon a mound in front of the Castle gate. As for the Countess, whose indiscretion occasioned all this waste of human life, she was taken by her husband to a window in front of the Castle, and there, by a refinement of cruelty, compelled to survey the dreadful scene,—to see, one after another, fifteen young men put to death, and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her, and who had perilled all that men esteem in her behalf. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called "the Countess's Room." After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting stair-case, upon which were carved heads representing those of her lover and his band; and she was removed thither and confined for the rest of her life,—the Earl in the meantime marrying another wife. One of her daughters, Lady Margaret, was afterwards married to the celebrated Bishop Burnet. Fortunately, the family has not been continued by her progeny, but by that of her husband's second wife. While confined in Maybole Castle, she is said to have wrought a prodigious quantity of tapestry, so as to have completely covered the walls of her prison; but no vestige of it is now to be seen, the house having been repaired, *(otherwise* ruined,) a few years ago, when size-paint had become a more fashionable thing at Maybole than tapestry. The effigies of the gypsies are very minute, being subservient to the decoration of a fine triple window at the top of the stair-case, and stuck upon the tops and bottoms of a series of little pilasters which adorn that part of the building. The head of Johnnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper flat of Cassilis Castle are similarly adorned; but regarding them tradition is silent.

The ruins of the collegiate church of Maybole are situated in the centre of the town. This religious establisment was founded by Gilbert Kennedy of Dunure in 1441, and desecrated at the Reformation. A small part of the church yet remains in a tolerably entire state; but, though the burial-place of the Cassilis family, it is completely overwhelmed with filth and weeds.

The house of Andrew Gray, the last Provost of this College, is pointed out in the Back Vennel, a narrow wynd which leads down to it from the main street. It is a tenement of two stories, thatched, and now occupied as an inn.* It was in the large upper room of this tenement that John Knox and Quintin Kennedy, Abbot of Corsregal, held their celebrated disputation concerning the Reformed Doctrines, which lasted three days, and was attended by great crowds of people from all parts of the country. Tradition records that on this occasion the abbot brought with him from his abbacy several wain-loads of books and manuscripts, for his use during the dispute, and that, after the victory was declared or assumed in favour of John Knox, the people seized the same and made a vast bonfire of them in the Green of Maybole. It would appear that the old-church party was as well pleased with its champion as the people were with theirs; for Kennedy, dying soon after, was endowed on that account with the honours of canonization.

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* Bearing the sign of the Red Lion.

The principal business carried on in Maybole is that of cotton-weaving, which employs a vast number of persons; and the town has, moreover, a considerable trade in shoes, and a large manufactory of blankets. Such is the general prosperity, that at present there are several whole streets rising at once in the suburbs. The population, like that of Girvan, is greatly tinged with Irish.

Stranger! you are now approaching that beloved land, that small, but hallowed district, where the poet of the people of Scotland first saw the light; a man who, with many mortal faults, possessed in a degree which almost redeemed them all, the immortal energies of genius, and whose name, so long as Scotland endures, will be cherished with rapturous endearment by every true Scotsman: you are approaching the birth-place, or, as another writer has finely titled it, the *Land* of Burns. *His land*, indeed, it may well be called. This water which he has so often sung; these woods, whose garniture charmed his young eye; these birds, whose songs accompanied his daily orisons; this very soil which he trod; all—all are the property of his name, and that never to be alienated.

It is unfortunate that the country whose natural objects were destined to feed the early fancy of Burns, should have been one totally undistinguished either by grandeur or loveliness of scenery. The environs of the cottage in which he was born, consist simply in that common-place alternation of field and meadow, farm and policy, which becomes so tedious in England; nor indeed, is there much scenery of a poetical cast anywhere throughout Ayrshire. Burns had this disadvantage to contend against, as he had so many others; his own hopeless poverty, the rudeness and prejudices of the people among whom he was placed, and the unhappiness of the time when he flourished.

The town of Ayr, which is usually first seen by strangers visiting the land of Burns, is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. It is a very handsome town, consisting of an ancient central part, where the houses are mostly tall and antique, and a modern suburb, the edifices of which have the appearance of neat self-contained villas. Many of the shops are as fine as those of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the town seems, from the air of business which pervades the streets, to be in a flourishing condition. The great defect of Ayr is the want of steeples; which is the less tolerable, as the town lies on a perfect level. The public buildings, however, as the academy, town-house, bridge, &c. are more than redeeming. On the north and opposite bank of the river, there is a meaner town, called the Newton-of-Ayr, under a distinct municipal as well as parochial government. The mouth of the river forms a harbour, but of no great depth.

Ayr is a very ancient town, and must have been a place of some importance so early as the thirteenth century, when it was made a principal station for troops by the invader Edward.* It was here that Wallace first *redd room* for liberty among the locust-swarm of his country's oppressors; and many of the localities of the town are, of course, associated with the name of that illustrious patriot hero. The site of the barns which he burnt, of the house from which he was thrown when supposed to be dead, of the court-house where so many of the Scottish barons were condemned to death, and even, we doubt not, the place where he broke the back of the English buckler-playing lurdane, can all be pointed out by the venerable gossips of the town.*

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* It was erected into a royal burgh, by William the Lion, betwixt the years 1202 and 1207.

The two bridges of Ayr are respectively termed the Auld and New Brigs, and are already familiar under these designations to the readers of Burns's poems. The Auld brig is said to have been built so far back as the reign of Alexander III, by two maiden sisters, who devoted their whole fortunes to this patriotic purpose, and whose effigies are still shown in a faded condition upon a stone in the eastern parapet, near the south end of the fabric. It is, like all old bridges, very narrow, consists in several low-browed arches, and now affords only a foot-passage. For the New Brig, which is not much more than a hundred yards below the old one, the citizens of Ayr are mainly indebted to the patriotic exertions of the late Mr William Ballantyne, provost of the town, an intimate friend of Burns, and in whose honour the poet wrote the clever jeu-d'esprit, in which the two structures are made to canvass their respective merits in so amusing a manner. On visiting the Auld Brig, the stranger ought to remark that the inn at the northern extremity is the same which is there mentioned as "Simpson's." "The Dungeon-Clock," which tolled the hour in the ear of the poet, has unfortunately been taken down, along with the ancient jail, of which it formed a part; but "the Wallace Tower" still remains, and may easily be distinguished, from the circumstance, that its squat sturdy spire is the only thing in the way of steeple which Ayr possesses. Wallace's Tower seems to have been originally one of the tall rude towers which were the only fortalices of our Gothic ancestors. But its warlike appearance has been as materially altered by the said spire having been ingrafted upon it, and by the clock-dials which have been stuck around and under its battlements, as would that of a stern veteran knight, if his helmet were taken off and the snod cocked-hat of a decent bailie clapped on in its stead. It was in this house, according to some retailers of traditionary lore, that Wallace was confined; while others represent it as having got its name from being the town-residence in former times of the neighbouring family of Wallace of Craigie. Whatever it formerly was, certes it is now the residence of no less distinguished a person than the hangman of Ayr.

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* It is observable that in all the traditionary notices to be obtained of Wallace, the work of Henry the Minstrel is invariably referred to, and this in all other places besides Ayr. "The Wallace," however despised by rigid historians, is a prodigious favourite with the lower orders of the Scottish people, for whose use it was modernized about a century ago. It is to be found, associated with the works of Boston and Erskine, on the shelf or window-bole of the serious old peasant; and it is read and learned by heart on the hill-side by the shepherd boy. I was once told an amusing anecdote, illustrative of the fascination which it exercises over the imaginations of Scotsmen, by Mr Alexander Campbell, well-known for his publications connected with Scotland. An aged Highland soldier, who could not read, was such an enthusiastic admirer of the exploits of Sir William Wallace, that he used to go out to the fields where a little boy was engaged in tending cattle, and hire him with money to read aloud from an old tattered copy of Blind Harry, a chapter or two at a time of the Herculean labours of the Scottish hero. While the boy read, the old man strode backwards and forwards, with a drawn sword in his hand, listening with a heaving-breast and a beaming eye. Whenever a passage occurred where Wallace was rather hard bested, he would stamp on the earth, gripe hard his sword, and clench his teeth fast together, as if suffering under some strange paroxysm. But when, on the contrary, victory declared for the hero, off went the bonnet from his lint-white locks, his grey eye was raised to heaven in a species of rapture, and extending the sword, he exclaimed, and could only exclaim, "*Och an I had been there!*"

Ayr, like Maybole, contained in days of yore the city mansions of many noble families, some of which still remain to give an air of antique dignity to the town, though by far the greater portion have been within the last thirty years taken away to make room for plainer but more convenient tenements. People of no more than middle age talk with regret of the appearance which the main street had in their young days, when all the houses had wooden balconies projecting over piazzas, and tall aerial-looking gables, and turret-like turnpike stairs. A sort of by-street behind the Fish Market, leading into the Sand-Port, is still composed of such houses; its sequestered nature having prevented any improvement. One of these tenements is pointed out as the house in which Count Hamilton, author of the Memoirs of Grammont, first saw the light. There is another old house of a somewhat interesting history in the main street, opposite to the small recess which forms the Fish Market. It is a huge structure of stone, plastered over and whitened; distinguished, moreover, from its fellows by a square tower in front, rising considerably higher than the rest of the edifice. This was the town-house of the venerable family of Chalmers of Gadgirth; and the strange turret at top contains an apartment about ten feet square, which is said to have been the lodging of Mair, the arithmetician, when employed upon his System of Book-keeping.

The Fort of Ayr was constructed by Oliver Cromwell upon a flat piece of ground between the town and the sea, being one of the four such edifices planted by the Protector in Scotland. There still remain some fragments of the ramparts, and the general outline may easily be traced. Cromwell here found a church dedicated to St John, which had been from time immemorial the principal place of worship in the town. He unsparingly enclosed it within the ramparts, but, as a compensation to the inhabitants, commenced a new edifice upon the site of a Dominican Monastery, near the water-side. The tower of St John's Church still remains, tall, sheer, and erect, in the midst of the nearly obliterated ramparts; seeming to assure the observer that religion, though for a while perhaps suppressed by the force of military violence, must ultimately remain triumphant. Within the same enclosure may also be seen a long vaulted passage, now an ale-cellar, which formerly served as a Covered Way leading into the Fort. Upon a mound not far from either of these edifices, once stood the Castle of Ayr, built by William the Lion,[*] and so celebrated in the history of the War of Independence.

The Dominican Monastery above-mentioned was remarkable in history as the place where Robert Bruce held the parliament which settled his succession. There is now no memorial of its existence but a fountain called the Friar's Well, which runs through the churchyard into the river. The church placed here by Cromwell is as plain as presbytery itself, but is curious on account of its still containing the same seats and galleries, with which it was originally fitted up.

The Cross of Ayr, an elegant structure in the form of a hexagon, which stood at the western extremity of the main street, was removed in 1788, in consequence of the improvements attendant on the erection of the New Brig. The ancient gates at the two different extremities of the town had been removed a generation earlier, though spacious enough to occasion no obstruction.

> So fades, so perishes, grows dim, and dies
> All that the world is proud of.

I have also to lament the removal of a house at the corner of one of the minor streets, known to have been the ancient Court-House of Ayr, and supposed to have been that in which the Scottish lords were treacherously hanged, as related in Blind Harry's epic. In place of this highly interesting edifice, there is now erected a common-place dwelling house, on the front of which a citizen of Ayr has, with more patriotism than good taste, erected a short-legged dumpy statue of Wallace, dressed in the armour of an age two centuries later than that of the hero.*

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[*] King William built two castles at once, about the year 1197, upon the extremities of his kingdom; one at Newcastle, to restrain the incursions of the English, and the other at Ayr, to awe the wild men of Galloway. The division of Scotland and England thus supposed, though so considerably different from that which is now fixed, is more consistent with the line of latitude.

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* Ayr, like all the other towns of Scotland, contained, till the late change of manners, its share of humourists, drunken and otherwise. Among the outré characters of Ayr, fifty years ago, there was none so remarkable as an oldish little man, who was ordinarily called *the Devil Almighty*. He had acquired this terrific soubriquet from an inveterate habit of swearing, or rather from that phrase being his favourite oath. He was no ordinary swearer, no mincer of dreadful words, no clipper of the King's curses. Being a man of vehement passions, he had a habit, when provoked, of shutting his eyes, and launching headlong into a torrent of blasphemy, such as might, if properly divided, have set up a whole troop of modern swearers. The custom of shutting his eyes seemed to be adopted by him as a sort of salvo to his conscience; he seemed to think that, provided he did not "sin with his eyes open," he did not sin at all; or it was perhaps nothing but a habit. Whatever might be the cause or purpose of the practice, it was once made the means of playing off upon him a most admirable hoax. Being one evening in a tavern along with two neighbouring country gentlemen, he was, according to a concerted scheme, played upon, and irritated; of course, he soon shut his eyes, and commenced his usual tirade of execration and blasphemy. As soon as he was fairly afloat, and his eyes were observed to be hard shut, his companions put out the candles, so as to involve the room in utter darkness. In the course of a quarter of an hour, which was the common duration of his paroxysms, he ceased to speak, and opened his eyes; when, what was his amazement, to find himself in the dark. "How now?" he cried with one of his most tremendous oaths, "am I blind?"—"Blind!" exclaimed one of the company, "what should make you blind?"—"Why, I can see nothing," answered the sinner.—"That is your own fault," coolly observed his friend; "for my part, I can see well enough;" and he drank a toast, as if nothing whatever had happened. This convinced the blasphemer that he had lost his sight; and to add to his horror, it struck him that Providence had inflicted the blow as a punishment for his intolerable wickedness. Under this impression, he began to rave and cry, and he finally fell a praying, uttering such expressions as made his two companions ready to burst with restrained laughter. When they thought they had punished him sufficiently, and began to fear that his mind might be affected if they continued the joke any longer, one of them went to the door, and admitted the light. He was, of course, overwhelmed with shame at the exhibition he had been compelled to make, which had such an effect, that, from that time forward, he entirely abandoned his abominable habit.

Ayrshire.

The cottage in which Burns was born is situated on the way-side about a mile and a half south-east from Ayr. It is, as the poet himself has described it, an "auld clay-biggin," consisting only in two apartments. The edifice was constructed by his father's own hands; and, such was its original frailness, that a part of the walls gave way a few days after the poet was born. It is now the property of the incorporation of shoemakers at Ayr, and let by them, along with a small piece of ground adjacent, which formed the whole of William Burness's farm, to a man who uses it as a house of public entertainment. Strangers are shown a recess in the wall of the meaner apartment, which contained the bed in which Robert Burns was born. The man who at present keeps the house, informs them, moreover, that he has seen and conversed with the poet, and commemorates some highly characteristic traits of his person and manners.

The scenery of Tam o' Shanter lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the cottage.

> The ford,
> Wherein the snaw the chapmen smoor'd,
> ——the cairn,
> Where hunters fand the murdered bairn,

and

> —the thorn abune the well,
> Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel,

all have existence, and are successively pointed out, as the visitant, like the redoubted Tam, approaches "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." This renowned ecclesiastical ruin is still tolerably entire, in the midst of its little burial-ground, on the right-hand side of the road. A little way beyond is the ancient bridge of one arch over the Doon, which Tam crossed in his perilous adventure with the witches.

Alloway was in former times not only an independent parish, but a distinct barony. The moat on which its baron used to administer justice is still extant, with a hollow on the top like the crater of an extinct volcano.*

On a height between the kirk and the bridge, a monument has recently been erected, by public subscription, to the memory of the illustrious man whose name is so inseparably associated with all these localities. It is a costly edifice of pure white stone, in the shape of a Grecian temple, and surrounded by a little plot of flowers. In the interior, a portrait of the poet, copied directly from the only original by Nasmyth, some specimens of the poet's hand-writing, and other curiosities, are exhibited to the strangers who make pilgrimages to the place. The style of the edifice is ornate in the extreme, every inch displaying some minutely elaborate decoration, and the top is surmounted by a gilded lyre. Though thus, perhaps, doing credit to the taste or good intentions of those who managed the erection, it has the fault of exhibiting nothing in its appearance at all appropriate to the genius of Burns. The Doric, rather than the Corinthian style of Grecian architecture, ought certainly to have been adopted in a building designed, in some measure, to emblematize the glories of the Scottish Muse. Nevertheless, the elegance and symmetry of the fabric is certainly such as to reconcile even the most rigorous stickler for the unities, which, it must, after all, be confessed, are generally more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Mauchline, in the neighbourhood of which Burns spent the years of his life intervening between the twenty-fourth and the twenty-seventh, is a small parish town, situated on a broad eminence near the northern bank of the Ayr, about twelve miles from the county town. At an early period, when the neighbouring parishes of Sorn and Muirkirk, besides part of that of Tarbolton, were included within its parochial bounds, Mauchline was the seat of a colony of religious belonging to Melrose. The west end of the present place of worship was part of their church; and a fortified mansion which belonged to them, is still to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, being the residence of Mr Hamilton, writer, as it was thirty years ago of his father, Mr Gavin Hamilton, the early friend of Burns. At present, Mauchline derives importance from no circumstance, except that of its being the capital of a small district of rich agricultural territory. As such, it would be worthy of little notice here; but I am induced to devote considerable attention to it, on account of the interest that has been excited about it and its minor localities by the poems already so often alluded to.

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* "At a court held coram Aldermanno Wallace, 31st October 1522, at this place, inquiry was ordered to be made respecting lepers within the barony; and the inquest having reported the name of a person supposed to be affected by that dreadful disease, the court therefore enjoin, that he be lukit be expert persons."—*MS. in the possession of Provost Dunlop of Ayr.*

Burns resided, during the years mentioned, at Mossgeil, a small farm about half a mile to the north of Mauchline, on the left side of the road to Kilmarnock. The steading may still be seen environed by a few trees, as well as the fields which the inspired peasant so often ploughed, and in traversing which he composed some of his best poems. He frequently visited Mauchline, attracted by the "clachan yill," or the clachan damsels. His chief resort was the public house kept by John Dow; which still stands; a thatched house of two stories, nearly opposite to the church-yard gate, and forming the right-hand corner house of the opening of "the Cowgate." It was upon a pane in one of the back windows of this house, that he wrote the ridiculous epitaph upon his host, in which he makes out the honest publican's creed to be a mere comparative estimation of the value of his various liquors. The cottage of Poosie Nansie, or Mrs Gibson, and therefore the scene of "the Jolly Beggars," stands more immediately opposite to the church-yard gate, with only the breadth of "the Cowgate" between its gable and that of John Dow's house. A gentleman of Mauchline, who had been in his youth a thorough-paced associate of Burns, informed me, when I visited the spot, that he, and the poet, and Mr Smith, a merchant of the village, (the "wee pawky S——" of the poem addressed to him,) were one night coming up the street in a state of partial intoxication, when they observed a light, and heard a sound of riotous revelry within the windows of this hostelry. It was the immediate proposal of Burns that they should all enter and see what was going on. They found a company of tatterdemalions enjoying themselves over "the dear Kilbagie;" an assemblage as numerous, but not perhaps so *various*, as that described in the poem. The three young men entered heartily into the humours of the scene; and, in order to ingratiate themselves more fully with the wretches upon whom they had intruded, they clubbed for half a mutchkin of usquebaugh, as their quota towards the general bouse. After a great deal of jollity, they came away, Burns professing to have been most peculiarly delighted with the gleesome manners of an old soldier who had lost "an arm and a limb," without apparently having experienced any proportionate abbreviation of his folly or good spirits. In the course of a few days the poet presented to my informant a small portion of the work descriptive of the scene which they had witnessed. Mr R—— does not remember what portion it was, but is sure it was not the opening of the poem, which, on the contrary, was the very last of a succession of different pieces which Burns subsequently showed to him. The whole of the admirable cantata has never been in print. Two different songs, connected by a few verses of recitative matter, and which exhibited the character of a *sweep* and a *sailor*, were omitted after the first copy by the author, and seem to be now past recovery.*

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* Some further reminiscences of this gentleman are worthy of being preserved.

Burns lodged with him for the first few months of his residence at Edinburgh, in the house of a Mrs Carfrae, Old Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, first (scale) stair, left hand, first door up. One room and one bed served them. The poet afterwards went to

Ayrshire.

Mauchline Kirk, the scene of "the Holy Fair," is a huge place of worship, of the pure barn species so common in the landward parts of Scotland. The seat is to be seen in which Burns used to sit, as also the stool of repentance. The whole has precisely that dark, gousty, atrabilious look which one would expect from a perusal of the poem. In the surrounding cemetery may be seen the graves of the Reverend Mr Auld, Nanse Tinnock, and several other persons who figure in the satires of Burns. It is perhaps worth mentioning, that the house of Nanse Tinnock is pointed out in a small by-street near the church-yard.

The scenes of some of the more pleasing poems of Burns, — his lyrics to wit, — are to be found on the banks of the Ayr, at a short distance from Mauchline. There the woods of Ballochmyle and Catrine still retain all their gorgeous beauty; and "the banks and braes and streams around the castle of Montgomery," (Coilsfield,) still exhibit their autumn glories, the same as when they witnessed the last impassioned farewell which the poet took of his "Highland Mary."

Kilmarnock, (about twelve miles north from this interesting village and district,) the largest and most elegant town in Ayrshire, lies on the level banks of the Fenwick Water, which joins the Irvine about a mile below. The town originally consisted in one long street stretching along the west bank of this stream, the lower part of which is now termed the Fore Street, while the upper part receives the appellation of the High Street, and the direction of which in regard to Dean Castle seems to indicate that the town was at first an appendage to that splendid baronial fortress.

live with Mr. Nicol of the High School, in Buccleuch Street, top flat of the house at the *pend*.

He was very regular in his out-goings and in-comings while with my informant, being then comparatively unknown, and not yet involved in the debaucheries of the capital. It is consistent with this gentleman's knowledge of Burns, that, when dissatisfied with his productions, he invariably burnt them, without taking the advice of any literary friend.

Those who form their ideas of Kilmarnock from the circumstance of its being the birth-place of night-caps, or from Burns's epithet "Auld Kilmarnock," or from ordinary topographical works, where it may still be described as the village it was fifty years ago, will, upon a personal inspection of the town, be astonished at its fine appearance. The progress of manufactures in this part of Scotland during the last half century, and the intense spirit of activity which seems to have peculiarly characterised the people of Kilmarnock, have in an amazingly brief space of time occasioned the transformation of this town from a mean village into a minor city. Kilmarnock now exhibits a series of modern streets, little inferior to those of the New Town of Edinburgh, either in point of form or material, and possesses to all appearance many of the attributes of a great capital.

Kilmarnock was, more than a century ago, noted for its manufacture of the coarse cowls which bear its name, but has since then extended its exertions to all the more important branches of the woollen manufacture. In the meanwhile, it has seen an end to the once powerful family of barons,[*] who were so long its feudal masters; and the rise of the people above the aristocracy which has in the course of a single generation so materially altered the condition of this country, could not be pictured in a more lively manner than by the contrast between the mouldering towers of Dean Castle and the upstart splendour of the town below. The magnificent house, moreover, which the baron of Dean Castle had for his residence in Kilmarnock, is now a boarding-school for the young cotton lords of the West.

In the High Street of Kilmarnock there formerly stood a cross, marking the place where Lord Soulis was assassinated in the fifteenth century. Instead of the cross, there is now a stone tablet in the wall opposite to the spot, with an inscription commemorating the incident and the removal of the original monument. It is said that the bloody deed was done by a youth of the Boyd family, who stood for the purpose on the opposite bank of the Fenwick Water, and shot an arrow from his cross-bow with such certain effect that Soulis expired upon the spot.

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[*] The Boyds, Earls of Kilmarnock, the last of whom perished on the scaffold for his share in the Civil War of 1745.

Dean Castle, the principal residence of this once powerful family, is to be seen in a ruinous state in a hollow on the banks of the rivulet, about a mile above Kilmarnock. It bears the marks of having been a peculiarly splendid and extensive mansion, consisting in two distinct towers, forming two sides of a quadrangle, which is completed by a strong rampart; and being surrounded on all sides to the distance of three hundred paces by alternate ramparts and fosses, the exterior defences of the fortress.

At the distance of a mile and a half farther up the water, stands the elegant modern mansion of Craufurdland, the seat of Mr Howison Craufurd. The nucleus of this mansion was a square tower of unknown antiquity, to which the present proprietor has made a splendid addition in the Gothic style. The situation is extremely fine,—upon the edge of a steep bank overhanging the stream, and embosomed amidst an extensive wood.

The ancient family which Mr H. Crawfurd represents, was always in strict league with their neighbours the Boyds of Dean Castle; and there was a subterraneous communication between the two houses, for the mutual use of both in case of either being besieged. An authentic and most valuable anecdote, illustrative of the ancient modes of life, is preserved in connexion with this conveniency, the orifice of which was only closed up at Craufurdland on the late modification of the house. It was the fortune of Dean Castle to be beleaguered by the troops of Edward I, which, being unable to reduce it by force, lay for three months around it, in the hope that a famine in the garrison would ultimately make it surrender. To their infinite surprise, the garrison of the castle one morning hung a great display of new-killed beef over the battlements, and tauntingly inquired if the besiegers were in any need of provisions, as the garrison had a considerable quantity which they did not expect to use. At this, the English commander, unable to solve the mystery, thought proper to raise the siege, and try his arms upon some fortress of less inexhaustible resources.

The little parish-town of Fenwick is not above five miles from Kilmarnock in this direction. Fenwick is remarkable as having been the parish occupied by the celebrated preacher Guthrie, a noted champion of the covenant before and after the Restoration. The pulpit used by this person still exists in the little old parochial place of worship, and is looked upon as a sacred memorial of the pious man. He was usually called, even on the title-pages of his published sermons, "the Fool of Fenwick," probably from his eccentric manners.

Fenwick was, partly through the prelections of Guthrie, a perfect hot-bed of religious zeal in the days of the Covenanters, and turned out a considerable number of men at the insurrection of 1679. The farmers of the parish, who are in general descended from these heroes, cherish the memory of their sufferings with a warmth of affection which does them the highest honour. They have been described to me by one of their landlords, as a simple, pious, worthy race of men, strongly attached to the stern system of doctrine so vigorously defended by their fathers, and yet, to all appearance, prepared to resist unto blood the mandates of tyranny, civil or religious.

The romantic interest which is now attached to the memory of the heroes of Bothwell Bridge, seems to have operated in a strange manner upon their descendants in this quarter. There have been recently erected in the church-yard a number of monuments to Covenanters connected with the parish; while some stones of ancient date, commemorating others who were only buried in the church-yard, have been scrubbed up and renovated; so that the memory of that *prisca gens mor-*

talium appears as fresh in this corner of the country as if they had lived only half a dozen instead of a hundred and fifty years ago. One of the old epitaphs runs thus:

Here lieth one whom bloody Inglis shot,
By birth a monster rather than a Scot,
Who, that his monstrous extract might be seen,
Cut off his head, then kicked it o'er the green;
Thus was the head that was to wear a crown,
A foot-ball made by a profane dragoon.

There is a newly-erected monument on the end of the church to one Captain Paton in Meadowhead, who was executed in the Grassmarket. The sword, drum, Bible, and flag, used by this man, which have been preserved, and are to be seen at the farm of Lochgoin, about three miles from Fenwick, are represented on the monument. The church-yard also contains the tomb-stone of John Howie, the biographer of the Worthies of the Covenant, who was a farmer near Fenwick, and died in 1793, at the age of fifty-seven.

Stewarton, the locality of the popular tune of "the Lasses o' Stewarton," is a large thriving town three miles to the north-west of Fenwick.*

To return to Kilmarnock—Riccarton is a considerable village on an eminence a mile to the south of that town, and almost connected with it by a long street similar to Leith Walk. The church of Riccarton, a new structure, with a fine steeple, placed upon a tall moat-hill, has an ornamental effect upon the whole country round. Riccarton is a curious old-fashioned village, but is chiefly remarkable for having been the residence of the maternal uncle of Wallace, the venerable Sir Ronald Crawford, with whom, according to Blind Harry, the hero sometimes lived. Sir Ronald's house is said to have been a tower which stood upon the site of a little farm-house called Yardsides, a hundred yards west from the village. The barn which belonged to the tower is the only building of the old place now existing. It is in a very ruinous condition, and forms the western extremity of a small line of cottages, composing the farm *onstead.* In the adjacent garden, there is a pear-tree, said to have been planted by Wallace's own hand; and at the side of the gate which leads into the field surrounding the houses, there is another and very aged tree, in which the people point out an iron staple, said to have been used by Wallace to tie up his horse when he visited his uncle. The scene of an incident recorded at full length by Blind Harry, is pointed out about half a mile to the westward. Wallace was one day fishing in the Irvine, which runs past Riccarton; when three English soldiers left a troop that happened to ride past and insolently commanded him to give them the fish that he had caught. Wallace refused, and they were proceeding to use violence; but he struck one down with his fishing-staff, and, seizing his sword, killed the next that came up outright; on which the survivor rode off. The spot where this happened, was commemorated by a thorn, bearing the hero's name, which was only cut down in the year 1825. It grew on the south bank of the Irvine, about fifty yards from the debouche of the Fenwick Water.

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* The parish of Dunlop adjoins to Stewarton on the north, and is remarkable for the cheese which bears its name. The art of manufacturing the commodity called Dunlop cheese, was introduced by a farmer's wife named Barbara Gilmour, who had gone to Ireland during the years of the *persecution*, and brought this art back with her from that country about the beginning of the last century.

It was to Riccarton that Wallace always used to retire after performing any very daring exploit. On revenging the treacherous murder of his uncle and other barons by burning the barns of Ayr, he took his way by night to Riccarton, accompanied by a few followers. When he reached a certain eminence about six miles from Ayr and three from Riccarton, where it was last possible to see the former place, he turned round, and, seeing the flames still ascending, said, with a stern satisfaction, "The barns burn weil." From this laconic expression, the place, it is said, got the name of *Burnweil*, which it still retains.

Dundonald Castle, a ruin of great celebrity, and which gives a title to the noble family of Cochrane, is situated in this neighbourhood, and within a mile of the sea. The situation of this castle, (which seems to have been at an early period the chief messuage in the district of Kyle Stewart,*) on the top of a beautiful round hill, in the close vicinity of Dundonald Church, is singularly noble and baronial. It was the property of Robert Stewart, who, in right of his mother, Marjory Bruce, succeeded to the Scottish throne under the title of Robert the Second, and who here wooed and married his first wife, the beauteous Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan. Dr Johnson, on being conducted to the place by Boswell, is said to have made the ruin ring with laughter at the idea of a Scottish monarch being contented with the narrow accommodations of a slender tower of three stories, each story containing only one apartment.

A small ruin is pointed out in the neighbourhood of Dundonald Castle, as the remains of an ancient church dedicated to the Virgin, called Our Lady's Kirk, and distinguished in the days of its splendour by the epithet of "the Grace of Kyle." James IV never passed through this part of his kingdom, without making an offering here, generally giving fourteen shillings at a time, of which there are various instances on record. There appears to have been connected with this establishment, a pardoner, who, like other pardoners, seems to have travelled the country for the sale of his pardons. On the 8th of December 1511, the king, then being at Edinburgh, gave a gratuity of three shillings to "Our Lady of Kyle's Pardoner."—*Caledonia*, iii. 498.

Irvine is a small but thriving royal burgh and seaport, situated on the banks of the river of the same name, about a mile from its junction with the sea. Its main street, which is spacious, and has a town-house at the western extremity, happens to bear a striking resemblance to that of Annan. At the north end of the town, a new academy has been erected, where Greek, Latin, and French are taught, along with mathematics and other branches of education. The church is an ornament to the place, being situated on a rising ground betwixt the town and the river, and surmounted by a spire of extraordinary elegance.

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* Kyle is divided into the districts of Kyle Stewart and King's Kyle by the river Ayr.

Irvine is remarkable for having been the birth-place of two admired living authors, and the temporary residence of an illustrious poet deceased: Mr Montgomery, the poet, and Mr Galt, the novelist, are natives of the town, and Burns once lived in it. The house in which Mr Montgomery was born, stands on the north side of the mouth of an alley called the Braid Close, in a long regular street leading to the harbour; and the little chapel in which his father, a Moravian clergyman, long preached, is to be seen behind the same, being now used in the capacity of a weaver's workshop, though still known by the name of the Moravian Kirk. The ingenious author of the "Annals of the Parish" first saw the light in a more respectable part of the town; namely, in a goodly house of two stories upon the south side of the main street, near the west end of the town, at present occupied by a person of the name of Granger.

Regarding Burns' residence in Irvine, a part of his life hitherto very obscurely recorded, I have been furnished with some particulars by Mr David Siller, his early friend, and now a resident magistrate in Irvine. It was the wish of the poet's father and of his brother Gilbert, then engaged in the farm of Lochlee, that they should all become what is called *Lint-farmers;* and, it appearing to them that their object might be materially advanced if they could dress as well as raise their flax, they resolved that Robert should be placed with his mother's uterine brother, a man of the name of Peacock, who exercised the art of a flax-dresser at Irvine, in order to receive the necessary instructions. He had continued several weeks under his uncle's tutelage, and was making rapid advances in a knowledge of a profession, when the shop and stock were accidentally burnt. This disastrous event had the effect of once more unsettling the prospects of the ill-starred poet. As to the site of the house where he lived and worked, a great degree of doubt unfortunately hangs over this interesting point. After a tedious and anxious inquiry, however, the present writer has come to the conclusion that the spot is now occupied by a new house, marked 4, in a narrow street called the Glasgow Vennel, being the second house from the main street on the right-hand side. The other situation pointed out is in the Seagate, near an old castellated building formerly occupied by the dowagers of the Eglintoune family.

I shall attempt no apology for the minuteness of these topographical inquiries, which some may think trifling and unworthy; knowing that so many will appreciate their value in future years, when still greater obscurity shall have fallen upon the subject, and when it shall have become invested with greater interest. Neither shall I seek to excuse the following traits of Burns, referring to the time when he resided at Irvine, which I was fortunate enough to pick up in conversation with a venerable citizen, who had the honour of the poet's acquaintance during his brief apprenticeship. Burns was an older looking man than might have been expected from his age, which was only five-and-twenty. He was of a very dark complexion, with a strong dark eye; of a thoughtful appearance, amounting to what might be called a gloomy studiousness, insomuch that, when in company which did not elicit his brilliant powers of conversation, he generally leant down his cheek upon his palm, placing his elbow on his knee, and in that attitude would continue sitting a considerable time. He was generally reserved and silent; but when he found himself in enlightened company, or in the presence of fascinating women, he uniformly exerted himself and uniformly shone. It was remarkable of his eloquence, that he always spoke to the point, and in general with a degree of sententious brevity. His moody thoughtfulness and sententious mode of expression he is supposed to have inherited from his father, who, from all accounts, was a man of strong thinking and reserved character.

Eglintoune Castle, the splendid modern seat of the Earl of Eglintoune, with its extensive and beautiful woods and pleasure-grounds, is situated about two miles from Irvine. A mile farther in the same direction is the town of Kilwinning.

This curious old-fashioned town, which lies on a hill about two miles from the sea, is remarkable chiefly as the first settlement of the fraternity of free-masons in Scotland; a party of these enthusiasts having landed here from the continent in the twelfth century, and spread the knowledge of their mysteries gradually over the rest of the country, by colonies termed *Lodges*. The purpose of their visiting Scotland was to assist in the building of a monastery, founded here by Hugh De Moreville, Lord of Cunningham, for Monks of the Tyronensian order, and dedicated to St Winning; the ruins of which still exist, in a miserably dilapidated state, on the south side of the town. Kilwinning is only further distinguished by an old established custom of shooting annually, for a prize, at the Popinjay.*

Proceeding through a highly cultivated country, the traveller passes the large coal-village of Stevenson, and reaches the sea-port of Salt-cots. About a hundred and seventy years ago, Salt-cots consisted in only four little cottages or cots, inhabited by as many families, who gained a livelihood by making salt in kettles; but at the beginning of the last century, a harbour being erected for shipping coal from the great coal-tract which pervades the neighbourhood, the little hamlet began to assume the appearance of a village, and it is now a decent-looking town, with a handsome town-house.

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* A bundle of feathers so arranged as to look like a peacock, and affixed by a string to the top of a tall pole. The custom is described in the tale of Old Mortality.

At the distance of only a mile along the shore stands the modern village of Ardrossan, indebted for its recent existence to the patriotic exertions of the Eglintoune family, who had formerly a castle in the vicinity, now in ruins. The harbour of Ardrossan possesses capabilities and advantages superior to all the other numerous harbours in the Firth of Clyde. An enormous expense has already been lavished upon it, in the erection of a pier no less than nine hundred feet long, and another is now in progress on the north, which will render it a fit receptacle for vessels of every burden, and approachable by every description of wind. The village, consisting of neat and commodious houses, has become a favourite resort in the season of sea-bathing for the genteel families of Ayrshire.

At the distance of a few miles to the north of Ardrossan stands the ruined castle of Portincross. The situation of this ancient fortalice, upon a bare rock projecting into the sea, above which it is but little elevated, opposite to the Lesser Cumbray, is singularly wild and picturesque. It has been rendered memorable by the frequency of the visits of the first Stewart sovereign to it, as is attested by the numerous charters which received his signature within its venerable walls. A piece of cannon is here preserved, and is visited as a curiosity, being said to have belonged to the Spanish Armada, one of the vessels of which was stranded and wrecked on this coast.*

A few miles still farther southward the coast is adorned by the beautifully picturesque town of the Largs, noted for the engagement which took place in its neighbourhood in 1263, between the Scottish army and that of Haco king of Norway, in which the latter was defeated with prodigious slaughter. The battle of the Largs, which has been celebrated in the popular ballad of Hardiknute, and which was certainly one of the most brilliant victories ever achieved by the Scottish arms, took place on a large plain upon the sea-shore, to the south of the village, where there existed, before the improvement of the ground, several vast heaps of stones, covering or commemorating the slain, and a tall massive stone, supposed to mark the grave of a Danish chief. Haco was so dejected by his misfortune, that he did not return immediately to his country, but went to Orkney, and died of grief. His body was kept there in a small bothy (the site of which is still pointed out) during the ensuing winter, till an opportunity occurred of transporting it to the sepulchre of his ancestors; and, during the whole time, the apartment where it lay in state, was constantly lighted by torches, and attended by a certain number of his sorrowing subjects.

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* Some of the Spanish mariners settled among the people, and left families, whose representatives are still known by their outlandish names, and a slight tinge of the dark complexion of Spain.

Cunningham.

The mansion of Brisbane, in a delightful vale two miles northward from the Largs, is well worth visiting. A splendid oak chair is preserved in the house, bearing date 1387, and ornamented with the armorial bearings of the ancient family of Brisbane.

Having thus surveyed the principal tract of Ayrshire, namely, the objects upon or near the coast, and which are all connected by a particular tract of road, I shall now conclude this account of the shire by a view of the landward or mountainous part of the county, embracing the villages of Dalmellington, New Cumnock, Old Cumnock, Muirkirk, Galston, and Newmills.

Dalmellington is twelve miles westward from Maybole, and not far from Loch Doon, which has been noticed in the survey of Kirkcudbright. The road from Kirkcudbright into this part of Ayrshire, after leaving the drear vicinity of Loch Doon, winds through a wild narrow pass in the hills; and the situation of Dalmellington is so peculiar that it cannot be seen by the traveller approaching in this direction till he is within twenty yards of it, while it can be seen from the other side at the distance of many miles. The village is large, neat, and compact, and overhung by a singularly lofty moat-hill, which has been surrounded by a deep fosse.

The following legendary tale, referring to Blairquhan, an ancient estate in this neighbourhood, may here be introduced, to vary the dryness of mere topographical detail.

Regnauld Macwhurter, the last of the old race of the Macwhurters of Blairquhan, had two twin daughters; one of whom was married to Sir Ulrick Macwhurter, who had been long in the service of the French King, and had been knighted by that prince for some valorous action. The other was joined in wedlock to a son of John, second Lord Kennedy, by his second wife Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly. Upon the death of old Macwhurter, these two gentlemen claimed the barony of Blairquhan, each for himself, on account, as both said, of his lady being first born. As this circumstance could not by any means be determined, a bloody feud would in all probability have ensued, had not the relations on each side prevailed upon them to submit their claim to the King, (James III,) who, although very young, had the character of being a wise and a just Prince. After much hesitation and many a stipulation, they both agreed to do so; and for that purpose proceeded to Edinburgh; but how to decide impartially a question, where both parties seemed to have an equal right, His Majesty was for some time at a loss to know. At last he came to the resolution that one of them should walk, and the other ride from Edinburgh to Blairquhan, and he who would first kindle a fire in that castle, should keep possession, not only of it, but likewise of all the land appertaining to it; and, to make the chance equal, they were to draw each a straw out of a stack, and he who should pull the longest, was to ride. This fell to Young Kennedy; who was consequently considered by many as having already gained the estate; but others, who knew Sir Ulrick's great strength and unbending disposition, were of a contrary opinion.

There being no public road at that time from Edinburgh direct to Blairquhan, each took the route which fancy pointed out as being the straightest. Sir Ulrick was attended by many of the relations of young Kennedy on horseback, who were deputed by the King to see him perform his journey in the manner required. Young Kennedy was not accompanied by any person, as none would undertake to ride so fast as he was likely to do; but he was preceded by the monarch and a few nobles, who wished to be at Blairquhan before either of the disputants for the estate should arrive, in order that they might act as Stewards of the race. But just as the King was going to cross the water of Girvan near Straitown, from an eminence (from that circumstance called the King's Hill to this day) he observed a great smoke suddenly rise out of the highest chimney of the Castle of Blairquhan, and being certain it could not be Kennedy that had raised it, as he was, at that moment, still a few yards in rear of the royal company, he exclaimed—"My kingdom to a bodle, that yon reek is raised either by the Deil, or his ain bairn, Ulrick Macwhurter!"

Upon reaching the Castle, they found, to their utter astonishment, that the Knight had actually arrived, and that the smoke which the King had observed, arose from a fire of dry heather, which he had made, as required, to secure his right to the Barony—and that he had out-run all the horsemen who left Edinburgh with the intention of accompanying him to Blairquhan.

After obtaining possession of this Barony, Sir Ulrick, who was naturally of a very turbulent disposition, became the terror of his dependents and neighbours, and such a refractory subject, that his sovereign at last secretly thought of destroying him. But in order to give his conduct a colour of justice, he sent a company of armed men to seize the turbulent Baron, and to carry him to Edinburgh, there to stand his trial. This enterprise was intrusted to young Kennedy, who had not been inactive in bringing about this measure, than which nothing could have happened more consonant to his feelings.

After much difficulty and personal danger, by a stratagem which my informant could not describe, young Kennedy succeeded in getting the stern Sir Ulrick into his custody, who, seeing, as was said, no chance of escaping, put an end to his existence. But it was more generally believed that his sudden death was only the consequence of private instructions which Kennedy had received from the King to that effect. This supposition was greatly strengthened by his immediately afterwards receiving a royal grant of the Barony of Blairquhan, in possession of which his descendant continued till the reign of King Charles II.

New Cumnock is a little village totally destitute of interest.

Old Cumnock is a large village, settled snugly down in a deep sheltered hollow. The principal part of the town is a triangular space, which was formerly the church-yard, and is now a sort of market-place.* Cumnock is remarkable on account of an ingenious manufacture, which seems to be known nowhere else except at Laurencekirk and Montrose. It is now about twenty years since some ingenious individuals commenced the making of those curious little cabinets now generally known by the appellation of Cumnock Snuff-Boxes. There are now a hundred persons, (men, women, and children,) employed in the trade, all of whom get more considerable wages by their labour than most other artisans; and a good deal of money is thus caused to flow through and enrich the town. Plane-tree is the wood used in the manufacture, and great ingenuity is evinced in adorning the lids with devices. But the great knack of the trade lies in making the hinges, which are of a singularly curious and complicated nature, and justly termed "*invisible.*" The secret of this part of the work, makes it as good as if held by patent to the people of Cumnock. Such is the value conferred on woods by these ingenious artists, or so high a price do the articles bear in consequence of this mystery, that a log of plane-tree purchased lately for five-and-twenty shillings was calculated by the man that bought it, as sufficient to make three thousand pounds worth of snuff-boxes. Nearly the half of the value of the goods, however, lies in the little drawings with which they are adorned. These are executed individually by the hand —not, as many suppose, by engraving, like the ornaments of pottery. The persons employed in this department are chiefly artists by education and taste, who have chosen to turn their talents in this humble but useful direction, and who have apprentices, that at first perform the inferior parts of the ornaments, and afterwards attain to work at the designs. Many of these designs are chaste and beautiful, and the execution is in general perfectly unexceptionable.

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* This singular revolution took place about twenty years ago, not without great opposition on the part of the inhabitants. A piece of waste ground, a little to the northward of the town, where the gallows had formerly stood, being appropriated as the new burial-place, the people were only reconciled to the change by a strange circumstance connected with the ignominious character of the place. It so happened that the body of one Peden, a great seer among the Ayrshire Covenanters, but who happened to die in his bed, was, after having lain some weeks in a more honourable place, lifted by the persecuting dragons, and buried under the public gallows of Cumnock, implying that he had only escaped, by a natural death, the violent one which a life of rebellion had rendered his due. Besides the body of Peden, that of one Dun, who had been hanged, contributed to sanctify the root of the fatal tree; and, accordingly, when the spot was enclosed, it occurred to the devout imaginations of the villagers, that the whole affair proceeded from a wish on the part of Providence to do justice to the memory of those holy men: the little area was immediately considered as consecrated ground, and the good folk no longer expressed any reluctance to be buried so far from home.

Aird's Moss, a large morass extending several miles in every direction betwixt Cumnock, Mauchline, and Muirkirk, will be viewed by the traveller with some interest, as the scene of a skirmish in 1686 between the Covenanters and dragoons. The precise spot where the skirmish happened, is commemorated by a large flat monument, which some pious individuals erected fifty years after the event to the memory of Richard Cameron and the rest of the slain, and which lies about a quarter of a mile from the public road between Cumnock and Muirkirk, near the western extremity of the morass. This is commonly called Cameron's Stone.*

A more appropriate strong-hold than this for a party of gloomy enthusiasts could not have been chosen; and the utter desolation of the spot gives it a melancholy interest, stronger and finer than any which mere admiration of the principles of the sect could inspire. The world, viewed from Cameron's Stone, seems a howling wilderness; and nothing fair is to be seen but that heaven above, on which the hopes of the enthusiasts, withdrawn from all earthly objects, were so firmly fixed. The heath and long deer-grass bear no traces of the blood which must once have stained them; and the event is so remote, that all the more ostentatious ensigns and indications of death and woe, as well as all claims upon a sympathy with mere bodily suffering, are gone and obliterated. Nothing but the sentiment remains, that here lie six men who were at least as much sinned against as sinning, and who, unto pain and death, proved themselves superior to the ordinary worldly considerations which are perpetually dragging their fellow-creatures down from romance into common-place, from generosity into selfishness, from the aspirations of their better nature into the struggles necessary for physical existence, from the sublime emotions of pure piety into the abject hopelessness of scepticism or not less miserable misgivings of indifference.

Muirkirk—surrounded by coal-pits and iron-works—the land either black heath or blacker clay—destitute of trees—and the air perpetually clouded with smoke

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* Cameron's hands were cut off after he was slain, and, being attached to long poles, were carried through the streets of Edinburgh, in such a manner as to express the attitude of prayer—the miscreant who bore them making them occasionally clap together.

Back of

—is not a village of the most attractive possible character. The large *works* in the neighbourhood give employment to about five hundred men, who live in the village.

Galston is about four miles west from Kilmarnock, lying on the banks of the Irvine Water, in a hollow situation sheltered on all sides by rising grounds. This is a town of considerable size and of very pleasant appearance; deriving great ornament from the "woods and braes" of Loudoun, which overhang it on the north side. Loudoun Castle is a huge and magnificent structure, in the modern castellated style, about half a mile from the village.

Newmills is a town of equal size, but less pleasing appearance, three miles farther up the Irvine Water. The scene of Ramsay's popular song, "the Lass of Patie's Mill," is in the immediate neighbourhood of Newmills. Patie's Mill, or, as it is called by the people at the place, Pate's Mill, consists in a range of three cottages on one side of the road and a mill on the other, about a hundred yards westward from the village, and as much south from the Irvine Water. None of the present buildings, except the west end of the row of cottages, are so old as Ramsay's time; the meadow, however, where the poet saw the beauteous lass, flourishes of course in immortal youth. The story of this song is well-known. Ramsay and the Earl of Loudoun were riding along the high road on the other side of the water, when they saw in a park (the second west from Pate's Mill,) a pretty girl tedding hay. The Earl suggested the sight as a fine subject for Allan's muse, and the poet lagged behind his lordship a little, composed the song, and produced it that afternoon at dinner. Newmills contains no fewer than seven hundred weavers.

Ayrshire.

Lanarkshire.

Now sunk in shades, now bright in open day,
Bright Clyde, in simple beauty, winds his way.
JOHN WILSON'S *Clyde, a Poem.*

LANARKSHIRE, the principal inland county in the southern section of Scotland, and the most populous of all; the great theatre of manufacture and trade in modern times, and not less remarkable at a former period as the scene of the chief warlike transactions by which Wallace preserved the independency of his country; Lanarkshire, the country of horses, the country of fruit, the country of milk; formerly an independent kingdom, and still so noble a district as almost to be entitled to that political distinction; is otherwise denominated Clydesdale, from its being simply the vale formed by the course of the river Clyde. This stream, the third in rank among Scottish rivers, rises in a mountainous district about the centre of the country south of the Forth, and, holding a N. N. E. course of nearly fifty miles, becomes an estuary at the place where Lanarkshire adjoins to Renfrew and Dunbarton. The country whose shape it determines, (resembling in figure the map of South America,) is bounded on the west by Ayr and Renfrew, on the north by Dunbarton and Stirling, on the east by Edinburgh and Peebles, and on the south by Dumfries. From the banks of the Clyde, where the land is uniformly fertile, the country swells gently upwards on both sides in long flat moorish uplands, till the highest part forms a natural boundary between this and the neighbouring counties. From each side of these ridges descend many streams, each forming its own little vale; and thus the face of the country, generally wild, is everywhere intersected by strips of luxuriant and beautiful territory. It is on account of this peculiarity in the configuration of the country, that the limits of counties and even of estates in Scotland, are usually determined by the courses of streams or by the ridges which intervene between them. The latter sort of division is often very indefinite, from the want of acuteness in many ridges; but as the property is seldom very valuable in such quarters, disputes rarely occur. Limits of this description are said to be marked by that imaginary line where, according to the popular and legal phraseology, *wind and water shear and divide*. The different sides of such boundaries have of course their different associations; and the Scotsman who has wandered in a district where the face of nature has a different inclination and the waters have a different direction from what he has been accustomed to, experiences a joy to which the heartless citizen of the world must be for ever a stranger, when his steps are at length permitted to surmount the ridge which encloses his own native vale, and he sees the streams all flowing towards the happy place where he has garnered up the treasures of his heart.

The Vale of Clyde—for such is its third and most poetical designation—is divided into three *wards*, called the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower Ward. The Upper Ward, comprehending three-fifths of the whole, is a mountainous district; the Middle and Lower Wards are of a much more fertile character. Each of the Wards is governed by a sheriff-substitute, appointed by the sheriff-depute of the county.

Commencing a survey of the county at the upper part, the first object of interest that presents itself, is the source of the river Clyde. It is a fact known to every child in the south of Scotland, that the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan, each of which falls into a different sea at different sides of the kingdom, "rise out of one hill-side," or at least out of one clump of rising grounds.* The hills are here very high, and one of them, denominated Erickstanebrae, is famed for the steepness of one of its sides, along which a road proceeds at a great height above the level of the narrow vales below. "You must have seen the place as you came this way," says that respectable individual Pate-in-Peril in the novel of Redgauntlet; "it looks as if four hills were laying their heads together, to shut out day-light from the dark hollow space between them. A d——d deep, black, black-guard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the road side, as perpendicularly as it can go, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it. It is called the Marquis of Annandale's Beef-stand, from the Annandale thieves having put their stolen cattle in there." The adventure of Pate-in-Peril was a real occurrence. One of the insurgents of 1745, whom the troops of the Duke of Cumberland were conducting to Carlisle, on reaching this place, threw himself from his horse, and, before his guards could prevent him, rolled headlong down the steep and fearful descent. Many shots were fired, rather after than at him, by the soldiers, who could not venture to follow; but the poor fellow escaped unhurt, and the judicial shambles of Carlisle had one life less to answer for.

The Clyde, within a very few miles of its head, becomes a river of considerable size, by the accession of a number of mountain streams, among which, Glengonar is the most remarkable. Glengonar is distinguished by the mineral wealth of its banks. An attempt was here made some centuries ago to dig gold; and a great number of holes and corresponding tumuli yet attest the energy of the enterprise. But the work was not repaid by the results, though the proprietor, the Earl of Hopetoun, possesses a large piece of plate formed out of the gold found on that or a subsequent occasion, and the shepherds still occasionally pick up little masses of ore in the neighbourhood of the stream.

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* "In superiore praefectura collis est, non admodum editus, è quo in tria diversa maria flumina effunduntur, Tueda in mare Scoticum, Annandus in Hibernium, in Deucaledonium Glotta." *Buchanan lib. i.*

At the source of this water, thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, the little village of Leadhills flourishes amidst a wilderness of dismal heathery mountains. The inhabitants, though chiefly employed in the severe and debasing labour of miners, are an enlightened set of people, having more than one public library, and exhibiting a zeal in the acquisition of useful knowledge perfectly astonishing. It was here that Allan Ramsay, a poet of great merit, but whose reputation has quailed before that of Burns, as Lindsay's had formerly been extinguished by his, first saw the light and spent his earlier years. The ruins of the house in which he was born, were lately to be seen at the corner of a field, near the house occupied by the Superintendent of the lead-mines. The poet himself, in one of his earliest productions, thus describes the place of his nativity:

Of Crawford-moor, born in Lead-hill,
Where mineral springs Glengonar fill,
  Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,
Between auld Crawford Lindsay's towers,
And where Deneetne rapid pours
  His stream to Glotta's tide;
Native o' Clydesdale's upper ward,
  Bred fifteen simmers there, &c.

He alludes in another poem* to the mineral wealth of his native district:

Oh had I a' the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill.

The lead-mines are wrought by a society termed the Scots Mining Company, who pay by way of rent, to the proprietor, the value of every sixth bar which they produce.

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* The Lass o' Patie's Mill.

The streams which descend from this mountainous region, cause the Clyde, before it reaches the united parish of Roberton and Wiston, to assume the appearance of a considerable river. In a small peninsula which it forms in this quarter, there are still to be seen the ruins of a strong house, denominated the Bower, which is said to have been the residence of a mistress of one of the Kings of Scotland, who, like Henry II, was obliged to adopt this secluded spot for the scene of his amours, in order to avoid the jealousy of his queen. No legend like that of Fair Rosamond is attached to the place; but it is so beautiful as, even without that charm, to attract the eye of the passing traveller.

The parish of Lamington succeeds that of Roberton and Wiston, and it is here that the hills recede, so as to leave the broad pastoral haughs by the sides of the river for which the Upper Ward is so famous. Upon the south brink of the water, near the little parish-town, stands the tall and shattered ruin of Lamington Tower, the seat of the family whose heiress Wallace is believed to have married, and which, being inherited, along with the adjoining estate, by his daughter, who married a Sir William Baillie of Hoprig, is now the property of the representative of that ancient baronial family. Near the castle is a pool into which a laird of Lamington and his vassals, after an engagement, forced a party of the Annandale Johnstones who had come to plunder his lands.

The hill of Tinto, famous in prose and rhyme, familiar to every child in the south of Scotland, overlooks the tower of Lamington on the north. From its isolated character and great height (2336 feet above the sea) this mountain can be seen from almost every part of Clydesdale, and even Dunbartonshire. Its highest part rises like a great dome above the other eternal edifices of nature. The name Tinto signifies "hill of fire," its top having been in early times used as either an observatory or a place of worship. Strangers often ascend to the top, in order to survey the surrounding country, and the author of this work can himself testify that the labour of ascending is amply repaid by the pleasure of the survey. In clear days the Bass can be seen on one side of the island, and the firth of Solway on the other. The cairn upon the summit, which must contain at least two hundred cart-loads of stones, is said to have been accumulated in the course of the ages which preceded the Reformation, in a very remarkable way. There formerly existed, upon the eastern skirt of the hill, (just at the place where a road to Biggar leaves the new great road between Glasgow and Carlisle by Lanark,) a small religious establishment called St John's Kirk, of which no vestige now remains except the burying-ground. The priests of St John's Kirk, whose power extended over two or three of the neighbouring parishes, did not, like their presbyterian successors, appoint a particular seat in their place of worship for a certain class of offenders, but, wisely judging that the mortification of the flesh was the best punishment for the offences of the flesh, enjoined their guilty parishioners to carry so many loads of stones to the top of Tinto!

Every reader must remember the figure which Tinto makes in the clever old song of Tibby Fowler:

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
   An she want the name o' siller,
A flee might fell her i' the air,
   Afore a man were even'd till her;
But though a lass were e'er sae black,
   Let her ha'e the penny siller,
Set her up on Tinto tap,
   The wind wad blaw a man till her!

About half way down the eastern ridge of Tinto, on the south side, are the ruins of an ancient place of strength called Fat-lips Castle.* This tower, of which only the remains of two vaults can be seen, is said to have been built by the Laird of Symington, the barony adjoining to Lamington, with the laird of which he had a deadly feud. His object in the erection was to observe the motions of his enemy, whose house is only about a mile distant in the haugh below. He is reported to have said that the laird of Lamington would not be able so much as to water his horses in the Clyde, or even to appear out of doors for much simpler purposes, without being overlooked and watched by him the laird of Symington. This disagreeable system of surveillance, which the unfortunate Lamington could not openly resent, induced him at length to leave his house, and build for himself a tower called Windygates behind the hills, where Symington durst not approach him. Such were the circumstances of a quarrel between next-door neighbours a few centuries ago, now well exchanged in the country for an occasional dispute about marches, and in the city for a plea about the right to a back-green.

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* There is a similar ruin of the same name, on the top of Minto Crags, in Roxburghshire. What the origin or meaning of the name may be, seems quite inexplicable, but some ingenious antiquary may perhaps be able to deduce it from, or connect it with,

The next object of any interest is the village of Biggar. London, says the Clydesdale peasant, is a big town, but there is one in Scotland that is Biggar. This is all, however, that can be said in aggrandizement of Biggar, besides that it is a neat little town, and possesses some objects interesting to the antiquary. The church, a Gothic edifice, formerly collegiate, was built in the beginning of the sixteenth century, by Malcolm Lord Fleming. The country people believe that he did so as a penance, and that he furthermore walked bare-footed to Rome in expiation of his offences. It never was finished; whence the Clydesdale proverb, " Many things are begun and never ended, like Biggar Kirk." Near the church is an eminence, denominated the Moat, and at present covered with trees; one of those artificial hills used by the superiors of towns and districts for the administration of the laws. At the distance of a mile

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a custom which has from time immemorial obtained among parties of pleasures visiting the top of Minto—that every gentleman, by indefeasible privilege, kisses one of the ladies on entering the ruin.

Clydesdale.

from the town, in the middle of a plain formerly a morass, are the remains of an extensive fortification called Bog-hall.

This plain, upon part of which the town is situated, recedes from the brink of the Clyde towards the east, so as nearly to join in that direction the vale of the Tweed; and it is strenuously asserted by the common people, that the celebrated wizard Michael Scott attempted to direct the Clyde through this morass into the channel of the other river. Michael Scott was constantly attended by three familiar spirits, called Prig, Prim, and Pricker, who, unless he kept them constantly at work, teased, annoyed, and tormented him in an intolerable manner. In order to divert them from his own flesh, he used to assign them tasks of as laborious a nature as his fancy could suggest. It is, for instance, the belief of the Teviotdale peasant, that he successively commanded them to cleave the summit of Eildon into three, and to bridle the Tweed with a curb of stone, and that, upon their finishing these tasks in the course of a single night, and returning upon him for further employment, he at length managed his point by setting them to twist ropes out of the sea sand. In Inverness-shire, moreover, where, as well as in the Western Islands, Thomas the Rhymer and Michael Scott are as popular as in the Lowlands, it is believed that the two low points of land which so nearly meet at Fort-George, were laid down there for the purpose of making a bridge over the Murray Firth, but that the design was interrupted by the death of the enchanter, who lies buried underneath Tomn-na-heurich, the strange, oblong, artificial-looking and yet natural hill, which forms so remarkable a feature in the beautiful scenery around the Highland capital. Michael's attempt to change the course of the Clyde was rendered unsuccessful by a circumstance which has not come to my knowledge. But it is well known at Carnwath and Libbertoun what prevented his imps from building a bridge over the water near Covington. He had set an extraordinary number of devils to this meritorious and public-spirited piece of work; and they were all busy carrying stones from the Yelpin Craigs, a place about four miles north from the river, beyond Carnwath, for the purpose of immediately afterwards proceeding to the architectural part of their duty, when the joyful intelligence was communicated to them that their master had suddenly died. Finding themselves thus relieved from their engagement, the whole train, without a moment's hesitation, threw down the stones which they were carrying, and the said stones may still be seen encumbering the fields in a line between the Yelpin Craigs and a particular point upon the river near Covington, though one or two of the farmers have, of late years, at a considerable expense, cleared them off from at least their arable grounds. The stones are from three to thirty hundred weight, and the line may be an acre or two in breadth; a thing worthy of attention even as a natural phenomenon.

The metrical history of Sir William Wallace makes the bog near Biggar the scene of a sanguinary and important conflict between that hero and a large army of the English. Though resting upon no proper authority, the fact seems to derive credibility from the traditions of the people, who say that the English came over a hollow in the hills to the south called Cors-Cryne, while the Scots approached from Tinto, where they had lain encamped all night. In further support of the fact, there yet exists near the supposed battle-ground, a circular camp. Wallace is said to have come into the camp of the English, disguised as a vender of brooms, in order to observe the numbers and position of his enemy; on this occasion he endured at the hands of the Southrons many insults, for which he took ample revenge in the bloodshed of the following day. A hollow rock on the hill of Bizzyberry, a mile north from Biggar, is called Wallace's Seat, near which is a spring called his Well; and the hero is believed, on one unfortunate occasion, to have taken refuge here, to have rested on this rock, and drunk out of this fountain.

Two roads in this part of this country are said to have been much improved by the imps who attended Michael Scott. The old road from Wiston to Lanark goes right over the western ridge of Tinto, where there is a deep cut in the summit of the hill, called the Howgate Mouth. For a considerable way, the passage is little more than seven feet wide, the mountain rising steep on each side; and at the north end there are little hills, which seem as if carried from the middle to make the passage easier. All this is fabled to have been done by Prig, Prim, and Pricker; and the same useful individuals are said to have produced a similar convenience in the dreary ridge which separates Lothian from Clydesdale, upon the great road from Edinburgh to Biggar. Near Dolphington, there is a pass called the Sandy-hill Nick, a deep cut made many ages ago in a long sandy ridge, which no wheeled carriage could have by any other means surmounted. The shelving sides of this pass are now partially covered with vegetation; and a beautiful green hill, of a shape the most purely conical imaginable or mensurable, is pointed out at a little distance as having been formed by the sand taken out of the Nick. Both roads are of unknown, but certainly very remote date. The Sandy-hill Nick, in particular, seems such a piece of labour as could only have been executed by that nation whose strength was all but surpassed in its astonishing greatness by the reckless prodigality with which it was employed.

Covington Mill, a little village between Biggar and Lanark, is famous in its district for having been a favourite haunt of "the persecuted remnant;" and some sequestered spots are pointed out in the neighbourhood as places where they met for public worship, while boys were posted on the adjacent hills to give notice of the approach of the dragoons. The houses of Covington Mill have all been renewed of late years, chiefly because it was generally found, on demolishing an old house, that there was about as much treasure concealed in its walls as defrayed the expense of the new one. These *poses*, of course, must have been the property of the Covenanters.

Lanarkshire.

From Covington, or rather from the neighbouring village of Thankerton, the distance by the road to Hyndford Bridge is only four miles. Yet, so circuitous and so slow is the course of the Clyde between these points, that a straw or piece of paper, if put into the water at Thankerton, would not reach Hyndford in less than seven hours. This beats the Links of Forth in an incalculable degree. Indeed, it is extremely remarkable that the Clyde moves very slowly through the whole of this mountainous region, and becomes, on the contrary, impetuous when it reaches the luxuriant district of the Middle Ward. In some places, just before the Falls, it is so sluggish as to permit sedges and reeds to grow in its very middle, and it approaches the scene of torture with an air of simple unconsciousness that makes a sentimental beholder almost pity it as much as if it were a child or an idiot going forward, without suspicion or sadness, to inevitable destruction.

Between the points above mentioned, the Clyde receives the tributary waters of the Medwine. The Medwine consists in two branches, one of which is the cause of a junction between the Atlantic and German Oceans not perhaps very generally known. The case is this. The greater part of the water of the East Medwine is diverted from its course, near the head, by a miller, who permits it, when it has done its duty, to run off into the Terth, one of the tributaries of the Tweed. This matter has been the cause of several law-suits; for the miller, who has only a right to half the water, has been more than once accused of cajoling the stream with his spade, so as to draw off more than his due share. It is additionally remarkable, that the well out of which the Medwine rises, sends off a distinct rill to the Water of Leith; whereby the Firth of Forth is also connected with the two seas.

The village of Carnwath is the capital of a moorland district directly east from Lanark. Formerly a curious old-fashioned place, with the merit of having all the roofs of thatch, and all the gables turned with more or less awkwardness towards the street, Carnwath is now a clean starched-looking town, or rather double line of neat stone cottages, coped with slate, and having windows filled with lozenge-shaped panes. Near the centre of the town is the Tolbooth, a plain old building, and the cross, an obelisk upon which the distances from Edinburgh to various places in Clydesdale and Ayrshire are distinctly marked. The church stands at the west end of the town; a new erection, but contiguous to a fragment of the former edifice, which was a Gothic building, and, before the Reformation, endowed with the eminent character of a collegiate church. The remaining fragment of the old church is now used as a sepulchral aile by the Lockhart family, but contains at the same time the bones of the former lords of the manor, the Somervilles, and a tomb on which a Lord Somerville and his wife are represented lying in the complete armour and costume of the fifteenth century. The old church of Carnwath had its bell at the wrong end, namely the east, (for all the parish-churches in Scotland have their bells most religiously at the western extremity;) and this circumstance was considered so remarkable, that it occasioned the proverb of *Carnwath-like* to be attached, very generally throughout the south, to any thing of an *outré* or awkward nature.

Near the church, upon an eminence, is the Moat of Carnwath, similar to that of Biggar, and covered with firs. At a little distance to the eastward, on the north side of the street, a house, remarkable for consisting of more than one story, is pointed out as the residence of the late —— Meikle, author of "Solitude Sweetened" and some other popular works of a devotional cast. The windows are surmounted by Hebrew inscriptions. The School, at the east end of the street, is the best-looking house in the village. There is a well in the neighbourhood, said to possess a wonderful degree of efficacy in the cure of the cholic.

About a mile to the north-west of Carnwath are the ruins of Cowdailly Castle, situated on a point of land projecting into a moss, or, as the site is indicated by the old rhyme:

Between the Rae-law
And Cockburnshaw,
There ye'll find Cowdailly Wa',
  Wi' the foundations laid on ern.

Cowdailly was the seat of the noble house of Somerville, and is worthy of a visit on account of its having been frequently the residence of James IV, V, and VI; the last of which monarchs, upon one occasion, when royally entertained by Lord Somerville, observed that the place was well named, since he saw a *cow*, not to speak of a good number of sheep, consumed *daily*. The scene of so much splendour and festivity, is now, however, as desolate as can well be conceived.*

Nothing can equal in wildness, bleakness, and coldness, the extensive waste called Carnwath Muir, or more popularly the *Lang Whang*, stretching between the Causeyend in Lothian and Carnwath, and by which the traveller from Edinburgh approaches this part of Clydesdale. It is a scene not even to be recalled to the memory without sensations of inexpressible horror.

In the church-yard of Carnwath there is a monument, with an epitaph in bad schoolmaster-like Latin, to the memory of a man of the name of Thomson, who met his death about fifty years ago in a very singular manner. The deceased was a peaceable old man, and lived near Newbigging, a little decayed village not far from Carnwath. Rather to amuse than support himself, in his old days, he used to manufacture various culinary articles out of straw and broom, which he sold to his humble neighbours. One summer night as he was preparing to go to rest, he was called to the door by two men, who, on his appearing, stabbed him to the heart and immediately made off. He was found two minutes afterwards by his family lying dead upon the threshold. Every possible effort was made by the proper authorities to discover the murderers, but without effect. His son, at length, actuated by a spirit which rarely finds a parallel, resolved to make personal search, and that more extensively than had hitherto been done. Alone and on foot, he wandered over all Scotland and the most of England, besides a portion of the continent, making ceaseless and anxious inquiries for the objects of his search, and mixing in every sort of low society, not even excepting that of highway robbers and pickpockets, in the hope of obtaining at least some information respecting them. At last he came home spent and disappointed and settled in his native village, where, however, his mind continued to ponder incessantly upon the painful and exciting subject that had so long occupied it. One night, after he had retired to rest, his waking ears were met by a low mysterious voice that seemed to come to him, through the silence, from another world, whispering the words " Arise and search." He arose instantly, put on his clothes, and, when day appeared, rather by a random impulse than any feasible motive, bent his steps towards Edinburgh. It had been his custom, during his travels, to visit all criminals under sentence of death that he could hear of, and sometimes even to make forced marches for that purpose. His first inquiry at Edinburgh procured him the intelligence that two gypsies were to be hanged on the succeeding day. He immediately made interest for admission to the cell of the condemned men ; who, after a little conversation, confessed, that, actuated by a jealousy regarding the humble pursuits of his father, which had interfered grievously with their own trade, they had been tempted to become his murderers ! Fully satisfied with this intelligence and the punishment which was to overtake them next day, Thomson returned home and settled down as the schoolmaster of Walston, the parish adjoining to Carnwarth ; which situation he held till his

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* Such is said to have been the prevalence in former times of the name of Somerville over this district of Clydesdale, that, in all the three adjacent parishes of Carnwath, Walston, and Dunsyre, there was not a single family of which either the gudeman or the gudewife was not a Somerville, or which, to quote the language of a rustic informant, "*had na a Simmervell's bairn in't.*"

Clydesdale.

Lanarkshire.

death about three or four years ago. He wrote the epitaph, which slightly alludes to these singular circumstances.

In pursuing the survey of the Clyde toward the west, the next district of interest is that which may be said to have the town of Lanark for its centre.

This ancient town is not very engaging in its external appearance, being in reality the very beau-ideal of a rotten old Scotch burgh; but it nevertheless possesses many points of the truest and most fascinating interest. It is sufficient to say that the glorious Wallace here fairly commenced that series of memorable exploits which freed his country from a foreign yoke, and has caused his memory to be held in such reverence by the Scottish people. Lanark received its burgal privileges from Alexander the Fierce, and was a place of considerable importance at the period of the Wars of the Competition. According to Blind Harry, Wallace resided in it, with his bride, when the insolence of the English sheriff compelled him to deal that personage such a blow as proved his death. Tradition points out a house, now an inn, at the head of the Castle-gate, opposite to the parish-church, as occupying the site of that which was possessed by Wallace at the period of this incident. He fled from his house to a cave in the Cartlane Crags about a mile off, and only emerged from that concealment to spread terror and destruction amongst all who bore the English name in Scotland.

At the time alluded to, and for centuries before, there existed upon a singular eminence south from the town, a fortification and royal residence called Lanark Castle; but so completely has it been demolished, for the purpose of forming the ground into a bowling-green, that not one stone is to be seen upon another. Miss Porter, previous to the publication of her work entitled "the Scottish Chiefs," visited this and other scenes in the neighbourhood of Lanark sanctified by the name of Wallace.

About a quarter of a mile eastward from the town, the ruins of the very ancient church of Lanark are still to be seen, surrounded by the parish cemetry. It was here, at public worship, that the Scottish hero first saw his wife. The building, which has never been fine, although of Gothic architecture, having now been deserted for fifty years, is hurrying fast to decay.

The church-yard of Lanark contains the undistinguished grave of William Lithgow, the celebrated traveller of the reign of James VI; a strange compound of good sense, fanaticism, impudence, and pedantry, to which this parish had the honour of giving birth. Lithgow travelled over a great part of Europe and Asia, and came home, miserably maimed and disfigured by the Inquisitors of Spain, whom he had provoked by his insufferable insolence in regard to their holy religion. He settled in his native parish, where till his death he was known, as he is now popularly remembered, by the name of Lugless Willie Lithgow. He left children and other relations, whose representatives are said still to exist in the place.*

Lanark has had the honour of giving birth to more than one man of note. The most distinguished was the late Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield. Many good scholars, moreover, have been produced at its school, which, for more than fifty years during the last century, was conducted by Mr Robert Thomson, brother-in-law to the author of the Seasons, a man of talents, and of great assiduity and success in his profession. The wife of this gentleman, displaying an activity and spirit very different from her illustrious brother, is said to have been peculiarly well qualified for her situation as matron of a large boarding-school.

In the neighbourhood of Lanark there are many handsome seats, among which, Carstairs, the seat of Mr Monteith, seems to be considered the most splendid. But the most distinguished objects of interest in the vicinity of Lanark are unquestionably the celebrated Falls of the Clyde. Of these two are above and one below the town. The uppermost is Bonniton Linn, a cascade of about thirty feet. The next below is Corra Linn, where the water takes three distinct leaps, each apparently as high as that of Bonniton. Upon a rock above the Fall, on the southern brink of the river, stands a ruined castle, behind which is a middle-aged mansion, and behind which again there is a still more modern and splendid house. All these are embowered in the trees and shrubbery which add such grace to the whole of this wild scene. A pavilion, erected above a century ago, stands on the opposite bank of the stream, as a sort of station for observing the fall.

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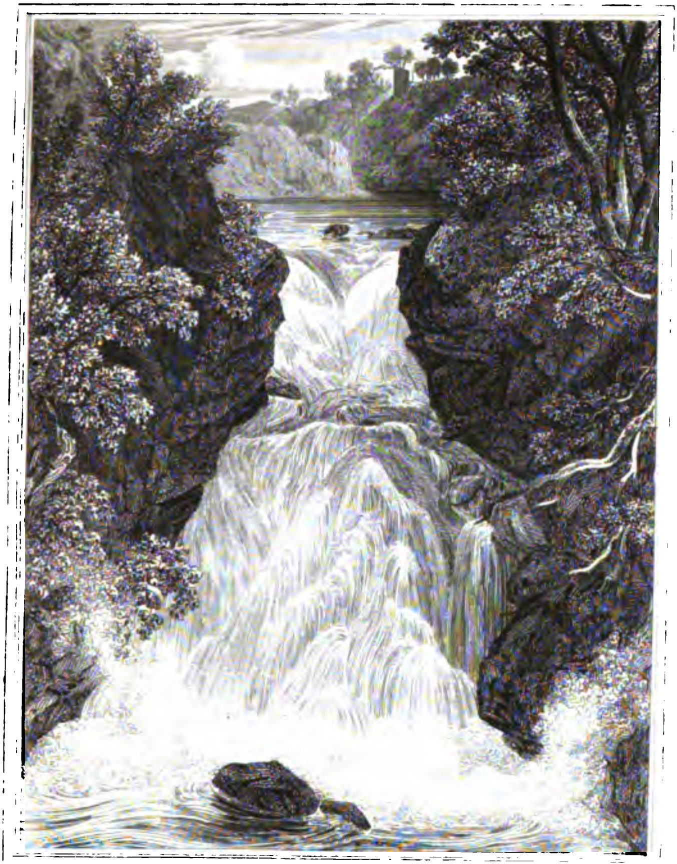
* In his "Travels," he describes Clydesdale as "the *best-mixed* country (quasi beef, I suppose,) for corns, meads, pasturage, woods, parks, orchards, castles, palaces, divers kinds of coal and earth-fewel, that our included Albion produceth, so that it may be justly termed the paradise of Scotland."

Above this series of cataracts, the river, as has been already observed, moves very slowly, like a victim reluctantly approaching the place of its fate; and, indeed, a sentimental traveller, for the first time drawing near to the scene, when he heard the sound of the falls and observed the spray rising through the trees, might be excused, in the excitation of the moment, for fancying that he was about to witness the execution or torture of some noble being, condemned to undeserved and degrading punishment. Immediately below the first fall, the course of the water becomes prodigiously rapid, as if it were anxious to hurry through the scene and be put out of pain. At one point in this part of its course, it struggles through a chasm of not more than four feet —the narrowest part of the Clyde—and where it can easily be stepped over; though, of course, when the river is in flood, this cannot be observed, as other features of the scene are in the same manner materially altered. Below the last fall, the river glides dejectedly away, with numberless spots of foam upon its surface, like a spent steed whose dark sides exhibit marks of late exertion as unequivocal as slowness of pace and dimness of eye.

The third fall of the Clyde occurs at Stonebyres, about two miles below the town of Lanark, and four



J.B.Kidd del.

W.H. Lizars sculp.

STONEBYRES.

Edinburgh Published by W Tait 1828.

from Corra Linn. It is characterised by the same features with that cascade, consisting in three falls.

The great power of water and the rapid descent of the river have caused these beautiful natural scenes to be deformed in a remarkable degree by artificial erections the most foreign imaginable to their character. Little more than half a mile below Cora Linn stands what is called the Village of New Lanark, a series of huge square buildings, connected with one or two streets of inferior magnitude, and stretching along the north bank of the river, which here rises so abruptly and so near the stream as only to allow room for two lines of edifices. The large buildings are cotton-mills, and the inferior streets contain the residences of the persons employed in them, amounting, it is said, to about two thousand. This is rather a singular community. No person is admitted into it except as connected with the manufactory; the very tradesmen who provide the necessaries of life being incorporated in the system.

This manufactory was first established in the year 1783 by Mr David Dale, a man whose character is said to have been marked by almost Quixotic benevolence. It is now in the possession of a company which owns for its head Mr Robert Owen, so remarkable for his peculiar notions regarding the domestic polity of mankind. As an exception from the present and unchangeable system of life by nature established, it is as tolerable as any other monster; and all strangers who happen to approach this part of the country, accordingly pay it the visit of curiosity. Industry, with her thousand hands, is here the predominant divinity; and her works and ways of working are such as may at least amuse, though certainly not permanently gratify, every person who inspects them.

The inhabitants of New Lanark are a peculiar people, speak with an accent of their own, and dress themselves better on Sunday than their neighbours of the same rank. They are said to live harmoniously, and even to exhibit a considerable degree of esprit-de-corps. They are supplied with cloth and other necessaries by the proprietors of the works; who very properly devote the profits arising from this branch of business to the education of the children; none of whom are permitted to engage in labour till the age of ten.

In the house of Bonniton, near the Fall of that name, the seat of Sir Charles Ross of Balnagowan, representative of the Baillies of Lamington, are preserved two relics of Sir William Wallace, the genuineness of which is perhaps rather to be hoped for than relied upon; a portrait of the hero, and a chair on which he is said to have sat. The last curiosity is at least an ancient heirloom of the family, having been brought hither from Lamington Tower. It resembles a rude garden-seat, or that piece of farmer's-ingle-side furniture called *the settle*, more than a chair of the modern construction, or even of that two-story-high description which prevailed in the days of stateliness, long waists, lappets, and frilled elbows. It is about three feet long, and quite capable of containing the sitting part of even a "stouter gentleman" than "Scotia's ill-requited chief" may be conceived to have been. Four round stoops, slightly ornamented at top by the turning-loom, and the two at front shorter than the two behind, form the frame-work of the chair, and the only original part of it, for the rest has been at some recent period renewed; the bottom is made of spokes; and the appearance of the whole is sufficiently plain to warrant the supposition of its having been constructed in the thirteenth century.

The Clyde, little more than a mile above Bonniton Linn, receives the tribute of the Douglas Water. The vale formed by this stream, called Douglas Dale, is extremely fertile and beautiful. It is crossed by the road from Glasgow to Carlisle, at a point called Douglas Mill, two miles below the pleasant and old-fashioned town of Douglas. Douglas has a great annual fair, held in the church-yard; on which occasions the shoemakers of Lanark and other places, exhibit their shoes, as other merchants display their respective wares, upon the flat grave-stones, instead of the more temporary stalls used elsewhere. In the vicinity of the town,* stands Douglas Castle, amidst extensive plantations. This edifice was built about the middle of the last century, in the room of a former castle then destroyed by fire.

This was the original seat of the family of Douglas, which, after first becoming conspicuous in the reign of Bruce, attained such power in Scotland, as more than once to make the king totter on his throne. During the term of a hundred and fifty years after their first elevation, their greatness knew no bounds, and "na man was safe," quoth an old historian, "unless he were either a Douglas, or a Douglas's man." The chief of the family often emulated the royal authority, went abroad with a train of two thousand armed men, created knights, had his counsellors, and constituted a parliament.

The sepulchral monuments of some of these great chiefs may be seen in a vault which, having originally formed part of the church, still stands in the village burying-ground. Amongst those most worthy of attention, is that of the "Good Sir James," the friend of Bruce, and who makes such a figure in Barbour's heroic poem commemorative of the exploits of that great man, whose heart he was commissioned to carry to Jerusalem. There is also a very magnificent monument to the memory of Archibald, first Earl of Douglas, and Duke of Terouaine in France. This intrepid warrior is represented in his ducal coronet and robes. The tomb of James the Fat, seventh Earl of Douglas, who died in 1443, may also be worthy of attention. This nobleman is said to have been the worst chief that the name of Douglas ever had; his corpulence, which was excessive, inducing him at once to good-nature and indolence. For some years before his death, he lay constantly in bed, unable to heed his retainers, or attend to the warlike interests of the clan. In "ane Addicioun of Scottis Chroniklis and Deidis," lately printed from manuscript by the Bannatyne Club, his death is noticed in terms which will scarcely fail, in their naïveté and unconscious humour, to provoke a smile from the reader. "The xxv day of March, 1443, erl James Douglas deit at the castell of Abercorn, to the takin [*token*] they said he had in him four stane of talch* and mair."

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* Ray, in his Itineraries, which were undertaken about 1661, thus describes Douglas: "Though it be a free burgh, and without doubt of great antiquity, yet it is a poor pitiful, small place, scarce a house in it which will keep a man dry in a shower of rain."

Some ash-trees are pointed out near Douglas Castle, as those upon which these too powerful lords used to hang such persons as fell under their displeasure.

Parallel with Douglasdale, at the distance of a few miles westwards, is the vale of Nethan, another southern accessory of the Clyde. The chief place in this vale is the village of Lesmahago, situated near its upper extremity. Lesmahago is the capital of a parish of great extent, fertility, and population; and its church is one of that rare sort called in Scotland a *collegiate charge*, being attended by two clergymen. In former times, Lesmahago was distinguished as the seat of a well-endowed priory, founded by David I in 1140, and belonging to the abbey of Kelso. This religious foundation was dedicated to St Machute; and the tomb of that holy person continued to be lighted by a certain number of wax tapers till the Reformation.† The church belonging to the priory was burnt, along with a great number of people who had taken refuge in it, by a younger brother of King Edward III, in one of those fierce and unsparing wars in favour of Edward Baliol, by which the minority of our second David was so terribly distinguished. The incendiary, who was a very young man, immediately afterwards proceeding northwards to join his royal brother, found him at the high altar of St

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* Tallow.

† A pair of antique snuffers, found among the ruins, and supposed to have officiated at the illuminated tomb of St Machute, was found some years ago, and is still preserved by one of the villagers.

John's Church in Perth, where, on his recounting the dreadful exploit, with all its circumstances, Edward, unable to restrain his indignation, or to regard the sacred character of the place, gave him a blow which laid him dead before the altar. The steeple of the church destroyed on this occasion, which happened to survive the flames, though not without marks of having been scathed by them, continued to exist till the year 1803, when it was destroyed, along with the ancient edifice attached to it, in order to make way for the present large place of worship. Lesmahago was remarkable for the number of recruits which it turned out to swell the insurgent army at Bothwell Bridge; and, accordingly, its church-yard contains the monuments of several of these heroes. Among the rest, is that of David Steel, who was killed by Captain Crichton, the cavalier trooper whose memoirs were published by Swift.* Opposite to the church-yard, on the east bank of the Nethan, a little knoll is pointed out, said to have been at a remote period the site of a hermitage occupied by an anchorite called St Foix. The parish village or kirk-town of Lesmahago is popularly called *Abbey-Green*, from its being situated upon what was originally the verdant precinct or park of the priory.

Reverting to the more immediate neighbourhood of the Clyde, he who traverses this district for pleasure, or for the indulgence of sentiment and association, will visit Cartlane Crags. This is a deep chasm, supposed to have been formed by an earthquake, through which Mouse Water (remarkable a little farther up for the Roman antiquities on its banks) seeks its way to the Clyde, instead of following a more natural channel, which every body seems to think it should have followed, a little farther to the east. A bridge of three arches was thrown, four years ago, across the narrow profound; and its two piers, being at least a hundred feet high, while the whole length is little more, the building has an extremely striking effect. At a little distance below, may be seen one of those narrow old bridges, with an arch precisely semicircular, supposed to be of Roman structure, and of which we have so few specimens in Scotland. The traveller is indebted for whatever gratification he may derive from the sight of this object to Mr Linning of Orchard-dell, in this neighbourhood, who, with a liberality above all praise, gave fifty pounds to save it from the destruction to which, on the intended erection of a substitute, it had been doomed for the sake of its materials.

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* In Crichton's Memoirs, there is an amusing burlesque, or parody, which some of the old trooper's friends made upon David Steel's epitaph. It ran thus:

Here lies the body of Saint Steel,
Murdered by John Crichton,—that de'il!

In the western face of the chasm of Cartlane Crags, a few yards above the new bridge, a small cave or slit in the rock is pointed out by tradition as having been the hiding-place of Wallace after he had slain Heslirig. It is still termed Wallace's Cave.

About three miles below Lanark, on the north brink of the Clyde, is the Lee, the patrimonial estate of the family of Lockhart, so distinguished during the seventeenth century for their eminence in the Scottish Courts of Law. Lee House is a very fine mansion, lately moderniised in the castellated style. It contains many good portraits, among which may be mentioned a bust of Claverhouse, full lengths of Maria Theresa and Joseph II of Germany, Oliver Cromwell, President Lockhart, Count Lockhart, and the great lawyer of the time of Cromwell.* The Lockharts were distinguished by arms long before they had become so eminent in the law.

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* This last was placed on the Scottish bench by his friend the Protector, among the English lords whom that ruler appointed to administer justice during the Commonwealth. It was a subject of no agreeable remark in Scotland, that the laws were never dispensed with so much impartiality as by these foreigners; a fact which may perhaps be best explained by the testy exclamation of a senator of the succeeding less delicate age, to whom it was mentioned as a reproach, "Deil thank them! they had nane o' their ain kin to please."

Simon Locard accompanied the good Sir James Douglas to Palestine, bearing the heart of Bruce enclosed in a locked case, on which account his name was changed to Lockhart, and he obtained for his armorial bearings, a heart attached to a lock, with the motto, "Corde serrata pando." Engaging in the wars of the Holy Sepulchre, this hero had the good fortune to make a Saracen of rank his prisoner. The lady of the warrior came to pay his ransom, and was counting out the money, when she happened to drop from her purse a small jewel, which she immediately hastened to pick up with an air of careful solicitude. Lockhart eagerly inquired the nature of the jewel, and learning that it was a medicatory talisman, refused to deliver up his captive, unless it were added to the sum previously stipulated. The lady was obliged to comply, and Simon brought it home to Scotland, where it has ever since continued in the possession of his descendants, perhaps the only existing memorial of the crusades in this country. It is called THE LEE PENNY, on account of its being set in the centre of an old English silver coin. Triangular in shape, it measures about the third of an inch each way, and is of a dark red colour, but perfectly transparent. The nature of the stone cannot be determined by lapidaries, being apparently different in all respects from any known in this quarter of the world. To the edge of the coin a small silver chain has been attached, and the whole is deposited in a gold box which the Empress Maria Theresa presented to the father of the late Count Lockhart, who had been in the service, and was ultimately the chamberlain, of that distinguished sovereign.

The Lee Penny did not lose its talismanic property on being transferred to a country of Christians. On the contrary, it has been all along, even to the present day, remarkable for medical virtue. It is especially sovereign in the diseases of horned cattle. The mode of administering it is this. Holding it by the chain, it is three times plumped down into a quantity of water, and once drawn round—*three dips and a sweil*, as the country people fondly express it—and, the cattle or others affected drinking this water, the cure is speedy and effectual. Even at this day, rife as the gospel is now said or supposed to be, people sometimes come from great distances, with vessels, which they fill with water charmed in the manner described, and which they take home in order to administer it to their bestial. In the reign of Charles I, the people of Newcastle, being afflicted with the plague, sent for and obtained a loan of the Lee Penny, leaving the sum of L.6000 sterling in its place as a pledge. They found it so effectual, or were impressed with so high an opinion of its virtues, that they proposed to keep it, and forfeit the money; but the Laird of Lee would not consent to part with so venerable and so gifted an heir-loom. The Laird of that time was a high cavalier, and one of the charges brought against him by the enlightened party whom he had to oppose, was that he effected cures by means of necromancy. One other remarkable instance of its efficacy is recorded. About the beginning of the last century, Lady Baird of Saughtonhall having been bit by a mad dog, and exhibited all the symptoms of hydrophobia, her husband obtained a loan of the talisman; and she, having drunk and bathed in water which it had sanctified, got completely better. That this transaction really took place, seems indubitable, for an ancient female member of the Lee family, who died lately, remembered hearing the Laird who lent the Penny to Lady Baird, describe how he and his dame had been invited to Saughtonhall, and splendidly entertained, in gratitude for the use of the talisman.

Being now visited by an incredible number of persons, whose curiosity has been excited respecting it, Sir Charles M'Donald Lockhart, the present proprietor, has recently adopted the idea of keeping an album, in which their names are recorded. We have all seen the use made of it by the author of Waverley, in his splendid chivalric tale, "the Talisman."

The environs of the Lee comprise a remarkable natural curiosity in the shape of a large oak tree, which, having become rotten through age, can hold in its hollow inside half a dozen individuals standing upright. It is called, reason unknown, the Pease Tree.

The Upper Ward of Clydesdale being here terminated, a great change is observable upon the face of nature by the traveller who passes downwards. The Upper Ward, which comprises a good deal more than half of the county, has been already described as comparatively unadorned by the richer graces of nature. The Middle Ward, however, which commences at the junction of the Nethan with the Clyde, is a district of the most splendidly beautiful and fertile character. The several miles of which it consists, along the banks of the river, are one uninterrupted series of grove, garden, and orchard. It is quite unlike every other part of Scotland—a billowy ocean of foliage, waving in the summer wind, and glowing under the summer sun! The people of the less genial Upper Ward—who, by the way, make up in kindliness of manners what their country wants in external fineness,—call this magnificent region, "the Fruit Lands;" and well is it worthy of the appellation. Fruit is here produced on a scale of profusion, of which strangers can have no idea. It overhangs the roads and the waters, bobs against the head of the passing traveller, and dips in the rushing stream. Instances have been known of the product of single orchards being let, *growing*, to the retailers of such wares at Glasgow, for L.800!

Near the confluence of the Nethan and the Clyde, upon a single rock overhanging the former stream, stands Craignethan or Draphane Castle, supposed to have furnished the author of "Old Mortality" with his description of Tillietudlem. Craignethan has been a most extensive and important fortress. It consists in a very ancient and totally ruinous part, the style of which is that so often described as characterising the baronial mansion of the earlier ages, and in a portion built in the style of Charles II's time, but a little less ruinous; the whole enclosed within a lofty fortified wall. In the more ancient and dilapidated portion of the castle, a room is pointed out as one in which Queen

Mary lodged for a few days, after her escape from Loch Leven. It is called Queen Mary's room; and the fact is by no means improbable, as Craignethan was then one of the chief seats of the Hamilton family, under whose protection it is well known the Queen lived during the brief interval between her escape and the disaster of Langside. The steep banks around Craignethan, with the windings of the stream round their bases, afford some scenery in which it is hard to say whether the sublime or the beautiful predominates.

After passing a few miles farther down the *Fruit Lands*, during which he passes the stately modern seat of Mauldslie Castle, and the delightful bower-like village of Dalserf, the traveller reaches Hamilton, the capital of the Middle Ward. Hamilton is a town of six thousand inhabitants, seven hundred of whom are weavers. It is chiefly remarkable in the eyes of travellers, on account of Hamilton Palace, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, which rears its huge form in a valley between the town and the river, and of which the town was originally only an appendage. Hamilton Palace was originally a large building of moderate external elegance; but, a large addition, of better material and greater architectural grace, having been made in the year 1826, it is now in every respect one of the best houses in the country. Its interior is extremely splendid, and the gratification of the visiter is enhanced by its magnificent gallery of pictures, which is famed as being by many degrees the best in Scotland. The most celebrated and valuable picture in the Hamilton Gallery is the *Daniel in the Lions' Den* of Rubens. The environs of this palace partake, in an eminent degree, of the rich character appropriate to this part of Lanarkshire.

Hamilton lies near the Avon, (pronounced *Aivon,*) a stream of the same class with the Douglas and Nethan, already mentioned, and which, like them, flows to the Clyde from the hills on the south-west side of the country. The scenery of the vale of Avon is extremely fine for several miles above its confluence with the Clyde, being full of gorgeous old wood, and abounding in ancient and modern mansions, among which the ruins of Cadyow, the first seat of the Hamilton family, is not the least conspicuous. The natural beauties of the district have been thus described by the late Miss Helen Maria Williams, in a song entitled "Evan Banks:"

> Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
> Ye lavish woods that wave around,
> And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
> Which sweetly winds so far below;
> What secret charm to memory brings
> All that on Evan's border springs?
> Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side,
> Blest stream! she sees thee haste to Clyde!

At the distance of eight miles from the embouchure of the Avon, and about a mile from the north-west bank, in the midst of a moorish district, lies the town of Strathaven.

Strathaven is an irregular old town, full of long lanes and short streets, all of which run into each other in a peculiarly perplexing manner. It seems, like many other towns, to have been indebted for its origin to a castle. Strathaven Castle, from an early period one of the seats of the Hamilton family, overhangs the town with its shattered and haggard walls, like the spirit of Fingal represented by Ossian as looking down from the clouds upon his living descendants. Anne Duchess of Hamilton, (daughter of the Duke who perished at the battle of Worcester,) in whom the old line of the family ended, resided in Strathaven Castle and in Brodwick Castle in Arran, alternately, during the period of the Commonwealth. Her grace had been deprived of her estates by Cromwell, and she would have been perhaps altogether destitute but for the attachment and faithful services of a dependent. This person, a female servant, and the only one that remained with the Duchess, employed herself in spinning, to procure the means of subsistence for her grace. She spun incessantly for eight or ten years, till the Restoration put an end to her mistress's misfortunes, by reinvesting her with her estates.

Lanarkshire.

It is pleasing to know that the lady expressed her gratitude to her affectionate domestic, by the substantial gift of a piece of land near Lesmahago, sufficient to maintain her in ease and comfort all the rest of her life.

The breed of excellent horses for which Lanarkshire is so much distinguished, took its rise at Strathaven. A Duke of Hamilton, upwards of a century ago, brought six fine horses from abroad, which he established in the parks attached to the Castle. From them a breed has been extended all over the county. Strathaven is also remarkable for calves. The herbage around the town is supposed to be of a peculiarly fine quality, and excellently adapted for improving the flesh and milk of cattle. In consequence of this, *Stra'ven veal* has been, for many ages, an article in high estimation; and a *Stra'ven calf* is sometimes known to sell almost as high as a cow reared upon some less favoured district.

The valley of the Avon may scarcely be so much endeared to the view-hunter for its fine scenery, or to the ordinary traveller for its containing the residence of the "princely Hamilton," or even to the gourmand for its delicious veal, as it is to the peasantry of Clydesdale and Ayrshire, for its comprising the theatre of that singular insurrection in which their fathers displayed so much unavailing bravery and zeal in behalf of their peculiar religion. All the transactions of the insurrection of 1679 took place within the vale of Avon, commencing at the head and terminating at the bottom. Some account of the proceedings of the insurgents may be mingled with a description of the vale.

The country at the head of the Avon is a table land of extensive heathy and verdant fells, serving to divide Clydesdale in this direction from Ayrshire. Out of the immense waste, which is scarcely more irregular than the surface of the ocean when under the influence of a subsiding storm, the strange, wild, abrupt, craggy eminence of Loudon Hill rears itself, like a seal raising its inclined head above the waters. It was upon a small knoll, called the *Haralaw*, near Loudon Hill, that,

Clydesdale.

on Sunday the 3d of June 1679, a large body of country people held one of those treasonable meetings called conventicles. According to custom, many of the men had come armed to this singular place of worship; and, as a visit from the military police, under which the district had been laid, was apprehended, a watch was posted on Loudon Hill, commanding a view of the country for many miles round.

On the morning of that day, Grahame of Claverhouse, commander of a regiment of life-guards, advanced from Hamilton up the vale of Aven, bearing with him two field preachers whom he had seized in the vicinity of the town. He halted at the village of Strathaven, after a ride of seven or eight miles, in order to breakfast. The only inn then in Strathaven was a house opposite to the church-yard gate; which, on account of its being built of stone, and comprising two stories,—two characteristics in which no other house in the town could match it,—was denominated *the Tower*. It is still standing, though with a modern front. Here Claverhouse partook of his *dejeuné*.

Being informed at Strathaven, that, contrary to his previous intelligence, the conventicle was not to take place that day, he turned off from the village towards Glasgow. But being apprized, before proceeding more than a mile, that this information was untrue, he resumed his march towards the head of the vale; passing over several miles of level waste, till mid-day brought him suddenly within sight of the insurgents.

While Claverhouse advanced from Strathaven, the tumultuous assemblage whom he designed to disperse, apprized by their watch of his approach, moved forward from the Harelaw to meet him, singing psalms by the way. The meeting took place upon a piece of ground directly betwixt the adjacent farm-steads of High Drumclog and Stabbieside, one mile to the west of the high road from Strathaven to Kilmarnock, and two miles north-east from Loudon Hill. The conventiclers stood, at the moment they saw their enemies, upon a field gently declining from Stabbieside towards a narrow marsh. The dragoons came within sight of the insurgents on passing the farm-stead of High Drumclog, and arriving at the ridge of a declivity corresponding to that upon which the others were posted. The two hostile parties for a moment stood still, and surveyed each other. They were only about half a mile distant, and it appeared that if both continued to advance, they must meet in the marsh which lay at the bottom of the declivities upon which they respectively stood.

Claverhouse immediately arranged his troops, who were upwards of two hundred in number, and, having prepared for an attack, moved deliberately down the hill. The rebels, amounting to fifty armed horse and as many foot, with a hundred and fifty persons only armed with pikes or rustic implements, *besides a few women*, awaited the approach of the well-appointed and well disciplined soldiery, with a degree of firmness so singular in an untried militia, as only to be accounted for by the intense feeling of religious zeal and the bitter hatred of the dragoons, with which they were possessed. Before descending to the bottom of the declivity, Claverhouse called a halt and ordered a volley. To avoid the shot, the Covenanters prostrated themselves on their faces. Colonel Graham then ordered his men to charge; and, plunging into the bog, which they had not previously seen, they were speedily embarrassed and thrown into disorder. Taking advantage of their distress, one of the insurgent leaders exclaimed "O'er the bog, and to them, lads!" Immediately, the whole of the tumultuous host rushed upon them, with a violence which nothing could withstand. The dragoons, so suddenly finding themselves attacked where they had calculated on attacking, gave way in a panic, and, reaching the dry ground, endeavoured to make their way backward up the hill. Their intrepid commander did all he could, by voice and example, to make them stand, but the pressure of the triumphant rustics was too violent to be resisted. They fled, leaving thirty-six of their number upon the field, while the loss of the successful party was only six.

Clydesdale.

Before descending the hill to make the charge, Claverhouse had stationed his two ghostly prisoners, with their arms pinioned, under a small guard, in an outhouse belonging to High or Upper Drumclog. When the guard saw their companions flying past in disorder, they also thought fit to run. The ministers, thus left at large, and anxious to share in the triumph of their party, ran into the farmer's dwelling-house, and called for some one to cut their bands. The gudewife, who alone was within, bustled about, but could not find a knife, when one of the divines, remembering that he himself had a knife in his pocket, called upon her to "ripe for't." She did so, found it, and lost no time in cutting the strings. They immediately ran out and joined in the pursuit. The instrument remained in her hands, and, being never reclaimed, was kept for many years, a valued relic. Upper Drumclog is at this day farmed by the same family which then possessed it.

Claverhouse fled with his discomfited band towards Glasgow, and the insurgents, left behind in triumph, soon gathered recruits in a country so deeply infected with their religious enthusiasm. They buried some of their dead in Strathaven church-yard, including William Dingwall, a fanatic who had helped a few days before to assassinate the Archbishop of St Andrews. The monument of this man, inscribed with an epitaph which represents him as a martyr to the faith of Christ, is still to be seen in the church-yard. When their strength had become somewhat considerable, they dispatched a party to storm the head-quarters of the soldiery at Glasgow, which was repulsed with loss. Towards the middle of the month, they removed down Avondale to Hamilton, and there resolved to await a general engagement with the royal forces which were now sent against them.

Hamilton is about a mile up the vale from the banks of the Clyde. The country there rises up from the river side in a long unbroken swell, leaving a narrow haugh by the brink of the stream. On the opposite, or north-east bank, the great moor of Bothwell, now a smiling and fertile region, rises in a similar fashion. The two sides of the stream are connected by a long narrow bridge of four arches, along which passes the chief road from Hamilton to Glasgow and Edinburgh, and by which Avondale is alone approachable from either of these quarters. By establishing themselves at that end of the bridge which was next to their citadel district of Avondale, the insurgents, then increased to some thousands, seemed likely to defend themselves with ease from the attack of the royal forces, which must necessarily be made along a narrow and fortified bridge.

Bothwell-bridge, an object which can never fail to be viewed by a native of Scotland with high and exciting interest, has endured considerable alterations since it was the scene of the battle about to be described. According to an ancient fashion, it was at that time fortified by a gateway, with a man residing in a small house at one extremity, to attend or defend the passage. As the bridge seemed to have been originally intended for the convenience of the inhabitants of Avondale, and perhaps more particularly for the lords of Hamilton, the gateway rose from the pier nearest the south-east bank, and the bridge-ward's house stood at the corresponding extremity. Of course, three-fourths of the bridge were left unprotected by the gateway upon that side from which annoyance might be expected. The small house at the defended end, also served as a sort of inn, like the toll-houses of our own day.

The bridge, which might be altogether a hundred and twenty feet in length, rose up from the low bank or haugh at the south-west end, according to the old fashion; and a disagreeable acclivity of perhaps twenty feet had thus to be ascended, before the traveller reached the level part which led across the stream. The breadth of the passage, exclusive of the parapets, was exactly twelve feet. It was paved with a causeway of round unhewn stones, much resembling a Roman road. I should not omit to remark, that while the ground at the Hamilton extremity (so to speak) is an equal gentle rise, that which rises towards Bothwell is varied by a high round knoll, which overlooks and commands the bridge.

The alterations which time and improvement have made upon this interesting scene, are such as to render it difficult for a modern traveller to arrive at a proper or comprehensive idea of its original state. The gateway and gate have been long removed, as well as the house of the bridge-ward; but in the summer of 1826, a thorough and violent change was effected upon all that remained of its ancient features. Twenty-two feet were added to the original breadth of twelve, by a supplemental building on the upper side. The hollow at the Hamilton extremity was filled up. The road, which formerly ran almost straight over the knoll at the other end, was led round by its side; and the whole was thus changed from an old-fashioned, irregular, and dangerous way, into a broad and easy mail-coach road. In addition to all these changes, the scenery around has undergone various and decisive modifications. Instead of the open field or park at the Avondale extremity, in which the Covenanters posted themselves, we now find well-enclosed fields and plantations. The moor upon which the royal forces advanced to the battle, is a cultivated and beautiful region; and the top of the knoll where the gallant Monmouth appeared upon a white charger directing the fire of the artillery, now bears a smart little brick villa, with its miniature modicum of pleasure-ground.

The Covenanters, as already stated, had taken up their post upon the gently rising plain at the southwest extremity of the bridge. They had had the precaution to divest of its parapets that part of the bridge upon which the enemy would require to advance; and they had barricadoed the gate-way. The main body of the army lay in large dense squares upon the face of the park, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, while three hundred of their best men, under the command of Hackstoun of Rathillet, were posted at the house of the bridge-ward, to defend the important pass upon which the general safety depended.

It was on the 22d of June 1679, that the Duke of Monmouth advanced to disperse this tumultuary band. When the decisive moment arrived, the stern enthusiasts who had so successfully resisted a single troop of dragoons, showed themselves incapable of braving a regular army, though as equally matched in point of numbers. Religious dissensions, moreover, tended to confound their physical strength. They were composed of two parties,—one which desired to obtain terms from government for the surrender of their arms, and another which insisted upon uncompromising warfare with a king who would not accede to the covenant. A deputation from the former waited upon the royal leader as he was approaching, and procured a promise that, upon laying down their arms, he would engage to intercede with the king for the privileges which they desired. But the wild party, which had the superiority of numbers, were only instigated by this circumstance to cashier the officers whom they suspected of moderate principles, and to new-model the whole army in the face of an advancing enemy. Monmouth found them in a state of irresolution and utter confusion. The party under Hackstoun defended the bridge till their ammunition was exhausted, when they had to retreat to the main body. Monmouth, having planted his artillery upon the knoll, and begun to play, the rude work-horses of the Presbyterian cavaliers were thrown into irremediable disorder by the noise, and turning to fly, bore down many of the foot. Claverhouse, burning to avenge his late discomfiture, then crossed the bridge along with the dragoons, and, falling upon the distracted rustics, completed their defeat. Four hundred men were slain in the chase which ensued. Most of the fugitives retreated to Hamilton, where they vainly endeavoured to contest the streets with the victors. At last, Monmouth humanely interfered, to spare the further effusion of native blood.

Many of the fugitives found effectual concealment in the wooded parks around Hamilton Palace, where they were protected by the humane Duchess Anne already mentioned, who sent a message to the royal leader, desiring that he would prevent the soldiers "from trespassing upon her grounds." Hamilton, the leader of the insurgent army, fled with some of the principal officers, past the scene of their former victory, towards Ayrshire, and lodged that night in Loudoun Castle, where the Earl (of Loudoun) permitted them to be accommodated, though he would not see them in person. Hamilton was one of the most insane of all the western whigs, though possessed of no other superior qualification to entitle him to the command he had enjoyed. He was the younger brother of a gentleman of small estate, whose earliest known ancestor was brother to the founder of the noble house of Hamilton. It is said that, on his falling heir to his elder brother, he refused to come into possession of the estate, purely because in that case he would have had to acknowledge William III, (an uncovenanted king,) in the legal business which must have attended his infeftment!

The level grounds which stretch away from Bothwell Bridge along the north-east bank of the river, are descriptively termed Bothwellhaugh, and once formed the patrimonal estate of David Hamilton, so remarkable in the history of Scotland for his assassination of the Regent Murray. Bothwellhaugh is now the property of a different family, and there remains only a farm-stead upon the site of the castle in which Hamilton lived. It is remembered by tradition, that, after having accomplished his bloody purpose, the assassin fled towards Clydesdale, where the ruins of the houses of his clan yet smoked with the vengeance of the Regent. He was received with open arms by the whole of that party, whose wrongs, added to his own private injuries, had incited him to commit the deed. Unable to reach his own house before the evening of the day on which he committed the murder, he lodged that night at Lauchope, the residence of his brother-in-law, about three miles short of Bothwellhaugh. For affording him this accommodation, which was such as no gentleman then refused to another, the friends of the regent laid waste the lands and burnt the house of Lauchope, on which occasion all the family papers were destroyed. The match-lock with which the murder was committed remained long in possession of Bothwellhaugh's family, but was some years ago presented by a representative to his kinsman the Duke of Hamilton. It is now to be seen in the house of that nobleman; but a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted for the more primitive engine by which the shot was originally ignited.

The stranger who happens to visit this part of the country, and who may not have formerly seen such a curiosity, ought to visit a Roman bridge which still exists in an entire state near Bothwellhaugh. This structure, which resembles that already mentioned as crossing the Moose, is a perfect semicircle of about twenty feet in span. It crosses the North Calder Water, being part of the great road which stretched between Carlisle and Paisley. The breadth is about four feet, and there are no parapets. The building is of excellent workmanship, and composed of neat square polished free-stones. The original causeway is still entire upon its surface.

Near this bridge, and about four miles from Hamilton, is Orbistou, a new commercial and manufacturing institution of a very singular nature. It is the belief of some modern philosophers, that society has hitherto proceeded upon principles totally erroneous, and that the system of reciprocal obligations, in particular, has never yet been properly understood or practised. Instead of acting, say they, upon the ungracious principle of competition, why not work upon the more agreeable and kindly one of co-operation? In order to carry this into practice, and with the view of eventually restoring man to the condition in which he was before the Fall, four or five persons have here erected a sort of town,—a handsome place, well-aired, in a pleasant part of the country, sufficient as it is to contain five hundred people, and capable of being extended *ad infinitum.* At the present time (1826) these gentlemen are busied in organizing their system, and little can be said definitely upon the subject. Only, so far as we have learned the real nature of their intentions, there is to be a community of property and a community of domestic economy, children are to receive an intellectual rather than a religious education, men are to be governed by reason and a desire of pleasing, and there is to be a great deal of amusement in the shape of music and dancing, while the passions, which have so long exercised an undue dominion over the human race, are to be entirely discarded. In the present imperfect state of the establishment it is impossible to say more, except that the portion of mankind which inhabits the country around, ungrateful as usual for the disinterested benefits thus attempted to be conferred upon them, have in derision applied to it the ridiculous epithet of *Babylon.*

The neat little village of Bothwell lies about three miles from Hamilton, one from Bothwell Bridge, and two miles west from Orbiston. The church, formerly collegiate, (founded in 1398 by Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglass,) is the only curiosity. It is a lofty Gothic fabric, and said to be, by a strange exercise of ancient art, cased all over with a thin coating of stone. Within its walls, a daughter of Archibald the Grim was married to Robert Duke of Rothsay, (younger brother to the poetical James I,) who was afterwards starved to death by his uncle the Duke of Albany in a dungeon of Falkland Palace.

Near Bothwell, within the shrubberies and plantations which surrounds a plain modern seat of Lord Douglas, the stately ruins of Bothwell Castle crown an eminent bank of the Clyde. This is one of the most magnificent remains of castellated architecture in Scotland, being upon a par with Tantallan, Dunnottar, Doune, Edinburgh, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Lochmaben, which seem to have formed the better order of northern fortresses. It presents a bold front to the south, where it is flanked by two enormous circular towers. Underneath, the river makes a beautiful sweep, and forms the semicircular declivity called Bothwell Bank. This bank and all the neighbouring ground is covered with fine natural wood, and rendered accessible by artificial walks.

Bothwell Castle was an important fortress so far back as the time of the wars of the Competition, when Edward I gave it to Aimer de Valence, whom he had appointed Governor of Scotland. After the battle of Bannockburn, many English officers of rank took refuge in it, and were soon afterwards given up to Bruce by the governor, who took care, however, to make good terms for himself. The castle was then bestowed upon Andrew Murray, a brave warrior, who had married the sister of the conqueror. With his grand-daughter, it came into the possession of Archibald the Grim, in whose family it continued, along with the surrounding lordship, till their forfeiture in 1445. It now passed through the hands of many successive favourites of the Scottish monarchs, till it reached those of the infamous Earl of Bothwell, from whom again it passed into the possession of the nobleman of the same name, so remarkable in the succeeding reign for his turbulence and his conspiracies. Since his forfeiture, it has passed through more than one hand. It has been observed that almost all its numerous successive proprietors were unfortunate, as if the possession of it had been accompanied by a fatality, inducing perfidy and disloyalty, and consequent exile or death. The present securer times find it the property of the venerable and amiable Archibald Lord Douglas; in whose favour fate seems to have very judiciously withdrawn her spell.

Bothwell Castle is built of a red and somewhat friable sand-stone, and consists in a vast oblong quadrangle, fronting towards the north, in which direction there seems to have been many exterior fortifications now no more. There is a large chapel at the east end, and, the north side being only a screen-wall, the accommodations must be considered as having been limited to the west and south sides. When it fell into ruin is not known; but it must have been capable of defence in the time of the Civil Wars, when it was occupied by the Marquis of Montrose, who dated from it a *protection* to Drummond of Hawthornden, by which the officers and soldiers serving under him were prohibited from molesting the lands or tenantry of that accomplished person.

The beautiful territory of Bothwell Bank derives interest from that fruitful source of all pleasurable associations—the poetry and song of our native land. It is impossible for a Scotsman to visit it, without experiencing an elevation of feeling such as the contemplation of an ordinary scene, however lovely, could never inspire. The steps of the eldern muse have been here—she has trod the ground in her simple beauty—she has hung a garland of love upon every bough—she has given a poetical charm to every flower, even to the humblest primrose that glints forth to the sun of spring; and "Oh, Bothwell bank, thou blumest fair!" is an apostrophe partaking as much of worship as of admiration. In proof of the antiquity of the air of this name, and at the same time to show the power of poetical association as connected with localities, a story is told in a work printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605. In journeying through Palestine, a Scotsman saw a female at the door of a house dandling her child to the air of Bothwell Bank. Surprise and rapture took possession of his breast; and he immediately accosted the fair singer. She turned out to be a native of Scotland, who, having wandered thither, was married to a Turk of rank, and who still, though far removed from her parent-land, frequently reverted to it in thought, and occasionally called up its image by chanting the ditties in which its hills and streams, its woods and its wilds, were so freshly and so endearingly delineated. She introduced the traveller to her husband, whose influence in the country was eventually of great service to him; an advantage which he could never have enjoyed, had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate.

Directly opposite to Bothwell Castle, on the south bank of the Clyde, the ruins of Blantyre Priory harmonize finely with that sterner relic of ancient architecture. It is the common tradition, that a subterraneous passage, leading under the course of the Clyde, connects the two edifices, and that, in barbarous times, the tenderer portion of the inmates of Bothwell Castle were thus conveyed to the monastery, upon occasions when the sacred building could afford more certain protection than the fortified one. The orifice of what was believed to be this passage, was discovered amidst the ruins of Bothwell some years ago; and it is quite certain that such conveniences were almost as common as draw-wells in castles of even much inferior importance to this.

Bothwell and Blantyre may be termed the great frontier-bulwarks of the poetical and romantic part of the Clyde, all beyond being the district of commerce, cotton-mills, coal-pits, and whatever else can disgust the lover of the primitive beauties of nature. The country below this point is, in fact, *mill-ridden*—fairly subjugated, tamed, tormented, touzled, and gulraivished by the Demon of Machinery. Steam, like a pale night-hag, kicks and spurs the sides of oppressed Nature; and, smoke rises on every hand, as if to express the unhappy old dame's vexation and fatigue. The centre of this district is the city of Glasgow.

"In the Netherward of Clydesdale and Shire of Lanark," according to its earliest historian, M'Ure,[*]

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[*] Without exception the most pedantic old coxcomb that ever took pen in hand. He was keeper of the Sasine office at Glasgow, and in his book, which appeared anno 1736, gives the world the names and titles of all the proprietors of houses in the then limited city. With the same laudable attention to particulars, he gives the length and breadth in Scotch ells of all the streets and wynds, the names of all the ship-owners and even shop-keepers, and accurate copies of all the sepulchral inscriptions,

"stands deliciously on the banks of the river Clyde, the city of Glasgow, whilk is believed to be of its bigness the most beautiful city in the world, and is acknowledged to be so by all foreigners that comes thither." Without being allowed all this praise, Glasgow may be described in more sober terms as occupying a highly convenient situation upon the north bank of the Clyde, similar, though upon a smaller scale, to that of London, upon the same bank of the Thames—namely, a plain gently ascending from the brink of the river, covered with streets ancient and modern. The bridges over the noble rivers which skirt or rather intersect both, complete the resemblance of the second* to the first city in the British Empire.

Though this great emporium of the commerce and manufactures of Scotland possess not either the sublimity or the elegance of the legal and aristocratic capi-

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not excepting his own, which, as he had attained the ripe age of seventy-nine, he seems to have judged proper to compose and affix to his burial-place.

Besides the above beautiful specimen of his twaddle, I cannot help commemorating one or two others picked up at random throughout his curious dark-complexioned old tome. Speaking of Bishop Elphinstone, who was born in Glasgow, he concludes a long panegyric with, "so much have we said of this excellent prelate, our townsman, and that no city in the kingdom can boast such a native!" The Trades Hospital of Glasgow, then a new fabric, was in his eyes one not surpassed by any in the world; only Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh was superior in "the admirable variety of the ornaments of its windows." Now, it just happens that, though Heriot's Hospital transcends the other in the proportion of (as the old song says) a tanzie to a docken, it cannot be in the particular alone of its windows, the fantastic oddness of which is well known to be the only deformity of that otherwise noble structure. All the public buildings of Glasgow are, in M'Ure's words, "magnificent stonern fabrics;" all the streets are the widest, the longest, or the *best built* in the world; and the quays are so spacious, that a regiment of horse might be drilled on them without danger. In short, there never was a book more replete with those absurdly magniloquent epithets applicable to local scenery and public buildings, which so often render topographical works intolerable to strangers.

* So considered in point of population.

tal, it is nevertheless an impressive and fine city. The number of its spires,* and the judicious arrangement of most of its public buildings at the ends of streets, the more general prevalence of a moderate degree of elegance in the private structures, and the grace given to the whole by that noble river the Clyde, are points in which it surpasses the more ambitious City of the East. It possesses various other advantages in point of outward appearance. Its Cathedral gives a solemn dignity to the more ancient district. The College buildings, the finest in Scotland before the erection of those of Edinburgh, and still possessing the superior merit of more nearly resembling the splendid models of Oxford, have also a highly dignifying effect. The Trongate, which, with its continuations, intersects the whole city from east to west, is a noble piece of street scenery—indeed, one of the noblest things of the kind, perhaps, in Europe. Few of the streets are irregular or mean, while many of them may be called fine; and what must add greatly to the pleasure experienced by 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.

The men of Glasgow—for by this noble appellation are they distinguished, in popular phraseology, from the *folk* of Greenock and the *bodies* of Paisley—shine peculiarly in the walk of social hospitality. There is an openness of heart about them, that at once wins the affection and admiration of strangers. They are prosperous, and prosperity disposes them to take the world well, and view aliens with a kindly aspect. They often hold wealth by an uncertain tenure, and therefore lay little stress upon its possession. There is also a laxity in the fitness of all the individual parts of Glasgow society, which enables a stranger to join its ranks without in aught disarranging them. There is plenty of wealth for all, and no one need be jealous lest another pull the morsel from his mouth. And as there is little distinction of rank in the commercial republic, no occasion exists for jealousy on the score of pretension. All this has a beauty in it which we look for in vain among such towns as Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, Dumfries, and Kelso, where society consists in two distinct classes, both of which are kept in a state of perpetual irritation and fret, by the reserve on the one hand of the upper ranks, and on the other by the forward ambition of the lower.

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* In Slezer's Theatrum Scotiæ, which was published in the reign of King William III, Glasgow is represented with five respectable-looking steeples, besides those of the Cathedral. As in the letter-press of the same work, it is called "the Empory of all the west of Scotland," it is to be supposed that Glasgow had then attained considerable rank among the towns of the kingdom.

But before Glasgow had arrived at its present pitch of prosperity, and ere wealth had been so universally diffused throughout all parts of its community, there seems to have existed in it as marked a division of ranks as may be observed in all less commercial cities at the present day. Many of the earlier merchants of Glasgow were younger sons of the neighbouring gentry, and traded at a time when ideas of birth were still fondly clung to by even the Lowlanders. When the Virginia and other foreign trade, therefore, prospered in their hands, and enabled them to hold up their heads perhaps a little higher than even the cousins or brothers or nephews who represented their own families, they did not fail to comport themselves as became men who had not only a little blood but moreover a good deal of money. Assuming the complete air proper to Scottish gentlemen of what is now called the Old School, they wore, it is said, fine scarlet cloaks deeply trimmed with gold or silver lace, cocked hats and canes, not forgetting under clothes of costly velvet, and silver buckles at knee and instep. In the pride of their wealth and birth, they could be compared, I believe, to no race of men but to the merchant-princes and nobles of Venice. In fact, they formed among themselves a class distinct from all their fellow-townsmen; a sort of mercantile aristocracy. Such were the Walkinshaws, the Crosses, the Stirlings, and the Glassfords; of whom it is recorded by the tradition of Glasgow, that they usually walked upon a particular side of the Trongate, and took it ill if any inferior persons presumed to approach or jostle them. They considered it a vast condescension to a shop-keeper or retailer if they acknowledged him in passing upon the street; and if they were graciously pleased to walk a little way with him along the pavement, they thought they had put him in a fair way for making his fortune.

Though there prevails throughout the present community of Glasgow that system of equality already noticed, society is not altogether deficient, now any more than formerly, in what may be considered an aristocracy. Among the active manufacturers of Glasgow are to be found men of prodigious wealth, and at the same time highly elevated and enlightened minds, who form a sort of nobility. These men, though in general raised from a very humble rank in life, display a munificence of disposition, and a proud feeling of honour in their dealings, which might add lustre to coronets and garters. It is perhaps their noblest characteristic, that, whatever may be their superiority over the rest of the citizens in point of capital, they exhibit no disposition to withdraw themselves from, or, to use other language, lord it over their less eminent brethren. They, on the contrary, disdain not to attend daily to the minutest details of their business, and, on the agitation of any public measure, are usually the first to take any interest in it, and the most active in carrying it into effect. Altogether, their public spirit and their talent, their well-won and well-used wealth, their greatness and their humility, entitle them to the admiration of even those who may be least disposed to applaud greatness in the first generation.

One peculiarity in the public mind of Glasgow remains to be remarked upon—that is, the general tone of whiggery which it breathes. As the statue of King

Charles in the Parliament Close of Edinburgh seems to mark the cavalier spirit of the capital, so may that of King William in the Trongate be understood to denote the whiggish and presbyterian spirit of the inhabitants of the western metropolis. Though originally an episcopal city, which Edinburgh was not, Glasgow has never since the Reformation exhibited any thing like High Church sentiment, but has successively played the Refermer, Covenanter, King-William-Whig, Democrat, and Radical, as the spirit of rebellion came to be distinguished by these epithets in succession. It is a remarkable fact, that in 1638 the Covenant was swallowed by the half of its whole population. The town also turned out a good number of Bothwell Bridge heroes; and at the various successive civil wars since the Revolution, it has raised regiments for the support of government. In all time downward, in short, it has invariably borne a prominent part in the cause of civil and religious liberty; most especially on the occasion of the *ninety-three* troubles, when no part of Scotland contained such a proportion of sceptics and reformers. The latter fact was perhaps occasioned by the well-known speculative turn of a class of persons in which Glasgow peculiarly abounds—the weavers. Yet, the disposition alluded to seems to have been in some measure bred in the very bone and marrow of the constitution of the town, and that, as already noticed, altogether in spite of its original dependence upon a part of the hierarchy. The general tone of the writings of its earliest historian may serve as an illustration of this. Honest M'Ure never permits an opportunity to escape him of decrying jacobitism and popery, and of insinuating something in favour of the protestant succession. Nay, he absolutely grows poetical upon certain touching subjects; as, for instance, the death of Queen Mary (consort of King William,) whose elegy he classically entitles "M*a*lpomenie Glasguensis."

Almost all towns of any antiquity owe their origin to the situation of a castle, a religious building, or a sea-port. Such establishments naturally gathered round them a variety of different persons, who there found protection and employment amidst the disorder and violence to which, in a rude age, the inhabitants of the country were perpetually exposed. Glasgow evidently owes its origin to the Cathedral, which appears to have been established at the very earliest period of Scottish Christianity. The first streets of the town clustered around this edifice, and it was only when the Reformation caused the inhabitants to turn their thoughts to commerce, that the city extended downwards to the river.

Glasgow thus possesses a sort of twofold interest as the object of a visit. The northern extremity comprehends the Cathedral, with the venerable houses formerly occupied by the ecclesiastics, of which many since the Reformation were judged sufficient for the accommodation of noblemen; while, to the south, stretch the crowded thoroughfares of the modern city, the aspect of which has been already descanted upon.

The Cathedral, as the nucleus of the city, seems to deserve the precedence among the public buildings about to be enumerated. It is a stupendous dusky fabric, of Gothic architecture, and, being placed upon unequal ground, somewhat higher at the eastern than the western extremity. The general aspect is gloomy rather than elegant; but its peculiar character is so well preserved, and so well suited with the accompaniments that surround it, that the impression of the first view is awful and solemn in the extreme. Though situated in a populous city, it has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other it is bounded by a ravine, through the depth of which runs a little stream; and the opposite bank throws a shade over it that adds greatly to its effect. It seems to have never been finished,—there being no transepts. A tall tower and spire rise from the centre; and, at the western extremity, another tower projects from one of the corners, containing the bells. The latter object is a prodigious deformity to the whole structure, mainly because it is surmounted by a short leaden spire of the most grotesque and inappropriate appearance that can well be conceived; and which it must be the wonder of every stranger of taste that the magistrates permit to exist, since a flat leaden covering to the tower would be equally useful, and possess the merit of not offending the eye.

The site of Glasgow Cathedral is supposed to have been a seat of religion since the beginning of the sixth century, when a holy man of the name of St Mungo settled as a hermit upon the spot now occupied by the eastern extremity. The place was called Glasgow from the darksomeness of the woody ravine in which it was situated; *glas coed* signifying, in the British language, which then obtained in the south of Scotland, the dark wood. What description of church preceded the present Cathedral does not very plainly appear; but it is probable that the structure was, like many others of that time composed of living wood. It seems at least certain that the bell was hung upon a tree, and that from this circumstance the episcopate derived the armorial bearings which were afterwards adopted by the city. In at least one parish of Scotland, the kirk-bell was, within the last twenty years, hung upon a tree in the burying-ground.*

The Cathedral was commenced in the year 1123, in the presence of King David, and extended to its present size in the course of several successive episcopates. The bishops of Glasgow were usually men of good birth and great learning, and often held places of eminence in the cabinet. The see was made archiepiscopate at the end of the fifteenth century. At the time of the Reformation, Archbishop Beatoun, a nephew of the celebrated Cardinal, endeavoured to resist the torrent of public sentiment, but soon found it necessary to fly to France, where he deposited the archives of the see, and all the relics, in the Scots College at Douay. The people then resolved to destroy the building; but it was preserved by the provost, who, on the question being agitated in council, judiciously assured his brethren that he was as zealous for its destruction as themselves, but thought it would be advisable first to build a new one. It was thus saved from the first tempest of the Reformation; and the citizens appear to have afterwards recovered a portion of their ancient attachment to it. In 1579, the principal of the university, and the protestant clergy in the neighbourhood, having at length prevailed upon the magistrates to demolish this vast monument of the piety of their forefathers, a great number of workmen were hired and assembled in solemn form to proceed to the pious work, when the members of the corporations of the city, according to the violent temper of the age, flew to arms, took possession of the building, and threatened with instant death the first individual who should attempt to violate it. The magistrates, to preserve the peace of the city, were under the necessity of engaging to preserve the Cathedral; after which, according to the right excellent authority of Andrew Fairservice, "the idolatrous statues o' sants (sorrow be on them,) being taken out of their neuks, and broken in pieces, and flung into the burn, the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kamed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased." Its good fortune was only shared by one other large church in Scotland—the Cathedral of Orkney.*

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* St Monance, in Fife.

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* "When Cromwell, in 1650, entered Glasgow, he attended divine service in the High Church. The presbyterian divine who officiated, poured forth with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause of the independent general. One of Cromwell's officers rose and whispered to his commander; who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd who assembled to gaze at the general, as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's Scottish footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but, after his father's death, had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name. The man fled; but, at Cromwell's command, one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodging. A number of the inhabi-

Clydesdale.

The Cathedral of Glasgow, or, as it is more commonly called the High Kirk, is now divided into two places of worship, which are separated from each other by the choir, or space underneath the steeple, now used only as a vestibule. It formerly contained another place of worship which was denominated the Laigh Kirk. Underneath the eastern division of the Cathedral, where the declivity of the ground makes allowance as it were for an inferior story, there is a half-subterraneous range of sepulchral vaults, in which divine service was regularly performed till the beginning of the present century. As the ceiling of these vaults had to support the two ranges of pillars in the upper church, it has been supplied with double that number; and the consequence is that there is not more than the space of a man's length between any two individual columns throughout the whole cemetery. When, in addition to this inconvenience, it is taken into account that the arches of the ceiling are not above twenty feet from the ground, it can scarcely

tants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out, in high spirits, and, showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview; among others, the grandfather of the individual who communicates this narration. The shoemaker said that he had been a play-fellow of Cromwell, when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled when the general first called him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him, that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in the Church. 'He proposed,' said Cromwell, 'to pull forth the minister by the ears; and I answered that the preacher was one fool and he another.' In the course of the day, Cromwell held an interview with the minister, and contrived to satisfy his scruples so effectually, that the evening discourse, by the same man, was tuned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 44.—The mother of the editor of the work just quoted had the good fortune to see a woman that had seen Oliver Cromwell. She could remember nothing of him, but that he "had a very large nose."

Lanarkshire.

be conceived how the place came to be at all adapted to the so peculiarly oratorical worship of a Presbyterian congregation. The pulpit was attached to a pillar near the south-west corner, and the minister had to send his voice in a diagonal direction through the thick-set colonnade, which was additionally encumbered by wooden galleries. The stranger who now visits it, will see, at the east end, the recumbent statue of St Mungo, and find the whole of the profound and gloomy space filled with earth, and converted into a burial-place. What change may have been thus wrought upon it for the worse, the eye of a visiter cannot easily discern; but it certainly appears singularly unsuitable for every purpose of worship—except, perhaps, the singing of *Ex Profundis.*[*]

The Dripping Aile is the lower part of an unfinished transept, projecting from the south side of the building, and used as a sepulchral repository. It derives that name from the perpetual dropping of water from the roof; a circumstance considered remarkable on account of there being no apparent source of water above the vault, but which is explained as occasioned by the porous nature of the walls, through which, upon the principle of capillary attraction, the water is drawn from the ground.

The extensive burial-ground which surrounds the Cathedral is almost completely floored over with tombstones, which are here permitted to lie flat upon the graves in a style totally without parallel in Scotland, as well as in the other burial-grounds of Glasgow. Such is their closeness that scarcely a slip of earth six inches in breadth can anywhere be seen.*

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[*] It may be worth while to preserve M'Ure's description of this place of worship as it was in his time: "The Barony Kirk, which is exactly under the Inner Kirk, in the time of Popery was only a burial-place, in which it is said St Mungo, the founder, is buried. It is of length 108 feet, and 72 feet wide; it is supported with 65 pillars, some of which are 18 feet in circumference, the height of each 18 feet; it is illuminated with 41 windows, and is accommodated with three lofts, and 69 pews or seats, each containing six, seven, or eight persons for conveniency to hear sermon." Page 212.

Clydesdale.

The high bank opposite to the Cathedral has been recently surmounted with a statue of John Knox, erected by private subscription in honour of that famous preacher. Colossal in its proportions and undistinguished by either likeness or costume, it seems like the spirit of the reformer come back to inveigh with outstretched arm against the Cathedral, and, if possible, complete the work which he left unfinished at his death.

Besides the High Church, Glasgow contains numerous less remarkable places of worship; almost all of which have spires, and thus give a charm to the sky-line of the city, which Edinburgh, with all its "palaces and towers," has not to boast of. The established clergy are nineteen in number; and there are twenty-two dissenting establishments throughout the city and suburbs.

All this, however, is nothing to the number of ecclesiastics that gathered around the Cathedral in times when the town contained less than the fiftieth part of its present inhabitants. Religion was formerly the commerce of the city; whereas commerce seems now to be in some measure its religion. No fewer than thirty-two church-dignitaries are enumerated by M'Ure as having their manses in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral. These had all excellent livings throughout the two hundred and forty parishes belonging to the see, but, holding also particular offices in the service of the Cathedral, were obliged by Bishop Cameron (1426-46) to leave their country charges in the hands of curates, and reside constantly in Glasgow. The greater part of these manses stood in the cross streets immediately below the Cathedral, which are justly supposed to have been the first built in this town,—namely, the High Street, as intersected, at a point where the cross formerly stood, by the line of the Rottenrow and Drygate. Though these places have an abundantly antique and ruinous appearance, it is believed that, owing to the frequent repairs and renovations which they have undergone since the Reformation, none of the manses now exist in any state at all approaching to their original condition. M'Ure thus indicates the situation of one in which the reader may be supposed to take a particular interest: "The Parson of Campsie, Chancellour of the Chapter, whose Office it was to keep the Seal, and append it to all Acts and Deeds of the Archbishop and his Council, had his Manse in the Drygate, in that Place called the Limmerfield,* where the Ruins of fine Buildings are yet to be seen. It was in this Lodging that the Lord Darnley, Queen Mary's Husband, staid when he came to this city to visit his Father, the Earl of Lennox, from Stirling, when the first symptoms of what was thought Poison appeared upon him," &c.

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* The pavement thus formed, close and compact as it appears, has not always been able to prevent resurrections; as would appear from a legend long current in Glasgow. Upwards of a hundred years ago, a citizen one morning threw the whole town into a state of inexpressible horror and consternation, by giving out that, in passing at midnight through the kirk-yard, he saw a neighbour of his own, lately buried, rise out of his grave, and dance a jig with the devil, who played the air called "Whistle o'er the lave o't" upon the bag-pipe. The civic dignitaries and ministers were so sincerely scandalized at this intelligence, that they sent the town-drummer through the streets next morning, to forbid any one to whistle, sing, or play the infernal tune in question.

The Primate of Glasgow presided over this goodly neighbourhood by residing in a palace or castle adjacent to the west end of the Cathedral; the last fragments of which were taken down about thirty years ago, in order to make way for the Infirmary, which, somewhat unsuitably, now occupies that eminent site.

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* Baillie Jarvie's appreciation of his serving-girl Mattie, because she was third cousin to the Laird of *Limmerfield*, cannot have been forgotten by the reader. Another circumstance connected with the Drygate, tends to show that the author of "Rob Roy" takes advantage of every thing he ever either sees or hears, and that he is acted upon by local association as much as any other man;—at this day there is a decent wheel-wright in the Drygate of the name of Andrew Fairservice!

Clydesdale.

This ancient part of the city, according to the Scottish historians, was the scene of one of the most brilliant exploits of Sir William Wallace. That hero, after performing some warlike actions in Ayrshire, advanced with his troops to attack the episcopal castle of Glasgow, then occupied by the English bishop Percy, who had been appointed to the see by Edward, and left with a force of about a thousand men. Wallace's troops crossed the wooden bridge which then connected the two banks of the Clyde, in small parties and disguised as countrymen, in order to excite no alarm among the citizens or the English garrison. He led the main body in person straight up the High Street to the castle, while his two principal officers, the laird of Auchinleck and Sir John Graham, conducted smaller parties by by-ways towards the extremities of the Drygate and Rottenrow. Having, according to a concerted plan, made a feigned attack upon the castle, and then suddenly retreated down the High Street, so as to draw out the *Southronrie* in pursuit, he called a halt at a spot near the front of the College, and in his turn charged the English. At this moment, advertised by a blast of Wallace's horn, the laird of Auchinleck came in behind through the Drygate and Sir John Graham through the Rottenrow, and charged the garrison in rear. The result was, that the foreign party, completely environed, perished almost to a man, including their leader the military bishop, who is said by tradition to have fallen at the junction of the High Street and the Drygate, just opposite to the place where the house of the Duke of Montrose formerly stood.

The College ranks next to the Cathedral as an object of curiosity. This institution owes its origin to one of the bishops of Glasgow, who procured its establishment by a bull from Pope Nicholas V, in the year 1450. For the first century of its existence, it flourished under the care of the clergy of the diocese, but losing its property at the Reformation, was then reduced almost to extinction. By the generosity of the Scottish monarchs it was enabled to weather the period of gloom and civil dissension which succeeded; and it is now considered a prosperous establishment.

The College buildings are situated on the east side of the High Street, about half-way between the Cathedral and the Trongate. They consist in a sort of double court; the front which adjoins to the street being 330 feet in length and three stories in height. The whole, being built of polished free-stone and darkened by age, have a partly venerable, partly elegant aspect, and, as already remarked, approach nearer than any other in Scotland to the magnificent models of Oxford. A large piece of ground behind the College is formed into a park or green, interspersed with trees and hedges and always kept in grass, to be used by the students as a public walk or place of exercise or amusement. In the College there are appointed professors or teachers of about thirty branches of science, theology, and polite literature.

At the back of the interior court stands the modern building which contains the Hunterian Museum. This is a large collection of singular natural objects, coins, medals, rare manuscripts, paintings, and relics of antiquity, originally formed by Dr William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, (a native of the parish of Dalserf in Clydesdale,) and bequeathed by him to this university, at which he received his education. To attempt any enumeration of even the various classes into which this museum is divided, would only encumber this work; and we must therefore content ourselves with informing the reader, that, for the sum of one shilling, he may here gratify the most enthusiastic rage for curiosities.

Besides the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow College is in possession of a curiosity which may almost be said to surpass all the contents of that great repository. This is a manuscript series of poetical paraphrases from the Bible, composed, about two centuries ago, by the Rev. Zachary Boyd, a worthy, learned, and pious divine of the city of Glasgow. Mr Boyd, of whom a well-carved bust adorns one of the gate-ways of the College, at his death bequeathed to this seminary of knowledge, his fortune and all his manuscripts, and thus was one of the greatest benefactors to the College since the Reformation. An idea generally prevails that he stipulated with the professors that they should print his *magnum opus ;* but this is said by a credible writer to be a mistake. The manuscript is still preserved, and has often been quoted on account of the extraordinary vein of poetry which characterises it. Yet the public is to a certain extent under a mistake regarding the work. Instead of being a complete tissue of ribaldry, as is generally supposed, it is written throughout in a perfectly rational strain and in regular versification ; and it is only here and there that the author is found to descend from the proper dignity of his subject, by assuming a light style of language or a dactylic sort of metre. The following nonsensical passage, for instance, is found isolated amidst several hundred lines of decorous poetry regarding the story of Jonah :

What house is this? here's neither coal nor candle ;
Where I have nothing but guts of fish to handle,
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawned, where sun did never shine.
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw !
Buried under mountains which are high and steep,
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep !
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For through a window he the light did see ;
He sailed above the highest waves ; a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under !
He and his ark might go and also come ;
But I sit still in such a straitened room
As is most uncouth ; head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother ;
Where I, entombed, in melancholy sink,
Choaked, suffocate with excremental stink !

Besides the College, Glasgow contains a similar establishment of a more modern date and popular character, denominated Anderson's or the Andersonian Institution. This was founded about thirty years ago, in consequence of the bequest of the professor whose name it bears, for the use of persons who wish to obtain knowledge of such branches of learning as natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, &c. without the ceremony of matriculating at a university. Ladies and mechanics are admitted to the benefits of this institution, the instructions being communicated in lectures. It is managed by a committee of eighty-one persons, who elect persons to fill the vacancies occasioned in their body by death. The design of the accomplished and liberal founder has hitherto been attended with complete and increasing success; and the institution has been the model of many others established of late years throughout the empire.

The Town Hall, on the north side of the Trongate, near the Cross, is a handsome middle-aged building, fronted by a rusticated arcade, over which rises a range of fluted Ionic pilasters. The lower flat contains the *Coffee-room*, a place of public resort, and virtually the Exchange of Glasgow. Opposite to this building, and close to the pavement, stands an equestrian statue of William III—a truly elegant work of art, and in one sense, the finest public object in Glasgow. It was erected in 1733. At the eastern extremity of the Town Hall, yet remains the steeple to which the ancient jail of the city was formerly attached. And another elegant old steeple projects upon the pavement at no great distance. When, in addition to all these striking objects, the massive and dignified aspect of the four streets which meet at this point is taken into account, this place must be acknowledged to have very high claims upon the admiration of the stranger.

The street which leads from the Cross towards the river is denominated the Saltmarket. This, with the adjacent purlieu of the Briggate, formerly contained the residences of a considerable number of gentry; and many of the houses, though old and not in repair, retain the appearance of antique dignity. It was formerly the custom of the Scottish nobility and gentry to have their town-houses, not in Edinburgh, where indeed there was little room for them, but in the smaller towns belonging to their respective provinces. Thus, Inverness, Elgin, and Aberdeen, in the northern counties,—Dundee, St Andrews, Crail, Perth, and Stirling, in the central district,—and Dumfries, Maybole, Ayr, and lastly Glasgow, in the south-western province,—each was blessed, during the winter, with the presence of a considerable number of the great of the land; as is testified by the numerous houses of substantial old architecture, adorned with coats of arms in front, which are still to be seen throughout the elder streets of the said towns, as well as by the traditions of the common people, respecting the festivity and grandeur which formerly obtained on their account.

At the bottom of the Saltmarket stands the Jail and Courthouses of Glasgow. This building is erected in that style of magnificence which has occasioned the saying that the prisons are the best edifices in Scotland. It fronts towards the east, and forms the western termination of the great public esplanade termed Glasgow Green. This extensive common, which at once serves as a bleaching-ground and a public promenade, is one of the things that give Glasgow a peculiar character and form, as it were, the palladia of the city. The Green, the Clyde, the Trongate, and the Cathedral, are the chief of these,—being the points upon which the native of Glasgow principally grounds his ideas regarding the consequence of the city, and which he would defend from any species of violation with as much vigour and anxiety as if it were a personal instead of a public property. The Green is highly worthy of all this regard, —being a great ornament to the city, while its privileges are of an extremely useful character to the citizens. It is adorned by a tall and handsome obelisk, erected not far from the front of the jail, to the memory of Nelson.

The river is crossed by three bridges, each of which is connected with one of the great latitudinal streets, the Saltmarket, the Stockwell, and Jamaica Street. The first is modern, built of wood, and only used by foot-passengers; the second is antique, and therefore, though modernized, denominated the Old Bridge; the third is called the New Bridge, having been erected (at the expense of L.9000) in the year 1767. The Old Bridge is the most remarkable of all these useful public structures. It was erected in 1350, in place of the former wooden bridge by which Wallace crossed the river in order to make his famous attack upon the bishop's castle. Bishop Rae, a man of great public spirit, was the founder; and a charitable dame called Lady Lochow, who possessed considerable property on both sides of the river at this point, was at the expense of erecting one arch. Her statue was placed upon this part of the structure, like those of the two fair founders of the Auld Brig o' Ayr, but has disappeared of late years. The Old Bridge, after existing for several hundred years in all its pristine narrowness, and with its gate in the middle, was widened and modernized in 1771 by an addition of ten feet to its eastern side; and it has more recently been still further widened by means of a frame-work of iron projecting from both sides.

In the street which overlooks the river between the Old and the New Bridge, stands the Roman Catholic Chapel,—another of the Palladia of Glasgow, though a building in which, putting its awkward position entirely out of the question, the stranger accustomed to better models can see little architectural beauty. It is adjacent to the Town's Hospital, the edifice which called forth so slightly qualified an eulogy from M'Ure.

The suburbs of Glasgow are extensive, and numerously peopled by the lower classes of artisans. On the north side of the river are Anderston, Finnieston, Camlachie, and Bridgetown; while along the south bank extend the Gorbals, Hutcheson-Town, and Trades-Town. The Clyde is navigable for vessels of seven or eight feet water as far as the New Bridge; adjoining to which a quay, extending a considerable way down the river, affords every accommodation for trade. This commercial district, or rather this bank of the river, is denominated the Broomielaw, and by that name perhaps known better or more familiarly throughout Scotland than any other locality of the same nature. Its early consequence as the principal port of the west of Scotland, is indicated by the lines of the fine old pastoral song entitled "Ettrick Banks," where a Highland lover, assuring his Border mistress of good cheer among his native mountains, asseverates—

> At Leith comes in auld meal,
> And herrin at *the Broomielaw.*

The early trade of Glasgow seems to have been entirely piscatory. So early as 1420, the citizens were engaged in the curing and exportation of the salmon caught in the Clyde. About the year 1680, they continued to export considerable quantities of this commodity, besides herrings, to France, bringing back brandy, wine, and salt, in return. The Union, in 1707, opened new views of trade to the inhabitants of Glasgow. Before this period, the ports of America were only patent to our southern neighbours: and the only ports with which Glasgow could carry on commercial transactions lay to the eastward, implying the necessity of circumnavigating the island in voyages that were at once tedious and dangerous. The treaty which incorporated the kingdoms, proved highly advantageous to the west of Scotland, while it depressed the eastern coast in a proportionate degree, for after that event the trade with the continent, for which the east was adapted, in a great measure sunk beneath the advance of that with the colonies of America, which the western ports then proceeded with the greatest spirit to carry on. Glasgow chiefly traded with Maryland and Virginia—sending out the woollen and linen manufactures of Scotland, and bringing back cargoes of tobacco. When this trade was commenced, the Glasgow merchants had no vessels of their own, but used to charter those of Bristol, Whitehaven, and other English ports. The first vessel belonging to Glasgow that crossed the Atlantic, sailed from the Clyde in the year 1718. At this time, Dunbarton was their sea-port; but the magistrates of that notable little old burgh, at length finding that there was a kind of contamination and disreputability in commerce, afterwards, it is said, repressed the advances of the Glasgow merchants, and, like a dignified shop-keeper, referring inferior customers to the stall-woman over the way for some article which he does not condescend to sell, directed them to take up with the paltry place on the other side of the Clyde, which, since its adoption as the harbour of the commercial capital, has been called Port Glasgow. Greenock and Port Dundas are other places which have since then come in for a share of the benefits dispensed by the Glasgow merchants. Until 1760, the American trade gradually advanced, when a new system of commerce began to be adopted. Crowds of young men from every quarter of Scotland sailed for the colonies; and, instead of their former method of barter, most of the merchants of this city had warehouses in the New World, managed by a son, a brother, or a partner. This plan extended the sphere of their dealings in no inconsiderable degree; and before the unfortunate war which ended in a separation of the colonies from the mother country, the trade of Glasgow had attained its greatest height. Some idea may be formed of its extent from the fact that, out of 90,000 hogsheads of tobacco imported into Britain, Glasgow alone engrossed 57,000. The war was attended with the most disastrous effects. Long credits had usually been given to the American colonists: when the war broke out many of these debts were unpaid; and as the fortunes of almost all the merchants were embarked in the trade, it proved the ruin of many who had previously considered themselves independent. But, though the commerce of the city was thus interrupted, the spirit which had been raised was not extinguished. The merchants began to look for new objects, and in a short time formed means to extend their commerce to the West Indies, and to the continent of Europe. With the former of these, they now carry on a great trade; and since the acknowledgment of American independence, their commerce with that country has been revived. The temporary loss of foreign trade just alluded to, was compensated in some measure by the great increase of manufactures, which had been carried on to considerable extent long before. The linen trade began in 1725, and was for a long time the staple manufacture of Glasgow; it has of late yielded to the cotton, which is carried on to an extent truly amazing. The manufacture of pottery and glass, of ropes and leather, is also carried on to a great extent; and type-founding has long been practised and brought to great perfection. The increase of commerce and manufactures gave rise, in 1783, to a society known by the name of "the Chamber of Commerce;" the intention of which was to unite the influence of the merchants and manufacturers, and, by establishing a public fund, to give strength and efficacy to those measures which might tend to the public good. The result is, that nowhere are opportunities of advancing the interest of the community more promptly seized, or projects of improvement in regard to the externals of the city more promptly adopted, than at Glasgow; and that, while the affairs of almost all the burghs of Scotland are managed by a set of magistrates, selected chiefly from the common artisans, those of the commercial capital are directed by an association of enlightened men, who, strictly representing the community at large, and holding the general good and the aggrandizement of the city perpetually in view, may be said to carry the art of civic rule and management to a pitch of matchless perfection.

Glasgow contains numerous banking-houses, including many branches of banks whose main bodies are established elsewhere. Three issue their own notes.

The Theatre-Royal, situated in Queen Street, and said to be the largest in Britain out of London, was erected in 1804, at an expense considerably above

L.18,000—being calculated to contain fifteen hundred persons, and to draw L.250. This elegant public amusement has never been much encouraged in Glasgow. Two theatres successively erected so late as the middle of the last century, were destroyed by incendiaries. This was perhaps owing to the virulently puritanical character, which prevailed in Glasgow at that time fully as much as the purely commercial does at the present day. The want of a taste for theatricals, or of leisure for enjoying this, any more than the other pleasures of the intellect, in the people of Glasgow, prevents the theatre from obtaining a degree of patronage at all commensurate with the size and decoration of the house; and it is only during a limited portion of the year, and when the stage is supplied with the first-rate actors from London, that it can be said to possess any attraction.

Among the numerous charitable establishments which Glasgow boasts of containing, Hutcheson's Hospital for the maintenance of old people of both sexes and for the education of boys, is worthy of particular notice. The old edifice which accommodated the dependants of this establishment, was exchanged a few years ago for one of more elegant and spacious construction, in Ingram Street, facing down Hutcheson Street. Tradition records of George Hutcheson, a writer, the principal founder of this charity, and who seems to have been a most worthy and industrious citizen, that he was so moderate in his charges as never to take more than sixteen pennies Scots (considerably under three half-pence sterling) for writing an ordinary bond, might the sum be ever so large. Statues of him and his brother, in the costume of Charles I, adorn the front of the hospital founded by their joint exertions.

Almost the only other charitable institution of any note, is the Glasgow Asylum for Lunatics, incorporated by Royal charter. The Lunatic Asylum, as it is more commonly called, lies about half a mile west from the Cathedral, and is reached from the city by a narrow, crooked, old-fashioned road called Dobie's Loan. It is an edifice of considerable pretensions to external elegance; but its most valuable quality is that of being admirably adapted in its internal arrangements to the purposes for which it is designed. The usual number of inmates is about a hundred and fifty; and the institution is said to be, with that degree of encouragement, highly prosperous. It must be a matter of no small gratification to the stranger whose curiosity may lead him into these melancholy halls, to see that, instead of the wild and miserable scene depicted in such publications as the Man of Feeling, there prevails here a degree of good order, cleanliness, and even propriety of behaviour in the inmates, (with a few exceptions,) not more surprising than it is creditable to the individuals who have the charge of the establishment.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Glasgow, is the rapid increase of its population. The following table, from the valuable compilations of Mr Cleland, exhibits the progress of the city in this particular since the Reformation to the present time, when, it may be remarked, only eight European capitals boast a more numerous summary of inhabitants:

In 1560 (probably)	4,460
1610	7,644
1660	14,678
1688	11,948
1708	12,766[*]
1712	13,832[†]
1740	17,034
1755	23,546
In 1763 (probably)	28,300
1780	42,832
1785	45,889
1791	68,578
1800	77,385
1811	110,460
1819	150,000

In regard to literature, Glasgow has little to boast. It is not in this *line* that the spirit of the people seeks to attain distinction. Some attempts have been made to establish literary miscellanies, but almost uniformly without success, though not without the occasional exhibition of considerable talent. The institutions called Literary Societies have also been tried; but the conversation of the ordinary citizens is never turned, as it is so generally in the neighbouring capital, upon books and rumours of books. Notwithstanding its destitution of original literature, Glasgow possesses the means of at least manufacturing its material substance, and that in an ample and highly embellished degree. The art of printing was first brought to perfection by Messrs Robert and Andrew Foulis, printers and booksellers to the university, whose editions of the classics are yet objects of desire and subjects of pride among book-collectors. Such is the beauty and purity of the specimens of typography produced by these ingenious men, that an idea prevails very generally, that they used types faced with silver. Though the city cannot now be said to possess either a Foulis or a Ballantyne, it must be allowed that the ordinary work of its numerous printers is considerably superior to that of the not less numerous typographers of Edinburgh.

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[*] The magistrates ordered this census to be made in order to mark the decrease which they expected to be the result of the Union.

[†] At this period there were only two hundred shops in the city. There are now three thousand.

Stirlingshire.

Round Carron's stream, O classic name!
Where Fingal fought and aye o'ercame;
Where Ossian waked, wi' kindlin' flame,
His heaven-taught lays.—
HECTOR MACNEIL.

STIRLINGSHIRE, one of the most beautiful, and not the least celebrated of all the Scottish counties, is situated upon the isthmus between the friths of Forth and Clyde; being bounded on the east by Linlithgow, on the north by Perth, and on the south by the counties of Lanark and Dunbarton; which last also bounds it on the west. The greatest length from east to west is forty-nine miles, and the greatest breadth from north to south twenty-three; but the medium length may be forty-four, and breadth sixteen. The general features of the county are mountainous, not without the intervention of various morasses and vales, whilst it is almost completely intersected in two of its great divisions by as many extensive and fertile plains, respectively called, in popular language, the Carses of Falkirk and Stirling. From its situation, it has been the scene of many memorable transactions. Being, in the early periods of our history, the boundary of four kingdoms,—of the Cumbrian and Northumbrian on the south, and of the Scots and Picts on the north, it naturally became the battle-ground of all these conflicting nations. At even an earlier period, Stirlingshire had been made the frontier of that part of Albion which submitted to the Romans, and it was therefore the scene of those struggles between the aboriginal inhabitants and their invaders, which finally terminated in the retirement of the latter from Britain. Many of the battles described in Ossian's poems are supposed to have been fought in this county, which has had the fortune, in many subsequent national struggles, to be peculiarly the scene of strife and bloodshed. There is not perhaps a foot of accessible ground in the shire which has not felt the tread of marching armies, and the eye can be turned in no direction around its territory without lighting on the field of some memorable contest.

The most remarkable object in Stirlingshire is unquestionably the town which gives it its name. STIRLING, or as it was once called, Striveling, is a town of about nine thousand inhabitants, situated upon an eminence near the river Forth, thirty-five miles north-west of Edinburgh, and about twenty-seven north-east of Glasgow. In external appearance, it bears a miniature resemblance to Edinburgh, being situated like the Old Town of that city, on the sloping ridge of a rock, running from west to east, and the precipitous end of which is occupied by an ancient fortress. The streets which occupy this eminence are, with one exception, narrow, and not very well built. The town was once fortified by a wall. The south side of the ridge is so precipitous that it cannot be built upon. The remains of the said wall, therefore, extend from what is called the South Port, along the brow of this eminence towards the Castle; affording room between its bottom and the edge of the precipice for a walk or promenade called Edmondstone's Terrace, from which a view may be obtained of a very extensive tract of country to the south. The descent from the main street of the town towards the plain on the north is more gradual, and is covered by lanes, villas, and gardens. The lofty situation of the town in the midst of a spacious plain, contributes not only to the pleasure of the inhabitants, as it furnishes one of the most extensive prospects to be met with in Scotland, but also to their health, by affording them the advantage of breathing a pure and wholesome atmosphere. The latter advantage appears to have been early appreciated, as William the Lion, in his last days, desired to be conveyed to Stirling, in the hope of resuscitating his health.

The CASTLE of STIRLING is the most interesting as well as the most conspicuous object in the town. In all ages this fortress has borne a character of peculiar importance. From the circumstances of its being the best strength in a district remarkable for warlike contentions, it could not fail to do so. Situated, moreover, near the only fords, bridges, and passes, which communicated between the north and south of Scotland, it might be said to command both territories. Sharing this consequence, in some measure, with the sister fortress of Dunbarton, these two castles were early styled, in common parlance, "the key" and "the lock" of the Highlands. Both sustained their importance at the union of the kingdoms, when they were included in the limited list of fortresses agreed to be kept up in Scotland.

At what period Stirling first became the seat of a fortification, is unknown. The earliest authentic intelligence that now exists respecting the Castle, represents it as strongly fortified by the Picts, among whom architecture and other useful arts are supposed to have early made considerable progress. The possession of it was the occasion of innumerable contests between that people and their neighbours the Scots and Northumbrians. After experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune, and being frequently demolished by one or other of its alternate masters, it became a favourite royal residence about the time of the accession of the House of Stewart. It was the place of the nativity, and of the residence in after-life, of King James II, whose descendants successively improved or extended its buildings, till, at the accession of James VI to the throne of England, it shared the fate of all the other royal residences, by being deserted by all who were worthy of residing in it.

Stirling Castle, in regard to its present condition, may be described as a barrack grafted upon the shell of a palatial residence, surrounded by certain fortifications old and new. It is entered from the east by a paved way leading through a palisade, a drawbridge, and a battery, all of which have been superadded to the original castle since the time of Queen Anne, whose name the last mentioned fortification bears. On emerging from these, a huge gateway which once formed the exterior defence of the castle, is reached. This is flanked by two large towers with shot-holes for musketry, and contains the receptacle of an iron portcullis, as well as the hooks whereon formerly hung two strong gates. Its battlemented top has been recently renewed. Within this is a court-yard, on the right of which is a battery, while the left is bounded by the palace and the parliament-house. This fortification is called the *French Battery*, from its having been built by engineers of that nation, in the employment of Mary of Guise; and it is calculated to command the bridge over the Forth, about half a mile distant below.

The PALACE is a stately building in the form of a quadrangle, and occupies the south-east part of the fortress. It was built by James V, the initials of whose name are repeatedly observable around the edifice. All the exterior sides are of polished stone, and exhibit a great variety of ornaments, chiefly in the shape of grotesque statues, some of which are not very decent. Many of these singular specimens of royal taste are mutilated, but some are in excellent preservation. Classical figures seem to predominate, such as Persius, Venus, Diana, &c.; though some are believed to be portraits of the royal founder and his contemporaries. One at the north-west corner, just over the entry into what is called "the Square," seems an unquestionable likeness of James V. It represents a short man, dressed in a bonnet and frock coat, and having a considerable beard. The features are regular, but seem to be those of an older man than James, and do not possess any of the gallant vivacity so remarkable in most of his portraits, and so expressive of the character of that monarch. Over his head an allegorical being is holding a crown and scroll containing his initials, while the lion of Scotland is placed in a crouching attitude beneath his feet. All the statues stand upon pedestals springing from the wall, or are supported upon the backs of other figures, whose countenances express any thing but satisfaction beneath the load.

The interior of the quadrangle is perfectly unadorned, and not of great extent. It gets the popular name of "the Lion's Den," from the circumstance of its having been the receptacle of the lions formerly kept for the royal amusement. No order is observed in the arrangement of the apartments within the Palace, though many of them were formerly noble and splendidly decorated. One, in particular, probably the Presence-Chamber, was adorned all round and on the roof with carved heads supposed to represent the persons of the king, his family, and his courtiers; but the whole is now reduced to the condition of a barrack, while the sculptures only survive in Mr Blackwood's beautiful and meritorious publication descriptive of them, entitled "Lacunar Strevilense." The architecture of Stirling Palace is neither Grecian nor Gothic, but an anomalous sort allied to both, and probably originating in the peculiar taste of its kingly founder.

The plain buildings on the south side of "the Square" form the oldest part of Stirling Castle. These are supposed to have been honoured by the royal residence previous to the erection of James V's Palace. What gives probability to this supposition, is the circumstance of one of the apartments being still called "*Douglas's Room*" in consequence of the assassination, by the hand of James II, of William Earl of Douglas, This apartment adjoins to another called, from its having been the royal dressing-room, "*the King's closet;* and both form part of the present residence of the Deputy-Governor of the Castle.

The west side of the Square is occupied by a long low building, dated 1594, and now used as a store-room and armoury. This was originally a chapel, and is remarkable as having been the scene of the baptism of Henry Prince of Wales; a splendid ceremony in which the genius of his father was displayed in a most amusing manner. This building was erected by King James, chiefly for the purpose of serving as the scene of his son's baptism, and took the place of a more ancient building which had been built by King James III, and rendered collegiate by that monarch, of whose ruin it might be said to have been the cause, as, by annexing to it the rich temporalities of the priory of Coldingham, he offended the Lords Hailes and Home, who, in consequence, headed the rebellion which terminated in his death.

James III, who took great pleasure in his residence at Stirling Castle, also erected within its precincts a magnificent Parliament House, the walls of which, now profaned by their use as a barrack, yet remain upon the north side of the Square. Here the members of the Scottish legislature have often assembled; and this was the scene of a very remarkable anecdote which has often been told of the infancy of the sixth James. Being present while a mere child at one of those turbulent assemblies called Parliaments, of which at that time Scotland could occasionally boast of more than one, as the various factions by which the country was torn could muster strength, his Majesty happened to cast his eye up and observe a hole in the roof of the hall; the Scottish treasury being at that time perhaps in no condition to provide the best of accommodations for its officers. "I think," said the young king, with unconscious satire, "this be but ane broken parliament;" and so it turned out, say the old historians who gravely record this circumstance, for "the King's Parliament" was soon after fearfully disturbed by the celebrated attack upon Stirling of "the Queen's Men," who killed the Regent Lennox, together with many of his party, and were only baulked of a complete victory by an accidental *contretemps*.

The hero of this anecdote, a monarch to the singularity of whose genius and character full justice has never yet been done, was baptized in the Old Chapel

Royal above mentioned. It is well known to those acquainted with Scottish history, that the ceremony was superintended by his mother alone, and that Darnley scandalized her before the foreign ambassadors assembled on the occasion, by obstinately refusing to attend. The tradition of Stirling has preserved one or two of the circumstances, which seem to have escaped all historians. The people of the town still point out a house, formerly a tavern, about the middle of St Mary's Wind, (a lane leading out of the Broad Street towards the bridge,) where the imbecile father spent the time of his son's baptism, along with a few drinking companions, in riotous and ostentatious debauchery. Mary, it is said, retired immediately after the ceremony to her bed-room, and, throwing herself upon the bed, gave way to a transport of grief and indignation.

A low-browed gateway conducts to an esplanade at the back of Stirling Castle, in which the magazines are situated. This gateway is very old, and, according to popular belief, was once the main or only entry into the castle. It gets the name of "the Laird of Ballangeich's Entry," probably from a circumstance which I shall presently mention. The esplanade is enclosed upon the west by the exterior wall, from which a view is obtained of the western part of the Carse of Stirling, of the Links of the Forth, and of the mountains by which that beautiful plain is bounded. Immediately underneath this wall, a narrow road leads from the town and descends the precipice behind the castle. This is called *Ballangeich,* a Gaelic word bearing the descriptive etymology of "the windy pass." The little farm to which the road leads is also called Ballangeich, and this word is further remarkable as having furnished a fictitious name to James V. That adventurous monarch, like the celebrated Haroun Alraschid, was in the habit of sojourning incognito among his subjects, in order to acquire a knowledge of their character, to detect occasional acts of misgovernment in his officers, and, moreover, as the saying is among travellers, to mingle pleasure with business. The title with which he accompanied his rustic disguise was "the Laird o' Ballangeich," a term equivalent to the "Il Bondocani" of the Caliph. I have been given to understand, that the charter of the little farm so named, mentions its having been granted to the first possessor for the service of taking care of the Queen of Scotland's poultry and washing-tubs.

Immediately beyond the precipitous road of Ballangeich, rises a rough eminence, characteristically called *the Gowlan Hill.* It was from this point that the Highlanders in 1746 attempted to storm the castle. At its north-east extremity, and near the bridge over the Forth, is a small mount, known by the uncouth name of *the Hurlie Hawkie.* Here James V and his courtiers are said to have amused themselves by sliding down the steep and slippery bank, upon the skeletons of cows heads, or upon inverted cutty-stools.

The CASTLE-HILL of Stirling is an extensive esplanade between the castle and the town, from which a vast prospect presents itself to the eye in all directions. On the north side are seen the windings of the Forth through the Carse of Stirling, with the Ochil Hills for a back-ground. On the west lies the vale of Menteith, bounded by rugged mountains, among which Benledi is pre-eminently conspicuous. The Campsie Hills form the horizon on the south. And in the east, in clear weather, the spectator may obtain a distant view of Edinburgh.

On the south side of the esplanade is a small piece of idle ground called *the Valley,* with a rock on the south side, denominated *the Ladies' Rock.* Here tournaments used to be held, while the fair ones of the court, whose bright eyes, no doubt, in the words of Milton,

> Rained influence and judged the prize,

surveyed the extravagant doings of the other sex from the eminence which bears their name. A remarkable conflict took place here during the reign of James II, who revived the sanguinary species of the tournament, which his father had suppressed. Two noble Burgundians named Lelani, one of whom, Jacques, was as celebrated a knight as Europe could boast, together with one squire Meriadet, challenged three Scottish knights to fight with lance, battle-axe, sword and daggers. Having been all solemnly knighted by the king, they engaged in the Valley. Of the three Scotsmen, two were Douglases, and the third belonged to the honourable family of Halket. Soon throwing away their lances, they had recourse to the axe, when one of the Douglases was felled outright, and the king, seeing the combat unequal, threw down his baton, the signal of cessation. The remaining Douglas and De Lelani had approached so close that of all their weapons none remained save a dagger in the hand of the Scottish knight, and this he could not use on account of the Burgundian holding his wrist, and at the same time wheeling him in a struggle round the lists. The other Lelani was strong, but unskilled in warding the battle-axe, and soon had his visor, weapons, and armour crushed to pieces. Meriadet's antagonist, a Douglas, had attacked him with the lance, but that being knocked out of his hand by the butt end of Meriadet's lance, he was felled to the ground, and, on again rising to renew the combat, was laid prostrate to rise no more.

A different exhibition was made in the Valley about half a century later. About 1508, an Italian came to Scotland, and, pretending to alchemy, gave James IV hopes of possessing the philosopher's stone. The king collated him to the abbacy of Tungland. That the abbot had believed in his own impostures appears from his having provided himself with wings and attempted to fly from the battlements of Stirling Castle. He fell, of course, and broke a thigh-bone. The way in which he accounted for his want of success is highly curious. "The wings," he said, "were partly composed of the feathers of dunghill fowls, and were, by sympathy attracted to their native dunghill; whereas, had they consisted entirely of eagles' feathers, they would, for the same reason, have been attracted towards the heavens." The poor abbot was however, completely scouted, and his charlatanerie met with a severe and most unsavoury reprehension at the hands of the celebrated poet Dunbar, whose indignation was not softened by his being a contemporary candidate for ecclesiastical honours.

The Valley is said to have been, in later times, the scene of the execution of several witches. A strange vague circumstance is attached by tradition to one of these incidents. It was believed, in consequence of the threat of one of the unhappy beings about to undergo incremation, that, if she turned round in approaching the stake, and looked upon the town, it should immediately take fire. In order to prevent this dreadful event, the pious minister who accompanied the witch, took the precaution of enveloping her head in the short velvet cloak, which, according to the custom of the Presbyterian clergy of the seventeenth century, he usually wore round his own shoulders. Had he not done this, there can be no doubt Stirling would have suffered the fate destined for the poor witch. I need not advert to the circumstance of the Valley never having been visited by any herbage since these scorching transactions; that being a fate common to all such spots, from the boiling-place of Lord Soulis down to the burning-place of Major Weir.

South-west from the Castle, lies a considerable piece of ground, comprehending the hill of Craigforth inclosed by a stone wall, and denominated *the King's Park*. Here the royal parties used formerly to practise the amusement of the chase. To the east of this, and overhung by the precipice of the Castle, are *the King's Gardens*, now unenclosed and reduced to the condition of a marshy pasture. The ground still retains the forms into which it had been thrown by the fantastic taste of the gardeners of former years. Its square and hexagonal plots, and the parterres, are still in perfect preservation; as well as a small conical mound of earth, flat at top like a table, and surrounded by benches of earth, designated *the King's Knot*, where the Scottish monarchs are said to have formerly played at the courtly game of the Round Table, of which James IV, in particular, is known to have been very fond. Around the gardens are the vestiges of a canal, on which the royal family and court aired in barges.

The Lordship and Castle of Stirling having latterly formed part of the jointure of the Scottish Queens, a small peninsula between the Bridge of Stirling and the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, visible from the north side of the Castle-Hill, still goes by the name of *the Queen's Haugh*, having been the place where, according to tradition, her majesty's cows usually grazed. An old Scottish historian records that Queen Margaret, in 1503, was infeft in her dowry by the ceremony of the Scottish and English soldiers alternately marching into and out of the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh.

Various small territories around Stirling were originally granted to petty officers connected with the court. That important personage, the executioner, does not appear to have been forgotten among the rest; there being a small patch of land near the castle, which still goes by the name of *the Hangman's Acre.*

Stirling is scarcely more remarkable for being the scene of bloodshed in national conflicts, than for that which has flowed under the hand of the public executioner. The eminence already mentioned under the name of the Hurlie Hawkie, was the ordinary place of execution, and is addressed as such in Douglas's apostrophe to the scenes we are describing, (Lady of the Lake :)

> Ye towers, within whose circuit dread,
> A Douglas by his sovereign bled,
> And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
> That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
> As on the noblest of the land,
> Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand!

The last execution of great note which took place at Stirling, was that of Hamilton, archbishop of St Andrews, the primate of Scotland, a partisan of Queen Mary, who was tried and hanged, 1571, for his alleged accession to the murder of the Regent Murray. Upon the gibbet some person affixed the following bitter sarcasm:

> Cresce diu, felix arbor, semperque vireto
> Frondibus, at nobis talia poma feras.

To this was added on the succeeding night:

> Infelix pereas arbor: sin forte virebis
> In primis utinam carminis auctor eat.

"Some affirm," quoth Crawford of Drumsoy, the historical apologist of Mary and her party, "that the author of the preceding distich had the honour soon after to be hanged, together with his son-in-law, upon the same tree. No other lamentation was made than

> Crevit ut optabas ramis felicibus arbor,
> Et fructum nobis te generumque tulit."

Extending our observations from the Castle and its precincts to the town, the first object worthy of notice is the church, the burying-ground partly surrounding which adjoins to the esplanade. The Greyfriars or Franciscan Church of Stirling was built in 1494, by King James IV, who was in the habit of spending a considerable portion of his time, especially the whole period of Lent, in the neighbouring convent, and occasionally expressed his repentance of having been instrumental in the death of his father, by dining here on his bare knees upon bread and water. The church is a handsome building, in the best style of Gothic architecture. It is all of hewn stone, with an arched roof supported by two rows of pillars. It was originally one church, but has been divided since the Reformation into two places of worship, called the East and West Churches. A small addition is said to have been made to the east end of the building, by Cardinal Beaton. Twelve nitches for statues of the twelve apostles adorn as many buttresses projecting from the walls, and it is said by the people of Stirling, that that designed for Judas was never finished, though the stranger will be able to observe little difference amongst these generally defaced shrines. This church is taken notice of in history as the place where, in 1543, the Earl of Arran, governor of Scotland during the minority of Queen Mary, publicly renounced the reformed faith, which he had once professed to favour. It was here also that James VI was crown in 1567. During the siege of the castle by General Monk in 1651, he raised his batteries in the church-yard. The steeple and roof have many marks of bullets discharged by the garrison in their defence. Several shells were also fired at the church, from the castle, in the year 1746, when the Highlanders testified their rejoicings after the victory at Falkirk, by firing small arms from the steeple and ringing the bells.

Adjoining to the church-yard at its north-east corner, and facing down Broad Street, stand the ruins of a remarkable building called *Marr's Wark.* This was built out of the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, by the Regent Earl of Marr, who had got a grant of that unfortunate spirituality short while after the Reformation. The front wall is most entire; the rest are almost completely gone, and the small piece of ground behind, in which there is a well, lies in a state of utter neglect. The entire part is stuck all over with curiously carved stones taken from the abbey, and apparently planted here quite at random. Only two or three, placed over the main gateway, and the architraves of the two doors which gave admission to as many flanking towers, appear to have been chisselled on purpose. These bear inscriptions allusive to the circumstances of the erection. It must be understood that the use which the Earl made of the abbey excited a great deal of popular dissatisfaction, even in that abbey-demolishing age, and caused John Knox himself—(*Clodius ac-*

casavit)—to prophesy that his lordship's "family would not stand long, being so sacrilegious!" The stern old Presbyterian nobleman, who was in reality a very worthy person, remained totally unaffected as to his conduct by the popular clamour, but yet could not help expressing his uneasiness under it, by affixing to his house inscriptions to the following effect:

Esspy. speik. furth. I. cair. nocht.
Consider. weil. I. cair. nocht.

The. moir. I. stand. on. opin. hicht.
My. faultis. moir. subiect. ar. to. sicht.

I. pray. al. luikaris. on. this. luging.
[They be impartial in] thair. juging.

Marr's Wark now presents a most melancholy and haggard aspect—the ruin of a ruin.

Argyle's Lodging, another of the few surviving aristocratic residences in which Stirling once abounded, stands in the immediate neighbourhood of the above, upon the right of a lane leading from Broad Street to the esplanade. This is a much larger and more elegant edifice than Marr's Wark has ever been. It is also quite entire, and, though now occupied as a barrack, yet forms an excellent specimen of the best sort of town-houses of the nobility at the time of its erection, the reign of Charles I, when a better and more magnificent taste seems to have prevailed than even a century later. Argyle Lodging was built by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, the friend of Drummond and Jonson, and himself no despicable poet. This man rose by talent and courtly accomplishments, from the quality of a humble Scottish laird to that of Earl of Stirling, and from proportionate poverty to a similar degree of wealth. He had been the preceptor and was afterwards the favourite of Charles, from whom he obtained a right to create a hundred knight-baronets of Nova Scotia, each of whom paid him two hundred pounds for his honours.

He also had a liberty to coin copper money under the value of the metal. The latter grant proved detrimental to the interests of the nation, upon which account the coins were treated with contempt by the common people. On his building this large house, therefore, and adorning the gate with the ambitious motto, "Per mare, per terras," a wag of Stirling, with wit not so good as his intention, burlesqued the same by parodying it into "Per metre, per turners," signifying that the Earl had been enabled to build his house by means of his poetry and his base coin—*turner* being then, as long before, a vulgar word for black or false money. The poet's fine house afterwards passed into the hands of the Argyle family, and was the scene of an entertainment given by the unfortunate Earl to James Duke of York, in 1681, when that prince visited Stirling with his family. The Earl's grandson, John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, here afterwards held his military councils, when endeavouring to repress the interests of the Duke's son, the Chevalier St George, in 1715.

The house of the Regent Morton is still pointed out at the bottom of Broad Street. Upon the memorable occasion of the Raid of Stirling, when "the black parliament," as already mentioned, got such a fearful wakening, Morton was besieged in this mansion, and did not quit it till it had been set on fire by his assailants.

Stirling has long been celebrated for its SCHOOLS, chiefly on account of one of them having for a long course of years been successfully taught by Dr Doig, a person remarkable for his attainments as a scholar. In the TOWN-HOUSE, there has been kept from time immemorial, a vessel of quantity, formed of a sort of *yettlin* or cast iron, denominated the *Stirling Jug*, and appointed to be the standard of dry measure in Scotland. One of the most remarkable features in the town of Stirling is the number of its hospitals. Three of these were the endowments of wealthy citizens of Stirling, and afford abundant provision for the comfort of a considerable number of people. It is supposed that every twelfth person in Stirling receives charity, and a late writer has likened the town to a vast hospital.

Notwithstanding this circumstance, Stirling contains, and has ever contained, a great number of substantial and prosperous merchants; their opulence being in reality the very cause of the system complained of. Even so far back as the reign of James VI, a species of cloth called shalloon was manufactured here to a considerable extent, afterwards giving way only to the introduction of a vast tartan-manufactory, which in its turn declined about eighty years ago, and was succeeded by that of carpets and of cotton goods. Under the influence of these advantages, many wealthy burghers have from time to time arisen in Stirling. It was no rare sight some years ago to see signs over shop-doors, ornamented by a huge four-figure, importing that the proprietors sold goods from all the four quarters of the world, or, as it was sometimes more piquantly interpreted, that they had fourpence of profit upon every shilling-worth of their commodities. This emblem, of which the corners were always curiously adorned with St Andrew crosses, and which in Scotland was understood to give token of the enviable character of a merchant, may be yet seen upon many flat monuments in Stirling church-yard, having been transferred from the signs to the grave-stones of the deceased, as the only mark of honour or dignity which they could carry with them out of this world. There was in these old times a sort of comfortable *burgherism*, if we may be allowed such a phrase, about the better sorts of the inhabitants of Stirling, which, alas! has long passed away, along with the primitive system of implementing bargains by wetting thumbs, and other such simple practices. In illustration of this, I require only to relate an authentic anecdote of a former treasurer of the town, whose mode of keeping his accounts was one of the most antediluvian ever perhaps known in the modern world. The venerable citizen hung up an old boot on each side of his chimney; into one of them he put all the money which he received, and into the other the receipts or vouchers for the money which he paid away;

and he balanced his accounts at the end of the year, by emptying his boots, and comparing the money left in the one with the documents deposited in the other.

The only exception to the moderate but steady degree of prosperity which has generally characterised the trade of Stirling, exists in the department of its fleshers. This is owing to a very remarkable cause. An early protestant martyr, having been stoned out of the town, and retired to die upon a field by the way-side at some distance from the South Port, was attacked in these his last moments by a rapacious butcher's wife of Stirling, who endeavoured to rob him of his clothes, and finally, it is said, succeeded. The St Stephen of Stirling vented, with his dying breath, a malediction upon the incorporation to which the husband of his persecutrix belonged: and ever since that time the butchers of Stirling have never done well. There are now actually no butchers in the town, and for one to set up within its walls would be looked upon as madness. The market is supplied by men who dwell in the villages around. Of course, I need not point out to the reader that a sufficient natural cause thus exists, why a flesher practising his trade within the town cannot succeed, and never will do so, so long as any faith is placed in the prophecy of the martyr.

The next place of importance in this county is the town of FALKIRK, remarkable for its four annual cattle-markets known by the term *Falkirk Trysts*, but more remarkable for its vestiges of antiquity, and the great battles which have been fought in its neighbourhood. The town, consisting in one tolerably well built street and a few lanes, lies along the face of a great inclined plain, which extends from the Firth of Forth up to a ridge about a mile south of Falkirk. The battle between the Highlanders and the king's forces under General Hawley, took place upon a part of this ridge about one mile south-west from the town. A small plantation now covers part of the ground, and the rest is denominated *Battle Field* by the country people, who also give the name of *the Red Burn* to a small stream running from it towards the Carron, on account of its having run with blood on the day of the conflict.

The view from this eminence is remarkably extensive, varied, and beautiful; and was declared by the Abyssinian Bruce, whose property lay in the neighbourhood, to be surpassed in these respects by none he had seen in the course of his travels. The ground half-way betwixt Falkirk and the river Carron is pointed out as the scene of a battle fought, anno 1298, between the Scots and English, in which, owing to the dissensions among the Scottish leaders, the latter prevailed.

Falkirk was once a burgh of barony under the Earls of Linlithgow, who resided at Callander House in the neighbourhood; since the fall of that family, and the coeval abolition of hereditable jurisdictions, it has possessed no form of municipal government, excepting that of a baron-bailie, whose civil jurisdiction extends only to two pounds sterling, and whose authority in criminal cases only allows him to impose fines not exceeding twenty shillings, or the punishment of standing four hours in the stocks. Besides the importance which it derives from its *trystes,* the town possesses a few manufactures, and is enriched by its proximity to the Carron Foundry.*

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* Many readers must have been edified in their boyhood by sundry little publications issued from Falkirk under the denominations of Lothian Tom, Leper the Tailor, John Falkirk's Catechism, &c. These were the very classics of the youth of Scotland during the last century; though, with all their humour and vivacity, they have now fallen into neglect, before the triumphant advances of religious tracts. The same bookseller who printed these "penny histories," as they were called, once published an edition of the Shorter Catechism; which before that period had been from time immemorial published at Glasgow, as it has since been at Edinburgh, by his Majesty's printers. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the work in question was then the primer chiefly used in Scotland, and bore a character of the highest importance in the estimation of the whole people; in the eyes of the old it was a great national work, and held in reverence next to

The church of Falkirk was substituted in 1810 for an antique edifice, which, from a marble found in its walls on their being taken down, appeared to have been erected by Malcolm Canmore in 1057. In the church-yard the graves of two celebrated Scottish heroes are pointed out, those namely of Sir John Graham, the friend of Wallace or, as that champion affectionately termed him, his "*Right Hand*;" and of Sir John Stewart, one of the chiefs who commanded a division of the Scottish army at the battle of Falkirk. Both of these persons fell in the battle. Over the former a monument was erected, with an inscription, which has been from time to time renewed by his countrymen. It at present stands thus:

> Mente manuque potens, et Vallae fidus Achates,
> Conditur hic Gramus, bello interfectus ab Anglis.

Translation.

> Heir lyes Sir John the Grame, baith wight and wise,
> Ane of the chiefs who rescewit Scotland thrise.
> Ane better knight not to the world was lent,
> Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardiment.

At a time when the Latin alone appeared upon the monument, one of Cromwell's soldiers, of whom a de-

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the Bible; though to the young, it was only the occasion of many sleepless nights, and many sound threshings; and, in effect, rather an Inquisition than a Catechism. Now, it so happened that the Glasgow edition had always been adorned with a coarse frontispiece, representing the armorial bearings of that worthy city; and, such was the force of custom, that that embellishment was at last looked upon as something naturally and properly connected with the catechism—part and parcel of the revered document itself. The Falkirk edition, being of course deficient in such an ornament, was at first regarded with suspicion, and even horror; and an old wife, in the western part of Stirlingshire, was one day heard thus to declare her sentiments on the subject to a neighbour: "What d'ye think, woman?" she exclaimed, "they're printing the Caraches *noo* without the bell and the tree and the bird and the fish at the fore end o' them. Could ye divine what they'll do next!"

which he inscribed upon one of the windows with the diamond he always carried about with him for such purposes. It ran as follows:

> We cam na here to view your warks,
>   In hopes to be mair wise;
> But only, lest we gaed to hell,
>   It micht be nae surprise.
>
> But when we tirled at your door,
>   Your porter dought na hear us—
> Sae may, should we to hell's yett come,
>   Your billy Satan ser' us.

Camelon is a considerable modern village about a mile and a half west from Falkirk. About half a mile to the north-west of its site, is said to have been the situation of what is now called *Old Camelon*, a Roman city built by Vespasian, and which, when afterwards possessed by the Picts, is said to have had twelve brazen gates. Scarcely a vestige of this magnificent place now remains, though, in Buchanan's time, the ruins were considerable. One small upright fragment of a wall is yet visible from the Glasgow road which passes near it; and a few straggling trees are said to indicate its extent. The site adjoins to the valley through which the Carron runs, and which in former times is believed to have been an arm of the sea, rendering Camelon, what the early writers represent it, a maritime city. In support of this theory, fragments of anchors, and even a whole ancient boat have been found imbedded in the soil; and the plough has more than once turned up, upon the edge of a bank which is pointed out as the quay of Camelon, stones with rings attached to them, such as might be used for mooring the vessels lying in the harbour. The sea is now about three or four miles distant from Camelon.

Stirlingshire contains a considerable number of other populous villages, of which the following are the most remarkable:

Grangemouth, situated at the place where the Forth and Clyde Canal joins the Firth of Forth. The extensive trade carried on through this great line of communication, suggested to the late Sir Lawrence Dundas the propriety of building this little sea-port, which he accordingly commenced in 1777. It is now a place of considerable importance; and, besides a commodious harbour, has a dry-dock, a rope-work, a customhouse, and spacious warehouses for goods. Vessels bring into this port timber and hemp, deals, flax, and iron, from the Baltic, Norway, and Sweden; besides grain from foreign parts and from the coasts of Scotland and England. The place has of late years derived a considerable accession of importance from its being found a cheaper landing-place than Leith, the shore-dues of which port were heightened to an extravagant pitch by the erection of its suite of expensive Docks. It is therefore nothing uncommon for vessels belonging to Leith, to land at Grangemouth and transmit their cargoes by land-carriage to Edinburgh. Moreover, the numerous vessels belonging to the Carron Company usually bring home return-cargoes of grocery goods, dye stuffs, &c. for the supply of Glasgow, Stirling, and other towns in the west of Scotland; and Grangemouth has the advantage of receiving and forwarding the same.

Bannockburn (Upper and Lower,) situated upon the celebrated stream of the same name, is chiefly remarkable for its manufactories of tartan and carpets.

St Ninians, a considerable village about one and a half mile south from Stirling, upon the road to Glasgow, deriving subsistence from its manufactories of nails and leather. The town consists of one long street, not very wide, and of which most of the houses are curious and old-fashioned. Upon many of these are dates of considerable antiquity, and some have stones, upon which the implements employed in the trade of the proprietor are grotesquely represented. On one we observed a smith's tools, including a horse-shoe, and a few nails. Upon another, there were carved with great felicity, though with very little regard to grouping, all the articles that could be found in an old Scottish house of entertainment—not forgetting a pint-stoup shaped precisely like the pewter vases still used in low public houses, and "the bowl" of which is so proverbial for its aptitude to the thumb of a true toper. It is remarkable of the houses of St Ninians, that a great number of them are painted white. The steeple of the town is a distinguished curiosity. The church formerly attached to this fabric, being used as a powder-magazine by the Highlanders, in 1746, was accidentally blown up, immediately before their retreat to the north. Wonderful to relate, though scarcely a stone of the body of the church was left upon another, the steeple remained uninjured. Several of the Highlanders were killed, along with some of the country people; and the noise produced by the explosion was heard at Linlithgow in one direction, and at Dunblane in another.

Betwixt the villages of Bannockburn and St Ninians, and to the south-west of both, is the battle-ground of the most celebrated and most important contest that ever took place between the English and the Scottish nations. We need not particularise by saying that we mean the Battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on Monday the 24th of July, 1314. Bruce's forces were stationed in three divisions, along the front of an eminence called the Gillies Hill; extending from south-west to north-east between the farm of Greysteil and the village of St Ninians: about half a mile south from St Ninians, upon the top of an eminence called Caldam Hill, and close by the way-side, is a large granite, called the Bored Stane, having a hole in the top, in which the Scottish king inserted his standard. The English army advanced from the heights on the east, and crossed the Bannock before joining in the conflict. It must be familiar to the memories of most readers that Bruce had taken care to render their advance by no means safe, by digging pits which he caused to be covered over with a thin surface of turf, and by strewing the ground with iron instruments of a peculiar form offensive to the feet of cavalry. Seconding artifice and precaution by the completest military skill and the utmost bravery, he succeeded in completely routing the English host, though that is credibly affirmed to have been three times more numerous than his own. The English lost about 30,000 men and 700 knights. The Scottish army was enriched by the spoils of the English camp and by the ransom of their prisoners, completely establishing at the same time the independence of their country.

In the lower extremity of a lawn which fronts a villa near the neighbouring village of Newhouses, are seen two upright stones, erected in commemoration of a noted skirmish fought on this spot between Randolph Earl of Murray and Sir Robert Clifford, the commander of an English party which Edward had despatched on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn to the relief of Stirling Castle. This place is still popularly termed *Randal's Field,* and only about half a mile from the town of Stirling.

About a mile from Bannockburn in another direction, the destruction of a party of English, who had attempted to rally, and were completely cut off, has given the name of *Bloody Field* to the spot where they fell. There is also a place in this neighbourhood called *Ingram's Crook,* which is supposed to have derived its name from Sir Ingram Umfraville, one of the English commanders.

The *Gillies Hill* derives its name from an incident which occurred during the battle, and is said to have contributed greatly to the discomfiture of the English. Westward of this hill is a valley, where Bruce had stationed his baggage, under the charge of the *gillies* or servants and followers of the camp. At the critical moment when the English line was wavering and confusion reigned on the left flank, these gillies, either from a curiosity to behold the battle, or with the design of assisting their countrymen, advanced to the summit of the hill, and, being taken for a reinforcement of the Scottish army, caused the English to give way in a panic.

About a mile westward from the field of Bannockburn, was fought in 1488 the battle which occasioned the death of James III and the accession of his son James IV. The spot is called Little Conglan, but the fray is usually styled by historians the Battle of Saughieburn, on account of a streamlet of that name running to the west of the spot. The Barons of Scotland, being dissatisfied with the administration of their monarch, rose in rebellion against him, and drew the king's eldest son into their party. A battle was here fought, in which the king's party was defeated. Before the fate of the day had been decided, his majesty, who was never very distinguished for courage, fled from the field, and made towards the Forth, in the hopes of getting on board Sir Andrew Wood's fleet, which he had stationed there on purpose. His flight was solitary. On attempting to cross the Bannockburn, at a spot near Milltown, about a mile eastward from the battle-ground, his horse started at sight of a pitcher with which a woman was lifting up water, and which she threw away at sight of an armed man riding towards her. The king was then thrown from his charger, and fell upon the ground in a state of insensibility. As the disaster had happened within a few yards of a mill, the miller- and his wife carried the unfortunate horseman thither, and, though ignorant of his name and station, treated him with great humanity, administering to him such cordials as their house afforded. When he had somewhat recovered, he called for a priest, to whom, as a dying man, he might make confession. Being asked who he was, he replied, "I was your king this morning." Some of the malecontents, who had left the battle in pursuit of him, now came up; and, as they were about to pass, the miller's wife came out wringing her hands and calling for a confessor to the king. "I am a priest," said one of the pursuers, "lead me to him."

Being introduced, he found the unfortunate monarch lying in a corner of the mill, covered with a coarse cloth, and approaching on his knees, under pretence of reverence, inquired if his grace thought he could recover if he had surgical help. James replied in the affirmative, when the ruffian, pulling out a dagger, stabbed him several times in the heart.

The place where this atrocity was committed, is well known in the neighbourhood by the name of Beaton's Mill, and said to be so called from the person who then possessed it. The author of this work had the curiosity to visit it, and to inquire into the traditionary account of the circumstance above related, as preserved by the people of the place, which he was surprised to find tally in every particular with the historical narrative. He was even shown the particular corner in which the king was slain. The house has been somewhat modernised, and converted from a mill into a dwelling-house. The lower part of the walls, however, are, to about a man's height, unaltered, and impressed with the appearance of great antiquity. A corner-stone of the modern part of the fabric bears date 1667. The house is divided into two *ends*, with separate doors, accommodating two families; and is thatched. It stands about fifty yards east of the road from Glasgow to Stirling, in the close neighbourhood of the new mills which had been substituted, when it was converted into a dwelling-house. *Milltown*, the name of the considerable village to which it may be said to belong, is remarkable for its manufactories of nails.

Besides the Stirlingshire villages already enumerated, all of which lie in the eastern and richer part of the county, Airth, Balfron, Bainsford, Kilsyth, Denny, Campsie and Fintry, are others of less note.

The rivers of Stirlingshire are highly worthy of notice. The **Forth**, which bounds this county for a considerable way on the north, is the principal stream that can be said to belong to it, and moreover is, if not the largest, by far the most distinguished of all Scottish rivers. It rises an inconsiderable rill from the north side of Benlomond, and flows to some distance within the south-west borders of Perthshire. Speedily, the torrents which constantly pour down from this side of the Grampians, increase it to the size of a considerable burn or brook, which winds through the level country and at times assumes the appearance of a lake. Other streams then join it, and a very little way above Stirling it is suddenly converted into a consequential river, by the junction of the two streams, the Teith and the Allan, each of which is almost as considerable as itself. From a mile above Stirling downwards it is navigable for vessels of seventy tons. Throughout the whole of its course, it is a peculiarly serpentine river. I say peculiarly, because its windings are so incessant and so intricate, that it is like no other river. It is supposed to traverse three times the space of the direct line of its course. I can describe its appearance as seen from such an eminence as the Castle-hill by no better image than the familiar one of a garter as arranged by a man at a fair for the deception of rustic gamblers. It often takes circuits round pieces of land, so as almost to insulate them; and it is equally remarkable of all its windings, that they are perfectly circular or more rarely elliptical. As one of the results of its sinuosity, it may be mentioned that the distance from Stirling to Alloa by the crow's flight is only six miles, while by pursuing the course of the river it is upwards of twenty. At the place last mentioned, the river expands into the estuary or firth which bears its name. The Forth produces vast quantities of excellent salmon, the greater part of which is exported. In former times, when little commerce of that sort was practised, this fish constituted the chief food of the people of Stirling, and was by no means appreciated, in the way it now is, as a rarity. The good people of the town had then, moreover, a right to purchase it cheaper than strangers, and it was their practice to give it to their children and servants, as food fit only for such inferior personages. It is recorded of the servants of Stirling, that, before engaging with their masters, they constantly stipulated that they were not to dine on salmon oftener than four times a-week, alleging a reason for this restriction which I do not choose to commit to black and white. The spirling of the Forth seems to have been the staple fish in Lent during the reign of James IV. That monarch, as already stated, was in the habit of spending Lent in the Franciscan monastery of Stirling, where, by fasting and other penances, he endeavoured to appease his conscience for his concern in the death of his father. The poet Dunbar writes what he calls a "Dirigie to the King bydand ower lang in Stirling," in which he attempts to prevail upon his majesty to

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirling,
Quhair fish to sell are nane but spirling;
Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi.

Much coal, of which there are many and abundant mines in the south and east of the county, is exported from Stirling to London along the windings of the river.

The next river in point of importance is the Carron, which rises in the southern district of the county, and, after a course of about twenty-four miles, falls into the Forth at a place where that river has become an arm of the sea. The banks of the Carron are famed for having been the scene of warfare during the earliest periods of our history. Many of the battles described in Ossian's poems took place here, and the decisive battle between the Scots and English, in 1298, also happened upon its banks.

The **ENDRICK**, rising in the Hill of Fintry, and giving its name to a valley, forms a fine cascade near Sir John de Graham's castle; keeps in motion a large cotton-mill at Calcreach; forms another cascade at Gartness, the favourite residence of the immortal Napier of Merchiston; receives the waters of the *Blane*; and, describing several beautiful curves through the extensive plain of Buchanan, loses itself in Loch Lomond. The **Blane** is distinguished by the cataract of Ballagan, and more by the birth, on its eastern bank, where it runs nearly due north, of the celebrated Buchanan. The **Kelvin** is classical from its proximity, during a great part of its course, to the Roman Wall.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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