



DUCK SHOOTING.

# WILD SPORTS AND ADVENTURES.

BY

W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIVOUAC," "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.



LONDON :

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET.

1857.

SPORTS AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

2010-74

HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

OF

SCOTLAND:

A SEQUEL TO

THE "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

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*NEW EDITION.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

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MANY things in life arise out of accidental circumstances; and books are no exception. A very solitary *location*—in Kentucky parlance—with “winter and bad weather,” produced the Wild Sports of the West; and to letters addressed to a kinsman, as an inducement to visit the far north, the “Sketches” now given to the world must date their origin.

It is astonishing that the best resources which Britain possesses for the artist, the sportsman, and the idler, are little known, and lightly estimated. Within the four seas of Britain, and to the full scope of his bent, the man of science, and the man of pleasure, may indulge himself; and the same corner of the island which affords marvellous enjoyment to the sportsman, be he *ornithor*, *auceps*, or *piscator*, will also enrapture the painter, and puzzle the antiquary unto death.

“A truant disposition” led the author of these Sketches into the scenes which have produced them. To trace out half-forgotten battle-fields, and view the remnant of a feudal-keep or Border peel-house—sit among ruins where once “the bells were rung, and the mass was sung,”—or, in evening gray, throw moth or minnow on a stream which once the ruthless moss-trooper has crossed at midnight, the blazing beacon in his rear urging him onward to some wild fastness, wherein to secure his spoil, or shelter from the vengeance some deed of violence had just provoked.

Travellers and tourists are variously influenced. One will insist upon authenticated certificates of well-aired sheets; another—“*ut mos*”—alas! I must spoil the quotation, and add “*fruit*,” as far as the quotation applies—requires nothing beyond a roof to shelter, and a rug to stretch upon. One “southern gentleman” loves to dream the hour away where the poet has framed his song, or the mighty remnants of monastic beauty attest the art that designed, and the royal enthusiasm which erected these princely dwellings of an order, who, professing humility, obliged the sceptre to bend

to the crosier, and laid the sandal of the tonsured monk on the mailed neck of the high-born crusader. Another—the humble disciple of old Izaak—who has dabbled in pond, canal, and “well-stocked water”—hears accidentally of the Tweed and Tay, and sets out upon a visit to the Border. To view one saltation of a fresh-run salmon, will reward the pilgrimage; and if he fill a creel—as I have done in two brief hours—will he not marvel that, in piscatorial ignorance, unhappy citizens “of credit and renown” waste time about Leabridge, and money in adjacent hostelries, where some flavourless fish, which on the Borders would be kicked away, is immortalized in a glass case; and the skeleton of a pike, which, as a capture, every cowboy in Connemara could emulate, is held out above the mantelpiece as an encouragement for cockneys to wet their feet, by proving that marshy waters are not ungrateful, and rheumatism shall have its reward.

To tourists of a “gentler mood,” those who employ the pencil or the rod, dislike damp clothing, and delight in comfortable inns, I recommend the Border. To the rougher specimens of mankind—personages who have spent Christmas in the Bay of Biscay, or made a few Peninsular marches in bad weather, when the Iron Duke was in a hurry,—I would point out the northern Highlands, and the far Orcades. Throughout the Land of Cakes, Chambers will prove an excellent ally—Anderson be invaluable as a Highland *cicerone*,—and, as a sea-coast companion, let them put full faith in the voyage of the pleasantest Professor\* in the realm. The land of the Gael is not the country wherein to sport purple and fine linen, Scotch mists bear a striking affinity to an English planet-shower, and Mackintosh will be often found a friend in need. Irish travellers are respectfully informed that fire-arms may be left at home, a *pocket-pistol* only being required. Charged heavily with pure alcohol, and presented at, or rather to a grumbling river-keeper, I have found its agency most serviceable. The Celtic race have not yet ranged themselves beneath the banners of the water-drinking apostle; and I never met a Highland heart to which Glenlivet and civility were not the surest and the speediest passports.

\* Christopher North.

London, January 1, 1844

## EPISTLE TO JOHN O'FLAGHERTY, Esq.

May 10, 1841.

AND have you never been up the Clyde? What a confession for a finished traveller—one who has slidden on a glacier, and scratched his initials on a pillar of the Acropolis! You have wasted years on the continent, and left unvisited one of the most glorious rivers in the world;—and with such facilities,—steamers “from every point i' the seaman's card” splashing over its silver current every day but the seventh—ay, and even on that blessed one of rest, could you but put your faith in an Irish boiler and the prayers of the church, you might still reach Glasgow. Donald, no matter how hard he may struggle for “the siller,” observes his sabbath punctiliously;—but Pat, in the exuberance of his industry,

Joins night to day, and Sunday to the week—

and while “the Lord of the Isles” cheek by jowl with “the Maid of Bute,” rests idly beside the Bromielaw, “Nora Crina” comes frisking up the Frith, and “Daniel O'Connell” puffs and grumbles as he goes, noisy as his namesake before the rent-day, while fulminating tirades against Toryism, and persuading “the finest peasantry on earth” that *malgré* their virtues and deserts, they are, God help them! the worst-treated community in Christendom.

Five-and-twenty years, with one short interval, have passed, since I left the roof-tree of our fathers, a beardless boy. Of those who shared my earlier joys or sorrows but few remain. I come back, and all look strangely at me. The once rosy cheek of youth, bronzed by a tropic sun, forbids remembrance; and in the bilious-looking colonel, none can trace the laughing cadet—and faith, no wonder—

For time, and care, and war have plough'd  
My very soul from out my brow!

And can I marvel at this change in my outer man, *I* who can barely identify the premises where I was born? Roman cement—everything in Ireland is *Roman* now—has superseded the good old pebble-dashing of your mansion,—and within doors, the march of reform is still more evidenced. Where is the massive furniture, whose cumbrous frames and inky-looking mahogany bore the imprint of a century?—where our grandmother's spinette?—and where Tim Haddigan's bagpipes?—that reed and chaunter which could discourse such elegant music! Gone—gone!

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I spent some restless hours in the little road-side inn, whither I had repaired to catch the Dublin coach at daybreak. I could not sleep. I thought of days passed by, and persons half forgotten. Scenes and actors once more appeared in shadowy review; and the last night before a young career upon the world commenced, came back more vividly than all.

That night was memorable, Jack. Then you received an honourable patronymic; and a more ill-conditioned neophyte never kicked in the arms of a divine. Seldom had the ancient roof-tree covered a merrier group, and, in imagination, I see them now. My honoured aunt, in the ripe bloom that marks a matron's beauty, sat in her high-backed chair, listening reverently to the baptismal prayer; albeit the form belonged to another church, and from him by whom the holy rite was celebrated, she dissented conscientiously. But in those days a difference in religious faith did not matter a brass button. Popery was unobtrusive,—Protestants were tolerant,—Heaven was considered attainable by all;—and, contrary to the more enlightened opinions of modern clerks, persons professing another creed were not, as a matter of course, consigned direct to Pandemonium. But to return to thy christening.

There stood my uncles, Jack—your father—"looking every inch" an honest-hearted, hospitable fox-hunter, and his twin-brother, our uncle Antony; but of him you can have no recollection—for ere you were "a satchelled schoolboy," Antony was "under the grey stone," and reposing with his ancestors in Tubbermore. Antony was the terror of the whole community of Carmeen. When he spoke irreverently of the Pope himself, Father John Kelly did not venture a rebuke; and, at the first creak of his shoe, the boldest spider-brusher fled from the presence. Antony, by his own account, was some fifty; but "by'r Lady," he was inclining to "three-score." His years, with honest Jack's, were analogous, but in all besides the resemblance ended. Above six feet in height, in youth he was the "beau ideal" of a trooper, so far as a broad chest and light legs would go; but he was now a gaunt, attenuated old man, bent double by rheumatism, and sorely crippled with the gout. For thirty years he had served in the Austrian army, till, worn out and minus an arm, he revisited his native land with a colonel's rank, a moderate pension, three honorary medals, and the cross of Maria Theresa. Antony, after his kind, was good-hearted to a degree, and, when in tolerable health, cheerful and companionable. He could mull port, tell a story, argue by the hour, arrange the preliminaries of a duel, and, provided the

distance was not too great nor the gout too troublesome, he would attend good-naturedly in person to witness the success of his friend; or, if the result proved otherwise, look to his obsequies after witnessing his will. Such a personage, in any country, would be a treasure; but, in Connaught, he was a jewel above price. Antony was a loyal subject and staunch Protestant. To his religious creed he clung with the tenacity of a martyr; some said, from sheer opposition, and according to others, from an early antipathy to fish. Antony was a man whom no community, besides that of Carmeen, would have tolerated. He was his brother—and your easy-tempered father bore all his humours patiently. He was the kinsman of her husband—and your mother let all his rudeness pass. In Father Kelly's hearing he absolutely whistled "the Boyne Water;" and once, in a full bumper, consigned "the Pope to the pillory, with the Devil pelting priests at him." Father John bore it like a stoic, whispering apologetically, in my aunt's ear, that "the colonel's gout was coming on, and, poor soul! an enemy would pity him!"

But a less lenient tribunal sat in judgment on the misdeeds of the irreligious commander. The kitchen was Catholic to a woman—and there the enormities of "that one-armed sinner" underwent no "delicate investigation." All, *nem. con.*, agreed that his conversion was a hopeless affair, and consequently that purgatory would be too good for him: and it was resolved that if malefactors died for their offences, our uncle Antony was certain of a warm corner in a place which everybody perfectly understood, but which none considered it quite correct to particularize.

Carmeen, on that eventful evening when you were christened, Jack, was indeed the house of feasting—and surely the church would lend its countenance for the nonce. Doctor Morton, as in duty bound, honoured this high festival with his portly presence; and where the Doctor was, Father John Kelly was sure to be. In brotherly regard the priest and parson were united as the Siamese Twins; and two worthier churchmen never finished a cooper of port, and packed it with a pint of poteen afterwards. Were the priest wanted for a sick call, the parsonage was the surest place to seek him. The Doctor was of the king's poor esquires; and the priest aided and assisted in the due administration of justice—and, woe to the sinner whom he denounced, for on him "the iron knuckles of the law" descended with additional severity. In everything an identity of feeling united these gifted Gama-liels—and property was in common, ay, even to the person of the clerk. Peter Maguire was held in joint tenancy, and



officiated in vestry-room and sacristy. In both he was master of the robes; served first mass for Father Kelly, and responded afterwards to Doctor Morton: and, notwithstanding the murmurings of the ignorant, he discharged his double duties to the last. In religion, Peter was a doubtful professor; and on his merits the parish was awfully divided—some asserting that he was a true Catholic as ever performed on Lady-day upon the Reek—while others objected that he had been caught eating bacon on a Friday, and, as if to aggravate the offending, that Friday was in Lent. Indeed, nothing was clearly known touching his earlier life, parentage, and education. He had emigrated from “the north”—well, that was a suspicious place to come from: and wherefore he had made Connaught his abiding-place was a matter involved in mystery: some conjecturing that he had been “out in ninety-eight,” and others averring that it was merely to escape the assiduities of three wives—Peter, in that valuable article, having been, unfortunately for himself, a pluralist.

Such, Jack, was the goodly company, with some thirty *coosherers*, and the usual assortment of nurses, huntsmen, pipers, and ladies’-maids, who witnessed the ceremonial of your christening. Where are they? Alas! that question brings a melancholy answer. But few remain; and upon those, what a heavy hand time has laid! One brief visit I paid Carmeen; and oh, what a change ten years had made! Her, whom I loved with a son’s affection—who had watched my orphan age, and had been more to me than mother—a fever caught in the exercise of the charity she loved had prematurely hurried to the grave, My honest uncle had fallen in the quarrel of another, fighting the battle of a scoundrel who lacked courage to defend himself; while our uncle Antony died as he lived, acting purely out of opposition. A surfeit swept him “in double quick” to the tomb of the Capulets—for, contrary to the orders of his doctor, he ate cutlets on a holiday, merely to mortify the cook, who had lately become a Carmelite.

Churchmen are mortal, Jack, and John Kelly was doomed to leave Doctor Morton for a brief space behind him. Long will his virtues be remembered in Kiltogher; for where will his fellow now-a-days be found? Poor John! he was kind-hearted and companionable, liked long whist, played a little on the fiddle, and, as the maids declared, was a man of short shrift and liberal indulgence. He died in his vocation, a victim to jig-dancing and *potheen* punch; for three christenings, two weddings, and a dragging home, in one brief week, were too much for a plethoric gentleman of sixty-five. Could he

but have witnessed his own obsequies, it would have gratified his pride. For three nights he lay in state; twelve priests exercised their best endeavours to abridge his necessary imprisonment in purgatory; whisky and tobacco were supplied with unsparing liberality; and when the defunct churchman was carried to the grave, the funeral train extended from the gates of Carmeen even to the abbey of Kiltogher.

Richard Morton never raised his head after he had been apprized of the demise of Father John; and in ten days the spiritual charge of Kiltogher—tithes, glebes, tenths, with all property ecclesiastic, were duly vacated, and the parson followed the priest. Grief begets gout, and gout suddenly assailed that most important of a churchman's organs—the stomach. Vainly were all the customary remedies administered; usquebaugh and burnt brandy were tried and found wanting; a patent remedy was resorted to, but in vain; all would not do; for the disease was master of the citadel, and *malgré* alcohol and hot flannel, Richard Morton followed the priest, and slept in the vault of his predecessors.

The rest you know, Jack. Like kings, churchmen never die, and on the same day both vacancies were filled—a crack-brained zealot, professing ultra piety, stepped into Morton's shoes, while a dark-minded monk, hot from the cloisters of Maynooth, succeeded as simple a confessor as ever thumbed a breviary. Between them all kindly relations in the parish were annihilated. They sowed a glorious crop of intolerance—and, judging from the fruits, the seed fell not by the way-side.

The complexion of society, such as it existed in my boyhood, might be imagined from this hurried sketch. I return in the sear and yellow leaf, and all is changed. Is the country improved,—and are the people more enlightened? Do men hold the positions which property should command, or talent may attain? Does plenty gladden the peasant's home, and peace surround the mansions of the rich? Ah! Jack, these are tender interrogatories. Where are the lords of the soil? Driven, in sheer disgust, into absenteeism, and their places usurped by men whose undue elevation has entailed a curse alike upon themselves and the community. The Shallows and the Simples you must seek in an English watering-place or foreign capital; and in their places who hold the Queen's commissions? Men whose fathers waited in our fathers' halls—themselves illiterate, struggling against high rents, and jobbing one day in law and the next in cattle. You boast yourself a resident; compare your position in the county with what your father held. He had two hundred freeholders.

Would one of them have opposed the candidate whom he supported? You have barely twenty. Well, individually they respect you. At your bidding they would clear a fair, drown a bailiff, burn a church, or in any other trifle evince their affection for their landlord; but were your best friend to start for the representation of ——, with every qualification that worth and wealth can offer, were he opposed by some wretched pauper, who in poverty and principle was suited to become a willing tool of any to whom he was indebted for privilege to evade a jail, could you, Jack, influence one tenant to support your friend? Would not the priest laugh in your face, drag your freeholder to the hustings by the neck, and poll him as he pleased?

“And have you no remedy?” says John Bull; “rents exacted to the day, ejections, and every annoyance to which a refractory tacksman exposes himself—are they not yours?” Undoubtedly they are; but dare you employ them, Jack? Ay! there’s the rub. Evict an ingrate from your property—one whose forefathers have hung upon the breath of yours, have flourished beneath their fosterage, multiplied, and got wealthy—exercise your legal right, and reclaim what is your own—returning from a fair, you will be shot by some patriot from behind a hedge; or, if stricken in years, and unable to leave your lawn, you will be stoned to death in front of your own house by some hired murderer, while twenty of the finest peasantry on earth calmly look on, and satisfy Father ——, their excellent confessor, that they were too industriously at work to witness the massacre of their benefactor.

And you would have me invest my property “at home.”—“Home,” with windows blocked up, and loaded blunderbusses on the sideboard! “Home!” mine, indeed, Jack, shall be home; but, i’ faith, it must be in another country; a land uncursed by political priests, unvisited by proselytizing parsons; your peace unbroken by seditious scoundrels agitating before “the rint,” or by fanatics who never could tot three figures on a slate, announcing that they have calculated the millennium to a day, and hinting to ancient gentlewomen that the time is come when their houses should be set in order.

Jack, I’ll be plagued by none of these annoyances; I will remain in comfortable independence; and when I invest the earnings of a hard and venturous life, it shall be in property over which I may exercise a legitimate control,—and, though the doctrine is now exploded, “do with mine own what I will.”

Think me not ungrateful, after a recent *séjour* in your hospitable mansion, if I requite your kindness by disparaging

the country or the hearth. Far from it: your household is unexceptionable. That English spider-brusher is a gem beyond value; your butler should be canonized; your cook shall live in my recollection; and your wine—the *old* cellar, Jack—should be immortalized by Captain Morris or Anacreon. But, d—— it!—I hate to see fire-arms on the side-board, and I get the fidgets whenever those splinter-proof window-shutters are screwed up. Give me a quiet evening after a good dinner; it assists digestion wonderfully. I have been too often under fire in my youth, to fancy it particularly at forty-five. Honestly, Jack, I abominate a feast that terminates in a fusilade—ay, as heartily as Cuddie Headrigge hated sermons which ended in a psalm at the grass-market.

Remember, Jack, I am also thy senior by some twenty years, and time will cool even the hot blood of the O'Flahertys. At your age I was shot at for seven shillings a day—and, were the truth told, the king had the worst of the bargain. Lieutenant O'Flaherty, for a company in expectancy, headed a forlorn hope; and surely the said lieutenant had ample consideration for scrambling in the dark over ten yards of ruined masonry. I was calcined in Ceylon, and half frozen in the Pyrenees; but by each visitation I got a step. To the ague of South Beviland, and the vomita of the West Indies, I am deeply indebted for promotion; and, thanks to the gods, I read my name among the colonels of '34, and append C.B. to my ancient patronymic. And shall I not, as the fat knight, thy namesake, says, cherish this old carcass now, and “take mine ease in mine inn,” neither troubling your friend the coroner for a cast of his office, nor submitting my person to *post mortem* examination, to ascertain the interesting particulars how the pension-list was lightened by a pound a day, and solve a doubt whether a Companion of the Bath had been sped by bullet or “cold iron”?

Here, then, Jack—here, in sober, steady Scotland, like another Richard, will I exclaim, “Up with my tent!” Here, possessor of a Highland hill, and master of an humble cottage, will I seek

Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm.

Here I will sleep with an unlatched door—worship God as I please—and that, too, with a sure warrant that life is safe, and property free from spoliation. And when the last rout arrives from the Great Commander of us all, I will shuffle off this mortal coil as easily as I may; my hope, a Christian's—my bearing, that of

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

TO JOHN O'FLAGHERTY, Esq.

June 15, 1841.

I HAVE received your letter—a regular Jeremiah—a new burden to an old song, and all *anent* years of suffering, and the calamitous results arising from English tyranny and misrule. For a Whig epistle the thing is well enough; but for that of a *Repaler*, it is nothing but milk and water. If you intend to go the whole hog, you must not only forget the feelings, but decline the *parlance*, of a gentleman. All who presume to differ in opinion, and exercise a right of thinking for themselves, are, of logical necessity, both scoundrels and oppressors; and while you describe the English peasant as truculent and ignorant, you must be sure to concentrate the cardinal virtues in the clodhoppers at home. Remember, above all things, that Ireland is a second Goshen—a land over which Tommy Moore's lady of the wand and ring may commence her wanderings to-morrow, and, from Dingle to Downpatrick, none shall be found to say "black was the white of her eye." The newspapers will occasionally chronicle a fresh murder: no matter,—if Sassenach proprietors persecute the finest peasantry upon earth, they must abide the consequences of their oppressions. Is the peasant who finds it inconvenient to pay rent, and is, moreover, too high-spirited to retire peacefully from his holding at the bidding of his landlord—is he to be legally evicted? In such cases, surely, assassination may be excused; for, had the landlord but permitted his exemplary and industrious tenants to remain rent-free, he might have taken the liberty of riding in his own domain, and, except by mistake, no man would have molested him till doomsday.

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You call me intolerant: the charge may be true; but through life it seems that I have laboured under a delusion, and believed myself a liberal. I confess that for politics I have little taste, and to which of the great sections I belong is sometimes a puzzle to myself. In the good old Tory times people swore I was a Whig; and now, in the palmy days of purity and reform, they set me down as little better than a Conservative. I fear my intellects are obnubilated, inasmuch as modern statesmanship wholly passeth my understanding, and I have, moreover, antipathies beyond control. With a Radical I would not travel, advisedly, in an omnibus; and to the word Patriot I have a horror, since five-and-twenty years ago I conceived a detestation to the term, when

Dublin was overrun with drunken vagabonds, whom Devereux, the *liberator* of that day, had arrayed, "for the nonce," in green coatees and cocks' feathers, and transmuted, for ten pounds a head, from honest tradesmen into captains of dragoons. From any manifesto dated "Derrinane," and headed "Hereditary Bondsmen," I recoil. The police report, with me, obtains precedency of the parliamentary. To the apology of some pleasant member of the Tail, as delivered before a Bow-street magistrate, for twisting off a knocker, levanting with a friend's wife, or the performance of any other exploit befitting a grave and reverent senator, I carefully turn my attention; whereas, had he been upon his legs for six hours, I would not have wasted a thought upon his speech, unless, indeed, it had been pronounced within view of Saint Sepulchre's, and warranted a "last one." When a column of the *Times* appears bespattered with numerals, as if "the Thunderer" had pirated whole pages from the "Ready Reckoner," and I detect above it, "Mr. Hume rose amid cries of 'Question!' and 'Divide!'" I repudiate the broad sheet for that day, contenting myself with a peep into *Life in London*, or the perusal of some edifying article in the *Satirist*. These antipathies unfit me for becoming a politician, and have, probably, disqualified me from either estimating the stability of a Whig government, or of discovering the marvels it has wrought. I cannot persuade myself that China has yet been conquered; nor can I ascertain how the deficiency of millions in the revenue is a proof that trade has increased, and domestic prosperity reached its zenith. Indeed, when I think of the safe tenure of Whig office, and the tranquillity of Ireland, I am reminded of an incident that seems typical of both. I once crossed Channel in a steamer, on board of which a large quantity of gunpowder was being smuggled. It was concealed in an open crate, packed loosely in dry straw, and deposited beside the funnel, affording to half a dozen hay-makers a convenient resting-place, whereon they sat and smoked throughout the night, and as much at ease, too, as if they had been seated on a herring-barrel. I thought that the duration of Whig power, and eke the peace of Ireland, were not very dissimilarly circumstanced.\* One blast from Derrinane would send the *Melbournes* sky-high; and a spark from Dan's *dhudeine* set the country in a blaze, even from Lough Foyle to Killarney.

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You call me *un-Irish*, and charge me with coldness to my country. Did I exactly comprehend the meaning of the

\* Written in 1840.

phrase, I would at once plead guilty, or deny it. If it be *un-Irish* to exercise a free agency in thoughts and acts, reckless whether they may obtain the applause or provoke the anger of the multitude, then, indeed, am I *un-Irish*. I will neither yelp with the crowd, nor obey the *dictum* of their leader. If the proof of true belief lie in the rejection of mutton cutlets, and in poisoning myself with stale haddocks, because it happened to be Friday, write me down heretical when you please. I will not become a patriot at the risk of fever, and swelter throughout the dog-days in native frieze. To the general purity of my countrywomen I bear a most honourable testimony; but I must be excused in declining to compliment "the ladies of the sod" at the expense of the female community of a sister land. I will neither libel English virtue, nor palliate Irish murders. I can find no excuse for the slaughter of a landlord, even though he be a parson, and although the crime now-a-days, in the gentle *parlance* of the Whigs, is softened down to that of "simple homicide." That "fine peasantry" who receive the assassin red-handed from the foul deed, and shield him from the law's pursuit, I estimate as ruffians for whom the gallows is too good. If opinions such as these are anti-national, Jack, "I own the soft impeachment," and shall continue *un-Irish* to my death. *Coûte qui coûte*, I will not commence a fish diet "on compulsion"—*anno ætatis* 45—"Rhubarb's rhubarb," so saith Doctor Ollapod—and I'll call murder by its right name while I live.

\*             \*             \*             \*             \*

There is a passage in your letter that alarms me. I fear you are not proof against the yearnings of low ambition; and that to achieve an entrance into St. Stephen's, you might submit, in an hour of weakness, to be pitchforked in even by the priests. Should that calamity befall you, mark me, Jack, from that moment your misery may be dated. Over your independence, you may cry a coronach; for as a freeman, you are, to all intents and purposes, defunct. Good God! you would not stoop to the degradation of becoming a section of the Tail, and, in your vocation, bless as Daniel blessed, and anathematize all whom he cursed as dissenting? Would you bend to the dictates of vulgar tyranny, deliver yourself of rabid harangues, clamour against orangemen, parsons, and the king of Hanover, and prove that even woman's purity is not secure against the foul-mouthed calumny of a demagogue? Oh no! I slander you by the suspicion.

\*             \*             \*             \*             \*

Well—thanks to the gods!—I wronged you; and you promise to leave —— to itself, and absent yourself from the

election. You do wisely, Jack ; for what interest could you take in the return of a candidate, with whom you would not play sixpenny backgammon, without subjecting the dice to close surveillance, while, even for a hundred, you would not be tempted to acknowledge him in the street? No, no! it wont do. You have two thousand pounds a year, and are a bachelor to boot. What matters it to you whether the gang bless or ban you. If you find — become too hot, you may start, at a moment's notice, for Constantinople. No stern necessity binds you to the soil. Uncursed with a tithe property, so often fatal to its wretched owner—unencumbered by a large family and small means—you have no cause to resort to political hypocrisy, and vote by the order of the priest to prevent your children from being left fatherless, or their home a smoking ruin. You are no hungry adventurer, in the expectancy of some paltry place. You have no inducement to join the "Hereditary Bondsmen." For you there would be but one reward,—if subservient to the Dictator's will, you would be slavered with fulsome praise, while, on the first indication of returning independence, you would be loaded with obloquy and abuse, such as political virulence alone will venture to resort to.

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Well—I have pitched my tent—I am master of

A low snug dwelling, but in good repair ;

and with a locality around it that a painter or poet would delight in. Encompassed by a noble pine-wood, I peep through a vista in the trees, upon one of the sweetest lakes in Scotland. Behind, the ground rises abruptly and protects me from the east wind ; while in full front, a fine gorge opens among the hills, forming the picturesque valley of Glenfinart. What a subject for the pencil does this Highland strath present! The sun is setting—and over the nearer hill-tops he has thrown a gorgeous curtain—rich purple and molten gold. Beneath, Lough Long glitters like a mirror,—while more distant still, the loftier highlands are shaded by the haze of evening. All will be quiet soon. Oh, no; twilight but gives the signal for the peasant to renew his toil. The keel grates over the pebbled beach ; boat after boat glides from the shore ; and the busy work of herring-fishing is commencing. But in those harmless sounds there is a soothing influence, as the oar, dipped in the water with a measured stroke, falls in unison with a Gaelic boat-song. Gradually, the queen of night surmounts the eastern hill. The ruddy blush of sunset has sunk behind the mountains : now an unclouded moon is paramount



over lake and hill, flinging around a pearly light, exquisitely soft and beautiful, and suited for a "fairy home" and "witching scene," in which wildness, beauty, and romance have blended all their charms.

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Jack, I am regularly domiciled; and all about me bespeaks the humble plenty which gladdens a comfortable retirement. Poultry surround my barn; sundry cows admit me owner; and the hill behind my garden is stocked with highland weders. My old companion Barossa, is accommodated with a roomy stall; and dogs of "high and low degree" have all their several cantonments. As I walked out this morning, a roebuck bounded from the next plantation; and returning, a hare crossed the road, and stopped impudently to examine me, as if she had detected in mine the features of a stranger. The hoarse creaking of the partridge tells that his mate is hatching in the lawn; at dusk, the black-cock crows my "tattoo;" and at dawn, his challenge serves for my "reveille." Of the finny tribe, they tell me that the lake possesses an inexhaustible supply; and, consequently, that rod or net are rarely used in vain. Was ever a retreat better chosen for one who has buffeted the world from boyhood; one, where he can peacefully wear away "what span of life" may still remain; and wait calmly till the last order of readiness arrives, that shall command him to rejoin his kindred clay?

\* \* \* \* \*

Come hither, Jack; there is nothing to prevent it. Whig and Tory agree on one point, and that is, that Ireland has gone to the devil; and its game, like an advanced guard, has preceded the main body by a forced march. With you, hounds have generally disappeared; and a fox is regarded as a curiosity. When a boy, I have seen thirty red-deer in my walk; and they tell me, that between the Shannon and the sea, the mountains do not now contain a score. Grouse and partridges are miserably reduced; and the river, in which I could have once killed three salmon in an evening, has been diverted from its course, and there for years that fish has been unknown. Your lakes are utterly destroyed; for, Whig-like, pikes obtain possession,—and where, in fading sunset, I watched a thousand undulations sparkle upon the golden surface of Lough Carra, its bright blue water is now unbroken by a rise! Can you deny the charge? Ichabod! your glory is departed!

But, alas! save sport by "mere and muir," for your state of siege I have no commensurate excitement to hold out. Here, the hall-door remains unlocked, and the casements are

totally unprotected. Mark, how differently we live. Should the tones of an unknown voice be heard in our respective dwellings after nightfall, you would confront the stranger "armed to the teeth;" while I would provide nothing for our meeting but the dram-bottle. For the shooting of a man, they tell me that in Tipperary, where these things are correctly understood, a couple of pounds is considered a sporting remuneration; now, from John o'Groat's to Gretna Green, you might search Scotland over, and not obtain a contractor for the job; ay, if you offered a cool hundred. The people here are "dull as ditch-water;" all are moral and straightforward. No delicate inquiries—no compromises of felony, through the pious and profitable intervention of the church. Here, *scamag* is never heard of; and while the office of the Justice is becoming a sinecure, the cuttie-stool has fallen into disuse. "Tell it not in Gath!" even on Good Friday, a haggis is not held abominable. Men use a chapel as a house of prayer; and there rents are not allowed to be collected; and there, that "sacred impost," to wit, Daniel's own, has never found an advocate. Indeed, I half believe, that if his "pou was in the tow," and a shilling would free "the craigie frae the hemp," the kirk would not contribute a bawbee. But then they are a blind and stiff-necked race. Not one of them, even *sub sigillo confessionis*, would confide to the minister those family occurrences which they foolishly consider to be sacred. They go to their account "unanointed and unannealed;" and are so little alive to the blessed advantages of excommunication, that cursing from the altar is unknown. Indeed, you might go for years to kirk, and never from the pulpit hear a malediction. I have some doubts, that if the boldest clerk ventured to anathematize a sinner, he would be placed directly upon the Strathbogie list; and permitted to retire forthwith, and that, too, without rank or pay.

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Jack—I accept your offer: I grant your conditions to their fullest extent, and the terms shall be honourably fulfilled. While thou shalt remain my guest, the State must be left to its fate; for politics shall be excluded from our symposia, and the words "Whig and Tory" banished from our nomenclature as things unmentionable. We will talk of old times, and old friends. Thy steeple chases shall be ridden anew, and thy rasping fences be taken in sporting style a second time on Splinter-bar, that best weight-carrier in Roscommon. Thou shalt chronicle thy best runs, and describe every incident in the chase, from the time "the red rascal" broke cover at

Knockmore, until you went into him, without a check, at the cross roads of Duhallow.

And shall I not recall past adventures; fight all my battles over again; and tell thee of

Moving accident by flood and field?

Have I been a wanderer through life—travelled “from Dan to Beersheba,” and found all things barren? Marry, not I. When the gale whitens the dark waters of Lough Long, and the raindrops strike fast and heavily against the casement, thou shalt listen to tales of other times, and scenes in other lands: and many an actor who mounted the “deadly breach,” or whose last sigh escaped upon the field of victory, shall pass “in shadowy review” before thee.

Come hither, Jack,—I shall impatiently expect thee. Here, thy father’s son shall receive the hearty welcome of a highland home. We will while the day away “by stream and hill side;” and when evening falls—when

The lamp is lighted, and the hearth is trimmed,

thou shalt luxuriate over Glenlivat that would tempt Father Mathew to apostatize his “thin potatoes,” and listen to the rambling recollections of

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER I.

A first visit to Scotland—My friend's yacht—Run across channel—Kilbrenan Sound—Loch Fyne—Evening—A Highland gentleman—Night on Loch Fyne—Rose of Allandale—Inverary—Yacht-fleet—Morning preparations—Scene from the high ground—Gunpowder—A Blow-up—Hoisting of the Commodore's swallow-tail—Dinner—Anecdote—Cath Sleibh an t' shiora—The ball—Highland costume—The ladies—An invitation—A Scottish Sabbath—Singular incident—A Highland home.

YOUR letter has given me unaffected sorrow; and although personally unknown to him, your friend's bereavement excites my warmest sympathy. Looking at death as the mere cessation of animal existence, the thing is a common-place occurrence. It is the only certain event on which humanity can calculate—a debt sure to be demanded—and the only question, whether the payment be prompt or procrastinated. But the circumstances under which the claim is made,—it is these that render it a matter of affliction or indifference. The soldier closes the account upon the battle-field. Well; that is the fitting place. The sailor finds an ocean grave; he sleeps merely in his own element. In walks of life professionally dangerous, the one great contingency is of too frequent recurrence to occasion aught beyond a momentary interest; and in the routine of duty, or more perilous excitement, the memory of the departed is forgotten.

But to gentler spirits, and to the holier relations of human life, death comes in all his terrors. I never loved and was beloved; no plighted hand was ever grasped in mine; no child "lisp'd from his nurse's knee" the sacred name of father; yet I, to whom these softer ties are alien, can feel acutely for your friend, and fancy well the extent of his visitation. To lose, ere one brief year had sped, a wife and child together—she whom you describe as one in whom "a man's whole soul might centre,"—God pity him, poor Momner! His trial has been severe.

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You calculate on being absent for a twelvemonth. The call of friendship is sacred, and you are right to make the

sacrifice. There is no suffering for which time has not a balm and other scenes, and other skies, may tranquillize a wounded spirit.

Fear not: your request shall be obeyed. I will write frequently, and chronicle those wanderings in which I trusted you would have been a fellow-adventurer.

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You asked me, in a former letter, what caused me first to make "the land of cakes" my abiding-place? I reply, the same influence to which I ascribe the most important actions of my life—sheer accident. No man has drawn more liberally on Dame Fortune than myself; and though she has now and again played me a jade's trick, still, take her all in all, she has proved herself a gentlewoman. How frequently have I trusted to her guidance! I have deposited my person in a stage-coach, reckless whether the driver turned his "leathern conveniency" to the east or to the west; I have stowed myself in a steamer, ignorant of its destination, and indifferent whether the same should prove Gravesend or Boulogne; and yet my voyages were seldom unprofitable altogether; and if I found little to learn, I found at least enough to laugh at.

It was in a mood like this, that, late in August, 183—, I dropped, most unexpectedly, upon an old Peninsular acquaintance. In the Pyrenees I remembered him a light dragoon; in garrison, ten years afterwards, I left him a "kilted Highlander;" and now, upon the quay of Belfast, I detected him under the costume of a Guernsey fisherman. For the latter transformation he duly accounted, by pointing out a first-class cutter yacht, and informing me that his sword had been turned into a marling-spike. He was bound for Scotland, he added, to attend the Inverary regatta; had two friends on board, and also a cabin, at my service, and, moreover, he was only waiting for the evening tide to get under weigh.

Nothing could be more opportune, under every circumstance, than this invitation. To me "it was idlesse all"—Scotland an unknown land; and I had heard fascinating accounts of the beauties of its romantic scenery, rendered doubly interesting by its legendary lore and historic associations. I embraced the offer of the quondam light dragoon, and at twilight embarked my person and effects. We got our anchor presently; ran down the lough with a leading wind; and at midnight I bundled to my berth, in that comfortable and Christian-like frame of mind and body which a good supper and a liberal *deoch an duris* is certain to engender. As I went to sleep, the Maiden Lights were seen two miles seaward, and nearly a-beam the cutter; and I awoke with the

noise of the chain-cable rattling through the hawse-hole, as we let go our anchor in the harbour of Campbeltown.

Few will imagine, who have not experienced the *agrémens* of a first-class yacht, what comfort, nay, luxury, will be found on board. The elegances in arrangement, the ingenuity by which every inch of space is turned to account, the neatness in furniture and fittings, all these, to a stranger, are subjects of admiration and surprise. Nor are its culinary capabilities less remarkable. In a yacht, the creature-comforts of this world are always liberally provided; and to guess, by gastronomic effects, in the artistical selection the devil has no voice. Apicius himself, now-a-days, might venture on a cruise. Apicius—shade of Sir William Curtis!—what was Apicius to thee? An abomination of Kitchener to a master-piece of Ude—a *sheebien house* to the London Tavern.

We landed after breakfast; added a *black-face* to our sea-stock; obtained a supply of sea-fish alongside; and at noon proceeded to our destination.

A light breeze carried us past the old Castle of Sattel. I have a weakness *anent* old buildings; and I never pass a ruin hallowed by antiquity, that I do not wish I had the power to effect its restoration.

The approach to Lough Fyne, through Kilbrenan Sound, is generally interesting, and to-day it was particularly so. The mountain scenery was varied by atmospheric changes; and as we opened the romantic entrance to the Kyles of Bute, a little squadron of smaller yachts, on their voyage from the Clyde, were entering the Lough, *en route* to Inverary. They carried a light breeze along with them, which had totally deserted us. One after another their white canvass disappeared behind the point of Skipnish; and, excepting two black-sailed fishing-boats, we remained the only “thing of life” in view.

Tiding it gently on, we drifted past the ruins of a castle—once, from its commanding position, no doubt, a building of importance—and opened the entrance of Lough Gilp. We saw the variable breeze steal after us from Garrock head; in a few minutes we felt its influence—a crowd of canvass

Woo'd the soft kisses of the wind!—

and when we went down to dinner, the cutter was creeping fast along the Tarbet shore, although at table the motion of the vessel was imperceptible.

Evening fell. The light breeze, become yet lighter, at times scarcely gave the cutter steerage-way; and as we rounded the point of Otter, the sun “looked his last” upon us, and sank behind the Paps of Jura. Nothing could be more beautiful than all around us. It was a scene of quiet

loveliness. The lake, almost unruffled by the wind, which now and again stole in *cat's-paws* over its glassy surface—the heights and woods, tinted with all those varied hues which “dying day” produces—while, far as the eye could range, the lake was speckled with dark-sailed fishing-boats, hastening to the entrance of Lough Gilp to commence their nightly labour. They passed us, till night fell, in marvellous numbers; and when we remembered the many villages we had seen, each cabin half-concealed by curtains of herring-nets suspended from lofty poles to dry, and the beach before studded with countless row-boats, it appeared almost miraculous, prolific as nature is, how she could supply the endless calls made in Lough Fyne upon her bounty.

As we were still a dozen miles distant from Inverary, darkness must overtake us before we could reach our destination. To all on board Loch Fyne was strange. The chart apprized us we had a shoal to pass; and we called a council of war, to decide whether we should come to anchor, or grope our way to Inverary with the lead. From this perplexity the civility of a Highland gentleman relieved us. As he passed us in his little schooner, we hailed, to ask some information. The word “strangers” had magical effect. He pressed us to accept mutton, fish, and whisky—seemed disappointed that we were too largely supplied to allow us to avail ourselves of his kindness—and putting one of his own crew on board as pilot, he sent us on our way rejoicing. The Highlander was going into Loch Gilp Head for the night, and consequently our courses were opposite. As the vessels crept away from each other, his piper favoured us with a parting tune. For its melody I will not be answerable; but for volume (I think that is the term musicians call it by), I would take my corporal oath, were the wind fair, the *pibroch* might have been heard at Inverary.

Under the guidance of our kilted Palinurus, we passed the sand-banks safely; and, as the breeze freshened, hastened to our destination. It was now pitch dark; but a light a-head, and the merry notes of a well-played bagpipe, told us that we were not alone upon the waters of Loch Fyne, and that there were other voyagers belated like ourselves. Our loftier canvass enabled us to come up quickly with the stranger, which proved to be a small yacht from the Clyde, freighted with several families, Lowland and Highland, and bound for the regatta.

A merrier company never navigated an inland loch at midnight. “Laugh, and song, and revelry”—all were heard at intervals; and over the calm waters of the glassy lake every sound was wafted so distinctly, that they seemed as if

spoken on our deck. As we ranged alongside, the piper having fairly blown himself out with "The Campbells are coming," a partial silence succeeded. It was but momentary; for one of the sweetest voices I ever listened to began to sing "The Rose of Allandale." If you want, Jack, to hear a Scottish melody, listen to it from Highland lips—and if those lips be like hers on whose witching notes I hung—like hers, rosy and pouting, "as if some bee had stung them newly"—you will have cause to bless God, as I did afterwards, that

Nature, and Nature's works, lay hid in night;

or, even were you like me, a man of snow, that Highland girl and her sweet ballad would "have been the spoil of you" for ever!

In half an hour the twinkling of the town-lights told that we were abreast of Inverary, and the anchor was let fall. After supper, I drank a deep bumper to the unknown siren, and went to sleep dreaming of the Rose of Allandale.

To the last moment of my life I shall recollect the scene unexpectedly reserved for me next morning; and on coming upon deck I was overpowered with rapturous surprise. It was a splendid autumnal day; the sky was cloudless, and a flood of sparkling sunshine played over the blue waters of the lake, whose surface was not broken by a ripple. In a little bay, encircled with wooded heights, the yacht was anchored a cable's-length from land; and on whatever side the eye might turn, the panorama was complete. The northern view was magnificent. Half a mile off, the ducal residence of the Argyle family was finely exhibited. Environed with every variety of woodland scenery, the noble building holds a commanding aspect; while the hill of Doonichoich, raising its conical top to a height of seven hundred feet above the level of the lake, and timbered to the very summit, adds its fine feature to a landscape of exceeding beauty.

Nor were other objects wanting to render the castle and town additionally imposing. A fleet of nearly thirty yachts were anchored in the bay, and gave a life-like character to all around them. In the distance, other white-sailed vessels were seen drifting up the loch; boats passed frequently to the shore, backwards and forwards; while the occasional arrival of the humbler pinnacle of a "bonnet-laird,"—his oarsmen distinguished by some botanic badge, and his piper "skirling a gathering" as they threaded the fairy fleet—announced the important intelligence, that in the little smoke-dried Highlander whose person and portmanteau were deposited in the stern-sheets, they carried "Cæsar and his saddle-bags."

As the morning wore on, the business of the day became



momentous, and from yacht to yacht the transit of boats increased. At noon the commodore was to hoist his swallow-tail; and, in due honour, that meteor-flag, doomed not to brave the battle but the breeze, was to be saluted by the fleet. I observed that preparations were making in the cutter, and that divers brass guns were uncased, and, after a due examination, declared ready for action. Now I detest gunpowder nearly as much as the gentleman who, "perfumed like a milliner," put Hotspur in a passion; and, therefore, I requested a shove ashore, with the prudent intention of witnessing the ceremony *à la distance*. To amateur artillerists I have a desperate antipathy. Every man has a right, if he pleases, to get "hoist by his own petard,"—but modern gunners have a confounded knack of throwing a wad or tompon direct into the centre of the spectators; and consequently I determined to take a position where, even under the concentrated fire of the whole fleet, I might remain unscathed—*Dis aliter visum*.

Selecting a rising ground above the inn which domineered the bay, and commanded a glorious prospect of loch and mountain, I sat down upon a fallen tree, and calmly looked upon the nautic preparations. I half regretted that I had come into this "knavish world," unprovided with a painter's bump upon the cranium, for an artist's pencil never embodied a more splendid scene. It was, in truth, a glorious spectacle. Lake, hill, and wood; castle, and town, and shipping; all extended at my feet. I looked at my watch; it was close upon the stroke of noon, and in a few minutes, harbingered by the flash of "red artillery," the commodore's pennant would flutter gaily at his mast-head.

I wish that villanous composition called gunpowder had remained, like the philosopher's stone, *incognito*. A monk, they say, discovered it. Monks and mischief are synonymes, if an Italian proverb may be credited; and, God knows, his reverence might have been better employed than in abstracting saltpetre from "the harmless bowels of the earth," for no other purpose than sending gentlemen to heaven before their time. I was blown up at Badajoz. Well, that was bad enough; yet still it was "in my vocation, Hal." But now, in all the security which a high hill and safe conscience begat, I narrowly escaped going aloft with the full accompaniments of smoke and sound, even before the *queue d'aronde* of our gallant commander.

For a few minutes a rustling noise was audible from a hedge behind me; and surely there was nothing in that to cause alarm: but, presently, a man bounded through an

opening in the fence, betraying unequivocal symptoms of hurry and confusion. "Ye had better rin!" he shouted, as he passed me. "Run! Why should I run?" was a natural interrogatory. Still continuing his flight, my informant, after consigning to the deil "folk who would ask fule questions," condescended to intimate "that I was unco near the poother!"—"Unco near," indeed; for before I had time to articulate the word "Where?" up went a shower of earth and stones, veiling my person in smoke and sulphur, like Zamiel's in *Der Freyschutz*. That I had not mounted with the blast seemed miraculous; and that I escaped a broken head afterwards was stranger still; for, all around me, I heard the fragments falling on the sward.

After muttering a prayer for my deliverance, I consigned this Highland engineer to the infernal gods; but Donald, suspecting that it would be prudent to play least in sight, took care not to favour me with a second interview.

But "louder still the clamour grew," as the sun went "over the fore-yard," and up went the commander's swallow-tail. The appearance of the honoured bunting was signal for an awful cannonade. An hundred patereroes spoke to the heavens, and a hundred echoes gave reply. Nothing could have grander effect than the volleys, as they were reverberated through the mountains, rolling from hill to hill, until they died away at last in distant murmurings.

And then came the dinner and the ball. At the former, none but the male sex appeared; and the company exhibited a curious *mélange*. There were denizens of Cockayne, and "gentlemen from Ireland;" Paisley folk and Glasgow bodies, chiefs with unprouncable sobriquéés—being appellations taken from their respective estates,—“highland and lowland, far and near”—all had collected for the occasion. A feeling of general good-humour appeared to pervade the whole; and the resident gentlemen seemed anxious to treat the stranger visitors with pointed civility.

While we waited until dinner was announced, I recollected, under similar circumstances, having witnessed a ridiculous occurrence when in Galway. I had been invited, with some other officers of my regiment, to the annual entertainment given by a celebrated sporting community, since defunct, called "The Blazers;" and being all duly assembled, we were in momentary expectation of receiving a summons to the eating-room. Suddenly an uproar was heard within; and a waiter, "with hair erect," rushed into the presence.

"What the devil's the matter?" inquired the chairman.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" responded the affrighted attendant, "come quick, for the love of Jasus, or there will be bloodshed

immediately! The servants have fallen out about their rank, and they're murderin' each other wid pickled onions!"

At this Highland festival, however, all, even to the attendants, seemed bent upon hilarity and good fellowship; and none were uproarious but the pipers. Their number was legion; and the announcement of dinner proved the signal for a general outbreak. You may remember, in the old 2—th, on the anniversary of a battle, that it was our "custom i' th' afternoon" to drink to its memory "pottle-deep," while the band, in single file, marched round the room, playing the "British Grenadiers." A blast from a trombone, *point-blanc*, is no joke; but, Heaven help us! what is it to a *Cath sleibh an t' Shiora*,\* executed within a foot of the tympanum, by a fellow six feet high, and a chest sufficiently capacious to become substitute for the bellows of a smithy?

From the dinner-table there was an early adjournment to the ball-room; and, as I went late, the festive scene appeared in all its glory. Most of the Highlanders wore their native dress; and many of the fairer sex also sported their respective tartans. To the latter the plaid was particularly becoming; and I should say that this arose chiefly from the great simplicity with which it was put on. Not so the costume of the gentlemen: they, with few exceptions, were dressed in bad taste, and overloaded with glittering ornaments. To bear upon the person the full detail of a Highlander's accoutrements, requires that the figure should be commanding, or, at least, if undersized, that it should exhibit both strength and symmetry. "Stout gentlemen" will find their bulky proportions but little benefited by "wrapping their hurdies in a philibeg;" and on the thin, the diminutive, or the ill-formed, the dress becomes absolutely ridiculous. Besides the framework of the man, a certain "setting-up" is wanted—a soldier's dress requires a soldier's bearing—*Cucullus non facit monachum*; and, would you point that proverb, contrast with a flanker of the 42nd a "bonnet-laird" of stunted height and slim proportions. Garnish him, as Dr. Kitchener would say, with dirk and broadsword, add pistols and powder-horn, and furnish him with every lethal appurtenance beside, even to the knife within the garter. Alas, after all, you might as well compare Goose Gibby with Roderick Dhu!—make him a walking armoury—still, "the man's the man for a' that."

Shall I be burned in effigy, or in proper person suffer martyrdom, when I whisper that there was not a beauty in the room? Well, "pit and gallows" are long since out of fashion, and I will boldly avow the fact. If you want to look upon woman such as Rubens painted, seek her in England,

\* Military music of the M'Kenzies—the dinner-call of the 72nd.

for there is beauty's home. If you would have wit, and gaiety, and loveliness combined, I'll back "ould Ireland" against the world for that. But if you would avoid being regularly bedeviled, and that, too, before you even dreamed you were in danger, keep out of Scotland "if you love me."

At the Inverary ball I was presented to a Highland girl. Beyond a claim to prettiness, she could not put forward a pretension. With a profusion of light and silken hair, she had hazle eyes full of *espièglerie*; and such teeth, Jack—for one kiss I would forfeit my chances in the next brevet. I danced with her, talked to her, and listened to a voice upon whose

Accents hung

The sweetness of the mountain tongue—

until her mother claimed her. Jack, had I been but twenty years younger, and richer by twenty thousand pounds, by all that's matrimonial—had she accepted the offer—I would have made her Mrs. O'Flagherty upon the spot!

My introduction to the Land of Cakes, you will probably say, was made under those peculiar circumstances which would render any country agreeable for the time. Well, I do admit, that in my first view of Scotland, I saw it to advantage; and, consequently, that the earliest impression was most favourable. I know that, in the crowd, much of what one meets with is artificial and insincere. A man's character cannot be determined during the course of a single computation; nor could I venture before "the next justice of the peace," and attest the amiability and good temper of a young lady with whom, among

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,

I had gone down a *contra danse*, and picked a cold chicken afterwards. Of all suspicious mortals, ancient bachelors are the most suspicious; and hence I was particularly desirous to ascertain whether that warmth and gaiety, and artlessness of manner which I had admired in public, was also apparent in the more private relations of society, and exhilarated the retirement of a Highland home. The opportunity I longed for was not wanting; for we received from a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood, an invitation to stay with him for a few days on the termination of the regatta.

In company with several yachts, we got under weigh, and, with a light breeze, stood down the loch; and, late in the evening, parting from the little squadron, we anchored in a small bay within gun-shot of the laird's mansion, where our presence was expected the next morning.

What a contrast did that morrow present to the noise and busy preparation with which, during the preceding week, each succeeding day had been ushered in! The sky was clear and cloudless; the sea was "dressed in smiles;" the peasant rested from his labour; and nature, in perfect repose, gave an additional tranquillity to the hallowed quiet of a Scottish sabbath. Not a sound was heard, save the distant tinkle of the church bell, which came stealing "in softest music" over the blue waters, and

Summoned sinful man to pray.

On the wide expanse of the loch, which yesterday was speckled with a hundred sails, nothing but the sea-bird was afloat. The crew were unusually silent: and the yacht itself seemed sleeping over its anchor.

We had finished breakfast, and from the cutter's deck were looking on the tranquil scene around us, when a very singular incident occurred. Suddenly, at some distance from the yacht, the sea all round assumed, here and there, a bloody hue, the shade varying from dark to light, and changing colour with unaccountable rapidity. Gradually, these sanguine spots approached the cutter, and enabled us to ascertain what caused them. In myriads, dense masses of small shrimps played round the vessel, rendering "the multitudinous sea incarnadine, and

Making the green, one red.

Probably the bright copper on the yacht's bottom had attracted them, for they remained for a considerable time about the vessel, and rose and fell in masses, apparently wedged together to the depth of a dozen feet. Had we possessed the means to lift them, we might have loaded the cutter, and commenced a manufactory of shrimp-sauce. By a very simple contrivance, however, we did take up a barrel-full. To the handle of an open basket we attached a short line, and placing a heavy lead in the bottom to sink it, lowered it over the counter to a fathom's depth. When a mass of these red-coats rose round the stern, we plucked our basket up, each time bringing it on deck half filled. At last, in the parlance of a policeman, the shrimps began to "move on," and give place to a fresh arrival—namely, a scull of lithes and pollocks, which broke the water round us in numbers comparatively enormous. These again were followed by a play of porpoises, which came tumbling merrily on. Indeed, the whole appeared occupied in mutual pursuit of each other; and this singular *chasse* continued until an elbow of the land shut it from our sight.

In the course of the afternoon, our host came off in his boat to bid us welcome; and we returned with him, and were duly presented to a part of the family who had remained at home during the recent festivities. His mansion seemed a fair specimen of a Highland household, and in many points it brought our own old roof-tree to my recollection, such as I remembered it in boyhood. The welcome was warm as an Irish one; and, with the phrase in which that scoundrel, Tippoo Suldaun, used to conclude his letters, "Need I say more?"—and there was comfort without pretence, and kindness without display. In the morning I shot the muirs with the laird, and in the evening listened to Scotch ballads sweetly sung, or danced reels with the young ladies. During that brief week, Father Time, with uncommon civility, removed ten years from my shoulders, though the old scytheman exacted Hebrew interest for it afterwards; and to the last hour of my life, I will recall to memory, with gratitude and pleasure, the first occasion on which I experienced Scottish hospitality, and was domesticated in "*a Highland home.*"

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## CHAPTER II.

Departure from Loch Fyne—Bute—The Cumbrays and Clyde—Dumbarton—Inn of Ballock—The album—Loch Lomond—Character of its beauty—Rowaudennan—The stout gentleman—Ben Lomond—Expansive view—Descent and dinner.

EARLY on a fine September morning, the yacht got under weigh, and, with a spanking breeze, we soon ran the Highland mansion out of sight, where we had experienced so much kindness and hospitality. As the wind was westerly, and the Clyde our destination, we closed the point of Lamont, and entered "the Kyles," preferring this passage to rounding the southern extremity at Garrock Head.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the island and sound of Bute. Its scenery is beautiful and diversified and the surface combines, in singular variety, savage grandeur with "green fertility." Bute has attained an enviable celebrity, and to scenic charms it unites a climate of remarkable salubrity. Two places on the island particularly attract the traveller's attention—the mansion of the noble proprietor, and the cottage of Edmund Kean. To the retirement of this "lonely isle" the great artist intended to have stolen from the world; and, secluded from the giddy crowd, have ended here

a life which had experienced every vicissitude of those change-ful fortunes, to which genius, from its first struggle to its final triumph, is so generally exposed.

At noon we issued from the Kyles, leaving, some miles astern, the Cumbrays, which seem, at a little distance, in Scott's words, to

Close the fair entrance of the Clyde.

The situation of these "fair islands" is very interesting, and their scenic effect equally romantic. Of their white lighthouse and ruined tower many a sketch has been made by the passing voyager. The latter stands boldly on a cliff which overhangs the sea, and was once not only a place of strength, but, if tradition may be believed, a royal residence. Like that castle famed in Irish song,\* it, too, dated its ruin to Oliver Cromwell—a gentleman who respected neither stone walls nor kingly associations. However the importance of Cumbray may have fallen in other estimations, in that of its worthy minister it still remains unchanged; for, as the story goes, after invoking a blessing on his own population, Mass John adds an additional supplication in favour of "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

The remainder of the passage up the Clyde was completed within two hours. The river, if river you can call this expansive outlet to the sea—was crowded with steamers and sailing vessels; and as we passed the openings of the Holy Loch and Loch Long, we caught hurried glances at the most splendid combinations of lake and mountain scenery imaginable.

At Greenock, I bade my host and his companions farewell; and if I did not do so with regret, my ingratitude for the enjoyment of a most pleasurable excursion would have been unbounded. But I had seen enough of Scottish beauty to create a craving desire to see more: and now, in the immediate neighbourhood of those scenes with which, even when under an Indian sky, the romances and poetry of Scott had rendered me familiar, I determined to roam

O'er the wild rock, through mountain pass,  
The trembling bog, and false morass;

where already, in fancy, I had been a wanderer. Accordingly I stepped on board a Dumbarton steamer, and in half-an-hour swept round the base of that "time-honoured rock," which, for eighteen hundred years, has been so constantly associated with national history.

To the fortress of Dumbarton how many interesting re-

\* Castle of Blarney.

miniscences are attached! Immortalized by Ossian—possessed in turns by the first Edward and John Baliol—the prison of William Wallace, and the scene of that unavailing remorse which agonized the bosom of his betrayer!\* Captured by Bruce, unsuccessfully besieged by the fourth Edward, reduced by the Earl of Argyle; surprised, while in false security, by the daring of a bold soldier, Captain Crawford; resided in by James the Fifth; and visited by that fair and erring queen, the “peerless Mary!”

Like the greater number of ancient fortresses, Dumbarton is shorn of its strength, and its military importance has passed away. The plunging fire from elevated batteries is considered formidable no longer; and from the improvements in projectiles, and the increased power of modern artillery, the castle would be rendered vulnerable on every side; and the “frowning rock,” which defied the efforts of a royal fleet, would now offer but brief resistance.

The most convenient resting-place for a tourist to Loch Lomond, is the inn of Ballock, placed where the Leven debouches from the lake; and thither, accordingly, I proceeded in a vehicle, which in Scotland, God knows why, is called a “noddy.” This route of five miles is rather interesting; and one spot is classic—that on which a Tuscan pillar stands, dedicated to the memory of Smollet.

With every regard for “the Land of Cakes,” excuse me from a commendation of its climate. The morning was splendid—the day a little dull; but the evening, like a virago, whose bridled temper at the outbreak becomes tremendous, brought down the night in torrents. Fortunately, the little hostelry was not overcrowded on this inclement evening; and “in mine inn” everything was absolutely comfortable, and therefore I had no reason to complain.

Although the walls of Ballock were not ornamented with

The twelve good rules, and royal game of goose;

nor the mantel with

Tea-cups wisely kept for show;

still there were books upon the sideboard; and—tell it not in Gath—an album, wherein travellers were requested to record their “experiences,” and chronicle their wanderings. All, however, harped upon the same string—heavy charges, and bad weather—with two or three exceptions; and these appeared to have been the effusions of amatory apprentices;

\* A rude sculpture, within the castle, represents Sir John Monteith, in an attitude of despair, lamenting his former treachery.



with the superadded complaint of an English bagman, who, hapless gentleman! had unfortunately arrived when mutton was tough, and trouts not procurable. Of both, some interesting particulars had been furnished by succeeding tourists. One of the amatory youths was stated to be an emigrant to Australia at the public expense; and the other was taking exercise on the treadmill. But the bagman, as it was averred, had exited under more imposing circumstances, in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Sepulchre, bequeathing, as became a Christian man, his forgiveness to judge, jury, Jack Ketch, and all concerned.

“Up rose the sun in beauty!”—and the first peep at him from the window assured me that I should see Loch Lomond in all its loveliness—and that, too, with the comfort which attends steam locomotion. After breakfast, I stepped on board the “Queen of Scots,” or the “Helen Macgregor;” but whether the beauty or the beldam “bore the weight of Antony,” I forget.

Ask me for no descriptions, Jack; but, as Yankees head their advertisements, “Come, and see!” Indubitably, viewed on a fine day, Loch Lomond would repay a pilgrimage. Hear what a learned Theban\* says—one creditable as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and whose word you might take for a thousand:—

“Loch Lomond is unquestionably the pride of our lakes; incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions; exceeding all others in variety, as it does in extent and splendour; and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands.

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“With regard to the superiority of Loch Lomond to all other lakes, there can be no question; so, in the highly-contrasted characters of its upper and lower portions, it offers points of comparison with the whole.

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“Everywhere it is, in some way, picturesque; and, everywhere, it offers landscapes, not merely to the cursory spectator but to the painter.

\* \* \* \* \*

“With respect to style, from its upper extremity to a point above Luss, it may be compared with the finest views on Loch Awe, on Loch Lubnaig, on Loch Maree, and on Loch Earn, since no others can here pretend to enter into competition with it. There are also points in this division not dissimilar to the finer parts of the Trosachs, and fully equal to them in wild grandeur.

\* Mr. Macculloch.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It possesses, moreover, a style of landscape to which Scotland produces no resemblance whatever; since Loch Maree scarcely offers an exception. This is found in the varied and numerous islands that cover its noble expanse; forming the feature which, above all others, distinguishes Loch Lomond; and which, had it no other attractions, would render it, what it is in every respect, 'the paragon of Scottish lakes.'"

I have seldom found a glowing character of female beauty realized when I met the fair one; and expectation, too highly wrought, always ended in disappointment. Hence I was half persuaded that the lovely lake, on whose clear waters I was embarked, would, on inspection, be found indebted for no small portion of its celebrity either to the enthusiasm of the traveller, or the poetic painting of the Scottish bard; and, indeed, the opening view of Loch Lomond is not calculated to sustain its reputation. It is tame, common-place, and artificial, with nothing to elicit admiration, or startle the traveller with surprise. But when Inch Murrin is passed, and the vale of "Sweet Innesdale," and the wooded isles of Grange and Tornish, burst upon the sight, then the lake's charms become most exquisite, and the tourist admits their variety and magnificence. In island beauty Loch Lomond is unrivalled; for all that forms romance is there embodied.\*

Every mile we steamed, the lake assumed a new character; and every "spot of beauty" that we left behind was but an opening to scenery varying and increasing in loveliness. From end to end—from its *debut* into the Leven, to its mountain-origin in the wild valley of Glenfalloch, Loch Lomond feeds the untiring eye with matchless combinations of grandeur and softness united; forming a magic land, from which poesy and painting have caught their happiest inspirations.

On our voyage up, we kept close to the western shore, passing the sweet village of Luss, and the inn and hamlet of Tarbet; but returning, the steamboat proceeded by the other side, and skirted the base of that huge pile of hills, Ben Lomond. A little further on, we were shown a bold and precipitous rock, named after Rob Roy, and, according to

\* "These islands are of different forms and magnitude. Some are covered with the most luxuriant wood, of every different tint; others show a beautiful intermixture of rock and copses; some like plains of emerald, scarcely above the level of the water, are covered with grass; and others, again, are bare rocks, rising into precipices, and destitute of vegetation."  
*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond.*

tradition, employed with great success by the daring outlaw, in replenishing his exhausted treasury.\* This is the narrowest part of the lake, being scarcely a mile over, and it affords a point from which the mountain extremity at Glenfalloch, crowned by the lofty summit of Ben Voirlich, is seen with admirable effect. Still lower down, we reached the little inn of Rowandennan, where I disembarked; it being the point from which Ben Lomond can be mounted with least difficulty.

Besides myself, another tourist abandoned the steam-boat at Rowandennan. He was a stout middle-sized man—neither young nor old, vulgar or *distingué*; owner of a brown portmanteau, Macintosh monkey-jacket and an umbrella, cased as carefully against weather as the colours of a battalion on the march. He was not strictly referable to any class—he might be a banker or a bagman, a miller or a *millionaire*. On one object both of us were bent—namely, the apex of Ben Lomond.

We dined together. Loch Lomond trout, jack, and black-faced mutton! the rear brought up with a grey hen in excellent condition! That is not bad fare for travellers “in search of the picturesque and beautiful.” What would the stout gentleman drink? The stout gentleman could drink anything. Up came a bottle of port—admirable, by the way. You know that I fill fair,—well, the stout gentleman filled fairer! We eschewed politics, and talked of Scotland; its scenery and game; its romance and its *Glenlivet*. Should some whisky be ordered in? The stout gentleman was agreeable. We sate the evening out; and a pleasanter companion, after the third tumbler, I never met with, and no man can be on his mettle earlier.

“And now,” said I, after we had brewed a *deoch an duris*, for the second time, “we may venture to bed, I think.”

“Had we not better call a bill?” responded the stout gentleman.

“Useless,” I replied; “as we do not leave until to-morrow.”

“I always pay my bill at night;” said the stranger.

“What trouble you must give yourself unnecessarily!”

“Quite a mistake,” returned the stout gentleman; “you little imagine its advantages. All the personal effects of

\* “The front and sides are nearly perpendicular, and about thirty feet high; the top is flat, and projects from another steep rock which is considerably higher. Upon this flat portion, it is said that Rob Roy was in the custom of letting down, by a rope round their waist, those who refused to comply with his demands. If, after being drawn up, they still continued obstinate, they were let down a second time, with the addition of a gentle hint, that if they continued obstinate when again drawn up, they should then be suspended by the neck.”—*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond*.

which I am master in this world, save and except a trifle in the funds, are contained in yonder small portmanteau. I settle all demands against me before I take my bedroom candlestick, even to the chambermaid's gratuity; strap my 'leathern conveniency' afterwards; and if the house take fire over night, my chattels are safe, aye, even to a tooth-brush. Ah, could you but know the comfort of the system I adopt, you must be suddenly wakened by a roar of 'Fire!'—your room illuminated by a flare of light—your ear delectated by the headlong speed of rival engines, as the Hand-in-Hand runs a dead heat to your hall-door, neck-and-neck with the Phoenix—*Proximus Ucalegon ardet*, the next house is in a blaze; and in five minutes you, too, will be in *a low*, as they say in Scotland. All is hurry and alarm; the landlady calling, 'Where's the child?' and the nursemaid replying, 'Where's my bundle?' Valuables flying from the windows, as a luckless gambler scatters a pack of cards. The swell-mob industriously collecting the same; and the police, looking on, as officers of justice should, to see that the division of property is equable. You, in the meantime, have slipped into your habiliments, tucked your portmanteau underneath your arm, toddled quietly down stairs—none to stop or stay you—and if the fire is interesting, you may sit down quietly upon your effects, and enjoy the spectacle in comfort."

"Your system," I replied, "is certainly that of a citizen of the world."

"Every country is the same to me," returned the stranger.

"A bachelor, I presume?"

"I belong to that respectable fraternity," replied the stout gentleman.

"You are not then, sir, embarrassed with many domestic affinities," said I.

"I have," replied the stranger, "a few distant relations; and I believe, if a sixpence would save me from the hulks, not one of them, in cockney parlance, 'would fork out the tanner;' and indeed, on my side, these affectionate relations meet with an honest return."

"In short, sir, you are a person who cares little how the world jogs; and have few sympathies in common with the rest of mankind."

"And," returned the stranger, "wherefore should I sympathize with others, when I found none to sympathize with me? But, it grows late; the bill is paid, here is a bed-room candle, and here a shilling for the chambermaid. Good night, sir; and probably, on our return from the top of Ben Lomond to-morrow evening, I may satisfy you, that if the

world and I have shaken hands and parted, I owed it nothing on the score of sympathy."

So saying, the stout gentleman took up his brown portmanteau, bade me "Good night," and retired to his apartment.

\* \* \* \* \*

A finer September morning never rose than that which ushered the next day in. The stranger and I met early at the breakfast-table, after passing a night of such undisturbed tranquillity, that the stout gentleman might have gone to rest, without paying the bill or strapping his portmanteau. At eleven o'clock, guides and ponies were announced to be in readiness; and the stranger, impatiently declining the services of both, started for the mountain on foot, leaving me to follow more leisurely and easily, by the assistance of biped and quadruped combined.

Although Ben Lomond rises to the immense altitude of three thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, still the ascent to the summit is effected without much difficulty. The highest elevation of the mountain is computed to be some six miles from the inn, and three hours are required to reach the apex without much fatigue. I need hardly observe, that a bright unclouded day is indispensable to enjoy the advantages of the ascent,—and in this we were eminently fortunate.

Ben Lomond comprises three massive divisions, each topping the other in succession. The lower one is clothed with copse-wood; and the upper are heath and pasture. By the western side, the mountain is ascended; the other presenting a precipitous wall of shattered rock, two thousand feet in height. As the cone of the mountain is approached, the traveller's fatigue proportionately increases, for at every step the surface becomes steeper and more rugged; but when the point is gained, if a scene of expansive grandeur rewards a tourist's toil, he who labours to the summit of Ben Lomond will be recompensed an hundred-fold.

I remember, when a boy, in deer-stalking among the hills of Erris, the game-keeper and I bivouacked near the summit of Carrig-a-Binnioge, and from that lofty situation saw the sun rise from the Atlantic, and light up a prospect of land and water, which then, I believed to be the most extensive upon earth. Compared with that I viewed to-day, its compass was as nothing. Favoured by atmospheric clearness, the eye seemed to take in an illimitable space; and, probably, one of its most curious illusions is, that Stirling seems almost at your feet, and Loch Lomond and its many islands, show like

a thread of water dotted with numerous green specks. Southward, the view comprises all Lanark, even to the remoter Lowthers and Coulterfell, with, in the extreme distance, the Isle of Man. South-west, you overlook Renfrew and Ayr; Bute, Arran, and Jura, the rock of Ailsa, Cantyre, the Irish coast, and, distantly, the wide Atlantic. Imagine the mighty space the eye can range over, and all the variety of surface that space exhibits. You have hill, and land, and water; for most of the loftier mountains appear in sight, and nineteen lakes are visible. Such is the glorious display with which Ben Lomond rewards the simple traveller for his labour; and to the man of science the recompense is tenfold. In studying the formation of this primitive mountain, the geologist will find much to interest him; and, from its rare and numerous plants, to the botanist, I am told, Ben Lomond is a garden.

With all his boasted indifference to things which interest the commoner order of mortals, the stout gentleman could not withhold his admiration; and after we had discussed a cold grouse, and the better portion of a flask of sherry, he actually warmed into eloquence, and during the descent was unusually agreeable. Our visit to the mountain occupied seven hours at least; and I verily believe, that while it lasted, he never bestowed a thought on what generally appeared to engross his every care—the brown portmanteau.

We dined together; bottle of port as before; and Glenlivet *ad libitum* afterwards. Mountain labour is severe; the stranger was rather corpulent; and no wonder, therefore, that he owned himself a little thirsty in the evening. Indeed, he complained that “he felt a cobweb in his throat,”—and nothing would remove the said cobweb more effectually, than a judicious admixture of lemon acid with mountain-dew. It was a simple and pleasant remedy: and I am glad to say it proved, also, an efficacious one.

The second tumbler disappeared; and, thinking that the stranger had reached the confines of agreeability, I ventured to hint at the promise he had made me in the morning. The request was cheerfully acceded to—he drew forth an antiquated snuff-box, took a preliminary pinch, and fabricated a fresh supply of toddy,—and these preparations being complete, thus ran *The Story of the Stout Gentleman*.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE STORY OF THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
With slacken'd bit, and hoof of speed?

BYRON.

It was early in autumn when I received a pressing invitation from a distant kinsman to visit him for a week or two; and having obtained leave of absence between return days, I set off for my friend's residence. Dick Hamilton was a bachelor, and lived as bachelors used to live in Ireland some thirty years ago. His shooting box was unique, and his stables unexceptionable. He kept a smart stud, and well-stocked cellar. No man rode more sportingly to hounds; and he could bag twelve snipes without a miss. Furthermore, he was blessed with the best trainer within fifty miles; and you might have safely backed his black-eyed house-keeper for foot and ankle against the parish for "a pony," and no one would take you up.

And yet in the estimate of my worthy cousin's virtues public opinion seemed divided. Some said that Dick Hamilton was running out like a fool; while if you were only to believe others, he was merely living like a gentleman. Elderly ladies averred that the aforesaid Richard was little better than a scamp; and younger ones wrote him down a jewel above price, in whose private person the cardinal virtues were duly concentrated. In this summary of my cousin's qualities, on the female part there was no concealment, while with the other sex a striking caution was remarkable. Dick Hamilton was a dead shot; and it is astonishing how chary people are in censuring the failings of an acquaintance, who holds the reputation of being what "the Fancy" call "an ugly customer," and can remove the bonnet from the knave of diamonds at twelve paces—"and no mistake."

My cousin's domicile was situated on the beautiful bay of ——. On one flank stood the little sea-port of Westpoint, and on the other the beautiful village of Rosedale. The locality was very agreeable; and as the beach was fine, the air salubrious, and the scenery picturesque, during the summer and autumnal months gentlemen in search of health, and ladies whose vows against matrimony still remained unrecorded in "heaven's chancery," flocked hither, to try whether there was "balm in Gilead" for enlarged livers, or

maiden independence unhappily protracted until the heart had sickened with "hope deferred," and was bordering on despair.

Schoolmen aver that to one great goal human wishes strain; and that one object, under a different name, influences alike the lowly and the proud. It may be so; and certainly the crowd who periodically resorted to the bay of Westpoint, in active pursuit of health or husbands, was not confined to clique nor circle. There were personages with lengthened pedigrees, precisely in inverted ratio to the extent of their purses; and some without pedigree at all, whose patronymic would have horrified the college of arms about as extensively as it would have delectated the heart of a bill-broker. In a locality tenanted by people composed of materials removed beyond amalgamation, it was necessary that the division in society should be strikingly defined. The atmosphere of the village was consequently declared aristocratic altogether; nothing allied to trade could breathe there and live; and to the little fishing-town the vulgar denizens of opulence were consigned. Indeed the mutual abiding places were held as jealously apart from each other as the cantonments of armies in the field; and there was nothing in community but the church, the highway, and the sea.

Now as my kinsman's shooting box occupied a central position of the bay, he stood immediately between the divided cliques, and occupied what might be termed "the debateable land." If he stepped out in his flowered dressing-gown before breakfast, on his left might have been discovered the upper portion of the sylphic form of the Honourable Juliana Beningfield, shrouded from vulgar gaze in the green habiliment of a water nymph; while on his right, in salmon-coloured baize, and like a rival kelpie, Miss Bessie Grogan was simultaneously disporting. If he blew a cloud, *al fresco*,—"his custom i' the afternoon,"—he saw the admiral's rooms lighting up for his lady's *soirée musicale*; or, on the other hand, if his eyes turned towards the town, the tuning of divers fiddles announced that Mrs. Dwyer's "hop" was presently commencing. Although forming an integral part of the village "exclusives," Dick Hamilton occasionally patronized the festivities of the fishing town; and he whose arm on the preceding evening had encircled the Honourable Juliana Beningfield in the waltz, might, on the succeeding night, have been detected pressing the soft hand of her of the salmon-coloured bathing dress, through the mazes of "Mrs. Macloud," after perpetrating "The Campbells are coming," with the old apothecary's young wife.



Did such offendings elicit the punishment they deserved, and was loss of caste the consequence? No; Dick Hamilton was voted a privileged man,—the young ladies declaring that he could not be spared, while the gentlemen came to a conclusion that it was dangerous to remonstrate, and better far to let him go to the devil by his own way.

Such was the general posture of affairs, when, in an evil hour, I accepted my kinsman's invitation. The season was at its zenith; and every closet in which a Christian man could be contained, was engaged, in town and village, for a month to come. Every grade was in full operation. The bay was covered with parties, y'cleped pleasure; the mountain studded with *déjeuné à la fourchette*. On the highway, Mrs. Dwyer's green jaunting-car had threatened Lady Hester Tomlinson's pony chaise with collision. Nor was there even safety in the church; for Mrs. Grogram's *gros de Naples* had invaded Lady Nisbet's purple lutestring in the aisle.

But there were other arrivals beside myself; and of these two were important ones. They were bilious-looking gentlemen, direct from Calcutta, and warranted rich and unhealthy. God knows how many lacks the one had realized by indigo, and the other by opium. They were like as Siamese twins; but the opium man wore nankeen shorts and continuations—and Indigo delighted in tights and Hessian boots; both costumes being antediluvian,—*the shorts* having been exploded twenty years before, and *tights* avoided since Crawley had been executed, "knee-deep in leather." The Indians, notwithstanding, were accounted to be undeniable men, and the run upon them was consequently prodigious. They had come to the village because it was fashionable; and, like all men of money who spring from insignificance, they were anxious to climb the tree to the very top. It was indeed a fair start between them; the father of Opium had been a transport, whom the sire of Indigo, as an underkeeper, had conducted to his destination. No matter; had their progenitor been a hangman into the bargain, they had rupees enough to cover all.

Three days had slipped away, and very agreeably to a young subaltern, who had been nearly drilled to death, by one of the tightest hands that ever worried a battalion. One evening had been passed quadrilling at Lady Allen's, and another in the more active service of Mrs. Grogram's *contre danse*. Operations at Lady A.'s were certainly less fatiguing and more genteel; and the refreshments were so elegant and light, that the most dyspeptic need not have apprehended that bilious accumulation, which, if there be faith in labels

upon pill boxes, is always inflicted upon those "who indulge too liberally at table." Mrs. G.'s was a different concern altogether—God bless her! her fare was substantial, like herself. She hated what she called "kickshaws;" give her, she said, "cut and come again:" and certainly her supper would have stood a second call, and defied a grenadier guard of honour afterwards.

Nothing, indeed, could surpass the general festivity. In the west, the Indians were to be *fêted*; and in the east, the marriage of a wealthy sugar-boiler had produced a general saturnalia. On my cousin's table, invitations lay "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." Alas! in those festive scenes it was fated that I was not to participate.

The fourth morning had worn away; the horses were ordered—for the world were abroad; and we had left the flight of time unnoticed, while discussing a question of no trifling difficulty. On the following evening Lady Beningfield had announced herself "at home;" while Mrs. Cleaver was graciously pleased to solicit the honour of our presence to meet the sugar-boiler and his bride. At the village we should have light work and lighter entertainment; at the town, "cut and come again" was the order of the day; but "twice down the middle" for four hours, and in the last week of August,—that faith was no joke. The matter was still undetermined, when old Archy popped in his head to know what horses should be saddled. Having received his orders, the trainer turned at the door,—

"Hurricane rubs himself against the stall; his skin is heated still."

"Pshaw, it won't signify," responded the master. "Gad, Archy, I think we'll swim him; they used to bathe the horses when I was at Brighton last, as regularly as they dipped the ladies. In Hurricane's case, there should be virtue in salt water. We'll try it."

Leaving my kinsman and his groom to decide upon the merits of ablution, I hastened to the beach to take my customary swim. The day was beautiful, the sky brilliant, not a cloud obscured its lustrous blue; while a gentle breeze blew from the sea, tempered the heat, and courted even Indian apathy to exercise. From the little cove in which I was immersed, the high road was only separated by a meadow. I could hear the roll of carriages as they passed along, broken by the sharp canter of some fair equestrian, or gentleman bent on achieving conquest "*à cheval*," and determined to "witch the world by deeds of noble horsemanship." Many an aspiring cavalier was already in the saddle; but I,

fated to eclipse them all, was still unconscious of the celebrity that awaited me.

The conclave in my kinsman's breakfast parlour had ended; and, as my bath terminated, preparations for that of Hurricane had commenced. A training boy rode him gently to the beach unclothed, with my worthy relation and his prime minister in close attendance. Both with latent pride regarded the symmetry and condition of their favourite—and

In truth he was a noble steed.

Black as the raven's wing, a look announced his breeding; and if perfect action gave warrant of success, the high hopes indulged by his admirers were pardonable.

There is an old saw,—and like all old saws, a wise one,—in which the task of leading a horse to water is described to be as easy, as it is difficult to make him drink while there. In vain the boy forced Hurricane towards the waves, as they broke upon the beach, but he obstinately refused to wet a fetlock: and, after every attempt, recoiled more determinately than ever, as if he felt incipient symptoms of hydrophobia; and a light rider, powerless bit, and truant disposition, enabled him to have all his own way. My kinsman's patience, and of that commodity he never had a stock on hand, was speedily exhausted. The horse was consigned to the devil, and the rider dismounted in disgrace.

“Hang it,” he exclaimed, “how provoking; I wish I had not dressed for the day. You stupid, awkward cur, had you but kept his head to the water, and forced him over the first swell, he would have swam like a sea-gull. Tom,” he said, turning to me, “jump up—Lord! with you upon his back, he will do everything but fetch and carry.”

“He has a cursed run-away look,” I replied.

“Nonsense; all mere tricks; the horse is playful as a poodle.”

“And that bridle, too; it would not hold a goat.”

“Pshaw, man, you might ride Hurricane with a packthread.”

“I'll never stick him bare-backed.”

“Never more astray,” replied my kinsman. “D—n it what are you afraid of? Archy, give him a leg. Hold him short, you young scoundrel, till the gentleman gets up. There you are—best mounted man, for a hundred, within fifty miles; I wish Miss Beningfield could see you.”

“Heaven forbid!” I ejaculated, looking suspiciously around me.

“Hold your hands low,” observed the trainer.

"Press him firmly with your legs," remarked my cousin.

"Give him the heel," enjoined the jockey boy.

Endeavouring to comply with all these instructions, I did contrive to overcome Hurricane's primary objections to the water, and forced him forward, nearly to the chest. At that moment a heavy wave came swelling in, my charger lost his footing, and floundered for half a minute, in desperate alarm, until the reflux allowed him to catch the bottom with his feet. That solitary essay at natation seemed sufficient; the swell had swept him round—his head was to the shore—and Hurricane resolved to abandon the treacherous element altogether. "With flying footsteps," he hurried up the beach; but when he gained terra-firma, and felt his foot once more upon the sward, then he seemed as if he had become a chosen vessel, wherein every demon of velocity might enter and abide.

His intentions were never doubtful for a moment; and as we "went off at score," a volley of good advice was discharged, and parting injunctions were audible.

"Throw yourself off," shouted one.

"Stick to him like glue," cried another.

"Mind the stable door," roared a third.

The latter danger was fortunately avoided; Hurricane that morning had no fancy for inactivity,—he had laid himself out for running—and, by Heaven!—he headed directly to the village, bearing "the weight of Antony" along at headlong speed,

As springs the dolphin from the shark,  
Or the deer from before the hounds.

I once heard that an Irish heiress, who had been thrice run away with and recovered, declared that after the second time, she did not value it a brass button; like a skinned eel, I presume that custom reconciled her to it. God forbid that I should be qualified to speak on runaway matters from personal experience, or that I should suffer martyrdom again; for I firmly believe that in the history of abduction, mine was the most grievous case on record. What was Mazeppa's compared with mine? True, he too was favoured with a "brushing gallop," but, forsooth! nothing would serve him but philandering with a countess. John Gilpin was a sufferer also, and, like myself innocent of any offending that merited the visitation he underwent. But how different our careers!—John was treated all through like a gentleman; turnpikes flew open; the rabble cheered; his friend, the calender, refreshed and re-wigged him; and he found comfort and consolation in the caresses of a loving wife. But I was received, where'er I

went, as if the brand of Cain was on my brow,—slashed at by coachmen, pelted by potato diggers, halt-lassoed by the double thong of a tandem-driver, execrated by all,—for those who had no stones at hand, favoured me with a shower of curses,—running the gauntlet through an irritated community, and, like Hudibras,

Expos'd in cuerpo to their rage,  
Without my clothes and equipage.

Never was there an unfortunate more to be pitied than myself; and worse still, none extended me their sympathy!

Although incidents enough for half an ordinary existence were crowded into one disastrous adventure, the narration shall be brief.

My opening persecution was an encounter with a yellow barouche; and in the fair forms which filled it, I had no difficulty in recognising a portly gentlewoman and her daughters, whom I was to honour with my company at dinner that very evening. My advent was duly chronicled by the coachman, with a "Lord! ladies shut your eyes, here comes a naked man!" In a moment an outcry of insulted delicacy arose from "the leathern conveniency," and a forest of parasols were unfurled; the footman shied an apple at me; jarvey cut furiously, but short; and although the thong missed its mark, it fell *en croup*, with excellent effect upon my courser. God knows, he required no stimulus; but he felt and obeyed "the call."

The perils of a first encounter were ended; but I had no reason to raise an *Io Pæan* for "general deliverance." In the immediate wake of the yellow barouche, Sir Hugh Gasket was taking his customary airing, in all the security which level roads and a steady cob produces. Horse artillery occasionally charge in line, and mask the movement of their guns. Mrs. Pendleton's carriage had effectually covered my advance; and when the danger was seen by the admiral it could not be averted. He had merely time to anathematize my eyes and limbs, roar to me to "port my helm," when his weather quarter was invaded; and away went Sir Hugh Gasket and his cob, not certainly into a bed of roses. Away also went Hurricane. The cut from Mrs. Pendleton's coachman had increased his pace; but his "strong running" seemed to have been reserved for the collision with rear-admiral Sir Hugh Gasket.

But why chronicle the extent of my enormities? Like the Giaour,

I came, I went, like the simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,

I overtook Miss Spencer's donkey; and that virtuous gentlewoman blessed God that she was near-sighted, or, as she declared afterwards, "the shock would have killed her on the spot." At the bending of the road I charged the Siamese twins,—drove Indigo over a close-clipped hedge, and Opium into a sand-pit. Ruin marked my route: on one side lay Mrs. Dwyer's jaunting car, with a broken shaft: on the other, as *vis-à-vis*, Lady Allen's pony phaeton, minus a panel. Dis-mounted horses were hunted by barking curs; and frequent were the inquiries of, "What the devil was the matter?" to which answers were returned more various than satisfactory; some opining that it was a race, and others affirming that it was a robbery.

I had just turned an angle of the road, shut in on one side by a lofty hedge, and on the other by a park wall, when, "Oh, day and night!" immediately in front appeared the lancer cap and green habit of the Honourable Juliana Beningfield! Thunderstruck by the unexpected apparition which "blasted her vision," the lady, unable to execute a flank movement, wheeled sharply round, and endeavoured to escape by flight. Her mare was fast,—her horsemanship superior,—the weights were in her favour, the speed in mine—she flogged, I challenged,—nothing could be closer matched,—neck and neck for half a mile; choice between us a mere toss up; and the chances considerable, that after all we should run into the village, *a dead-heat*.

But fortune in the eleventh hour stood my friend, and averted this awful consummation. At another turning of the road, the entrance to a meadow was loosely closed with hurdles, and with a sudden resolution, I pushed Hurricane at the fence. He cleared it gallantly, left me sprawling on the grass, took half a dozen hedges in succession, vanished behind a copse, and left the race to the Honourable Juliana Beningfield, who, having it all her own way, won cleverly in a canter.

To crawl for concealment behind a haycock was my first care; my next was to consider what means would be most desirable to effect suicide with the least possible delay. Several horsemen galloped past—none dreaming that the lion of the day was ensconced in their immediate neighbourhood. At last, I was blessed with the appearance of old Archy coming forward at a rapid trot. I called out, and he answered; tossed a bundle of clothes wrapped in a horse-sheet, over the hedge, and told me he would hide himself in a quarry not far off, until I had completed my toilet, and was ready to take his horse.

Never did man slip on his habiliments in greater haste; and within ten minutes I was once more "a plumed biped," mounted, and upon the king's highway; while Archy proceeded to make researches after the lost quadruped.

The first person I encountered was the *origo mali*, my worthy cousin. He was coming to the rescue, as in duty bound; but meeting me dressed and caparisoned, his fear gave place to mirth, and as Scrub says, he "laughed consumedly." I, however, did not join in the hilarity, but talked of past danger, ridiculous position, exposure, &c. &c.

"Pshaw, d—n it, man—you will be the regular wonder of the place," exclaimed my comforter. "As a performance, I'll back yours for an hundred. Not a man within fifty miles would have stuck to Hurricane half the distance. A two-mile heat, on skin short as velvet and smooth as a billiard-ball—by Saint Patrick, a wonderful performance! And the best of it is, that nobody suspects you—one swears the unknown rider was as dark as a gipsy, while another affirms that he was fairer than an Albino. Even respecting Hurricane's complexion, there exists a difference of opinion. They have him, by turns, brown, bay, and chesnut; in short, every colour but the right one. If you do not desire the *éclat* of the thing, you have only to sing dumb, and not a soul can establish your identity."

"Why, then, upon my word, dumb I will be. But concealment is impossible, and an *exposé* is inevitable."

"No such thing, my dear fellow," returned my cousin. "We must just brazen it out. We dine at Marino. Well, of course, nothing but your *course de chevaux* will be talked of, and all that mother Penddleton and the ladies suffered in your onslaught will be duly set forth, and received by the company with a virtuous burst of indignation. We will be loudest in abusing the unknown—pick Sam Johnson for the hardest terms—and, in the event of a reward being proposed for the detection of the criminal, you shall 'pop your name among the pigeons' for a *flimsy*, and I will top the list manfully, and stand a five-pound note. You may rely upon it that the offence will be plastered upon some *innocent malheureux*—while thou and I, Tom, will come from the ordeal like gold refined, and not a doubt shall be breathed against our spotless reputations."

I could not avoid a smile; after the day's exploit, I thought the less we spoke of "spotless reputations," would be the better; and positively declined being of the party who should that evening encircle Mrs. Penddleton's mahogany. Indeed, I would not have ventured on the trial for an hundred; and

I determined, further, to change my quarters without beat of drum, and leave my visit to my kinsman incompleted until the recent *escapade* had been forgotten. At my especial request, we returned by a different road to that upon which I had so lately made a sensation; and with a conqueror's modesty, I declined to view the trophies of my exploit.

My cousin—and as it appeared to me, with surpassing effrontery—proceeded at dinner-hour to Marino, while I modestly took my departure upon a jaunting-car, to pass time between returns with a retired captain of ours, who, having committed matrimony, had wisely turned his sword into a ploughshare.

My kinsman, who had promised to apprise me of passing occurrences, proved himself a punctual correspondent; and on the third day, I received the following epistle:

“DEAR TOM,

“There has been ‘the devil to pay, and no pitch hot;’ and under all circumstances, I am glad you ‘cut your lucky.’ I got tolerably well through Mrs. Pendleton’s dinner; left my name next morning on the ‘Siamese twins;’ inquired for Juliana Beningfield, and paid a condolatory visit to Sir Hugh Gasket. Of all the sufferers, the admiral *smarted* most from your treatment,—for you bundled him into a nettle-bank, to which fact his face bears testimony. I found him ‘breathing vengeance’ between every puff of the long Dutch pipe, which erstwhile had been the property of ‘some rude captain of the sea,’ whose frigate the admiral aforesaid, after a bloody action, had captured off the Doggerbank, and as he was thickly coated with some unctuous matter to allay the irritation of his skin—which I should have thought nettle-proof and tough as a saddle-flap,—he looked like an Indian warrior fresh painted before a battle.

“For two days I brazened the business out—but proofs came fast,—suspicion changed into ‘confirmation strong;’—and this morning, the scoundrel who took a flying shot at you with an apple from the coach-box, tendered his corporal oath that you were ‘the real Simon Pure.’ A conclave has in consequence assembled at the inn, to decide what proceedings shall be adopted; and as I am not included in the multitude of counsellors, I opine that things look squally. No matter: I’ll bide the storm, and duly report progress.

“Always thine,

“R. H.”

“P.S.—Some cursed newspaper fellow has been making inquiries through the village. Numerous, indeed, have been



the versions of the affair. One actually ascribed the *fête* to Miss Bessy Grogan, who, as it was asserted, had determined to surpass Lady Godiva's celebrated performance at Coventry."

Two days afterwards, I received the following pleasing continuation from my kinsman:—

"The plot thickens. A wooden-legged commander, who revolves around the admiral like a satellite, called an hour ago with a hostile message; and Sir Hugh, I hear, has been all the morning practising at a chalked man upon his garden-door. I entered, as lawyers would say, an appearance for you, undertaking that you should either explain, or make the *amende honorable*, and to the admiral's satisfaction. The baronet's envoy was succeeded by one of a different description,—a solicitor from the Siamese twins. His business was to denounce the pains and penalties attendant on assault and battery, and to seek pecuniary compensation for certain specific damages, besides an alarming disturbance of the nervous systems of Opium and Indigo, generally. I thanked him for intimating the intentions of his clients, assuring him in return, that in the first place you were lunatic, and in the second, that the very name or presence of a lawyer produced the most awful outbreaks. It was therefore providential, I remarked that you were happily from home. You had gone, I told him, to Dundalk, to decide a wager of fifty pounds, by riding through a pastry-cook's shop window. I also assured him that I would endeavour to keep the object of his visit secret, but hinted that his clients had better sit up stairs, or they need not be surprised to receive a morning call, *à cheval*, through the sash-frame. There is no doubt that the communication was faithfully conveyed; and the Indian gentlemen, conceiving that they had already witnessed enough of your horsemanship on the high road, have resolved to place the Irish Channel between you and them, and start in the morning for Cheltenham.

"I send you a newspaper. What a ridiculous *éclat* they give the thing; and the most provoking part of it is, that with all its extravagancy, everybody believes it!"

I read the paragraph with astonishment. It set forth that my *escapade* had originated in a drunken bet—enumerated the accidents which had resulted—fabricated a dozen that never had occurred—stated that I had matched myself for a similar performance, "to come off on the next Sunday," and implored the civil authorities to interpose. A deep regret was also expressed, that belonging to the honourable profession of arms, I had so far forgotten what was due to my

own character and public morality—and it was broadly hinted, that if Lieut. —, of the 2d bat. —d regiment, did not turn a new leaf, no further concealment should be kept, but his name should be given to the world. This delicate allusion was about as obscure as the modern announcement of a crim. con. He who ran might read; and touching the offender, all was plain as a pike-staff.

I consulted my host,—told him the simple story,—and asked him to advise me. Now Captain O'Toole, being a Tipperary man, at once decided that some one must be horse-whipped; but whether it should be my cousin—the people he caused me to ride over—or the newspaper-man who chronicled the accident—this seemed to puzzle him. Two days more, and a packet arrived, that told me I might as well at once bend to a gale I could not hope to weather.

“The world, my dear Tom, have gone mad by general consent; and public opinion is so wrong-headed and obstinate, that you and I cannot convince people of our innocence. One party consider that you should be sent direct to Australasia—and the only difference of opinion is, regarding the term of your transportation. Another set look on you as the most promising person of the day,—one likely to give a new turn to sporting exploits—and before whom, Thornton and Hawker will sink into perfect insignificance.

“The effect of your performance has been to annihilate Rosedale as a watering-place; and the introduction of an Adamite costume has proved fatal to the village. Beningfields, Allens, and Pendletons, have deserted the place as unholy. The best lodgings can be procured for a respectable song; and of Rosedale “the glory is departed.” Of all these calamities, you are considered the author and sole cause; and I am sorry to add, that consequently, you were burned last night in effigy, the market-place being fully and fashionably attended on the occasion.

“I enclose you half a dozen letters.

“Keep up your spirits. Back yourself, *en cuerpo*, against any man alive, for five hundred. I'll take half the money, and lend the horse.

“Your affectionate kinsman,  
“R. H.”

There was nothing particularly agreeable in the epistle of my worthy cousin. To be targetted through all the country newspapers and executed afterwards in effigy, were not calculated to raise me in general estimation; and I cursed the

luckless day on which I had left the royal barracks "to take pleasure" at the sea-side. I was also astounded at the extent of my correspondence—and I opened them as suspiciously as if each contained a detonating ball. The first two were from coachmakers, enclosing bills for the repairs of damaged carriages, with an intimation that it was expected that I should discharge them *instantly*. A third contained a doggerel ballad, immortalizing my race, with an apocryphal account of all the pleasant conversation which passed between Miss Benningfield and myself during "the run home." The remaining three were more important, and therefore I shall faithfully transcribe them.

O. H. M. S.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

"Royal Barracks, Dublin,  
"Aug. 28, 182—.

"SIR,

"It having been reported in the newspapers, that during your absence from head-quarters you have conducted yourself in a manner unbecoming an officer and gentleman; and that you intend to repeat your previous offence next Sunday, for a wager of one hundred pounds, I beg to know, by return of post, how far these reports are correct, in order that I may take such steps as may appear advisable.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your humble servant,

"SAMUEL STIPSTOCK, Lt.-Col.

"To Lieut. ———, &c. &c."

"2d batt. — regt."

The next epistle was from my aunt.

"Oh! Tom, Tom,—what language can pourtray my horror and astonishment! what words express my feelings on reading the account of your depravity! I cannot more particularly allude to your offence; for my chaste pen recoils from inditing such iniquity. To ride into a church, and na—; oh, horrible! I cannot write the word.

"Alas! that the misconduct of my nearest kindred should bring these grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Your brother Edward—may the loss of worldly wealth open his heart unto wisdom. Poor Susan; she was a comely maiden to the eye, with a sweet voice in the tabernacle; and as Mr. Ramsbottom believes, she was destined to be a chosen vessel. As the bird falleth into the hands of the fowler, she fell through the snares of the tempter; and as if to fill the measure of his iniquity even unto overflowing, your brother

had the wickedness to assert, that the chaste salute of fellowship with which Mr. Ramsbottom commenced and concluded his private exhortations, was nothing better than a carnal kiss; but he was disinherited, and I'll say no more.

"I would be sorry to express my apprehensions. But may you both escape an ignominious end!

"I have this day arranged my affairs, and set my house in order. My worldly substance is devoted to the work of christianizing Jews, and sounding the gospel-trumpet among the Ashantees. To Messrs. Ramsbottom and Shuffleton is bequeathed, in trust, all that I may die possessed of, with the exception of one shilling sterling, which is reserved as a legacy for you.

"May a happy change be effected in your heart and disposition, is the fervent prayer of

"Your afflicted aunt,

"REBECCA SINGLETON."

What a pleasant letter-writer my aunt Singleton was! In the annals of the turf, few men had paid more dearly for a gallop. Ten thousand pounds, vested in public securities, gone at one fell swoop for trumpet-practice in Africa! and not unlikely by any means, but I should lose my commission into the bargain. I had read enough for one morning, and half determined leave Number Six unopened. But fortune had done her worst. No matter what the letter might contain, it could add nothing to my misery; and with this conviction, I broke the seal.

"Ballycorofin, Aug. 26, 182—.

"DEAR SIR,

"Although not honoured with your acquaintance, I take the liberty of writing. No ceremony between sportsmen. I have been a master of hounds for three and twenty years, and from your late celebrated performance, I pronounce you *a regular trump*. That's my opinion—and I'll back it for a hundred. And now to business.

"Denis Daly has a promising four-year-old; a Langar horse, out of a sister of Miss Modesty, which he offers to back for 500*l.*, against my chesnut colt by Captain Wattle, three miles over a sporting country, weight for age, and to be ridden by gentlemen, *in buff*. He intends to put up Dan Devitt; and if you will do me the favour of riding the colt, I will consider it an eternal obligation.

"Some twaddling spoonies may make a row about your crossing the country without the togs; but as Lady Kitty Caveson says, 'Why shouldn't people peel, if they please?'

Sweet creature, Lady Kitty—no gammon about her.—She swears whoever keeps away, d—n her, but she'll see all, from the start to the winning post—and she don't matter public opinion a broken buckle.

“You need not be afraid of Dan. If he rode over a smith's forge, it was because he couldn't help it. His is but Dutch courage after all. He never gets upon *the pig-skin* under three inches of Castigan's entire—and you, I hear, rode your great match without *a squib*, and cool as a cucumber.

“Lady Kitty Cavessa requests me to say that she is dying to be introduced. She's the girl; no humbug; fine spirit! It was she that flogged Fenwick of the Tenth. Do your heart good to see her take four feet six, coped and dashed—steady in her seat, as if she were glued to the saddle. She's out to-day shooting grouse, or she would have added a postscript.

“Happy to see you at Ballycorofin as soon as convenient; and if you'll live and die with us, so much the better.

“I remain, dear Sir,

“Your faithful friend,

“ANTHONY O'CONNOR.”

“P. S. Will you please name the lightest weight you can ride conveniently, and say whether you go to scale peeled, or if I am to make allowance for the clothes.

“A. O'C.”

Although regularly disinherited, nevertheless I did not avail myself of Mr. O'Connor's invitation “to live and die at Ballycorofin,” but started instantly for Dublin, to disabuse my aunt, and propitiate the Commander. In neither, however, was I successful; Miss Rebecca Singleton refused to lend me the light of her countenance,—and the last will and testament of the pious spinster being perfectly to the satisfaction of Messrs. Ramsbottom and Shuffleton, they took especial care to prevent either an interview or explanation. As to the colonel, he reluctantly admitted that the *escapade* might have been accidental; but he always maintained it to be an unsoldier-like proceeding, in a commissioned officer, “to be seen astride a bare-backed horse.”

If ever there was an innocent unfortunate, that man was me. My name was balladed in the streets—my horsemanship blazoned in the windows of every print-shop of the metropolis—drunken hostlers hurraed for my “buff jacket,” as I passed—and Cockneys pointed me out to their companions in audible whispers as “the man wot rides naked.” I ventured to the theatre, modestly ensconcing myself in the darkest corner of a side box; but a quick-sighted friend discovered

me before the overture had ended, and I received from the upper gallery such flattering tokens of applause, as induced me to bolt before the rising of the curtain. I entered a linen draper's to effect a purchase, when a feeble voice murmured, "Oh, heavens! here's the wretch!" and Miss Juliana Benningfield popped off her chair, like an alderman in apoplexy; and while one called for cold water, another intimated it was advisable for me to "walk on," to prevent the necessity of introduction to a constable.

At last, in sheer disgust, I determined to hide myself in some retirement where my celebrity was unknown; sent in my papers accordingly; and in a fortnight the *Gazette* informed me, that I was my own master once more—my whole fortune being the regulated price of a lieutenantcy. The obituary of the same paper also announced that Miss Rebecca Singleton was suddenly defunct; and after recording her piety and benevolence, hinted that her death was attributable to the sporting delinquencies of her nephew.

I was sitting, six months afterwards, in that state of stupid indifference which arises from despair, and reflecting on "what woes environ" the man who ventures on a bare-backed horse, when a letter, in the well-remembered writing of my cousin, was presented to me by the waiter of a village inn. All correspondence between us had long since ceased, and I wondered what cause had induced him to resume it. I broke the seal, and read the following brief but satisfactory epistle:—

"It's all up with me, my dear Tom—and when this reaches you, Dick Hamilton will be dead as Julius Cæsar. I have called too often on a good constitution, and am now beaten to a stand-still. Last Tuesday a fox took soil; I swam the river, got the brush, dined (for a bet of ten pounds) in wet clothes, and sate out the company; pleurisy resulted, bleeding and blistering—all gammon—the doctors agree that I am fairly in the raven's book—and I'm ready to back their opinion for a thousand.

"I did you much injury. It was unintentional; but that's no matter now. I make all the reparation in my power. You will have my estate, encumbered only with a housekeeper, a horse (*not Hurricane*), and a dog; and will be better off than if you had succeeded to the old fool who endowed you with a shilling.

"I would write more, but I cannot come to time. I know you will take care of Isabella. Give Waterloo a paddock, and old York a corner in the kitchen.

“One word more, and God bless you. Never trust yourself on horseback during your natural life without ‘full toggery and a pig-skin settlement.’

“Your affectionate kinsman,  
“R. H.”

That I have faithfully attended to this dying injunction, I need scarcely assure you. Well may I exclaim—

Ill betide  
The school in which I learn'd to ride;

and as I advance in years, my antipathy to horse-flesh proportionately increases. I never abide within sight of a saddler's shop, nor pass the Horse Guards by daylight. If I loved a woman to distraction, and met her in a riding-habit, my passion would vanish like a dream. For life I have repudiated equitation—and even to the grave I will not be conveyed by animals I abhor—for in my last will and testament I have excluded a hearse from my funeral.

As he spoke, the Stout Gentleman laid a moiety of the bill upon the table, handed a shilling to the chambermaid, took a bed-room candle, and wishing me good night, retired to his apartment.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Route to Loch Katrine—Inversnaid—Rob Roy Macgregor—Ruins of the Fort Wolfe—The Highland Girl—The hostlerie—Highland boatmen—Loch Katrine—The Trosachs—Ardkenachrochan—Clachan of Aberfoil—Town and castle of Doune—Reappearance of the stout gentleman—Church and castle—View from the ramparts—Historic recollections—The town treasurer.

NEXT morning I was early up, and a borrower from the morning by some hours,—but the “Stout Gentleman” was already gone; having committed his own guidance and the transport of the brown portmanteau to a Highland gilly. He left a civil message, intimating that I might overtake him at Loch Katrine; and after breakfast, I left Rowandennan, *en route* to the more unpretending hostlerie of Mrs. M'Glowan.

I was rowed along the lake side until I reached the Mill of Inversnaid, whence the road to Loch Katrine branches. The distance between these beautiful lakes does not exceed four miles; and, although such loveliness was in its immediate vicinity, over a more barren and unpicturesque surface a tourist never passed. To me, however, there was one object

of some interest—the ruins of a small fort erected to control Rob Roy, whose depredations were so frequent and daring in the beginning of the last century that their repression had become imperative.

“Rob Roy,” says a little work descriptive of this charming locality, “was a gentleman by birth, being the second son of Colonel Macgregor of Glengyle, who left him, as his patrimony, Inversnaid, from which he took his title. Having forfeited his property to the Duke of Montrose, he was forcibly, though legally, dispossessed of it; on which occasion his wife also experienced harsh treatment from the Duke’s factor. In her husband’s absence, she composed the beautiful and pathetic tune called ‘Rob Roy’s Lament,’ in order to excite his resentment on his return. He then commenced that predatory life, in the course of which he afterwards rendered himself so famous. He was one of the last that collected black-mail, a sort of tax paid to purchase security against the incursions of other depredators. He left behind him several children. They were not, however, so illiterate as Sir Walter Scott, in his popular novel, would have us to believe. One of his sons was a Captain in the rebel army, but was afterwards countenanced by the British Government. Another son, Rob Roy Og, or the younger, was one of the few subscribers to the first edition of Keith’s History of the Church of Scotland, published in two large folio volumes. He was subsequently, in 1753, hanged for forcibly taking away a rich and eccentric widow, and marrying her against her consent. Rob Roy himself died at Balquidder, where his grave-stone may still be seen, rudely sculptured with a sword, but without any inscription.”

The fort of Inversnaid stands about two miles inland from the mill, and it was nothing more, at any period, than a barrack rendered defensible. It had accomodation for sixty or eighty men; and one of its garrisons was formed by a company of the 3rd Regiment, commanded by the future victor of Quebec, then a subaltern in “the Buffs.” As a fortress, its pretensions were of the meanest, being erected to repress the incursions of a Highland cateran, and with only strength sufficient to resist a *coup de main*. Yet its associations are curious, and not without romance. Wolfe was the commandant of the little garrison, and Rob Roy the restless enemy he had to dread—a hero, who died in the triumph of success, opposed to one, who now, in simple English, would be merely intituled a sheep stealer.

Although there is little of military character, except the site, to mark the purposes for which this pile of decaying



masonry was designed, there was one memorial which struck me as interesting. Close to the wall which surrounds the old parade, a green spot was used as a cemetery for the garrison; and of all who lived and died, there remains but one solitary memorial—a rude stone, placed over his wife's grave, by a private soldier of the Buffs. There is nothing at Inversnaid to memorize the high-born or the brave; and its only relic is an humble offering to departed love.

As the gentleman who carried my traps was particularly uncommunicative, confining his information to a single remark, while passing Inversnaid, that "she" meaning the fort, "had been purnt lang syne by Rab Ray;" I trotted briskly on, and at a bend of the road overtook a more agreeable companion.

It was a young Highland girl, with a small basket on her arm, and attended by a shepherd's dog. She was uncommonly handsome; but the natural grace and symmetry of a figure to which art lent no aid, struck me more forcibly than her beauty. Her dress was merely a boddice, and petticoat of home-made cloth. Her feet were bare—but a prettier ankle was never clad in silken hose. She told me she was carrying dinners to her brothers, who were employed in stacking peats upon the moor. Our route continued together for a mile; and when we reached the path by which she was to ascend the hill, she pointed out the road that I was to follow, and bade me a kind farewell. I gave her half-a-crown, and she returned the favour with a kiss; and I verily believe, that in the course of my adventurous life, I never expended money to more advantage.

When I reached the hostlerie on the lake side, I found the Stout Gentleman already in possession of the state apartment to which the fair hostess inducted me. In its internal economy the *cabaret* of Mrs. — brought that of Aberfoil vividly to my recollection; and from a hasty inspection, I would have concluded that, both to the premises and proprietors, soap and water had been long estranged. Like the Athlone landlady, Mrs. — was "an armful of joy," and comely withal—but her charms were best adapted for a Moorish market where beauty is sold by the stone. To do her justice however, the whisky was good, and the *kebbock*\* well enough in its way; and after a sojourn of half an hour, I embarked upon Loch Katrine, and bade the lusty landlady adieu.

The boat in which the Stout Gentleman, his portmanteau, and myself were deposited, seemed rather built for accommodation than speed; and as the Highland rowers came yawning and stretching one after another from the *cabaret*, I

\* Cheese made of goat's milk.

put but little faith in previous promises, that our voyage should be accomplished within an hour. But like men of honour, they redeemed the pledge—and though the method of pulling appeared particularly awkward, I never saw oarsmen whose strength and endurance equalled theirs.

Besides ourselves, we had three passengers; one was a bride, the second her sister, the third a gentleman of my own standing, who—God pity him!—had ventured on matrimony at forty-five.

From me, Jack, you must expect no descriptions. The man who depicts Highland scenery should be a poet—and at that age, when you were wooing the Muses and “dipping into Helicon,” I had just been emancipated from the “goose-step,” and was learning the art and mystery of “trooping a guard.” But the dullest mortal cannot look on Loch Katrine unmoved: even were he our excellent countryman, who admitted that St. Paul’s was “rather nate.”

Loch Katrine is irregular, winding through its extent, never above a mile in breadth, and probably some ten between its western and eastern extremities.

To me, Loch Katrine is the loveliest water upon earth; and from wild Glengyle to the Trosachs, I have never viewed such scenery. Beyond, the distance is grand and savage,—and nearer, the hill-sides are soft and beautiful, clothed to the very top with natural wood, where “copsewood grey” mingles with darker pine-trees. But when you reach the Trosachs, passing the isle where the hunter-king met with “the Lady of the Lake,” and see

High on the *north*, huge Benvenue—  
While on the *south*, through middle air,  
Benan heaves high his forehead bare,

then, indeed, the scene becomes magnificent. A traveller—I forget who—calls it “the Highland Paradise;” but that term does not describe

Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confus’dly hurl’d,  
The fragments of an earlier world.\*

\* \* To describe the Trosachs with a regard only to its *materiel*, it is simply a portion of the vale along which” (journeying northward) “the traveller has hitherto been described as passing; but a peculiar portion of that vale, about a mile in extent, and adjoining the bottom of Loch Katrine, where, on account of a tumultuous confusion of little rocky eminences, all of the most fantastic and extraordinary forms, everywhere shagged with trees and shrubs, Nature wears an aspect of roughness and wildness, of tangled and inextricable boskiness, totally unexampled, it is supposed, in the world. The valley being here contracted, hills rise on each side to a great height; and these being entirely covered with birches, hazels, oaks, hawthorns, and mountain ashes, contribute greatly to the general effect.”—*Chambers*.

In short, Jack, you must see the Trosachs; but as the Italians do, I woult bid you die afterwards, for many a time (D.V.) we will talk of this singular freak of nature, over a substantial glass of "mountain dew."

I remember meeting with a half-blind astronomer—the most egotistical scoundrel I encountered during life—who declared that the glory of Loch Lomond lay in its having been the temporary abode of the inventor of logarithms.\* Now I say, the man should rather be canonized who invented a comfortable inn. If the evening come wet in the Trosachs—and there how heartily the rain does come down!—I am sure, unlike Macbeth, you would not refuse "Amen," when you found yourself denuded of wet boots and Macintosh, and seated before a blazing wood fire, in that comfortable and unpronounceable inn, y'cleped Ardkenachrochan.

In the morning, on coming down to breakfast, I missed my *compagnon du voyage*, and on inquiring for my fat friend, I learned that he had disappeared some hours before, and whither he had gone none asked or cared. I was now alone, left to pursue my journeyings as I pleased, and "the world was all before me where to choose." Towards Stirling, therefore I bent my steps; and as the classic ground of Aberfoil was only five miles distant, I determined to perform that portion of my route on foot.

I little imagined that, in this brief space, scenery so picturesque, so beautiful, and so diversified, could have been displayed. From a height above the clachan, upon which Scott has conferred immortality, the view is splendid. In its expanse, Lochs Venachar and Achray; the Avendhu, or Forth; the Trosachs, and an unbounded range of rugged mountains—all these present themselves in turn, and form a *coup-d'œil* that I never saw surpassed. But Jack, from cold description you can form but an imperfect estimate of the infinite beauty which he "who worships nature," will find in this

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

Ere long—if fate forfend not—thou and I will make its pilgrimage together.

We'll mark each memorable scene,  
And hold poetic talk between;—  
Each hill and brook we pace along  
Shall have its legend or its song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having traversed the plain of Callander, beyond which, as

\* Lord Napier.

tradition asserts, the Roman eagles never advanced, and where the antiquary still points out the traces of a camp, I crossed the Frith, and halted at the little town of Doune for dinner. Immediately beside the village, on a neck of land formed by a junction of the Ardoch with the Teith, stands the ruins of a castle, once of paramount importance. Placed on "the threshold of the Highlands," its situation ranked it among the most commanding of the Scottish fortresses; and to judge from the strength and extent of its remains,\* as a baronial residence, it was inferior to none beside. Built, as it is conjectured, by an Earl of Monteith, it was occupied during their regency by the Dukes of Albany, and afterwards by the "English Margaret," widow of the fourth James. Mary and Darnley in the brief hours of their love used it as a hunting seat; and so late as the outbreak of forty-five, it was held for the Chevalier by a nephew of Rob Roy's, known familiarly by the nick-name of *Ghluu Dhu*; and after the defeat of Hawley at Falkirk, Prince Charles made it a depôt for his prisoners.

What strange events this fallen pile has outlived! There dwelt the Scottish despots of the day, the Albanys. It dowered the daughter of an English king;† caused a foul murder for its wardenship; witnessed the ardent display of Mary's first and fleeting passion; passed into the keeping of a Highland cateran; and, "last change in this eventful history," became a prison first—a ruin afterwards.

\* "In form it is square, being eighty feet high and ten thick. On the ground floor there are several cellars and prisons; and the apartments which were occupied by the family, are reached by two outside stairs. One stair leads up to a spacious lobby, dividing the great hall from the kitchen; the former being upwards of sixty feet long, and about twenty-five feet broad. The other stair conducts to the apartments in the tower, where there is a spacious arch-roofed room, communicating with the great hall alluded to. In the upper stories, there are several apartments. From the arch-roofed chamber, there descends a narrow stair, which leads, by a subterranean passage, to a dismal dungeon, from which all light is excluded, save that which it borrows from a small room above, through a square hole in its arched roof, evidently left for the purpose of preventing suffocation, and to let down a pittance to a prisoner."—*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond.*

† "After the death of James IV. she married Henry, Lord Methven, a descendant of Murdock, duke of Albany. This marriage took place in 1528; and immediately afterwards, the queen, with the consent of her son, James V., and her husband, Lord Methven, granted to James Stewart, a younger brother of her husband, and ancestor of the family of Moray, the custody of the Castle of Doune for life; and which right was afterwards extended to his heirs by James V. This office had been enjoyed by the family of Edmonstone of Duntreath, and occasioned a violent quarrel between the families, which ended, as quarrels often did in those times, in the assassination of James Stewart by Edmonstone."—*Garnett's Tours, &c.*

I heard "the retreat" beaten in the fortress as I crossed the old stone bridge of Stirling; and at "tattoo" I was ensconced "in mine own inn" most comfortably. Still I was not in peace and charity with all men. The room was snug—the whisky excellent—and the water boiled hypercritically. But, hang it, one cannot drink alone—the Stout Gentleman was wanting—and the Stout Gentleman had treated me but scurvily, in running away without saying, "God bless you!" as if he had suspected that I was about to borrow money.

You know, Jack, that, out of humour, I am helpless. No wife to lecture, nor children to chastise. I cannot now swear at the serjeant-major, execrate the adjutant, and consign the whole regiment to the devil. Had I even a bag-man to have quarrelled with, or a waiter to abuse! Not a chance! I was "alone in my glory;" and, "prompt as an echo," the attendant replied to the bell. At last there was a bustle in the hall; the door opened. "Waiter!" said a voice: "put that portmanteau in my sleeping-room. Tell your master he is accountable, under George VI., 6 and 17, for the contents. Send in hot water; see that it boils; or, take notice, I will neither drink the toddy, nor pay for it!" And so saying, in strode the traveller. By every thing companionable!—the lamented lost-one—the Stout Gentleman!

I thought that this unexpected reunion gave the stranger pleasure. He shook me warmly by the hand, and volunteered an inspection of the place in company with me, next morning. At bed-time the bill was settled, *selon la règle*, when the toddy charge was marked down, per head, four tumblers. The Stout Gentleman made no complaint; and for the supervision of a tavern-bill, I would back him—*à la Hamlet*—for a thousand.

I never viewed a place venerable from age and hallowed by historic associations, in which expectation was more fully realized, than when I visited Stirling Castle and its interesting locality. On our way to the fortress we entered the old church, one portion of which had been a possession of the Grey Friars, and another erected by Cardinal Beatoun. This time-honoured building now shelters those who use a different form of adoration; and within those walls, where "the mass was sung," and tapers blazed, and incense burned, and all the rites the Romish church retains, were once so gorgeously exhibited, the simpler homage of the heart is offered by two presbyterian congregations. What scenes and ceremonies this ancient church has witnessed! Here, that unsteady professor, the Earl of Arran,\* pronounced his abjuration;

\* Regent of Scotland in 1543.

here, James the Sixth was crowned; and beneath the same roof, where "that lordly Cardinal" (Beatoun) had offered up the mass, John Knox fulminated his comminations against what he termed its "idolatry."

When we entered the castle we found the depôt companies of the 79th Highlanders under arms, upon the parade—the military occupants of that place of strength, where, in the ninth century, a Scottish army concentrated previous to its victory at Lancarty. Like Dumbarton, as a fortress Stirling is no longer formidable; and that rock, which to the mob-like force of former times was deemed impregnable, were it assailed now with adequate means of offence, would scarcely hold out a second day.

Within the walls of Stirling there is much to interest the traveller; and should the artist wander there, its ramparts command the noblest prospect imaginable. On a clear day the eye embraces the Grampian, Ochil, and Pentland Hills; the Forth, through all its windings; and "Auld Reekie," in the distance. Twelve "foughten fields" are visible; and that of Bannockburn, on the south-east, lies almost within cannon-range of the battery. Many objects beside tell the "parlous" history of days gone by. The bridge where Archbishop Hamilton was hanged; the mound on which the Regent,\* the Duke of Albany, his son-in-law, and his grandson, were beheaded; that chamber, in which a Scottish monarch (James II.) assassinated a refractory noble;† the valley where tournaments were held, and the hill whence beauty,

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,

viewed "gentle passages of arms," and rewarded knightly valour with her smiles; lie just below the ramparts. Within the castle, many a memorial of royalty is traceable; and the palace and parliament-house sufficiently attest its past importance. Here the first James lived, and the second of the name was born. It was the favourite residence of James III.

\* Earl of Levenax. He suffered on the 25th of May, 1425.

† As the tradition goes, Douglas had formed a political intrigue in conjunction with the Earls of Ross and Crawford, which James was anxious to dissolve; and, under promise of safeconduct, he induced the Earl to visit him in Stirling. "The king," says Chambers, "led him out of his audience-chamber into a small chamber beside it, and then proceeded to entreat that he would break the league. Douglas peremptorily refusing, James at last exclaimed, in a rage—'Then, if you will not, I shall;' and instantly plunged his dagger into the body of the obstinate noble. According to tradition, his body was thrown over the window of the closet into a retired court-yard behind, and there buried; in confirmation of which, the skeleton of an armed man was found in the ground at that place, some years ago."

and witnessed the "prayers and penance" of his guilty son. From these walls, "the gudeman of Ballangeigh"\* made many an eccentric excursion, as love or justice prompted; and here his grandson, James VI., was indoctrinated at the feet of that stern preceptor, George Buchanan. The seventh James—second of England—visited Stirling in company with the future Queen Anne; and the last of the Stuarts, in a vain attempt to reduce that castle which, after the fallen fortunes of his house had passed into the possession of his rival, with little skill broke ground at such a distance, that his paltry artillery might have kept up its idle cannonade until doomsday without producing the least effect.

From its royal affinities, Stirling, as Chambers says, disputed with Edinburgh a claim to capital distinction. Unluckily, however, the Stirling functionary had given place to him of "Auld Reekie," at some public banquet; and that circumstance, in a case where "doctors disagreed," was deemed conclusive. To municipal bodies, however, the town-council of Stirling might prove exemplary. While in office, none of the members accepted gift or emolument; and so unmystified were the Treasurer's accounts, that his debit and credit departments were deposited in a pair of boots!†

Surely these leathern depositories should have been as faithfully preserved as that inestimable jug,‡ which every toper who delights in honest measure respects as religiously as the Blessed Bear was revered by the Baron of Bradwardine.

\* James V.

† "The manner in which the old treasurer of the town used to keep his accounts, when writing was a more rare accomplishment than at present, was sufficiently singular. He hung two boots, one on each side of the chimney; into one of them he put all the money which he drew, and into the other the receipts or vouchers for the money which he had paid away; and he balanced his accounts at the end of the year, by emptying his boots, and counting the money left in one, and that paid away by the receipts in the other."—*History of Stirling*.

‡ Appendix, No. I.

## CHAPTER V.

Edinburgh—The auld town—New Year's Day—Unlucky number—Necrological reminiscences—The senior major—Napoleon and the empress—Murty Donovan—Gazetted out—Otium cum dignitate—Battle of the bellows—Ensign Rogers—An alarm—The catastrophe.

WE nearly took the same route that Prince Charlie followed in "the forty-five,"—passed Falkirk, reached Linlithgow by Callander, and late in the evening found ourselves comfortably located in Auld Reekie, the occupants of a Prince's-street hotel.

I came determined to be pleased with the Northern Athens, and all contained therein. A course of accidental reading had put me in amiable mood, and predisposed me to look on all I saw with interest and approval. I had commenced with "Waverley," and concluded with the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and hence I felt myself on classic ground. When night came and I looked from the window of mine inn, there, sparkling in full front, were the endless casements of the High-street, as, one above the other, they rose, flat over flat, until they reached a dozen stories, fully attesting the identity of the "auld town." To me it brought more than classic recollections, inasmuch that in the frowning keep which crowns it, when a beardless boy I had been indoctrinated in the goose-step, until, after a year's probation, I was pronounced perfect in manual and platoon, and despatched to join the first battalion in the Peninsula, with an assurance from the old Celt, our adjutant, that I was a most accomplished ancient, and would do credit to any corps.

The Stout Gentleman was absent—possibly arranging his portmanteau—and, as I looked over the deep ravine at the ancient stronghold, where a career marked with every vicissitude that attends a military life commenced, memory ran back to days gone by, and many a half-forgotten name rose in my recollection. When I joined the 8—th, then lying in the castle,—it happened, curiously enough, to fall upon New-year's day,—most of the officers were dining out—and I made the thirteenth at the mess-table. Everybody knows the fatal consequences entailed upon that luckless number. We had spoken of it after dinner—some laughed at it as sheer folly—others as gravely contended that there was in it what passed their philosophy. I wrote down the names of the party in my pocket-book—and yearly examined and checked off the dead. The ninth anniversary terminated the task—I was the sole survivor!



In no community is the variety of human character more extensive and discernible than in the body politic of a military mess. Here, every tone of temper may be traced, the most opposite dispositions intermingle—gaiety and gloom—the confiding and the suspicious—the single-hearted and the selfish—all are found here. Of the departed dozen I particularly recalled a couple back; both were unamiable beings; one, a man whose cankered temper kept him in an eternal fever, and out of charity with all the world beside: the other, that singular anomaly—a young miser, and the most selfish wretch imaginable.

When I first joined the 8—th we were blessed with a senior major, hot as a pepper-pod. On many subjects he was thin-skinned—but on one superlatively so. A quack's puff would put him out of temper for the day, and an advertisement of George Robins all but drive him crazy. To prevent himself from being taken in, he generally threw a suspicious eye over a paragraph before he commenced reading; but on one occasion, I remember that his caution was unavailing, and a lottery squib of Bish rendered him miserable for a fortnight.

It was a memorable epoch. Napoleon had been sent to Elba, and the English lottery was to be drawn the following week. The Major took up the "Times," wiped his spectacles, and then skimmed a column over in search of a paragraph that should please him. As he always both read and thought aloud for the edification of everybody within ear-shot, it was idle for any one to attempt it for himself while the Major honoured the mess-room with his presence. On went the commander thus:—

"It is generally whispered in the best informed circles, that the Court will make a short visit to the Pavilion."

"*Curse the Court and the Pavilion!*"

"The *trousseau* presented to the Marchioness on her mar——"

"*D—n her and her trousseau!*"

"Parting interview of Napoleon and Maria Louisa."

"*Ah! some sense in this—Poor Nap.!*"

The Major was what the Yankees call "a sympathizer."

"It was late in the evening when Caulincourt led the young Empress into the private apartment where Napoleon had secluded himself. He paced the room backwards and forwards, apparently lost in bitter musings, and for some time was quite unconscious that the object equally of his love and his ambition was beside him. Overwhelmed with grief,

the Empress burst into tears as Napoleon caught her in his arms, and pressed her with ardour to his heart.'

"*Poor fellow. 'Pon my life, very affecting!*"

"'Pressed her with ardour to his heart!'—For an instant an expression of the deepest agony convulsed Napoleon's face, but, by a wonderful exertion, he recovered his self-possession, and the sweet smile for which he is so remarkable again brightened his pale but animated countenance.

"'Weep not,' he said, 'my beloved one. 'Tis for thee alone I grieve; and my own fallen fortunes shall never cause a sigh. I have foreseen the storm, and taken precautions which place me beyond the reach of fate.'

"*That is poison,*" observed the Major, with a significant wink. "*I always said he would certainly commit suicide—*ay—'beyond the reach of fate. For I have secured a ticket in the English lottery, which consists of one prize of thirty thou—'

"'Damnation!' exclaimed the Major, in a phrensy—'Humbled by a rascally puff;'" and thrusting the paper into the fire, he stamped on it with the heel of his boot, until not a vestige of "the Thunderer" remained; and then, rushing from the room under an uproarious burst of laughter, in which even the mess-waiters were obliged to join, he kicked his unfortunate servant out of his apartment, where he ensconced himself till the dinner drum had beaten—blasting lottery-office keepers in general, and more particularly—Bish of Cornhill.

After his own way, the Major was a happy man; his temper was under admirable command; for he could lash himself into a passion for any cause or no cause; and he had resources within his barrack-room not generally enjoyed in common by gentlemen of the sword, and these enabled him to overcome even the tedium of a bad day in "country quarters." He always selected, as servant, a man too stupid to be drilled, and too dirty for a pioneer—a person so extensively cursed by all and every who had undertaken to indoctrinate him in the art of war, that to address him without a direct consignment to Pandemonium, would have been to converse in an unknown tongue, equally misunderstood and disregarded. Hence, in wet weather the Major could imprecate every thing but blessings upon Murty Donovan all day, and, if bilious, kick him occasionally, to promote a healthy circulation. Not a whimper would escape the lips of the sufferer—Murty wisely balancing cursing against pack-drill, and coming to the conclusion that it was all in favour of the former.

The Major had never seen a musket discharged in anger;

but he was loud in complaints of services overlooked; the same, with peculiar modesty, being rigidly concealed. For years he had persecuted the Horse Guards. The Commander-in-chief changed colour when his advent was inscribed upon the roaster, and the usher groaned as he announced the dreaded name.

"He'll be the death of me," said the Commander-in-chief, with a sigh.

"May the curse of Cromwell light upon him!" responded an Irish aide-de-camp; "give him a lieutenant-colonelcy, and let him quit."

He was gazetted—and we lost him. Soldiers are philosophers; and it was surprising to see with what fortitude the regiment bore his departure. The drums and fifes beat "the retreat" as usual, and even managed "the reveillé" the morning that he left us. We marked, however, our everlasting regard, by giving him Murty Donovan "to bear him company."

"What luck ye have," said the sentry at the gate to Murty, as he took his final departure.

"Luck!" returned the emancipated bondsman. "If I could but get off with four-days-in-the-week-pack-drill. But the Lord's will be done!"—and, with that pious exclamation, Murty looked his last upon a barrack-gate.

The succeeding winter accidentally brought me to the Far West, where the Colonel had established his household gods. *En route*, I passed his gate; and I gave a day, accordingly, to my old commander. Had I expected that his "otium cum dignitate" had ameliorated his temper, I should have been grievously disappointed. He growled awfully throughout dinner at some *gaucherie* committed by his henchman, the ex-pioneer—and complimented the lady who superintended his *cuisine*, by observing that meat was sent from heaven, and cocks supplied by "the gentleman in black." With two or three explosions, however, the evening wore away; and in due time we retired for the night.

In the Far West, peat fires are the prevailing ones. The Colonel loved a good one; and, consequently, for bellows he had a curious propensity. Every chamber in his domicile was supplied with this useful implement for its own especial convenience; and the Colonel would no more attempt to blow the drawing-room fire with the bellows assigned to the breakfast-parlour, than he would read the paragraph of a pill-maker, or the advertised virtues of some greasy abomination, which undertook to grow hair upon a boot-jack.

was tired, and slept soundly and long—it was past eight

o'clock—and I was still in the arms of Morpheus. The Colonel was a-foot; his chamber fire was dull. Well—a blast or two of the bellows would make all right; the useful implement dangled from a convenient nail; the Colonel unhooked them;—Saints and sinners!—the bellows were not *the bellows* appropriated to his sole and separate use, and prohibited from ejecting even one solitary puff on any grate but that belonging to his dormitory!

Awful was the explosion that followed this distressing discovery; every epithet but lady and gentleman was lavished upon the establishment by the irritated commander, and "*Where's my bellows?*" might have been distinctly heard at the porter's lodge. All ran to the rescue; some with one pair of bellows, and some with two. There were bellows from the drawing-room and the dining-room the large bed-room and the little one; but the only use to which they were applied by the irritated commander was to fret the persons who presented them, in the vain hope of deprecating his wrath.

When the storm partially subsided, Murty Donovan came to brush my clothes.

"Oh, Holy Mary! Mr. O'Flagherty, did ye ever hear such a rookawn? Will ye look at my eye, af ye plase? Divil a wink I'll see out of it for a fortnight; and all because his bellows had a brass pipe instead of a black one. Be this book, I'd give him warnin', only I know he would knock me down—not a day but we have bloody murder about something. Troth, I'll lave him, tho' he raised my wages another pound. He'll commit murder yet and be hanged, the unfortunit ould man!"

"Murty! you infernal scoundrel!" was thundered from the stair-head.

"Oh, J—s!" exclaimed the chief butler, as he dropped my coat and flew along the passage. "Och hone! if I was only at pack-drill again. Wasn't it a comfort to be caned and kicked by every sergeant in the regiment, and not murdered, as I am at last, in could blood, and with a pair of bellows. Oh, J—s!"

The second personage was an ensign; in years a boy, with the sordid selfishness attendant on anility extensive as old Parr's. When we were relieved by a Highland regiment in the castle, we first proceeded to Ireland, and in a few months embarked at Cork for Spain. At that time, high duties upon spirits caused a temptation to embark in illicit distillation too strong for an Irish peasant to resist. The country was overrun with poteeine; of course it found its way inside the barrack-gates; and after mess, we generally had a nightly re-

union in our rooms, and there and then, over a hot tumbler, disposed of the senior officers in double quick, and drank to a speedy promotion. Rogers—as the young miser was named—never joined in these *symposia*, but retired to his own room after dinner—as some averred, to pray, and others, to mend his stockings.

By the way, no little risk was attendant upon that pleasant but prohibited liquor, y'cleped poteeine. To be found in a man's possession, was to incur the penalty of one hundred pounds. It is true that we were tolerably safe within the barracks from the gauger's visitation; but to get drunk outside was rather a service of danger. Gentlemen were surprised *flagrante delicto* every day; and, consequently, a carouse, like a delicate inquiry, required to be conducted *clausie foribus*.

“What the devil can that beast, Rogers, be about?” observed the senior lieutenant. “He can't be reading; for the only book that calls him master, is a last year's almanac with one cover.”

“He brushes his own clothes,” rejoined a second sub, “lest his servant should lean on them too heavily, and wear them out before their time.”

“Gentlemen,” replied a third, “I can afford the required information. He has the best supply of poteeine within the barrack-gates; and puts his evenings pleasantly and profitably in, by drinking the right hand against the left.”

“If I thought so,” exclaimed an Hibernian Hotspur, who, poor fellow! died sword in hand, while crowning the great breach of Badajos, a few months afterwards,—“If I thought so, by the Lord! I would draw him like a badger.”

“Hang it!” returned a light infantry lieutenant, “although I never was an eavesdropper in my life, I'll have for once a sly peep through the keyhole,” and off he ran.

His absence was but short. “Well, what *is* he about, the beast?” inquired sundry voices.

“Stitching buttons on his shirt!”

“Studying the old almanac?”

“Strapping a razor?”

“A devilish deal more pleasantly employed,” replied the spy. “There he sits with his boots off and feet upon the fender, swallowing poteeine punch hot enough to scald a pig.”

“By Saint Patrick! I'll kick the door open, and——”

“No! no! no! I have it,” said he of the light infantry. “Leave all to me. Follow me to the lobby below this room, and when I give the signal, get up a scuffle on the stairs.

Come along." Up ran the speaker, and his companions followed.

Knock! knock! knock! knock!

"Rogers, are ye drunk or dead?"

*Voice within.* "Wha—wha—what's the matter?"

*Voice without.* "The devil's the matter! Quick, open the door. I want your key. Quick, quick—make haste, or I'm ruined for ever!"

*Voice within, additionally tremulous.* "Don't frighten one, now. Wha—wha—what's wrong?"

*Voice without.* "Wrong! Everything's wrong. Five gaugers below—general search for potecine—bottle in my room—no key—servant out—yours open. (*Noise within of press unlocking.*) What the devil are ye fumbling about? The key—the key—the key! Hundred pounds!—certain ruin!"

*Voice within.* "I ca—ca—can't find it."

*Window opened.* *Voice without.* "The key, I say! Rogers, I'll parade ye in the morning; if I don't blow me! And if I'm fined, I'll leave my ruin upon you!"

*Tremendous scuffle on the lower lobby—awful swearing—exclamations of "Let us up!" "Knock them down!" "Stick him, sentry, he's only a gauger!" A loud concussion on the pavement. "Another and another!" Door opens. Mr. Rogers pale as a ghost.*

"Oh, Lord! Purcell, what a pity! Three jars—five and four pence a gallon! Oh, what a pity!"

*Rest of the party rush up, inquiring, "Are things safe?" answer returned—"Right as a trivet!" while Mr. Rogers resumes his lament over the lost alcohol, particularizing price and quantity. The gang all sympathizers.*

*1st Voice.* "What a sacrifice!"

*2nd ditto.* "Three jars full!"

*3rd ditto.* "All barley, too!"

*4th ditto.* "And five and fourpence a gallon!"

*Grand chorus.* "Oh, murder! murder!"

*Loud voice, from below.* "Yes, gentlemen; murder indeed! Which of you fractured the drummer's skull with a flower-pot?"

*Omnes.* "Oh, Lord! Rogers have you committed murder?"

*Purcell.* "Slip down, Holmes, and ascertain if the boy is actually dead, to enable poor Rogers time to put up a shirt or two first, and make his escape afterwards."

*The Homicide.* "Oh, murder, murder! what shall I do? and what will become of me?"

1st Comforter. "That will depend a good deal upon the coroner's verdict."

2nd ditto. "And buying off the prosecution."

3rd ditto. "It might be advisable at once to settle an annuity on the poor boy's mother."

4th ditto. "And get up a memorial to hand the judge."

1st ditto. "So that in the event of a jury returning 'Wilful murder,' Rogers might be mercifully recommended for transportation."

[Adjutant joins the party.]

"Who the devil threw the jars out? I'm cursed but they all but killed the Colonel's dog."

Rogers (faintly.) "Is the drummer dead, sir?"

Adjutant. "What drummer?"

Rogers. "The one with the fractured skull."

Adjutant. "One with a fractured skull! The only fracture reported to me was the fracture of a drum-head."

All burst into an uproarious laugh, and ran tumbling down stairs, leaving Mr. Rogers in deep distress, and the Adjutant holding by the staircase.

Mr. Rogers, ("voce doloroso.") "And so, sir, there was nobody killed; no gaugers in the building; no occasion to throw my whisky out of the window—and—"

"You have been made the most regular ass of I ever met in my life."

Exit the Adjutant, as Scrub says, "laughing consumedly."

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## CHAPTER VI.

Castle of Edinburgh—The regalia—Dunnottar—A law opinion—Castle besieged—Regalia preserved—Dunnottar surrenders—Dénouement—The Sixty-sixth—An affectionate relative—The Grassmarket—The High-street—Holyrood—Royal accommodation.

THE day was sultry; we crossed the north bridge and first proceeded to the castle.\* Mounting to the flag-staff, we stood upon the leads; and one of the most splendid and extensive views imaginable burst at once upon the sight. Look over London or Paris, from the cage upon the Monument, or the tower of Notre Dame, you will certainly command an enormous extent of "wood, and brick, and mortar;" but what a varied scene is presented from Dunedin's castled height! We remained for half an hour gazing at town, and frith, and mountain—I, in rapturous delight—and, stranger still, the

\* Appendix, No. II.

Stout Gentleman admitting himself pleased, and evincing faint indications of feelings approaching sensibility. At last we quitted our airy position; and, in our descent to the mortar battery were arrested on the stairs with a polite inquiry "whether we should not wish to see the regalia?" The said regalia being deposited in the room where they were discovered. The Stout Gentleman muttered something about "gilt gingerbread and a shilling;" but I desired the lamps to be lighted, and followed my cicerone in.

These interesting relics of "auld lang syne," like every appurtenance of Scottish royalty, were frequently imperilled; and the marvel is, that they should have survived the changeable fortunes of their unfortunate proprietors. Soon after they had been used at Scone, at the coronation of Charles the Second, it was deemed advisable, from the expected invasion of an English army, that the regalia should be removed, and deposited for safer keeping in the castle of Dunnottar,\* which, from its remote situation and natural strength, offered greater security than fortresses nearer to the seat of war, and consequently, more exposed to hostile aggression. On the 8th of July a garrison was thrown into the place, and the command given to Ogilvie of Barras, while the magazines were replenished and the batteries mounted with additional artillery, including the celebrated "Mons Meg." The embrasure this huge gun occupied is still pointed out, from which, as it is reported, a shot dismasted an English cruiser, while entering the harbour of Stonehaven, at the distance of a mile and a half.

The success that attended the arms of the Parliamentarians rendered it questionable whether Dunnottar might not eventually fall into the hands of the invaders; and the governor was desired, by the Committee of Estates, to transfer the regalia to some Highland stronghold, whose remoteness might offer in those troublous times a better prospect of security. Aware of the deep responsibility he had undertaken, Ogilvie, not considering these orders of the committee to deliver up his trust a sufficient warranty for him to act upon, applied to the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland for fresh directions; and, like many a legal opinion, the one he received was every thing but satisfactory.

"I conceive," said the Chancellor, "that the trust committed to you, and the safe custody of the things under your charge, did require that victual, a competent number of honest and stout soldiers, and all other necessaries, should have been provided and put in the castle before you had been in any

\* Appendix, No. III.



hazard; and if you be in good condition, or that you can timely supply yourself with all necessaries, and that the place be tenable against all attempts of the enemy, I doubt not but you will hold out. But if you want provisions, sojers, and ammunition, and cannot hold out at the assaultis of the enemy, which is feared and thought you cannot doe if you be hardlye persued, I know no better expedient than that the honours of the crowne be speedilye and saifflye transported to some remote and strong castle or hold in the Highlands; and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarras, as was desired by the Committee of Estates; nor doe I know any better way for preservatione of these thingis, and your exoneration; and it will be an irreparable lose and shame if these thingis shall be taken by the enemy, and verie dishonourable for yourself. So, *having given you the best advice I can at present,*" (how satisfactory!) "I trust you will, with all care and faithfulness, be answerable, according to the trust committed to you."

In the mean time an investing army had approached, and Dunnottar was summoned in form. The governor, seriously alarmed, applied to Charles himself, requesting him to send an accredited person by sea, to receive the sacred emblems of royal authority, and no vessel came. Again Dunnottar was summoned; and on the refusal of the governor, Lambert sat down in form before the place.

Every day the fortunes of the English monarch became more desperate; and it was ascertained that Dunnottar could not hold out beyond a limited period. All, that a stout and trusty soldier could do to protect a sacred charge, had already been done by Ogilvie; but to preserve the badges of a line of kings from the hands of English regicides was reserved for woman's wit.

The parties who effected this bold and honourable deliverance were the Countess Dowager Mareschal, a daughter of the Earl of Mar; an humbler colleague, the wife of the minister of Kinneff; and the governor's lady, Mrs. Ogilvie; while he, "good, easy man," had not a suspicion of what the ladies were about, at least so says history.

Mrs. Granger having obtained permission from the besieging general to pay a visit to Mrs. Ogilvie, the scheme was thus successfully executed. In returning, the minister's wife concealed the crown in her lap, and "the English general himself helped her to her horse, which she had left in the camp, as the castle cannot be approached on horseback. Her maid followed her on foot, bearing the sword and sceptre concealed in *hards*, as they are called,—that is, bundles of lint,

which Mrs. Granger pretended were to be spun into thread. They passed through the English blockading army without being discovered. From thence she transported them to Kinneff, and put them under the charge of her husband, James Granger, who granted to the Countess of Mareschal the following authentic account of their secret deposition, dated the 31st of March, 1652:—‘I, Mr. James Granger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to have in my custody the honours of the kingdom, viz., the crown, sceptre, and sword. For the crown and sceptre, I raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all; the sword, again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these seits, and layed it down within the case of it, and covered it up, as that removing the superfluous mould it could not be discerned by anybody; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place.’

“The regalia were transferred to the care of Mr. Granger sometime in the month of March, and in the following month of May, 1652, Ogilvie was under the necessity of surrendering Dunnottar Castle by capitulation to the republican General Dean. He obtained honourable articles of capitulation, by which it was particularly stipulated that he should himself enjoy personal freedom. But when it was found that he could give no account of the regalia, which the conquerors had reckoned their secure booty, the lieutenant-governor and his lady were treated with extreme severity, dragged from one place of confinement to another, and subjected to fines, sequestration, and imprisonment, in order to extort from them this important secret. The lady’s health gave way under these severe inflictions, and she died within two years after the surrender of the castle, still keeping the important secret, and with her last breath exhorting her husband to maintain his trust inviolable. Tradition says that the minister and his wife also fell under suspicion of the ruling powers, and that they were severally examined, and even subjected to the torture, without its being found possible to extract from them the desired information.”

Happier days, however, awaited all concerned; and it is a pleasing *dénouement* to a long story to add that, after the Restoration, marks of royal gratitude were bestowed on those

who had so faithfully attached themselves to the fallen fortunes of an exiled king. John Keith, youngest son of the Countess Mareschal, was created Earl of Kintire; Ogilvie had a baronetage, and his feudal tenure of the lands of Barras was enlarged from "wardholding to blanch." Nor were the honest minister of Kinneff and his "better-half" forgotten, as the following extract from Parliamentary proceedings (11th January, 1661) attests:—

"Forasmuch as the Estates of Parliament doe understand that Christian Fletcher, spouse to Mr. James Granger, minister of Kinneff, wes most active in conveying the royal honours, his Majestie's crown, sword, and sceptre, out of the castle of Dunnottar immediately before it wes rendered to the English usurpers, and that be the care of the same wes hid and preserved: Thairfore the King's Majestie, with advice of his Estates in Parliament, doe appoint *two thousand merks* Scots to be forthwith paid unto her be his Majesty's thesaurer, out of the readiest of his Majestie's rents, as a testimony of their sense of her service."

I found the Stout Gentleman on the mortar battery, where he awaited my return. Its armament is curious. Mons Meg,\* flanked on either side by an eight-inch mortar,—a giant between a brace of dwarfs; and yet either of the little gentlemen right and left—meaning the mortars—would have done better service at Dunbar or Dunnottar, than the huge and shapeless masses of hammered iron for which three lords were left in pawn!

When we descended to the lower battery, we found the regiment which garrisoned the castle under arms upon the parade in front of the dry ditch. It was an old Peninsular battalion. I had a brother killed under its honoured colours when it crossed the Pyrenees, and I inquired from the sergeant at the gate-guard whether there might not be still some of the old hands with the regiment, who would remember my deceased kinsman. Not an individual remained who had ever seen a flint snapped in anger; and the *ultimus Romanorum*—the last man who had returned from the Peninsula—a worn-out drummer—had been invalided, and discharged two days before. That day, by strange accident, was the bloodiest and proudest anniversary of the regiment. I looked down the line. No laureled schacho told that the wearer had been on the red heights of Albuera; it was a battalion of boys—the making of a noble regiment. Shade of the sixty-

\* This enormous specimen of antique artillery was forged at Mons, A.D. 1486; employed at the siege of Norham, in 1497; and subsequently, in arming Dunnottar.

sixth! you passed in shadowy review, as I had seen you once! The tattered colours—the weather-beaten front rank—the stout old colonel—all were before me. I reached the flank of the light company—looked back, sighed, and murmured, “*fruit!*”

“What the devil are you sighing for?” inquired the Stout Gentleman, who, by the way, has no more feeling than a horse; “are you sick?”

“No; but I am inclined to be sentimental.”

“Oh, curse sentiment! as Sir Oliver Teazle says. Come along! I hate battles and anniversaries. There is but one that has any interest for me.”

“Oh! have you been under fire?”

“I never was, and, please God! I never will be,” returned the Stout Gentleman. “The only action I recall with pleasure is that of Preston-Pans; for there I had an ancestor killed; and, as I am told, one of the greatest scoundrels in creation there and then got ‘his quietus.’”

“Upon my conscience, you appear to look back on the past with a philosophic eye. I suppose, if you had a relative hanged, you would celebrate ‘the happy return’ of the day?”

“Very possibly,” returned the Stout Gentleman, “if, in his testamentary arrangements, my name had been honourably recorded. But, *à propos* to hanging, is not yonder street the Grassmarket, where gentlemen, in the olden time, who were partial to open-air oratory, were accommodated with a halter and a psalm?”\*

A recruiting sergeant, who had overheard the question, civilly pointed out the locality of the place to which Cuddie Headrigg had such an invincible antipathy; and when we quitted the esplanade before the castle for the High-street, he volunteered his services to be our cicerone.

By the way, from the parade, we overlooked one of the cemeteries of the city, equally classic and extensive,—namely, that of the Greyfriars. On every occurrence in life men hold opposite views, and there are people who busy themselves in

\* At the bottom of the West Bow, and in the centre of the street called the Grassmarket, a small St. Andrew's cross is formed upon the pavement by a peculiar arrangement of the paving-stones. This indicates the situation of a stone (removed in 1823) into which the gallows, formerly used for the occasional execution of criminals in Edinburgh, was wont to be inserted. There is some moral interest connected with this spot. Here “the martyrs” of the persecuting reigns of Charles II. and James II. sang out their last hymns of exultation, before entering upon the scene of a new existence. This also was the arena of those strange incidents which led to the affair of Captain Porteous, who was hanged on the south side of the street, opposite to the gallows-stone. The Grassmarket was the ordinary place of execution in Edinburgh for upwards of a century previous to the year 1785.

making *post-mortem* dispositions. I am not of the latter section. Where the tree falls, there let it lie; and where I shuffle off this mortal coil, there let the carrion be deposited. Don't plant me, however, in a cockney graveyard; the place is crowded, and I should, I fear, dislike the company. If I must be "pickled and sent home," as Sir Lucius says, you may recollect the northern corner of my native burying-ground, where defunct soldiers have always been interred.—Many a funeral I followed thither when a boy.—Well, stick me *there*, Jack; for I fancy that, even after death, I should find myself more at home with my bones blanching beside those of old acquaintances.—But this is a digression from the Greyfriars.

I said the ground was classic—"snug lying" for men of letters; and I laud the gods that I do not belong to this brigade—a very honourable and, as I am told, a very penniless community. Here lie Buchanan and Mackenzie, Henderson and Blair, Maclaurin, Robertson, and honest Allan Ramsay. Shakspeare, in making honourable mention of a gentleman, says the handsomest act of his life was his death; and Allan distanced all the learned Thebans who lie around, in leaving behind him a house and policy beside the Castle-hill. Chambers properly notices the circumstance, and remarks, "There is some curiosity in the little mansion, as one of the very few houses that have ever been built out of the profits of literature."

Under the guidance of our military conductor, we descended that singular remnant of "auld lang syne," the High-street. Here I should opine that an antiquarian should live and die; for, from the castle to the palace, in his eyes, every inch of ground is holy. There is not a tall, rackets old building without its romance; nor "close or wynd"\* without its legend. Here still remain the mansion of the Regent Murray; the domicile of that awful iconoclast, John Knox; and, in a dark court, reached by a narrow alley—a fit locality for a warlock to canton himself—the veritable abiding-place of Major Weir, a gentleman favoured with a tar-barrel in 1678, for, as it was suspected, possessing more information on occult subjects than his neighbours.†

\* *Anglicè*, narrow courts and alleys off the main street.

† "The name of this criminal is, at this day, as well known in Scotland as that of Guy Fawkes in England; and innumerable superstitious notions prevail regarding him. He was, it seems, a person of infinite external piety, yet indulged in the most horrible crimes, among which, according to the belief of the age, sorcery was the chief. For about a century after his death, his house remained uninhabited, no one daring to encounter the horrors of a place in which it was supposed that all the powers of hell held their nightly revels. It is now used as a workshop."—*Chambers*.

Of Holyrood I shall offer you no description. Has it not been sung and said by every tourist and traveller already? It is, in sooth, a place of surpassing interest, whose every association is "right royal." Would one moralize upon kingly fortunes, visit that deserted palace. Go from the boudoir of love and beauty, where Mary smiled and Rizzio sang, to the grated charnel-room, whose chapless skulls and the blanched bones of those who erstwhile wore a crown, attest the nothingness of frail humanity—what a moral do they point!

How easily satisfied, in those unpretending days, was royalty with its accommodation? Were the chamber of the peerless Mary now offered to a lady's maid, would not the Abigail give notice to quit next morning? And if Miss Emily Juliana Stubbs, of thirteen and a half Monument-yard, were inducted into such a den as that fatal closet in which Signor David supped for the last time, with his frail and lovely mistress, would not the said Miss Emily kick up a blessed bobbery—ay, that's the cockney phrase—and old Mister Stubbs throw the house out of the windows afterwards?

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## CHAPTER VII.

An auld town hostelry—Proposed excursion—The Chevalier's descent—Highland clans—Royal army—Artillery and cavalry—Singular panic—Royal infantry—Cope's misconduct—Edinburgh volunteers—The city surprised—Battle-field.

"IN vino veritas." Well, there may be truth in wine; but to soften the heart, give me whisky-toddy. I persuaded the Stout Gentleman to pay an evening visit to the old town again; and, after our ramble, seduced him into an antiquated change-house, where, not improbably, Adam Woodcock received merited castigation from young Seton, for his irreverent introduction of the Pope's name into a pleasant drinking-song.

Numerous and varied are the denizens of an inn, and many a wild guest had this dark, low room accommodated. The kilted clansman, the Highland drover, the English outlaw, burgher and borderer, Priest and Levite, all had revelled at the board, and occupied the bench we sat upon. Many a head, cracked in some wild affray upon the street, had here been salved, and dirk and bayonet been drawn in the fury of some mad debauch.

The Stout Gentleman hinted that another tumbler would be desirable. It was a close evening, and everybody knows that close evenings engender thirst. The alcohol was pure Glenlivat. Another and another supply was summoned; and, unlike Glendower's spirits, they obeyed the call. I looked cautiously at the Stout Gentleman; his features were good-naturedly relaxed, and the complacent twinkle of his grey eye told that he was at peace and harmony with all men. Now was the time. I proposed an excursion to some remote quarter of the island, a place removed beyond cockney invasion, and as unfavourable to the visitations of the Tubbs and the Tomkineses as an Irish turf-bog to an imported snake. Would the Stout Gentleman venture with me to Shetland?

He paused, and then suspiciously inquired whether the trip could be effected without the agency of horseflesh?

It was all straight sailing, was the reply; steam from first to last. He might visit the Ultima Thule of Europe without encountering anything of that species he abhorred, of larger dimensions than a Shetland pony, and, by taxing the imagination, might even fancy that a dog.

\* \* \* \*

The offer is accepted. We start from Granton pier the evening after to-morrow, and fill up the vacant day by a visit to Gladsmuir. I, to inspect the scene of the Chevalier's first success, and the Stout Gentleman, to visit a spot where his ancestor, of evil reputation, got a quietus, and relieved the world of a scoundrel.

\* \* \* \*

The young adventurer's descent on Scotland, from its commencement to its close, teemed with romantic incident. In 1744 he was recalled from Rome by the Cardinal de Tencin, to accompany Marshal Saxe with fifteen thousand men, and reclaim the throne his father had forfeited. The troops were partially embarked, when a superior English squadron beat down Channel, and anchored in the offing. At night the wind shifted round to east, blew a whole gale, forced the blockading fleet to sea; while the French ships, alarmed at the formidable force of the enemy, ran down the coast for shelter, and the attempt was finally abandoned. An immediate declaration of war, which followed on the part of England, obliged the French monarch to turn his disposable forces to other objects; the intended invasion of Great Britain was relinquished, and the hopes of the young Pretender crushed. A year passed; accident at last enabled Charlie to carry his design into execution; and, through the agency of a couple of

Irish smugglers,\* a descent was effected on the Scottish coast, which, under more fortunate circumstances, might have been fatal to the succession of the house of Hanover.

\* \* \* \* \*

The surprise generally expressed at the success of the clans in their conflicts with the royal forces, ceases, when the composition of the respective armies is examined with military consideration. In point of numbers, the Highlanders exceeded their opponents probably by a fourth; but, in construction, their inferiority, as a field force, more than counterbalanced their numerical superiority. Of warlike arms, the only one they possessed was infantry; they had no guns; and their cavalry, although dignified with the pompous titles of Life-guards and Hussars, were but a mere handful of mounted gentlemen, irregularly equipped, and unable to execute the simplest movement. Yet this little army, which abandoned its Highland home, to raise the fallen banner of the house of Stuart, was, in truth, a dangerous enemy. His martial habits and pursuits, his wild and irregular mode of living, the enthusiasm of clanship, pride of character, devotion to his chief, all united to make the Highlander virtually a soldier. Active, vigorous, and daring, each mountaineer acted as if victory depended on his personal exertions; and hence, without the unity of action which discipline confers, the Highland onset was fierce and difficult to repel; and to that fact, not only the raw levies they defeated, but the veteran regiments to whom they were subsequently opposed, bore ample testimony.

Such was the Highland: and now let us examine the state and composition of the royal army which fought at Preston. In appearance, it was formidable; in construction, tolerably correct. It had artillery, cavalry, and infantry; but, individually and collectively, it was "a wretched body with a royal name."

The park at Preston consisted of six guns, about the calibre of a steamer's swivel.† Light metal is lightly worked; and certainly nothing could be too light for Sir John's artillerists. Home's description of the effective strength of this arm of Cope's army is so superlatively ridiculous, that I must give it to you in the historian's words. When Cope was ordered to march northwards, and bring the rebels to action with the least possible delay, it may be supposed that he proceeded to brush up his field battery, whose collective fire amounted to that discharged now-a-days by a single gun.

"There were," says Home, "no gunners nor matrosses to be had in Scotland, but *one old man*, who had belonged to

\* Appendix, No. IV.

† One pound and a half.



the Scots train of artillery *before the Union*. This gunner, and three old soldiers, belonging to the company of invalids in garrison at the castle of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope carried along with him to Inverness. When the troops came to Dunbar, the king's ship that escorted the transports, furnished Sir John Cope with some sailors to work the cannon; but when the Highlanders came on, firing as they advanced, the sailors, the gunner, and the three old invalids *ran away* ("small blame to them," as they say in Ireland) taking the powder-horns with them, so that Colonel Whiteford, who fired five of the six pieces, could not fire the sixth for want of priming."

In number and appearance, Cope's cavalry were respectable; but in every affair with the Highlanders, with very few exceptions, they proved rank cowards. Indeed, how they would conduct themselves when in the presence of an enemy, may be imagined by their mode of action when at a safe distance from all danger. On the evening of the 15th of September, Colonel Gardiner, on receiving intelligence that Charles was slowly approaching the city, fell back with his two regiments of dragoons, and bivouacked for the night in a field in the neighbourhood of Leith. When the Highlanders entered Edinburgh next day, Gardiner retired in the direction of Dunbar, where Cope at the moment was debarking his army. Halting his men, he picketed his horses in a field between Preston Grange and Dauphinston, where they made the necessary preparations to stay all night; "but a dragoon, seeking forage for his horse, between ten and eleven o'clock, fell into an old coal-pit that was full of water, and made such a noise, that the dragoons thought that the Highlanders had got amongst them; and mounting their horses, made the best of their way to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner had gone to his own house, which was hard by, and locked the door when he went to bed, so that he heard nothing of the matter till next morning, when he rose and followed his men with a heavy heart; for the road to Dunbar was strewed with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which were gathered together, and carried in covered carts to Dunbar, so that the flight of the two regiments should be little known to the army."\*

The panic of these "bold dragoons," in the simple narrative of the historian, is truly laughable. A fellow pops into a coal-pit, roars "murder" lustily, and off gallop two regiments of horse! The Colonel, "good easy man," has taken his *doch-an-duris*, put on his nightcap, locked the hall-door, and,

\* Home's History of the rebellion, 1745.

"sound as a watchman," hears nothing of what passes. To an inquiry in the morning *anent* "his charge of horse," a "non est inventus" is returned; and hearing they had headed towards Dunbar, thither he proceeds, wondering, no doubt, what the devil had driven them off in such a hurry. The death of Gardiner, which so immediately followed this disgraceful affair, renders it almost indelicate to smile at anything connected with his memory. He was not only a good but a gallant man; and, compared with the rubbish who held commands, an able and valuable soldier. But really, locking the hall-door first, and losing two regiments of dragoons afterwards, is such an anti-Peninsular proceeding, that one cannot recall it without a smile. We can fancy the reception a colonel of cavalry would have met with from the "Iron Duke," had he on some blessed morning presented himself at head-quarters, with a couple of cartloads of tools and traps, and a delicate inquiry if any intelligence had transpired of what had become of the proprietors!

To such an artillery and cavalry, Cope united about fifteen hundred infantry. The foot comprised one whole regiment (the 6th) and part of three young ones—the 44th, 46th, and 47th.

Cope's previous conduct had been so vacillating, his actions so contradictory, that, to those who knew it, but a sorry promise of future success was holden out. He had urged the necessity of an advance into the Highlands, received full permission from the government to march northward, and been assured that his views were in perfect unison with those of the Lords of the Regency, who pressed him to "bell the cat" without delay. Accordingly, he headed towards Fort Augustus, his army accompanied by an abundant supply of provisions and ammunition, and ample means of transport. But the point he recommended the army to move to he never reached. At Dalwhinnie, finding that the rebels would give him battle upon Corryarrac, like that of Acre's, the general's courage appears to have oozed away; and resorting to the old-womanly expedient of a council of war, he found his field-officers as little inclined to fight as he was himself; and, sanctioned by their assent, on the 27th, instead of mounting the summit of Corryarrac, where the Highlanders were ready to receive him, he glided off at Blarigg-Beg, and took the road to Inverness; which place, by forced marches, he reached on the 29th, leaving the low country open to invasion, and giving the Chevalier a full opportunity of marching unopposed upon the capital.

Of Prince Charles's advance and occupation of Edinburgh, and Cope's subsequent arrival at Dunbar, it is unnecessary to

speak. But with the capture of the city the ridiculous is largely intermixed. Sorely alarmed at the horrors attendant on assault, a conclave of civic authorities were collected, and, after a brief deliberation, the provost and bailies sent out a deputation to wait upon Charlie at Gray's Mill, and deprecate the use, on his part, of sword and fire. Some of these functionaries had been, with desperate intents, for the last three days learning to "toss their muskets," and had expressed a determination that any port\* within the circuit of their walls, if hostilely approached, should be turned into a second Thermopylæ. But when "a man of tolerable appearance (whom nobody even pretended to know) mounted upon a grey horse, came up from the Bow to the Lawnmarket, and galloping along the front of the volunteers (*i. e.* the gentlemen who were 'tossing the muskets'), called out that he had seen the Highland army, and they were sixteen thousand strong,"† then did "another change come o'er the spirit of their dream;" and probably recollecting into what "a fix" the good citizens of Harfleur had run themselves "auld lang syne," they determined to negotiate rather than fight; and a deputation proceeded to the head-quarters of the Chevalier in full state, and ensconced in a hackney-coach. There, however, their reception was *infra dignitatem*, if Home may be believed, and they returned "sadder and not wiser" than they went.‡

But the calamitous upshot of this unhappy mission remains to be disclosed. The "leathern conveniency" in which the deputies set forth on this bootless embassy had been unfortunately hired in the Canongate; and after setting down his passengers (by the way, Home neither mentions the fare, nor whether it was paid on the nail, or booked to the corporation), honest jarvey bundled off to his abiding-place. On reaching it, the Netherbow-port was unclosed to let him out—but unhappily also, as it turned out, to let in Lochiel and eight hundred Highlanders. The guards were quietly disarmed, the other gates occupied; and when the honest burghers awoke they had no occasion to prepare for defence, or renew their negotiations, for Auld Reekie was in peaceable possession of bonnie Prince Charlie and his Highland followers.

The battle-field at Preston-Pans, as pointed to the stranger, is now no longer distinguishable from the highly cultivated

\* *Anglicè*, gate.

† Home's History.

‡ "When they arrived at Gray's Mill, they prevailed upon Lord George Murray to second their application for a delay; but Charles refused to grant it; and the deputies were ordered, in his name, to *get them gone!*—very uncivil of the Chevalier!"—*Home's History*.

lands of which it forms a portion. The morass, which caused so much marching and counter-marching between the rival armies, has been many years since drained and brought into tillage; and the only veritable relic of the fight of Gladsmuir is the house (Bankton) where Gardiner slept before the battle, and in which, after it, he breathed his last.

If the Stout Gentleman had expected to find a monument to commemorate the fall of his worthy ancestor, his hopes were disappointed. He found, however, what probably pleased him better afterwards—a clean inn, and a dinner that even a bagman would not have grumbled at.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Welcome of an inn—Fashionable hotels—A city episode—Fancy for portrait painting—The sea captain—Lady portraits—A pictorial abomination—Our young governor—Master Dick—In with the fish!

“THE warmest welcome’s in an inn.” *Negatur*—“I don’t believe it—it is no welcome at all, but merely an interchange of meat, drink, and a parting bow, in return for a settled consideration. Try the experiment; present yourself to the smirking pantler, or smiling barmaid, with a torn coat, a “shocking bad hat,” and other outward and visible signs of being a *shuck* gentleman, and incontinently you will be “quoted out like a shove-groat shilling.” Call ye that a welcome that is accompanied by a bill? An innkeeper’s hospitality is nearly on a par with the philanthropic individual bepraised by Goldsmith, who, among other christian proceedings, diurnally clad the naked himself—

When he put on his clothes.

Possibly the most heartless home on earth is a fashionable hotel. Live there a century, and you leave it as you enter—the *exit* creating no tenderer sensation than the *entrée*. The chambermaid witnesses your departure without a sigh: and, remembering that “a gent.” slipped off last week without the usual tip, she fancies that “sixteen” is a loose-looking lad, and takes a position so that the suspected gentleman in “sixteen” shall “behave as sich,” if she can make him. You and all your past favours are forgotten in the mercenary anxiety of securing from a suspected fugitive—a fugitive shilling. See how your former largesses are committed to oblivion! Christmas and Easter, did you not stand a *chené*, *chusan*, or *gros de Naples*? For what new play did you not

buy a ticket? and were not the half-crowns—ay, and half-sovereigns that you gave, innumerable? Well, “the loose lad of sixteen,” perceiving his flank turned, makes a merit of necessity, and summonses the fair tormentor to his presence. He tucks her under the chin, and she simpers—just as she used to simper, when you *quondam*, went through the same operation.

“Pon my life, my love, you’re perticklar bootiful!—I’ll run away with ye! If I don’t—blow me!”

“Lard, sir! how can ye talk so; you that have a missus of your own? The ladies wouldn’t let so nice a gent. alone.”

“On the honour of a soldier, my tulip, I’m a man without encumbrance!”

Now Mr. Stubbs was neither a soldier, nor without encumbrance. While travelling for a druggist’s firm, he met, at Margate, Miss Emily Epps, of Godliman-street, Doctors’ Commons; and at the Tivoli Gardens, and with the said Emily, had the honour “to sport a toe.” He declared—she proved agreeable—and, in three short weeks, vows of eternal fidelity were interchanged at the altar of St. Thomas the Apostle. Five cherubs blessed the union. It would have been better, however, had four been the extent. Number five was desperately red-headed; so was the mercer’s senior apprentice over the way; while Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were unfortunately black as a boot. The neighbours talked; Mr. Stubbs became uncomfortable; two generations—a singular thing to be achieved in the city—were traced back, and neither a red Stubbs nor a red Epps could be discovered! Mr. Stubbs, in consequence, took to “Free-and-Easys.” But what brought him to a west-end hotel? How the devil should I know? Many a gentleman goes to a west-end hotel, respected reader; and it is no good that brings him there!

Talking of inns, we may as well make a chapter of them.

Of all the persons in this world who seem most solicitous to transmit to posterity an accurate idea of what they looked while in the flesh, the innkeeper is the most inveterate; and whether he may be what cockneys call a “licensed witley,” the Boniface of a road-side ale-house, or “some rude captain of the sea,” who has exchanged the compass for the can, and instead of working dead reckonings, scores living ones, land-lording it over “the Admiral Benbow” of some fishing-port, the fancy is precisely the same.

Were there an exhibition of publicans and sinners, I think I could classify the portraits, and do everything but name the signs. Your “witley” is easily detected. He wears a velvet waistcoat, an open-worked shirt studded with brilliants, to

judge by size, not purchased by the carat, but the ounce; his black stock is secured by a double pin; a ponderous guard-chain falls over the grass-green vest; and a *breget, en suite*, dangles from the right waistcoat-pocket. The "road-sider" always wears a blue coat, gilt buttons, and striped kerseymeres, ties his white cravat in a bow, and underneath it displays a red cornelian. *More antiquo*, he carries his "tatler" in the waistband of his unmentionables; and a bull-terrier is generally his canvass companion. The identity of the ex-captain is even more striking than the cockney and villager, and his is always the more extensive picture. He stands properly, himself in front, with his left paddle fixed upon the ground as if it had been planted there. Right astern, there is an animated sea-view—castle and flag-staff in the distance—with the good brig, the "Mary Ann" of Swansea, which erstwhile he commanded, under full sail at the point of his left elbow. His digits sinister grasp a speaking-trumpet, and his right *mawley* reposes gracefully on the breech of a carronade. The costume is in keeping with the general good taste, which, as a composition, the picture claims and merits. If the canvass will afford room, a sextant and water-dog are judiciously introduced; and in some otherwise vacant corner, a sun, moon, and stars—coffin and cross-bones—with all the tools necessary for a working carpenter, are tastefully intermixed intimating that the subject of the painting appertained to the ancient order of Free and Accepted Masons.

Of course, every Jack will have his Jill. Gentlemen must be mated; and the female portraits are fit pendants for those of their liege lords, and prove that, if without woman "the garden were a wild," "the bar" would be still less endurable. In selecting her costume every gentle dame appears to have fairly "exhausted worlds," and afterwards drawn on the imagination to the last. On one interesting fact these portraits are conclusive; every victualler's lady is either literary or floricultural—and her peculiar taste can be easily ascertained by reference to her right hand, in which a book or *bouquet* will appear, and solve the difficulty at once. In drawing and colouring, the school of Rubens appears the favourite; and I should say that the fancy for scarlet draperies and ultramarine, where they can be introduced, is generally prevalent.

I can sit a summer afternoon surrounded by several generations who had heard "the cannikin clink," or, in earlier life, responded to loud alarums upon bell-metal, with Francis's "Anon! anon!" I can return the smile of the buxom landlady, who looks a "merry-be-your-heart" from her carved frame-work. I can sympathize with the sad and stupid stare

of mine unfortunate host, whose portrait had doubtless received the finishing touch, immediately after the brewer's traveller had called for the beer bill. I can tolerate the honest captain, though, by an admixture of nautical and pictorial licence, he has put sky-scrapers on his old collier, and even fluttered a pennant from her mast-head. What matters it to me if he please to recline his person upon an eighteen pound carronade, albeit his personal acquaintance with "red artillerie" never exceeded the application of a hot poker to the touch-hole of a swivel in a fog, thereby hoping and intending to attract the attention of a pilot. But I do remember once a pictorial impertinency interrupting the happy progress of my dinner, and damaging my digestion for a week.

I had occasion to keep an appointment in the city, and, mistaking "the trysted time," found myself a full hour in advance. The interval was too short to induce me to go elsewhere; too long to look over the bridge, and count the population of a steamer. It was fortunately an hour at which a man might dine; and I popped into one of those comfortless houses—half gin-palace half hotel—in which you obtain east-end accommodation at west-end prices. The room I was shown into was large, papered and furnished with vile taste, and further disfigured with coloured prints and family portraits. But all these enormities were merged in one engrossing abomination. It was an oil painting, in a massive gilt frame that reached from the surbase to the ceiling, representing an impudent-looking boy of eighteen. The figure was the size of life; the costume intended to be a very reflection from "the glass of fashion;" but in this the artist had been unsuccessful, for his habiliments hung on the person of the young gentleman about as naturally as the block-coat does in the door of an advertising tailor. The appearance of a groom and horses in the background, the presence of a silver-mounted whip, and the action of drawing on a lemon-coloured kid-skin over a finger ornamented with a brilliant, showed that the youth was about to exercise "on horseback." But he was hatless; hair elaborately curled, and with all that inartificial arrangement which, in a thirty-shilling wig, looks more natural than nature, and is "warranted to defy detection." In one thing the limner had succeeded: the air and expression were not to be mistaken; no feature bore the remotest affinity to a gentleman's; for there stood the very impersonation of a pot-boy in masquerade. I was still gazing at the daub, when the waiter came in to lay the cloth, and innocently mistook my fixed stare for the ardent gaze of admiration.

"That's our young gent you're looking at, sir."

"Your young gent!" I added, carelessly.

"Yes, sir—and very like, too."

"And who the devil is that curly, carrot-headed puppy, intended to pass for?"

"Pass for! Why it's our young gove'nor, Master Dick—him wot was drawin' at the engine, as you passed the bar."

"Ay, that saucy-looking young scoundrel who was serving half-and-half to a soldier?"

"Sir!"

"Never mind the cloth, my friend," I said, as I seized my hat and cane. "Present my compliments to 'Master Dick,' and tell him I have bestowed my aversion upon him; and add further, that I'll settle upon him sixpence a day for life, if he'll have that impertinent daub burned by the common hangman, and enter into security to keep the original out of my sight for ever!"

"But won't you dine, sir?"

"Dine, fellow! Dine in the same room with Dick? No—not if you gave me the dinner gratis, and threw the silver spoons into the bargain."

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Even in sober Scotland this mania for personal portraiture obtains. I remember meeting on the border, in a house one remove from the clachan of Aberfoil, a landlord and his wife affectionately grouped, with a big-headed boy in the centre, a Kilmarnock cap in one hand, and a peg-top in the other. But in Glasgow my temper was fairly driven from "its propriety." Over the chimneypiece, a florid painting caught my eye. It was a Highlander in full costume—brooch, purse, pistols and powder-horn—dirk and claymore—ay, and the skene-dhu sticking in his gaiter. "A Highland chief," I muttered to myself; "and in the Macdonald tartan too. It must be himself. Waiter, who is this? Clanranald, I suppose."

"Na, sir, it's the owner o' the hoose."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, passionately.

"Na, not the deil, but the maister," replied Sandy, cool as a cucumber.

"D—n the master."

"Sir!"

"No questions, fellow! In with the fish!"



## CHAPTER IX.

Embarkation in a Shetland steamer—Literary ladies—Firth of Forth—May Island—Bad becomes worse—Arbroath—The Bell Rock—Symptoms of sea-sickness—The companion—The Laird of Craigdarragh—Highland housekeeping—My cook Mattie—After dinner—Nothing like leather.

At eight o'clock we stepped from the pier at Granton into a fine large, wellgrown, steam-boat, which," to use the parlance of a pleasant gentlewoman who places Shetland "almost within sight of the North Pole," touches at Wick once a week, in full boil, on its route from Leith to Lerwick. This information, by the way, is interlarded with the sayings and doings of "my grandmother," as liberally as Milady Morgan used to chronicle the nothings perpetrated by La Fayette, or the balderdash of "my friend La Marquise —, or La Duchesse de —," the titles of these buckram peeresses being properly left in blank, to be filled up at the discretion of the reader.

By the way, Jack, were you ever obliged to occupy the solitary chaise of an Irish caravansera for ten miles with a red-hot Rapaaler? That would be bad enough, God knows! but what is it to finding yourself in an infernal "fix," at a dinner-table with a literary quintagenarian at your elbow, who arrests the soup-spoon *in transitu* to your mouth, with an impertinent inquiry as to whether you prefer the twaddle of Miss —, "a maid in the pride of her purity," born in the last century; or the fustian of Mother T—, who, from having apportioned to herself the corduroys of that nonentity she calls husband, considers that she is qualified to talk of mankind and their general concerns. Much as I detest him, of the two nuisances give me the Rapaaler.

The steamer was crowded with passengers for all the intermediate ports—Arbroath, Montrose, and Aberdeen. The wind at E.N.E. had, even abreast of Inch Keith,\* kicked up more sea than was generally agreeable; and when we rounded the Isle of May, had you named a beef-steak in the presence of a bilious gentleman, he would have required you to name a friend. My only sufferings at sea (lauded be the gods!) are confined to an increase of appetite, with "an unquenchable thirst," as the late Lord Louth called it. The Stout Gentleman's stomachic temperament was in that doubtful state, which induced him to preserve a dignified taciturnity, except

\* Appendix, No. V.

when he required brandy-and-water from the steward ; and I was left to amuse myself with an examination of the objects that we passed.

May Island is by no means barren ; it has a sufficiency of verdant surface to support a flock of sheep, and a spring of excellent water. On its western side the cliffs are high, and its whole shores are rocky. Here, also, that "sair saunt" (David I.) exercised his religious handiwork in founding a monastery of Augustinians, and the commissioners of northern lighthouses theirs, also, in the erection of a more useful building. The rude and ill-appointed beacon, which for eighty years showed its unsteady flame\* to the benighted seaman, has been replaced by a noble light house ; but not, unfortunately, until its necessity was fatally enforced, in 1810, by the loss of two fine frigates, which ran ashore by mistaking a lime-kiln for the beacon on the isle.

We passed the debouchment of the Tay, and, crossing the Bay of St. Andrew's, steered a direct course for Montrose, where divers lieges of our Sovereign Lady the Queen had indulged in the fond delusion that there we should part company. The wind will say "No" to a king, and the sea determined to negative the intentions of my fellow-voyagers. Gradually, the breeze freshened ; the steamer became more uneasy ; those who had been ill before became momentarily worse, and ladies and gentlemen, hitherto in disagreeable uncertainty, had every doubt removed touching the "to be, or not to be." Camp-stools and their occupants "fetched away ;" the sick were assisted down ; and passenger after passenger disappeared. The Stout Gentleman cast a suspicious look at the brown portmanteau, and groped his way to the companion ; and of those who an hour since had graced the "peopled deck," but four at last remained ; to wit, the man at the wheel, a quakeress, a weatherbeaten little Highlander, and myself.

Arbroath, foreshortened from Aberbrothock, a place of high monastic importance once, is now a thriving sea-port. Abreast of a most dangerous rock—*olim*, called Inch Cape—

\* "From 1736 till 1816, the light of the May was produced by a burning chauffer of coal on the summit of a tower, and the only alteration made upon the light during the whole of the intermediate period was the increasing of the quantity of fuel, which was done for the last thirty years. This rude species of light was liable to be injured by the weather, and in many ways was objectionable. About forty years since, the keeper of the light, his wife, and five children, were suffocated, all in one night, in consequence of inhaling the carbonic acid gas from the cinders, too many of which had been allowed to accumulate."—*Chambers*.

the pious abbot, out of his limited means,\* placed a bell upon the reef, while the sea, by a simple contrivance, was required to toll it.† An iniquitous Dutchman, however, for the value of the metal, or to “plague the Priest of Aberbrothock,” stole the bell, ran upon the rock afterwards for want of warning—and thus, by poetic justice, not only expiated his crime, but also gave Mr. Southey a subject for one of his best ballads.

As we kept well off the land, our course brought us close to the Bell Rock, which we saw with every advantage that a heavy sea and high water gives. Nothing could look more singularly wild and desolate. The waves broke upon it, and foamed upwards, even to the lantern; and, notwithstanding their consciousness of security, impressed an idea of isolated wretchedness inflicted on the lonely occupants, that no advantages, with interior comfort, can, in my opinion, compensate. Yet I am assured that the denizens of this sea-encircled home are happy. Although the lonely tower vibrates in the tempest, and leagues of angry water divide them from the abiding-place of men, still, confident in its stability, the inhabitants of the Bell Rock play whist, and keep an album. Courage is comparative; and men will try for a step, “e’en at the cannon’s mouth,” who would not win the see of Durham by putting in a merry Christmas in the Eddystone. I remember when Lord Wellington’s order came to us, the covering army in the Pyrenees, for fifty volunteers to lead the second assault on San Sebastian; and the old colonel, addressing the regiment, desired such as felt inclined to toddle down, to step three paces to the front, and the whole battalion took three measured strides in mute reply, and the old man dismounted, and kicked his hat—a symptom equally that he was well-pleased or in a passion—and we went down with fourteen

\* In the ordinance of the monastery, A.D. 1530, an order was issued for buying 800 wedders, 180 oxen, 11 barrels of salmon, 1200 dried cod-fish, 82 chalders of malt, 30 of wheat, 40 of meal; all which appear additional to the produce of its land, or the provision of different species paid in kind by tenants.

† The waves flowed o’er the Inch-Cape Rock;  
 So little they rose, so little they fell,  
 They did not move the Inch-Cape bell.  
 The pious abbot of Aberbrothock  
 Had placed that bell on the Inch-Cape Rock;  
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,  
 And louder and louder its warning rung:  
 When that rock was hid by the tempest swell,  
 The mariners heard the warning bell,  
 And then they knew the perilous rock,  
 And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothock.—*Southey.*

other fifties, the *élite* of fifteen regiments of that glorious army with which the Iron Duke mortified the continent, by saying in the House of Lords, that "he could have gone anywhere, and done anything." Well, if there be a survivor of that gallant fifty, barring myself, I'll wager a quarter's revenue, payable by an order on Craig's Court, that he'll prefer putting in another morning on the Urumea, to a gale of wind, with all the luxuries of the Bell Rock.\*

The unhappy persons who embarked at Leith, under a firm belief that they should be deposited at Montrose, were grievously disappointed. We dared not even look at the royal burgh, or take any but a distant view of Stonehaven. The wind had increased, the sea rose awfully; and, worse still for any sufficiently sea-hardy to keep the deck, the rain began to fall in torrents, and drove us to seek for shelter. And where could we obtain it—where should that somewhere be? To venture an entrance into the saloon, crowded as it was with sufferers of both sexes, and in every stage of sickness, was not to be attempted; for sound, without sight, was quite sufficient to tell us the *state* of the *state*-cabin. The door opened for a moment; I heard a voice, *piano*, as an expiring swan, feebly ejaculate "Stewardess!" while, in a bass that might have been mistaken for Lablache, the Stout Gentleman growled to a fear-stricken boy, "You stupid scoundrel, go on deck—larboard side—brown portmanteau—three straps—patent lock—brass plate, engraved "Not yours!" See that it is covered with a tarpaulin, or if ever I get well—I'll be the death of you. If I don't ——!" The Stout Gentleman was about to add a confirmatory adjuration, but accident saved the recording angel the trouble of carrying the oath to Heaven's chancery. Suddenly the tone changed: "Oh, Lord! This is pleasure, is it? I wish I were anywhere but on a horse. Oh, murder! The basin, you villain!"

We held a council of war, and it was decided that the companion was the only place in the steamer that was endurable; and, accordingly, we took possession of the steps, the lady occupying the central and most convenient one. Here we were safe from rain and wind, as the doors opened fortunately to leeward. But other cares arose: hours had sped since the sun had crossed the fore-yard;† we had breakfasted previous to embarkation—the infelicitous state of the weather had arrested every culinary preparation—dinner was not even to

\* Appendix, No. VI.

† At sea, when the bell is struck at noon, the sun is said to be "over the fore-yard;" and then all good men and true—barring teetotallers—indulge in a glass of grog, if it be their pleasure.

be named—in the cabin all were sick—and in the companion all were starving.

“Heh!” said the Highlander, “I’m hungry as a starved gled, and no chance of anything!”

“I fear not!” I returned, with a sigh; “and even had we dinner, there is no place where we could parade it comfortably.”

“Friend,” said the fair quaker, “I guess thee to be a soldier. Thou hast an upright carriage, and swore profanely upon deck, when the boy spilt thy brandy-and-water. Judging by appearances, I would imagine that thou hadst not always luxuries around thee. Thou hast been in many climates, and in scenes of strife. There is a scar upon thy cheek; thy face is weather-beaten; thy head grizzled; and thy years are not a few!”

“All true, madam; your remark’s perfectly correct, but, ’pon my life, anything but flattering.”

“Cannot hunger, without form, be appeased?——”

“Or, as we say in Ireland, ‘Can’t we lunch without a tablecloth?’”

“Precisely, friend,” rejoined the lady.

The steward was summoned, and the present state of his larder was declared satisfactory. He could furnish a dissected fowl, a tongue already sliced, potatoes in five minutes; and off he went to prove that with him to promise was to fulfil.

“If one had but the provisions, what the de’il matter whar ye ate them?” observed the Highlander.

“Very true,” I replied. “The puzzle with a soldier is too frequently, not as to where his dinner shall be eaten, but where it is to be obtained.”

“Ay, and with a Highlander also,” said the Celt; “mony a shift must be made among the mountains; and mony a cook, beside the Laird of Craigdarragh’s, has been before now driven to her wit’s end.”

“{And who, may I inquire, was this Laird of Craigdarragh?”

“A gentleman,” replied the Celt, “who never was indebted for a cook to the devil.”

“Friend,” observed the fair quaker, “in conversing about dinner, thrice has the prince of darkness been named by thee and the soldier!”

“Pish!” rejoined the Highlander, “neither of us value auld Cloutie a brass boddle; and while the gilly is cutting up the chuckie, I’ll tell the colonel the story of Craigdarragh and his cook.”

The quaker bowed a stiff assent, while I listened with proper attention.

In the Highlands, it would appear that although men do not exactly sit under the shadow of their own fig-tree, still there is a good deal of primitive simplicity in the mode of life generally pursued. The porrich, as from time immemorial, forms the breakfast, and in Border farmhouses it must be eaten with a horn spoon. With that useful implement every member of the establishment is provided; and it would be considered highly irregular for any but the owner to use his neighbour's horn. The Border, studded as it is with good market-towns, affords to its inhabitants advantages denied to the mountaineer; for the Highlander must have his garrison regularly provisioned, and his culinary resources all within himself. He kills his own mutton, rears his own poultry, the river supplies him with fish; but the salt-tub is always his sheet-anchor. Times will occur when his mansion receives an unexpected visit, and that, too, at some unlucky season, when the commissariat is on a scale of retrenchment, even unto zero, and the ingenuity of Caleb Balderstone himself would be sorely taxed to produce a decent dinner. The Highlander's story ran thus:—

The Laird of Craig—something—I forget the addition, but I know it ended in an “agh!”—one blessed afternoon received a note from a Lowland cousin, to intimate that he would honour him with a call, in company with an English gentleman. Aware that the Highland mansion was “remote from towns,” the self-invited guest prudently apprized his kinsman of the intended visit, in order that ample time might be afforded the Highland chief to put his house in order. Alas! “publics” were numerous on his route, and the gilly who bore the letter stopped so frequently to refresh himself, that, instead of arriving the day before, he scarcely managed to anticipate by an hour the coming of the guests whose advent he had been despatched to notify.

Never had Craigdarragh been in a state of more lamentable exhaustion. The larder was utterly cleaned out; and and there were no supplies to be immediately obtained, for the Highlands are not a land of Goshen. Had that accursed courier not been afflicted with an unquenchable thirst, and consumed sixteen hours in drunken sleep upon the heather, all would have been as it ought to be. The miller would have netted his dam and secured a dish of trouts; a defunct wedder would last night have been dangling from a beam in the barn; and heaven only knows what other culinary operations might not have been cunningly devised, ay, and as happily executed.

“Mattie, Mattie, a' must be left to yoursel, and the Lord

direct ye, for I canna," said the unhappy owner of Craigdarragh, with a groan, to his cook, who was sobbing bitterly beside him. "It's a sair visitation that has cam o'er us. But do yer best, woman; do yer best. Presarve us! here they are;" and out ran the laird in desperate tribulation to bid his kinsman and the stranger welcome.

What Mattie said and did is not particularly recorded; but, at the proper time, a dinner, far more respectable than the laird had ventured to expect, was duly served up; and, to cover its deficiencies, the bottle obtained a more rapid circulation. The evening wore merrily on: again and again the toddy-bowl was emptied and replenished; until the Englishman, totally overpowered, dropped upon the carpet, and the Laird of Craigdarragh, had he been in Falstaff's vein, might have exclaimed to his henchman, "Carry Master Slender to bed!" Undisturbed by the carouse that had demolished the stranger, the Highlanders continued their potations; and the Laird of Craigdarragh, after alluding to the alarm of the morning, passed a glowing eulogy on Mattie as the paragon of cooks, and summoned her to the presence.

"Mattie, woman, ye did it fine!"

"Weel, Craigdarragh, I'm glad I pleased ye. Lairds, a health apiece to ye. And hoo was a' liked that I sent up?"

"The beef was unco salt," replied the host.

"An the treep hard as the de'il's horns," added his companion. "How the plague the Englisher managed it I dinna ken; for on the wee bit I tried, my teeth had na mair effect than they would on the ben-leather that heels my brogues."

"Weel," returned Mattie, "I didna expect the treep would have been ower saft. But as naebody but the Englisher touched it, I'll jist tell ye a' about the thing. Laird, do ye mind the time when ye went to the south to coort the leddie wi' the grat tocher?"

"I mind it weel. It's an auld story noo, Mattie."

"Ah, Laird! ye wer too slow in whispering into the soft side o' her lug, and the Irish captain gat her clane aff, money and a'. He was ower gleg in the tongue for ye," said the housekeeper.

The allusion to the lost heiress was touching the laird upon a tender point.

"He wouldna have been too gleg at the han for me, Mattie, had I kenned that he intended to pit my nose oot o' joint. But what the de'il has this to do with a dish o' tough treep smithered in inians?"

"A' in gude time, Laird," returned the Leonora of Craig-

darragh. "You took puir Watty, that's dead and gane, wi' ye, as walet; an, to be in the southren fashion, clapped leather breeks upon a crater's hurdies, that had never ony tighter thing upon them than a kilt. Och, what puir Watty suffered! He never had the use o' his limbs right afterwards. He used to say that when he passed a callant that was steekit in the stocks, he couldna but envy him, and offer if he would pit his hurdies in the breeks, that Watty wud stick his shanks into the woodie."

"But what's a' this auld-warld tale about, Mattie?"

"Jist ha'e patience, Laird. The leathers ha'e hangit since on a peg behine the spence-door, wi' a set o' worn-out bag-pipes; and sair shame it was to see breeks hangin' in an heilanman's. Weel, in my distress, I thought I might turn the one or the ither till account. I tried Sandy Anderson's auld bag, but the leather was hard as a coo's cloot; and sae, in despair, I took the left leg af Watty's breeches. Och, Laird! af I had had mair time till soak the leather, the treep would have eaten fine!"

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## CHAPTER X.

Bar of Aberdeen—Hotels—A Highland assize—Judicial procession—Aberdeen—Royal visits—Anecdote—Miscellaneous property—Colleges—Old Aberdeen—Monumental inscriptions—Criminal statistics—Dinner spoiled—Further delay—Secret of Scotch success—Set out for Peterhead—Coast scenery.

WHAT a bore a bar-harbour is! and that of Aberdeen, with all its expensive improvements, is by no means, after all, a safe one. Until half-tide, a vessel of moderate draught of water cannot take the bar; unluckily we were off the harbour two hours before we could prudently attempt an entrance; and, in a cross sea, had to put in a purgatorial interval, by standing off and on the light upon the southern headland, which marks the debouchment of the Dee, while the tide appeared to be creeping in by inches. At last the pilot uttered a tardy assent, and the steamer's head was turned to the harbour with which we had been so long coquetting.

With the quaker and the Celt—fairer drinkers I never would desire to carouse with on a wet evening in a ship's companion—I had an honest *doch in duris* before parting; and in a quarter of an hour we entered the embouchure of the river, between a noble pier and an extensive breakwater.

Never were voyagers more warmly welcomed than the Stout Gentleman and myself; and, although "the iron hand



of time," meaning thereby the hammer of the pier-clock, "had struck the midnight hour," divers gentlemen were waiting our arrival on the wharf, to tender us unlimited hospitality, and their own services besides. One arm of mine was seized by an ambassador from the Royal, another by an envoy from the Grand. The Stout Gentleman was pinioned on one side by the Black Bear, and on the other by the Yellow Lion; while the White Swan irreligiously laid hold of that sacred depository, the brown portmanteau. Celt and Saxon enumerated the superior advantages of their establishments: "You might live like a fighting-cock a whole week, and the bill would amount to half nothing at the end of it." We only tried the experiment half the time; and, faith! mine host of the —, when we closed accounts, proved that whatever part of his education might be defective, book-keeping was not the branch.

I thought the Stout Gentleman would never go to bed. For forced abstinence on the preceding day he made ample amends; and meals deferred were fully compensated. A whole duck, demolished at two a.m., requires an additional quantum of diluted alcohol to neutralize its pernicious effects, and the toddy was super-excellent. We separated at four "i' th' morning"—the Stout Gentleman not demanding a bill, as was his wont, and for an excellent reason—his vision was rather irregular, and every item would have been doubled.

I slept soundly, and long; and my slumbers were first broken by the crash of military music. Having partially dressed, I looked out upon the street, and found myself in good time to view a very curious procession. The Court of Session, or Scottish Assize, was being holden in the town, and two Judges were going to open it, in all the dignity befitting representatives of royalty, and bearers of the Queen's Commission. I never saw anything which appeared more superlatively ridiculous. I have been in "the city" on the 9th of November, and seen the Mayor that went out and the Mayor that went in; and gilt coaches, and standard-bearers who could scarcely walk, while the steel-clad champion took advantage of a temporary halt before a public-house, to turn down a pot of "heavy," like More of More Hall,\* following the example of the Lady of Buccleuch's retainers, who

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\* "To make him stout and mighty  
He drank by the tale  
Five gallons of ale,  
And a bottle of aquavitæ."

Drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

All these things have I seen; but, I opine, the judicial procession to open the sessions at Aberdeen beat the Lord Mayor's to nothing.

The reserve companies of a Highland regiment were in attendance with a brass band and couple of pipers; and the civic authorities, Provost, Baillies, and Counsellors, arrayed in solemn black. Presently a trumpet sounded a flourish, the town drummer "beat a point of war," the guard of honour presented arms; and the authorities bowed so profoundly, that one would have tendered his corporal oath, and sworn that lumbago was unknown in Aberdeen. Then there issued forth two hard-featured old gentlemen clad in scarlet and fine linen; one contented himself with ensconcing his "knowledge-box," as the fancy call it, in an elaborately-curved wig, while his colleague superadded a cocked-hat, in cut and capacity similar (if not the same) to that worn by ancient Pistol while campaigning with "the fifth Harry." The solemnity of the scene was most imposing. Had their departed wives unexpectedly come to life, Counsellor and Baillie could not have appeared more serious; and the Lords Justices looked as if they were bent on hanging half the town. The word was given, the *cortège* moved, the band played the march in Moses; and, by the way, if there was any occult connexion between the Judges' passage through the High-street, and that of the Egyptians through the Red Sea, I could not make it out.

There is much to interest a stranger in Aberdeen; and its historic recollections are interesting. The city is of great antiquity; and, ages back, its monastic wealth was more than equalled by its mercantile opulence. Its charter is dated 1319; but long before this burghal distinction had been conferred, its trade with England and the low countries was most extensive. Fisheries appear to have been the chief source of its commercial prosperity, and friend and foe equally enjoyed the advantages of its supplies; for the commissariat of the invading army of Edward was chiefly comprised in dried fish exported from Aberdeen.

The city in ancient times was frequently honoured by royal visits; and in turn, most of the Scottish kings favoured the burghers with the light of their countenances. Indeed other causes, besides its loyalty, might have led to the royal preference bestowed on Aberdeen. The monarch was not received with holy shows and cold formalities, a set speech, and the keys of the city, but, better far, he received a present of

sweetmeats, wax-tapers, and two tuns of Gascon wine, to enable him to drink to the good health of the corporation.

To these agreeable and hospitable visitings there was one disgusting exception. It occurred in 1562, when, in her northern progress, the ill-fated Mary halted for a short season in this city. Sir John Gordon had been made prisoner; and, as was the common custom in those barbarous times, his death followed hard upon his capture. The execution took place in the Castle street, and he was guillotined by an implement which, like the tower-axe, is still wholly or partly preserved in the armoury of the town. A brutal circumstance attended this painful exhibition. The house where Mary lodged was situated on the south side of the street where the "gallant Gordon" suffered; and Murray, a deadly enemy of the condemned knight, obliged the unhappy queen to witness the execution from a window that overlooked the spot. When the maiden\* fell, she shrieked, broke through those around, and fainted.

Aberdeen, at the Reformation, escaped better than other places. Although a stronghold of papal power, the popular fancy for smashing windows and saints' heads was happily restrained; and, while the mob pulled down a roof or two, the canny magistrates secured the kernel, leaving the Reformers to amuse themselves with demolishing the shell. The valuables thus appropriated by the civil authorities, were what George Robins would call, of a "miscellaneous description," comprising, by a singular alliteration, caps and crowns, chalices, cruets, crosses, three cats, and a great chandelier.†

In its modern construction, Aberdeen is one of the handsomest cities in Britain, deriving its very elegant appearance not only from the fine proportions of the new streets and buildings, but also from the beauty of the granite with which all the recent erections have been constructed. Union-street,

\* Ancient name for the guillotine.

† "The magistrates next seized, for the common good of the burgh, all the valuable plate, vestments, and ornaments of the church and chapels. The list of the articles so secured is still preserved, and among other things, the following appear:—The eucharist of silver, weighing 4lb. 2oz.; the chalices of our Lady of South Isle, of St. Peter, of St. John, of our Lady of the Bridge of Dee, of St. Duthac, of St. Nicholas, of St. Clement, of the Rood, and of the Hospital; two pairs of censers, four cruets, a little ship, the cross with silver crucifixes, two silver crowns of our Lady and her Son, tunicles of flowered velvet, caps of gold friezed with red velvet, a red damask frontal of the high altar, a white veil of linen, cushions, eighteen brazen chandeliers, two chandeliers for the great altar, with the sacrament chandelier, the great chandelier with the images and three cats, a laver of brass, &c"—*Chambers*.

nearly a mile in length, is one of the noblest in Europe; and the connexion of the street by a bridge, which spans a ravine and stream which intersect it, is one of the finest specimens of architectural beauty in the world, the span of the arch being one hundred and thirty feet, its rise not thirty.

As a seat of learning, Aberdeen has always been famous. To describe learned men and things is not within the range of gentlemen whose trade is war. Both colleges—King's and Marischal's—are said to afford excellent preparatory schools for persons intended for the pulpit and the bar; and, to judge from the extent of professorships, if the alumni of both do not become "learned pundits," it is not for lack of opportunity.\* Both colleges have been the abiding-places of celebrated men. Schoolmen would enumerate to you a regular collection of literary and scientific stars; but I will content myself with naming a pattern for soldados. If Scott can be believed, the Marischal College of Aberdeen had the honour of indoctrinating in "humanity," that *preux chevalier*, Major Dalgetty, of prudent memory.

The wind has not abated; a heavy sea is tumbling into the embouchment of the Dee, and our skipper has officially notified, by a placard on the pier, that the steamer will not prosecute her voyage until to-morrow, at 11 a.m. Another day has been conceded to us, thanks to the weather, and we will fill the interval by a visit to old Aberdeen.

"The auld town," like most of its kind, bears outward and visible signs of rapid decay; and the antique and comfortless houses which present themselves to the traveller, form a striking contrast to the modern edifices which the new city rejoices in. With the exception of its college (King's) and cathedral, the best-marked memorial of pristine respectability is found in the Gothic bridge, erstwhile built by a bishop, and engaged to stand until the accomplishment of a pleasant prophecy would, with a man and horse, bring down its pointed arch.†

The cathedral is very ancient, and in tolerable preservation; and the oaken ceiling, surcharged with armorial bear-

\* "There are upwards of fifty bursaries altogether, ten or twelve of which become vacant every session. The functionaries of this college are at present a chancellor, rector, dean of faculty, and principal, with professors of divinity, moral philosophy, and logic, natural philosophy, civil and natural history, Greek, mathematics, medicine, Oriental languages, chemistry, humanity, and Scots law. There are lecturers to both colleges on anatomy and physiology, surgery, medicine, &c."

† "Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be your wa;  
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a meare's ae foal,  
Down ye shall fa'."

ings, is curious in design and arrangement. To royalty one row is dedicated; to the noblesse another; while snug between the twain, the church has comfortably ensconced herself. There are some monuments; one bears a singular inscription, which appears to have been dictated by a gentleman who cared little for posthumous celebrity. It runs thus:—"They say—what say they? Let thaim (them) say!"

*Apropos* to monumental inscriptions. The papers of a defunct pensioner were once submitted to me, to direct me in arbitrating the claims of divers relatives touching the assets of the deceased. One short document addressed to the priest, was thus worded:—"I, Peter Cannavan, three years in the Tipperary militia, No. 7,\* and the remainder of my time, lance and full corporal in the Die-hards (57th regiment). Will your reverence put my mother's death in the corner, and mention that Father Paul Feaghan was her second cousin; also the day of my own death; and anything else you please, provided the cutting doesn't come to more than thirty shillings."

The most dignified and touching monumental notice I ever read, is sculptured under a plain shield, on the north wall of the transept of Melrose Abbey. How little, and how much, does that simple sentence say!—"Here lies the house of Zair."

We strolled into the court, and, as it turned out, at the most interesting moment of the session. A Scottish calendar is light, and that of Aberdeen was even lighter than usual; for, excepting a complicated case, involving abstracted knockers, and a trespass on a surgeon's night-bell, in which the case, and not the bell, broke down for want of evidence, the conviction of a sheep-stealer was the startling occurrence of the assize; and, when we came in, the criminal was awaiting the penalty of his offending. The preliminary pinch taken by the judge was heard distinctly at the door; for an ominous silence prevailed, and even the Celtic gentleman, who, with a Lochaber axe guarded the door, evinced decided symptoms of alarm. The Judge coughed, and at that cough the oldest malefactor would have felt uncomfortable. The doomed one had an inquiry officially made; but what it was, whether in arrest of judgment or mitigation of punishment, I could not exactly comprehend. He made no reply, and the functionary who had sported the cocked-hat, proceeded, in Irish parlance, "to tell him his fortune."† It appeared from

\* The companies of a battalion, the flank excepted, are described by a number.

† Nations have peculiar customs. The Romans, when a man was absolutely dead, had a great objection to it. On some subjects the Irish

the Judge's summary, that Duncan Mac Tavish was an old offender—and many a crime, of obsolete description, was enumerated in the catalogue of his misdeeds. I was particularly attentive; and the Stout Gentleman imagining the crime was murder, assured me in a whisper that Mr. Mac Tavish would be hanged. The sentence merely gave him board and lodging for a twelvemonth, in a house—"a royal property"—as Mr. Simpson used to style Vauxhall—with occasional exercise on the tread-mill—and banishment from the bailiwick for life. The speech which conveyed the sentence occupied the better moiety of an hour.

I thought of other days. Shade of Norbury! You who could cheapen a horse, perpetrate a pun, and send a sinner to the gallows, and all within five minutes—what would you say to a Scotch law-lord inflicting a forty minutes' jobation upon an unfortunate devil for abstracting a hogget, value—half a mark?

In every light that a doubtful matter can be regarded, the Stout Gentleman rejects the *couleur de rose*. We were certainly "let in" for a speech, instead of a peep at judicial proceedings for a minute—the cook's was *temps militaire*—the salmon suffered accordingly—and nothing could persuade the Stout Gentleman, but that he of the cocked-hat had received previous information that dinner had been ordered at "sharp five," and, with malice prepense, had spoken against time to spoil the same. It would have been idle to moot the point; and the steward of the steamer fortunately arrived and ended the discussion.

"There's no faith in villanous man." The engineer of the ——— confirms Jack Falstaff's discovery. He left, as it would appear, the direction of his machinery to an Irish probationer, who was studying nautical mechanics in the engine-room, and he, the said Irish gentleman ingeniously contrived to damage some lever, crank, or piston, to an extent which will require three days to repair. The steward bears a proposition that we shall be permitted to investigate the adjacent coast, and be faithfully picked up afterwards at Peterhead. The mode of travelling is the difficulty. By what means is it to be effected? "Vehicular?" as Doctor Pangloss says. That would involve horses—and to horses the Stout Gentleman has an invincible antipathy. Well; I have proved to him

also are exceedingly delicate. To an inquiry after "Denis Brady's trial on last Monday," an Irishman would never hint that he, Denis, had been sentenced to be hanged, but simply remark, that "the judge had told him his fortune!"

that a chaise is not a horse; and the Stout Gentleman consents, taking an engagement for a delivery of his person by me, and another from the Captain ensuring the transit of the brown portmanteau to Peterhead, under pains and penalties too numerous to be recounted. And now for bed.

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It was in truth a lovely morning, when we rolled over the new bridge across the Don; and, early as it was, we met several of the red-gowned students hurrying from their humble lodgings to catch some morning lecture.\* To every but the right cause, the Scotsman's success in every walk of life he enters, has been vulgarly attributed. It is neither traceable to clanship nor subserviency—it results from higher and more honourable causes—conduct, principle, firmness of purpose, and, lastly, education. The Irish peasant, if he learn at all,—of course, I mean the Romanist,—has nothing but dark and exploded systems and opinions laid before him—while to the Scotch Highlander the march of intellect is pointed out; from him no book is sealed; and to him every discovery which modern ingenuity achieves, is unrestrictedly unfolded. What results? With expansive views, and sound and liberal education, drop the Scotchman where you please—*quocunque jaceris stabit!*

We took the lower road, which runs through a flat and uninteresting country, and breakfasted at the little inn of Newburgh, situated on the Yethan, by all accounts, in proper season, a very sporting stream. As we proceeded on our route, we passed several small fishing-hamlets, and crossed

\* The following anecdote is so honourable to the memory of the nobleman to whom it relates, that I cannot avoid its insertion.

“Many of Scotland's best and greatest sons were alumni of King's College; and every Highland heart must warm at the sight of those towers, under which his poor but ardent and enterprising countrymen have, in thousands, drunk of the fountains of divine and human knowledge, whereby, in all quarters of the globe, they have risen to respectability, fame, and opulence. Young men, from the most remote parts of the Highlands and Hebrides, still press on, every autumn, for King's College; and before steamers and coaches were known, they all had to travel on foot, and many of them depended for their subsistence afterwards on obtaining one or other of the numerous *Bursaries*, or presentations (varying from 5*l.* to 20*l.* and 50*l.*), which are competed for at the opening of each Winter's Session. It was an amusement, and a grateful one too, of the late Duke of Gordon, to send out his carriages, when the poor Highland lads were on their way to or from College, to give them a *lift* for a stage or two; and the writers of these pages have known young men who wrought in summer as operatives at the Caledonian Canal, who have thus had a ride in the kind and hearty nobleman's carriage, and perhaps an hour's chat with the 'brave and manly spirit' which beat in the breast of 'the last of the Dukes of Gordon.'”—*Anderson.*

the Cruden. The surface of the adjacent country presents nothing to interest the traveller; although the antiquary will venerate a spot, where the future king of England\* was bloodily defeated by Malcolm the Second, and Scotland liberated from the thralldom of the Danes. The sea-coast, however, redeems the duiness of the interior; it is wild, precipitous, and picturesque; and, at times, must present a scene of savage and striking grandeur. One imposing feature at once arrests the eye—a castellated building perched upon a rocky headland. A wild legend is connected with it. A student, we found making a sketch of cliffs and castle, narrated it; and, as Scott says,—

I'll say the tale as it was said to me.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### A LEGEND OF SLAINS CASTLE.

ONE of the oldest and most romantic residences in Britain is that of Slains—a castle belonging to the Errol family. The country around it has a desolated look; for, from the prevalence of north-easterly winds, not a tree can be grown. The building itself domineers the ocean; and, as it rests on the very edge of a sheer precipice of grey rock, it seems merely a continuation of the cliff. Wild, remote, and isolated, it is a site and edifice that the romance-writer would at once adopt, and embody with it some startling tale of terror. Alas! there is no necessity for the fancy to create one; for one of those fearful occurrences, whose sad reality leaves fictitious narrative infinitely behind, took place at this wild headland.

A threatening day had been succeeded by a stormy evening—the wind, at north-east, had raised a heavy sea; and, as night came on, the gale increased, and the mountain-waves broke in thunder against the rocky height on which the castle stands. A circumstance throughout the evening had occasioned a painful interest. A brig had been observed endeavouring to beat out to sea, and avoid this dangerous lee-shore—at every tack she appeared to gain a gradual offing; and when darkness fell, it was generally thought that the efforts of the seamen had been successful.

One of the most terrific nights ever remembered upon that tempest-beaten coast succeeded this stormy evening. The

\* Canute the Great.



castle inmates, strong as their rock-founded dwelling was, feared to go to rest, and crowded round the fire in the great hall, listening fearfully as gust after gust came roaring from the ocean. There were pauses when the tempest lulled; but they were but momentary, and appeared intended to give increased effect to the furious bursts which followed them. More than once, while the storm seemed resting, as if collecting strength for increased violence, shrieks were distinctly heard; but they were supposed to be only the wailings of the wind, or the cries of sea-birds dislodged by the tempest from their resting-places. Again and again sounds of distress arose, like those of mortal agony. Lights were placed in the castle windows, and torches flared upon the projecting cliffs; but to those signals of humanity no shipwrecked mariner responded; and, when the terrified inmates of the castle ventured to retire, they concluded that the distressing noises which they had heard were nothing but the uproar of the elements. In this belief, on the morrow, they were fully confirmed. No dead body came ashore; no floating wreck gave sad and silent token that some gallant ship had perished; beyond the customary drift-wood, nothing was left upon the beach; and, in a few weeks, another storm obliterated the memory of the past one.

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Duncan Forbes and John Cameron were copartners in trade, and reputed the wealthiest shipowners in Aberdeen. To every port their vessels traded; and the luckiest whalers from that lucky port, were those belonging to this wealthy firm. Both had been the founders of their own fortunes, and what boast can be more creditable? Forbes had commenced life a carpenter—Cameron was an orphan boy.

They married. Forbes had an only son, and Cameron was the father of a daughter. The parents agreed to unite their wealth, and the union of their children was to be the means.

Allan Forbes was the flower of the burgher youth. Handsome as affluent, he was admired by one sex, and respected by the other. With a modest consciousness of his own advantages, personal and worldly, Allan neither stooped to sycophancy, nor fell into the vulgar offending of monied arrogance. There were many old families resident in Aberdeen, who, with silly pride regarded trade and traders as beneath them. But in every house young Allan found a welcome. Woman smiled upon him, in secret—and man acknowledged his desert.

Edith Maxwell was an orphan. In giving her birth she lost a mother, and, six months afterwards, her father fell,

sealing with his blood an unshaken attachment to the house of Stuart. The ruin of that haughty family followed; and attainted title, forfeited estates, death upon field and scaffold, and expatriation to the survivors, destroyed one of the most powerful of the Border clans. The cadets and children of the house of Maxwell were dispersed—the former to cut their road to fortune with the sword, the latter to obtain protection from those allied to them by kindred ties; who, with more prudence and better luck, had kept aloof from the political movement which extinguished the hopes of the Chevalier, and ruined the house of Nithsdale. Lady Helen Douglas received her orphan niece, and Edith Maxwell was brought up by her aunt, and educated as an adopted daughter.

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It was a chill January evening; the cheerless light of a wintry sun was sinking in the ocean; the fisher had hauled his boat ashore, and the labourer quitted the field for the fireside. On the long line of sands which extend from the debouchment of the Dee, two figures only were visible; arm-in-arm they walked slowly towards the city; deep and engrossing was their converse, for the errand which brought them to the sands was love. The youth was Allan Forbes—the fair one, Edith Maxwell.

“And why,” asked the timid girl, “have you urged me so earnestly to meet you here?”

“Alas! Edith, to tell thee but sorry tidings, and put thy affection to the proof.”

“Go on, Allan; suspense is terrible, and let me know the worst at once.”

“Edith, long and fondly have I loved thee, although long the secret of my heart was concealed. I feared that the daughter of a haughty house—fallen though its pride might be—would scorn the homage of him whose father had been the artist of his fortunes. Doubtingly I owned my passion; but you smiled upon my suit, and told me you would be mine. What, then, should alloy my hope of future bliss, or damp the rapture of a moment worth a whole life beside,

When first her love the loved one tells?

Listen, sweetest, and I will briefly tell thee.

“Last night, the twenty-third return of my birthday fell. I was alone with my father. He pledged my health; and, warming with wine, he thus addressed me:—‘Thy years roll on, Allan, and while thou art growing into lusty manhood, I am creeping down life’s hill. Well, ’tis but the course of

nature. I have been a fortunate man; and see what thrift and industry will achieve. I, a common carpenter; my partner, a herdsman's son, have we not overtopped every trader in Aberdeen, and realized wealth enough to buy the paltry relics of the ruined estates of half the poor peers of Scotland? Faugh! how I laugh in secret when I meet one of those fallen proud ones in the street, and mechanically, my hand rises to my bonnet, and he answers my obeisance with a nod, as if I were his menial! Ha, ha!—I, who an hour before had, probably, rejected his security for the loan of twenty pieces, and left his lady wife and most honourable daughter mayhap without the promised mantua. I have ever made thee, Allan, a birthday present—and this last shall be the largest. The “Bon Accord” lies fully freighted at the quay, and, in two days more she proceeds upon her voyage. May it be prosperous—for ship and cargo now are thine.

“I thanked him warmly for the gift, and my father thus continued:—

“John Cameron and I have silently and steadily progressed up the hill; and what has been the secret of our success? Why, nothing but secrecy of design and firmness of purpose. None knew what we intended until it was done—ay, though years should elapse, before the end we aimed at was accomplished. Hear, now, what was seventeen winters back arranged between us, for thou art interested in it—and the old man laughed. ‘For whom did I realize wealth?—for thee, boy. Who will heir the riches of John Cameron?—Mabel, his fair daughter. Well, is a goodly fortune to be divided?—No, faith, that were but silly policy. It will be united—centred in thee and her. In a month hence, Mabel shall be thine; ay, and with her thou shalt receive the noblest tocher that ever a trader gave his child. Ha!—come in!’ he cried, in return to a soft knock upon the door. It was a clerk, to announce the safe return of a missing ship; and my father, in an agony of joy, rushed out to hear the narration of her unexpected return, from the captain, who was waiting for him in the office. Why, Edith, have I told thee all this!—To prepare thee for a coming trial, and urge thee to be resolute. Doubt not my passion—I’ll prove its truth. Mabel and her wealth may gift some other suitor—thou, Edith, art the lady of my love!—thine shall be this hand—and thine this heart alone!”

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It was the second evening after the return of his birthday. Allan Forbes was seated in the same apartment, and no one

was present but his father. In the parent and the child a few hours had wrought a striking change, for both were fearfully excited.

“Rash boy! pause ere you speak the fatal word. Recollect the penalty of disobedience—remember what it shall cost thee—rank, honour, power—for money commands all. Say, wilt thou forfeit these? Forfeit them!—and for what? To fling a well-dowered heiress from thee, and mate thee with the daughter of a slain rebel; her portion, the mockery of birth; herself a beggarly dependent. Nay, answer me not. Before 'tis spoken, I read thy language in thy look. Hear me, and think till morning; and that thou mayst judge the value of thy decision aright, I'll tell thee what lack of duty will cost. Wed thee with Edith Maxwell—I have given thee the *Bon Accord*—ship and cargo are thine own, and these are thy whole dependence. Make Mabel Cameron thy wife, and throughout wide Scotland, never was an earl's marriage so nobly dowered as thine will be!” The old man rose and left the room.

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It was a gloomy morning; the distant aspect of the sea was threatening, and not a fishing-boat ventured out to shoot her lines. One vessel at the quay was waiting for the tide. Her foretopsail hung loosely in the brails; and a blue flag, centred with a white lozenge, fluttered from the mast-head, and announced that she was about to sail.

In those remote times, the departure of a ship upon a distant voyage occasioned a sensation in the port from which she sailed, not to be fancied now-a-days. The *Bon Accord* was the finest vessel that had ever crossed the bar of Aberdeen. The good burghers regarded her with pride, as an honour to their city; and numbers had collected on the quay to see her depart, and wish her a safe return. Little did they know the circumstances under which that doomed bark would, for the last time, quit her harbour.

The breeze, though fresh, was favourable. The crew were all on board; the tide had flowed; and the skipper's eye often and anxiously was turned to the town, as if in expectation of some dilatory passenger. At last, a young man was seen approaching, with a female leaning on his arm. The crowd made way; the youth and his fair companion stepped on board; the canvass fell from the yard; the warps were cast off; the *Bon Accord* obeyed the breeze, and glided from the jetty. The crowd began to cheer, when, suddenly an old man stepped forward; his countenance was fearfully distorted; he raised his hands upward, turned a scowling eye to Heaven;

and, to the horror of all that heard it, thundered out this frightful malediction—"May thy birthday present be thy death, and the ocean-cave the only haven the Bon Accord shall enter!" Awe-struck, the eyes of the spectators wandered from ship to shore. The old man on the quay, who had imprecated curses on the voyage, was the parent of the youthful passenger—and the fair girl, who fainted in the arms of Allan Forbes, was her whom an hour before he had made his bride—the lovely Edith Maxwell!

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months the Bon Accord had sailed, and in five her return had been expected. Ship after ship crossed the bar of Aberdeen, but its proudest bark was not among the number. The summer was waning; the sea was smooth; the wind was fair; but, still, though many a laden vessel returned from the Baltic, there came no tidings of the missing ship.

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Slains Castle were crowded with noble visitors; and from a projecting cliff the earl and several of his gay companions were gazing idly on the glassy ocean, on which not a ripple could be seen. That day the highest spring-tide had receded, leaving an unusual extent of rock-bound coast uncovered. Pointing to a huge indentation in the cliff, one of the visitors inquired of the noble host, whether that was "the haunted cavern?"\*

\* Wild as this legend is, there is still a fearful reality to found it on. In illustrating a sketch of this romantic castle, and the rocky headland which it crowns, Daniel has related the following story of a shipwreck, which for horrible effect is not to be exceeded:—"A very remarkable event occurred here some years ago. One very stormy afternoon, a vessel appeared to be working very laboriously to keep out to sea, against a strong wind, which blew dead on shore. Those who witnessed from thence the skilful and persevering efforts made by the persons on board to accomplish this purpose could not but feel strongly interested; and at length, after much uncertainty, they saw reason, about nightfall, to feel assured, that she had worked so far to windward as to be out of danger. In the night the storm continued; and after going to rest, some of the family in the castle thought that they heard cries and sounds of distress. It was considered possible that these sounds might proceed from the wind during the uproar of the elements, or might be merely imaginary, the scene of the afternoon being calculated to excite a strong presentiment of danger. Again these sounds seemed to pierce the troubled air, and were willingly ascribed to the same causes, until the repetition of them at intervals, produced so strong a conviction of their being really signals of distress, that lights were carried out to various parts of the rocks; and every expedient for relief that humanity could suggest was adopted, and persevered in for hours. The sounds were not again heard; and next morning no vestiges of wreck appeared. Inquiries were made along the coast, without bringing tidings of such a calamity. It was subsequently ascertained, that a vessel had sailed from Aberdeen on the

"Haunted cavern?" repeated another; "what mean ye, Howard? Is this wild headland tenanted by spectres?"

"I cannot say," observed the host, "that I have ever seen any of the beings who are said to occupy yonder cave; but, faith! I have heard the most singular noises issue from the bowels of yon black rock that ever fell on mortal ear."

"Has none explored the cavern?"

"None, for many a year; and the fate of the last youth, whose curiosity induced him to enter it, has damped the ardour of the boldest fisherman."

"And what was that?"

"I'll tell thee," said the earl; "I was here, a mere boy, when the thing occurred. At the lowest ebb of spring tide—as will in an hour hence occur—one of our most daring boatmen left his companions seeking lobsters in the crevices, which the reflux of the sea had left exposed, and entered the gloomy chasm. He was absent but a short time when his comrades observed him rush wildly out, and climb the pathway leading to the summit of the cliff. They called to him, but their voices seemed to alarm the fugitive, who continued his headlong flight. Wondering what the cause might be, they hastened to his father's cottage. They found him—but reason and speech had fled. He was secured and put in bed—he never spoke; and next morning his coal-black hair was turned to snowy whiteness. On the third evening he expired; and the secrets of yon dark cavern—if such there be—rest with poor Donald in the grave."

"By heaven!" said one of the youths, "I should be most curious to explore that cavern."

"Ay," returned the earl, "and such has been my fancy for a long time."

day of the storm, bound for some port in the Baltic. Months passed away and the circumstance was almost forgotten; when one fine afternoon, a party from the castle having determined on a marine excursion, went in a boat to explore some of the caves on the coast; and in one of them to their great surprise, found the hull of a vessel that had been driven on shore, and sucked in. Some remains of the sufferers were also found; and part of her cargo had been carried up by the waves, and laid high and dry in the interior recesses of the shingly beach. On some oars, and on several packages were found marks that left no doubt that this had been the vessel which sailed from Aberdeen on the day in question. Numerous pieces of wreck belonging to other vessels were discovered; and in some places parts of their cargoes were found firmly wedged in cavities of the rock; while the skeletons and bones that abounded in these gloomy caves afforded but too lamentable a proof of the effect of storms on this perilous coast. Indeed, it must be apparent, that when a vessel is driven into one of the caves, her destruction must be inevitable: those on board have no chance of escaping; nor can any relief be afforded them."

“Well,” rejoined another, “why not indulge it?—the tide will answer presently.”

“Agreed.—Half my household are dying with a similar curiosity, and they shall have an opportunity to gratify it, if they please.”

Torches and attendants were ordered, and the earl and his companions rowed to the entrance of the cavern.

Within the high and gloomy arch, at first the darkness was profound; but, as they proceeded, to their unspeakable astonishment, the interior became lighted up—for a sort of tunnel perforated the arch above, and clearly revealed the recesses of the cave, although its opening was dark as the grave itself. Before them a huge mass of timber was rotting fast away—it was the hull of a noble vessel—and, carved in antique letters on the stern, the name of this ill-fated bark could still be read distinctly. It was the good brig “Bon Accord”—and the very night she left the harbour of Aberdeen, the wish which the rash old man had, in the fury of a father’s disappointment, so impiously uttered, was as awfully fulfilled. Among many a heap of blanching bones, but resting high upon a ledge of rock, and apart from all the rest, two skeletons were discovered. Whose were they?—That chapless skull, so loathsome now, was once clothed with loveliness and beauty; and the fleshless finger was still circled by a bridal-ring. In this fearful cave the last sigh of Edith Maxwell had escaped—and even after death, the arms of faithful love embraced her.

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## CHAPTER XII.

**Bullers of Buchan—Peterhead—Its trade—Polite statistics—Fraserburgh—Wick—Profile of the Iron Duke—Pentland Firth—Dunnet Head—Frightful accident—John O’Groat—Pentland Skerries—Run among the Islands—Kirkwall—Orkadian Islands—Tomb of a giant—Fair Island.**

WE left the student of the Marischal College to complete his sketch, and continued our route along this wild and romantic coast, to view the singular curiosity called “the Bullers of Buchan.” They are so named after a little fishing-village close beside, and consist of numerous chasms indented in the frowning precipices which fringe the sea, by the ceaseless action of an ocean rarely found at rest. Nothing can be wilder than these frightful caverns; but the great lion of the

place is the Buller (Boiler) itself. This "antre wild" is a huge cavern worn in the bowels of the cliff, and only entered by a boat under a lofty arch of solid rock. Once within, the view of the cave is grand and terrific, lighted as it is by a natural shaft which perforates the stupendous roof, and appears, by some freak of Nature, to have been bored through one hundred and sixty feet of solid granite, to permit the chasm to be seen. Many a tourist has visited this wonderful cave, and among the rest, that literary leviathan, Johnson. I forget the term by which the Doctor designates the Buller—but it is one sufficiently erudite, to oblige a general reader to refer to his own dictionary for information.

From the Bullers we proceeded to the busy and thriving seaport of Peterhead, built on the most easterly promontory of Scotland, a mile to the southward of the debouchment of the river Ugie. From the humblest origin, this town has attained a high and well-merited place among the most prosperous of the mercantile communities of Britain. Two centuries back, it was only a fishing-hamlet with a paltry quay, and owned some twenty tons of shipping. Now, its noble harbour is at once the nursery and the place of refuge for some of the boldest and best mariners that Britain boasts of.

The harbour is formed in a bay curiously fringed with pointed rocks, its entrance marked by a fine lighthouse placed on Buchan Ness, a headland beside the fishing-town of Boddam. The haven has a double entrance, and can be gained easily by vessels approaching north or south; and hence it is invaluable as a place of refuge to those who are "tempest-toss'd" upon the German Ocean. The buildings, public and private, are well designed; and from the beautiful colour and quality of the granite used in their construction, are both durable and elegant. But the pride of Peterhead lies in its fisheries and trade. Its exports in corn and butter, are extensive, and its whale-trade almost rivals that of Hull. Touching politer statistics, I shall only intimate that it has a good ball-room and mineral springs; and in 1716, was honoured with a visit from the old Pretender. Of its present state and society, I shall give you Chambers's report. He says the latter is of a superior stamp—Jacobite and Episcopal; the ladies jealous of each other, and partial to reel-dancing and quadrilles; while the gentlemen delight in hot toddy and long whist. I mention these particulars to you, as being the most execrable partner that ever lost a rubber by a revoke. If you visit this town, although of that order of Irishmen termed "the bashful," I have little doubt you will, as a matter of course, make your way into the upper *clique*.



While you abide in Peterhead don't "touch pasteboard" for your life—but, stick to dancing, "an you love me."

At noon the steamer appeared off Boddam Head, and we pulled off in a whale-boat, manned by four of the finest seamen I ever saw strip to an oar. We were soon in safety on the "Sovereign's" deck; and the sun being over the foreyard, we commemorated our re-union with the captain, the Stout Gentleman ratifying the same in brandy-and-water, an example faithfully followed on our part.

In a couple of hours the vessel was abreast the headland and lighthouse of Kinnaird, southward of which stands Fraserburgh,—like Peterhead, a harbour of refuge for vessels from the North Sea. Our course lay now across the Murray Firth. That "music of the soul, the dinner-bell," summoned us to the saloon, and when we came on deck again, the shores of Aberdeen and Banffshire were nearly out of sight, and we appeared to be bidding Scotland "a long good night." Next morning, however, when we issued from the companion, we found ourselves entering the harbour of Wick, having crossed the mouth of the Murray Firth, and gained the coast of Caithness.

From the delay that had occurred at Aberdeen, the captain was anxious to lose as little time as possible; the goods and passengers to be landed at Wick were speedily disembarked, and in an hour after breakfast, the engine was set in motion, and the voyage resumed.

From Noss to Duncansby Head the land was scarcely visible, for the weather was at times so thick, that objects could scarcely be seen beyond the steamer's jib-boom. It cleared as we approached the headland which marks the north-eastern entrance of the dreaded Pentland; and when we found ourselves fairly in the Firth, the sun once more broke out, as if intending to light up for our inspection, those stormy waves, beneath which, a thousand mariners and many a rich argosy had perished.

Varied and fantastic are the wild features which this rock-bound coast presents: and one is singularly remarkable. In bringing two or three shattered columns of a projecting cliff into line, not far distant from the romantic tower of Ackergill,\* the profile of the Iron Duke appears for a few minutes

\* Ackergill is still habitable, and is well worthy of being inspected, and may give a good notion of the rude strongholds which frowned along this iron-bound coast. "It is a square tower, sixty-five feet in height; and in breadth, at each angle, forty-five feet, having three stories, each of them arched, the walls above ten feet thick at the butts of the arches. It stands on a rock close to the sea, a few feet above the highest water-mark, and is defended by a moat twelve feet deep, and equally broad, extending along each of its angles, excepting the one facing the sea."

so perfect, so gigantic, and so life-like, that one might fancy there had been another Waterloo and Wellington, *ante mundi*, year unknown, and the head a *chef d'œuvre* of Titan art, by some Chantry of the times, who stood, by fair admeasurement, a hundred feet over the then horseguard regulations.

Would you witness a regular "passage of arms" between two mighty seas, cross the Pentland Firth—and you must be tossed upon its tides before you can even imagine what may be termed their ferocity. The rush of two mighty oceans, struggling to sweep their world of waters through a narrow sound, and dashing their waves, as if in bootless fury, against the rocky barriers which headland and islet present\*—the endless contest of conflicting tides hurried forward and repelled, meeting and mingling—their troubled surface boiling and spouting—and, even in a summer calm, in an eternal state of restless agitation. Fancy the calm changing to a storm; the wind at west; the whole volume of the Atlantic rolling its wild mass of waters on, in one sweeping flood, to dash and burst upon the black and riven promontory of Dunnet Head, until the mountain wave, shattered into spray, flies over the summit of a precipice, four hundred feet above the base it broke upon!

We saw the outline of Dunnet Head distinctly, and its form and position apart, regarded it with an increased and painful interest. Last winter it was the scene of a most harrowing accident. Death in itself is nothing—the mere debt of nature—the *dénouement* of the drama—in the story of a life, the only certainty—it is the manner and circumstance which, as an occurrence, gives it indifference or effect. I have passed with comparative unconcern over a battle-field, where the dead lay thick as shocks of grain in harvest, and yet, for years after the event, the form of a beautiful suicide I once saw lifeless, haunted my memory and disturbed my dreams. The accident at Dunnet Head which I have alluded to, was this:—A government survey of the Pentland Firth was being made, under the direction of Captain Slater of the

\* The firth is twenty miles in length from east to west, by a breadth varying from five and a half to eight miles. At the middle the sea is some miles broader, by the indentation of Scalpa Bay or Flow on the Orkney side. On the mainland, or coast of Caithness, the firth is bounded by Duncansby Head on the east, and Dunnet Head on the western promontory. On the north, or Orkney side, it is bounded by South Ronaldshay Island on the east, and by the Island of Hoy on the western extremity. Nearly in the centre of the firth, betwixt Duncansby Head and South Ronaldshay, lie the Pentland Skerries or islets; and, about halfway through, nearer the south than the north side, lies the Island of Stroma. Nearly opposite this island, at the entrance of Scalpa Bay, is situated the small Island of Swinne.

royal navy. To ascertain the direction of the currents, he frequently visited the lofty headlands which mark the entrance of Thurso Bay; and, on the day of his unhappy death, ascended the promontory of Dunnet to ascertain the surface action of the tides.\* Whether he had incautiously trusted to a slip of rock, which his weight dislodged from the cliff, or from giddiness or mischance fell from the dizzy height he stood upon, is mere conjecture. The body was never found; and he rests probably in some deep cavern of that sea "of stormy water," whose secrets, in the ardour of scientific curiosity, he had been so eager to discover.

On entering the firth, we passed the site of a building of traditionary celebrity,—namely, the house of John o' Groat. It stood upon the beach—and a grassy knoll is pointed out as the spot on which the honest Dutchman erected his abiding-place. As the story goes, Johnny's kinsmen had a dispute about precedency—and to settle the question, Mister Groat erected an octagonal room, with a door on every side, to accommodate each gentleman with a private *entrée*. Although the contrivance might have been ingenious, the house must have been confoundedly cold; and an eight-doored apartment, in a gale of wind, anything but pleasant quarters on the Firth of Pentland.

One cannot imagine a place more fraught with peril to the mariner, than the entrance of this strait, before lights were erected upon it, so late as in 1794. The lighthouse consists

\* The late Statistical Account of the parish thus describes the changing appearance of the sea: "The current in the Pentland Firth is exceedingly strong during spring tides, so that no vessel can stem it. The flood-tide runs from west to east at the rate of ten miles an hour, with new and full moon. It is then high water at Scarfskerry (which is about three miles distant from Dunnet Head) at nine o'clock. Immediately as the water begins to fall on the shore, the current turns to the west; but the strength of the flood is so great in the middle of the firth, that it continues to run east till about twelve. With a gentle breeze of westerly wind, about eight o'clock in the morning the whole firth seems as smooth as a sheet of glass, from Dunnet Head to Hoy Head, in Orkney. About nine, the sea begins to *rage* for about one hundred yards off the Head, while all without continues smooth as before. This appearance gradually advances towards the firth, and along the shore to the east, though the effects are not much felt upon the shore till it reaches Scarfskerry Head, as the land between these points forms a considerable bay. By two o'clock, *the whole firth seems to rage*. About three in the afternoon it is low water on the shore, when all the former phenomena are reversed,—the smooth water beginning to appear next the land, and advancing gradually till it reaches the middle of the firth. To strangers the navigation is very dangerous, especially if they approach near the land. But the natives along the coast are so well acquainted with the direction of the tides, that they can take advantage of every one of these currents to carry them safe to one harbour or another. Hence very few accidents happen, but from want of skill or knowledge of the tides."

of two towers, the respective lanterns being at an elevation of eighty and one hundred feet above the level of the sea. A sad and desolate residence they must be during the long dark nights incident to a northern winter. To the keepers, fishing is but an indifferent resource, either in point of amusement or supply; but heaps of migratory birds, at certain seasons, afford ample employment for the gun. At the time we passed these isolated rocks, accident had given them an unusual animation. A timber vessel had been wrecked a week before—and a number of persons from the mainland were engaged, under the superintendence of an agent of Lloyd's, in securing the cargo.

Many curious stories are told of the singular detention of vessels, in vain attempts to force a passage through this dangerous firth. For days, nay weeks, they have been idly drifted, hither and thither, by the capricious currents, and threatened with a voyage that in length would rival that of the Flying Dutchman. A Newcastle shipowner despatched two vessels by the same tide—one bound to Liverpool, *viâ* the Pentland, and the other to Bombay; the latter was the voyage first completed. The duration of being wind-bound in the Orkneys, at times passes all understanding; and ships that entered Stromness on New Year's Day, have been found there, resting from their labours, the 15th of the following April!

Although dangerous and disturbed throughout, the Pentland Firth has places additionally perilous to those who, from ignorance or accident, imprudently approach them. Stroma has its Scylla and Charybdis; one, a whirlpool called the Swalchie; the other, an expanse of broken surface, boiling like a witch's caldron, termed the "Merry men of Mey."

The wind to be most dreaded is that from the west. Within the firth, vessels seldom venture to bring up; and those who have attempted to let go an anchor, have generally left it at the bottom.

We skirted South Ronaldshay, and passed the isle of Burra, rounded the mainland, as Pomona is fancifully called, left Copinsha and Horse Island on the starboard hand, stood from Mont Head to Carness, and ran up the fine bay at whose head stands the capital of "the stormy Orcades,"—the royal burgh of Kirkwall.

The interest of Kirkwall lies in its ruins, for the town itself has nothing to recommend it. It is comprised nearly in one long and narrow street, roughly paved, and unprovided with a flag-way for pedestrians. I should, were I to speculate upon its origin, fancy that it had been built after the design of an Irish architect, the houses being turned the wrong way.

In military parlance, they all "refuse their front," and contrary to general custom, Orcadian proprietors keep their hall-doors out of sight, and present their gables to the passenger. As we purpose stopping on our return, and honouring Kirkwall with a longer visit than the flying one which Captain P—— could only grant, we have landed to, what the Stout Gentleman terms, "stretch our legs," mount the tower of St. Magnus, and view the nakedness of the land. It was well that such was our intention; for we had scarcely gained the summit, when "ding, dong," went the steamer's bell, ringing its "note of preparation." Short as was the space allowed between our landing and embarkation, it afforded me a bird's eye view of land and sea curiously interspersed; while the Stout Gentleman—bilious, as stout gentlemen will be, who, not particularly sea-hardy, navigate an Orcadian ocean—found a pleasant opportunity of inquiring "Why the devil he had been dragged up a hundred feet of stone-work, only to have the trouble of going down again?" The lady-conductress—for we were *ciceroned* by one of Nature's master-pieces—attempted to propitiate my companion, as we passed through the "vaulted aisle." "There lay the mortal remains of St. Magnus himself—a saint of his day—murdered first, and canonized afterwards." The Stout Gentleman, who is a sceptic or true believer always out of opposition, expressed an irreligious conviction that the said saint never existed, and, consequently, that the whole story was a humbug. "There was the tomb of Bishop Steward, who built three pillars and the rose window." The Stout Gentleman wished to know "whether the old drone had done nothing better?" "There lay Bishop Maxwell, who presented the cathedral with its peal of bells." Pish! Bishop Maxwell might go to Bath, and his bells "along with him!" The old lady turned pale. A saint—canonized, and no mistake about it, with two bishops, three pillars, a rose-window, and a ring of bells—all sent to Bath! No wonder that the old lady turned pale, and prepared to pour out the phials of her wrath upon the sinful sceptic; but the steamer rang a second summons, and the Stout Gentleman hurried out, leaving me, by a double fee, to cover the retreat, and make atonement for his impiety.

Upon the temper of my testy companion breakfast had a beneficial effect; and we came on deck as the steamer was abreast of Shapinsay. A Norfolk farmer would pronounce it "barren all," while an antiquarian would estimate it as part of the land of Goshen; for it has a liberal supply of Pictish nouses, Popish chapels, tumuli in great variety, and a stone monument to perpetuate the descent of Odin!

Stronsa was next passed—an island, the Harrowgate of the Orcades; for Doctor Barry avers that a sea-weed diet, and and its mineral waters, “will cure all maladies but *black death!*” A small dependent, quite close, is called Papa Stronsa. It also has its ruined chapels and Pictish tombs. Of the latter, one being opened and explored, would infer that giants were not confined to Patagonia, as, from the enormous size of the bones, the gentleman who filled the “narrow house,” in life must have been fully eight feet high.

When we left the light of Ronaldsha, we bade farewell to the Orkneys for a season. Like all the rest of the northern islands, it has many memorials of olden time. There are stones which might prove puzzlers to Dr. Dryasdust, and tumuli that would set the Antiquarian Society at defiance. One that was opened in Barry’s time, was found to contain “a building nine feet in diameter, circular on the outside, and square and hollow within, in the bottom of which was a well, and in the upper part the skeleton of a man in nearly an upright attitude.”\*

As Ronaldsha faded from the view upon the larboard hand, a spot of mountain obtruded itself upon the sight, and a more desolate and inhospitable-looking island will rarely appear. Our course was too easterly to permit us to close the land; but its rock-bound coast, and bleak and savage profile, would render the Fair Island the last place upon earth where a shipwrecked mariner would desire to be cast away. And yet, on this isolated and wretched isle, the proud Duke was left to hermitize,† who commanded the armada, termed “invincible”—a *sobriquet* applied to it with about as much right as to a French battalion of the same name, which, in Egypt were scattered like sheep by a charge of the “Forty-twa.”

If ever human pride were prostrated to the earth it would have been that of Medina Sidonia. Commander of an expedition, which incurred beggary on a kingdom, and a blessing from the pope, he started with the banner of St. Peter’s successor at his mast-head, and a necessary supply of thumb-screw apparatus for the conversion of non-believers. A handful of heretical seamen thrashed him while they pleased

\* History of the Orkney Islands.

† “After his defeat, in the memorable year 1588, the Duke of Medina Sidonia retreated northward, pursued by the English squadron, and was shipwrecked on this bleak inhospitable shore, and whose crew, after great sufferings, were mostly murdered by the barbarous natives, to prevent a famine in the isle; the duke, with a small remnant, being permitted to escape in a little vessel to Quendal, on the mainland of Shetland, where they were kindly entertained, and ultimately assisted in their return through France to the fertile valleys of old Spain.”

—and upon his lubberly crews, the weather did the rest. There was scarcely a rock on the north-westerly shores of the British isles, which did not scrape an acquaintance with the bottoms of his argosies; and in running away from an English squadron, he ran ashore on Fair Island. By all accounts, if fasting could purge his offendings as a commander, he went back “to the fertile valleys of Old Spain,” clean as a whistie.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

Roost of Sumburgh—My companions—The captain’s yarn—The chase—  
A Yankee skipper—Lerwick—Local sketch—Governor of Fort Charlotte  
—Criminal statistics—Castle of Scalloway—Earl Patrick the Wicked—  
The minister’s motto.

BEFORE we lost sight of Fair Island, the Fitful Head rose boldly in the southward, and presently, that of Sumburgh, a league more easterly, showed itself. As we closed the latter, it presented a rugged profile of dark rock, towering seven hundred feet above a long line of precipices which form the ocean barrier along the promontory. A tumultuary meeting of conflicting tides, running east and west along the Shetland shores, wash the base of this lofty headland, and are termed its “Roost.” In a gale of wind, there is in this wild sound a tremendous, and what seamen call a *jumping* sea; and, in calms, the Roost of Sumburgh will occasionally “hang up” a vessel among its distracting currents, and for days together, the impatient mariner sees the sun rise and set behind the rifted pinnacles of this wild promontory. The tide-runs are traceable upon the surface of the ocean, and change their course with flood and ebb; a brief lull occurs at high water, and is termed by Shetlanders “the still.”

It was quite dark when we let go our anchor in Lerwick roads; and, and as the chief caravansera in the Island, by every account, could afford but limited accommodation, we came to a wise determination of not “going farther and faring worse,” and accordingly, remained where we were. The Stout Gentleman ordered supper; and, while that pleasant and social meal was in preparation, we lounged the time away on deck, looking at the lights which glanced from the windows of the place, and wondering what sort of an appearance this Ultima Thule of a town would present next morning.

If a man will draw them out, there are few persons he encounters from whom some amusement or information cannot

be extracted. In our companions we had been particularly fortunate. At Wick, two gentlemen had come on board, and both were agreeable and intelligent—the one, an agent of Lloyd's, *en route* to some northern voe or sound, to look after a vessel that had been cast away; the other, a commander in the navy, whose early career had been marked with all the wild incident attendant on adventurous life. His reminiscences were varied and interesting; and one of his narratives of “flood *not* field,” served to fill up agreeably the vacant interval before the supper summons came.

During the late American war, he had been second lieutenant of the ——, one of the finest frigates in commission. The vessel was very fast, the crew admirably disciplined, and the captain a bold and daring sailor. Although unfortunate in never being able to measure strength with an enemy of equal size, in her captures, the —— had been very successful. On one occasion however, the enemy had escaped—and the captain's narrative of the affair was very amusing.

“While cruising off the Western Isles, in the supposed track of an American frigate, one morning, at daylight, a very suspicious-looking gentleman was discovered to leeward, and sail was made in chase. The discovery appeared mutual; for fast as canvass was crowded on the *Clorinde* (we'll call her so), the stranger was equally industrious. Off went the schooner, and away went the frigate at her heels—and throughout the day, the chase continued with alternating success. If the breeze freshened, the *Clorinde* outcarried the schooner, and came up—when it lightened, the enemy crawled away, and increased her distance—and night found both parties in *statu quo*, as when they had commenced the race. Of course, the Yankee would avail himself of darkness to bid his dangerous companion an unceremonious farewell; while, pleased with her company, the *Clorinde* was desirous of improving the acquaintance, and particularly anxious to renew friendly relations in the morning.

“The sun set—darkness fell. The skipper first inquired, ‘What was to be done?’ and, after secretly communing with himself, he seemed to have found an answer to his own question. The frigate's course was changed, her canvass reduced, and the result left for daylight to decide. Morning broke at last, and there was the schooner on the *Clorinde*'s weather-bow, scarcely two leagues to windward!

“In a moment, the frigate was again in chase; every inch of ‘muslin’ was spread to woo the breeze, and, from truck to deck, the *Clorinde* appeared a cloud of canvass. All day the pursuit continued; the same anxiety, the same fortune as before. The chase was even more tantalizing than that



of yesterday; for once, when the breeze was fresh and steady for half an hour, the frigate had drawn so much ahead, as enabled her to pitch a nine-pound shot through the schooner's mainsail.

“‘What the devil's to be done now?’ exclaimed the captain to the second-lieutenant, after ‘blasting light breezes and dark nights,’ as sailors will do occasionally. ‘An hour's light, a whole-sale breeze, and, Master Jonathan, you would have bidden a long farewell to Boston! What course shall we shape? Egad, I'll try an experiment. I have run him two hundred miles farther eastward than he likes. A Yankee's full of tricks, and, probably, he'll try to dodge me in the dark. Round the frigate too! We'll stay as we are, and see what luck morning will bring.’

“Sail was shortened; the watch set; the crew turned in; the captain and his lieutenants retired to console themselves in the cabin; and all believed that they had looked their last upon one of the largest and finest clippers which had ever left a Yankee port.

“Twice was the bell struck ere morning came. It broke slowly and sullenly, for the sun had hid himself within a fog-bank. Every eye was turned anxiously around—ahead—astern—and nothing was visible but dark blue water. The fog-bank parted—out came the sun,—for miles around the sea was lighted gloriously; and—

Blessed Mary! can it be?

a short league on the larboard quarter, master Jonathan was laid to, looking innocent and unsuspecting as a sleeping seagull!

“If the skipper of the privateer would have seen that beautiful national melody (his own) of ‘Sich a gittin' up stairs’ practically illustrated, he should have looked at the crew of the *Clorinde*, as, on the first alarm, they came swarming up the hatch-ladders. Both vessels made sail; and the scene of pursuit and disappointment was re-enacted once more. Twice, during that long day, orders were given to cast loose the chase-guns; but the capricious breeze became lighter and less steady; the schooner clawed to windward—fainter and fainter still—the wind at last died totally away; night shut the vessels from each other's view, and, in the morning, the *Clorinde* had the ocean apparently to herself, and the Yankee rover was—Heaven knows where.

“Years afterwards, I was in a seaport coffee-room, where sundry captains of merchantmen were indulging in long stories and hot grog. Several of them were Yankees; and,

to my amusement and surprise, an old and hard-featured Bostonian was narrating every particular of the race between the schooner and the *Clorinde*.

“‘I was tarnation scared,’ observed Jonathan; ‘I’m blessed, but I thought more than once, that in five minutes I would have had the Britisher’s broadside slick into the schooner’s ribs. I’ll niver be so near cotched, and that I guess.’”

“‘How did you feel when we pitched a round shot through your mainsail?’”

“The Yankee looked at me.

“‘Why, tarnation queer, I guess; but who the devil, friend, are you?’”

“‘The man who laid the gun that let daylight through your canvass.’”

“‘And what was the frigate as hunted me so hard?’”

“‘The *Clorinde*; Captain ——.’”

“‘Well, aint that sing’ler, too!—When I thought to dodge ye the second night, and let you run a tinker’s chase after me, while I hove-to and let you pass—when the sun came out o’ the fog, and diskivered ye beside me—says I to my chief officer, Jeremiah Pike, says I—that there frigate’s a reg’lar witch, and her skipper either Captain —— or the devil. I guess I was shrewdish there—warnt I?’”

When we came on deck next morning, we found ourselves a few hundred yards from shore, and under the guns of Fort Charlotte. The first look of Lerwick is singular; the long irregular range of houses, clustering more closely near the landing-places, but disposed without the least attempt at uniformity, and apparently with a total disregard, on the part of the proprietor, as to whether he presented you with his front or flank. The whole are about half a mile long, extend in a curve along the water, and are commanded by a fort erected on a rocky knoll on its northern extremity, which domineers both the harbour and the town.

Lerwick, unlike Kirkwall, is a modern place, and boasts a very humble origin. At the revolution it was merely a fishing-village; its traffic, fish; its visitants, Dutch herring-coupers. For smuggling it was well adapted; and, a century since, contraband trade was pretty extensively carried on. In those good old times smuggling, like sheep-stealing, was considered a gentlemanly recreation; and the bad odour into which Lerwick sank, could not have arisen from the inhabitants occasionally neglecting to obtain a permit from the gauger. That Lerwick was not then a place, which George Robins would eulogize as one in which capitalists

could make a safe investment, may be inferred from the fact, that an urgent application was made to have it burnt\* by the common hangman. Touching the causes for which this "delenda est Carthago" was supplicated, Chambers is silent and mysterious; but we suspect other towns and cities might have been discovered within wide Britain, that merited a tar-barrel better than Lerwick, contrabandist as it was.

We landed at some steps near the hotel. No trouble here to passengers—no contention for custom among Bears and Lions, Stags and Swans. The hotel rests alone in its glory; and in unrivalled security dispenses with that eloquent order called *Touters*, and neither arrests the stranger when he steps upon the pier, nor lays violent hands upon his luggage. Moore melodizes

a cheek unprofaned by a tear;

and what the Stout Gentleman valued much higher than every cheek in Shetland—the brown portmanteau, reached its destination unprofaned by a touch.

We proceeded to inspect the town; and at every step it rose in my companion's estimation. Not a horse to be seen; and the streets paved with a surface like the Trosachs, allowing the traveller to step from height to height, and avoid the intermediate hollows that would engulf that species of bootakin, known among the worshippers of St. Crispin, by the expressive title of "high-lows."

"What a comfort to walk in Lerwick!" observed my pleasant friend. "Although the shops are not so showy as in that beastly place, London, you can look into the windows here without loss of life. No young practitioner, commencing trade, gives you a preference by a tug at the pocket-handkerchief,—no cursed cabman yells as he rounds a corner to tell that he is over you, and no mistake—there is no omnibus in which, on entrance, you take an eternal farewell of your watch—nor driver of a 'General-delivery' cart to shut you in between himself and a coal-waggon, and call out 'Stupid!' as he leaves you toeless for the period of your natural life."

How far he would have proceeded I know not—his bent, that day, being oratorical—but a shower drove us into a shop, and we filled its duration up by purchases of Shetland hosiery.

We continued our walk to the fort, and entered it unchallenged. No sentry heralded our approach with "Guard,

\* "About a hundred and fifty years since, earnest application was made to the higher authorities of the time, that they would order it to be burnt, and for ever made desolate, because of its great wickedness."

turn out!"—and never could a place of arms have been more easily carried by a *coup de main*—ay, not even the Castle of Holy Island. The whole garrison were in gaol except the governor himself!—and he was at the moment occupied in securing, with split pegs, certain under-garments appertaining to both the ruder and gentler sexes, upon a line, where the lady-governess, after the ordeal of the washing-tub, had previously suspended them!

The fort is quite sufficient for its purpose; and its sea-front—the only one required—is respectable. It overlooks the roadstead without being perched too high; and the shipping, under the protection of its guns, are within shot-range, even of a carronade. It was first constructed during the Protectorate—enlarged by Charles II.—burnt by a Dutch frigate in 1673; and, after the lapse of a century, rebuilt in 1781; and ever since maintained in tolerable repair. A solitary invalid keeps "watch and ward," and a portion of the barrack has been converted into a common gaol. "To what uses may we not return?" The abiding-place of some threescore gentlemen of the sword, desecrated by being turned into a receptacle for six or seven Bezonians, accused of stealing dried fish and a Shetland pony!—a golden likeness of our Lady the Queen would have more than covered the total loss.

I made some inquiries into criminal statistics, and, from the result, I would not recommend gentlemen of the long robe to emigrate to Shetland in search of practice. Cases of "delicate distress" are, I believe, almost unknown; and here husbands do not appeal to special juries for compensation for the lost society of their ladies, forasmuch as the said ladies never run away. Even for that most important functionary of the profession—the finisher of the law—there is no open in the Orcaes. Jack Ketch might remain half a century in Lerwick, and never find an opportunity to stretch a halter; and, even if he could obtain a patient, his artistic accomplishments would be lost upon these unpolished islanders, whose experience in scientific strangulation never went beyond the hanging of a dog.

I filled the time till dinner hour in riding that singular animal, a Shetland pony, across the mainland, to view the remains of a castle of great interest, situated on the bay of Scalloway. It forms a lasting memorial of the boundless extent to which human injustice will reach. I knew once a militia colonel, who "abused the King's press so damnably," as to till a farm, and build extensive mills, by sending home on furlough, every artisan and agriculturist in the regiment; but justice to his memory requires me to observe, that when

the musket was exchanged for the trowel, and the sword turned into a ploughshare, the honest Colonel supplied the commissariat liberally. Now Earl Patrick, of wicked memory, placed his workmen on midshipmen's allowance; for they had "nothing a day, and found themselves." Like O'Connell's "rint," the work was voluntary, only the serfs were obliged to perform it; and, by a just division, the Orkney-men quarried and dressed the stones, while the Shetlanders put them together. A simpler and cheaper method of building could not be devised; for the time, the patriotic pence themselves could not have worked more peaceably and pleasantly; but, in the end, this building speculation cost Paddy Steward his head. *Absit omen!*—and Heaven fend that any accident should occur to the Liberator's "knowledge-box!"

Scalloway Castle is a rough, square tower, with turreted corners, built of freestone, and three stories high. The windows are unusually large, while the doorway is low and narrow. For that day, as a residence it was convenient, and comfort was not altogether sacrificed to strength. The kitchen and cellarage were good, and the hall and chambers tolerable. A Latin inscription over the entrance attracts the visitor's eye, and the anecdote connected with it is rather interesting.

The minister of an adjacent parish had visited the Earl—and my Lord Patrick requested that Mass John would favour him with a suitable motto to place above his gateway. "This," says Chambers, "was an occasion of which the minister availed himself to lay before the founder of the castle the sinful enormity of that oppression which had enforced its completion. The Earl's wrath was kindled, and in his rage he threatened the devout pastor with imprisonment; but, afterwards, Mr. Pitcairn said to him, 'Well, if you will have a verse, here is one from Holy Scripture,—*That house which is built upon a rock shall stand,—but built upon the sand it will fall!*' Earl Patrick would not receive the motto in its moral sense, but applied it to the cause which first led to the building of the new castle. 'My father's house was built upon the sandy shores of Sumburgh; its foundations have given way, and it will fall; but Scalloway Castle is constructed upon a rock, and will stand.' Accordingly, upon the lintel-stone of the gate appears the following inscription: 'Patricius Steuardus, Orcadiæ et Zetlandiæ Comes, I.V.R.S. Cujus fundamen saxum est, Dom. illa manebit, Labilis e contra, si sit arena perit. A.D. 1600.'

I had exceeded the time granted by the Stout Gentleman by a quarter of an hour, and found him particularly fidgety.

Scandinavian cooks are not remarkable for punctuality; and ours was, fortunately for me, desperately in arrear. At last, dinner came. The fish was superior; the mutton sweet and diminutive, with a round of Lilliputian beef! Had it come to scale with the marrow-bone of a prize ox, I verily believe it would have kicked the beam, and been found wanting.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Lions of Shetland—Pictish remains—Humbug—The Hougomont stick—The Wellington tree—Military relics—The Waterloo snuff-box—Holm of Noss—Rock-fowling—Anecdote—A situation—Superlative scoundrel—Flying bridge—Death of an adventurer.

WE hired a boat, and, favoured by three successive days of fine clear weather, have visited by turn most of the lions of the place. These are chiefly comprised in the singular cliffs and caverns of the rocks and islets which form this wild archipelago, wrought by the eternal action of the sea, or some freak in Nature—and in the relics of human operations executed with rough simplicity in a rude age, and by an isolated people, severed from the world, and unacquainted with the arts and sciences then cultivated by more civilized man.

Two engrossing objects appear to influence the actions of a barbarous people—superstition and security; and to one or other of these the Scandinavian remains, so abundantly sprinkled over the surface of the Orcades, may be traced. The upright stones for Druid worship;\* the barrow, where the Island-kings repose; the Pictish house, where the Norseman burrowed;† the Teutonic fort, to which the serf retired for refuge, when the white sail was seen upon the ocean, and told that the rover was afloat; all equally indicate, by the labour they must have cost, the enthusiasm of a wild religion, or the insecurity of a barbarous age.

I am no antiquary, and am far too old to learn the art. It would be the spoil of me to go through the ordeal; for the same cause to which our little Celtic quartermaster—poor Donald Stuart—used to ascribe a headache in the morning,—oblivious that on the night before he had discussed a dozen tumblers of diluted alcohol—to wit, “late reading and heavy spectacles,” would bring me to the grave. I believe that, of all people, *virtuosi* are among the greatest asses upon earth. On a coal-fish you may impose a goose feather for a fly, and

\* Appendix, No. VII.

† Appendix, No. VIII.

on an antiquary pass a brass basin currently as the helmet of Mambrino—*Apropos* to humbug—I remember once being a party to a hoax, pleasant at the time, but disastrous afterwards to a gentleman in noway connected with the affair.

We were quartered in the town of —, in the west of Ireland; and among other of the inhabitants to whom we were indebted for civility was an old lady—an indefatigable collector of butterflies, cockle-shells, birds of paradise, and every other trumpery of the sort. It was winter; and in that wet climate we were as much puzzled to kill time as the garrison of Norham, when—

—— they could not ride  
A foray on the Scottish side.

My lamented camarado, the late Major ——, was a very beautiful turner, and, on a wet day, his lathe assisted him in passing the dull hours, and many a pretty trifle, the produce of his chisel, poor fellow, are still preserved by his surviving friends.

Now in that town  
A 'man' was found,  
As many men there be,

who had visited the field of Waterloo, and had brought thence an assortment of buckles and buttons, a French schaco perforated by an English bullet, and a stick cut from the wood of Hougomont, and mounted with a silver plate certifying the truth of the exploit. Now, may God forgive him! the stick was as like any stick that grew on "red Waterloo" as a cockney's cane to an Irish sapling. It had been made and engraved "to order" by an umbrella-maker in the Strand; and the same stick which Mr. P—— always carried when he called upon Mrs. ——, had nearly driven that lady to desperation. She had a pipkin from Pompeii—what was that! a boot of Brian Boru's—mere "leather and prunella!" A war-club from the Sandwich islands—but what was the said war-club to a stick that grew in Hougomont? Never was an old lady more disconsolate—"a craving void left aching in her breast,"—and if she could not obtain by hook or crook, a Waterloo relic as a set-off against Mr. P——'s stick, the thing would be the death of her.

It was at a soirée, as she called her tea-party, that the conversation turned upon military relics, and Mrs. C—— mentioned Mr. P——'s stick, sighed, and inquired, "whether any of the hedge remained, and if even a sprig were procurable?" Our assistant-surgeon was a wag; he detected the secret yearnings of the old lady's heart, and marked her for a victim. "There was," he replied, "not a remnant of

the wood of Hougomont left; the last root of the last thorn having been stubbed out to make toothpicks for the Prince Regent. Mr. P——'s stick was no doubt a stick above price; but what was it, after all, to a piece of the Wellington tree in the possession of Major ——? The Hougomont hedge was well enough for a hedge, but compare it with "the tree"—pish! it was "box-wood to an oak—a parsnip to a polyanthus!" The old lady raised her eyes to the ceiling—it was in silent supplication; and her prayer was that she might yet be possessor of a royal toothpick, or a portion of the valued tree, although the splinter in size should not be bigger than "a bare bodkin." "As to military relics," continued the false surgeon, "we have some valuable ones in our corps. The Colonel has a fragment of the shell that left Marmont armless at Salamanca; and Captain O'Flaherty, a bullet that, after passing through the body of the big drummer when playing us into action at Quatre Bras, took a back tooth out of the sergeant-major, killed the adjutant's horse afterwards, and was found sticking in the saddle-skirt!"

"And was this bullet like other bullets?"

"Precisely; a mere globular piece of lead, slightly indented on one side by its collision with the sergeant-major's grinder. Would Mrs. C—— wish to see it?"

"Oh, she should be too delighted!"

"Major —— was the kindest man alive. He (the assistant-surgeon) had been civil to the said Major when he sprained his ankle; he would request from him a splinter of the Wellington tree; and if his request were granted, that splinter should be at the service of Mrs. C——."

Mrs. C—— once more raised her eyes to the ceiling; she prayed, first, that the application should prove successful; and secondly, she registered a vow in heaven, that if she sprained an ankle while the ——th remained in town, the assistant-surgeon should be the man to reduce the same, and profit thereby accordingly.

Poor M—— and I laughed heartily next morning when Johnson repeated the conversation. We were both "i' the vein" for the absurdity. M—— turned a snuff-box from a root of crab-tree; a bullet is more easily procured in a barrack than a bank-note; one was obtained—ornamented with the indentation of a sergeant-major's molarium—settled in the lid of the relic of Mont St. Jean—and the assistant-surgeon had the audacity to present the apparatus, when completed, in due form, to the credulous old lady.

Woman is grateful, and Mrs. C—— was no exception. Did Doctor —— pay a morning visit, the bell rang before he was five minutes in the drawing-room; sherry and biscuits were



ordered up; and if the day were cold, a glass of cherry-bounce was insisted upon to fortify the "dear Doctor's stomach against damp." As to the box, no saint's toe ever received more civility from a true catholic. A stuffed kingfisher was placed upon the retired list *instantly*, and, under the glass which had protected the plumage of that gay bird, the box was enshrined religiously. We may observe here, that to every inhabitant of —, the secret of the imposition was no secret; they were, however, a most malicious community, and no one undeceived Mrs. C—.

Old ladies will get sick—and so did the possessor of the relic of Mont St. Jean. The curate insinuated that it was full time she should set her house in order; and her maid recommended her to dispose of her personal effects, hinting, also, that "the sooner she *made her sowl* the better."

One fine morning her reverend adviser was announced. Mrs. C— was seated in her easy-chair with a spider table before her. On it lay a tract which the Curate had left at his last visit for her edification; a pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box of massive gold, beautifully enamelled, which even an Israelite would hold cheap at fifty pounds.

"I am so much obliged," said the old lady, in reply to Mr. —'s tender inquiries into every particular of her last night's slumbers—"by the kindness and frequency of your visits. Indeed, my dear Mr. —, I feel and estimate your attention. I made, yesterday, a formal disposition of my effects, and left you a slight memorial of my regard. It is a box which, though valuable in the estimation of the world, is merely intended to remind you of the donor, when she is no more."

Mrs. C— lifted the gold snuff-box, and took a most affecting pinch; and, as Mr. — looked at its beautiful enamelling and solid framework, he came to a mental conclusion that, with the exception of her snuff-box, Mrs. C— was the finest specimen of the antique he had ever seen.

Mrs. C— died. It is a vulgar error that old ladies never die. Undoubtedly they do plague people "tarnation" long; but they do hop the twig at last.

Well, Mrs. C— died, and Mrs. C— was buried; and Mrs. C—'s will was most decorously opened in presence of her heir-apparent, the Doctor who had made out her route, and the Curate who had put her in marching order in expectation of the same. The will was short and lucid. Her four-per-cents. were conveyed to her nephew, who bore his affliction like a man. The Doctor had a cool hundred to buy a mourning ring; he, too, poor fellow, held up as well as he could. Then came a behest, settling a respectable annuity, for the course of their natural lives, upon two cats; and a

codicil, duly and truly executed, completed the old lady's last will and testament.

"I have long had occasion to admire that zealous and valuable man, the Rev. Mr. —; and his kind and constant attentions to me during my long illness, require that I should mark my lasting esteem for him by some small but solid token of regard"—the Curate thought of the enamelled snuff-box—that was solid—and he paraded a white handkerchief; but his grief was moderated, as became a christian man, and the Solicitor read on in an audible voice the further contents of this the last codicil: "I therefore beg him to accept, and hand down as an heirloom to his children afterwards,"—the Solicitor paused and wiped his spectacles—"that invaluable relic—the *Waterloo snuff-box!*"

The Curate's jaw fell; the heir apparent, in the most liberal manner, handed him the posthumous present on the spot, and begged him, for fear of accident, to put it at once in his pocket. Of all the legatees, the most afflicted certainly was the successor to the celebrated snuff-box, which the departed Mrs. C— had estimated as a jewel above price.

We crossed this morning to Bressay, to see the singular communication by which access is obtained from that island to the Holm of Noss; and when one views the cradle by which a passage is effected, he can easily believe the wildest narratives told him of the desperate courage of the Shetland rock-fowlers. The Noss is a wild, isolated cliff, everywhere perpendicular, and towering upwards to a height of nearly two hundred feet. It is level on the surface, affording pasture to a score of sheep, and a favourite spot for sea-fowl to nestle on. For centuries these wild tenants were undisturbed; but daring and ingenuity at last succeeded, and man was enabled to reach a retreat from which nature appeared to have interdicted him.

Compared with the peril undergone by the rock-fowler, samphire-picking,—“dangerous trade!” as Shakspeare holds it,—is safe, and chamois-hunting, mere amusement. To reach his game, the Shetland reiver must become familiar with a neutral element, and his operations be carried on in air, and in a state of suspension like the coffin of Mahomet. The edge of the precipice over which he ventures often overhangs the base; and unequalled skill, iron nerves, and a heart of sterner composition, even, than that of the gentleman who first went to sea, and whom old Flaccus describes as a regular desperado, are all required to gift the daring islander. The rock-fowler's apparatus is very simple, the whole outfit costing but a few shillings. Fifty fathoms of rope, a hoop-net to take the eggs, and a wallet to contain

them, comprise the whole. As, generally, the face of the cliff retires inward, to gain the shelf of rock whereon to commence his operations, the fowler, when he has reached the proper point of suspension, is obliged to give himself a pendulous motion, to enable him to catch the ledge within. His rope is managed with astonishing adroitness; he swings himself boldly into air, and always contrives, on the rope's return, to catch the spot he aims at. Landing on the ridge, he secures his frail support, and then proceeds to ply his net and fill his basket. That task done, he resumes his rope and reascends, only to renew his operations on another face of the precipice, which has not been harried by some other fowler. Of course, a pursuit so dangerous is attended with numerous accidents. The Shetlander is even more reckless than the St. Kilda man; and while the latter carefully prepares a rope of triple cow-skin,\* the former trusts himself to less-enduring hemp. In his descents and oscillations, the rope is sometimes frayed against projections of the cliff; and if it part, the fowler finds a certain doom in the boiling ocean that lashes the heady precipice.

"Use lessens marvel," and danger familiarizes itself to men. The Shetlander tells you coolly that he lost a father or a brother,† and yet, and probably from the same beetling rock they fell from, he prosecutes his perilous occupation. He looks death in the face unmoved; and his hairbreadth escapes steel him against fear, and nerves him for every contingency. A thousand stories are told here of life saved by the most astonishing self-possession; and one of them, of whose truth I was assured, will give you some idea of a Shetlander's desperate resolution, when the peril of the

\* Appendix, No. IX.

† "On reaching the highest ridges of the rocks, the prospect presented on every side is of the sublimest description. The spectator looks down from a perpendicular height of 1100 or 1200 feet, and sees below the wide Atlantic roll its tide. Dense columns of birds hover through the air, consisting of maws, kittywakes, lyres, sea-parrots, or guillemots; the cormorants occupy the lowest portions of the cliffs, the kittywakes whiten the ledges of one distinct cliff, gulls are found on another, and lyres on a third. The welkin is darkened with their flight; nor is the sea less covered with them, as they search the waters in quest of food. But when the winter appears, the colony is fled, and the rude harmony produced by their various screams is succeeded by a desert stillness. From the brink of this awful precipice the adventurous fowler is, by means of a rope tied round his body, let down many fathoms; he then lands on the ledges where the various sea-birds nestle, being still as regardless as his ancestors of the destruction that awaits the falling of some loose stones from a crag, or the untwisting of a cord. It was formerly said of the Foula man, 'his *gutch*er (grandfather) *guid* before, his father *guid* before, and he must expect to go over the *Sneug* too.'—*Hibbert*.

moment calls on him "to screw his courage to the sticking point."

I told you that when the fowler swings himself into a recess of the cliff, he secures his rope until he requires to swing himself out again. A daring rock-man had made a landing safely, but the rope he was about to fasten slipped from his hold, and oscillated into empty air! There was, what Mr. Puff, in the Critic, calls "a situation!" Hopeless imprisonment in the bowels of a precipice, until death from hunger should release him! A moment of hesitation, and he was lost for ever. The first returning swing of the rope might happily bring it within the chance of grasping; the second, and hope were over. It came—the desperate man was ready—he marked it with his eye, and measured the point at which its oscillation inwards would terminate. The moment came; the fowler sprang desperately into air; grasped the frail rope as it trembled ere it swept from his reach for ever—and he was saved!

In St. Kilda, the islanders generally fowl in couples. In Shetland, though not frequently, two, and even three, rock-men will trust to the same rope. Miss Sinclair, in her book, entitled "Shetland," relates a story told her by the captain of the steamer. I remember hearing it myself from Captain P——, and I shall give it in the lady's words:—

"Some time since a father and two sons were suspended in this way over a deep chasm, when the youth who hung uppermost hastily told his brother that the rope was breaking, therefore it could no longer support them all, desiring him to cut off the lower end on which their father depended. The young man indignantly refused thus to consign his father to death, upon which his brother, without another moment's hesitation, divided the rope below himself, precipitating his father and brother both to instant destruction! We had an eager discussion after hearing this shocking story, whether it was possible to have acted better than the amiable son who fell a sacrifice to duty and affection, during which Captain Philips suggested that he might have leaped off the rope, and left his father to be preserved! This was a flight of generosity beyond the imagination of any one else, and we received it with great approbation."

Now as the lady does not vouch for the veracity of the transaction, without breach of gallantry I may announce myself a sceptic. Dead men tell no tales; and the surviving scoundrel alone could have narrated the particulars. Doctor Pangloss observes, that "on their own merits modest men are dumb," and scoundrels are generally very cautious in touching on their own infamy. The wretch who preserved his felon life

by coldly sacrificing a parent and a brother, would scarcely himself chronicle the proceeding. If he did, although pronouncing him a superlative scoundrel, we must write him down a greater fool.

Whether apocryphal or not, we must do the fair authoress common justice, and say—

*Se non e vero, e ben trovato.*

With the first formation of the flying bridge that connects Noss Holm with Bressay, a fatal occurrence is involved. Two centuries ago the summit of this isolated rock remained unknown, until, stimulated by a fancy for wild adventure, and the promise of a cow, a desperate Foula-man volunteered to scale a cliff hitherto considered inaccessible, and establish a means of transit over a chasm fifty yards wide. He succeeded; and a cradle was rigged out on a rope support, sufficient to permit a man and sheep to pass from rock to island. Great men are ambitious; and generally, by attempting too much, end in getting a “quietus” in the long-run. I saw a clown break his neck in executing a double summerset; and Mr. Samuel Scott, who used to jump from the height of a hundred feet into water, and offered to leap off the Monument, if the London Livery would only stand a cart of straw, hanged himself on Waterloo Bridge “all out of a joke,” and in the presence of five thousand spectators. Now, although the fowler had laid his bridge from Noss to Bressay, he scorned to take advantage of its accommodation, and descended, or rather attempted to descend, by the same route he had climbed; but—

O high ambition lowly laid!

he made a slip, concluded his own history and never came to claim the cow afterwards.

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## CHAPTER XV.

Shetland character—Morals and religion—Social intercourse—Upper order of society—Shetland scenery—A cave adventure—Seal hunting—Shetlanders' resources—The Haaf-banks—Life of a Shetland fisher—Lithe and Seath-fishing—Sillocks—Piscatorial conclusions—Lithe and mackerel—Voracity of pikes—Anecdotes—Swallowing a black-hag—The salmon—Anecdotes of the fish.

IN this letter, my dear Jack, I am about, by an adventurous flight, to give you a summary of Shetland—morals, manners, and manufactures, including sheep, sillocks, and stockings, with every alliterative addition beside.

The first,—namely, the peculiarities of Shetland character, I shall summarily dismiss. I believe these representatives of the Norsemen to be essentially a moral people, and that under religious privations, and the want of pastoral precept which in other societies would extenuate, if not excuse deviations from general purity, these remote islanders might for example be usefully held forth. Here, parishes far exceed Irish unions in point of extent; and some are so isolated and difficult of approach, that their minister is probably seen but once a year. In speaking of Fair Island—a stepping-stone between the Orkneys and Ultima Thule—thus writes Miss Sinclair:—

“Mr. Thomson, the incumbent, used to visit them once in a season, to perform all the marriages and christenings; but now, being eighty years of age, he is unable to encounter the fatigue of such a voyage; and it was mentioned, that the last time a clergyman arrived there, several of the children requiring to be christened were quite old and uninstructed, while one boy, when the service was performed on himself, swore most violently. The anxiety of these neglected people for ministerial teaching is so extreme, that they will laboriously row their boat any distance to bring a preacher, and only ask their expenses for taking him away, as it is considered ample remuneration for a voyage of fifty miles to hear a single sermon.”

As far as I can form an opinion, the Shetlanders are social among themselves, and generally civil to strangers. The long and dreary nights are, in winter, pleasantly and profitably employed; for months, the soft wool of the Shetland sheep finds occupation for its female population; and the manufacture of scarfs and stockings, some of them exquisitely fine, usefully employs those whom “winter and rough weather” would otherwise leave to sleep away that cheerless season. In every place there is an aristocracy; and the village dance is, after its kind, as rigidly restrictive as the subscription ball at Almack’s. In Shetland, however, the upper order of the body politic is a valuable exception to that commonly met with elsewhere. The magnates of the land, the old Udallers, have passed away, and their places been filled by the merchant and the minister—men calculated, by commercial impulse, or the influence of example and advice, to civilize the habits, and improve the condition of a primitive people, who, like the progenitors of John Bull in Roman estimation, are “*toto orbe divisos*.”

It would be idle to drag you through divers sheets of foolscap, from one papa to another, or tell you every voe and skerrie that I visited. Keep in mind that “papa” is an

island appellative, as "skerrie" is applied to rocks. To particularize those which we entered, and those that we did not, would be tedious; for ours were no daring investigations—next to a horse and a woman, a boat being the Stout Gentleman's aversion; and hence our navigation was conducted on "the safety plan." Still, for a rock-fancier's, we saw enough; and all the wild scenery I ever visited before, falls into insignificance when compared with the cliffs and caves which the northern islets of the Shetland group exhibited. These reefs and caverns appear entirely created by ocean action. Here, the wild fury of "the wild Atlantic," is fullest felt; and, were the fact not ascertained beyond a doubt, the angry power of "stormy water" could never be credited.\*

Every isle or skerrie is perforated by some cave or cleft; some presenting "antres vast," dark and uninviting as Erebus itself; while others are shafted from above, and, when entered on a summer sea, presenting a natural basin within, so deep, and blue, and pellucid, that, at a depth of ten feet the very tinting of a pebble at the bottom can be seen. If ever kelpie or mermaid† had existence, here would be the only chance to scrape an acquaintance with them. With the latter order, the Orcadian seas are said to be well provided. They are said, for the time being, to make excellent wives; but, like one of the grievances of Ireland—*authoritate, Danielius O'Connell*—with these sea-green gentlewomen, as in the Emerald Isle, there is no "fixity of tenure."

In one of the caverns we entered, our boatmen told us an interesting adventure that had there befallen them. It was by a low-browed arch that entrance only could be found; and, save at slack water and in a dead calm, ingress to the bowels of the rock was denied—imperatively forbidden. Hence, not once in fifty visits did tide and circumstances agree; and, consequently, "few and far between" were the visits of man to this "caverned deep."

A party of English gentlemen were exploring these lonely and interesting isles, when in a calm and sunny July day, they found themselves opposite this basin. The tide suited the moment—and, declining Shakspeare's hint to take it "at the flood," they preferred low water and pulled in. The boat grounded on the gravel; the party disembarked; crawled through a low fissure, and guided by a stream of light, which momentarily grew stronger, they emerged from the dark shaft into a hidden bay some fifty yards in diameter, and lighted distinctly by a natural tunnel reaching the top of a

\* Appendix, No. X.

† Appendix, No. XI.

wall-sided rock, never trodden on but by the sea-bird's foot. Within, they found an unexpected company—middle-aged and young—full fifty seals were congregated—the greater portion being ladies who had done the state some service, each having a pledge of connubial felicity—a goodly cub—beside her. Dire was the alarm this unexpected visit caused; and, as the intruders were armed, a smart engagement ensued. The seals, by common impulse, made a rush, overturning all that opposed them; and, except a cub or two, and a full-grown female, who lost her life in a vain attempt to save her offspring, not a trophy to perpetuate the surprise was carried off, save divers bruises received in the *melée*, and a couple of broken gun-stocks.

In the more accessible caverns, and at particular seasons, the Shetlanders seal-hunt to good account. Skins and oil repay the trouble; and as these animals—timid under other circumstances—when surprised, or in the protection of their young, show more courage than could be expected, the pursuit is not without a sufficiency of personal risk, to give it more than ordinary interest.

Remote and desolate as his bleak dwelling is, the Shetlander has occasional advantages denied to others, located under gentler skies. Many a waif is washed him from the ocean—the wreck of goodly ships, or the floating remnants of some valuable cargo. Peat, cut in the moory portions of the island, and drift-wood, at times abundantly cast ashore, supply his fuel; and to whales, otters, and seals, he is indebted chiefly for his light in winter. It is true, the wind and weather may sometimes render these supplies both scanty and precarious; but, however limited in all besides, there is one resource on which the Shetlander can fearlessly rely. Whatever fail, an unbounded supply of fish is freely at command; and, from the cradle to the crutch, every islander has but to put forth his hand, and his wants will be satisfied.

As the minor fishings are entirely confined to boyhood and old age, I shall notice them as they present themselves hereafter, and give you Anderson's description of the deep-sea fishing—that, in which "lusty manhood" finds a full employment. What a mixed picture of danger, labour, and adventure the Shetlander's occupation exhibits!

"The men employed at the *Haaf*, or the fishing-station most distant from the land, are generally the young and hardiest of the islanders. Six tenants join in manning a boat, their landlords importing for them frames, ready modelled and cut out in Norway, which, when put together, form a yawl of six oars, from eighteen to nineteen feet in keel, and six in beam,



and which is also furnished with a square sail. After waiting for a fair wind, or the ceasing of a storm, the most adventurous boatmen give the example to their comrades, starting off in their yawl, and taking the first turn round in the course of the sun, when they are instantly followed by the whole fleet, each boat of which strives to be first at the fishing-station, often forty or fifty miles away. Arrived at the ground, they prepare to set their *tows*, or lines, provided with ling hooks. Forty-five or fifty fathoms of *tows* constitute a *bught*, and each *bught* is fitted with from nine to fourteen hooks. Twenty *bughts* are called a *packie*, and the whole of the *packies* a boat carries is a fleet of *tows*. The fleets belonging to the Feideland haaf are so large as seldom to be built with less than 1200 hooks, provided with three buoys, and extending to a distance of from five thousand to six thousand fathoms. The depth to which the ling are fished for varies from fifty to one hundred fathoms; and, after the lines are all set, which, in moderate weather, requires from three to four hours, the fishermen rest for two hours, and take their scanty sustenance: their poverty, however, allowing them no richer food than a little oatmeal and a few gallons of water; for the Shetlanders can rarely supply themselves with spirits.

“At length one man, by means of the buoy rope, undertakes to haul up the *tows*; another extricates the fish from the hooks, and throws them in a place near the stern, named the shot; a third guts them, and deposits their livers and heads in the middle of the boat. Along with the ling, a much smaller quantity of tusk, skate, and halibut are caught, the two last being reserved for the tables of the fishermen; and six or seven score of fish are reckoned a decent haul, fifteen or sixteen a very good one, and when above this quantity, the garbage, heads, and small fish are thrown overboard, the boat, notwithstanding, being then sunk so far as just to *lipper* with the water. If the weather be moderate, a crew is not detained longer than a day and a half at the Haaf; but as gales too often come on, and as the men are reluctant to cut their lines, the most dreadful consequences ensue, and many of the poor fishermen never reach land. On their return to shore, the boatmen are first engaged in spreading out their *tows* to dry; then some of them catch piltocks with a rod and line, or procure other kinds of bait, at a distance from the shore; while others, again, mend the *tows* and cook victuals for the next voyage to the *haaf*: thus, in the busy fishing season, so incessant and varied are the demands on the fishermen’s time, that they rarely can snatch above two or three hours in the twenty-four for repose.

Their huts are constructed of rude stones without any cement, covered with thin pieces of wood and turf for a roof, and the dormitories consist only of a little straw thrown into a corner on the bare floor, where a whole boat's crew may be found stealing a brief rest from their laborious occupations."

They tell you that everybody is a soldier in France. Now, in Shetland, an Irishman would assert that man, woman, and child is a fisherman. To the adult, the banks, less or more distant from the land, offer an abundant inducement to stimulate his industry. Immense takes of cod and ling reward his danger and his toil—while, as if Nature had determined to forbid idleness in every portion of the body politic, she pours myriads of coal-fish and pollocks into every creek and bay, to occupy those whom time had disabled, or years had not yet adapted for exertions that require hardihood and manly strength.

The latter fish, under the Linnæan appellation of *Gadus Pollachus*, is called generally, "the Lithe." The former (*Gadus Carbonarius*), so known by the varying term of *sillock*, *cuth*, and *seath*, according to age and size.

I remember, when a boy, killing, as I then believed, a sporting quantity of coal-fish, under the rocky promontory of Old Head. Our mode of fishing was a sort of rough trolling by leaded-lines and snoods, the latter baited with small fresh-water eels prepared like minnows, and towed after a sailing-boat, when progressing a couple of knots per hour. I have, in manhood, had much amusement in the western lochs of Scotland and the inlets from the Clyde, taking, in tolerable numbers, the seath with an artificial fly of the rudest construction, the whole requiring nothing but the feathers of a seagull or white duck, to form a temptation too strong for this most simple fish to overcome. But, until I visited the Orcades, I remained in blissful ignorance of the exuberant supplies which Heaven has sent, and man avails himself of. While the full-grown coal-fish haunts the rough currents among rocks and islands, its progeny, the sillock, approaches closely to the shores—and feeble indeed the hand must be which cannot obtain it in profusion—and, when other labour ends, this simple fishery commences.

"As the evening advances, innumerable boats are launched, crowding the surface of the bays, and filled with hardy natives of all ages. The fisherman is seated in his light skiff, with an angling rod or line in his hand, and a supply of boiled limpets near him, intended for bait. A few of these are carefully stored in his mouth for immediate use. The baited line is thrown into the water, and a fish is almost instantaneously brought up. The finny captive is then secured, and while

one hand is devoted to wielding the rod, another is used for carrying the hook to the mouth, where a fresh bait is ready for it, in the application of which the fingers are assisted by the lips. The alluring temptation of an artificial fly often supersedes the use of the limpet; and so easily are captures of the small fry made, that young boys, or feeble old men, are left to this business, which not unfrequently is carried on from the brink of a rock, while the more robust natives are engaged in the deep-sea fishery, or the navigation of the Greenland seas."\*

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I am, I fear, a spoilt fisherman, and have, for many a year, avoided everything but the fly. I hate the trouble of the minnow; and, as to the impalement of a worm, I would no more go through that nasty operation, than I would, cockney-like, carry a boxful of maggots—(I beg their gentle pardons) *gentles* in my pocket. And yet, in boyhood, I have been a coarse angler—I have killed many a pike with mouse and frog—taken twelve dozen perch of a summer evening after school-hours—and even reached the very climax of piscatorial iniquity—bobbed for eels, and prepared the apparatus with my own hand. “What can I say more?”—as that scoundrel Tippoo Sultaan used to say. Like a Jack-of-all-trades, with every kind and method of fishing have I been familiar; and I have come to this conclusion after a Solomon’s experience of them all, that, in lake and river, the only thing a gentleman should touch is—the fly;—and, in the sea, the fish alone worth notice, are mackerel and coal-fish; *i.e.* such as coal-fish are among the rough currents and skerries of the Shetlands. To the ferocity of a bull-dog the lithe unites the greyhound’s agility. He does not coquet with your eel, as a common-councilman does with a new-laid egg, the morning after he has gorged with the Lord Mayor “on coming in.” He *takes you* like “an out-and-outer;” and when he finds himself *taken in*, instead of giving up the ghost like a lubberly cod, he seems to ask nothing but “a clear stage and no favour,” wishing that the best man may win.

Lithe-fishing demands coarse tackle, and a man’s hand; while the mackerel is sufficiently elegant for a lady’s. The gear is fine; the bait inoffensive; the fish elegant in itself, and, from the delicacy of its mouth, requiring almost feminine nicety to prevent the hold from breaking.

As I have casually mentioned pike, I would recommend jack-fishers to repair to Mayo, and there they will have that

amusement in which they take delight, and in a perfection that will pass their understanding. Every water there is overrun with these desperadoes; and a herd-boy will find a monster on his night-line three times a week, which, if a frequenter of the Lea could happen upon only once in the period of his natural life, he would sport the skeleton at full length in the drawing-room, with all the particulars in gilt-lettering annexed, touching the capture of the same.

The voracity of the pike has ever been proverbial; and I once witnessed a striking instance of it.\* In the west of Ireland there is a deep dull stream, called the river of Minola, which connects several extensive lakes with each other, and, both lakes and river, are celebrated for the number and size of the pike they contain abundantly. Various methods of fishing are employed in these waters, but the night-line is the simplest and most successful. One morning, a few years since, when on a visit with my national regiment, the gallant Royal Irish, a boy came to my barrack-room with a present from the country—and, on uncovering the skib,† a fine pike of some twelve pounds' weight was exhibited. Its appearance was remarkable; for, from the ventral fin, both sides of the fish were lacerated as if they had been torn by a tow-carder. On remarking it to the boy, he told me how the injury had been occasioned. On the preceding evening he had set a night-line in a deep pool of the Minola, and on visiting it in the morning, discovering that he had made a prize, he proceeded to secure the capture. While dragging the fish through the thick reeds which for several yards fringe the banks of the river, another pike, immensely larger than the hooked one, dashed after, and seized its companion; and so determinately did he retain its hold, that the head and shoulders of his intended victim were on the bank, before he could be persuaded to relax it. The boy described the second pike as a perfect monster; and, to judge by the imprint of his teeth, I should set him down at least at forty pounds. This is not an over-estimate of weight,—for pikes have been killed in the Shannon exceeding *seventy*.

Many instances of the ferocity of the pike have come within my knowledge. Every fish he can master becomes his prey, the perch excepted; and he owes his immunity, not to any conscientious scruples on the part of Master Jack, but to certain digestive considerations which insinuate that the prickled back-fin of the little gentleman in question, would render a transit through the pike's *penetralia* everything but

\* Appendix, No. XII.

† A *skib* is a flat shallow basket into which the potatoes are tumbled from the pot.

agreeable. Young ducks and water-fowl are constantly taken down—the dog while lapping water has been attacked—and even the pike's audacity has overcome his reverence for man. I knew a boy that was severely bitten in the foot, while sitting on the river bank on a sultry evening, dangling his naked legs in the water.

A few years since I was visiting a west-country gentleman—an excellent companion, and a true Catholic as ever eschewed flesh upon a Friday. It was some solemn fast; and, as we sat down to dinner, the lady commenced a Jeremiade touching her great sorrow and disappointment at the fish-cadger's non-arrival from Galway with the expected supplies.

"Well, my dear," observed her liege lord, "you must content yourself with a pike caught last night—and as the Colonel has no respect for the pope, he'll manage to dine off a leg of mutton. May the Lord forgive him for the same!"

"Yes," I replied, "my dear B——, 'I'll e'en commit the sin.' What an advantage heresy has over true belief, when it comes to fasting on a Friday!"

"We are not so badly off, after all," returned my host. "A finer pike never came in nick of time. It's the largest I have seen in the house, since the one that swallowed the black-hag."\*

"Swallowed a black-hag!"

"Ay; and what's the best part of the story, did the bird no harm in the operation."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, upon my soul! It was Paurike beg† that hooked him with a frog—and as he passed his father's cabin, he just stepped in to show the family what a fine fish he caught. Well, the pike was hardly stretched upon the floor, when his jaws began to open, and out came a living black-hag! Never were an honest family more surprised; and while some said it was a bird, others swore it was the devil. The cormorant ran round the room, and the young herd ran after it; but the chase was finished by one of the lookers-on knocking the bird over with a blow from a supple.‡"

"And you do not wish me to believe that a black-hag, after visiting the interior of a fish, required a flail to finish him?"

"I wish you to believe nothing you do not please to credit; but allow me to add, that in all touching the black-hag and the flail, I am a true believer. Shall I send you some fish?"

"No, thank you; I'll be heretical to day. Who knows but

\* Irish name for a cormorant.

† *Anglicè*, Little Pat.

‡ *Supple* is the lesser portion of the flail.

that gentleman had a cormorant in him when caught? Although bad taste, I'll stick, my friend B——, to simple mutton, if you will permit me."

Now, I have only to say, that my host implicitly believed his own story, while I am a sceptic. The reader may take whatever side he pleases, the question being an open one.

It has been frequently asserted, and by high authorities, that the salmon will altogether reject a bait, and that his taste, or appetite, or both, must be propitiated by the elegant attractions of a butterfly. Among this polite tribe I have, however, met with vulgar exceptions. I have seen a salmon twelve pounds' weight, killed in the west of Ireland with a lob-worm; and, trolling for coal-fish in Loch Long, I took a seven-pound grilse with an eel. A more convincing proof that the salmon will take a bait was once afforded me. Returning from trying a rivulet in vain for red-trouts, I put a small one which I had taken upon a seath-hook, and trolled it carelessly astern as we rowed home. Midway over, a noble salmon, fresh from sea, seized the trout, which, by the rapid motion of the boat was towed on the surface of the water. Feeling the hook, he executed a saltation of full three feet above the tide—and a more beautiful fish was never revealed to mortal eye in brilliant sunshine! I should guess him at sixteen pounds. Alas! it was but guess-work; for, next moment, with a rush like a race-horse, away he went, and trout and casting-line along with him.

An English gentleman, the same season, was equally fortunate in proving that salmon will occasionally indulge like ordinary fishes; for with eel-bait he caught three grilses, and nearly three hundred weight of lithe and coal-fish on one evening.

A still stronger proof that the salmon does not confine himself to the fly, occurred recently on the Border. "During a heavy flood in the Edett, some boys from the village of Crosby were fishing with worms for eels and flounders, when suddenly one of their rods, which was lying upon the bank, shot into the river, disappeared, and rose again in the middle of the stream. The boys had a cur dog with them, which they directed towards the floating rod, when the animal plunged in and seized hold of it. A violent struggle now commenced, the dog seeking to regain the bank he had left, and some powerful opponent under the water endeavouring to escape with the rod up the stream. After a contest, which lasted for upwards of a quarter of an hour, the dog succeeded in bringing the rod ashore, and attached to the hook a fine salmon, weighing some seven or eight pounds, which was tho-

roughly exhausted in striving against its four-footed antagonist.”\*

Although the list of fishes which are found among the Shetland islands embraces every variety known in the British seas, of some species the scarcity is in proportion to the exuberance of the others. From the absence of fresh-water streams, sea-trouts excepted, those found in the few lakes that Shetland boasts, are ill-looking, and ill-flavoured, while salmon are rarely seen. In proper seasons, migratory fish are caught plentifully; and as the Orcades lie in the direct route of herrings moving southward, the bays and creeks are crowded for a time; and occasionally, the visit is sufficiently protracted to afford to the Shetland men a good harvest. Compared to the Wick fisheries every other will be found wanting.† There, that most lucrative employment for the bold and hardy boatmen of the northern Highlands has been steadily and successfully engaged in—while, scarcely forty years ago, in the Orkneys, the herrings, shoal after shoal, filled bay and inlet, and were suffered “to depart unmolested; as,” says Dr. Barry, “we are either destitute of time, capital, or industry, to avail ourselves of this inexhaustible treasure.”‡

It is difficult to imagine that a people, however removed from worldly enterprise, and destitute of means at the command of others whose commercial relations were longer established, should still have overlooked advantages, which one would suppose could so readily have been turned to account. But those acquainted with the western coasts of Ireland will not marvel at Orcadian apathy. With a boundless supply within sight of his wretched cabin, how many days will be wasted by the Connaught peasant, in idling upon the anniversary of some saint, or forming the particle of a mob to listen to some vulgar demagogue, who discourages every useful exertion to better his condition, and renders him a nuisance to society and himself, by the false persuasion that all who have the power to assist him, are not to be regarded as friends, but as men leagued to prolong a thralldom which has no existence! I have seen shoals of herrings rush into a western estuary—not a net would be in preparation; and were it Lady-day—big or little—not a man would move from the *cailliough* § in the wall, where, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, he was “stretchin’ on the bed” in utter idleness.

By the way, as we are speaking of herrings, although gene-

\* Berwick Paper.

† Appendix, No. XIII.

‡ History of the Orkney Islands.

§ The *Cailliough* is a recess, generally at the side of the fireplace, where a standing bed is erected.

rally constant and regular in their annual visitings, still, from unknown causes—weather, pursuit of enemies, or mayhap a fancy for change of residence—they have crowded a coast for a year or two, and then deserted it, as cockney caprice fills and desolates Ramsgate and Boulogne by turns. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the years 1797 and 8, upon the coast of Donegal. During both seasons, herrings haunted these favoured shores in such countless multitudes, that they were drawn by cartloads into the country, and thrown for manure upon the fields. In consequence, Irish speculation was aroused; here was an El Dorado in shape of fish; store-houses were built, salt manufactories established, casks advanced in the market; and an apprenticeship to coopering was considered as sure provision for a son as if he had been “bound to a bishop.” The third year came, and had Lent been thrice enlarged, there were ample means provided to have accommodated the faithful with salt fish. The season arrived; all was in full efficiency to secure the scaly harvest, but not a herring appeared! For years afterwards, the fishery failed totally, and store and salt-house, one after another, became ruins. Of many reasons assigned for this total abandonment of Donegal by the herrings, it was insinuated that they were delicate fish, and consequently rather nervous. Sir John Warren’s action inopportunely occurred during their visit from the north, and, quite satisfied with the submarine effect produced by one cannonade, they determined to *defashionize* the place, and avoid uproarious communities for the future.

Of sea “varmin,” as a keeper would call them, the voes contain an awful variety. The “wolf-fish,” here “swine,” (*anarhichas lupus* of Linnæus); the conger (*muræna conger*); the lump-fish (*cuclopterus lumpus*); with dog-fish (*squali*); every variety, from the smallest that ever tangled a fisher’s long line, even to the basking shark (*squalus maximus*),—are found in abundance.

Of the whale tribe the number and variety is extensive; and, instead of a solitary capture, they have sometimes been driven on shore\* by the hundred. And yet it would appear

\* “Perhaps the tourist may witness the pursuit and capture of a drove of *caïng whales*, as the *Delphinus deductor* is styled in Shetland, which occasionally appear off these coasts in a gregarious assemblage of from one hundred to five hundred at a time. Their seizure is always attended with great excitement and cruelty; and, although the blubber affords a rich prize to the captors, nothing can better display the debased state of the husbandry in some of these north isles, than the fact that the carcasses of the whales are in general allowed to remain untouched, tainting the air until they are completely devoured by the gulls and crows.”—Anderson.



that this stupendous God-send is turned to but indifferent account; for while, on an English highway, children are seen engaged in collecting every stray particle that can fertilize the land, carcasses of animal matter sufficient to manure a parish, are left to gorge the sea-bird, *ad nauseam*, "and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Private life in Shetland—Domicile of a Udaller—a Shetland beauty—Duncan the Islesman—An Orcadian ministry—Anecdote—Shetland boatmen—Sad calamity—An unexpected return—Shetland husbandry.

THE more of these wild islands I have seen, the deeper has been the interest they have excited. I have had a peep into private life, and I assure you that the transient glimpse I had is all in favour of the Shetlanders. A wet day, and the kindness of a kind host, who, without delivering exactly a highway invitation, caught us wandering on a cliff, and insisted upon being hospitable, has given me an opportunity of taking a cursory peep into Scandinavian society. In a comfortable domicile, where the Stout Gentleman and I are regularly cantoned—my companion being at present secluded in his chamber, probably balancing cash against expenditure, or regulating his detachment of effects—the grand *depôt*, the brown portmanteau, not having been rashly exposed to perils incident on Orcadian navigation.

Imprimis—I must describe the house. It is sheltered by a bluff headland from the stormy north, and fronts a *voe* which brings herrings to the very door. The masonry is solid; the roof covered with heavy slates; while some square enclosures defend a few stunted bushes, and enable the hardier vegetables to raise their heads. A few rude offices; a mill\*—interior eight feet by six; half a dozen crofts, sufficiently fenced in to resist predatory encroachments from ponies three feet six inches high; half a dozen milch cows; some hundred sheep, the fattest capable of being abstracted in a hare-pocket; some good rough furniture, and a piano coeval with "bonnie Prince Charlie," and possibly played upon as an accompaniment to Lady Heron's harp, at the last *soirée musicale* given by the young Chevalier.

Beside the old couple, the family consists of three sons and a daughter. One of the former is absent, mate, not "of the Tiger," but a Greenland ship; another is at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, preparing for the Scottish ministry;

\* Appendix, No. XIV.

whilst the third remains at home to overlook fishing and farming; for, in Shetland, the oar and spade employ by turns the followers of a hybrid occupation; and, indeed, of the two elements, the descendants of the Norsemen reap their richest harvest from the sea.

The portion of the family we have seen, present Shetland private life in very favourable colours. The old people are warm-hearted and hospitable, the younger intelligent and amiable. I may safely call the daughter comely, and I might even stretch the epithet to handsome. She is tall and well-formed, every feature Scandinavian, complexion passing fair, eyes blue and gentle in expression, hair slightly tinged with "paly gold," while the bland and good-humoured expression of the countenance exhibits "that sunshine of the breast" produced alone by health and innocence.

"Hallo! Colonel O'Flagherty! What is all this about 'paly gold,' 'sunshine of the breast,' and 'health and innocence?'"

Hold hard, my dear Jack. I am twenty years beneath the matrimonial zero; and were I of thine own age, I fear my anti-connubial impressions would not yield to the charms of the fairest descendant of the sea-kings.

Young Duncan—for the fair Ellen's brother is called after the gracious monarch whose "silver skin" that delinquent, Macbeth, took the liberty to "lace with gore," is really a fine specimen of a bold and hardy islesman. They tell me that he is reputed here to be a most accomplished youth. He manages a Norwegian canoe, such as you meet among the skerries coal-fishing with admirable dexterity; robs birds'-nests "in middle-air;" swims like a seagull; and is, *me ipso teste*, one of the best shots in Britain. With perfect modesty of manner, he inherits the adventurous courage of the Norsemen; his world is his "lonely isle;" and I verily believe he would not exchange voe and cliff, for Tweed salmon-fishing and an English preserve. The scanty extent to which rural operations are carried on here, allow ample time to employ both net and gun; and a very large and valuable collection of stuffed birds, killed and preserved by himself, evidence the keenness and success of this Shetland fowler. I am sorry to add, that young Duncan, for a few days, will be my only companion—the Stout Gentleman having unfortunately hurt his ankle by a fall, in crossing some rocks covered with slippery sea-weed. He is unable to lay his foot upon the ground, and, regularly *hors de combat*, is stretched upon the sofa. How kind this primitive family have shown themselves! Miss Ellen lubricates the Stout Gentleman's infirm member, while her father strives to while away the tedious hours of his con-

finement by stories illustrative of the simple manners and character of the northern boundary of Britain.

I have just been listening to one of the old man's tales—an anecdote of their former minister, who reached the patriarchal age of ninety, of which sixty were spent in the zealous, but simple exercise of his humble duties; for, like Goldsmith's village preacher,

He ne'er had changed nor wished to change his place.

And yet, even in the Orcades, men will occasionally encounter difficulties. The spiritual charge of the old minister extended over divers isles and skerries, and many a difficulty and peril he had encountered in the exercise of his amphibious charge. It is true that he escaped the immediate visitations of "the gentleman in black," which so frequently bothered the gifted Mr. Peden, when holding forth on a hill-side to the Cameronians; but, although he escaped the persecutions of *diablerie* direct, cross tides and adverse winds kept him tossing and tumbling in some confounded current, in full sight of an anxious congregation, tantalized with the expectation of a two hours' screed, which the sea and wind had predetermined they should not hear, and sending them to their homes sadder, but not wiser, than when they left them.\*

The worthy churchman's was, indeed, a trying difficulty; and thus the old gentleman narrated it:—

The crop was unusually good and nearly ready for the sickle, when, unhappily, the weather changed, and a heavy

\* This is, I should imagine, a very common occurrence. I have extracted the following passage from Miss Sinclair's book, because it equally illustrates the peculiar difficulties attached to an Orcadian ministry, and marks the deep anxiety evinced by this primitive people for religious instruction:—  
"Mr. Watson of North Yell afforded us many curious details respecting his parish and people. He officiates in two churches, divided by a broad and dangerous ferry, where frequently on Sundays six rowers have endeavoured in vain to carry him across, but after pulling incessantly for three or four hours, and coming in sight of his church and the assembled congregation, he has been obliged to relinquish all hope of landing, while it was about equally difficult to reach the opposite shore. One of Mr. Watson's elders, who had to travel eight Shetland miles, a very vague measurement, besides crossing a wide ferry before getting to church, was so exceedingly zealous, that never during many years did he once miss divine service! This venerable Christian was unfortunately drowned lately, while trying to save the crew of another boat lost near his own house. Mr. Watson says the people of Shetland, in general, testify an extreme value for public ordinances, and though his parish consists of only eight hundred persons, he generally averages at the sacrament about three hundred and fifty communicants. They are all so indigent that the collection at church seldom exceeds three-pence!"

rain prostrated the corn, and rendered its being harvested an uncertainty. If but a few days of dry weather and gentle breezes could be obtained, all would be safe; and, in this doubtful state of affairs, one part of the congregation were anxious that the minister should intercede with Heaven, and supplicate the weather that was wanted; while another section, remembering that his prayers on a similar occasion had been responded to by a tempest, were rather afraid to try the experiment a second time. At last, after a long consultation, the elders determined that Mass John should try his hand once more; but it was emphatically urged upon him that he should be both cautious and explicit in wording the appeal.

The time came; the congregation were all attention, and the minister proved that he was fully alive to the delicate task that had devolved upon him.

“Gude Lord!” he said, “ye ken weel the kittle state the crop is in. I have a mercy to ask, but I maun be rather cautious in wording the petition. Wi’ a few gude days, gie us a wee-bit wind. Mind, Lord! a souging, sootherin, drein breeze, that will save the strae, and winna harm the heed. But if ye send us—as ye did afore—a tearin’, reivin’, thunderin’ storm—ye’ll play the vara mischief wi’ the aits, and fairly spoil a’!”

What effect the worthy minister’s cautious petition had produced, the old gentleman was not enabled to inform us.

I walked out with my young companion, and, from a shattered promontory that domineered the sound below, looked with intense but painful interest at several of the light Norway skiffs dancing on the surface of a broken sea, and coal-fishing among isles and skerries. Every country overcomes the difficulties which accidental circumstances impose, and generally in equal ratio to their extent. The Massoula boatman pushes his punt in safety through a boiling surf in which a European crew would perish; in a broken ice-field the Greenlander is perfectly at home; and, amid his own wild and conflicting tides, the skill of the Shetlander is best exhibited. He manages his crank and narrow yawl with admirable dexterity, and in a bark whose canvass and hull apparently bear no proportion to each other, he tops the heaviest seas, or flits like a meteor through distracted tides and rushing currents. Among the isles and rocks, the ability of the boatmen renders accidents not very common, and it is at the Haaf fishery that they mostly occur. When they do, it too frequently happens that the loss is not confined to single boats and crews, but involves the little fleet

in one general calamity, leaving many a lowly family in unspeakable desolation.

Young Duncan mentioned several of these sad occurrences; and one knew scarcely whether to lament the suffering they had produced, or admire the courage they had elicited.

A fleet of thirty boats had gone out to deep-fish at the Haaf. The morning was dark and sullen, but the wind was moderate, and no skyey appearances foreboded a coming storm. It was said that a superannuated fisherman talked of dreams and visions, and urged the boatmen of his family to leave the Haaf unvisited, as the day would prove fatal to those that went there. Like Cassandra's prophecies, the warnings of the island seer were disregarded, and the little fleet left voe and harbour, to which, alas! half the number never returned again.

The lines were shot; the fishing was successful; and, ere evening came, every boat was filled to the very thafts. The fisher's exultation overcame the sailor's prudence; point after point the wind had shifted unperceived, the horizon darkened, leaden-coloured clouds rose from the sea to windward; the youngest fisherman saw that a storm was about to burst; and, three leagues from land, a deeply-laden boat, a rising sea, the wind dead-an-end, night closing fast—all made return, when attempted, difficult, doubtful, desperate.

Before a league was rowed, a tumbling sea announced that the ocean was about to rise in anger. Hastily the fish were thrown overboard, and the yawls were lightened—for the contest was now for life. For half an hour every arm had been strained at the oar, and the landmarks showed that not an inch was gained. Now rose a tumultuous ocean—the question of the wearied crew was not, would the boat progress—but could the boat live? Away, away, they drifted. The tempest burst with a fury not to be imagined; night shut in; darkness hid each victim from his fellow; and when morning dawned, five out of the devoted fleet might have been seen struggling with a wild and broken sea; the rest—none know their history, for none survived to tell it.

The melancholy finale was, that one boat was picked up two hundred miles from land, with five dead bodies and a half-starved survivor; another was fortunately rescued by a French vessel outward bound; two reached Norway safely; while the fifth—will it be believed?—without food or water, and close in with the same land, cheered by a change of wind, determined to return. They ventured; and, on the seventh evening after they had been blown out to sea—famished, frost-bitten, and exhausted—Lazarus-like, rising from an ocean-tomb, they entered the same voe from which they had

departed on the ill-omened morning against which the second-sighted old man had warned them.\*

“It is truly painful,” says a most intelligent writer, “to witness the anxiety and distress which the wives of these poor men suffer on the approach of a storm. Regardless of fatigue they leave their homes, and fly to the spot where they expect their husbands to land, or ascend the summit of a rock to look out for them on the bosom of the deep. Should they get the glimpse of a sail, they watch, with trembling solicitude, its alternate rise and disappearance on the waves; and, though often tranquillized by the safe arrival of the objects of their search, yet it sometimes is their lot ‘to hail the bark that never can return.’ Subject to the influence of a variable climate, and engaged on a sea naturally tempestuous, with rapid currents, scarcely a season passes over without the occurrence of some fatal accident or hairbreadth escape.”†

\* \* \* \* \*

I walked to the hill with my young companion, and afterwards inspected his homestead, both affording very curious pictures of Shetland husbandry. No wonder that in Orkney, where rural affairs are pretty much the same as in Ultima Thule, Mr. Triptolemus Yellowley, indoctrinated in the improved system of English farming, had nearly gone deranged when he witnessed a single-stilted plough, dragged after four oxen abreast, whose united carcasses—skins and cloots included—would not outweigh the Christmas short-horn exhibited in every stall from Tyburn to the Tower. One can imagine a Norfolk farmer here investigating the succession of crops. He will be told that “the arable land generally preferred for culture is sandy, or composed of a mixture of clay and gravel that approaches to a soft loam; but often it consists of a black mould resting on clay alone, or clay and sand. Many of the enclosures near the houses, or *infield*, have been dunged many years, and have been sown in the end of April with bere and oats for more than half a century, without ever lying fallow, or having produced a different kind of grain. The *outfield*, or less productive parts, which are often mossy and seldom drained, has also long received each

\* “In the old castle, some years ago, we had an aged housekeeper, who claimed the gift of second sight; and when walking one evening near the shore of Thurso, she suddenly gave a startling scream, and told the people near her that a boat had been upset on the bar of the river, naming three men who were drowned, and one that she saw swimming to land. The persons who accompanied her perceived nothing of this, and laughed at her; but next morning, about the same hour, the boat she had described actually was lost there, and all the three fishermen she had named perished.”—*Miss Sinclair's Shetland*.

† Edmonstone's View, &c.

year a portion of dung, mixed with duff-mould, earth, or seaweed. The ground is slightly harrowed; it is then sown in the end of March or beginning of April with black oats. During the next season the outfield lies fallow."

Well, if he next inquires into the state of stock-farming, and requests to be favoured with an inspection of the most improved breeds, he will be shown a prize cow of three hundred-weight, on an enormity, in the shape of ox, that has attained to an extent of obesity which makes him reach to forty stones. The sheep and sheep-farming are equally remarkable. The animal, diminutive in size and variable in colour; the former seldom exceeding thirty, or five-and-thirty pounds; the latter, including black, brown, and white, streaked, spotted, and speckled. To everybody the Shetland pony is familiar. Even in the Pampas, the horse, before he feels the lasso, does not exist in wilder liberty than the shelty in these hills. Unassisted by man, he shifts for himself as he best can in summer; and, in winter, half-perished on the hill-side, he repairs to the sea-shore to satisfy hunger on drift-weed and marine plants. To the same resource, the starving black-cattle, and even the sheep, are driven. Should the season be severe, multitudes of both will perish from sheer starvation; and such as survive the inclemency of a northern winter are so attenuated from want of food, that, for edible purposes, they are useless for a time, being, like a Peninsular bullock, guiltless of fat even on the kidney. Last, and not least numerous of domesticated animals—if to Shetland quadrupeds the term may be applied—the swine must be duly noticed. I never could discover beauty in a pig; but if you want him in the full pride of superlative ugliness, import a few from this favoured island. Everything, in form and feature, is on the most unshapely scale. A nose enormously long, a hump upon his back, and what he lacks in size he amply compensates in bristles. As he also is his own provider, and all year through is placed on the starvation list, I would recommend a stranger to avoid the unclean animal religiously as "a Hebrew Jew." indeed, during his sojourn in Shetland, he had better eschew pork altogether—and in his exports from the Orcades, confine his purchases to hosiery, and make no outlay in hams.

There is no place I ever visited in which domestic fowls are more valued, if one may judge from the numbers everywhere encountered when rambling through the islands. Every species found in an English farm-yard are common; but quantity appears to supersede quality, and Shetland poultry will neither rival Norfolk nor Dorking in cockney estimation.

In their general management, the horse and the sheep are on

a par. As a preliminary step to the construction of an excellent soup, Mrs. Glasse, *nomen venerabile!* insinuates that you should catch a hare. In Shetland, the same operation must be performed on the quadruped "who bears the weight of Antony."\*

I presume that it is the same principle which induced antiquated cooks to aver that a hunted hare was more tender than a shot one, which renders it customary here to run down with dogs the sheep designed for table. What would your honest father and my most valued uncle have said, or thought, or done, had he seen *Paurike more*† coursing a five-year-old wedder, previous to execution for home consumption? But here the fleece‡ is more estimated than the flesh; and a shawl and pair of stockings cost me more money than would have purchased half a score of the animals alive, from whose covering both had been constructed.

They certainly do knit wool here to a fineness and perfection that seems almost incredible. High-born beauty in saucy England does not disdain Orcadian hosiery; and even the legs of majesty have been encased in Shetland wool.

The old lady from whom I made my purchases—a wise gentlewoman in her generation, who drove a most confounded bargain anent the same—told me a pleasant story of George the Fourth, when Regent. "The best wigged prince in Christendom," had heard of the singular and beautiful manufacture carried on by the fair inhabitants of Ultima Thule, and, to encourage this benighted portion of the empire, ordered a pair of Shetland stockings. The ablest knitters in the island were incontinently set to work, and the finest specimen that Shetland skill produced selected to adorn the limbs of royalty.

\* "When a journey is meditated, the Shetlander goes to the *Scathold*, ensnares the unshod shelty, occasionally equips him with a modern saddle and bridle, and hangs on his neck a hair cord several yards in length, well bundled up, from the extremity of which dangles a wooden sharp-pointed stake. The traveller then mounts his tiny courser, his feet being often lifted up to escape the boulders strewed in his way; and when arrived at his destination, he carefully unravels the tether attached to the neck of the animal, seeks for a verdant piece of soil, and fixes the stake into the ground. The steed is then considered as comfortably disposed of, until his master shall return."—*Chambers*.

† Big Pat.

‡ "The chief use to which the Shetland wool is applied is in knitting stockings, and mits, or gloves. The fleece, which is remarkably soft, has been wrought into stockings so fine that they have been known to sell as high as forty shillings a pair. The present writers have seen them also so remarkably fine that a pair could be made to pass through an ordinary gold ring. The price of the most common quality, however, is about three or four shillings, whilst they are manufactured so as to be worth no more than fivepence or sixpence."—*Chambers*.



The sacred stockings were laid aside, waiting a safe means of transit to the modern Babylon. Well, some Orcadian festival occurred. The maid-of-all-work had obtained an invitation; every Shetlander worth looking at would be there; her hose were, unluckily, as she imagined, not fine enough for the occasion; and, determining to have a better pair for the nonce, she good-naturedly favoured her mistress with a preference. She knew the drawer where her finest stockings were deposited, stole up stairs "i' the dark," and, by unhappy mischance, laid irreligious hands on hose designed for royalty.

Unconscious that she had committed petit treason, she "danced, and danced, and danced again." Hers were none of the crippled movements of a modern quadrille, where the most accomplished *danseuse* might be semi-paralytic; for verily, her saltations would not have disgraced a cake in Connemara. No wonder, then, that on her return from the ball a hole was detected in the royal stocking, through which a likeness of the intended owner, of sovereign size, might have been easily protruded!

What was to be done? Too late she had made a discovery of her delinquency, the penalty of which, she very properly concluded, would be "death without benefit of clergy." There were better knitters on the island, but none could darn a stocking with herself. She tried her skill—her handiwork was exquisite—the offence against crown and dignity passed undetected, and the Regent encased his royal calves, on a birthday ball, in the same hosiery, in which a Shetland spider-brusher had danced an uproarious jig with a Scandinavian fisherman!

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## CHAPTER XVII.

The Stout Gentleman disabled—Farewell to the Orcades—General occurrences—Epistles from the Stout Gentleman—Another and another—Bound for the Highlands.

I REGRET to say, my dear Jack, that my northern expedition has been brought to a more premature and less pleasant termination than I had anticipated. The Stout Gentleman's infirm limb not having improved, and as both pain and inflammation had increased notwithstanding Miss Ellen's embrocations, we held a council of war, and the result was, that a skilful leech and the brown portmanteau were sent for to the main. Wherever you repair in these piping times of peace, you will find a H. P. practitioner. In Lerwick, a learned Theban was readily procured; and on surgical examination, it has been found that the Stout Gentleman's *tendo*

*Achillis*, has been fractured, and, as a coryphée, he is "past praying for." Indeed, I have doubts as to his having ever been a votary of the dancing deity. If he were, many a day must elapse before he will figure "on the light fantastic toe" again; for this accident involves a long and close confinement.

By the same boat I received letters directed after me as ordered. That affair of ——'s assumes a serious aspect. Nothing like "belling the cat," or seizing the bull's horn at the commencement; and, as your poor father used to say, "though he fought until he raised the price of gunpowder," he's on the wrong side of the hedge, and I am too old a soldier to let him turn my flank. In a word, I am off to London, *viâ* Leith, to-morrow; and although I do not expect that matters will come to hostile conclusions, still, if you could, *without inconvenience*, meet me in town, I should have a "friend, lover, and countryman" at my elbow, were a cast of his good offices required.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have bade this island family and my eccentric companion, I presume, a long farewell. Men rarely visit the Orcades a second time; and, although I have not seen as much of these lonely islands as I wished and expected to have seen, it is not very probable that I will again turn hither a pilgrim's steps. Our parting was, faith! warm, almost to being painful; and, under a rugged crust, the Stout Gentleman appears, after all, a warm-hearted fellow, although he would be confoundedly annoyed, did he imagine that anybody had made that discovery. The Udaller gave me an old man's blessing; and Miss Ellen—ah! Jack, you young rascal, what would you not have given to have been my representative?—she, artless girl! bestowed on me a parting kiss. These most kind aborigines would scarcely accept my thanks; and it absolutely required all my oratory, to induce the fair one to permit me to place a ring of trifling value on her finger, merely as a memorial of my gratitude. At last, seeing that her refusal pained me, she consented; and I, i' the vein of Ancient Pistol, "touched her soft lips and marched."

My voyage southward—my return to Auld Reekie—my further progress to the modern Babylon—my escape from falling in love with a young widow I encountered in the train—with the particulars of my grazing a gentleman's hip on the sands of Boulogne, and extracting a written apology afterwards—all these interesting details the gentle reader will kindly dispense with, and allow me to present him with the copy of a letter, which I received on the third month, after I had left the Stout Gentleman a state prisoner in Ultima Thule.

"Isle of —, Nov. 6, 1842.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"I have had a long and painful confinement, alleviated much by the *Times* newspapers, which you kindly sent me, and the attentions of all Mr. —'s family, and more particularly the fair Miss Ellen's. My tendon has re-united very favourably, and I am permitted by Doctor — to hobble quietly about. We had a confounded gale of wind last week, which wrecked a timber ship and a vessel with a general cargo; the wreck and property agreeably diversifying the occupation of the Norsemen, who, *entre nous*, appear to have a very indistinct idea of the difference between '*meum* and *tuum*.'

"During this compulsory visit, I have made extensive advances in zoology; your friend, Duncan, having daily brought home some fresh variety of migratory birds; and in knowledge of fish, I think I might back my opinion against any lady in Billingsgate.

"One difficulty has given me serious uneasiness. My misadventure—curse upon sea-weed and slippery stones!—has made me a sad trespasser on Orcadian hospitality; and how I am to make the *amende honorable* for kindness beyond the possibility of being described, I cannot even fancy. I enclose a draft upon Jones, Loyd, and Co., for 100*l.*; and implore you, by past friendship, to expend it in such articles as, from your knowledge of this kind and unsophisticated household, you may deem, at the same time, useful and acceptable. Forward them to the care of Hay and Ogilvie; and confer a lasting favour on

"Yours, &c. &c.      "————."

"*Postscript*.—In selecting your keepsakes, let Miss Ellen's be the most valuable."

I executed the Stout Gentleman's commissions; sent a snuff-box to the Udaller, a rifle to the gracious Duncan, a Bible to the old lady, and a silver tea-service to the younger one. All gave general satisfaction, as a letter from the Stout Gentleman declared.

Months rolled on—another, and yet another letter—and the Stout Gentleman still in Shetland! There was an account of a successful whale-hunt, forty-five fish being regularly beached—an order for certain periodicals—and a glowing eulogy upon the fair Ellen, as the best artist that ever fabricated a hotch-potch.

Another moon waned, and another letter came.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"Six months have passed since we parted; and, notwithstanding the 'tarnation' long nights, pleasantly enough. I

am pretty firm again upon my pins, and becoming reconciled, by degrees to Shetland mutton. I must once more trouble you with a cheque on Jones, and the infliction of a fresh commission. Your rifle was unequalled; and my brother-in—" (here the Stout Gentleman had endeavoured to obliterate the last two words by the surface-action of his thumb) —"friend Duncan kills a sandlark, eighty paces, three shots out of four. Will you purchase me a strong, sound, plain double gun—large bore—heavy barrels—common fittings—oak case—no nonsense—and some of Elley's patent cartridges—large shot; and blue, green, and red? Address them as before.—Yours, &c. &c."

Then came the postscript :

O, day and night, but it was wondrous strange!

"Damn it—no use in humbug—I'm married three months, and not half so miserable as I expected. If ever you rupture the *tendo Achillis*, don't have it lubricated by a Shetland girl!—And that's all I say."

Three months more—another letter—and yet another.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"I am the happiest of men; and so is your friend Duncan. The double gun being the best of guns, and my wife the best of women. Can't say much for the climate; but it agrees with me admirably. Wish something would drive you northward. We have made an addition to the house—the whale-fisher having come home, and the Aberdeen chap returned for vacation. I wish you could make up your mind to marry. You can't imagine the comfort of domestic felicity in cold weather. I often think with gratitude upon your having seduced me into the Orcades. What a blessed country! Its women possess the cardinal virtues—and not a horse within a hundred miles!"

Three months—another letter.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"I fear my trespasses become more frequent, and also more stringent on your goodnature. Will you tell the bootmaker he is a scoundrel; and as to the tailor, I abandon him for life. The tartan gown you sent to Mrs. — is beautiful; and the box of pickles (for which I am eternally grateful) would induce Apicius to eat a second supper—if he could.

"I told you that, with your increased kindness, my calls upon it would rise in equal ratio—*Probater!*

"You know that here Jack Falstaff would never have been able to supply his 'charge of foot,' linen not being procurable

from any hedge—there being no hedges to support it. Were the Orcaes rigorously investigated, throughout the whole Archipelago a sufficiency of twigs could not be obtained to construct a birdeage; and, hang it!—I can't name it!—but, what the devil shall we do for a cradle? The murder's out—I think they call the thing *a cot*. Will you purchase one, and forward it to the usual address? Be sure, like quack medicines, you have it packed so carefully as will enable it to elude observation."

Three months more—another letter! .

"A thousand thanks, my dear Colonel, for your attention to my last requisition; and I beg you to congratulate the happiest of men. Your cot arrived in good time; and a young Scandinavian—the very picture of his papa—is slumbering soundly in your handsome present. My adored wife is as well as can be expected; and we are all happy as the day is long. By the way, in winter that would not be bragging much.

"As the spring has passed, and summer sets in favourably, would you add to numerous obligations—a crowning favour? My boy will be christened in a month or two—come hither; visit your Shetland friends again—be godfather to the young Norseman—witness my felicity; and, as I have done,—Go, do thou likewise!"

I will accept the invitation, and see the Stout Gentleman in his new character. Saints and sinners! and is he come to this? Benedict, the married man! He whose antipathy to womankind was only equalled by his horror of horse-flesh! Look sharp, Colonel O'Flagherty—or, some blessed morning, like the Connaught gentleman, who, while drunk, was accommodated with a "*placens uxor*," you'll wake to find yourself, neck and heels, manacled *vinculo matrimonii*.

\* \* \* \* \*

My resolution is taken. I will venture into these dangerous regions. If I marry, it shall be a mermaid,\* taking care that her skin shall be ready for her to slip into the first morning she commences a course of curtain lectures.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have made out my summer tour: I'll repair to the Border—fish Tweed, and its tributary streams—then, taking a land route through the Highlands, repair to the domicile of the Stout Gentleman, visiting on the way some "Corinthians of the old school" who have settled in their native valleys, and exchanged the sword for the ploughshare. There, instead of sharp-shooting with French voltigeurs, we'll

war against the grouse, start the black-cock from the fenny brake.

And whistle him down with a slug in the wing;

or, in mountain-stream and lonely tarn, pursue the calmer and more contemplative amusement of Izaak, "the quaint and cruel," if Byron's estimate be just.

Farewell. The jangling bell intimates that, like time and tide, the post keeps moving. Heaven bless thee, Jack! but, as they conditionally do in Connaught, let me add, "if possible."

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Embarkation for Scotland—Mister Brophy—Off the Goodwins—Fleet of colliers—Farne Islands—Pennant's visit—St. Cuthbert's ducks—Wreck of the Forfarshire—Grace Darling—Bamborough Castle—Holy Island—Berwick-upon-Tweed.

"Once more upon the waters; yea, once more;"—

WHICH meaneth I am snug on board the Berwick steamer, and in the centre of a tier of smokers. There is a lighter along side, from which a whole cargo has to be taken in; a creaking winch is busily at work, which, like the fastenings of Willy of Westburnflats' hall-door, "sairly wants creeshin;" and as we start, D.V., at 3 A.M., so soon as the winch is quiet, the engine will of course commence operations. Pleasant look out for "balmy sleep," with these harmonic accompaniments, after being encased in a coffin, ycleped a berth—length five feet nine—extreme breadth, some fifteen inches and a half.

We were deported from "the Hermitage stairs." Conceive, Jack, a

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening grey,

in a central locality between Puddle-dock and Petticoat-lane! *Ora pro nobis!*—not he of Wapping, but any and every saint in the calendar besides.

\*             \*             \*             \*             \*

The passengers come on board. Two or three bagmen—you know them easily—they have sundry brass-bound boxes, with leathern straps, as an additional security to Chubb's patent—a carpet-bag and a portefeuille complete the baggage. They are gone to select a coffin each, (the steward calls them *berths*),—and down come another couple. They are very young, very good-looking, with a very light kit, and a very bothered general appearance. The lady is delivered to the stewardess—the gentleman, remarkably fidgety, inquires

whether "the vessel sails punctually," and is gratified at hearing that there is no mistake about it, the tide not permitting liberties to be taken. He secures a berth, but declines being confined at present, flitting occasionally to the door of the cabin which contains his "lady gay." Is she his wife? No, faith! were that the case he would allow the honest gentlewoman to go peaceably to sleep if she could, and himself blow a cloud on deck in comfort. His sister? not at all. She too would be permitted to take her snooze. No matter, time may tell.

No use turning in; that cursed crib and creaking winch would murder sleep effectually as the slitting of Duncan's thrapple destroyed the slumbers of the Thane of Cawdor. One of a dozen clocks strikes twelve—I mount, not "the peopled" but the lumbered deck. The cargo is on board, and the crew gone below to celebrate the same in gin and "heavy." A hail from shore; to which I return a responsive "hallo!"

"Arrah, what ship am I goin' in?" inquired the stranger, in the pure Doric spoken in the immediate vicinity of Mullingar.

"Upon my soul, I can't tell ye—pray do ye know yourself?" was the response.

"Sorra one of me can mind the name, but which of them is goin' to Scotland?"

"They're all going there," I replied.

"Oh! then I'm fairly bothered," observed my loving countryman; "could ye tell us which of them's called after the town they make the cloth in?"

"May be it's 'The Manchester' ye mean?"

"Arrah! be gogstay! I'm in luck yet; where is she, would ye be pleased to teil me?"

"Here she is."

"Ah! then, I'm right after all. Maybe, Captain, jewel, yourself's the mate?"

"No—in case of accident, blessed be God! I'm *only* a passenger."

"The Lord stand between us and harm!" responded my friend; "but that same's a comfort."

"There's a boat at the stairs if you want to come on board."

"Faith! and it's myself that would, only I forgot the coat and bundle."

"And how did you manage that, my friend?"

"Oh! feaks! asy enough—ye see, when I was just thinkin' of goin' back for them to the lodgin', who the devil should I fall upon in the street, but two cousins and a nabor's daughter—and as they knew I was for goin' to saa, we stept into a

public-house to drink 'luck' before we parted—and faith, one way or other, between the courtin' and the drink, the bundle went clane out of my head. Maybe I'll have time to cut back for it?"

"Why then, Pat *astore!* that will depend upon the distance."

"And how the dickens did you know my name was Pat Brophy?"

"Arrah! what should hinder me? sure I knew ye'r father before ye!"

"Deth and naagers! ould Peter Brophy of Mullaghmore."

"The very same, and a dacent ould man he is."

"Only he's dead these five years, come hollantide," observed his affectionate son. "Well, wont it be a comfort to have a friend on board? But I must cut off for the bundle to the lodgin'."

"And where's that?"

"Only a wee bit the other side of Pimlico,—I'd know the street if I saw it, but I disremember the name. Divil a long I'll be goin';" and away went Mister Brophy.

Whether my worthy countryman dropped on his cousins a second time in the street, and began to drink "luck" anew, or unfortunately encountered the "nabor's daughter," and recommenced "the courtin'," certain it is that the vessel "called after the place where they make the cloth" proceeded on her voyage without him.

Finding that the winch had rested from its labours, I seized the opportunity of snatching an hour's sleep, and stretched myself on a cabin sofa. After a due poking of fires, the steam was got up, we slipped our moorings, and I awoke not until off some "swash" in the Goodwins. We then and there went to breakfast. The bagmen showed manfully; the lover was sick, the lady invisible; for my own part I can undergo immense fatigue at sea, as far as eating and drinking are concerned—consequently I played a respectable knife and fork, and then ascended the deck to enjoy the sublime and beautiful.

The wind was north-east, and blew a spanking breeze directly in our teeth, but right astern of innumerable colliers, which were making the best of it to reach the river. They passed with wind and tide by fifties. What enormous quantities of coal they must burn in London! or one might fancy that a few trips of this countless fleet would warm the metropolis for a twelvemonth.

Thus far the voyage prospered; but, as evening fell, and we approached Yarmouth roads, the weather thickened, the colliers multiplied, and, to avoid a collision in the fog, we



were obliged to let go an anchor, and remain stationary for the night. It is an accursed nuisance to be "hung up" for want of wind in a sailing-vessel, or forced in a steamer, with moving power at free command, to come to anchor, lest some industrious navigator, with studding sails on either side, a sleepy boy at the helm, and the crew snug a-bed below, runs into you first, and then politely d—ns your person generally for not keeping out of his way.

Another day—another night—the third sun rose—and my servant announced that we were off the Farne Islands. I rose, dressed, and went on deck, and found myself abreast of that "lonely Pharos" where Grace Darling had spent her dreary days. Nothing can be more desolate than a lighthouse keeper's life, unless the building, like the Foreland, be situated on *terra firma*. Yet even misery is comparative; lonely, insulated, and exposed as the Farne lighthouses must be, compared with the Bell-Rock or the Eddystone, they would feel as Cheltenham to Connemara. In summer, the Farnes are visited by parties from the Northumbrian or Scottish coast; and throughout the year are accessible in moderate weather. Still it must be spirit-sinking, day after day, week after week, to see hundreds of vessels flitting past, hurrying from one busy haunt of mankind to another, while you, cribbed to an acre or two of barren rock, and circled by an ocean boundary, may well indeed exclaim,

This, this is solitude!

The Farne islands for centuries have been deeply respected by the devout as holy ground. So long back as the year six hundred and four, St. Cuthbert stamped a religious fashion on them, by retiring to the largest of these rocks after resigning the rich Abbey of Lindisfarn, on Holy Island. On one of them, the saint built an oratory, and dying there two years afterwards in the full odour of holiness, he confirmed its sanctity for ever. Other ascetics, from time to time, followed the example of the defunct bishop—and when "Bluff Harry" demolished monks and monasteries at one fell swoop, there were two chapels on the island—one dedicated to Cuthbert himself, and the other to the Blessed Virgin. They are now but shapeless ruins; and a square building originally designed for the accommodation of the *religieux* stationed on the island, was converted in after days to a much more useful purpose. A lantern was placed in the top, and "Mary's shrine" made a residence for the light-keeper. New buildings, however, have been subsequently erected, the light has been removed, and these monastic ruins are hurrying rapidly to decay.

It is unnecessary to remark that these holy associations

have rendered the Farne Islands valuable in the sight of the antiquarian, and that they have been frequently visited by men of science and research in olden time.\* Mr. Pennant was among the number—and generally, the description he gave at the period of his visit, will be found in every main point accurate now.

“The nearest isle to the shore lies exactly one mile sixty-eight chains from the coast; the most distant is about seven or eight miles. They are rented for 16*l.* per annum. Their produce is kelp, some few feathers, and seals, which the tenant watches and shoots for the sake of the oil and skins. Some of them yield a little grass, and serve to feed a cow or two, which the people are desperate enough to transport over in their little boats. We visited these islands in a coble, a safe, but seemingly hazardous species of boat, long, narrow, and flat-bottomed, which is capable of going through a high sea, dancing like a cork on the summits of the waves. Touched at the rock called Meg, whitened with the dung of corvorants, which almost covered it; their nests were large, made of tang, and excessively foetid. Rowed near the Pinnacles, an island in the farthest group, so called from the vast columnar rocks, at the south end, even at their sides, and flat at their tops, and entirely covered with guillemots and shags. The fowlers pass from one to the other of these columns by means of a narrow board, which they place from top to top, forming a narrow bridge over such a horrid gap, that the very sight of it strikes one with terror. Landed at a small island, where we found the female eider-ducks at that time sitting: the lower part of their nests was made of sea plants; the upper part was formed of the down which they pull off their own breasts, in which the eggs were surrounded and warmly bedded. In some were three, in others five eggs, of a large size, and pale olive colour, as smooth and glossy as if varnished over. The nests are built over the beach, among the loose pebbles, not far from the water. The ducks sit very close, nor will they rise till you almost tread on them. The drakes separate themselves from the females during the breeding season. We robbed a few of their nests of the down. After carefully separating it from the tang, found that the down of one nest weighed only three-quarters of an ounce, but was so elastic as to fill the crown of the largest hat. The people of this country call these St. Cuth-

\* “There ly certain isles adjoining to Farne island, bigger than Farne itself; but in them is no habitation. Certen bigge foules caulled S. Cuthbute’s byrdes, brede in them, and puffins byrdes, less than dukkes, having grey fethers like dukkes, but without painted fethers, and a ring about the nek, be found breeding there in the cliffy rocks.”—*Lellius, Itin.* vol. iv.

bert's ducks, from the saint of the Islands. Besides these kinds, I observed the following: puffins, called here tom-noddies,—auks, here skouts; guillemots, black guillemots, little auks, shiel auks, shags, corvorants, black and white gulls, brown and white gulls, herring gulls, which, I was told, sometimes fed on eggs of other birds; common gulls, here annets; kittiwakes or tarrock, pewit gulls, great terns, sea-pies, sea-larks, here brockets; jack-daws, which breed in rabbit-holes, rich pigeons, rock-larks. The terns were so numerous, that in some places it was difficult to tread without crushing some of the eggs. At the north end of the House-island is a deep chasm from the top to the bottom of the rock, communicating to the sea, through which, in tempestuous weather, the water is forced with vast violence and noise, and forms a fine *jet d'eau* of sixty feet high; it is called by the inhabitants of the opposite coast, *the churn*."

Much as these rocky isles have been objects of interest to the devotee, the naturalist, and the antiquary, they were fated, a few years since, to obtain a more melancholy celebrity. From time to time vessels have been lost among these dangerous reefs, and more frequently before the present excellent lights afforded protection to the mariner. More than a century since, a large Dutch frigate was here cast away, and of the numerous crew not a soul was saved. But in the fresh sorrow attendant on a recent calamity, the memory of one which took place so long back is now but slightly regarded, and seldom has a more melancholy disaster occurred than the wreck of the steamer *Fortarshire*.\*

"It appears that shortly after she left the Humber, her boilers began to leak, but not to such an extent as to excite any apprehensions, and she continued on her voyage. The weather, however, became very tempestuous, and on the morning of the fatal day, she passed the Farnes on her way northwards, in a very high sea, which rendered it necessary for the crew to keep the pumps constantly at work. At this time they became aware of the alarming fact that the boilers were becoming more and more leaky as they proceeded. At length, when she had advanced as far as St. Abb's Head, the wind having increased to a hurricane from N.N.E., the engineer reported the appalling fact that the machinery would work no longer. Dismay seized all on board; nothing now remained but to set the sails fore and aft, and let her drift before the wind. Under these circumstances she was carried southwards, till about a quarter to four o'clock on Friday morning, when the foam became distinctly visible breaking upon the

fearful rock a-head. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the appalling catastrophe by running her between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer her helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. In a few minutes more, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock; (its ruggedness is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it, and the edge which met the Forfarshire's timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.) The scene on board became heart-rending. A moment after the first shock, another tremendous wave struck her on the quarter, by which she was buoyed for a moment high off the rock. Falling, as this wave receded, she came down upon the sharp edge with a force so tremendous, as to break her fairly in two pieces, about midships, when, dreadful to relate, the whole of the after part of the ship, containing the principal cabin, filled with passengers, sinking backwards, was swept into the deep sea; and thus was every soul on that part of the vessel instantaneously engulfed in one vast and terrible grave of waters!"\*

Happily the portion of the wreck which had settled on the reef remained firmly fixed, and afforded a place of refuge to the unfortunate survivors. At day-light they were discovered from the Longstone, and Grace Darling and her father launched a boat, and succeeded in removing them from their dangerous position to the lighthouse. The heroism of this brave girl was justly appreciated and rewarded at the time—a large sum of money was collected for her—and many valuable presents were forwarded to “the lonely isle.” Poor thing! she did not long enjoy the praises or rewards which had been bestowed upon her courage and humanity; a rapid consumption brought her to the grave—and her remains rest in a churchyard upon the main, in sight of that wild rock, on which she earned a well-merited celebrity.

Opposite the Farne rocks, and on the coast of Northumberland, the fine old castle of Bamborough stands boldly on a height. Being kept in perfect repair, it offers to the traveller an excellent specimen of an ancient place of strength. It is inhabited in rotation by one of the trustees of the late Lord Crew—and its “donjon keep” no longer immures the wretched victims of feudal tyranny, but opens its hospitable gates to welcome the shipwrecked mariner. Among many philanthropic bequests, this humane bishop turned particular attention to the succour and preservation of the seamen who navigate this, *then* a most dangerous coast. A life-boat is kept in readiness—clothing prepared to replace the wet garments of

\* Memoir of Grace Darling.

the cast-away—in thick weather a bell is tolled, and guns occasionally fired to apprise the mariner of his position,—while, in winter, a horseman patrols the shore all night, to apprise the shipwrecked sailor that, in his hour of need, Bamborough for him has food, and raiment, and a welcome.

Passing Holy Isle, its castle and ruins at once decided me on visiting them ere long. The tide was favourable—the wind fair—that ancient and “debateable” city, Berwick-upon-Tweed, showed its confused-looking buildings, and half the *enceinte* of its crumbling works. Landing at the wharf, I passed through the water-gate, where many a monarch, English and Scotch, had been rudely refused admission, and in a few minutes was taking “mine ease in my inn.”

I have been located in my time, Jack, in many a place of arms—I have tenanted a convent in San Sebastian, and a bomb proof in Spike Island—but, after three days and nights at sea—remember I am a man of humble wishes—give me “the King’s Arms,” in Berwick-upon-Tweed.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Berwick as a fortress—Halidon Hill—Defeat of the Scotch—Personal encounter—Similar occurrence at Castalia—Old Stuart—Piscatorial essay—A primitive establishment—Fish the Whitadder.

BERWICK, with every fault which is found in ancient fortresses, was regular in its defences; the citadel (the castle) lies without the present *enceinte* of the place, and in many points the works are so vulnerable, that, were they in pristine repair and attacked by modern means, it must, now-a-days, be carried in an hour. To the military antiquarian it wants interest,—and he only wonders that it held the important position formerly that it did. But things must be judged by contemporaneous circumstances; and in 1312, Berwick was possibly considered as formidable, and its possession as consequential, as three centuries afterwards were Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo.

The site of a celebrated battle-field is in the immediate vicinity, for Halidon Hill rises to the westward, two miles distant from the town. In 1338, it was the scene of a bloody and a bloodless victory; the victors sustaining a loss in ridiculous proportion to the vanquished. Indeed, the return of casualties is absurd. No doubt that on the English part they were marvellously light, while on the Scottish side the slaughter was enormous; but the historical returns are utterly beyond credibility.

This memorable battle was fought upon the 19th of July, to relieve Berwick, which had conditionally surrendered, unless "two hundred men at arms" were thrown into the place on or before the 20th,—Edward, in the mean time, occupying Halidon Hill, which overlooks the town and its approaches. On the evening of the 18th, Douglas, who commanded the Scottish army, crossed the Tweed, and bivouaced at Dunspark; and at noon next day, in four columns, assailed the English position—Edward forming his infantry into as many divisions to receive the attack.

The great error committed by Douglas, and one that entailed upon the beaten army the bloody defeat that it sustained, was the dismounting of his cavalry. Instead of holding his men-at-arms in reserve, their horses were committed to "pages and valets," and "the riders advanced to the combat on foot." Loaded as a horseman was at that period with defensive armour, to mount a steep eminence *pari passu* with light troops, rendered him, when came "the tug of war," totally unserviceable. The English archers, ever fatally superior to the Scotch, were ably posted on all the commanding points of the position, and, as the enemy mounted in close column, every arrow told. Breathless and broken, their assault on fresh troops, and in perfect formation, could be nothing other than it proved. The attack was easily repulsed; and Edward, who had kept his cavalry in hand, with a chosen body of mounted archers and Irish auxiliaries, charged the disordered columns, and completed their destruction.

I stood upon the ground where Douglas was killed by a pikeman, and which still retains his name, and fancied that I looked upon the rout. From this commanding eminence the country all round was visible, and in imagination it was covered with the flying enemy. The fiery king was raging in their rear, and group after group were cut down, feebly resisting. The coward grooms had ridden from the bottom of the hill on witnessing the first repulse, and to their masters, cased in mail, escape was thus impossible. No wonder a pursuit, continued for five miles, produced a fearful slaughter;\* and that many a coronach was cried beyond the Tweed when the tidings of "bloody Halidon" were carried across the Border.

It was said that Edward sullied his brilliant success by

\* The losses assigned by English chroniclers to the Scotch, were—eight earls, ninety knights, four hundred esquires, and *thirty-five thousand rank and file*. The Scotch admitted the latter to have been ten thousand. The English casualties were ridiculously underrated; their killed being set down at a knight, an esquire, and *thirteen privates!*

subsequent barbarity, and putting to death many of his prisoners of rank the morning after the battle. The statement is made by Boece—but for the sake of common humanity and the character of the English king, it is to be hoped that the old chronicler was mistaken. Indeed a circumstance falsifies the charge—several persons of note returned by the monk ‘defunct,’ figured afterwards in the stirring records of these troubled times.

The ancient system of warfare was favourable to displays of personal heroism and strength, and few battles are recorded without allusions being made to the prowess or gallantry of individuals. Ridpath, in his “Border History,” relates the following event, which marked with evil augury the commencement of the action on Halidon Hill, and thus goes the story:—

“When both sides were ready to engage, the shock of battle was awhile suspended by the appearance of a Scotchman of gigantic stature, who had acquired the name of Turnbull, on account of a brave exploit he had performed in saving King Robert Bruce from being gored to death by a wild bull, which had overthrown him while he was hunting. Attended by a great mastiff, Turnbull approached the English army, and challenged any person in it to come forth and fight a single combat with him. After a short pause of astonishment, the challenge was accepted by Sir Robert Benhale, a young Norfolk knight, inferior to the Scot in stature, but of great bodily strength, and yielding to none in military address. The mastiff flying out against Benhale, the brave knight brought a heavy blow upon his loins, and separated its hinder legs from the rest of its body; and, encountering immediately with Turnbull, he eluded by his address and agility the blows aimed at him, and first cut off the left arm and then the head of his adversary.”

Now, my dear Jack, although, in our days, personal encounters are not common, still they occasionally take place, and one which occurred at Castalla, in Suchet’s action with Murray, appears only to want the dog, to render it a perfect *pendant* to the passage of arms between the Scottish giant and the Norfolk knight. Suchet having attacked the left of the allied position, “when the main body came upon the second battalion of the 27th, there was a terrible crash; for the ground having an abrupt declination near the top, enabled the French to form a line under cover, close to the British, who were lying down waiting for orders to charge; and while the former were unfolding their masses, a grenadier officer, advancing alone, challenged the captain of the 27th Grenadiers to single combat. Waldron, an agile, vigorous Irish-

man, and of boiling courage, instantly sprang forward; the hostile lines looked on without firing a shot, the swords of the champions glittered in the sun, the Frenchman's head was cleft in twain, and the next moment the 27th, jumping up with a deafening shout, fired a deadly volley at half pistol shot distance, and then charged with such a shock that, maugre their bravery and numbers, the enemy's soldiers were overthrown, and the side of the Sierra was covered with the killed and wounded.\*

In speaking of Berwick (its antiquity and past importance considered) as a place now of little interest, I should not omit to mention that it possesses one singular curiosity. On my arrival, I encountered a remarkable old man; his costume was that of a mendicant, and as he carried a fiddle in his hand, I had no difficulty in discovering that he was one of the "wandering Willie tribe," who are still occasionally met with on the Borders. Little did I then imagine that a veritable descendant of the house of Stuart was about to receive from my hand a trifling donative, or that the eye, dulled with age, that was turned upon mine, had witnessed the triumph of the young adventurer at Preston, and viewed his last struggle for a lost throne, and the downfall of Highland influence, on the red moor of Culloden.

Did one wish to crowd with incident a life protracted far beyond the customary limits assigned to mortality, he need but tell this old man's history.

Born in 1728, and consequently one hundred and fifteen years of age, James Stuart is the son of a general officer, and a near relative to the exiled king. His father fell in action in America, and his grandmother also obtained a melancholy celebrity, being the Lady Ogilvie slain by the Campbells, when "the bonnie house of Airlie" was burned by Argyle.

At fifteen, James Stuart ran away from school, and was present at Preston, witnessing the death of Gardiner, and the *déroute* of Cope's army. In Edinburgh he drank wine with the Chevalier; and rejoining the Highland clans, after their retreat from the south, he saw the fatal blow delivered by the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, that at the same time crushed Jacobite intrigue and Charlie's dreams of royalty. At twenty, Stuart enlisted in the Highland Watch, remained in the 42nd seven years, and obtained in that corps an ensigncy. In 1759, he fought on the heights of Abraham, and witnessed the death of Wolfe. On the revolt of the colonists—having sold his commission at the end of the former war—he re-entered the army as private, and was present at the

\* Napier's History.



skirmish of Lexington, and the first action between the royalist and republican forces fought on Bunker's-hill. For some unexplained reason he left the army; entered the navy, continued in the latter service sixteen years, and was present in Rodney's action with De Grasse, in which he was severely wounded. His next change of life made him sailor in a merchantman; his last, a wandering fiddler. In the latter character I heard him execute a Jacobite air; and of all the unhappy sons fathered on that unhappy god, Apollo, poor Jamie was, I think, the most inharmonious.

Stuart was himself the youngest of sixteen children, and the father of twenty-seven. What would Harriet Martineau say to that? Of his sons, ten fell in the united services of the country—five in India, two at Trafalgar, two at Algiers, and one at Waterloo.

It may be easily conceived, that one who has reached such lengthened days, possessed no common frame. The old man, even in what would be ordinarily termed with the common race of mankind, old age, was endowed with such physical power as to obtain for him the *sobriquet* of "Jamie Strong." He would lift a heavy table by his teeth, raise a large man upon his hand, take up eighteen half-hundred-weights united by a rod of iron, and—greatest trial of all—at eighty-five! he raised a cart loaded with hay, and carried it several yards from where he lifted it.

One feat more of Jamie remains to be recorded. Five times he visited the hymeneal altar. The fifth lady is still living, and the junior of her husband by seventy-five years!

The only decay of nature which the old man complains of is failing vision. He regrets it, because it prevents him from reading the Scriptures, and obliges him to be beholden to his wife. His memory is perfectly unimpaired, and he can repeat whole chapters from the Scriptures with remarkable correctness.

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I have made my first piscatorial essay; and, by the shade of Walton, a dead failure! After driving a dozen miles and reaching the scene of action, the morning, hitherto dark and cloudy, changed most provokingly into a noon so blue and beautiful, that even an Italian would have praised it. I did commence, however, the hopeless task of thrashing the sunny surface of the Tweed with a couple of approved salmon-flies; but in half an hour I gave the labour up. The borderers are, commonly, a plain-spoken people, and I had scarcely began, when an Auld-Robin-Grey-looking carle, with a broad bonnet on his head, and a plaid twisted round his neck, stopped where I was disturbing the water, and in vain.

"Hae ye ony thing till do, honest man?" he inquired, drily.

"Not much, you may swear," I answered, "or you would not find me here."

"Weel, I guessed as muckle," returned the Scot. "Gin ye had ony bisnis to occupy ye'er time, I wad counsel ye to gang hame an' attend till it; for if ye keep skiting the Tweed till sunset, ye'll never turn a tail," and off he toddled, with his "twa doggies" at his heels to look after the sheep.

The auld carle was right. A man looks excessively ridiculous stuck upon the bank of a silver stream, in a dead calm and ardent sunshine. I coiled my casting-line round my hat, dismounted my rod, and leisurely wended my way to a road-side public-house, whither I had forwarded my baggage, and which I had selected for my head-quarters for a day or two.

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This is, indeed, a primitive establishment. I sleep in a small closet within a large chamber, in which two "hurricane houses," as Hawser Trunnion would call the fixed bedsteads peculiar to the borders, are erected. One is held in joint-tenancy by the landlady and her daughter; the other is occupied by "the lassie," as they call "the maid of all work"—and a very pretty, sunny-haired, blue-eyed girl the lassie is. The bolt is on my side of the door; and were I a somnambulist, the outer chamber would be open to invasion. Here is confidence in lovely woman. I—a very stranger—put in possession of the citadel itself. How loudly the hostess snores! By Saint Paul! a marvellous heavy sleeper to hold that high responsibility, which, in a Turkish harem, they confide to "the mother of the maids!" If the outpost duty is entrusted to the stout gentlewoman whom I am listening to, and Irish anglers are occasionally accommodated for the night, I would conscientiously recommend the bolt to be placed on the other side of the door. Thank God! I am no sleep-walker. No matter, therefore, what side the fastening is on so far as I'm concerned.

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Another day has passed. I have fished the Whitadder most successfully, and returned to "mine inn" at seven o'clock, with a full pannier of beautiful red trouts. Dinner had been some time waiting, and the blue-eyed lassie paraded a clean and comfortable repast. How much it predisposes a man to make himself comfortable in the evening, when he returns from moor or river with a well-filled bag or weighty creel! I poked the fire—for the nights are chilly on the border—the whisky was excellent, the water critically boiled, and for myself, I put no more faith in Father Mathew than

I do in Harriet Martineau. I know not wherefore, but I never required so much attendance—and the blue-eyed lassie does “her spiriting so gently!” How pretty and how modest!—and she is so perfectly unconscious of her beauty, that on the gazer she has a double claim. Lord! how soundly the old woman snored last night—while that sweet girl, no doubt, slept calmly as an infant, within a halbert’s length, and the bolt on my side!

“Hallo! Colonel O’Shaughnessey!” and dame Prudence gave me a jog—“Arrah! what’s this you’re talking about? Are you, at your time of life, going to make a Judy Fitzsummon’s mother of yourself? Take a friend’s advice, and be off in the morning—but give Mistress Macsneeish a whisper before you go, and tell her to change the fastening, and put it on the other side.”

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## CHAPTER XX.

Cornhill—Bridge of Coulson—Beautiful pool—A sporting salmon—Hyemial statistics—Angling incident—The Bomont—Black-headed gulls—Border melodies—A rent-day dinner, and deep potation.

I AM located in one of the best inns to be found upon the borders—that at Cornhill. Read and wrote all day—excellent dinner—and to pass an hour, have set out for a short stroll into Scotland. The Tweed, which separates the kingdoms, is not a mile from the hotel, and, over the noble bridge of Coulson, I proceeded into the ancient town of Coldstream, where General Monk raised the household regiment before the Restoration, which still retains the name of what may be termed its birth-place. From the battlements of the bridge, at either side, the view is fine—to the artist, pretty and picturesque; but, to the angler, a prospect of surpassing interest. Above, the river makes a graceful sweep, exhibiting a broad expanse of unbroken water, which, gliding quietly under the arches, falls a dozen feet over a curtain of stonework extending right across, with one open passage on the English side to enable the salmon to come up. Last night was rainy; and as on the sabbath all impediments are removed, no doubt, profiting by the *spaight*\* and a free passage, hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity and ascended their native stream. Over the large basin above the bridge a myriad of tiny trouts are springing, carrying on a “hit and miss” sort of warfare against the flies; while their larger companions, avoiding unnecessary trouble and display, slightly

\* *Spaight*—Anglicè, a fresh.

break the water as they suck the victim in. I was amusing myself in mental calculations as to the respective sizes of the fish which starred the surface of the pool, when suddenly, a noble salmon, fresh from the sea, who had used his Sunday licence and passed the barriers which for six days would have been opposed to him, celebrated his advent by a clean summerset of three full feet! Great was the splash thereof!—the water went curling over the pool, effacing in a moment the minuter circles made by the lesser tenants of the stream. A minute after this saltation had been performed the ripple eddied to the bank, as you may have noticed the wavy swell following the transit of some large steamer, break under the bay window of the Crown and Sceptre, while the white-bait is in culinary progress, and cockneys who have dined already, sigh at the memory of past pleasure, and wish they had not dined. I never saw a finer fish than “the saltador.” I hooked him next day in the belly fin, and off he went, carrying my casting-line away with him easily as if it had been made of single hair. He was taken four days afterwards in a draught net; my fly and casting-line proved the identity; and at scale he turned eighteen pounds!

I am somewhat digressive—all great men digress—myself, Byron, Joe Hume, and others. I was also oblivious that I was withholding from you information that might be of more importance than the private history of every salmon in the Tweed. Immediately abutting on this exquisite pool—in fact, its left flank resting on the river—the first house you encounter on the Scottish side is an unpretending edifice, one story high, and roofed with tiles. Humble as its exterior may be, pass it with reverence—for that is the temple of Hymen, and there his chief-priest resides. I know, my dear Jack, that you are no fortune-hunter—but still, should it please the Lord to promiscuously (as they call it in Ireland) throw some lady of Miss Angela Coutts’s calibre in your way, why, I suppose, the lady’s charms would overcome all other objections, and you would take her with all encumbrances, Strand and Stratton Place inclusive. In such case, avoid Gretna—it’s commonplace—and let Coldstream be your destination. First house right hand out of England, mind that; priest of the order of St. Crispin, tacks soles together in the morning, and *souls* “i’ th’ afternoon;” ordinary charge, ten shillings; time, five minutes; certificate printed, making the thing genteel, and conveying an idea of correct hymeneals to the irritated family of your lady wife, when some forty-second cousin ventures to breathe your name with proper caution, lest the mother should become hysterical, or the papa apoplectic. By the way, there is another establishment up

the town, on the cheap and nasty system, like an Old Bailey beef-shop? fee only half-a-crown; but whisky expected for the witnesses; in short, like the stipend of a minister, it's money and malt combined. No dependence in the artist; occasionally too drunk to articulate; unable to affix his sign manual; and the thing comes off lamely. For these valuable statistics I am indebted to the landlady next door. A public (as they call it here) is a valuable appendage. Should either party shy, nothing like alcohol, "naked or in company," to overcome maiden modesty, or screw to the sticking-place the courage of a gentleman, half-inclined to bolt before the indissoluble knot is tied.

Fancy not, my dear Jack, that fugitive applicants for hymeneal rights are confined to "the gay licentious throng." Far graver personages have here submitted to this silken bondage. I cannot name any at present on the bench of bishops who have recently committed matrimony at Coulson Bridge, but what think ye of three chancellors\* deserting the woosack to be tacked by the disciple of St. Crispin! It only proves that the highest authorities of the land admit the veracity of old saws, and that, after all, "there is nothing like leather!"

I have been elaborately descriptive of Coulson Brig, anent its northern end, where stands the dwelling of the priest of Hymen. To me, sinner that I am, in declining that sublimation of human bliss appertaining to comfortable house-keeping, to wit, the *placens uxor*, the English extremity of the bridge is more seductive. There, the opening in the weir allows ingress to salmon passing up the stream, and, after forcing their way up the fall, the fish, as if resting from their labour, make a temporary halt, and at times this favoured pool probably contains a hundred. Their general fixture is immediately in front of the fall; and out of ten hooked, nine, on feeling the hook, fly off directly through the broken water, carrying out some sixty or seventy yards of line. The angler is landed, follows his fish, plays him below the fall, and there kills him without difficulty. But to a tyro, the first rush is generally fatal; and many a casting-line is carried away, and the owner left lamenting. "Non sine pulvere palman;" and here many a confiding gentleman, dreaming nought of evil, has been swept unceremoniously over the fall into the water, not deep enough to drown, but sufficient to drench him effectually.

The wind was westerly—the best point for casting from beneath the arch of the bridge; and on the third essay, a

\* Lords Brougham, Erskine, and Eldon.

salmon rose, took the fly sportingly, discovered the mistake, and then went off clear over the breast of the weir, taking fifty yards of line away quick as the wheel could deliver it. The moment that the fish was struck, the boatmen pulled the coble to the shore, and, jumping on the bank, I reached the still water at the bottom of the fall, found my tackle safe, and my fish hooked securely.

He cost me twenty minutes' work ; for, fresh from the sea, and full of life and activity, he fought it gallantly to the last. I have killed much larger salmon, but never engaged a stouter one ; he barely turned twelve pounds, but I have seen fish of twenty that would have been despatched with half the trouble.

To-morrow I shall try the Bomont or the Till—and both at proper times are reputed to be excellent.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The Bomont,\* of its kind, is very excellent. Like every water closely dependant on a mountain source, and fed by a hundred hill-side tributaries, it rises and falls with extraordinary celerity, and, as the Irish ballads prescribe how ladies are best won, the Bomont must be taken by the angler, when, like lovely woman, "she's in the humour." Indeed, I have no reason to tax "the nymph or naiad," or whomsoever else regulates the conduct of the stream. The pools were low, the water, excepting where a bank or cloud intervened, nearly pellucid. On such a day and in such a water, if Isaac himself, like a stale actor who, years before, has bade the stage farewell, were permitted to re-appear on an English river, he would not have turned a tail over. By a little "artful dodging"—that word must have been coined by a fly-fisher, though Dickens gets the credit of it—and the assistance of midge-flies and favourable bendings in the stream, where the river seemed to have turned sulky and resolved to return to the place from whence it came, I did manage to fill half my basket.

Few of the trout I killed averaged more than a herring's size, but they were remarkably short and well-proportioned. After a *spaight* there are some fine fish caught occasionally—all prime red trouts, one, two, three, and even four pounds weight ; the latter, of course, "few and far between." These are probably Tweed trout. The Bomont, like the Blackadder,\* changes its title, and becomes the Till, the Till steals into the Tweed, and hence the means of ingress.

\* Appendix, No. XVI.

† "*Blackadder*, or *Blackader*, a tributary stream of the *Whitadder*, in the district of the *Merse*, *Berwickshire*. It rises in some mossy ground in the *Lammermoor* district, and runs in an easterly direction, past *Greenlaw*,

That the Bomont higher up than where I fished it would not be worth an angler's pilgrimage, I can well imagine. The little town of Yetholm, half colonized by gipsies, stands on its brink, and hence it is miserably poached.

\* \* \* \* \*

I strolled out this morning, and found myself, after an hour's walk, at St. Pallinsburn, the seat of Sir Henry Eskew. Bounded on one side by the high road, from which, in many places it is not a dozen yards removed, there is a small piece of shallow water, with rushy banks and divers islets; and every spot of the latter upon which a bird could find space to rest, was occupied by black-headed gulls, seated on their eggs, or forming nests to lay in.\* This operation was confined to the rude settlement of a few straws—but the greater portion of the birds had deposited their eggs on the bare surface of the bank, without the least appearance of having made any artificial preparation for incubation. Hundreds, probably the males, were on wing, gyrating noisily over the nests occupied by their mates; while on the adjacent grass-fields thousands of these birds were grouped together, resting on the sward, and preserving a dignified silence. The proprietor of the water thus singularly tenanted, affords full protection to these wild visitors, who return every spring, and occupy the same place where they first broke the shell, or ushered their progeny into life. They appear in March, and retire in August, to pass the intervening months, heaven knows where. On leaving the water at Pallinsburn, the body politic separate by mutual consent;—in winter this species of the gull-tribe are always met dispersedly, and the instinctive regularity of their return, the thorough confidence of safety and protection which they evince, by remaining by the hundred within a dozen yards of a stranger, who, at another season, would not be permitted to approach within musket range, is one of the anomalies which are puzzling to the naturalist. Contrary to the habits of more timid birds who desert a nest which they suspect has been discovered, the confidence of the blackheads remains unshaken; and even after their eggs have been removed, the process of incubation is resumed, for, as the grey-headed carl observed—"They dinna tak offence at it seemingly, for the mair they'r harried, the mair they'll lay." What obliging birds the blackheads are!

through the centre of the Merse, till it falls into the Whitadder below Allanbank. It is an excellent trouting stream, but, from its impregnation of mossy matter, it is unsuitable to the existence of salmon. The name is a corruption of *Blackwater*, which it receives from its dark colour; a hue extending, it may be remarked, to the trouts.—*Chambers*.

\* Appendix, No. XVII.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is marvellous how men mistake their gifts—and of all monomanias, I firmly believe that the musical is most incurable. On the border, they are confoundedly melodious when they have “a drappy in the ee,” and whatever besides they may forget, it will not be a verse of the song. There is a party of cattle-jobbers in the next room—and though, as I hear them say, “the beasties brought low prices,” and the owners consequently should be dull as ditch-water, they have been singing like throistles for an hour, and bid fair to run Burns through, before they “crack cry” and return to their loving spouses. And then every song has a cursed chorus; and I’ll take my corporal oath there’s not a pair of bad bellows in the company. Would to heaven ye were all calmly slumbering beside the virtuous gentlewomen that own ye! There they go again!—“Auld Lang Syne;” well, if the ceiling stands that, all I say is that the stucco is superior. “Auld Acquaintance!” I wish, gentlemen, that I could drop yours!

\* \* \* \* \*

Although generally of temperate habits, the borderers at times drink awfully. There was a rent dinner here last week; for it is the custom in Scotland, and one calculated to promote kindly relations between landlord and tenant, to entertain the tenantry upon the occasion. The business commenced at twelve, dinner at four, and the whole affair, monetary and jovial, was over by sharp nine. Mine host assured me that one of the party had, in that brief interval, consumed six-and-twenty glasses of grog and toddy, and that the mean allowance of the party, eighteen in number, taken on the whole, was seven tumblers each. “There was a little loud talk,” continued the host, “but all good-humoured, and every man was able to mount his horse and ride hame.” The man that drank the six-and-twenty tumblers had come “frae a distance, and sleepit in the hoose.” But he was up at cock-crow the next morning, bolted a glass of whisky before starting, declaring on the word of a Christian man, that “there wasna a heed-ack in a hogshead of sich stuff,” and then rode off in as calm and respectable a temperament as if he had taken the pledge a month before, and been ever since on a visit to Father Mathew.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Flodden—James of Scotland—*Scan. mag.*—St. Cuthbert's banner—Civil campaigning—Position of the Scotch army—Previous occurrences—Battle of Flodden Field—Scott's description—Sad consequences—Historic doubt—A dangerous locality—Twisel Castle—Making cutties.

I HAVE killed a creel of trouts I might almost say upon the field of Flodden; and may not some Cockney, in "letters to his kinsfolk," dated five hundred years hence, notify to his London correspondent that he has bagged six brace of red-legged partridges, upon that of Waterloo! The river was in excellent order, and it would have been an easy task to have doubled the number of the scaly spoil, but, sooth to say, my attention was more engrossed by the historic recollections this battle-field brought fresh to memory, than in regulating the evolutions of tail-fly and droppers. All the border conflicts are, more or less, embued with romantic incident; but Flodden, both in causes and effects, is both curiously and fatally distinguished.

The Scotch monarch appears to have been a very silly gentleman, to whom, like all that tribe, the ladies proved, as they generally do, confoundedly troublesome. Indeed, James was a gay deceiver on the most extensive scale; for not contented with leaving "his own queen Margaret," "in Lithgow's bower," as Scott will have it, to cry her eyes out, he must forsooth bring Dame Heron to court; a lady, as everybody there admitted, "not a bit better than she ought to be." Great was the indignation of every maid of honour turned of forty-five, at a proceeding on the king's part, so much calculated to give rise to *scan. mag.* It is true, that even in these primitive times, family arrangements were occasionally found convenient as in our own; "Sir Hugh the Heron"—whose name by the way was William—as a prisoner of war, should have been in durance vile; but the good-natured king accepted his spouse as *locum tenens*; and though the "ladies winked aside," to the monarch and the knight the exchange was perfectly satisfactory.

Had the mischief ended there, all would have been well. James took the field, and crossed the border on the 22nd of August. Reducing the castles of Wark and Etall,\* he invested that of Norham, carried the outworks by assault, and obliged the governor to enter into a conditional engagement to capitulate on a certain day, provided he should not be previously

\* Appendix, No. XVIII.

relieved by the advance of an English army. Alas! it was fated that "the champion of the dames," should never become master of that "castled steep," from his having unfortunately neglected to leave Dame Heron, where she ought to have been—with *the rest of the baggage* in the rear.

Instead of following up a first success and pressing his advantage by a rapid advance into England, the amorous monarch dallied on the border, and taking up his residence in the castle of Sir Hugh the Heron, consumed days which should have found him in the tented field, in philandering with my lady Ford. While Surrey, as he advanced, hourly gained strength, the Scottish army as rapidly disbanded. Bad weather, an exhausted country, immense plunder, all these induced irregular troops like them, to forsake their colours and return to their homes. Blind to the ruin that was impending, and fascinated by "lady Heron's witching eyes," James permitted the English army to approach, unchecked, and unopposed; and to him, Ford Castle\* proved fatal as the bower of Armida. In sooth, it was a dangerous residence for any tender-hearted gentleman to pop into, for even the sanctity of Holy Church was no security against seduction. While my lady Heron *bothered*, as they say in Ireland, the unfortunate king—"Oh! sin and shame!" the *demoiselle* her daughter, regularly bedevilled the archbishop of St. Andrew's.†

In the mean while Surrey was cautiously approaching, and, as the fancy say, "to make all safe," in passing Durham he borrowed from the prior the blessed banner of St. Cuthbert. History does not state what security the English commander gave for the safe return of this most important article; yet they were times when credit was indifferent,—“the word was pitch and pay”—and even a king could not borrow a couple of battering cannon, without leaving a few courtiers in pledge for redelivery.‡ Probably, the blessed banner being a jewel above price, the abbot considering that the whole peerage would not be an equivalent, thought it better to lend it upon honour. Indeed, had James now-a-days offered similar pledges for a siege train, I question whether he would have been successful. He might have tendered a dozen nobles to

\* Appendix, No. XIX.

† Drummond says that "the captivity of Lady Ford and her daughter was a snare contrived by Surrey, in which the Scottish king, and his natural son the archbishop of St. Andrew's, were both entrapped."

‡ When James V., in 1527, besieged Tantallan, he borrowed from the castle of Dunbar "two great cannons, 'Thrawn-mouthed Mow and her Marrow,' also 'two great botcards, and two moyans, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons;' for the return of which, according to Piscottie, he left *three lords in pawn*."

the Carron Company in vain, and on their united security not have obtained the loan of a pateraro.

There was a candid and civil mode of campaigning in these good old times, which has unhappily fallen into desuetude. On Sunday, the 4th of September, Surrey sent his compliments to the Scotch monarch by *Rouge Croix*, to intimate that he would fight him on the following Friday; and his son Thomas (the Admiral) clapped a rider on the message, to say that he, Tom, would be in the van of battle, and neither give nor expect quarter. James, in return, assured Surrey that all he wanted was "a clear stage and no favour," politely concluding with a wish "that the best man might win."

But all through, Surrey was too deep for the Scottish monarch; his system was evidently not to give a chance away, and all means were unscrupulously employed, from the banner of St. Cuthbert to the charms of lady Heron. One would have supposed that his grace of St. Andrew's would have been more than a match for the earl in holy preparations; but, engrossed in his flirtation with Miss Ford, he neglected to neutralize the effect St. Cuthbert's banner was certain to produce. A bag or two of blessed bones would probably have set matters right; but, though there were plenty in the neighbourhood, the amorous archbishop neglected to ask a loan.

James's position was excellent, had he not allowed himself to be out-manceuvred. On the last swelling ground connected with the Cheviots, mounted by a long acclivity, a morass on one flank, and the deep water of the Till flowing northerly along his front, the Scottish monarch had formed his array. Of course, battle-ground tedious of approach, and on which it would be difficult to deploy, was not to Surrey's fancy; and he sent a herald with a modest request, that James would waive all advantage in the ground and meet him on Milfield plain! 'Tis said that the simple monarch would have given a Quixotic consent; but his nobles, already disgusted at the king's folly, insisted that he would retreat at once; or, should he unwisely risk a battle, that it should be received on a favourable field.

The close of this romantic tragedy is known as common history. Failing in his effort upon James's chivalric weakness, from scarcity of provisions, Surrey was obliged to force an action on. He passed the Till accordingly, moved over a difficult country unopposed, and bivouacked that night two miles in front of the Scottish army at Barmoor wood. Early next morning—still marching in a north-westerly direction—with one division and his artillery he crossed the Till at Twiselbridge; and with a second, forded the river higher up,

thus carrying his army round the left flank of James's army, and cutting off his communications with Scotland.\* A battle was now inevitable. Surrey, in three divisions, and under the fire of his artillery, advanced against the Scotch position; and James, anxious to secure a strong eminence called Brankstone, on which he had decided to meet the shock of the English army, fixed his camp on Flodden ridge, and moved down under cover of the smoke to meet the assailants.

The conflict opened with double success—

Wide raged the battle on the plain;  
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.

In the centre, fortune smiled upon the gallant king; but on the left, the Highlanders were dispersed by Stanley's cavalry; and, attacked in flank and front together, the whole army became irretrievably disordered, the wings routed and driven from the field, and the centre furiously assailed by triple numbers. The close "of Flodden's fatal field," as sung by Scott, is so remarkable for graphic power and poetic beauty, that had he never written a line beside, on that one passage he might have laid a claim to immortality—

More desperate grew the strife of death—  
The English shafts in volleys hailed.  
In headlong charge their horse assailed;  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their king.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring;

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\* It is very remarkable, no matter how dissimilar in everything besides, that in incidental occurrence, many similarities may be traced in modern and ancient warfare. The same movement of his army effected by Surrey in face of James, Wellington, on his retreat from Burgos, accomplished with equal boldness and success in the presence of a superior army. Perceiving that Souham was manœuvring to cut him off from Rodrigo, Lord Wellington, "suddenly casting his army into three columns, crossed the Zurguan, and then, covering his left flank with his cavalry and guns, defiled in order of battle before the enemy at little more than cannon-shot. With a wonderful boldness and facility, and good fortune also, for there was a thick fog and heavy rain, which rendered the by-ways and fields by which the enemy moved nearly impassable, while the allies had the use of the high-roads, he carried his whole army in one mass quite round the French left. Thus he gained the Valmusa river, where he halted for the night, in the rear of those who had been threatening him in front only a few hours before."

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood,  
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
     The instant that he fell.  
 No thought was there of dastard flight—  
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
     As fearlessly and well;  
 Till utter darkness closed her wing  
 O'er their thin host and wounded king.\*

Of all the border battles that of Flodden was most fatal. Beside ten thousand common men, the flower of the Scotch nobility† perished. The tidings of that terrible defeat, placed the whole land of cakes in mourning, and "even to this day, the battle is never mentioned in Scotland, without creating a sensation of terror and distress."

One, even now, can scarcely look back upon the misery which the madness of that rash monarch inflicted on a land, without feeling indignation at its author; while the enduring loyalty with which the Scottish nobles "hedged" with their own bodies that guilty king, elicits enthusiastic admiration. There is no instance in history that parallels the devotion exhibited at Flodden. How fatally its visitations upon the noblest families subsequently proved (several became totally extinct) may be collected from a single instance. The Maxwells lost the heads of their house—for the lord and his three brothers were found amid the gallant dead, who "true to the tomb," perished sword in hand, encircling their hapless monarch.

Doubts were for a long time entertained as to the fact of the king having actually died upon the field, and many reports were circulated, some asserting that he had been assassinated after the battle, and others declaring that he had exchanged the crown for the cowl, and repaired to the Holy Land, to wear out the remainder of his life in prayer and penance. An extract of a letter from Queen Catharine to Henry,‡ then in France, seems to put the death of James

\* Marmion. Canto vi. 34.

† In the fatal list, according to Abercrombie, are included Miss Ford's friend, the archbishop, with the necrological remark, "that he was a youth of great promise." Queer notions they had in old times of what constituted a promising prelate! "Three other eminent churchmen," (as William said, when Walker's death at the Boyne was announced, "What the devil brought them there?") twelve earls, fourteen lords, five masters, seventeen knights, and twenty-five gentlemen, all heads of leading families—a fearful list indeed!

‡ "My husband, for hastynesse, wt. Rogecroisse I coude not sende your Grace the pece of the King of Scotts cote whiche John Glyn now bringeth. In this your Grace shal see how I can kepe my premys, sending you for

beyond the existence of a doubt, and establish the identity of the body found on Flodden, as being that of the ill-fated monarch.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

It is useless to try either the Tweed or its tributaries, until a fall of rain has freshened the water and set the torpid fish once more in motion. What is to be done? Idleness is, as everybody says, the mother of mischief; and to remain in this dangerous locality, waiting for the clouds to discharge themselves, with nothing to do, and within pistol-shot of the head-quarters of Hymen! Egad, I might be tempted to pay a visit to the wrong side of Coulson bridge, and commit matrimony to give me temporary employment. No wonder that everybody on the Border, at one time or other, is caught and becomes a Benedict. The thing's done in the springing of a ramrod—and a man is manacled for life before he hears the chain give a solitary jangle. In England a man has fair warning of impending danger; and the whole parish are invited by the pursy parson to "declare the match off," if they can show cause or impediment. But here, people become "one flesh" before they have time to bless themselves; and, instead of lengthened wooing—instead of singing, "will you come to the bower," you have simply to say, "will you come to the bar?"†

I will make a pilgrimage to Holy Island. That is safe ground—no man had a greater antipathy to hymeneals than honest Cuthbert; Saint Senanus was not a more inveterate woman-hater than him of Lindisfarn, and under his holy *surveillance* I may consider myself proof against temptation.

I mounted the Kelso coach; there was but another passenger on the roof—a little, smoke-dried-looking original, quaint, shrewd, and intelligent, and very communicative into the bargain. As we drove along, he amused me with the causticity of his remarks and the peculiarity of his dialect.

At a very romantic turn of the road, a most singular-looking building forces itself upon the traveller's attention—a

your baners a kings cote. I thought to sende hymself unto you, but our Englishemens herts would not suffre it. It shuld have been better for hym to have been in peax than have this reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fayne knowe your pleasur in the buryeng of the King of Scotts body, for he hath writen to me soo. —I sende your Grace herein a bille, found in a Scottishemens purse, of suche things as the Frenshe King sent to the said King of Scotts to make warre against you."

\* Appendix, No. XX.

† Most of the toll-bars on the Border are placed on the boundary of the kingdoms, and afford equal facility to the gentleman who wishes to marry or get drunk.

ruin of modern erection—a pile, smooth from the chisel, and consigned, incompleated, to a premature decay. Twisel Castle was erected by the owner of the noble house which confronts it—and from extent and elevation\* it must have entailed a heavy expenditure on the designer. As an architectural object, it is an abomination—and what its interior arrangements were to have been, will soon be a question for the antiquary. It is really a painful object. Costly and beautiful stonework, staring you from an imposing hill, a very monument of human eccentricity. Were it regularly ruined, from Tillmouth House, Twisel Castle would be a picturesque feature—a very dear one, certainly, but still a striking one. But, as it stands, it is a mere excrescence on the landscape,—a memorial of the extent to which human fancy or folly (they are nearly synonymous) will run.

“How very strange,” I said, “that a building on which such an immense outlay must have been undergone, should be permitted to remain incomplete!”

“It’s na very wonderful, after a’,” returned the little traveller beside me; “It’s nae every ane, ye ken, that can make a pipe, but there’s unco few that canna mak a cuttie.”

“Pipes and cutties!” I replied, “what the deuce have they to say to the finishing of Twisel Castle?”

“Weel, I’ll explain that,” returned the smoke-dried gentleman, “if ye dinna mind listenin’ to an auld story.”

I assured my companion that I was all attention, and after he had refreshed himself with an extensive pinch of high toast, he thus continued:—

“Weel,” said the old Lowlander, “I’ll tell ye how the sayin’ cam about. There was a wright ance in Kelso, and he had but one son. The boy was but a weakly body, and the feyther thought he would bring him up till a trade easier to work at than his ain, and sae he made his mind up to bind him to a tailor. Weel, Jock was bound, but, at the end of a year, the tailor sent him hame; he was war than useless, for what he sewed, anither apprentice had to rip out. ‘What will we do with the bairn?’ said the feyther. ‘Each! I can hardly guess,’ answered the gudewife. ‘I fear sair that we’ll make naethin’ o’ him, after a’.’ ‘Na,’ replied the gudeman, ‘it was the trade itsel’; tailorin’, ye ken, cramps the legs, and maybe it crampit Jock’s ganius; the boy disna want heed.’ ‘Heed, he has eneugh,’ said the auld woman, ‘it’s the biggest in the toun, but there’s naethin’ in that, ye ken.’ Well, to shorten the story, master Jock was next intrusted to a shoemaker,

\* It has been computed that every course of stonework cost a thousand pounds.

but alas ! to use the old Scotchman's words, 'if he was ill at stichin' claith, he was waur far at yerkin' leather,' and after a short probation, like Bob Acres' 'unmentionables,' Jock was declared 'incapable,' and returned, for the second time, to his affectionate parents. What was to be done now ? For the fine arts, the son of the worthy wright had evidently no fancy, for his efforts at constructing breeches or Bluchers had turned out equally unsuccessful. At last, the gudewife remembered she had a far-off cousin, a pipe-maker, in Carlisle. That would be just the trade—there could be surely neither labour nor ingenuity required in fabricating a tobacco-pipe. Accordingly, the man of clay was applied to—and he having consented to receive his kinswoman's son, of whose talents and amiability a flattering description had been given, Jock, for the third time, left his paternal roof-tree.

"Six months passed—and anxious to ascertain what progress the young pipe-maker had made, the old wright crossed the border, and proceeded to 'merrie Carlisle.'

"Why that ancient city had obtained that pleasant *sobriquet* appeared paradoxical, if the other residences of the inhabitants were circumstanced like that of the pipe-maker. Within, there was everything but hilarity ; for, on the arrival of the wright, he found the man of clay belabouring his heir apparent, who, in return, was shouting murder lustily. The floor was covered with a basketful of shattered pipes ; and from the attitude and cause of action of the master and disciple, it was quite apparent at a glance, that Jock was the *origo mali*.

"What the de'il's the matter?" said the wright.

"The matter!" responded the artist in pipe-clay, 'keek upon the flure, and ye need na speer the cause, mon.'

"Each ! it was, nae dout, an axident."

"Axident,—what the deevil satisfaction's that ? The stupid loon has smashed mair pipes in a minute than I can mak in a week.'

"Weel, weel, Jock must be the busier—and where he mad one pipe before, he maun now mak twa.'

"Mak pipes !" exclaimed the man of clay, 'he'll never mak one till atarnity.'

"And can he na mak a pipe?" inquired the incredulous carpenter.

"Na," returned the irritated artist, with a bitter grin, as he picked a dozen shankless ones from the floor, 'but I'll gie ye a crum o' comfort, mon. Search the hail country, aist and west, an I'm damned—Lord pardon me for swarin'—if ye find sic a han as your son's for *making cutties!*'"

How true that homely adage ! I have seen a patrimony, old as the conquest, pass into the stranger's possession ; an



heiress in the workhouse; a gem that had once glittered in the bridal *trousseau* of a countess, sparkling on the tawny neck of the helpmate of an Israelite; studs under hammer at "the corner;" fox-hounds dispersed; and, upon inquiry, though the owners never could make pipes, like honest Jock, they were superior hands at *making cutties!*

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## CHAPTER XXII.

Norham Castle—Former strength and extent—Ancient appearance—Recent demolition—Modern Improvements—Passage at Arms—The Tweed—Evening in Norham—Confluence of the Till—A pet pool—Hooking a water-rat—Safely landed.

FROM a distance on the Kelso road, I had seen "Norham's castled steep," but by happy associations, evening was closing and literally,

The donjon tower, the battled keep,  
The loop-holed grates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round them sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone,

as I approached a mass of mortar and heap of nameless ruins, the sole remnants of one of the strongest holds of feudal power. The intelligent gentleman who was to drive back the gig, had previously informed me that *she* (the castle) was "a bra' place, lang syne, for hangin' cattle-lifters, and keepin' Crismas merry." Pleasant idea of a merry Christmas! Sheep and sheep-stealers hanging, as heralds would call it, "*parti par pale.*"

When approaching the Keep of Norham, the outline of "the massy more" showed in full effect. I entered a ruined archway in the extensive outworks, which formed the *enceinte* of the stronghold, and had once occupied a considerable space. It is impossible to trace, with any attempt at accuracy, what Norham has been, and all you can ascertain is, that it was one of the most powerful and extensive baronial fortresses. Enormous masses of fallen masonry are long since covered with a sward of grass, giving a volcano-like appearance to a court, once sufficiently large and level for the purposes of the military exercises practised in ancient chivalry. Camden describes Norham Castle, in his time, "to be situated on the top of a high steep rock, and fortified with a trench. The outward wall, of great circuit, was guarded by several turrets, in a canton towards the river, in which, another wall, much stronger, encircled the keep or tower, of great height." This description furnishes a perfect idea of the figure of this

fortress, after it had received repairs by Bishop Tunstal. Towards the river, the ruins now hang upon the very verge of the precipice; part of which, by the washing of the stream, has given way, and carried with it the superstructures on that side; which, with the decay incident to the length of time, has occasioned a wide breach in the outward wall, spoken of by Camden. The turrets, as he was pleased to call them, appear to be no other than demi-bastions, a mode of fortification generally followed, in which the chief strength of this castle was constructed.

“The wall of Norham Castle, which stretched from the water on the south side, was guarded with a gateway and tower above it, having square turrets on each hand: the ascent from thence was steep, the way bending towards the east; and through the wall, the entrance was by another gateway of superior dimensions, fortified by two heavy round flanking towers, the remains of which are still considerable. This appears to have been the chief entrance, and fronts to a plain of considerable extent. It was defended by a draw-bridge over a very wide moat, which began near to this gateway, and was extended round the Castle on the land side, enclosing a spacious area or ballium, fortified with a very strong wall, garnished with demi-bastions at intervals.”

“To defend the keep or main tower, a strong wall encloses a narrow area or interior ballium, which is entered by a gateway guarded on each hand by square towers. The keep is a very heavy square building, vaulted underneath, like most structures of this sort. Part of the vaults or prisons remain entire, but all the interior parts of the tower above, are laid open and ruined. The remains of an exploratory turret appear on one corner of the keep; it may be presumed it was uniform with similar turrets on the other corners. The height of the great tower is about seventy feet, containing four stories, or ranges of apartments.\* The whole building is constructed of red freestone, of a soft nature, and subject to decay: there is not the least ornament about it; the whole aspect is miserably gloomy: it wears the countenance of the time of King Stephen, without any of the embellishments of the age in which Bishop Tunstal lived.”

“The outworks, of late years, have been much demolished, particularly near to the western gate; the ashlar stones of the facing of the wall are all removed; and only the rubble and cement, or run-lime, with which the inner part of the wall was filled, remain, which has a very rugged and ruinous appearance.”\*

\* This Gothic act was perpetrated by a Vandal into whose temporary possession the castle fell; and he completed the destruction of this noble

I have generally decried love as being a very troublesome amusement; and the more I hear and read upon the subject, the more am I convinced that I have come to a correct conclusion. Certainly, the mode in which the thing is now carried on may be included among modern improvements; gentlewomen are not so unreasonable and exacting as they were in former days; and a man may now, I am told, and on good authority, intimate to a lady, after two quadrilles and a *valse*, that she has been regularly the death of him, without, as a matter of course, strapping himself to a guitar for a long winter's night, or, like Packwood the razor-maker, being required to "hire a poet" to sonnetize the fair one's eyebrow. In olden time, ladies were so ingenious in contrivances to get their admirers into trouble, that one would fancy the tasks imposed were post-hymeneal, and not ante-connubial ones—and that, having gone through the ranks of maid and wife, they were anxious for promotion into widowhood.

In noticing Norham, old Leland records the following pleasant fancy of "nature's masterpiece," as Burns will have her to be.

"About this tyme there was a great feste made yn Lincolnshire, to which came many gentilmen and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a heulme for a man of were, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commendement of her lady, that he should go into the most daungerest place in England, and then to let the heulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither within four days of cumming cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande forty men of armes, the very flower of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, Capitayne of Norham, seyng this, brought his garrison afore the barriers of the castel; behind whom, cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount upon yowr horse, and ryde lyke a valiant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve; or I myself wyl dye for it.'

"Whereupon he toke his corse, and rode among the throng of ennemyes; the which layed sore stripes on hym, and pulled hym at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with all the whole garrison, lette pile to obtain stones to build a farm-steading. As I viewed "the ruin he had wrought," I could not but imprecate the poet's curse:—

"O! be his tomb as lead to lead  
Upon the dull destroyer's head!"

prick yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrowan; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken fifty horse of price; and the women of Norham broughte them to the foote men to follow the chase."

The day was particularly fine, sunny and cloudless, and the crystal water of the Tweed everything but what an angler wishes it. What a splendid river it is! View it from Kelso, at its confluence with the Teviot—Norham, where it sweeps under the castled steep of that once proud place of arms, now tenanted only by rook and martin—and at every bend it opens up some new beauty to the eye, and every step the pilgrim takes along its classic banks, historic recollections or wild tradition crowd upon his excited fancy, and warn him that he is treading the land of romance.

I dined at the quiet and comfortable hostelrie in which anglers establish their head-quarters. The usual Border fare—salmon and mutton cutlets—but then, both are gotten in perfection. That salmon but one brief hour since had been laving his silvery scales in the bright waters of the Tweed, and on the blue Cheviots which form a background to the castle, this exquisite black-face was pastured. Salmon, as eaten here, passeth the comprehension of the cockney. He opineth, unhappy man! that Apicius frequented the Crown and Sceptre, and Lucullus patronized the Ship—and that perch from the docks, and flounders from the river, crowned, as a *maximum bonum*, with whitebait, constitute a fish dinner. The delusion is too settled to be removed; but, if he would go to the grave a wiser man, let him come to the Tweed, eat salmon cutlets, and then—die as soon as he can arrange his affairs and manage it conveniently.

I strolled out at sunset to take my customary walk—or, if there be aught to interest, my lounge. I entered the ruined castle, Marmion my companion, and seated myself on a fallen bastion which overlooks the river. On the glassy surface of the fine sweep of water at my feet, a thousand trouts were springing merrily at the small moths which were now beginning to get upon the wing—and in the holes of the upper story of the ruined keep, where erstwhile the rafters of the floor had rested, jackdaws and wild pigeons had formed their nests, in full security that man could not disturb them; and the hoarse cawing of the one, contrasted with the melancholy cooing of the other, were sounds that harmonized well with the hour and the place. Elderly gentlemen get dreamy—I am no exception—and, before I had long sat on the fallen masonry, I was wandering in a visionary world. Lord Marmion's advent was announced,

and great was the bustle in the fortress. While the guard "was turning out," the captain of the Hold was ordering supper—the guns upon the battery were manned, and

Forty yeomen tall,  
The iron-studded gates unbarred,  
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,  
'The lofty palisade unsparr'd,  
And let the drawbridge fall;

while under the dark archway rode in the Lord of Lutterworth on his "red-roan charger;"

And such a clang,  
As then through all his turrets rang,  
Old Norham never heard.

At this interesting moment, a shepherd's dog laid his cold nose upon my hand—I looked up, his master, a fine, venerable, white-headed man, was standing at my back, and the whole "*tableaux vivans*" of Marmion's grand *entrée*, "vanished into empty air."

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I have started this morning under favourable omens. It is a grey day, the breeze is strong, but a point too much to eastward. I never heard of a downright, *genuine*—mind you accent the last syllable correctly—out-and-out-good-fishing-day in my life. Either the water is too high, too low, too dark, too bright, or too something else, that plays the devil. Well, all considered, this day's sport is very passable—and commencing at the *debouchement* of the Till, I fished home to "Norham's tower and town." Nothing could surpass the quiet beauty of the wooded banks which in fast variety present themselves; and, as to the creel, I only fancy a Hampton-Court artist in peaceable possession of a moiety of the contents,—the shock would be fatal to him!

In the course of our walk, we reached one of the nicest pools I ever fished. The stream, parted by an islet, rushed rapidly for fifty yards through a narrow chasm of rugged rock completely overhung with spreading alders, until issuing from beneath their leafy canopy, it rolled its boiling waters into a long deep basin, banked up at the farther extremity, to form what is called "a mill-head." It was a piece of water by which Isaac Walton would have sworn, and appearances were not deceptive. For twenty yards, the rushing waters forced an impetuous passage through the centre of the sleeping pool, marking its channel on either side by a long line of circling eddies; and one glance would assure the angler, that these would afford the trout a favourite resting-

place. Before the flies had touched the surface for a second, two scaly victims were hooked securely and landed on the bank; at every succeeding cast trouts rose by twos and threes; and in as many minutes, half a dozen were safely basketed. It would be an immense convenience to him if an angler had an eye behind. On I went, casting and killing, when suddenly, my murderous career was interdicted, for, curse upon alder-trees!—and on this sweet stream their name is legion—by one I was brought regularly up, and hopelessly entangled in a topmost bough, which nothing, as my countryman, Sir Boyle, would say, “barring a bird” could reach. I contrived, however, to save the casting line with the loss of the tail-fly; and, while replacing it, my young companion, (a neophyte of promise) pointing to a water-rat which was crossing the neck of the stream, told me a curious piscatorial adventure that had here befallen himself.

It was early in June—a heavy *spawght* had swelled the river—the eel-fry had come up the stream—and like cockneys in whitebait season, the trouts, great and small, rejected fly and worm, and would stand nothing short of the new delicacy just introduced by the last fresh. Peter, of course, obliged to accommodate himself to the prevailing taste of the river, was angling with a diminutive eel, when lo! the bait was taken, and away went the foot-line slowly towards the opposite bank. Peter’s gear was stout, and he pulled accordingly, as the hooked-one headed towards the roots of an alder, which, projecting into the water, many a time had saved a stricken trout, and left the fisherman lamenting. The movement of the victim was very singular. It was not the arrowy transit of the trout, glancing from bank to bank, or shooting wildly down the pool, as if determined to burst away from everything which could enthrall his freedom. At last Peter brought his victim to the surface—and, behold, it was a water-rat! A Highland terrier that had followed him, saw and took part in the proceedings; the rat dived, was again and again brought up, and finally killed by the dog, just as he would have achieved his deliverance by cutting the foot-line through.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

Notions of the picturesque—The source of Tweed—Its course and debouchment—Foreign travel—Pius the Second—His adventure on the Border—Sea fishing—the Ey—Burnmouth—Eymouth—Guns-green—Fish and children—Affecting incident.

EVERYBODY, barring a Kentucky man, has some idea how the picturesque will affect the fancy; but to these half-alligators,

natural beauty consists in corduroy roads and a disencumbered surface. To the Genevese, his own sweet lake is ever an object of admiration—the Irishman looks at the broad surface of the Shannon, and almost persuades himself that its waters are holy as the Jordan's—the Celt reposes on the bank of some rushing stream among his dark blue hills, and fancies its sparkling rapids are clearer than all besides—the islander sees loveliness in the ocean that imprisons him—and even a Hull skipper admitted that woman was the fairest thing in creation, with the exception of a *dead whale*.

When all find beauty in the objects that surround and interest them, no wonder that the Borderer looks upon his native river with delight. The Tweed is certainly, divested of romantic and historic associations, one of the finest rivers in the world; and for those huge outlets which *débouche* the waters of inland seas, miscalled lakes, some other name should be invented. I cannot fancy aught a river whose banks are not commanded by the eye; and it must have its sullen pools and noisy rapids; its busy mill, and high-arched bridge; all these are wanted, in my sight, to constitute a river. To a boundless expanse of black water, I wont allow the name.

The sweet and classic Tweed rises in a Scottish height, which might be termed the father of many waters; and no mountain should be prouder of its progeny than this prolific hill of Tweedale; for within a mile, the sources of the Annan, Clyde, and Tweed spring from its surface, the former taking a southern course, while the Clyde and Tweed run west and east respectively.

For some distance the Tweed is a mere rivulet, in summer scarcely traceable by the feeble thread of crystal water it presents. A quarter of a mile from its source it sensibly enlarges, and there assumes the name of Tweedshaws. Instead of keeping an eastern course, it suddenly inclines north-west, circling the base of the parent hill, and hence acquiring the opposite title of Tweedhoop. Thence, running south-east for three miles, it receives its first respectable tributary, the Core; and, during a further progress of eight miles, at least some twenty mountain streams increase it with their waters.

Leaving its native country, it runs through Selkirkshire and Roxburgh, at every mile receiving some stream or river, including the Ettrick, the Leader, and the Teviot. Next, entering Berwickshire, it is joined by the Eden and the Till. Lastly, about two miles from its *débouchement*, one of the most delightful streams the angler ever swore by, rolls in its tributary waters, and—fit emblem of mortality!—in all the fulness of its pride, "Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,"

finds an ocean grave, beneath the decaying walls of Berwick. —I have, my dear Jack, but lined the course of the river out, to enable you to follow me in my wanderings hereafter. Shame do I take to myself, that now—*anno ætatis*, forty—fill the odd number in as charitably as you can—for the first time I have made myself familiar with the beauties of the Border. I, who have spent summers, moving from one cockney watering-place to another, or abiding at some French seaport, in a locality of stinking streets, with a community of runaway wives and broken-down gamblers. Alas! that Englishmen will shut their eyes to the endless beauties which Britain has within her sea-girt boundaries, and which, with every facility of safe and rapid transport, and the luxury of comfortable inns, they can visit with so much ease. No, the sight must be foreign, or it is not worth the outlay of a five-franc piece; and for this they will trundle over rough causeways, in a carriage with springs that have no spring; be poisoned overnight by that “thing of shreds and patches,” a French supper; and roused at cock-crow by a fellow “bearded like a pard,” that filthy foreign substitution for a chambermaid. Faugh! I sicken at the very thought; a dirty jabbering, he-fellow, polluting the sanctuary of one’s bed-chamber!

I never correctly estimated my sufferings in continental inns, until I contrasted them with the comfort that awaits the traveller, who, with taste and judgment, prefers his own beautiful Tweed to both the Rhone and Rhine together.

By the by, talking of Border travelling, wayfarers in the year of grace, 1448, did not find accommodation on the banks of Tweed so facile and agreeable as they do at present. A very curious account is given of a journey of the Roman legate to the court of Scotland, Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius the Second, and it presents such a striking picture of this rude and troublous age, that I could not avoid abridging it for your edification.

“A certain river, namely the Tweed, falling from a high mountain, parts the two kingdoms, over which Æneas ferried; and coming to a large village about sun-set, he alighted at a countryman’s house, where he supped with the curate of the place, and his host. The table was plentifully furnished with pottage, hens, and geese; but nothing of either bread or wine appeared.” In the mean time, “all the men and women of the town” flocked to see Æneas, anxious to ascertain “were he a Christian man or no?” What a Border barbarism! Question the orthodoxy of the successor of Saint Peter!

Æneas proved no fool in his generation. The Border, for honesty and good cheer, bore but an indifferent reputation;



and the future Pope, aware of the scarcity he should encounter in his route, had been accommodated at a monastery "with a rundlet of red wine, and some loaves of bread." On these delicacies being paraded, the effect was most astonishing; the rumour flew directly, and every lady in the village, who happened to be "as ladies wish to be," came to the table side, and, handling the bread, and smelling to the wine, begged a taste, so that there was no avoiding dealing of the whole among them. After they had sat at supper till two hours within night, the curate and the landlord (with the children and all the men) left Æneas, and rubbed off in haste. They said they were going to shelter themselves in a certain town at a good distance, for fear of the Scots, who (at low water) used to cross the river in the night for plunder. They would by no means be persuaded to take Æneas along with them, though he very importunately entreated them to do it. Neither carried they off any of the women, though several of them, both wives and maids, were very handsome."

The next paragraph insinuates that the Border ladies were very gay, and the Border gentlemen excessively indulgent in overlooking their peccadilloes. What a delicate position for a pope elect! "Æneas was thus left alone amongst a hundred women, who, sitting in a ring, with a fire in the middle of them, spent the night sleepless in dressing of hemp, and chatting with the interpreter." When the night was well advanced, "dogs barked, geese cackled," and the ladies ran away; but the pope prudently kept close to his quarters (a stable), and there remained, "lest running out, he should be robbed by the first man he met."

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In my Tweed wanderings, Jack, I shall not "begin with the beginning"—but, by an inverted arrangement, commence with the close. Much as Border angling may and shall be lauded, believe me the sea fishing immediately about the *débouchement* of the Tweed is also highly interesting. The day was when I could have entered into this sport with heart and vigour, but I am now "too slow." Flushings, fishing-boots, sou-westers, and pea-jackets, are unfitted for "us youth," who have come to "patent angolas" underneath, and, under some specious pretext, slip on a Mackintosh "i' th' evening." Still the sea-fishing, for those who fancy it, is admirable; and as I have made a littoral excursion, right and left of the Tweed's *débouchement*, I shall give you an idea of what it is, before I carry you up the stream, and bring you possibly to the very bank where a pope passed the night in company with a hundred ladies, and, if his own word may be taken, the majority of them, not Lucretias.

A stream, that in other vicinage would hold a high reputation indeed, runs within eight miles of Berwick, to wit, the Ey; and the Tweed and Whitadder being out of order from a fall of rain, in the hope that the Ey, from its inferior size, would sooner recover from "the spaight," I proceeded to a little village called Ayton, through which it runs to Eymouth, three miles farther, and there debouches in the sea.

I was seated on the coach-box, and a couple of miles from Ayton, the driver pointed out the little fishing village called Burnmouth, placed at the base of some lofty cliffs, on which a revenue-preventive station holds a striking position, and forces itself upon the traveller's eye with its white-washed cottages and jaunty flag-staff. Probably it is from the evil reputation acquired in former days, that the honest fishers of Burnmouth are placed under the immediate *surveillance* of the water-guard; for on this coast smuggling is now totally done up—and the evasion of revenue restrictions is rarely attempted. Looking down from the heights which domineer it, Burnmouth presents a number of cottages packed together close as a bee-hive—and a more limited superficial space of tile-work does not within wide Britain cover a denser population. Could Harriette Martineau but see Burnmouth on a Sunday! But why should I wish her evil? the honest gentlewoman has done nothing to me, that I should desire to send her broken-hearted to the grave.

Fifty years since, a couple of families settled themselves in this lonely cove, nominally to fish—but virtually to smuggle—and if to "increase and multiply" be a blessing, Heaven has abundantly encouraged them.

But a still more anti-Malthusian population is that of Eymouth. Had the place been properly laid out, it would have made a very pretty fishing and bathing place; but the closeness and irregularity with which the houses are heaped together, must, in the summer months, render it almost intolerable. Indeed, though my visit was in cool weather, I felt at every turn "a most ancient and fish-like smell," with striking evidences that scavengers were considered unnecessary. From what I saw, and at a time when the fish-curing was confined to cod-fish, I should say that in the herring season the place must almost be pestilential.

Eymouth was once defended by some field works, traces of which are still discernible on a rising ground beyond the river which commands the entrance of the harbour. At its base a large and gloomy-looking building forces itself upon the eye. I think it was the remark of the fifth James, on passing a border peel-house, perched upon a crag, and from the peculiarity of its situation evidently intended for conceal-

ment and defence, that the proprietor must of necessity have been a thief. By the same rule, the builder of Guns-green was indubitably a smuggler. A most suspicious-looking sea-gate opens beneath the house upon the water, and, as it is said communicates with subterraneous passages reaching to God knows where. It was built nearly a century since, by two persons who had supplied the gentlemen of Berwickshire with claret free of duty; and as it would appear, in building Guns-green, the honest traders made an injudicious outlay. The fact of a couple of smugglers being enabled from contraband profits to erect this house, elicited a parliamentary inquiry—and measures were adopted for suppressing illicit trade, which eventually resulted in ruining the ambitious but imprudent contrabandists.

The harbour of Eymouth is easy of access and safe, but confined within its pier. Immense quantities of white fish and herrings are annually taken, sold, cured, and exported. Like other articles of traffic, the price of fish is, at the present time, heavily depreciated—the fishers only receiving from the merchants five pence each for the finest cods; and should a fish be short by a finger's breadth of twenty-two inches, a second is thrown in, and both are reckoned and paid for as a single one, thus making the average price at something about a farthing by the pound. Turbot, hallibut, and other flat fish, are cheap and plentiful; but the place has an air of poverty and distress about it—for low prices, and a bad herring-fishery have reduced the inhabitants sadly. But in other matters abundance reigneth; and if the man be happy whose quiver is liberally filled, the ladies of Eymouth have qualified their liege lords to talk boldly with the enemy in the gate. I never saw such swarms of children as the door of every domicile presented. They were crawling in and out of boats, or creeping on the quay or jetty, and as I foolishly imagined, in momentary risk of drowning.

“Do children frequently drop in?” I inquired in a paroxysm of alarm, of the jolly hostess.

“Ay, ay,—the fule things, they often fa' ower yon pier,” she answered, coolly.

“God bless me!—Lost, of course?”

“Na, na,” returned the landlady; “noo and then, to be sure, a bairn's drooned—but there's maistly some idle body in the way till fish them oot, the deevils.”

Egad, though the worthy hostess spoke coolly on the subject, I thought it rather a risk to allow two-year-olds to tumble into twenty-foot water, depending on there being “maistly some idle body in the way till fish them oot.”

I have been joined on the pier by an unexpected auxiliary. His story forms an episode; and turning from the statistics of cod-fish and drowned children, I must tell you what really appeared to me an affecting incident in humble life;—and the best of it—it's true.

During our tedious passage to the north, I remarked among the steerage passengers, a man who seemed to keep himself apart from the rest. He wore the uniform of the Foot artillery, and sported a corporal's stripes. In the course of the afternoon, I stepped before the funnel and entered into conversation with him, learned that he had been invalided and sent home from Canada, had passed the Board in London, obtained a pension of a shilling a day, and was returning to a Border village where he had been born, to ascertain whether any of a family were living, from whom he had been separated for nineteen years. He casually admitted that during this long interval he had held no communication with his relations, and I set him down accordingly as some wild scapegrace, who had stolen from a home, whose happiness his follies had compromised too often. He showed me his discharge—the character was excellent—but it only went to prove, how much men's conduct will depend upon the circumstances under which they act. He had been nineteen years a soldier—a man “under authority”—one obedient to another's will, subservient to strict discipline, with scarcely a free-agency himself, and yet, during that long probation he had been a useful member of the body politic, sustained a fair reputation, and, as he admitted himself, been a contented and a happy man. He returned home his own master, and older by twenty years. Alas! it was a fatal free agency for him, for time had not brought wisdom. The steward told me that he had ran riot while his means allowed it, had missed a passage twice, and had on the preceding evening come on board, when not a shilling remained to waste in drunken dissipation. I desired that the poor *roué* should be supplied with some little comforts during the voyage—and when we landed at Berwick, I gave him a trifling sum to assist him to reach his native village, where he had obtained vague intelligence that some aged members of his family might still be found.

A few evenings afterwards I was sitting in the parlour of one of the many little inns I visited while rambling on the banks of Tweed, when the waitress informed me that “a sodger was spearin' after the Colonel.” He was directed to attend the presence—and my fellow voyager, the artilleryman, entered the chamber, and made his military salaam.

“I thought you were now at Jedburgh.”

"I went there, sir, but there has not been any of my family for many a year residing in the place. I met an old packman on the road, and he tells me there are some persons in this village of my name. I came here to make inquiries, and hearing that your honour was in the house, made I bold enough to ask for you."

"Have you walked over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tis a long walk. Go down and get some supper before you commence inquiries."

The soldier bowed and left the room, and presently the host entered to give me directions for a route among the Cheviots, which I had contemplated to take the following day. I mentioned the soldier's errand.

"Sure enough," returned the host, "there are an auld decent couple of the name here. What is the sodger called?"

"William," I replied; for by that name his discharge and pension bill were filled up.

"I'll slip across the street to the auld folk," said Boniface, "and ask them a few questions."

The episode of humble life that followed was afterwards thus described to me by mine host.

He found the ancient couple seated at the fire—the old man reading a chapter in the Bible, as was his custom always before he and his aged partner retired for the night to rest. The landlord explained the object of the soldier's visit, and inquired if any of their children answered the description of the wanderer.

"It is our Jock," exclaimed the old woman, passionately, "and the puir neer-do-weel has cam hame at last to close his mither's eyes."

"Na," said the landlord, "the man's name is Wolly."

"Then he's nae our bairn," returned the old man with a heavy sigh.

"Weel, weel—His will be done," said his helpmate, turning her blue and faded eyes to heaven; "I thought the prayer I sae often made wud yet be granted, and Jock wud come hame and get my blessin' ere I died."

"He has, he has," exclaimed a broken voice; and the soldier who had followed the landlord unperceived, and listened at the cottage door, rushed into the room, and dropped kneeling at his mother's feet. For a moment she turned her eyes with a fixed and glassy stare upon the returning wanderer. Her hand was laid upon his head—her lips parted as if about to pronounce the promised blessing—but no sounds issued, and she slowly leaned forward on the bosom of the long-lost prodigal who clasped her in his arms.

“Mither! mither! speak and bless me.”

Alas! the power of speech was gone for ever. Joy, like grief, is often fatal to a worn-out frame. The spirit had calmly passed—the parent had lived to see and bless her lost one, and expire in the arms of one, who, with all his faults, appeared to have been her earthly favourite.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Whitadder—The swallow—The silver white—Difference in trouts—The shepherd’s dog—My dog Philip—Irish duck shooting—Death of Philip—Anecdote of poisoning—Animal attachment—Story of Jim Crow—A temperance man.

THE best and pleasantest river that I have as yet found upon the Border, is the Whitadder. Were I learned in etymology, I should pronounce it, as well as its prolongatory stream, the Blackadder, to be both simple corruptions of waters, white and black. I have fished this river with the uncertain success that awaits every other, but always with the comfort that attends clean angling. “This favoured water,” as George Robins would describe it in one of those “leather and prunella” things he calls announcements, is disencumbered of all that disturbs an almost Socratic temperament. No brushwood abuts upon the stream—and when in full innocence of impending evil, you are making a scientific projection to lay your dropper near yonder stone, which any respectable trout might rest beside—you are not treacherously arrested, *à posteriori*, by the tail-fly—and a general *ne exeat* served upon the casting-line, from the top branch of an alder that is too tough to break down, and will support nothing of more corporeal substantiality than a crow. A man does not come here armed with weed-cutting tools like a hedger; nor will you meet a landing net for a fortnight, unless, to be sure, you encounter some London gentleman, who, as a matter of course, will have a hundred weight of apparatus on his person, and be mistaken in consequence, for the travelling agent of Mr. Cheek, of the Golden Perch, Fleet-street. Seriously, the Whitadder is a clean, comfortable stream. When you can kill in any river on the Border, here you will be quite secure—and, on one head, you may lay unction to your soul—whether you bring them to basket or not, the trouts are there. The supply is unlimited—I believe illimitable; and in one of this river’s beautiful runs, under Hutton Hall, (there are fifty others equally good,) when I have not hooked three trouts, I have raised an hundred. On that fine

stream, and the pool in which it loses itself, I killed, one evening, a dozen trouts in as many minutes; once, in that time, bringing a brace on shore—and again landing three safely off the same casting line!

A little lower down, and immediately above the old mill of Hutton, there is a curve in the river, formed by a precipitous ledge of sandstone, called “the swallow,” and there some beautiful angling will in ordinary weather be met with. It is a bending of the stream which the angler will eulogise, as ardently as the fox-hunter will load it with maledictions; and, indeed, both will bless and ban with ample reason.

Beneath that towering precipice, often has the angler’s creel been filled even to the overflow—and over its treacherous ridge, the quarry and the pursuer have found a common grave.

It would seem that the demon who “vexes” fox-hounds, abideth within the bosom of that rock. A year ago, a hound of superior excellence was killed from the precipice, while Lord Elcho’s pack were hunting in its dangerous neighbourhood. But the great calamity I have alluded to occurred some twenty years since—and strange enough, the person who was my first attendant at the stream and pool below “the swallow,” witnessed the unfortunate occurrence.

Hay of ———— had drawn a cover near his own kennel—found the “red gentleman” at home, and obtained a gallant run. Whether the fox was tired, or ignorant of the country, ’tis hard to say, but, on being closely pressed, he headed directly for “the swallow,” and went over the sheer descent, taking after him eleven couple and half of hounds, of whom seventeen dogs were killed. Strange enough, three couple, and the “red rascal” who occasioned the misfortune, escaped without a broken bone!

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There is a curious variety of the trout found in the Tweed and most of its tributaries, commonly called, from its pellucid hue, *the silver white*. I have killed three in a day, but generally they are scarce—for after uniting the contents of our baskets this evening, my host—a capital angler—and I, out of eight dozen, can only discern one of these pretty nondescripts. They are not of the sea-trout tribe, their exterior marking and make being totally different; nor are they young salmon, as some have carelessly set them down. They want the general characteristics of that fish—particularly the rapid growth,\* for “the silver white” is seldom taken larger than a herring—and, clear and silvery as they

\* Appendix, No. XXI.

are, the fish cuts red as a salmon, the flavour being exceedingly delicate. By the way, how is it that in flavour, fish inhabiting streams in union with each other and apparently precisely similar in their general circumstances; a mountain rise, a sea-debouchment, swelling and falling at the same time and from the same causes—how is it, that one is delicate, the other only fit to undergo the mystifications of experimental cookery, such as enabled the French marshal's *chef de cuisine* to produce a state dinner, with all its *entres* and removes, from the leg of a horse?

I had a brace of Tweed trouts brought to table; they were most insipid, and certainly fish upon which the most conscientious catholic might mortify the flesh. I tried a couple of Whitadders the next evening; positively so delicious were they, that had Lucullus been in the neighbourhood, I should have sent him the remainder of the creel-full.

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I have had frequent occasion in the Northern Highlands, to admire the extraordinary training and sagacity of the sheep dog, and really at times his intelligence appeared reason and not instinct. I have myself had setters and retrievers of admirable intelligence, but in tact and ability no dog approaches the shepherd's. On returning from my evening fishing, I stepped into the kitchen to have the produce of my basket told and weighed, and there found four Cheviot drovers returning to their hills, after having disposed of their respective flocks at Berwick fair. Each had a tall, slight, long-ribbed colley seated beside him, looking as wisely as if they perfectly understood "the ups and downs" in prices, which their masters the moment were discussing. As I examined the faces of these sapient quadrupeds, I recalled to memory departed favourites. Black York—every sportsman has had the best setter in the world; but I do believe, verily, that he, the peerless one, fell to my lot—he, in fancy, sate with his head upon my knee, with his gentle eye turned affectionately on mine, while his rival in my canine love, was cutting many a caper on the floor under the influence of whisky.

Many years ago I had a retriever of the poodle species. He was a middle-sized, active dog—a first-rate waterman—with a nose so particularly sensitive, that no object, however minute, could escape its "delicate investigation." Philip was the hardiest animal in the world—no sea would prevent him from carrying a dead bird through its boiling breakers—and I have seen him follow and secure a wounded mallard, although in the attempt his legs were painfully scarified in



breaking through a field of ice scarcely the thickness of a crown. Philip, though of French extraction, had decidedly Irish partialities. He delighted in a glass of grog—and no matter with what labour and constancy he had retrieved a too slightly wounded diver, a stoup of whisky-and-water, (and Philip, with sound discretion, preferred *poteine* to *parliament*,) made him the happiest dog alive. And then it affected him so funnily—he would play all sorts of antics, and twirl round after his own tail, until from sheer giddiness he rolled over drunk upon the carpet; and he was so good-humoured in his cups, that he would even tolerate a strange cat, and submit to everything but indignity.

I received a letter from an old comrade, to invite me to his annual ball; and there was a postscript from the fair dame, “his bed-fellow,” hinting, that game or wild fowl, either, or both, would be “thankfully received.” I shot a respectable basket of woodcocks for the lady—and, as the weather was severe, despatched at nightfall one of the shooting tribe who infest the banks of every western water, with an old musket, a full bottle “to keep his heart up,”—and, unfortunately, added to both, the services of my dog Philip.

Having put such a quantum of powder and lead into hisarquebuss, as an Irish duck-shooter would alone condescend to discharge; and which is entirely regulated according to the fancy of the artist, from the *piano*, that merely blackens the shoulder, to the *forte* which lays him on his back, with the occasional addition of a fractured jaw-bone, *Andy buoy*\* took up a position on a river bank connecting two neighbouring locks, and which was always considered to be an excellent pass wherein to intercept water-fowl in their flights from lake to lake. Presently, the cackling of wild ducks was heard, accompanied by that whistling sound the movement of many wings produces. *Andy buoy* cocked and prepared for action—and, in another minute, on came the flight, not twenty yards above the moss-hags where the gunner was ensconced in ambuscade. Levelling—after a prayer to the Virgin—right into the centre of the dusky flock, Andy pulled the trigger, received in return a thundering kick, but while his jaw ached under the recoil, his ear tingled with delight, to hear several sullen flops upon the water in quick succession, which gave him full assurance that his gunnery had been good. Philip was already in the river—and, bird after bird recovered, five dead ducks were laid at the shooter’s feet. Of course, the triumph of success called promptly for a pull

\* Yellow Andy.

from the bottle; and, at this moment, honest Philip returned with a mallard still struggling in his hold. Thinking the dog was chilled and tired, Andy with more good-nature than good discretion, resolved to share what he esteemed a universal panacea with his faithful ally—and applying the flask to Philip's mouth, poured the spirits down. Now, though Philip loved a glass, his taste was gentlemanly, and he always diluted his alcohol. The ardent spirit blistered the poor dog's tongue—howling he quitted the duck-shooter, and ran home—and from that night Philip renounced whisky for his natural life, and died at an advanced age,—a steady tee-totaller.

Poor Philip! I lost him unhappily at last—and my faithful friend deserved a better fate than what was reserved for him. A scoundrel, who claimed a patch of barren heather which joined Lord ——'s shooting grounds, had taken umbrage at the keepers, and out of revenge, laid poison on the mearing. Ignorant of this malignant act—for on the paltry extent of stunted heather the fellow owned there was not a head of game—I hunted too close to the dangerous boundary, and two dogs—poor Philip was one—fell victims to this act of vulgar malice.

*Apropos* of beasts and poison. When in the hills above Flodden, I met a brother angler on the bank of a mountain stream. We sate down, had a friendly stoup, and a long chat *de omnibus rebus*—as fishers will when they foregather—and he told me the following curious incident of poisoning:—

A farmer in the Cheviots was fishing on the bank of one of the small rivers which rise in that mountain range. "Perceiving a weasel approach the water with something in her mouth, he laid his rod aside to watch her movements. The little animal entered the river fearlessly, and swam over to the side where the angler stood; and, on her landing, he discovered that it was a young weasel that she had carried in her mouth across the stream. Upon his giving chase and shouting loudly, the old one took alarm, dropped her burden, and ran away. The fisher lifted it—it was very young, still blind, and when taken home was easily reared and domesticated. For months it was playful as a whelp, and would follow the people of the house about the place; but, with its growth, its natural ferocity increased, until it became a dangerous favourite to tamper with, and was finally obliged to be caged up, as it killed the poultry and bit severely any person who incautiously meddled with it. At this time rats began to appear about the farmstead—and it became necessary to employ speedy and effectual means to arrest their rapid

increase. Poison was accordingly laid—and quantities of dead vermin were found daily round a horse-pond, whither, in dying agonies, they had crawled to drink.

“One morning a lassie came screaming down stairs to say that a huge rat had made its way into the house, and was concealed in one of the upper chambers. The farmer determined to have a set-to between the weasel and the intruder—and the former was uncaged and let loose in the apartment, where the rat had taken shelter. In an instant the weasel discovered his enemy—and his onset was made with such desperate ferocity, that in a few seconds the rat was killed. Although instantly removed, the weasel had drawn and tasted his victim’s blood—and no doubt, the rat had sought the dwelling-house under the influence of poison—for, in a few hours, the weasel died—the victor and the victim perishing by the same malignant agency.”

I have experienced animal attachment, and can boast that I have been personally well-beloved by beast and bird. I had a raven, when a boy, who followed me like a setter—was inconsolable when I went to school, and overjoyed on my return. But the most remarkable instance of feathered love for man which ever came within my knowledge never equalled that of a common rook; and really his history is so dramatic, that, crow as he was, I cannot but detail it.

In a village, or, to coin a word, a *townlet*, from the formality of its construction, immediately opposite the pier of Berwick, called Spittal, there is a most comfortable hostelrie intitulated “the Ship,” and thither I used to repair occasionally to indulge in a stoup of toddy, and a chat with the worthy landlord. But to the bird.

The first appearance of Jim Crow was in the street, where he was tied by the leg to a stick, while a pack of inhuman boys were gathering stones to pelt him to death, when Mrs. W., the landlady, kindly interposed and saved the devoted victim. He rapidly tamed, and in a few days exhibited both intelligence and amusement to his protectors. Upon the landlord, from first sight, he appeared to have centred his affections—and the ardour of the poor bird’s attachment almost exceeds belief. He watched for his master in the morning, followed him through the day, was always at his elbow when he dined, and if he afterwards in the evening joined a jovial party—as landlords are wont to do—Jim Crow was sure to be upon his shoulder, or on the table, if permitted to make one of the “merrie companie.” If any person pretended to beat the host, the rook attacked him furiously—and, as if he knew that a razor was a lethal instru-

ment and the carotid in dangerous contiguity, before the barber dare commence operations, Jim Crow had to be secured in another room, to secure the shaver from maltreatment.

It might be imagined that the poor rook could reason. The communication over the Tweed, between Spittal and Berwick, is kept up by diminutive steamers which cross the river repeatedly within the hour. If his favourite were missing, Jim Crow would fly down to the pier and ascertain if the lost one was on board; and in that event, the rook would cross the river, and no matter where his owner went he would be found flying by his side, or settled on his shoulder. Of course this personal attendance was occasionally to be dispensed with—but it required no little ingenuity, by turning a corner or getting down an entry, to enable his master to blink his too faithful friend and companion. If he succeeded, the bird would fly up and down the street, look anxiously around, and if he could pop on his lost proprietor, his joy would be unbounded, and lest another separation should occur he would stick to him for the remainder of the day close as his own shadow. If, however, Mr. W. managed to get off—a feat not always to be effected—after a sharp search, Jim Crow would wing his way across the Tweed, return home, and there anxiously await a reunion with his lost protector.

I said that the rook was fond of convivial meetings; and there he was an active auxiliary. Were there a dozen persons at the table, Jim would hop regularly round, receive the scores from the guests respectively, pouch the money beneath his tongue, return to his master, insert the black and horny bill into the clenched hand of mine host, and honestly deposit there every coin he had collected. A still more curious anecdote of the bird remains; I know it to be true; and, upon my life, it goes far beyond my philosophy.

The first movement in the morning in the landlord's chamber—the first cough or creak of the shoe which announced that his master was a-foot—was hailed by this singular bird with loud and exulting cawings. The landlord was a wag—his marriage bed had not been blessed by a family—and opening the room-door he would remonstrate with his noisy favourite. "What the de'il are ye at, mon? Hauld ye'r tongue, or ye'll wauken the bairns!" In a moment the loud and clamorous caw was changed to one so piano and subdued, that had Rubini been his preceptor, Jim Crow's descending scale could not have been more rapid, or more euphonous.

I know you are in love with the crow. I am—and I half

regret that I commenced his biography. The end is tragical, and I never felt the force of Moore's sweet lines\* until I heard the history of the luckless rook.

I believe all talented things are vain after their kind, and the rook was no exception. A scarlet comb had been artificially attached to him, and the same colour which is said to prove fatal to the peace of ladies, was equally disastrous to poor Jim. Flattered at his jaunty appearance, the ill-starred bird enlarged his accustomed flight, and, believing himself "the admired of all admirers," settled down upon a garden fence in front of the domicile of a tailor. That "misbegotten knave" unfortunately discerned him, seized a loaded gun, approached his unsuspecting victim, who, "cawed, and cawed, and cawed again," and, when distant but a dozen paces, the stupid scoundrel fired at and demolished poor Jim Crow.

Had I been on the jury, monomania, attested by sixteen madder fools, who, fortified by the addition of an M.D., pretend to classify insanity, and give a *carte blanche* for wholesale murder; all that these asses could say or swear, should not have saved that fraction of humanity from the treadmill. "I'll never think well of a fat man," quoth Mrs. Page, after Sir John had "essayed her virtue,"—and since the assassination of Jim Crow, I have bestowed my abomination upon the whole fraternity of tailors.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is bed-time. The drovers and their dogs are off after a *doch-an-duris* of pure alcohol. One of the four eschewed the stirrup-cup—and although no doctor, I'll take my corporal oath that he required two inches of "whisky undiluted" more than either of the other three. There was, I believe, among the Jumpers, a graduated scale of grace; and this abstemious cattle-dealer has taken to thin potations, and writes himself down "a temperance man," although he carries off beer by the barrel. Well—no matter. Every man has a right to poison himself as he pleases.

Saturday night!—I must not keep the blue-eyed lassie longer out of bed; so I'll e'en ring for my candle, and be off, incontinently.

\* "I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its large dark eye;  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me it was sure to die!"

*Fire Worshippers.*

## CHAPTER XXV.

The Scottish Sabbath—Difference and effects of forms and faith—The Cuttie-stool—Anecdote—Hutton Hall—The beauties of the Border—Fatal accident—Romantic occurrence—Border insecurity—A Peninsular veteran—The Lady's Cove—A love-dream.

It is Sunday—and here, indeed, the seventh day is kept a sabbath—all rest from their labour,

Long, loud, and deep the bell has tolled,  
Which summons sinful man to pray;

the call has been attended to, and the hall and the cottage are equally deserted to fill the house of God.

Would one test forms and faith by their effects, I would assign to the Scottish church a decided superiority over every other. Take them "all in all," there is no people upon earth so orderly and moral—and even in the manners of the peasantry, you can trace an honesty of thought and purpose, germane to the rough and uncompromising character of their simple form of worship. Popery, of all creeds, has the greatest effect upon the fancy, and the least upon the life. Nothing can be more imposing than its ceremonial—that is, if like a play of Shakspeare, it is perfectly *got up*. To hear mass, go to Italy, or Paris, or even to the ambassadors' chapels in London, during the opera season. The manipulation—for there is an elegance in serving mass—is striking—the music superb. Then go to Ireland, and particularly to the districts where Romanism most prevails, and the contrast appears as startling fully, as to see Hamlet in a barn after coming fresh from Drury Lane. Forms and ceremonies, designed to make an impression upon the imagination, must be enacted with a suitable splendour and effect. The aisled nave, the life-like altar piece, the pealing organ, the fragrant censer, the stoled priest and mitred prelate—choirman and acolyte—all are indispensable to render the holy *tableaux* perfect, and strike deeply on the fancy of him who sees the sacred pageant. I remember taking the catholics of a regiment to mass when "a jolly sub." It was in a remote county town—the chapel a rough unfinished building—the altar covered with delft figures representing, and most uncouthly, passages of sacred history, precisely similar to those found upon the chimney-pieces of an ale-house. The old priest was an octogenarian, and mumbled a ritual in a tongue totally unknown to his auditory, and in a way too, that I, a Latinist, could not even remotely comprehend it.

The curate (*Hibernicè*—the coadjutor) preached—if preaching means a rambling tirade about a coming election, with mystified allusions to certain “delicate affairs,” which the “Morning Post” would describe as requiring the intervention of “gentlemen of the long robe.” To these, a list of lost cattle, with personal descriptions, were added—and somebody received an intimation, that “his wife would not be churched” unless satisfaction were made for fees withheld, and absence from confession. Conceive the impression this strange clerical medley would make upon a man who, like me, on the preceding Sunday had heard high mass in Notre Dame!

In one thing, my own church, I think, holds a high vantage ground. It generally inhibits crime—but, very properly, it particularizes no moral delinquency. The Church of England is, in that respect, wiser in its practice. The sinner is generally denounced, but he is neither named, degraded, nor forced to effect a compromise with the clergy. Who that knows Ireland will not tell you, that “cursing from the altar” is now-a-days a *brutum fulmen*—a mere blank-cartridge—and even if the whole formula prescribed in *Tristram Shandy* were faithfully gone through, from heel to head inclusive, would any but an idiot imagine that the accursed *malgré* malediction, would not remain in *statu quo*? It is true that, fifty years ago, a priest’s efficiency was valued according to the estimated power of his malediction; but these days are wearing fast away; and the idle fallacy, that human power can perpetuate or absolve human offendings, is only credited by the *canaille*.

In one great error, the churches of Scotland and Rome moved *pari passu* for two centuries—a public exposure of crime and immorality. The minister rebuked—the priest anathematized—and hours which might have been more usefully employed in edifying the good, and confirming the unsteady, were wasted in making some bad man worse, and forcing a knowledge upon innocence that crime existed, who knew not before the offending even by its name! An old Highland gentleman told me, that in his younger days, the cuttie-stool\* was in full operation, and that a Sunday seldom passed without its being tenanted, and sometimes by divers malefactors. In describing to me the comparative estimate of crime among the Highlanders, it would appear that the abstraction of cattle was considered a very venial offence. On one occasion he found the bench where “sinners sate” occupied by an Irish gentleman, who had destroyed the domestic

\* The cuttie-stool was a bench in a conspicuous place in old churches, on which delinquents were seated while publicly rebuked by the minister.

felicity of the village blacksmith, by estranging the affections of his truant spouse, and hence had drawn upon himself the awful displeasure of the kirk. Presently another offender, attended by an old woman, modestly advanced and deposited his person on the cuttie-stool. The minister had not yet appeared, and the old lady, who turned out to be the mother of the second delinquent, felt a womanly curiosity to ascertain who might be the fellow-sinner who had made a settlement upon the bench with Master Jock.

"Heh, mon! am sorry till see ye here," said the gudewife, opening the conversation.

"Then, upon my sowl," responded the gay deceiver, "I'm sorrier to see myself here."

"An' what might ye hae done, young mon, to bring ye till this place o' shame?"

"Arrah, the divil a thing I did," returned the Irishman, "that should cause me to be stuck here on an ould stool, and made a world's wonder of, but just show a little civility to a blacksmith's wife when her husband was from home."

"Och, och!" groaned the old lady, "I comprehend it a'. You unfortunit mon, ye have breckit the seventh command. Gude guide us! but the deevil maun hae been busy wi' ye. I wadna hurt ye'r feelins for a' that, if I could help it; but—sit a wee bit farther up—when the minister's rebukin' ye, some folk might think it was my Jock he was spaken at—and he, puir innocent lad, is only on the stool for *simple sheep-stealin'*."

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I strolled out to visit what is ever to me an object of engrossing interest—the ruins of an ancient house. Hutton Ha', as the country people call it, is hurrying rapidly to decay; part of the roof has fallen in; the chimneys are partially dilapidated, and the casements are rotten and unglazed. Like most of the fallen mansions, "lang-syne" associations are connected with this ruined hall; and its sad story is the too common history of many a Highland and a Border roof-tree.

From the initials still traceable of a half-obliterated inscription on one of the stones, it appears to have been erected, some three centuries since, by one of the ancient family of Hume. From them it passed into the possession of the Johnstons—and within the last few years it has again changed owners. Like every ancient house, Hutton Hall was celebrated for its hospitality; but it had a still higher celebrity attached to it—it was the home of beauty; for the "bonnie lassies of Hutton Ha'," were called in their day, "the beauties of the Border."



The hoase stands on a high bank which domineers the Whitadder, and, from the drawing-room windows, the whole sweep of that fine river is visible for a mile. I stood in the mouldering casement, looking down on the bright and placid stream, which curved gracefully through the green valley below me; and, from the same spot, and nearly a century before, one of the fair daughters of the house of Johnston witnessed a melancholy catastrophe, which her own charms had unintentionally occasioned.

A Highland gentleman had sighed, and sued, and been accepted, and to complete the nuptial preparations and claim his beautiful bride, the young lover had set out for Hutton Hall. The season was far advanced; heavy rains had fallen in the western hills, and, like all rivers dependent upon mountain tributaries, the Whitadder was swoln and the ford impassable. The lover appeared upon the opposite bank, and the lady despatched four servants to ferry him across the angry water in a small boat used for the purpose. The men were unskilful boatmen, and had scarcely launched themselves upon the flooded water when the punt was swamped, and all were hurried down the stream and drowned. From the scarcity of bridges in those days, such accidents were frequent in attempts to cross the Border rivers; and there are few fords on Tweed or Till with which some melancholy loss of life is not associated.

Another tragic and romantic occurrence is connected with one of this ancient name—Johnston of Hilton. Like most of the Border proprietors of those wild times, this personage is represented to have been a man of loose morals and ungovernable temper. The minister of Hilton, named Daniel Douglas, a bold and uncompromising divine, regardless of consequences, discharged the duties of his office fearlessly. On one occasion, and in the church of Hilton, Johnston took offence at something which the minister had said; and, regardless of the sanctity of place and person, gave way to the fury of his temper, tore Douglas from the pulpit, and struck him in the aisle with his cane. The insulted churchman poured out anathemas on the guilty laird, and concluded his malison with the singular assurance, that “on the very spot where the deed of violence was committed, the dogs should lick the blood of the offender.”

Time passed—and, with other company, Johnston was invited to the house of Lord Hume by a younger brother of the noble owner. The party had a deep carouse—play was introduced—and Hume lost a heavy sum to Hilton. A quarrel ensued, but they separated, and Johnston retired and went to bed. It appears that Hume, brooding over his recent loss,

repaired to Hilton's chamber, and challenged him to get up and fight, which Johnston agreed to; but, in the act of rising, Hume treacherously assailed his opponent, and, taking him at advantage, stabbed him to the heart. The assassin fled the country, to which he never returned afterwards.

The family and friends of the unfortunate man repaired to the scene of murder, placed the body in a shell, and proceeded with the corpse towards Hutton churchyard, the ancient burial-place of the Johnstons. On their road thither, and while passing Hilton church, a violent snow-storm came suddenly on, and obliged the mourners to seek a temporary shelter; and, taking the corpse along with them, they entered the old kirk, rested the body in the aisle, and, by strange accident, on the very spot where the dead man had committed the daring outrage upon God's minister. It seemed, the movement of the body had occasioned the blood to flow from the wound anew; for several gouty trickled from the coffin, and dropped upon the pavement. A shepherd's dog, unperceived, had followed his master into the church, scented the blood upon the pavement, and, to the horror of the company, began to lick the gouty away. The fearful malediction of the minister upon the deceased man was clearly recollected, and all who witnessed the disgusting occurrence, admitted that the anathema of Daniel Douglas had been awfully and completely fulfilled.

In Hutton Hall there may be seen a memento to prove the insecurity of the times when the old building was erected.\* In the huge kitchen-chimney, and at the height of six feet from the arch of the fireplace, a large recess, intended for concealment, is formed in the funnel. This place of refuge is cunningly enough selected for the purpose, yet I should fancy that, however safe, the occupant would be anything but comfortable. Pleasant times they must have been, when a gentleman was obliged to fly up his own chimney at short notice, and obtain a temporary security at the expense of being smoke-dried for a night!

At some distance from the hall, a small hollow in the bank is pointed out, termed, by the peasantry, "the lady's cove." It was the favourite bower of one of the Border beauties; and thither I was conducted by one who had been frequently the fair Katharine's attendant. Was he in olden time my lady's page? No, faith—he was to me a far more interesting personage—a Peninsular veteran of sixty-five, enjoying, in frosty age, his "otium cum dignitate,"—an empty sleeve, and one shilling per diem on the pension list.

Accident occasioned the old man and I to swear an eternal friendship; ay, and in my lady's bower too.

\* Appendix, No. XXII.

"I began," said the old man, "soldiering at sixteen—went to the Low Countries wi' the Duke o' York—then, through the Irish Rebellion—was at Copenhagen wi' Lord Cathcart, and in the retrate wi' Sir John Moore."

"What regiment?" I asked, carelessly.

"The —," replied the veteran.

"What company?"

"The Light."

"Then you served under my kinsman; you remember Captain —?"

The old man seized my hand in his—"Ye dinna say ye were cousin to my captain?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then ye were kinsman to one I loved dearly as I do my ain bairn!" And away went the veteran at score. He had been my cousin's servant; and need I say that, before we parted, John and I fought every action, a second time, from Corunna to Toulouse.

"When I cam hame, after I lost the arm, ye ken, I was awkward for a while—but the colonel always made out something I could do—and many a basketful of earth I have carried down this rock to nourish the honeysuckles and wild flowers that Miss Katharine planted here!—Och hone!—the auld name—and the bonnie leddies, they're a' gane! There was the leddy's seat; and there stood her wee-bit table; and mony an hour she would read and write here! Her bukes and writin'-desk remained here the hale year, for nane would daur to touch them. Bide a wee here—I'm gawin' up to the farm-hoose, and I'll ca' for ye'r honour comin' back."

And was this rude fissure in the rock once the bower of beauty? Had the Border flower sat where I was sitting? I saw her, in fancy, at "the wee-bit table" which the old man had described. She was writing—What? Some missive that bade the lover live, or quenched his hopes for ever! How often, perhaps, in this "neglected bower" have memorials of despairing passion met her eye—the secret incense offered by some nameless swain at the altar of a love proscribed to him. And yet that humble worship was not displeasing—the wild-flowers were not refused; and the flush upon the cheek, as she placed the little *bouquet* in her bosom, told that the secret homage made to beauty had not been paid in vain.

How long I might have continued in this dreamy mood is doubtful. The old man's return recalled me to the realities of life, and I left "the lady's cove," and returned to the hostlerie. I know not wherefore, but throughout the evening the ruined hall and the extinct family often returned to my memory; and when I went to sleep, the forsaken bower was recalled in the visions of the night, and I dreamed that I was

actually making red-hot love to the fair Katharine, and requesting permission to apply, in form, next morning to her papa, and make her—Mrs. O'Flaherty.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

A blind comrade—War of the Kirk—A minibus—Run down the Firth—Tantallan Castle—The Bass rock—Solan geese—Dunbar Castle—Adjacent battle-fields—Defeat of Leslie—Coldingham—Enormous halibuts—Berwick harbour—An Irish ruse.

ANOTHER week of rain has interrupted all piscatorial operations. The rod rests idly in the corner, the fisher's net is swept in vain, and the only consolation left is, that good may arise from evil, and the flood induce every salmon who had intended an excursion to the Tweed, to seize the opportunity and come up. I have a long-promised visit to make to an old companion, once a stout and stalwart leader as ever "set a squadron in the field," but for years, alas! like another Lear, left to mourn over a lost daughter and total blindness. Poor ——! It will be a melancholy visit for me; I, who knew thee in lusty manhood the boldest swordsman of the gallant "rough and ready"—in honoured age, "father of a fair daughter"—and oh! what was her beauty to her worth?—Gone,—gone for ever!—and thou left blind and desolate!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is over—the debt is paid;—my visit gave "the blind old man" some pleasure,—but God knows, to me it was a painful duty. At times, old recollections amused him for a moment, and made him forget his wretchedness. Surely then, among my well-spent days—"few and far between"—I may look back upon those while sojourning with Colonel —— at ——.

I find I can vary my journey from Auld Reekie to Berwick, by steaming it along the coast—a thing comfortably effected between breakfast-hour and dinner. I am glad of it.

The whole black brigade of Scotland are here—"in arms and eager for the fray." Loud is the wordy war. Greek meets Greek—argument between learned Thebans, who can, on ordinary subjects, give you a screed an hour and half long, and never crack cry! If I timidly approach a table, some exclaim "intrusion," and others "non-intrusion," while I modestly observe, à la Paul Pry, "Gentlemen, I hope I don't intrude at all?"—

I shall be off in the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

I started from the Black Bull at a quarter to eight, in a sort of sentry-box on wheels, called by the boots a "minibus;" reached Granton Pier—"touch and go"—and, as a matter of course, had a fight with the gentleman that drove me down. The captain's assessment was precisely one half the fare demanded, and the fellow, with the most easy assurance in the world, when the warps were cast off, kissed his hand from the pier, and communicated to the skipper and myself as we stood together on the paddle-box, the interesting fact, "that he had done us oot of saxpence after a'."

We left upon the larboard hand a pretty rocky islet, crowned by a lighthouse, called Inch Keith; and on the shore, a number of fishing-villages which fringe the coast, and almost connect "Long Kirkaldy"—so termed from the one interminable street which forms the town—with Edinburgh. Running with wind and tide we went rapidly down the Firth; and one of the fine features of this most interesting coast, North Berwick Law, stood out in bold relief. Presently we passed Gullan Point, and the little island of Frida, with its natural arch and ruined hermitage; left the quiet-looking town of North Berwick, and all that remains of its once extensive monastery on our starboard quarter; and in less than half an hour, found ourselves between two most interesting objects—the Bass rock, and ruins of Tantallan.

This celebrated stronghold, the scene of one of the most striking incidents in Scott's romantic poem (*Marmion*), is thus described by Chambers:—

"The position of Tantallan is one excellently chosen for the site of a warlike strength. On the south the land is flat and undulating, and is now laid out in corn-fields. The castle is seated on a piece of ground which is almost an island, by the intersection of a rivulet running through a ravine toward the east. On the north brink of this defile there has been a very strong wall, terminating in circular turrets, and enclosing a spacious courtyard. Betwixt the north side of this open space, or the fortalice, there has been another ravine, now partly filled up. Drawbridges crossed both of the hollows. The fabric of the castle is of an oblong shape, and is evidently composed of buildings put together at different times. The semicircular Saxon arched doorways prevail. The outward structure is almost entire, and will remain so for centuries. The thickness of the walls is enormous, and there are very few holes for outlook or windows. The length of the front and back is a hundred and twenty paces. Behind there is a pleasant open court, similar to that in front, which might be rendered a beautiful garden, and on its outer sides it has been also bounded by thick walls

and some outhouses. In all probability this has been the stableyard of the keep. The ground on which the buildings and their outworks stand is encompassed on the west, north, and east, especially the two latter, by the sea, which frets and fumes on a rocky shore, at a depth at which it makes one dizzy to look down. In the case of storms proceeding from the north-east, when the weight of the German ocean is pressed on the waters of the firth, and urged forward by the winds, the waves are struck against the rocks with terrific fury, and the spray from the cliffs is dashed in clouds to the summit of the castle. The interior of the edifice exhibits a labyrinth of inaccessible broken vaulted chambers, staircases, and passages. Within the last fifty years a progress through the house has become impossible, unless by the aid of ladders. A few years back the lower vaults were the resort of a band of smugglers, and the depôt of cargoes of contraband gin, brought from the coast of Holland—and the rooting out of such desperadoes led to the discovery of some subterranean dungeons. The most dismal of these is one on the outside of the house, at the south-west angle. It may have been the dungeon-keep of the guard-house. In the present day the edifice is in some measure secured from further dilapidation by a retaining wall and iron gate, and the neighbouring farmer, at Castleton, is appointed its keeper by the proprietor.”

Directly opposite this ruined fortalice, in lonely grandeur the Bass springs from the ocean, and towers five hundred feet above the level of the sea that washes its rocky base. In troublous times, and in the immediate vicinity of repeated scenes of violence and warfare, the isolated strength of this lonely rock would not be overlooked; and in strange succession it contained the saint, the prisoner, and the pirate. When Baldred introduced Christianity to the wild community which then peopled the eastern coast of Scotland between the Tweed and Tay, he chose this rocky isle as fitting place wherein to keep “holy communings with Heaven.” Frequently, in after times, those who offended against kirk or king expiated their crimes here in solitary captivity; and frequently, desperate men, whom Border feuds or a disputed dynasty had loosed upon the world, found in “lonely Bass” a meet abiding-place for those whose heritage was the sword; and, like Allan a Dale “with no furrow for turning,” laid sea and land under requisition for the maintenance of a wild and uncertain life.

The occupants of the Bass are now a more peaceful community. Enormous numbers of solan geese frequent its lofty crags, and here, with slight disturbance, their annual incuba-

tion is performed. Down the sheer rock every spot that can offer a sufficient surface for a bird to rest upon, is dotted by one of these snow-white visitors. Aware of their local security, to the ordinary approach of the fisher's boat they pay little attention; but, as we passed, some domestic brawl appeared to have disturbed the feathered community. Ten thousand in one moment were on the wing, screaming and circling round the apex of the rock, and, whatever might have been the cause, the uproar among the feathered tribe continued while we remained in hearing, and the steamer bore us from the scene of strife, still leaving the multitudinous commonwealth upon the Bass "in most admired disorder."\*

The place which called our attention from the winged inhabitants of the Bass, was the royal burgh, Dunbar; a town that, like many besides, owed its pristine importance to the stronghold connected with it.

Dunbar Castle is of great antiquity, for it is mentioned so long back as 858, when it was destroyed by Kenneth of Scotland. In 1333, it was dismantled, but subsequently repaired; but the most interesting epoch in its varied history was its gallant and successful defence, when (*Dux femina!*) "Black Agnes," wife of the Earl of March, repelled the English besiegers under the command of Salisbury.

Mortified that his first attempt upon a place of arms should be foiled by the bold resistance of a woman, the English leader, with more determination than gallantry, pressed the siege, and had recourse to all the means then employed in war, to frighten the black Countess into a surrender. As, in a future age, Cromwell treated the Lady Jeffries—Salisbury raised a clumsy engine, called, in the military parlance of the times, "a sowe;" but the black gentlewoman would not permit "a breach in her battlements," but, by a shower of stones, demolished engine and assailants, making the sowe, as she pleasantly observed, "to cast her pigs." Treachery was resorted to, and gold freely disbursed; but the wary Countess outmanœuvred the English leader, and very nearly caught him in his own trap. Famine next was tried, and the castle

\* "Like Ailsa Craig, the Bass is peopled by inconceivable myriads of sea-fowl, especially solan geese, which are produced in no other parts of Scotland, except in the isle just mentioned. This is a large white bird, remarkable for producing only a single egg (which it hatches on the bare rock), whence, it is supposed, the word *solan* is derived. Its flesh is liked by some old-fashioned Scottish tastes, though it has too fishy a flavour to be agreeable to general palates. King Charles II. to whom one was presented at table, when he was in Scotland, is said to have remarked after tasting it, that there were just two things he did not like in Scotland—a solan goose, and the solemn league and covenant."—*Chambers*.

invested so closely by land as to preclude the possibility of supplies being received by the besieged; but by night forty men, with provisions and military stores, were thrown into the place by sea. The garrison, thus reinforced, sallied, surprised the guard that held the trenches, and executed an effective sortie. At last, finding that force and stratagem were used in vain against a lady ever on the alert, Salisbury raised the siege, after being nineteen weeks before a castle, where he not only lost his "sowe and pigs," but also no small share of military reputation.

Twice did the old castle of Dunbar afford a temporary shelter to the fair and erring Mary; but it was finally dismantled by the regent Murray, and its ordnance transferred to Edinburgh. What man commenced, time completed: its once formidable defences crumbled away before his withering touch, and Dunbar became a heap of shapeless ruins, which now merely serve to mark its site to the passing voyager.

In the immediate vicinity of this ancient city, and with the long interval of nearly four centuries, two celebrated battles were fought, each disastrous to the Scottish arms, and followed by important consequences. The first, when Baliol was overcome by the English Edward; the second, when, on his retreat from Edinburgh, Cromwell's good fortune saved him not only from defeat, but gave him a crowning victory. Pressed by the Scottish army under Leslie, the Protector took up an intrenched position near the old church of Dunbar, while the Presbyterians halted on the hill of Doon. Completely cut off from supplies, an immediate surrender appeared to the English officers to be almost an inevitable consequence, and all required by Leslie to ensure it, was merely to hold his ground. Trusting to superior numbers, and stimulated by their clergy, who had more religious zeal than military discretion, the Scots imprudently resolved to give the Roundheads battle, and in loose and disorderly array descended from the heights they occupied. Cromwell marked this unsoldierlike advance. "The Lord hath delivered mine enemies unto me!" exclaimed the fanatic general, with all the assurance of coming success—and the total defeat he subsequently inflicted attested the truth of his prediction.

We skirted a bold and rock-bound coast, and passed, at a short distance inland, the village of Coldingham, with the ruins of its magnificent priory. Only a gable and a few fragments of that haughty edifice remain, which once, in both opulence and importance, was second to no monastic establishment in the kingdom. It would be tedious to trace the varied fortunes of Coldingham, from the zenith of its prosperity until its total downfall; and its history would be only



a detail of crime and violence. Its very possession appears to have entailed misfortune on those who obtained it; and the fate of three will instance this sufficiently. Not long before the fatal field of Flodden, the archbishop of St. Andrew's, with his other dignities, obtained this unfortunate preferment. He fell in battle. The next successor was a brother of Lord Home; he was assassinated by one of the Hepburns. The third, named Blackadder, was murdered by Sir David Home. At last, in 1545, it was burned by the English; and its noble revenues, alienated from their original uses, were held *in commendam* by royal favourites, or seized upon by turbulent nobles, who had might, not right, to justify the usurpation.

The bold and romantic headland, called St. Abb's,—the name contracted from that of Ebba, a very pious gentlewoman in her day,—next presented itself. It looks a bifurcated and rocky height, almost severed by a deep ravine from the mainland. The cliffs are wild and romantic, broken into deep fissures with rugged pinnacles, and literally swarming with sea-birds. As we ran close alongside, the captain, to prove the number of the feathered occupants which throng this foreland, discharged a carronade. The effect exceeded all that I could have fancied. The reverberation of the gun, loudly and frequently repeated, started from their secret resting-places a cloud of sea-fowl. They issued from cliff and cave in countless numbers; and, in two minutes after the gun had been discharged, I believe half a million birds of every species,—gull and corvorant, auk and tarn—young and old—were on the wing, flocked in separate thousands, and sweeping in wider or narrower circles round the steamer, as we left rapidly the foreland, where our “unshotted gun” had occasioned such marvellous alarm.

We had on board a fish-curer from Eymouth; and, in conversation, the immense size of the halibut was casually alluded to. He mentioned the extraordinary fact of having, some years before, caught one of the astonishing length of six feet two inches.

“It cam' up,” he said, in his own colloquial way, “like a deed horse—heavy—heavy—heavy, but offered no resistance. When he reached the surface, I mad the lads lean over, and givin' the boat a heel, grappit him under the gill—then, wi' a yerker, I got his heed over the gunnel. The lads listed the boatie to the ither side—I held on for the bare life, and we fairly hitched him in! Ma certie! had the crater not been a coward, and merely used his tail, he would have beaten the boat's bottom out!”

He mentioned another personal affair with a gigantic

halibut; but in that he came off indifferently, having gotten his arm sprained from the shoulder, "and losing the fish after a'."

It is seldom that Berwick harbour cannot be taken; the bar is short, and a steamer will clear it on a single sea. Sometimes, however, it has been necessary to run on and seek shelter under the lee of the greater Farne; and on one of these visitations the skipper had been obliged to seek it with sixty passengers on board,—pantry and cellar being equally exhausted. Morning came, and the gale was unabated; but inside the Farne the sea was comparatively smooth, and every passenger, sea-sick or sea-hardy as they might have been, awoke with a craving appetite. Some called for "brandy and soda-water;" some demanded tea, and others required coffee; "but none did come, though they did call for them." What was to be done? The new buildings on the Farne were in course of erection, and the captain pulled ashore, properly considering that the workmen would be amply provisioned. He stated his distress; observed that he had on board a bailie of Glasgow, a town-counsellor from Aberdeen, the coroner and town-clerk of Berwick, while thirteen ladies with seven-and-twenty children were flung in as a make-weight; but "the mechanical knaves" were immovable, and swore they would not part with a potato. The skipper was about to return unassisted as he came, when luckily an Irish seaman "made all right."

"Arrah, the divil a thing's for it," said the Hibernian navigator, "but landin' the eight-and-thirty rapers—them divils from Connemara. It's true, they havn't a *skultogue* among them; but if iver I saw such a set of beautiful blackthorns in my life—and the sorra taste of mate or dhrink has passed their lips since we left Granton Pier!"

"Oh, thunder and turf!" exclaimed an Emerald, who was on the Farne as hodman,—and, probably, had the scene been Kamschatka, an Irish gentleman would as certainly have turned up,—“Oh, for the sake of ye'r own lives, and the Blessed Virgin, give them all they want! Eight-and-thirty!—every man a *bolteeine* in his fist,—and nothing to ate for thirty hours! Och, if ye iver wish to see ye'r wives and families again—keep the divils where they are!”

The appeal was successful; the necessary subsidy was dealt out, and paid for; the hungry passengers were fed; the sea moderated; the Morning Star reached her destination; and Farne escaped the visitation of eight-and-thirty men—in buckram—conjured up for the occasion, by their shrewd but poetic countryman.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The King's arms—A wet Sunday—Legs and buskins—Fuller's history—  
 The picturesque, gallows included—Dark nights, closed gates, and an  
 Irish sentry—A non-believer—Manners and customs—Horn spoons—  
 Matrimonial statistics—An auspicious union—A hint on hymeneals—  
 Cow-house and kitchen—An advertisement.

I HAVE been absent for a week, fishing every stream of piscatorial celebrity from the Coquet to the Till, and after six days' delightful rambling, find myself at my comfortable head-quarters, and located at the King's Arms once more. I have returned in the nick of time—the weather, threatening all yesterday, broke during the night, and the sabbath is ushered in with rain and storm. No matter—here I am in snug cantonments, and it being a day of rest, "I'll take mine ease in mine inn."

Plash, plash, plash! the big drops fall upon the pavement in quick succession—and an eternity of umbrellas, brown, blue, and green—gingham, silk, and cotton—pass along the flagged causeway opposite my window, *en route* to kirk and meeting-house. How chary the ladies seem to be, lest a stray speck should sully the hem of their garments, and what a latitude of leg they sport in Berwick on a wet Sunday! There goes a stout gentlewoman. I wonder has she a suspicion of the rash clutch with which she has seized hold of her nether habiliments? Egad, were she regularly kilted, she could not exhibit a more extensive display of her supporters than she does. Whatever they lack in symmetry, certes, they make up in size; and see, saints and sinners! what a pair of ankles follow! That cream-coloured buskin is a study for a painter; confound the green umbrella—no getting a peep at her—and surely nothing but a face, positively pretty, could be proprietrix of that foot and ankle. Were I a ladies'-shoe-maker, I would accept a contract at half price, and, to ensure a correct fit, always take the measure in person.

"Colonel O'Flagherty, recollect you are at the wrong side of forty-five; and what have you to do with 'correct fits' and 'cream-coloured buskins?' Settle your fly-book, or read the History of Berwick—and, if you will be advised by me, dame Prudence, leave ladies and their legs alone."

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A strange history that of Berwick is—the scope of the Doctor's\* researches appears illimitable, and Kitchener was not more discursive. It is an olio for every palate, and, in as

\* John Fuller, M.D.

many pages, you have useful information on war, commerce, politics, police, and puerperal fever. After giving a very valuable, but we fear a too costly recipe for the construction of an agriculturist,\* the author proceeds with a description of the town, and nothing can be more impartial. The streets he pronounces irregular, intolerably ill-paved, and shamefully cramped at the bottom—but, presently, he gets in better temper with his native town, and declares it “London in miniature,” with a modest supplication, that it may rival London aforesaid, “in extent, population, trade, and commerce;” and that he, the Doctor, “may live to see it.” Anon he touches on the picturesque, and here he is at home, although his ideas of landscape beauty are not strictly artistic. He classifies it under four heads. The first consists in the Tweed kicking up a row with the German Ocean; the second, in boats drafting salmon; the third, “the perpetual hurry and bustle on the quay in loading and unloading smacks;” and the fourth, of “the richest prospects which Berwick has to boast” is the building of a Tweedmouth trader.† All “these fascinating views” were nearly too much for the Doctor, as he gazed on them from the top of the town-hall, where he acknowledges he was “almost lost in admiration, at the numerous captivating objects which presented themselves.”

Nor are his historic notices less valuable. In describing a thunder-storm which destroyed “a public edifice,” as he gently names *the gallows!* he continues: “Such have been the exemplary morals of the inhabitants, that there has been no occasion to build a new one.” The old people liked to place pleasing objects in proper situations, and the Berwick gallows was perched on “an eminence beside the castle, on the Fowlden-road.” How would the traveller have been delighted, who, on meeting with a gibbet, blessed God that he was in a civilized country again—how would his sinking spirits have been cheered, when, on approaching Berwick, his eye first caught sight of that interesting erection!

\* “The husbandman ought to go into the schools, and, taking up the pen and compasses, make himself master of the elements of mathematics, with their application to mechanics: he must afterwards resort to the chemical laboratory, where plying diligently until he acquires a thorough knowledge of the most essential doctrines of chemistry, let him attend the academical chair on agriculture in the University of Edinburgh; after all which, he will return to the culture of the earth furnished with a stock”—of what, gentle reader? long horns or short ones—cheviots or south-downs? Oh, no, “of geometrical and chemical information!”

† The Doctor says, p. 378, that “the largest vessel ever built in *Berwick* was launched at *Tweedmouth*,” a feat far beyond the ubiquity of Sir Boyle’s bird.

The deficiency of lamp-light was in the Doctor's day a serious inconvenience, for he being in "the lady's line," was liable to continual alarms, and many a tumble no doubt he had, when groping his way through Cimmerian darkness to some house, where Juno Lucina had been ardently invoked. If to a lady's doctor, accustomed as he must have been to midnight promenades, the streets were difficult, how dangerous must they have been to a stranger! One accident occurred in 1798, and the escape from destruction was miraculous.\*

But it was not dark nights and bad *trottoirs* alone, which gave annoyance to the historian of Berwick. The confounded habit of closing gates in a garrison, cut off his communications with the country until cock-crow. It is true, that he was a privileged man—as an obstetric practitioner he had a right allowed of egress and ingress—but much depended on the temper of the guard; the Doctor might be expedited or detained; and while he was discussing his identity with a surly sentinel, Heaven only knows what damage the patient might sustain! Here is his own account of it.

"If a person, on his first coming to the gate, quarrels with the guard, the greatest importunities afterwards for admission will more than likely be of no avail; and even medical people returning from the country, and exhausted by fatigue and want of sleep, are sometimes detained for a long time at the gates. On some such occasions, the sentry insists that the person is using a fictitious name, and the fellow wont even look at person or passport." But the worst is to come. "It sometimes happens, when they grant this indulgence in a rage, or in a state of intoxication," (oh! fie, Doctor! men drunk on guard! what a libel on the garrison!) "that they let go the great wooden bar of the gate, the consequence of which may be either the death of the rider or the horse."

To point the extent of this professional inconvenience, the Doctor narrates an affecting anecdote. A lady "in the straw" despatched a couple of young girls for "the author;" and instead of expediting the fair messengers, the soldiers commenced, what is in modern parlance termed "larking" with

\* A traveller on horseback entering Berwick after dark, mistook the road, and in place of riding down the High-street, turned to his left in the suburb, outside the gate. The lights beyond the river he fancied were those in the windows of the town, and in a false and fatal security he pushed forward to the bank of the Tweed, and went over the precipice, a part of which is a sheer descent of more than a hundred feet. The horse was killed, but the rider escaped uninjured. Being a thoughtful traveller, he probably considered that although nobody would steal a dead horse, still there might be persons who would take a fancy to the accoutrements. Accordingly he removed them from the defunct animal, and made h's way to the inn *with the saddle on his back*.

the lasses, and detained them half-an-hour, "sometimes opening the wicket and again shutting it against them." What was the consequence? By this mischievous opening and shutting of the wicket, the country possibly lost a stanch defender, and the author "a stout male child."

I can fancy poor Fuller's persecutions, and freely sympathize with him. He is rung out of a sound sleep, barely allowed time to put on his *toggery*, then hurried to the gate as if a man were hanging there, and waiting for the Doctor to cut him down. The sentry, a sulky Celt, lets "the great wooden bar" drop upon his toe; and the fiery messenger will hardly allow him time to enter a protest against the injury. He reaches the fair patient—his skill is crowned with success—the lady left as well as can be expected—and the Doctor sets out to resume his interrupted slumbers. In the mean time the sentry has been relieved—and the new one, an Irish recruit and not a true believer—because he'll believe nothing. The Doctor approaches the gate, and the following dialogue ensues.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"I am Doctor Fuller."

"Then, Doctor Fuller, you're on the right side to run away. Be off wid ye!"

"Let me in, I say, I have the governor's permission."

"Arrah, go to Bath! Ye have been out on the *ran-tan*, I suppose; and faith, ye'll stick where ye are till morning."

"I tell ye, fellow! I am Doctor Fuller."

"Arrah, go to glory! you a doctor!" (strong emphasis on *you*.) "Be off, I tell ye."

"I am," *loquitur* the Doctor with dignity, "a licentiate of St. Andrew's, and also an A.M. of Aberdeen."

"So was my mother! Arrah, give your rags a gallop, young man. The devil an in here ye'll come th' night; you a DOCTOR!"

Shade of Esculapius! ghost of Galen! was there ever such an inroad made on the patience of a practitioner!—Question the identity of John Fuller, and fancy *him* not indeed the real "Simon Pure!" But worst of all, for that sceptic scoundrel of an Irish sentinel, to moot the very respectability of his qualifications!

Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;

but what were these, to a doubt being cast upon John Fuller's diploma! No wonder afterwards that the honest Doctor

poured out the phials of his wrath upon gates and garrisons!

With a summary of John Fuller's description of "Manners and Customs," we will take leave of the worthy author.

"In genuine politeness and easy manner, Berwick is not inferior to any borough in the island of *the same size and extent.*" "The young ladies are graceful and affable, remarkable for humane and generous dispositions, and on many occasions *dance to relieve the distress.*" *Item,* "at balls and assemblies they dress elegantly, *and in the fashion.*" "The burgesses were formerly shy to strangers, *but that is now no longer the case.*" "Tradesmen and artificers here are as sober and industrious *as in most other places.*" This, all through, is "damning with faint praise," and the Doctor winds up with a sly hit at the servant-maids.\*

In point of arrangement, the Doctor's work is open to criticism: "An encysted abscess, situated on the left lobe of the liver of a woman," occupies five pages—and *Section Three*, of Agriculture, *three lines.*† A very valuable article, however, on horn spoons, admirably redeems this oversight, and cannot be overlooked.

"Within these fifteen years," quoth the Doctor, "they," the spoons, "have doubled their price; this is principally owing to the great dearth of horns." What an encouragement for married men to reside permanently in Berwick! By the way, under the head of "manufactures," the Doctor includes *red herrings.*

In truth, we have not done the learned Doctor the justice he deserved. Like other critics, we but superficially overlooked the book; and from a general dislike to physic, even from infancy, passed the nosological division altogether, which appeared to be a history of everything but Berwick. Indeed, anybody who has an antipathy to "galenicals," as Doctor Ollapod calls them, would naturally take alarm—every page for forty, presenting fearful combinations! "Tranquillity of mind," "headache, sickness, and nausea," "sugar of lead,"

\* "There is no class of people in domestic society so essentially useful as servant-women; and when they discharge their duty faithfully, they are highly deserving of encouragement. That there are many such in Berwick we entertain no doubt." Then comes a confounded "*but—when they ape their superiors in dress, they never fail to excite the indignation and contempt of not only those whom they imitate, but also of those in situations below them.*"—P. 444.

† "The manures generally employed here are stable, cow, and street dung, together with lime. Soot also is used, and is very effective."

Had the Doctor lived in 1649, when, at the "Guild's desire, the man which tryeth the witches in Scotland was sent for," at the expense of the corporation, he, the Doctor, would have been burned for a wizard—and *no mistake.*

“the illustrious Boerhaave,” “ladies who drop into declines,” “thin gruel and copious phlebotomy,” “defamation and drastic purgatives!”

The author, alas, has followed many a patient to the narrow house, and Johnson’s epitaph might fairly be engraven on his tomb!

In his general statistics, the Doctor entirely omits the matrimonial; and whatever interesting occurrences may have taken place before the gates of the town, much more curious ones have been enacted at those of the toll-houses. Indeed, the facility with which marriage is contracted and dissolved upon the borders, is, in a religious and moral point of view, equally mischievous and disgusting. Alliances are entered into under the idlest prettexts—and out of ten of these disgraceful marriages, *nine*, at least are formed in boyhood, dotage, or drunkenness. The consequences may be easily conceived. Among the lower orders this mockery of a sacred rite is merely considered binding while fancy pleases—and deserted women, with children who “never knew a father’s care,” are met too frequently upon the Tweed.

The difficulty which English law most wisely places in the way of effecting irregular marriage, generally acts as a preventive to it altogether. Time is necessary to go through preliminary forms, during which the most thoughtless have leisure for reflection, while, probably, a discovery of the intention, enables friends or guardians to use persuasion or authority, and thus prevent imprudent unions. But here, the mischief is no sooner imagined than it is completed—the happy pair hurry to the next Scotch turnpike—and one of a dozen drunken scoundrels is found in five minutes, and ties the indissoluble knot.

In the village where I slept last night there was one of these disgusting pseudo-ceremonials. A fellow had been unexpectedly left a small sum of money by a distant relation, and, since he obtained the bequest, had never been sober for a day. In this state of sublimated happiness, he still felt “a craving void left aching in his breast,” for he had no gentle consort to imprint “a kiss upon the cup,” and nectarize his toddy. Yesterday afternoon—being too drunk to carry out the treaty in person—he accredited an ambassador, and despatched him to Berwick to offer his hand and fortune to the maid-of-all-work at the “Jolly Sailor”—and, should she smile upon his suit, the envoy was directed to bring the bride out forthwith, with “a holy man to make two lovers happy.” The embassy was successful; and at eleven o’clock, bride, priest, and envoy, arrived in a hackney-chaise.

The rites of Hymen were duly performed,—he vowed eternal love, and she inviolable constancy; the company



“drank pottle-deep” to the future felicity of a union contracted under such flattering auspices, and when my host—he had given the bride away—came off, “all went merry as a marriage bell.” How, into such a scene of mortal felicity, the demon of discord could find entrance afterwards, is wrapped in mystery; but, unhappily, a difference of opinion led to what is termed in Ireland, a *rookawn*, or general row—the priest of Hymen, who it appears was particularly pugnacious, being kicked out—but the ejection not effected, until, with the *placens uxor*, whom he had already conferred upon the happy host, he had superadded the compliment of a black eye.

It appears that “confiding woman” has been occasionally deceived, by being married at the wrong side of the gate. The kitchen is on Scottish ground, and if the job is done there, it’s “right as a trivet;” but if it “comes off” in the “coo-hoose,” the thing’s “no go,” having been effected on the wrong side of the Border. For this valuable information I was indebted to my one-armed friend, the pensioner.

“I mind, Colonel, having a wee-bit spree at Lamberton, before I lost the arm, and I’ll tell ye how it was. I cam home on leave, and as I had sax-weeks allowed, I thought I would be the better of a wife, and as it was fair time in Berwick, I went into the High-street to see if I could match mysel. Hegh! before I was long on the look out, I falls in wi’ a strappin lassie. ‘Wod ye be for a husban?’ says I; ‘I wud na matter it,’ says she—so in we goes, drank a noggin o’ whisky, and then we set out for the bar to get spliced. At the Scotch gate I meets a comrade, ‘Whar are ye goin, Jock?’ says he. ‘To be married to that lassie in the red shawl,’ says I. ‘I know her weel,’ says he, ‘a smart girl. Egad, I didna think she was back agen, for she went off only a fortnight ago, wi’ a cart-maker.’ That was rather agen her, ye ken—sae I thought it wad be as weel to marry in the coo-hoose as the kitchen—for then if I did na like the bargain, I could draw the splice. When we cam to the bar, I called the fellow out that was waiting there to marry folk, and tauld him the job must be don *ben\* the hoose*. ‘That’s vara expensiv,’ says he, ‘and it will be anither half-croon.’ ‘No matter, I’ll pay the differ,’ says I—and in we goes to bring out the bride. ‘Where till are ye gaen?’ says she. ‘Am rather bashful,’ says I, ‘and there’s owr muckle folk here, so we’el hae it quietly done outside.’ ‘Is it in the coo-hoose?’ says she. ‘Jist so,’ says I. ‘Ah, then, young man,’ says she, ‘ye maun get anither jo, I guess. None of ye’r coo-hoose mariages for me; I was don that way this time twalmonth, and

\* Outside the house.

I'll no be taken in a second time in the coo-hoose, I promise ye.' So," said John, "Colonel, we jist cam back as we went, ye ken—she wud na marry in the coo-hoose, and I wud na marry in the kitchen."

It would appear that among the drunken scoundrels who exist by making fools superlatively miserable, there is a sharp competition for business. The following advertisement shows that "couple begging," as the Irish call it, is here considered a profession.

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.—Robert Luggat, teacher, head of Weatherly-square, Berwick, most respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that (*as the above marriages are lawful and heritable*) he has been induced, through the urgent solicitations of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, to commence celebrating the same at the following tolls,—viz., Lamberton, Mordington, Paxton, Chainbridge, and in private houses on the Borders.

And it being of the utmost importance that a *correct register* should be kept and preserved, and in some instances secrecy enjoined, combined with punctuality and despatch, R. L. pledges himself that parties may rely on him with the utmost confidence in that respect.

N.B.—Gentlemen in town or country may make an appointment by letter, post-paid, addressed — Robert Luggat, head of Weatherly-square, Berwick-on-Tweed.

\* \* \* *Any person recommending a party will be remunerated.*

There, Jack—when you make up your mind for mischief, you have merely to tip Mr. Luggat a line, announce your advent, and he'll be ready for you at Lamberton or elsewhere. Remember that you put a miniature likeness of our lady the Queen upon the corner of your letter—and also apprise the worthy gentleman who will sanctify your union with his benison, that the recommendation fee is due to me.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Apology for romance—Melrose Abbey—Variety of embellishment—Ancrum moor—Jedburgh—A ghost-story—Jedard justice—Abbot Kennock—The church militant—Border law—Severe upon the clergy.

You laugh at my romance, Jack, and take care to mention the year of my nativity. What cursed memories people always have about things that it were pleasanter should be forgotten! Touching the years of your commoner acquaintance, you could hardly hazard a guess; but because I am, unhappily, a bachelor, you can tell the day that I was swaddled, ay, and the very hour of the christening. God help me! I wonder is every middle-aged gentleman tormented as I am? I can't peep over the window-blind at a pretty ankle on a

wet Sunday, but Prudence punches my ribs, and whispers "Denis, you're forty-five!" And now, because I carry Scott in my portmanteau, and view his originals with delight, you treat me as a lunatic, and affectionately entreat me, "during the continuation of my present mental excitement," to be particularly guarded against pretty barmaids and damp sheets. *I*—who slept many a night with the "ould Rangers," under a wet hedge—when *you* were handsomely birched, as you deserved, for false translations of *Tityre tu patulæ*, "Go to, boy!"

Everybody but the spouse of the Stout Gentlewoman "who kept the Black Boy," in Athlone,—and he was constructed of different materials to those used in the fabrication of mankind generally\*—all, in their way, are enthusiasts. The sailor arrests you while passing a building-slip, points to a mass of timber, shapeless to your eye, and then bursts into an ecstatic eulogy upon a "fine entrance," and "clean counter," all being *caviare* to you. A stuffed bird puts a naturalist into convulsions; and a soldier—I have done it myself—will walk out of his way three streets to accompany "the relief" to the Horse Guards. Who, then, but a man of *clauber* could visit the scenes that I have done unmoved—Scott in his pocket, and the Border beneath his foot?

Of all the monastic ruins I ever visited, I think those of "fair Melrose," both in beauty and interest, surpassing all besides. Founded three centuries after the destruction of old Melrose, a Cistercian community was introduced from Reivalle by that pattern for pious kings, David I.—a monarch feelingly described by a successor he had impoverished, as "a bra saunt (saint) for the kirk, but a sair saunt for the croon" (crown). I am no phrenologist, and therefore am in blessed ignorance whether the human skull is furnished with a church-building protuberance. If it be, what a "parlous bump" there must have been on the cranium of honest David! Well, if he did labour under a stone and mortar monomania, at all events he exhibited exquisite good taste; and in Melrose, one scarcely knows which most commands admiration—the site, the masonry, or the embellishment. On the right bank of classic Tweed, and at the foot of the Eildon hills,† the ancient abbey was erected; and, before it became the busy haunt of men, that lovely valley must have been the scene of holy and secluded quiet, so happily adapted for the residence of those who, eschewing earthly vanities—

\* *Clauber*, in Irish—and, I believe, in Scotch—means the soft slime which remains on a road after rain. Hence, an Irish landlady, who was mated to a Jerry Sneak, used to declare that "if all men were made of clay, hers was only made of clauber."

† Appendix, No. XXIII.

“the world forgetting, by the world forgot”—had sought the lone cloister for prayer and penance, and solitary communings with God.

In style of architecture, Melrose affords a fine specimen of the rich Gothic; and “the strength of its masonry, the boldness of its sculpture, the exquisite finish of its most minute embellishments, and that majestic beauty so impressive in a sacred edifice, are unsurpassed—we might say unequalled—by any existing remnant of its class and character.”\* The buttresses, richly carved and fretted, contained niches filled with saints, and “the scrolls that teach us to live and to die”—while the arches which supported the vaulted roof, resting on pillars, “lofty, and light, and small,” exhibit carvings of exquisite delicacy.

“The mouldings of these arches are composed of running flowers and foliage; and over them is a beautiful frieze, in square compartments, each representing a cluster of some plant, flower, or other figure, among which are lilies, ferns, grapes, house-leeks, oak-leaves, with acorns, palm, holly, fir-cones, scallops, quatrefoils, &c. \* \* \*

An arched doorway, leading from the cloisters at the angle formed by the transept, is exquisitely carved. The foliage upon the capitals of the pilasters, on each side, is so nicely chiselled, that a straw can be made to penetrate through the interstices between the leaves and stalks.”†

In the embellishment of Melrose, two circumstances will strike the visitor—the variety of its ornament, and, occasionally, the quaintness of the device. Here a Peter or a Paul presents himself in exquisite carving; and beside the saint a corbeille rests on the back of a grotesque-looking dwarf, who seems almost broken-backed by the weight of the pillar he is supporting. Near the summit of the choir, a Virgin and Child form a beautiful entablature; while, immediately above them, the water is carried from the roof by stone spouts, one representing, in very comical carving, the *outré* device of a pig playing on the bagpipes.

The variety of the embellishment, its unequal execution, the grave and gay character of its devices—all these have led some antiquarians to believe that the work was performed by many hands, and that the monks themselves were the chief artists. If this were the case, the honest community could do more than

Make good kail  
On Fridays, when they fasted;

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\* Beattie's Illustrated Scotland.

† View of Monastic Abbeys in Teviotdale

and like their brethren of Kelso,\* they were not altogether the drones which the reformers have described them.

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I started early to-day for Jedburgh, taking a route by Ancrum, a pretty village seated on the banks of the Ale, near its confluence with the Teviot. In 1554, its vicinity was the scene of a sanguinary engagement between the rival nations, in which the English army was bloodily defeated by the Scottish border clans, commanded by the Earl of Arran. "What will not woman when she loves?" A beautiful girl followed her sweetheart to the field, saw him fall, and died beside him. A broken stone points out the spot where Love's fair votary expired; and, if tradition can be trusted, Miss Lillyard to the tenderness of a turtle united the courage of an Amazon. The obliterated inscription set forth that though among "the light weights," she was "nothing but a good un;"† and in honour of her prowess, the battle is called that of Lillyard's Edge. The Lothian pillar erected on a neighbouring height (Penelheugh), commands a beautiful and most extensive prospect, as no fewer than nine counties are visible from its summit.‡

It was evening when I reached the ancient town of Jedburgh. I confess my disappointment on viewing its abbey; but then I saw it after "fair Melrose." Much of it is sadly dilapidated, a part turned into a parish church, and the great tower alone in tolerable preservation. Jedburgh was one of that "sair saunt's" establishments;§ and, from the magnificent endowment he made upon the monastery, if ever monks prayed double tides for a benefactor, King David should have been the man.

\* Appendix, No. XXIV.

† "Fair maiden Lillyard lies under this stane,  
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;  
Upon the English louns she laid many thumps,  
And when her legs were smitten off, she fought upon her stumps."

‡ This pillar was erected by the late Marquis of Lothian, in honour of the Iron Duke. The design is elegant; the height above one hundred feet.

§ "The munificent founder of this institution, which may be esteemed among the chief of the kind in Scotland, conferred on the abbot and monks various lands and numerous privileges. They were granted 'the lands of Melrose, Eldun, and Dernevie, the lands and wood of Gattonside, with the fishings of the Tweed along the whole extent of those lands, with the right of pasturage and pannage in the king's forests of Selkirk, Traquair, and in the forest lying between the Gala and the Leader, and also the privilege of taking wood for building and burning from the same forests.'" — *Chart. Mel.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"With regard to the revenues of the abbey at the epoch of the Reformation, it is recorded that they consisted of 1758*l.* Scots; wheat, 19 chalders

By the way, there is a tolerably good ghost story mixed up with the history of the abbey. Alexander the Third chose Jedburgh as the place where his hymeneals should be solemnized with a daughter of the Count of Dreux. She came, nobly attended—the chivalry of France and Scotland were collected—

And now had the bridal been blessed by the priest—  
The revelry just had begun;—

the banquet proceeded—the masque came on—the pageant was splendid—but “the procession was closed by an unexpected figure, whose mysterious and singular appearance startled the beholders; for, like a shadow, it seemed to glide rather than walk.” No wonder the company looked sharp: a swell-mob man at a horticultural show could not create a greater sensation. Finding himself, however, regularly blown, the ghost “moved on” before he could be given in charge; but the best proof that he had quitted his quarters below, and had not figured in the masque for nothing, was given on the nineteenth of the ensuing March—for on that day the king’s horse stumbled, and Alexander broke his neck.

In former times, although not precisely in conformity with the provisions of Magna Charta, the law here was efficiently enforced. “Jedard justice”—on which “Lynch law” is but a modern improvement—consisted in hanging the man first, and examining the evidence afterwards. Many an industrious moss-trooper here offered up his last “oramus;” and after a visit to Jedburgh, the boldest borderer would hardly venture to look a sheep in the face.

In the Queen’s wars, the town declared against Mary, and took part with James; and thus involved the citizens with the Kers. “This daring feud,” says Chambers, “was accompanied with some ludicrous, but fully as many tragical circumstances. When a pursuivant, under the authority of the Queen, and countenanced by Ferniehurst, was sent to proclaim that everything 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

3 bolls; bear, 77 chalders 3 bolls; oats, 47 chalders 1 boll 2 firlots; meal, 14 chalders; with 8 chalders of salt; 105 stones of butter; 10 dozen of capons; 26 dozen of poultry; 376 muir-fowl; 360 loads of peats; and 500 carriages. Out of this large revenue, there were assigned 20 merks to each of eleven monks and three portioners; also 4 bolls of wheat, 1 chalders of bear, and 2 chalders of meal, Teviotdale measure. No bad living in that abbey!”

came again he should lose his life.' In revenge of this insult, and of other points of quarrel, Ferniehurst, having made prisoners ten of the citizens of Jedburgh, hanged them, and destroyed with fire the whole stock of provisions which had been laid up for winter."

Jedburgh, when entire, must have been one of the most splendid of the monastic establishments north of Tweed. To judge from the mixed order of its architecture, in which by turns the Gothic, the Saxon, and the Norman prevail, the abbey was built at different times, and with different tastes; and much as it has been dilapidated, enough of its ruined outline remains to point out to the antiquarian its original extent.

In the annals of Jedburgh, very honourable mention is made of an Abbot Kennoek, who, not entering into the spirit of the times, preached peace and harmony—then an unfashionable doctrine—and actually kept the English and Scottish monarchs quiet for ten years, when both were dying for a row. In the wreck of time, the patronymic of this holy pacificator has been unfortunately lost, or at this moment we would recommend him—he being regularly canonized—for the especial example of the Irish clergy, a body at present pugnaciously disposed and inclined, of St. Peter's accoutrements, rather to put faith in the sword than the keys.

Indeed, this peaceful churchman appears to have been a *rara avis* in his day; and, while other gentlemen of the cloth, like Sir Hudibras,

Rode forth a coloneling,

he kept close to the duties of the cell and the confessional. I suppose churchmen prayed, as I have known penance performed in Ireland, by proxy: for the clergy of these troublesome times occupied themselves with other matters than spiritualities. The Church then was a Church militant; and there was rarely a battle in which a bishop did not figure in the despatch, while priors and abbots were honourably included in the return of the killed and wounded. At Neville's Cross (17th October, 1346), where the Scots were totally defeated, and their king, David Bruce, made prisoner, one division of the English army was commanded by the archbishop of York, another by the bishop of Lincoln; and "the brave" bishop of Carlisle—*brave des braves*—very properly had a brigade of "the fighting third!" And yet what changes in habits and opinions an age or two will cause! How Wellington would have stared, when Picton returned to England on sick-leave, if the next packet had brought out the

bishop of Lincoln in full pontificals, to take charge of the vacant division! I fancy I hear the Iron Duke on the field, ordering the bishop of London to "refuse his right," and pivot his left flank on that of the archbishop of Canterbury. Even the Gazette would read strangely enough, when announcing that the dean of Durham had succeeded to the command of the Connaught Rangers, "*vice* the archdeacon of Armagh, killed in action."

Nor were bishops, priests, and deacons in those pleasant days simply belligerent. The turf was in mere infancy, the ring not yet in fashion; but still, in the sporting annals of the times, the clergy occupied a prominent position. I remember hearing a ballad in my boyhood, which mentioned among fox-hunters of the day, a "Father Frank of Abbotstown," as a "regular out-and-outer." Indeed, his fancy for field-sports appears to have rendered it rather dangerous for impatient lovers to intrust him with their hymeneals; for instead of billing and cooing, after receiving permission of the Church, they might have been left frequently to put in the forenoon at their prayers.\*

"These jolly monks," as the old ballad calls them, were also occasionally "traders and chapmen;" and a bishop of St. Andrew's (Kennedy) was the most extensive shipowner of the day. "Among other monuments of his magnificence, he built a ship of uncommon size and strength, to which he gave the name of the 'Salvator.'" Now it would have been better had the honest bishop amused himself in building churches instead of ships; for having chartered the "Salvator" to some Scotch merchants, she was lost on the coast of Northumberland, and the crew, who had taken to their boat, were captured and confined in Bamborough Castle—the speculation turning out a losing concern to all engaged in it.

Many and great as the privileges of mother Church were, in these the days of her power—still holy men resident on the debateable land had one cause of grievance to complain of. According to the twelfth article of Border-law, property in goods stolen was only provable by single combat—a dangerous and disagreeable ordeal, from which even the clergy themselves were not exempt. The equity of the enactment appears very equivocal; for, bad as it might have been now and again to lose a horse, it seems harder still that the unhappy

\* "If a couple come to wed,

Frank slips the surplice o'er his head;

But should the huntsman wind his horn,

To tell a fox was found—

'Stay there,' says Frank, 'till I come back

From riding to the hound.'"



owner should be obliged to fight the horse-stealer afterwards. It is true that the clergy were permitted to find a substitute, if they were not of the order of Friar Tuck, and, like the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, expert at "the carnal weapon." But this was a dangerous alternative. In the event of his man being "polished off," the unhappy priest, who fought by proxy, paid the penalty of his man's defeat—and, as it would appear, at times the forfeiture was capital, and the penalty rigorously enforced.\*

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

Roxburgh Castle—Death of James II.—Irish volunteers—An official despatch—Kelso and Dryburgh—Statue of Wallace—The Leister—Sunning salmon—Burning—Raking—The Wizard of the North—Smailholme tower—Smailholme's Lady Gay—Scott's ballad—Memorial of a double fratricide.

IN retracing my steps to Melrose, I took the circuitous route by Fleurs and Kelso, and visited the only remnant of a once royal residence which time has not destroyed—the site of Roxburgh Castle. While engaged in the good work of "building churches," David, of pious memory, made this fortress his abiding place, and, on a later emergency, it was delivered over to the English, as part of the ransom of a captured king (William the Lion). Like all the border strongholds, Roxburgh occasionally changed owners—was carried by assault or siege—now ruined, and again repaired. After the battle of Pinkie,† it was evacuated by the English garrison, and rapidly sank into decay, until its final ruin was completed.

Probably the most important incident in its varied history was the death of James II. Having sat down before Roxburgh, he appears to have been so determined upon the reduction of the place, as to personally oversee the practice of the siege artillery—a proceeding, on his part, that old Piscottie considers as *infra dignitatem*, although, according to the apocryphal narrative of La Costa, Napoleon, at Waterloo, graciously condescended to correct the position of a battery. Be that as it may, James underwent the penalty of unskilful gunnery, and was

Hoist with his own petar;‡

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\* Appendix, No. XXV.

† Appendix, No. XXVI.

‡ "But while this prince, more curious than became him, or the majesty of a king, did stand nearhand the gunners, when the artillery was discharged,

thereby conveying a salutary lesson to future kings, that they should not stand too close to a battery, when open, without ascertaining that the guns had previously gone through the ordeal of "Tower proof."

I remember seeing the official report of an artillery casualty, conveyed to head-quarters in more satisfactory than scientific terms. During the era of the Volunteers, when everybody in Ireland, from fifteen to fifty, were playing at soldiers, and every village had its horse, foot, and artillery on war establishment, the Earl of Charlemont presented a couple of four-pounders to a favourite corps, which present had nearly proved as fatal to the receivers, as the "tourquoise ring" which brought on the "fight of Flodden." It is true that the said four-pounders never boomed upon a battle-field; but, like the pistols of Hudibras, they were employed to effect "writ and exigent." The executive department was under the control of the gaoler of A——: and one fine morning, in obedience to a mandate from the sheriff, he proceeded with his guns to eject, *vi et armis*, an honest gentleman who, sick of "the law's delay," had taken possession of a house and farm, *more Hibernico*, without waiting for the chancellor's decree.

On arriving at the scene of action, the sheriff summoned the garrison to surrender, to which the captain of the hold irreligiously responded that he "would see him d—d first;" and, on this contumacious refusal, the king's representative directed the gaoler to open his artillery. The order was obeyed; the first shot went over the house; the second knocked down the chimney. Well, if ten ounces of gunpowder would tumble a chimney, twenty should demolish a house, and, accordingly, the worthy gaoler, for the next essay doubled the former quantity of "villanous saltpetre." The result, however, did not realize the expectation. The house withstood the discharge—the gun did not. It burst, and put the bombardiers into such awful consternation, that more than one vow was registered in heaven, that, during natural life, the penitent gunner would not be guilty of setting fire to a squib.

In his official despatch, the gaoler announced the surrender of the cabin, with the loss of a gun. "She brust (burst), my lord," said the chief engineer in his report, "because, though she was thick enough in the back, she was over thin in the belly!" Never was accident more satisfactorily accounted for.

his thigh-bone was dung in two with a piece of a misframed gun that brake in shooting; by which he was stricken to the ground, and died hastily."—*Piscottie*.

\* \* \* \* \*

In turn, I visited Kelso\* and Dryburgh; one the handiwork of "the sair saunt," the other erected by his constable, Hugo de Morville. Both abbeys are in the Saxon style, but the central arches of Kelso are Gothic, and remarkable both for their beauty and their strength. Of the former, more of the building remains, and the central tower is nearly perfect; while of Dryburgh little beyond the abbot's parlour and the chapter-room are now in tolerable preservation. The church is in a very dilapidated state; but, ruinous though it be, so long as one stone shall stand above another, the ground will be considered doubly hallowed for the sake of him who now sleeps in death within its crumbling walls. Here Sir Walter Scott is buried; and if ever fitting grave was formed for a poet's resting-place, Dryburgh was intended for the bard.

From the ruined abbey I proceeded to view the colossal statue erected to "Wallace wight," with Grecian temple dedicated to the softer memory of "Gentle Jamie;"† and thence bent my course towards the earliest scene of Scott's romantic musings—Smailholme Tower.

One of the most beautiful bendings in the course of the romantic Tweed lies between Melrose and Dryburgh. The road overlooks the site of that "ancient chapelrie" which merged into the more extensive abbey—and throughout wide Britain a sweeter retreat could not have been chosen for holy men than the monastery of Old Melrose. There appears little beyond tradition to mark a place of former monastic celebrity; and a spot where "the bells were rung, and the mass was sung," is now a lovely and wooded vale, encircled by a broad sweep of the river. It was a day of bright sunshine; the stream was low; the water clear and pellucid, and every pebble beneath "fair Tweed" was visible. On such a day, surely, that scaly visitant, the salmon, might have considered himself secure, and set the angler at defiance. The finest gut, the fly of cunning device, the fisher's skill—all combined could not deceive. But, alas, in modes of mischief, what can surpass human ingenuity!—and while resting in false security on the pebbled sand, like the sword of Damocles, over the devoted salmon the fatal *leister*‡ was impending.

\* This establishment was first settled at Selkirk, but the monks not being pleased with the situation of that place, and appreciating the beauties of the sunny vale of the Tweed, long before consecrated by the erection of the abbey of Melrose, induced David to remove their house to Kelso, a locality much nearer the royal residence at Roxburgh. The abbey of Kelso, agreeably to this arrangement, was finished in 1128, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. John the Evangelist.

† Thomson, the poet.

‡ Appendix, No. XXVII.

In my sight, spearing salmon is abominable. In Ireland no one thinks of torch and fish-spear but a poacher. No neatness, no skill is requisite; a little practice, and you may murder fish *ad libitum*. In a sporting light, compared with fly-fishing, it is donkey-racing to the Derby. The place where the leister can be used is generally distant from the sea, in shallow pools or fords; and of a dozen salmon speared, eleven of them will be foul, and probably half as many more will be wounded, escape, and left to die at leisure.

In the romantic curving of the Tweed, I have just described, I observed a fellow, in the parlance of the border, *sunning\** salmon. Had I not detested the act he was engaged in, I should have looked with pleasure on the picturesque appearance which himself and tiny boat, shadowed in the clear and glassy stream, presented. As I gazed, the blow was struck, and a salmon raised to the surface, writhing on the prongs. The fish had been lanced unskilfully—too near the tail—and his struggles at the surface freed him from the leister he was impaled upon. I was gratified at the escape—not that the fish was saved, but the poacher disappointed. “Go on!” I said to my driver; “I would feel more pleasure at an eight o’clock exhibition at the Old Bailey; for there the man is choked with more humanity than the unhappy fish is butchered.”

I lament to say that Tweed fishers, like politicians generally, consider that the end justifies the means; and, provided the salmon is taken, care little what the mode may be by which he is secured. I look upon sunning and burning† as the acts of privileged poachers—the capture of some unclean fish—the maiming and destruction of more. I hold it to be as *unfisherly*—that’s a new word—in an angler to assassinate a sick salmon, as I would term it detestable in a hunter to lay hounds on an *enceinte* vixen, or beagles on a wounded hare. But, as *nemo fuit repente turpissimus*, which, as the Irish translation renders it, will signify that a seven years’ apprenticeship is required to turn out an attorney, so a crowning villany is necessary to complete a finished poacher, and that is “raking.”‡ I remember once seeing it practised from the bridge of Galway, when the river was low, and the sky cloudless, and I am morally convinced that, for one fish taken, twenty were pricked. I really looked on with disgust, and meditated putting in a protest in form; but having seen, at the preceding election, half-a-dozen freeholders, with a horse and jaunting-car, popped over the battlements for dissenting from

\* Appendix, No. XXVIII.

† Appendix, No. XXIX.

‡ Appendix, No. XXX.

the mob politically, and fearing that a piscatorial difference of opinion might induce the pleasant people around me to commit my person to the water, and "rake" me afterwards out, I put my protest in my pocket, and left them to the iniquity of their ways.

Nothing can be pleaded in extenuation by apologists for leister and rake-hook. What, though the salmon is a fish of passage,\* are you to take him *in* and *out* of condition, and, to secure *one*, probably inflict injury on *three*? If he leaves you for a season, will he not faithfully return to his native stream? He is now a dwarf, he will come back a giant.† Every consideration—honour—interest—should secure protection for the wanderer.

On many a fair place, fated for ages to "blush unseen," the painter has conferred celebrity; but how cold the pencil's touch compared with the glowing imagery which the bard and novelist evoke, when heated fancy runs riot amid scenes teeming with romantic associations! To understand this, read Byron, and go to Greece; or read Scott, and visit the Border, Auld Reekie, and the Highlands. Everybody knows, if he know anything of Scottish history, that the wild and lovely district which the poesy and prose of the "Wizard of the North" has immortalized, scarcely fifty years ago, was, even to the curious, a sort of *terra incognita*; and that scenes, now visited by thousands, were only known at that not distant day, to the shepherd, the smuggler, and the outlaw. To those who have wandered over that fairy region where Scott received his brightest inspirations, it would be idle to observe, that, its existence once ascertained, the admiration of every worshipper of nature must follow. But it is to objects of inferior interest that the preceding remarks apply; and of their truth the ramble of this morning gave ample evidence.

A lonely peel-house on the northern extremity of Roxburgh, built on a rocky knoll which crowns a high ground, presents itself in bold relief against the sky, on every side by which the traveller approaches. Gloomy and desolate, it still exhibits the appearance of being better preserved than these small and isolated fortalices have been generally. With the union of the crowns they ceased to be regarded; useless as strongholds, comfortless as dwellings, they were abandoned, and went rapidly to decay; and beyond the Border, with occasional exceptions, nothing beyond a shapeless ruin now remains, to mark the site where stood the once lofty tower of the moss-trooper.

\* "All this, to the southern ear, sounds like poaching of the most flagitious description; but a salmon is a fish of passage, and if you do not get him to-day he will be gone to-morrow."—*Scrope*.

† Appendix, No. XXXI.

Of these exceptions, Smailholme fortunately is one. I visited it this morning, and the visit amply recompensed the walk.

It is an edifice of the common construction—a square tower, four stories high, with outer buildings attached to it—the latter ruinous. The lower floor and roof—both stone arches—are tolerably perfect, as is the winding stair by which the bartizans on the top of the tower may be gained. The lower chamber is merely a vault, lighted by a narrow shot-hole, and used, most likely, as a store-room. The state apartment was on the floor above. On three sides it is lighted by windows of tolerable size, with stone benches on either side; and a huge chimney occupies the fourth. Two apartments were overhead. The floors are fallen, but still there are appearances which would indicate that these might have been the chambers of a lady; and internal arrangements lead to the inference that Smailholme had within it some simple comforts required for the residence of the fairer sex. With his usual tact, Scott selected it as the fitting abode of Border beauty—"Smailholme's lady gay"—and the scene of one of his most exquisite ballads.

I mounted the southern bartizan by traversing the wall on which the fallen floor had rested, and a noble and expansive panoramic scene burst upon the view,\* and well repaid the risk of crossing the giddy height; small, indeed, from the enormous thickness of the building. An endless expanse of landscape was around, but on more immediate objects my eye was turned: I looked

——— down the rocky way  
That leads to Brotherstone;

by which the jealous baron departed from his lonely tower, to take a husband's vengeance on his too-successful rival. And there was the rugged knoll, where

My lady, each night, sought the lovely light  
That burned on the wild watchfold,

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\* Each window commands "a distinct landscape, remarkable both for beauty and extent. From that looking to the south, one beholds a lovely and well-cultivated country, finely wooded, and watered by the Tweed and Teviot, and bounded by a beautiful range of the Cheviot mountains. Going to the eastern window, one thence looks along the vale of Tweed, down the banks of which rises, above the trees, the smoke of the fair town of Kelso, and then roams over the rich Merse, stretching, in all its homely beauty and high cultivation, away to the German Ocean. On the left, stand, at some distance, in bold relief against the sky, the majestic ruins of Hume Castle, the ancient seat of the once powerful family of the Homes. \* \* \* The view to the west is equally extensive and varied. High above a crowd of humbler eminences rise the famous Eildon Hills, that witnessed of old the magical exploits of Michael Scott, and form an important, peculiar, and romantic feature in the scenery of the Tweed."

to hold her secret interview with that "gay deceiver," the gallant knight of Coldinghame. And here, where I sat, and after the completion of a deed of blood, the vindictive baron confronted the fair and erring dame:

He passed the court-gate, and he op'd the tower-gate,  
 And he mounted the narrow stair,  
 To the bartizan seat, where, with the maids that on her wait,  
 He found his lady fair.

The visit of the murdered knight, the boldness with which "love master'd fear," and the terrible evidence given by the dead gallant, "that lawless love is guilt above," is given in Scott's happiest style. By the way, the incident is not new, and has been probably taken from the celebrated "tale of terror," said to have occurred in the Beresford family:\*

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,  
 His right upon her hand;  
 The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
 For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four  
 Remains on that board impress'd;  
 And for evermore that lady wore  
 A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower  
 Ne'er looks upon the sun,—  
 There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
 He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That monk who speaks to none—  
 That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,  
 That monk, the bold baron.

The oaken beam which bore the fiery imprint of the spectre's hand, like the frailer wrist of the frail lady, has mouldered into dust; and of Smailholme Tower, stone and iron alone have stood the assault of time. The stonework is tolerably perfect, and has been recently repaired—lauded be the hand that did it!—and an iron grating of an upper window looking on the Eildon Hills, is still complete. The huge stanchions on which the hinges of the lower grate pivoted are perfect, and sufficiently prove, from their massive dimensions, that the door which they supported was constructed at a period, when unbidden visitors made midnight calls, and

Oft the Tynedell snatchers knocked  
 At the lone door, and proved it locked.

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\* Appendix, No. XXXII.

Beside "the eiry beacon hill," on the opposite heights of Smailholme, two tall and upright stones attract the eye, and excite the traveller's inquiry. If tradition may be trusted, they stand there as sad memorials of human crime, and record a double fratricide. Two brothers are said to have perished by each other's hand, and these stones mark the place where the unnatural deed was done.

With Smailholme there are other and interesting recollections. It was a spot where Scott, in boyhood, indulged in many a romantic dream, which his magic painting afterwards embodied—and this rocky tower is said to be the original of the castle of Avenel—a supposition not borne out by appearances, as between the real and imaginary buildings and localities not the remotest resemblance can be traced.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

Visit to Holy Island—St. Cuthbert—Necrologic reminiscences—A gentleman who lived a pleasant life—Philosophy and music—A disturbed bagman—Public reform—Passage to Holy Island—Accidents frequent—Lindisfarn—Marmion and Miss Beverley—Castle on Holy Island—Its seizure—The Erringtons—Death of the elder.

I HAVE at last carried my good intention of visiting Holy Island into effect, and Pandemonium has an abated debt to me for its pavement.\* I have chosen a fitting season for the excursion. The tide answers for entering "the saint's domain;" and a night and day of continuous rain, falling not by the drop but by the bucketful, will cause such a kick-up in the Border rivers, that for a week to come, the angler's "occupation's gone." I looked over the bridge before I quitted Berwick, and "silver Tweed" had changed its characteristic, and become one of the most copper-coloured streams imaginable. I will allow the perturbed river to recover its good looks again, and in the interim, pay a visit to the favourite island of the woman-hating bishop.

Scott (I think) happily describes St. Cuthbert† as one of the most unsettled saints in the calendar. In life, he was often on the move, and passed his time, if churchmen may be credited, in high excitement—one night cheered by holy visitations, and the next not permitted to close an eye by demoniac temptations. One would have naturally imagined that when he reached "that resting-place, the grave," he would have been regularly tired out; but even there he appears to have

\* Churchmen aver that hell is "paved with good intentions."

† Appendix, No. XXXIII.



taken out a roving commission, and could not find "snug lying in any abbey," to which for a couple of centuries, in quick succession, his followers transported the sainted carcass. When the frequent descents of the northern rovers obliged the holy community to abandon Lindisfarn, they carried off the dead bishop. Divers cemeteries were tried, but Cuthbert objected to the accommodation; and when the poor monks fancied that they had him safely sodded, the unconscionable saint was preparing to bundle off again. His last excursion was down the Tweed in a stone boat; and as no more is heard of future migrations, it is possible that he had fairly tired out his friends and admirers, and, reluctantly obliged to quit earth, as the Irish ballad says, he

Went to heaven by water.

As we drove along, my border Phaëton, who was "the discreetest of whips," favoured me with the names of the places that we passed, generally accompanied with a characteristic sketch of the proprietor. His necrologic, however, were always much more interesting than his living notices. It might be that the past were a pleasanter generation than the present; or that, reversing the old saw, which inhibited all disclosures touching defunct gentlemen, except those that would be complimentary to their memory, honest jarvey properly considered, that a person is beyond moral and physical damage after he has been for twenty years under a ton weight of freestone.

"Ye see yon big red hoose?" he said.

"Ay, that bleak, brick building on the hill."

"Jist so," he returned; "that was auld Archie Macsomebody's" (I forget what the *addendum* to the Mac was, but the loss is not important). "Weel, he died unco rich, and feth! no wonder; for he half-starved himself, and whole starved the servants. He always bought the wickedest bull that could be found within the Lothians to pit upon his waterside parks, and scare the boys away, for fear they would after a spaight, catch a few troots in the burn for their supper; and he kept the crossest mastiff in the country, to prevent the lasses courtin' awhee after he went to bed himsel, and that would be as soon after sunset as he could, to save the grease that was burnt in the cresset. Jist think, sir, of a puir lassie obliged to sit shivrin' in the dark, or gang off till her lonely bed, and she kennin weel there was a lover in the lane, afeard to cross the palins, lest a furious brute that was bellowin' like a bull, should tare the claites from off his back, and lave him bare as a scarecrow. They say the auld deevil walks."\*

\* Haunts some place.

"And so he should," I returned. "Were I on the court-martial of the antiquated sinner, he should do duty in the outlying picket of a regiment of ghosts, for a century and a half; fifty years for the bull and boys, and a hundred on account of the mastiff and the maid-servants. Who lives in yonder house, whose chimneys barely top the trees?"

"Nobody," replied the driver, "but a hind or two—it's gone to decay these twelve years. He was a quare body that lived in it last, and he could say the night he died what nae-body could say but himsel."

"And what was that, my friend?"

"Why, that for three and twenty years he had never been sober but the evenin' he mad his will; and then, honest man, he could na keep long enough frae the liquor till sign it properly."

"What a pity! after mis-spending a day in sobriety."

"Augh—but he was a sair chiel! He cam, ye see, unexpected into the estate; and frae the day he got possession an' got drunk for joy, he never afterwards was sober. He was nae a bad scratch upon the fiddle, when he was no too drunk to grip the bow; and a' he cared for in this world was music and hot toddy."

"And that house I am looking at was, therefore, the very temple of Bacchus and Apollo."

"Of who, sir?" inquired honest jarvey with a stare.

"I mean, it was the place that witnessed, for three and twenty years, an eternal scraping upon catgut, and consumption of whisky punch."

"Na, na," observed the driver, "he niver lived at home above a week in the twalmonth. The hoosekeeper used to scold the dairymaid, and as the laird was a lover of harmony and peace, he always went for quiet to an inn."

"A devilish out-o'-the-way place, my friend, for a man to look for quiet."

"Weel, he was a grand customer, only the fiddle was a desperate drawback, ye ken. He niver went to bed himsel; an' if any deevil would sit up, he would gie him as much drink as he could pit doon his thrapple, and mair music, may be, than his lug would like."

"Ay, but it was quite discretionary with the guest how long he would stand the thing; he had only to balance the lug against the thrapple; and if the fiddle had the best of it, he could bolt, you know, at last."

"Ah, na—but that was nat all. Ither people sleepit in the hoose, ye ken, an' they did na like to have their rest broken wi' fiddling an' fule sangs; so the landlord had just one choice left—whether he would keep the laird or the travellers. It's

true the laird was a grand customer—ye might score anything ye pleased against him, and he would na, an' could na object to the account: but, gude as he was, many a hoose was glad to get quit of him."

I began, *ut mos est*, to moralize. What an anacreontic life the ex-proprietor of the house among the trees had led! An unbroken span of nearly a quarter of a century, passed in swilling toddy, and "discoursing most eloquent music!" How perfect, too, was the laird's philosophy! His housekeeper was a shrew, the dairymaid, no doubt, what cockneys term "wary aggrawating." Why should the honest laird compromise one hour of his jovial existence? "what was Hecuba to him?"—and why permit his punch to cool, or his bow to rest upon the catgut, while he listened to an antiquated besom vituperating a bucolical\* assistant. Like a man of sense, he left these viragos to themselves, and sought a home where he was certain, if Shenstone can be credited, to receive "the warmest welcome." Alas, for the restricted happiness of humanity! that boasted welcome after all was but conditional. "The landlord tauld the laird, he might drink till he was black in the face, gin he wud let the fiddle bide." Let the fiddle bide! what a Gothic proposition! a soul attuned to harmony like his, forego an instrument on which, like another Orpheus, he could all but

Soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

Was there a night on which his minstrelsy did not prove his power? Did he commence "Roy's Wife," a terrific peal upon the bell summoned the startled waiter to the dormitory of some infuriated bagman, to receive from him a regular notification that with daylight he would quit the premises for ever. No rapturous *encore* rewarded his most brilliant fantasia; but possibly, a message from the mother of a sick child deprecated its repetition, with an assurance that the last *aria* had thrown the hopes of her house into strong convulsions.

And how many are there in this whirligig world, although unfitted for "stratagems and murders," who do not care one brass button for "the concord of sweet sounds!" Fancy some unhappy manufacturer reaching the inn which the laird had made his temporary abiding-place. He, the traveller, had set out probably from Leeds or Bradford, to try what effect personal remonstrance might have on dilatory correspondents. He has had a weary drive, over bad roads, in stormy weather. In one town he discovered that a gentleman who had taught him book-keeping extensively, had levanted with a neigh-

\* A genteel term by which Sir Percy Shafton designated ladies attached to the dairy.

bour's wife; in the next, he heard that another, chronicled also deeply in his ledger, had suddenly emigrated to America, and from excessive sensibility, had slipped away under cover of the night, to save his numerous admirers the agony of a parting. Well, he arrives late at the hostelry, a sadder but not a richer man, than when he had, two days before, kissed his wife and desired her to look sharp after the apprentices. He sups, swallows a hot tumbler;\* possibly, adds a second to restore animal warmth, and re-establish mental tranquillity. Boots has removed his shoes and "continuations"—the chambermaid inducted him to his dormitory, he is speedily ensconced below the blankets—and wisely resolving that bad roads and bad debts shall not rob him of his rest, he incontinently becomes fast as a watchman. Blessed visions gild his slumbers. He dreams that one fugitive has made "all right," by returning his neighbour's wife, and resuming his pristine business; and fancies that the American *levanter* had offered ten shillings in the pound. Alas! these pleasing fantasies are rudely dispelled. Sounds invade his ear which may be imagined as proceeding from the sharpening of a saw, or a cat in violent hysterics. It is the laird's Cremona—he has mistaken the traveller's for the barmaid's door—and, apposite enough, the tune he has selected for his serenade is "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin yet?" Of course, the bell-rope is torn down, the melodist consigned to the devil, and a vow piously registered in heaven, that he, the disturbed one, will never again darken the door of the Black Bull, while his name is Peter Robinson.

Would that the mischief that the laird inflicted were only fated to fall upon "Bezonians," like bagmen, and other lookers after bad debts. Might not the patriotic visions of "some village Hampden" be dispelled by that infernal instrument—or Joe Hume bothered in monetary calculations, if he were taking his snooze in the Black Bull. One may imagine the ex-member for Kilkenny wending his way "cannily" to toun, before the supplies were voted. Well, the Black Bull being what the cocknies call a "cheap and nasty" establishment, there honest Joseph would hang out. Alive to the distress of the country, and indignant at the profligate extravagance of ministers—Whig or Tory, all the same—while others sleep, he is concocting measures for military retrenchment. He has established by mental calculation, and beyond a doubt, that by a sweeping reform in barrack brooms, the public will be benefitted 15*l.* 13*s.* 11½*d.*; while the abolition

\* This phrase is an Hibernicism; and means that the traveller did not swallow the glass, but merely the glassful.

of lace upon drummers' jackets would produce a further saving of — the *tottle* is almost reached, when the cursed laird strikes up "Tullichgorum" underneath, and early associations, setting Joe's nervous system in a jig, annihilate the whole concatenation anent brooms and drummers accordingly.

For three miles "the Saint's domain" was visible, and we reached the estuary which severs it from the main at dead low water. It is necessary for the traveller who visits Holy Island to be correct in calculating the state of tide—

For, with the flow and ebb, its style  
 Varies from continent to isle ;  
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,  
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
 Twice every day the waves efface  
 Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.

By a proper regard to the time, ingress to the island is secure at all seasons ; although the "dry-shod" portion of the passage must have the advantage of poetical license extended to it. Carelessness, however, and thick weather, have produced frequent loss of life—and from the recklessness with which people tarry in the island and on the main, or foolishly attempt shorter cuts across the estuary, so many hair-breadth escapes have occurred, that the wonder is, that human life has not been more frequently and more extensively sacrificed.

According to island tradition, many serious calamities have fallen out. One (I fancy it apocryphal) mentions the loss of a carriage and four, in which all—passengers, postillions, and horses—were swept to sea, and there their history closed ; for neither body nor wreck was ever found. Within late years, several individuals have perished ; and not long since, the escape of a gentleman's family was miraculous.

They had visited the island for a day, and imprudently remained too long. On their return, the tide was rising ; and, although the flood advanced like a river, they madly persevered. The water rose to the horses' knees—the post-boy's boots—at last it entered the carriage ! The order was given to return, but that order nearly came too late, for the next moment the horses lost their footing, and the carriage was filled to the seat. Fortunately, the tide swept the horses round, and they caught the sand again ; the mainland was regained, and the ladies declared "upon honour," that nothing but an interchange of nuptial vows at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, should ever tempt them to visit his "domain" again.

Some care has been taken to mark the track which the wayfarer should follow, and small piles of stones, with an occasional post, here and there fixed in the sands, will suffi-

ciently indicate it. An hour brought us safe across; and we stopped at a comfortable inn, close to the ruins of the once proud pile of Lindisfarn.

Although, with the exception of the body and chancel of the ancient church, the monastery, like Norham castle, is merely a confused heap of ruins, enough of the "solemn, huge, and dark red pile" remains, to enable the visitor, with a little exercise of the imagination, to fancy that, in its palmy days, Lindisfarn held a high place among the monastic establishments of the times. The area over which its various offices extend, is traceable by many a heap of ruined masonry, and gives silent proof of its former importance. Happy as Scott has been in colouring the "castled steep" of Norham, with the "faery tinting of romance," he has been even more successful in giving to the "ancient monastery's halls" a dramatic and engrossing interest.

I am never half so romantic as after dinner; and let Father Mathew preach what he pleases, nothing sublimates the imagination, and sends it towering above sublunary considerations, like genuine whisky—of course, the same being judiciously diluted. I strolled to the further point of the green knoll on whose northern extremity Lindisfarn stood—and, on the ruin of a wall, that formed once a place of arms with a small square tower in the centre, I seated myself, with "Marmion" for my companion. If Melrose should be visited by "pale moonlight," Lindisfarn must be viewed when the sun, "with disk, like battle-target red," is sinking in the distant horizon. While gazing on the venerable pile, fancy flew back to days gone by, and though

The wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And mouldered in his niche the saint,  
And rounded, with consuming power,  
The pointed angles of each tower—

I could not see the abbey as it was, but as it had been, and in my mind's eye witnessed the arrival of "Whitby's lofty dame," to sit in judgment on that victim of man's falsehood—the fair and erring "sister professed of Fontevraud." Ah, my Lord Marmion, though you could moralize very prettily\* after the

\* "Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien,  
How changed those timid looks have been,  
Since years of guilt and of disguise  
Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes!  
No more of virgin terror speaks  
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;  
Fierce and unfeminine, are there,  
Frenzy for joy—for grief, despair:

mischievous was done, you were no better than Captain Smith, of wicked memory—you treated Miss Constance Beverley most abominably—and could you expect better luck at Flodden than you had?

From the conical form of the rock and castle, its appearance is more grotesque than commanding, and it wants the dignity and air which, generally, old fortresses possess. No doubt, in olden time it was considered an important hold, as it stands upon a precipitous rock, impracticable on every side but the southern. On that side, and in the face of the cliff, a traverse was scarped out by which the summit could be gained; and on its narrow crown, the batteries and buildings forming the defences, were erected. The guns of the castle looked principally upon the water; but like all strongholds which trusted to a plunging fire, their offensive means were very ineffective.

Before the invention of that villanous composition—gunpowder—places of arms prided themselves less on their power of annoyance than their capability of resistance. Even to the middle of the last century, military projectiles were imperfectly understood, and clumsily employed. The Chevalier marched from Edinburgh to meet Sir John Cope, with one iron gun dismounted on a cart; and that its calibre could not have been extensive, may be collected from the fact, that the whole apparatus—cart, gun, with all its munitions of war—were drawn by a Highland pony! If the *parc* of an army in the field was on such an unpretending establishment, the siege-trains of the times, no doubt, were on a proportionate scale. Hence, any place perched upon high ground, had little to dread but escalade or famine; and fortresses, which then were considered of such importance as to arrest the progress of an army, would, in modern times, be abandoned at the appearance of an advanced guard.

The antiquity of the castle of Holy Isle is ascertained; but its former value is confirmed by its having been placed on the military establishment of Elizabeth, with a salary to the governor of 36*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for life. Its worthlessness (last scene in its eventful history!) may be collected from the singular fact, that it was seized and might have been secured for the

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And I the cause—for whom were given,  
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!  
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,  
"I on its stalk had left the rose!  
Oh, why should man's success remove  
The very charms that wake his love!"

Pretender by two men,—the skipper of a trading vessel, and his nephew.

The following very curious account of this transaction is copied from the "History and Antiquities of Durham,"\* a work of extraordinary research.

"One Lancelot Errington, a man of an ancient and respectable family in Northumberland, and of a bold and enterprising spirit, entered into a conspiracy for seizing this castle for the Pretender; in which, it is said, he was promised assistance, not only by Mr. Forster, the rebel general, then in arms, but also by the masters of several French privateers. At this time the garrison consisted of a serjeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men only. In order to put this scheme in execution, being well-known in that country, he went to the castle, and after some discourse with the serjeant, invited him and the rest of the men, who were not immediately on duty, to partake of a treat on board of the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour; this being unsuspectedly accepted of, he so well plied his guests with brandy, that they were soon incapable of any opposition. These men being thus secured, he made some pretence for going on shore, and with Mark Errington, his nephew, returning again to the castle, they knocked down the sentinel, surprised and turned out an old gunner, the corporal, and two other soldiers, being the remainder of the garrison, and shutting the gates hoisted the Pretender's colours as a signal of their success; anxiously expecting the promised succours. No reinforcement coming, but, on the contrary, a party of the king's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the castle among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea-weeds till it was dark, and then by swimming to the mainland, to make their escape; but the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers firing at Lancelot, as he was climbing up a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken and conveyed to Berwick gaol, where they continued till his wound was cured. During this time he had digged a burrow quite under the foundations of the prison, depositing the earth taken out in an old oven. Through this burrow he and his nephew, and divers other prisoners escaped; but most of the latter were soon after taken. The two Erringtons, however, had the good fortune to make their way to the Tweedside, where they found the custom-house boat; they rowed themselves over, and afterwards turned it adrift. From thence they pursued their journey to Bambrough castle, near which they were con-

\* By William Hutchinson, F.A.S.



cealed nine days in a pea-stack; a relation who resided in the castle supplying them with provision. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead-house, near Newcastle, where they were secreted till they procured a passage from Sunderland to France. A reward of 500*l.* was now offered to any one who would apprehend them; notwithstanding which, Lancelot was so daring as soon after to come into England, and even to visit some of his friends in Newgate. After the suppression of the rebellion, he and his nephew took the benefit of the general pardon, and returned to Newcastle, where he died about the year 1746; as is said, of grief at the victory of Culloden."

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

Return to Berwick—Epistle in reply—Anecdote—No justice for Ireland—Letter from the Stout Gentleman—Farewell to the Borders—A Lowland mansion—A Scottish landlord—Routes to Inverary—Rest, and be thankful—Angling in Glencroe—Carrick Castle—Journey to Loch Awe—Anecdote.

I RECEIVED, my dear Jack, a packet on my return to headquarters—the King's Arms—after, by the especial protection of the sainted Cuthbert, effecting a safe passage from Holy Island; and among several letters, recognised one superscribed in the well-known handwriting of my esteemed kinsman, thyself. By the way, as Tony Lumpkin says, "a d—d crabbed piece of penmanship" it was; but you're too old now to reform your cacography.

And so, some playful neighbour slipped a bullet through the new tenant's *cota more!*\* Well, it was only serving him with a plain "notice to quit," and also in strict accordance with the simple practice recommended by those learned pundits who legislate in Daniel's new court of equity—the martyred magistrates. And you affect surprise and displeasure! Now, Jack, take care that your own conduct will pass muster, not in Heaven's chancery, but on the Corn Exchange. Have you played off no Sassenach tricks? Are you guiltless of Saxon tyranny? Have you not remonstrated against waste of land, or trespass upon turbary? Or—climax of oppression!—have you driven some refractory bog-trotter, who, declining to pay rent, and still continue, like his enslaved father, "a hereditary bondsman," nobly struck for freedom, and made himself, *Hibernicè*, "a freeholder?" If you have put this honest gentleman's cattle in the pound, why the sooner you

\* Great coat.

slip across St. George's Channel the better. Remain, and, as Jack Falstaff says, "By the Lord, you're past praying for!"

In the long catalogue of Irish grievances—and their name is legion—one crying insult put upon the "first gem of the earth" has, by a strange oversight, escaped the *loyal* Repeal Association. I shall tell it to you.

I happened to be in "the far West" when the news of King William's death arrived; and the servant waiting at table, overheard me read the announcement from an English newspaper. The window was open, and when the chief butler left the room, he hurried to the yard to communicate the demise of royalty to the stableman, who was at the time throwing litter into a cart. The out-door gentleman listened to the sad tidings, grounded his pitchfork, and cogitated for a moment; then, slapping his thigh, exultingly exclaimed—

"Death a nagers! isn't that great news? *Mona sin diaoul!* if Dan's not made up for life!"

The butler looked surprised.

"Arrah, how do ye make that out, Phil?"

"Make it out!" replied he of the pitchfork. "What would hinder me? Why, ye see, he'll jist cut over to Englan'—and marry the widda."

"Be Gogstay, and it's truth ye're spakin'. But maybe she wouldn't take him?"

"Is it not take Dan? Troth an she'd jump at him. Snug and warm he'd keep her all her days—and a dacent king he would be."

The butler shook his head.

"No, no!" he muttered, with a heavy sigh. "As Father Luke Devlin said in his sarmin last Sunday—'Dear Cattholics,' says he, 'af I talked myself black in the face, I could only come to what I said at the startin'—there's no justice for Irelan'—and ye see, Phil, that's what will dish Dan. That ould, cautankerous divil, Welltown, that the gintlemen shout about every night when they get hearty, as if they were drinkin' to Doctor Machale—Well, the ould fella, ye see, can't abide the sight of the Counsellor, good nor bad, and as he'll be what they call the exaciter to the will, he'll put a spoke in Dan's wheel, as sure as my name is Peter Canavan."

"Arrah, besides, Peter *avourneeine*, may-be they wouldn't like him nather, because he's of the ould religion?"

"Oh! an the divil a wink's on ye, Phil. The bastes, that nivir think of keepin' Friday! What could ye expect from them? My heavy curse upon them all!"

"Amen!" responded he of the pitchfork.

"That's the parlour bell! Oh, murder, Phil Bradley!—Isn't it rig'lar murder? No justice for Irelan! Och hone!

Och hone!" exclaimed the butler, as he ran away. Phil Bradley made a furious lunge at a sheaf of straw; and a groan, deep as low C from a bassoon, which was emitted after the exertion of carting it, told silently that he felt the necessity of cutting all connexion with a country which would not accommodate the Liberator with a wife, and refuse that poor act of atoning justice to a most interesting and ill-treated island.

\* \* \* \* \*

It appears that my despatches are dated from the corners of the earth—to wit—Connaught and the Orcades. I have a letter from the Stout Gentleman, obtesting my return to Shetland, by every tie of friendship, and tumbler of toddy that we consumed in former wanderings. The wish shall be obeyed; and a new route open to me a Highland tour, which I am assured abounds in scenic and traditionary interest. Much as the wild and savage grandeur of the Scottish coast may strike the eye of the visitor, they tell me that the scenery of interior-lakes and purple hills far exceeds in quiet beauty and picturesque effect, the bold and rough-hewn features of headland and promontory that I have seen already. *Nous verrons*: I commence my journey to-morrow.

To say that I quit the Border with regret, would be but a cold expression of my feelings; for everywhere I went, and with everything I saw, I was by turns pleased and excited. He who wanders from the *débouche* to the source of Classic Tweed, will be dull as him who journeyed from Dan to Beer-sheba, if he complain that "all is barren." If, leaving the graceful bendings of the Border's boasted river, he follow through their native valleys the numerous tributaries which

Roll their bright waters to the Tweed—

how many scenes, rich in soft and varied beauty, will arrest the pilgrim's feet, while the finger of Romance points to the ruined tower, which once could tell

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night;

or, "startled at the bugle-horn" of some returning moss-trooper, seeking safety in the lonely peel-house, after driving "his prey from Cumberland."

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My journey westward had nothing more to give it interest, than will be found in the accustomed process of *roofing* a stage-coach to Edinburgh, *railing* to Glasgow afterwards, and *steaming* it finally to Loch ———, where I purpose stopping a few days at the mansion of a gentleman located on the very threshold of the Highlands.

\* \* \* \* \*

In my desultory despatches, I sketched for you the domicile of a Highland Dunnewassail, and the dwelling of a Shetland Udaller.\* I must draw you another portrait—the mansion of a Lowland gentleman. I shall not be too particular in marking the spot upon the map, but merely intimate, that, standing at the gorge of one of the most picturesque valleys which open from the many romantic sea-lochs which branch from the Clyde, it is now as approachable from every “point i’ the shipman’s card,” as, a century back, it was rather too convenient to Rob Roy, a gentleman who differed with Mr. O’Connell on “fixity of tenure,” as far as cattle went. *Arcades ambo*—both traded in “Black-mail”—Rob—God be good to him!—putting his faith in the claymore, while Daniel trusted to that safer tool—the begging-box. They lived, died, or will die—Rob, game to the last—and Dan, a capital Christian, denouncing breaches of the law and Saxon usurpation to the last; and munificently bequeathing his all—five-and-forty young O’s—a present to the country. Politics will be the spoil of me, and when I touch upon them, I become as oblivious as Dominie Sampson.

I told you I was the guest of a Lowland gentleman. He is one of the many to be found in this land of commerce, who, by well-directed enterprise and success, has acquired a noble fortune; and of the few also, who know how to employ well-won wealth, usefully as regards the community, and creditably to themselves. As the steamer passes the beautiful retirement, in which my valued friend is “wearing out life’s evening grey,” the traveller—unless he be a Kentucky man—will be delighted and surprised to see an imposing mansion in a domain of richly cultivated land, encircled with hanging woods, and half-concealed by trees the growth of generations; the whole in picturesque loneliness, standing in a mountain gorge, and in the very midst of savage highlands. He will be told that, but half a century since, this glen was “barren all,” those wooded heights were then without a bush; and the verdant lawn and luxuriant corn-fields were swampy moors and stunted heather. If he be—as I have often been—a guest, he will find within the mansion all the elegancies of polished life, united to that hospitality which comes warm from the heart, and gives inestimable value to a Highland welcome. If he look abroad, he will see a contented peasantry, constantly and usefully employed; and in the comfortable cottage and well-clad family, read in strong though silent characters, the invaluable blessings which a wealthy

\* Appendix, No. XXXIV.

and liberal landlord disseminates over those whose prosperity and happiness social order has rendered so dependent on a superior. And has the laird his reward? Yes, and an abundant one. He does not meet—like you, Jack—sullen looks or slavering adulation. If the bonnet be touched, he knows that token of respect is offered in true sincerity. The child smiles as he passes by, for it has been taught to regard him as its benefactor. Hedged round by happy homes, his own enjoys the blessed security which a moral land and educated community afford. With his own, he does what he pleases—and none presume to question his free agency. He lives respected and beloved—he dies, and his tenantry lament him as a common father. Mark the contrast which the different relations existing between a kind landlord and a contented tenantry offer to your position, with that ruthless rabble who call you master! I fancy I hear you whisper, “No more of that.” Well—we’ll not touch upon it.

I bade a reluctant farewell to my most kind host and his “gentle ladie,” and was ferried out to one of the numerous steamers which, on the Clyde, seem to “annihilate time and space.” Two routes present an equal inducement to the traveller who visits Inverary; one by the waters of Loch Goil, the other by the picturesque valley of Glencroe. The latter, entered through a wild but pastoral gorge walled in by lofty highlands, is called Glenkinlass; the road, a military one, commenced in 1748, and repaired twenty years after by the Welsh Fusiliers. On the summit, a stone commemorates the termination of what must have been a most laborious undertaking. It bears the apposite inscription, “Rest, and be thankful,” with the date of its first formation, and subsequent repairs by the twenty-third regiment, in 1768. The views occasionally presented are, as may be imagined, grand and varied; and if the wandering angler would fish a Highland lake rich in its native grandeur, let him step into the postman’s gig at Arrochar, who will pick him up three hours after, when returning. If he be an adept in “the gentle art,” he will come back, generally, with a laden creel; and even should the mountain trouts, like a spoiled beauty, show the sullens, he will have traversed glens wild, picturesque, and lonely, as any by which the Western cateran drove off his Lowland plunder.

I said that my route was by the lake. After entering Loch Goil, we passed the gloomy tower which gives a title to the Argyle family, as its hereditary keepers. Carrick, tradition says, was once inhabited by royalty; if it were, a gloomier or uglier pile of masonry was never selected by a monarch of most accommodating taste.

An hour's drive brought us from Loch Goilhead to the ferry of St. Catharine's, the route being through a glen, wild, and occasionally beautiful, as Highland glens are always. It was toilsome work creeping up, for the vehicle, yclept coach, was full inside and out, and toppling with an enormous quantity of baggage. We managed, however, at last to crown the ridge—every passenger whose toes were “unplugged with corns,” toiling on foot to the summit. Hence, entering “the leathern conveniency,” we proved the truth of Ensign Evan Dhu Maccombich's assertion, that “a haggis, God save her! can charge down a hill.” The coach run away with the horses, and embarked us in a steamer of such unsubstantial proportions, that one would fancy it had been built to order of Charon, and designed for river navigation below, had only been intended to ferry those light-bodied gentry who, Shakspeare says, are seen when unable to pay the fare, “waiting on Styx for waftage.” I slept at “the George”—and early next morning, in a jaunting car, continued my journey to the North.

A mountain road, of no great interest, led me to the ferry which crosses Loch Awe, and as the day was fine, I saw a portion of this extensive water to advantage. If there ever was lake which the poet-angler would haunt, it is this one, hallowed as it is by its scenic and romantic associations.\* I might add piscatorial to the list. Midway across, a Lowland gentleman was fly-fishing—and just as we came abreast of his boat, one of those fine trouts for which Loch Awe is celebrated, rose and was hooked securely. I would have willingly paid a smart consideration to the Highland ferryman to permit me to witness the contest and its close; for the fish was powerful, and the angler evidently an artist. Some vile Bezonians, yclept cattle-drovers, however, declared themselves dissentient;—men, without a sporting sympathy, who would shoot a grey hen on the nest, or, in broad sunshine and the face of day, assassinate a sleeping salmon: they had stots, gimmers, kyloes, and divers cattle, under sundry outlandish names, waiting their arrival—“an' what was a troot to the end of a tow to them?” I cast many a longing, lingering look behind as we pulled to the shore, and from the attitude of the angler, and the motionless position of his skiff, I inferred that the contest was not concluded when we landed. The stranger remarked the interest I had evinced in the transaction, and before I resumed my journey, favoured me on his return to the inn, with an inspection of his prize. A more splendid trout I never looked at—short, healthy, broad-shouldered, and seven pounds, honest weight—“Think of that, Master Ford.”

\* Appendix, No. XXXV.

One word before I depart for Oban. If ever you have a sufficiency of taste to induce you to wander from that land of Goshen, to wit—the county of ——, and visit sober Scotland, put in three or four days at Loch Awe. Should a bright calm day inhibit angling, row to Fraoch Elan,\* an' ye love me; and should the day be wet—nothing very remarkable in the Highlands—send to the village for some Octogenarian, and inquire from him the secret history of Loch Awe.†

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

**Drive to Oban—Ben Cruachan—Inn of Taynuilt—Castle of Dunstaffnage—The stone of Scone—The ruined chapel—Dunolly—A saintly visitation—Legend of Castle Duart—Murder of Glencoe—Fort William—Ben Nevis—Inverlochy—Valley of Arkaig—An ancient camarado—My visit to Arkaig—Military retirement—Hybernian symposia.**

THE drive from the hostelrie of Kilcrenan to Oban by Loch Etive is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting the traveller will find. The character of the scenery is wild and magnificent; and the savage grandeur of the back-grounds particularly imposing. The surface here is regularly highland and one of the noblest views imaginable can be had in favourable weather, from either of the double summits of that mass of mountains, Ben Cruachan. The enormous proportions of this Alpine giant render it the prominent feature of the country it domineers. Rising in sheer height four thousand feet, with a base nearly twenty miles in circumference, it overlooks land and sea, lake and islet—far as the eye will range.‡ Here and there, portions of the ascent are crowned with natural wood—heath and mosses mark another

\* The Isle of Heath.

† Appendix No. XXXVI.

‡ “The tourist looks down its red and furrowed sides into the upper part of Loch Etive, and over a magnificent group of mountains, as far as Appin and Glenco, and has opened upon his sight the whole of the continental highlands from Rannoch as far as Ben Lawers and Ben Lomond, and beyond them to lands which only cease to be visible, because they at length blend with the sky. So marked also are their characters, so rocky and precipitous their summits, and so varied their forms, that this ocean of hills excels, in variety as in picturesque character, all other landscapes of mere mountains, excepting perhaps that from Ben Lair, in Ross-shire. The view on the open country is also very inviting. While it looks down on the sinuosities of Loch Awe, and over the irregular lands of Lorn, bright with its numerous lakes, it displays all the splendid bay of Oban and the Linnhe Loch, with Jura, Isla, and all the other islands of the coast as far as Tiree and Coll, together with the rude mountains of Mull, and the faint blue hills of Rum and Skye.”—*Chambers*.

section of the mountain—towards the summit vegetation ends, and the double pinnacle which crowns it, presents an irregular surface of broken granite. Although I devoted a day to the ascent, it was not one “*albo lapide notari.*” A mist, portending heat, obscured all distant objects; and, for what I might have seen, I must depend upon the guide’s word entirely—these interesting islands and heath-clad hills, like the Spanish Armada in the “*Critic,*” being invisible for the best reason in the world.

I slept at the village inn of Taynult, and by wild and wooded passes reached Loch Etive, an arm of the sea, irregular in breadth, and rather remarkable for its loneliness than beauty. Where its waters *débouche* into Loch Linne, opposite the island of Lismore, stands the ruins of one of the most celebrated places of strength in Scotland—the Castle of Dunstaffnage. The site of this interesting building is singularly commanding and romantic; and, from the bold position of the rock it occupies, forms a fine feature from whatever point it can be viewed. Its origin is lost in its antiquity—some dating it back to the invasion of the Romans, and making it coeval with the Tower of London. Here, some of the earlier of the royal race lived and died; and here, until removed to Scone, by Kenneth the Second, the sacred stone on which monarchs have been crowned for thirteen centuries, was deposited. Even the holy carcass of that uneasy churchman, the saint of Lindisfarn, did not make so many and extensive migrations as this sacred fragment of sandstone. Of course, tradition always speaks truth; and it gives the following circumstantial account of this invaluable appendage to royalty. It appears to be of Hebrew extraction—Jacob having made it his “pillow” in the plains of Luz. Gethelus, son-in-law to Pharaoh, next brought it into Egypt, and being a cautious personage, acting from a hint from Moses, he determined to avoid the plague, and set out upon his travels rather in heavy marching order for an adventurer, he being encumbered, not only with his lady, but also with the hardest and holiest pillow upon record. After a short sojourn in Spain, Gethelus set out for Ireland, depositing the stone on Tara Hill; but as history is silent on the subject, it is suspected he played truant to his spouse—married into one of the *ould* families, and left behind him a numerous progeny. The next move made by this “rolling stone of fortune” was first to Dunstaffnage, and afterwards to Scone—and if adage may be trusted, this interesting relic would never gather moss. Edward, that “ruthless king,” carried it off as a trophy of his success, and deposited it in the abbey, where it now remains. By subsequent treaty, its return to “the land of cakes” was guaranteed



—but the promise remains still to be fulfilled. In Westminster there seems to be a confounded “fixity of tenure”—and the stone of Scone seems to be as regularly planted there as the Irish Parliament. The double restoration will probably take place upon the same day; and when the latter recommences business in College Green, there is little doubt the other will be stuck upon the top of Tara. Would not that be a great day for Ireland, Jack? Imagine the gracious Daniel reposing the nether portion of his person on the Scottish palladium, and receiving the first address of the Irish Commons—as Penruddock conversed with the attorney—“in the open air.”

Close to the castle are the ruins of the chapel of Dunstaffnage. Although roofless and dilapidated, it still exhibits a rare memorial of the architectural beauty of other days. Once the resting-place of royalty alone, it has long been used for the purposes of general interment. What an impressive moral does it point, that “all is vanity!” Here the monarch and the hind fill kindred graves—and the dust the traveller treads on may have belonged to the hand that wielded the sceptre or the sickle. If a man would study Hamlet, let him put the volume in his pocket, and read it on a tomb-stone in Dunstaffnage.\*

On reaching Oban, while dinner was being prepared, I visited the ruins of Dunolly, once the residence of the Lords of Lorn. Situated close to the town, its position renders it a very picturesque and interesting feature. The mound it crowns is elevated, commanding fine views of the beautiful bay it domineers, and the islands of Kerrera and Lismore. Its history is that of an hundred ruined strongholds—a changeful story of forfeitures and restorations—prosperity and reverse. In one point it has been more fortunate than many an Highland roofter—it still remains in the possession of a descendant of the haughty family who erected it, although the potent chief has sunk into the private gentleman.

I embarked in one of the steamers which navigate the chain of lakes connected by the Caledonian canal—passed the rugged island of Kerrera, and saw the dark town of Gylen, frowning from the rocky pinnacle it crowns. If it were in this desolate edifice that Alexander the Second received an

\* “Clarke remarks that a curious species of theft has been practised of late years by the poor in these parts, which is likely to create no small degree of confusion among the antiquaries of future ages. They frequently purloin the sculptured stones from the tombs of Icolmkill, to place over the grave of a deceased relation, so that a shepherd or a fisherman may perhaps be found lying under the hieroglyphics, the heraldry, and the effigies of Caledonian kings.”

unexpected call from a couple of as ill-visaged saints as any in the calendar, no wonder the visitation was the death of him. Tradition thus describes the interview:—"As his majesty lay in his bed, there appeared to him three men; one of them dressed in royal garments, with a red face, squinting eyes, and a terrible aspect; the second being very young and beautiful, with a costly dress; and a third, of a larger stature than either, and of a still fiercer countenance than the first. The last personage demanded of him whether he meant to subdue the islands, and on receiving his assent, advised him to return home; which warning he having neglected, died. The three persons were supposed to be St. Olave, St. Magnus, and St. Columba.

Indeed, whoever the pope was who canonized Olave and Columba, he might as well have added Bardolph to the bead-roll; for if the poor king can be believed, an uglier pair of red-nosed Christians never obtained Catholic promotion.

Among the many ruins studding the cliffs and promontories which fringe the shores of Mull and classic Morven, one was pointed out with which a startling legend is connected, that Joanna Baillie has dramatized with some success—I mean the lonely walls of Duart Castle, overlooking the entrance to the sound of Mull. It was a stronghold of the Macleans; and, from the massive ruins of its huge keep, is supposed to have been originally constructed by northern rovers. Whoever might have been the builder, his successor appears to have had very loose notions of civil law; and in his proceedings to obtain divorce, his method to effect a conubial separation was not exactly that practised in the Consistorial Court at present. He had married a sister of the Argyle of that day; and, to settle domestic differences which arose, had recourse to a simple remedy. At low water, the lady was placed on an isolated rock which at high water was overflowed, and there left to perish. Fortunately, a passing boat rescued the devoted victim; she was secretly restored to her family; while, in full assurance of her death, this Highland Bluebeard honoured her with a fictitious funeral. In false security, and a belief that the murder was both committed and unsuspected, the savage chief boldly repaired to the capital. That visit terminated a ruthless career; for in the street he was stabbed to the heart by Campbell of Calder, a brother of the ill-used lady.

The views presented, as we steamed along, were beautiful and varied. The wooded heights of Appin; the romantic opening of Lochs Creran and Leven, on the right; the distant mountains—all, in turn, were seen to great advantage. Among the frowning hills, stretching from the Leven to Ballachulish,

runs a wild glen of singular interest and beauty. Many rivulets fall into it from the hills, and one stream intersects it—the Cona, so often mentioned in Ossian's song—on whose banks, as tradition asserts, the bard himself was born. Another and a more lamentable event has given this romantic glen a sad celebrity—the ruthless murder of the Macdonalds in 1691, forming probably the most blood-stained page in British history. The scene where the massacre of Glencoe was perpetrated is still pointed out to the traveller, and a malediction upon its authors invariably bursts from the herdsman's lips as he tells the tale of slaughter.

I disembarked at Fort William, and spent the evening hour after dinner in examining a place of no small importance, forming as it did "lang syne" one of the old keys of the Highlands. It was first erected by General Monk, during the Protectorate, and named after the ancient castle in its immediate neighbourhood, "the garrison of Inverlochy." It appears to have been a rude and ill-designed work, and hastily thrown up by military labour, and so extensive as to require two thousand men to form its garrison. After the accession of King William it was dismantled and rebuilt, the scale being judiciously contracted, and masonry substituted for earth; and, with a new formation, it also received its present name. In "the forty-five" it resisted successfully for a month the adherents of Prince Charlie; and, indeed, from the calibre of the siege train employed, and the respectful distance at which the breaching battery was thrown up, the place might have held out for ever. A company from a Highland depôt now garrisoned the place,—and the barrack sergeant, who ciceroned me round the ramparts, admitted that "although the duty was no ower much, the rheumatism, in winter, was the deevil!"

Ben Nevis lies in seductive vicinity, but I own, with shame, that I have declined an ascent. That of Ben Cruachan was, to me, a settler—and I am not man enough to venture a second time into the clouds, with five hundred feet additional to climb. And yet, to scientific gentlemen, manifold are its attractions: a bird-fancier would be gratified by the distant prospect of an eagle's eyry; a geologist, with combinations of red granite and brown porphyry passing human understanding; an artist, if the hill were without its nightcap, might study Highland scenery from sea to sea; and aerial-carriage companies experimentalize from a clear precipice of five hundred feet; and, "in transitu," obtain a cargo of unmelted snow, or a few eaglets from the fissures in descending.

I proceeded next morning by a much leveller and very interesting route, passing the venerable pile of Inverlochy, and

the scene of the most brilliant victory of Montrose. With the florid colouring of romance, Scott has so faithfully described the leading incidents of the action, that a despatch could scarcely give them with more accuracy. I wandered for an hour over what I fancied was the field; saw Gillespie Grumach—shame on the chief of such a glorious clan!—view the battle from his galley, up sail and oar, and secure inglorious safety, while land, and loch, and river were crimsoned with the best blood of the brave and too-devoted Campbells. Much as I admire the admirable picture of Argyle's defeat, there is one feature that to me has always appeared a foul libel upon gentlemen of the sword. Mercenary devil as Dalgetty was, he never would have desecrated the honoured carcass of Gustavus for the value of the skin. It is a blotch upon the drawing—unnatural—absurd. I have seen a dragoon cry over a dead horse, as if he had lost a brother; and I have no doubt that the gallant Rittmaster would have yielded knighthood, even though conferred upon a battle-field, to have redeemed his favourite charger. Indeed I have always considered Sir Duncan Campbell nothing better than a blunderer; a man who would not erect a scone upon Drumsnab, and shoot a horse instead of a Highlander! Shade of Dick Martin! what would you say to that?\*

My route lay midway between Forts William and Augustus, where, in a sequestered valley, a mile or two from Loch Lochy, an old companion had committed matrimony, and exchanged the claymore for the coulter. I procured a car, and proceeded to one of the sweetest and most secluded valleys which ever a retired soldier selected for calm and comfortable retirement.

Accident had disclosed the existence of my ancient camarado, and on the romantic banks of Arkaig† I found that he had established his household gods. Evening was closing when I reached this Highland domicile. There was no occasion to inquire if the owner were at home; for, on the car entering the little enclosure in front of the mansion, a plainly-

\* Appendix, No. XXXVII.

† "This beautiful sheet of water, though only two miles distant from Loch Lochy, in the Great Glen, through which so many travellers are now almost daily passing, is scarcely known to any but the shepherds who live in its vicinity. It is separated from Loch Lochy (into which it pours a dark and sluggish stream) by a valley which is traversed longitudinally by a line of rocky knolls, clothed with oak and birch trees, among which are scattered some large and hoary trunks of ash, alder, and hawthorn.

"The scenery within these knolls is exactly of the same description as the Trosachs of Perthshire; and in one part the road through them is so completely overshadowed by the branches, as to have obtained the name of the *dark mile*."—Anderson.

clad gentleman advanced a dozen paces from his hall-door, and bade me a courteous welcome.

The long interval of five-and-twenty years had elapsed since Captain Macdougall and I had parted. Our acquaintance had commenced at the foot of the greater breach of Badajoz, where both had fallen. In the morning we were removed by the same fatigue-party; placed in the same hospital, side by side; recovered under similar treatment and attendance; crawled out in company until both were convalescent; and each joined his own corps to follow out a soldier's fortune. He was drafted to India; I, with better luck, ordered with my regiment to Belgium. Waterloo gave me one step; the vomita in the West Indies obliged me with another. On the night of the 19th of March, 1812, he lay in the ditch, a captain of Grenadiers; I senior ensign of the Connaught Rangers. Thirty years afterwards we met again: he, a retired captain—I, a colonel and companion of the Bath. Such are war's fortunes.

I never knew the face that the operations of a quarter of a century improved. I was totally forgotten; and I had to tax memory hard to recall my friend Macdougall—for the stalwart and broad-shouldered Highlander, who had led the storming-party so gallantly on the bloody night of Badajoz, had changed into a thin, lathy, stooped, and white-headed sexagenarian.

"*You are welcome, sir,*" he said, with the broad emphasis of Gaelic hospitality.

"Do you remember me, Macdougall?" I said, as I wrung the offered hand of my ancient camarado.

"Why faith, no," returned the Highlander.

"And yet I lay beside you for three weeks in the convent of Santa Catalina!"

The Celt started, lowered his shaggy eyebrow, and peered into my face.

"It cannot be," he murmured; "the Irish youth was but a beardless boy—and you——"

"Are all that's left of Denis O'Flagherty!"

In a moment the Highlander had locked me in his arms; bade me a thousand welcomes; introduced me to his domicile and family; and—

"You both got regularly drunk, toasting dead men's memories in an ocean of hot toddy."

No, Jack! not exactly. Highland and Hibernian heads are enduring vessels. I'll not make oath that the cock did not cra' before we separated, and that "if we were na fou', i' faith we were na fasting."

I remained with the worthy Captain a full week; shot

grouse throughout the day, and stormed Badajoz regularly after dinner. His father-in-law, the old minister, was a guest, and, surcharged with the engrossing question of the exercise of Church patronage, he worthy man, seeing me in utter ignorance touching the same, would have gladly enlightened my darkness upon the subject; but, alas! to his erudite disquisitions, Captain Macdougall sported deaf adder. The irreligious commander, in one fell swoop, consigned Intrusionist and Non-Intrusionist "to the Deil"—and we retreated from Burgos, and advanced upon Vittoria, while, night after night, the minister was obliged to return to the Manse, without being enabled to explain to me his views respecting lay-patronage, free-call, and the veto. That Mass John entertained a strong affection for his son-in-law, I do not question; but I verily he would have wished him for a couple of hours snug in his old quarters—the convent of Santa Catalina.

"Ye're ganging early hame, feyther," I overheard the Captain's helpmate remark to the minister, as she buttoned the old man's riding-coat.

"Och! Jenny, woman, I may as weel move hameward. They're cam' this evening as far as San Sebastian, as they ca' it. They ha' only built their batteries in a kirk-yard yet—mair shame for them for tumblin' the coffins oot—and before they tak' the place, an' plunder the hooses, it will be midnight at the earliest."

I have never seen a gentleman of the sword more comfortably and happily cantoned "in the down-hill of life," than my friend Allan Macdougall. A comely and a canny wife, a promising family, a fair competence, plenty without, and peace within—what more could man desire? I have taken a reluctant farewell, my host insisting on accompanying me to Fort Augustus. It will be a busy and a wet evening, for we have to cross the Pyrenees, and fight Orthez and Toulouse afterwards. These extensive operations will consume an extra allowance of whisky toddy, and no common *doch an durris* must be drunk; when we embark finally in the Garonne. Well, if I do get drunk, I have Slender's consolation, that it will be "in honest company." There is comfort in the thought, for before now I have seen the winding up of a jollification with an ex-captain neither safe nor satisfactory. I recollect one of these dangerous *symposia*, at which I officiated when quartered in the north of Ireland. The host has long since gone to his account—his domicile is a ruin—and, as like other pleasant gentlemen, who lead short and merry lives, his memory has passed away, I may venture to sketch a scene from life in Ireland—remember, gentle reader—as it was.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## LIFE, AS IT WAS, IN IRELAND.

It is many a year since I was, unhappily, an inmate in an Irish domicile, of which I might faithfully aver, that "none but itself could be its parallel." The house was buried among dreary mountains, the owner a privileged madman, the servants appeared as if they had been bred wild, and only *lassoed* on the morning of your arrival; in short, everything within the house and without the house was in excellent keeping. Invariably at breakfast, either tea, sugar, or cream was reported absent without leave—and at dinner, before the meal had half concluded, the chief butler was either saluted with a flying plate, to rouse him to a sense of duty, or, more probably, kicked out of the room altogether. When you went to bed—a favour seldom granted before the use of candles, even in winter, was unnecessary—if the bed did not break down, and its supply of blankets was correct, it was sure to want a sheet or two. In summer, the windows would not lift; and in winter, the fire smoked awfully, although it had the full advantage of free ventilation, from a cat having jumped through a pane the preceding day to avoid the civility of three terriers, who followed the example, each taking the square of glass which permitted the quickest egress. Once, I was astonished to find, on reaching my dormitory, an hour before daylight—the expiring candle having regularly expired as I crossed the threshold of the chamber—that when I groped my way to bed, the bed felt absolutely like other beds, and was supplied with the customary "napery," as they call it here; and at this agreeable disappointment, I rejoiced exceedingly, and slept. When I awoke, a prompt discovery "checked my pride." I had reposed within a folded tablecloth, which having been deluged by the overturn of an argosy of melted butter, was "rendered incapable," until washed again, and, I presume, obliged "a double debt to pay," and take the duty of a pair of sheets. I cannot say that bed-linen is improved by melted butter; and when I awoke, "the laast taste in life," as an Irish gentlewoman once expressed it, of Eau de Cologne would not have been rejected.

It was said by some, that a good deal of the madness of the proprietor of this pleasant mansion was affected. A man of gigantic size and strength, with the wildest expression of countenance imaginable, R—— always adopted a costume calculated to set off these personal advantages to the most. I

have encountered him on the mountains, in August, as nearly naked as decency would permit, with a beard that would excite the envy of a Jew, and a straw hat, shaped like a Spanish sombrero, and overhung with a forest of heather and bog-myrtle. Throughout the country he was looked upon as a crazy desperado, and the immunity this character obtained for him was turned to excellent account. He trespassed on preserves—crossed interdicted mountains—no peasant inquiring whither he went, and the stoutest keeper slipping into some convenient gully, to let “the mad captain” pass, unchallenged and unseen.

An English militia regiment was quartered in the next garrison, R—— scraped an acquaintance with the officers, and in return for mess hospitality, half a dozen of the soldiers were invited to visit Mullaghmore. In an evil hour the invitation was accepted—and I, acting as guide, accompanied them to the scene of intended festivity. No person who had once been an inmate of the Captain’s abiding-place, would bring with him a second time, a horse above the value of an oyster-man’s. In stable management, R——’s system was one of independence; stall and halter were dispensed with; and consequently, the animal was left to amuse himself *à discrétion*, and choose any corner he might please. Still, i was not precisely the quarters which Major Dalgetty would have selected for the steed, named after the immortal Gustavus. The “provant” was irregular: if there was hay, there was no corn; and if there was corn, there was no hay. “Marry, good air” there was, however, in abundance;—the last gale had removed a moiety of the roof, and the gallant captain appeared to be in no hurry to repair damages.

We reached the point at which the mountain road diverged from the mail-coach one, and the distance to the Captain’s domicile was a short mile. At the union of the roads a smithy had been erected—and under pretence of having a loose shoe fastened, I deposited my quadruped with the disciple of Vulcan, who, for a promised consideration, engaged to procure a feed of corn for the charger, and instead of a horse sheet, give him the use of his cota-more. I had reason to congratulate myself on the arrangement—for the smith informed me in a whisper, that the Captain had lately added to his stud a kicking mule, which he had obtained on easy terms from a travelling tinker, “bekase, ye see, the mule, the devil blister him! had kilt one o’ the childer, out and out.”

Passing a rascally excuse for a plantation, where the broken trees bore silent testimony that every goat in the townland had bivouacked from the moment they had been planted, we reached the mansion in good time. The worthy host received



his company with a view-holla—the cavalry were despatched to the stables—and in half an hour the banquet was announced. At this remote period, I can only generally remember, that the dinner consisted of a side of mountain mutton and three geese, seasoned with a couple of bottles of bad wine, and as much poteine punch as would have filled a slipper-bath, even to the overflow.

I evaded drinking, under the plea of indisposition: the Captain being spirit proof, on him alcohol was as water; two of the guests were already on the carpet; and the other four, in different degrees of drunkenness, announced their intention to boot, saddle, and ride home. Vain were the entreaties of the host; and vainly did he recount a long and alarming list of broken bridges and cruel murders. Pot-valiantly, the militia-men determined to take the road; and the gallant Captain, finding his solicitations unavailing, at last gave a reluctant consent, and went out to order the horses to the door.

Some time elapsed, a *doch an durris* was drunk solemnly, and the cavalry were at last announced in waiting. Never had a few hours made a more awful alteration in a stud. Four bays and browns, in effective condition, had entered the Captain's stables; and now, when they were brought out, it was discovered that the mule had lamed two of them for life, and the other twain had miraculously changed colour. The truth was, that the worthy host, having a predilection for greys, had subjected the quadrupeds to an innocent experiment; for on their arrival at his mansion, he had directed a couple of the chargers to be whitewashed, without consulting the proprietors. It is said, that under the influence of fright, men's hair has whitened in a night; but that a horse should become grey in the course of an evening, was a mystery that the owners could never comprehend, and they departed neither satisfied with the change, nor exactly aware of the causes that had produced it.

A kindlier farewell was never interchanged between host and guest. Captain R—— could not have expressed more anxious solicitude for the soldiers' safe arrival at the barracks—no, had they been his brothers. To ensure their security, he enumerated certain parts of the road, which in an Insurance Office would have been set down as "doubly hazardous;" implored them to pass hedges at a canter, to frustrate a deliberate aim—observed that he practised what he preached, for, on the preceding Wednesday night, owing to his rapid movements, a bullet intended to form a deposit among the lower ribs, was fortunately inserted in his cloak-

case, three inches from the back-bone. Should any misfortune occur, he begged the survivor to apprise him of the particulars, and also name the day of the funeral. "You're pretty safe to the end of the avenue, but when you come to the plantation—in with the spurs!"—"were the last words of Marmion."

"Why the devil do you frighten the unfortunate men?" I said, when the strangers had cantered off. "Why, they'll ride in fear and terror until they reach the barrack-gate."

"I'll bet five pounds," returned the host, "that not half their number pass the smith's forge before morning. Come, I'll just step in and bid Murty boil the kettle—for if any of them can manage to stick to the pigskin, he'll be back in ten minutes."

The worthy host turned in, and I, glad to be emancipated from an atmosphere, combining in equal parts the steam of poteine punch and villanous tobacco, avoided the great chamber of the Lord of Mullaghmore, for the cold and more bracing air of an autumnal midnight.

I had not paced the gravelled walk in front of the Captain's mansion five minutes, when a shot, followed by three or four, rapidly delivered, was heard in the direction of the smithy.

"R——!" I shouted—and the host responded to the call: "What means this firing?"

"Oh! quite harmless, unless the scoundrels forgot to draw the shot."

"This is a very wild, and, let me add also, a very inhuman proceeding. If any accident should occur—"

"It will be owing to their own bad horsemanship altogether!"

"They may be thrown—and—"

"Did ye ever hear of a drunken man hurt? I have had five falls in a ten miles' ride, with two bottles of black strap and another of brandy under my belt; and when I awoke in a wake-house, where they had laid me out beside the corpse, as there was but one feather-bed in the cabin, d——n me, I had neither scratch nor headache, and was on Tammary in time to see the fox shaken next morning, after eating three salt herrings for breakfast, and packing them with six inches of poteine, hot from the still.—But, hush! a horse's feet, and, by the Lord! a rider upon him too! I thought every devil of them would have been down."

As he spoke, a man with a face whiter than the white-washed horse he rode, pulled up, dismounted, and staggered in. He gasped like one in mortal agony, and while I handed

him a chair, the host forced half a tumblerful of neglected punch down his throat, which appeared to recall his recollection.

"No accident, I hope," inquired the considerate Captain; "running races, I suppose. I always do it when I'm drunk. You're the winner, and no mistake—but where the devil are your friends?"

"Murdered!" groaned the horror-stricken lieutenant; and he proceeded to narrate that they had been waylaid, fired at, and three vacancies made in the—London militia. ~

Great was the sorrow and indignation which the host exhibited. After premising that the deceased should have a "tearing wake," and all obituary honours, he declared his further intention to show his respect for the memory of his friends by taking a jaunting-car to Downpatrick, and thus personally attend the execution of the assassins. Then calling for lights and blunderbusses, we proceeded to lift the honoured slain, and bring them to a place where their obsequies should be tenderly performed.

On reaching the scene of slaughter, three hats and a military cloak identified the fatal spot. Ensign Dawes lifted the latter.

"That is poor Fosberry's," he muttered; "I wonder where the corpse is?"

"Here!" returned a feeble voice; and a man crawled through an opening in the hedge. It was the lamented lieutenant, actually in the flesh, and that too, unpierced by either slug or bullet. Ere he could receive our congratulations, a head rose cautiously from a deep gripe, and doubtfully inquired whether we were "thieves or true men?" This second Lazarus was another of the lost ones. He had been ejected from the saddle into a quickset hedge, and what his wounds lacked in depth, they amply compensated in number. None was unaccounted for but the commander of the party; and after a close research, Captain Burton was returned "*non est inventus.*"

"I had no wish to resume the symposia—stole away unperceived—knocked the smith up—saddled and mounted my steed—and set off leisurely for ——. As I slipped the promised reward to the artist in iron, he implored me to conceal from the Captain his being accessory to my escape, 'as some night, when his honour was riding home hearty, he would set fire to the thatch, as he did last Lammas come a twelvemonth.'"

My fears for Captain Burton's safety were speedily removed, by overtaking some country people, who were driving cattle to a neighbouring fair. They were endeavour-

ing to resuscitate a dead sheep, which, as they informed me, had been ridden over by a madman, who, swearing he would sell his life dearly, galloped through them as if the devil were at his heels. On inquiring into particulars touching this wild horseman, there was a serious discrepancy in description. The fellow on the right side of the road, swore that the horse was chestnut—while he on the left, offered to make oath that the charger was white as milk. I found afterwards a solution to the mystery; the artist employed to colour the horses at Mullaghmore, had been interrupted when he had only completed a moiety of his task, and having got drunk, he fell asleep, and left a side unfinished.

It was well that I hastened to the town, for dire was the alarm that Captain Burton's arrival, "at headlong speed," occasioned in the barracks. Unused to deeds of blood, the gallant Londoners, horror-struck at this wholesale butchery, were in the very act of sallying forth to rescue the bodies, and take summary vengeance on the murderers, could they but be found. My assurances quelled the storm, and this hairbreadth escape of their comrades was the subject of surprise and congratulation of the regiment for the next twelvemonth. The hospitable proprietor of Mullaghmore extended a general invitation to the whole corps, but, strange to say, none availed themselves of the civility. It was universally admitted that Captain R—— was a pleasant gentleman enough, but there were some, prejudiced in favour of roofed stables, and objecting to loose boxes, in company with kicking mules, who insinuated that Mullaghmore was neither a proper quarter to train a favourite for the Derby, nor exactly the place for a man to get drunk first, and ride home afterwards. Indeed, I became a convert to the prevailing opinion—and, satisfied with the colour of my horse, neither gave him the chance of being whitewashed, nor ran the risk of mortal injury myself, by being shot in a joke; for, as they say in Ireland, "I never darkened the Captain's door," after the pleasant and hospitable reception he gave the gallant officers of the —— London Militia.

I met the gallant commander once afterwards. Poor fellow, it was his last appearance in public;—and accident made the parting scene of a wild life additionally *éclatant*.

You know, Jack, in Ireland, that, after an informer and the hangman, the gauger obtains the next place in popular antipathy. It was the last meeting of the Northern Rangers; and when trying for a fox, a silly young gentleman, a dragoon officer, whose puppyism had raised the Captain's choler, let his horse's bridle slip accidentally, while dismounted at the coverside. Hundreds of country-people had collected to wit-

ness "the red rascal" make his burst. "Oh, blessed God!" exclaimed the Lord of Mullaghmore; "will nobody stop the gauger's horse?" Stop a gauger's horse! "Musha, bad luck to him, the thief of the world!" exclaimed fifty voices in full concert—every man flinging his *caubeein* at the flying charger as he passed, and adding to the terror of the frightened quadruped. The fox broke cover—away went the field—while the unhappy dragoon plodded sorrowfully back six miles, to his barracks, to raise a "hue and cry" after his missing steed.

That night the Rangers gave their annual ball. Now, the Captain generally considered dancing to be a waste of time, and stuck steadily to the bottle. On this occasion, however, he departed from his general rule, and at midnight came to the determination of visiting the gay throng collected in the ball-room. One difficulty presented itself. In his movements, the gallant Captain adopted light-marching order—his wardrobe was confined to the habiliments upon his back, a tattered red coatee, leathers and jockey-boots—both the worse for constant service—three shirts, worn one above the other, and removed *seriatim*, as the wearer deemed clean linen should be sported. Well, this costume was not the one which fashion demanded; and the Captain remembered that the overgrown fellow who enacted chief-waiter, had figured at dinner in a suit of black. The pantler was summoned to the presence; and partly by entreaty, and partly through bodily fear, was induced to accede to the request, and lend his sables for "the nonce," taking, however, a lien for safe return upon the whole of the Captain's personals—boots, breeches, saddle, bridle, and coatee. But, alas, the costume was incomplete; the waiter had lent his stockings, the shops were closed, and, had they been open, it would not have mattered, the Captain dealing upon credit, a system not approved of in Dundalk.

The Captain gazed sorrowfully at his black tights and brawny legs, which, like Paddy Carey's, would "make a chairman stare." "I have it!" exclaimed the commander; and "Boots" was rung for. The expedient was short and simple: the Captain's legs blacked and polished; and, thus adorned, he modestly joined the fair assembly, none questioning the correctness of his costume. I recollect that he occasioned rather a sensation at the supper-table, by offering a bet that he would draw, roast, and *eat* a badger, within a given time; but none accepted the wager, and the pleasant feat was not performed. This elegant exhibition, undoubtedly intended for the especial gratification of the fair sex, was not appreciated as it deserved. I heard the Captain solicit unsuccessfully several fair hands when dancing had been resumed after supper—but all recoiled, as if he had been actually a cannibal

—and, instead of demolishing a badger, had proposed to devour a child.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Fort Augustus—Military roads—Fall of Foyers—Road to Dores—Inverness—Civic anecdotes—Rate of living, Auld Lang Syne—Life *Olim*, in Inverness—Culloden—Mistake in accepting battle—Defeat of the Highland army—Village of Auldearn—Montrose's victory—Visit to Fort George—Dreariness of its situation.

FORT AUGUSTUS, the weakest of the Highland keys, is now dismantled, and left to the care of two or three invalids. In forty-five it was taken by the Highland army; and, after the final defeat of the insurgents at Culloden, afterwards occupied by the Duke of Cumberland, the site of whose sod-built cabin may still be traced. The unsparing severity by which the royal duke dimmed the brilliancy of success, was exercised from this, a central point for operations; and many a Highland glen received cruel visitations from the moveable columns of the English army, while marauding from this fortress.

I proceeded by an uninteresting route and hilly road towards the celebrated cascades formed by the waters of the river Foyers, and stopped at a small inn erected on the site of the hut occupied by General Wade,\* when employed in constructing the military roads, which, by rendering the Highlands accessible, took from these fastnesses that security which hitherto had made them safe haunts for the outlaw and the disaffected to retire upon. The beneficial effects conferred by establishing easy communications with the Lowlands were soon evidenced, not only in the pacification but the improvement of those wild districts which they opened up; and those who had viewed their commencement with distrust, lived to bear testimony to their utility. And yet in those days the Highlanders appear to have been a thankless generation—for the only laudatory notice I have seen of this important undertaking, is a couplet composed by an Irish officer, who, by a curious species of deuteroscopia, perceived their value

\* This must be a mistake. The cantonments of Wade's corps were on the eastern bank, above the bridge of Inverfarikaig; and it is not likely, considering the unsettled state of the country and the unpopular work he was engaged in, that the general would take up his quarters two miles distant from his camp. The hut was probably used only as a bivouac, when visiting the workmen, or inspecting the progress of distant operations.

before they were made, and bequeathed his blessing to the inventor.\*

A heavy and continuous fall of rain imprisoned me in "the General's hut," as the hostelrie is called, where travellers stop, not certainly for the accommodation a dirty, smoky change-house is likely to afford, but as being a most convenient point for his visit to the Falls of Fyers or Foyars.

I saw this splendid cascade in all its glory, the river being heavily flooded, and the volume of water thrown over the falls unusually great. As I gazed upon the roaring cataract, from a commanding point on the western side of the stream, whither my guide, not without some difficulty, had conducted me, I fancied that nothing in the world in picturesque beauty could be superior. The precipitous ridges through which the swollen river tumbled; its mighty mass of discoloured water; the light span of the airy bridge that springs from rock to rock across the angry flood; the boiling caldron underneath, in which the troubled waters mingle; all seen together, and in the prismatic tinting of brilliant sunshine, was one of the most splendid spectacles upon which mortal eye could dwell. Even sound gives effect to sight. The ear is confounded by the noise of rushing water, as the eye is dizzied by its ceaseless action, while fancy adds to both; for the solid rock on which I stood seemed actuated by some tremulous movement. The measurement of the different falls, from the surface of the rock to the basin which receives the water projected from their upper ledge, is nearly five hundred feet. Taken altogether, the falls of Foyers are well worth a short pilgrimage. If the river be flooded, as it was the day I visited it, the sight has an awe-inspiring magnificence about it that cannot be conceived; but those who have viewed it under a different aspect,† pronounce it what Coleridge would term, "beautiful exceedingly."

I took the road to Dores; and in its small and unpretending inn was accommodated with a better dinner than many a more important-looking hostelrie would have afforded. I know not when I traversed ten miles whose scenic effect was

\* "Had you but seen these roads before they were made,  
You would lift up your eyes, and bless General Wade!"

† Chambers, in his description, says:—"In times of comparative drought the water finds a wide enough channel through an orifice, nearly arched over by the worn rocks, and then quietly spreads itself, like a long white web, over the face of the precipice. At the bottom of the fall is a smooth green plain, descending upon Loch Ness, ornamented by the house and shrubberies of Fyers, on which people land from the steamboats to have a view of the cataract. A dense mist is constantly seen rising from the broken water, and the noise made may usually be heard at a considerable distance."

more agreeable—and an eye lately accustomed to dwell on rude and savage grandeur, found a pleasing repose in the soft and pastoral appearance a woodland drive presented. Macculloch—whose graphic descriptions teem with the poetry of nature—thus alludes to it. Speaking of the route from the Fall of Foyers, the Doctor remarks:—"If hence to Inverness the country presents no picturesque scenery, there is one part of the road which may well redeem the whole: there is none such throughout the Highlands, so that it adds novelty to beauty,—a green road of shaven turf, holding its bowery course for miles, through close groves of birch and alder, with occasional glimpses of Loch Ness and of the open country. I passed it at early dawn, when the branches were still spangled with drops of dew; while the sun, shooting its beams through the leaves, exhaled the sweet perfume of the birch, and filled the whole air with fragrance."

It was still early in the evening when I entered the ancient city of Inverness, and was deposited at the Caledonian Hotel. Having made a few memoranda from Anderson's Guide-book,—and a most invaluable Guide-book it is, uniting legendary lore with solid information, and leading the traveller by the hand, wherever fancy directs him in his northern wanderings,—I set out to take a hasty glance at the Highland capital.

I spent a couple of hours most agreeably in strolling through this interesting and beautiful town; and I have returned to "mine inn," no longer marvelling at the pride with which the Highlander directs the traveller's attention to Inverness. Everything that meets the eye indicates good taste and burghal prosperity; and there is not a city in the empire, where the contrast of the past and present will afford a more curious picture.

In looking back a century, the change effected on the city and civic arrangements, striking as they may appear, will still fall infinitely short of those produced on the social character and habits of the burghers.

In "the fifteen" (1715) the first coach was introduced by the then Lord Seaforth; and the driver was considered a personage of such superior importance that every bonnet was doffed at his approach. In "forty," the town council were obliged to advertise for a resident saddler; and in "the forty-five," the Prince and the Duke of Cumberland in turn occupied the same apartments in Church-street—the house being the only one in Inverness which could boast a sitting-room, without a bed in it. In 1709, the gaol had to undergo a fumigation at the expense of a cart of peats, value, *Scotticè*, 4s. 6d., to correct its villanous smell; and, in 1737, a grant



to the hangman is recorded, of "an iron spade for cleaning out the Tolbooth." Only thirty years ago, an arch of the stone bridge had been ingeniously turned into a manufactory of madmen. It was admirably contrived to effect its purpose, as I should consider that as no cerebral solidity could be arch-proof, ordinary intellects must be unsettled in a night, and a stoic be insane within a fortnight. This excellent institution was unfortunately done away with, but the reasons given by Anderson are very satisfactory.\*

At this period, and even twenty years afterwards, Inverness was not only a place where a man could "drink himself rich," but also indulge in excellent living. Nowhere, would "a shilling go farther;" as, for that consideration, you could command a leg of mutton, a neck of veal, and a gallon of "heavy wet" to wash them down with—so that on "forty pounds a year," Goldsmith's Village-preacher might have vied in housekeeping with a cardinal. What is a parson to a provost? and, oh! what a place Inverness would have been for Irish gentlemen of the school described by that pleasant chronicler, the late Sir Jonah Barrington. Thus writes Chambers:—"Provost Phineas Macpherson, a late dignitary, whose fine old Highland manners might have ornamented a court, used to say that in those days he lived with great hospitality and plenty, sporting claret at his table, and yet never spent more than *seventy pounds sterling a-year*. The vice of intemperate drinking is understood to have been carried to a great height in Inverness in these not very distant times. In the work usually called Burt's Letters, the writer gives a minute and animated account of the hospitality of the house of Culloden, in the days of the President's elder brother; telling, among other things, that the servants would on no account permit a guest to walk to his bed, considering that an insult to the laird; every man had to *sit till he became insensible, and then they brought spokes, and carried him off, as in a sedan.*"

I set out this morning for a long, and, as promised by the Guide-book, a very interesting excursion. Although, in George and Peter Anderson I have hitherto found admirable directors, and consequently put implicit faith, still, and at the very starting, I have begged leave to reject their advice, fortified even by a better authority. The worthy authors of

\* "The grating, or air-hole, is still visible, whence the poor captive obtained a distant view of the hills, and of the river which rolled beneath him, whose dismal noise was only echoed by the trampling of horses and passengers over the roof of his damp and lonely cell. It is said, that this horrible dungeon was only abandoned, after a maniac confined in it *had been devoured by rats.*"

the best work a Highland tourist can obtain, insinuate that the traveller should postpone his matitudinal meal until he reach Fort George, (Campbeltown,) thirteen mortal miles. Now I agreeing entirely with Rittmaster Dalgetty, do opine that the garrison should be victualled before starting—and I breakfasted accordingly at the Caledonian. Rest assured that, for the honour of the Highlands, the aforesaid George and Peter should recant the heretical doctrine they have thus propounded. No man knew life *in the rough* better than the honest follower of Gustavus—and had you started him in search of the picturesque—breakfast in prospective, distance four long leagues, a Finan haddie would have had more charms for the Major than the Falls of Foyers, with Niagara in addition—while, with his “provent under his belt,” the ochre-brown of his hereditary patrimony—the moor of Drumthwacket—would have presented a regular *couleur de rose*. *Moral*—Breakfast before you even venture a peep at Highland scenery.

Contrary to established rule, I pricked my own route out, and visited *direct* the concluding scene of Prince Charles’s gallant, chivalrous, silly, and contemptible career; for all blend so intimately in the plaided texture of his fortunes, that it is difficult to name that which is most predominant.

Some five miles to the eastward of Inverness the ground of “red Culloden” stands. At the time of the action it was bare, flat, open, traversable heather, and the last position in the world on which an irregular and exhausted body should have received battle from an army regularly organized. In about equal ratio that to the poor Highlanders the conflict was calamitous, to their leaders it was disgraceful. Had a score of kingdoms been dependent on the result, the Chevalier should have lost them all; while the victor, achieving an easy triumph, sullied accidental success by wanton and impolitic barbarity. Think what a fool the man must be, who, without cavalry or guns, accepted battle on an open moor, and attacked an army tolerably equipped with both!

An old carl in a kilt, who resided in one of the few cabins built on the edge of the heath, pointed out the Highland position. The ground selected had little natural advantage to recommend it—for although their right was partially protected by a stone dike, the left, extending towards Culloden House, was formed upon open moorland.

It was a common trick with the old boobies in the Peninsula, who led the Spanish armies, not to fight but to be slaughtered—to march them off their legs first, and then try conclusions in open ground with veteran troops and practised leaders, who, of course, demolished these raw and broken-hearted

levies at discretion ; and Prince Charles's proceedings appear to have been pretty similar at Culloden. Intending a night attack on the English camp, which he found himself unable to deliver, he marched and countermarched until the clans were completely exhausted. Some were straggling in search of food, others sleeping in the adjacent villages—all were dispirited and disunited. A large reinforcement of the Badenoch men were already within a few miles' march, when, instead of falling back upon the mountain country, where he could have fought with increased numbers and local advantage, the silly young man took ground upon Culloden, and threw his last chance away.

The royal army, advancing leisurely along a height, running in a north-easterly direction from Dalcross Castle,\* formed unmolested in front of the Chevalier. The fire of the English artillery opened—it fell heavily on the ranks of the clans; and, anxious to close, the right and centre of the Highlanders came forward, but the latter only charged. The former were taken in flank by the Duke's cavalry, and repulsed, while the centre, after disordering a couple of the infantry regiments opposed to it, was driven back, and the issue of the day finally and fatally decided.

Culloden was discreditably to all concerned. Lord George Murray's generalship was sadly defective. It was rank folly to fight at all; but, if the rash experiment were tried, the only one of desperate chances that could have turned up would have been in becoming assailant ere the slow evolutions of the times enabled the English leader to place his army in battle order. A headlong charge of desperate men might possibly have been successful; but the Highlanders were not "i' the vein" for fighting; the Macdonalds were out of humour because the Camerons and Athole men were not placed on the

\* "This building, which lies two miles north-east of the field of Culloden, consists of two towers, joined at right angles; the inner corner, where they meet being covered with a projecting turret and large entrance-gate. Many of the appurtenances of an old baronial residence are here still entire, and therefore to the antiquary the place is of considerable interest. Water is still raised from a deep draw-well in the front court. The windows are all stanchioned with iron. The huge oaken door, studded with large nails, and the inner iron gratings, still turn on their rusty hinges. The kitchen,—with its enormous vaulted chimney, like the arch of a bridge,—the dungeons, and the hall, are quite entire. The ceiling of the latter is of fine carved oak, in part rudely painted; but its most interesting feature is the *dais*, or portion of the floor raised above the rest, for the special use of the lord of the manor, his family, and principal guests. The roof of one of the bedrooms was painted all over with coats of arms of the principal families in the country, and those of Robert Bruce, of the Earls of Huntley, Marischal, and Stuart, are still quite distinct. This castle was built in 1620, by Simon, eighth Lord F<sup>7</sup>at."—*Anderson*.

left—and with a reserve in hand, the Prince allowed his right wing to be cut to pieces. The whole affair was a partial and unconnected effort; and the pity is, that the enthusiastic gallantry of a few should not have been both better directed and sustained. That part of the Highland centre fought desperately, the fact of their breaking Munro's and Burrell's regiments will prove.\* But many of the clans scarcely discharged a shot; the Frasers, with unbroken ranks, were played off the ground by their pipers; the Prince rode away, instead of launching his reserve to support his right; the action was idly and unskilfully fought from beginning to end; there was a partial display of desperate courage without unity of purpose—some little to admire, but more to censure and condemn.

It was said that a very simple manœuvre in bayonet exercise, introduced by the Duke, rendered the Highland onset less effective than it had hitherto proved. The Celtic method of attack was to receive the point of the opponent's weapon in the target, and cut him down afterwards with the claymore—the adroitness of the Highlander at the same time securing his own person from the lounge, and enabling him, unscathed, to close with his antagonist, and use a shorter and more destructive weapon. Before Culloden, the Duke had his infantry instructed to decline thrusting at the man in front, but, by a diagonal lounge at the next file, find a ready entrance for the bayonet, where the side was unprotected by the target.

\* “All that courage, all that despair could do, was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance, the scream of the onset, the thunders of the musketry, and the din of the trumpets and drums, confounded one sense; while the flash of the firearms and the glitter of the brandished broadswords dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense—but only a moment; for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path. Not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife

“When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly-estimated honour. They rushed on; but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.”

It is certain that the whole front rank who charged, chief and duna-wassail, fell; and it was *the last time* that broadsword encountered bayonet, the former giving place to the latter in military use; and many a peninsular field will tell, that if the Highlander, a hundred years before, was formidable with the claymore, with pointed steel he was equally irresistible.

The royal Duke gained an easy victory, and royally he should have used it; but his highness of Cumberland was but a mere soldado; and cold, selfish, and unforgiving, he left a blood-stained escutcheon behind him when he died. Hear what the Andersons say:—"The wounded were left three days on the field, and such as then survived were shot by the order of the Duke of Cumberland. He set fire to a barn, to which many of them had retired. In the town of Inverness he instituted a complete military government, treated the inhabitants and magistrates with contempt, and he was afterwards obliged to sue out an act of indemnity from the British parliament for these and other atrocities, of which it is notoriously known he was guilty."

What a veneration the Scotch have for bailies and town counsellors! Now, for my part, had his royal highness inserted the whole of these civic functionaries into that repository for a night where the madmen were subsequently cantoned, and restored some gallant clansmen to their native glens, where the joyous outburst of infancy to greet a returning parent, would have silenced the widow's coronach, even had the provost lost a toe, I should have blessed the memory of a man that can only be regarded now with feelings approaching to detestation.

From Culloden, and at a few leagues distance, the military pilgrim will find a scene which he may recall to memory with very different feelings. I allude to that beside the village of Auldearn, on the river Nairn—the battle-ground on which the gallant Marquis of Montrose so bloodily defeated the Covenanters under General Hurry. It is painful to observe how unjustly a soldier's fame too frequently is meted out. For a clumsy and accidental success, Cumberland has passed current as a hero, while a victory achieved under circumstances which should render its memory imperishable, is scarcely remembered now by any but the military antiquarian.

In two celebrated actions under the leading of "Gallant Grames," a curious departure from strategic formulæ distinguishes both. Barossa, under that glorious old man, Lord Lynedoch, was fought *rear rank in front*, the regiments not having time to countermarch. Auldearn, under Montrose, made a still more startling departure from military rule; and, as far as my reading goes, is the only instance upon record

where an army formed for and accepted battle *without a centre*.

This singular action took place on the 9th of May, 1645. The Covenanters, four thousand strong, of whom five hundred were well appointed horsemen; the royalists barely mustering fifteen hundred infantry, while their cavalry strength was scarcely one-third that of their opponents. Both armies were composed of stubborn materials—Hurry's were Parliamentary regulars, and obdurate Covenanters from the neighbouring counties, led by Lords Seaforth and Sutherland. The Roundheads advanced from Nairn to give battle, while Montrose as boldly determined to receive it on a position which he had taken up with admirable judgment beside the hamlet of Auldearn.

The military art cannot be acquired; Horace says, "*Poeta nascitur*;" and I say, as far as the truth of the adage goes, that the soldier should be substituted for the poet. The formation of Montrose's followers was as decided a departure from every axiom of art as it was a fine and daring military conception. By the display of numerous banners, and favoured by ground broken and enclosed, he masqued an imaginary centre. His right wing, honoured with the royal standard, and composed of Highlanders and Irishmen, took ground on the north of the village; while the left—the Gordons and his cavalry, and stronger by the half—formed on the south. The right was commanded by Colkitto (Alaster Macdonald), the left by Montrose in person.

This bold and skilful disposition, as we say so expressively in Ireland, *bothered* the crop-eared Covenanter, and Hurry erroneously directed his attack against a wing, which the display of the yellow banner led him to conclude was the one commanded by the king's representative. Favoured by a broken surface, while the enclosures confused the onset of the Covenanters, the Highland and Irish levies received and repulsed the attack. Fresh regiments were ordered forward to sustain it; they, too, became disordered—the ground being admirably adapted to the wild fighting of irregular soldiers, who trusted to nothing save stout hearts and sharp claymores. Montrose watched the crisis of the day, and seized it. Throwing himself upon the wavering right of the Covenanters, he completed the *déroute* of the enemy. In vain their baffled general endeavoured to restore the fight by launching his superior cavalry upon the left wing of the royalists; the order was totally misunderstood, or badly executed, and the charge, instead of relieving the repulsed infantry, increased their disorder. A total rout ensued, Hurry escaping to Inverness with some difficulty, after leaving half

his army dead upon the field, and its whole *materiel* in possession of the victor.

A visit to Fort George completed my military pilgrimage. It is a strong and well-planned work; its *enceinte*, an irregular polygon—the land-front well defended—the curtains case-mated, with bomb-proof magazines, convenient storehouses, and extensive barracks; the whole covering an area of some ten acres. The bastions and connecting works, when fully armed, would mount some eighty guns, of various calibre. Although built on the outer point of a sandy peninsula, abutting on its west front into the sea, Fort George could be easily approached from the eastward, or breached from a high ground above Campbeltown, by which it is too closely domineered.

I spent the day with the commandant of the *depôt* which formed its garrison—once “mine ancient;” but now a “Major of Irishes.” Engineers, in selecting sites for places of arms, are not much influenced by the fashion of the locality. I once put in two dreary winter months in Tilbury, and then set it down as the next place for military punishment to Fernando Po, or the Penal settlements; but I recant my error, and yield the palm to Fort George. Were I one of the unhappy men doomed to keep watch and ward through dull December, in this dreary and isolated garrison, all I shall say is, that, were I asked to spend Christmas in the Bell Rock, I should hesitate much before I refused the invitation.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

Departure for Wick—Intermediate country—Beaul salmon—An hour too late—Herring fishing in the far west—Caithness fisheries—Fish curing—Process of evisceration—A Peninsular fair one—A column in “a fix”—An Irish interpreter—General reflections upon matrimony.

I HAVE had a letter this morning from the Stout Gentleman, urging a speedy performance of my promise, with a hint that the heir to his virtues and estates must remain nameless until after my arrival in Shetland. I must hasten my movements in consequence; and shall book myself direct for the stormy north in the Thurso mail, stopping at that heaven of herring-fanciers—the port of Wick.

In this long drive every variety of surface and scenery will meet the traveller's eye. He will occasionally pass through a luxuriant and finely-wooded country, exhibiting every appearance of scientific cultivation; wend afterwards through highland-glens and mountain-passes, overlooking wild and barren moorland, where nature still continues undisturbed. Again,

for miles the road will skirt a rocky sea-coast; every creek and inlet filled with herring-busses, nets, and barrels, indicating how extensively the fertile resources of the sea add to the opulence and comfort of an island population. Every stream he crosses, he will be told, has an abundant supply of salmon, although the fish are not, generally, so accommodating as those of Beaully;\* while the road itself, carried along towering ridges and fearful ravines, is so perfect, so level, and so carefully maintained, that it looks rather the approach to some noble mansion, than a mountain-highway traversed by her Majesty's mail.

I hoped at Wick to have overtaken the Leith steamer—*dis alitur visum*—and as the royal mail entered the royal burgh, I was anything but gratified in observing a steam-cloud, visible for the last three miles, give place to dense masses of sable smoke, announcing that the "Sovereign" was paddling out of the harbour, and I an hour too late—no infrequent occurrence in the story of a life.

Here I am, all access to Shetland forbidden for a week; and, while the young Udaller remains without a name, how and where shall Colonel O'Flaherty find occupation? Patience, Denis! you have nothing for it but to study herring statistics through the day, and trust to Providence for throwing some Christian man across you "i' the afternoon," to save you from the sin and discomfort of drinking one hand against the other.

You and I, Jack, have often witnessed the process of herring-fishing in "the far west." Some dozen row-boats, stealing out at dusk, to shoot a limited extent of network, part too rotten to retain the fish, and part deficient in back-ropes, corks, or puckawns.† Did you ever see a well-appointed

\* "There is excellent salmon-fishing in the Beaully; and at the falls a number are caught, occasionally by their leaping on the dry banks, in their efforts to surmount the cataract. Noticing the frequency of this mistake of the salmon, the last Lord Lovat once performed a curious experiment here. He made a fire on the rocky brink, and placed on it a large pot filled with water. Speedily a salmon, making a leap in a wrong direction (from the frothiness of the water), tumbled into the pot, where it was soon boiled, and eaten by his lordship and attendants. This was done, that he might boast in the south of the wonders that existed in the Highlands, which were then little known, and to say that in his country provisions abounded so much, that if a fire was made, and a pot set to boil, on the bank of a river, the salmon would of themselves leap into the pot to be boiled."

† The *puckawn*—literally, a *sheepskin*—is the large buoy placed at the extremity of each herring-net. They are constructed on the same principle as Bryan O'Lynn's breeches, "the skinny side out and the woolly side in," and rendered water-tight by a coating of tar and tallow. Dog-skins are in high estimation; and, at the approach of the herring season, the strictest sobriety of canine conduct is indispensable to secure the village



fishing-boat in Connaught? If you say "Yes,"—then have they, since my day, undergone a marvellous improvement. I remember my poor uncle used to dread the herring-season; for the first sight presented from the windows of the breakfast-room was an interesting assortment of broken heads, varying in number from a couple to a score, according as the night-affair had been a casual turn-up, or a regular rookawn. And then came the judicial inquiry—the thing was "cause and cross-cause"—the Malleys left it on the Tooles; and the Tooles would "take the vestment" that the first black eye should be placed to the credit of the Malleys. The beauty of the matter was, that the grandest of these *naumachia* was so simply and satisfactorily brought about. Last winter, at the wake of Jemmy Macgreal, Peter Casey of Slishmeen, had a quarrel with Patsy Cannavan from Muck Island. Now Peter's cousin, by the mother's side, unluckily shot his nets beside a wife's brother of Mither Cannavan. It was "idlesse all,"—the boats were hanging at the tail-ropes,—and could there be a more convenient mode of killing time than discussing the causes of this interesting feud? On the merits of the Caseys and Cannavans a difference of opinion arose; Peter gave Patsy a *poltoque* with an oar, which Patsy duly returned with a paving-stone. The boats grappled, and "Greek met Greek" with oar and stretcher. In attachment to the houses of Muck Island and Slishmeen the fleet were pretty tolerably divided; and "Hurrah for the Cannavans!" was returned by "The Caseys for ever!" as crew after crew came smashing over buoy and backrope, to take share in the general action. Long before morning, the fleet might have been seen returning dispersedly to the shore, with a cargo of damaged skulls and tattered herring-nets; and before the former could be put to rights in the infirmary, and the latter patched by the *caillaughs*\* at home, the fish, contented with being present at one naval action, moved north or south, leaving behind them an abundant stock of assault and battery for the sessions, and Caseys and Cannavans not richer by a *scuddawn*.

In Caithness, they manage matters better, although, probably, not quite so pleasantly. Think of seven hundred well-appointed boats, Highland and Lowland, fishing here, as our countryman was anxious to fight, "in peace and quietness," all submissive to fishing regulations;† and the countless mul-

*maddogue* (*Anglicè*, dog) against the charge of monomania, particularly if his casing should be sufficiently extensive for the construction of a puckawn.

\* *Anglicè*: *caillaugh*—a girl; *scuddawn*—a herring.

† "According to the fishery laws, regulated by act of parliament, and enforced by that fearless cutter, the Princess Royal, they dare not shoot their nets till after sunset, because, although a few boats by so doing might

titude returning to the harbour they quitted the preceding evening, loaded to the thafts with fish, and not a cracked skull, amid "a multitudinous array of sombre-coloured sails."

The arrival of the laden boats is followed by another course of active operations, which Professor Wilson thus graphically describes:—

"All along the inner harbour, and in every street and quay, as well as within many large enclosed yards and covered buildings, there are numerous square wooden boxes, as big as ordinary-sized rooms; the containing sides, however, being only two or three feet high. Into these huge troughs the herrings are carried in panniers from the boats the instant they arrive. There they are, all tumbled in, helter-skelter, pannier after pannier, in a long-continued stream of fish, until the boats are emptied or the troughs are filled. Then come troops of sturdy females, each armed with knife in hand, and range themselves around the trough,—the process of gutting commences, and is carried on with such ceaseless and untiring rapidity, that, unless we had used the freedom to request one of the cleanest and prettiest of these evisceratrixes so to moderate the rancour of her knife as to let us see what she was doing, we could scarcely have followed her manipulations with the naked eye."\*

Well, I never could fall in love with a lady in the herring line; and yet a soldier, in course of service, will encounter so

make a speedy and productive capture, the great body of the herrings (as is alleged) might take alarm, and, sinking down into the 'blue profound,' would thus escape the snares of all the other expectants. But by shooting their nets just before nightfall, the herrings in their nocturnal rambles do not detect the wily 'suspension and interdict' which has been taken out against them, and is everywhere hanging around, for their destruction, in these their watery heavens. When a shoal thus meets a net under the obscure cover of the night, it cares little and fears less, and so pushing forwards, every fish, with a view to get on in life (in the midst of which they are in death), presses his snout and head through a mesh an inch square, too small to admit his shoulders, but alas! also too small to permit the withdrawal of the thoughtless head; for the sharp edge and opening action of the gill-covers present obstructions which the most high-minded herring struggles in vain to overcome."—*Wilson's Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland.*

\* "This important process is effected in the following manner: The practitioner takes a herring in her left hand, its back lying in her palm, and inserts the point of her knife into the side of the neck. She then gives the instrument a turn, and pulling it out with an opposing pressure of the thumb, she draws forth, in the first place, the gills, stomach, and intestinal canal, and tosses them into their appropriate barrel. She then inserts the knife again, and by a second twitch removes what is called the crown gut (or œcal appendages) and liver. There are thus two actions performed, each of which occupies about a second of time. We may add, that in the Dutch mode of cure, the crown gut is not removed."—*Wilson's Voyage.*

many of the Moll Flagon tribe, that the coarser and more masculine character of the sex, to him, will be perfectly familiar. I remember we had a virago attached to the grenadiers through the whole of the Peninsular war. She was in strength and stature equally remarkable; and, though a brigand in conduct and appearance, still a corner of the heart was womanly. Amid the rolling of musketry, Big Mary would plunder the dying and the dead without compunction, while the next day she would traverse thirty miles of country to procure a rabbit or a fowl for a wounded officer. Four liege lords she buried during the campaign—two husbands *exiting* on the field, and the other twain in hospital, sedulously attended night and day to the last, by this wild, but warm-hearted personage. In every action where the colours of the gallant —th were uncased, Mary was fearlessly under fire; and, whether advancing or retreating, though the ford were deep, the night dark, and the weather desperate, she was always at the head of the grenadiers. All and every peril she outlived; and when the regiment embarked in the Garonne, Mary quitted France with a fine child, a fifth husband, and (as it was said and believed) more than a thousand dollars. I met her, years afterwards, the owner of a public-house in the south of Ireland, and, for the fifth time, a widow.

"I'll niver marry again, Major O'Flagherty!" said the mourner; "not but I have had offers from two pensioners and a police-sergeant. But me, that never even listened to a light-bob, and wouldn't touch a battalion-man with the tongs—me, with my four slashing husbands stretched, the Lord knows where, in the *Peninschula*, and Tom Corrigan, the last one, snug in the churchyard of Kilmain! Me marry one of the King's bad bargains, a flat-footed Militia-man, or a pig-driver of a polee! Be this vargin hand, Major jewel, out of respect to the dead, I'll niver crook a knee before priest or parson wid the face of clay that's under six feet two—nor take a man, Major *asthore*, that's not able to thrash me when I deserve it."

That this last matrimonial qualification would require a man of thews and sinews to effect, I inferred from having once witnessed the prowess of Big Mary. Late on a dark and rainy evening in December, the column reached the union of three roads, the —th being the leading regiment, and *Moleene More*, as was her wont, at the head of the grenadiers. There were three roads; but which would lead to the village where we were to be cantoned for the night was the puzzle. A Spaniard appeared, and was interrogated—some using English, some bad Spanish, and others a curious mixture of both. To every question a negative shake of the

head was returned, and the column remained in "a fix." Incensed at his stupidity, Big Mary figured in.

"Musha, bad luck to him, the bothered baste!" she exclaimed: "sure the divil will know what he's asked, if it's put to him in plain Irish!—Honest man—though 'pon my sowl, you havn't an honest look!—do ye know a town that I forget the name of—and will ye tell us which of these *boreeins*\* will be the shortest cut to the place?"

An awful shake of the head intimated that the muleteer had not been indoctrinated in Celtic literature.

"Ah! then, ye ignorant thief of the world, what druv an *ommadawn* of ye'r kind to put yeerself in people's way, after they have lost it themselves? Take that, ye ill-mannered *gommogue*, for not answrin' a lady, when she spakes to her infariors."

The blow prostrated the unhappy muleteer; but, whether it would have enlightened or obfuscated his bothered intellects remains a mystery; for an assistant commissary rode up, pointed out the right road, and relieved the column from its embarrassment.

And yet, with many a man desirous of entering on the holy estate, the flooring of a muleteer would not be considered a matrimonial recommendation. The fair sex are not generally expected to be dealers in blows and blood; and I question whether the sanguinary, though peaceful performances of the ladies of Wick would not operate with me as an antidote against the tender passion. A "ripe red lip" may predispose a man to fall in love, but assuredly a "red right hand" would prove a regular damper. Were I "upon compulsion" obliged to marry, with a choice of evils, although for five-and-twenty years accustomed to a hair mattress with covering containable in a bullock-trunk, rather than commit matrimony with a sea-nymph whose ablutions would "incarnadine" a horse-pond, I would—desperate alternative though it be—lead a Dunse lady to the altar in the dog-days!†

\* Generally, narrow and ill-made by-roads.

† "I am uncertain whether a custom that prevails a little north of Coldstream does not extend also to these parts. About Dunse, the fair spinsters give much of their leisure time to the spinning of blankets for their wedding portion. On the nuptial night, the whole stock of virgin-industry is placed on the bed. A friend of mine has, on such an occasion, counted not fewer than ten, thick and heavy. Were the Penelope who owned them forsaken by her Ulysses, she never could complain, like the Grecian spouse—

'Non ego deserto jacuissem frigida lecto!'

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Wick in the herring season—Scotch fisheries—Herrings, *pro* and *con*—Visit to Sinclair bay—Castles of Girnigoe and Sinclair—Legend of its dungeon—Preserved birds—Thurso—A new acquaintance—Mr Robertson.

FROM this, the haven or heaven of herring-fishers, I have willingly taken my departure. Young Mirabel insinuates that soup eternally is tiresome. I wonder what he would have said of herring-diet, after passing a day or two in Wick! Everywhere the eye turns, or the foot wanders, foul tokens of the wholesale assassination of this pretty emigrant—for direct and uninjured from the net, the herring is extremely beautiful—are presented—thousands of barrels, in which myriads of the departed are entombed,—hundreds of vats and vessels, where a new succession of victims undergo, previously to being casked up, a *post-mortem* operation—men staggering under baskets-full, from boats just come in—and women at every corner, not meeting you with “nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,” but “garments stained in blood,” and hands so desperately ensanguined, that, like my Lady Macbeth’s, they would appear to set soap and water at defiance. If, after all that I have seen and smelt at Wick, I ever look a herring in the face again, then am I “a soused gurnet.”

But, to be serious. Of all the sources of British prosperity, every way considered, the herring fisheries of the north are among her steadiest and most important. Overlooking its means of commercial enterprise altogether, its local and national advantages are incalculable. From the official returns for the year 1840-41, it appears that above five hundred and fifty thousand barrels of herrings were cured in Britain, out of which enormous total, five hundred thousand were taken and salted upon the Scottish shores. The extensive employment this mighty source of general wealth must yield, may be inferred from the fishery statistics submitted to parliament. In capturing and curing, twelve thousand five hundred boats and decked vessels were engaged, manned by fifty-four thousand seamen, and giving most lucrative occupation to two thousand three hundred coopers, twenty-seven thousand five hundred curers—four-fifths of the number women—six thousand common labourers, and nearly two thousand merchants. Through how many channels may not the beneficial advantages of this important fishery be traced? View it in all its lights—a nursery for the navy—a source of profit to the capitalist, and of employment for hands unsuited to more laborious exertions; bringing comfort to the cottage, food to the indigent, wealth to the enterprising, and fertility

to the land.\* It is true that the picture is not unshaded, and the moralist may find much to regret. Balancing deteriorated habits against pecuniary advantages, he will probably express a doubt, whether this ocean-bounty brings to the population generally a blessing or a curse. The influx of unusual monetary means will induce bad habits; the temperate will become tipplers; the tippler turn drunkard; and men, proof against the seductions of ardent spirits, will indulge in luxuries from whose enjoyment a want of money had hitherto inhibited them.† On the female sex, the demoralizing effect of an unrestricted intercourse with thousands of strangers will be readily imagined. For the first time, probably, the peasant-girl finds herself mistress of her own actions, and emancipated from the rigid *surveillance* of parental vigilance; no reproving look represses her first levity; but the example of those already fallen, encourages her step by step, until guilt becomes familiar, and the virtuous principles of early innocence are undermined for ever. From a gentleman whose acquaintance I made subsequently at Thurso I heard some melancholy anecdotes, which led me to a conclusion, that whatever pecuniary advantages might arise from employment of the women during the herring season, an increase of cottage wealth was sadly overbalanced by a decrease of the female purity upon which the happiness of the humblest home depends.

After an early dinner, I drove across a league of flat and uninteresting country, which divides Wick harbour from Sinclair bay, to visit a united pile of ruined masonry, which must be a puzzler to the antiquary—I mean the castles of Girnigoe and Sinclair. They occupy, in joint tenancy, a rocky peninsula, severed from the mainland by a deep ravine—a wet ditch filled by ocean, and a sufficient land-defence upon the southward. What works might have been erected on the neck of the peninsula may be imagined; but, before the introduction of modern projectiles, very little skill in military engineering would have rendered the place secure.

The older building (Girnigoe) abuts upon the sea-front of the rock, and crowns the precipice to the very edge. The inner, the more modern and more ruinous, shows little beyond

\* The intestines make excellent manure.

† From the last statistical accounts, it appears that when the fishery is successful, the daily consumption of ardent spirits exceeds *five hundred gallons*; whisky-houses exceed the average number found in ordinary parishes *fourfold*, and those of both sexes who do not drink, indulge inordinately in tobacco; the annual consumption of "the weed" being estimated at three thousand five hundred pounds. If ghosts could visit "this pale earth," the gentle Jamie, accompanied by Father Mathew, should visit Wick; no place in Britain requiring more a royal "counterblast" and apostolic intervention.

masses of fallen masonry, and a shafted chimney. Why they were stuck within a yard of each other seems a mystery in masonry; for along this wild and rock-bound coast, there are no scarcity of positions on which to perch a tower.

In all wide Britain, I should, in criminal statistics of the horrible, award the palm to the north. Throughout the Highlands, *en route* to John o' Groats, no complaint as to barrenness in the terrible can be brought by the most fastidious traveller. Of the atrocities attendant on clan feuds—slaughterings respecting no sex, and involving in one savage sacrifice to the infernal deity of vengeance, all, from the cradle to the crutch—the valley of Glencoe, and the sweet and romantic glen where the sacred chapelrie of Cillie Christ was desecrated by a demon's act,\* will sufficiently evidence the savage spirit of the times; when even the sacred salt offered no protection, and host and guest meditated murder, while the pledge of amity was being interchanged. Still the actors had known no ties of blood; they were men banded against each other by jealousy and ambition; with these “revenge was virtue”—the form was human, but the disposition so wolfish and unmitigable, that the reeking mouthful, torn by the teeth from the throat of a struggling foeman, was pronounced the sweetest morsel a man could taste.† These were barbarous and bloody times; still kindred had a holy claim; and the savage warrior, who would have severed the branch by which an enemy held on in mortal agony, loved and was beloved, and justified his offendings on a principle as false to honesty as true to nature—that “whoever's bairn greeted, his should laugh.”

But these gloomy and mouldering walls clothe crime in a fiendish garniture: the tale shall prove it.

The under-story of the keep is vaulted; and whatever the building formerly contained can only be conjectured now, as nothing but bare walls are standing. Time, the destroyer, has however passed over a memorial of human wickedness; and while flagged roof, oaken floor, and stone-built stair have disappeared, a damp and solitary dungeon, lighted by a shot-hole in the wall, is still entire and approachable, which, if tradition may be believed, was once the scene of murder—“most foul and most unnatural.” Thus runs the story:—

Some time about the year of grace 1575, the eldest son of the fifth Earl of Caithness, by the Sinclair line, incurred the anger of his savage parent, by wooing and winning the heiress of the lord of Reay. Most men are ambitious to achieve matrimonial aggrandizement for a son, but “the wicked Earl” being an ill-disposed widower, determined on committing matrimony again, and obtain beauty and broad

\* Appendix, No. XXXVIII.

† Appendix, No. XXXIX.

lands for himself. A rival was in the way; and though that rival was a first-born son, the brutal father removed the obstacle to his wishes, by entombing the Master of Sinclair in that gloomy vault, that the stranger, as he looks around, contemplates with feelings of shuddering revulsion. There the too-fortunate but ill-fated lover was confined. Months passed—the secrets of baronial mansions, like those of the grave, were untold—and the savage father repaired to court, leaving his heir apparent under the custody of (as he believed) a faithful clansman.

Some touch of nature induced the keeper to relent. He planned his prisoner's escape; but his intended kindness only fatally compromised his own safety, and hurried this domestic tragedy to a hastier close.

To William—the Master's brother and next heir—the intention of the humane gaoler was communicated; and Murdow Roy was seized and executed without undergoing even the summary form of a drum-head court-martial. The denouement is thus told by the pleasantest of Professors:\*

“After this, William went down stairs one morning to inquire for his brother, to remonstrate with him on the extreme impropriety of desiring to make his escape, and to threaten him with severe and immediate punishment if he ever attempted anything of the kind again. Upon this, the Master of Caithness, who could scarcely be expected to be in very good humour, instantly sprung, though ironed heavily, on the unsuspecting William, and clasped him with such strength of affection in his fettered arms, that, like Gilbert Glossin in after times, he died. In a family struggle of this kind, we believe it is of immense advantage to be fastened to the floor by an iron ring, because nobody can drag you out of the room, and so if you just persevere in holding on, and keep pressing your friend's throat against your own chain-cable, you bring him to an anchor soon enough. Two lads of the name of David and Inghram Sinclair were then appointed guardians of the dungeon; but they soon availed themselves of the Earl's absence, and the confusion occasioned by Lord William's unexpected death, and embezzling the money in the castle, they fled their country, leaving their unfortunate charge to die of famine.”

A scene of blood is often followed up by fresh ones. One traditionary version says that the savage Earl, irritated at the loss of treasure—for to his son's fate the brute was no doubt insensible—slaughtered the delinquent Sinclairs at a wedding party; while another ascribes the work of vengeance to his grandson; and certainly retributive justice might rather be



expected from a son of the murdered Master, than the old scoundrel who had wrought his death. As the story runs—a wedding offered him a happy opportunity, and the young Earl seized it to avenge his murdered sire. One of the false Sinclairs he encountered, and slew upon the road; the other, in honour of his daughter's bridal, he discovered kicking football. Earl George spoiled both the wedding and the game, by shooting Mr. Ingram Sinclair through the head, and thus reversing the banqueting arrangements of the court of Denmark, by turning into "funeral baked meats" viands intended to "furnish forth the marriage tables."

Through a long straight road, in bad repair, without a bush of decent dimensions on which to relieve the wearied eye, and flanked on either side by indifferent crops of grain and turnips, I returned to Wick in sufficient time to request and obtain permission from a medical gentleman, named Sinclair, to inspect a museum of Caithness birds, equally creditable to the taste and industry of the collector. The specimens are admirably preserved; and, land, waders, and water-birds included, they exhibit nearly two hundred varieties of the feathered tribe.

Early next morning I took the Thurso road, passed through a very uninteresting country—nothing agreeable to the eye, and much positively offensive to the organ of smelling. Numerous carts were winding slowly inland, laden with herring-guts to manure the land; and the enormous quantity of animal matter I passed on the road, would prove how great the quantity of fish taken must be, to furnish the immense collections of viscera that I saw.

Thurso, the last town in Britain whither a mail-coach can convey letter-bags and tourists, is a small, uninteresting, and ill-built place. The church is modern—and a few houses with freestone fronts in the suburbs, only show the old and ill-constructed streets in gloomier contrast. Built in a locality which never can be much improved, with a bad harbour and a most dangerous sea-coast, Thurso seems to be at "a fix." Had the inn not been tolerable, the town would not be endurable for a day; and here I had the prospect of remaining three; but an Irishman's luck, "thanks to the gods!" averted that dreaded visitation.

I returned dolorously to MacCay's, sat down to an unexceptionable dinner—fresh salmon and black-faced mutton. In Highland inns there is generally a communion of guests; and I had a plain, steady, modest-looking, weatherbeaten man of business as a board companion.

There is no country where I have travelled in which you meet more sound information, united to simplicity of character, than in Scotland. We spoke of the topics of the day: my companion was a man of sense; he told me he was no poli-

tician, and cared not a brass button whether Whig or Tory were in office. Our conversation became discursive: Spain was mentioned—he had been there. Malta and the Mediterranean came on the carpet, and with both he was perfectly at home. I slipped into South America—he had spent two years in Monte Video, and a third at Vera Cruz. A fortunate shipwreck enabled me to introduce him to Madras. Pshaw! the man had been there twice already. I tried him with Juan Fernandez—the fellow was so familiar with the place, that, had he been old enough, I should have fancied that I had caught hold of Robinson Crusoe. He looked far too honest for a Jew; therefore he could not be that condemned cast-away called “the Wandering.” He was no common seaman; his language was correct—at times classical. He loved toddy—so did I. We turned down a second tumbler; and the ice of formality being dissolved, I modestly inquired “Who the devil was he?”

“A man who owes nothing to the world but ten guineas,” was the laconic answer.

“A small liability enough. You could pay it, I suppose?”

“Yes—if the debt was demandable. My name is Robertson; my age is forty-nine; I was born in Orkney, and if you’ll take another tumbler of toddy, I’ll tell you my history at large; and what will make the story pleasant, I’ll engage the whole detail shall not exceed ten minutes.”

The stranger replenished his glass, lighted a cigar, and, between puffs, favoured me with his adventures.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE STORY OF MR. ROBERTSON.

“I WAS left an orphan at an age so early, that I have no recollection of my parents; and memory first awakens when I was located with a distant kinsman, who tolerated, rather than protected me. I was told, in after life, that it required the influence of the minister to induce the miser to take me in—and, except for the humblest shelter, a light dietary, and clothes not sufficient to repel the cold, I was beholden to the old gentleman for nothing. From the hour I could lift a fishing-rod or hold on by a rope, the ocean and the cliff enabled me to more than compensate the scanty civility of my patron. Although the supplies of food and raiment which I received at his hands were very limited, of liberty I had an exuberant allowance; for, from the time I could crawl abroad, the absence of a week would not have provoked an inquiry;

and my worthy relative was perfectly regardless whether I were perched upon a skerry or dangling from a precipice, provided I brought home fish or feathers in the evening. No cragsman risked his neck more recklessly, or exacted larger contributions from the winged tenants of the cliff; yet the old churl objected to furnish me with a decent rope—an article which many a loving relative would cheerfully supply to the next of kin, provided himself were in next remainder.

“I had turned my fourteenth year; and, from a summary of my youthful history, you may infer that I was perfectly illiterate, and wild as Orson himself. I should, of course, have grown into a savage man, but good often springs out of evil, and accident emancipated me from the brutal ignorance in which my infancy and youth were passed.

“I had paddled to some skerries a mile from the mainland to coal-fish; and, having half filled my frail canoe, prepared to return. The evening had been lowering when I left the shore, and, under the lee of the rocks, and occupied in killing fish fast as the line could touch the water, I had not marked the weather changing. The sea was up, the wind had freshened to a gale; and, as it blew dead off shore, a single glance told me that return was more than doubtful. What was to be done? I dare not land upon the skerry, lest the swell should stave my frail boat, and leave me probably for days upon a barren rock, over which the spray was already flying, and at high water the sea would break. I determined to reach the land or perish.

“The attempt was made, but made in vain; for to stem a rapid current with the wind dead-an-end was hopeless. Life, however valueless, is worth a struggle—I exhausted my young strength, and barely held my own. A paddle snapped—my doom was settled—I drifted out to sea—night closed—and, as I believed, so had my history.

“I flung the paddle from me in despair, and, yielding to a fate which seemed inevitable, stretched myself in the bottom of the skiff. Before I started from the shelter of the rock, I had lightened the canoe, by throwing overboard the fish which I had taken. Away I went, dancing on the boiling surface of an angry ocean. Hours passed—darkness came—and, oh! how long and terrible was that dreary night, as I watched the stars, and, as I fancied, looked my last upon them! Ere morning broke, nature was totally exhausted—my eyelids closed—sky and planet disappeared—I was on the brink of eternity—and yet I slept!

“I was wakened by a loud hallo. I sat up—looked wildly round—I was enclosed by mountain-waves; and nothing but a screaming gull was visible. Gradually, the skiff mounted upwards from the trough of the sea—and, ere it crowned the

wave, a ship, as if uprising from the depths of ocean, 'laid-to' under a close-reefed top-sail, appeared direct to leeward. I seized the remaining paddle, steered under the counter of the stranger—caught the coil of rope flung from the taffrail as I drifted by. Once the hemp was in the cragsman's hand, his safety was secure; and in another minute I was standing on the deck of a barque, homeward bound from Norway.

"Sailors are kind-hearted; my simple story and singular preservation interested the crew and captain; the former supplied me with clothing, and the latter promised to protect me. Alas! the honest mariners in me had got another Jonah. As we steered southward, gale succeeded gale; every day we lost spars and sails, until, on the fifth evening, with an unmanageable ship, we got entangled among the Farne Islands. Every effort to keep out to sea was made; but at midnight the vessel struck. In five minutes she went to pieces; the crew found an ocean-grave; while I, by some miraculous agency, was carried into a cavern filled by the sea, excepting a space at its extremity, which the water did not reach, and where I managed to preserve a miserable existence. What I endured during a week's horrible imprisonment in that 'antre wild,' may be only fancied. At low water, a ray of light occasionally entered the gloomy cavern. My food was limpets, with a dead fish or two I found within. The wonder is, that reason was not overthrown; hunger, cold, darkness, solitude, the rush or the recess of angry waters, as they lashed the rocks without, or broke into the gloomy arch within—all were enough to madden. Yet Providence sustained me amid all this isolated wretchedness, until, six days after my shipwreck, the sea having sufficiently subsided to allow a Bamborough boat to approach the rock, I profited by the low-water of a spring-tide, crept from my dungeon, and was saved.\*

"My miraculous deliverance was bruited about, and a kind old clergyman heard the story of my double escape, and offered me a home. He proved, indeed, a father—and I, half a savage, was reclaimed. He not only, compassionated my orphanage, but pitied my mental darkness, and offered me instruction. I, who had never known what kindness was, gratefully received the good man's admonitions, and with humble docility listened to, and stored up the information he imparted. Book succeeded book; the store of knowledge rapidly increased; and, in three years, the Orcadian savage, who had been flung upon the coast desolate, uncivilized, unlettered, felt himself elevated into an intellectual equality with his fellow-men.

"Alas! the protection of that kind old man was destined

\* Appendix, No. XL.

to last but for a season. One night I attended him, as I always did, to his chamber, assisted him to undress, listened as he offered up his evening prayer, received his blessing, and retired. When I entered his chamber next morning, he was sleeping—but it was the sleep of death! The spirit had parted calmly—the lip smiled—the good old man had exchanged time for eternity—and, as his virtues merited, the transit from earth to heaven had been apparently unembittered by a parting throe.

“I must be brief. A clerical successor arrived, and took possession of the parsonage, and a nephew, as heir-at-law, of the property. The former told me that he wanted no idler in the house, gave me some excellent advice, and also an intimation that the sooner I departed the better. The heir, however, generously handed me ten guineas—and, after seeing my benefactor consigned to the tomb, I started on the world without a living being upon earth whom I had cause to either hate or love.

“War was raging, and the field and ocean alike open to an adventurer. I chose the latter—I had no military partialities; for, in my remote abode in Orkney, a soldier was rarely seen, and the sea was the fitting element for one whose home from childhood had been the giddy cliff or swelling billow. My career, once commenced, was marked with the chequered fortunes attendant on a sailor’s life. I sailed on every ocean—I roamed under every sky—now whale-fishing in Polar seas, and again trafficking with the savages of the Pacific. I have been attached to every service, and bled under the meteor flag of Britain—one while shipped on board a gallant frigate, at another time marauding in some skulking privateer. I told you my story should be a short one. I came home—*home* can I call the island to which I am indebted for nothing save my birth?—but thither I returned. Five-and-twenty years I had buffeted the world fearlessly, and a comfortable independency is the reward. Surely in the word “Fatherland” there is a spell. What was this wild island to me, that I should seek its bleak shores to wear away the evening of an adventurous life, beside the stormy voe where my boyish hand first held the fishing-rod and grasped the oar?

“None knew me when I came back. Even to those who have friends and kindred, the lapse of a quarter of a century will thin their acquaintance; but I had none to lose. By a strange chance, the farm and dwelling of the miserly old man, who had long since been gathered to his fathers, on my return, was for sale, and I secured it. The summer I spend upon the sea; in the winter I shoot wild-fowl—or pass the long nights in reading, preparing fishing-gear for the coming spring, and listening to the narratives of antiquated islanders,

netting by lamp-light beside a cheerful fire, when detailing deaths of cragsmen whom I remembered when a boy, and giving the particulars of myself being blown off from a rock they still point out, and drowned, as a thing of consequence. Should I not bless that stormy evening when I was cast upon an angry ocean? But for that fortunate event, I should have lived a savage life, died from a frayed rope parting when swinging over the crest of some beetling precipice, or found, even a more ignoble grave, at haaf-bank or herring-fishery. You, sir, like myself, have *roughed it*, or I am deceived. You are, I know, tired of the good town of Thurso; my wherry is in the harbour; and should you wish to see the wild voe where my boyhood opened, and, most probably, my life's career shall close, accept a passage, and with it all the hospitality a sailor's dwelling can afford."

I embraced the offer; and, as the Pentland tides answered at an early hour on the following morning, we breakfasted, embarked, and by eight o'clock had cleared the harbour, and launched our bark upon that firth of evil reputation among ancient mariners.

Yet certainly, we experienced no particular incivility during our short and favourable transit. The wind was nearly south-west, and we had so much of it, that, under the fore-lug and mizen, we ran fully eight knots an hour. With the distracting tides which torment the inexperienced seaman, my Palinurus and his hardy islesmen seemed intimately acquainted. After rounding Dunnet Head, we fairly entered the dreaded sound, cleared it in an hour-and-a-half, and found ourselves between the "south walls," on a peninsulated point of Hoy, and the isle of Swinna. With a flowing sheet we skirted the western shores of Flota, in former times one of the most sporting islets in the northern archipelago. Two of the rarest species of the duck tribe were common there, the sheldrake and the eider-duck. Why birds of such opposite character selected that islet as their abiding-place, it is difficult to guess; the one, from its wide-awake habits, acquiring the Orcadian *sobriquet* of the *sly-goose*, while no neophyte, during his first season at Crockford's, stood plucking with greater resignation than the submissive *dunter*, who bore the ordeal until perfectly picked clean, and permitted to depart, like a ruined gambler, without a feather.

Keeping the islets of Fara and Risa to leeward, and leaving Cava on the starboard hand, at eleven we landed upon Hoy, and proceeded to make the ascent of the highest of the Orcadian hills.

Mounting from the westward, you gain a long succession of stupendous cliffs, beetling over a restless ocean, which lashes their bases a thousand feet below the traveller's feet. "Non

sine pulvere palmam,"—no joke clambering into the clouds—and that any tourist will admit, if the day be hot, and himself in good condition. The sky, though sultry, was clear. Proceeding southward, and passing regions belting the summit of the loftier heights, where it is reported a botanist might live and die "in his glory," in a perfect garden of weeds with desperate names *caviare* to the multitude, we crowned the mountain, and enjoyed one of the most magnificent views, island and ocean, that that can be fancied.

The two local lions are the Old Man of Hoy, and the Dwarfie stone. The former stands boldly from the neighbouring cliffs, exhibiting an insulated pillar of dark rock, springing from a base perforated with numerous arched caverns, and bearing a fanciful likeness to the human figure. The latter\* is more remarkable for the trouble it has inflicted on antiquarians than anything beside. Some of these laborious gentlemen aver that it was formerly used for Druid worship, while others will have it that it was once occupied by a giant and his lady, and afterwards, by a Christian hermit. Now, what business could the ascetic have with a second bed?† I incline to fancy, therefore, and from good authority, that the large gentleman was the former tenant.‡

The only antiquarian matter in which you would take any interest is the fact, that an animal now unknown, the white or arctic hare, was once found here abundantly. Considering the enormous numbers of winged vermin found in every holm and isle, from the *wind-cuffer* (*falco tinnunculus*) to the ring-tailed eagle, including owls, hawks, kites, and falcons—the harrier who will disturb the hen-roost, and the yellow

\* "This stone measures thirty-two feet in length, sixteen and a half feet in breadth, and seven feet five inches in height. Human ingenuity and perseverance, at some early period, has excavated the mass and rendered it a species of dwelling. It is entered by a small doorway, and is divided into three distinct apartments; in one end there is a small room, and in the other there is an apartment with a bed five feet eight inches long, and two broad; and in the middle part there is an area, where there has been a fireplace, and a hole at the top to let out the smoke. This very strange memorial of an age long since past, is the object of a variety of traditional legends."—*Barry's History*.

† "At the foot of this mountain I did see a very large four-cornered freestone, lying altogether above ground, and under it remaineth a little stripe of water not a foot broad. There are no extraordinary big stones near it, neither the appearance of any quarry out of which it was digged. Yet it was so big, that, having a round hole in the upper side, I went down thereby, and found two beds hewed out with irons, and a little trance betwixt them."—*Mackail's Short Relation, MS. Adv. Lib. Edin.*

‡ "Magnus est et excelsus fabricatus a gigante suaque uxore. Unus lapis est cameratus in quo lectus est perquam artificiose factus in lapide viro et uxore; tempore camerationis fœmina gravida fuit, ut lectus testatur; nam ea pars lecti in qua uxor cubuiff effigiem habet ventri gravidi."—*Descrip. Insu. Orhad, per me Jo. Ben. an. 1529.*

erne who will lift a child\*—the existence of game at all is almost miraculous.

As the Shetlander's habitation was situated at the top of some of the winding voes which everywhere indent these islands, on returning to the lugger, we steered for Stromness, and anchored as the sun was setting.

This second capital of Orcady is not the place a Parisian would wish to winter in—for though the harbour is land-locked and secure, the town is about the worst in Britain; streets miserably narrow, and houses turning a cold shoulder on you. I forget the inn; but it was *the* inn of the town; and in justice I must acknowledge that I have seldom been more agreeably disappointed—the fare was good, and the chambers very tolerable.

Although "auld warld" affairs seldom lead me to the right or to the left, yet "the stones of Stennis," near as they happened to be, could not be passed unvisited. Some private affairs required my Orcadian friend's presence in Stromness, and under the guidance of a learned Theban, I proceeded to inspect these very singular remains.

Like Stonehenge, Stennis presents a number of irregular stone shafts pitched perpendicularly into the earth, with a general circular disposition, why or wherefore antiquarians will pretend to tell, but no common observer can possibly imagine. A Danish mound—a Pictish fort—an Irish cave—to their respective "uses" all and every are resolvable; but wherefore, on one of the dreariest, flattest, unpicturesque corners of the earth, these tall unshapely stones were erected is a marvel. Of the whole circle, one only appears to have been worth preservation, and that one has been overturned by the plough.† By poking hands through a hole in it, you

\* "There are many eagles, especially at the west end of the Main, and in Choye (Hoy), I was very well informed that an eagle did take up a swaddled child, a month old, which the mother had laid down until she went to the back of the peat-stack at Houton-head, and carried it to Choye, viz. four miles, which, being discovered by a traveller, who heard the lamentations of the mother, four men went presently thither in a boat, and, knowing the eagle's nest, found the child, without any prejudice done to it."—*Mackaile's Relation*.

† I believe no man admires the matchless Christopher more than myself, and when I visited Stennis, with the Professor's most pleasant volume, and sat down on a fallen stone to read, a passage came home to the heart, and made me half-womanly. I, too, thought of the "linties" at Loch Long, "and all that there go in and out."

"Close to either side of the southern end of the bridge which leads across to the northern promontory, stands a great sentinel stone, as if the remains of a gateway or barrier. On the top of one of these a beautiful pair of linnets sat twittering and preening, secure, as they thought, upon almost the loftiest elevation which the neighbourhood afforded, and of course we did nothing to scare them from their stony height. They seemed quite



could contract marriage without special licence, or, as Lydia Languish says, "asking permission" of every butcher in the parish, to be joined "in holy wedlock." And was that all? No, faith! Stennis might put Doctors' Commons to the blush; and, if a man married in a hurry, why the comfort was, he could slip the knot in double-quick. Premising that Odin marriages, like the Border ones, were not over formal, still they had neither to endure "the law's delay," or the passing of an Act of Parliament to make all right again. Was ever process more simple? Did the parties disagree, a short ceremony gave both a formal discharge—and a man, shackled *vinculo matrimonii* in the morning, might be subject to the bachelor's tax in the afternoon. "They both came to the kirk of Steinhouse," says Dr. Henry, "and, after entering the kirk, the one went out at the south, and the other at the north door, by which they were holden to be legally divorced, and free to make another choice."

But, Jack, I wou'd seduce you hither under false pretences. The stone, where lovers shook hands and were made happy, has long since been knocked into *smithereens*—and I fear, if married, and tired of your wife, were you to be divorced at the kirk of Stenhouse, Doctor Lushington would raise doubts; and when you, in the innocence of your heart, had fancied you had "slipped the langle," Doctor Adams might question the legality of the whole process, and assert that you were still "Benedict, the married man."

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

An Orcadian haven—The sailor's retreat—A wanderer's domicile—Winter preparations—The host's sanctum—Evening excursion—Skerries—Sporting incident—A stand of plover—Wild-fowl shooting—Sea-fishing—Return to the Main.

THE wind was light, and the main-lug, which we had dispensed with yesterday, was set this morning. I will not bore you, Jack, by telling you the voes we navigated, and the

tame, and very cheerful, as linnets are wont to be. We could see their little sparkling eyes and sharpened beaks, and we thought of our own linties at home, and of the door at which they hang in sunny days, and of all that there go in and out; and, for a time, the dread worship of the Druids, and the cruel sacrifices of the sons of Odin, and the fierce contentions of the Sea-Kings, and even the actual presence of these mystical symbols of 'the unknown God,' all faded from our view; and we could see a low-roofed cottage, with leafy windows, and an intertwining porch, and numerous shrubs and trees, and winding walks, and many-coloured wreaths of 'bright consummate flowers,' and human hearts affectionate and true, and we blessed God for all his mercies."—*Wilson's Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland.*

skerries we passed through, until at the head of a wild inlet, opening directly from the sea, we slipped into a chasm in the cliffs, so steep and narrow that the helmsman might have touched with the tiller the rocks on either side. Within, the passage widened, and terminated in a natural basin, large enough to allow a fishing-boat to swing, and yet so completely domineered by rocks one hundred feet in height, that a hay-band would hold the lugger in a gale of wind. Iron rings were inserted into holes cut in the face of the precipice, to which the mooring ropes were attached; and although the tide had ebbed when we entered, there were three fathoms water in the basin. Yet, deep as it was, through the pellucid element the bottom was distinctly visible; the crab was seen moving over the many-coloured pebbles, and quantities of sprat-sized fishes played through the tangle which grew from the rocky sides. Leaving the crew to moor the lugger, my host and I landed. He led the way through a fissure in the cliff which trended landwards—and fifty yards within, we stood in front of one of the most secluded and comfortable cottages, wherein a man who had buffeted the world for forty years, could change the turmoil of adventurous life for peaceful solitude.

“You are welcome, Colonel,” said the Orcadian, as he paused upon the threshold, and took my hand in his. “Here, in this sheltered nook, the ocean-child will anchor in his old age. Would that every honest-hearted sailor were moored as snugly as myself! Look round, Colonel—all that you see has been my handiwork. I found here roofless walls; yet within them my infancy was passed, and on the ruins I built the cottage where I intend the evening of my life to close in quiet. Follow me; once more I bid you welcome.”

A small porch protected the entrance of the wanderer's domicile from the east wind, and the towering cliffs secured it against “all the rest.” Within, there was a spacious kitchen; it was unceiled, but the spars which bound the wood-work of the roof were crossed with slips of deal, affording a safe and dry depository for nets, lines, and cordage. A plentiful supply of bacon, dried ling and cod-fish, with a few smoked geese, the relics of the former winter, were also pendant from the rafters. Huge balls of spun wool hung from pegs in every corner; while a churn, and the wooden appurtenances for making cheese and butter, showed that the retired mariner enjoyed another source of rustic comfort. An abundant supply of rough furniture and culinary utensils were placed on shelves and dressers, or were suspended over the ample fireplace. A cheerful fire, summer though it was, blazed in the hearth, and completed a picture of the domestic opulence of an Orcadian domicile. There were two attendants

in this outer chamber—the elder trussing chickens, the younger kneading flour to make bread. Wherever the eye turned, as I looked round, I saw everything that indicated comfort, present and prospective. Lamps, wicks, split rushes, and cakes of tallow, designed for making candles, or lighting with seal-oil the long and dreary nights, gave tacit proof that in that hyperborean climate, timely preparations should be made for “winter and cold weather;” while occasionally, a string of men, women, and children passed the windows, carrying baskets on their backs suited to the respective strengths of the bearers, and filled with hard black peats from a neighbouring moss, which a couple of the boatmen applied themselves to stack against the cliff, that on three sides walled in the little nook in which the retired mariner had built his abiding-place and fenced in a garden. As if to render the comfort of his domicile complete, the essential element, which, through the eloquent preaching of that admirer of “thin potations,” Father Mathew, has even become fashionable in St. Giles’s, was plentifully supplied. Through a cleft, midway up the shelf of rock, a thread of sparkling water, which a gun-barrel might have vented, issued into light, and fell into an earthen pitcher. That filled, the streamlet crept silently away, irrigated the lawn and garden, and then added its tiny tribute to the boundless masses of the wild Atlantic.

Everybody rides some hobby, Jack; and his domicile and domain were evidently the sailor’s. I saw that he felt gratified at the interest with which I viewed his establishment—for, with a satisfied smile, he invited me to enter his state apartment; and faith! had it been planned by a conclave of old bachelors, the thing could not have been more perfect.

Every sight-shower, as you know, keeps his largest lion for the last, as Madame Tussaud reserves her “chamber of horrors” for the cockney, who, when sick of waxen kings and queens, is delectated with a choice collection of heads reeking from the guillotine, and Burkers large as life, in the identical costume in which they made their parting salaam to an admiring crowd before the Debtor’s door. The effect is superb—and the visitor leaves the exhibition overpowered with pleasure and surprise, and unable to sleep for a fortnight. If, therefore, I was delighted with mine host’s outer arrangements, when inducted to his sanctum, was I not enraptured?

The first feeling was one of doubt, as to whether I were actually on sea or land—in the cabin of a ship, or a room on terra firma. To give it a specific name was impossible—it was a dining-room, a sleeping-chamber, a work-shop, and an armoury. In the centre there was a fireplace, and over it

half a dozen stand of arms, from "a birding-piece" to a fengun, were suspended; while powder-flasks, shot-belts, washing-rods, and all other appurtenances to fire-arms, studded the adjacent walls. On the opposite side, and above the entrance from the kitchen, there hung a variety of harpoons and fish-spears. From either end the chamber was lighted—before one window stood a bench, with every description of carpenter's tools; and the other was furnished with a turning-lathe. In opposite corners a berth was boxed off. These twain being intended for the accommodation of strangers, as the host pointed to a hammock rolled and traced up to the ceiling, intimating that, like Hawser Trunnion, he put no faith in standing-beds, but trusted to "clew and canvass." Every space round the floor, not occupied by bench or berth was fitted with a row of lockers; some held the proprietor's wardrobe, others were partitioned to contain huge spirit-bottles, and one was fitted as a magazine, and supplied with all the munitions of feathered warfare. To all these depositories for the reception of miscellaneous property, add a score of canvass bags, a dozen fishing-rods, gaffs, landing-nets, sou-westers, pistols, cutlasses, merschaum pipes, a Dutch clock, a barometer, and a map of Europe, and you have a faithful inventory of the goods and chattels of Mr. Robertson.

In furnishing the preceding catalogue of effects, I have made an important omission. There were two sets of swinging shelves, capable of containing probably a hundred volumes, and both were closely packed. A glance at the stranger's library told me it had been chosen with good taste and judgment. It was a melange of the light and the instructive; and I question, had I been offered the minister's in exchange, that, for hyperborean reading, I should not have preferred the voyager's.

We dined early; bacon, chickens, and splendid fish—all the produce of his little farm-yard, or the spoil of net and line. The length of an autumnal evening would, even for the Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst, have been over-much for a jollification, and I accepted my host's invitation to visit a group of skerries, a mile's distance from the land, where he averred we should find some sport with rod and gun. We proceeded accordingly to the harbour, launched a row-boat, and pulled off to the rocky islets, which, my *Palinurus* assured me, in summer afforded the best fishing on the coast, and at other seasons (when a landing could be effected), excellent employment for the fowler.

All this I could easily imagine; and indeed of both, before my return, I had sufficient proof. From the shore, these rocks appear a single island; but, when you near them, you find they consist of a group of half a dozen, divided from each

other by narrow sounds, some scarce a pistol-shot across, and others so narrow that an active man could clear them by a spring. Through all, especially the narrow ones, the tide runs with awful velocity; and an intimate knowledge of landing-places and currents is required, or the greatest danger would attend the most cautious attempt to disembark. Yet these wild and perilous rocks are the favourite beat of my fearless companion; he visits them "by day or night, or any light," and, if the risk and peril be great, truly the reward is more than proportionate.

One islet, larger and loftier than all besides, is frequented by passing flocks of water-fowl. These skerries being also centrally situated with respect to several of the inhabited islands, when at daybreak, the birds leave off feeding on the main, they retire to the summit of this rock to enjoy security and repose. Its loneliness, however, is not the only cause which induces the wild-fowl to haunt it: on the summit there is a basin formed by a hollow in the rock, always plentifully supplied with rain-water; and here hundreds of the duck-tribe resort to pass the day, and at times, the surface of the pool will be so crowded with mallards, sheldrakes, widgeons, and teal, embracing all their varieties, that my host declared a pebble could hardly be thrown in without killing or maiming. Although shy to a proverb, the ducks are indifferent engineers, and on a more dangerous position a too-confiding mallard never went to sleep. On every side, the pool is masked by rocks, tall enough to hide a stooping man, and, wary as wild-fowl are, by approaching them from leeward, my guide rarely failed in effecting a surprise.

"When I returned here," he said, "and bought the property on which I have moored myself, shooting was not among the number of my accomplishments. Reefing a top-sail is one thing, swinging across a cliff—your sole dependence three strands of twisted rope-yarn—another; from early associations my idea of fowling was perfectly Orcadian—hooping eggs from out a hole, or twisting the neck of a skoray,\* or young kittiwake. Well, I had brought home with me an antiquated double gun; its flint-locks and silver mounting, valuable in my eyes; and anxious to learn the art of gunnery, I rowed off one morning to practise here on sand-pipers and red-shanks. As I neared the islands, a flight of wild-ducks gave a broad sweep round the summit, and dropped fearlessly into this pool, which, in lapse of years, I had forgotten. Here was a glorious opportunity—all in my favour—a fresh breeze, a smooth sea. I landed easily to leeward, threw off my shoes, ascended ledge after ledge, as the rock rose step-like

\* The name given to the young seagulls by the Islanders.

from the shore. My approach was drowned by the breeze, while, from the pool, quackings fell upon my delighted ear in every tone, from the little teal's to the hoarse sheldrake's. I gained the summit unperceived; chance directed me to a fissure in the projecting rock only a few inches wide—I peeped through—I thought the pulsations of my heart would have knocked out a hole in my waistcoat—and in holding in my breath I half committed suicide. There, within a dozen yards of my ambuscade, and in perfect peace and harmony, five hundred birds were associated—golden-eye and pin-tail, sheldrake and mallard, widgeon and teal, all clattering and quacking, and quadrilling—and I, only a few paces off, peeping slyly at their innocent proceedings. Some slept in the warm sunshine, with the head beneath the wing; others pruned their feathers with foot and bill, and the whole duck community appeared happy as the day was long.

“I gazed a minute in breathless admiration, and almost hesitated to disturb felicity so perfect; but the opportunity was too tempting, and the milk of feathered kindness gave way to truculent designs. With both barrels cocked, I sprang up suddenly, and shouted—a hundred quacks replied, from the quaver of consternation uttered by the little teal to the loud alarum of the noisy golden-eye\*—every wing flapped the water—*sauve qui peut* was the order of the day—and helter-skelter, duck, teal, and widgeon intermixed like troops of all arms after a rout—away went the whole. I pointed my gun at the retreating mob, and, in fancy, twenty couple were floundering on the ground already—for he would indeed have been an ingenious gunner who merely fired in the direction, and did not commit murder by wholesale. I pulled the trigger—a dull snap responded to the pressure of my finger—cock *number two* fell—a flash from the pan, by all the infernal deities! It was a visitation, as an old skipper under whom I sailed in early life would say, that might justify a Quaker in kicking his own mother. I flung the faithless gun upon the rocks—dinged one barrel, and, I presume, d—d the other one—retired in dudgeon to my boat—swore eternal war against everything that wore a feather—embarked next week for Leith, and purchased the arms which ornament my parlour, and, better service still, supply luxurious additions to the simpler fare an Orkney table boasts. Ha! a stand of plover! Now, Colonel, you shall bring a few heads of game from my island preserve.”

The flock, some fifty in number, came on whistling and wheeling above our heads—then, with a sudden dip, they made a low circle, and pitched upon the stony surface.

\* *Anas Clangula* of Linnæus.

"They are all this year's birds," observed the Islesman "and we can walk up to them fearlessly at once. But no—get behind yonder rock, and I'll send them direct to you."

I took my position accordingly; while he, making a slight *détour*, fired at the plover as they ran upon the ground. They sprang, and, as he had predicted, swept directly across the rock where I was standing. Five-and-twenty paces off they curved their flight, and the wings massed upon the centre. I seized the happy moment, delivered both barrels, and picked up six couple and a half.

I hinted, *passim*, that "early morn" is not the only season when my adventurous host visits this lonely isle. In spring, he takes chance of a noontide surprise; when the wind favours the attempt, it generally proves successful, less or more, as accident will have it; and what gives a most sporting zest to the business, is, the perfect uncertainty of what species of the feathered race, at the time of his intrusion, may then be resting on this most interesting flash.\*

"I have expected," he said, "a flock of ducks, and found half a dozen swans; I have seen, as I imagined, teal wing their flight hither, and, when I have stolen upon them, found that, in the preceding storm, the 'tufted-duck'† had here sought a temporary shelter. One day last January, I patiently took my position behind the large stone I pointed out to you, as my favourite place of ambuscade; the weather grew remarkably thick, and snow fell so fast, that, through the close flakes, you could not at twenty yards tell duck from diver. One man was left to watch the yawl we had drawn up upon the ledge of rock; the other, with a second gun, lay crouched beside me. I left home soon after daybreak, and, as you know, for several months, as far as sunlight goes here, we are always on short allowance, my stay upon the island did not exceed four hours. During that brief space of time, I fired above seventy shots; and once, so quickly did birds present themselves, that my four barrels were all unloaded. Some of the birds fell upon the water, more dropped among the rocks. Sailor, my sagacious friend,"—he tapped the head of a small-sized, brown water-spaniel,— "is a noble waterman, and excellent retriever, and that day I kept him busy. When light failed, and prudence hinted that it was time to seek the mainland, what, Colonel, was the produce of my day's work?"

\* This expression is used frequently in the west of Ireland, to describe a pool of water, not sufficiently extensive to obtain the dignity of being termed "loch."

† *Anas fuligula* of Linnæus. This bird is not indigenous to the Orkneys, and only pays a forced visit in bad weather. When the storm abates, it immediately takes its departure.

"Why, I suppose you could have stocked a London poulterer."

"Faith, pretty near it," returned the Islesman. "He should have had at least a variety to exhibit to his customers—I brought seven-and-twenty couple of wild-fowl off the rock, including nine varieties of the goose tribe, swans and brent-geese, four species of duck, widgeon and teal completing the tale. But, recollect that I secured only a portion of the spoil; wounded birds, which dropped wide of me, of course could not be recovered, and sea-eagles and kites saved me the further trouble of looking after them. On visiting the island the following day, I could have collected feathers to have stuffed a bed, and as many cleanly-picked skeletons as would have filled a glass-case. But, come, we'll fish the sound for half an hour, and then for supper, Colonel, "with what appetite you may."

I will not disturb your peace of mind, Jack, by entering into the particulars of our fishing. I know the effect; the old property would be instantly advertised for sale, and, without stopping to square accounts with your man-of-business, you would set out at once to live and die here. At sunset, we glided into the basin I have described, moored the yawl, and returned to the stranger's domicile—ten couple of grey plover in a string, and a pair of square-built Orcadians groaning under a load of coal-fish, sufficient to oppress the back of a coal-whipper, and leave him lumbagoed for his life.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Orcadian fowling season—Incubation—The Skua—Eider-duck—Departure from Kirkwall—Conclusion.

AFTER supper, our conversation turned, as might have been expected, upon matters which are ever uppermost in an Orcadian's thoughts—the fowling and fishing, which form, at the same time, the amusement and business of his life. This hyperborean archipelago possesses an advantage over the other corners of Great Britain, inasmuch as it offers to the Orcadian fowler a double season—and that termed *close-time* in every locality, Highland and Lowland, is here the busiest of the year. While incubation is going forward, no foot, save the shepherd's or the keeper's, disturbs the deserted moor; but here, in these wild isles, the cragsman is in full activity. My host tells me, that the rocks we visited to-day are at that time alive with myriads of terns and the smaller gulls. Every fissure in the cliff has then its feathered tenant, and even the flattest and barest ledges of the island are then over-



spread with eggs of the sea-swallow, dropped so numerously, that they may be taken up in baskets-full. But this, as a scene of nidification, is tame as the process of farm-yard incubation, compared to that carried on in a holm some five leagues distant from the mariner's retreat.

It is a small uninhabited isle, its ocean side walled by beetling cliffs, while its surface dips gradually to the west, and there presents a shore level with the water, and easy of access. The herbage is confined to a few scattered patches of short and sickly-looking grass, upon which a few miserable sheep manage to subsist themselves in summer. Throughout the broken surface of loose stones, auk and gull, guillemot and kittiwake deposit their eggs so carelessly, that the visitor can scarcely pass over without trampling upon dozens. The cliff itself is differently inhabited—the lower shelves crowded with puffins, cormorants, and divers; while removed, and in a locality less accessible, that fierce and powerful sea-rover, the skua,\* builds in the full security and confidence which a strong and well-defended position warrants. From all aggression his nest is safe; the kite and falcon observe a respectful distance, and even the lordly eagle avoids a conflict with this daring enemy, whom even man assails not with impunity. The cormorant will sit stupidly upon her eggs, until she is noosed or knocked over with a stone. The eider permits her downy nest to be harried again and again;† but woe to bird or man that transgresses upon the bold and formidable skua.

My host informs me that feathers and eggs are not the only inducements which lead the rock-fowler to the holm. The young kittiwake and skoray—as they term the gull—are here an esteemed article of food, and held by the Islesmen to be tender as a chicken. On the respective merits of these birds—never having made experimental comparisons—I am not prepared to offer an opinion. Early prejudice is strong—give me the chuckie‡ rather than the skoray—and I'll stick to the farm-yard, and leave to the Islesman his favourite cliff.

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The week has slipped away; in regular course the steamer is expected to-morrow at Kirkwall, and I shall bid my kind and most intelligent host a long, and probably an eternal farewell. With lovers, parting may be "sweet sorrow;" but I know nothing more painful to the feelings than to shake a man by the hand, and say adieu for ever—that is, if he be worth regretting. I have been the wanderer's guest five days;

\* Appendix, No. XLI.

No. XLII.

‡ *Anglicè, chicken.*

the morning spent in manly pastime—the voe, the cliff, the skerry—all affording, in their turn, excellent occupation for rod and gun. The evening passed in social enjoyment; his ‘tales of flood’ were returned by mine “of field”—to his hurricane, my rejoinder was a storm—when he carried me off privateering among the Bahamas, I brought him back to plunder Badajoz in return; and, after he had fried me in the torrid zone, I cooled his heels on Torres Vedras. Well, often and delightfully will my accidental acquaintance with the Orcadian wanderer come back to memory, when I shall be probably under another and a warmer sky. To me, the wild occurrences of rugged life are germane—I was not “nursed in the lap of luxury,” as the phrase goes; before the beard was darkened on my lip, the boy’s shoulder stood beside the man’s—and when a bold career, charged deep with varying adventure, closed—Time, that villanous old scytheman, tinged me with a little of his silver, to hint that I had “done my work.” I am no “carpet-knight;”—when others mingled in the light frivolities of youth, I was shivering in a Pyrenean bivouac, or roasting in the Indies—to-day, owner of two hundred dollars—to-morrow, the baggage-mule gone, and I left unprovided with a second shirt. Into the refinements of society, my peeps, like angel’s visits, have been “few and far between.” Almack’s is known to me by name; but confound me, if I can tell its locality. My acquaintance with a court has been restricted to seeing the guard trooped at St. James’s; and, beyond a country ball, the only scene of elegant festivity with which I could boast myself a partaker, was her Grace of Richmond’s on the 15th of June, when mounting a guard of honour at the door. I am not indoctrinated in the mysteries of the turf—then what care I about Oaks or Derbys? I would not step across the flag-way from the Club, though Persian sang “Jim Crow,” or Cerito threw a somerset—and whether a Prima Donna should

Soil her honour, or her new brocade,

would have about as much interest for me, as the *faux pas* of the lady of the street-sweeper. Give me no twaddle about fashionable follies, but the details of incident in life, which a man should tell, and a man should listen to. Let me feel the horny grasp of a sailor’s hand—none of your kid-skin manipulations, with an “Excuse my glove!”—or place me “i’ the afternoon,” toe to toe, with an old Peninsular, and, if he be scarred diagonally across the face,

the token true of battle-field,

why, all the better. Keep your perfumed popinjays to yourself; let them expend their affairs of nothingness upon each

other; give me the man who has crowned the breach, or combated the tempest—and—

“Hallo! Colonel O’Flagherty—what the deuce is the matter?”

“Nothing, Jack! only that I part from one who, though cast upon the world without a friendly hand to support him, has elbowed his way to fortune, and proved that desolate and depressing circumstances cannot subdue the buoyant spirit of the brave; and even the neglected boy still may prove that ‘the man’s the man for a’ that.’”

Confound that jangling bell!—a blacker mass of smoke issues from the funnel, and an antiquated Orcadian waterman,—the very impersonation of the gentleman who ferries over Styx,—intimates that the Royal Sovereign is “getting her anchor.” I am seated in the sternsheets—my traps deposited in the bow—the steamer sounds a second and a louder “alarum”—the oars fall upon the water—the Wanderer waves a last farewell from the pier-head—’tis done!—I am “once more upon the deep”—and bound again for *Ultima Thule*.

Farewell, Jack! You will probably expect some parting counsel. You may recollect when old Dominick Daly found his route had come, like an affectionate parent, he summoned his heir-apparent to the bed-side.

“Peter,” says he, “I’ve no money to lave ye.”

“’Pon my sowl, father jewel, you would have surprised me, if you tould me that ye had,” returned the afflicted son.

“But maybe I can give you some advice.”

“And that same,” observed Peter, “may be useful.”

“I have lived sixty-eight years in the world,” said Mr. Daly, “and I’ll give ye the result of my experience. Now, mind, Peter, what I’m goin’ to say—*Never sit with your back to the fire, or mix ye’r liquor, and the divil himself wont put ye under the table!*”

To this admirable advice I particularly direct your attention, merely adding a rider to it. In the present state of that land of Goshen, where you are abiding, *don’t make any inquiries after rent—and be sure to “keep your powder dry!”*

Once more—farewell!

## APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX, No. I.—P. 62.

### *The Stirling Jug.*

THE pint measure, popularly called *the Stirling Jug*, is still kept with great care in the town where it was first deposited four hundred years ago. It is made of brass, in the shape of a hollow cone, truncated, and it weighs 14 lbs. 10 oz. 1 dr. 18 grs. Scottish Troy. The mean diameter of the mouth is 4.17 inches English, of the bottom 5.25 inches, and the mean depth 6 inches. On the front, near the mouth, in relief, there is a shield bearing a lion *rampant*, the Scottish national arms; and near the bottom is another shield, bearing an ape *passant gardant*, with the letter S. below, supposed to be the armorial bearing of the foreign artist who probably was employed to fabricate the vessel. The handle is fixed with two brass nails; and the whole has an appearance of rudeness, quite proper to the early age when it was first instituted by the Scottish estates, as the standard of liquid measure for this ancient bacchanalian kingdom. It will be interesting to all votaries of antiquity to know, that this vessel, which may, in some measure, be esteemed a national palladium, was, about eighty years ago, rescued from the fate of being utterly lost, to which all circumstances for some time seemed to destine it. The person whom we have to thank for this good service was the Rev. Alexander Bryce, minister of Kirknewton, near Edinburgh, a man of scientific and literary accomplishment much superior to what was displayed by the generality of the clergy of his day. Mr. Bryce (who had taught the mathematical class in the college of Edinburgh, during the winter of 1745 6, instead of the eminent Maclaurin, who was then on his death-bed) happened to visit Stirling in the year 1750, when, recollecting the standard pint jug was appointed to remain in that town, he requested permission from the magistrates to see it. The magistrates conducted him to their council house, where a *pewter* pint jug was taken down from the roof, whence it was suspended, and presented to him. After a careful examination, he was convinced that this could not be the legal standard. He communicated his opinion to the magistrates; but they were equally ignorant of the loss which the town had sustained, and indisposed to take any trouble for the purpose of retrieving it. It excited very different feelings in the acute and inquiring mind of Dr. Bryce; and, resolved, if possible, to recover the valuable antique, he immediately instituted a search, which, though conducted with much patient industry for about a twelvemonth, proved, to his great regret, unavailing. In 1752, it occurred to him that the standard jug might have been borrowed by some of the coppersmiths or braziers, for the purpose of making legal measures for the citizens, and, by some chance, not returned. Having

been informed that a person of this trade, named Urquhart, had joined the insurgent forces in 1745,—that, on his not returning, his furniture and shop utensils had been brought to sale,—and that various articles, which had not been sold, were thrown into a garret as useless, a gleam of hope darted into his mind, and he eagerly went to make the proper investigation. Accordingly, in that obscure garret, groaning underneath a mass of lumber, he discovered the precious object of his research. Thus was discovered the only standard, by special statute, of all liquid and dry measure in Scotland, after it had been offered for sale at perhaps the cheap and easy price of one penny, rejected as unworthy of that little sum, and subsequently thrown by as altogether useless, and many years after it had been considered by its constitutional guardians as irretrievably lost.—*Abridged from Chambers.*

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APPENDIX, No. II.—P. 70.

*Edinburgh Castle.*

THE castle of Edinburgh owes its origin as a regular place of defence to the Anglo-Saxon dynasty towards the end of the fifth century, but, in the present day, its fortifications appear to be of comparatively modern date. The rock on which the castle is situated rises to a height of three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements may be seen in some directions for forty and fifty miles. The rock is precipitous on all sides but the east; here it is connected with the upper part of the city by an open esplanade, called the Castle-hill, measuring three hundred and fifty feet in length by three hundred in breadth. On the western extremity of this parade ground, which was once a favourite walk of the citizens, are advanced the outer wooden barriers of the fort, beyond which there is a dry ditch and draw-bridge, flanked by low batteries. Within these the road winds past a guard-house, and passes under an arched gateway secured by strong gates. Overhead is built a house which is used as the state-prison of Scotland. Passing through this entrance, on the right is the Argyle battery, mounting a number of guns which point towards the New Town, and from thence the road leads past the Arsenal, the Governor's House, and a huge pile of buildings, used as a barrack, by a semi-circular sweep, and gradual ascent, to the inner and upper vallum of the fort. This is entered by another strong gateway, and within are situated the chapel, store-houses, and other buildings, forming the main habitable part of the fortress. Among these tenements, on the south side, is a lofty pile or range of buildings, with a court in the centre. The houses on the east side were partly built by Queen Mary, in 1565, as a palace, and partly in 1616. In a small apartment on the ground floor, in the south-east corner of this edifice, Queen Mary was delivered of James VI. on the 19th of June, 1566. The roof of the little room is divided into four compartments, having the figure of a thistle at each corner, and a crown and the initials M.R. in the centre. As this interesting apartment is now part of the *Canteen* or tavern of the Castle, it is quite accessible to visitors.

In the same part of the edifice is situated the Crown Room, a very small vaulted apartment on the second floor. The Regalia of Scotland

were lodged here on the 26th of March, 1707, immediately after the Act of Union had passed, and remained in a state of seclusion and repose for a hundred and eleven years. The Scottish nation having for a long period been of belief that these ensigus of royalty had been removed secretly to London, in order to allay the rumours which were propagated to that effect, certain commissioners were appointed by the late Prince Regent to examine the contents of the Crown Room, which they did on the 5th of February, 1818. A large oaken chest was found in the apartment, firmly secured with locks, which being forced open, the Regalia were discovered, carefully wrapped in some fine linen cloths. The articles exposed were—the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and the lord treasurer's rod of office. They are now placed on a table, which is enclosed from the roof to the floor by a barred cage. The crown lies on a cushion of crimson velvet trimmed with gold, and the whole is seen by the assistance of four lamps fixed to the cage. The crown-room is open daily to the public, on payment of one shilling each visitor.

The most defensible part of the castle of Edinburgh is on the east, immediately north of the square court. Here a half-moon battery, on which is the flag-staff, faces the Old Town, and completely commands the entrance. Further round to the north, overlooking the Argyle battery, is the Bomb battery, from whence is obtained a very extensive prospect of the town, the environs, the Firth of Forth, and the coast of Fife. Behind the Bomb battery, a small chapel has recently been erected in place of a very old edifice of the same kind, which at the same time disappeared. The south and western sides of the fortress are singularly ill adapted for defence or offence. The outer bulwarks on the tops of the precipices are either high houses or walls with little capacity for gunnery, consequently any idea of retaining the castle in case of a sharp attack with artillery in this quarter would be absurd. A very large edifice, already mentioned, fitted up as a barrack, stands on the western precipice. It has five floors, and is one hundred and twenty feet in length, by fifty in height, and is also built without regard to effect. The arsenal or storehouses at the north-western corner can contain 30,000 stand of arms, and the whole buildings can accommodate 2000 men. Water is supplied chiefly by a reservoir having a communication by pipes with the city fountains; there is a very deep draw-well behind the half-moon battery, but its water oozes out when the guns are fired. At present only a few of the cannon are mounted, and, as Scotland needs scarcely any military defence, the fortress is only used as barracks for a limited body of men.—*Ibid.*

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APPENDIX, No. III.—P. 71.

*Castle of Dunnottar.*

ABOUT a mile and a half south of Stonehaven, is the extensive fortress of Dunnottar, once a place of great strength and importance, but which has been gradually going to ruin since the attainder of its proprietors in 1716. If the reader can conceive the idea of a semi-circular sweep of bold precipitous coast—an immense bill of rock projected into the sea from the bottom of the semicircle—and on the top

of this rock a series of buildings rather resembling a deserted city than a dismantled castle—he will have as good a mental picture of Dunnottar as it is possible to obtain without the assistance of a sister art. The superficies of the castle measures three acres, half of the space of Edinburgh Castle, the rock of which it otherwise somewhat resembles. It is approached by a steep path winding round the body of the rock, which, unless by this narrow neck, has no connexion with the land, and is, in fact, divided from it by a deep chasm. The visitor in the present day can only gain admission by application to a person who lives in Stonehaven. Notwithstanding the inaccessible and inconvenient situation of the summit of this insulated rock, it was, at one time, occupied as the site of the parish church and churchyard, and that at an epoch long before its assumption as a place of warlike defence. The building now called the chapel was the parish church. During the war of independence which Scotland carried on against Edward I. the natural strength of the rock induced Sir William Keith, then Great Marischal of Scotland, to build a castle on it, as a place of safety for himself and friends; but, in order to avoid offence, he first built a church for the parish in a more convenient place, notwithstanding which, the Archbishop of St. Andrews pronounced sentence of excommunication against him, for violating sacred ground. Sir William, on this, applied to Pope Benedict XIII. setting forth the exigency of the case, and the necessity of such a fortress, with the circumstance of his having built another church; on which his holiness issued his bull, dated July 18, 1294, directing the bishop to take off the excommunication, and to allow Sir William to enjoy the castle at all times, on the payment of a certain recompence to the church. About the year 1296, this castle was taken by Sir William Wallace, who, according to his historian, burnt four thousand Englishmen in it. In 1336, this castle was re-fortified by Edward III. in his progress through Scotland; but as soon as that monarch quitted the kingdom, it was retaken by Sir Andrew Murray. For many centuries afterwards, it continued in the possession of the Marischal family as their chief residence, without making any particular figure in history. But in the time of the great civil war, it once more became a place of note. The Earl Marischal of that period was a hearty Covenanter. In March, 1645, having immured himself in this fortress, along with a great number of gentlemen belonging to the same party, and, in particular, no fewer than sixteen clergymen, all of whom had fled thither for refuge from the Marquis of Montrose, he was regularly summoned by that celebrated leader to surrender, under pain of being proceeded against as a traitor to his king. The Earl, it is said, was a good deal inclined to come to terms with Montrose; but he was over-persuaded by his garrison of ministers; and accordingly the royalist general lost no time in subjecting his property to military execution. The whole of the neighbouring lands were ravaged; the woods of Fetteresso burnt; the villages of Stonehaven and Cowie, belonging to the Earl Marischal's vasaals, met the same fate; as also the fishing boats which lay in the harbour of the former port. It is told that, when the Earl Marischal saw the smoke ascending on all hands from his property, he betrayed symptoms of deep regret for having rejected Montrose's proposals. But the famous Andrew Cant, who was among the number of his companions,

elevated his resolution at once to its original pitch of firmness, by assuring him that *the reek* would be a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the Lord, rising, as it did, from property which had been sacrificed in such a holy cause. At the approach of the English army under Cromwell, in 1650, when the Scottish Covenanters had all become modified royalists, Dunnottar was selected as the strongest place in the kingdom for the preservation of the regalia. During the reign of Charles II. Dunnottar was used as a state-prison, chiefly for the confinement of the persecuted people of the west of Scotland, many of whom endured cruelties in its horrid dungeons such as have rarely been equalled. It was dismantled soon after the civil war of 1715, when its proprietor, James, Earl Marischal, was attainted for high treason. Since that period, the direct line of family having become extinct, the castle has become, by purchase, the property of the nearest heir-male, Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunnottar and Kavelston, Knight Marischal of Scotland. Though dismantled, the buildings of the castle are yet pretty entire, there being, in general, nothing wanting except the roofs and the floors. "The battlements, with their narrow embrasures," says a contemporary, "the strong towers and airy turrets, full of loop-holes for the archer and musketeer, the hall for the bauquet, and the cell for the captive, are all alike entire and distinct. Even the iron rings and bolts that held the culprits for security or for torture, still remain to attest the different order of things which once prevailed in this country. Many a sigh has been sent from the profound bosom of this vast rock; many a despairing glance has wandered hence over the boundless wave; and many a weary heart has there sunk rejoicing into eternal sleep."—*Ibid.*

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 APPENDIX, No. IV.—P. 79.

*Prince Charles.*

THERE happened to be then in Paris, two merchants named Rutledge and Walch, both of Irish extraction, the sons of refugees who had followed the fortune of James the Second. Rutledge was settled at Dunkirk, and Walch at Nantes: they had made some money before the war began, by trading to the West Indies; but when war was declared between France and Britain, they became adventurers in privateering, and had been concerned in several armaments. Still extending their views and operations, they had obtained from the court of France a grant of an old man of war of sixty guns called the Elizabeth: they had purchased a frigate of sixteen guns, called the Dontelle, and were equipping these vessels for a cruise in the North Seas, to intercept some of the valuable ships that, in time of war, came north about to England. Lord Clare, a lieutenant-general in the service of France (afterwards Marshal Thomond) was acquainted with these gentlemen, and knew the state of their armament: he introduced them to Charles Stuart; and proposed that they should lend their ships to him, for a more splendid expedition, and carry their prince to Scotland. The two Irishmen not only agreed to lend him their ships but engaged to furnish him with all the money and arms they could procure. Lord Clare undertook to raise 100 marines, which he did, and put them on



board the Elizabeth. When everything was ready, Charles came from Paris to Nantes; and on the 20th of June, leaving Nantes in a fishing-boat, went on board the Dontelle, at St. Nazaire; and was joined by the Elizabeth, near Belleisle. In the two ships were about 2,000 muskets, and five or six hundred French broadswords. Charles had with him in the Dontelle, which was commanded by Walch, a sum of money somewhat less than 4,000*l*. Such were the preparations made for an expedition, which it was easy to keep secret; for nobody could possibly believe that it was intended against the government of Britain.

The course which the seamen proposed to steer for the Highlands of Scotland, was by the Æbudæ, or Western Isles. They had not proceeded far in their voyage, when they met an English man-of-war of sixty guns, called the Lyon, commanded by Captain Brett (afterwards Sir Percy). The Lyon and Elizabeth engaged; and, after a very obstinate fight, the two vessels separated, both greatly disabled; the Elizabeth was so much shattered, that with difficulty she regained the port whence she came. Charles, in the Dontelle, pursued his course.—*Home's History.*

#### *Strength and Composition of the Highland Army.*

When the rebels began their march to the southward, they were not 6,000 men complete; they exceeded 5,500, of whom four or five hundred were cavalry; and of the whole number, not quite 4,000 were real Highlanders, who formed the clan regiments, and were indeed the strength of the rebel army. All the regiments of foot wore the Highland garb: they were thirteen in number, many of them very small. Besides the two troops of horse-guards, there were lords Pitsligo's and Strathallan's horse, Lord Kilmarnock's horse-grenadiers, and a troop of light-horse or hussars, to scour the country and procure intelligence.

The pay of a captain in this army was half-a-crown a-day; the pay of a lieutenant two shillings; the pay of an ensign one shilling and sixpence; and every private man received sixpence a-day, without deduction. In the clan regiments, every company had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. The front rank of each regiment consisted of persons who called themselves gentlemen, and were paid one shilling a-day; these gentlemen were better armed than the men in the ranks behind them, and had all of them targets, which many of the others had not.

Every clan regiment was commanded by the chief, or his son, or his brother, (the nearest of kin, whoever he was,) according to the custom of clanship. In the day of battle, each company of a Highland regiment furnished two of their best men as guard to the chief. In the choice of this guard, consanguinity was considered; and the chief (whose post was the centre of the regiment, by the colours) stood between two brothers, or two cousins-german. The train of artillery which belonged to this army of invaders consisted of General Cope's field pieces, taken at the battle of Preston, and of some pieces of a larger calibre, brought over in the ships from France, amounting in all to thirteen pieces of cannon."—*Ibid.*

#### *Highland Clans.*

Every clan consisted of several tribes; and the head of each tribe was the representative of a family descended from that of the chief.

His patronymic (which marked his descent) denominated the tribe of which he was chieftain, and his lands (for every chieftain had some estate in land) were let to his friends and relations in the same manner that the lands of the chief were let to his friends: each chieftain had a rank in the clan regiment according to his birth; and his tribe was his company. The chief was colonel, the eldest cadet was lieutenant-colonel, and the next cadet was major. In this state of subordination, civil and military, every clan was settled upon their own territories, like a separate nation, subject to the authority of their chief alone. To his counsels, prowess, and fortune (to his auspices) they ascribed all their success in war. The most sacred oath to a Highlander was to swear by the hand of his chief. The constant exclamation upon any sudden accident, was, "May God be with the chief!" or, "May the chief be uppermost!" Ready at all times to die for the head of the kindred, Highlanders have been known to interpose their bodies between the pointed musket and their chief, and to receive the shot which was aimed at him.

In such communities the king's peace and the law of the land were not much regarded: beyond the territories of each clan, the sword was the arbiter of all disputes: several of the clans had inveterate quarrels and deadly feuds; they went to war, and fought battles. Rapine was often practised, under pretext of reprisal and revenge; and, in those parts of the low country that bordered upon the Highlands, depredations and rapine were often committed without any pretence at all; hence, fierceness of heart, prompt to attack or defend at all times and places, became the characteristic of the Highlanders. Proud of this prime quality, they always appeared like warriors; as if their arms had been limbs and members of their bodies, they were never seen without them: they travelled, they attended fairs and markets, nay, they went to church with their broadswords and dirks, and in latter times with their muskets and pistols. Before the introduction of fire-arms, the bow, the broadsword and target, with the dirk, were the weapons offensive and defensive of the Highlanders. When the use of fire-arms became common in the kingdom, they assumed the musket instead of the bow, and, under the smoke of their fire, advanced to close with the enemy.—*Home's History.*

After the rebellion of 1745, a memorial was drawn up for government, it is conjectured by President Forbes, which gives the subjoined estimate of the force of able-bodied men which the respective clans could bring into the field.

Argyle (Campbells)	3000
Breadalbane (ditto)	1000
Lochnell and other chieftains of the Campbells	1000
Macleans	500
Maclachlans	200
Stewart of Appin	300
Macdougals	200
Stewart of Grandtully	300
Clan Gregor	700
Duke of Athole (Stewarts, Robertsons, &c.)	3000
Farquharsons	500
Duke of Gordon (followers from Glenlivet and Strathavon)	300
Grant of Grant	850
Mackintosh	800

Macphersons . . . . .	400
Frasers . . . . .	900
Grant of Glenmoriston . . . . .	150
Chisholms . . . . .	200
Duke of Perth (followers from Glenartnie, &c.)	300
Seaforth (Mackenzies) . . . . .	1000
Cromarty, Seatwell, Gairloch, with other chief-tains of the Mackenzies . . . . .	1500
Menzies . . . . .	300
Munroes . . . . .	300
Rosses . . . . .	500
Sutherlands . . . . .	2000
Mackays . . . . .	800
Sinclairs . . . . .	1100
Macdonald of Slate . . . . .	700
Macdonald of Clanranald . . . . .	700
Macdonald of Glencoe . . . . .	130
Macdonell of Glengarry . . . . .	500
Macdonell of Keppoch . . . . .	300
Robertsons . . . . .	200
Camerons . . . . .	800
Mackinnon . . . . .	200
Macleod . . . . .	700
The Duke of Montrose, Earls of Bute and Moray, Macfarlanes, Colquhouns, M'Neils of Barra, M'Nabs, M'Naughton's, Lamonts, &c. &c. . . . .	5600
	31,930

## APPENDIX, No. V.—P. 86.

*Inchkeith.*

THE elevation or design of this lighthouse is considered to be in very good taste. It is a house of two stories, with a platform roof, and parapet with embrasures, the lighthouse tower forming the staircase to the second floor and light-room. The light-keepers are very comfortably lodged, the principal having three apartments and his assistant two. Besides the main house, a court of offices is formed in connexion with the eastern wall of the old fort; and, besides other conveniences, there is an oil cellar sunk under ground, in which the oil is always kept in a fluid state, and at an equal temperature. There is also a place fitted up without the gate as a watch-house for pilots, where they have a guard-bed and fireplace. The establishment is in all respects very complete. Besides good salaries, the principal and his assistants have ten acres of the island enclosed, and a garden, which they possess or hold in common, with a sufficient allowance of coal and oil for family use. In justice to these persons, we have to state, that at all times they display the utmost politeness in showing the interior of the lighthouse to strangers. When the present lighthouse was completed, it was what seamen called a stationary or fixed light, and contained sixteen reflectors, made upon the parabolic curve, formed of copper, strongly coated or plated with silver, instead of the hollow or cavity of the reflector being lined with facets of mirror glass as formerly. Inchkeith light remained as a stationary light till the year 1815, the period when the light of the Isle of May was altered from an open coal-fire to a stationary light, with oil and reflectors; on which it became necessary to alter the character of Inchkeith light from a stationary to a revolving light; and with this alteration, that seven

reflectors, instead of the former number, are now found perfectly sufficient. The machinery for making the light revolve, consists of a movement, or piece of strong clock-work, kept in motion by a weight, and curiously fitted with two governors, upon the plan of the steam-engine, instead of a fly-wheel. The reflectors are ranged upon a horizontal frame, which is made to revolve periodically upon a perpendicular axis, exhibiting, to a distant observer, the alternate effect of light and darkness, in a very beautiful and simple manner. The reflectors are brought round in succession to the eye of the observer, and the angles, or interstices between them, produce the effect of darkness, by which this light is distinguished from the light of the Isle of May, and also from the common surrounding lights on the opposite shores. The light has further the advantage of being elevated above the medium level of the sea about 235 feet; and such is the powerful effect of the reflecting apparatus, that it is distinctly seen, in a favourable state of the atmosphere, at the distance of four or five leagues, although it is impossible that more than a single reflector can be seen at a time. The mechanism which moves the lights is exceedingly beautiful, and is kept in the highest order.—*Chambers.*

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APPENDIX, No. VI.—P. 91.

*The Bell Rock.*

ON the bill being passed in 1806, they received a loan of 25,000*l.* from government to assist an accumulated fund of 20,000*l.* Plans were laid before them of different kinds, and they adopted that of Mr. Rennie, which was on the principles of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1807. Stones for the building were collected of different kinds. The outside stones of the first thirty feet were brought from Rubeslaw in Aberdeenshire. Stones for the hearing and for the higher parts were got from Mylnefield quarry, near Dundee. Those on the top were finer, and came from Craigleith, near Edinburgh. At Arbroath, a working yard was fitted up for the artificers, and boats were engaged to go to and fro with and for materials, &c. A small vessel was also moored near the rock as a depôt. The most curious part of the work at the outset, was the erection of a place of refuge on the reef for the artisans, in the event of an accident befalling any of the attending boats. It consisted of a wooden tower of several stories, fixed on beams of wood planted into the rock, and secured with iron rivets. It was fitted up with sleeping-places, a cooking-room, and a place for a smith's forge. Into this erection the workmen were in the habit of retiring with their tools, as soon as the rock began to be covered with water. The cutting of a site for the foundation was attended with a prodigious deal of trouble, as the tide permitted working for a very short time every day only, and as no work could be done in stormy weather or in the winter months. Besides, each day the water had to be pumped out of the site, before the men could resume their work where it had been left off. After overcoming almost impossibilities, by the 10th of July, 1808, the first stone was laid. In the following spring the works were proceeded in with much diligence, but not till a great deal of apparatus had been landed and

fixed for the heaving of stones, and an iron railway laid along the reef, for the easy transport of materials. By the month of September, 1809, the first thirty feet were built. Next season, the works were again resumed, and, by a train of fortunate circumstances, the building was completed in October, 1810. In the course of the winter the internal fittings went forward, and on the first of February, 1811, the beacon was first lighted. The expense of the whole was about 60,000*l*. The Bell-Rock Lighthouse, thus reared, is a circular edifice, the foundation-stone of which is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea at low water of ordinary spring tides; and consequently, at high water of these tides, the building is immersed to the height of about fifteen feet. The two first courses of the masonry are very curiously dovetailed and joined with each other, in a way so as to resemble nothing so much as the pieces of a dissected map, forming one connected mass from the centre to the circumference. The successive layers of stone are also attached to each other by joggles of stone. The cement used was a mixture of pozzolano, earth, lime, and sand, in equal proportions. The individual stones weigh from one to two tons. The ground course measures 42 feet in diameter, and the building diminishes to a thickness of 13 feet. The total height is 100 feet, but including the light-room, the total height is 115 feet. The building is solid to a height of 30 feet, where the entry door is situate, to which the ascent is by a ladder with wooden steps. Strangers are carried up and down by a chair and crane. At first the walls are seven feet thick, and they diminish to a single foot. From the doorway to the top, there are six flats, each having an apartment, and a communication from one to the other is had by a wooden ladder. The first floor is for holding water, fuel, or other bulky articles; the second for oil cisterns, glass, and other light-room stores; the third is occupied as a kitchen; the fourth is the bedroom; the fifth the library, or stranger's room; and the upper apartment forms the light-room. The floors are of stone. There are two windows in each of the three lower apartments, but the upper rooms have each four windows. The light-room is of an octagonal figure, measuring twelve feet across, and fifteen feet in height, formed with cast-iron sashes, or window frames glazed with large plates of polished glass, measuring two feet six inches by two feet three inches, each plate being a quarter of an inch thick. The light-room is covered with a dome roof of copper, terminating in a gilded ball. Round the light-room there is a railed terrace on the outside. The light is from oil, with argand burners placed in the focus of silver plated reflectors, measuring 24 inches over the lips, being hollowed to the parabolic curve. That the light may be distinguished from all others on the coast, the reflectors are ranged upon a frame with four faces or sides, which, by a train of machinery, is made to revolve upon a perpendicular axis once in six minutes; moreover, by the interposition of coloured glass between the light and the observer, in the course of every revolution two appearances are produced; one is the common bright light, and the other is of a red colour. As a further warning to the mariner, in foggy weather, two large bells are tolled day and night, by the same train of machinery which moves the lights. The establishment of light-keepers at the Bell Rock, consists of a principal light-keeper, a principal assistant, and two other assistants. They each receive salaries varying from fifty to

sixty guineas, with clothes, and board while at the rock. At Arbroath a suite of buildings has been erected, where each keeper has three apartments for his family. Connected with these buildings there is a signal-tower erected, with a telescope, and a set of corresponding signals is arranged and kept up with the light-keepers at the rock. Three of the keepers are always at the lighthouse, while one is ashore on liberty, whose duty it is for the time to attend the signal-room; and when the weather will admit of the regular removal of the keepers, they are alternately six weeks on the rock, and a fortnight ashore with their families. A cutter of fifty tons burden is kept in constant occupation attending the Bell Rock, the Isle of May, and Inchkeith lighthouses. The construction of the lighthouse took place under the direction and by the arrangements of Mr. Robert Stevenson, civil engineer, Edinburgh, in a way which did him much honour. In 1824, the same gentleman published "An Account of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse," with a view of the institution and progress of the Northern-Lighthouses, in the form of a splendid quarto volume, which will be of great use in future undertakings of the kind. The Bell-Rock Lighthouse is now one of the most prominent and serviceable beacons on the Scottish shores, and has been the means of preventing innumerable wrecks.—*Ibid.*

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APPENDIX, No. VII.—P. 125.

*Druid Worship.*

SOMETIMES there are only four standing stones, and these are always exactly in the four cardinal points viewed from the centre. Sometimes the subdivisions of direction are marked in the same circle. When the dimensions of the interior circle do not admit of this, sometimes there are a number of concentric circles, on which the minutest subdivisions are marked by stones, with great exactness. The central circle is sometimes occupied by a large tumulus of loose stones, on the top of which, a large stone seems to have served the purpose of an altar for sacrifices.

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The sun was the great object of Druidical veneration, as an emblem of the Deity; and to observe his apparent motions would be an object not merely of curiosity, but of piety.

The circle of Stennis is of very large dimensions, affording room to mark all the necessary subdivisions of direction, by stones in its periphery, without having recourse to concentric circles. Dr. Barry mentions mounds of earth on the east and west of this circle; but he has forgotten to state, that it is entered by a gateway on the south, and on the north; and that the stones where he supposes sacrifices were offered, are seen through the gateway due south from the centre of the circle. A sort of bridge, of loose stones, across the lake, forms a communication between the great circle and the stones of sacrifice. On examining this great circle we were strongly impressed with a belief that a sacred grove had once occupied its centre.

These stones must evidently have been erected by a people who entertained the same religious ideas with those who constructed other

similar circles in various parts of the Highlands and Isles. That they preceded the arrival of the Scandinavians appears very probable from Barry's own account; for the stones where these people offered human victims to Odin, and worshipped their peculiar deities, were all in the North Isles: as if they thought their brutish divinities could not bear their prayers unless they were addressed from the nearest points to their native country.

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The Druidical worship was always practised in the open air; as they deemed no temple fit for the Deity but the universe he had formed. Their places of worship are always embosomed either amidst rugged rocks, where the scenery inspires religious horror; or they are situated, as at Stennis, where the sublime of nature is gradually melted down, and combined with the beautiful. This is the most frequent position of their places of worship; and the surrounding scenery forcibly impresses the mind with an idea of a Being at once powerful and beneficent. When the Druids had any villany in view, such as reclaiming, or taking off, unfortunate individuals who had incurred their displeasure, or whom they had accused of impiety, the business was managed in the impenetrable recesses of a forest, where circles within circles of trees were stained with blood; and armed men were ready to kill every person whose impertinent curiosity led him to transgress the boundary. The Roman writers are most grossly erroneous when they mistake these groves for places of worship. They could not be places of worship, because none but the Druids and their satellites were admitted into them. They were objects of terror and dismay to all the people within their reach. Here the grim chief of the Druids might calculate on the profits arising from a rash expression, or some defect of ritual observance of a man, which put his life and property in the tyrant's power.—*Barry's History of the Orkney Islands.*

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APPENDIX, No. VIII.—P. 125.

*Barrows.*

AMONG some of the latter that an inquisitive curiosity has opened, there was one that contained three stone chests, in one of which was a skeleton, with a bag containing bruised bones; the second had in it a skeleton, in a sitting attitude; and the third contained a parcel of human bones, with some heads and hair, which, when first discovered, had the appearance of being rotten, but on their exposure to the air seemed to resume their former freshness. Some of the same kind have been found to contain stone chests a foot and a half square, and in these were small urns, the contents of which were either ashes alone, or mixed with bones; and in one of these chests a jar or urn, with the same contents, of such capacity as would have contained thirty Scots pints of water.

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The numbers found here are considerable; seldom single, but two or three, or more, in the same place; all of a circular form, and different in dimensions; placed, without any distinction of hill or dale, by the sea or inland; generally in dry places, and for the most part on

sandy ground. Some few of them are encircled with stones set on edge around their bottoms; a remarkable one has two stones set upright on its top; and when curiosity has penetrated their interior, they are almost all found to exhibit contents in which there is much similarity. As in England, those that have been opened have discovered, some of them, urns with ashes; some, stone coffins, in which the bodies have been deposited; and some, naked skeletons; so here, also, when looked into, they have been found to contain the same things. But, besides these, which are the principal, several other articles have sometimes been found along with them; such as the bones of some domestic animal; swords of metal or of bone; helmets, combs, with other things, the use of which cannot now be discovered.

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Few or no marks of burning are observable in these mansions of the dead, which are occupied mostly by bones, not of men only, but of several other animals. Warlike instruments, of the kind then in use, also make a part of their contents, among which may be reckoned battle-axes, two-handed swords, broad swords, helmets, swords made of the bone of a large fish, and also daggers. They have, besides, been found to contain instruments employed in the common purposes of life, as knives and combs; and others that have been used as ornaments, such as beads, brooches, and chains; together with some other articles, the use of which is now unknown. Of this last kind may be mentioned, a flat piece of marble, of a circular form, about two inches and a half in diameter; several stones, in shape and appearance like whetstones, that had never been used; and an iron vessel, resembling a helmet, only four inches and a half in the cavity, much damaged, as if with the stroke of a sharp weapon, such as an axe or a sword. In one of them was found a metal spoon, and a glass cup that contained two gills Scotch measure; and in another, a number of stones, formed into the shape and size of *whorles*, like those that were formerly used for spinning in Scotland.—*Barry's History of the Orkney Islands.*

The Burgh of Mousa is, perhaps, the most perfect Teutonic fortress now extant in Europe. It occupies a circular site of ground, about fifty feet in diameter, and is built of middle-sized schistose stones, well laid together without any cement. The round edifice attains the height of forty-two feet, bulging out below and tapering on towards the top, where it is again cast out from its lesser diameter, so as to prevent its being scaled from without. The doorway is so low and narrow as only to admit one person at a time, and who has to creep along a passage fifteen feet deep ere he attains the interior open area. He then perceives that the structure is hollow, consisting of two walls, each about five feet thick, with a passage or winding staircase between them of similar size, and enclosing within an open court about twenty feet in diameter. Near the top of the building, and opposite the entrance, three or four vertical rows of holes are seen, resembling the holes of a pigeon-house, and varying from eight to eighteen in number. These admitted air and a feeble degree of light to the chambers or galleries within, which wound round the building, and to which the passage from the entrance conducts, the roof of one chamber being the floor of that above it. In this structure, it is on record that the ancient inhabitants, on the occasion of sudden invasion, hastily secured their women and children, and goods; and it would appear that even one of the Earls of Orkney was



not able to force it. Such burghs seldom yielded except to stratagem or famine; and being the place of defence round which the huts of the neighbourhood naturally arranged themselves, their name came latterly to designate the town or burgh which arose about them.—*Edmonstone.*

APPENDIX, No. IX.—P. 130.

*Rope of triple cowskin.*

THE people live much upon the wild sea-fowl, with which the precipices abound, and their mode of catching them is very entertaining. The men are divided into fowling parties, each of which generally consists of four persons, distinguished for their agility and skill. Each party must have at least one rope, about thirty fathoms long, made out of a strong raw cowhide, salted for the purpose, and cut circularly into three thongs of equal length. These thongs being closely twisted together form a threefold cord, able to sustain a great weight, and durable enough to last two generations. To prevent its receiving injuries from the sharp edges of the rocks, it is covered with sheep skins, dressed in the same manner. This rope is the most valuable piece of furniture a St. Kildian can be possessed of: it makes the first article in the testament of a father, and if it falls to a daughter's share, she is esteemed one of the best matches of the island. By help of these ropes, the people of the greatest prowess examine the fronts of rocks of prodigious heights. Linked together in couples, each having the end of the cord fastened about his waist, they go down and ascend the most dreadful precipices. When one is in motion the other plants himself in a stony shelf, and takes care to have so sure a footing, that if his fellow-adventurer makes a false step and tumble over, he may be able to save him. When one has arrived at a safe landing-place, he sets himself firmly, while the other endeavours to follow. Mr. Macanlay gives an instance of the dexterity of the inhabitants in catching wild fowl, to which he was an eye-witness. One of them fixed himself on a craggy shelf, his companion descended about sixty feet below, and, having durted himself away from the face of a most alarming precipice, hanging over the ocean, he began to play his gambles, sung merrily, and laughed very heartily; at last, having afforded all the eutertainment he could, he returned in triumph, full of his own merit, with a large string of sea-fowls round his neck, and a number of eggs in his bosom. Upwards of 20,000 solan geese are annually consumed by the natives of St. Kilda, besides an immense number of eggs. The following is from the ever vivacious Macculloch. "Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, describes a land of feathers, and perhaps he drew the hint from St. Kilda. The air here is full of feathered animals, the sea is covered with them, the houses are ornamented by them, the ground is speckled by them like a flowery meadow in May. The town is paved with feathers, the very dunghills are made of feathers, and the ploughed land seems as if it had been sown with feathers, and the inhabitants look as if they had been all tarred and feathered, for their hair is full of feathers, and their clothes are covered with feathers. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their shoes are made of a gaunet's skin; everything smells of feathers; and the smell pursued us over all the islands, for the Captain had a sackful in the cabin."—*Macculloch.*

## APPENDIX, No. X.—P. 134.

*Power of Water.*

THE isle of Eshauess, or Northmaven, which is exposed to the uncontrolled fury of the western ocean, presents a scene of unequalled desolation. In stormy winters, huge blocks of stones are overturned, or are removed far from their native beds, and hurried up a slight acclivity to a distance almost incredible. In the winter of 1802, a mass, eight feet two inches by seven feet, and five feet one inch thick, was dislodged from its bed, and removed to a distance of from eighty to ninety feet. The bed from which a block had been carried away in the year 1818, was seventeen and a half by seven feet, and the depth two feet eight inches; the removed mass had been borne to a distance of thirty feet, when it was shivered into thirteen or more lesser fragments, some of which were carried still farther, from 30 to 120 feet. A block, nine feet two inches by six and a half feet, and four feet thick, was hurried up an acclivity to a distance of 150 feet. A mass of rock, the average dimensions of which may perhaps be rated at twelve or thirteen feet square, and four and a half or five feet in thickness, was, about fifty years ago, first moved from its bed, to a distance of thirty feet, and has since been twice turned over.—*Anderson.*

## APPENDIX, No. XI.—P. 134.

*Mermaids.*

MANY interesting and authentic stories are told here of merman and merwoman, which would amuse you exceedingly; therefore, pray muster up a considerable stock of credulity, and listen. Far below the region of fishes, these merladies and gentlemen, who are of supernatural beauty, exist in an atmosphere of their own, in which they seem able to live with very tolerable comfort in coral palaces, and sleeping on beds of oysters. When desirous to pay us a visit in the upper regions, they have power to enter the skin of any amphibious animal, and shoot through the water, but no son or daughter of the ocean can borrow more than one sea-dress of this kind for his own particular use; therefore, if the garb should be mislaid on our shores, he never can return to his submarine country and friends. A Shetlander, having once found an empty seal-skin on the shore, took it home and kept it in his possession. Soon after, he met the most lovely being who ever stepped on the earth, wringing her hands with distress, and loudly lamenting, that, having lost her sea-dress, she must remain for ever on the earth. The Shetlander, having fallen in love at first sight, said not a syllable about finding this precious treasure, but made his proposals, and offered to take her for better or for worse, as his future wife! The merlady, though not, as we know, much of a woman of the world, very prudently accepted this offer! I never heard what the settlements were, but they lived very happily for some years, till one day, when the green-haired bride unexpectedly discovered her own long-lost seal-skin, and instantly putting it on, she took a hasty farewell of everybody, and ran towards the shore. Her husband flew out in pursuit of her, but in vain! She sprang from point to point, and from rock to rock, till at

length hastening into the ocean, she disappeared for ever, leaving the worthy man, her husband, perfectly planet-struck and inconsolable on the shore!—*Miss Sinclair's Shetland.*

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APPENDIX, No. XII.—P. 139.

*Voracity of Pikes.*

IN alluding to the ferocity of Irish pikes, a friend of mine, who is constitutionally sceptical, hinted that in self-devouring propensities, my fish exceeded even the Kilkenny cats of most pugnacious memory. Now, everybody knows that pike are fish of evil reputation, while trouts bear an irreproachable character. "Justice to Ireland" obliges me to prove that a Milesian pike is not worse than his neighbours, after all. The following extracts from "Scrope's Tweed," I think will bear me out:—

"I once saw," says the learned and accomplished Dr. Gillespie, "one of these all-devouring fish in a curious predicament. In fishing, or rather strolling, within these few years, with a rod in one hand and a book in the other, so as to alternate reading and fishing, as the clouds came and went, I observed a great many June-flies, at which the fish were occasionally rising, and which at the same time were picked up by the swallows, as they skimmed over the surface of the still water. It so happened that a trout from beneath, and a swallow from above, had fixed their affections upon the same yellow-winged and tempting fly. Down came the swallow, and up came the open mouth of the fish; into which, in pursuit of his prey, the swallow pitched his head. The struggle was not long, but pretty severe; and the swallow was once or twice nearly immersed, wings and all, in the water, before he got himself disentangled from the sharp teeth of the fish." It is true that the trout had no intention of encountering the bird; but every one knows that pike will pull young ducks under the water, and devour them.

"The Tay trout," says John Crerar (I copy from his MS.), "lives in that river all the year round. It is a large and yellow fish, with a great mouth, and feeds chiefly on salmon-spawn, moles, mice, frogs, &c. A curious circumstance once happened to me at Pulney Loch. One of my sons threw a live mouse into it, when a large trout took the mouse down immediately. The boy told me what had happened; so I took my fishing-rod, which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout, landed it, and laid it on the walk: in two seconds the mouse ran out of his mouth, and got into a hole in the wall before I could catch it."

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APPENDIX, No. XIII.—P. 142.

*The Wick Fisheries.*

THE cost of a boat with outfit of nets is about 120*l.* A drift of nets consists of from sixteen to twenty-six, each about sixteen fathoms long and four deep. The fisher generally receives from 9*s.* to 10*s.* a cran, or barrel, for the herrings; and a crew, (four in number,) when proprietors of the boat, sometimes make 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and even 50*l.* a head. The wages allowed for about two months' service—from the middle of

July to September—are 3*l.* to 7*l.*, and a peck and a half of meal a week. Poor widows and girls are employed to gut and pack, at about 4*d.* per barrel; they make 20*s.* to 3*l.* a season. Whisky is consumed among all, to a most enormous and demoralizing extent. The following minute information on this subject, we feel assured will not be uninteresting to our readers; and we borrow it from a lively little work, to which we have referred while treating of Cromarty, published at Inverness a few years ago, and entitled, "Letters on the Herring Fishing in the Moray Firth; by Mr. Miller, formerly of that place:"—"The set of nets employed in fishing by each boat is termed a drift; and the number varies from sixteen to twenty-six. The length of each is sixteen fathoms, and the depth four. The upper edge is bordered by strong rope laced through square perforated pieces of cork, and termed the cork baulk. The lower is bound with a cord, called the ground baulk, and furnished with loops for sinkers. These baulks, both lower and upper, are about four feet longer than the body of the net, and by their ends the whole nets of the drift are tied together. At each fastening, that is, between every two nets, a buoy is attached. The lower baulk, as its name implies, rests upon the bottom. The upper runs parallel to it, at the height of four fathoms, being kept at that elevation, unless made to recline with the tide, by the buoyancy of the cork. The buoys, which are commonly made of sheep or dog skins inflated with air, float on the surface; and the ropes which attach them to the nets, are made to vary in length according to the depth of the water. Where the average depth is ten fathoms, the length of buoy-rope required is six.

When a boat arrives at the fishing-ground, which is first ascertained by the bearings of the landmarks, and next by the sounding-lead, the mast and two of the oars are stowed ahead, and a space near the stern is cleared for casting out the nets, which lie in a heap at the midships. The oldest and worst are first taken up: the loops in the lower baulk are loaded with sinkers of stone; two men are stationed to cast them over, and the other two (the crew consists of but four) are employed at the oar. When the first net is shot (thrown over) they fasten its ties to those of a second, and so on until the whole are cast out. The boat is propelled in the mean time across the tide by the men at the oars; and when the whole drift is shot, it stretches behind them in a line of 600 or 800 yards in length. The tie of the last net is next brought forward and fixed to the swing-rope, a small hawser attached to the stern, and the boat rides to her drift as if at anchor.

The nets are shot immediately after the boat has arrived on the fishing-ground, and are not hauled, unless there be sign of fish, until the crew have ascertained that she has drifted over the bank. After hauling, they row against the tide until they have come up to the line of their first position, and then shoot again. Sometimes, however, the fish strike some of the nets thrown out, before the whole drift is shot, and the crew commence hauling when the last net has been only a few minutes in the water. If the quantity taken be deemed sufficient for a cargo, they make sail for port; if not, they shoot a second time. When the shoal is stationary, the fishermen are first apprized of its coming in contact with their nets, by the buoys sinking from the weight of the fish. When the wind is high, the track of a moving shoal is shown by the appearance of the water, which, however rough in other places, is

of a dead smoothness over the herrings, and looks as if coated with oil. When one of these calm patches crosses the line of the drift, the fishermen prepare to haul, and are seldom disappointed of a fishing.

In hauling, the crew first untie the swing-rope from the stem, and bring it aft to near the stern. When the first net appears, it is laid hold of, both by the upper and lower baulks, brought in over the gunwale, and shaken to divest it of the fish, which are cast out of the meshes when alive with less difficulty than when dead. They are raised, too, from the bottom with much greater ease. A slight pull is sufficient to bring to the surface a net charged with live herrings, which, if suffered to remain in the water until the fish died, would defy the united efforts of the crew to raise from the bottom. The cause is easily given. On pulling the net, the lower thread of the mesh presses against the fish entangled, which immediately rises to the surface to avoid what it deems an enemy attacking it from beneath. It is not uncommon, on hauling, for a whole net to rise to the boat's side,—the unity of impulse in the thousands enclosed, giving to it the appearance of one huge fish. When the herrings are languid and weighty, and the crew unable to weigh up the nets, the ties of the net in hand are brought ahead and fastened to the stern. The crew then retire to the stern, the head rises in the water, and the heave of the waves gives the boat a motion which seldom fails of weighing up the net. It is next brought aft and hauled like the others.

Loss of nets, the bane of the fishermen, is either occasioned by sudden storms, foulness of ground, or weight of fish. When attacked by sudden tempest, the boatmen, to avoid foundering, are compelled to cut the swing-rope, and suffer the boat to drive. Losses in this way, however, are of rare occurrence, compared with those occasioned by foulness of ground.

The profession of the herring fisherman is one of the most laborious and most exposed both to hardship and danger. From the commencement to the close of the fishing, the men who prosecute it only pass two nights of the week in bed. In all the others they sleep in open boats, with no other covering than the sail. In wet weather, their hard couch proves peculiarly comfortless; and, even in the most pleasant, it is one upon which few beside themselves could repose. The watchfulness necessary in their circumstances becomes so habitual, that, during the fishing, thier slumbers rather resemble those of the watch-dog than of men. They start up on the slightest motion or noise, cast a hurried glance over the buoys of their drift, ascertain their position with regard to the fishing-bank or to the other boats around, and then fling themselves down again. During the height of a stream tide their occupation is doubly harassing. It not unfrequently happens, that, when shooting their drift, the nets thrown out are caught by the vortices of an eddy, and ravelled together in such a manner that hours elapse—those, too, it may chance, the hours of midnight—before they can be disentangled. At such seasons, also, their drifts come in contact with those of other boats, and to free them is one of the most laborious employments of the fisherman.—*John o' Groat Journal.*

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The following comparative statement will give a tolerable idea of the whole take of herring for two years on the east coast of Scotland:—

## QUANTITY OF HERBINGS CURED.

	1835.	1836.
Peterhead . . . . .	33,000 Barrels.	44,000 Barrels.
Fraserburgh . . . . .	54,000 ditto . . . . .	45,000 ditto
Banff . . . . .	24,000 ditto . . . . .	18,000 ditto
Cullen . . . . .	5,000 ditto . . . . .	3,000 ditto
Findhorn . . . . .	8,000 ditto . . . . .	6,000 ditto
Dromarty . . . . .	7,000 ditto . . . . .	7,000 ditto
Helmsdale . . . . .	28,000 ditto . . . . .	18,000 ditto
Lybster . . . . .	32,000 ditto . . . . .	15,000 ditto
Wick . . . . .	106,000 ditto . . . . .	40,000 ditto
Thurso and Tongue . . . . .	22,000 ditto . . . . .	7,000 ditto
Orkney . . . . .	45,000 ditto . . . . .	28,000 ditto
Shetland . . . . .	38,000 ditto . . . . .	27,000 ditto
Berwick . . . . .	. . . . .	30,000 ditto

## APPENDIX, No. XIV.—P. 144.

*The Shetland Mill.*

THE ancient quern, or hand corn-mill, is still used in Shetland. A machine of this description consists of two staves, about twenty-one inches in diameter, resting on a kind of table. Near the edge of the upper stave, there is a handle which the grinder (generally a female of the house) seizes and turns round with a sort of centrifugal movement, whilst the left hand is employed in supplying a hole in the centre with corn. The meal then flies outwards, and drops from between the staves on the table, where it is every now and then scraped together, and taken away. Water-mills, probably as old as the time of Harold Harfager, likewise exist. The grinding apparatus is of a very diminutive description, and is protected by a low shed of unhewn stones, stretching across one or other of the innumerable slender rills which pour into the different voes.

## APPENDIX, No. XV.—P. 162.

*The Farne Islands.*

SINCE these passages were put in type, by a melancholy coincidence, another casualty has occurred—and the *Pegasus* has perished within a short distance of the rock which proved so fatal to the *Forfarshire*. The latter calamity, as far as loss of life went, was even proportionately greater than the former. The authors of both misfortunes are gone to their accounts; and both calamities, which placed so many homes in mourning, are solely attributable to the ignorance or misconduct of the respective commanders of those ill-fated vessels. The *Forfarshire*, with a heavy sea, and disabled machinery, had a safe haven, Holy Island, to have run into, but the captain stupidly persevered—and fifty lives paid the penalty. The *Pegasus*, without a ripple on the water, to save some twenty minutes, was rashly carried by her commander from a clear course into a dangerous channel—and the consequences were awful.

To the errors of the dead a liberal indulgence should be extended; but when men who are arbitrarily intrusted with life and property, whose loss may plunge hundreds into penury and wretchedness, idly experimentalize with both, no reprobation can be too severe.

## APPENDIX, No. XVI.—P. 173.

, *The Bomont.*

THE Bomont rises on the very top of Rowhope, a steep hill about twelve miles south of Yetholm. The Kail has its source near the head of the Coquet, about ten miles south-west of Rowhope, and after passing Chatto, Hownam, and Morebattle, discharges itself into the Teviot near Eckford.

At Town Yetholm there is an excellent inn, the Plough, at which most anglers who visit this part of the country take up their quarters. The village itself is an extremely pleasant place in summer, being nearly surrounded by beautiful green hills; and, for trout-fishing, it may be reckoned among the best stations on the border. About a mile to the north-west, there is a small piece of water called Loch-tower, or Prim-side Loch, which contains both perch and pike; but few anglers who visit Yetholm think them worth trying for.

## APPENDIX, No. XVII.—P. 174.

THE LAUGHING GULL (*Larus ridibundus*), OR BLACK HEAD.

THIS is rather a discursive species, found over a considerable extent in latitude, and also occasionally inland, though never at any very great distance from the sea. It is a light and handsome bird, formed for rapid flight, and weighing only between eight and nine ounces, though it measures fourteen and fifteen inches in length. Unlike many of our sea-birds, it is more abundant on the English shores than in the north; and though it ranges to Orkney and Shetland, and even farther northward, in the breeding season, it finds its way to more southerly places in the winter. Its seasonal migrations thus bear some analogy to those of the marsh birds; and though it fishes, and has other habits and also characters of the genus to which it belongs, it breeds generally, if not exclusively, in marshy places, and sometimes at considerable distances from the sea. There it mingles freely and in harmony with the other marsh birds, and at those seasons finds its food in the fresh waters, on the little islands among which it nestles. These inland habits in the breeding time have procured it a number of names similar to those of land or marsh birds. It has been called "peewit," or "lapwing gull." The inhabitants of Orkney call it the "sea-crow;" and in some places it is called the "mire-crow." Some of its habits are, indeed, similar to those of the crow tribe, more especially of the rook; and when ground is newly turned up, in the neighbourhood of their breeding-places, these gulls and the rooks may be found together, picking up apparently the same food in the same manner, and neither of them offering hostility to the other. The nests are found in the smaller hummocks, or troughs in the fens or marshes, the tops of which are paddled flat by the feet of the birds, previous to the eggs being deposited. The eggs are two or three in number, of an olive colour, with darker blotches; but they are liable to considerable variations of colour, both when dropped and after they have been soiled by the feet of the parent bird.

On the nest, the female sits quite exposed, but in such a manner as

to command readily the whole horizon around her; and thus she is as well protected as those birds which nestle in cover. These gulls make a great deal of noise previous to changes of the weather; and when the air softens and promises rain after long protracted drought, and thereby puts the lesser mire and sludge animals into motion, the gulls are all activity and clamour. They follow the habit of most birds which are social among each other, and with other species in the breeding season, in being tamed without much difficulty; it is not likely that colonies of them could be made to settle and breed, though in that case they would be highly ornamental, and also render considerable service in clearing gardens and ornamental grounds of worms, slugs, and other earth animals. Authors have made several species out of this one, from the seasonal changes of plumage to which it is liable, as has indeed been the case with most of the seasonal birds, even though the seasonal change of place is not greater than that from the fen, or the solitary inland pool, to the nearest part of the shore. The mature birds of this species are not eatable, and the young are very inferior to those of the kittiwake; but they used to be served up at feasts, more for ostentation than for use. In the breeding season, the mature birds have the feet, bill, and orbits red; the irides hazel; the head and nape brownish black, except a few white feathers round the eye; rest of the upper part grey; the primary quills white, the first with one black nob, the others with black spots; the secondaries ash-colour, marked with white. In winter, the black on the head fades to white, excepting a patch in front of the eye, and another on the ear-covert. The young are mottled-brown and white, have the bill dusky, with more or less of a reddish tinge at the base, and the feet yellowish. In the second year, they more approach the colour of the mature birds; but they have the head white in winter before it becomes dark in summer. As they are to be seen in all those states of plumage, they have been called by different names, and sometimes described as different birds. Their inland habits have caused them (the young especially, in their winter plumage) to be confounded with the common gull. Though only about two-thirds of the weight of that bird, they appear nearly as large, as, though a little shorter, they are longer in the wings.

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APPENDIX, No. XVIII.—P. 176.

*Wark Castle.*

WARK CASTLE is now so completely dilapidated, that the site only can be traced; and, from the extent of the building, and its outworks, enable the traveller to fancy what it must have been when a place of strength.

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APPENDIX, No. XIX.—P. 177.

*Ford Castle.*

PASS, near Ford Castle, now the seat of Sir John Delaval, possessed in the reign of Henry III. by Odonel de Ford; and by the marriage of his daughter to William Heron passed into that family: from them to the Carrs; from the Carrs to the present owner.—*Pennant's Tour in Scotland.*



## APPENDIX, No. XX.—P. 181.

*Death of James of Scotland.*

THE day after the battle Lord Dacre, who knew the king, discovered his body among the slain, and it was afterwards identified by his chancellor, Sir William Scott, his sergeant porter, Sir John Forman, and other Scottish prisoners. He had received several wounds, both from arrows and bills. There was a deep wound in his neck, and his left hand was nearly severed from the arm. The body was conveyed to Berwick, where it was embalmed and enclosed in lead, and afterwards secretly, among other things, sent to Newcastle. From Newcastle, Surrey took it with him to London, and placed it in the monastery of Sheen, near Richmond, where it was afterwards interred, by the special permission of Leo X., as James had died under sentence of excommunication, incurred *ipso facto* by his breaking the truce with England. Weber has printed, in his Appendix to the Battle of Flodden, the Pope's Letter to Henry, dated 29th November, 1513, granting him permission to inter it, as requested, in St. Paul's. It, however, remained at Sheen till the time of Edward VI., when the monastery became the property and the residence of Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk. In the spirit of profanation which distinguished that reign—when the dead were “unplumbed,” and monuments defaced, to afford a covering to a greedy courtier's dwelling or a pavement for his hall—the body was thrown into a waste room, among some old timber, lead, and other rubble, where it was seen by Stowe. In the reign of Elizabeth some workmen cut off the head, and one Lancelot Young, master glazier to the Queen, feeling a sweet savour to proceed from it, brought it to his house, in Wood-street, London, where he kept it for some time, but at length caused it to be buried by the sexton of St. Michael's, amongst other bones taken out of the charnel-house of that church.

## APPENDIX, No. XXI.—P. 198.

*Salmon.*

IT is extraordinary how much the flavour and quality of the salmon depend on circumstances apparently of trifling moment. A single day in the river will injure, and a flood spoil their condition; and the difference between a fish taken in the nets, and one killed with a rod, will be easily perceptible.

Although in this water, angling may be considered as ending in September, yet, through the succeeding months till spring, the fish rise freely at a fly. But the sport is very indifferent compared with summer angling; the salmon now has lost his energy; he struggles *laboriously* to get away, but his play is different from the gallant resistance he would have offered, had you hooked him in July. I have landed and turned out again as many as nine salmon in one day, and their united exertions did not afford me half the amusement I have received from the conquest of one sprightly summer fish. Salmon appear to lose beauty and energy together. They are now reddish, dull, dark-spotted, perch-coloured fish, and seem a different species from the sparkling silvery creatures we saw them when they first left the sea; and as an esculent, they are utterly worthless.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

## APPENDIX, No. XXII.—P. 209.

*Hutton Hall—Border Insecurity.*

"Then Johnnie Armstrong to Willie 'gan say,  
 Billie, a riding then will we :  
 England and us have been long at feud,  
 Perhaps we may hit on some bootie.

" Then they're come on to Hutton-ha',  
 They rade that proper place about ;  
 But the Laird he was the wiser man,  
 For he had left na geir without."

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

THESE were the exploits of petty robbers ; but when princes dictated an inroad, the consequences bore a proportion to their rank. An Armstrong might drive away a few sheep ; but when a Henry directs invasion, 192 towns, towers, stedes, barnekyns, churches, and bastel-houses, are burnt ; 403 Scots slain, 816 taken prisoners ; 10,316 cattle, 12,492 sheep, 1296 nags and geldings, 200 goats, 200 bolls of corn, and *insight geare* without measure, carried off. Such were the successes during four months of the year 1544.

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At the same time, such was the unhappy situation of the place, that the inhabitants, through fear of the thieves of Tynedale, were obliged nightly, in summer as well as winter, to bring their cattle and sheep into the street, and to keep watch at the end ; and when the enemy approached, to make hue-and-cry to rouse the people to save their property. As this was a dangerous county to travel through, the tenants of every manor were bound to guard the judge through the precincts, but no farther. Lord Chief Justice North describes his attendants with long beards, short cloaks, long basket-hilted broadswords, hanging from broad belts, and mounted on little horses, so that their legs and swords touched the ground at every turning. His lordship also informs us, that the sheriff presented his train with arms, a dagger, knife, penknife, and fork, altogether.—*Pennant's Tour in Scotland.*

The present state of the Highlands and Scottish Border, once celebrated as being constant scenes of wild excesses, is singularly remarkable in exhibiting a gratifying picture of industry, morality, and peace. No country ever underwent a change so beneficial, so perfect, and so rapid. Violence and graver crimes are never heard of now ; and yet not a century has passed, since life and property were equally insecure. In Blackwood's Magazine, the following anecdotes are told, and they sufficiently evidence how wide the field for moral improvement was :—

It was about this period (eighty years ago) that Mr. R——l, a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasant intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Divie, and between both. He was an active man ; so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants : and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get, as speedily as possible, to a point where the rocks and woods, banzing over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned

by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless wastes frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R——I forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware that, if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of acenery, known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and there sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying *that they never see the sun*. There were then no houses near them; but the party lay concealed among some huge fragments of rock, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way farther down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots in midway air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and wreathed, for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

Such was the scene where Mr. R——I posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reivers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove; and the animals began to issue slowly from amongst the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of their drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a group, and stood bellowing, as if unwilling to proceed farther. In rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R——I saw bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claymore; and two or three of them carrying antique fowlingpieces. Mr. R——I's party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards, and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R——I and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin but acute visage, advanced a little way before the rest. "Mr. R——I," said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself; if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me." "I will treat," replied Mr. R——I: "but can I trust to your keeping faith?" "Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the

other, with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground; and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle; Mr. R——l had not so much about him, but offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded, the money paid, the guns uncocked and shouldered, and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now, Mr. R——l," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts to see that none of them be awanting." Mr. R——l did so. "They are all here," said he, "but one small dun quey." "Make yourself easy about her," replied the leader; "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R——l's people took charge of the cattle, and began to drive them homeward. The reiver was as good as his word. Next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and draggled appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

During the course of the ensuing winter, (about 1768,) Mr. R——l, who acted as factor for a nobleman in Morayshire, and who had rendered himself obnoxious to the Highland caterans, had occasion to be in Edinburgh. On his way home, he arrived late at night at Dalnacardoch, situated, as everybody knows, at the southern extremity of the road leading through the savage pass of Drumouchter; and having risen as early next morning as the light of that season would permit him, he set out through the snow for the Inn of Dalwhinnie. He was on horseback, and attended by a single servant. He had not proceeded far into the wild and rocky part of the pass, where high poles, painted black, erected along the edge of the road, serve as beacons to prevent the traveller from being engulfed in the snow-wreaths, when he descried a man at several hundred yards distance coming riding towards him. The man, as he approached, appeared to be of a thin, spare figure, which was hid in a long dark-brown great-coat. He rode one of the loose-made garrons of the country, of a dirty mouse colour, having a bridle, or rather halter, made of small birch twigs, twisted into a kind of rope, and no saddle. And what at first rather alarmed Mr. R——l, he carried in his hand, poised by its middle, a very long gun, of that ancient description which gave our ancestors excellent hope of killing a wild duck halfway across a lake a mile broad. No sooner did the man observe Mr. R——l than he pushed up his shy steed, by repeated and ardent kicks; and when at last he succeeded in compelling him forward, to Mr. R——l's no inconsiderable relief, he recognised in him the landlord of Dalwhinnie. "Were you no to be at my house last night, Mr. R——l?" he exclaimed in a south-country tone, and without waiting for the ordinary preliminary salutations. "Yes," said Mr. R——l, "I did so intend; but the road was so much heavier than I anticipated, that I was obliged to be contented with reaching Dalnacardoch, and that at a very late hour." "It was the mercy of Providence," rejoined the landlord, "that you didna get forward; for if you

had, you would have been murdered." "Murdered!" exclaimed Mr. R——l. "Yes, you would have been murdered, as sure as you are now sitting on your horse. In the dead o'night, when we war a' to our beds, we war alarmed by the sudden noise o' horses in the yard, and the house was instantly filled wi' about twa dozen o' armed Highlandmen wi' blackit faces: they lighted sticks of moss-fr i' the kitchen, and cam to my bedside, brandishing their pistols and dirks; they demanded where Mr. R——l slept: I protested, what was true, that you were not only no i' the house, but that I never expectit you. They threatened and swore at me like deevils; and then proceeded to search ilka hole and corner o' the house and outhouses, looking even into places whar it was impossible a cat could have concealed itsel'; and forcing me, half naked, and near dead wi' fear, along wi' them. And, when they could find neither you nor your horses, they set up a furious yell o' disappointment, and in their rage war very nearly burnin' the house, to mak sure that you werena concealed somewhere about it after a'. At length, however, their captain having silenced them, and moderated their fury, they became more quiet; and, after taking some bread and cheese and some whisky for themselves, and a pickle of corn for their horses,—for a' which, I maun do them the justice to say, they paid me honestly,—they mounted and rode awa. Some o' our herds say that their tracks i' the snaw lay towards Loch Ericht; and if so, that they're darned in some of the queer hidy-holes about the rocks there, and will aiblins return whenever they suppose that they can do their deed; for they maun surely hae gude information. Therefore, Mr. R——l, ye maun on nae account think o' gaein on, but return to Blair or Dunkeld; for I believe you'll be safer there; and I'll send over into Moray for some o' your ain fook, well armed, to convey ye through Drumoucherter."

The reader will easily imagine that this advice was followed. The gentleman returned to Dunkeld, whence he did not venture to depart till he was joined by thirty of his own men, who noticed that their motions homewards were observed the whole way by a party who kept along the top of the hills.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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APPENDIX, No. XXIII.—P. 226.

*The Eildon Hills.*

THE view from the top of the Eildons comprehends some of the most interesting scenes described in Border history, and celebrated in Border song. "I can stand on Eildon hill," said Sir Walter Scott to Allan Cunningham, "and point out forty-three places famous in war and verse."

On the top of the eastern hill may be perceived traces of an encampment; about two miles from which, to the westward, on Caldshiels hill, there has been a large station, which Chalmers conceives had been originally formed by the Britons, and afterwards strengthened and enlarged by the Romans. In the vicinity of Caldshiels are vestiges of two or three other British forts. Within three miles of the Eildon hills, to the southward, were three camps,—at Rowchester, Kippilaw Mains, and Blackchester,—which appear to have been connected by a covered way, consisting of a fosse, with a rampart of earth on each side, similar to the Catrail.

The Eildon hills, according to tradition, were originally a uniform cone, but which was cleft into three peaks by the Prince of Darkness at the command of Michael Scott. "It is said, that the fiend employed in parting the mountain made very short work of it; for, facing to the north, and fetching a sloping blow with his spade from west to east, he took off the top of the original hill, thus making two eminences: what earth remained on the spade he shook off between them for the third." The base of the Eildon hills form a sort of curve from south to east, the convexity of which is towards the west and north. The height of the highest peak is about 1330 feet above the level of the sea.

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APPENDIX, No. XXIV.—P. 228.

*The Monks of Kelso.*

THE monks of Kelso were of a more useful class than the others, being of the order of Tyronenses, who, as may be seen at large in one of our preliminary dissertations, were admitted only when instructed in some branch of science or art; their house at this place was, therefore, a college of industrious artisans, among whom were found painters, sculptors, joiners, locksmiths, masons, vine-dressers, horticulturists, &c. who were employed over a wide district of country, and brought their earnings into one common fund for general maintenance. By the rules of the society, the members were enjoined to poverty; but luxury and the love of ease, inherent in human nature, fostered by the endowments of pious princes, in time injured the primitive character of the association, and ultimately tended to bring about the reformation of religion. David, the founder, gave to this house the monastery of Lesmahagow, with all its lands and all its men; as also the privilege of sanctuary, which that monastery enjoyed; and before the end of the thirteenth century, it had thirty-four parish churches, several manors, many lands, granges, farms, mills, breweries, fishings, rights of cutting turf, salt-works, and other possessions, spread over the several shires of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, Lanark, Dumfries, Ayr, Edinburgh, Berwick, and even as far north as Aberdeenshire. David II. (1329-32) further granted to the monks the whole forfeitures of all the rebels within Berwick. Owing to the enormous wealth they thus enjoyed, the abbot was reputed to be more opulent than most of the bishops in Scotland.

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Notwithstanding the well-known affability and hospitality of the people of Kelso, whose peculiarities in this respect are by no means only of modern date, the town, by some strange fatality, is the subject of a popular proverbial expression of a contrary import. The phrase is "*a Kelso convoy*," which has been in use 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 termed, "a step and a half over 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, (variously the covan 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.—*Chambers*.

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APPENDIX, No. XXV.—P. 232.

*Proof by Combat.*

A COMBAT of this kind on the marches was called by a particular name, "Aera." In a remonstrance of the clergy of England, presented to the legate Otho in 1237, for procuring redress from the king of several encroachments on their liberties, they complain of an abuse arising from an establishment of the kings of England and Scotland; by which, not only simple clerks, but also abbots and priors in the diocese of Carlisle, when challenged for anything by a subject of Scotland, or reciprocally, were compelled to fight with spears and swords, a combat called Aera, on the confines of the two kingdoms (*inter fores utriusque regni*). So that the abbot or prior, of whatever religion or order, was obliged either to a personal combat, or to have a champion to combat for him; and if this champion was defeated, the abbot or prior was to undergo capital punishment; of which there had been a recent instance in the prior of Lideley. The clergy supplicated the legate to admonish, or, if admonitions could not prevail, to employ his legatine authority, to compel the kings not to suffer so detestable an abuse to be extended to ecclesiastical persons.—*Border History*.

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APPENDIX, No. XXVI.—P. 232.

*Roxburgh Castle.*

THE once potent Castle of Roxburgh is seated on a vast and lofty knoll, of an oblong form, suddenly rising out of the plain, near the junction of the Tweed and the Tiviot. On the north and west it had been defended by a great fosse. The south impends over the Tiviot; some of whose waters were diverted in former times into the castle ditch, by a dam obliquely crossing the stream, and whose remains are still visible. A few fragments of walls are all that exist of this mighty strength; the whole area being filled with trees of considerable age. At the foot was once seated a town of the same name, destroyed by James II. when he undertook the siege of the castle, and probably never rebuilt. . . . .

The Scots lost this fortress in the reign of Edward III. who twice celebrated his birthday in it. It was put into the hands of Lord Henry Percy, after the defeat and captivity of David, at the battle of Nevil's-cross. But the most distinguished siege was that in 1560, fatal to James II., a wise and gallant prince, who was slain by the bursting of one of his own cannons. A large holly, enclosed with a wall, marks the spot. His queen, Mary of Gueldres, carried on the attack with vigour, took, and totally demolished it.—*Pennant's Tour in Scotland*.

*Battle of Pinkey.*

In the beginning of September, the Earl of Hertford, now Duke of Somerset, and Protector of England, entered Scotland at the head of

eighteen thousand men, and, at the same time, a fleet of sixty ships appeared on the coast to second his land forces. The Scots had for some time observed this storm gathering, and were prepared for it. Their army was almost double to that of the enemy, and posted to the greatest advantage on a rising ground above Musselburgh, not far from the banks of the river Eske. Both these circumstances alarmed the Duke of Somerset, who saw his danger, and would willingly have extricated himself out of it by a new overture of peace, on conditions extremely reasonable. But this moderation being imputed to fear, his proposals were rejected with the scorn which the confidence of success inspires; and if the conduct of the Regent, who commanded the Scottish army, had been in any degree equal to his confidence, the destruction of the English must have been inevitable. They were in a situation precisely similar to that of their countrymen under Oliver Cromwell in the following century. The Scots had chosen their ground so well that it was impossible to force them to give battle; a few days had exhausted the forage and provision of a narrow country; the fleet could only furnish a scanty and precarious subsistence; a retreat, therefore, was necessary; but disgrace, and perhaps ruin, were the consequences of retreating.

On both these occasions, the national heat and impetuosity of the Scots saved the English, and precipitated their own country into the utmost danger. The undisciplined courage of the private men became impatient at the sight of an enemy. The general was afraid of nothing but that the enemy might escape from him by flight; and, leaving his strong camp, he attacked the Duke of Somerset near Pinkey, with no better success than his rashness deserved. The Protector had drawn up his troops on a gentle eminence, and had now the advantage of ground on his side. The Scottish army consisted almost entirely of infantry, whose chief weapon was a long spear, and for that reason their files were very deep, and their ranks close. They advanced towards the enemy in three great bodies, and, as they passed the river, were considerably exposed to the fire of the English fleet, which lay in the bay of Musselburgh, and had drawn near the shore. The English cavalry, flushed with an advantage which they had gained in a skirmish some days before, began the attack with more impetuosity than good conduct. A body so firm and compact as the Scots easily resisted the impression of cavalry, broke them, and drove them off the field. The English infantry, however, advanced, and the Scots were at once exposed to a flight of arrows, to a fire in flank from four hundred foreign fusiliers who served the enemy, and to their cannon, which were planted behind the infantry on the highest part of the eminence. The depth and closeness of their order making it impossible for the Scots to stand long in this situation, the Earl of Angus, who commanded the vanguard, endeavoured to change his ground, and to retire towards the main body. But his friends unhappily mistook his motion for a flight, and fell into confusion. At that very instant, the broken cavalry, having rallied, returned to the charge; the foot pursued the advantage they had gained; the prospect of victory redoubled the ardour of both: and in a moment the rout of the Scottish army became universal and irretrievable. The encounter in the field was not long nor bloody; but, in the pursuit, the English discovered all the rage and fierceness



which national antipathy, kindled by long emulation, and inflamed by reciprocal injuries, is apt to inspire. The pursuit was continued for five hours, and to a great distance. All the three roads by which the Scots fled were strewed with spears, and swords, and targets, and covered with the bodies of the slain. Above ten thousand men fell on this day, one of the most fatal Scotland had ever seen. A few were taken prisoners, and among these some persons of distinction. The Protector had it now in his power to become master of a kingdom, out of which, not many hours before, he was almost obliged to retire with infamy.—*Robertson's History of Scotland.*

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“But what after I learned, specially touching their order, their armour, and their manner as well of going to offend, as of standing to defend, I have thought necessary here to utter. Hackbutters have they few or none, and appoint their fight most commonly always afoot. They come to the field well furnished all with jack and skull, dagger and buckler, and swords all broad and thin, of exceeding good temper, and universally so made to slice, that as I never saw none so good, so I think it hard to devise the better. Hereto every man his pike, and a great kercher wrapped twice or thrice round his neck, not for cold, but for cutting. In their array towards joining with the enemy, they cling and thrust so near in the fore rank, shoulder and shoulder together, with their pikes in both their hands straight afore them, and their followers in that order so hard at their backs, laying their pikes over their foregoers' shoulders, that, if they do assail undiscovered, no force can well withstand them. Standing at defence, they thrust shoulders likewise so nigh together, the fore ranks well nigh to kneeling, stoop low before, their fellows behind holding their pikes with both hands, and therewith in their left their bucklers, the one end of their pike against their right foot, and the other end against the enemy breast-high; their followers crossing their pike points with them forward; and thus each with other so nigh as space and place will suffer, through the whole ward, so thick, that as easily shall a bare finger pierce through the skin of an angry hedge-hog, as any encounter the front of their pikes.”  
—*Journal of the Protector's Expedition into Scotland, by W. Patten.*

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APPENDIX, No. XXVII.—P. 234.

*The Leister.*

I WILL NOT describe the salmon spear at present in use. It was formerly called *waster*; but that term is nearly out of use, except by the old fishermen, and it is now better known by the name of *leister*. It resembles a trident in its general appearance; but has five prongs, instead of three, made of very stout iron: there is only one barb to each prong, as two would tear the fish too much in extricating them. This weapon is fastened to the end of a pole more or less long, according to the depth of the water in which it is intended to be used; sixteen feet is the general length, and it is not easy to see or strike a fish at a greater depth; but in sunning I have sometimes tied a light rope to the top of the pole, and gone deeper than this with success but then it was when the river was unusually clear.

If a salmon gets off your leister wounded, being weak, you may be sure he will go down the river; and the eels will come out instantly, if it be hot weather, and follow the blood: if the fish is badly wounded, although not dead, the said eels will soon settle the matter, and eat out his flesh, leaving the skin alone for speculators to make mermaids with. You will see the eels by dozens hanging thick on him like the sticks in a bundle of fagots; but they are too small to be taken with a salmon spear, and do not resemble the fine silver eels in the Kennett and some of our English streams, but are browner in colour, and have large heads. The Scotch have a strong antipathy to them, and never use them for food. But they should be removed from the river, if possible, as they make great havoc in the spawning beds."—*Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing.*

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APPENDIX, No. XXVIII.—P. 235.

*Sunning.*

*Sunning*, as I have told you, is a mode of taking salmon with a spear by sun light; and vast numbers are captured in this manner, particularly in the upper part of the Tweed, where fish are more easily seen than in the lower, from the comparative shallowness of the water in which they lie.

This sport does not begin till the river is quite low and clean, and useless for the fly. To succeed perfectly requires a bright and calm day. You cannot see a fish lying even at a very moderate depth, when surface of the water is ruffled by the wind. As soon as the river is thus fairly in order, take the first good day that occurs; you may not have many more; and if you have, you will not mend the matter by waiting too long, as after a continuance of hot weather a green vegetable substance rises from the bottom, which lessens the transparency of the water.

If you have a man sufficiently clever with the leister, let him stand in the water at the head of the stream whilst you are trying below, that he may strike the fish which endeavour to pass out of it into another cast. If you have no such man, and there are very few who can see a fish pass up a rapid gorge, you may hang a net in the stream; but you must not bar the river by stretching it quite across, as that is illegal. If you sun a large pool where there is deep water, and various runs and eddies in it, it is advisable to place nets in such situations as are most favourable for fish to strike into when they are disturbed by the boats, and the other means in use for frightening them. The pass being thus in part secured, and all prepared, the next thing is to rout about, and endeavour to frighten the fish by every means in your power, so that they may hide themselves under the rocks and stones, or even lay, as they sometimes do, half stupified beside them, when you may strike them with the leister. To effect this, it is usual to begin by rowing your boat or boats over the pool, with some white object hanging in the water from the stern: the skulls of horses are in high repute for this service; and I dare say a stuffed otter would be excellent, though I never tried it.

When you think you have created sufficient terror by these means, you may look about for the fish, and the sport begins. You may manage

your boat with the leister, as in burning by night, of which hereafter: but you do not, as in that case, necessarily work her broadside in front: and one artist is sufficient for the amusement, though more may partake of it. If the leisterer knows the water well, he puts the boat gently over the rocks and stones, where the fish endeavour to conceal themselves. Sometimes they get under a large stone and are entirely hidden; generally they are partially concealed under smaller stones, part of the body and tail only being seen; so that it requires some dexterity to strike them properly, or indeed at all. Some will lie under the shelf of a rock, quite open to the view; in which case you must be careful, when you strike, that a prong of the leister does not rest upon the ledge of a rock above, instead of on the salmon. Others I have seen lying fair and open in the bare channel; but these will not lie to the leister so well as those in the situations I have mentioned. If you do not strike a fish near the centre of his body, you are not very sure of lifting him.—*Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing.*

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APPENDIX, No. XXIX.—P. 235.

*Burning.*

AND yet at this period they suffer most from night-fishers. This species of poaching is as difficult to detect as it is ruinous in its consequences. It is believed that the destruction of a few breeding fish may cost the proprietor one thousand; such being the astonishing fecundity of the pregnant salmon.

Night fishing is carried on when the river is low, and the night moonless. The poacher, with a gaff and torch, selects some gravelly ford—for there, by a law of nature, the salmon resort to form beds in the stream, wherein to deposit their ova; and they continue working on the sand until they are discovered by the torch-light, and gaffed by the plunderer. Hundreds of the breeding fish are annually thus destroyed; and although the greater fisheries may be tolerably protected, it is impossible to secure the mountain streams from depredation. If detected, the legal penalty upon poaching is trifling; and, as appeals on very frivolous grounds are allowed from the summary convictions of magistrates, it too frequently happens that delinquents evade the punitive consequences attendant on discovery.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

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APPENDIX, No. XXX.—P. 235.

*Raking.*

IN the river at Galway, in Ireland, I have seen above the bridge some hundreds of salmon lying in rapid streams, and from five to ten fishermen tempting them with every variety of fly, but in vain. After a fish had been thrown over a few times, and risen once or twice and refused the fly, he rarely ever took any notice of it again in that place. It was generally nearest the tide that fish were taken, and the place next the sea was the most successful stand, and the most coveted; and when the water is low and clear in this river, the Galway fishermen resort to the practice of fishing with a naked hook, endeavouring to entangle it in the bodies of the fish—a most unartist-like practice.—*Salmonia.*

## APPENDIX, No. XXXI.—P. 236.

*Growth of Salmon.*

THE average size is from seven to fifteen pounds. Within thirty years but one monster has been taken; he weighed fifty-six pounds. Four years ago one of forty-eight pounds was caught: but of the thousands which I have seen taken, I would say, that I never saw a fish weighing more thirty-five pounds, and not many reaching even to twenty-five pounds.

The migratory habits of the salmon, and the instinct with which it periodically revisits its native river, are curious circumstances in the natural history of this fish. As the swallow returns annually to its nest, as certainly the salmon repairs to the same spot in which to deposit its ova. Many interesting experiments have established this fact. M. de la Lande fastened a copper ring round a salmon's tail, and found that for three successive seasons it returned to the same place. Dr. Bloch states, that gold and silver rings have been attached by Eastern princes to salmon, to prove that a communication existed between the Persina Gulf and the Caspian and Northern Seas, and that the experiment succeeded. Shaw, in his Zoology, mentions that a salmon of seven pounds and three-quarters was marked with scissiors, on the back, fin, and tail, and turned out on the 7th of February, and that it was retaken in March of the succeeding year, and found to have increased to the amazing size of seventeen pounds and a half. This statement, by the by, is at variance with the theory of Dr. Bloch, who estimates the weight of a five or six year old salmon at but ten or twelve pounds.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

## APPENDIX, No. XXXII.—P. 238.

*Ghostly Visitations.*

THE story of Lord Lyttelton revisiting the world is known to all who delight in the supernatural; and, according to Wraxall, he received himself a significant hint that his route was on the road. Thus runs the tale:—

“Lyttelton, when scarcely thirty-six, breathed his last at a country-house near Epsom, called Pit Place. Having gone down there for purposes of recreation, with a gay party of both sexes, several of whom I personally knew; he had retired to bed, when a noise which resembled the fluttering of a dove or pigeon, heard at his window, attracted his attention. He then saw, or thought he saw, a female figure, which, approaching the foot of the bed, announced to him that, in three days precisely from that time, he should be called from this state of existence. In whatever manner the supposed intimation was conveyed, whether by sound or by impression, it is certain that Lord Lyttelton considered the circumstances as real; that he mentioned it as such to those persons who were in the house with him; that it deeply affected his mind, and that he died on the third night, at the predicted hour. About four years afterwards, in the year 1783, dining at Pit Place, I had the curiosity to visit the bed-chamber, where the casement window, at which, as Lord Lyttelton asserted, the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me; and at his step-mother's, the Dowager Lady Lyttel-

ton, I have frequently seen a painting, which she herself executed in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event. It hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room. There the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the bed foot, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed after the description given her by the valet-de-chambre who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances. This man assured Lady Lyttelton, that on the night indicated, Lord Lyttelton, who, notwithstanding his endeavours to surmount the impression, had suffered under great depression of spirits during the three preceding days, retired to bed before twelve o'clock. Having ordered the valet to mix him some rhubarb, he sat up in the bed, apparently in health, intending to swallow the medicine; but, being in want of a tea-spoon, which the servant had neglected to bring, his master, with a strong expression of impatience, sent him to bring a spoon. He was not absent from the room more than the space of a minute, but when he returned, Lord Lyttelton, who had fallen back, lay motionless in that attitude. No efforts to restore animation were attended with success. Among the females who had been the objects and the victims of his temporary attachment, was a Mrs. Dawson, whose fortune, as well as her honour and reputation, fell a sacrifice to his passion. Being soon forsaken by him, she did not long survive; and distress of mind was known to have accelerated, if not to have produced, her death. It was her image which haunted his pillow, and was supposed by him to have announced his approaching dissolution at Pit Place."—*From the "Selwyn Correspondence,"* p. 302. LORD LYTTELTON.

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APPENDIX, No. XXXIII.—P. 239.

*St. Cuthbert.*

SATAN was so provoked and hurt by the sanctity of St. Cuthbert, that he tried every means in his power to give him uneasiness, and to prevent the effects of his exhortations. Two of these attacks are thus recorded. Once upon a time, when the saint was preaching in a certain village to a crowded audience, the alarm was given, that there was one of the cottages on fire. This drew a number of people from the sermon to extinguish it, which was just what Satan proposed; the more water they threw on it the more fiercely it seemed to burn, and all effects to put it out proved ineffectual. The saint missing so many of his auditors, inquired the cause; when leaving off his preaching, and repairing to the scene of action, he perceived it was all illusion, and ordered a few drops of holy water to be sprinkled on it; on which the devil sneaked off, and the fire disappeared.

Another time, for the same purpose, the devil took on him the likeness of a beautiful woman; and whilst the saint was preaching, placed himself in a conspicuous place, where by the charms of his assumed form he so bewitched the whole congregation, that all their attention was diverted from the discourse; it was in vain that Cuthbert exerted all his rhetoric; he preached to persons whose senses were otherwise employed: at length, suspecting the cause, he heartily besprinkled the pretended lady with holy water, by the efficacy of which the deception was destroyed, and Satan appeared to the surprised spectators in *propria personâ*. . . .

St. Cuthbert had been dead eleven years, when the monks, opening his sepulchre in order to deposit his bones among their reliques, to their great astonishment they found his body quite entire, his joints flexible, and his face unaltered, bearing rather the semblance of sleep than death. Corruption had shown the same respect to his garments, which remained whole and unsullied: hereupon they placed the body in a new shrine. . . .

In this account of St. Cuthbert, wonderful as it is, many miracles have been passed over: such as his entertaining angels at the monastery at Ripon; his being fed with loaves brought him hot from heaven by an angel; a regale of fish presented him by an eagle, and a strange recovery of his psalm-book, which, in his voyage from Ireland to Scotland in company with his mother, he let fall overboard, when it was swallowed by a sea-calf, who politely presented him with it at his landing.—*Grose's Antiq.*

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APPENDIX, No. XXXIV.—P. 251.

*Udaller.*

THE Scandinavian proprietors who held their lands under feudal tenure were thus designated.

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APPENDIX, No. XXXV. & XXXVI.—Pp. 253, 254.

*Fraoch Elan and Loch Awe.*

ON the neighbouring isle of Fraoch Elan, "the isle of heather," the *Hesperides* of the land of Argyle, are still visible the castellated ruins of a hold of the Macnaughtans. It was given by Alexander III. 1276, to Gilbert Macnaughtan, the chief of his clan, on condition that he should entertain the King of Scotland whenever he passed that way; and it is worthy of remark, that the proprietor, in 1745, influenced, no doubt, as warmly by loyalty to the house of Stuart, as a desire to fulfil the expression of the charter, actually made private preparations for entertaining *the Prince* in the castle of Fraoch Elan, had he passed in this direction. On one side of this beautiful island, the rock rises almost perpendicularly from the water. The lower part of the shore is embowered in tangled shrubs and old writhing trees. Above, the broken wall and only remaining gable of the castle looks out over the boughs; and in the south side a large ash-tree grows from the foundation of what was once the hall, and overshadows the ruin with its branches. This, like all the other islands in Loch Awe, is the haunt of a variety of gulls and wild-fowl, which come hither, a distance of twenty-six miles from the sea, to build nests and hatch their young. On the top of the remaining chimney of the castle, a water-eagle long took up its family residence. There is another island, called Inish-connel, lying amidst a cluster of other islets, on which there is also a ruin of a very strong castle, once a residence of the Argyle family. Near this lies Inish-eraith, supposed to be the place to which the traitor Eraith beguiled Duara, as recounted in one of the songs of Selma, and in which there is also a burying-ground and the ruins of a chapel, all which relics are significant of the warlike and pious character of this district of Scotland,

which, in reality, seems the wreck of a kingdom once inhabited by a powerful race of people. At the east end of the lake, on a rocky point projecting into the water, stand the ruins of Kilchurn Castle, built in 1440, by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, called the Black Knight of Rhodes, who, at the time, was engaged as a crusader, and was the ancestor of the Breadalbane family, by whom it was occupied as a seat. This is undoubtedly the stronghold which the novelist had in his eye in sketching the residence of the fictitious Duncan Campbell of Ardenvoehr, in the tale of the Legend of Montrose. From this great seat of the clan Campbell, so distant from all other places, arose the proverb formerly used by persons of that name, in defiance of their neighbours, "It's a far cry to Loch O." The Highlanders of Argyleshire possess a curious tradition regarding the origin of Loch-awe, which has furnished a topic in one of the wild songs of Ossian. The circumstance is connected with the existence and death of a supernatural being, called by the country people *Calliach Bhère*, "the old woman." She is represented as having been a kind of female genie, whose residence was on the highest mountains. It is said that she could step with ease and in a moment from one district to another; when offended, that she could cause the floods to descend from the mountains, and lay the whole of the low ground perpetually under water. Her race is described as having lived for an immemorable period near the summit of the vast mountain of Cruachan, and to have possessed a multitude of herds in the vale at its foot. *Calliach Bhère* was the last of her line, and, like that of her ancestors, her existence was blended with a fatal fountain which lay in the side of her native mountain, and had been committed to the charge of her family since its first existence. It was their duty at evening to cover the well with a large flat stone, and at morning to remove it again. This ceremony was to be performed before the setting and rising of the sun, that his last beam might not die upon the waters, and that his first ray should illuminate their bosom. If this care was neglected, a fearful and untold doom was denounced to be the punishment of the omission. When the father of *Calliach Bhère* died, he committed the office to his daughter, and declared to her, in a solemn charge, the duty and the fatality of the sacred spring. For many years the solitary woman attended it without intermission; but on one unlucky evening, spent with the fatigues of the chase and the ascent of the mountain, she sat down to rest beside the fountain, and wait for the setting of the sun, and, falling asleep, did not awake until next morning. When she arose she looked abroad from the hill: the vale had vanished beneath her, and a wide and immeasurable sheet of water was all which met her sight. The neglected well had overflowed while she slept; the glen was changed into a lake; the hills into islets; and her people and her cattle had perished in the deluge. The *Calliach* took but one look over the ruin which she had caused: the spell which bound her existence was loosened with the waters, and she sunk and expired beside the spring. From that day the waters remained upon the vale, and formed the lake which was afterwards called *Loch Awe*.—*Chambers*.

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## APPENDIX, No. XXXVII.—P. 259.

*Dick Martin.*

MANY are the pleasant stories told of this eccentric gentleman. Although not particularly averse to pistol-practice at Christian gentlemen, his animal attachments were so strong, that he introduced and carried through the house a very praiseworthy bill, for the protection of the brute creation. Shortly after the act had come into operation, the session closed, and the "Colonel" revisited the "happy land" of the west, where the deserter was made welcome, the debtor walked abroad, and the king's writ—thank the gods!—was valueless as a worn-out newspaper. An election was approaching—Connemara—*ut mos est*—at such pleasant times in agreeable excitation. No two members of the same family interchanged a word. On the respective merits of Martins and Dalys ladies and their liege lords differed and were divorced—men recommenced practice at barn-doors—powder advanced five-and-twenty per cent., and two surgeons—United Service H. P.—elevated brass plates, and announced it to be their intention to live and die in Galway.

At this interesting crisis "the sympathizer" was seated at breakfast, reading, with unfeigned satisfaction, a conviction under his own act, in which an ill-used donkey had received ample compensation. A bare-legged mountaineer rushed into the apartment, an oak *bolteeine* in his fist, and his face radiant with the self-satisfied expression which a man wears who has "done a virtuous deed."

"What the divil do ye want?" said the chieftain.

"Jist to tell ye'r honour, that I caught James Daly's dog-breaker crossin' a corner of Crughanough, wid two spaniels in a couple."

"The scoundrel! You kicked him off?"

"No!" said the hereditary bondsman, with a grin.

"And what the divil *did you do*?"

The fine specimen of the finest pisantry chuckled

"Ee gogstay, ye'r honour—I houghed the dogs!"

"Oh, you eternal villain!—Hamstring a dumb animal, you savage!" and, suiting the action to the word, Dick launched the poker at the offender,—“Out of my sight, you blundering scoundrel!—Hamstring an unoffending animal!—Ah! you common *ommadawn*—*why didn't you lough the man!*”

## APPENDIX, No. XXXVIII.—P. 286.

*Raid of Cillie Christ.*

WE have been the more minute in describing this little scene, as it is associated with the Raid of Cillie Christ, (Christ's Church,) one of the most sanguinary and brutal affairs that stain the annals of an age of general blood and rapine. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Angus, eldest son of Glengarry, had made a foray into the Mackenzie's country: on his way home he was intercepted by a gallant little band of Mackenzies, and slain, with a number of his followers. Some time thereafter a strong party of Glengarry's men were sent, under the command of Allan Mac Raonuill of Lundy, to revenge his death. Allan led them into the parish of Urray, in Ross-shire, on a



Sunday morning, and surprised a numerous body of the Mackenzies, assembled at prayer within the walls of Cillie Christ, near Beauly; for so was their little chapel called. Placing his followers so as to prevent all possibility of escape, Allan gave orders to set the building on fire. The miserable victims found all attempts at escape unavailing, and were without a single exception,—man, woman and child,—swallowed up by the devouring element, or indiscriminately massacred by the swords of the relentless Macdonells, whilst a piper marched round the church, playing an extemporary piece of music, which has ever since been the pibroch of the Glengarry family.

The work of death being completed, Allan deemed a speedy retreat expedient: but the incendiaries were not to escape with impunity; for the funeral pile of their clansmen roused the Mackenzies to arms as effectually as if the fiery cross had been carried through their valleys. Their force was divided into two bodies: one, commanded by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle, proceeded by Inverness, with a view of following the pursuit along the southern side of Loch Ness; whilst another, headed by Alexander Mackenzie of Coull, struck across the county, from Beauly to the northern bank of the lake, in the footsteps of another party which had fled in this direction, with their leader, Allan Mac Raonuill. The Mackenzies overtook these last, as they sought a brief repose in some hills near the burn of Altsigh. The Macdonells maintained an unequal conflict for some time with much spirit, but were at length forced to yield to superior numbers, and fled precipitately to the burn. Many, however, missed the ford, and, the channel being rough and rocky, were overtaken and slain by the victorious Mackenzies. Allan Mac Raonuill made towards a spot where the burn rushed through a yawning chasm of considerable depth and breadth. Forgetting the danger of the attempt in the hurry of his flight and the agitation of the moment, and being of an athletic frame, and at the time half naked, he vigorously strained at, and succeeded in clearing the desperate leap. One of the Mackenzies inconsiderately followed him, but, wanting the impulse of those powerful feelings which had put such life and mettle into Allan's heels, he had not the fortune to reach the top of the bank: grasping, however, the branch of a birch-tree, he hung suspended over the abyss. Mac Raonuill, observing his situation, turned back and lopped off the branch with his dirk, exclaiming, "I have left much behind me with you to-day; take that also." Allan got considerably ahead of his followers; and having gained the brink of the loch, bethought him of attempting to swim across, and, plunging in, he lustily breasted its cool and refreshing waters. Being observed from the opposite side, a boat was sent out, which picked him up.

The party of the Macdonells, who fled by Inverness, were surprised by Redcastle in a public-house at Torbreck, three miles to the west of the town, where they stopped to refresh themselves: the house was set on fire, and they all, thirty-seven in number, suffered the death they had in the early part of the day so wantonly inflicted.

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One of these, jealous of a neighbouring chieftain, the Laird of Mackintosh, invited him and his kindred to a great banquet, disguising, under the mask of hospitality, the atrocious purpose of slaughtering his guests unawares. The company were to be so arranged at table

that the Mackintoshes should be separated from one another, and the appearance of a boar's head was to be the signal for each Cuming to stab the stranger who sat beside him. Mackintosh discovered the plot; nevertheless, he accepted the invitation, having previously informed his clansmen of the signal, and bade them anticipate their treacherous entertainers. Accordingly, when the feast waxed high, the boar's head was introduced. The Mackintoshes seized the moment; and with the barbarity and decision common in those dark and bloody days, inflicted the most ample and speedy revenge on their foes.—*Anderson*,

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APPENDIX, No. XXXIX.—P. 286.

*Highland Ferocity.*

SIR EYEN encountered a very powerful English officer, an overmatch for him in strength, who, losing his sword, grappled with the chief, and got him under: but Lochiel's presence of mind did not forsake him; for, grasping the Englishman by the collar, and darting at his extended throat with his teeth, he tore away the bloody morsel, which he used to say was the *sweetest* he had ever tasted.—*Anderson*.

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APPENDIX, No. XL.—P. 291.

*Singular Preservation.*

THE incident in the sketch is taken from the following extraordinary preservation of a shipwrecked mariner, related thus, by *Anderson*:—

“From the great resort of shipping to Stromness, wrecks have frequently happened on this shore: but one wreck will serve to illustrate all. In the storm which arose on Wednesday, the 5th of March, 1834, the *Star*, of Dundee, a schooner of seventy-eight tons, was seen, along with other vessels, standing-in on the lee-shore, which it was evident she could not weather; and as she came directly towards the Black Craig, three miles west of Stromness, the spectators ran to the precipice with ropes, to render assistance. The violence of the storm, and the shortness of the time, prevented the crew from benefiting by the good intentions of the people on land; for the first wave that bore properly upon her dashed her so powerfully on the rocks, that she was instantly converted into countless fragments, which the water washed up into a cave at the bottom of the over-hanging cliff, or strewed along the beach; and the spectators retired from the awful scene without the gratification of having saved even one fellow-creature. During the remainder of the week, nothing of consequence was saved, and no vestige of any of the crew was seen. On the morning of the following Sunday, however, to the ineffable astonishment of all, and the terror of the first beholders, one of the crew, who could scarcely be believed to be a human being, presented himself at the top of the precipice, saved by a miracle. It appeared that he was washed up into the cave, along with a considerable portion of the wreck, which afterwards remained at the mouth, checking the violence of the waves, so that they did not again penetrate so far as to carry away some red herrings which had been washed in along with the seaman, and which served him for food. By

means of a tin can, which had been used for oil, he collected fresh water in drops, as it trickled down from the rock. Two pillows were also washed in for his comfort, one of which he made his bed, and the feathers of the other he stuffed into his boots for warmth. He did not complain of cold; for the waves, which at high tide nearly immolated him by throwing in huge stones and blocking him up in his den, gave him sufficient employment at low tide to restore things to order before the next attack. The principal inconvenience which he suffered, was from a sense of suffocation, when the waves darkened his abode by filling up its mouth, and condensed the air within, so as to give the sensation of extreme heat when the wave was in, and of cold when it retired."

\*                     \*                     \*                     \*                     \*

A singular occurrence took place, some years ago, on the bold south coast of the last-named island. There is a slate-quarry there, and the workmen had occasion to descend a perpendicular cliffy portion by means of a ladder. A sudden and violent storm came on in the evening which drove the labourers from their work. The night was dark and tempestuous, and a ship drove ashore close upon the quarry cliff. Had she struck elsewhere in the neighbourhood, every soul on board must have perished instantly, but no sooner did she come in terrific contact with the cliff than the grateful though astounded seamen in the rigging found a ladder ready placed, and by it they mounted, and were saved. The unfortunate wife of the captain had been previously drowned in the cabin. Next morning there was scarcely a vestige of the vessel to be seen.—*Wilson's Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland.*

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APPENDIX, No. XLI.—P. 304.

THE SKUA. (*Lestris.*)

THE birds of this genus get the name of lestris from the habit they have of robbing the gulls of the prey which they have swallowed. They have sometimes been called the eagles of the sea; and their power, their rapacity, and their daring, entitle them to the name, much more than the gannets and the cormorants, which, though most voracious in their fishing, and often dashing in the performance of it, are tame and peaceable birds in other respects. The worst that one gets in the haunts of the gannet and the cormorant is a hearty scolding; but the cradle-castle of the skuas is not to be stormed with impunity. All who have visited it confess there is danger, and some of the accounts add that there has been death. Those who have had the hardihood to attempt the plundering of the skuas' nests, with the head unprotected, have had their skulls fractured by the reiterated dashes of the parental beaks. Even the eagles keep aloof from the habitations of the skuas, and they, singly, so alarm the gulls, that they disgorge their load of fish, which the skua seizes on its fall. They are also great robbers of the nests of other birds. They have, indeed, many of the characteristics and some of the action of eagles. The bill has a cere to the upper mandible. It is of moderate length, hard, strong, cylindrical, compressed, very sharp in the cutting edges, and hooked at the tip of the upper mandible, and having the under one fortified by a salient angle at

the middle. The legs are stout with part of the tibia naked, and the hind toe nearly rudimental; but the claws are strong and much hooked. The head, neck, and body are strongly and firmly made; there is the same power of spreading the tail as in the eagles, and the flight is by jerks, or rather dashes. They are chiefly found in the north, collecting at the breeding-grounds, seldom more to the south than Orkney and Shetland; in the summer, ranging as far as Spitzbergen, and making prize of fishes, eggs, young birds, shelled mollusca and crustacea on the shores, and the "brang," or carcass of whales and other large animals, in the sea. It seems to be chiefly for "holding on," while they tear the floating carcasses, as seals and other animals are subject to epizooty, and float dead in thousands; and in those cases, the skuas lend a hand in playing the vulture. Most of the species are found both in the Orkneys and in Shetland, but only on peculiar spots. The nests are sometimes down near the water, and, at others, at the height of several hundred feet; and it is a curious fact, that the eggs even of the same species are always lighter in the colour when placed high than when down near the level of the sea. They disperse in winter, and range more in breadth over the ocean. There are four species of skuas known as British birds, though one of them is of rare occurrence; and these four have not only the general appearance, but the gradation in size, in the colours of the plumage, and in form of the birds of prey. Of the diurnal birds of prey, there is a regular gradation from the golden eagle to the merlin; and, in the nocturnal ones, from the great-eared owl to the little owl. The skuas feed by day, and thus the tints of their plumage resemble the diurnal accipitres more than the nocturnal ones. The common skua has the same deep brown, and the same unbroken colour as the eagle, and like that bird, it has the beak black. The others are light, and more or less marked with spots on the under part; and, as their size diminishes, their wings and tails become proportionally more produced, so that they have more the character of the hawks, possess the means of more rapid and varied flight, but without the same strength and daring.—*Mudie's British Birds.*

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APPENDIX, No. XLII.—P. 304.

THE EIDER DUCK. (*Somateria Mollissima.*)

ONE of the most distinguishing characters, of the eiders is the base of the bill prolonged in two flat plates on the sides of the forehead, and the mandibles diminishing in breadth toward the point. They are also among the largest of the duck tribe, soft in their appearance, and gentle in their manners. The female is much smaller than the male; has the plates of the bill not so far produced on the forehead, and wants the pendant feathers that hang over the wings. The colour is a pale yellowish-brown, mottled with lighter and with black; the wings dusky, with rust-coloured edges, and the greater coverts and some of the secondary quills with white tips; tail brownish-black; belly dusky, mottled with black. The eiders are less migratory than most others of the sea-ducks. The ice drives them to the south in the winter, but they do not move far, and those which inhabit places where the sea is never frozen, remain in the same places all the year round. They

are rarely, if ever, seen on the southern shores of England, though a few inhabit the Fern Islands, and also some of the islets in the Firth of Forth. They are much more numerous in the more northern and remote places: the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and some of the more distant and lonely of the Western Isles, such as Skerry, the Gannet's rock and its stack, which stand wild and lonely in the North Sea, about thirty miles to the northward of Hoy-Head, in Orkney, contain a number of these birds; but there their eggs and young are liable to be destroyed by the skua gulls, as they are by jackdaws on the islets farther to the south. To the people of the remote north, whose only possession, save a rock upon which to found their hut, (which is chiefly formed of materials that the sea produces or wafts,) the eiders have much of the character of domestic animals; and they have this advantage over the domestic animals of more southern places, that they put the people to no expense for food. If the eggs are left undisturbed, the brood of the eider duck does not exceed four; but if the eggs are removed, she will continue to lay for several weeks. The nest is on the ground, upon one of the islets not far from the mainland, and lined with exquisitely fine down, which the bird pulls from her breast, and, as the eggs are deposited, she covers them with more of that down. The bird is so tame that she allows the people to lift her from the nest, remove the down and eggs in part, and again replace her, where she lays afresh, and pulls more down. This process is continued not only till the female can furnish no more down, but till the male also is in part denuded, as he comes to assist as soon as the supply of the female becomes exhausted. Half a pound is the average quantity obtained from one female in the course of the season, and the product is said to be greatest when the season is rainy. The down of the eider is the lightest and softest of animal covering, and perhaps the worst conductor of heat, and therefore the warmest clothing that is known. The prepared skins of the eider also make light and warm clothing, and their flesh is wholesome and much more palatable than that of most of the sea-ducks. They are large birds: the male is about two feet three inches in length, more than three feet in the spread of the wings, and weighs six or seven pounds. In the latter part of the winter and the spring, they swim in flocks, and their motions on the water are peculiarly graceful. Though they generally return to their haunts at night, they often make pretty long excursions during the day, and they are well adapted for such flights; for, soft and heavy as they are, it has been ascertained that the rate of their motion on the wing is not less than eighty or ninety miles an hour. Altogether, they are among the most interesting of our sea-birds.—*Mudie's British Birds.*

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## ADDITIONAL APPENDICES.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—P. 164.

#### *Holy Island.*

CAMDEN mentions it, so that it is evidently as old as his time. Probably it has been the scene of but few remarkable events; history being nearly as silent in that respect, as it is concerning its origin. The

first time it occurs, is in the history of the civil war, *temp.* Charles I. when the following account of the taking of it by the parliamentary forces is given, p. 350, in a book called "God on the Mount; or, a Parliamentary Chronicle," printed anno 1644 in these words:—

"In May 1643, leaving Barwick in a good posture of defence for king and parliament, and a man of war to ride before the town as they desired, we set sail for the Holy Island (six miles from Barwick), and summoned the castle there, for king and parliament; but being denied by the captain, we let fly a broadside at it, and were answered again in our own language; the cannons thus playing on both sides, and yet no hurt done, we running in our ships under the castle, and landing an hundred men, they came to a parley, and yielded, upon conditions to have paid unto them a year's pay due to them from his majestie, which we promised to do, and so became masters of that impregnable castle of Holy Island (which 40 men may keep against 4000, without any blood); this castle we fortified with our men and some of the old soldiers who refused to fight against us."

#### FAST CASTLE.

THE site of Fast Castle is most romantic, wild, desolate, and inaccessible. In history it holds a prominent place, and was the *locale* where the Gowrie conspiracy was planned. In romance it possesses equal interest—Fast being the original of the Wolf's Crag in "The Bride of Lammermoor."

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#### CHAPTER XXIX.—P. 234.

##### *Dryburgh Abbey.*

THE abbey of Dryburgh, founded by Hugh Morville, constable of Scotland, in the time of David I. and Beatrix de Campo Bello, his wife. There are scarce any relics of the church, but much of the convent, the refectory supported by two pillars, several vaults and other offices, part of the cloister walls, and a fine radiated window of stone-work. These remains are not inelegant, but are unadorned. This was inhabited by Præmonstratensian monks, who styled the Irish abbeys of Druin la Croix and Woodburn, their daughters. At the reformation James VI. bestowed Dryburgh on Henry Erskine, second son of the Earl of Mar.—*Pennant's Tour in Scotland.*

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In a small chapel, or aisle, on the north side, and towards the eastern extremity of the church, is the grave of Sir Walter Scott. The aisle in which the "mighty minstrel" is interred was formerly the burying-place of the Haliburtons of Newmains, from whom Sir Walter was descended; and two or three of their monuments, though of no great antiquity, sculptured with their arms, and the motto, "*Watch Weel,*" are placed against the walls. A Latin inscription on a small tablet, in the north wall, informs the reader that "This place of sepulture was granted to Walter, Thomas, and Robert Scott, by David, Earl of Buchan." The aisle is just wide enough to admit of three graves. That of Sir Walter is in the middle, where his grandfather, Mr. Robert Scott, of Sandy-know, was buried; on his left is his grandmother's, and on his right that of Lady Scott. No monument nor inscription to the

memory of Sir Walter or his lady has yet been put up. A few years ago Sir Walter enclosed his burying-place with an iron railing, which, since his death, has been extended to near the roof of the aisle, to prevent persons climbing over. A few yews and evergreen shrubs were planted round the graves in 1833, but they do not appear likely to thrive.—*Rambles, &c.*

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—P. 272.

*Auld Lang Syne.*

IN these days of royal visitings, the following description of the reception given by a noble to his liege lord, will present a curious contrast to those offered at Chatsworth and Belvoir to our sovereign lady and her consort.

“The Earl of Athole, hearing of the king’s\* coming, made great provision for him in all things pertaining to a prince, that he was as well served and eased with all things necessary to his estate as he had been in his own palace of Edinburgh. For I heard say, this noble earl gart make a curious palace, to the king, to his mother, and to the ambassador, where they were so honourably eased and lodged as they had been in England, France, Italy, or Spain, concerning the time and equivalent, for their hunting and pastime; which was builded in the midst of a fair meadow, a fair palace of green timber wind with green birks, that were green both under and above, which was fashioned in four quarters, and in every quarter and nuik thereof a great round, as it had been a block-house, which was lofted and gested the space of three house height; the floors laid with green scarets, spreaths, medivarts, and flowers, that no man knew whereon he zeid, but as he had been in a garden. Further, there were two great rounds on ilk side of the gate, and a great portenllis of tree, falling down with the manner of a barrace, with a drawbridge, and a great stank of water of sixteen foot deep, and thirty foot of breadth. And also this palace within was hung with fine tapestry and arrases of silk, and lighted with fine glass windows in all airts; that this palace was as pleasantly decored with all necessaries pertaining to a prince as it had been his own palace royal at home.

“Further, this earl gart make such provision for the king and his mother, and the embassador, that they had all manner of meats, drinks, and delicates that were to be gotten at that time in all Scotland, either in burgh or land; that is to say, all kind of drink, as also beer, wine, both white and claret, *malvesy*, *muskadel*, *hippocras*, and *aqua-vitæ*. Further, there was of meats, wheat bread, main bread, and ginge bread, with fleshes, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, eran, swau, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock, and pawnes, blackcock, muirfowl, and capercaillies; and also the stanks that were round about the palace were full of all delicate fishes, as salmond, trouts, pearches, pikes, eels, and all other kind of delicate fishes that could be gotten in fresh waters; and all ready for the banket.

“Syne were there proper stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and potingars, with confectioners, and drugs for their desserts; and the halls and chambers were prepared with costly bedding, vessel, and

\* James V.

napery, according for a king, so that he wanted none of his orders more than he had been at home in his own palace. The king remained in this wilderness at the hunting the space of three days and three nights, and his company, as I have shown. I heard even say it cost the Earl of Athole, every day, in expenses, a thousand pounds."—*Piscottie*.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.—P. 284.

*Wick Fishery.*

THEY generally work together in little companies of two or three, so that while one is filling a basket with her gutted fish, another carries them off to be *roused*, as they call it, that is, cast into vats or barrels, then sprinkled with salt, then more herrings and more salt, then a brawny arm plunged among them far above the elbow, and the whole mingled together, and so on till the space is filled. They may lie a longer or shorter time in this state, according to the amount of labour in hand, and the immediate necessities of gutting and rousing; but the next usual step in the routine is for a third hand to remove those herrings from the first vats or barrels, and repack them more carefully, their under sides rather upwards, and every successive row crossing at right angles that which precedes it. They give each row a fresh sprinkling of salt, and then laying the head of the cask on loosely, they leave the contents to settle down for a day, which they do so considerably as to enable each cask to contain a few more rows before being finally closed by the cooper.

Though these gutters (not a few of them) are good looking creatures, yet the appearance of the general mass, after they have worked an hour or two, beggars all description. Their hands, their necks, their busts, their

Dreadful faces throug'd, and fiery arms,

their every bit about them fore and aft, are spotted and besprinkled o'er with little scarlet clots of gills and guts, or, as Southey says of the war-horse of Don Roderick, after the last and fatal fight,—

Their flanks incarnadined,  
Their poitral smear'd with blood.

Now many of these awful phenomena were really handsome. So if under such outward circumstances even a comely woman, one naturally fair to look upon, becomes a fearful creature, what imagination can conceive, without the visible and dread reality, into what depth of plainness that female object must descend, who in her own right a most "ugly customer," even on the morning of a soap-abounding Sunday, has passed in week-day life through the ordeal of her order, and bloody and all begrimed with slime stands up with knife in hand, or stoops her horrid head "with *scaly* armour bright," and plunging her bare and brawny arms again into the trough, scatters her gills and guts as if no bowels of compassion existed any more on this terraqueous globe. It is indeed a fearful sight, abhorred by gods and men; for we don't think that either Neptune or Asmodeus could have abided such fishy fumes. Yet, strange to say, many of these artists, during after hours, are the gayest belles about the place; for the occupation, while the season lasts, is extremely lucrative, and affords a temptation both to numerous females



of the district, and to many more drawn thither from the remotest places of the Western Highlands by the hope of "filthy lucre."

Before beginning to work, they take off their caps and bonnets, and either cover over or exchange their outer garment for a *worser*, making their toilet with innocent unreserve, *sub Jove*, and so commence their bloody occupation. Towards evening they carefully wash their faces, arms, and legs, and slip on again their better garments. Thus they never appear, except around the gutting board, in otherwise than rather trim array. Indeed, many of the most magnificently fine females, whom we saw standing at respectable doors, or looking out of decent windows, or going sedately about their evening occupations from shop to shop, had been assiduously engaged in gutting all day long. The cure of herrings is indeed an object of such paramount importance to the town and neighbourhood, that when an unusual *take* occurs, and delicate female hands are wanting for the work, a kind of requisition is sent through the town, even to the most respectable inhabitants, to allow their domestics to attend as gutters for a day or two; and, in hiring servants, it is by no means unusual for the latter to stipulate for *leave to gut* during a certain number of days, as a perquisite beyond their usual termly wages. To prevent indolence or idleness all these gutters are paid by piece-work, that is, so much a cran or barrel after the fish are packed. At the rate of 4*d.* per barrel, each gutter, according to her skill and activity, may make from four to seven shillings a day; and, in former times, when so high as a shilling a barrel was sometimes allowed, during a press of work and scarcity of hands, their gains were actually enormous. An expert and practised company of three can make up among them sixty-three barrels in a day, or twenty-one barrels each, so that, in the glorious times alluded to, a gutter might have kept her gig, and driven to the scene of action daily.—*Wilson's Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland.*

THE END.

2010-74