SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS.

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS:

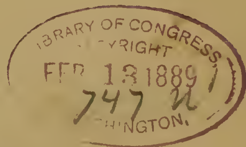
ESSAYS ILLUSTRATIVE OF

SCOTTISH LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARACTER.

BY

PETER ROSS,

Author of "A Life of Saint Andrew," etc.



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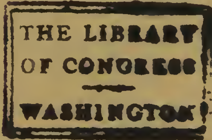

PRINTED
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I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME TO

CAPT. J. B. WHITE,

FORT WAYNE, IND.,

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM FORT WAYNE, WHO, AS A MERCHANT, SOLDIER, AND LEGISLATOR, HAS PROVED HIMSELF A TYPICAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SCOT IN AMERICA, WHILE HIS ACTIVE INTEREST IN EVERYTHING RELATING TO THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH SHOWS THAT IT STILL RETAINS HIS REVERENT LOVE.

PREFACE.

In the following pages I have gathered together several articles concerning Scotland and Scotsmen which are likely to be read with some interest on this side of the Atlantic. The first article is a reproduction, with considerable additions, of an essay written for the *Canadian-American* of Chicago, and some of the others have appeared, in whole or in part, in the *Scottish-American* of New York. While a representative Scot in the present day has shown to the world what triumphant democracy has accomplished, it may not be out of place for another Scot to indicate how much his countrymen have assisted in bringing about that triumph, and also to demonstrate that, whether under the Stars and Stripes in the United States, or beneath the Union Jack in the Dominion of Canada, Scotsmen have taken, and are taking, an active part in all the movements that are designed to maintain the religious and political freedom of the people and to promote their material and intellectual progress.

In connection with the article on the Union of 1707 I have reprinted in full the text of the famous Treaty. This important document is more talked about than read at the present day, but, as it is the charter on which the modern liberties of Scotland are based, it is deserving of being closely studied and thoroughly understood by every one for whom the history of Scotland has any attraction.

It has several times been suggested to me that the publication of these articles would prove acceptable to Scotsmen and their descendants, and in the hope that the suggestion is a wise one I send forth this little volume.

PETER ROSS.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1889.

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SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS.

THE SCOT IN AMERICA.

SINCE the year 1603, when James, "the sapient and sext," ascended the throne of England and became the first ruler of Britain, America has been a happy hunting ground for Scotsmen. The Scot has penetrated into every section of the continent and made himself equally at home in the glades of Florida, on the prairies of the West, or among the wilds over which the Hudson Bay Company once held almost sovereign sway. He is generally supposed to be a good, quiet, peaceable citizen, a sturdy upholder of civil and religious liberty, a firm believer in education, honesty, perseverance, and several other virtues necessary to build up a new country. He is also regarded as a man whose mere word is as good as his bond, an energetic yet cautious trader, with a stern, unbending spirit which enables him to overcome many difficulties, a man possessed of a cool, calculating brain which permits him to peer further into the future than many others, and inspires him to press ahead of his time and engage in schemes which seem ridiculous at the moment, but yield a rich return in the end. The railroad magnate of Milwaukee, Hon. Alexander Mitchell, who died in 1887, laid many a mile of road long before it could command traffic enough to defray even running expenses. But he forecast the future, and his Aberdonian shrewdness brought him a golden return. So, too, old Robert Lenox, when he bought his "Five-mile Farm" in 1817, and paid for it a price which appeared ridiculously extravagant, foresaw that New York had a grand future before it, and that his purchase was sure to be the centre of the city. How true this forecast was, every New Yorker of the present day knows. The farm consisted of about thirty acres, and lay between Fourth and Fifth avenues and

68th and 74th streets. The price paid was $6,920. On it now stands a large number of the most magnificent mansions in the city. On it are also the Lenox Library, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women, and the Phillips' Memorial Church, all evidences of the generous disposition and public spiritedness of the owners of the old farm. The property to-day is estimated as being worth not less than $14,000,000. It is gratifying to know that so valuable a property fell into the hands of such prudent, careful managers, as the Lenox family proved. They certainly gave abundant evidence by their generous bequests to literature, education and charity, that the Scottish instincts of their ancestors in the old Stewarty did not die out when transplanted to this side of the Atlantic.

One of the earliest attempts at settlement, in which Scotsmen took part, was that which was organized in 1622 under the auspices of the Earl of Stirling. That "philosophic poet" was one of the most subservient followers of the British Solomon, James I., and so far as paper grants, or as the Duke of Argyll would call them "Land Charters," were concerned, was probably the most extensive land owner the world has yet seen. Between them, King James I. and his son, Charles I., gave him grants of territory which included Acadia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, Province of Quebec, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the greater part of Pennsylvania and New York. The titles were vague enough in defining the western boundaries of his estate, that he might, had he so chosen, have written his name on the map, as far away to the west as the Pacific. The end of this great Scotsman affords a good instance of a man being land-poor, for, in spite of his vast estate, he died at London a bankrupt, in 1640. In 1622, however, he was at the height of his success, and persuaded a ship load of emigrants to cross the Atlantic with a view of settling in Nova Scotia. According to Dr. Charles Rogers, in his "Lives of the Earls of Stirling," the emigrants were mainly from Kirkcudbright. The inducements held out were very meagre and only one artisan, a blacksmith, and one person of education—a Presbyterian minister—joined the expedition. The other emigrants were agricultural laborers of the poorest grade. A storm sent the vessel to Newfoundland, where a large number of the travelers engaged in the

fisheries. Next year several of them managed to get as far as Nova Scotia, and after a few weeks of inspection returned to Britain and circulated very favorable accounts of the new country. Lord Stirling himself published a volume in 1625 under the title of "An Encouragement for Colonies," in which he lauds his domain of Nova Scotia to the skies. His son, Lord Alexander, often visited Canada in the promotion of his father's and his own interests. In 1633 he received a royal patent for thirty-one years "for the sole trade in all and singular the regions, countries, dominions and all places adjacent to the river and gulf of Canada, and the sole traffic from thence and the places adjoining for beaver skins and wool and all other skins of wild beasts." It is interesting to note in passing that in one of the patents or charters issued to this enterprising young Scot, Long Island was ordered to be called henceforward "the Isle of Stirling."

In the more southern part of the continent we find many traces of the Scotch among the early planters and settlers. In Boston, Mass., as early as 1657, twenty years after the city was founded, the Scotch were numerous enough and wealthy enough to organize a benevolent society, for the purpose of aiding any of their fellow-countrymen who might be in distress. That organization, the Scots' Charitable Society, still exists, and continues to carry on a grand work of charity. The Scottish population of early Boston was once augmented in a curious way. In 1652 the ship "John and Sarah" arrived in the harbor, having on board 272 Scotsmen who had been taken prisoners, at the battle of Dunbar, by Oliver Cromwell. They with some 800 others had been shipped to the American colonies as the shortest and easiest way of disposing of them. Those who landed in Boston soon recovered their freedom and many became prosperous citizens, prosperous enough to entertain a kindly thought in their hearts for those of their number who had been less fortunate. In speaking of this society, the Scots' Charitable, at an anniversary meeting in 1882, Hon. F. O. Prince, ex-Mayor of Boston, said: "It is a remarkable fact that this society should have been founded at a period so early in the history of Boston. Established only twenty-seven years after the landing of Winthrop and the first settlers —it is the oldest of our institutions—except Harvard College,

the first church, and the first school—all of which, like this venerable organization, still live, as if possessed of immortal youth, and still continue their useful work with unabated zeal and success; proof conclusive that their foundations were well laid and strongly fixed in the affections of the people. Although the records are silent as to the fact, it is probable that the founders were prompted to their work by the needy and impoverished condition of the Scotch prisoners taken by Cromwell in the sanguinary battles of Dunbar and Worcester in 1650, and sent here to prevent further trouble to the Government by the victor from their loyalty and devotion to the cause of their unfortunate king. A Scotch charitable society was established in London under a charter granted by Charles soon after the Restoration, and it is probable that the immediate cause for organizing it was the relief of those Scottish Covenanters, or their descendants, who had suffered in the cause of the king, had been taken prisoners in battle, and were wandering about the metropolis in great poverty and unable to get home, if indeed the wars had left them any homes in Scotland. The number of Scotch emigrants who came over with the first colonists, or with those who arrived previous to 1650, was not sufficient to call for a society like this, and but for the arrival of the prisoners it is not probable that it would have been founded so early in our history."

The early history of Virginia (as of all the States) is full of references to Scotsmen and their doings. Alexander Spotswood, who was appointed Governor in 1710, was a typical representative of the Scot abroad. His grandfather was Sir Alexander Spotswood, "Secretary of Scotland," and his father was a surgeon in the British service. The future governor was born at Tangier, Morocco, in 1676, and was left an orphan by the death of his father in 1688. He entered the army, served under Marlborough, and was wounded at the battle of Blenheim in 1704. He brought to Virginia the great writ of habeas corpus, a concession from the home authorities which the people of Virginia had long asked for. His government of the colony was wise, firm and progressive. He tried to evangelize the Indians, added considerably to the territory under his rule, and introduced the postal system. Spotswood was probably the most noteworthy of all the early governors of Virginia, and

his administration was in every respect a creditable and honest one. He died in 1740, just as he was about to sail for the West Indies with a commission as a major-general in the British army. Another Scotch governor of Virginia was Robert Dinwiddie, who entered upon his duties in 1752 and reigned for six years. He took quite a fancy for George Washington and appointed him adjutant-general of one of the military divisions of the colony. Dinwiddie, however, was not a popular governor and pretty hard things were said about him when he retired. The last British governor of Virginia was the Earl of Dunmore, who was transferred to that position from New York. He was not a favorite, doubtless for the reason that he was not on the popular side in the troubles of the Revolution. The most memorable act of his reign was the destruction, by his order, of Norfolk, Va.

In 1682 a large tract of land in New Jersey was purchased for colonizing purposes by a British company, most of whom were Quakers. The leader was Robert Barclay, of Ury, Kincardineshire, the celebrated author of the work commonly spoken of as "An Apology for the Quakers," although its title, in accordance with the fashion of the time, was much more elaborate. Barclay was named as the governor of the colony, but he never visited it, and the real ruler was his deputy, Gavin Laurie, another Scot. Through the exertions of this gentleman the place known as Ambo Point was in 1684 formed into a town and named Perth Amboy, in honor of James, Earl of Perth, one of the stockholders in the company. The location for commercial purposes was an admirable one, and it was fondly thought that it would become the most important town on the northern seaboard. It was laid out on a definite plan, suitable to a place with such possibilities, and thirty-six acres of land were given to each of forty-eight proprietors, one-third of whom were natives of Scotland.

The most noted of these colonists was George Keith, a native of Aberdeen. In his youth he had been a Presbyterian, but from sincere conviction he became a Quaker, and for a time was tutor in the family of Robert Barclay at Ury. When the colony was organized, Keith came over to this country, and, through Barclay's influence, was appointed in 1684, Surveyor-General of New Jersey. He founded the town of Freehold, and marked out the division line between

East and West Jersey. In 1689 he was invited to become superintendent of the city school of Philadelphia, and accepted the invitation. For a time he was the most prominent Quaker in the "City of Brotherly Love" as he was a good preacher, a ready speaker and a graceful writer. His disposition, however, was far from being gentle; in his manner he was self-assertive and dogmatic, and in debate he could be cruel and sarcastic, often without cause. These qualifications, after a time, made him enemies even among the people of his own persuasion, and he openly quarrelled with all the local Quaker preachers, and denounced the officials of the city loudly and bitterly for something which displeased him. This led to his being charged with sedition, and, as a seditious person, his name was proclaimed in the market-place by the town-crier. In 1694 he went to London, and complained to the General Meeting of the Quakers of his treatment in Philadelphia, but his language lost him any favor. In disgust, he joined the Church of England, and returned to this country in 1702 as a missionary from that body. In this capacity he was not a success, and he went back to England, where he died in 1708.

In 1686, Gavin Laurie resigned his governorship, and Neil Campbell, a brother to the then Earl of Argyll, succeeded him. Two years later, he was followed by Andrew Hamilton, another Scot, and a man of great ability. He was the author of the earliest scheme for introducing postal roads and post-offices into the colonies. He afterward became Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, and his son became the first native born governor of that commonwealth. Pennsylvania had another Scotch governor, Thomas McKean, and the city of Philadelphia has had at least three Scotch mayors, Peter McCall, Morton McMichael and W. B. Smith. Gabriel Johnston, Governor of South Carolina from 1734 to 1752, was a native of Scotland, and received his education mainly at St. Andrew's University. Another Scotch governor of that State was Lord William Campbell, a scion of the Argyll family, who died while leading an expedition against the colonists in 1778. Both the Carolinas were popular settling places for Scottish immigrants almost from the beginning of their history, and only a few years ago a large number of Scottish agriculturists, principally crofters, were induced to cross the Atlantic and begin life again as

farmers in North Carolina. The movement was a comparative failure, however. The canny Scots had no money with which to carry out the needed improvements on the land, the land itself was worn out and unsuitable for crops with which the Highlanders were acquainted, and the people among whom they settled were too poor to help them much.

The State of New York was a favorite section for early colonizing bodies of Scots. In 1738 a large body of Highlanders, under the leadership of Captain Lachlan Campbell, arrived in New York and settled on the shores of Lake George, which, it was understood, they were to guard against French inroads. They numbered 423 adults and many children, and included over 80 families. Almost as soon as they were settled on their lands trouble began. Campbell averred that he had sold his estate in Scotland for the purpose of defraying the passage of the colonists and that they were bound to render him service in return. But the Highlanders claimed that they had left Scotland just to escape working for lairds like Campbell. The feud between them became very bitter and brought disaster on both parties. Campbell was ruined, and the colonists were starving when the legislature interfered and made provision for tiding the settlers over the winter. Some of them left the country and entered the military service of Britain. Those who remained, however, appear to have prospered ultimately. Referring to this colony, Mr. E. H. Roberts, in his "History of New York," says (vol. 1, p. 280)—"By this immigration the province secured a much needed addition to its population, and these Highlanders must have sent messages home not altogether unfavorable; for they proved the pioneers of a multitude whose coming in successive years was to add strength and industry and thrift and intelligence to the communities in which they set up their homes."

Many of the towns throughout the State were founded by Scots. That of Patterson, Putnam county, for instance, was settled mainly by Scotch and New England Presbyterians about 1750. That the former was the preponderating element may be inferred from the fact that the town was named in honor of Matthew Patterson, a Scotch mason, who came to New York before the old French war. As a captain of volunteers he served under General Abercrombie in the northern campaigns against the French, and at the Rev-

olution he took the side of the colonial Whigs. He was nine times elected a member of the New York legislature, and for nine years was a county judge. Patterson purchased 160 acres of land which had belonged to a forfeited estate and built on it a fine mansion, where he dispensed a generous hospitality and enjoyed the society of the McLeans, Grants, Frasers, Flemings and other Scottish families in the neighborhood.

The town of Bath, Steuben county, was founded in 1793 by Captain Charles Williamson, the "Baron of the Back Woods," as he was popularly called. Williamson was the son of Alexander Williamson, of Balgray, Dumfriesshire, and was born at Edinburgh in 1757. He entered the army in 1775 as an ensign and rose in the service until he became a captain in the 25th Regiment. In that capacity he sailed for this country to take part in the war of the Revolution, but the vessel was captured by a French privateer and he found himself a prisoner in Boston. He was permitted to board in that city and lost his heart to the daughter of the lady at whose house he resided. They were married in 1781, and soon after the Yankee bride accompanied her husband to Scotland. In 1791 Sir William Pulteney, John Hornby, Patrick Colquhoun, Lord Provost of Glasgow, and others, formed an association and purchased a tract of 1,200,000 acres of land in New York with the view of colonizing and improving it. Williamson was appointed manager of the association and sailed again for this country in the Fall of 1791. In February next year, he visited the land of which he was manager, and selected a site for a town on the Genesee river which he called Williamsburgh. In June he commenced operations in earnest and by November had completed thirty miles of good wagon roads through the wilderness. His great achievement was the founding of the town of Bath, which he laid out on a broad plateau on the Conchocton river. He thought it a magnificent site for a great city which was to monopolize the trade of western New York. Others thought so too, and the place was soon crowded with merchants, speculators and adventurers of every description. Williamson's energy was remarkable. He opened roads and streets, started newspapers, erected hotels, built a theatre and laid out a race-course. Everything was in readiness for a great city, but Williamson

learned from experience that cities are not made to order, as so many enthusiastic people have discovered in this country since. After a while the association became disheartened at the poor prospect of immediate return for their outlay, but Williamson never despaired and he identified himself with the estate in every way. For three terms he represented Steuben county in the legislature, and was a county judge, as well as a colonel of militia. His hospitality was deemed wonderful even in those days, when hospitality was the rule in all American settlements. He entertained everyone who came along, from the Duke De La Rochefoucault to the Scottish wanderer in search of work or a home. In 1801 his agency was revoked, as the association had become tired of waiting for a dividend upon the capital invested. Williamson returned to Scotland in 1806 or 1807 and secured an appointment as commissioner of some sort to Jamaica, but died of yellow fever on the passage from New Orleans to that island in September, 1808. The last few years of his life appear to have been clouded by domestic troubles although the details are not known.

In the early history of the State of New York, we find many traces of the active influence of Scotsmen in the management of its affairs. One of its governors was Robert Hunter, a native of Scotland, who had previously been governor of Virginia. In 1712 he established the Court of Chancery, and in several respects his administration was as successful as that of any of the other rulers sent over from Britain prior to the Revolution. John Montgomerie, of the noble Ayrshire family of Eglinton, was governor between 1728 and 1731. In 1769, a Scotch nobleman, the Earl of Dunmore, was appointed governor, but held the office only a short time, for in 1770 he was transferred to the governorship of Virginia. Another Scotch governor of New York was General James Robertson, who made himself conspicuous in the campaign against Louisburg and Ticonderoga, and led a brigade at the battle of Long Island. As he was appointed governor in 1779, after the colonies had severed the connection with the mother country, his authority in the State was merely nominal. He was a brave soldier and an amiable man. The real ruler of the State of New York during the fifteen years immediately preceding the Revolution was Cadwallader

Colden, a native of Dunse, Berwickshire, who served most of that time as lieutenant-governor. The Livingstone family at that period exercised a great amount of influence in shaping the destinies of the Empire State, and their descendants even to the present day rank among the foremost residents of the metropolitan city. They claim descent from the old Scotch baronial family of Livingstone, but their immediate and noblest ancestor was sturdy John Livingstone, a minister of Ancrum, a man who spent his later years in exile on the continent of Europe, rather than permit his conscience to yield to what he believed to be wrong. Robert Livingstone, son of this true "Scotch worthy," was born at Ancrum in 1654, and emigrated when a youth to this country. He settled at Albany, and bought from the Indians a tract of some 160,000 acres of land on the banks of the Hudson; and this became the lordship of Livingstone. His descendants were all more or less famous. Robert was a judge in the Supreme Court of New York. A grandson, Edward, was one of the foremost lawyers of his time, drew up the "Civil Code of Louisiana," was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. When he died in 1836, he was regarded as one of the foremost citizens of this country. A brother of Edward's was also at one time Minister Plenipotentiary to France, helped Fulton to construct his first steamboat and in many ways proved himself to be a benefactor to his country. Philip Livingstone, another member of the family, who died in 1778, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and another was a member of the Continental Congress in 1774. Truly, the good old minister of Ancium left a brave stock to take part in the building up of this great republic.

It is singular in glancing among the names of the Scottish merchants who carried on business in New York in all the troublous years prior to and during the Revolution, to find how many of their descendants continue at the present day to "bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors." The Johnstons, Middletons, Morris', Coldens, Hamiltons, Alexanders, Sadlers, Kennedys, Shaws, Rutherfords, Ramsays and Barclays, still rank among the foremost families in New York, and are regarded as equal in point of birth with the representatives of the still older Knickerbocker families. The direct descendant of John Watts, one

of these early Scottish merchants, is the present Marquis of Ailsa.

In the history of the City of New York, especially in its commercial affairs, the Scot has from the first taken a prominent part, and on this theme alone an interesting volume might be written. In religious matters he has always been active, and the Presbyterianism he introduced has long outdistanced the Protestant Dutch Church of the Knickerbockers. In the practical work of the building up of the city he has been foremost, and much of the architectural beauty which New York possesses is due to his skill and handiwork. The architect of old St. Paul's Church, at the corner of Vesey street and Broadway, was a Scotsman named McBean, of whom little is now known, but from the fact that he was chosen for such an important work he must have held at the time a leading position in his profession, and doubtless many of the best amongst the New York edifices of that day were designed by him. The foundation stone was laid in 1764. Long after its erection Dr. Berrian wrote of St. Paul's as follows:—"In beauty of design, justness of proportion and tasteful embellishment it was unequaled at the time throughout our country, and in this style of architecture has not been surpassed to the present day." The interior much resembles St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, built by Gibbs, of whom McBean is believed to have been a pupil. St. Paul's Church is now the only church edifice in New York still standing on its original site. At its dedication were present the Mayor, Whitehead Hicks, General Gage and the Governor, Sir Henry Moore, who introduced his band of music, not without some hesitation on the part of the vestry, who permitted it solely on condition that "nothing unsuited to the solemnity of the occasion should be performed." The old City Hall, a beautiful structure, was built by Alexander McComb, a Scot, after whom McComb's Dam, in what is now the upper part of the city, was named. This architect appears to have been very prosperous, for he owned an immense tract of land including part of the Adirondacks in Northern New York. Another Scot, Peter Fleming, a civil engineer, laid out the upper portion of the city as it is to-day. Fleming also laid out the Hudson and Mohawk Railroad, between Albany and Schenectady, the first railway in the State. Mr. Fleming afterwards be-

came Surveyor-General of Ontario, and there laid out the best and most complete system of common roads which is to be found in America. Most of the older stone buildings in New York were designed and built by Scotsmen, and as artisans the Scotch builders long had almost a monopoly of work of that class, in which, even to the present day, they are regarded as pre-eminent.

In the struggle of the Revolution, Scotsmen, and the immediate descendants of Scotsmen, took an active part. Several of them signed the Declaration of Independence, and one of their number, Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, a native of Yester, near Edinburgh, is generally supposed to have had a considerable share in the compilation of that document. Dr. Witherspoon was a good representative of the fighting priests of the Middle Ages. In the Congress at which the Declaration was signed he sat in the full clerical costume of the time, Geneva gown and bands, and his ringing, patriotic words did much to confirm and strengthen those who were inclined to falter in taking the decisive step of separation. When the war was over and freedom was assured, he quietly resumed his duties at Princeton, and his wise government fairly started that seat of learning in its popular career. The memory of this truly great man has since been held in veneration by the people of this country, and his magnificent statue in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is one of the two Scottish shrines in the "City of Brotherly Love." The other is a flat, time-worn tombstone in the old burying ground around the Swedish Church, beneath which rest the remains of Alexander Wilson, the Paisley poet and American ornithologist. The statesman of the Revolution was Alexander Hamilton, a genius of Scottish descent, whose untimely death at Weehawken, in a duel with Aaron Burr, is one of the most painful tragedies in the history of the United States.

Judge James Wilson was a native of Scotland who did much to further the cause of Independence. He took a prominent part in the discussions which took place before the Revolution, and was a member of Congress in 1775. In 1789 he was made a judge of the United States Supreme Court and a year later was appointed professor of law in the University of Pennsylvania. Another Scotch professor of that time, who did good service to the cause of liberty, was

Peter Wilson, teacher of classics in Columbia College from 1789 to 1820. He served for several years in the New Jersey legislature, and his published works betoken his ripe scholarship. In the graveyard of Hackensack, New Jersey, there is a monument erected to the memory of this worthy old Scot. On it is the following inscription: —

"In memory of Peter Wilson, LL.D., who was born in the parish of Ardignhill, in Banffshire, Scotland, Nov. 23d, 1744, and emigrated to this country in 1763. For many years he was the efficient and successful principal of the Academy in this place, and afterwards in Flatbush, L. I., and for twenty-six years officiated as professor of languages in Columbia College. A zealous and successful patriot and Christian, and exemplary in all the public, social and domestic relations which he sustained, he closed a life of indefatigable activity and constant usefulness on the 1st of August, 1825. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

In the war itself, Scotsmen, as may be supposed, took an active part. William Alexander, who claimed the title of Earl of Stirling, and was addressed as such by Washington and others, was regarded one of the most brilliant of the Continental generals, and deserves mention also as one of the founders of Columbia College. Lachlan McIntosh, a native of Inverness, where he was born in 1727, took an active part in the war, in which he was one of the foremost representatives of his adopted state of Georgia. A duel which he fought with Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in which the latter was mortally wounded, interfered with his usefulness in the army, and in 1778 Washington appointed him commander-in-chief of the Western Department with headquarters at Pittsburgh, Pa. His military career, which was a brilliant one, closed with the surrender of Charleston to the British in 1780. General McIntosh died in poverty at Savannah, Ga., in 1806. Alexander McDougall, a Scotch printer in New York, served through the war and made a brilliant record. He was present at the battles of Germantown and White Plains, rose to the rank of major-general and in 1781 was sent to Congress. Arthur Sinclair, or Saint Clair, a Thurso man, had a life as interesting as that of any hero of romance. By his gallant services at Princeton, Trenton and other places, he was raised to the rank of major-general. At Ticonderoga he was forced to surrender to Burgoyne, and lost his popularity and his command. Afterwards he served as a volunteer with Washington with such gallantry that he regained his former prestige. He was president of the Continental Congress in 1787, and in 1788 was made first governor of the Northwest

Territory. Then misfortune again overtook him, and he resigned in 1792. He died in 1818, poor and forgotten by the country he had adopted and served so well. Another hero of the war was Hugh Mercer, a native of Aberdeen. He had a wonderful career. His first active service was as a surgeon in the army of Prince Charlie in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. When that turmoil ended on the Muir of Culloden, Mercer came to America and settled as a physician near what is now known as Mercersburg, Pa. But war was his real trade. He took part in many of the Pennsylvania colonial campaigns, and received a medal for bravery from the City of Philadelphia. At the beginning of the Revolution he was settled at Fredericksburg, Va. He at once organized the famous Minute Men of Virginia, and entered heart and soul into the struggle. Congress appointed him a major-general in 1776, and next year, while leading a night march on Trenton, N. J., he was mortally wounded at Princeton. His funeral at Philadelphia was attended by over 30,000 people. Robert Erskine, chief engineer on the staff of General Washington, was a son of one of Scotland's most famous divines, the Rev. Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline. Washington appreciated highly the services and character of this officer, and when he died placed a stone over his grave at Greenwood, N. J. This stone with its inscription may still be seen, where it was laid by order of his grateful and kindly commander-in-chief.

The first muskets ever made in this country were manufactured at Bridgewater, Mass., by Hugh Orr in 1748. Orr was born at Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, in 1717, and came here in 1740. He established himself in business as a maker of scythes and agricultural implements at Bridgewater, and was as successful as the times would allow. He invented several machines which were remarkably useful. During the Revolution he made the iron and brass cannons and cannon balls for the Federal Government.

Paul Jones, or rather John Paul, the naval hero of the Revolution, was a native of Kirkcudbright. Unlike the other Scots who took part in the struggle, however, he can hardly be regarded as a patriot, but rather as a soldier—or sailor—of fortune. His sword was equally at the disposal of the Republican Congress of the United States, or the autocratic government of the Empress Catherine of Russia. Jones

was born at Arbigland, on the Scottish side of the Solway Firth, in 1747. When twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a merchant in Whitehaven, who was engaged in the American trade. His first voyage was to Virginia, where his elder brother was established as a planter. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war he entered the Colonial service as a lieutenant in the navy in 1775, and is believed to have hoisted the first American flag. He was appointed a captain in 1776, and in the following year he sailed for Europe. Whilst there he harrassed the coasting trade of Scotland, and made a bold attack upon Whitehaven. He also made an attempt to carry off the Earl of Selkirk from his estate in St. Mary's Isle, but in this he was frustrated by the absence of the earl in London. His object in making this attempt was to force the British Government to agree to a system of exchanging prisoners, which they had previously been reluctant to do. The crew, however, plundered the house of all its silver plate. Lady Selkirk received, a few days after, a letter from Jones, in which he entreated her pardon for the late affront, assuring her that, so far from having been suggested or sanctioned by him, he had exerted his influence in order to prevent its taking place; but his officers and crew had insisted on the enterprise. He added that he would endeavor to buy the plunder they had so disgracefully brought away, and transmit the whole, or so much as he could obtain, to her. Several years elapsed without hearing anything from Jones, and all hope of realizing his promises had vanished; but in the spring of the year 1783, the whole of the plate was returned, carriage paid, precisely in the same condition in which it had been carried away, and to every appearance without having ever been unpacked. On the 23d of September, 1779, the great naval battle took place off Flamborough Head, when Paul Jones, commanding the American war vessel "Bon Homme Richard," captured the British frigate "Serapis." It was the greatest naval victory gained on the part of America in the War of Independence. On his return to the United States in 1781, Jones was received with high honors. Congress voted him a gold medal, and Washington sent him a complimentary letter. His latter years were spent in Paris, where he died in 1792.

If we turn to Canada in these early times we find the Scot

also prominently engaged in every movement for building up the resources of the country. Indeed a story told of a later period might well be applied to Canada in the last half of the eighteenth century. It was said that a Yankee visiting Ontario, concluded that he really was in Scotland, for the Queen's representative was a Scot; the prime minister was a Scot; the members of the cabinet he met were Scots; he heard the Doric spoken in all the Government offices, saw that all the large stores were owned by Macs, and that a large number of the towns he passed on the Grand Trunk Railway bore Scottish names. This recalls another story which tells us that a bluff English settler, after a general election, when told that Mackenzie was out, replied, "Yes, but Macdonald's in. Confound them, they're all Macs." The Scot seems to have commenced his operations in Canada at a very early date. According to Mr. J. M. Le Moine, in his able lecture on "The Scot in New France," one of Jacques Cartier's comrades, in the voyage of discovery of 1535, was a Scot named Michael Hervey, and according to the same authority there is every reason for believing that the renowned Plains of Abraham at Quebec were named after another Scot, Abraham Martin, who was called by the Jesuits in Champlain's time, "Abraham Martin dit l'Ecossais."

A regiment known as Fraser's Highlanders, under the leadership of the Master of Lovat, distinguished itself at the capture of Louisburg in 1758, at Montmorency in 1759, and at St. Foy in 1760. In the description of the battle of Carillon, July 8, 1758, given in Garneau's History of Canada, we read: "It was the right of the trench works that was longest and most obstinately assailed. The British Grenadiers and Highlanders there persevered in the attack for three hours without flinching or breaking ranks. The Highlanders above all, under Lord John Murray, covered themselves with glory." Mr. Le Moine tells us that these sturdy Highlanders while in Canada, "continued to wear the kilt both winter and summer. They, in fact, refused to wear any other dress, and these men were more healthy than other regiments which wore breeches and warm clothing." The "garb of old Gaul," however, did not find favor in the eyes of all of its beholders, for during the winter of 1759–60, when a portion of Fraser's Highlanders was quartered in the Ursulines' Convent at Quebec, the nuns begged permission from Governor-General

Sir James Murray to be allowed to furnish the bare-legged Highlandmen with decent and comfortable clothing. The Celts, however, would have none of them.

Governor Murray was a son of the fourth Lord Elibank. His record in Canada as a soldier and statesman is one of the grandest in the annals of the British provinces. Sir James H. Craig was another statesman-soldier, who is entitled to rank among the most prominent representatives of the Scot in America. He was born at Gibraltar (where his father was a judge), and was lieutenant-governor of Lower Canada during the eventful period between 1807 and 1814. Lieutenant-General Peter Hunter, who was governor of Upper Canada and commander-in-chief of the forces in both the Canadas from 1799 till his death at Quebec in 1805, also deserves to be held in kindly remembrance. According to Mr. H. J. Morgan, Hunter's "administration of the government of Upper Canada was marked with much benefit to that province, and it would not be going too far to say that to his enlightened policy that portion of Canada is greatly indebted for many benefits which it otherwise would never have known." Captain R. H. Barclay, who commanded the little British fleet in the fight on Lake Erie in September, 1813, when Admiral Perry's flagship, the Lawrence, had to haul down its colors, proved by his gallantry and manœuvering in that engagement that Scotsmen can fight on sea as well as on land. Although ultimately defeated in the unequal contest, Captain Barclay won deserved applause for his courage and skill. He was tried by court martial for the loss of his ships but was honorably acquitted, and died at Edinburgh in 1831.

In the province of Quebec, despite many disadvantages, Scotsmen have made their way from the very beginning of its history. In Montreal, and even at Quebec, we find traces of them in every direction, and their influence on the prosperity of Montreal has perhaps been more marked than in any other city on the continent. Throughout the province colonies of Scots or individual pioneers were early at work developing the resources of the country, making roads, building shanties, cottages, barns or mills, clearing forests and making grain grow, where bush or weed had rioted for ages. In an interesting history of Huntingdon county, by Mr. Robert Sellar, published by himself at Huntingdon in

1888, I find many references to the doings of Scotsmen in that section. The following extract gives an idea of the difficulties under which these settlers contended, and also shows that they did not forget one of the great resources of Scottish civilization—the schoolmaster. "In the Summer of 1802, the 'Nephton' arrived at Quebec with 700 Highlanders, mostly from Glenelg, Ross-shire. Of these, a considerable portion were induced to proceed to Sir John Johnson's property. Those who got lots on the slopes of Mount Johnson (now called Chambly Mountain) did tolerably well, but the surrounding land was so wet that the Highlanders could make nothing of it, and, after enduring much privation, determined on looking out another place for their abode. Three of the shrewdest of their number, John Roy McLennan, John Finlayson and Finlay McCuaig, were selected in 1812 to go out and spy the land to the west. * * * That Fall, led by the three explorers named, several moved over and founded what came to be known as the Scotch settlement. Others followed, until by 1816 the first, second and third concessions of Williamstown were fairly occupied. The American squatters at St. Remi and along the Norton Creek were very kind, helped them to put up shanties, and showed them how to make potash. Those who did not go to Williamstown went to Glengarry, so that not a single one was left on Mount Johnson. Altogether 60 families took up their abode at Williamstown. * * * They had no facilities, and when they had wheat to grind, they had to haul it all the way to the King's Mills on the La Tortue. * * * Boards for their houses they obtained by making saw-pits, and cutting them with whip saws ; for among their number, were several who had been sawyers in Scotland. At Mount Johnson, they had been joined by Norman McLeod, a schoolmaster, sent out by the Royal Institution, which allowed him £100 a year, and whose services Sir John had obtained for them. On the breaking up of the settlement at the Mount, he elected to go with the division that had selected Williamstown, and choosing a lot in the Scotch settlement, he continued to hold school in his own house. On Sundays, he gathered the people together, and held divine service in Gaelic, which was the language of the settlement."

The Maritime Provinces seem to have been, from the first, the favorite section of Canada for the settlement of the Scots,

either individually or in colonies; at the time of the Revolution in the United States, whole bands of loyalists took up their abode in Nova Scotia; Lord Stirling's colonial experiments were failures, as they deserved to be. They were designed for the good of the king and his favorite, and not primarily for the benefit of the country or the people. The loyalist immigrants were more successful and the country gradually acquired commercial and agricultural wealth. Restigouche is almost wholly a Scottish county, and the names of many of its townships—Glenelg, Glenlivet, Dunlee and Campbelltown, show conclusively the very district in Scotland from which the early settlers came. Clyde River and Argyle Bay are about the only names which survive to tell of the Stirling fiasco. In McGregor's interesting work on British America we read: "The town and whole district of Pictou are decidedly Scottish. In the streets, within the houses, in the shops, on board the vessels, and along the roads, we hear little but Gaelic and broad Scotch. The Highland dress, the bagpipe and Scotch music are general in this part of the country, while the red gowns of the students, which we see waving here and there like streamers, bring the colleges of Aberdeen and Glasgow with their associations into recollection."

The story of one settlement in Pictou may be told in the words of the late Mr. J. W. Rattray as an indication of the material of which these colonies were composed. It was conducted by Wellwood Waugh, of Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire. "This band had been attracted to Prince Edward Island in 1774, but their hopes were blighted by a visitation of locusts and they removed to Pictou county. At the peace of 1783, there was an important addition to the population, the largest body being the 82d or Hamilton Regiment, which had been on duty under General McLean, chiefly at Halifax, but some had seen service both North and South during the war. This regiment was disbanded at Halifax and had a large tract of land set apart for them in Pictou, well known as the 82d grant. The list of Scottish families, both Highland and Lowland, which are enumerated in the history of that time is almost bewildering in its variety of nomenclature, and if not in pedigree is at least notable in posterity. The Saxon Burnside, of Glasgow, and the Grays of the Lowlands, jostle together with all the Macs, Macdonalds,

MacKays, MacKenzies and Macgregors. One Highland Scot, James Chisholm, the son of a parish minister in the far away north, had been at first on Washington's staff, but when he found himself deserted by his kinsfolk, he left all and made his way 'home to his ain folk' in distant Pictou. * * * * Early in the [19th] century immigration received a new impetus. The Frasers opened up a settlement at Millbrook in Pictou county; thence the Rosses, Macdonalds and Gordons worked their way to the Middle River; and, in 1801, large numbers of Highlanders, chiefly Catholics, arrived, most of whom finally settled down in Antigonish and to the east. The Mount Thom settlement appears to have been chiefly Protestant, with the average Scottish nomenclature—Stewart, McLean, McLeod, Urquhart, Macdonald, Chisholm, Fraser, Cameron, Thomson, Grant, Brown, etc. During the early years of the century large numbers of Highland settlements were formed in this district of Nova Scotia, and these continued fitfully until the war of 1812, when a new era opened throughout the British provinces. The settlers came from Sutherland, notably a large number from the parish of Lairg, from Stornoway in Lewis, and the northwest Highlands and Islands of Scotland generally. Edward Mortimer, 'the King of Pictou,' as he was proudly called, came from Keith in Banffshire."

This description might easily be applied to many other places in these provinces. In fact, the achievements of the Scots in that part of the continent are truthfully summed up by a countryman, Dr. John Harper, of Quebec, in his exceedingly able paper on "The Maritime Provinces, their Origin and Inhabitants," where he says: "Where is the city or country in which no Lowland Scotsmen are to be found? Whether they are the salt of the earth or not they seem to have been spread over the world much as that healthy condiment is spread by our cooks over everything comprised within their culinary operations. Certainly if they are the salt of the earth, as they themselves in their happy moments claim to be, they have not lost their savor at least in the Maritime Provinces, where they are found occupying important positions—commercial, political and professional; and you can hardly read a chapter of provincial history without finding some Scotsman mentioned for his enterprise in improving the lives and conditions of

those who happen to be his near neighbors, with due attention, of course, to his own interests."

The places in the Maritime Provinces where the Gaelic language prevails or is still largely spoken, are, the counties of Pictou and Antigonish; Earltown, in the county of Colchester; a corner in the county of Guysborough; the Island of Cape Breton; Prince Edward Island; and some settlements along the Bay of Chaleur, in New Brunswick. In Glengarry county, Ontario, Gaelic still continues to be the language of the people, and it is there spoken as purely as it is in Dingwall or Lewes. The Highlanders of Glengarry are, physically and mentally, a magnificent race and in no way bring discredit upon the land of their forefathers. According to a census taken in 1852 there were in Glengarry county 3,228 McDonalds, 551 McMillans, 541 McDougalls, 450 McRaes, 437 McLeods, 415 Grants, 399 Camerons, 312 McLennans, 304 Campbells, 133 Chisholms, 50 Cattenachs, 262 McIntoshs, 176 Frasers, 114 McGregors, and representatives of nearly every name peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland.

The Province of Ontario received its first impetus in the matter of population from the loyalists of New York, who left that State at the time of the Revolution. It is impossible not to admire the consistency and devotion of these people to the government under which they were born, and also their dignified, honorable course in a political crisis during which men's souls were sorely tried. Most of them, in making the change, sacrificed everything, wealth, social position, friends and homes for honor, and turned their faces northward to begin life anew in an unopened country. Surely they are deserving of being described by the impartial historian as patriots as fittingly as those who took an opposite view of their duty in the crisis and threw off the old allegiance. In connection with this I desire to quote briefly from an article by Mr. James Hannay, the graceful historian of Acadia: "Canada would never have existed but for the decrees of banishment which were passed against the loyalists after the close of the Revolutionary war, by which they were driven from their homes, and their estates confiscated. This action was taken under the pretence that men who had fought for the King were not worthy to live under the new Republic, but the real motive for these cruel

acts of banishment was to allow a number of rascals who posed as patriots to escape the payment of their lawful debts due the loyalists, and to give them the opportunity to become rich by trafficking in the confiscated estates of the banished men, of whom no less than seventy thousand, including many of the brightest minds and of the stoutest hearts in the colonies, settled in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario. These men were the real founders of Canada." Of these loyalists many were of Scottish descent, if not of Scottish birth, and by their determined loyalty and indomitable perseverance, not only were the provinces saved to the British crown, but its wildernesses and forests soon became changed into smiling gardens and fruitful farms. It has often been said, with truth, that the leaders of the provinces at this crisis in their history are less known to Canadians of the present day than they should be. They laid the basis of the Dominion's prosperity on a broad and enduring foundation, and built up a nation quite as much as Washington and his compatriots did to the south of the St. Lawrence and the great chain of lakes.

Among the Scots who took part in this glorious work we find such men as Sir William Grant, a native of Speyside, who was Attorney-General of Quebec in 1776; Sir Charles Douglas, whose relief of Quebec in 1776 was a brilliant military exploit; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of Inverness, the discoverer of the Mackenzie River and the first European who crossed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, north of the St. Lawrence; and the Rev. Dr. John Stuart, of Kingston, a missionary as well as a patriot, and the founder of Episcopalianism in Ontario. Duncan McTavish, a native of Stratherick, may be accepted as a representative of the merchants of those times. For twenty-five years he was engaged in the wilds of upper Canada promoting the interests of the Northwest Company of which he was a partner. He was fair and honorable in his dealings with all men, and won the good will of the Indian nations he came in contact with. He conceived the idea of establishing a connection with China through Canada, and while traveling over the route he proposed this trade to take, McTavish and six companions were drowned at Cape Disappointment, near the mouth of the Columbia River.

One of the earliest settlements in Manitoba was that

organized by Lord Selkirk in 1812. While on a visit to Canada two years previously, that nobleman determined to establish a Scottish colony in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. On his return to Scotland, he induced 130 tenants on the Sutherland estate to court fortune in the scheme, and they sailed from Scotland for Canada in June, 1812. The voyage lasted until the end of August when anchor was dropped in the Churchill River. The immigrants were conveyed from there to Fort Garry (Winnipeg) in buffalo carts and were allotted land around the fort. They at once began farming operations, but long before Spring came, the stores were short and misfortunes fell upon the colonists. Several of the older settlers died and were buried in the snow, starvation stared the survivors in the face, and the incursions of the French Canadian voyagers and their Indian allies, allowed them to realize very little from their agricultural labors and even rendered their lives and property insecure. When the summer was over, and it was found that a fair trial afforded no hope of a better condition of things, many of the survivors determined to move eastward and settle in some spot a little nearer the outskirts of civilization. One record says: "They crossed the Red River a little below Fort Garry and traveled to the head of Rainy Lake over patches of prairie, across lakes and rivers. After a month of toil through a trackless wilderness two of the number sank exhausted, and were buried where they fell. During the second month a new life was ushered into the world. By patient toil they passed south of the Lake of the Woods, and into the intricacies of what is now known as the Savanne Swamp. The days were now growing short, and the cold weather had begun. The most sturdy were anxious to push on, but sickness had claimed many, and it was impossible to make rapid marches. The October days found them still afoot, trudging patiently and with a pertinacity peculiarly Scotch along the north shore of Lake Superior. The wintry winds and snow overtook them north of Lake Huron, but the Indian guides who had proved faithful showed them how to escape the snow to the windward, make couches of pine boughs, and sleep in a circle with their feet towards the fire. The war of 1812–1813 had just drawn to a close, when the little band found their way into northern Canada. The British Government, in

order to carry munitions of war to the upper lakes, had built a military road from Holland Landing to Penetanguishene. The weary emigrants struck into the military road, the first evidence of civilization they had seen for fifteen weeks. They halted at Holland Landing (named after Lord Holland). The Canadian Government being apprised of their plight made grants of land to them in the Holland river valley, and supplied them with provisions, clothing and farming implements for one year. They turned the valley, which was thickly wooded, into the finest farming land in Canada, and their descendants now enjoy the fruits of their industry. The principal families are the Macbeths, the Sutherlands, the Gunns, the Sinclairs and the Frasers." The descendants of these settlers now rank among the most prosperous farmers in Ontario. Dr. William Macbeth, of Galesburg, Mich., the son of one of these pioneers, made an effort some years ago to recover from the Canadian Government the land which the Hudson's Bay Company granted to his father. But the claim was disallowed. Had it been otherwise, he would have owned a large part of the land on which the flourishing city of Winnipeg now stands.

Thus we find in the early histories of the United States and Canada that the Scot took a prominent part in all the events which started both nations on the lines, which, continued to the present day, have made them the beacons of liberty, security and civilization on the American continent. The hold which those early Scots won in the young countries has never been relaxed, and all through the subsequent history of each we discover men of Scottish birth or blood pressing forward in every good work. In Canada, if we take up any of the valuable handbooks issued by Mr. H. J. Morgan, we will find that in the Cabinet, the Senate, the House of Commons and the Provincial legislatures the Scottish race is more numerously represented than the size of the "wee gray land ayont the sea" would seem to warrant.* Several

* In a recent work, of much historical value, Mr. David Scott writes: "After the English Government found it necessary for the safety of the Hanoverian succession to disarm the Highlanders, and break up so far as they could, the ancient loyalty of the clans to their chieftains, and the ancient protection which the chief, as in honor bound, extended to every member of his clan, a large number of Scottish gentlemen turned their attention toward Canada as a country which offered many inducements in the way not only of exciting adventure but also of prosperous commerce. These emigrants of gentle descent did not settle as cultivators of the soil, but banded together and formed themselves into a trading concern, which grew, in the course of years, into a vast partnership, known as the 'North-West Company.' Over the

of the Governors-General, including the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Elgin, and the Marquis of Lorne, were also Scots, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, a recent occupant of the high office, is at least of Scottish descent, and the wearer of an old Scottish title—that of Baron Nairne, an honor which dates from 1681, when Charles II. was King.

In the United States it is difficult to estimate the amount of influence which the Scot has had upon the government of the country. Many of the Presidents, including Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Grant, Hayes and Arthur have been proud of the Scotch blood in their veins. Among soldiers the race can point to its Montgomerys, Morgans, Knoxes, Scotts, and hundreds of others. In the "late onpleasantness," Scotsmen and their descendants took an active part. One of the first regiments to respond to the call of President Lincoln was the Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, and when the order was given for its final disbandment (in 1875), the representative of the State acknowledged that it had "marched further and fought more battles than any other regiment" from New York. The Scots in Chicago were also gallantly represented among the troops which took part in the great conflict. The Chicago Highland Guard was an organized military company in Illinois from 1855. In January, 1861, it offered its services to the United

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interior of the Canadas the merchants spread a great network of stations, each of them presided over by a clerk, who (if he behaved well) rose in the course of time to a junior partnership. The principal trade was in furs, and in order to obtain the furs it was necessary to barter with the Indians. So it came to pass that these pioneers of Canadian commerce bought from the old country cheap articles in the shape of clothing, knives, muskets, and other commodities suitable for exchange with the Indians, and sent back valuable furs, which found their way to every considerable market in Europe. The enormous return from this traffic was spent by the descendants of the Highland chiefs in right liberal fashion. They supported a crowd of dependents hardly less in number than their ancestors had maintained by the shores of Morven and Locheil, or among the hills of Mar and Lochaber. Once a year the whole company of shareholders met to transact business, and then the scene was like a gathering of the clans amidst the forests of the Far West. The names of the old chieftains were those familiar among them—Cameron and Chisholm and McKenzie—the free and rough hospitality was the same, and we are obliged to confess that the convivial habits were much the same also. To this very day, though the reign of the first North-Western Company of Canada is long over, you may find relics of these old Celtic families among the citizens of Montreal and Toronto; and even where the name and wealth have passed away, there are a few descendants of these chieftains of commerce, who count their lineage as proudly as if they came of the blood royal itself. Instead of the grandees of the North-West Company, Farther Canada has been taken possession of by a humbler class of our countrymen, who are content to till the ground they own for a livelihood. Whole villages of the Far West are Celtic in origin, and one may hear the Gaelic tongue almost as readily among the Canadian pines as in the glens of Inverness-shire, or among the boatmen of green Islay itself. Scottish theology has been imported, as well as national pride; Scottish love of education, as well as habits of self-denial and thrift."

States government and is believed to have been the first company that made such a proposition. Its offer was accepted in April, after Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and the company commenced its real military career at Springfield, Ill., April 23, 1861, under command of Captain J. T. Raffen. Writing of military matters recalls the varied career of an Aberdonian, who died a few years ago at Cleveland, O., a little over a century old. This was General Donald McLeod, who was born in 1779. He was educated at Aberdeen University with the view of entering the ministry, but went into the British navy, and subsequently was transferred to the army, having obtained a commission in the "Black Watch," with which he was engaged in the Peninsular wars, being present at many important battles, such as Badajos and Corunna. At the latter place the British general, Sir John Moore, was killed, and McLeod, being major in his regiment, was selected as one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. In 1812 McLeod was ordered to America, but 1815 found him with his regiment at the battle of Waterloo. He served with distinction, being severely wounded, and received several medals for his brave conduct. Owing to his wounds he left the service and went to Canada, where for a number of years he edited a journal, and took a very prominent part in the political agitations which finally culminated in the rebellion of 1837-38. On the suppression of the rebellion he fled to the United States, and until his death resided in Cleveland. His share in the rebellion—a history of which he wrote and published—was pardoned by Queen Victoria.

In all the relations and engagements of civilized life, as well as in directing and influencing the affairs of government, the Scot in Canada and the United States has exerted and is exerting a wide-spread and happy influence. The greatest railroad enterprise of the age—the Canada-Pacific—has been successfully completed through his enterprise, pluck and commercial sagacity. The Grand Trunk Railway is indebted for its prosperity to the grit of the Scot. Such works as the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal attest his engineering and mechanical skill, and over all the railroads of the Dominion we find him in every position from humble track-layer to chairman of the board of directors.

In a capital series of articles, by Mr. Alex. MacKenzie, of Inverness, on "Highlanders in Nova Scotia," which ap-

peared some years ago in a Scotch newspaper, occurs the following, showing how the Scots there were everywhere in the front. Writing from Halifax, N. S., he said: "The majority of the people are Scotch and Highland, and form the upper crust of society. Several Highlanders especially have made for themselves prominent positions. The Premier of Nova Scotia, the Hon. Simon Holmes, whose official residence is in the capital, is a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and a good Gaelic speaker, too. He is the grandson of one who came out here without a cent. The Honorable James MacDonald, Minister of Justice for the Dominion, who resides here, is the grandson of a small farmer or crofter, who originally came from Redcastle, in Ross-shire. The Honorable Wm. Ross, Minister of Militia in the late Canadian Government, and now Collector of Customs in Halifax; the Honorable James S. MacDonald, Member of the Legislative Council; his brother, Charles, late M. P., but now Post Office Inspector-General for Nova Scotia; Angus Macleod, Collector of Inland Revenue; and scores holding the best positions in the country are descendants of men who had been evicted from Lairg and Rogart, in Sutherlandshire, and other places in the Highlands, or who left of their own will in a state of utter penury. * * * And these patriots give outward signs of their good feelings to the Old Country. They have their North British—the oldest in the colony—and their Highland societies."

In the United States, the late Alexander Mitchell rose to be the head of a railroad system which did more for the prosperity of Wisconsin than any other single agency. Col. Scott, in Pennsylvania, did the same for that part of the country, and the Central Railroad of New Jersey, one of the leading lines in the country, was for a time under the control of Mr. John S. Kennedy, formerly President of the New York St. Andrew's Society. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, as an iron master, may also be regarded as a railway potentate, and his gifts to his native city of Dunfermline, as well as to Edinburgh, London, New York and Allegheny, prove him to be possessed of good sense as well as charity, qualities which do not always go together. In the monetary circles of both nations Scotsmen stand in the very foremost rank, and they are generally regarded as among the most conservative and safe financiers of the time. Two well known Scots, Gover-

nor W. E. Smith, of Wisconsin, and Governor John L. Beveredge, of Illinois, rose from poverty to become the heads of the commonwealths in which they lived. Hon. C. M. Loring, of Minneapolis, the founder of its beautiful park system and a real benefactor of the city, is of Scottish descent. Hon. Alexander McKenzie, of Bismark, a native of Scotland, is one of its wealthiest, most respected and most public-spirited citizens. Captain J. B. White, of Fort Wayne, is regarded as the most influential citizen of that beautiful town, and is a splendid example of a man who is equally successful in politics and in business life. John L. Mitchell is ably carrying on his father's railroad and financial schemes in Wisconsin. John Johnston, a nephew of Alexander Mitchell, and a graduate of Aberdeen University, is by his life work showing that an educated Scot has all the qualifications for a successful business man. By his ability as an orator, his thorough honesty, his sense of public duty, and generous gifts for educational purposes, he has won the esteem of the citizens of Milwaukee and many honorable public offices have been filled by him from time to time. He once, indeed, refused the nomination for mayor of that city, and would certainly have been elected had he accepted. Mr. Johnston is often spoken about as a candidate for the governorship of Wisconsin, and another Milwaukee Scot, Mr. James Morgan, a native of Perthshire, received the Democratic nomination for that high office in 1888. Mr. J. M. Smith, an Edinburgh man, holds a prominent place in business circles in Boston and his labors on behalf of the Scots and British charitable societies, show that he believes in patriotism, charity and brotherly love going hand in hand. In Albany, N. Y., Mr. Peter Kinnear, a native of Brechin, might have been mayor long ago if he wanted the office, and Albany had enough voters whose political views were in accordance with his own. A successful business man, a warm-hearted friend, he has long held an enviable position among the residents of his adopted city, and to him Albany really owes the magnificent statue of Burns which adorns its public park. In Buffalo, Mr. David Bell, another well known Scot, has been known for many years as a ship-builder and engineer. In this way almost every town of importance in the United States and Canada might be laid under contribution to furnish an example of at least one Scot who is, or has been,

prominently identified with its history, its present prosperity, its mercantile standing, or its educational advantages.*

In the matter of education the influence of Scotland upon America has been particularly great and beneficial. The old ambition of John Knox that a common school should be in every parish, is really the leading principle on this continent where every settled township has at least one grammar school. Many of the early colleges in the country were founded by Scotsmen, as for example that of William and Mary at Williamsburgh, Va., which was established in 1693 through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. James Blair, a native of Edinburgh, who became its first President.

Columbia College, New York, and Rutger's College, N. J., have been largely indebted to Scotsmen and the sons of Scotsmen among their professors and principals for their successful histories. At Princeton, Presidents Witherspoon, McDonald, McLean and McCosh, and many professors of less degree, have brought honor on "Auld Coila" by their influence, their work, and by their devotion to the cause

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* Mr. John Tod, of Lasswade, near Edinburgh. author of "Bits from Blinkbonny," who visited this country in 1887 thus summed up his impressions of Scotsmen in America in a letter written just before his departure on his return to his native land :—

"I have been struck with the large number of Scotchmen that occupy positions of eminence and trust in America. In New York I met Mr. Robert Carter, an octogenarian, the founder of the great publishing firm of Robert Carter & Brothers, and listened with pleasure to his account of the struggles and victories of the early days. In leading banking and railway circles, on Wall street and William street, were many Scots, and in commercial and literary circles my fellow-countrymen are in the front rank. In the Church are Dr. Ormiston, Dr Wm. M. Taylor, and others, loved and loving, and all throughout my tour I found the 'children of the mist' clear-headed, open-hearted and thriving. In Washington, Senator James Beck, of Kentucky, an honored and useful member of the National Legislature, speaks of his early home in Dumfriesshire, and Mr. Wm. Smith, curator of the United States Botanical Gardens, a Haddingtonshire man, has a most complete library of all the editions of the works of Robert Burns, as well as of books or pamphlets referring to Scotland's national bard —a large book-case crammed full, and any quantity of clippings and fragments of Burnsiana.

"On the prairies of Iowa I found Scotchmen making the wilderness blossom as the rose, and visited the farm of Blairgowrie, where Mr. Adamson, of that ilk in Scotland, has 2,400 acres under cultivation, with a farm-steading and stock of all kinds that would do credit to the Lothians. In Chicago I found on the Stock Yards and the Produce Exchange energetic Scotsmen, trusted and true.

"In manufactures I found in Appleton, Wis., Holyoke and East Hampton, Mass., Lancaster, Penn., and other places, proprietors of large, thriving works, or managing members of important corporations, or superintendents of immense factories, that hailed from Scotland, and were serving their generation nobly by worthily holding up her old blue banner.

"In Canada I found Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister, full of vigor, full of fight, and full of 'bon hommie,' and the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, now ex-Premier, who had for so long served the Dominion faithfully, but is, alas, far from being strong. I would weary you, were I to try to enumerate the men of mettle that came over to this 'immense subject' of America, and have left, and are still leaving, their mark on its every department of life and work. Next to a Scottish birth, a Scottish pedigree is often a matter of boasting, even back into the regions of the Covenanting or Chevalier times."

of education. Under such leaders liberality of thought, scientific speculation and research, philosophical discussion, and all branches of what is termed "the higher education," have gone hand in hand with the spirit of pure Christianity. The head of the educational system in New York for many years was Mr. William Wood, a native of Glasgow, and once a pupil at St. Andrew's University under Dr. Thomas Chalmers. Mr. Wood served several terms as President of the Board of Education, and retired from the Board in 1888, after twenty years' service as Commissioner, with the thanks of the city. The school system of Philadelphia, the second largest city in the Union, is directed by Superintendent McAllister, a Scot, who for several years did good service as head of the educational department at Milwaukee. William Russell, who died at Lancaster, Mass., in 1873, was another Scot who did much for the cause of education in this country. He was a practical teacher, and taught in Philadelphia, Andover, Boston and elsewhere. In 1840 he established a school for teachers in New Haven, Conn., and for many years was director of the Normal School at Lancaster, Mass. For some time Mr. Russell was editor of the *American Journal of Education*, and in that capacity accomplished much good. Knox College, Toronto, is as much a Scottish institution as though it stood on the banks of the Clyde. McGill University, Montreal, owes its origin, name and primal endowment to James McGill, a native of Glasgow, and for many years a merchant in Canada. The usefulness and importance of the University has been increased from time to time by the attentions and benefactions of Peter McGill, Peter Redpath, David Greenshields and other Scots. The Presbyterian College of Montreal also owes its usefulness to many natives of Scotland, such as Mrs. Redpath, Edward Mackay, Joseph Mackay and David Morrice. The colleges at Fredericton, Halifax, and other places in the Maritime Provinces also owe much to the gifts of Scotsmen.*

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* In a sermon preached before the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, in 1887, the Rev. F. M. Dewey said: "Coming nearer home, we find that our seats of learning owe their existence and progress very largely to Scotchmen. If the history of such institutions as Dalhousie College, Halifax; Morrin College, Quebec; McGill University, Montreal; Queen's University, Kingston; the University of Toronto and Manitoba College, be inquired into, this statement will be borne out. Not only have their endowments come largely from Scotchmen, but their professors are in many cases of that nationality, and in every case it is a Scotchman who is the principal of the institution."

There is hardly a university on the continent in which Scotland is not associated in some way, either in its past history or its present management or tuition, and many of the text books used are imported direct from the dear old land.

Scottish scientists have won many honors and high rank on this side of the Atlantic. Dr. James Craik, Washington's family physician and comrade-in-arms, was born in Auld Scotia and became the foremost medical man of his time in this country. Alexander Gardner, another Scot, who died at Charleston, S. C., in 1792, was one of the leading botanists of his day. He corresponded with Linnæus, and wrote many scientific papers of great value. William Maclure, who died in 1840, was one of the best practical geologists in the United States, and his writings are still valuable, although his special study has made wonderful progress since his day. He bequeathed his library, drawings, maps, charts, and many of his specimens to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, together with $20,000 to erect a building to contain them. The site selected for the city of Washington was suggested to the first President by George Walker, the son of a farmer at Sheardale, Clackmannanshire. He was a land surveyor and his practised eye saw the advantages which the site possessed for the erection of a great city. Among scientists I may class Henry Eckford, who once gave New York the reputation of building the best wooden ships in the world. He was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, in 1775, and went to Canada when sixteen years of age. He learned the art of shipbuilding from his uncle, John Black, at Quebec, and in 1797 came to New York and soon established himself in business and won an enviable reputation for his work. During the war of 1812 he constructed a fleet of vessels for service on the great lakes. In 1820 he became naval constructor at Brooklyn and built several war ships. His reputation as a ship builder extended far beyond his adopted country, and in 1831 he accepted an invitation to settle in Constantinople to establish a governmental navy yard. He died, however, shortly after landing in Turkey. His daughter became the wife of the American poet Drake. James Ferguson, who died in 1867, was one of the engineers who laid out the Erie canal. His astronomical researches were of great importance and in the annals of that science he will be remembered as the discoverer of several asteroids. He held

the position during his later years of assistant astronomer in the United States Naval Observatory. Sir W. E. Logan, a native of Montreal, and the son of Scotch parents, rose to be the head of the geological survey in Canada. His chief assistant in the survey was Alexander Murray, a native of Dollerie, Perthshire. Dr. George Lawson, a native of Maryton, a village on the banks of the Tay, as a botanist and chemist, reflected credit on the University of Kingston, Ont., in which he was one of the professors. Sir J. W. Dawson, the president of the Montreal meeting of the British Association in 1884, is of Scottish descent.

If we turn to the church, we will also find Scotland fully represented. In New York a number of the leading pulpits are occupied by Scots, or men of Scottish descent. The principal Congregational church, the Broadway Tabernacle, is presided over by the Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, a native of Kilmarnock, and even so thoroughly a Knickerbocker congregation as that of the Dutch Reformed Church, on Twenty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, has for its emeritus pastor the Rev. Dr. William Ormiston, a native of Lanarkshire and formerly a minister in Ontario. Another Scottish minister who has come to New York (or rather to its vicinity) by way of Canada, is the Rev. Dr. Waters, of Newark, formerly of St. John, N. B. The Rev. Dr. Cochrane, now of Brantford, Ont., who claims Paisley as his birthplace, was formerly a minister in Jersey City. Philadelphia has Dr. Blackwood as the representative of the Scottish element among its clergy. Chicago has Bishop McLaren, a gentleman of ripe scholarship and an honor to the Episcopal Church, and most of the large cities on the Continent might thus be named. In Canada, Scotch ministers are, as the auctioneers used to say, "too numerous to mention," and it is a significant fact that a majority of all the moderators of the Presbyterian Church there have been natives of the "land of the Covenant and the Sabbath." Among Scottish-American ministers who faithfully followed their holy calling on this side of the Atlantic, an interesting volume might be written. Selecting a few representative names at random, we may mention Dr. Alexander McLeod, a native of Mull, who was pastor of the first Reformed Presbyterian Church in New York for many years prior to his death in 1833. His writings against slavery, as well as upon religious

topics, did good service in their day; John McLean, a Banffshire man, was bishop of Saskatchewan when he died, after an interesting career, in 1887. His success in life was the result of patient endeavor and downright hard work. These are great names in the ministry, but hundreds of lesser degree might be mentioned, whose work was just as earnest and as enduring although known to only their immediate friends and the people among whom they labored. Many in North Carolina, for instance, will yet have pleasant memories of the Rev. John C. Sinclair, who died at Wheeling, W. Va., in 1878. He was born in the Island of Tiree, Argyllshire, August 15, 1800, and studied at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, in the latter of which he graduated with great credit, particularly in the classics and mathematics. In 1838 he emigrated with his family to Pictou, Nova Scotia. There he soon established for himself a position and reputation as a ripe scholar and an eloquent preacher. In 1852 he removed to Newburyport, Mass., where he remained only for a short time; and after several other changes he finally settled in 1858 in North Carolina. He there enjoyed great success. His fluency as a Gaelic scholar and preacher made him very attractive to thousands of his Scottish Highland fellow countrymen and their descendants in that State.

In the offices of the church, where all its business arrangements are thought over and carried out, and its finances managed, Scotsmen are also found particularly active. Business and theology are, in fact, two points on which the Scottish intellect is particularly strong. A splendid example of this combination of religious activity and business principles may be found in the history of Walter Lowrie, a native of Edinburgh. He was educated in Pennsylvania with a view to entering the ministry. Instead of the pulpit, however, he found himself at the age of twenty-seven occupying a seat in the Senate of Pennsylvania. He served as a senator for seven years, and then was elected to the Senate of the United States. In 1824 he was made secretary of the Senate, and might have held that office for life, but he had other purposes in view. In 1836 he became corresponding secretary of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, and in 1837 was elected to the same office in the Presbyterian Church, and continued so to labor for thirty-two years with marked

success. He was also the founder of the Congressional prayer-meeting, and of the Congressional Total Abstinence Society, but it is questionable whether either of these organizations did much good among the parties they were intended to benefit. Lowrie died in 1868, revered and honored by missionaries and teachers all over the world, and by thousands of good people in this country.

One name which must ever shine among the real benefactors of this country is that of Mrs. Isabella Graham, a native of Lanarkshire, where she was born in 1742. Her husband was a surgeon in the British army, and in 1766, one year after her marriage, she accompanied him to Canada, and resided for several years at Fort Niagara. From there she removed to the Island of Antigua, where her husband died in 1774 leaving her penniless, with three infant daughters, while a son was born soon after she became a widow. By the assistance of friends the family was enabled to return to Scotland. Mrs. Graham established a boarding house in Edinburgh and prospered exceedingly. One-tenth of her income she devoted to charity, remembering how she was once indebted to kindly aid in her own hour of need, and to the closes and wynds of "Auld Reekie" she made regular visits, going about continually doing good, cheering the destitute by her alms, and administering religious consolation to the weary, down-hearted and fallen. Her labors also led her to organize many schemes by which the poor might help themselves, and her "Penny Society" did a wonderful amount of good. In 1785 Mrs. Graham, at the request of many friends, came to this country and settled in New York. Immediately after her arrival she opened a school, and within a month had gathered into it fifty pupils. She continued in that vocation for thirteen years with great success. While attending to her scholastic work, however, Mrs. Graham did not neglect those charitable and religious duties which lay so near to her heart. She continued to give of her income to the poor as the Lord prospered her. Day after day she spent several hours in the humbler homes of the city and suburbs, doing good, and the society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Children, was organized at her house. Mrs. Graham was also one of the most active founders of the Orphan Asylum and the Magdalene Society, and in Sabbath school work she took a deep interest. After she gave up

her school, she continued her charitable and religious labors and was ever foremost in helping along all practical movements which were designed to promote the temporal or spiritual welfare of the poor. So much was her work appreciated that we are told she was often blessed by the people as she walked along the streets, and even her very presence was as a ray of sunshine in every darkened and poverty-stricken home into which she entered. This good woman died in 1814. One of her daughters married, in 1795, David Bethune, a native of Scotland, and a prosperous merchant of New York. He actively assisted his mother-in-law in her noble work, and during his whole life was noted for his benevolence and his evangelical zeal. He printed and distributed thousands of tracts, imported Bibles for circulation among the poor, either gratuitiously or at nominal cost, supported several Sabbath schools and, like Mrs. Graham, laid aside a tenth of his income every year for religious purposes. He died in 1824. Long residence in this country, and an active participation in its affairs never caused Mr. Bethune to lose his love for his native land. To the last he was an enthusiast about Scotland, and unlike so many other Scottish-Americans infused a part, at least, of his love for the mother-land into his children. One of his sons, the Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D., a minister in Brooklyn, in which city his name is still held in veneration, wrote one of the most popular of modern Scotch songs, with a purity of sentiment and expression, and an evident appreciation of the musical power of the Doric which would have done honor to one who had never been removed from the mother-land. That song commencing: —

> "O! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs
> I' the braid Scottish tongue,
> The sangs my father wished to hear,
> The sangs my mither sung,"

touches the heart of the Scot abroad wherever it is sung, and is one of those gems full of kindly feeling and reminiscence, which have made Scottish minstrelsy so popular over the world. Dr. Bethune wrote many other poems, and several volumes on theological subjects of importance and value, but this little, tender, simple home song will keep his memory green long after these have been forgotten.

In point of numbers, the Scotch lawyers in this country and Canada beat the ministers three to one. The land is

full of them, and if our Scottish-American "writers" are not as deep and tricky as the famed lawyers of Philadelphia, they are more conservative, cautious, and devoted to their clients. In the olden days Robert Wright and James Michie each became Chief Justice of South Carolina and have left enviable records behind them. In more modern times we find such Scots as the late Sir William Young and Chief Justice Henry upholding the dignity and integrity of the law in the Canadian Courts. In the States we find that Justice Mitchell, of the Supreme Court in Minneapolis, is of Scottish descent, as is the Hon. J. B. Gilfillan, one of the leaders of the Minnesota bar. Judge McDonald, of Shakespere, Wis., was born in Scotland, and Chief Justice David McAdam, of the New York City Court, is of immediate Scottish descent. In this connection it may be mentioned that George Chalmers, the celebrated Scotch antiquary and historian, whose great work on "Caledonia" remains a monument to his patriotism and ability, immigrated to this country in 1763 and practised law until the outbreak of the Revolution, when he returned to Britain. A more recent literary Scotch lawyer is Mr. D. J. Bannatyne, of New York, a native of Glasgow, whose work on the "Republican Institutions of the United States" is a model of its kind.

In literature the Scot not only holds his own on this side of the Atlantic, but is doing his best to make the literature of the continent really worthy of its greatness in other respects. Canada can point to Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Mr. J. Stewart, Mr. Wm. J. Raffray, Mr. Alex. McKenzie, Prof. Clark Murray, and Mr. James Hannay among its Scottish prose writers, and Evan McColl, Alexander McLachlan, Charles Mair, and A. T. Wingfield among its poets

In the States, Wilson's American Ornithology retains its preeminence, and such names as Barbour, Moffatt, Wilson and Hutton show that as "makers of books" Scotsmen have a more than passing popularity. The grandest name, however, in all Scottish-American literature, is that of the venerable ex-President of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, Dr. James McCosh, a native of Ayrshire. Under his practical guidance and wise government, Princeton as a seat of learning made marvelous progress in the perfection of its curriculum, the number of its students, and the ex-

tent of its buildings and endowments. In philosophy Dr. McCosh is now the most eminent teacher of the time, and the result of his latest studies is a system or school of thought, which America may regard as its own, and which combines all that is good and true in the older philosophic schools of Scotland and Europe. The Rev. Dr. Charles Nisbet, at one time a minister in Montrose, and who died in 1804 after being President of Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, was the best authority on belles-lettres and systematic theology in this country during his time. His collected writings are still prized by students. Robert Dale Owen's speculative works still have a weird interest. The Rev. Dr. Turnbull, long a Baptist minister at Hartford, Conn., was a graceful writer, whose writings deserve a better fate than the neglect into which they have fallen. His treatise on "The Genius of Scotland" should especially commend itself to his countrymen here. The late Robert Macfarlane, of Albany, N. Y., was one of the pleasantest writers on Scottish and antiquarian subjects who ever lived in this country. His favorite nom-de-plume "Ruthenglen," adopted from his native town, was always welcomed in the New York *Scottish-American*, to which for many years he was a regular and appreciated contributor. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, has won a high reputation as a religious writer, as well as a preacher, and in theology especially, Scottish-American writers have added much to the literary wealth of the country.

Among Scottish-American poets many a delightful hour might be spent, for the poetic Scot does not leave his harp behind him when he crosses the Atlantic. One of the best of the poems by Wilson, the ornithologist, is an account of a journey he made from Philadelphia to the Falls of Niagara. Andrew Scott, of Bowden, the author of the famous border ballad, "Symon and Janet," was a soldier in this country during the Revolutionary war, and wove many of his verses when a prisoner on Long Island. Hew Ainslie, who was born at Bargeny Mains, Ayrshire, came to this country in 1822, and died at Louisville, Ky., in 1878. His little poem, "The Ingleside," has been more frequently quoted than the production of any other Scottish-American poet. William Wilson, of Crieff, who died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1860, wrote at least one song—"When the sun

gaes down," which has established itself as a favorite. John Burtt, author of a song "O'er the mist-shrouded clifts," which has been ascribed to Burns, and who was born at Riccarton, Ayrshire, in 1789, came to this country in 1817 and studied theology at Princeton. He was successively minister of churches at Salem, N. J., and Cincinnati, Ohio, and at the latter place edited a newspaper called *The Standard.* He was an eloquent preacher as well as a poet of considerable originality and gracefulness. After an active life he retired in 1859 to Salem, N. J., where he died, respected and beloved, in 1866. Mrs. Grant, of Carron, whose "Memoirs of an American Lady" is one of the most interesting books regarding early life in New York ever written, was born in Glasgow in 1755. She accompanied her father to this country in 1758, and was in America for ten years. Her residence here was mainly at Albany, and she delighted the ladies of that then Dutch town by her juvenile talent. She was a graceful descriptive writer; a brilliant letter writer, and a woman of industry and sterling independence. She first became an authoress, with the view of supporting her children, after the death of her husband—a poor clergyman.

The limits of this article will not allow me to pursue this theme, congenial as it is, much further, but I cannot leave the poets without some mention of the late David Gray, of Buffalo, the sweetest of all Scottish-American singers. Gray was born at Edinburgh in 1836, and came to this country while early in his teens. In 1859 he obtained a position on the staff of the Buffalo *Courier*, and gradually rose until in 1867 he became its chief editor. He held that position until 1882 when he retired with his health broken down. He died in 1888 as the result of injuries received in a railway collision near Binghamton, N. Y., while on his way to Cuba for rest and recreation. The following poem on "The last Indian Council on the Genesee," and referring to Glen Iris, N. Y., has often been quoted:

> The fire sinks low, the drifting smoke
> Dies softly in the autumn haze,
> And silent are the tongues that woke
> In speech of other days.
> Gone, too, the dusky ghosts whose feet
> But now yon listening thicket stirred;
> Unscared within its covert meet
> The squirrel and the bird.

"The story of the past is told.
But thou, O Valley sweet and lone!
Glen of the rainbow! thou shalt hold
Its romance as thine own.
Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime
Shall sometimes tinge thy summer dreams,
And shape to low poetic rhyme,
The music of thy streams

"When Indian Summer flings her cloak
Of brooding azure on the woods,
The pathos of a vanished folk
Shall haunt thy solitudes.
The blue smoke of their fires once more
Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,
And sunset's golden clouds restore
The red man's paradise.

"Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue
Shall cling to many a crag and cave,
In wash of falling waters sung,
Or murmur of the wave.
And oft in midmost hush of night,
Still o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar,
Shall ring the war-cry from the height,
That woke the wilds of yore.

"Sweet Vale! more peaceful bend thy skies,
The airs be fraught with rarer balm
A people's busy tumult lies
Hushed in thy sylvan calm.
Deep be thy peace! while fancy frames
Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled,—
They loved thee, called thee gentle names,
In the long summers dead.

"Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke
Has vanished in the autumn haze;
Gone too, O Vale, the simple folk
Who loved thee in old days.
But, for their sakes—their lives serene—
Their loss, perchance as sweet as ours—
Oh, be thy woods for aye more green,
And fairer bloom thy flowers!"

In journalism we find the Scot in the foremost ranks. The New York *Herald* was founded by James Gordon Bennett, a native of Aberdeen. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York *Tribune*, is of immediate Scotch descent. One of the editors of *Harper's Weekly*, John Foord, is a native of Dundee. William Swinton has had a stirring and changeful career as a newspaper correspondent, editor and man of letters. Thomas C. Latto, of the Brooklyn *Times*, a native of Edinburgh, is perhaps better known as a song writer than a journalist, but his long connection with the press warrants his being mentioned here. Colonel McClure, the best known journalist in Philadelphia, claims Scottish descent. George Brown, of the Toronto *Globe*, was a native of Edinburgh, and the founder of the Montreal *Witness*, Mr. John Dougall, was a native of Paisley. The

Guelph *Mercury* was owned and edited for nearly a quarter of a century by George Pirie, a native of Aberdeen, and a lyrical poet of much ability. Daniel Morrison, a native of Inverness, did good service as a journalist on such papers as the Toronto *Leader* and the New York *Tribune*. The most original thinker among New York editors is John Swinton, a native of Haddington, and Andrew McLean, of the Brooklyn *Citizen*, hails from Dumbartonshire. The *Scottish-American*, of New York, is owned and edited by A. M. Stewart, a native of Clackmannanshire. In fact we might go into the editorial rooms of every newspaper of note in the United States or Canada, and we would be sure to find the ubiquitous Scot there in some capacity. If not in the editorial chair he is acting as a reporter, ready to spring into it whenever the opportunity offers. Even from the composing room his eyes are cast in the direction of the "sanctum," and sooner or later, if his mind is thoroughly set upon it, he will find himself installed in that mysterious apartment. A case in point, fully illustrative of this is that of the late George Dawson, of Albany, N. Y. He was born at Falkirk in 1813, and went to Canada with his parents when quite young. He learned type-setting in the office of the Niagara *Gleaner*. In 1826 he was working as a compositor on the *Anti-Masonic Enquirer* at Rochester, N. Y. The editor, the late Thurlow Weed, saw that the Scotch lad was diligent, full of resources, and anxious to get on. In 1830 Mr. Weed founded the Albany *Evening Journal*, and a year later he established young Dawson, then only eighteen years old, in his office as foreman. Besides acting in that capacity Mr. Dawson was sent to the capitol to report the doings of the Legislature, and by degrees wrote on any subject that came before him. This accustomed him to be quick and ready with his pen, enabled him to become a practical journalist, and fully overcome the deficiency of his early education. In 1836 he accepted the editorship of the Rochester *Democrat*, and for three years filled that position with every satisfaction. Then he went to Detroit and became editor of the *Advertiser*. The party whose cause he championed won a gubernatorial election through his aid, and his services were rewarded by receiving the appointment of State printer. In 1842 a fire destroyed his office and broke up his business in Detroit. He went back to Rochester, and resumed the

editorial chair of the *Democrat*, and in 1846, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Weed, he returned to Albany, and became associated with his old friend in the management of the *Evening Journal*, and a partner in the firm which owned it. Mr. Dawson continued to be the trusted lieutenant of Mr. Weed until the withdrawal of that gentleman in 1862, when he became sole editor. This position he retained, except during two brief intervals, until a few months before his death in 1883. In politics as well as in journalism, Mr. Dawson made himself a power in the State, while as President of the Albany St. Andrew's Society, and one of its active members, he showed that he never lost his love for auld Scotland.

In art, Scotsmen in America have not failed to reflect credit on their native land. The first picture gallery in this country was that of John Watson, a Scotch painter, who resided at Perth Amboy, and died shortly before the Revolution. Among Scottish artists who have won renown in this country, mention may be made of John Smibert, an Edinburgh man, who settled in Boston in 1728. Several of his portraits still adorn Yale College. James McDougal Hart and his brother, William Hart, are two Scottish artists who were among the first to make American landscape painting eminent. Gilbert C. Stuart, who painted the portraits of Washington and many of the Revolutionary heroes, was of Scottish descent, and learned the rudiments of his profession from a Scotch artist named Alexander. Alex. Anderson, who died at an advanced age in 1870, was the first engraver on wood in this country, and attained great skill. He illustrated the first edition of Webster's Speller and many of the publications of the American Tract Society. His father was a true Scot and American patriot and printed the "Constitutional Gazette" in the Revolution.

Scottish merchants are to be found everywhere and in every branch of business. As dry goods men especially, they are the most prominent all over the country. The late James Roy, of West Troy, N. Y., may be mentioned as a good specimen of the Scottish-American merchant. He was born at Alva in 1808, and came to this country in 1834. After working for a while with a brother, who owned a brewery at Pittsfield, Mass., he settled at Troy and began business as a weaver of woolens, under the firm name of

James Roy & Co. The business done by the firm was from the first quite extensive, and financially was very successful. Mr. Roy was the first to introduce into this country the machinery for weaving woolen shawls, and in these the firm did a large trade. Altogether four places were required for the business of the firm—one at Schenectady, and three at West Troy. In public life Mr. Roy enjoyed in the highest possible degree the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He was a director of the West Troy Bank from its origin, and for three years acted as its president. He was also a trustee of that city for over twenty years. There was, indeed, no office in the gift of his neighbors that he might not have held had he wished it. In private life Mr. Roy evinced many admirable qualities. He was liberal almost to a fault; his hand was ever open, and in him the poor always found a kind and generous friend. Of his many charities no record was ever kept, but an intimate friend estimated that he gave away in small sums at least $50,000. He died in 1878. Such old firms as the late one of Hogg, Brown & Taylor, in Boston, have in their time been the means of starting large dry-goods houses all over the country. In most of these houses we find salesmen and clerks almost entirely from Scotland, as the Scot is believed to know the dry goods business much more thoroughly than his American comrade. This simply arises from the fact that in Scotland, "the draper," as he is there called, serves a regular apprenticeship of five years, and during that time is carefully initiated into all the mysteries of the business. In America, as soon as a boy begins to look like a man he thinks himself fitted for a man's work and demands a man's wages. This holds good as far as other businesses are concerned, and gives the Scotch-bred mechanic a grand advantage in after-life over a co-laborer who has learned his business here. The old-fashioned apprenticeship system has its hardships and disadvantages, but on the whole its benefits are incalculable. A Scotch marine or railway engineer, carpenter, smith, weaver or other artisan, other things being equal, is of more service than one who has "picked up" his trade here in the usual hurried manner. The Scot understands his work thoroughly in all its details, and this very understanding gives him a certain degree of pride in his task, and a desire to make it approach as close perfection as possible.

Whatever faults may be found with the nationality, and among the principal faults are its clannishness and fondness of the bawbees, it is generally conceded on all sides that its influence on this continent has been for good. Even the faults mentioned, allowing them to be faults, which I certainly do not, have had beneficial results. The clannishness has developed a series of national charitable societies, under the name of Saint Andrew, by means of which, notwithstanding the admiration of the bawbee, thousands of dollars are yearly distributed among brither Scots who have fallen by the way. Some of these societies are older than the United States, and many, such as those of Montreal, New York, Baltimore and Albany, possess considerable funds. The histories of a number of these societies have been published, and furnish much interesting information regarding the Scottish residents of their particular sections. Such is the case particularly with the Scots' Charitable Society of Boston and the St. Andrew's societies of Charleston, Philadelphia and Albany.

The clannishness of the Scots has also developed a number of other societies, organized mainly for social purposes, although nearly all possess some charitable features. The Caledonian clubs of the United States, the oldest of which is that of Boston, and the Caledonian societies of Canada, with that of Montreal as the premier, may be regarded as the foremost of these organizations. Their object is to foster a taste for the ancient athletic games of Scotland, to promote social intercourse, to perpetuate Scottish music, and to encourage the wearing of the Highland dress. Many of these societies and clubs have large memberships, and some of their annual games have been attended by thousands of spectators. They have done more to promote a love for outdoor sports of a harmless and pleasant nature throughout this country than any other agency. The college games and amateur contests, now so common all over the country, are mainly an adaptation of the games given every year under the auspices of the Scots in America. The winter game of curling is also a Scottish importation.

Besides these there are the Order of Scottish Clans, the Order of Sons of Scotland, Burns clubs, Midlothian clubs, Highland societies, and the like. It may safely be said that wherever a score of Scots are settled they have an organiza-

tion of some sort in their midst, around which they can rally when occasion requires or the humor seizes them. Unlike other national associations, these organizations have no political importance and desire no political influence. They exist mainly to gratify a national sentiment, and they leave their members free to act as citizens of the land of their adoption as they may individually see fit. This has given them a degree of honor in the eyes of most people and helped to enhance the standing of the nationality in the community.

Whatever the Scot does, whether he builds a railroad, digs a mine, fires a shot, preaches a sermon or sings a song, he does it with all his heart and with all his might, thoroughly, completely and grandly. He walks through life hoping so to conduct himself that he will win the esteem of his neighbors, the commendation of his friends, and perhaps make his family a little better and more aristocratic than himself; for the Scot at heart is undoubtedly an aristocrat, although Presbyterianism has developed him into a sound republican. In America he prides himself upon being, above all things, equally loyal to the land he has left and the land he lives in, and the histories of Canada and the United States show that to this sentiment he has undoubtedly been true. He possesses a grand record for courage, earnestness, honor, truth, religion and success. Such a record entitles him to respect wherever he goes, and inspires him with hope and confidence for the present and the future. God grant that this glorious record may go down through the ages not only undimmed, but strengthened and increased as years follow after years.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

THE clannishness of Scotsmen has become proverbial all over the world, and is more frequently alluded to by "foreigners" with a sneer than with any degree of encomium. Other nationalities, except in one respect, are quite as clannish as the Scots, and it is therefore difficult to understand why this quality in our countrymen should be ridiculed and talked about as though it were something which other people should not imitate. The clannishness of the Scot has nothing in its make up which is not found commendable in family life. Besides, it is an expensive characteristic at times. It costs money. It makes the canny Scot put his hand in his pouch now and again, an act which his enemies or traducers do not give him much credit for, and in thus backing up his nationality with his bawbees, the Scot's clannishness is different from that of anyone else. In the United States, for instance, as far as my observation has gone, the Scot spends in charity among his ain folk ten times as much as the Englishman, twenty times as much as the wanderer from "Vaterland," and fifty times as much as any other nationality which might be named. Of course, the Scotsman is hard and careful in money matters. When he gets a dollar he looks at both sides of it, and he holds a penny in his hand very closely until the moment comes that he has to spend it. But when a tale of distress is poured into his ear, when the widow and orphan appeal to his aid, when his judgement is sure that by undoing the tight band around his purse-strings he can alleviate misery or help the poor to rise in the world, no man is more willing or more generous. This is equally a characteristic of the Scot at home. In the grand old city of Edinburgh may be found charitable and educational in-

stitutions of which any nation might be proud, homes for the sick, the blind, the infirm, the aged, the orphan, or the widow, established and endowed by kindly Scots, and maintained without national or municipal aid. The practical nature of the people is illustrated by the educational facilities which Scottish benefactors have placed within the reach of the poor, and, long before school boards came into existence, thousands of Edinburgh children were thoroughly educated in such institutions as Heriot's, Stewart's or Watson's hospitals, and the free Heriot schools.

But in dealing with clannishness and its results we come mainly in contact with the Scot Abroad. So far as I can learn, the common talk of the national clannishness originated several centuries ago on the continent of Europe. A large number of Scots fought in Sweden and Germany—soldiers of fortune like Dugald Dalgetty—but still men with warm hearts and kindly sentiments who ever maintained a regard for their motherland amidst all the smiles or frowns which the fortunes of the wars brought them. The long friendship which existed between Scotland and France, made the latter country quite a favorite with the warlike Caledonians, especially in those rare intervals when peace reigned on the north side of the Tweed. The Scots Guards in France by its loyalty to the cause it adopted, its proved reliability for all sorts of service which the exigencies of the State demanded, as well as by its valor, rose to be a power in the land to which it gave its services, and its record as it has come down to us is not equaled in its tales of perilous adventures, reckless bravery, determined resistance and deeds of gallantry by that of any other body of men in either ancient or modern times.

The Scots Guards appear to have been first organized by King Charles VII. They were the most trusted of all the royal troops and the royal person was virtually placed in their care. An old record tells us that "two of them assisted at mass, vespers, and ordinary meals, on high holidays at the ceremony of the royal touch, and the erection of the knights of the king's order; at the reception of extraordinary ambassadors, and public entries of cities there must be six of their number next to the king's person, three on each side of his majesty and the body of the king must be carried by these only, wheresoever ceremony requires, and his effigy

must be attended by them. They have the keeping of the key of the king's lodging at night, the keeping of the choir of the church, the keeping the boats when the king passes the river, the honor of bearing the white silk fringe in their arms which is the coronal color in France, the keys of all the cities where the king makes his entry given to their captain in waiting or out of waiting." In 1547 Henry II. granted letters of naturalization to the Scots Guards, and Henry IV. not only confirmed this privilege but extended it to all Scots then residing in France, or who might afterwards take up their residence there. Thus the Guards not only received benefits for themselves but their fame caused a share, at least, of their privileges to become the common property of their countrymen. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Quentin Durward," gives us a capital idea of the consequence in which these Guards were held and of the life they led at court and in the field. Here is a description of the equipment of one of the troopers, the maternal uncle of the hero of the story. "He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. * * * The archer's gorget, arm pieces and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk or shirt of mail was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or briar. He wore a loose surcoat or cassock of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like those of a herald, with a large white St. Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel. A broad strong poniard (called the Mercy of God), hung by his right side, the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder, but for convenience he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside." This important looking personage was a gentleman by birth and station, a fact which neither he nor any of his comrades were ever likely to forget. Here is Sir Walter Scott's graphic description of the splendors of the Guards: "The French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in

place and honor, and their near approach to the king's person gave them dignity in their own eyes as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped and mounted ; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page and two yeomen. * * * With these followers and a corresponding equipage, an archer of the Scottish Guards was a person of quality and importance, and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets. The cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend or relation in those capacities until a chance of preferment should occur."

In 1419 the Earl of Buchan landed at Rochelle with a force variously computed at 7,000 to 10,000 Scottish troops. Though the Scots were looked upon at first with suspicion as "sacs a vin et mangeurs du mouton," their valor at the battle of Bauge, in 1421, won the first success for Charles VII. The following particulars regarding the exploits of the Scots Guards at Bourge are gleaned from the Rev. W. Forbes Leith's history. Under the command of the Earls of Buchan and Wigtown, they fought valiantly ; and it was to them in great part that Charles owed his victory. The two armies were separated by a rapid river, crossed by a narrow bridge. On the 23d of March the Scottish general had sent a detachment, commanded by Sir John Stewart, of Darneley, and the Sire de Fontaines, to reconnoitre. This troop, coming upon the English unawares, fell back in time to warn Buchan of the approach of the Duke of Clarence. Happily he had a short time to make ready for an advance, whilst Sir Robert Stewart, of Railston, and Sir Hugh Kennedy kept the bridge with a small advanced corps, over which the Duke of Clarence with his best officers tried to force a passage, having left the great bulk of the army to follow as best they could.

The effects of this manœuvre were, by a strange coincidence, the same as at the battle of Stirling, where Wallace defeated Surrey and Cressingham. The Duke of Clarence, conspicuous by the golden crown surmounting his helmet, and by his gorgeous armor, was first attacked vigorously by John Kirkmichael, who broke his lance on him ; then wounded in the face by William Swinton; at last brought to the ground and killed by a blow of a mace by the Earl of

Buchan. The bravest of his knights and men-at-arms fell with him. The Earl of Somerset was taken prisoner by Lawrence Vernor, a Scot; and his brother by Sir John Stewart of Darneley; the Earl of Huntington by John Sibbald, a Scotch knight; and the Sire de Fewalt by Henry Cunningham.

The rest, furious at the disaster, rushed to the bridge to take revenge; but they were killed or taken prisoners, as they arrived, by the Scots. According to Monstrelet, two or three thousand English lay dead on the spot. As might have been expected, the Scots were, at first, regarded with dislike and contempt by the French people. Owing to their habits of enforced abstemiousness at one time, and the excesses in which they indulged at others, they were denounced to Charles as *sacs a vin et manguers de mouton.* Charles paid but little heed to these murmurs; but after the battle of Bauge he summoned the accusers before him and said: "What think ye now of these Scotch mutton-eaters and windbags?" "The malcontents," says the quaint chronicle, "as if they had been struck with a hammer on the head, knew not what to reply." At Verneuil, in 1424, the English gained a bloody victory, but the Scots fought to the last with stubborn determination. The French were exhausted and terrified; the royal cause seemed almost hopeless. Charles VII. had few whom he could trust, and the personal loyalty of the Scottish mercenaries was the strongest support on which he could lean. The traditional account that the Scots Guards was established after the battle of Verneuil is confirmed by Mr. Forbes Leith's researches into the Registres de la Chambres des Comtes. On July 8th, 1425, the first mention is found of a body of men-at-arms and archers ordained to guard the person of the king, under the command of Christin Chambre, Esquire, of Scotland. When Joan of Arc began her heroic struggle, the Scots warmly devoted themselves to her service. One Scottish soldier, Walter Bowe, returned to his native land after Joan's death, and became a monk at Inch Colme, where he continued Fordun's Chronicle and commemorated the deeds of Joan, "whom I saw and knew, and in whose company I was present to her life's end." In all the work of the recovery of France the Scots took a prominent part, till the throne of Charles VII. was secure. But when peace was

re-established soldiers were a hindrance to the national security. Bands of freebooters ravaged the country, and the work of restoring internal order was as difficult as that of securing peace. A happy chance gave Charles VII. the opportunity of sending 30,000 soldiers to help Frederick III. to prosecute the quarrel of the house of Austria against the Swiss. In this expedition they suffered greatly from the vengeance of the peasantry, which they awakened by their ravages. When the remnant returned to France Charles VII. was ready to strike a blow against military license. Many were dismissed from service, and the rest were formed into fifteen *compagnies d'ordonnance*, which were the beginning of the French standing army. Two of these companies were formed from the Scots—"Les Gendarmes Ecossais" and "La Compagnie Ecossaise de la Garde due Corps du Roi."

The services done by Scotsmen to France naturally caused many honors to be conferred upon them. In 1422 John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, was made Constable of the kingdom, and a year later, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, was created Duke of Turenne. Both these heroes were killed, fighting for their adopted flag at the battle of Verneuil. In 1424 a large number of Scotch soldiers arrived in France under the charge of a warrior named David Patullo, of whose exploits we know nothing, but they must have been extraordinary, for in that year Sir John Stewart of Darnley, another Constable of France, was invested with the lordship of Aubigney, and created a Marshal of France. During the defense of New Orleans the bishop of the See of Orleans was a Scot named John Kirkmichael, who appears to have been as brave a soldier as he was a good priest. While the siege lasted the bishop and the Scottish residents greatly distinguished themselves by their valor. When Joan of Arc made her way to the beleagured city she was accompanied by Sir Patrick Ogilvy and a large number of Scottish soldiers, and when the siege was ended the French heroine and the Scottish bishop headed the procession that went from church to church and returned thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance. When King Charles was crowned at Rheims, bishop Kirkmichael was one of the consecrating clergy. Bernard Stewart, of Aubigne, probably enjoyed more honors than any other Scot in France. He was twice sent to Scotland as a special

ambassador from France, and fought in 1485 on the winning side at the battle of Bosworth Field in England. His career in campaigns in Italy and Spain won him the greatest reputation as a soldier. He was known as the "Chevalier sans reproche," and Dunbar, the Scottish poet, styled him "the Flower of Chivalry." Among other dignities he held those of Viceroy of Naples, Constable of Sicily and Jerusalem, and Duke of Terra Nova. His second embassy to Scotland was in 1508 to the court of James IV. who received him with much distinction. But his health was then broken, and shortly after being received at court he retired to Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, where he died. By his will he directed that his heart should be sent to St. Ninian's shrine in Galloway, and his body buried in the church of the Blackfriars at Edinburgh. These directions appear to have been faithfully carried out. In 1548 Henry I. conferred the Duchy of Chatelherault on the Earl of Arran, and that title is still held by the Scotch ducal family of Hamilton.

In Moncrieff's "Memories of the Ancient Alliance between the French and Scots," printed at Edinburgh in 1751, I find the following:—"With regard to offices, the Scots have exercised some of the most considerable in France. Mr. Servien, a famous advocate under Henry III., in his pleading before the parliament of Paris relates that Mr. Turnbull, a Scotsman, was a judge in the same parliament, and afterwards first president of the parliament of Rouen. Adam Blackwood was a judge on the bench of Poitiers, and others in courts of justice. The Scots have also possessed in France some of the first dignitaries of the church. Andrew Foreman was Archbishop of Bruges, David Bethune, Bishop of Mirepois, David Panter (or perhaps Panton) and after him James Bethune, Bishop of Glasgow, were successively abbots of L'Absie, besides a great number of priors, canons, curates and other beneficed persons in France. And it is remarkable that, in the year 1586, the cure of St. Come at Paris having been conferred by the University upon John Hamilton, having been disputed him by a French ecclesiastic who protested against Hamilton as being a Scotsman, Hamilton's cause was pleaded in the parliament of Paris by Mr. Servien, who proved that the Scots enjoyed the right of denizens, and in consequence by decree of the court the provisional possession of the cure was adjudged to Hamilton." William Barclay, a

native of Scotland, was professor of law at Pont a' Mousson in Lorraine, where he died in 1605. His son John, a poet and satirist, accompanied him on a visit to Britain in 1603, and soon attracted the attention of James VI., to whom he dedicated a volume of satirical romance in which the Jesuits were severely handled. His principal work "Argenis," a political allegory, was translated into English three times, as well as into several other languages. Barclay died at Rome in 1621.

An Act of Louis XIV.'s Council of State, signed at Fontainebleau in 1646 specially exempted the Scots from the taxes then imposed upon foreigners, as that exemption had been neglected in the statutes governing these taxes. In the preamble to this act the story of the Scottish friendship with France and the privileges extended to natives of Scotland are thus stated: "Whereas it hath been represented to the King, in his Council, the Queen Regent his mother present, that in the year 789, Charlemagne reigning in France, and Achius in Scotland, the alliance and confederacy having been made between the two kingdoms, offensive and defensive, of crown and crown, king and king, people and people, as is set forth by the Charter called the Golden Bull, it should have until this present continued without any interruption, and been ratified by all the kings, successors of the said Charlemagne, with advantages and prerogatives so peculiar, that not only are the Scots in capacity of acquiring and possessing estates, movable and immovable and benefices in France, and the French in Scotland, without taking out any letters of naturalization; but also it should have been granted to the said Scots to pay only the fourth part of the duties upon all goods which they transport to the said country of Scotland; a privilege which they have ever enjoyed, and do enjoy at this day; that even whatever rupture there may have been between the crowns of France and England since the union of the kingdom of England with that of Scotland, the French have nevertheless been still treated by the Scots as friends and confederates."

In M. Francisque Michel's magnificent work on the "Scots in France," we find that in the 16th and 17th centuries noble French families were as proud of being able to trace their descent from a member of the Scots Guards as

an English baron is to boast of his family having landed in England with the Conqueror. Maximilian de Bethune, the Duke of Sully, imagined himself to descend from the Beatons of Fifeshire and the great Colbert from the Cuthberts of Inverness. The same veneration for Scottish ancestry is shown in France even in our own times. The Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III., was proud of her descent from the family of Kirkpatrick, and Marshal Canrobert, one of the most honored soldiers of the second Empire commenced his genealogical tree in Scotland. Some years ago, M. Leon Scott, an employe in the publishing house of M. Didot, Paris, claimed to be the lineal descendant of Michael Scot of Balwearie, Fifeshire, whose fame as a scholar and magician extended over the whole of Europe from the 12th century. Whether M. Leon Scott's claim to long descent was proven or not, he could have the satisfaction of knowing that his "case" was no weaker than that of Lord Eldon, who claimed to be the direct descendant of the wizard and exerted all his legal argument, logic, and perseverance to verify it. The descendants of the royal family of Stewart made their way all over the continent and can be traced among many of the reigning families of Europe. The royalist princes of France have all Stewart blood in their veins, and the heir-at-line of the old house, as well as of the English house of Tudor, is Maria Teresa, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, neice of the last of the Dukes of Modena in Italy.

In Russia, Scottish seekers after fortune have also made their way to success and come out well ahead in competition with the natives of that great, if somewhat barbarous, country. Early in the 17th century a Scotsman, named George Lermont, left his native land and settled at Belaya, in Poland. Thence he passed into Russia and entered the service of Michael Feodorovick, the first of the Romanoff czars, by whom he is mentioned in a paper dated March 9th, 1621. His descendants Russified their name by the affix "of," making the name Lermantof, and the most famous among them was Michael Andreevich Lermantof, who ranks as one of the foremost poets of Russia. The Scottish origin of the family is acknowledged with pride by its members, and the poet, in one of his pieces, says :

"Beneath the curtain of mist,
Beneath a heaven of storms,
Among the hills of my Scotland,
Lies the grave of Ossian.
Thither flies my weary soul
To breathe its native gale,
And from that forgotten grave
A second time to draw its life."

In another poem, entitled "The Wish," he longs to have the wings of the bird, that he might fly "to the west, where shine the fields of my ancestors," and where, "in the deserted tower, among the misty hills, rests their forgotten dust,"

"And the chords of the harp of Scotland would I touch,
And its sounds would fly along the vaults
By me alone awakened, by me alone listened to,
No sooner resounding than dying away."

But such fancies are vain, for

"Between me and the hills of my fatherland
Spreads the waves of seas;
The last scion of a race of hardy warriors
Withers away amid alien snows."

Probably the best representative of the Scottish soldiers of fortune who made Russia the scene of their operations was General Patrick Gordon. This brave soldier and capable general was born at Easter Auchlenchries, in 1635. His father was a cadet of the house of Haddo, and was blessed with the possession of a small and heavily mortgaged estate. When 16 years of age he was sent to Dantzig, and entered the Jesuit college at Braunsberg, but the quiet life of that seminary did not suit his roving disposition. In 1655 he entered the Swedish service and embarked under its flag in its war against Poland. Taken prisoner by the Poles he entered their service and fought as gallantly against the Swedes as he formerly did for them. The Swedes re-captured him, and without much ado he again drew his sword in their service. A real soldier of fortune truly, and even more unconcerned as to his allegiance than Sir Dugald Dalgetty. He rose, however, to the rank of captain-lieutenant, and as such he offered his services in 1661 to the Czar of Russia, and the offer was at once accepted. His rise in the Russian army was rapid, and in 1665 he was made a colonel. Then having learned of his accession to the grim and poverty-stricken estate of Auchlenchries, a fit of home-sickness came over him, and he desired to retire from the service

and settle down at home as a laird. But this the Czar would not permit, although in the following year he sent him on a political mission to England. In 1670 he fought in the Ukraine against the Cossacks, and seven years later he was fighting the Turks. For his services in this last campaign he was made a major-general, and in 1683 a lieutenant-generalcy was conferred upon him. He was sincerely beloved by Peter the Great, and received many marks of that monarch's affection but none more than were warranted by his devotion and services to the greatest of all the czars, whose life, indeed, he at one time saved. Gordon's latter years were spent in opulence at Moscow, and he died in that city on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, 1699. Speaking of his last moments, one of his biographers says, "The czar, who had visited him five times in his illness, and had been twice with him during the night, stood weeping by his bed as he drew his last breath ; and the eyes of him who had left Scotland a poor unfriended wanderer, were closed by the hands of an emperor."

Another old Aberdeenshire family, the Barclays of Tolly—from the same stock out of which sprang the Barclays of Ury—had its representatives in the Russian service. The founder of the Russian family seemed to have prospered, and unlike Patrick Gordon relinquished all interest in his native land. One of his descendants, Michael Barclay de Tolly, after a brilliant military career, became commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in France at the time that the allied powers of Europe were closing in upon the great Napoleon, and in recognition of his services was created a prince and appointed field marshal. He died in 1818. Shortly before his death, the old family estate of Tolly came into the market and he was urged to purchase it. But he declined as he thought that the family had been so long expatriated from Scotland as to retain no interest in it.

Peter the Great, in his task of creating a navy, was greatly aided by Scotsmen. The services of Paul Jones to Russia are still remembered, and among physicians and professional men generally, natives of Scotland have carried off many of the leading honors. The stories of the Scottish soldiers of fortune, cadets of noble houses, who left their native country and the poverty to which their birth doomed them at home, and won honor for their names and their

native land on the continent of Europe, are full of chivalry, romance, bravery, devotedness and sometimes pathos. These men were not all Dugald Dalgettys, as we are so apt to regard them, since Sir Walter Scott, by his genius, made that chevalier a representative of the race. Notwithstanding all his faults, however, the Knight of Drumthwacket was not altogether an unlovable personage. He was a man of undoubted courage, although he had a full share of the logical cautiousness of his countrypeople; he was vulgar in his manner, but he was honest as steel to whatever flag he agreed to serve under; he was talkative and prosy, but when the proper time came he was full of resource and action; he possessed no statecraft, but he was more than a match for the Earl of Argyll, who imagined he had enough of that quality to endow the whole of Scotland; and his word was as good as his oath, whether given to the Marquis of Montrose or to old MacEagh of the Mist. Notwithstanding his shortcomings, there remains enough about Sir Dugald to make us think about him as a representative soldier of fortune without believing that thereby the honor of the race was imperiled. Few, very few, of these adventurous Scots ever returned to their native land again after buckling on their swords and leaving it in search of fame and fortune. War was a game that was constantly being played in Europe during the 16th and 17th centuries, and the excitements and dangers of these times stifled effectually the craving of home-sickness which so often comes over the Scot Abroad. The battlefields of Low Germany proved the last resting places of many of them, and to those few who survived the dangers of the field, and perhaps found themselves in possession of the fortune for which they started, the changes which met them when they returned to Scotland too often made it no longer a desirable resting place, with memories of what had been and what might have been, constantly before them. This is to me the saddest phase in the lot of the Scot Abroad. I have known men, and women too, toil hard year after year in this country and gradually acquire a competency. Then, when it was won, the long suppressed yearning for home would break out with extraordinary force, and the idea expressed in Allan Cunningham's touching song would constantly be with them:

"Hame, hame, hame. hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie.
* * * * * * *
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie."

The wanderer at length goes home to find it home no longer. Friends and relatives have died or wandered away to other parts of the earth, old landmarks have disappeared or changed, and the place that knew the wanderer now knows him no more. To walk along well-remembered streets, to stand on the very stones one played over when a boy, to see this little reminder of youthful plays or that oft dreamed of nook, and not to see a "kenned face" or get a smile from an acquaintance of auld lang syne is about as bitter an experience as can come to any human being. I remember an old farmer in Michigan, who visited Dumfries after an absence of forty-six years, telling me of his experiences with a sad heart on his return here. The first day after his arrival he remained in his hotel, tired and worn out from the effects of his journey, but with a feeling of self-satisfaction that he was once more at hame. Next day he wandered about the town, and in the leading streets, the changes were so great that *hame* began to seem as far away from him as it was in America. In the by-ways, the lanes, and wynds, time had made fewer alterations, but still enough had occurred to show that the laws of mutability governed even Dumfries. Then he spent several days enquiring after old schoolmates and playfellows, but never gained an answer which gave him the satisfaction he desired. "He's dead," "The whole family went to Australia," "They were last heard of in Canada doing well," "He went to London and never came back," were some of the answers he received, but the most general was "Never heard o' them." The place that afforded him the most information was auld St. Michael's kirkyard, for on many of the tombstones of that hallowed God's-acre he read the names and recalled to his memory a large number of the lights of his own day. But that day was over now, the dream of hame so carefully nursed for nearly half a century was dissipated forever, and the old man turned his face from his native city sad at heart, broken in spirit, a wanderer without a home. The late Dinah Muloch Craik expressed this sensation very beautifully in her little poem entitled, "Coming Home."

"The lift is high and blue,
And the new moon glints through
The bonnie corn-stooks o' Strathairly,
My ship's in Largo Bay,
And I ken it weel the way
Up the steep, steep brae o' Strathairly.

"When I sailed ower the sea,
A laddie bold and free,
The corn sprang green on Strathairly.
When I come back again,
'Tis an auld man walks his lane,
Slow and sad through the fields o' Strathairly.

* * * * * *

"O, the lands' fine, fine!
I could buy it a' for mine;
My gowd's yellow as the stooks o' Strathairly;
But I fain yon lad wad be,
That sailed ower the salt sea,
As the dawn rose gray on Strathairly."

It is needless, almost, to say that the Scots who became soldiers of fortune were all possessed of high courage and most of them were men of as pure chivalry and as noble aspirations as any knight who ever followed Bruce at Bannockburn or accompanied the Douglas when he started on his way to the Holy Land with the heart of his hero in charge. In a volume by John Mackay, of Herriesdale, entitled "An old Scots' Brigade," and published at Edinburgh in 1885, is given a history of Mackay's Regiment and the Scots Brigade which was organized in 1626 and served under Gustavus Adolphus, the famous king of Sweden, during part of the Thirty Years' war. This volume is full of stories of daring deeds and of acts of heroism which should inspire a feeling of pride in every Scottish reader, and it shows that a true chivalrous spirit animated all these gallant soldiers of fortune from the titled chief himself down to the humblest private who trailed a pike. The following account of the defense of Boitzenburg in 1627 by a handful of the men of this command may be regarded simply as an example of a long list of equally brilliant achievements. "On the third day after the departure of Sir Donald Mackay with the main portion of the regiment, the approach of the enemy was announced. But Major Dunbar [afterwards killed at the defence of Bredenburg] had not been idle. He was well versed in the theory as well as in the sterner practice of war and had every qualification for a commander. He left nothing undone that would enable him to defend his post like a man of honor. He undermined the bridge, repaired the weak places in the

walls, and erected a strong sconce on the Lüneberg side of the town. This sconce the enemy resolved to storm. Once across the Elbe, the rich and fertile plains of Holstein could be easily overrun and would be entirely at their mercy. The small garrison of Highlanders numbered only about 800 men while the attacking force was at least 10,000 strong. The first night a gallant and successful sortie was made under the personal leadership of Major Dunbar, and after inflicting a severe punishment on the advanced posts of the Imperialists, the little band returned to the town with scarcely any loss. The enemy were determined to be avenged for this, and on the following day attacked the sconce at all points, but after a long and desperate struggle were beaten off with a loss of over 500 men. But fresh troops were pressed forward, and again the attack was renewed with increased fury ; the front rank rushed on, and with hatchets attempted to force a passage through the palisades ; then the artillery opened fire, and every now and then a heavy cannon shot would boom overhead or crash among the roofs of the houses, or with a dull heavy thud, sink into the turf breastwork of the sconce. The defenders replied with their brass culverins, and every shot must have made a frightful lane through the dense column of attack. A close and deadly fire, too, was poured by the Highland musketeers upon the Imperialists and though the latter replied with equal rapidity yet could not with equal effect, for the Highlanders were protected breast high by the earthen parapets, while the assailants were wholly exposed. The whole fort was soon enveloped in smoke, the enemy could not be seen, but the crash of their axes was heard among the falling palisades and the cries of the wounded told of the fearful carnage. The Imperialists were baffled and again fell back. But a third and even more desperate attempt was made to carry the sconce. * * * The storming parties came on in great force and made a most vigorous assault, but the firing of the Highland musketeers once more told with deadly effect. The thunder of the enemy's artillery was incessant, yet the shot did more damage to the houses of the deserted town than to the earthworks of the sconce. Again the culverins were brought into play, and, under Dunbar's directions, did dreadful execution on the Imperialists, but in spite of this they continued to press on, and the gaps made in their ranks

by the well-directed fire of the Highlanders were constantly and steadily filled up. The loss, however, was not all on the side of the enemy, many of the defenders were killed and a large number wounded. But after a time the firing of the Highlanders slackened and then suddenly ceased. Their supply of ammunition was exhausted! The Imperialists, surprised at the unexpected silence on the part of the defenders, instinctively guessed the cause and redoubling their efforts, made a rush at the walls. The Highlanders, for a moment, were at their wit's end, but the energy of despair prompted them. They tore the sand from the ramparts, and threw it in the eyes of their assailants as they attempted to scale the walls, and then furiously attacking them with the butt ends of their muskets, drove them from the sconce. But it was a dreadful struggle. At last the trumpets of the enemy sounded the retreat, the storming party fell back, the fire of the artillery ceased and Boitzenburg was saved."

Instances of individual heroism on the part of Sir Donald Mackay, Sir John Hepburn and the officers and men under their charge are frequently given in the same work, and after the battle of Leipzig the Scots Brigade was publicly thanked by Gustavus Adolphus for its brilliant services in presence of the whole army. Even the chaplains were soldiers of fortune as well as preachers. One of them, whose name is not recorded, was massacred when the castle of Bredenburg was taken by Tilly. Another, the Rev. William Forbes, is described in the old record very significantly as "a preacher for soldiers, yea and a captaine in neede, to lead soldiers on a good occasion, being full of courage and discretion and good conduct beyond some captaines I have known who were not so capable as he." This good man managed to escape the perils of war and became minister of the Scots Church at the Hague, where he died. A third chaplain was the Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, afterwards minister of Suddie, Ross-shire, and one of the Commissioners to the Assembly in 1643, 1644 and 1649. In the course of their campaign the Highlanders met with many of their countrymen, who like themselves were in search of fame and fortune on the continent. At Urbowe in Sweden, they encountered "that worthy cavalier Colonel Alexander Hamilton, being then imployed in making of cannon and fire-workes for his majesty." This gentleman, Mr. John Mackay informs us, was

"Sir Alexander Hamilton, of Redhouse, a celebrated artillerist, whose cannon were long famous in Germany; and guns made on his principle and known as *canon á la Suedois* were used in the French army till 1780. He returned to Scotland, became famous in the wars of the Covenant and was killed by an explosion at the castle of Dunglass." Sometimes these fighting Scots were brought face to face with their own countrymen fighting on the opposite side. The same writer says "It must have been trying to our countrymen to encounter brother Scots in the forces to which they were opposed, but when passions are aroused, even the closest ties are sometimes forgotten. Munro gives an instance of this. He says: 'There was a Scottish gentleman under the enemy who, coming to scale the walls, said aloud, 'Have with you, gentlemen, thinke not you are in the streets of Edinburgh bravading;' one of his own countrymen thrusting him through the body with a pike, he ended there.' *He ended there* is rather a quaint way of saying that the wound inflicted was mortal. But this is only one of the horrors of war."

The Scot Abroad, however, was not always so fortunate as to win battles, found families, or even to maintain positions of honor, and a painful illustration of this is furnished by the career of Alexander Blackwell, a native of Aberdeen, where his father was a minister and principal of Marischal College. Blackwell studied medicine and graduated at Leyden. We next hear of him as being engaged in business in London as a printer. This venture was not successful, and in 1734 he became bankrupt and was thrust into prison. During his incarceration his wife supported him by her literary labors and eventually secured his discharge. In 1740 he was invited to settle in Sweden, one of his works having attracted the attention of the king of that country, and, proceeding to Stockholm, he received a pension and was otherwise comfortably provided for. His medical knowledge was of value to him in his new sphere, and having cured the king of a serious malady he was appointed one of the royal physicians, and became an influential favorite at court. In 1748, however, he was suddenly arrested on a charge of treason against the king and the government, and after being tortured was broken on the wheel. He protested his innocence to the last and was doubtless a victim to the

jealousy of some of those whom he had eclipsed in the royal favor.

The most illustrious of the Scottish soldiers of fortune who won renown on the continent of Europe was Field Marshal Keith. This warrior was the second son of ninth Earl Marischal of Aberdeenshire. Along with his elder brother he took part in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715, and being on the losing side, made his escape to France, when that ill-concocted rising was suppressed. The family estates were confiscated, the title was attainted, and the brothers found themselves poor as well as landless. In 1719 they returned to Scotland on one of the ships of the fleet sent by the Spanish court to restore the Stuarts, and after the defeat of the Highland Jacobites and their foreign auxiliaries were glad to escape again from their native land. The elder brother entered the Prussian service and attained a position of both honor and emolument. In 1759, while ambassador from Prussia at the court of Spain, he was pardoned by the British Government in return for some political secrets which he communicated. Soon afterwards he returned to Scotland on a visit, and purchased a portion of the old estate of his family, but declined to receive back the attainted family titles. He died in Prussia in 1778. His brother James (Marshal) Keith, after making his escape from Scotland in 1719, entered the Spanish service, but on account of his adherence to Protestantism was debarred from advancement. Then he profferred his sword to Russia and received a commission as major-general. In the Russian military service Keith acquired much distinction, but finding it not exactly to his liking he transferred his allegiance to Prussia in 1747. Frederick the Great received him gladly and conferred on him the baton of a field marshal. From that time until his death he seems never to have sheathed his sword, and his services were equally brilliant whether in the decisive victory at Rossbach, or in the midst of disaster and retreat. His last battle was that of Hochkirch, in 1758, where the Prussian army was defeated by the Austrian force, and Marshal Keith was shot through the heart while gallantly fighting his way from the field.

The Scot Abroad has been as successful as a statesman as well as in the more brilliant role of a soldier. An example of this is to be found in the career of Principal Carstaires.

That great and good man was born at Cathcart, now a part of Glasgow, in 1649. He was educated for the ministry at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1673 went to Utrecht with the view of completing his theological studies. While in Holland, his attainments and character drew to him the attention of William, Prince of Orange (afterward William III.) and he became the confidant and adviser of that ruler in regard to British affairs. In 1682 William sent him to London on a secret mission, and while there he was arrested for complicity in the Rye House plot, by which Charles II. and his brother, afterwards James II., were to be murdered, and the succession to the throne brought nearer to Mary, the wife of the Prince of Orange. The plot was betrayed, Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney, two of its reputed leaders, were executed. Lord Essex, another of the confederates, committed suicide in the tower, the Duke of Monmouth fled to the Continent, and many of those of lesser degree were brought to the torture. Among the latter was Carstaires. It was known by the British court that the Scotch clergyman enjoyed the entire confidence of the Prince of Orange, and that he was in possession of state secrets of the utmost importance at that critical juncture in the history of Britain. Threats, or promises of reward, failed to make him reveal any of these, and even the application of torture did not cause him to waver in his fidelity to the Prince. The boot and the thumbscrew combined were not equal to his fortitude. In 1685 he returned to Holland and continued to watch carefully the state of opinion and the progress of events in Britain until 1688, when on his advice, William went over to England and carried out the Revolution. He crossed over from Holland in the same vessel, and conducted, at the head of the army, the religious services which marked the first day's occupancy of the soil of Britain, and during the negotiations, movements and developments which followed, he was the most trusted, as he was the most sagacious, honest, far-seeing, and fearless of the new King's councillors and friends. When the affairs of England were in a measure settled, Carstaires returned to Scotland, and it was his wise influence, exerted on the king on the one hand and the clerical party—the General Assembly—on the other that enabled Presbyterianism to find itself finally established in Scotland on a firm and enduring settlement, and made

Episcopalianism forever an alien in the land. With the return of Carstaires to Scotland and his subsequent career there, this essay has nothing to do, as he no longer can be regarded as a Scot abroad, but I cannot forbear from quoting the tribute which Lord Macaulay has rendered to his memory. He says, in the History of England (vol. 3, page 373, trade edition, New York): "William had, however, one Scottish adviser who deserved and possessed more influence than any of the ostensible ministers. This was Carstaires, one of the most remarkable men of that age. He united great scholastic attainments with great aptitude for civil business, and the firm faith and ardent zeal of a martyr with the shrewdness and suppleness of a consummate politician. In courage and fidelity he resembled Burnet, but he had, what Burnet wanted, judgment, self-command and a singular power for keeping secrets. There was no post to which he might not have aspired if he had been a layman or a priest of the Church of England. But a Presbyterian clergyman could not hope to attain any high dignity, either in the north or in the south of the island. Carstaires was forced to content himself with the substance of power, and to leave the semblance to others. He was named chaplain to their majesties for Scotland, but wherever the king was, in England, in Ireland, in the Netherlands, there was this most trusty and most prudent of courtiers. He obtained from the royal bounty a modest competence, and he desired no more. But it was well known that he could be as formidable an enemy as any member of the cabinet, and he was designated at the public offices and in the antechambers of the palace by the significant nickname of the Cardinal."

In the learned and literary circles of the continent of Europe, among the thousands of Scots who thronged the universities or walked in the dim and barred recesses of the cloisters, none acquired so much fame, or is held in fresher remembrance, than James Crichton, commonly spoken of as "the Admirable Crichton," and "the Sir Philip Sydney of Scotland." The achievements recorded of this personage are really marvelous, but it is merely fair to say that, to a great extent their only authority is tradition, and that around his memory the glamour of two centuries of romance and poetry has been thrown. He left

behind no writings by which we might judge of his literary attainments, and the extravagant eulogies of most of his biographers almost make one feel inclined, sometimes, to doubt his very existence, were that fact not amply confirmed. At the same time the old proverb which says that where there is smoke there is sure to be a fire, rises to our memory, and we may well believe that to have won so much personal fame of an enduring quality, James Crichton must have been possessed of many grand qualities and to have towered intellectually far above most of his contemporaries. He was born about the middle of the 16th century, and was the son of Robert Crichton, of Elliock, Perthshire, Lord Advocate of Scotland from 1561 to 1573. He was sent to the University of St. Andrews, and before he reached his twentieth year had exhausted all the educational possibilities of that seat of learning. He became thoroughly acquainted with all the then known sciences and was master of ten languages. But in addition to all these acquirements, the possession of which would have occupied an ordinary lifetime, Crichton was an adept in all manly sports and the very embodiment of an accomplished knight. He left his native land and wandered over the continent in search of learned encounters with the talented men of the universities, but failed to find one whom, in a discussion on theology, philosophy, morals or science, he could not easily overthrow. His "disputations" at such centres of thought as Paris, Venice, Padua, Mantua and Rome excited amazement, and wherever he went great crowds of students gathered to listen to the wondrous words of wisdom which fell from his lips, and to observe the ease with which he refuted the arguments of his learned opponents. Being possessed of remarkable personal beauty and having all the exterior accomplishments which used to make up a chivalrous gentleman, it may easily be understood that Crichton was a favorite with the ladies, and one of his love affairs led him to fight a duel with a gentleman who was regarded as the most famous of Mantua's warriors. Crichton in this encounter was successful, and so added to his reputation that of being a gallant knight. Such a prodigy as this could not live long, and his very excessive observance of chivalrous courtesy brought about his end. The Duke of Mantua appointed him preceptor to his son Vincentio, a

dissolute young scamp. One night, when engaged in a love adventure, Crichton was attacked in a side street by half a dozen men in masks, but he routed them so successfully that their leader threw off his disguise and begged him to desist. Crichton saw that his opponent was none other than his pupil Vincentio, and dropping on his knees, begged forgiveness and offered his sword. Vincentio took the weapon, and at once plunged it into Crichton's body, killing him on the spot.

It is possible that the talents and courage ascribed to Crichton by tradition, are a sort of tribute to the fair fame of the Scots nation in Europe, particularly in intellectual circles. That Scottish scholarship ranked high on the continent during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries, there is no reason to doubt. In Tytler's "History of Scotland" we read:—"Scotland produces scholars whose reputation stood high in the schools [of theology]. Richard, a prior of St. Victor's at Paris, and Adam, a canon regular of the Order of Premonstratenses, illuminated the middle of the thirteenth century by voluminous expositions upon the Prophecies, the Apocalypse and the Trinity; by treatises on the threefold nature of contemplation; and soliloquies on the composition and essence of the soul; while during the second age of the scholastic theology, John Duns delivered lectures at Oxford to thirty thousand students. In the exact sciences, John Holybush, better known by his scholastic appellation, Joannes de Sacroboseo, acquired during the thirteenth century a high reputation from his famous treatise on the Sphere, as well as by various other mathematical and philosophical lucubrations, and although claimed by three different countries, the arguments in favor of his being a Scotsman are not inferior to those asserted by England and Ireland * * * The consequent resort of [Scottish] students to France led to the foundation of the Scots College at Paris in the year 1325 by David, Bishop of Moray—an eminent seminary which was soon replenished with students from every province in Scotland. * * * The records of the University of Paris afford evidence that, even at this early period, the Scottish students had not only distinguished themselves in the various branches of learning then cultivated, but had risen to some of the highest situations in this eminent seminary."

In St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, is a brass memorial

tablet bearing the following inscription :—"In memory of John Craig, for many years a Dominican friar in Italy ; embraced the Reformed faith, and was by the Inquisition at Rome condemned to be burnt ; escaping to his native country, he became assistant to John Knox at St. Giles', and minister of the King's household. He was author of the King's Confession, or National Covenant of 1581. He died in Edinburgh in his eighty-ninth year." The inscription is surmounted on the left by the figures 1512, and on the right by 1600—the dates of his birth and death—while in the centre is a representation of a dog carrying a purse in its mouth, with the words "My all." John Craig, before going to Italy, was a Dominican friar in his native Scotland, but was suspected of heresy and lodged in prison. He managed to be released, and, retaining his standing in the church, went to Italy ; and at Bologna was intrusted with the education of novices. A perusal of Calvin's Institutes converted him to Protestantism and he openly avowed his acceptance of the new doctrine. Pope Paul IV. sent him to the Inquisition at Rome, and there he was condemned to be burnt on 19th August, 1559, but on the 18th the Pope died, and being very unpopular, great riots occurred that evening in the city, in course of which the mob broke his statue in pieces and set fire to the Inquisition buildings. Craig then escaped, but was pursued by a band of Papal soldiers who came upon him. The leader, however, turned out to be an old soldier whom Craig had once befriended, and instead of capturing he assisted him to escape. He then had many weary wanderings, trials, and narrow escapes. The incident of the dog, commemorated on the tablet, is so marvelous that in these matter-of-fact days it will scarcely be credited. Even Spottiswoode in narrating Craig's life seems to have entertained doubts of the story being believed, and says :—"I should scarce relate, so incredible it seemeth, if to many of good place he himself had not often repeated it as a singular testimony of God's care of him, and this it was. When he had traveled some days, declining the highways out of fear, he came into a forest, a wild and desert place, and being sore wearied he lay down among some bushes on the side of a little brook to refresh himself. Laying there pensive and full of thoughts (for neither knew he in what he was, nor had he any means to bear him out of the way), a

dog cometh fawning, with a purse in his teeth, and lays it down before him. He, stricken with fear, riseth up, and looking about if any were coming that way, when he saw none, taketh it up, and construing the same to proceed from God's favorable providence towards him, followed his way till he came to a little village, where he met with some that were traveling to Vienna, in Austria, and changing his intended course, went in their company thither."

Leaving Europe, we find that Scotsmen have played an equally important part in Asia. In India especially their services have been of the utmost importance in upholding the supremacy of the British flag, as well as in developing the moral, intellectual and commercial progress of the land. India was, and is, a country of great chances and the Scots have taken full advantage of its opportunities. It is said that a Perth man once landed in Calcutta in search of fortune. He knew no one, but remembering that a schoolmate named McNaughton held a post under the East India Company, he hastened to the Government Building and entering its court was overcome by its extent and the evident number of its occupants. Not knowing what else to do, he stood in the centre of the square and called his old friend by his school-boy name—"Mac! Mac!" and immediately a head, sometimes two or three, appeared at each window and a chorus of "What d'ye want?" startled the visitor. They were all "Macs."

In the list of Indian administrations that of the Marquis of Dalhousie, from 1848 to 1855, stands out pre-eminent for its devotion to the best interests of the country. Under his wise leadership many magnificent public works were inaugurated, a cheap rate of postage was introduced, railways and telegraphs began to bring the people nearer to each other, splendid roads were laid out through the interior, and canals were opened. The social progress of the people was as earnestly regarded by this prince of administrators as any other of the details of wise government, and many reforms were instituted. But although the arts of peace were thus industriously fostered, the more brilliant deeds of war were not wanting to complete the record. A Sikh campaign, and one in Burmah, swelled the roll of Britain's Eastern triumphs and four great kingdoms—Punjab, Pega, Nagpur and Oude, were annexed to the Indian Government. Lord Dalhousie

(the Laird o' Cockpen) was born at Dalhousie Castle, near Edinburgh, in 1812, and died there in 1860, at the comparatively early age of 48 years, leaving behind him a name which must ever retain a prominent position in the history of modern India.

Among the Scottish heroes in India, one of the most prominent was Sir David Baird, "the hero of Seringapatam." He was born at Newbyth in 1757. In 1772 he entered the army. In 1778 he was made a captain in the 73d Highlanders (then just organized), and sailed with them to India His fighting career began in 1780, when Hyder Ali entered the Carnatie and commenced a bitter war with the British. Towards the close of the year one of the British armies was surprised in an ambuscade and almost annihilated. A few escaped death but were taken prisoners, and among these was Captain Baird, whose valor in the struggle had won for him the admiration of the European soldiers who acted among the officers of the enemy. He was carried to Seringapatam and thrust into a dungeon. The late Dean Ramsay, in his inimitable "Reminiscences," tells a story in connection with this imprisonment which deserves to be retold. He says: "Mrs. Baird, of Newbyth, the mother of our distinguished countryman, the late General Sir David Baird, was always spoken of as a grand specimen of the class (of old Scotch ladies). When the news arrived from India of the gallant, but unfortunate, action of 1780 against Hyder Ali, in which her son, then Captain Baird, was engaged, it was stated that he and other officers had been taken prisoners and chained together two and two. The friends were careful in breaking such sad news to the mother of Captain Baird. When, however, she was made fully to understand the position of her son and his gallant companions, disdaining all weak and useless expressions of her own grief, and knowing well the restless and athletic habits of her son, all she said was, 'Lord pity the chiel that's chained to our Davy.'" The Dean, in a footnote to this anecdote, says: "It is but due to the memory of 'our Davy' to state that 'the chiel' to whom he was chained, in writing home to his friends, bore high testimony to the kindness and consideration with which he was treated by Captain Baird." The captives were released in 1784, and in 1789 Baird was able to pay a visit to his native land. In

1791 he returned to India, and after four years' further service found himself a colonel. In 1798 he received his commission as major-general, and next year led the storming party in the victorious assault on Seringapatam. His services on that occasion won him the admiration of the army and he received the thanks of the British Parliament. In 1800 he commanded the troops in an expedition to Batavia. During the remainder of his military career he added to the prestige of the British nation at the Cape of Good Hope, Copenhagen and Spain. In the latter country he served under a still more famous Scot, Sir John Moore, a Glasgow man, and when that gallant commander was killed at Corunna, Baird took command of the army. A short time afterward he retired from the service. During his active career he received the thanks of Parliament no less than four times. In connection with the famous stronghold of Seringapatam the following may be deemed of interest, as it is quite in keeping with the theme of this essay. Who the author is I know not, as it came before me in the shape of a cutting from some newspaper :

"Many years ago a landed proprietor in a mid-county of Scotland, whom we shall call Stewart of Stewartfield, was outlawed for homicide, and disappeared from the country, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. Time rolled on ; and there being still no tidings of the outlaw, his estate was placed under judicial custody, for the benefit of his representatives. After the lapse of many years the property was claimed by a near relative, who became proprietor, and who, in default of direct proof of the outlaw's death, is said to have tendered, on affidavit, the following circumstantial evidence of it, as related by the late Colonel Campbell of the 74th Highlanders.

"When Seringapatam was invested by the British forces in 1791, after the defeat of Tippoo Saib's army at the battle of Mallavelly, the Sultan sued for peace. Accordingly, a meeting of commissioners was arranged to take place within a garden-house in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, to draw up a treaty. The commissioners met ; and while their proceedings were being engrossed, Colonel Campbell, who was one of the British commissioners, sat intently gazing at the Mohammedan commissioner who sat opposite to him at the table. At length he exclaimed half-aloud to Colonel

Edington, another commissioner: 'If Stewart of Stewartfield is alive, that's the man;' pointing at the same time to his Mohammedan *vis-a-vis*. Although the remark must have been heard by the Mohammedan commissioner he made no sign; but on the breaking up of the conference, and as Colonel Campbell was leaving the room, a voice whispered in English from behind him: 'Don't look round, or it may cost me my life; but meet me alone, outside the —— sally-gate at midnight to-morrow.' Notwithstanding the warning, Colonel Campbell was startled by the occurrence, and involuntarily looked round, and saw the same grave Mohammedan commissioner, whom he had suspected to be Stewart of Stewartfield, moving off in an opposite direction. Campbell kept the tryst at the spot named; but the other party, whoever he was, never appeared. Cautious inquiries were subsequently instituted about the individual in question; but nothing was elicited; nor was he again seen or heard of by any of the British officers to whom his features had previously been familiar. It was surmised that his communication with the British officer in his own tongue had been overheard, and that probably he had been assassinated as a traitor—the fate he had anticipated.

"Not once, but several times have I seen a Scotchman inadvertently revealing himself under the garb of a Turk. A few years ago a venerable Mussulman was to be seen daily in the cool of the evening taking his solitary drive along the sea-beach at Madras in his palanquin carriage. Of course he was looked upon as a genuine son of the Prophet, until one day he was taken aback, as many people are, by the exorbitant demand made upon him in an European shop for some European article. His indignant feelings laughed at his disguise, and asserted their nationality in the strong Scotch expression: 'Gude save us; it's no worth a bawbee!' When on my way home, and when on board a small Turkish steamer in the Bay of Alexandria, we were having our luggage passed by two Turkish custom officers. I scanned the features of one of them, and ventured to say to my friend Major F——, standing beside me: 'If I were a betting man, I would stake something upon that Turk being a Scotchman.' The official heard me; and with a cunning leer, he turned to his companion, and evidently for my satisfaction, addressed him in the broadest Aberdonian dialect.

"A similar story is told of a Perth man who had penetrated into some far interior of Asia—we forget where ; he had to see the Pacha, or Bashaw. He was introduced to the great man in his tent. They gathered up their knees, and sat down upon their carpets. They drank their strong coffee, and smoked their hookahs together in solemn silence ; few words, at any rate, passed between them, but, we may trust, sufficient for the occasion. When the man of Perth was about to leave, the Pacha also rose, and following him outside the tent, said, in good strong Doric Scotch : 'I kenned ye vera weel in Perth ; ye are just sae-and-sae.' The Perth man was astonished, as well he might be, until the Pacha exclaimed, as he said, 'I'm just a Perth man mysel'!' He had travelled, and he had become of importance to the Goverment there. His story was not very creditable. In the expectation of the post he filled, he had become a Mohammedan. But he was an illustration of the ubiquity of his race."

Another Scot, whose career had a greater influence upon India than is generally acknowledged or understood, was Sir Alexander Burness, a native of Montrose. His father, James Burness, was a cousin of Robert Burns, "Scotia's darling poet." Burness entered the Indian service, and the rapidity with which he acquired a mastery of the Oriental languages and dialects marked him out for important service. In 1832 he was sent on a political mission into Central Asia, and, disguised as an Afghan, passed through Afghanistan to Persia, until he reached Bushire whence he re-embarked for India. His mission was a successful one, and he was publicly thanked by the Governor-General. In 1839 he was appointed political agent or resident at Cabul, and was murdered in 1841 on the outbreak of an insurrection in that city.

These three names, including the administrative, military and civil services, must suffice as representative examples of the men which Scotland has furnished to India. To go into detail and mention the Grants, Roses, Napiers, Campbells and others, would require volumes. In fact to describe completely the services rendered to India by Scotchmen would necessitate the writing of its history. And this reminds me that the best history of India was written by James Mill, the son of a shoemaker in Montrose, and the

father of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher and political economist.

On the sea as on land the Scot Abroad has added to his country's laurels, although by no means to the same extent. This is not a little singular considering the coast line of the country and the large proportion of its inhabitants who daily go down to the sea in ships—or fishing boats. But somehow the sea has always had a mournful, mysterious significance for the Scot. The wild waves of the Atlantic, as they dash with terrible impetuosity on the battered and gnarled western coast, or the awful surges of the German sea as they throw themselves on the eastern shore with deathlike venom arouse an eerie feeling in the minds of the onlooker, and impress him with a dread of the power which lies behind these forces and uses them as a child uses its toys. Then, too, the water is full of treachery. A placid inland sea like the Holy Loch, may lie like a mirror beneath the sun, with hardly a ripple on its glassy bosom, or a speck of foam on its fringes as they lazily lap its shores. Then almost as by magic the sky will become dark, a gruesome moaning will be heard, a sheet of lightning will flash across the lift, the thunder will rattle and re-echo among hundreds of hills, and the water be one ugly mass of struggling, seething, engrasping activity, in which no swimmer or boat can hope to live, and which ruthlessly sucks down into its greedy vortex all that was on its once placid surface. Then, as suddenly as it came, the storm will vanish, the sun will resume its monarchy in the heavens, and the water peacefully look up to it as before. And so the story of treachery and desolation might be told of firth and loch, and sea and river, from Solway Sands to Duncansbay Head.

The most prominent of the early mariners of Scotland was Sir Andrew Barton, whose last sea-fight was made the theme of a stirring ballad which is printed in Percy's "Reliques" and other collections. He belonged to a family that had long been noted for their knowledge of the sea and ships, so, when James IV., about the year 1509, made plans for the building of a navy, they were his chief advisers. Under their guidance the "Great Michael," one of the largest warships which the world had then seen was built. Its dimensions may be guessed when we find it stated that it carried 300 seamen and officers, 120 gunners, and 1,000

soldiers. One of Andrew Barton's early exploits was an attack on some Dutch ships which had piratically plundered a number of Scotch merchant vessels. Barton with his squadrons captured or sunk most of the Dutch fleet and executed such summary vengeance on the piratical knaves, as forced a degree of respect for the Scottish flag on all the maritime powers of Europe. Barton's last and most disastrous fight was one which was undertaken at the close of a private campaign in search of booty. He, in company with the rest of his family, had fitted out some privateers, and proceeded against the Portuguese merchantmen. But the laws which governed the regularity or irregularity of ocean warfare were not very clearly established and that which held sway was—

> "The good old rule—the simple plan
> That they should take who had the power,
> And they should keep who can."

So canny Andrew and his men did not scruple much when a rich English merchantman sailed in their way to overhaul it, and take possession of a share, at least, of its freight. Scotland and England for the time being were at peace, and the complaints of the merchantmen at their losses were hardly deemed of sufficient importance to form a *casus belli*. But the Earl of Surrey fitted out two ships, which he placed under the command of his two sons, Lord Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, and sent them in search of the redoubtable Sir Andrew. Their chase was a short one, for in the Downs they sighted Barton's ship, "The Lion," and a small pinnace. The two English war vessels fell on the Scotch ships, and although the latter were unequally matched the fight was obstinate and prolonged. Sir Andrew was mortally wounded in the contest, but even when his life blood was ebbing away on the deck he encouraged his men to keep up the fight by speaking of St. Andrew's cross. Finally a cannon ball struck him in the body and he soon after died. Then the English seamen boarded "The Lion," and taking advantage of the momentary grief and confusion of the Scots at the loss of their captain, secured possession of the ship. Sir Andrew's last words are thus plaintively recorded in the old ballad :

"'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew says,
'A little I'm hurt but yet not slain;
But I'll lie down and bleed awhile
And then I'll rise and fight again.

Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew says,
'And never flinch before the foe
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross
Until you hear my whistle blow.'

They never heard his whistle blow
Which made their hearts wax sore adread."

* * * * * * * *

Many people will hardly know whether to regard Sir Andrew as a hero or a pirate, and therefore we gladly turn to a more modern instance to represent the valor of the maritime Scot Abroad. Adam Duncan, a native of Dundee, entered the British navy as a midshipman in 1746, and in 1761, as captain of the 74-gun ship "Valiant," served under Admiral Keppel in the expedition against Havanna. In 1789 he was made a rear-admiral, and in 1793 received the honor of being appointed a vice-admiral. Holland and France being then at war with Britain and Russia, Duncan was made commander of the united North Sea fleet of these latter countries, and his blockade of the Texel was so effective that it ruined the Dutch trade. In 1797 the Russian fleet having left him, he gained the greatest victory in his career when he defeated the Dutch fleet near Camperdown and took Admiral De Winter a prisoner. Duncan was raised to the peerage as Viscount Duncan, and received a pension of £2,000. He returned to Scotland and died there in 1804.

Few careers, whether on land or sea, have been so full of variety, disappointment, troubles and triumphs as that of Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald. He was born in 1775 and when in his teens was enrolled in the 104th Regiment. When seventeen years of age he entered the navy and in 1800 was commander of the "Speedy," a 14-gun sloop of war. With it he took in ten months no fewer than 33 vessels, and in 1801 he captured the "El Gamo," a Spanish frigate. In 1804 he became captain of the frigate "Pallas," and in it made several valuable prizes while cruising off the Spanish coast. He was constantly engaged in deeds which won him the admiration of the service, and probably captured more valuable prizes than any other commander in the British navy at the time. In 1808 he volunteered to conduct the defence of Fort Trinidad on the Catalonian coast, and with only 80 men he defeated 1,000 Spaniards in an attack they

made on the castle. Then, after twelve days' persistent fighting against vastly superior numbers, he blew the place up and returned to his ship. In 1809 the Admiralty ordered him to try and burn the French fleet then lying at anchor blockaded in the Basque Roads, and he went on board a fire-ship containing 1,500 barrels of gunpowder and accomplished his mission with complete success. Civic honors now flowed upon him and on returning to Britain he was knighted and elected M. P. for Westminster. His civic career was not a success owing to his out-spokenness and ignorance of the ways and wiles of the world. He accused one of his superiors in the navy, Lord Gambier, of incompetency. There seems to be no doubt that his charges were perfectly true, but he could not fully substantiate them, and after a very partial trial Lord Gambier was acquitted. His lordship's influence, however, told severely against Cochrane and not only prevented his advancement in the navy but impaired his influence and social standing. In 1814 he was accused, very wrongfully, of having taken part in some fraudulent stock jobbing transactions and being found guilty after a mockery of a trial was sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000 and suffer a year's imprisonment. He was also deprived of his knighthood, dismissed from the navy and expelled from the House of Commons. His Westminster constituents at once re-elected him, and having made his escape from prison he again made his appearance in the Commons. Growing tired of civil life he went to South America where he offered his sword to the republic of Chili and was made commander of its navy. This gave him the opportunity of again fighting his old enemies—the Spaniards. The success of the young republic was mainly due to his exertions and some of his deeds done in its service were as heroic as any that have ever been recorded in the history of naval warfare. Then he went to Brazil where Dom Pedro gave him command of his fleet and made him a marquis. In 1827 and 1828 he played an active part on the side of the Greeks in their struggle for independence. His gallant career abroad had meanwhile endeared him to his countrymen at home, and as his innocence of the charges brought against him in 1814 had long been clear, the British government, probably unconsciously exemplifying the truth of the old adage that "nothing succeeds like success," restored him to his rank in the navy

in 1830, and next year he succeeded to the earldom of Dundonald. In his profession he steadily rose, until in 1854 he became rear-admiral of the United Kingdom and enjoyed other honors conferred upon him by his sovereign. But his fighting days were done. The best eighteen years of his life had been lost to Britain through the force of political malice and favoritism, and his latter days were spent in scientific pursuits. He died in 1860 and was buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving behind him a name which will ever be honored in Great Britain. His life, however, was darkened by the unjust persecution of which he had been a victim and until the day of his death, he did not regard his later honors as an equivalent for the wrong which had been inflicted upon him. In 1877 his heirs presented a petition to the Queen, asking for compensation for his eighteen years' loss of pay as a naval officer, and the petition was granted, thus clearing the memory of the hero of whatever of the stigma still rested upon it, and acknowledging that a wrong had been done. But the acknowledgment was too late to be of value to him whom it concerned the most.

Scotsmen have always been famous as travelers or discoverers in foreign lands and there is hardly a country, outside of those in Europe, in which the prying, inquisitive eyes of our countrymen have not brought to light its history, antiquities, topography or manners and customs. And in all their travels the Scots are distinguished for the shrewd, practical manner in which they generally turn their discoveries to account. It was Robert Fortune, a Berwickshire man, for instance, who introdnced the tea plant from China into the northern provinces of India as a result of his travels and observations in both countries. He started in life as a journeyman gardener and rose until the Botanical Society of London sent him to China to explore botanically the northern part of that vast empire. His works on China are among the best books yet written on the flowery kingdom, and as an authority on its botany and kindred studies he was regarded as without an equal. He died at London in 1880, honored and respected for his character and attainments by all the scientific circles in the metropolis.

To attempt to enumerate the adventures, discoveries, escapes, and heroism of Scottish travelers would require a series of volumes, and even a bare catalogue of their names would

swell this essay far beyond its intended limit. I will, therefore, confine myself to one section of the world—Africa, the dark continent as it has been called—and briefly refer to a few of the men whose travels have helped, at least, to dissipate the gloom which so long hung over it and made it stand still, while the rest of the world progressed.

William Lithgow, a quaint traveler, poet and prose writer, who was born at Lanark about 1582 and died there about 1660, made a journey through the states along the northern coast of Africa. Lithgow was a most indefatigable traveler and journeyed on foot through Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Hungary and Poland. Once, at Malaga, he was arrested as a spy, and suffered terrible tortures, at least he tells us so himself. Modern critics, however, have made it rather fashionable to doubt the strictness of Lithgow's veracity, and much of his published adventures is deemed fabulous. He seems to have been a very simple-minded, garrulous man whose adventures always had some foundation, although he may unconsciously have magnified several of them, as was generally the custom among early travelers.

A later and better known traveler, was Mungo Park, who was born in 1771 at Fowlshiels, near Selkirk. Bred a physician, but evidently imbued with a desire to be an explorer, he undertook a journey of discovery in Africa under the auspices of the London African Association in 1795. He was captured by a native king and treated with the utmost barbarity. When he got a chance he escaped from captivity and after a series of extraordinary adventures reached Mandingo where he lay ill for many weeks. In 1797 he returned to Britain and published an account of his travels, and the work created a great amount of interest. Thinking he had done enough, he married and settled at Peebles as a physician. But the quiet of home-life soon palled upon him and the fact that he had been unable to discover the source of the Niger, the object of his first journey, made him long for another opportunity of achieving success. In 1805, therefore, he undertook to lead another African expedition at the expense of the government. From that journey he never returned, as with some of his companions he was either murdered by the natives while sailing up the Niger, or was drowned while navigating one of its narrow channels. Although unsuccessful in the main purpose of his journeying,

Park did good service to Africa, as by his writings he invested it with a great degree of popular interest, while he threw considerable light on the meteorology and botany of the sections through which he passed.

Another explorer, a contemporary whose African travels created more excitement than Park's, was James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Stirlingshire, where he was born in 1730. He was educated for the bar, but finding the law hardly to his taste he prepared to go to India with the view of engaging in business. Circumstances so shaped themselves, however, that he found himself at Algiers in 1763 as British consul, and from that time dated his African travels, which were undertaken for the purpose of discovering the source of the Nile. He returned to Britain in 1773, and henceforth lived the life of an educated country gentleman, fond of society and its pleasures, and a recognized virtuoso in matters pertainingto literature, science and art. From a picture in Kay's "Ednburgh Portraits" Bruce appears to have been a man of commanding presence, over six feet in height and stout in proportion. His celebrated "Travels" were not published until seventeen years after his return from Africa, and their statements were very generally ridiculed, and his facts were regarded as so many fables devised for entertaining, instead of edifying the enlightened British public. Many people, in fact, refused to believe that Bruce had ever been in Abyssinia at all, and it is said that the famous "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" was written as a satire upon himself and his travels. More recent travelers have verified Bruce's statements even to the most minute details, but the malicious criticism which assailed him gave the laird of Kinnaird a good deal of annoyance. In connection with this the following amusing anecdote was contributed by the late James Paterson, the Ayrshire historian, to Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits:" "It is said that once, when on a visit to a relative in East Lothian, a person present observed that it was impossible that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat. Bruce very quietly left the room, and shortly afterward returned from the kitchen with a raw beef-steak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. 'You will be pleased to eat this,' he said 'or fight me.' The gentleman preferred the former alternative, and with no good grace contrived to swallow the proffered delicacy. When he had finished,

Bruce calmly observed 'Now, Sir, you will never again say it is impossible.'" Mr. Paterson also states that "Bruce took with him in his travels a telescope so large that it required six men to carry it. He assigned the following reason to a friend—that, exclusive of its utility, it inspired the nations through which he passed with great awe, as they thought he had some immediate connection with heaven and they paid more attention to it than they did to himself." Bruce died in 1794 from the effects of an accident.

Hugh Clapperton, the first European who penetrated into the interior of Africa from the Bight of Benin, was born at Annan, Dumfries-shire, in 1788. When seventeen years of age he was impressed into the British Navy and rose to the rank of lieutenant. His first African journey was undertaken in 1822 and had for its purpose the discovery of the source of the Niger. The expedition was unsuccessful and Clapperton returned to Britain. He started again in 1825 and was on a fair way of attaining his great object when the hardships of the journey so affected his health that he died near Sakkatu in April, 1827. Clapperton by his writings contributed much to the stock of information which the world possessed regarding the geography and climate of the interior of Africa, and of the manners and customs of many of its peoples.

To mention the services to the cause of the advancement of Africa by such men as Dr. Robert Moffat and his more famous son-in-law, Dr. David Livingstone, seems needless as the stories of their lives have almost become household narratives, so wonderful are they for the exhibits they furnish of earnest, patient, Christian endeavor, backed by singleness of purpose, heroism in action, and a sturdy determination to triumph in their work, not merely for the glory it might win for themselves, but for bringing the heathen to a knowledge of Christ and removing from the continent the evils which slavery, ignorance and idolatry had so long held sway over it. Since they labored, Africa is no longer an unknown continent. Day after day its most secret places are being penetrated. Discovery and the Bible go hand in hand, and in every part of its vast territory Scottish missionaries are to be found carrying the gospel message to all the people and bearing wherever they go a knowledge of civilization, liberty and the truest phase of life. If we look

at the map of Africa to-day and compare it with the simple outline which did service only a quarter of a century ago we can understand the great advance which the continent has made during that brief epoch, and that advance has been brought about more by the efforts and courage of the Scot Abroad than by the travelers of all the other nations of the earth combined.

Hitherto I have treated only of the Scot Abroad as an individual, without noticing any of the many instances in which colonies of Scotsmen have gone to foreign lands, hoping by mutual assistance and continual intercourse to render the pangs of separation from the motherland less irksome. In another article (the Scot in America) I have mentioned some of these colonies which settled in the United States and Canada, and I will close this essay by recalling another colony, the result of which was disastrous to all concerned and which created considerable ill-feeling in Scotland against the government of the day, and still continues a dark blot upon the history of the reign of William of Orange. I refer to the famous Darien scheme of 1698. Briefly told, the story of this disastrous affair is as follows: William Paterson, a native of Tinwald, Dumfries-shire, the projector of the Bank of England, conceived the idea of founding a colony on the Isthmus of Panama. On paper the scheme looked well enough, as from its situation such a colony would be a central depot for the exchange of the commerce of both hemispheres. The matter at once caught the popular fancy in Scotland and the Darien company was established by an act of the Scottish Parliament in 1695. Sir Walter Scott thus describes the furore which the scheme created: "The hopes entertained of the profits to accrue from the speculation were in the last degree sanguine; not even the Solemn League and Covenant was argued with more eager enthusiasm. Almost everyone who had or who could command any sum of ready money embarked it in the Indian and African Company; many subscribed their all; maidens threw in their portions, and widows whatever sums they could raise upon their dower to be repaid an hundred fold by the golden shower which was to descend upon the subscribers. Some sold estates to vest the money in the company's funds, and, so eager was the spirit of speculation that, when £800,000 formed the whole circulating capital of

Scotland, half of that sum was vested in the Darien stock." In England £300,000 was subscribed to the scheme, and £200,000 in Holland. King William III., however, who at first favored the scheme, thinking it would divert the attention of the Scottish people from several grievances (such as the massacre of Glencoe), soon turned his influence against it, and as a direct result of this the subscription promised in Holland was almost wholly withdrawn. Then in the English Parliament a bitter animosity was shown to the scheme and the old antagonism between England and Scotland was fanned into life again, the result being that the English subscription was also withdrawn.

All this opposition, however, seems only to have acted as an incentive to the Scotch to carry out the scheme to maturity, and the eloquence of Paterson and his coadjutors inspired the people with the idea that their national honor was bound up in the project. The Scotch took the entire burden on their own shoulders and manfully pushed forward the necessary arrangements for organizing the colony. In July, 1698, five frigates, purchased from the Dutch, lay in Leith Roads, and in them 1,200 men embarked for the land of promise. They reached the Isthmus in safety. Land was at once purchased from the native princes, and the territory thus acquired was called New Caledonia. They laid out a site for a town, which was to bear the name of New Edinburgh, and located a fort which they designated New St. Andrews. Their prospects seemed excellent. The native rulers were kind and friendly, the harbor in front of their possessions was a magnificent one, and the weather was delightful.

But the day-dream was soon over. The heat of the following summer was intense, and pestilence and disease played sad havoc in the ranks of the colonists. Then their supplies failed before they could gather any harvest from the soil, and an appeal for aid to the other colonies in America, simply elicited the statement that the king had not sanctioned the colony and was ignorant of its purposes or designs. On these grounds the older settlements at Jamaica, New York and elsewhere, refused any assistance or even recognition, and the unfortunates were left to starve, so far as fraternal aid or charity were concerned. Under such circumstances the colony melted away. Most of them

found rest beneath the soil of New Caledonia, and those who were able to leave wandered hither and thither in search of even the bare necessaries of life, glad to escape from the scene of their misery and failure. A few reached New York in a miserable condition and excited the sincere sympathy of the people. Meanwhile nothing of all this was known in Scotland, and another expedition was then being fitted out comprising 1,300 men. After a stormy passage, in which one of their ships was lost, this detachment arrived at the colony only to find it deserted and to experience the same ill fortune that befel their predecessors. The Spaniards, too, in the surrounding country began to threaten and molest the colonists and the latter were glad when they were joined, a few months after their arrival, by Captain Campbell, of Finab, and 300 men from his own estate, all of whom had been trained to the use of arms. The political friendship which King William had meantime manifested toward the king of Spain, had caused him to leave the colony even more severely alone than before, and it was with his passive consent, at least, that the Spaniards, who had from the beginning looked upon the settlement as an intrusion upon their rights and territory, determined to crush it out of existence. Captain Campbell and his soldiers offered a gallant resistance, but the presence of superior numbers around their stronghold and famine within, forced them to surrender to the enemy in six weeks. They had made a brave fight and the Spaniards proved as gallant conquerors. Says one writer: "Captain Campbell stood a siege near six weeks until almost all his officers were dead; the enemy by their approaches had cut off his wells, and his balls were so far expended that he was obliged to melt the pewter dishes of the garrison into balls. The garrison then capitulated and obtained not only the common honors of war and security for the property of the company, but, as if they had been conquerors, exacted hostages for performance of the conditions. Captain Campbell also desired to be exempted from the capitulation, saying he was sure the Spaniards could not forgive him the mischief he had so lately done them. The brave, by their courage, often escape that death which they seem to provoke. Captain Campbell made his escape in his vessel, and stopping nowhere, arrived safely in New York, and from thence to Scotland where the company pre-

sented him with a gold medal on which his valor was commemorated." Of the colonists only thirty returned to Scotland, and among these was Paterson, the projector, whose chagrin over the failure of the scheme, made him for a time a lunatic.

When the full story of the disaster was understood in Scotland, a wail of anguish spread over the country, to be followed by a sentiment of bitter resentment against the king and his advisers. At Edinburgh, says Arnot in his history of the Scottish capital, "Violent addresses were presented to the king, and the mob were so outrageous that the Commissioners and officers of State found it prudent to retire for a few days, lest they should have fallen sacrifices to popular fury."

It has become the fashion during recent years to exonerate King William from all blame in the Darien catastrophe, but truth is stronger than the arguments of special pleaders, and "Glencoe and Darien" remain as foul blots upon the story of his administration of affairs in Scotland. Lord Macaulay ridicules the scheme itself as being visionary, but no one who has read anything of the history of colonies will care to endorse that view. In the management of the scheme there were certainly grave errors, and the popular imagination aroused a degree of expectation which could hardly be immediately realized, but that is all which can be urged against it. Paterson himself was an honest believer in the project and suffered for his belief. The jealousy of England and Holland was too strongly arrayed to permit William to give the colony the moral support which his Scottish subjects demanded, and so the scheme was sacrificed, to the disgust and dismay of the kingdom. In the whole matter, the king showed a heartlessness and indifference which even the charmed pen of Macaulay cannot fully explain away; and the fugitives from the colonies received more genuine kindness from the hands of the conquering Spaniards than they did from the officials in America of the English king, simply because of his studied and selfish neglect.

"The Scot Abroad" is a delightful theme, and one on which many authors have written. The subject is nòt yet exhausted nor will it be until the nation loses many of its grandest characteristics, and the national spirit has forever

gone. Day after day, in every corner of the world, Scotsmen are weaving new links in the story ; and by their prowess, energy, steadfastness and devotedness in the army, the navy, trade, commerce, art and science, as well as in the religious and moral upbuilding of each community in which their lot is cast, they are continually adding new glories to their already brilliant record. If Scotsmen owe much to the kindly reception they seem to meet with throughout the world, they fully repay the debt wherever it has been contracted. What has been written in this paper is simply a hurried gleaning from many fields, a " swatch " of what has been done, but it is sufficient to show that the Scot Abroad deserves well of his countrymen at home, and is entitled to kindly recognition among the factors which have preserved the fame of the nationality intact, when the course of time and the progress of events should almost have made it be regarded as only a small part of Great Britain.

SOME SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

PERSEVERING, AMBITIOUS, LOGICAL, THOUGHTFUL.

SCOTLAND is full of marked characteristics. Even its geographical outline is remarkable, and tells the story of the ravages of natural forces, and the wear and change of time, more completely than that of any other land which has yet been studied by geologists. Within its borders we find scenery of almost every description from the grim towering heights of the Grampians, sometimes crowned with snow all the year round, to the rich undulating hills of the south; from the dark, bleak, haunted, mist-shrouded fastnesses of the Western Highlands, to the fertile, smiling valleys of the Lothians; from the barren moor to the blossoming carse; from the placid waters of the Tweed or the Esk to the stormy rush of the firths of Clyde or of Forth; from the gentle loveliness of Loch Arrochar or Loch Katrine, to the moaning or the tumult of the waters of Loch Fyne or Loch Maree; from the treacherous sands of the Solway to the stern, lonesome promontory which for ages has defied the wildest battlings of the elements at Cape Wrath. Within the two oceans which beat against it on either side, the tourist can sojourn amid whatever variety of scene delights his fancy the most. He can roam over green-clad hills, climb cold frowning rocks bearing yet the marks of nature's fashioning, travel through lovely valleys, meander among pleasant meadows, sail on inland seas surrounded with the most romantic scenery which ever delighted the eye of painter or poet, or he can drop into cities having histories dating away back for centuries, and which still possess landmarks connecting those ancient days with these of the present year of grace.

In a country whose geographical features are so full of characteristics, we may be certain that its people—the makers of its history—possess marked idiosyncrasies, or individualities, or positive qualities, in abundance, and really it is

more difficult to say what characteristics, which are worth having, may not be attributed to a thorough representative Scot, than to enumerate all those he is certain to possess. I once met a Scot in New York, when he was applying to a well-known firm for a situation as bookkeeper. He had no more practical knowledge of bookkeeping than he had of Patagonian, but he was a man of sound intelligence and a good penman and arithmetician. He had been trained in a civil engineer's office in Glasgow and was rising rapidly until an unfortunate commercial disaster ruined his employer, prostrated general business, and threw him, as well as many others, out of employment. He got his situation as bookkeeper and held it for three years, when he managed to secure a position in an engineer's office. I suppose he must have kept the books of the establishment in a manner which satisfied his employers or they would not have retained his services so long. When I asked him, years afterwards, how he managed, he replied, "By using common sense, by being watchful and wary and aye thinkin'." Had he given a year to the consideration of the question he could not more aptly have defined or described the principal characteristics which have distinguished the Scotsmen who have risen to the head of the heap in whatever country they have chosen to make their home. Each nation on the earth has its quota of travelers, men who seek in other climes than their own the fortune or adventure which have been denied to them at home. But among them all there are none who have been more generally successful, or have left so deep an impress wherever their footsteps have lingered, as those who first drew breath in the land of the heather and who have made the title of "the Scot Abroad" synonymous with prudence, honor and triumph.

As it would be impossible within the limits of an essay to describe all the characteristics of Scotsmen, I propose confining myself to the more salient, those which have had most to do with making up the national character as it is commonly understood, and which have been the most important factors in moulding the social life of the people and shaping their national history. These characteristics are perseverance, ambition, integrity, thoughtfulness, clannishness and conservatism.

The first of these grand characteristics—if I may so call

them—perseverance, is probably the most common of them all. On an old house which once stood on the West Bow in Edinburgh, there was a sculptured stone bearing the words "He yt tholis overcummis," or as it has been translated "he that bears, or perseveres, overcomes." It is a grand old motto, and has cheered and encouraged many a Scot in days gone by when struggling through the hard and uncertain battle of life, and the great bulk of Scottish biography is made up of instances which prove the truth of the sentiment. Perseverance is a splendid quality in all nations. In Scotland it is an essential one. Without it the people would never have overcome its natural disadvantages, its bleak moorlands, its northern location and its general poverty, and turned it into a centre for commerce, a busy, thriving mart of industry, and a potent factor for good in the daily progress of civilization.

We read in the life of Robert Bruce, the hero-king, a striking lesson on the value of perseverance. Those who have read the story—and what Scot has not—will remember how, defeated on every side, his followers slain or scattered and his hopes seemingly blasted for ever, that brave prince retired to the island of Rathlin on the Irish coast for safety and rest. While lying in his hut one day he observed a spider among the rafters industriously trying to connect its web by means of a tiny cable from one beam to another. The slender cord broke, just as the connection seemed completed, but without a moment's delay the insect proceeded to repair the damage by commencing a new cable. Seven times in succession the object of the worker was frustrated in the same manner, but at the end of the seventh time it commenced its task anew apparently as fresh and determined as when it first began, and the eighth endeavor proved a complete success. Bruce, who had watched the mimic struggle with constantly increasing interest, was aroused from his own lethargy and inaction by what he had seen. He, too, had been defeated seven times like the spider, so he resolved to make another effort and to keep steadily to his task until its glorious purpose was achieved. The end was the victory at Bannockburn, and an acknowledged position for Scotland among the free states of the world.

It was a spirit of indomitable perseverance that enabled William Chambers to struggle sturdily from the very depths

of poverty, until he became a successful and influential publisher, a generous benefactor to his native town of Peebles, and chief magistrate of the capital of Scotland. Even after attaining the highest possible measure of success, "standing before kings" as he often quoted, and enjoying the honor and esteem of his countrymen, his natural quality of perseverance remained unabated to the end. Up to the latest hour of his long life he was busy at work, improving his favorite periodical, contributing to its pages and directing its management with the same activity he possessed in the prime of manhood. Besides, his interest in public matters never ceased, and his latest work in that direction, the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, was successfully completed after involving a great amount of thought, anxiety and labor, just as his spirit was being freed from its worn-out body. A day or two before his death he received an intimation from the Crown stating that a baronetcy had been conferred upon him. Such an honor was never more worthily bestowed. For centuries to come the story of his bitter struggles in early life and his ultimate triumphs, will be told as a bright incentive to the youth of his native land and as another proof of the truth of his favorite maxim "He wha tholes overcomes."

Scottish perseverance finds no better, nobler or more appropriate illustrations than in the history of the Covenanting struggles. There we find men, and women too, persevering in the endeavor to promote the truth as they believed it, imperilling all their worldly possessions, and offering up their lives freely, even willingly, if thereby they might be regarded even as "witnesses" testifying to the undying love of their Heavenly Master, and ensuring the advancement of His Kingdom on earth. The sufferings of these worthies were something terrible, almost, it seemed, beyond the power of human endurance, and often enough the prospect was so gloomy that it almost appeared as though sunshine for them had forever passed away. These people bewailed the blindness and fiendishness of their persecutors, they mourned over the godlessness and degeneracy of their times, they cried aloud, with bitterness in their voices, as they saw the unrighteous triumph again and again, but I have never read in all my study of the actors in that awful succession of national tragedies, of any of them who lamented their own condition,

who murmured against the hardships they had to endure, or who doubted, even for a moment, the ultimate triumph of the cause they had at heart. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" was the question put by Graham of Claverhouse to the wife of John Brown, the carrier of Priesthill, after he had murdered her husband before her eyes. The woman wept bitterly, for she was but a woman, and her bread-winner and companion lay dead on the ground at her feet. But through her womanly weakness came the indomitable spirit of the Covenant, and looking Claverhouse steadily in the face, she answered with a touch of pride, "I ever thought much good of him, but now more than ever." To her he was more now than a man—he was a martyr, a witness for Christ. He had thrown off his mortality and assumed immortality, and testified to the truth with his blood. For him death had no sting, and the grave no victory. Need we wonder after reading this episode, to learn that the same night the widow with her children and mourning friends, amidst their tears, worshipped God in the bereaved house, and joined in this veritable psalm of triumph —

> "And now, even at this present time
> Mine head shall lifted be,
> Above all those that are my foes
> And round encompass me:
> Therefore unto his tabernacle
> I'll sacrifices bring
> Of joyfulness: I'll sing, yea, I
> To God shall praises sing."

The story of Alexander Peden, "Peden the Prophet" as he is still affectionately called by his countrymen, may briefly be told as an illustration of the perseverance which animated the Covenanting heroes. He was born in the parish of Sorn in 1626. When 30 years of age, he was appointed minister of the parish of New Luce in Galloway, and after preaching there for three years was ejected, in 1663, along with most of the other parish ministers in Scotland. As he left the pulpit of his church for the last time he closed the door carefully behind him and with his Bible in his hand said, with great solemnity, "In my Master's name I arrest thee! that none ever enter thee but such as enter as I have done, by the door." This is accredited as one of his prophecies, and certain it is that no curate or indulged priest ever entered the pulpit, nor apparently did anyone try to enter it, until the troublous times were past, and the Revolution settlement

put an end to the persecutions. Peden's opposition to the Government's interference with religion was so defiant and so outspoken, that warnings and threats could not make him be silent. He had entered the lists for a goodly fight, and had no fear for the result. He had his commission from the Lord and the Lord would carry him through in whatever way seemed to Him best. Glory, triumph, or happiness might all fail him here, but he was certain of them yonder. He regarded himself as simply an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and only asked prayerfully, beseechingly, to know His will, and to do His commands. Such were the sentiments that inspired this undaunted man, that enabled him to overcome all human weaknesses, and permitted him to look at the gallows as though it were a stepping stone to Paradise. The Privy Council at Edinburgh proclaimed him a rebel and declared his life and property forfeited, but he continued steadfastly to preach the gospel as it was given him to preach. His latest biographer, Mr. A. B Todd, of Cumnock, says—"He wandered up and down the country, principally among the wilds of Ayrshire, Dumfries, and Galloway, making also occasional visits to Ireland. Many and marvelous were the escapes which he had from the dragoons, who scoured the country in quest of him and the others who refused to comply with the prelatic party. In 1673, however, he was taken prisoner and, without a trial, was sent to the lonely fortress on the Bass Rock, where he remained for five long dreary years. He was then brought to trial, and, with sixty others, sentenced to perpetual banishment in Virginia, but, as Peden is said to have predicted, through some instrumentality not very well known, they were all set at liberty on their arrival at Gravesend. Going then to London, where he stayed for several months, he returned to Scotland on the very day the Covenanters were so signally defeated and broken up at Bothwell Bridge. We cannot wait to recount his many remaining wanderings and hair-breadth escapes from his pursuers. The mists which brood so frequently over the lonely Glendyne, and the broad moors of Sanquhar, oft hid him from those who thirsted for his blood. The wild wastes of Avondale, the desolate Airsmoss, and the lonely and rugged hills around Muirkirk were his frequent hiding places." His last refuge was a miserable little cave on the brink of the Lugar river. There

"Wrestling with God he passed the hours away
While his rapt eye pierced the far future day,
* * * * *
True to his God, mid scoffers, blood and strife;
Who, when day dawned, came here with weary feet
Unmurmuringly, and sought this lone retreat."

It was a terrible life to lead, one which might have made a strong man ask whether life really was worth living. But it was a priceless life to Peden. He never wavered, or turned his thoughts away from the grand work which he believed God had given him to do. He had no thought of his own weakness, nor was he troubled about errors of judgment. God was with him and as he was His minister so He would keep him right. His faith was as that of a child, simple, sufficient and ample; he had but one object—the regeneration of his country, and with it the overthrow of its persecutors. We can analyze his life and actions as we may, but the honesty of his purpose remains unquestioned. We may sneer at his sacrifices, but they were made in a holy cause. We may criticise his theology, detect flaws in his discourses, ridicule his pretensions to the gift of prophecy, and burlesque his manner of speech, but his theology was sufficient to make his life sublime and to inspire him with a belief that the prize of eternity was his. His prophesies, if so we may regard them, often came to pass, and his speech was always direct and straightforward. He was one of the highest types of manhood which that age of true men brings to our notice, and we can but faintly estimate what we owe to his heroism and his sturdy perseverance in the good fight.

But for his indomitable perseverance, the Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., minister of Ruthwell, would never have been heard of beyond the confines of that little parish. But his energy was too strong to permit him to dream his life away in attending simply to the duties appertaining to his clerical position. He performed these services well and won the approval of even the most straightlaced among his flock, a class of critics who do not usually approve of clergymen meddling with matters outside of their calling. In theological circles he was recognized as a sturdy controversialist, a hater of socinianism, a man of thoroughly orthodox views, and an effective preacher. But these qualities would not have prevented his memory from slipping away into the dim recesses of the past, had they formed his sole claim to fame.

As it is, he will always hold a prominent place among the more eminent of his countrymen, as the founder of savings banks for the people. The condition of the laboring classes at the time he was inducted as minister of Ruthwell claimed his closest attention. He saw that these poor people were the reverse of prudent in husbanding their earnings, suffered frequently from commercial and agricultural depression, and carefully considered how he might benefit them. Most clergymen would have journeyed round the country soliciting aid from the wealthy in building an institution of some sort, or devised some scheme in which the charity of the rich might come into play. But he chose a better plan, for he made the poor help themselves by giving them an opportunity for exemplifying the national thrift. In 1810, he established the Ruthwell Savings Bank, as an institution in which the laborers might deposit what they could spare from their earnings, as a nest egg for the proverbial rainy day. Deposits were secure, a small rate of interest was allowed, and the scheme almost from its inception was a success. The experiment created much comment throughout the country, and its originator was overwhelmed with enquiries from various points, as to its working, besides messages conveying criticisms, suggestions, schemes and all sorts of notions. At one period his annual expenditure for postage in connection with his correspondence cost him a hundred pounds, nearly one-half of his stipend as minister. But although the individual expense was heavy, he firmly believed that the work was worthy of it, and that if his plans were perfected he would have solved one of the social enigmas of the time. After a while, Dr. Duncan saw that if a general scheme of people's savings banks was to be a lasting and complete success, it would require to be under government supervision with national security for all deposits, and he zealously set about accomplishing that end. This was an extraordinary, almost hopeless task for a man in his position, but he exerted himself to the uttermost, wrote, spoke, lectured and canvassed, until he reached the goal he had in view in 1819, when the Act of Parliament establishing savings banks in Scotland was passed. Even then he did not rest content. Daily experience with the details and workings of these institutions showed many defects, practice falsified many theories, new safeguards were found to be

here and there needed, details required, in many points, to be simplified. Dr. Duncan watched carefully over these, noting all defects, testing all schemes of improvement, and finally in 1835 got another Act of Parliament passed, by which the savings banks were placed in almost perfect working order, and so crowned his labors with the most unqualified success. I question if any other Scottish clergyman, before or since, was so successful in getting the Legislature of Britain to endorse his philanthropic or social schemes. Dr. Duncan proved himself a benefactor not only to his countrymen but to other nations, and so long as these magnificent institutions exist his memory is certain to be held in grateful remembrance. Dr. Duncan's energy was so great that it permitted him to enter into other fields of work, and to win success as a literary man when most engrossed in his banking studies. But even in his literary efforts the improvement of the social condition of the people was ever uppermost in his thoughts. His "Scottish Cheap Repository," was a series of tracts on useful and moral topics, intended for the cottage fireside, and he wrote two or three rather pretentious novels, in which he inculcated many of his favorite theories and maxims. As a novelist he was not a success, but as a controversial writer on religious or political topics he was unsurpassed in his time. He founded the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, one of the most interesting of all Border newspapers and edited it for seven years. In 1839 he received the highest honor the Church of Scotland could confer upon him, by being elevated to the Moderatorship of the General Assembly. At the Disruption he came "out" and entered into the controversy in connection with that event with all his wonted energy. He continued to minister at Ruthwell, as pastor of the Free Church until 1846, when he was fatally stricken with paralysis while conducting a religious service. Dr. Duncan died in harness, if ever man did, and the end was in keeping with the restless, indomitable life of the clergyman and true philanthropist. During his career Dr. Duncan performed an immense amount of actual hard work, more than it seems possible for one man to do, and yet life had its lighter pleasures for him. In the quiet of his study he loved to "drop into poetry," and some of his effusions deserve more than a passing mention. In particu-

lar he has left behind him one song, which is even to the present day the most popular of all curling ditties, and proves him to have been as keen a votary of the roarin' game as he was an adept in social science.

> "Up curler, frae your bed sae warm,
> And leave your coaxing wife, man,
> Gae get your besom, cramps, and stanes
> And join the friendly strife, man.
> For on the water's face are met
> Wi' mony a merry joke, man
> The tenant and his jolly laird,
> The pastor and his flock, man,
> * * * *
> Now fill a bumper, fill but ane,
> And drink wi' social glee, man,
> May curlers on life's slippery rink,
> Frae cruel rubs be free, man,
> Or, should a treacherous bias lead
> Their erring course agee, man,
> Some friendly in-ring may they meet
> To guide them to the tee, man."

It was this same spirit of perseverance that permitted the Ettrick Shepherd, on the hillside, to overcome the defects of his education and to rise superior to all obstacles until he became the acknowledged successor of Burns as high priest of Scottish song; that carries so many hundreds of poor students at Scottish universities through their curriculum; that made the late William McBean, of Inverness, rise from the station of drummer boy to that of lieutenant-general in the British army and colonel of the gallant 93d Sutherland Highlanders; that permitted James Watt to solve the problem of steam; that made Henry Bell construct his "Comet;" that enabled a workingman like Hugh Miller to read the story of nature as depicted in the old red sandstone; that animated David Livingstone when engaged in solving the mysteries of "the dark continent;" and we find the same quality of perseverance represented in General Grant, an American soldier of undoubted Scottish descent, and illustrated by him in a single sentence when he said, "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

In organizations and in the nation the same quality is noticeable. The first Tay Bridge was no sooner destroyed than the company owning it began to take steps for the erection of another and stronger structure. The present condition of the Clyde, a stream which is wide enough and deep enough to bear on its bosom the largest merchant vessels of the world, is another instance. A century ago the Clyde was a sluggish stream, so shallow that it was fordable

often by men at the Broomielaw. Now, by dint of steady perseverance the river has been made one of the greatest of commercial highways. When we consider the history of this river, and understand the difficulties which have been overcome, and the amount of time, labor, thought and money which have been expended in its improvement, we may well believe that the saying of the old Scotch captain was neither very far wrong or irreverent. An American sailing down the Clyde began talking to the commander of the steamer about the superiority of the rivers in the United States. He extolled the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, and many others for their superior size, depth and other advantages. "Aye," said the Scottish sailor after listening to the eulogism until he was tired, "ye hae grand rivers, nae doot, an' I wadna misdoot a word ye hae said, but ye maun min' that God made the rivers ye speak o', but we made the Clyde."

With perseverance, energy must also be classed. To some the words may seem synonymous, but in reality such is not the case. A man may persevere in doing nothing or in debauchery, but in these and many other evil courses energy does not come into action; a man needs no energy to make himself a drunkard, although he certainly needs perseverance, for a love for strong drink is not a natural taste, but one which can only be acquired by practice. It is when the drunkard tries to reform that it is necessary for his perseverance to be supplemented by energy. Energy in well-doing is in most natures necessary to a continuance in well doing, and energy is oftentimes necessary to make perseverance a success. It was energy that enabled John Knox to accomplish more during the last fifteen years of his life than in all the forty-two he had lived before. It was the tireless energy of Thomas Chalmers and so many of the "men" of 1843, that organized the Free Church on a firm and enduring basis and made it start forth on its career, not with the faltering, tottering steps of a beginner, or the uncertain mumblings of a child, but with the sturdy step and deep resonant voice of a full-grown man, the equal at least of all its compeers and fully equipped at all points to wage war in defence of its rights and in defiance of evil. It was his indomitable, restless energy that enabled Henry Brougham to ascend the ladder of legal preferment in England in

spite of the most disheartening obstacles, until he stood on the very highest rung as Lord High Chancellor. It was his energy, too, that permitted Francis Jeffrey to make the *Edinburgh Review* a literary and political power in Britain, although its place of publication was far removed from the centre of literary and political influences, and although it proclaimed the poverty of its founders by boldly announceing in its motto that they cultivated literature on a little oatmeal. The energy which Professor Blackie showed while conducting the movement for the establishment of a Gaelic chair in Edinburgh University was the main agent which led to its success, and the same genial professor's reputation as a literary man was, according to his own confession, due to his energy in publishing books which did not repay the bare mechanical cost of their production.

But the most magnificent example of this resistless overpowering, all-conquering energy is to be found in the life of Sir Walter Scott when, after the failure of the Ballantynes and Constable, he assumed the task of wiping off honorably the vast load of indebtedness which had settled upon him. The story is a sad one to read, but it is a noble illustration of what a man can do when he essays a task in the right spirit. The year 1826 saw Scott a ruined man with liabilities amounting to about £150,000. Everyone knew that he was not to blame for all this, that the follies of some and the mistakes of others, had done more to bring about the crisis than all the extravagances in land, and stone, and lime of the "Author of Waverley." Had he adopted the ordinary course in such disasters he would have called together a meeting of his creditors and offered them a composition. In view of all the circumstances, there is no doubt that any offer he might have made would have readily been agreed to. But he declined such a method of escaping from his difficulties, and said that "God granting him time and health he would owe no man a penny." So his beloved mansion of Abbotsford, the pride of his life, was closed up, and taking lodgings in Edinburgh, the good Sir Walter began his heroic task. Almost his only resource was his pen, yet so industriously did he ply it that within two years he earned a large amount for his creditors. A new edition of his collected novels, several new tales, the ponderous "Life of Napoleon," and countless minor works of varying degrees of

excellence were the result of these years of sturdy labor. In December, 1830, the liabilities had been reduced by £63,000, and the giant, although feeling the effects of his exertions both in mind and body, persevered in his effort. But the strain was too great for the man, nature completely revolted against it after repeated warnings, and in 1832 he closed his eyes forever on this world with the gentle murmur of the Tweed sounding a sweet lullaby in his ears, and afterward a plaintive coronach over his bier. Looking over what he accomplished during these later years it is almost impossible to realize that one man could write so much on so widely diversified topics, and with so much originality, freshness and strength. It was certainly not equal in quality to the work of a decade before, but it was infinitely better than that of most writers in their prime. The exertion was an extraordinary one, but it cost a life. Yet it invests the closing years of the "Wizard of the North" with a title of true nobility far superior to that which his own worthless sovereign conferred upon him, and with a halo of glory which otherwise would have been wanting. It made his own life as thrilling a story as that of any of the characters he evoked from the recesses of his mighty brain. These last years, with all their harrowing experiences, sorrows and privations, were needed to bring out the strength and manhood in Scott's character and to give his memory a tenderer and purer place in the hearts of his countrymen than even his writings could have done.

Dourness may also be classed under perseverance, although it is a word which, like several others in the Scottish vocabulary, can hardly be translated by a single equivalent. It has been defined as meaning hard, bitter, disagreeable, close-fisted, severe and stern, and a combination of all these, if it is possible to conceive of such a combination, would be the proper meaning of the word. Robert Burns doubtless thought old farmer Armour a typical specimen of a dour Scotsman, when the latter was hunting after him with the view of thrusting him into jail. Old Earl Archibald Bell-the-Cat was in a dour mood when, beside the fated bridge at Lauder in 1482, he uttered the words which gave him his cognomen and made him live in Scottish history. Queen Mary regarded John Knox as a particularly dour individual when he argued with her in Holyrood House, and she came

face to face with equally dour, although less polite opponents in the men who forced her to sign her abdication in the lonely castle of Lochleven. A Highland tradition gives us a story of a dour chief. In the 16th century Gordon of Auchindoun, burned down the castle of Forbes of Corgarff, when 27 persons including the wife and family of the laird perished in the flames. After many years the differences between the two chiefs were healed and, with their retainers, they sat down together at dinner in the castle of Drummuior. Through a mistake, Forbes' men in the midst of their repast drew their swords against the Gordons and killed many of them before their leaders could check the outbreak. When order was restored Forbes turned to Sir Adam Gordon and calmly said, "This is a sad tragedy. But what is done cannot be undone and the blood that now flows on the floor of Drummuior will just help to slocken the auld fire of Corgarff." This was truly dour enough reasoning. When Sir Patrick Gray demanded the body of his nephew, the Tutor of Bomby, from grim Earl Douglas and the latter took him out into the courtyard of his castle and offered him the body, minus the head, of the unfortunate youth, he was the victim of a very dour jest. But dourness has its bright and wholesome as well as its dark and brutal side. The following extract from the autobiography of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, shows how dourness stood him in good stead at one time when he was beginning to "speel the brae." "I had no method," he tells us, "of learning to write save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I often stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or five lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little time to spare from my flock (of sheep), which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it, I borrowed a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine it answered the purpose quite as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, if I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them." Thus the dour determination to succeed was softened and mitigated by the intense com-

placency and evident humor with which the poet surveyed his surroundings. Lord Braxfield, one of the strangest beings who ever sat on a judicial bench, had a dour maxim which he used to repeat with infinite zest, "Hang a thief when he's young an' he'll no steal when he's auld," and he passed a dour joke on a criminal before him who claimed to be a peer: "Nae doot, nae doot," he said, "ye're a peer, but gin ye dinna tak care ye'll be a peer o' anither tree." Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a dour Highlandman, who, on his death bed was urged to forgive all his enemies. This he agreed to do with one exception. The attending minister implored him to make his forgiveness complete, saying, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." The dying man answered, "To be sure it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal. Well, I forgive him, but the Deil take you, Donald (turning to his son) if you forgive him."

Dour is one of the oldest and purest words in the Scottish vocabulary. It was used by Barbour, Lindsay, Douglas and others of the poets in what has been termed the Augustan age of Scottish poetry. Moreover it has retained the same pronunciation during all the changes in speech since then, as well as the meaning it had in the earliest times—stern, bold, fierce. So, too, Burns uses it with perfect propriety in describing a wintry wind—

"Biting Boreas, fell and dour."

But with the characteristic dourness of the Scot, there is at times a dash of humor, although it is too often so grim as to be almost imperceptible to one not to the manor born. John Knox was a dour man, but humor was not one of the least important traits in his character, and his modern worshipper, Thomas Carlyle, was noted for his grim yet quaint humor, although dyspepsia tried hard to smother it. Dourness is a desirable quality for any man, or woman either, to possess, but to be really of practical service it must be tempered or offset by some other characteristic. A man who is simply dour and nothing else is unfit to be trusted in any society, and ought not to be permitted to remain at large.

Ambition, in which may be included pride, is another of the main characteristics of the Scottish people. There are few Scots, no matter how humble, who do not possess this quality, and its existence is one of the most important factors in promoting the welfare and wealth of the nation

Even the poorest Scots are imbued with an ambition to rise, and not only that, they also cherish a hope that in the future they *will* rise. "Hope weel an' hae weel," says the old proverb, and it has been evolved out of the homely, experienced wisdom of the people. When a Scot loses hope he loses everything and is no longer of the slightest use in this world, except it be, perhaps, to pose as an horrible example of hopelessness.

It has long been one of the most sacred ambitions of a Scot's life to give his children a little better education than he had received himself, and in all the simple annals of the poor with which I am acquainted, there is nothing more devoted, more touching, or more noble, than the sacrifices which parents have made to push their children forward in the battle of life. I have known fathers and mothers pinching, scraping, saving, even denying themselves the actual necessaries of life to maintain a son at college, strengthened and sustained by the hope, that that son would one day "wag his pow in a poopit," or at all events acquire honorable distinction in some of the higher ranks of life. And of how honorably these sons have acted their parts in the struggle, every university in Scotland can furnish thousands of illustrations. Ambition is a noble characteristic in any people when rightly directed, and in the Scot, as a rule, it is generally so developed that it reflects honor on himself and his country, and is of direct benefit to the world. It was the ambition of Burns—

> "That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least,"

that made him become the master singer of his native land. It was ambition that led Alexander Wilson, the Paisley poet, to study in the recesses of the American forests the habits, plumage, and varieties of the native birds and so earn for himself the title of "American Ornithologist." It was ambition that enabled Paul Jones to rise until he became the naval hero of the American revolution. It was ambition that kept poor David Gray, the poet of Merkland, alive until the publication of his first and only volume of verse was arranged for. It was ambition that sustained Colin Campbell, a penniless subaltern, until he wielded the baton of a field-marshal and became a peer of the realm. It was ambition that led William Paterson to found the Bank of England, to

organize the Darien scheme, by which he and so many of his countrymen were ruined through the treachery of William of Orange, and made him the first representative in the parliament of the United Kingdom of the Dumfries burghs.

But it must be remembered that in Scotsmen, as in people of other nationalities, ambition is not always productive of happy results either to the individual or the nation. John Law, an Edinburgh man, who was for a time Comptroller-General of the Finance in France, is a case in point. His father was a goldsmith and banker in Auld Reekie, and John conceived the idea that he was a born financier aud his ambition was to make a name for himself as such in the world. And he did. In 1700 he tried to get the Scottish parliament to adopt a system of paper currency, but the hard headed Caledonian legislators believed in hearing the "clink of the siller," and refused to endorse his plan. Then he went to the Continent and became a gambler and made a fortune. This did not suit his ambition, however, and he concocted several banking schemes which he offered unsuccessfully to different governments. In 1716 he opened a private bank in Paris, and it became so successful that a national bank was established on a similar basis. In 1719 Law started his renowned Mississippi scheme, which soon involved so many thousands of people in Scotland, England and France in ruin. It enjoyed a brief hey-day of success, however, and while that lasted Law's influence in France was unbounded. He was made a Councillor of State, besides being placed in charge of the finances of the nation. When the bubble burst, the ruin of the financier was as complete as that of any of the victims. He fled from France penniless, and becoming a very ordinary gambler once more, led a miserable existence in Venice, until 1729, when he died in the most abject poverty. The history of Scotland furnishes many illustrations of this "vaulting ambition that o'er leaps itself," and perhaps one of the most notable is that of Robert Cochrane. a mason in the reign of James III. This man, who certainly possessed brains as well as ambition, somehow managed to so ingratiate himself into the good graces of his weak-minded king that he became his principal confidant and adviser. His ambition seems to have been to become the leading subject of the kingdom, or rather to rule the country with the king as a figurehead. Through his machinations, the

Earl of Mar, a younger brother of the king was put to death, and his title and estate were bestowed on Cochrane. The acceptance of these was certainly an error of judgment on his part, for he had hardly been invested with them than the nobility began hatching schemes to get rid of him. They soon succeeded and under the leadership of the grim Earl of Angus hanged Cochrane and several of his friends over the old bridge at Lauder in 1482. Cochrane, although greedy, scheming and vindictive, evidently possessed abilities, but the nobility deemed him an upstart. Whatever his faults may have been, however, they were no worse than those which characterized the very men who deemed him unfit to live. If it were necessary to present more illustrations of this phase and result of ambition, the annals of the peerage of Scotland from the beginning until almost the present day would furnish a plentiful crop.

We may now proceed to consider the Scot as a logical being and in this connection we behold him like the sun, shining not merely for himself but for all. The cool, calculating, practical nature of the Scotsman has often been commented upon, possibly more so than any other of his recognized characteristics, for it is precisely these qualities that have contributed most to the great measure of success he has won at home as well as abroad. The advice which Bailie Nicol Jarvie received from his father, the Deacon, concentrates all that can be said of this characteristic into an aphorism—"Never put out your arm further than you can draw it back." Some people have said that a Scot can see further through a two-inch door or a stone wall than anyone else, and certainly his natural propensity for "putting this an' that thegither." makes him solve a knotty problem, and see through a tangled argument, more quickly and clearly than most of his neighbors. A Scottish merchant will calculate the chances of a venture much more thoroughly than his English or German rival, and though, at times, he may lose a chance by making haste slowly, he generally wins in the long run. In China or India, English and French settlers often at first gather gear quickly and become actually rich, while the Scot who started with them is still apparently only looking out for his chances, and frittering away his time in studying his surroundings. But once he begins to gather he soon makes up to his friends and then creeps

steadily past them, for he has the happy faculty of knowing how to keep a firm hold of whatever comes in his way. Indeed, it has been maliciously said that the Scotsman keeps the Sabbath day and everything else he can lay his hands upon.

The facility for seeing through a stone wall has made Scottish geologists the most prominent in the world in interpreting the story of nature as imprinted in the rocks of their native land. It enabled Sir Roderick I. Murchison to expound the mysteries of the Silurian system as no other man before or since his time has attempted. It also enabled Hugh Miller to relate the story told on the old red sandstones of Cromarty and the North with the pen of a scientist and the grace of a poet. To this logical insight into the problems of science may be referred the fame which Scotsmen have won as discoverers. Watt and the steam-engine, Simpson and chloroform, Murdoch and illuminating gas, Young and paraffine oil, Bell and the reaping machine, are names and discoveries which are linked together by universal consent. To the possession of this quality may also be ascribed the fame which Scotsmen have acquired as practical mathematicians. The most brilliant name in this class of thinkers is that of Napier of Merchiston whose logarithms, discovered or invented in the early part of the 17th century was in its own sphere, as important a revelation as Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation.

The hard, practical nature of the logic which seems to be an inherent quality among Scotsmen in every walk of life finds plenty of illustrations in the domestic annals of the people. A gentleman, Mr. Douglas of Cavers, Roxburghshire, was one day walking in the old churchyard near his estate and stopped to look at a stone cutter who was carving an angel on a tombstone. The workman, following the fashion of the time, had adorned the head of the angel with a grand flowing wig. "In the name of wonder," said Mr. Douglas, "who ever saw an angel with a wig?" "And in the name of wonder," replied the workman, "who ever saw an angel without one?" On a small farm near Edinburgh a donkey was kept for doing all sorts of odd jobs, under the supervision, generally, of the farmer's son. One evening when the lad was putting up the beast he blundered in some way, and his father, who was standing by, said angrily:

"Man, Jock, you're just an ass yoursel'." "Aweel," replied Jock quietly, "ye're my father." Here is an instance of the natural logic of the Scot, under circumstances when logic is not apt to come into play. A party of Edinburgh volunteers had been to Linlithgow accompanied by a band. The latter had been liberally served with refreshments during the day, and on the homeward journey were completely demoralized, some of them forgetting where their instruments were. At the Haymarket station the ticket collector entered among them with the usual demand for "tickets." "Make haste there," he said to one burly chap who was fumbling aimlessly in his pockets. Growing tired of the search he threw himself back in his seat saying : "I canna fin' the ticket, I've lost it." "Lost it! nonsense" replied the collector. "Ye couldna lose the ticket." "Could I no'," answered the other triumphantly, "man, I've lost the big drum." Many humorous stories have been told about the Rev. William Anderson, minister of John Street U P. Church, Glasgow, and here is one which illustrates the topic in hand. One day Mrs. Anderson, having returned from a walk, missed a pair of new boots which had been sent home that morning for her husband, and which she had noticed on the lobby table when she went out. Getting no satisfaction from the servant she went into the study and asked the minister if he had seen anything of the boots. "Weel, yes," he replied in his own peculiar way, "there was an' auld beggar man here asking for help, an' as he was ill-shod I gied him the boots." "But bless me," said the wife, "you might have given him a pair of old ones." "It wasna auld anes he needit," was the doctor's answer, "he had auld anes already." A teacher in a Sabbath school was expatiating to his class on the miracle of Jonah in the whale's belly. After exciting the astonishment of the children by the narrative he said : "Can any of you imagine a miracle more wonderful than that?" "Yes, sir" said a little fellow shaking his hand vigorously. "What?" asked the teacher. "A whale in Jonah's belly," was the answer.

The inquisitive character of the Scot, so often the topic of pleasant or sneering remark, is really a part of this logical quality. He desires to have the premises right before arriving at a conclusion. I once asked a countryman whom I met when traveling near Leuchars, in Fifeshire, how far it was to St.

Andrews. "Are ye gaun to St. An'rews?" he queried. "I am." "Ye'll hae traivelled a bit the day?" was his next question, and I confessed I had. "Did ye come frae Dundee?" "No, I started from Broughty Ferry," I replied. So on he went asking a dozen other questions and then having satisfied his curiosity he satisfied mine by telling me the distance about which I had inquired. There was no intention of rudeness on his part, and if I had turned the tables upon him and "speered" a few things about himself he would not have taken it amiss. Only it is likely that for every question I put he would have asked me a dozen.

But the logical character of the Scot shows itself more clearly in his sturdy common sense than in anything else. This quality has been carried into everything the Scotsman thinks or does and the world is the better for it. He has carried it even into the highest realm of thought,and his philosophy, known as the "Common Sense School" has proved to be one of the most straight forward and practical which has ever been enunciated. It has produced such masters as Thomas Brown, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Reid and Sir William Hamilton, names which rank among the very foremost in the history of modern ethics. These men investigated philosophy solely for the truth which lay concealed within it, and when they grasped that truth they boldly proclaimed it to all who cared to listen. Other modern philosophers, and many ancient ones too, went to work on a different basis. They evolved some theory from the recesses of their brains and then rushed wildly through the realms of thought to prove its truth, or the likelihood of its truth, for they were alway content with the shadow when they could not grasp the substance. The common sense school of Scottish metaphysics, coming before the world at a time when the sophisms and sentimentalisms of Germany fell thick and fast, cleared the air, dissipated the mists and fogs and made philosophy be regarded once more as a practical as well as a speculative science. Even in the present day the warfare between the two most recent systems—the purely practical and the purely speculative—is kept in check by the clear, logical minds of Scottish philosophers like Dr. James McCosh, or laughed away by the pleasant humors of real original thinkers like John Stuart Blackie.

Still the common sense, inquisitiveness and logic in the Scot would amount to very little were it not for the native

thoughtfulness which is the basis of them all. Many have heard the story of the Highlandman who praised his parrot, because, though it did not speak much, it thought a good deal. But the taciturn thoughtfulness of the Scot arises from a desire to temper his conversation with judgment. The "airy nothings" of the Frenchman are incomprehensible to him. In what are regarded as the lighter forms of literature—*vers de societie*, drawing-room dramas, fashionable romances, "days in a garden" or "tours in my chamber"—he is behind the age. To purely speculative poetry, the country has contributed no Master and such transcendental writers as Shelley have never acquired any hold among the people. A Scottish tragedy worthy of ranking among the masterpieces of compositions of that class has not yet been written, and a purely Scotch comedy by a Scottish author is an impossibility. Even fiction must contain a pretty large modicum of historical fact or information to make it popular and to enable it to maintain that popularity. The main reason that a Scot gives for reading and relishing the Waverley novels, for instance, is that "a great deal o' them is true." Pure fiction, for its own sake, has never charmed the people, or at best has enjoyed a passing degree of popularity. But give a Scotsman a sermon, a history, a bit of philosophy, a piece of criticism or a song of the heart, something relating to the things of this world or the next, and he is at home. On such themes he can point to writings of his countrymen which are not inferior to any in the literature of other lands. And in the perusal of such subjects he takes a real pleasure, for they allow him to think, and suggest in turn many trains of thought. The intelligent Scot likes to weigh, and ponder, and wrestle with what he reads, and a book which does not afford him scope in these respects is of small moment. To bear such a strain and still be regarded as a favorite, is testimony enough to prove that a book which is popular in Scotland must indeed be above the average.

SOME MORE CHARACTERISTICS.

RELIGIOUS, POETICAL, BRAVE, HONEST, CONSERVATIVE.

IT used to be a standing joke in the West of Scotland to aver that every native of Paisley was born a poet. Judging by the number of rhymsters and poets which that good old town has given to the world, there was, no doubt, a modicum of truth in the remark, and it was so agreeable to the ears of the Paisley folks that they liked it, and believed it, and almost swear by it to the present day. I have often thought, however, that the poetic wealth of Paisley has loomed up larger than that of many other Scottish towns, from the fact that the "bodies" had a clearer idea of the value of "guid black prent" than their neighbors and used it freely, while the poets of other places were content to circulate their literary efforts in manuscript, or to repeat them at the social gathering or around the "festive board." Dundee, for instance, has been the home of a large array of singers, good, bad and indifferent, from the time the Wedderburns wrote their "Guid and Godly Ballates," until George Gilfillan forever laid down the harp. Aberdeen has furnished quite a regiment of rhymsters, so has Forfar, so has Leith, so has Edinburgh and Glasgow and many others, while Ayr can boast of one poet among her contingent who is worth, in himself, a whole legion.

Scotland has well been called the "land of song." Every battle-field, river, loch, glen, town or village, has had its story or its praises chanted in rhyme, and even the smallest clachan has, or has had, its own particular poet who has made it the theme of some of his verses. Sometimes a poet, not content with a single town will weave into a song an entire country side. Thus "Burne, the violer," in his quaint, seventeenth century ballad, sings of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow" and all the places within a day's journey—

"Park, Wanton-wa's, and wooden-cleuch,
The East and Wester Mainses,
The wood of Lauder's fair eneuch,
The corns are good in the Blainslies,
There aits are fine and sold by kind,
That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.
* * * * * *
"Sing Erslington and Cowden knowes,
Where Homes had ance commanding;
And D ygrange with the milk white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flees through Reedpath trees,
And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader Haughs
And bonny howms o' Yarrow."

"This song," wrote Robert Chambers, "is little better than a string of names of places, yet there is something so pleasing in it, especially to a 'south-country man,' that it has long maintained its place in our collections." The imaginative, thoughtful temperament of the people finds its highest utterance in poetry, and this, when it does not make its presence seen in the shape of rhyme, is felt in the graceful ease with which the Doric falls into rhythm. Some of the words in common use in Scotland are in themselves expressive of the highest poetic sentiment and such a phrase as "auld lang syne" conveys to the listener who is acquainted with its full and untranslatable meaning a complete and perfect poem. Poetry is not a thing of lines and rhymes, quaint conceits, happy images and more or less extravagant allusions, as it is generally supposed to be. It is a nameless, undefinable quality that touches the heart and rouses in the breast of the listener or reader a deep sense of human sympathy or love. It is heard as truly in the voice of the milkmaid, singing at her toil as in the swelling notes of a grand cathedral organ. It sounds in the human ear as sweetly when murmured in the cottage, as when it re-echoes through the palace, and it is equally at home in both, for it recognizes no merely human, artificial distinctions. It needs the aid of neither education nor culture to make itself appreciated, for it is not of mortal origin, but part of the divine birthright and the common property of all who desire to possess it.

Among the singers of Scotland every class has been, and, even yet, is represented. James I., James V., and James VI., rank among royal poets, and even Mary, "Queen of Scots," as she is affectionately called, is said to have found

time amid her earlier frivolities and later sorrows to commit her thoughts to verse. Noblemen, like the great Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Glencairn, the Earl of Stirling, and in our day, like the Marquis of Lorne, and the Earl of Southesk; country gentlemen like Drummond of Hawthornden and Mure of Rowallan ; ministers of the Gospel like John Home, whose tragedy of "Douglas" is still seen on the stage, and John Skinner, whose "Tullochgorum" is one of the classics of Scottish song ; lawyers like Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Neaves ; merchants like Allan Ramsay, and William Cross ; farmers like Robert Burns and Adam Skirving, and peasants like James Hogg and David Siller, have all in turn attuned the lyre and drew from it the sweetest sounds. Even in the unpoetical atmosphere of the cities, from loom, bench and forge, amidst all the grim realities which face those who have to toil day after day for a pittance, the burden of their lives, and of other lives, has been softened and mellowed by the songs they have woven in their brains while their hands were busy with material things.

The grand feature of the Scottish muse is that it is intensely practical. It sings of real hills and valleys, and lakes and rivers, instead of the hills of Parnassus or of classic story, and of real personages—men and women—instead of mythological gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines. It has, of course, reflected the fashions of the years through which it has passed and at times has sung of Jove, and Phyllis, but these were speedily forgotten, while the people continued to sing the praises of the Jockies and Jennies whose counterparts lived and moved around them. Take up a volume of Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," which is a faithful collection of such songs as were favorites at the time it appeared (1724) or were likely to become favorites because they conformed to the tastes of their day, and we will find that none of them which had such exalted personages as Strephon, Psyche, Chloe, Damon or Amaryllis for their heroes or heroines survive, while those which tell us of Roger, Patie, Peggy, and the like, continue to be sung or at least are held in sweet remembrance. The same condition of things presents itself when we look at the more pretentious productions of the poets. The "Quair" of King James I. is never read now except by antiquaries or literary students ; neither are Gavin Douglas's "Palice of Honour" or Bellenden's "Proheme of the Cosmographé" ;

but Blind Harry's Wallace long lingered in the popular favor and Sir David Lindsay, Henryson and Dunbar were remembered, and their works more or less known, until the middle of the last century. Then the progress of the printing press introduced very widely a new order of writers and the old idols of the people were reverently laid away. Since then, Scottish poetry has taken its cue from Robert Burns, who above all others, excelled in a knowledge of the Scottish heart, and delineated the thoughts, aspirations, joys and sorrows of the people as no man before or since has done, and from Sir Walter Scott whose charm as a depictor of Scottish scenery and a chronicler of Scottish historical and legendary lore has never been equalled. The one was the poet of the people and the future, the other of the country and the past. Conjointly they have reigned, and are likely to continue ever to reign as the "high priests of Scottish song."

In most instances, poetical composition is indulged in as a pastime, in Scotland. Many of the bards, especially those of the humbler classes, tell us that their verses were composed while engaged in their respective vocations, and written out in the evening's leisure as a relaxation after the toiling and moiling of the day. The heart has to give utterance to its thoughts, and the utterance seems naturally and without apparent effort to evolve into a song. We cannot conceive of Burns sitting down deliberately to write a poem, beating his brains for a subject, tearing his hair, clenching his fists, and struggling with all his might to find and fit rhymes. He seemed almost to pour out his imaginings without premeditation, or he had mentally so mastered each theme that, when he sat down to write, the words dropped from his pen without effort. A study of his manuscripts will amply confirm this for they bear comparatively few of those minor changes which indicate a struggle, and if we look closely at the structure of his verse we will find that he did not wrestle very much with his rhymes. When one did not come very handy he ignored it altogether and used whatever word best expressed his meaning, and yet in such cases we do not notice the defective or omitted rhyme, so great was the volume of song within him, so exquisite was his sense of rhythm. In looking over the manuscripts of some of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, too, we cannot help being struck by the apparent ease with which he wrote; whole passages of some of his finest works being be-

fore the world exactly as they first came from his pen, without blot or erasure.

In every age or era of the nation's history, we can find many evidences that the bulk of Scottish poetry represents the pastime of the poets. Aytoun's "Massacre of ta Phairson" was written without any serious purpose. Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" was not conceived with any high notion of producing a Scottish drama which would be typi cal in the national literature. Honest Allan wrote simply to please himself and to while a few of the superfluous pennies from the pockets of the burgesses of Auld Reekie. To use his own words he wrote simply—

> "To bring in, frae Lord and Lady,
> Meikle fame and part of ready."

Lady Ann Lindsay, Sir Alexander Boswell, the Sempills and most of the aristocratic poets, as well as nearly all of the more democratic ones, wrote mainly for the gratification which they themselves received. Lady Nairne doubtless imagined that she had a mission, that of reforming and purifying the songs of the people, but of all her purifying little is now left. The people ignored her preaching, but loved her singing, and her songs, adapted in their turn to the popular taste by many nameless editors, will ever entitle her to a place in the annals of Scottish poetry. Of course all the Scottish bards aspire for fame, for that is a natural desire implanted in the breasts of all men, and some of them even dream of immortality, for that is also a natural instinct. But though both fame and immortality fade before them "like snaw-wreaths in thaw," they never forget their song, and keep up their cheerful lilt and tuneful measure, until they have parted company with time forever.

Yet, now and again, there are exceptions to this condition of pleasant relaxation, and the poetry within makes life an awful tragedy to the singer. This is especially evident when a poet allows the desire for fame or immortality, or even for contemporary poetic recognition to become a craze, to be so prominent in his thoughts as to overshadow everything else. This was really what sent Michael Bruce to an untimely grave. To this also was due the suicide of Tannahill, next to Burns, the sweetest of Scotland's lyric bards. Whoever reads the life of that unfortunate genius will discover how this mad desire grew upon him so that it clouded

his life, then darkened his intellect and found its quietus after the fatal plunge into the mill-pool at Ferguslie. To these men, and to others endowed like them, poetry was a terrible reality, a burning, all-devouring passion, a fateful curse.

But as I have said, the Scottish muse, on the whole, is cheerful rather than otherwise. In the past she was a hearty, honest, laughing country lass, ready to weep with those who weep, but quick to dry her tears and survey nature again with sparkling eyes. Sometimes, her laugh was rather loud, and her dress often a little—just a little—high-kilted. But she has outgrown the follies of her youth, and become a staid yet happy matron, singing cheerfully of her lot and her surroundings, and now and again stopping her lightsome song to throw her thoughts into the future, and to speculate on the world above her, where she may yet be permitted to sing another and a sweeter strain.

The courage of the inhabitants of Caledonia has been commended from the earliest times. Even in the dim ages of history we often find that their heroic, chivalrous qualities gave them a measure of fame among the semi-civilized and wild tribes of the European continent. Indeed but for this characteristic the people would never have been heard of in those primitive times, for it was only through deeds of heroism and daring that fame was won. Brute force then ruled the known world, and the most honored man was he who could best swing a club, or was most ruthless in his contempt for human life, and who laughed loudest at the very thought of fear or danger. From the very beginning of their authentic history, we find the Scots carrying on a struggle for independence. The Romans tried hard to reduce the country to the grade of a province, but failed, and were glad to build a wall between the Caledonians and the dwellers in the conquered fields in the central part of the island. The English also attempted the subjugation of the country, but without success, for the stubborn will of the people could neither be bent or broken by force of arms or the wiles of state-craft. Only once could Scotland be said to have lain, bruised and bleeding, at the feet of a conqueror, and that was due to the genius of Oliver Cromwell and the decisiveness of his victory at Dunbar in 1650. It must be remembered, however, that at that time, the country was far from

being united. Political and religious feelings and differences ran high, and the great body of the people had hardly made up their minds how to act in the condition of things which the course of events had brought to pass. To use an auld proverb, "They were between the deil an' the deep sea." They wanted King Charles, and yet they did not want him. They wanted religious toleration according to the Presbyterian ideal. Charles promised it, Cromwell proclaimed it. They desired "the auld Stuarts back again," but they were not sure how the particular specimen of the auld Stuarts they had to deal with would behave when he got back. They hesitated, doubted, hoped, surmised, argued and prayed. Cromwell with masterly activity took advantage of their hesitation and before they knew it had them bound hand and foot under his rule. It was a grim lesson, but the people deserved it. The same indecision was again seen when Prince Charlie made his victorious march from Moidart to Prestonpans in 1745. But for the divided state of public sentiment such a triumphal procession would not have lasted over a day, and the Jacobite court at Holyrood would never have had an existence. The once favorite ballad which follows—written probably in the early part of the eighteenth century—shows how this division of sentiment among the people was well understood and appreciated:

> "The auld Stuarts' back again,
> The auld Stuarts' back again;
> Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
> The Stuarts will be back again.
> Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds
> An' a' Kilmarnock's sowen suds?
> We'll whack their hides an' fyle their fuds,
> An' bring the Stuarts back again.
>
> "There's Ayr an' Irvine, wi' the rest,
> An' a' the cronies i' the West,
> Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest
> How they'll set up their crack again.
> But wad they come, or dare they come
> Afore the bagpipe an' the drum,
> We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
> Or 'auld Stuarts' back again.'"

But Kilmarnock, Ayr, Irvine and the "cronies of the West" held the balance of power at that critical period, and as they did not sing "the auld Stuarts back again" they prevented the young Chevalier from obtaining any real hold on the country and led directly to his discomfiture. The '45, much as it has been sung and praised, was little better than a flash in the pan, a glint of bright light followed by

a cloud of smoke. It was the divisions among the people that made it possible, and again the people paid dearly for their indecision when the brutalities of Cumberland won for him the epithet of "Butcher," and the martial and penal laws which followed Culloden interfered with not only civil but religious freedom.

Nearly all the battle-fields of Europe have been dyed with the blood of Scotsmen, serving either as troopers of fortune or as the appointed soldiers of their own land. Since the union of the kingdoms in 1703, they have borne more than their share in fighting the battles of Britain. They have ever been in the front rank, facing danger without hesitation, enduring fatigue without a murmur, and their loyalty and fidelity are always relied on implicitly by their officers. "Whatever man dare they can do" has often been said of the Highland Brigade in foreign lands, and the words of Lord Wolseley in writing of the Black Watch may be quoted as really applicable to them all—"Scotland and the Empire generally could not do too much for a corps that has done so much to build up and preserve the unity of the great Empire ruled over by the Queen. When in action with the Royal Highlanders one need take no trouble about the part of the field where they are engaged, for I have always then realized that what men could do they would accomplish. Officers and men work together with an entire and mutual confidence in one another that insures success. Whenever I go on active service I always try to have this splendid regiment with me, because I can rely upon it at all times and under all circumstances. Whenever I see the red heckle of the Black Watch I feel that I have there not only good friends, but also staunch comrades who will stand by one to the last." The colors of the Black Watch are inscribed with a list of battles which really summarize the military glory of Britain since that gallant corps was first organized on a field near Aberfeldy. "Mangalore," "Seringapatam," "Egypt," "Corunna," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1846–47," "South Africa, 1851-2–3," "Alma," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," "Ashantee," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir." The Scots Greys, with their grand motto, "Second to None," carry us still further back into the story of Britain's wars, with such names on their

colors as "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet" and "Dettingen." In the number of such honors inscribed on their colors the Highland regiments will far excell any similar number of regiments in the British army.

What a list of heroes has Scotland contributed to the common stock of Britain since the kingdoms were united! The names of Sir John Moore, Ralph Abercrombie, Admiral Duncan, Dundas of Fingask, Sir John Hope, Sir George Murray, Sir James Simpson, Colin Campbell and Rose of Strathnairn rise at once to memory, and in the background is seen a veritable army of illustrious men, each one occupying an honored page in the annals of British military exploit and victory. During the Egyptian war of 1882 the Highland Brigade, under the command of Sir Archibald Alison (son of the celebrated author of the "History of Europe,") showed that officers and men were equally distinguished by the martial spirit and invincible bravery which had carried their ancestors in triumph over many a hard-fought field. When we read the modern record of the soldiers of Scotland we can realize that the ancient spirit is not dead, and that Scotland to-day is as much a nation of warriors as it was at any epoch in the "good old time."

But while the men have thus maintained the national character for bravery, the gentle sex has not been far behind when danger or circumstances demanded. The courage of the ladies of the struggling court of Robert Bruce yet thrills the heart, and who can read of the heroism of Black Agnes of Dunbar without wonder and admiration? Even Mary, Queen of Scots, with all her frailties, had a stout heart that could rise equal to any occasion which presented itself. Her behavior in the last dread moments of her life, when standing on the scaffold with the headsman, and around her scowled the grim countenances of the courtiers of her cousin Elizabeth, was marked by a calmness and a courage which the bravest could not have shown more distinctly, and which touched the hearts of not a few of the miserable spectators. Then the "ladies of the Covenant," as they have been called, furnish a whole gallery of types of female heroism. Marion Harvey, Margaret McLauchlan, Margaret Wilson, Isabel Alison and hundreds of others suffered martyrdom with as much true nobility, steadfastness and courage as can be found recorded anywhere; and such names

as those of Lady Kenmure, Lady Grizel Bailie, Lady Graden, Lady Cavers, Lady Mary Johnston, Lady Culross and Lady Catherine Hamilton are still fondly recalled as those of loyal and true women who suffered much for conscience' sake, and who were ready to prove their devotion to their religion with their lives.

In connection with the Jacobite rebellions the ladies of Scotland also showed their heroism. The part they played has been dwarfed, or hidden rather, by the romantic episodes in which Flora Macdonald—the most popular of all the heroines of Scotland—was the leading character. But still the stories of Lady Nithsdale, Lady Keith and many others reflect honor on the courage and devotedness of the fair sex. The ladies were the warmest supporters whom Prince Charles had during his campaign in 1745-46, and their enthusiasm doubtless contributed in a great measure to the short season of success he enjoyed. In the words of a popular song, the women were "a' gane wud," and often loudly sung the praises of the "Young Chevalier" even when their male relatives, with cooler judgment and wiser heads, were disposed to leave him and his cause severely alone. During the Indian mutiny the courage of the Scottish ladies whose fortunes were cast in the midst of the carnage and danger of that awful time has often been praised. The story of Jessie Brown at Lucknow has thrilled the civilized world, and although the episode on which her fame rests has been contradicted in many of its details, yet enough remains to show that Jessie did exist, was present in the Residency at Lucknow during its terrible siege, and went through the awful ordeal with a heart as brave at least as that of any of its male defenders, whether of high or low degree. In less stirring lives, those of the manse, the mission station or the cottage, we could find countless instances worth recording of the bravery and courage of Scottish women. But tales of heroism in ordinary life are so common that many must readily occur to any one who has mingled among the people, and it seems needless to quote any here.

No one can be truly described as brave who is not a lover of fair play, and this is also eminently a characteristic of the Scot. Exact justice between man and man is a grand rule, and the more it is practised in every-day life the more independent and valuable does that life become. "Giff Gaff

mak's guid frien's" is one of the most popular proverbs in Scotland, and wherever it is acted upon its advantages are obvious. In the world's anthem, "Auld Lang Syne," there occur two lines which emphasize the national love for fair play—

> "And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
> And surely I'll be mine"

English critics have often attempted to interpret these lines, but failed to grasp their meaning. As a general rule they have tried to ridicule them, and hint pretty plainly that they illustrate the natural meanness of the Scot, because the one old friend would not give the other a pint-stoup until it was agreed that the compliment should be returned. Instead of this, however, it only shows the independence of the two. The one wanted to give the other a loving-cup and to receive the same mark of friendship in return. Such a notion as economy never entered the heads of the cronies. They met, hailed each other as Scots do who have not forgathered for several years, and then proposed to celebrate their meeting by—as was very fashionable in Burns' day—"weeting it both conjointly and severally," as a law paper might describe the circumstance.

Speak to a Scot of fair play and you touch one of the corners of his heart. He believes in it, practises it, and when it is extended to him he generally returns it faithfully, honestly and sometimes perhaps with a little interest. At times, of course, self will "the wavering balance shake" just a little too much in one direction, but on the whole it may safely be said that fair play in public or private life is recognized by Scots of all classes as a jewel, and as the best and safest rule in life.

Integrity, with which I classify steadfastness, religious sentiment and a hatred of shams, is a Scottish characteristic which, probably more than any other, has been most generally recognized, especially in these modern days. There is a story told of an old Scot who assured his son that honesty was the best policy, and added *sotto voce* that he had "tried baith." But I think there cân be no doubt that this a fiction fastened upon the shoulders of the unoffending Sawney by some unscrupulous Englishman. "A good conscience is the best divinity" says an old and much prized proverb and another inculcates that "honesty may be dear bought but

can ne'er be an ill pennyworth." To be leal and true is one of the standard maxims of Caledonia and the theme for centuries has been preached from her pulpits and sung by her poets. That the people, as a whole, are honest is everywhera conceded. True, the Highland rievers made periodical descents upon the Lowlands and "lifted" good fat cattle and whatever else they could lay their hands upon. It is true, too, that the wild Borderers were guilty of the same offense in the fair land which lay to the south of them, and that the lairds and lords were always ready to steal as much of their neighbors' lands and goods as they dared to. But these things were all done in the good old times when

> "They could take who had the power,
> And they would keep who can."

In those days might was the prevailing law instead of right —or a smart attorney as at present.

It is the prevailing fashion to joke about the honesty of a Highlander, and the story is common about an individual named Sandy Macdonald, who was arrested for stealing a pair of tongs and who simply said in his plea that he had found them at the fireside. But what section of the country can show a single record of honesty, loyalty and trustfulness like that shown by the Highlanders of 1746 when they held the person of Prince Charlie sacred in their midst although a reward of £30,000 was freely offered among them for his betrayal? The story is unparalleled in the history of nations, and is the crowning glory in the annals of the North. It more than atones for all the sheep-stealing and rieving which have been made known to us, and proves that honor burned brightly in the breasts of even the poorest peasants in the "North Countrie." Then, if we want a recent instance, showing how the same sense of honor exists in the country at the present day, we have only to recall the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. Sad as it was, that catastrophe was not without its redeeming point, for it proved the grit of the people. Immediately after the failure was announced, a meeting of the stockholders was held in Glasgow, and it was attended by men of almost every age, profession and trade, a truly representative gathering of modern Scots convened together under most unfortunate circumstances, and under an awful cloud of misfortune, brought about through no direct fault in any of themselves. In their deliberations,

these men never lost sight of the determination to make good the losses of the bank in which they were partners. There was no squirming, no dodging of the issue, but a fair, square facing of the bitter reality. And what was the outlook? To most of them it was the loss of their all, to many it meant irretrievable ruin, to not a few it showed absolute want But they accepted their fate like men, and the country came nobly to the assistance of the women and children and other helpless victims, and by liberal contributions raised a fund which tided the unfortunate ones over their immediate distress, and gave to all who needed it, at least a helping hand. The crash caused by the failure was a terrible one and for a day or two the commercial probity of Scotland was sneered at by other nations, but the country emerged from the disaster with flying colors. No one lost a penny by the failure who was not on the roll of the bank's books as holders of its stock and the kindly Christian charity of the whole nation never appeared so clear, so lovable, or so genuine as it did in its efforts to help these unfortunate shareholders to release themselves from the hard slough of poverty into which the sad event had so suddenly plunged them.

Religion is the principal factor in this quality of integrity. A Scotsman is nothing if not religious. He is a born theologian and takes a huge delight in construing problems and mysteries which people of other nationalities would think about with awe, or speak about with bated breath. Even when the Scot tries to shake off the good old-fashioned faith of his fathers for the sake of embracing some modern "ism," or for the privilege of nursing some fashionable doubt, the old theology laid down to him in his school-boy days through the medium of the Shorter Catechism and the tawse, sticks to him like a burr. I have heard mechanics at their work discuss knotty questions in theology with a degree of intelligence, religious information and logical acuteness which would have done credit to advanced students for the ministry. The Braes of Gleniffer, Glasgow Green and other places where artisans were wont to resort, could they tell the story of the disputations which have been waged on their green-sward, would bear evidence that the arguments were as often theological as political. In France, Spain, Italy, and even in England, theology is pretty much left in the

hands of its special professors—the priests. Not so in Scotland. Every man is an enquirer—nay, even a professor, and no country in the world has produced more laymen who have taken an active and brilliant share in the work of the church. The case of Hugh Miller is an instance in point. In the troublous times of the Disruption no professed theologian or clerical politician on either side combatted the auld kirk more intelligently than he. The most abstruse questions were as marrow to his busy, thinking, piercing brain, and the knottiest of problems became clear and simple, as he detailed them in the columns of the *Witness* newspaper. He was the literary champion of the Disruption, gave the Free Church its very name, and did more to establish and endow it among the people of Scotland than any other individual connected with it.

The majority of the Scottish ministers are drawn from the ranks of the people, and their connection with the people is always a close and nearly always a lovable one. The people do not regard their pastors as beings of a different order than themselves or as semi-sacred sort of personages. They accord all reverence to their office as ambassadors or ministers of God; they respect them for devoting their lives to the study of the Holy Writ, that they may the better explain and teach its important truths. The minister, to the credit of his class be it said, generally appreciates the situation and adapts it to his own comfort and the success of the cause to which he has given his life. Being removed by his position from the cares and worriments of business, or the jealousies of social life, he mingles freely among all classes and encourages each to constrain themselves and follow carefully in the narrow path—a path which his own footsteps invariably tread in all weathers and under all fortunes. In the palace of the peer and the cottage of the crofter the minister is equally welcome and equally at home, and he is as ready to discuss theological matters with the village blacksmith as with a co-presbyter. Such ministers as those of Scotland, going in and out among the people, on terms of equality and real friendship with them all, have had a wonderful effect in educating all classes up to their own high standard of morality, and in no other country under the sun do we find the people and the clergy working more zealously together to promote the national welfare.

Scotsmen are often taunted in religious circles with being the countrymen of so great an opponent of revealed religion as David Hume. A little examination, however, will show Hume's precise position in a better light than that in which it is generally held. The age in which he lived was one of change and doubt. The teachers of religion had not advanced in the world of thought as had other educated men, and held fast to many theories which the critical spirit of the time had rejected and which have long since been abandoned. Hume was, of all things, an analyst, and his keen, calm, logical mind probed things to their very bottom. He saw that much of what the clergy taught was erroneous, and animated by that discovery he doubted or derided, or ignored all they did teach. He was simply a seeker after truth, but the roads of his time were dark, and in his gropings he landed in a rut of unbelief, probably as much to his own sorrow as to the dismay of anyone else. David Hume was no gaping infidel, no ribald blasphemer like others who, in the present day, move in high places and delight in parading their weaknesses before large audiences for the double purpose of gratifying their pride and filling their purses. Hume was a thinker, a man of liberal mind and honest purposes, and however much we may deplore his avowed unbelief in many tenets taught by the theologians of his time, we cannot help confessing that these same theologians and the uncertain spirit of the period had more to do with bringing it about than any desire he personally entertained for being antagonistic to the faith of his kindred and the best instincts of his own pure heart.

In fact the whole history of religion in Scotland is distinguished by its inflexible, unyielding, unflinching honesty. That was eminently demonstrated in 1843 when over 300 ministers, some of them old men almost bending over the grave, others just in their prime, and many only entering manhood, voluntarily relinquished their incomes, their homes, and imperilled their earthly prospects, for the sake of a principle, the truth of which was dearer to them than fortune, or even life itself. The same honesty was also seen in the struggle for the Solemn League and Covenant, and in that earlier Disruption of 1662, when the clergy left their kirks rather than remain in them after "presentation from the patron and collation from the bishop" as an order of

Parliament demanded. This honesty animated Wishart, Knox, Henderson, Melville, Guthrie, Renwick and other heroes and leaders of the Reformation, and it made the people defy even the Court of Rome itself, at a time when the most powerful nations in Europe trembled at its nod.

It almost goes without saying that this honesty should be distinguished by an absolute hatred of shams of every form and degree. The Scotsman very often is blunt in his speech, so much so as to make him frequently appear almost rude. Thomas Carlyle, the greatest philosopher of our time, is possibly better known to the masses as a devoted assailant of shams, religious, political, historical and social, than anything else. When he said that there were "eight millions of people in England—mostly fools," he uttered a sentiment which was as blunt and ill-natured as it was possible to be, but the honesty of the words were so apparent that they have been incorporated into literature. Carlyle's hatred of shams rehabilitated Oliver Cromwell and placed him before the readers of history in his true position as a hero. John Knox, in his interviews with Queen Mary, has been accused of rudeness, but who will now dare say so after the light which Carlyle has brought to bear on his heroic character? Every word the Reformer spoke to his unhappy Queen was prompted by truth, and that truth his conscience impelled him to speak, and he did not care whom it hurt, or how skilfully an adversary might attempt to improve it. Here are some of Carlyle's words in connection with this subject: "The treatment which that young, beautiful and high chief personage in Scotland receives from the rigorous Knox, would to most modern men seem irreverent, cruel, almost barbarous. Here, more than elsewhere, Knox proves himself—here, more than anywhere, bound to do it—the Hebrew prophet in complete perfection, refuses to soften any expression, or to call anything by its milder name, or in short, for one moment to forget that the eternal God and His word are great, and that all else is little or is nothing, nay, if it set itself against the Most High and His word, is the one frightful thing that this world exhibits. He is never in the least ill-tempered with Her Majesty; but she cannot move him from that fixed centre of all his thoughts and actions. Do the will of God and tremble at nothing; do against the will of God, and know that, in the immensity and the eternity

around you there is nothing but matter of terror. Nothing can move Knox here or elsewhere from that standing-ground; no consideration of the Queen's sceptres and armies and authorities of men is of any efficacy or dignity whatever in comparison, and becomes not beautiful but horrible when it sets itself against the Most High."

There is an old saying which tells us that "Truth has a guid face but ragged claes," and another inculcates the profound axiom that "truth is the dochter o' time." The truth as spoken by John Knox, rough and rugged as it was, was still the truth and had it been heeded by the unfortunate Queen, it is likely that Fotheringay would have been robbed of its darkest tragedy and the memory of Queen Bess been relieved of one of its stains. The falsehoods which surrounded Mary have perished, but the influence of John Knox still lives and blesses not only Scotland, but the world. It was founded on the best of all foundations, and as time wears on, the truth which he professed seems clearer and brighter and softer, because we understand it better, and can judge of it by its fruits. The true always lives, it is always beautiful, and never fails to leave its impress, no matter how hard the soil is on which it alights, nor how weak the hand may be by which it is employed.

It seems not a little singular to describe the Scot as a natural conservative when he is regarded politically as one of the most pronounced liberal factors in British affairs. The term "canny," so often applied to Scotsmen, really means conservatism, but it is conservatism of the right sort, that which goes cautiously and steadily along the path of progress. A Scot hates to make a change of any kind. He leaves his early home, his native land, his accustomed haunts with regret. He even sees the changes which time works before his eyes with feelings akin to sadness. He sees the village through which he romped when a boy dishevelled and depopulated, the bonnie straths and hillsides turned into sheep-walks or deer grounds, the railway pierce its way through his most romantic glens, and his rivers turned into open sewers or mill-feeders, with a twinge of pain in his heart. Changes in Scotland are apt to sever too many kindly associations to yield much pleasure. The City Improvement Scheme which the late William Chambers introduced into Edinburgh was a measure whose value and benefi-

cence have never been called in question. But with all its evident benefits its requirements were regretted by many citizens of both high and low degree because it would sweep away hundreds of the old landmarks of the city—houses which were full of the romance of history and tradition. How many kindly memories lost their last tangible evidence when the old College of Glasgow was turned into a railway depot? In many parts of Scotland there are melancholy reminders of the changes which are taking place. Some of these, such as Chambers' improvement scheme, may be excused or condoned on the plea of "progress" or "the requirements of modern civilization." But there are others, like that of

"Bonnie Strathnaver, Sutherland's pride,"

which wring the heart of every patriot who looks upon them and inspire the hope that a time is coming when laws will be so framed or altered that the "clearances" which have disgraced the history of Scotland during the present century, will be perpetrated no more.

In religion, as in politics, the Scots are very careful in making changes. They hesitate long about throwing overboard any of the landmarks which their fathers fought for. Even points of Scriptural interpretation which the researches of the most orthodox Biblical students of modern times have proved to be erroneous, are cherished in Scotland long after they have been abandoned by the rest of the Christian world. Such theories as the six literal days of creation and the Mosaic chronology are still zealously believed in by a large body of the people and the "kist fu' o' whistles" is yet regarded with abhorrence by many good people when spoken of in connection with a Presbyterian kirk. But once the Scot makes up his mind to accept the change, he goes about it in no half-hearted manner, and very often places himself in advance of his age. If he leaves his own land and makes up his mind to settle permanently in another, he quickly adapts himself to the manners, customs and requirements of the country in which he finds his home. But be the change one of politics or law, or religion, the moment he accepts it he will strain every nerve in its behalf. He will set his goal before him and never take his eyes from it for an instant until it is reached. Possibly he may then discover he had made a mistake, but if he remains true to

his early training he will seldom sit down helplessly and whine over it. When he does this and the world becomes too full of oppression and weariness for him, the sooner he is carried off to a brighter sphere the better. But this happens very rarely, for the Scot is not much given to crying over spilt milk. He rather accepts the condition of things without grumbling or despairing, determines to make the best of them, and generally succeeds in the long run.

There is something touching in the reverence the Scot entertains for the past, and his comparative thoughtlessness for the future, so far at least as this world is concerned. He always entertains the hope that things will remain in statu quo in his own time, not with the silly impertinence of "after me the deluge," which animated the French king, but from a loathness to see things altered, except a little for the better, from the way in which they had been handed down to him by his fathers. In no part of the world are relics of the past more carefully treasured than in Scotland, and thus, holding fast to that which has been, while carefully scanning the horizon of progress for that which is to be beyond all doubt an improvement, Scotland is giving an example to the world which is deserving both of imitation and approval.

SCOTTISH ANNIVERSARIES AND HOLIDAYS.

THE Reformation in Scotland abolished all the festivals of the olden time, and left the Scottish people very destitute of holidays or opportunities for general gatherings and merry-makings. Of course the fairs were not altogether abandoned, but they were shorn of much of their former value in the eyes of many when they were no longer occasions for revelry, athletic sports, idle gossip and general hilarity. They were used mainly for bartering and preaching, and although at times the old spirit would break out among the younger folks, and, as so well described in connection with a later era in Scott's "Old Mortality," a wappinschaw might be arranged at a popular gathering, still the dangerous levity was frowned down by the dour portion of the people, the local magnates and the "heads of families" as the Confession of Faith called them. The same puritanical spirit which condemned many holiday festivities in England had spread into Scotland, but then it was more thoroughgoing, more spontaneously the result of genuine popular sentiment. In Scotland the Reformation was really a reformation. All things were changed and every form of religious observance was made as opposite from that of the Romish Church as it could possibly be. The severest simplicity took the place of the most ornate splendor. The priest, instead of being a potentate, became a minister, a servant, and as a clean sweep was made of the cloisters, images, altars, monks and nuns, so too were the old holidays, once dear to the people, completely ignored and almost obliterated—except as popular landmarks. Even Christmas, the assigned natal day of the Founder of Christianity, was ruthlessly passed by without note or observance, and so was Easter. Even now, although those days are more in vogue than they were formerly, they can hardly be said to have regained their popularity in the

land of the Kirk and the Covenant. Easter is a sort of frolicking time when dyed eggs and spring bonnets come into vogue, and Christmas is a period when fraternal and kindly greetings are exchanged between families, friends and acquaintances. Except among Episcopalians, and the class whom Professor Blackie delights to designate as "West End swells," Christmas has no religious significance in any part of the country.

But amid all the civil and religious changes which mark the history of Scotland, New Year's day has always remained a season of jubilation, of congratulation, and of pleasure seeking. Prior to the Reformation the day bore a religious significance, but on the consummation of that event it became one of purely secular rejoicing. In the Lowlands first footing is the special feature of the day although it seems to a great extent to be dying out. Within the last half century great crowds of revellers used to meet at some central place in each town, such as the Tron Church at Edinburgh or the Tron Church at Glasgow, and wait patiently until the "town" clock had finished striking twelve on the night of each 31st of December, Then a glad cheer would arise from the multitude, "a guid new year" would be passed from lip to lip as each one shook hands with his neighbor, and bottles of whiskey would be drawn from numberless pockets and "preed." Then the revellers would separate and start out on their first-footing expeditions. It was this same whiskey element in the rejoicing which led to its falling into desuetude. The old saying that "when drink's in, wit's out" holds true around New Year's day as well as at any time, and many catastrophes occurred, each celebration, which could be traced directly to this cause. In Edinburgh, for instance, about 1858, a young man was crossing the Mound to first-foot some friends when he was attacked by several Irishmen. In the scuffle which ensued one of the Irishmen was killed and the young man was arrested. He was tried for murder, but his character was an excellent one and his plea of self-defence was believed by the jury. He was acquitted, but had to leave the city, practically a ruined man. The trial created a deep sensation in Scotland at the time, and its revelations proved a deathblow to the old-fashioned, kindly meant, but foolish practice of first-footing. From that time it ceased to be at

all fashionable in Edinburgh, and, thanks to the steady progress of temperance principles among the people, the more glaring of its objectionable features are rapidly disappearing. There is more drunkenness in Scotland on New Year's day than on any other day in the year, but the extent of the evil is steadily being reduced.

First-footing had a whole multitude of little superstitions which were peculiarly its own. Thus, a person who had a low instep was never desirable as a first-foot. A first-foot who entered a house empty-handed would be deemed very unlucky, and his advent would be the beginning of a year of poverty, hardship and misfortune. Should he enter unshod, he would simply invite death to visit the household during the year, and so be to all intents and purposes a murderer. Even although the first-foot should make his appearance laden with all the good things of the season and his feet shod with the best shoes in the parish, he might still be an undesirable visitor on account of his being personally obnoxious to the fates; an unlucky sort of a fellow in all respects. First-footing was, and is, a matter which should never be entered upon without grave reflection, for the blame of anything in the way of disaster which may happen during the year is always laid to the blame of the first-foot, and many a decent man has had his reputation thus blasted owing to circumstances arising over which he had no control. On the other hand, I have known men who have acquired great local honor from being regarded as "guid first fits," and to them the opening day of each year was truly a season of refreshing and rejoicing.

In olden times, should a fire have gone out in a household on New Year's day, it was considered a sign of impending disaster. No one would lend a neighbor a shovelful of lighted coal on that day, and if a man entered a house and desired a light for his pipe, he would be very rudely and peremptorily refused. To give away light or fire rather, on January 1st, was regarded as equivalent to giving away a life, and the person giving was deemed sure to be the victim. This was simply a survival of the old reverence for fire which existed among the people from the earliest times in their history.

In the Highlands, first-footing was also quite a feature of the New Year's celebrations, and most of the superstitions

current in the South belonged to the North. The late Rev. Alexander Macgregor, of Inverness, thus writes: "On New Year's eve, they [the Highlanders] surrounded each other's houses carrying dried cow-hides, and beating them with sticks, thrashing the walls with clubs, all the time crying, shouting and repeating hymns. This is supposed to operate as a charm against fairies, demons and spirits of every order. They provide themselves with the flap, or hanging part of the hide on the cow's neck which they called 'caisean-uchd,' and which they singed in the fire and presented to the inmates of the family, one after another, to smell as a charm against all injuries from fairies and spirits. A specimen of the rhymes repeated, with loud chorus, is as follows:

'Great good luck to the house,
Good luck to the family,
Good luck to every rafter of it
And to every worldly thing in it.

'Good luck to horses and cattle,
Good luck to the sheep;
Good luck to everything
And good luck to all your means.

'Good luck to the guid wife,
Good luck to the children,
Good luck to every friend,
Good luck and health to all.'"

This is certainly about as complete a round of good wishes as one could well draw together. Nothing, in fact, is omitted.

In the South as in the North, New Year's enjoyed a share in the good favor of the poets, although to a much smaller extent than one would suppose. The most popular New Year's song is that beginning

"A guid New Year to ane an' a'
An' mony may ye see,
And owre a' the years to come
O happy may ye be.
An' may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn
To sigh or shed a tear;
To ane and a' baith great an' sma'—
A happy guid New Year."

While, however, hoping the best for the future, many a sigh may be heard for the year that has gone, with all its sins of omission and commission. The following song written by John Donlap, who was Lord Provost of Glasgow, in 1796, faithfully interprets this feeling:

"Here's to the year that's awa'!
We'll drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we loved,
While swift flew the year that's awa'.

"Here's to the sodger that bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

"Here's to the friends that we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow;
May they live in our song and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'."

To celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, Scotia's darling poet, has become one of the duties of Scotsmen all over the world, and the day has been elevated into one of the most noteworthy in the national calendar. In the celebration of this day, the Scot is not selfish; for while he keeps the limits of his nationality pretty closely drawn round his St. Andrew's and Caledonian societies, he invites the world to worship at the shrine of Burns and join with him in paying homage to the memory of that great poet. This invitation is very generally accepted, and nowhere more so than in America, where of all "fremit" lands, Robert Burns is best understood and most highly appreciated.

In Scotland nearly every village or parish has its Burns club, and in the larger towns there are often three or four. All these hold more or less public meetings on the anniversary of the natal day. "Furth of Scotland," wherever a dozen or two of its natives can be found located, they generally have a club organized under the name of Burns, or at all events, they observe his "day" with rejoicings. In the United States and Canada, every January, there are some 200 meetings in honor of the poet. These gatherings are of all descriptions, dinners, suppers, concerts, lectures and even balls, though by what stretch of imagination a ball can be considered as calculated to glorify the memory of a poet, I never could well understand. These festivals are attended by people of all classes from millionaires, bankers, merchants, traders, farmers, clerks, ministers, teachers, professors, to mechanics and hard-handed sons of toil in general. Some of the speeches are eloquent and equal to the occasion, others are homelier in their manner and worth, but equally sincere in their good intentions of helping along the fame of Burns in their part of "this vale of tears." They

are all equally exuberant, too, in their enthusiasm for the memory of the sweet singer who sung in undying tones the grand refrain of the brotherhood of man, and whose highest mission was to teach the inherent dignity and worth of honest toil. The people listen with admiration to the speeches, and cheer to the echo every allusion to the name of the poet or the slightest tribute to his genius.

And that is all. The multitudinous quantity of speech-making, singing, enthusiasm, whiskey-drinking, good fellowship and so forth which occupied so many hours, and which joined the world together on the night before, are all dissipated into nothingness with the rising of the sun, and the fame of Burns, the memory of Burns, the teaching of Burns have not been in reality helped in any degree by the enthusiasm and vaporing which have been expended on the anniversary. The usual shrewdness of the Scot in this investment is completely at fault.

For it is a mistake, a grievous mistake, this system of useless celebration, and tends, if Burns' life and teaching be worth anything at all, to render that worth useless. What is the good of men meeting once a year simply to tell each other that Burns was a great man ; that he wrote a number of poems which the world will not willingly let die ; that he elevated labor, and wrote stirring words in favor of freedom; and that his life was in itself one of the most interesting and solemn poems of which the world has ken? Men go on repeating these things year after year with infinite zest, and with all the unanimity of parrots, thoroughly convinced that thereby they are doing a wonderful amount of good to the fame of Burns and the glory of their motherland. How much better would it be were these meetings made the sources from which bursaries could be raised to enable the sons of Scottish peasants to pass through the universities, or from which means would be derived to promote an increase of agricultural education among the class of small tenant farmers from which Burns sprung! Could they not spread a thorough understanding of the political bearings of Burns' teachings among the people, bringing home to them a knowledge of the power they possess, of their inherent rights and of the wrongs which still harass and annoy them? Could not a fund be raised to assuage the sorrows of old and impoverished authors, to assist their widows and fami-

lies, and to remove the reproach, as common and as truthful now as at any time in the world's history, that poverty and poetry always go together? Could not something be done, no matter how little, to hurry on that glorious time when the brotherhood of man will be a reality instead of a dream, and when Burns' song of "A man's a man for a' that" will be the accepted anthem of all the world? Surely in these and a score of other ways which might be mentioned the hero-worship of Burns could be made something real, something practical, and in every way worthy of his memory and of the heritage which he bequeathed to all posterity. Surely something of this sort would be more fitting, more manly, more characteristic of his countrymen, than spending a night each year in listening to empty platitudes, threadbare assertions, and neatly turned phrases, eating fashionable dinners or democratic suppers, or in drinking large quantities of Scotch whiskey, the very draught which did so much to embitter the life of the poet and which hurried him midst poverty and sorrow to an untimely grave.

Beltane, or, as it might be called, Mayday, has fallen into neglect. In some places the country lads and lassies, and even the town's lads and lassies, go out early on the morning and lave their hands and faces in May dew, but the custom is meaningless now and little better than a sort of idle diversion. Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Palm Sunday are now merely names in Scotland. The latter, indeed, would be forgotten altogether were it not that history records it as being the day when the "Douglas Larder" was formed. As will be remembered by those who have read the story of the struggle for independence in Scotland, Sir James Douglas, the greatest of all his race, on Palm Sunday, 1306–7, recaptured by stratagem from the English his ancestral castle of Douglas. Sir James stripped the place of its arms and valuables. Then he threw into a huge heap all the provisions which were found in the stores, and staved all the casks containing wine and threw them on the pile. He next ordered all his prisoners to be killed and their bodies flung on the top of the strange cairn. He then set fire to the whole and consumed it as well as the castle itself. A savage performance truly, but it harmonized well with the spirit of the times, and the peasants of Douglasdale called it, in grim humor, the "Douglas Larder."

One would think that the 24th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, would be a gala-day among the Scotch; but, strange to say, it is hardly ever recognized by any special observance. Of course this is due in a great measure to the union which so happily exists between England and Scotland, and to the lack of any burning sentiment of jealousy between them; yet, even in spite of all this, it seems a slight on the memory of those who fought and fell on that day that the glory of their achievements should be ignored or forgotten. But for Bannockburn the union of Scotland and England would have been effected on a very different basis from that on which it was afterwards settled. The English are not so very thin-skinned as to be likely to feel offended or put out at any celebration which might be made to mark the day when the independence of Scotland was finally and emphatically won. Those of them who are located in the United States preserve their equanimity in the face of the Fourth of July demonstrations very easily, and the celebration of Evacuation Day in New York or the battle of Bunker Hill in Boston never causes them a pang. The 24th of June should be a marked day in Scotland, for the victory which it added to its history on that date in 1314 made everything possible which she has acquired since. Let one calmly sit down and imagine that the decision of Bannockburn had been reversed and that Bruce's army had been crushed and dispersed, Stirling relieved, and the whole country once more firmly under the heel of English conquerors. Then let him work out the problem of what the history of the country would have been as a mere province —a conquered and a despised province—of England. A study of this sort will make the importance of Bannockburn come home to a student more forcibly than any other way I can think of. Even England, in the light of history between then and now, has reason to be glad that her king and his soldiers were sent hurrying pell-mell across the Border instead of winning an empty, and to them barren, victory.

Hallowe'en, the 31st of October, is so named as being the eve of the Feast of All Hallows, which is on the following day, November 1st. Hallowe'en used to be very commonly observed all over Scotland, and merry parties were wont to convene under its happy auspices; but it is now falling into neglect. In fact the day would very likely have been long

ago as much a relic of the past as Beltane itself were it not for the fact that Burns has immortalized its observance, its ceremonies, its spells, its apple-doukins, its superstitions and its fun in one of the best of his descriptive poems. The picture of Hallowe'en as he gives it, is perfect, and his lines have been the model or the source from which all descriptions of the festival have since been drawn. It is therefore needless to repeat the story here. Suffice it to say that Hallowe'en is a festival which is based upon superstition, and which has been the means of keeping these superstitions alive even to our own day. The old rhyme fitly describes its power :

> "This is the nicht o' Hallowe'en :
> A' the witches to be seen,
> Some o' them black, some o' them green,
> Some o' them like a turkey bean."

The denizens of the spiritual world were on that night supposed to be in full possession of the country, and were permitted to work their most wonderful spells or play their most curious cantraps. The green-folk gathered on the hill-side or in the glen, or by the river-bank as it flowed through the meadow ; the kirkyards and ruins were peopled with ghosts; the kelpies laughed and shrieked to their hearts' content, and the witches sailed hither and thither through the air in pursuit of their uncanny joys, or brought their foul machinations against ordinary folk to a culmination. The spiritual world then made itself known to the mortal, and the latter was often permitted to "keek" into the future and read the riddle of life. No wonder that among the simple-minded, earnest, thoughtful peasantry of the olden days Hallowe'en was a time which inspired awe as well as afforded pleasure. In these later times the supernatural influence has been in a great measure dissipated, and with it has faded away the very reason for the observance of the evening. Its social opportunities and a sentimental regard for auld lang syne continue to give it a lingering lease of life, but, as I have observed, if Burns's poem had not been written that lease would have ended fully half a century ago. In the United States and Canada, as well as in Australia and New Zealand, many of the Scottish societies give a concert or some other entertainment on Hallowe'en. Sometimes at these festivals apples and tubs of water are provided for the children and the younger folks "doukin," but, except in

this respect, these merry-meetings might just as fittingly be held on any other night in the year.

Saint Andrew's Day, the 30th of November in each year, is the great rallying day of Scotsmen abroad. Many of them rejoice on the anniversary of the birthday of Burns, and a number indulge in unusual merriment on Hallowe'en, but to the enthusiastic Scot the day of his Patron Saint means something far more important than even these, for St. Andrew is simply another name for Scotland. On that day he can indulge in exultant talk without let or hindrance ; he can extoll the beauties of his native land or magnify its virtues. He can enumerate its great men, not forgetting to give special prominence to those belonging to his "ain pairish," and proclaim the charm of its poets. He can describe in glowing accents its wonderful history, and, drawing around him the mantle of prophecy, can predict for its future a degree of usefulness and splendor which will throw every other nation into the shade. To this no one will attempt to object. By universal consent the day has been given over to Scotsmen abroad as much as the 17th of March has been surrendered to the Irish to enable them to glorify the memory of a grand Scottish missionary of the olden time—St. Patrick.

It has often been asked why St. Andrew should have been adopted as the Patron Saint of Scotland, and probably no satisfactory answer will ever be returned. The early legends regarding the founding of the Fife town bearing his name, of course, if true, would be sufficient. But who can say that they are anything but old-world babblings? At the same time it must be confessed that there probably existed in the earlier ages some reason for this adoption. Very likely it may have been that some missionaries landed in Fife on this saint's day in the calendar, and named their place of abode after him. Thus the name would be identified with all their movements, and as their cause spread so would the veneration for the saint to whose titulary care their place of refuge was dedicated. The stories about the relics of the saint, and so forth, are merely idle legends, invented in the Scottish monasteries during a time when the priesthood was in a state of moral decadence. Such stories are very abundant concerning the remains of saints in general.

But there can be no doubt that St. Andrew is a most fit-

ting patron for Scotland. There is one thing more than all else which is characteristic of the history of the Scottish people, and that is their intense patriotism. This was also characteristic of the saint. The first glimpse we get of him in the Gospels shows him in attendance on the preachings of John the Baptist in the wilderness. Judea had for a long time been groaning under a most cruel and exacting despotism, and the youth of the period indulged in dreams of the promised era when the country would once more be free. From what we can learn it would seem that the Baptist's early preaching was more national than religious. He taught that a prince was about to come who would restore the ancient liberties of the Jews, and it was not until after he had baptized Christ that he appeared to understand the real nature of the change which had begun with that event. St. Andrew and his brother Peter had listened to these patriotic utterances of the Baptist for many days, and it was to this patriotism that they owed directly their introduction to the Messiah. Therefore, if we regard St. Andrew as a patriot, intense, enthusiastic and full of zeal, we can see how thoroughly he is representative of the leading feature in Scottish nationality, or of any nation which is imbued with a sentiment of pure patriotism.

In this also may be found a sufficient answer to the question—Why do the Scotch people in Scotland not observe St. Andrew's Day? There is no need for observing any such landmark, for Scottish patriotism is still active and diligent, and is ever at work in countless ways. Let a single Scotch privilege be assailed and a thousand voices are heard in protest. Let any slur be cast upon the honor or the rights of the country, and meetings will be held in all the villages and towns until the attempted wrong-doing be abandoned. Every now and again a cry is raised regarding some such attempt, showing how closely the Scottish patriots continue to watch over their hard-won rights. In various other ways the flame of patriotism is daily kept alive and glowing, and, therefore, there is no necessity for singling out any particular day for furthering on the work, nor any need of reviving memories of what is ever present and in operation. There are only a very few St. Andrew's Societies in Scotland. The principal one is that of Glasgow. Its sole purpose is patriotic, and it has but little to do beyond ferreting out petty instances of

the ignoring of Scotland in matters which appertain to the government of Great Britain.

But abroad, wherever a few Scots can gather, it is the day of all the year. For the preceding twelve months they may have been true Englishmen, good American citizens, loyal Canadians, devoted Australians, benign New-Zealanders, or kept themselves remarkably quiet among the French, German, Russian, Italian, or other foreigners, in whose midst they may have taken up their abode. But on the 30th of each November they proclaim themselves, and, strange to say, the other nationalities rejoice with them, and listen with complacency to their legends of their country's greatness and worth. When the Scot is abroad, however, a curious change takes place in the disposition of St. Andrew, and instead of being a figure-head for sentiment and patriotism he becomes a very practical personage with charity for his great purpose. All over the United States and Canada there are scattered numerous St. Andrew's Societies, whose chief object is to relieve the distress among those unfortunate Scots who, from some cause or other, have fallen by the wayside in the battle of life. These societies, year after year, do a vast amount of good and bring out the kindliest feelings of the Scottish nature, which never is so patriotic or so brotherly as when it is far away from the heather hills. One or two of these societies possess considerable wealth, and distribute a wonderful amount of charity each successive year. Indeed, so much has the charitable feature supplemented the patriotic idea in these societies that the old motto of the saint has been abandoned, and in its place "Relieve the Distressed" has been substituted.

On St. Andrew's Day these societies generally have a meeting of some sort—a banquet, ball, concert, or other festival—at which the work of the year is talked over and plans laid for the future, and, where necessary, increased contributions asked from "Scots wha hae." Long may these institutions flourish and carry on their blessed work! By so doing the members are perhaps building better than they know, for they are truly aiding in bringing to pass that glorious time when the brotherhood of man will be acknowledged over all the earth. Thus the good work carried on by the saint during his lifetime is still continued, although the ends which he had in view are being reached through

a different channel than that in which he labored. He preached the gospel of love through Christ. His modern followers show the example of the Christian life through charity, which is simply one of the forms of love. Thus by such thoughtful kindness these St. Andrew's Societies are inspiring men with tenderer feelings towards each other, making the rich lighten the burdens of the poor, and the lightsome of heart turn aside to uplift the sorrowing and the fallen.

This completes the Scottish calendar. In it, if fully observed, the Scot has opportunities for demonstrating his patriotism, his charity, his love for his native land and his regard for the things that used to horrify and amuse his forefathers away back in the dim past. If he only add his own birthday to the list and append it to this list of celebrations, he will have as many days in the year as he could well wish to extoll himself and magnify the greatness of the land of his birth.

SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

A BELIEF in supernatural agencies seems implanted naturally in the hearts of mankind. In every corner of the world, no matter how degraded or depraved the people may be, there invariably exists an impression, of some sort or other, of the existence of powers not of the world, but yet on or about the world, or exerting some influence upon it. Among the uneducated or the savage, superstition and a belief in the supernatural have the firmest hold upon the mind, and are regarded with greater seriousness than in more polished and refined nations. The reason is, that there are so many things which the uneducated man or the savage cannot understand or comprehend, and, being beyond his comprehension, he attributes them to some superior intellect which is above the world or beyond its pale. The savage, for instance, can understand and appreciate brute force, but he would think of electricity as the work of the gods. At first he is frightened at firearms and hesitates to use them, because he thinks they are bewitched; but he soon comes to know their nature and gladly uses them, although a Gatling gun would frighten him out of his wits. The savage sees something supernatural in everything which astonishes or perplexes him; in bad harvests, dearth of game, famine, pestilence, and even for simple ill-luck he lays the blame to the malignant perversity of his idol or idols, and seeks to propitiate them by offering bribes of rice, lights, incense, or tobacco, or by smashing them into atoms. Even in the most highly educated and cultivated nations superstition holds its own, and in some sort or other it is constantly cropping up in unlikely places. The educated man does not care to admit that he entertains any such notions or even anything approaching to them, but in his heart of hearts he nearly always carries some pet superstition, and it sways and governs his actions more than he would permit even himself to believe. I have generally found that the more loudly a man proclaims his contempt for superstitions and things supernatural, the more is he

under their dominion. It is natural in man to believe in such things, and so it will continue to be until man can gaze into the infinite and understand and determine the hidden sources of all things. In a word, until he throws off this mortality and assumes immortality, and is invested with higher wisdom and power than he now possesses, man will continue to be openly or secretly a believer in an active unseen world and in supernatural agencies.

As with individuals, so with nations. By the French Revolution of 1798, superstition was to be banished forever from the sacred soil of France, and, through her influence and example, from the known world. What was the result? The revolutionists threw down the superstition of Rome, and in its place accepted the superstition of the populace; they denounced the teachings and authority of the Church, and enthroned a harlot instead of a priest beside the altar of Notre Dame. They rejected the superstitions which had come down to them softened and brightened by the influences of Christianity, and fell back upon themselves. As an almost natural consequence licence prevailed, and superstition controlled them more than it ever had done before. During that awful era in European history, when France was wallowing in blood and Paris furnished daily a succession of horrors, the Continent was never, at any period in modern times, more completely under the dominion of superstition, nor was ever superstition of a more sensual and degraded character. The sentiment of the supernatural is too deeply implanted in man to be rooted out or deadened by human agencies. If one form is dissipated another rises in its place. No matter what a man's religion may be, no matter even if he pretend to no religion at all, there is still something outside of nature, outside of what is generally termed reality, which awakes at least his curiosity if it does not charm and enthrall his intellect. From that he cannot escape. The French Revolutionists denounced the very idea of God, but they worshipped first the strumpet "Goddess of Reason" and then the undefined "Supreme"—poor enough exchanges in truth, although in the present day we have men who prefer to pay their respects to a "great first cause" rather than render homage to a just, all-wise, all-perfect and all-powerful Creator and God.

Some good men have regretted this wide-spread belief

in supernatural things and the prevalence of superstitious ideas, as, in their judgment, they betray the ignorance, credulity, and unintellectual qualities of mankind. To many thoughtful minds, however, their existence is one of the grandest of all earthly arguments for the existence of the Deity and the certainty of a hereafter. If no notion existed in the human breast of another world than this, there certainly would not be any superstition; but it is the innate certainty of this which gives rise to all the brownies, fairies, luck-tokens, forms, ceremonies and usages which have interested, delighted and sometimes awed the people of the earth from the earliest times right down into this wonderful age of progress in thought, education and science. Superstition is always reverent, always acknowledges a higher power than man, always presupposes a sphere beyond the ken of the human vision. Superstition in its purest sense is a part of natural religion, and as such should always be regarded as the humble homage of the merely human intellect to *something* greater than itself. That *something*, religion teaches us, is the mystery which will be fully explained when we stand at last before the great white throne.

In Scotland a belief in, and reverence for, the supernatural has always prevailed among people of all classes. The physical features of the country are alone sufficient to account for this. The ever-present wail or roar of the sea along the coasts arouses a sense of something eerie, something beyond the world, as the murmur of the shell always instills a sad, undefinable sentiment into the hearts of children. Then a similar feeling is experienced among the hills, where the elements lower and gloom, and the thunder reverberates with an awful sound, and the lightning gleams with a lurid intensity as it leaps madly from crag to crag; where the mists often throw a grey veil over the most majestic scenes, and the scream of the eagle seems the voice of a demon as it pierces through the clouds, muffled and deadened by the thick, heavy air; where the sun glints on the rock or spreads over the valley, casting strange shadows and daily giving a new phase, a new look to a well-known landscape; where the moon, sweeping in majestic beauty across a track of deep, dark blue, is seen in all her brightness, a veritable lamp of the night, and in a moment or two sailing into the recesses of a cloud and reducing everything to

darkness, or by her shadow twisting all things visible to the eye into fantastic shapes. The murmuring breeze on the Highland carse or the Lowland meadow seems to carry with it a message of another world; and even the rivers suggest something above humanity, as the Tweed, with its joyous ripple, tells tales of love and peace and purity, and the wan, wan water of Yarrow flows like a dirge of melancholy, decay and death. These scenes naturally inspire awe and thought. They in turn force a belief in the supernatural, and the supernatural begets religion ; for both refer to the same future, and the one is but a refinement of the other. The one is a groping in the dark along a bleak and dismal way; the other is a journey on a bright and beaten track with the goal full in view and the Bible as an all-sufficient staff.

All the superstitions which have held sway in Scotland have been more or less identified with the religious sentiment of the people. Among the Druids the sun was the central object of worship, and traces of this worship can still be found in customs which have come down to us, or which may be read about as having existed until comparatively recent times. One of the most scrupulously observed days in the Druids' calendar was 'May-day, which came down almost to our own time with several peculiar observances as Beltane, a combination of two words meaning the fire of the sun-god, Baal. On Beltane all the fires in a district were extinguished, and one grand fire was lighted as an offering to the god, and sacrifices were made, even to the extent of human life. So late as the beginning of the present century such fires were lighted at Beltane in several parts of the Highlands. According to custom a Beltane fire was ignited in a circular space around which these modern Druids were seated. A cake was baked, and when ready was cut into as many pieces as there were people present. One piece was blackened with charcoal, and, with all the rest, thrown into a hat or bag. Each person, blindfolded, took a piece, and the individual who drew the blackened bit became the victim. His penalty was to leap through or over the fire three times, the last form of the old rite which demanded a life. In Ayrshire, at the end of each harvest, children often build a fire by the wayside and call it the *taunel.* This is the fire of Baal and is simply an offering to the sun. The sun-worship, too, may be seen lingering in

the Hallowe'en fires which are still lighted in several parts of the country. This sun-worship was not, as has often been said, a mere ignorant superstition, but it was as truly a religious belief and system as any which man ever embraced until the light of the Scriptures came to throw even the sunlight into the shade. To the Druids, to the Celts all over Europe, the sun was the mightiest object in the universe. It spread light, it diffused warmth, it had motion, its appearance in its risings and settings was always beautiful, sometimes marvelously so, and its course was seen day after day. What wonder is it that these simple, unbiased peoples, groping after the truth, knowing their weakness in the midst of their strength, and with yearnings and longings for the other life, fell down and worshipped the most wonderful and mysterious object which their eyes beheld? In this idolatry, as it has been called, there was nothing akin to that impulse which makes men worship idols fashioned by human hands out of wood or stone or metal. It was something deeper, more reverent, more beautiful, more enduring. It was an answer to an inward desire or impulse to worship something which was more than human, more than mortal, and they sought to gratify that desire by selecting as their god the most glorious orb in the heavens. Their worship led them at least to look up and to attempt to penetrate the awful mystery of the sky. Ordinary idolatry is the opposite. It is of the earth and in the earth it is always groveling. These Druids, too, it should be remembered, were by no means ignorant or unenlightened men. They had schools, of a sort, where their mysteries were inculcated and morality taught, and where they discoursed on the stars, the sun, the moon, the gods and similar topics. It often took twenty years of study ere a man was admitted into the priesthood, so that their system was apt to be pretty thoroughly understood by its teachers. Remains of some of their altars still exist in Scotland, and prove that the arts of architecture were not unknown to them, and also that the people must have co-operated as heartily in the upbuilding of these temples as they did in the more pretentious abbeys and cathedrals of a later age.

Among the Celts water has always been associated, in some way or other, with the supernatural and mysterious. A running stream was superior, for some reason, to the

witches or warlocks or brownies, or spirits of any kind, who used to play cantrips on the decent country folks. This is well illustrated in the immortal poem of "Tam o' Shanter," where the redoubtable hero spurs on his guid grey mare to reach the keystone of the auld brig o' Doon.

> "There at them thou thy tail may toss:
> A runnin' stream they daurna cross."

In the olden times many wells throughout the country were regarded as possessing wonderful powers for healing, etc , and to these offerings were regularly made. A well at Montblarie, in Banffshire, was particularly honored in this way. The bushes in its vicinity were decorated with rags of garments, and in the well itself were any number of farthings and bodles, the frugal offerings of the pilgrims who came from far and near to pay homage to it. Tribute of this kind, however, was held sacred, and woe be to the sacrilegious wretch who would dare to appropriate any of it to his own personal use! An old tradition tells us that a piper once stole some money from one of those wells at Larg, in Kirkcudbrightshire. Like pipers in general, this one was drouthy and at once invested some of his ill-gotten gains in a mug of ale. While drinking it he was seized with illness, and was unable to recover until, after having restored to the well the money he had abstracted, he had drunk a large quantity of its waters. Possibly the last part of the punishment was the most severely felt, as pipers and water never agree very well together, according to general experience. Kingcase well, near Ayr, was long supposed to be peculiarly efficacious as a means of curing leprosy, and tradition avers that the well was miraculously discovered by King Robert the Bruce, who had become afflicted with that terrible disease through the hardships and vicissitudes he had undergone in battling for his crown. A well near Portpatrick used to be held in great respect for its virtues in freeing people from the effects of witchcraft. Victims were brought from all parts of the country to benefit by it at Beltane, for its efficacy was only potent at that time and at each change of the moon. People who were bathed in it at these particular times were at once freed from whatever spell had been cast upon them. Thus we find the influence of the sun, the moon and the water all brought into use to accomplish a cure, proving the estimate which the people had of the power of witchcraft,

and their belief that they had in their midst the opportunity of appealing successfully from its effects to a still more potent power, or combination of powers. The rites performed at these wells were generally of the most simple character. A coin would be thrown in, and from the way in which it descended good or evil might be implied. Sometimes a wooden platter would be placed cautiously and carefully on the surface of the water, and the direction in which it turned, after leaving the hands of the enquirer, enabled that individual to read his or her weird. Often a pebble would be thrown into the water and the future foretold by the width of the ripple or ring which it caused. At times, too, the reflection of the moon on the well or river enabled the curious to discover scenes which at other seasons were beyond the ken of human eyes.

Thus we have the sun or fire, and water as two leading superstitions of the Celtic time, remnants of which have come down to our day. But there was this difference, that while the sun, or fire, was the favorite divinity of the priests and the upper classes—if I may use such a term in speaking of those early Scots—water was the power which the common people oftenest appealed to, and they made it their own. Fire was costly in those days, while water flowed everywhere and was at every one's command. One evidence of this distinction, as well as of the homage which was paid to these elements, may be found in the ordeals of fire and water so common in the middle ages. An accused person, if of rank or noble birth, could protest his innocence, and prove it to the satisfaction of his equals, or of those concerned, by the ordeal of fire. Among peasants or people of ordinary degree, the ordeal of water answered the same purpose and was deemed equally efficacious and certain. So great a hold had these ordeals upon the people, and so implicit was the trust reposed in them, that they were even acknowledged by law, and thus, in the reign of David I., an enactment was made providing that they take place only in presence of duly authorized representatives of the royal authority.

The sacredness of water was indeed a marked feature in the religion of all the Celtic race. Ireland has many sacred wells; so have France and Italy and other parts of Europe. They cured all things—leprosy, deafness, lunacy, sore eyes, rickets,

and sores of every description, besides ailments "too numerous to mention," as the auctioneers used to say in their catalogues. Some, like modern patent medicines, were regular cure-alls, as St. Bernard's at Edinburgh, and Trinity at Gask, in Perthshire. How the aid of these wells was invoked may be learned from the following account of the method pursued in curing lunacy at St. Fillan's Well, Tyndrum, Perthshire, which I quote from an article by the late Rev. Alexander Magregor, of Inverness: "The lunatics were first plunged into the water, wherein they were tumbled and tossed about rather roughly. They were then carried into the adjacent chapel of St. Fillan's and there secured with ropes tied in a special way. A celebrated bell, with a history of its own, was then placed with great solemnity on the patient's head. Then the poor creature was left all night alone in the dreary chapel, and, if in the morning he was found unloosed, hopes were entertained that he would recover his reason, but the case was hopeless if found still in his bonds. Very frequently the patients were released from the bonds and tormentors by death, caused by cold and all the cruelties inflicted upon them." All this, of course, may sound very ridiculous to us, who are fortunate enough to live in an age of enlightenment, but it was very real, very impressive and very important to our ancestors. And, after all, it had at least a foundation of truth and practical common-sense. It is well known that many of these wells even to the present day possess remedial virtues, the result of the mineral matter deposited in them as they pass through the earth. These virtues undoubtedly were known to the early Scots, and they could account for them in no other way than by investing them with supernatural powers. Modern chemistry has dissipated more witchcraft and laid bare more old-time mysteries than all the other arts combined.

The superstitions which came into vogue with a later religion, that of Rome, and which were the most ridiculous when that church became so gross, immoral and ignorant as to invite the Reformation, would require a whole volume were they to be detailed or even discussed. Most of them passed away with the clean sweep which Knox and the other Reformers made when they harried the abbeys and cloisters; such of them as survived assumed other forms and were very

llkely the remains of superstitions which prevailed even before the Church of Rome fastened itself upon the land, and which had been fostered and adapted by it to its own ends. Such superstitions were engrained too deeply upon the minds, affections, sympathies and tradtitions of the people to be much affected even by changes of religion, and most of them in some form or another still lurk in the minds of the less educated people in the community even to the present time. The Romish Church had a happy faculty of adapting local traditions, wherever it found them, to its own purposes and to serve its own ends. This faculty was one of the secrets of the success of its missionaries, and by its aid they accomplished wonders. But though it adapted it did not own, and when its yoke was thrown off these adaptations and returned to the people, from whom they seemed originally to have sprung.

A belief in witchcraft, for instance, appears to have prevailed in Scotland from the earliest times, and to have been fostered during the dark ages of the Church, and it still has a hold, although a comparatively insignificant one, upon the bulk of the people, especially those who reside outside of the larger cities or towns. Of the prevailing belief in witchcraft, I give as an example the following well-authenticated instances which occurred in Ross-shire in 1883 and appeared in nearly all the Scottish newspapers at the time :

" A party of gipsies, who had recently been encamped in a district of the west coast of Ross-shire, took the liberty of grazing their horses on pasture belonging to a township of small tenants there. The tenants resented, and drove away intruders. On taking their departure some of the gipsies were heard to remark that the tenants should not be quite so conservative of their pasture, for ere long they would have no cattle to graze upon it. At the time no notice was taken of this implied threat. Soon after, however, three valuable cows belonging to one of the tenants died in quick succession, while two of the other tenants lost a cow each. The illness of which these animals died was of very short duration, and such of the carcasses as were examined presented no morbid appearance. A respectable farmer, who is considered an authority in veterinary matters, had been called to see one of the animals shortly before it died, and he at once pronounced it to have been " witched," as the symptoms

were those of no known disease. On the strength of this statement, coupled with the ominous language of the gipsies, a considerable section of the community unhesitatingly attributed the death of the cattle to the agency of witchcraft! As a charm against the evil influences at work, one of the tenants, acting on the advice of the initiated, had the door of his byre changed from one side of the house to the other. Pending the result of this charm, a young man has gone to one of the western isles to consult a witch-doctor said to be in practice there. It may be stated that in the district in question there are two witch-doctors residing within a distance of 20 miles of each other. One of these, who has been discredited for some time on account of professional bungling, is generally regarded as an impostor, and has suffered in his practice accordingly. The other, who evidently has played his cards better, still retains the unbounded confidence of the credulous in these matters, and his services are much sought after in cases of suspected witchcraft." A few days later the following additional particulars were given: "Since then three other cows are said to have been witched in the same township; but, although much reduced in condition and debilitated, they have as yet, thanks to the incantations of the witch-doctor, survived the satanic influence at work. While the credulous, who number not a few, are quite satisfied that the cattle have been "witched," there appears to be some uncertainty as to who the witch really is, and subsequent events have served to exculpate the gipsies who at first were blamed in the matter. Indeed, the fact of one of the affected animals when at liberty being in the habit of going up to the dwelling-house of one of the neighboring tenants and lowing pitifully at the door has been quite sufficient to transfer suspicion from the gipsies to this tenant's wife, who, in consequence, is subjected to a species of petty persecution, not to say boycotting, at the hands of the sufferers from witchcraft and their sympathizers. The young man who had gone to the western isles for the purpose of consulting a famous witch-doctor there, has returned to the village; but as absolute silence on the subject of his intercourse with the professors of demonology is considered essential to the success of his mission, he is of course very reticent regarding his transactions with them. That the last three animals 'witched' have so far survived is, however,

understood to be owing to his visit to the island of Lewis, which has long been proverbial for witchcraft."

Here is an instance which was brought to light a few years ago by a writer whose name I do not know. The story is given as he told it in a communication to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*: "During the summer we were at a sea-shore village that for years has possessed its railway and telegraph, its ministers and churches. There, we were informed, was a bewitched woman, lying for the last sixteen years in pain and helplessness upon her bed. Sixteen years ago her mother, a notorious witch, 'laid witchcraft' for a certain man. The first person, however, who crossed the spot was her own daughter, and on her the spell at once took effect, striking her down into a state of helpless and hopeless suffering. So powerful had been the charms that the mother was unable to relieve her child; but at her own death, which happened in a few years, the witch-power was transferred to her youngest daughter. This transference of power was accompanied with the transference of the suffering of her elder sister, who, at once relieved, rose up in perfect health. The new witch, however, did not approve of this, and soon found means of returning the suffering to her sister; so that while the one enjoys the power and the privileges of witcherie, the other poor creature must experience its wrath, and this so long as she lives."

The sincere belief in witchcraft which prevailed in Scotland, and which, as I have shown, continues to exist, is due in a great measure to the graphic manner in which it is handled in the Bible. The story of the Witch of Endor is still a gruesome one to the Scottish boy, and once read seems to linger and dwell in his memory throughout his life. But although it has its humorous side, the history of witchcraft in Scotland is marked by cruelties, crimes, persecutions and privations. These things are the more sad when we remember that the victims were in the great majority of cases old and infirm, and maimed or disabled by rheumatism or other disease, and sometimes they were young people whose very innocence and beauty, and perhaps mental attainments, caused them to fall under popular suspicion. In the case of witchcraft, suspicion was all that was necessary to ensure a belief in guilt. So far as can be reckoned, no fewer than 4,000 persons were executed in Scotland from the

time the persecutions for that evil commenced until 1722, when the last victim, an old woman, was condemned to death by the sheriff of Caithness and "suffered" at Dornoch. This is an awful blot to rest upon the history of a Christian country, and the only palliation that can be urged on behalf of Scotland is that she was no worse in this respect than her southern and continental neighbors. In many of the latter, however, the persecution of the witches was simply an outburst of natural brutality and wantonness such as led to the baiting of the Jews in the middle ages. In Scotland it arose from a supposed religious injunction wrongly construed and applied. They believed the words in Exodus, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," to be a divine command that was still in force and had to be carried out literally. Neglect of this supposed command brought woe and havoc on themselves. A single witch by her spells and cantrips could, they thought, ruin a whole household or lay desolate an entire country-side, and the only way to escape from her malignant influence was by inflicting on her the penalty of death.

According to popular ideas, the spells, incantations, concoctions and doings of these witches were many and grotesque. They made effigies in clay of those they intended to smite; and by sticking into these figures pins, bodkins and the like, made their victims suffer the most horrible pains and tortures from which death was a glad release. Their eyes were endowed with a terrible power, and when they fastened their gaze on anything possessed of life that life began to fade out and finally disappear. They made powerful concoctions from such ingredients as the flesh of newly born babes, toad's blood, owls' eyes, and so forth, which enabled them to work their will with extraordinary power. Their spells and incantations gave them the privilege of calling to their aid the demons of the lower regions, and on important occasions the august help of the prince of darkness himself. They were themselves endowed with wondrous powers. Some of them could change their form into that of a toad, a mouse or other animal; some could vanish from human gaze altogether for a time. Nearly all could ride through the air in the darkness of night, some on broomsticks instead of horses, while others simply flew, and time and space were as nothing to them. They lived long,

if allowed to live, but at last they joined the evil spirits below and came back to earth in the eerie midnight hour to play their hellish tricks upon the good, the innocent and the unwary. The only thing that could arrest the evil propensities of a person so endowed and thus leagued was the presence of the cross. Could a cross be suspended somehow on a witch's clothing or stitched in the sewing of her dress, she was harmless. Even in comparatively recent years the sign of the cross was deemed sufficient to disarm her. A farmer in Galloway, half a century ago, was greatly concerned by the unhealthiness of his cattle and the number of deaths among them. At last he became satisfied that they were bewitched by a certain woman, and so he set himself most vigilantly to watch, that he might catch her about his premises. This, however, he failed in doing; and as his stock was rapidly dying out, and himself being reduced to poverty, meeting this woman one day on the roadside, he drew out his sharp knife and "crossed her," that is, cut a cross in the skin of her forehead, so deeply that the blood flowed down her face. As might be expected, the man was soon indicted for an assault, and, though punished, he counted all that a light matter, congratulating himself and his neighbors on having so successfully unwitched one so notoriously unlawful. The odd circumstance that the man's cattle did recover their health after that "scoring" or "crossing," and that subsequently his farm work was prosperous, helped much to confirm in their belief in witcherie many who had shrank from openly avowing it.

King James VI. was a profound believer in witchcraft and in the Scriptural injunction to put them to death. Indeed, James made a hobby of his researches in the black art, and prided himself upon his acumen and discernment in discovering its possessors. He even wrote upon the theme with the assurance of a master, and until the day of his death took special credit for all he had written and done to outroot "demonologie" from his dominions and from Christendom. Here is an extract from Tytler's "History of Scotland," however, which illustrates the emptiness of King James' pretensions, as well as the ignorance and credulity on which the whole theory of witchcraft was based: "An unhappy creature named Aitken was seized [in 1598] on suspicion, put to torture, and in her agony confessed herself guilty [of witch-

craft], named some associates, and offered to purge the country of the whole crew if she were promised her life. It was granted her, and she declared that she knew witches at once by a secret mark in their eyes which could not possibly be mistaken. The tale was swallowed. She was carried for months from town to town throughout the country, and in this diabolical circuit accused many innocent women, who, on little more than the evidence of a look, were tried and burnt. At last suspicion was roused. A woman whom she had convicted of having the devil's eye-mark was disguised, and, after an interval, again brought before her; she acquitted her. The experiment was repeated with like success, and the miserable creature, falling on her knees, confessed that torture had made her a liar both against herself and others." This woman's imposture was a common one wherever witchcraft was a crime, and witch-finding became one of the most terrorizing professions in the community. In England one of these professors, named Hopkins, caused hundreds of innocent people to be put to death before the very absurdity of permitting a legalized murderer to travel through the land, smiting whomsoever he pleased, became apparent.

From witchcraft to fairies, brownies, kelpies, hobgoblins, and the elf-world in general, seems an easy transition, and yet they were invested with different powers than the witches. The latter were the evil spirits of an evil world; the fairies and other elves were of a finer and more aristocratic stamp. A witch would do no good; a fairy might. A witch was always an enemy; a fairy, a brownie or even a hobgoblin sometimes proved a friend, and many stories have been told of the kindly offices performed by "the wee green men at the back of the hill." Scottish poetry is fond of investigating and pourtraying the mysteries of fairy-land. It is the theme of True Thomas, of many of the oldest ballads, and it inspired the Ettrick Shepherd as he penned his matchless outburst of genius and fancy, "Kilmany."

In the elfin world the fairies were the leaders. Their features were beautiful, their forms perfect, and their general propensities were peaceful and humane. When aroused they were hard fighters and bitter enemies, but as earthly people seldom presumed to quarrel with them the effects of their anger were rarely felt. They were generally mentioned af-

fectionately as "the kind people," "the good fairies." If they kidnapped a child, a man or a woman, from this mundane sphere to their own mystical realm, they treated them with courtesy and kindness; and if the mortal was permitted or managed somehow to return, he or she never tired of speaking about the wondrous beauties of the places and the people they had seen, or the favors which had been bestowed on them. When the fairies quarrelled among themselves, as they sometimes did, their anger and violence were terrible, or at least seemed terrible to the eye of the mortal who beheld them. The brownies and hobgoblins were small in stature, and, as a rule, more or less deformed. They could do men a kindly action when so disposed, but this was seldom, and the record they have left is one of mischievous and malicious pranks. The kelpies were of the water, and were generally feared and hated on the coasts as well as in the inland stretches of the seas and the lakes and rivers.

The mystery of second-sight is one of the most interesting which the study of superstition in Scotland brings before us. It has not a trail of blood and cruelty behind it like that of witchcraft, nor is it so childish in its details as are the stories of fairy-world. It brings us right face to face with a psychological problem—a problem which has troubled all thinking people throughout the world, and which will continue to trouble until we no more see through a glass darkly, but face to face. The theory on which second-sight is based, and indeed that on which all ghost stories are founded, is, as has been well said by another writer, "the idea that every man has attached to him a spiritual duplicate of himself, which therefore is the man and yet is not the man; a duplicate that has a sort of independent being, yet came not into existence till we were born, that grows and develops with the growth of our mortal selves; that has the power, not of influencing us directly, but of revealing our present or future state to ourselves or others, and which, surviving us, is for a brief period able to reappear upon earth, even though we be dead and buried."

A belief in second-sight formerly prevailed all over Scotland, although its greatest adepts or professors were in the Highlands, where nearly every settlement had its *Taibhsear*, sometimes held in awe and sometimes jocularly spoken of, according to the power they evinced and the correctness of

their prognostications. The gift of second-sight was equally granted to both sexes, and was often as frequent and pronounced among the young as among the aged. The most singular feature of this form of superstition was that its visions, or prophecies, or sights almost always related to the gloomy and sad side of daily life—death, murder, accident, ruin, suicide, treachery, shipwreck, were the most frequent among its themes—and if now and again the privilege was granted the seer of beholding more cheerful phases of life, such as a bridal, or a victory, or the downcome of a foe, there was generally a bloody background to the pleasant picture. As to the truth of the second-sight visions there is no need here to enquire very deeply. It is sufficient for the purpose of this essay to know that these visions were believed in, and also that the seers themselves were thoroughly convinced of their truth. There can be no doubt on these points. Many have, of course, denounced the seers as frauds, but the force of history is against our entertaining any such notion.

In the Highlands the firmest reliance used to be placed on the visions seen by the "fay-men," and even in history their dreams or prognostications have been recorded. So far as can be gathered, St. Columba had the faculty of second-sight, and it enabled him to describe a battle on the mainland while it was being fought. In the lives of Wallace and Bruce we find traces of the seers, and tradition states that the execution of Queen Mary was foretold by many of them long before it occurred, and their visions were corroborated by the facts even to the minutest details. The execution of Charles I. was foreseen in the same way, and so was the execution of the Marquis of Argyll. Highland story is full of instances of the power and truth of second-sight, and several volumes could be filled with stories of incidents which might be regarded, more or less, as authentic. Here is one instance, told by General Stewart, of Garth, in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," and which may serve as a sample of many others: "Late on an autumnal evening in 1773 the son of a neighboring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in the house. The young gentleman spoke little and seemed absorbed in deep thought. Soon after he arrived he enquired for a boy of the family, then three years

of age. When shown into the nursery the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes and complained that they did not fit the child. 'They will fit him before he will have occasion for them,' said the young gentleman. This called forth the chidings of the nurse for predicting evil to the child, who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the sitting-room, they cautioned him to take care that the nurse did not derange his new talent of the second-sight with some ironical congratulations on his pretended acquirement. This brought on an explanation, when he told them that as he had approached the end of a wooden bridge near the house he was astonished to see a crowd of people passing the bridge. Coming nearer he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and mine being of the number, with a concourse of the country people. He did not attempt to join, but saw them turn off to the right in the direction of the churchyard, which they entered. He then proceeded on his intended visit, much impressed with what he had seen, with a feeling of awe, and believing it to have been a representation of the death and funeral of a child of the family. The whole received perfect confirmation in his mind by the sudden death of the boy the following night and the consequent funeral, which was exactly as he had seen."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, while on his journey in the Hebrides, devoted considerable attention to the study of the faculty of second-sight, with the view, as one of his biographers has asserted, of believing in its truth. Although he possessed a sturdy mind, the great lexicographer had a dread of death and a profound desire to penetrate the veil which hides the unseen world from mortal eyes. In his own words, however, he summed up his researches by saying that he was unable to "advance his curiosity to conviction," and he "came away at last only willing to believe." Of the faculty itself he said : "If a man on a journey far from home falls from a horse, another, who is perhaps at work about the house, sees him bleeding on the ground, commonly with a landscape of the place where the accident befalls him ; or another, it may be, driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleness, or musing in the sunshine, is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a bridal ceremony or a funeral procession, and counts the mourners or attendants ; if he knows them he

tells their names ; but if not he can describe their dresses."

Dr. Beattie, a contemporary of Johnson's and a poet of the Scoto-English school, thought that second-sight arose from the influence of physical causes on ignorant minds, such as the influence of wild, gloomy, romantic scenery. This no doubt contributed to its extensive hold on the Highlanders, but it seems incredible that it alone was sufficient to bring about the phenomena. A perusal of the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," by Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, of Inverness, will bring before us evidences that the seers were not always impostors. Some of the prophecies of that bard are shown to have been probably the result of natural shrewdness. But there are others which certainly require a deeper philosophy to explain them, notably that in which the doom of Seaforth was clearly foretold. Such things startle one, even in this matter-of-fact age, when almost everything which once appeared supernatural is being exploded by science and enlightenment. The readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose" or Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning" may with justice think lightly of the pourtrayal of the supernatural in these productions, but in the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer" we meet with the visions of a real man, told in all their simple truth, and verified by many of the events themselves happening long after the prophecies were uttered. Others are yet, so far as Mr. Mackenzie can tell us, unfulfilled. A recent writer thus sums up the whole question, and with this quotation we leave it : "Many in these later days, while they have failed to fix the antiquity of the second-sight, instead of defiantly and dogmatically denying its existence, would rather reason themselves into results by saying that it seems degrading to the idea of divine power even to suppose that thereby special miracles would be wrought in order to foretell to poor, rustic and illiterate people the marriage or the death of some Highland peasant, the success or the swamping of some fishing-boat, the arrival of some stranger, or the fortune of some friend. Others, holding that reliable facts are indispensable to conviction, go further and say that spectral appearances may be caused by dreams or diseases, by optical illusions or fervid imaginations, and that as education has advanced, and intercourse with intelligent people has extended, the belief in the second-sight, like the belief in astrology and

witchcraft, is now well-nigh a thing of the past. Thus the matter now stands. Some fondly believe in the faculty of second-sight, others waver in regard to it, and others firmly deny it; while some are very unwilling to give up a long-held and fondly fostered opinion, others are no less unwilling to accept of it as a well-authenticated reality, and look upon the whole as a poetic plausibility or a pleasant romance."

Of minor superstitions Scotland has more than can well be enumerated. Some of these are common to the whole country or a great part of it, others seem to hold good only in a portion of it, while others are the private property of some particular family. Indeed, in the olden times all the leading families in the Highlands had their own particular omen, and even to the present day the connection of these families with unearthly visitors is believed by some to be maintained. The days of the week have also their significance, and in connection with the births of children they formed themselves into a rude sort of rhyme which was once very popular and may still be heard in some country places:

"Monday's bai·n is fair of face;
Tuesday's bairn is fu' o' grace;
Wednesday's bairn's the child of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and growing;
Saturday's bairn works hard for his living;
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day
Is lucky and bonny, and wise and gay."

The popular superstitions were often expressed in rhyme, as above. Here is one concerning the weather:

"West wind to the bairn
When ga'an for its name,
And rain to the corpse
Carried to its lang hame.
A bonny blue sky
To welcome the bride,
As she gangs to the kirk
Wi' the sun on her side."

Plants were formerly greatly in vogue for their magical powers, and the healing virtues which many of them are now known to possess were in the olden time credited to the supernatural. In Cameron's valuable work on "Gaelic Names of Plants" we find many illustrations of this. "Watercress," he says, "was used as a charm by the Celts both of Ireland and Scotland. To facilitate milk stealing, cutting the tops of the cresses with a pair of scissors, the thief would mutter the names of certain persons who had

cows, and also the words, 'S' lioms a-leath do choud sa' (half thine is mine). These words were repeated as often as a sprig was cut, each sprig representing the individual that was to be robbed of his milk and cream. Some women made use of the root of groundsel as an amulet against such charms, by putting it amongst the cream. Another superstition clung to the thorn ; it was believed that for every tree cut down in any district one of the inhabitants in that district would die that year. Many ancient forts, and the thorns which surrounded them, were preserved by the veneration, or rather dread, with which the thorns were regarded. It was, and still is, a common belief in the Highlands that each blackberry contains a poisonous worm ; and another popular belief, probably kept up to prevent children eating them when unripe, is that the fairies defiled them at Michaelmas and Hallowe'en. The mountain ash was planted near every dwelling-house as the most propitious of trees ; hence it may be found even far up in the mountain glens, where it usually marks the site of an old shieling. In fishing-boats rigged with sails, a piece of this tree was usually fastened to the halyard, the fishermen holding it to be an indispensable necessity ; and it was also a common practice to bind a small piece to a cow's tail as a charm against witchcraft. When malt did not yield its due proportion of spirits, the mountain ash was a sovereign remedy ; and in addition to its other virtues, its fruit was supposed to cause longevity. The prickles of the gooseberry bush were used as charms for the cure of warts and the stye. A wedding-ring laid over the wart, and pricked through the ring with a gooseberry thorn, was expected to remove the wart ; and ten gooseberry thorns were plucked to cure the stye—nine being pointed at the part affected, and the tenth thrown over the left shoulder. Horses were said to lose their shoes where the moonwort grew ; and to this day on Lord Dunsany's Irish property there is a field abounding in this plant where it is supposed all his stock lose their nails if they happen to be pastured there. There is a Limerick story referring to a man in Clonmel jail who could open all the locks by means of this plant. The same old superstition still lingers in the Highlands."

Among a number of superstitions collected at random, I may give the following as representative of the whole.

Spitting into the shoe of one's right foot ensures protection from magic influences. An otter's bladder, no matter how old, is a sure cure for gravel, unless the cure is commenced on a Friday ; any charm used on that unlucky day is rendered thereafter useless and harmless. A hare crossing one's path is an unlucky omen, and so is a cat, especially a black one. Unusual merriment is a sure forerunner of some unusual misfortune, and the loud, careless laughter of children may yet be heard checked by the grave words, "Wheesht, bairn ! there's something afore ye." If an odd number sit at table, such as 7, 9, 11, 13, it is deemed unlucky. The howling of a dog at night is a warning that a death is taking place in the neighborhood, if not in the house to which the dog belongs. It is an unlucky omen for a grave to be opened on a Sunday or for a corpse to remain soft after death. The Lord's Prayer repeated at low breath is a sure preventive of ill from ghosts, witches or ferlies. The water used in the christening of children was often bottled up and carefully preserved as a cure-all for the ailments which might befall the little one. One might fill whole pages with naming such minor curiosities of superstition, but these must suffice. Readers of Scott, Burns, Hogg, and others of the popular authors of Scotland will doubtless remember many more, and even the entire poetic and romantic literature is full of allusions to such topics. In these popular superstitions there is nothing vulgar, nothing treacherous, nothing rude. We may sneer at this whole subject as we will, but these simple charms and omens still have their believers, and will continue to have their believers until the crack o' doom. Old Thomas of Ercildoune—"True Thomas," as he was once affectionately called—is not regarded as a myth altogether by the country people, and his prophecy that

> "Tide, tide, whate'er betide,
> There'll aye be Haigs on Bemersyde,"

is as firmly believed in throughout the South country as is anything in the Gospels. Peden's prophecies, long hawked about the country in a penny chap-book by the "flying stationers," still command respect and a wonderful amount of belief in their correctness and power. The great advance of education and the cheapness of literature since the introduction of the printing press have subdued but not dissi-

pated the old superstitions of the land. For Scotland is a land of superstition, as it is a land of religion, song, poetry and romance. The superstition is inspired by its glens, its hills, its streams, its scenery, its story, and were it to be forgotten the land would lose part of its charm, and poetry and romance be robbed of one of their most prolific realms. The superstitions of Scotland are those of a simple-minded, earnest, sincere and thoughtful people. They supply the place of something else, something more definite, about the boundary line between this world and the next, and their whole tendency is to make the mind turn upward and above the things of this life, and reason—with obscurity and singular grotesqueness, it is true, but with all solemnity and reverence—regarding the life which is to come.

SCOTTISH SPORTS.

A PASSION for out-door sports seems to be a natural characteristic of the inhabitants of all northern countries. In warm climates such diversions, which require some exertion of the body, are by no means general, if we except hunting, which, however, in such regions is rather a necessity than a sport. In the exhilarating atmosphere of the temperate zone, where the weather is cool enough to be at all times pleasant and the blood tingles with a healthy circulation when a little more exercised than usual, outdoor sports are common and enjoyed by all classes. In most parts of North America, in France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden and Britain, there are to be found pastimes peculiar to each, as well as many which appear to be common to them all.

In Scotland from the very earliest times such sports formed a prominent feature in the social history of the people. Every village had its haugh, every town its meadow ; and on the long summer evenings, in that twilight which has done so much to develop Scottish character and muscle, the joyous shouts of the athletes were often to be heard. In the Highlands it was the general practice, when one chief visited another, for the retainers of both to meet in front of the castle or mansion and try conclusions with each other in feats requiring dexterity, strength or skill. Sometimes the contestants waxed angry, and the tussle ended in hard knocks and bloodshed, but as a rule they were satisfied with peaceful victories.

The out-door sports peculiar to Scotland are simple, natural and conducive to health and strength both of mind and body. They may be said to have had no particular origin, but, like Topsy, " just grow'd," and any attempt to improve upon them or to carry them into covered quarters has invariably ended in failure. I remember, a year or two ago, seeing in Barnum's " Great Moral Show " a couple of really good Caledonian athletes, who, among the other attractions, gave

bogus contests at hitch-and-kick, pole-vaulting, and one or two others. It was the most tiresome exhibition in the whole programme, and the champions were allowed to drop out as soon as their term of engagement was completed. Now, hitch-and-kick is really a beautiful display of agility and power, and never fails to find admirers when it is honestly conducted in the open air. But in the glare of the gaslights, in the heated atmosphere of the circus, and amidst painted faces, spangled dresses and the boisterous excitement of the ring, it fell flat and dreary. Another great superiority of Scottish sports over those of many other nations lies in their inexpensiveness. The German athlete, for instance, has his costly turn-hall, fitted up with apparatus and contrivances of all sorts. The English athlete has his racquet-hall, his cricket-grounds, and his boating conveniences. The American athlete builds a more or less elaborate club-house, encloses costly grounds, and runs on carefully prepared cinder-paths which are maintained in good condition only by continual attention and at considerable expense. The Canadian lacrosse player also requires extensive grounds, and even the more democratic snow-shoer, after he buys his shoes, gets rigged out in his uniform, pays his club's dues and responds regularly to assessments, finds his pleasure rather an expensive one. The Scotch athlete needs none of these extravagances. A boulder picked up from a field is as good an implement for putting as is the most carefully finished and smoothly rounded iron ball. A young tree, or a branch cut from an old monarch of the forest, serves for a caber, and any road is good enough for a running track. In fact, I often wonder whether our modern amateur athletes, with their expensively maintained and carefully prepared grounds, are real amateurs after all. It seems to me, in their case, athletics is as much a business as it can possibly be, and their language about the niceties of distance, their anxieties concerning records, their paid trainers and handlers, and the inevitable charge of gate money, go far to prove it. I have often seen a group of men in Scotland, real amateurs, throw a stone for a trifling wager. The distances they threw were not measured, and I do not believe one of them cared a cent whether he threw his stone five feet or fifty feet, so long as he threw it further than did any of the others. This, of course, may be deemed a very primitive system, and so it is, but the true end

of amateur sports, that of increasing the manly vigor and strength of the human frame, is fully gained by it. In America amateur athleticism is carried too far. For, besides making the athletes really become professionals, it causes many to over-train themselves and so fall victims to disease. I have noticed in the vicinity of New York out-door sports indulged in on Thanksgiving day, when the young athletes, clad in their tights, appeared on their club grounds livid with cold and almost unable to speak. Surely there is no pleasure in this, nothing conducive to health, or even anything which tended to improve the athletic prowess of the trembling wretches who took part in the performances.

That the simple sports of Scotland are endowed with many qualifications which tend to strengthen and develop the body is evident even to the most casual observer. Any one who has watched the athletes at play must have noticed how freely and richly the blood rises to their cheeks, how clear and sparkling are their eyes, and how regular and deep their respiration. Such games quicken the blood, making it course through the veins freely and actively, improve the muscles and strengthen the brains of those who practice them. Mere dexterity is not so much a necessity in Caledonian sports as are strength and endurance, and hence we find that the Scots do not take very kindly to trapeze performances, cross-bar exploits or posturing. There is a certain degree of danger attending many of the Scottish games which imparts an additional interest to them, in some minds at least. I have seen more than one good athlete lamed for life by the snapping of the pole when at the very height of his vault ; the hammer has often been thrown right in the midst of a knot of spectators, fracturing a skull or dislocating an arm ; and the quoit, in the hands of a wild player, has sometimes caused a life.

Such ordinary athletic sports as running, jumping and simple exercises of strength have naturally formed part of the social amusements of the Scottish people from the earliest period of their history, and so continue until now. The simpler the circumstances under which these sports are contested, the less they smack of the *turn-halle;* and the more completely they are devoid of implements or preparation, the more closely do they approach the style in vogue in the days of auld lang syne. The absence of "records,"

the most obnoxious feature of modern amateur athletics, that which has made them really professional and encourages betting, gambling and swindling of various sorts, kept these sports pure, clean and healthy, and made them alike popular among all classes in the community.

Of what may be called the more aristocratic class of sports hunting was, and still is, the most esteemed. The immense forests which once covered the face of the country gave ample accommodation for animals, birds and all sorts of wild game, and the natural inclination of most of the people led them to engage in the chase with ardor and delight. Boars, wolves, foxes and deer were thick in the forests of the lowlands and midlands, as well as in the glens and wooded hillsides of the Highlands ; while all sorts of birds, from the partridge, plover, blackcock and muircock even to the eagle itself, were seen all over the land. The rivers teemed with fish, and while rude nets of lythe were used to haul on shore such ordinary denizens of the loch or river as cod, saith or flounder, the sport reached its most exciting form in the spearing of the salmon, the royal fish of the country From very early times game in Scotland was more or less protected or "preserved." Sometimes a forest was preserved for the court; sometimes it was preserved by the monks, as was that of Drumsheugh, around Holyrood, after King David, in gratitude, the legend tells us, for his escape from being gored by a deer, gave it to the church. Sometimes it was "preserved" by statutes prohibiting particular species being destroyed during certain seasons, and sometimes it was prohibited altogether in certain districts. The legislators of Scotland devoted great attention to the preservation of game, and indeed on the old statute books there are more laws protecting game than there are concerning the lives and property of the common people. This is accounted for by the fact that most of the legislators were land owners or dependants on land owners, and used their power to make their property as valuable as possible. The representatives of the burghs, who represented the people, did not concern themselves about what was of no seeming interest to their constituents. When they awoke from this error, game, whether beast, bird or fish, in Scotland had become so hedged in and guarded by enactments and laws that it was almost a penal offence to look at any of them. Even at the

present day in Scotland, so powerful are the laws, it is a greater crime, legally, to kill or trap a pheasant than it is to steal a guinea. Up to a very few years ago rabbits, hares and other ground vermin were as closely guarded as though they were the sacred animals of some Eastern potentate.

The Scottish kings appear to have all, with one exception, been more or less enamored of the chase. I have already mentioned King David's legendary adventure in the forest of Drumsheugh which resulted in the foundation of the Abbey of Holyrood ; and similar instances of a love for hunting might be given of all his successors except James VI., whose constitutional infirmity rendered him averse to violent exercise or the sight of blood or firearms. The greatest hunter among all the Scottish kings, however, was Robert the Bruce. During his wanderings in the wilds of the country, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, he and his few followers had often to sustain themselves solely by the chase. In Barbour's "Bruce" we read of Sir James Douglas making gins to capture salmon, eels, trout and the like. The sound of the king's hunting horn was so well known that his followers knew its blast as well as the sound of his voice.

> "The king then blew his horn in hy,
> And gert the men, that wer him by,
> Hald thaim still, and all priwe,
> And syne again his horn blew he.
> James of Douglas heid him blaw,
> And at the last alsone gan knaw,
> And said, 'Sothly, yon is the king:
> I knaw lang quhill syne his blawing.'"

After Bannockburn, when the independence of the kingdom was secured, Bruce continued to be as fond of hunting as he was in his younger days before the cares and troubles of his throne occupied his constant care. His dogs, falcons and horses were the most costly items in his household books.

Hawking was another aristocratic sport, and it was fashionable among ladies as well as their cavaliers ; but, unlike hunting, its practice has been discontinued. It was a popular theme of the poets, and among the old ballad writers, as well as with the singers of a later day, the sport came in for considerable attention. It was a favorite pastime of Queen Mary, and that fact has thrown over it in Scotland the glamour of romance, such as surrounds everything con-

nected with that beautiful woman. In his "History of Scotland" Tytler thus describes a hawking scene: "We see the sun just rising upon a noble chase or park with breezy slopes and gentle undulations, variegated with majestic oaks, and getting wilder and more rugged as you approach the mountains that surround it. His level rays are glancing on the windows of a baron's castle and illuminating the massive gray walls till they look as if they were built of gold. By and by symptoms of busy preparation are seen; horses are led into the court; knights, squires and grooms are booting and mounting and talking of the coming sport; the huntsmen and the falconer stand ready at the gate, and the ladies' palfreys, led by their pages, are waiting for their fair mistresses. At last, these gentle dames descend from their bower, and each, assisted by her favorite knight, 'lightly springs to selle;' the aged baron himself is gravely mounted, and leads the way; and the court of the castle rings with hoof and horn as the brilliant and joyous cavalcade cross the drawbridge and disperse themselves through the good greenwood." In the reign of David II., Scottish falcons were so highly esteemed that they were exported to the Continent. The birds used by Queen Mary were taken from Craigleith, a high, perpendicular rock projecting from the brow of the Westhill of Alva. In the Western Islands the chiefs used to be proud of their eyries of these birds, and the attendant who looked after them on any estate ranked among the most important of the retainers and enjoyed many perquisites and favors.

Archery was also a common enough sport in the early times until it was driven into the background by firearms. The Scots were apparently well skilled in the use of the bow, but their weapons were shorter, and probably of inferior wood, to that terrible long bow which won so many victories for England in Scotland and on the Continent. Still, the Scottish archers did good service in the wars of Independence. James I., who served for a time with the English army in France and saw the deadly effect of the bow, devoted much attention to extending its use among his people. It was the subject of several laws passed by his parliaments, and at the yearly wapenshaws it was made to play a prominent part, all yeomen between the ages of sixteen and sixty being required to be provided with at least one bow and a sheaf of

arrows. It was even attempted to make archery supersede football as an athletic pastime, although it is questionable if this attempt succeeded. But the bow never really became a common favorite, although its old connection with the country is still kept up by the innocent and harmless exercises of the Royal Company of Archers at Edinburgh.

The day of the Wapenshaw was the most popular festival of the old Scotch towns or villages. The occasion was a general holiday and the athletic sports were the principal amusements. Interesting details of these days may be found in such old poems as "Peebles to the Play," or "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake" and his grand romance of "Old Mortality," introduces the people's holiday at Wapenshaw times with fine effect and considerable detail. In the notes to the poem named Sir Walter says: "Every burgh in Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play or festival, where feats of archery were exhibited and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar and other gymnastic exercises of the period.* * * The usual prize for the best shooter was a silver arrow."

Wrestling, formerly one of the most frequently practised of all Scottish sports, has now fallen considerably into disrepute. There are several reasons for this. The sport has been taken up by professional athletes, whose mock contests, arranged on platforms in theatres and music-halls, inspire contempt, and even when contested in the open air, as honestly as professional athletes can contest anything, it has degenerated into a mere struggle of brute force instead of an exhibition of combined skill, dexterity, practice and strength. Wrestling should never be attempted or encouraged except on the greensward. In the stuffy atmosphere of a theatre it is out of place. Another thing which has led to the downfall of this fine old sport is the gambling which has been introduced in connection with it. Wherever this vice has become associated with any Scottish game it has been allowed to fall into desuetude by the Scottish people. This may seem singular, but nevertheless it is true. In the olden times wrestling was a prime favorite among all classes, and was equally welcomed at the court as on the village haugh.

Thus Sir Walter Scott wrote of it in the "Lady of the Lake":

> "Now clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,
> The manly wrestlers take their stand.
> Two o'er the rest superior rose
> And proud demanded mightier foes.
> Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.
> —For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
> Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
> Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
> Prize of the wrestling match, the King
> To Douglas gave a golden ring."

Football was another favorite sport at these gatherings, although it can hardly be described as being peculiar to the country, for it was and is equally popular in England. Grand matches used to be common between parishes, and the game, was made the theme of a spirited poem by the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum." That poem, "The Christmas ba'in at Monymusk," describes how the game was played at Aberdeenshire; and if the lines be truthful, as doubtless they are, football was apt to be as wild and dangerous a game in good old John Skinner's day as it often is in the present year of grace :

> "In Monymusk was never seen
> Sae mony well-best skins,
> O' a' the ba' men there was nane
> But had twa bleedy shins ;
> Wi' streinzit shouthers mony ane,
> Dree'd penance for their sins ;
> An' what was warst, scowp'd hame their lane
> Maybe to hungry inns
> An' cauld that day.

Throwing the hammer probably originated among the villagers who congregated round the smiddy after the close of the day's labor, in the delightful twilight hours which have done so much for Scotland. Putting the stone or tossing the caber are simple feats of strength ; quoiting or bowling, requiring a degree of skill as well as a modicum at least of muscle, are known in some form or other in many parts of the world, although they probably have attained their highest excellence in Scotland.

The game of golf is one of the most ancient in Scotland. When it was first introduced is unknown, although in its simplest form of shinty * it was probably as old as the people themselves. The game received great impetus from the delight which James VI. took in it, and his son, Charles I., was

* Called in the Highlands "Camanachd," and in Ireland "bandy."

also a lover of the sport. Indeed, he was engaged in it on Leith Links in 1641 when the intelligence reached him of the rebellion in Ireland, and he at once threw down his club and returned to Holyrood. Had he always been as energetic in his movements his end might have been different. His son, James II., also delighted in the game. Golfing is still a favorite in Scotland, and the links at St. Andrew, Edinburgh, Leith, Musselburgh, Prestwick, North Berwick, Gullane, Carnoustie and other places resound in the summer months with the jocund laughter of the players and the incessant "knacking" of the balls as they are driven to their holes. The pastime has crept into England, and in Canada several clubs have been established within the past year or so. It is too early yet to form an opinion as to whether it will really become generally popular in the Dominion—that paradise for out-of-door athletics—but there certainly is no reason why it should not.

The game of curling is probably the most generally known among the sports which are regarded as peculiarly Scottish, and it appears to be winning its way into all the populated countries of the world wherever a good sheet of ice and a few Scottish instructors can be found. The Scottish instructor is certainly needed, if we may judge by the following illustration of the manner in which the mysteries of the game are explained by the old hands to beginners: "Inexperienced member of a curling club (to venerable skip)—" Mr. MacFergus, what's a pat-lid?" Skip—" Weel, div ye see, ye gowk! ye ding ye stane cannilie, but no sae feckly as tae hoggit. Nae haeflins fleg, nor jinkin turn, ye ken, but tentiely, that it aye gangs snooving and straught as an elder's walk, hogsnoutherin' amang the guards, till ye land on the verra tee. When ye've dun that, laddie, ye've med a pat-lid, and ye may bear the gree." Inexperienced member (somewhat piqued)—" Thank you, Mr. MacFergus; no doubt the explanation is very accurate, but I think its lucidity would have been very much heightened if you had made it in English." Skip—" Tut, man, an ye'll be a curler ye maun faumeelyerize yersel' wi' the vernauckular."

The game is played all over Scotland, and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, "oor auld respecht mither," as it is affectionately called has on its roll over 600 clubs, some of which are in Russia, Newfoundland, New Zealand and

"other foreign parts." The great annual match between the players on the north and south of the Forth and Clyde Canal has brought on the ice as many as 800 players in one day.

On this side of the Atlantic the roarin' game, as it is fondly called by its devotees, first obtained a foothold in Canada, where the long, clear winters are peculiarly adapted for its practice and where the finest players in the world are to be found to-day. The Montreal Club was organized in 1807. So far as I can trace, the oldest club in Ontario is that of Fergus, which was organized in 1834. In 1836 a club was formed in Toronto, a city which now contains more active players than any other in the world. Then the game slowly but surely spread all over the Dominion, until at present it is governed by three grand bodies owning a more or less close allegiance to the Royal Caledonian in Scotland, and bearing on their rolls about 150 clubs. In Ontario the players nearly all use granite ; in Quebec and the lower provinces iron is deemed better adapted for the climate. In Quebec, however, they are not very particular what they curl with, so long as they enjoy the game, and one club of fine players achieve their local victories with "stones" made of cheese-boxes filled with rubble or soil.

In the United States this game was only played in a quiet fashion until some twenty-five years ago, and it is probably due to the stone-cutters and stone-setters of New York that it obtained much of a hold on this side of the line at all. Droll stories are yet told of the trials, troubles and escapades of the pioneers of the game in New York, and, if we may judge by the fondness with which such stories are told, we may believe that the curling of those earlier days was even a more exciting and enjoyable sport than it is at present. New York has now eight active clubs, and the game has spread as far West as Wisconsin and Minnesota, where may be found as keen players as anywhere else. The number of matches played each year is steadily increasing with the number of players, and Americans are proving themselves to be as thorough experts as the most pronounced Scot. The Grand National Club the central organization in this country has 35 clubs affiliated with it.

Curling is a sport which has everything to commend it, and is wholly without any of the drawbacks which are too

often urged with justice against other out-door sports. It is free from such vices as gambling, betting or professionalism; it is health-giving and invigorating, and equally adapted for the old and the young; it is cheap, its implements cost little, and it requires no costly grounds or tracks for its full enjoyment; it inspires friendliness, brotherhood and charity among its devotees, and teaches the value of a cool head, a steady hand, a clear eye and a cautious judgment. It teaches men to accept defeat gracefully and to wear the honors of victory modestly. It is thoroughly democratic in all its tendencies, and on the ice all men are equal, except that the best player is the best man. Its season is one when work is scarce with most of out-door toilers, and its practice keeps the hand and the frame ready to take up the struggle for existence with renewed activity whenever the opportunity offers.

Surely these are advantages enough to commend a game to the kindliest sympathies of all who love sport for the sake of sport alone. But curling has still another advantage. It is almost the only athletic sport which has a literature of its own, and in this respect it is second only to angling among all pastimes. Volumes have been written concerning the game and its associations, and its praise has been sung in stirring, sometimes rollicking, often uncouth, but always kindly verse by countless poets. Its followers are never tired of speaking about it, telling of its ups and downs, its victories or defeats, its pleasures, and sometimes even its pathos. The players are a kindly set, fond of each other, and seem to be entirely free from any of the petty jealousies which so mar the pleasures of other athletic sports. For a man to be recognized as a keen curler, and, above all, as a good skip, is a certain recommendation to the good graces and kindly regards of other players no matter how excellent their own curling record may be, or how vastly superior their social status. The players, are charitable, too, and many a "bow" of meal or bag of potatoes or barrel of flour are presented yearly to the deserving poor through the result of a game on the ice. Playing for such trophies is common, and is one of the best evidences which can be offered of the perfect innocence of the game and the leal, light, kindly hearts of the players.

Scottish games have now become a feature in American

life, and nearly every Caledonian club or society on the continent makes one day in each year a sort of national holiday when the games can be practised in public as they are in the old country, and when the resident Scot can air to the fullest extent his national proclivities, prejudices, likes and dislikes. These national gatherings are generously thrown open to all comers at a charge of so much per head, and the sight is well worth seeing, for a glimpse of Scotsmen at play is not often to be got on this money-making, pushing, jolting and business-loving side of the globe.

On the morning of the day appointed for their out-door games in any town, the Caledonians gather together at some central or convenient meeting place. This they call "the gathering of the clans," and fancy that the meeting has something in it akin to an old-time rallying under Roderick Dhu or some other of Sir Walter Scott's personages. When all is ready they start forth on a parade which, to put it mildly, is a pretty severe test of endurance in itself. Fancy a tramp over rough cobblestones, broken, dirty pavements, and muddy crossings, with the sun darting down its fiercest rays and the thermometer disporting itself away up in the nineties in shady recesses. Imagine such a march lasting for a couple of hours up the steep and crooked streets of Albany, among the dusty thoroughfares of Philadelphia, or the wondrously entangled highways of old Boston, and it will be agreed that the parade ought to be regarded as one of the feats of the occasion, and be so acknowledged in the official programmes.

When the travelled, foot-sore "clans" reach the scene of the day's performances, no time is lost in making a beginning. As a general rule, four skilled clansmen at once make their appearance on a small platform in the centre of the enclosed arena, and to the music of a pair of bagpipes perform what is called a Scotch reel. This is supposed to be a relic of an old war dance which was in vogue in Caledonia long before the Romans paid it the honor of a visit, and at a time when the natives were about as civilized as the Indians were on our frontier a century ago. The reel as it is danced at these games cannot be regarded as a very graceful arrangement, but it certainly makes up in vigor whatever it may lack in beauty. Its performers describe the figure eight in their movements. When the top and bottom

of the figure are reached, each dancer goes through an indescribably wild and helpless pantomime with his hands, shuffles his feet with extraordinary agility, utters a loud "hough" or series of "houghs," and then proceeds describing the figure. The reel lasts from four to ten minutes, according to the age, agility and enthusiasm of the dancers, and is generally much applauded.

To a stranger the appearance of the crowd which is around the arena or within the enclosure is in itself a treat. There is no mistaking the nationality of the great majority of the people. High cheek-bones, yellow or auburn hair, and pronounced physiognomies are the characteristics of nearly every grown man we meet. Many wear a Scotch cap, or its broad prototype or progenitor, the Balmoral, and a few extra-enthusiastic chaps are crowned with real Kilmarnocks, such as all genuine pictures of Tam o' Shanter represent that "bletherin' blusterin' blellum" as wearing. Now and again we run across some one with a nosegay of heather, an envied adornment brought over by some of the Glasgow steamers, and the great value of which lies in the fact that a few weeks before it was quietly and sweetly blooming on some hillside across the sea, in the "land of the heather" itself. In the early part of the day the Scottish spectator is somewhat solemn and sedate. He has not yet shaken off his every-day American feeling; he has just paid for his ticket of admission and is determined to have his money's worth of sight-seeing. But as the day waxes older his disposition appears to undergo a change; his heart melts as he hears the rich old Doric of Burns and Scott from the lips of the more recent arrivals from the mother-land, and he too begins to use the good old-fashioned speech. He sees the guidwife attending to the bairns and expressing herself as his mother used to do in years long gone by. He sees a crony, or maybe two, and has a talk regarding his early struggles in Scotland and America. He forgets all about the changes which the advance of years and difference in scene have brought, and he wanders to and fro, greeting and being greeted openly, honestly and warmly. Perhaps as he gets roused up he essays a step or two of a reel or Sean Triws in some quiet corner for the edification of his companions, or tells long stories about how his father fought at Waterloo and his great-grandfather at Prestonpans, and

winds up the afternoon by singing, as loudly as he can, a verse or two of that most popular of all national songs, "Auld Lang Syne."

The ladies, too, enjoy the day in their own way every bit as much as their lords and masters. They like to see the athletic sports, and all Scotch lassies, young or old, delight in taking part in a reel or contra dance. One would almost award the prize for public dancing to these bonnie lassies with the red hue of health on their cheeks and the roguish twinkle in their merry eyes which have drawn so many gallant fellows like lambs into the haven or bedlam of matrimony. There is no mock-modesty about these Scotch lassies. As they stand up in the inevitable reel they "shake their fit," snap their fingers, and "hough" with as much vigor—perhaps with a little more—as their male companions, and when one dance is over they loudly express their impatience for the next. Then how homely and comfortable is the repast arrayed in some cozy nook by the thochtfu' guid-wife! How kindly she gathers her "cummers" around her and gossips away about this one and that one—about Mrs. So-and-So's guidman, Lucky Itherane's bairns, and prehaps denounces in scathing terms the American wife whom some unregenerated countryman has taken to his bosom. How she does make the youngsters eat, and oh! how deftly she coaxes the head o' the hoose from time to time to fortify his inner man with substantial victuals lest the liquid viands should prove too much for his equilibrium. How her eyes sparkle as she sees so many weel-kent faces about her, and surveys the manly forms of her male friends as they pass hither and thither! Her face is an index to her inmost thought, and that thought for the present is, "There's nae folk like oor ain folk."

The most prominent personages in the crowd, however, are those in whom national sentiment is so strong that they have been persuaded to don the kilt and plaid. The wearers of this costume know well they are marked men, and they enjoy their prominence with no small amount of self-complacency. Some of them look as though their ambition was to pass for caricatures of the genuine article, and indulge in a swagger and assume an air of majesty and dignity which is far from being akin to their real nature. For the moment, too, their naturally peaceable proclivities

are changed, and they are imbued with a feeling of national sentiment as strong as that which burned in the bosom of Sir William Wallace, with a good deal of that of Robert de Bruce thrown in. Who it was that invented the Highland costume, as it now is fearfully and wonderfully made, does not seem to be exactly known. He was either careless or unconscious of the fame which might have been his. Some say the rig was designed by Murray, of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, when the play of "Rob Roy" was first produced on its boards. Others aver that it is the invention of a Cockney tailor. The genuine Scot affirms that it is a *bona fide* relic of antiquity, handed down from father to son, and that its history can be traced by monuments, sculptured stones and manuscripts from the remotest eras until now. But all these theories are nonsensical. The dress as worn now is not in the least adapted for theatrical display; there is nothing about it which could be evolved from the inner consciousness of any tailor, Cockney or otherwise; and as for the antiquity theory, it is safe to say that no old-time, warranted Highlandman would encumber himself with such a load of trappings and jewelry as is now considered necessary to constitute a full dress. Fancy a fellow flying over hills or down glens after Sassenachs or sheep with such encumbrances as sword, pistols, dirk, sgian dhub, cross and shoulder belts, cairngorm brooches, Lochaber axes, shield, and as many things more! The Highland dress as depicted on early records is a primitive, sensible, and useful affair, and as different from the present circus arrangement as an ordinary coat of the sixteenth century is from the swallow-tail of the present day. Still the modern Scot believes in his ornaments and trappings. He calls his dress the "Garb of old Gaul," and swears it is the only real and original national costume, and we must profess to believe like him or arouse his wrath; and the wrath of a man with a whole armory of claymores, dirks, and pistols at his side, and perhaps with "a wee drap in his e'e," is not to be rashly aroused.

By far the most wonderful character to be met with at these gatherings is undoubtedly the piper. He furnishes the regular orthodox music for the occasion, and takes good care that his talents are not hidden under a bushel. He is the very embodiment of self, and the best example to be

found anywhere of one who walks through life with the satisfactory idea that he is the great I Am of all creation. He believes that he and his instrument reflect all the glories of Scotland, past, present, and to come. If he is more certain of one thing than another, it is that he is the prince of musicians, the only true musician in the world in fact, and he regards the claims of pianists, organists, cornettists, and particularly fiddlers, with supreme contempt. His music is the only genuine article, fresh from nature, heavenly in its tone, and equally qualified to inspire a man with love or endow him with the courage of a hero. His "grace notes" are the veritable quintessence of fine sounds, and as he swells out a pibroch or march he believes the grandest cathedral organ in existence to be little better than a tin whistle in comparison with his drones. Look at him while he marches across the greensward or stalks along the cinder-path. How jaunty his step, how distended his cheeks as he "blaws" into the receptacle under his arm, and how daintily his fingers manipulate among the notes! His eyes are half-shut in ecstasy. His mind is etherealized and his whole soul is in his tune. He is in the seventh heaven of delight, and woe be unto any unfortunate who stumbles across his path or obstructs his progress! Then, as he finishes the melody, how deftly he allows the sound to languish away, and how elevated and self-conscious his gaze as he looks around for approving smiles! In his own opinion he is the central figure of the day, the most thoroughly genuine, unadulterated specimen of Caledonia on the grounds. Without him the Scottish element would be shorn of its most prominent feature and the whole affair be little better than a sham. With this impression he charges a goodly price for his day's services, and gets it, too, for to the piper patriotism and pennies are always synonymous.

But the day wears on with all its excitement and bustle, and noise and clatter. The programme of the games has been exhausted, the athletes are tired, some of them disgusted, and the ring is left open for all and sundry, for the lovers to parade in and the small boy to practise the exercises he has been gazing at during the day. When the shades of evening begin to fall the guidwife draws her bairns around her and packs up the inevitable basket. Her

men-folk are secured from further wandering, and the piper gives a loud blast announcing that all is over. The homeward way is soon taken up, and strains of "Auld Lang Syne," or "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," or "Sae will we yet" are heard at frequent intervals as the pleasure-seekers pass along. In a little while the place where the games were held is dark and lonely. The Scot has reached his comfortable home, laid aside his national trappings in their appropriate "kist," and, after a rambling talk over the events of the day, jumps into bed and dreams of heather hills, romantic castles, terrible battles, wonderful adventures, and bonnie lassies. Next morning he is a thorough American, smart, keen, logical, and far-seeing. His notions concerning "Nemo me impune lacessit" are laid away with the costume in the "kist" aforesaid, and until the next annual outing he is content to pay heed only to the national saying which advises him to "gather the siller."

ROBERT BURNS AND FREEMASONRY.

DURING the eighteenth century Freemasonry had reached the very highest pinnacle of popularity in Scotland. Its growth had been slow. For many generations it had hardly obtained recognition, but year after year, especially since Good King Robert the Bruce had founded the Royal Order of Scotland at Kilwinning, it steadily gathered strength. At first both operative and speculative in reality, it bit by bit lost its practical qualities and became a purely speculative science. Except in one epoch, Freemasonry, so far as I can learn, never mixed in any of the perpetual political troubles which enliven the pages of Scotland's history. That epoch was the time of the Jacobites. Then, through the active agency of one man—the Chevalier Ramsay, a native of Ayr—an attempt was made in France to associate the Order with the exiled family. It failed of its main purpose, although the fanciful degrees and rites propounded by Ramsay were received with genuine favor in France. Many thousands were initiated into the so-called "Scotch Rite" instituted and planned by him, and his work is still bearing active fruit even at the present day.

The eighteenth century was in many ways peculiarly adapted for bringing to the front the very qualities which endears the Order to those whose names are enrolled on its records. It was a time of political restlessness when it was often dangerous for a man to freely speak his opinions for fear of cowans and eavesdroppers. A sentiment of universal brotherhood was in the air, and men were looking for a new condition of things which might bind them more closely than ever into "union and friendship." The old order of things was passing away when the affairs of the State were quietly left in the hands of a self-appointed few, and the

people were regarded as mere ciphers, or as little better than hewers of wood and drawers of water. Men had come to realize the dignity of man, and groped in the dark blindly for some way to make that dignity recognized. In the end of the century the French stumbled upon a plan so full of horror that the world even yet shrinks from the bare recital. Fortunately for Scotland, its struggle for political freedom did not plunge it into a similar sea of blood.

But the unquiet which pervaded Europe had extended itself to Scotland and governed its history during the century, although the cool, practical common-sense of the people kept it within proper and governable bounds. But in Scotland there were many local matters which impelled, in all classes of the people, a desire for change and fraternal action. The Act of Union had taken away the ancient parliament of the kingdom; the nobility felt themselves reduced to the condition of mere provincial grandees, at least such of them as had not obtained a foothold at the English court. London had become the centre of government, and the change was too recent for people to become accommodated to it as they are now. The masses considered they were ignored, the educated classes felt as though they were merely provincials, the aristocrats too often assumed a degree of false dignity which generally led them into playing the parts of petty tyrants. The best of all the people desired something which might bind them closely together, allow them to meet in fraternal fellowship, strengthen one another in all the relations of life, and make friendship unalloyed, unselfish and pure. All these were offered to them by Freemasonry, and its offer was zealously and gladly seized. There was another reason which added to the popularity of the craft, and which unfortunately has to be told. It was pre-eminently a convivial age, and the reunion in the lodges of so many good, honest, congenial hearts made a social after-time in those days seem a necessity. When the craft passed from labor to refreshment, they made all the use of the latter stage which could be implied from its name, and often, after the serious business of the lodge was over, the choice spirits held merry-meetings which lasted long until after the "wee short hour ayont the twal." That these meetings sometimes degenerated into mere orgies there can be little doubt, and from

them came the epithet of "drucken Masons," which still arises in the minds of many good people in Scotland when the craft is discussed. Those who have studied the life of Robert Ferguson, Burns' "elder brother in the Muses," or read Chambers' "Traditions of Edinburgh," know to what an extent convivial habits prevailed at that epoch; how every little coterie formed itself into a club; and how judges, preachers, magistrates, lawyers, statesmen, as well as tradesmen considered it no shame to be known as "two or three bottle men," or to be so often drunk in public as well as in private that their dissipation created neither comment nor scandal. The age thought nothing of such indulgences; nay, the opposite was the case, and a professed abstainer at that period in Edinburgh would have been regarded as a knave or a fool, or perhaps as both. Judging by the time, the drinking habits which were then associated with Freemasonry were merely a necessary incident, a condition of things which would certainly be an accompaniment of all gatherings of men. Fortunately the world has advanced since then, and in this, as in all other material things, Freemasonry has progressed in a corresponding degree.

In the year 1781 the Grand Master of Masons in Scotland was the Duke of Athol. In the fraternity, either holding office or as active members of the craft, were included, it seems to me, every man of mark in the country. Noblemen, county magnates, preachers, magistrates, teachers, farmers, and tradesmen of every degree were to be found in connection with lodge work, and, if we may judge from the records which have come down to us, all were enthusiastic seekers after light. In that year the Duke of Athol signed the charter which brought into Masonic affiliation the now prosperous and honored Grand Lodge of the State of New York. On the fourth of July in the same year Robert Burns was initiated in St. David's Lodge, Tarbolton. He was then in his twenty-second year.

I do not wish to dwell upon the early life of Burns, or in fact upon any features of his career which are not incidental to my subject. But I must make an exception at this point, because I desire to correct two errors which seem to have established themselves in the minds of most of those who have written or spoken of Burns during recent years. It is the fashion to speak of the poet as though he were simply

a peasant and at the best a superior ploughman. It is hardly correct to dub him by the first designation, for peasant, according to the common acceptation of that term, he never was. Neither is it right to regard him simply as a ploughman; for although he often held the plough and boasted of the independence which it afforded him, he was a ploughman only on his father's or his own holdings. He was a small farmer, but never either a simple ploughman or a peasant. I mention this not in any spirit derogatory to either peasants or ploughmen. God forbid! I recognize the true nobility of toil too highly to spurn any occupation which is of practical utility and by which a brother-man earns his bread. But there is no use, it seems to me, in giving these two classes the credit of having produced this heaven-inspired poet, when the honor belongs to quite another class—a class which in peace or in war has supplied the brain and muscle of Scotland for centuries; the real backbone of the country: the class of small working farmers, the "douce guidmen who held their own ploughs," and from whose humble cottages have come forth sons who have graced the pulpit, the bar, and the academy, who have added to the mechanical genius and wealth of the country, and carried its banner—the blue cross of Saint Andrew—in triumph over all the world.

It has become common, too, to speak of Burns as an uneducated man. This is another mistake. From his earliest years his education was very carefully attended to by his father—a veritable prince among Scotchmen—and we have the testimony on record of his old schoolmaster to prove to our satisfaction that his education was really of a superior order even for lads in his own station of life. A boy who at fourteen years of age has had the benefit of being trained by such a man as William Burness, who can read Shakespeare with pleasure and is interested by such ponderous tomes as Stackhouse's "History of the Bible" and Ray's "Wisdom of God," would not be considered ignorant even in our own day. Besides, Burns could read French fairly well and gave it a more or less careful study, and had acquired such a knowledge of Latin as to be able in after-years to adorn his correspondence with a quotation or a sentence now and again when the humor seized him. Surely we cannot call a boy with all these acquirements

uneducated. And, again, Burns during his whole earthly career continued to be a close student of books as well as of men, and some time ago, in compiling from his letters and other sources a list of books which he actually read or had in his possession, I was much surprised at the variety, extent, and quality of his reading. To speak of Burns, therefore, as an uneducated man seems to me to be decidedly erroneous.

On first being admitted into a lodge the candidate is directed to kneel in prayer. It is fitting, therefore, that, before describing Burns' Masonic career, we should enquire into his religious principles. I know he has been denounced as a scoffer, an irreligious libertine, and even as an atheist, but such charges have been made by persons who had no real knowledge of his character or sentiments, or who were so blinded by their own sense of self-righteousness as to see nothing which is good in others who are less demonstrative, perhaps, than they. But from his earliest boyhood until he passed away from this transitory scene in Dumfries, Burns was a firm believer in the supreme omnipotence and goodness of the Deity, and a continual thinker on religious matters. A perusal of his correspondence amply confirms this. He was by no means orthodox in his views; his thoughts often probed deep down into the mystery of things; he caricatured with bitter pen the extravagances of those who sheltered their own weaknesses and shortcomings under the cloak of religion; he ridiculed much of the teachings and theological quarrels of his day; he detested Calvinism; he had doubts, like Milton and Newton, of the Divinity of Christ, but he was a firm believer in an everlasting, ever-living, wise, just, and merciful God. The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, an eloquent English preacher, expresses himself on this point as follows: "All his religion came from the heart; and it drove him, when he thought of his poor people and their hard lives, and how beautiful they often were with natural feeling; when he thought how much they suffered and how much was due to them, to refer the origin of their good to God, and to leave the righting of their wrongs to God. He went further, and threw over the lives of the poor the light of God. Every one knows the scene in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night;' every one has felt how solemn and patriarchal it is, and how all the charming gossip

and pleasant human fun and modest love which charm us in it are dignified by the worship of God that follows. But that poem must not be taken as representing the religious feeling of Burns; it is purposely made religious; and all we can truly say of Burns is that, whether as regards his own art, or when he speaks of the lives and love of the poor, he was one of those men who at the end of the last century claimed for men a universal Father in God, and vindicated the poor as His children."

In the immortality of the soul, too, Burns was a believer. Sometimes he was oppressed with fears and doubts on the subject, as are all men who think upon it at one time or other in their lives ; sometimes he expressed these doubts rather freely, for, of all men who ever lived, Burns wore his heart upon his sleeve and allowed its actions to be seen by all who passed by ; but on the whole, in reading his works, we can come to no other conclusion than that he believed there was a hereafter, at which, in some way, rewards or punishments were to be meted out, when men would have to render their just account to the Grand Architect of the universe. But even on this point he had some peculiar notions. In a letter written in 1788 he said: "A man conscious of having acted an honest part among his fellow-creatures, even granting that he may have been the sport, at times, of passions and instincts, goes to a Great Unknown Being who could have no other end in giving him existence but to make him happy, who gave him those passions and instincts and well known their force." In the two grand religious requirements of the Order, belief in an ever-living and true God and the immortality of the soul, therefore, Robert Burns was perfectly sound and consistent, and affirmed his faith in these dogmas with conscientious truth.

St. David's Lodge worked under the old Kilwinning Lodge; that is to say, it formed one of a group of lodges in the west of Scotland which obtained their charters from the mother-lodge. It was by no means an irregular body ; for although the authority of the Grand Lodge of Scotland was then sufficiently strong to exert itself all over the country, the claims to regularity of the old lodge at Kilwinning, whose traditional records extended away back into the dim stages of Scottish as well as Masonic history, could hardly have been contemned. When the Grand Lodge of Scotland was organ-

ized in 1736, it was found that the records of Kilwinning Lodge had been destroyed by fire. The oldest records then remaining were those of St. Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, which dated from 1598, and accordingly it was placed first on the roll of the Grand Lodge. This of course caused dissatisfaction in the west, and the Kilwinning Lodge withdrew, or rather held aloof, and fell back on its ancient rights and prerogatives as a mother-lodge, which it held long before modern Grand Lodges were invented. This condition of things continued until 1808, when the Kilwinning brethren surrendered whatever ancient rights and privileges they claimed, and were finally given precedence on the Grand Lodge roll under the title of Ancient or Mother Lodge of Kilwinning No. 0. I mention this bit of history to show that although Burns' lodge—St. David's—did not hold its charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, it was a regular and duly constituted lodge and was fully recognized as such. St. David's had received its charter in 1773 and was an offshoot from St. James Lodge, which was organized two years earlier. When Burns was initiated in July, 1781, and passed and raised on 1st October following, the fortunes of his mother-lodge were at a very low ebb. Jealousies and contentions had crept in among the brethren, all power of cohesion was gone, and neither work nor pleasure were experienced by the few who had held together and hoped for better times, for a change in the retrogressing state of the tide. Along with a few of the choice spirits, Burns left St. David's Lodge and re-established as a separate body the other lodge of St. James', which had in the meanwhile been in a conditions of inertia, without, however, having forfeited its charter. This was in 1782, and from that time Burns' career as an active Mason may be said to have commenced.

St. James' Lodge, thus recuscitated, soon became the Masonic centre of attraction at Tarbolton. Although for a long time resident in Irvine and other places, which caused him a good deal of walking to allow of his being present at the various communications, he was both regular in his attendance and enthusiastic in his devotion to all the duties of the craft. In the ritual, such as it was, he soon became an expert, and at the after-meetings—the time allotted to refreshments, and at what is now delicately called the "symposium"—after the lodge was closed, he soon became "the

king o' a' the core." No one could set the table in a roar like Robert Burns with his brilliant flashes of wit, his ready repartee, or his impromptu speeches. All these he gradually became accomplished in after being but a short time among the "sons of light." Among the brethren he found men worthy of the display of his talents, and they seemed to be able to draw out of him some sparks, at least, of that brilliant fire of genius which burned within. It gave him his first introduction to the society of manhood, and these early meetings of the St. James' Lodge exerted an influence upon him which never lost its hold, and did more for moulding his mind into a frame fitted to produce the after-bursts of poetry and song than the world has ever been disposed to credit. And here I desire to draw particular attention to one point. Burns' enthusiasm for Masonry, and the associations into which it led him, have been blamed for forming those habits of open dissipation, that love of tavern revelry, which have been attributed to him. Even these have been exaggerated by the "unco guid," or by modern writers who did not understand the social habits and manners of Scotland during the latter half of the eighteenth century. But that Masonry tarnished or undermined Burns' "resolutions of amendment" may safely be denied on no less truthful and competent an authority than his own much-loved brother, Gilbert. "In Irvine," says Gilbert Burns, "Robert had contracted some acquaintances of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him. During this period, also, he became a Freemason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, I do not recollect during the seven years we were at Lochlea, nor till towards the end of his commencing author—when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company—to have ever seen him intoxicated; nor was he at all given to drinking."

In St. James' Lodge Burns made many worthy acquaintances and formed friendships of great importance. First and foremost of these was Gavin Hamilton, writer, Mauchline—the truest friend and patron he ever had. His name is often mentioned in Burns' poetical and other writings, but

never except with the utmost respect, honor, and gratitude. In one place he fitly sums up his virtues by describing him as

> "The poor man's friend in need,
> The gentleman in word and deed."

I do not think that Burns held any other man in the same respect that he held Gavin Hamilton, except his own peerless father, William Burness. Another member was Dr. Mackenzie, who did good service to Burns when he introduced him to Professor Dugald Stewart. This gentleman married Miss Helen Miller, one of the "Belles of Mauchline" whom the poet immortalized in a song. Mr. John Ballantyne, banker (and some time provost), Ayr, was another member, and his friendship for Burns was fraternal from first to last. When the bard was anxious to bring out a second edition of his works at Kilmarnock, Wilson, the printer, declined to risk the cost of the paper. Ballantyne, on hearing of the trouble, at once offered to advance whatever sum was necessary, but recommended the poet to make Edinburgh, instead of Kilmarnock, the place of publication. As is well known, circumstances caused Burns to fall in with this advice but rendered his friend's generosity unnecessary. It was through the efforts of Mr. Ballantyne that the New Bridge at Ayr was erected between 1786 and 1788, and to him Burns inscribed his grand poem of "The Brigs of Ayr." Another member, who appears to have been a particular crony of Burns, was John Rankine, a farmer, a great wag and a prince of good fellows. To him Burns addressed a characteristic epistle beginning,

> "O rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
> The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'."

Kay Wood the tailor, Manson the publican, Wilson the schoolmaster, and Humphrey the argumentative man, were likewise members of St. James' Lodge. In such a mixed company, composed of men of really superior intelligence and some of them of really superior station, is it a wonder that the poet did not improve in mind and manners, that his knowledge of men and affairs was not increased, that his talent, or rather genius, was not developed? Burns found the lodge more congenial than any place else, and for a long time was most regular in his attendance at the different communications. We even find it stated that his enthusiasm

was so great that he held lodge meetings in his farm at Mossgiel, which I take as meaning that he held Masonic schools there with the various young brethren and candidates, and among the latter was his brother, Gilbert, who on January 7, 1786, was initiated into the mysteries of the craft. Previous to that, on July 27, 1784, Burns was elevated to the position of deputy-master of his lodge, an office which caused him very often to preside at its meetings. It also made him more thoroughly acquainted with the visiting brethren of the highest degrees, one of whom, James Dalrymple, of Orangefield, stood fraternally by him in one of the most critical months of his life.

Early in 1786 Burns went to Kilmarnock for the purpose of bringing out the first edition of his poems, and at once began making himself at home with the brethren of St. John's Kilwining Lodge there. As we can well imagine, he was received with enthusiasm, and formed a welcome addition to the ranks of the craft. To the brethren of that lodge he addressed a song, his first contribution to Masonic literature worth mentioning:

"Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,*
To follow the noble vocation:
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honored station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the *ton* of your fashion;
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse
'Tis seldom her favorite passion.

"Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order:
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter,
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre."

While waiting at Kilmarnock an incident occurred in the life of the bard full of importance, unsatisfactory mystery, magnificent poetry and sad reflections, and upon which I would not enter were it not that by his own act he stamped it with his Masonic seal and challenges us to consider his own share in it from his standpoint as a Mason. I refer to the incident of which Highland Mary was the heroine.

How or when Burns became acquainted with Mary Campbell is not known, but in all likelihood it was while she was act-

* Major William Parker, of Airloss, Master of St. John's Lodge.

ing as a servant in thefamily of Gavin Hamilton at Mauchline. Whilst Burns was in the midst of his publication troubles, he had another and a still more serious cause for perplexity on his hands. He had courted her who afterwards became his wife, the Bonnie Jean of so many of his finest songs, and she had trusted him too implicitly. Just when his worldly affairs were at their darkest she told him that she was soon to become a mother, and, unable to do anything else, he gave her a letter acknowledging her as her wife—a document which, according to the law of Scotland as commonly understood, made them legally married. When her condition became such that she could no longer hide it from her own family, Jean informed her father and showed him her lover's letter. The old man appears to have been insane with anger. He tore the letter into shreds, upbraided his daughter for associating with such a blackguard as Burns, and threatened to clap him into jail. There is no doubt that Burns loved Jean Armour, even although she at first seemed to second her father's frantic efforts for vengeance. But when the time was at hand for Jean to become a mother, and when her father was trying to have him arrested, Burns fell head over ears in love with Mary Campbell. One Sunday they met on the banks of the Ayr and solemnly plighted their troth to each other. Mary was sincere in her affection, so was Burns—at least the Bibles which he gave her on the occasion would lead us so to infer. They were inscribed with verses from the Scriptures enforcing fidelity, and signed by Burns with his name and his mark as a Royal Arch Mason. They parted at the stream. Mary went to Greenock en route to the West Highlands to inform her friends of her approaching marriage to Burns. While sojourning at Greenock the girl sickened of a fever and died after a brief illness. Such is the story as commonly told by Burns himself and his biographers, but if we examine it, it presents many inconsistencies. By all writers, as well as by Burns himself, Mary is represented as a pure, high-minded girl, generous in her impulses, and the very perfection of innocence. Yet she must have known that the morals of Burns were not of the purest, and she must also have known all about his intimacy with Jean Armour and been fully aware of its result. She must also have learned of Burns' letter acknowledging Jean as his wife, and yet, if pure, innocent, generous, and noble-

minded, how was it possible for her to accept him as her betrothed? Again, the names and much of the writing on the Bibles given to Mary were afterwards partially obliterated by some one not in the habit of doing work requiring much delicacy of treatment. Now, it seems almost certain that these would not be removed by Mary's friends after her death. Why should they, since they were in every way honorable to her? Besides, Scotch peasants never cared to efface anything written or printed which bore the name of the Deity. We are left, therefore, to assume that Mary herself obliterated them, and to believe with Mr. Scott Douglas that Burns forgot all his vows as soon as she had passed from his sight, and that on learning this the poor creature effaced the names. Of Mary's part in the whole transaction, however, we can say nothing. She died and made no sign, and amongst all the gossip of the time nothing has survived of a nature substantial enough to enable us to consider the incident from her point of view. As to Burns, leaving aside the mystery with which he has chosen to invest the matter, and judging him simply by what he has told us and the events of his life at this time, his conduct was reprehensible in a marked degree. He must have known—if Mary was the pure, innocent girl he represented her to be—that he was only blasting her whole life; that he had no right to be paying her such attentions; and that in binding her love to him, as he did, with all the superstitious ceremonies so common then among the simple-minded peasantry, he was weaving a chain around her which death only could rend asunder. Judging him by his own record, when Mary went away from Ayrshire he turned to find other hearts to charm, and to bask in the sunshine of new smiles. When he learned of her untimely death, however, he was terribly affected, and the anniversary of that event, as it came round year after year, seems never to have been forgotten. He has immortalized her in some of the most beautiful and affecting lyrics in the entire realm of Scottish poetry, but all the poetry which has been given to the world since it began will not compensate for the wanton breaking of one real human heart.

Such is the story told by Burns and his biographers, and such are the sentiments to which it gives rise. But there is a great amount of mystery and discrepancy about it which

has neither been fathomed nor reconciled, and in all probability never will. It is the only episode in Burns' life which he did not make perfectly clear to us, and why he should have so left it we are unable to understand. May be it is for the best that it remains in its present darkness. Of that we cannot judge.

The now famous volume of poems was published on July 31, 1786 and the edition was soon disposed of. Burns appears to have cleared £20 by the venture, and completed his arrangements for going to Jamaica, where he hoped to be far beyond the reach of the ire of old Armour, who still pursued him so closely that the bard had to "skulk" to enable him to elude the grasp of the officers of the law. But all this did not prevent his regular attendance at lodge meetings. The records show this conclusively, and also that, notwithstanding his load of private troubles, he was as bright and perfect a "worker" as ever. On one occasion he went to Tarbolton to bid farewell to the brethren there, and sung for them a song he had composed in view of the occasion, and which had appeared in his book. It was his grandest effort in Masonic composition, and is as full of life and interest now as it was when he first committed it to paper :

"Adieu ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
Dear brothers of the mystic tie,
Ye favored, ye enlightened few—
Companions of my social joy !
Though I to foreign lands must hie
Pursuing Fortune's sliddery ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye
I'll mind you still though far awa.

"Oft have I met your social band
And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft, honored with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light,
And by that Hieroglyphic bright
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa !

"May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

"And you farewell ! whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear ;
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotland dear !

A last request permit me here :
  When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
  To him, the bard that's far awa !"

The allusion in the last verse is to Major-General James Montgomery, Grand Master of St. James' Lodge. On October 16 Burns was elected an honorary member of St. John's Lodge, Kilmarnock. His chest was packed ready for Greenock, to the vessel on which his passage had been secured for Jamaica, when the encouraging letter from Dr. Blacklock reached his hands. In accordance with its advice he threw all his other projects aside ; he determined to publish a new edition of his poems, and turned his footsteps towards Edinburgh in search of that encouragement which the good old blind poet so confidently predicted was in store for him.

Burns arrived in Edinburgh on the 28th November, 1786, and at once hunted up an old Mauchline friend and brother Mason, John Richmond, and shared his room. On the same day he read an announcement in a newspaper that a procession of the Grand Lodge and subordinate lodges would take place on St. Andrew's Day, two days later, and, as usual, brethren from the country were invited to join in the parade. Burns doubtless saw the procession, if he did not take part in it, and noticed in its ranks many of the notables whom he had been acquainted with in Ayrshire. Among these were Mr. Dalrymple, of Orangefield, who was the first person of consequence to whom Burns introduced himself in the modern Athens, and who, as the poet wrote to Gavin Hamilton, proved a friend "who sticketh closer than a brother." On December 7 a meeting of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge was held, into which Dalrymple passed Burns and introduced him to the master, the Hon. Henry Erskine. The lodge was then in the very height of its prosperity and was regularly visited by all the illustrious men of the time in Scotland. The introduction to Harry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, was an important event to the poet, for it led to introductions to the Earl of Glencairn and the members of the Caledonian Hunt, or at least most of them. His presence in Canongate Kilwinning opened the doors of St. Luke's, St. Mary's Chapel, Journeymen Masons', and other lodges to the poet. He soon acquired a prominence among the fraternity in Edinburgh equal to that he had won in

Ayrshire, and his appearance in any lodge was welcomed with delight. Within a month he was hailed in St. Andrew's Lodge by Grand Master Charteris as "Caledonia's Bard" amidst multiplied honors and repeated acclamations. A month later he was admitted a member of Canongate Kilwinning, on motion of the Right Worshipful Master, Alexander Fergusson, of Craigdarroch. The month of January, 1787, was a continued round of festivity with the poet; theatre, dinner, suppers, balls, assemblies, and social parties of all kinds followed each other in profusion, and at them all the Ayrshire farmer was the leading lion. Freemasons from the country crowded into any lodge meeting at which he was expected to be present, for the honor of shaking him by the hand. Even on the streets he was recognized by the multitude, and wherever he went he was the centre of attraction. He was raised to the highest pinnacle of popular favor and social prominence by his own genius, but his Masonic connection was the immediate support which enabled him to vault into such a position, and the craft stood behind him in all his progress during his first visit to the metropolis. Another peculiarity of Burns' Edinburgh reception was that few of those who paid him marked attention belonged to the Whig school of politics, which was also another characteristic of the majority of the active members of the fraternity.

On March 1, 1787, an unusually brilliant meeting of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge was held, and at an early period in the evening the master, Fergusson of Craigdarroch, conferred on Burns the title of Poet-Laureate of the lodge, and he was crowned with a wreath of evergreen. Hence came to be fulfilled the vision he had so well described, in which the Scottish Muse crowned his brow with laurel:

> "'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
> And bound the holly round my head;
> The polish'd leaves and berries red
> Did rustling play,
> And like a passing thought she fled
> In light away."

That night was probably, in Burns' own judgment, the climax of his career. Honored by his brother-Masons as no Mason of his time had been honored, publicly acknowledged as "Caledonia's Bard" and Poet-Laureate of his lodge, his new volume passing rapidly through the press with

the most brilliant prospects of success, and petted and caressed on every side, it was a grand position for a man to reach unaided by gentle birth or princely fortune; and that Burns retained his native modesty amid it all is, as has often been said, the most wonderful feature of the glowing story.

Let us now see who were the friends Burns thus acquired in Edinburgh Masonic circles, and we will at once understand, if we have read the common narratives of his career in the capital, the important service they rendered to him during that memorable winter in the annals of Scottish literature. We will also be able to see that the magnificent reception he met with was owing to his Masonic connection, and to the enthusiasm which he had infused into the breasts of the "sons of light," as well as to the kindly, fraternal feelings they entertained for one of their number who more than all other men seemed to be endowed with true manhood, and who had proclaimed, in words that sank deep into all hearts and lingered lovingly on every tongue, the dignity of labor, the majesty of work. Highest in rank, Masonically, was Francis Charteris, Lord Elcho, the Grand Master. Then followed Lord Torphichen, a name which is associated with the history of Masonry from a very early period; Archibald Montgomery, Earl of Eglinton; James Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn—through whose influence the Caledonian Hunt became the patrons of the second edition of the poems; Patrick Miller of Dalswinton (who will ever be remembered in connection with the early history of steam navigation; he was more than a mere sentimental admirer of the bard, for, after having met him in Canongate Kilwinning and learning of his circumstances, he sent him anonymously a ten-pound note—a generous and timely gift; he also afterwards offered Burns the choice of a farm at Dalswinton on his own terms, and the poet selected Ellisland—a true friend certainly, worthy in every way of the couplet, in which Burns has enshrined his memory); Dalrymple of Orangefield has already been mentioned; Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, a famous Edinburgh banker, who would have been Lord Pitsligo had his forbears attended to their own business instead of marching out with Prince Charlie in the rebellion of 1745; James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, one of the Lords of Session, a zealous believer in what is now known as the

Darwinian theory long before Darwin was born, and one of the most curious characters which that cabinet of curiosities —the Edinburgh Court of Session—has furnished to the world; Fletcher Norton, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, who filled the senior warden's chair when Burns was crowned; Professor Dugald Stewart, the greatest of Scottish philosophers, who was chaplain of Kilwinning Lodge; Francis Napier, Lord Napier, an officer who figured in the war of the American Revolution under General Burgoyne; William St. Clair, Earl of Rosslyn, in whose family the Grand Mastership of Scotland was long hereditary. There were hundreds of lesser degree, including very many advocates and writers such as Alexander Cunningham and William Dundas. Any one who knows Edinburgh must be aware that such legal gentry form the real backbone of its society. The scholastic profession also was represented by its leading lights. Among these was William Nicol, one of the masters in the High School, and, what is of infinitely more consequence now, one of the heroes of that grandest of all bacchanalian songs,

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

Allan Masterton, another of the heroes of the song, was also a teacher in the High School and a brother in the craft.

Such were the leading men, so far as position and social standing were concerned, who met Burns in Masonic circles, and through whom he became the fashionable hero of the season. They took, from the first, a warm personal interest in him, his poetry, and his fortunes. With such friends to give him a brotherly grip and to stand by him as brothers, is it a wonder that the most exclusive and refined houses in the metropolis were open to his visits, and that in the most fashionable parlors he was received with the honors usually awarded to distinguished strangers? Certainly not. But the wonder is that he, so recently a petty farmer in a remote county, could at once take his place in such circles and hold his own against all comers—ministers, teachers, lawyers, soldiers, litterateurs, and men of the world—and that he charmed and fascinated the most aristocratic and refined dames with as much ease as he had won the hearts of the dairy-maids and farm lassies in his own native Coila.

Let me here point out, however, that although the names

mentioned mainly belong to those who form what is known as the upper crust of society, Canongate Kilwinning introduced the poet to multitudes in the lower walks of life. Masonry then as now did not much regard social distinctions. It has an aristocracy of its own, sufficient for itself, and as honorable and as ancient as any other which has ever been created. In the lodge, therefore, Burns met the meek as well as the mighty. Tom Neil, the undertaker; Shon Dow, the town guardsman; William Woods, the tragedian; Peter Williamson, the adventurer, whose career in this country and Scotland is one of the most interesting stories imaginable, and many others whose names are still remembered in the gossip of old Edinburgh, enjoyed the poet's friendship and accorded him their tenderest fraternal regard. But I need not dwell upon them, for their evidence, although it proves the democracy of Masonry, is unnecessary to establish the point I desired to make—that Burns owed his introduction to Edinburgh society through the practical interest which was taken in him by his Masonic friends.

The second edition of the poems appeared on April 21, 1787, and was an immediate success. A week or two after its appearance the poet started off on a tour through the Border Land, the grand storehouse of Scottish legendary lore. It had of course been familiar to him through the ballad minstrelsy of his native district, and, like a true poet, he had long cherished a desire of seeing for himself such a river as the Tweed, and the land of chivalry, foray, battle, and mystery which lay on either side of it. The tour led him to Dunse, Coldstream, Kelso, Berwick, Jedburgh, Melrose, and adjacent places, as well as a short distance into England. Judging by the commonplace book which he kept during the journey, the scenes through which he passed do not seem at any time to have sent him into any very excited state of poetic rapture. He was everywhere kindly received, visited many lodges along his route, (including that of St. Abb's at Eyemouth, where his companion, Bob Ainslie, was initiated into the Royal Arch), and mixed with the dignitaries and luminaries at each stopping place. In his commonplace book there are two entries, and only two, which claim our attention. At Dunse he was taken with a severe and sudden illness. It was in reality the first signal of warning that the end was coming, and, although it

was unheeded as soon as it had passed over, he seems to have had a presentiment of its importance. "I am taken," he wrote, "extremely ill, with strong feverish symptoms, and take a servant of Mr. Hood's to watch me all night. Embittering remorse scares my fancy at the gloomy forebodings of death. I am determined to live for the future in such a manner as not to be scared at the approach of death. I am sure I could meet him with indifference but for the 'something beyond the grave.'" Soon after he witnessed a scene which also stirred him to the depths: "I go with Mr. Hood to see a roup of an unfortunate farmer's stock. Rigid economy and decent industry! do you preserve me from being the principal *dramatis persona* in such a scene of horror." Fine resolutions, good enough and complete enough, to have preserved Burns from the misery of the end which came in its own time. They were applicable to mankind generally, like the moral texts which used to adorn the head-lines of the school copy-books, but they were not applicable to Robert Burns. His mental and physical calibre alike forbade his being governed by economy, rigid or otherwise, or by industry at all plodding or regular, nor was his fear of a hereafter strong enough to impel him to walk through life a perfect paragon of all the virtues. Had he been so constituted he would never have attempted poetry. He might have plodded on, become a staid elder in the kirk, gathered an abundance of gear, had a respectable funeral, and those who inherited his possessions would have commemorated his virtues on a neat tombstone. But *we* would have had no Robert Burns. By this time his gear would have been scattered, his virtues would have been forgotten or lost in the general maelstrom of time like the perfume of a wayside rose, and his tombstone would be unreadable, if it had not all crumbled away. The man might have been benefited by following out the good resolutions, but the poet would have suffered. The truth is that every man in this world has, according to the old saying, to "dree his weird." He has to "warsle through" and to contend with many obstacles which are beyond his ken. Burns could no more have settled down into the life of a "douce guidman" than he could have flown, and it was well for Scotland that such was the case. Ayrshire might have gained a praiseworthy farmer, learned in crops and soils, and rich in

flocks and herds, but the history of Scottish poetry would have been without its central figure, and Ayrshire, as also Dumfries-shire, been shorn of their grandest name—a name which has brought them more wealth, fame, and honor than all the warriors who have sprung from their people, or all the titled nonentities who have fattened on their soils.

Burns, after the Border tour, returned to Ayrshire, which he soon after left for a short trip through the Highlands. Then he settled in Mauchline for a while, "a rhyming, Mason-making, raking, aimless, idle fellow," as he confesses. He was again the leading Masonic light of the district, and Professor Dugald Stewart, who visited Ayrshire during the summer of 1787, thus refers to the poet: "I was led by curiosity to attend for an hour or two a Mason lodge in Mauchline where Burns presided. He had occasion to make some short, unpremeditated compliments to different individuals, from whom he had no reason to expect a visit, and everything he said was happily conceived and favorably as well as fluently expressed. His manner of speaking in public had evidently the marks of practice in extempore elocution." A year later Burns had married Jean Armour and was settled on the farm of Ellisland, about six miles from Dumfries. On December 27, 1788, he was elected a member of St. Andrew's Lodge in that town. While at Ellisland, farming and gauging, we of course do not find that he mixed much in Masonic circles, and even after his final removal to Dumfries his attendance at lodge meetings appears to have been infrequent—six times in 1792, once in 1793, once in 1794, and twice in 1796, the last recorded visit being on April 14 of that year, almost three months before he "passed from the judgment of Dumfries and made his appeal to Time."

Thus we have followed Burns' Masonic career, at least in its most salient outlines, from the time he was initiated at Tarbolton until, at Dumfries, he was finally summoned to the Grand Lodge, the Lodge of Perfection on High, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides. With the exception of the Highland Mary incident—and that we may dismiss from our consideration, as its records are so incomplete and inconsistent—the connection of Burns with Freemasonry is in every way honorable to himself and to the fraternity. It found him an obscure lad whistling at the plough. It folded

him in its arms, and shaped his brain and flooded his mind with its grand teachings. It elected him, even when he was completely unknown outside of its own local circle, into one of its high places, and made him, what nature intended him to be, a ruler among men. It aroused his genius, directed his Muse, and more or less colored all his sentiments. It introduced him to society and to acquaintances and friends whom he never would have known but for its connection; it spread abroad his fame over all the land, it filled his purse as it never had been filled before, and enabled him, when he settled down as a farmer once more, to begin the struggle of life again with brighter prospects than ever. And what did Burns give in return for all these? Little directly, so far as we are concerned. But in his time he was an enthusiastic worker, and in every way maintained the dignity of the craft. His own connection with it alone has given it an additional patent of nobility and certainly invested the craft in Scotland with a degree of kindly sentiment, a flavor of poetry, which it would not have had, had he never been initiated. It is true he did not write much Masonic poetry, but he proved the value of Masonry in the events of his own career, more clearly than though he had merely written in its praises. Of course we regret that his pen did not more frequently take up purely Masonic themes, for he would have placed the tenets of the profession and the character of its virtues before the world with a degree of clearness and beauty far beyond the power of any others who have written upon them. The specimens he has left us prove this beyond a doubt. I have already quoted his farewell address to the Tarbolton brethren and his verses to the lodge in Kilmarnock, and scattered through his poems are many graceful allusions which fully illustrate his apt and correct use of Masonic symbols, ritual and teaching. This regret was also expressed by the late Robert Morris, of Kentucky, who wrote: "How forcibly Burns could have written of the mallet, how sweetly of the trowel! The Hour Glass—what lessons it would have yielded him! For the poetry of Freemasonry is the offspring of the heart."

At the same time we must remember that in Burns' best and most serious writings, in the highest flights of his genius, the spirit of Masonry is ever present, leading, directing, dictating, and inspiring. The three principal rounds of the

ladder shown to every initiate, for instance, are well illustrated : Faith, by "The Cottar's Saturday Night;" Hope, by his "Epistle to Lapraik ;" and Charity, if by nothing better, by his "Address to the Deil," where his charity is not even bounded by the bottomless pit. The principal tenets of Freemasonry have also their exemplifications in his works. How fully does his love for his brother man inspire the lines of "Man was made to mourn;" how well the duty of relieving the distressed caused him to write of the wounded hare! And his love of truth brought forth those terrible denunciations of hypocrisy, clothed in the mask of religion, which almost make our flesh creep as we read them. But, above all these, his Masonic training inspired him with that sense, not of the equality but of the brotherhood of man, which is the *summum bonum*, the grand end, of all true teaching, and the haven to which our footsteps are going. This sense of brotherhood colored everything he wrote and filled him with the brightest anticipations, even as he looked at the human misery which lay around him and felt the bitter pangs which often coursed within his own breast. Even in the darkest of his moods he was filled with hope—hope for a better day ; hope for an era of kindness, love, purity, and a truer and better manhood than the world had ever seen; and that hope found expression in one of his songs, one which the world will never allow to die, one which will ever cheer workers on in the march of progress, and whose grandest sentiment echoes the fondest aspirations of all true lovers of the human race :

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that ;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

THE TREATY OF UNION.

THE modern history of Scotland dates from the adoption of the treaty of Union. In fact, that historic document must be regarded as the central point in the entire history of the ancient kingdom, for as we read the records of the country's progress prior to 1707 in the light of its subsequent story, we find that every event led up to some such treaty being drawn between Scotland and England, while the blessings and prosperity which have since attended both have been primarily due to its existence and influence

So far as opinion in England was concerned, however, the idea of union was always associated with that of conquest. Scotland was considered as simply a province somewhat larger than Northumbria, and its geographical position as well as feudal ties and engagements, were adduced in support of the theory. It was long seen, although not often expressed, that England could not fully develop itself while on its northern frontier lay a brave, watchful, and ruthless enemy, in close alliance with France, and ready on every chance to cross the Tweed. The only way by which this national weakness could be overcome was by crushing the spirit of the northern land and placing it under the control of the English Government, a conquered province. From a southern point of view, and in connection with this theory, no English sovereign showed more true statesmanship than did Edward I.—or "Edward Longshanks," as the Scots dubbed him. He appreciated the fact that it was absolutely necessary for the island to be under one head—to be one country; and to this end he mainly devoted his life. He crushed Wales relentlessly and trusted to accomplish as much by his energetic attention to the northern kingdom. More than once the problem seemed solved. But the delusion was always short-lived, and when just about to enter the

country for a last and grand effort the great king died—the most fortunate death which the history of Scotland records. Edward's assaults on Scotland, beyond the fact that wise statesmanship showed the necessity of the two countries being united, had no plea for their justification. The old fables of homage and allegiance, the contemptible spirit shown by the nobility, the oaths of John Baliol, or the political necessities of the times, did not, even when taken together, form sufficient warrant for the forcible annexation of a sister nation.

Edward's Scotch campaigns were characterized by excessive cruelty and destruction, and whenever a section of the country was in the power of his troops he ruled it with an iron hand. But there is every evidence that, after he had demonstrated his power to the people, he intended taking them into the English commonwealth on reasonably favorable and honorable terms. This is the only really redeeming feature which the history of his Scotch campaigns presents to us, and proves him to have been more than merely a tyrannical and bloodthirsty conqueror. According to his arrangement, the country was to be governed by a lieutenant directly representing the monarch, with the advice and assistance of a council composed of the nobility and clergy. The two named estates were, of course, loyal to Edward at that epoch, and would have obeyed his behests or agreed only upon such legislation or enactments as would be inspired by him or which were certain to meet his approval. The immediate result of such an arrangement was certain to strengthen the personal power of the English king, but its weakest point was that if, in times to come, the nobility and clergy became more patriotic, they had the opportunity of weakening and harassing that power. However, it was a step in the direction of popular government, a certain amount of gain, although useless for the time. But Edward did more than this, for he gave Scotland a direct, although small, representation in the English Parliament. Four barons, four churchmen, and two members of the House of Commons were to form the Scotch contingent, and these ten deputies actually did attend one Parliament in London. One of the two members of the House of Commons represented that part of Scotland which lay south of the firths of Forth and Clyde, while the other was supposed to be the mouth-

piece of all to the north of those estuaries. But the Scots did not take kindly to Edward's manifestations of good intentions. The reforms which came to them on the points of English arrows, and as the result of cowardice and selfishness on the part of their own national leaders, failed to gild or soften the yoke which the southern king had placed upon them, and another rebellion burst it asunder. Edward II. tried to complete his father's work, but the defeat at Bannockburn settled the question so far as he was concerned. Edward III. essayed the rôle of his grandfather, but although he overrun part of the kingdom, crowned a Baliol, and accepted his allegiance, his efforts bore no lasting fruit and Scotland remained as free and as threatening as ever. After his time no serious attempt to subjugate the country by force of arms was made by England, but diplomacy did not abandon the hope of accomplishing alone what it failed to do when assisted by the sword. The marriage of James IV. to Margaret Tudor was hailed as a forecast of a golden era of international peace and so it certainly proved, although not exactly as was expected ; for on sea as well as on land Scotsmen carried on war with England, and the battle of Flodden was the last event in James'reign. But through this marriage the great-grandson of James IV. became the recognized heir to the English throne and ascended to it in 1603 as king over the whole island of Britain.

In Scotland, until it became probable that King James VI. would be the successor of Queen Elizabeth, such a thing as a close political, indissoluble union was never thought about, or if it did enter the brains of some northern statesmen they took care never to give it expression. As conquest was the watchword on the southern side of the Tweed, so independence was the rallying cry on the north, and the heavier the blows of the English hammer the more stubborn and unyielding became the Scottish determination to maintain the national liberty. Commercial union, except to a very limited extent, was never attempted, for the ancient alliance between Scotland and France interfered and hampered any efforts or negotiations in that direction. The Continent formed a better field for the buying and exchanging of merchandise than Scottish merchants could find in England, and, besides, the maintenance of close relations with the "auld

ally" was often necessary to prevent too unscrupulous advances on the part of the auld enemy.

When James VI. ascended the English throne and became James I. of Great Britain, the rejoicing in Scotland was great. A Scotsman, a descendant of Bruce, ruled over the English, and fulfilled the old prophecy about the old coronation stone of Scone, which had been carried to Westminster Abbey by Edward I. One of the versions of the prophecy was :

> "Wherever fate this stone may bring,
> There a Scotsmen shall be king,"

and so it proved. Then the long war was over, the danger of the country being devastated or the towns despoiled or burned by invading armies was at an end; the Borders were no longer to be a "debatable land" where warlike weapons were oftener in use than agricultural implements, and where feud, foray, raid, assault, reiving, rueing, and quarreling made up the daily routine of life. It was thought that the whole of England lay at the feet of Scotland, and that the mercantile progress of the country was assured. With two such fields of operations as France and England, the prospects of the Scottish merchants seemed to be of the most glowing description. They would enjoy all the benefits of a complete union with England without losing one iota of their country's independence, or without political interference from the new ally, and the national vanity was gratified by seeing a Scottish king wielding the sceptre of Edward I. The union for which Longshanks fought had come to pass, but Scotland was the victor and had brought England into the fold.

But it was a dream. The pleasant anticipations had really no foundation, and the discovery was made that two countries might have the same king without having their individual interests thereby amalgamated. Neither in England or Scotland could it be said that the king was the State, although James VI. and his successor foolishly believed that such was the case. In Scotland the first result of James' accession to the throne of England was the impoverishment of the country. Most of the nobility followed him in his progress to the South, the court was deserted, the adventurous spirits tried their luck in London, trade was dispersed, and instead of English gold flowing into Scotland ,the oppo-

site was the case. Scottish merchants did not fare very well in the dealings they attempted with their new southern allies, and in every way possible the latter showed their contempt for their northern fellow-subjects. Scotland gained nothing from the good fortune of the king but peace, and was a loser in many essential points. Had James been a statesman instead of a conceited pedant, things might have been very different; but his notions, practice, and policy, seemed rather to separate the nations than to draw the bonds of fraternity and friendship around them. He affected to despise the Scottish people and joined readily in the laughter of his new courtiers at their poverty and ignorance, compared with the wealth and wisdom of London and other centres in England. The poverty of the nobility of the North and their eagerness for choice positions in the court of the British Soloman were in marked contrast to the munificence of the Southern barons, while the subserviency of the Episcopal priesthood, as well as the semi-papal magnificence of the Episcopal ritual and churches, were more pleasing to the silly mind of the monarch than the cold, bleak kirks north of the Tweed, or the haranguings, disputations, criticisms, and fault-findings of the Presbyterian clergy. King James really did attempt in one way to unite both countries, but his base of operations, interfering with the religious liberty of the Scottish people, was wrong, and he adopted the old English theory of submission and conquest. He desired one form of religion to prevail over the entire island, and the form which found favor in his eyes was that which obtained in England and of which he was the supreme head. James had always been in favor of an Episcopal form of Church government, but when in 1592 the bishops and bishop rule were swept out of Scotland, and Presbyterian polity was established, his sacred majesty, as he liked to be called, seemed to acquiesce in the arrangement.

In 1606, however, after he was firmly seated on the English throne, James got the Scottish Parliament to pass an act restoring the bishoprics, and three new bishops—Glasgow, Brechin and Galloway—were at once consecrated. From this act sprung the Covenanting movement, which made the relations between the countries as severely strained as ever, and gave to Scottish history many of its grander and nobler incidents, although it caused havoc and bloodshed all over

the land. In the wars between Charles I. and his parliaments, Scotland bore her share, and the trickery of that unfortunate king often led her into positions which her own devotion to the royal house of Stuart on the one hand, and her love of political liberty on the other, could not harmonize, much less justify. The people became divided between sentiment and duty, and the result of the division was that Cromwell completely overrun the country and reduced it to a greater degree of subjection than did any of the Plantagenets. Cromwell understood the requirements of a real union better than the divine-right rulers, and, after tranquilizing the country by force, he put his statesmanlike ideas into practice. His scheme of union was ratified in 1654, and by it thirty members of the British Parliament were to be chosen in Scotland. Free trade was established between the two countries, and feudal dues and restrictions were abolished. Under his firm rule trade and commerce revived, public confidence in the stability of his government increased, civil wars and private broils were at an end, and the middle and lower classes were better off than they had been for several generations. But, as usual, Scotland had to pay dearly for her "whustle." The taxation of the Protectorate was excessive—often as high as £10,000 a month—and the presence of English soldiers and some English judges caused a feeling of humiliation to sadden the otherwise pleasant outlook. The restoration of Charles II. dissipated all the good that the wise measures of Cromwell had inaugurated. The Navigation Act rescinded the free-trade privilege, Episcopacy was re-established, the Covenant persecution became bitter and cruel, and the "Drunken Parliament" passed a law in 1662 which forced 350 Presbyterian ministers to resign their charges rather than violate the dictates of their consciences. The Sanquhar "Declaration" of Richard Cameron and Donald Cargill, in which it was boldly stated that King Charles had forfeited the crown by his treachery, and that it was perfectly justifiable for any one to kill him or his brother and heir-apparent, the Duke of York, expressed the views of the most extreme sect among the Covenanters as to the cause for the terrible condition of things under which the country suffered ; but all classes of the people were more or less discontented, except perhaps a few nincompoop noblemen and courtiers whose consciences were as weak and whose de-

baucheries were as disgusting as their divine-right master's. Under the misgovernment of Charles, the *entente cordiale* between the two countries was wiped out of existence, and such sanguinary encounters as Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge made the question of union become as visionary as it was in the days of James V. Charles' brother did not mend matters during the three years he was permitted to occupy the throne, and the Revolution of 1688 was hailed as a relief by the majority of the people of both countries.

Under the guidance of Principal Carstaires the government of William and Mary commenced well in Scotland. Episcopacy was again pulled down and what is known as the Revolution Settlement made Presbyterianism paramount north of the Tweed. William probably intended to give Scotland a good and generous administration in which justice, peace and civil and religious liberty were to be the features. But the wild although brilliant campaign of Dundee showed him that the main hope for the security of his crown lay in England. His ignorance of the country caused his administration to be disgraced by many mistakes, of which the massacre of Glencoe was the most famous and most glaring, while his leaning towards England governed his conduct in connection with the Darien scheme. William and his advisers, however, saw that such a condition of ill-feeling could not long exist between the two countries without open warfare being the result, especially as James II. and his son were in France, ready to seize any emergency which pointed to restoration, and the question of a complete political and commercial union became a foremost topic in the court. Just as the English Parliament began seriously to consider the question King William died, March 8, 1701.

The death of the king was not regarded as a calamity in Scotland. William had died from the effects of a fall from his horse, which stumbled on a mole-hill, and the innocent mole was toasted in Scotland very kindly by Whigs as well as Jacobites as "the little gentleman in the black velvet coat" whose work had brought a Stuart again to the throne.

But the accession of Queen Anne, although it pleased all parties, brought the question of union or no union home to both countries in a very direct and importunate fashion. The queen was childless, and on the happy settlement of the succession to the throne depended the future peace and

prosperity of the island. Remembering the past, and especially with the Darien fiasco foremost in contemporary history, the Scottish Estates determined to maintain their entire independence of England. In 1700, the year before William's death, the English Parliament passed an Act of Settlement, by which the crown, upon the death of Anne without heirs, was to go to the Princess Sophia, Electress-Dowager of Hanover, and her heirs. It was expected that the Scottish Estates would follow the example of the Southern Parliament and pass a similar law, seeing that the electress was the direct descendant of James VI., and that thus the crowns would remain united and peace continue to prevail. But neither the Scottish Estates nor the Scottish people were willing to follow the English lead in this important matter, and, instead of an Act of Settlement, an Act of Security was passed. This enactment provided that should Anne die without leaving any children, the whole power of the crown was to be centered in the Scottish Parliament until it had chosen a successor to her, and the said successor was to be of the royal line and of the Protestant religion. The new sovereign was to rule only under such conditions as would preserve the independence of the crown and the nation from any English or other foreign intrigues or machinations, and was not to be permitted to wear the crowns of the two countries unless the Scots were to have equal trading and navigation privileges with England. The act also made provision for the raising of an army of such size as to make its requirements be respected whenever occasion should arise. This act was favorably received by all sections of the community, and a general sentiment in favor of entire separation from England was openly expressed unless entire commercial equality was to prevail between the countries. In the South the act was regarded in the light of a defiance, and such it certainly was, and several enactments of the English Parliament tended to widen the breach between the peoples. An inopportune incident also happened just at that critical juncture which might have resulted in absolute separation, had not the queen's advisers acted with a degree of shrewdness which Englishmen had seldom if ever before shown in connection with Scotch affairs.

The Scotch ship *Annandale*, which was lying in the

Thames ready to start on a trading voyage to India, was seized in 1704 by the English East India Company, as the latter did not care to have Scottish merchants interfering with the trade of a country which they held in monopoly. The act aroused much indignation in Scotland, and was taken as an evidence that the English would not permit Northern traders to have equal commercial rights with them even in territories subject to the common sovereign, and made the idea of any union or surrender of rights be further away than ever. Soon after a chance for reprisal offered itself when the English vessel *Worcester*, another India trader, was forced into the Forth by stress of weather. The vessel was seized, and, from some remarks made when in liquor by one of the crew, it was soon believed that they had been concerned in the murder of the captain and crew of one of the Darien vessels which was missing. Captain Thomas Green, of the *Worcester*, his mate and crew, fifteen men in all, were arrested and tried before the Court of Admiralty in Edinburgh for their lives. Popular feeling ran high against them, and the facts that the *Worcester* was better armed than was usual with vessels of her class, and that among her papers a cipher was found, made it clear to the agitated minds of the people that the ship was a pirate instead of a trader. When the trial came off it was found that there was really no evidence against Captain Green, and had his crew not contained several cowards it is questionable if the court would have convicted any one. But one negro testified that the *Worcester* on the Coromandel coast had boarded and captured a vessel bearing a red flag and manned by people speaking the English language. They threw the crew overboard and sold the ship and cargo. Hearsay evidence was given by another negro and by the ship's surgeon, the supercargo's mate, the ship's cooper, and a seaman, and a local witness testified that Captain Green had shown him a seal having the arms of the Scottish African and Indian Company. The entire evidence was of the most flimsy description, but the jury turned every surmise into a fact and answered the popular clamor for the blood of the prisoners by bringing in a verdict finding them all guilty. A disposition was shown in several quarters to obtain a reprieve from the crown for the condemned, but the very suggestion aroused the populace to frenzy and the effort was not

persisted in. In April, 1705, Captain Green, his mate, and a gunner were conveyed to Leith amidst the curses of the people and executed. This consummation seemed to allay the popular wrath, and no effort was made to bring about the execution of the others.

Of course all this aroused a strong feeling in England, but it showed the statesmen on both sides of the Tweed the necessity for a complete union, and that such a union could only be accomplished by concessions from both parties. The English wished to retain their colonial and continental trade ; the Scotch were determined to retain their own laws and their own independence. To illustrate the condition of affairs by a modern example, the Scots were in favor of commercial union, the English favored annexation pure and simple. To harmonize these diverse interests was the task of the hour, and, hurried on by the events connected with the fate of Captain Green, Queen Anne and her ministry, headed by Godolphin, essayed to solve it. The entire matter was referred to a body of English and Scotch commissioners selected by the queen's advisers, care being taken to appoint only those who were known to be in favor of a close union between the countries.

Into the details of the negotiations and discussions between the commissioners there is no need of entering here, and a Scotsman could hardly chronicle them without a feeling of shame. No matter how much the treaty may have benefited Scotland, there is no doubt that the Scotch commissioners agreed to many of its provisions after being liberally bribed by the English, and gold and fair promises of future honors and promotions caused a majority of the Scottish Estates to ratify the treaty. The nobility of Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne were just as ready to sell their country as were their predecessors in the time of Wallace and at other critical epochs in the history of the land. Of course there were honorable exceptions—such as Lord Belhaven—whose speech against the union was a noble and unanswerable piece of eloquence, although Lord Marchmont, with a bribe of £1,104 in his pocket, pronounced it a dream—but the exceptions were not numerous enough to save the roll of the Scottish peerage as a whole from being branded as infamous. The only section of the community which came out of the negotiations with

any degree of honor was the Church, and at its behest an act for securing Presbyterianism in the land was passed and appended to the treaty. The entire union measure, however, was received with the utmost abhorrence by the people. Riots in Glasgow, Edinburgh and elsewhere made many tremble lest the populace would overrule the law and overturn the government unless military measures were resorted to, and many of the leading advocates and signers of the treaty had to resort to flight or concealment to protect their lives. The following lines by Burns, probably based upon an earlier poem, fairly express the sentiments entertained in Scotland regarding the treaty and its advocates :

> " Fareweel to a' ou Scottish fame,
> Fareweel our ancient glory ;
> Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name,
> Sae fam'd in martial story.
> Now Sark runs o'er the Solway sands,
> And Tweed runs to the ocean,
> To mark where England's province stands—
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.
>
> " What force or guile could not subdue
> Through many warlike ages,
> Is wrought now by a coward few
> For hireling traitors' wages.
> The English steel we could disdain,
> Secure in valor's station,
> But English gold has been our bane—
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.
>
> " O would, or I had seen the day
> That treason thus could sell us,
> My auld grey head had lain in clay
> Wi' Bruce an' loyal Wallace.
> But pith, and power, till my last hour
> I'll make this declaration,
> We're bought and sold for English gold—
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation."

The treaty itself, which, with the rider referring to the Church, is here given in full, is deserving of careful study at the present day, when the air is full of rumors as to political changes, and when the development of home-rule theories and the evident growth of a sentiment in favor of imperial confederation may lead to movements or encourage legislation in which what is left of the distinct nationality of Scotland may be swept away or be still further obscured. In the notes I have endeavored briefly to throw light upon various provisions of the treaty, and incidentally to illustrate the cowardice and knavery of the Scotch commissioners :

ACT RATIFYING AND APPROVING THE TREATY OF THE TWO KINGDOMS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.
January 16, 1707.

The Estates of Parliament considering that articles of Union of the Kingdoms of Scotland and England were agreed on the 22d of July 1706 years, by the commissioners nominated on behalf of this kingdom, under Her Majesty's Great Seal of Scotland, bearing date the 27th of February last past, in pursuance of the fourth Act of the third Session of this Parliament, and the commissioners nominated on behalf of the kingdom of England, under Her Majesty's Great Seal of England, bearing date at Westminster the 10th day of April last past, in pursuance of an Act of Parliament made in England the third year of Her Majesty's reign, to treat of and concerning a union of the said kingdoms; which articles were, in all humility, presented to Her Majesty upon the 23d of the said month of July, and were recommended to this Parliament by Her Majesty's royal letter of the date the 31st day of July, 1706; and that the said Estates of Parliament have agreed to, and approven of the said Articles of Union, with some additions and explanations, as is contained in the articles hereafter insert. And sick-like, Her Majesty, with advice and consent of the Estates of Parliament, resolving to establish the Protestant religion and Presbyterian Church government within this kingdom, has passed in this Session of Parliament an Act, entituled, 'Act for securing of the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government,' which, by the tenor thereof, is appointed to be insert in any Act ratifying the Treaty, and expressly declared to be a fundamental and essential condition of the said Treaty of Union in all time coming. Therefore Her Majesty, with advice and consent of the Estates of Parliament, in fortification of the approbation of the articles as above mentioned, and for their further and better establishment of the same, upon full and mature deliberation upon the foresaid Articles of Union and Act of Parliament, doth ratify, approve, and confirm the same, with the additions and explanations contained in the said articles, in manner, and under the provisions after mentioned, whereof the tenor follows:

I. That the two kingdoms of Scotland and England

shall, upon the 1st day of May next ensuing the date hereof, and for ever after, be united into one kingdom by the name of Great Britain,* and that the ensigns armorial of the said United Kingdom be such as Her Majesty shall appoint, and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George be conjoined in such manner as Her Majesty shall think fit,† and used in all flags, banners, standards and ensigns, both at sea and land.

II. That the succession to the monarchy of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and of the dominions thereunto belonging, after Her Most Sacred Majesty, and in default of issue of Her Majesty, be, remain, and continue to the most Excellent Princess Sophia, Electoress and Duchess Dowager of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants, upon whom the crown of England is settled by an Act of Parliament made in England in the twelfth year of the reign of His late Majesty King William III., entituled, " An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown, and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject :" And that all Papists, and persons marrying Papists, shall be excluded from, and for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part thereof, and in every such case the Crown and Government shall, from time to time, descend to, and be enjoyed by such person, being a Protestant, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same in case such Papist, or person marrying a Papist, was naturally dead, according to the provision for the descent of the Crown of England, made by another Act of Parliament in England in the first year of the reign of their late Majesties King

* This clause in the treaty, it is claimed by the Scots, has virtually become a dead letter, as far at least as the English are concerned. Everything is " English." Scotland is ignored and Great Britain is seldom talked about. " The English Parliament," " the English army" are the usual terms in which the British House of Commons and British soldiers are mentioned. This has naturally aroused much indignation in Scotland, and public protests on the platform and the press are frequent. There is no doubt that there is good ground for complaint, but candor compels me to acknowledge that the Scots are equally great sinners in this regard. If a Scot becomes famous either in the army, the navy, literature, science or art, the Scottish newspapers and public speakers do not call him a Briton, but glory in the fact that he is a Scot. The best result of the agitation on this theme is to keep alive a popular knowledge on both sides of the Tweed that the Treaty of Union between the two kingdoms really exists. The name Great Britain—or " Great Brittany" rather—was first proposed by James VI. after his accession to the English throne

† This was suggested by the Scots commissioners as being the readiest way of settling a matter which, although trivial in itself, might have caused considerable trouble.

William and Queen Mary, entituled " An Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and settling the Succession of the Crown."

III. That the United Kingdom of Great Britain be represented by one and the same Parliament, to be styled the Parliament of Great Britain.*

IV. That all the subjects of the United Kingdom of Great Britain shall, from and after the Union, have full freedom and intercourse of trade and navigation, to and from any port or place within the said United Kingdom, and the dominions and plantations thereunto belonging, and that there be a communication of all other rights, privileges, and advantages which do or may belong to the subjects of either kingdom, except where it is otherwise expressly agreed in these articles.

V. That all ships or vessels belonging to Her Majesty's subjects of Scotland, at the time of ratifying the Treaty of Union of the two kingdoms in the Parliament of Scotland, though foreign built, be deemed and pass as ships of the build of Great Britain. The owner, or, where there are more owners, one or more of the owners, within twelve months after the 1st of May next, making oath that at the time of ratifying the Treaty of Union in the Parliament of Scotland, the same did, in whole or in part, belong to him or them, or to some other subject or subjects of Scotland, to be particularly named, with the place of their respective abodes, and that the same doth then, at the time of the said deposition, wholly belong to him or them, and that no foreigner, directly or indirectly, hath any share, part, or interest therein; which oath shall be made before the chief officer or officers of the customs, in the port next to the abode of the said owner

* The adoption of this article did away with an office – that of Lord Chancellor of Scotland – which had existed since the time of Alexander I., and had been held by many of the brightest men in the country. The Lord Chancellor presided over the Scottish Parliament was the head of the judicial system, the chief adviser of the King and keeper of the great seal. The Lord Chancellor at the time the treaty was passed was the Earl of Seafield. He was a zealous advocate in its favor, and gladly accepted his share of the plunder which was distributed among noblemen of his stamp. On April 22, 1707, when the Scottish Parliament broke up for the last time, Seafield, in his glee at the fulfillment of a work in which he took such a prominent part, said with grim humour, " There is the end of an auld sang." A brother of this noble scoundrel characterized his conduct at the time in fitting terms. Seafield had objected to his brother trading in cattle as being derogatory to the family rank. " Take your own tale hame," said the brother; " I only sell nowt (cattle), but you sell nations."

or owners; and the said officer or officers shall be empowered to administer the said oath; and the said oath, being so administered, shall be attested by the officer or officers who administered the same, and, being registered by the said officer or officers, shall be delivered to the master of the ship for security of her navigation, and a duplicate thereof shall be transmitted by the said officer or officers to the chief officer or officers of the customs in the Port of Edinburgh, to be there entered in a register, and from thence to be sent to the Port of London, to be there entered in the general register of all trading ships belonging to Great Britain.

VI. That all parts of the United Kingdom forever, from and after the Union, shall have the same allowances, encouragements, and drawbacks, and be under the same prohibitions, restrictions, and regulations of trade, and liable to the same customs and duties on import and export; and that the allowances, encouragements, and drawbacks, prohibitions, restrictions, and regulations of trade, and the customs and duties on import and export settled in England, when the Union commences, shall, from and after the Union, take place throughout the whole United Kingdom,* excepting and reserving the duties upon export and import of such particular commodities from which any persons, the subjects of either kingdom, are specially liberated and exempted by their private rights, which after the Union are to remain safe and entire to them, in all respects, as before the same; and that, from and after the Union, no Scots cattle carried into England shall be liable to any other duties, either on the public or private accounts, than these duties to which the cattle of England are or shall be liable within the said kingdom. And seeing, by the laws of England, there are rewards granted upon the exportation of certain kinds of grain, wherein oats, grinded or ungrinded, are not expressed, That from and after the Union, when oats shall be sold at 15s. sterling per quarter

* This clause was bitterly opposed by Scottish merchants, who thought it involved the ruin of their own trade with the Continent, as it brought them to a level with the competition of Southern traders. They did not see the use of having free-trade with England while their own foreign trade was to be imperilled by restrictions, regulations and payments from which it had hitherto been free.

or under, there shall be paid 2s. 6d. sterling for every quarter of the oatmeal exported in the terms of the law, whereby, and so long as rewards are granted for exportation of other grains, and that the bere of Scotland have the same rewards as barley. And in respect the importation of victual into Scotland from any place beyond sea would prove a discouragement to tillage, Therefore, that the prohibition, as now in force by the law of Scotland, against importation of victual from Ireland, or any other place beyond sea, into Scotland, do after the Union remain in the same force as now it is, until more proper and effectual ways be provided by the Parliament of Great Britain for discouraging the importation of the said victual from beyond sea.

VII. That all parts of the United Kingdom be forever, from and after the Union, liable to the same excises upon all excisable liquors, excepting only that the thirty-four gallons English barrel of beer or ale, amounting to twelve gallons Scots, present measure, sold in Scotland by the brewer at 9s. 6d. sterling, excluding all duties, and retailed, including duties and the retailer's profit, at 2d. the Scots pint, or eighth part of the Scots gallon, be not, after the Union, liable, on account of the present excise upon excisable liquors in England, to any higher imposition than 2s. sterling upon the aforesaid thirty-four gallons English barrel, being twelve gallons the present Scots measure, and that the excise settled in England on all other liquors, when the Union commences, take place throughout the whole United Kingdom.*

VIII. That, from and after the Union, all foreign salt which shall be imported into Scotland shall be charged, at the importation there, with the same duties as the like salt is now charged with, being imported into England, and to be levied and secured in the same manner. But in regard the duties of great quantities of foreign salt imported may be very heavy on the merchants importers, That therefore all foreign salt imported into Scotland shall be cellared and

* This section was regarded with popular disfavor in Scotland. Prior to the Union the excise in Scotland was farmed out in the different districts, and the collections were easy and were made according to the convenience of those who had to pay. The business was really transacted by neighbors in a neighborly fashion. After the Union the Boards of excise controlled from London introduced a stricter regime, with severe penalties for infringement of the law or delinquency in payments.

locked up under the custody of the merchant importer and the officers employed for levying the duties upon salt; and that the merchant may have what quantities thereof his occasion may require, not under a weigh of forty bushels at a time, giving security for the duty of what quantity he receives, payable in six months; but Scotland shall, for the space of seven years from the said Union, be exempted from paying in Scotland for salt made there the duty or excise now payable for salt made in England; but, from the expiration of the said seven years, shall be subject and liable to proportional duties for salt made in Scotland as shall be then payable for salt made in England, to be levied and secured in the same manner and with the same drawbacks and allowances as in England, with this exception, That Scotland shall, after the said seven years, remain exempted from the duty of 2s. 4d. a bushel on home salt, imposed by an Act made in England in the ninth and tenth of King William III. of England. And if the Parliament of Great Britain shall, at or before the expiring of the said seven years, substitute any other fund in place of the said 2s. 4d. of excise on the bushel of home salt, Scotland shall, after the said seven years, bear a proportion of the said fund, and have an equivalent in the terms of this Treaty; and that, during the said seven years, there shall be paid in England, for all salt made in Scotland, and imported from thence into England, the same duties upon importation as shall be payable for salt made in England, to be levied and secured in the same manner as the duties on foreign salt are to be levied and secured in England. And that, after the said seven years, how long the said duty of 2s. 4d. a bushel upon salt is continued in England, the said 2s. 4d. a bushel shall be payable for all salt made in Scotland and imported into England, to be levied and secured in the same manner; and that during the continuance of the duty of 2s. 4d. a bushel upon salt made in England, no salt whatsoever be brought from Scotland to England by land in any manner, under the penalty of forfeiting the salt and the cattle and carriages made use of in bringing the same, and paying 20s. for every bushel of such salt, and proportionally for a greater or lesser quantity, for which the carrier as well as the owner shall be liable jointly and severally, and the persons bringing or carrying the same to be imprisoned by any one justice of the peace

by the space of six months, without bail, and until the penalty be paid. And for establishing an equality in trade, That all fleshes exported from Scotland to England, and put on board in Scotland, to be exported to parts beyond the seas, and provisions for ships in Scotland and for foreign voyages, may be salted with Scots salt, paying the same duty for what salt is so employed as the like quantity of such salt pays in England, and under the same penalties, forfeitures, and provisions for preventing of frauds as are mentioned in the laws of England; and that, from and after the Union, the Laws and Acts of Parliament in Scotland for pineing, curing, and packing of herrings, white fish, and salmon for exportation with foreign salt only, without any mixture of British or Irish salt, and for preventing of frauds in curing and packing of fish, be continued in force in Scotland, subject to such alterations as shall be made by the Parliament of Great Britain; and that all fish exported from Scotland to parts beyond the seas, which shall be cured with foreign salt only, and without mixture of British or Irish salt, shall have the same eases, premiums, and drawbacks as are or shall be allowed to such persons as export the like fish from England; and that, for encouragement of the herring fishing, there shall be allowed and paid to the subjects inhabitants of Great Britain, during the present allowances for other fishes, 10s. 5d. sterling for every barrel of white herrings which shall be exported from Scotland; and that there shall be allowed 5s. sterling for every barrel of beef or pork salted with foreign salt, without mixture of British or Irish salt, and exported for sale from Scotland to parts beyond sea, alterable by the Parliament of Great Britain. And if any matters or fraud relating to the said duties on salt shall hereafter appear, which are not sufficiently provided against by this article, the same shall be subject to such further provisions as shall be thought fit by the Parliament of Great Britain.*

IX. That whenever the sum of £1,997,763 8s. 4½d. shall be enacted by the Parliament of Great Britain, to be raised in that part of the United Kingdom now called Eng-

* Taken as a whole, the commercial clauses in the Treaty were eminently fair, and, if anything, Scotland had the advantage. The English commissioners were not merchants and probably held commerce as a secondary consideration to whatever political advantages they might gain.

land, on land and other things usually charged in Acts of Parliament there for granting an aid to the Crown by a land tax, that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland shall be charged by the same Act with a further sum of £48,000, free of all charges, as the quota of Scotland to such tax, and so proportionally for any greater or lesser sum raised in England by any tax on land, and other things usually charged, together with the land; and that such quota for Scotland, in the cases aforesaid, be raised and collected in the same manner as the cess now is in Scotland, but subject to such regulations in the manner of collecting as shall be made by the Parliament of Great Britain.*

X. That during the continuance of the respective duties on stamped paper, vellum, and parchment, by several Acts now in force in England, Scotland shall not be charged with the same respective duties.

XI. That during the continuance of the duties payable in England on windows and lights, which determines on the 1st day of August, 1710, Scotland shall not be charged with the same duties.

XII. That during the continuance of the duties payable in England on coals, culm, and cinders, which determines the 30th day of September, 1710, Scotland shall not be charged therewith for coals, culm, and cinders consumed there, but shall be charged with the same duties as in England for all coal, culm, and cinders not consumed in Scotland.

XIII. That during the continuance of the duty payable in England on malt, which determines the 24th day of June, 1707, Scotland shall not be charged with that duty.

XIV. That the kingdom of Scotland be not charged with any other duties laid on by the Parliament of England before the Union, except those consented to in this Treaty, in regard, it is agreed, that all necessary provisions shall be made by the Parliament of Scotland for the public charge and service of that kingdom for the year 1707; provided, nevertheless, that if the Parliament of England shall think fit to lay any further impositions by way of customs or such

* That is to say, Scotland agreed to pay one-fortieth of the direct taxation of the United Kingdom, and, on the ground that representation should be regulated by taxation, many hold that the English commissioners were particularly generous in allowing the Scots the number of parliamentary representatives they did.

excises, with which, by virtue of this Treaty, Scotland is to be charged equally with England, in such case Scotland shall be liable to the same customs and excises, and have an equivalent to be settled by the Parliament of Great Britain ; with this further provision, that any malt to be made and consumed in that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland shall not be charged with any imposition upon malt during this present war. And seeing it cannot be supposed that the Parliament of Great Britain will ever lay any sorts of burdens upon the United Kingdom but what they shall find of necessity at that time for the preservation and good of the whole, and with due regard to the circumstances and abilities of every part of the United Kingdom ; Therefore it is agreed that there be no further exemption insisted upon for any part of the United Kingdom, but that the consideration of any exemptions, beyond what are already agreed on in this Treaty, shall be left to the determination of the Parliament of Great Britain.*

XV.† Whereas by the terms of this Treaty the subjects of Scotland, for preserving an equality of trade throughout the United Kingdom, will be liable to several customs and excises now payable in England, which will be applicable towards payment of the debts of England contracted before the Union, it is agreed that Scotland shall have an equiva-

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* This article, and the four preceding, were merely introduced for the temporary protection of Scotland.

† This article is the keystone of the treaty, and but for it the document would never have become law. It provided a fund from which the Scottish commissioners and others might be bribed to consent to all its provisions, either directly or indirectly. Among the sums paid were: Duke of Montrose, £200; Duke of Athole, £1000; Duke of Roxburgh, £500; Marquis of Tweeddale, £1000; Earl of Marchmont, £1104; Earl of Cromarty, £300; Earl of Balcarres, £500; Earl of Dunmore, £200; Earl of Eglinton, £200; Earl of Forfar, £100; Earl of Glencairn, £100; Earl of Kintore, £200; Earl of Findlater, £100; Earl of Seafield, £490; Lord Prestonhall, £200; Lord Ormiston, £200; Lord Anstruther, £300; Lord Fraser, £100; Lord Polwarth [or Cesnock], £50; Lord Forbes, £50; Lord Elibank, £50; and Lord Banff, £11.2s! Well may we exclaim, "Such a parcel of rogues in a nation." That a peer should sell his vote and his country for £11, may be regarded as about the most contemptible transaction on record. Even the Provost of Ayr got £100. The Lords Ordinary were to receive £500 a year instead of £100, and all the law servants of the crown received gratuities or increased salaries. When the story of this wholesale bribery became partly known the people were furious, and when the money was taken to Edinburgh to be divided the citizens could only be kept from destroying it by sheer force of arms. They regarded the gold in the closely guarded wagons as being the price paid in exchange for the delivery of the liberty of the kingdom into the hands of the English. Possibly had they realized that the money was to be repaid by Scotland into the British treasury, even the protection of the military would have been insufficient to prevent the coffers and their contents being thrown into the Nor' Loch. As Sir Walter Scott says: "The Parliament of Scotland was bribed with the public money belonging to their own country. In this way Scotland herself was made to pay the price given to her legislators for the sacrifice of her independence."

lent for what the subjects thereof shall be so charged towards payment of the said debts of England in all particulars whatsoever in manner following, viz., that before the union of the said kingdoms the sum of £398,085 10s. be granted to Her Majesty by the Parliament of England for the uses after mentioned, being the equivalent to be answered to Scotland for such parts of the said customs and excises upon all excisable liquors with which that kingdom is to be charged upon the Union as will be applicable to the payment of the said debts of England, according to the proportions which the present customs in Scotland, being £30,000 per annum, do bear to the customs in England, computed at £1,341,559 per annum, and which the present excises on excisable liquors in Scotland, being £33,500 per annum, do bear to the excises on excisable liquors in England, computed at £947,602 per annum, which sum of £398,085 10s. shall be due and payable from the time of the Union: And in regard that, after the Union, Scotland becoming liable to the same customs and duties payable on import and export, and to the same excises on all excisable liquors as in England, as well upon that account as upon the account of the increase of trade and people (which will be the happy consequence of the Union), the said revenues will much improve beyond the before-mentioned annual values thereof, of which no present estimate can be made; yet, nevertheless, for the reasons aforesaid, there ought to be a proportional equivalent answered to Scotland, it is agreed that after the Union there shall be an account kept of the said duties arising in Scotland, to the end it may appear what ought to be answered to Scotland as an equivalent for such proportion of the said increase as shall be applicable to the payment of the debts of England; and for the further and more effectual answering the several ends hereafter mentioned, it is agreed that, from and after the Union, the whole increase of the revenues of customs and duties on import and export, and excise upon excisable liquors in Scotland, over and above the annual produce of the said respective duties as above stated, shall go and be applied for the term of seven years to the uses hereafter mentioned, and that upon the said account there shall be answered to Scotland annually, from the end of seven years after the Union, an equivalent in proportion to such part of the said increase as

shall be applicable to the debts of England; and, generally, that an equivalent shall be answered to Scotland for such parts of the English debts as Scotland may hereafter become liable to pay, by reason of the Union, other than such for which appropriations have been made by Parliament of England of the customs or other duties on export and import, excises on all excisable liquors, in respect of which debts equivalents are hereinafter provided; and as for the uses to which the said sum of £398,085 10s. to be granted as aforesaid, and all other monies which are to be answered or allowed to Scotland as said is, are to be applied, it is agreed that in the first place, out of the foresaid sum, what consideration shall be found necessary to be had for any losses which private persons may sustain by reducing the coin of Scotland to the standard and value of the coin of England, may be made good; in the next place, that the capital stock or fund of the African and Indian Company of Scotland advanced, together with the interest for the said capital stock after the rate of 5 per cent. per annum from the respective times of the payment thereof, shall be paid,* upon payment of which capital stock and interest it is agreed the said company be dissolved and cease; and also, that, from the time of passing the Act of Parliament in England for raising the said sum of £398,085 10s., the said company shall neither trade, nor grant licence to trade, providing that if the said stock and interest shall not be paid in twelve months after the commencement of the Union, that then the said company may from thenceforward trade, or give licence to trade, until the said whole capital stock and interest shall be paid; and as to the overplus of the said sum of £398,085 10s., after payment of what considerations shall be had for losses in repairing the coin and paying the said capital stock and interest, and also the whole increase of the said revenues of customs, duties, and excises above the present value which shall arise in Scotland during the said term of seven years, together with the equivalent which shall become due upon the improvement thereof in Scotland after the said term, and also as

* The Darien scheme, the stock in which was largely held by the Scotch commissioners, the members of the Scotch Parliament, and the upper classes generally. This was one of the most thoughtful schemes for making the bribery in connection with the Union be as widespread as possible that could be imagined. Even the Royal Burghs were stockholders.

to all other sums which, according to the agreements aforesaid, may become payable to Scotland by way of equivalent for what that kingdom shall hereafter become liable towards payment of the debt of England, it is agreed that the same be applied in manner following, viz., that all the public debts of the kingdom of Scotland, as shall be adjusted by this present Parliament, shall be paid ;* and that £2,000 per annum for the space of seven years shall be applied towards encouraging and promoting the manufacture of coarse wool within these shires which produce the wool, and that the first £2,000 sterling be paid at Martinmas next, and so yearly at Martinmas during the space foresaid ; and afterwards the same shall be wholly applied towards encouraging and promoting the fisheries, and such other manufactures and improvements in Scotland as may most conduce to the general good of the United Kingdom. And it is agreed that Her Majesty be empowered to appoint commissioners, who shall be accountable to the Parliament of Great Britain, for disposing the said sum of £398,085 10s., and all other monies which shall arise to Scotland upon the agreements aforesaid to the purposes before mentioned, which commissioners shall be empowered to call for, receive, and dispose of the said monies in manner aforesaid, and to inspect the books of the several collectors of the said revenues, and of all other duties from whence an equivalent may arise ; and that the collectors and managers of the said revenues and duties be obliged to give to the said commissioners subscribed authentic abbreviates of the produce of such revenues and duties arising in their respective districts ; and that the said commissioners shall have their office within the limits of Scotland, and shall in such office keep books containing accounts of the amount of the equivalents, and how the same shall have been disposed of from time to time, which may be inspected by any of the subjects who shall desire the same.

XVI. That, from and after the Union, the coin shall be of the same standard and value throughout the United Kingdom as now in England, and a Mint shall be continued in Scotland under the same rules as the Mint in England ; and

* Most of the public debts herein referred to were arrearages of salary to public officials.

the present officers of the Mint continued, subject to such regulations and alterations as Her Majesty, her heirs or successors, or the Parliament of Great Britain, shall think fit.

XVII. That, from and after the Union, the same weights and measures shall be used throughout the United Kingdom as are now established in England, and standards of weights and measures shall be kept by those burghs in Scotland to whom the keeping the standards of weights and measures, now in use there, does of special right belong; all which standards shall be sent down to such respective burghs from the standards kept in the exchequer at Westminster, subject, nevertheless, to such regulations as the Parliament of Great Britain shall think fit.

XVIII. That the laws concerning regulation of trade, customs, and such excises to which Scotland is, by virtue of this Treaty, to be liable, be the same in Scotland, from and after the Union, as in England, and that all other laws in use within the kingdom of Scotland do, after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof, remain in the same force as before (except such as are contrary to or inconsistent with this Treaty), but alterable by the Parliament of Great Britain; with this difference betwixt the laws concerning public right, policy, and civil government, and those which concern private right, that the laws which concern public right, policy, and civil government may be made the same throughout the whole United Kingdom, but that no alteration be made in laws which concern private right, except for evident utility of the subjects within Scotland.

XIX. That the Court of Session, or College of Justice, do, after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof, remain in all time coming within Scotland, as it is now constituted by the laws of that kingdom, and with the same authority and privileges as before the Union, subject, nevertheless, to such regulations, for the better administration of justice, as shall be made by the Parliament of Great Britain; and that hereafter none shall be named by Her Majesty, or her royal successors, to be ordinary Lords of Session, but such who have served in the College of Justice as advocates, or principal clerks of Session, for the space of five years, or as Writers to the Signet for the space of ten years, with this provision, that no Writer to the Signet be capable to be admitted a Lord of the Session, unless he undergo a private and

public trial on the civil law before the Faculty of Advocates, and be found by them qualified for the said office two years before he be named to be a Lord of the Session, yet so as the qualifications made or to be made, for capacitating persons to be named Ordinary Lords of Session, may be altered by the Parliament of Great Britain. And that the Court of Justiciary do also, after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof, remain, in all time coming, within Scotland, as it is now constituted by the laws of that kingdom, and with the same authority and privileges as before the Union, subject, nevertheless, to such regulations as shall be made by the Parliament of Great Britain, and without prejudice of other rights of justiciary; and that all Admiralty jurisdictions be under the Lord High Admiral or Commissioners for the Admiralty of Great Britain for the time being; and that the Court of Admiralty, now established in Scotland, be continued; and that all reviews, reductions, or suspensions of the sentences in maritime cases, competent to the jurisdiction of that Court, remain in the same manner after the Union as now in Scotland, until the Parliament of Great Britain shall make such regulations and alterations as shall be judged expedient for the whole United Kingdom; so as there be always continued in Scotland a Court of Admiralty, such as in England, for determination of all maritime cases relating to private rights in Scotland, competent to the jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court, subject, nevertheless, to such regulations and alterations as shall be thought proper to be made by the Parliament of Great Britain; and that the heritable rights of Admiralty and Vice-Admiralties in Scotland be reserved to the respective proprietors as rights of property, subject, nevertheless, as to the manner of exercising such heritable rights, to such regulations and alterations as shall be thought proper to be made by the Parliament of Great Britain; and that all other Courts, now in being within the kingdom of Scotland, do remain, but subject to alterations by the Parliament of Great Britain; and that all inferior Courts within the said limits do remain subordinate, as they are now, to the Supreme Courts of Justice within the same in all time coming; and that no causes in Scotland be cognoscible by the Court of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or any other Court in Westminster Hall; and that the said

Courts, or any other of the like nature, after the Union, shall have no power to cognosce, review, or alter the Acts or sentences of the judicatures within Scotland, or stop the execution of the same ; and that there be a Court of Exchequer in Scotland after the Union for deciding questions concerning the revenues of customs and excises there, having the same power and authority in such cases as the Court of Exchequer has in England ; and that the said Court of Exchequer in Scotland have power of passing signatures, gifts, tutories, and in other things, as the Court of Exchequer at present in Scotland hath ; and that the Court of Exchequer that now is in Scotland do remain until a new Court of Exchequer be settled by the Parliament of Great Britain in Scotland after the Union ; and that, after the Union, the Queen's Majesty and her royal successors may continue a Privy Council in Scotland, for preserving of public peace and order, until the Parliament of Great Britain shall think fit to alter it, or establish any other effectual method for that end.

XX. That all heritable offices, superiorities, heritable jurisdictions, offices for life, and jurisdictions for life, be reserved to the owners thereof, as rights of property, in the same manner as they are now enjoyed by the laws of Scotland, notwithstanding of this Treaty.*

XXI. That the rights and privileges of the royal burghs in Scotland, as they now are, do remain entire after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof.†

XXII. That, by virtue of this Treaty, of the Peers of

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* The main purport of this article was to continue the peers and their dependents in honorary or lucrative positions.

† The Royal Burghs did not appreciate the favor thus shown them, for as soon as the provisions of the treaty were made public they denounced it in unmeasured terms. In a petition to the Queen's Commoners and the Parliament, the Convention of Royal Burghs said : "Seeing, by the articles of Union, now under the consideration of the Honorable Estates of Parliament, it is agreed that Scotland and England shall be united into one kingdom; and that the united kingdoms be united by one and the same Parliament, by which our monarchy is suppressed, our parliament extinguished, and in consequence, our religion, church government, claim of right, laws, liberties, trade. and all that is dear to us. daily in danger of being encroached upon, altered or wholly subverted by the English in a British Parliament, wherein the mean representation allowed for Scotland can never signify in securing to us the interest reserved by us, or granted to us by the English.

"And by these articles our poor people are made liable to the English taxes which is a certain unsupportable burden, considering that the trade proposed is uncertain, involved and wholly precarious, especially when regulated as to export and import by the laws of England, and under the same prohibitions and restrictions, customs and duties. And considering that the most considerable branches of our trade are differing from those of England, and are, and may be yet more discouraged by their laws

Scotland at the time of the Union, sixteen shall be the number to sit and vote in the House of Lords,* and forty-five the number of the representatives of Scotland in the House of Commons of the Parliament of Great Britain; and that when Her Majesty, her heirs or successors, shall declare her or their pleasure for holding the first or any subsequent Parliament of Great Britain, until the Parliament of Great Britain shall make further provision therein, a writ do issue under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, directed to the Privy Council of Scotland, commanding them to cause sixteen Peers, who are to sit in the House of Lords, to be summoned to Parliament, and forty-five members to be elected to sit in the House of Commons of the Parliament of Great Britain, according to the agreement in this Treaty, in such manner as by a subsequent Act of this present session of the Parliament of Scotland shall be settled; which Act is hereby declared to be as valid as if it were a part of and

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and that all the concerts of trade and our interest are, after the Union, subject to such alterations as the Parliament of Great Britain shall think fit;

"We therefore supplicate your Grace [the Queen's Representative] and the Honorable Estates of Parliament, and do assuredly expect that ye will not conclude such an Incorporate Union, as is contained in the articles proposed, but that ye will support and maintain the true Reformed Protestant Religion and Church Government, as by law established, the sovereignty and independency of this crown and kingdom, and the rights and privileges of Parliament."

* This article probably aroused a more bitter opposition than any other. The Scots did not anticipate in consenting to a single parliament that Scotland's representation in it would be so meagre. The Scottish Commoners thought that all their peers would get seats in the British House of Lords, and that their share in the House of Commons should be 170 at least. The English at first placed the figures at 16 Lords and 30 Commoners, and for a time it seemed as though all negotiations were at an end. The compromise of 45 Commoners was finally accepted. On this point Sir Walter Scott writes: "It was loudly urged that a kingdom resigning her ancient independence, should at least obtain in the great national council a representation bearing the same proportion the population of Scotland did to that of England, which was one to six. If this rule, which seems the fairest that could be found, had been adopted, Scotland would have sent sixty-six members to the United Parliament. * * * The Scottish peerage were to preserve all the other privileges of their rank; but their right of sitting in parliament and acting as hereditary legislators, was to be greatly limited. Only sixteen of their number were to enjoy seats in the British House of Lords and these were to be chosen by election from the whole body. Such peers as were amongst the number of Commissioners were induced to consent to this degradation of their order by the assurance that they themselves should be created British peers, so as to give them, personally, by charter, the right which the sixteen could only acquire by election."

The English view is thus stated by Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England": "The ratio of population would indeed have given Scotland about one-eighth of the legislative body, instead of something less than one twelfth, but no government, except the merest democracy, is settled on the sole basis of numbers; and if the comparison of wealth and of public contributions was to be admitted it may be thought that a country which stipulated for itself to pay less than one-fortieth of direct taxation, was not entitled to a much greater share of the representation than it obtained. Comparing the two ratios of population and property there seems little objection to this part of the union."

engrossed in this Treaty ; and that the names of the persons so summoned and elected shall be returned by the Privy Council of Scotland into the Court from whence the said writ did issue ; and that if Her Majesty, on or before the 1st day of May next, on which day the Union is to take place, shall declare, under the Great Seal of England, that it is expedient that the Lords of Parliament of England and Commons of the present Parliament of England should be the members of the respective Houses of the first Parliament of Great Britain, for and on the part of England, then the said Lords of Parliament of England, and Commons of the present Parliament of England, shall be the members of the respective Houses of the first Parliament of Great Britain, for and on the part of England ; and Her Majesty may, by Her Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal of Great Britain, appoint the said first Parliament of Great Britain to meet at such time and place as Her Majesty shall think fit, which time shall not be less than fifty days after the date of such Proclamation ; and the time and place of the meeting of such Parliament being so appointed, a writ shall be immediately issued under the Great Seal of Great Britain, directed to the Privy Council of Scotland, for the summoning the sixteen Peers, and for electing forty-five members, by whom Scotland is to be represented in the Parliament of Great Britain, and the Lords of Parliament of England, and the sixteen Peers of Scotland, such sixteen Peers being summoned and returned in the same manner agreed in this Treaty, and the Members of the House of Commons of the said Parliament of England, and the forty-five members for Scotland, such forty-five members being elected and returned in the manner agreed in this Treaty, shall assemble and meet respectively in their respective Houses of the Parliament of Great Britain at such time and place as shall be so appointed by Her Majesty, and shall be the two Houses of the first Parliament of Great Britain; and that Parliament may continue for such time only as the present Parliament of England might have continued if the union of the two kingdoms had not been made, unless sooner dissolved by Her Majesty. And that every one of the Lords of Parliament of Great Britain, and every Member of the House of Commons of the Parliament of Great Britain, in the first and all

succeeding Parliaments of Great Britain, until the Parliament of Great Britain shall otherwise direct, shall take the respective oaths appointed to be taken, instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, by an Act of Parliament made in England in the first year of the reign of the late King William and Queen Mary, entituled "An Act for the Abrocating of the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, and appointing other Oaths;" and make, subscribe, and audibly repeat the declaration mentioned in an Act of Parliament made in England in the thirtieth year of the reign of King Charles the Second, entituled "An Act for the more effectual Preserving the King's Person and Government by disabling Papists from sitting in either Houses of Parliament;" and shall take and subscribe the oath mentioned in an Act of Parliament made in England in the first year of Her Majesty's reign, entituled "An Act to declare the Alterations in the Oath appointed to be taken by the Act entituled 'An Act for the further Security of His Majesty's Person, and the Succession of the Crown in the Protestant Line, and for extinguishing the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales, and all other Pretenders, and their open and secret Abettors, and for declaring the Association to be determined:'" at such time, and in such manner, as the Members of both Houses of Parliament of England are, by the said respective Acts, directed to take, make, and subscribe the same, upon the penalties and disabilities contained in the said respective Acts contained. And it is declared and agreed that these words, "This Realm," "The Crown of this Realm," and "The Queen of this Realm," mentioned in the oaths and declaration contained in the aforesaid Acts, which were intended to signify the Crown and Realm of England, shall be understood of the Crown and Realm of Great Britain; and that, in that sense, the said oaths and declaration be taken and subscribed by the Members of both Houses of the Parliament of Great Britain.

XXIII. That the foresaid sixteen peers of Scotland, mentioned in the last preceding article, to sit in the House of Lords of the Parliament of Great Britain, shall have all privileges of Parliament which the peers of England now have, and which they or any peers of Great Britain shall have after the Union, and particularly the right of sitting upon the trials of peers; and in case of the trial of any peer

in time of adjournment or prorogation of Parliament, the said sixteen peers shall be summoned in the same manner and have the same powers and privileges at such trial as any other peers of Great Britain. And that, in case any trials of peers shall hereafter happen when there is no Parliament in being, the sixteen peers of Scotland who sat in the last preceding Parliament shall be summoned in the same manner and have the same powers and privileges at such trials as any other peers of Great Britain. And that all peers of Scotland, and their successors to their honours and dignities, shall, from and after the Union, be peers of Great Britain and have rank and precedency next and immediately after the peers of the like orders and degrees in England at the time of the Union, and before all peers of Great Britain of the like orders and degrees who may be created after the Union, and shall be tried as peers of Great Britain, and shall enjoy all privileges of peers as fully as the peers of England do now, or as they or any other peers of Great Britain may hereafter enjoy the same, except the right and privilege of sitting in the House of Lords, and the privileges depending thereon, and particularly the right of sitting upon the trials of peers.

XXIV. That, from and after the Union, there be one Great Seal for the United Kingdom of Great Britain, which shall be different from the Great Seal now used in either kingdom; and that the quartering the arms and the rank and precedency of the Lyon King of Arms of the kingdom of Scotland, as may best suit the Union, be left to her Majesty; and that, in the meantime, the Great Seal of England be used as the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, and that the Great Seal of the United Kingdom be used for sealing writs to elect and summon the Parliament of Great Britain, and for sealing all treaties with foreign princes and states, and all public acts, instruments, and orders of state which concern the whole United Kingdom, and in all other matters relating to England, as the Great Seal of England is now used; and that a seal in Scotland, after the Union, be always kept, and made use of in all things relating to private rights or grants, which have usually passed the Great Seal of Scotland, and which only concern offices, grants, commissions, and private rights within that kingdom; and that, until such Seal shall be appointed by Her Majesty, the present Great

Seal of Scotland shall be used for such purposes; and that the privy seal, signet, cachet, signet of the Justiciary Court, quarter seal, and seals of Courts, now used in Scotland, be continued,* but that the said seals be altered and adapted to the state of the Union, as Her Majesty shall think fit; and the said seals, and all of them, and the keepers of them, shall be subject to such regulations as the Parliament of Great Britain shall hereafter make; and that the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State, the Records of Parliament and all other records, rolls, and registers whatsoever, both public and private, general and particular, and warrants thereof, continue to be kept as they are within that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland, and that they shall so remain in all time coming, notwithstanding of the Union.

XXV. That all laws and statutes in either kingdom, so far as they are contrary to or inconsistent with the terms of these articles, or any one of them, shall, from and after the Union, cease and become void, and shall be so declared to be by the respective Parliaments of the said kingdoms.

*Follows the tenor of the aforesaid Act for securing the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government in Scotland.**

Our Sovereign Lady and the Estates of Parliament, considering that, by the late Act of Parliament for a Treaty with England for an Union of both kingdoms, it is provided, That the Commissioners for that Treaty should not treat of or concerning any alteration of the worship, discipline, and

* A new office was appointed in carrying out this article, that of Keeper of the Great Seal in Scotland. The seal was formerly kept by the Lord Chancellors of the kingdom.

† Professor Herbert Story writes: "The Commission of the General Assembly * * represented the Church (of Scotland) during the progress of the Treaty with calmness and dignity, and in its address to Parliament temperately stated those points in the measure which were considered defective. The Commission complained of the English Sacramental text as the condition of holding civil and military offices, and urged that no oath or text of any kind, inconsistent with Presbyterian principles should be required from Scottish Churchmen. They recommended that an obligation to uphold the Church of Scotland should be embodied in the coronation oath. They represented the necessity of a 'Commission for the Plantation of Kirks and Valuation of Teinds;' and they concluded their fullest and most formal representation with an intimation that, knowing, as they did, that twenty-six bishops sat in the House of Lords, which, on the conclusion of the Treaty, would have jurisdiction in Scottish affairs; they desired to state with all respect, but all firmness, that it was contrary to the Church's principles and covenants that any churchman should bear civil office and have power in the commonwealth.

"These representations had their due effect. The bench of bishops, of course, could not be removed. The operation of the test act in England though its scandal and injustice were undeniable, could not be meddled with, but as a kind of equivalent for

government of the Church of this kingdom, as now by law established; which Treaty being now reported to the Parliament, and it being reasonable and necessary that the true Protestant religion, as presently professed within this kingdom, with the worship, discipline, and government of this Church, should be effectually and unalterably secured; therefore Her Majesty, with advice and consent of the said Estates of Parliament, doth hereby establish and confirm the said true Protestant religion, and the worship, discipline, and government of this Church to continue without any alteration to the people of this land in all succeeding generations; and more especially, Her Majesty, with advice and consent foresaid, ratifies, approves, and forever confirms the fifth Act of the first Parliament of King William and Queen Mary, entituled "Act Ratifying the Confession of Faith, and Settling Presbyterian Church Government," with the whole other Acts of Parliament relating thereto, in prosecution of the Declaration of the Estates of this kingdom, containing the Claim of Right, bearing date the 11th of April, 1689; and Her Majesty, with advice and consent foresaid, expressly provides and declares that the foresaid true Protestant religion contained in the above-mentioned Confession of Faith, with the form and purity of worship presently in use within this Church, and its Presbyterian Church government and discipline, that is to say, the government of the Church by kirk-sessions, presbyteries, provincial synods, and general assemblies, all established by the foresaid Acts of Parliament, pursuant to the Claim of Right, shall remain and continue unalterable; and that the said Presbyterian government shall be the only government of the Church within the kingdom of Scotland. And further, for the greater security of the

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this grievance, and to guard the Scotch universities and schools against the dreaded infection of prelacy, it was enacted that every professor and teacher should, ere his admission, subscribe the Confession of Faith as being the confession of his faith, and bind himself in the Presbytery's presence to conform to the discipline and worship of the Established Church. It was provided that the unalterable establishment and maintenance of the Presbyterian Church should be stipulated by an act prior to any other act, that should ratify the Treaty, and should then be embodied in the Act of Ratification; and that the first oath the British Sovereign should take on his accession should be an oath to maintain the government, worship, discipline, rights and privileges of the Church of Scotland. The minor points, as to kirks and tiends were satisfactorily disposed of, and the Church saw her firmness and moderation crowned with adequate success."—*Lecture on The Revolution Settlement.*

foresaid Protestant religion, and of the worship, discipline, and government of this Church, as above established, Her Majesty, with advice and consent foresaid, statutes and ordains, That the Universities and Colleges of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, as now established by law, shall continue within this kingdom forever. And that, in all time coming, no professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any university, college, or school, within this kingdom, be capable, or be admitted, or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions, but such as shall own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or to be prescribed by the Acts of Parliament. As also, that before or at their admissions, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the foresaid Confession of Faith, as the confession of their faith; and that they will practice and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in this Church, and submit themselves to the government and discipline thereof, and never endeavor, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same; and that before the respective Presbyteries of their bounds, by whatsoever gift, presentation, or provision, they may be thereto provided. And further, Her Majesty, with advice foresaid, expressly declares and statutes, That none of the subjects of this kingdom shall be liable to, but all and every one of them forever free of any oath, test, or subscription, within this kingdom, contrary to or inconsistent with the foresaid true Protestant religion and Presbyterian Church government, worship, and discipline, as above established; and that the same, within the bounds of this Church and kingdom, shall never be imposed upon, or required of them in any sort. And lastly, that after the decease of Her present Majesty (whom God long preserve), the sovereign succeeding to her in the Royal Government of the kingdom of Great Britain shall, in all time coming, at his or her accession to the Crown, swear and subscribe that they shall inviolably maintain and preserve the foresaid settlement of the true Protestant religion, with the government, worship, discipline, right, and privileges of this Church, as above established by the laws of this kingdom, in prosecution

of the Claim of Right. And it is hereby statute and ordained, that this Act of Parliament, with the establishment therein contained, shall be held and observed, in all time coming, as a fundamental and essential condition of any Treaty of Union to be concluded betwixt the two kingdoms, without any alteration thereof, or derogation thereto, in any sort forever. As also, that this Act of Parliament, and settlement therein contained, shall be insert and repeated in any Act of Parliament that shall pass, for agreeing and concluding the foresaid Treaty of Union betwixt the two kingdoms; and that the same shall be therein expressly declared to be a fundamental and essential condition of the said Treaty of Union, in all time coming. Which articles of Union, and Act immediately above written, Her Majesty, with advice and consent foresaid, statutes, enacts, and ordains to be, and continue, in all time coming, the sure and perpetual foundation of a complete and entire Union of the two kingdoms of Scotland and England, under this express condition and provision, that the approbation and ratification of the foresaid articles and Act shall be no ways binding on this kingdom until the said articles and Act be ratified, approven, and confirmed by Her Majesty, with and by the authority of the Parliament of England, as they are now agreed to, approven, and confirmed by Her Majesty, with and by the authority of the Parliament of Scotland. Declaring, nevertheless, that the Parliament of England may provide for the security of the Church of England as they think expedient, to take place within the bounds of the said kingdom of England, and not derogating from the security above provided for establishing of the Church of Scotland within the bounds of this kingdom. As also the said Parliament of England may extend the additions and other provisions contained in the articles of Union, as above insert in favor of the subjects of Scotland, to and in favor of the subjects of England, which shall not suspend or derogate from the force and effect of this present ratification, but shall be understood as herein included, without the necessity of any new ratification in the Parliament of Scotland. And lastly, Her Majesty enacts and declares that all laws and statutes in this kingdom, so far as they are contrary to, or inconsistent with the terms of these articles as above mentioned, shall, from and after the Union, cease and become void."

NOBLEMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

IT is a frequent subject of remark that "Americans dearly love a lord." So they do. A few are ready to idolize one whenever they catch him, and all classes desire to see a real live lord, to gaze into his aristocratic features, and to observe his walk and deportment.

But I question very much whether all this lord-worship springs from any servile notions or aristocratic proclivities on the part of the citizens of these United States. They—that is, the majority—seem to be impressed with the desire of beholding a representative of one of the institutions of the Old World which, fortunately for us all, cannot be reproduced on this side of the Atlantic, particularly in this section of it. The titled aristocrats of Europe have long regarded themselves, and been regarded by those who surround them, as a privileged class. They are looked up to as though they and their rights and honors are in a measure sacred, and as though even their persons are far superior in every way to those of the "common herd," as they impertinently used to call the people. Americans love to see these great folks, and gaze at them with all their might, but their sentiments toward them are akin to those they would entertain for any noble son of the desert who happened to be on exhibition in a circus or a great moral show. Curiosity is at the bottom of it all, except when real personal worth accompanies the title.

Again, some of the aristocratic visitors to America are wearers of titles which figure so often in history that it seems like getting a glimpse into the olden time to look upon them. Suppose, for instance, that the Duke of Norfolk happened to come over here, how the pages of history and the utterances of the poets would be overhauled to

bring to memory all the scenes and passages in which the "Grand Marshals of England" have figured! When the Duke of Argyll visited this country several years ago, the newspapers were full of stories—true and false—illustrative of the Campbells from the beginning of their history until the present time. People talked of the "MacCallum More" as though they met him every morning at breakfast, or "was a cousin of his own," as an Irishman might say. Sometimes, however, the newspaper historians get a "little off" in their haste to be the first to tell their news to the public. A year or two ago it was announced somehow that Earl Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, was about to visit New York *en route* for Ottawa, where his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, held court as Governor-General of the Dominion. Lord Percy did not come, but the newspapers made a great ado about him as a descendant of the gallant old Percies who played such prominent parts in the Border Wars between England and Scotland, and whose prowess has been the theme of much of the best ballad lore of Central Britain. The fact was, however, that the earl had no more to do with the ancient Percies than the reader of these lines. His family name was Smithson.

I have met in the city of New York quite a number of men who laid claim to titles in the British peerage. I do not mean individuals who believed they were descended from noble families, but men who asserted that they were the very head-centre around whom the reverence of their own particular family should rally. According to their own stories, they were debarred from taking actual possession by some simple quirk in the law, or because of a single missing link in the chain of evidence they had connected, or by some secret malignant influence exercised by the family which is actually enjoying the honors and estates at the present time. And this reminds me that in the American, and even in the British popular mind, titles and estates are always associated together. People can hardly believe that it is possible for them to be separated, and yet it is a simple fact that they are quite distinct. It is only the other day that the Earl of Balcarres actually bought the estate of that name, although the title had been in his own family for several generations. Lord Reay does not possess an inch of ground in all the wide section of country which is still called "Lord

Reay's country." Lord Belhaven does not own an acre of land anywhere, nor is the Duke of Edinburgh proprietor of even a single room in the city which gives him his appellation. The time was, of course, when things were different, but nowadays a title is simply an honor, and land means wealth. I question much whether the modern arrangement is an improvement on the old one or not, for a poor nobleman is, very often, one of the most useless beings on the face of the earth. His rank unfits him for actual work, and, unless something nice and genteel can be secured for him through the influence of his more fortunate relatives, his lines are laid in very disagreeable places indeed.

The noblemen to whom I am about to refer had themselves no doubt whatever as to the perfect justness of their claims. They were all delighted to go over their stories, and could argue the *pros* and *cons* with an earnestness which would have done credit to a crown lawyer. To me there was always something pathetic in the recitals. These men believed they were the victims of adverse circumstances, that they were wronged; and there is nothing more disheartening than for human beings to pass through life with such an unsatisfactory burden in their breasts as this. I do not profess to be capable of expressing any definite opinion as to whether their claims had any real foundation or not. To be able to do so one would require to spend a great deal of time examining documents, studying genealogies and so forth, and would need to be imbrued with the enthusiasm and patience of an antiquary. In my humble judgment, however, their stories were all feasible enough, and I really believe they claimed the titles with as much right on their side as enabled others to hold them. Very few peerages of one or two hundred years' standing can show a clear descent.

The first nobleman I met here was Sandy Fraser, who made a scanty living by peddling books and magazines in New York. He was a short, thick-set man, with a large head and long dark hair, threaded here and there with gray. His face was sadly marred by the marks of small-pox, but his full, broad forehead and decisive-looking mouth showed him to be a man of much force of character. So he was. Woe betide any of his customers who happened to offend him or any who ventured to question the antiquity and grandeur of

the Frasers, the beauty of the Gaelic, or the transcendent excellences of Dugald Buchanan, the Highland bard. His tongue was ready, and his argumentative skill always primed so as to go off on a moment's notice. I remember seeing him, one day, march up Broadway in a towering passion, muttering terrible oaths, while his eyes glared wildly. He quieted down a little after I had accosted him, and explained that some young Scotch fools in a bank on Wall street had tried to force down his throat the assertion that every one of the chiefs of the Frasers had been hanged, or ought to have been. The old man did not make very much money at his occupation. It could hardly be expected that he would, for his manners repelled instead of attracting customers. Besides, New York business men have no time for discussing the history of the Frasers, and Sandy always managed to turn a conversation in that direction, no matter on what theme it had begun. A few winters ago he fell into bad health, and his visits to his accustomed places became infrequent and irregular. One day I received a message from him, a very urgent call, and found him lying in a dark hall bedroom near the top of a very dirty tenement in Goerck street. He was unable to speak, and by the dim light of a candle I could see, only too plainly, that he was dying. There was no doubt of that. The skin on his cheeks was stretched and pinched, his lips were blue, and his eyes were surrounded by a dark, broad circle, and had a sort of far-away look such as I had never seen before. He lifted his thin, wasted arm and placed his hand in mine, but its clammy feeling made me almost shudder. In a few words, whispered with effort, he told me that he knew his time had come, that he had not a penny in the world, and then with awful earnestness implored me not to allow his body to be buried in Potter's Field. I promised—I could do nothing else—and he sunk back on his pillow with a sort of sigh of relief. After a while I said I would go and bring him a doctor. But he again seized me by the hand and whispered: "Ye needna mind; it's nae use. I'm gauin fast. Ye'll be at plenty o' expense wi' me sune enough." So for an hour he held me by the hand, while I sat and watched the life ebb slowly and softly out of his frame. He died like a baby, so easily, and without any sign of pain. A moment before the end he opened his eyes wide and stared into mine with a terrible earnestness, which I

answered, as well as I could, by a gentle pressure on his cold damp hand. Then the light faded from the eyes, the head drooped slightly, the hand in mine lay a little heavier, and all was over.

He was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery as respectably, at least, as he desired. In company with half a dozen of his countrymen whom I gathered together, I stood by the side of the grave while the body was being lowered to its last resting-place, heard the dull, discordant thud of the earth upon the coffin, saw the hole filled up and banked over by the spades of the grave-diggers. Then I turned away, and left poor Sandy in his lonely home—the last home of the Frasers as well as of every one else. A year ago I was over in the cemetery and had considerable trouble in finding the grave among the multitudes which surrounded it. When I did find it, however, I was surprised to see how green the sod was which covered it, and how gracefully the few wild flowers which had somehow sprung up amongst the grass, waved in the sweet, fresh autumn breeze. There is something in wild flowers which makes them seem, to me, far superior to anything which the training of the most scientific horticulturist can produce. They are natural and beautiful, no matter how much people may contemn them. They show as much grace in their form and structure, and as much delicacy in their lines, as the most gorgeous production of the conservatory. As I saw them then, fresh, green and lovely, crowning the mound beneath which poor Sandy sleeps after his stormy and troubled career, I could not restrain an inward prayer of reverent thankfulness to the Father of us all, who thus showed His care over a spot which the hand of man had completely forgotten. I have often thought that, had I the means, I would erect a stone at the head of this grave with an inscription somewhat in the following strain : "Sacred to the memory of Alexander Fraser, Eighteenth Lord Fraser of Lovat in the Peerage of Scotland, who died — 18— and was buried here in presence of a few of his countrymen." How proud Sandy would have been could he even have dreamt that there was a possibility of such a memorial being erected over his grave! For some recognition of his rights to the Lovat peerage was what he always looked for, and it was the lack of that recognition which embittered and perverted his whole life.

I once met a smart gentleman, engaged in business on

Broadway, who claimed to be the real Earl of Dalhousie. He got the notion into his head after he had passed middle life, and just when he was in a fair way for acquiring a competency. As soon as he imagined himself to be a peer, however, he began to neglect his business, with the usual result. When I met him in his office, its sole occupant besides himself was a boy, and the whole place had that seedy look which is common to warehouses in a state of decline, as well as to men who have seen better days. But he worked as hard as ever, harder in fact, and the evidence of his labors was to be seen in the piles of manuscript which littered the shelves of his private office. I do not know what has become of him, but suppose he has, in the expresive commercial phrase, "gone under" and is knocking out existence as a clerk in some store where he was known in his more prosperous years. At all events, when I passed the building, the other day, in which his warehouse used to be, I noticed that his sign was gone and another bearing a stange name occupied its place. I never learned anything as to the merits of his claim, but even at the best they must have been very slight. The wonder to me was that a shrewd, cool-headed business man such as he undoubtedly at one time was could not have calculated all the chances of the matter better than he did. He sacrificed a good, comfortable business to follow an *ignis-fatuus*, and the result was ruin. Now, had he tried, he might have foreseen this end. For even although his claim had been almost perfect, every stage in the progress of recovery would be bitterly contested in the law courts, and even before a final decision could have been given in his favor so many years would have necessarily elapsed that his personal enjoyment of the honor would be of brief duration, even if its possession would have given him any enjoyment at all. In the course of the proceedings his means would have been spent, his time engrossed, and he would have suffered heart-breakings enough to have sent stouter men than he down to their graves in sorrow and misery.

Jimmy Erskine was quite a different sort of a character, although he boasted of being no less a personage than the Right Honorable the Earl of Mar, Earl of Kellie, Baron Dirleton, Viscount Fenton, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia—quite a sufficient number of titles to sink a ship, as he used to remark when in a particularly jocular mood. Indeed,

when in his cups—which was often—Jimmy used to bestow one of his minor titles on whoever happened to be his boon-companion. But he stuck like a leech to the two earldoms and the baronetcy. His story was that one of the former earls had been in this country and married an American girl. Jimmy was the direct descendant of this union. He had no "documents" like most other claimants, did not place much faith in such things, and could hardly have kept any even if he had them. For Jimmy was a waif, a sad victim to intemperance. He was born in Hester street, New York, and learned the trade of a compositor. His office associates were none of the best, unfortunately, and Jimmy, easy-going, good-natured, kind-hearted Jimmy, soon became a slave to the cup. His friends tried to reform him, and for a time succeeded. He married a trim, good-looking lass, and for about a year life was really pleasant to him. Then he fell again, worse than before, and his little home—the last he ever had—was broken up. When the civil war commenced, Jimmy volunteered and went to the front. Hard-tack and hard lines did not affect him much, and, although he bore his share in several engagements and in innumerable skirmishes, he never received even a scratch. When peace was restored Jimmy resumed his civil career, but his soldiering days had completely rooted out whatever stability he had. He worked only now and again, rarely more than a week at a time, and generally, even in the depths of winter, was thinly and raggedly clad. When he had the money he lodged in some one of the cheap night-houses in the neighborhood of Chatham street. When he was "broke" he was content to seek repose in an ice-wagon or a hallway. A five-dollar bill seemed to burn a hole in his pocket, and whenever he earned one it was no sooner in his possession than a spree was begun. All his chums knew when Jimmy was in funds, and found it an easy matter to share in his success, for when he had the means nothing delighted him more than to treat all hands. His flush spells did not last very long, of course, and he was back again to his post of duty and observation, which was generally in Printing-House Square near the statue of Franklin, "the nice old gentleman," as Jimmy used to call him. There I have seen this would-be earl shivering in a February storm or sweltering in an August heat, a perfect picture of abject poverty,

yet always good-natured and seemingly happy. Sometimes he would disappear for a fortnight or a month, and when he returned would answer all inquiries by stating that he had been working in Hoboken or Newark or some place in New Jersey. Few knew that he had been serving a short term for drunkenness in one of the city prisons or on Blackwell's Island. Brooklyn he avoided as a plague spot, for he knew that there his forsaken wife, by her own industry as a dress-maker, had built up for herself a comfortable home, and her son—his son—was occupying a responsible position as a clerk in a large bank. He never saw his wife after his return from the South, and would not have known his son, the heir to all his titles, though he had met him. I tried hard to get Jimmy to reform, for he had many good qualities in spite of all his faults, but failed every time. I once offered to send him to an institution, but he declined and coolly assured me that "ten cents would be of more use to him at the present time." I procured him employment times without number, and obtained any amount of promises of amendment. But it was no use; as soon as he got a few dollars in his hands he went off on a hard, steady drinking bout.

I missed him for a long time one summer, longer than usual, even though he had been "working in Jersey," and began inquiring about him among some of his old chums who were sunning themselves in the City Hall Park. From them I learned that Jimmy had been found in a covered truck, stiff and dead, one morning about two months before, and they supposed he had been buried in Potter's Field. All this I afterwards found to be only too true. Jimmy had joined his titled ancestors in the unknown world. He was his own worst enemy, and, but for his one besetting sin or fault, would have been as honorable an Earl of Mar as most of those who have sported that title. But his end was a sad one for any human being of whatever degree.

Malcolm Alexander was one of the most amiable, unassuming and studious young men I ever met. It was quite a pleasure to hold a conversation with him, he was so intelligent and well read, giving his opinions freely yet not presumptuously, and with an air of honesty which seemed to be natural to him. I met him first in a law office on Broadway, and his industry and amiability as well as his knowledge of his profession had won him the respect, aye, even the love of

his superiors and fellow-clerks. I had known him for a considerable time—a year probably—before he spoke to me of the great and consuming burden of his life, his claim to the Stirling peerage. According to his story, he was not the first of his family to possess this notion. His grandfather had contested the same claim in the Scottish courts, and was not only defeated, but was actually tried for forgery in connection with the case. I remembered reading about that trial, but had forgotten many of its details until I met Malcolm. He told me that after being acquitted the former claimant was practically a ruined man, and his life closed after a hard struggle against not only poverty but also obloquy. His son, or one of his sons, came to this country, and after his father's death quietly assumed the title in his own family circle and among his immediate friends, just for the sake of keeping the claim alive. He appears to have been an easy-going, good-natured sort of personage, with little of the heroic in his composition, certainly not enough to make him risk his life and happiness on so shadowy an honor as this earldom. Malcolm was exactly the opposite. He was always slow to take up a position, but once he did he never wavered from it. As soon as he became convinced that his father was an earl, and he the heir, he determined to work for securing his rights. This led him to apply himself to his law studies with an avidity which far surpassed that of the majority of clerks. While his father lived Malcolm assumed the title of Viscount Canada, but the death of the parent, a short time before I met the son, had made the latter earl, viscount and all the rest of it. He had the whole history of the Alexander family at his finger-ends, and rattled over the names of its chiefs from Somerled, Lord of the Isles, down to his own accession. Dates were mere play-toys to him in this matter, and he had brooded over the real or fancied histories of the different chiefs until they assumed wonderful proportions in his eyes. There never was such a family, according to his notions, as that of the Alexanders, and their old residence of Menstrie House, in his estimation, was the Mecca of Scotland. The founder of the title, the first earl, he regarded as the grandest of all the poets of the later Elizabethan period, and furnished the brains which gave poetic fame to King James, Drummond of Hawthornden, Ben Jonson and the more

famous English writers of that day. And so on would Malcolm ramble, extravagant and irrational wherever the Alexanders were concerned, but on all other topics perfectly calm, logical, intelligent and open to conviction. He once showed me his pedigree and allowed me to examine the proofs in his possession ; and although I pointed out many weak links in the chain, he remained unshaken by my doubts. The same weak evidence which had so nearly transported his grandfather as a felon was all used by him, but he considered he had strengthened it by additional documents he had found and facts he had collected. I could not encourage him to believe I was impressed with any of these, but he remained as firm and immovable as a granite boulder. If he had had the means he would have brought the matter into the courts, but he was as poor as Job. At one time he conceived the idea of giving as wide a publicity to his claims as possible by organizing a joint-stock company to furnish the means of prosecution ; but I managed to dispossess his mind of any hopes of success in that line. I asked him where were the estates which were to recoup the stockholders after victory had been won, and his legal knowledge forced him to admit that none now existed. The first earl had died a bankrupt. He owned at no time very much real estate in Britain. He held grants of land including nearly the whole of Canada, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and away West beyond the Mississippi. But neither the United States nor the Dominion of Canada would, if they could, allow the claims of his heirs. Where, then, was the property? He could not answer, and in despair abandoned the joint-stock idea, although with great reluctance. A year or two later Malcolm fell into a decline, and soon after began, almost visibly, to "dwyne away." The manner in which he brooded over his lowering prospects assisted the disease, and he died a victim to consumption. But even the prospect of death did not turn his mind from the theory which had so long influenced him, and almost the last words he uttered were of regret that he had not been spared long enough to have had a son to carry on the struggle. The thought that he was the last of his race seemed to embitter the end.

Of course I have met other "noblemen," spurious brands, some of whom figured in police courts and were as

thorough scamps as ever traded upon the gullibility or weakness of the public; but the men I have written about, whatever their faults, were at least honest. Three of them were reputable citizens, and two at least might have won both wealth and honor had it not been for the unfortunate craze which somehow or other got possession of them.

THE END.

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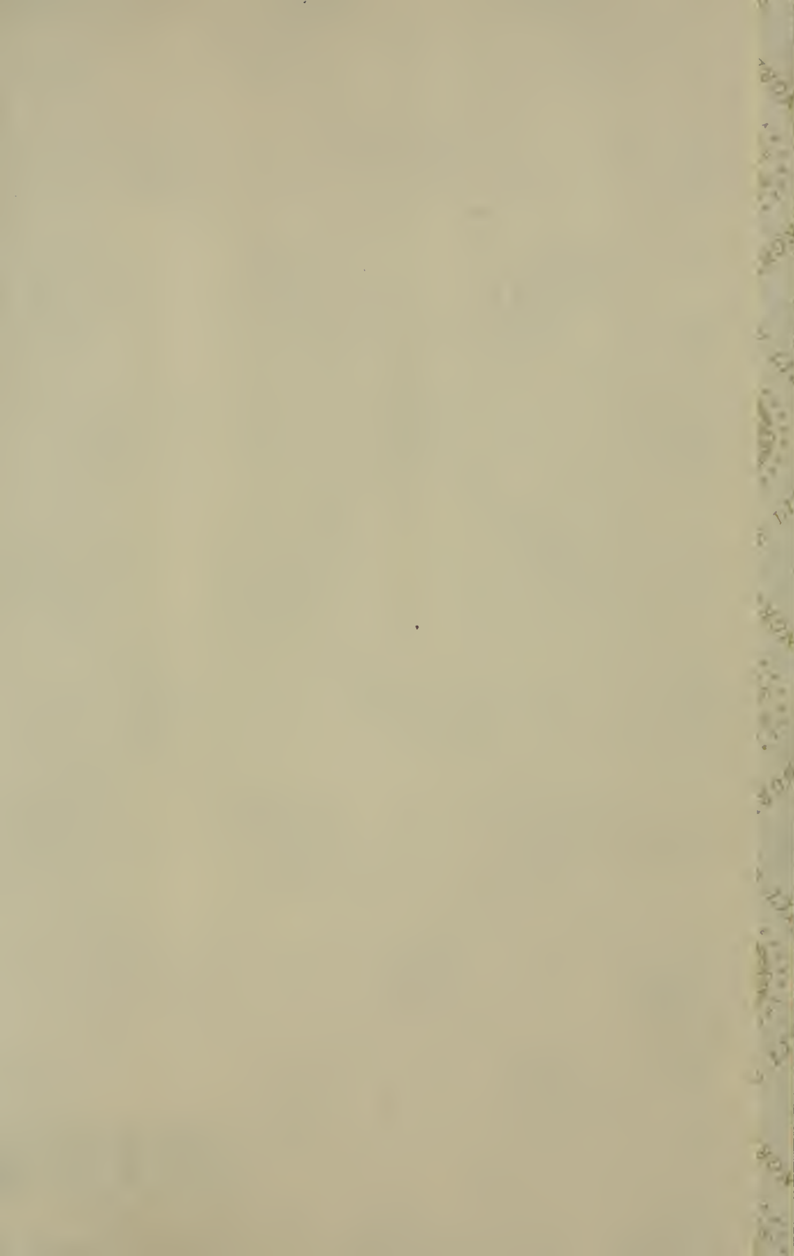

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