



EDINBURGH FROM THE CALTON HILL.

(with Dugald Stewart's Monument)

# SCOTLAND

ILLUSTRATED

IN A

SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

BY

MESSRS. T. ALLOM, W. H. BARTLETT, AND H. M'CULLOCH.

BY

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"Scotland, one and all,  
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods; the blue hills and clear streams;  
The Dee, the Don; Balaounie's Brig's black wall."—BYRON.

"The North Countrie;  
A nation famed for Song and Beauty's charms;  
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;  
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;  
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."—BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

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VOL. I.

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MDCCCXXXVIII.

TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

**Victoria the First**

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

&c. &c. &c.

T H E S E   V O L U M E S

ILLUSTRATIVE OF HER SCOTTISH DOMINIONS

ARE

BY HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS COMMAND

MOST LOYALLY AND MOST RESPECTFULLY

D E D I C A T E D

## P R E F A C E.

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THE only duty which now devolves upon the Author, is to offer a few brief observations respecting a work which, after three years' uninterrupted progress, he has now the satisfaction of laying before the public. The illustration of SCOTLAND was first suggested by the very flattering reception given to its predecessor, "SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED;" and the result has been a similar manifestation of public favour. To secure this patronage, and to give the work every recommendation which the highest professional talent could bestow, no expense has been spared, no encouragement withheld on the part of the Proprietors. In its now complete form, the work comprises *one hundred and twenty-one* highly finished engravings on steel, from original drawings, chiefly by Mr. Allom and Mr. Bartlett, whose united talents are too widely known and appreciated to require further mention in this place. With the exception of Dunrobin Castle,\* and Cape Wrath, every view was taken on the spot, and transferred to the steel plates with a force and fidelity which reflect the greatest credit on the engravers.

With respect to the literary department, the Author has only to observe, that he is far from insensible to the more than common indulgence with which, in its detached portions, the work has been already received. Like the sculptor, who should undertake to reduce a colossal statue into infantine proportions—and yet preserve the force and expression of the original—he undertook the task of reducing the gigantic features of Scotland into a miniature resemblance of the whole; and, whatever may have been his success, he has at least spared no labour to surmount the difficulties it involved, and will be the first to congratulate his more successful competitors in the same field. Scotland has still innumerable scenes to engage the best services of the pen and pencil, and she has those, also, among her own sons who have done, and will continue to do, her justice.

\* The beautiful view of *Dunrobin*,—including the recent additions, and the newly erected Monument on Benbhraggie,—was obligingly furnished by Her Grace the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, by whom it had also the advantage of being seen, and revised, during its progress through the hands of the painter and engraver. The view of *Cape Wrath* was painted from original drawings in the possession of James Loch, Esq. M.P.



In the mean time, both Author and Artist will think themselves fortunate if, by their own united labours, they have here opened a path by which her Lowland and Celtic landscapes may be more full explored and illustrated.

In the text which accompanies these illustrations, the reader is not to expect a mere artificial description of *every* particular scene represented. In Scotland, as in Switzerland, the most "classic" ground is not always the best suited for pictorial display, and *vice versá*. In travelling, therefore, over the same district, it has often been found impossible for the pen and the pencil to keep pace with each other; for the same field that is barren of every picturesque feature, may be rich, nevertheless, in every patriotic recollection: and thus, where the *engraving* has been allowed to speak for itself, the *text* has been occupied in filling up the moral picture from history and tradition. Restricted, however, to certain limits, the Author has been studious to condense his materials; and, where he could not introduce the entire picture, to avail himself of those particular features to which it was chiefly indebted for its peculiar tone, colour, and character. Under the frowning precipice, the shattered fastness, or on the battle heath—wherever, in short, the scene spoke most loudly of the inborn feelings and sympathies of the people—he has lingered with pardonable fondness for the shadowy existence of former days, but still, he hopes, with becoming regard to the picturesque character of the work.

In acknowledging the merits and services of his foreign coadjutors, the Author is bound to offer his testimony in favour of the German and French translations by John Von Horn, D.D., and Monsieur De Baucelas, who have transferred this, and his other Works, into their respective languages with taste, spirit, and fidelity. In conclusion, there is still one fact connected with these Works that can hardly fail to interest the public—namely, that, for the completion of "SCOTLAND" alone, nearly *forty thousand pounds* have been already expended; and it cannot be otherwise than gratifying to know that, in their various departments, these Volumes have been the means of stimulating native talent; of bringing obscure merit into notice; and of providing, during the progress of publication, upwards of *a thousand families and individuals* with regular employment. The fact cannot be too generally known, that the patronage bestowed on illustrated works of this class, is not so much calculated to benefit the *few* who are responsible, as the *many* through whose hands they must necessarily pass before they are in a condition to meet the public eye.

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*N.B.* The above Volume will be found to contain :—Sketches of History; Statistics; Society and Manners; Education, Literature, and Science; Mineralogy, Botany, Geology; Biographical and Characteristic Notices; Anecdotes and Traditions; Popular Customs and Amusements; Arts, Agriculture, Produce, Manufactures; with much diversified matter; the results of personal intercourse with the country and people of Scotland.

The Poetry interspersed in this Volume, unless where otherwise marked, is *original*.

\*.\* The feat of strength ascribed to Sir ALEXANDER RAMSAY, at page 93, has been attributed by other authorities to a contemporary champion of the name of ANNAND.—*Note from Corresp.*

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\* Tyninghame House, too late to be fully noticed in its proper place, is the family residence of the Earl of Haddington, and justly considered one of the most picturesque structures in the kingdom. It bears the stamp of various epochs, ten of the noble proprietor's ancestors having successively contributed some new embellishment to it, and each in accordance with his own peculiar taste, or the prevailing fashion of the day. It is surrounded by magnificent woods, and remarkable for a series of holly hedges, one of which, measuring twenty-five feet in height, by thirteen in breadth, is proverbially known as "the vegetable wonder" of Tyninghame.

\*\* Further particulars respecting some of the more famous scenes illustrated in these volumes, will be found in the new SCENIC ANNUAL for 1838, now in the press, edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., author of "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."



CARTE PENSIQUE ET ROUTIERE

1858

L'ECOSSE.

# A MAP OF SCOTLAND

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Bound of the Lewis



SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES.

0 5 10 20 30 40 50

Longitude West from Greenwich

Latitude North from Greenwich



## SCOTLAND.

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“Is there a son of generous England here—  
Or fervid Erin?—He with us shall join  
To pray that, in eternal union dear,  
The rose—the thistle—and the shamrock twine!”

CAMPBELL.

OF the national annals, scenery, and topography of Scotland, so much has already appeared under the name and sanction of men who are themselves prominent features in her history, that little, it may be supposed, remains for their successors in a field so industriously gleaned. But, without waiting to investigate the truth or fallacy of this objection, we shall leave every reader—now that the means are in his hands—to judge for himself; and humbly trust that what, at first sight, might appear as a tax upon his courtesy and indulgence—closer inspection will recommend, and impartial criticism recognize, as an honourable testimony to the progress of native art, and a faithful compendium of Scottish history.

The labour and research necessary to produce an original work of this nature—literary and pictorial—so that each department should mutually illustrate the other, will be readily understood; and, fully aware of the difficulties thus incurred, we have endeavoured to meet them with an industry and discrimination proportioned to the task; and to evince, on every occasion, a deliberate regard to taste in the use and choice of our materials. In the prosecution of our plan we have been careful not to disfigure what others had so well performed—nor to impair by our own touches what others had left perfect—nor to appropriate under disguise what had already attained a well merited popularity: but, rendering to all our distinguished predecessors the homage due, we have endeavoured—while we detract from none—to maintain a friendly competition with



the best. Making it our study to elucidate national character by original sketches of national scenery, we have endeavoured to revive much that time and circumstance had obscured—to give expression to those features of which accident had left but a faint or imperfect outline—and to present, in a condensed form, the essentials of Scottish scenery and statistics. The former of these has long afforded scenes of romantic beauty and subjects of the deepest historical interest to every class of travellers; and, by its inexhaustible combinations, still presents ample materials for the gratification of the most fastidious, and the surprise of those who delight to contemplate the changes which have crept into so many districts within the last twenty years. The bold natural landmarks are the same; the mountains, lakes, and rivers, retain their pristine character and relative positions; but, in many instances, luxuriant forests\* have overspread the once barren heath, and the progress of cultivation effected so many pleasing transformations, that the territory which, in other times, limited its productions to the heathbell and *bleberry*, may now, in poetical phrase, be said to burgeon forth as the green bay, and to blossom like the rose. Canals have been dug, towns enlarged, villages have sprung up, agriculture has reclaimed the waste and reaped the fruit of her productive labour; while architecture has liberally contributed her embellishments, and nature, seconding the efforts of art, has invested the whole picture with her own livery, and, in numerous instances, replaced sterility with plenty.†

The Highlands, which, till a recent period, were only partially known to adventurous tourists, and too generally misrepresented, have at length, by a laudable spirit of inquiry, and the facilities of steam navigation, been thrown open like an

\* From the year 1767 to 1807 the late Earl of Murray planted, on an average, three hundred and fifty thousand trees annually, making a total of fourteen millions, of which one million and a half were oaks. The late Earl of Fyfe planted about seven thousand Scotch acres, while the Dukes of Athol and Gordon increased their plantations to a similar or even greater extent. The last report on this subject estimates the natural woods at nearly four hundred and eighteen thousand Scotch acres, and the plantations at three hundred and forty-four thousand, but which latter has received a vast augmentation within the last ten years. Lochar and Rosshire are the only districts that exhibit any relics of the *Sylva Caledonia*.

† For authentic and most satisfactory information on this subject the reader is referred to the General Report by Sir John Sinclair. The counties which have undergone the most pleasing and extensive transformation in this respect are those of Ayr, Lanark, Berwick, Lothian, Stirling, Perth, Angus, and Mearns. "Districts," says Dr. Playfair, "which formerly yielded scanty pasturage for sheep, are now enclosed with fences, highly cultivated, and produce rich crops of wheat, barley, clover, and turnips." To afford our southern readers some idea of the value of landed property north of the Tweed, we may add, on the same authority, that extensive farms have been let at five and even six pounds sterling per acre. During the late agricultural distress, these, of course, have been variously modified; and several landlords with most becoming regard for the welfare of their tenants, have reduced the rental to an extent of from ten to twenty per cent. Still, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other principal cities, land continues to be held at a rate much superior to that stated.

exhibition for public curiosity. The sacred barrier of the once secluded Gaël has been thrown down, and the *Sasenach* admitted into those mystic recesses which the traditions of eld and the genius of our own times had invested with the gloom of superstition, and the vivid colouring of romance. By this unprecedented intercourse, and the means of personal observation, former prejudices have been effaced, friendly offices interchanged, and the foundation of mutual and permanent advantages established. The cautious Celt no longer views the approach of a stranger with apprehension or distrust, but as one who barter substantial comfort for the gratification of personal curiosity, and leaves the inhabitant richer, or, at least, better informed and more civilized, than he found him.

The highlands, so peculiarly distinct from the lowland provinces, and so long the cherished freehold of impetuous clans, present for our investigation a field of rare and primitive interest. Here, contentment in the midst of privations, cheerfulness in the depths of solitude, fortitude under adversity, courage in the hour of danger, and a warmth of friendship and hospitality, long proverbial, are hereditary virtues. Here, too, at that disastrous period when the proscribed native had nothing left him but his poverty and reproach, the last of a powerful dynasty found that inviolable sanctuary, and that ennobling loyalty which no threats could intimidate nor bribes corrupt.

Those annual pilgrimages to which, in our own day, the spell of poetry and romance gave birth, the beauty and novelty of the scenes have perpetuated; till, what was at first undertaken at the command of fashion or caprice, is now enjoyed as a matter of taste and feeling, and is every day conducting fresh votaries through those recesses which first inspired our northern *ARIOSTO*, and grew immortal under his pen. During the present year the Highlands have been unusually frequented by strangers, many of whom were men of science, who sought to unite the pursuit of health with philosophical research, and carried home with them the pleasing conviction of having succeeded in both.

The political history of Scotland, as an independent state, is full of the most varied incidents, changes, and catastrophes—such as cannot but produce, even in the most listless reader, a degree of excitement which the striking character of its details may well excuse. Startling events, protracted struggles, patriotic devotion, striking vicissitudes, hard-earned victories, martial skill and intrepidity—all are calculated to rouse the mind and enlist our inmost sympathies in their behalf. The fervour kindled by the recital of heroic ballads, or the pity and commiseration awakened by the martyred queen, whose beauty—in the words of *Filicaja*—

“Dono infelice di bellezza  
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai!”

was only equalled by her misfortunes—hold alternate sway in our memory, and usurp a command over our feelings, which it is impossible to question or resist.

The classic spell of Scottish literature and traditions, the weight and influence which, in later times, she has so happily employed for the healthful expansion of human intellect, serve as a fine relief to the darker interest of her political records—while they improve the heart, invigorate the mind, and engage the attention of every reflecting reader. The field of her heroic achievements, like her native landscape, presents a vast assemblage of bold, variegated, and romantic features, which give fresh point and colour to her national vicissitudes—fascinate the eye by the beauty of her scenery, or feast the imagination with the wild and various character of her legends. It may be fairly surmised, that what Greece and Rome owe to their rich and copious mythology, Scotland owes to her superstitious, but scarcely less copious and poetical, creed. To this her literature is indebted for many of its choicest gems. Her popular belief in the supernatural influence of *brownies*, *kelpies*, *water-wraiths*, *witches*, and other mysterious agents, fully establish her claim as the *Fairy Land* of modern times.—As the Swiss had their peasant of Uri, so had the Scotch their knight of Ellerslie—names which, by proud association, have perpetuated the love of freedom in their respective countries, and infused into their descendants that spirit which, under every trial, has proved itself the strength and sanctuary of their independence.

Of the valour, patriotism, and loyalty of the Scottish nation, innumerable traits are recorded on the contemporaneous authority of foreign as well as native historians—virtues which the testimony of later times has amply verified. In making common cause against the oppressor of Europe, her troops have stood in many a deadly breach—gathered on many a hard-fought field the prize of unquestioned gallantry—and, what is yet higher praise, have never sullied victory by licentiousness. So high, indeed, have they carried the union of those knightly virtues—the martial and domestic—strength tempered by moderation, and courage by humanity—that they have drawn, even from their enemies, the generous epithet of “brave as they are gentle, and gentle as they are brave.”

That political amalgamation with a powerful rival—by which the primitive features of a country and people are so often effaced, has softened, but not obliterated, her native complexion: so that through every successive change the character of Scotland—like that of her own glens and mountains—has preserved its identity. From the natural fastnesses of the north, to the Tweed and the Solway, not a river, fortress, lake, or valley, but have had their historian, and not a mountain, it may be literally affirmed, “lifts its head unsung.”

The adventurous system of border warfare, alone, furnishes materials such as no



other history can supply—all illustrative of a period fertile above every other in scenes of daring enterprise, romantic incidents, reckless bravery, and when historical facts, monkish legends, and superstitious observances, were singularly and grotesquely blended.

In the arts of peace, and in the cultivation of every means formed to advance the true interests of man, Scotland is entitled to universal gratitude. The union of mental improvement with manual industry; of frugal habits with a high tone of moral conduct; of correct principles regulating the common business of life; of ambition in the acquirement, and discretion in the employment, of her resources; of probity in private intercourse, with a hearty cooperation towards the public weal; and, above all—as influencing all—a profound reverence for the duties of religion, by which the fiercer passions are held in salutary control, and social order and sobriety consolidated—these are severally, not the imputed but, the constituent principles of the native character—such as, at various times, and in every country in Europe, have raised the moral Scot to situations of the highest trust and distinction.

From the intimate connexion which, from the first revival of literature and the fine arts, subsisted between Scotland and France, an early taste for science and the arts of civilized life was introduced, and so successfully cultivated by the former, that many of the first universities in Europe had their philosophical chairs filled by learned Scotchmen;\* while in every part of the continent—but more particularly in Germany, monasteries were founded, and placed under the guardianship of learned missionaries from the same nation. These and numerous other facts, of easy reference, go far to invalidate an assertion, on the part of a great authority, that *all* the civilization introduced into Scotland is owing to her trade and intercourse with England.

The privileges bestowed upon Scotch residents in France were numerous and flattering; they were entrusted with the highest offices, civil, military, and ecclesiastical—were admitted to the full enjoyment of all rights and exemptions claimed by native citizens; and from them the monarchs of those days selected their body-guard, as the highest and most convincing testimony of their confidence. If the southern division of Great Britain derived, as it certainly did, a taste for refinement and literature from the French, it is undisputable that the

\* “Charlemagne, whose preceptor was Johannes Scotus, or Albinus, was so anxious to illustrate his reign by combining the study of the arts with the practice of arms, that he invited learned men from Scotland,” says Buchanan, “to teach philosophy in Greek and Latin at Paris. The first league between Scotland and France was signed by this monarch in 790, and afterwards by Achaius at Inverlochy, and from this remote period down to the Union the alliance continued.”—See “Remarks” by M’NICOL.

Scotch, who enjoyed an exclusive, and almost uninterrupted, intercourse of many centuries with that court and country, had opportunities peculiarly favourable for engrafting upon the wild stock of their own land the germs of polished life; and of introducing among their countrymen that passion for literary distinction, thirst for science, and patronage of the fine arts, which—although occasionally chilled and suspended, have descended to our own times with undiminished ardour—thrown a lustre over the whole circle of the belles-lettres, and, leaving none untouched, have adorned every department of human science.

The great privileges enjoyed by the Scotch in France served, also, as a favourable introduction to the more rich and classic provinces of Italy, whence many of the nobility, educated at Pavia and Bologna, and subsequently finished in all the accomplishments of the French court, returned home with their minds expanded by travel, and enriched by daily intercourse with the most enlightened and refined men of their day.

But as the great source of refinement is riches—and as a nation cannot abound in luxuries till it has secured the necessaries of life, the disadvantage which retarded Scotland in her progress towards refinement was—compared with her southern rival—her poverty, and the imperious and constant necessity of cultivating those arts which promised security to her as a kingdom, rather than those which only promised the diffusion of knowledge and the riches of philosophy. But as the progress of civilization must be always estimated by the means enjoyed, and the privations encountered, by that nation to which it is offered; it is delightful to record its gradually triumphant progress in Scotland, under circumstances the most adverse to its indulgence, and to observe that while her right hand was devoted to war, her left was extended for the protection of science, and the intellectual improvement of her subjects.

During the fourteenth century, although glaringly deficient in the usual means of legal administration—in established courts of justice, and other points and forms of national judicature,—in all of which the benefit of English example was unimproved,—still the love of letters acquired a firmer root, and—in spite of much apparent contradiction, in the want of native schools and universities—extended its ramifications in comparative silence, till Barbour, Wintoun, and Thomas of Ercildoun, came forth under a spell of inspiration which placed them in advance of all their contemporaries, and gave to Scotland that superiority in literature which England had acquired in political strength.

To trace the gradual development of humanizing principles—the patronage subsequently bestowed upon the arts—and the encouragement given to learned men, from the period in question down to that of the Union—would furnish a



subject of interesting detail: but as the nature of the present work forbids our prosecuting the inquiry farther at present, brief but authentic notices on this and other prominent topics will be found faithfully collated and interspersed in the body of the work.

During the last century, and in a still more remarkable degree in the present, the people of Scotland have attained that degree of commercial prosperity and success in the application of science to the arts of peace, and that prominent station as an intellectual people, which, by uniting the physical and moral powers, present the best criterion of her national strength and security.

Societies for the diffusion of religious instruction—for the promotion of liberal science—for the employment of industry in its thousand different forms—for the conservation of patriotic principles—and for the encouragement of agriculture, have been long in full and successful operation, and, in number and importance, are still on the increase. The art of husbandry, in particular, has been carried to a degree of perfection to which no previous skill had been able to approach, and owes much to the personal example of those noble and patriotic landholders who seem to think, with the martial baron of Winterthour—the modern Cincinnatus of Switzerland—that, next to war undertaken in the sacred cause of his country's liberty, there is no pursuit so becoming to a gentleman and a patriot as that of agriculture.

It is true that, to many districts, it is physically impossible to communicate the advantages resulting from this source of domestic industry, and that the country must there retain the stamp of a sterility as invincible as the race to which it gives birth—where

*La nature marâtre en ces affreux climats  
Ne produit au lieu d'or que du fer et des soldats—  
Rien que puisse tenter l'avarice de Rome."*

In this respect, nevertheless, the greatest difficulties have been overcome; natural obstacles, which for ages had blocked up the way, have been removed; an intellectual movement, though silent—yet sure and progressive—has wrought the most pleasing results. Instead of the soldier and his sword, the eye and heart of the philanthropic traveller are refreshed with the new and cheering prospect of peaceful hamlets—industrious citizens—luxuriant harvests—crowded harbours—and that air of tranquillity and contentment pervading the whole, to which the industrious exercise of the plough, the loom, and the spade, is the best and surest introduction.

There is one conspicuous trait in the character of the Scotch which, in very recent times, has strengthened and confirmed their claim to the high moral distinction

of a religious and reflecting people—namely, the patience, resignation, and sobriety with which they have conducted themselves during seasons of adversity, dearth, and privation; and the peaceable demeanour and regard for public order so rigorously observed at periods when political dissension was busy around them, and every means which craft could suggest, or example strengthen, employed for their seduction. Instances of this nature are to be regarded as the most satisfactory evidence of the silent working of those religious principles which never fail, where carefully engrafted, to produce their fruit in due season. It will be a glorious reflection if the country which, in ancient times, set limits to the power of Rome, and repulsed the hordes of Scandinavian adventurers, should still, in these latter days, maintain a struggle equally successful against the insidious inroads of moral corruption. This will be the great trial of her strength, and an ordeal which the signs of the times, and the complexion of passing events, seem to point out as at no great distance.

As there is no country on earth which, considering its extent, and the influence of political circumstances, has exhibited more brilliant traits of what is good in principle or great in action, or which—at periods the most disastrous to her hopes—has shown the workings of a mind actuated and governed by more exalted motives; so, encouraged by ancestral example, and strengthened by conscious integrity, Scotland may again triumph under circumstances the most untoward, and to the purity of her religious creed add the essential accompaniments of political order and consistency.

The tide of emigration which, for the last twenty years, has carried so many of her primitive race from the highlands, has unquestionably thinned and saddened their once cheerful solitudes; but the reflection that they have taken root in a more kindly soil—carried with them the arts of civilized life, and given their names, language, and religion, to the solitudes of a new world, is at least consolatory, inasmuch as their new home has proved more hospitable than their ancestral hills, and what was a loss to the kingdom has led to the prosperity of many a scattered clan.

Down to the disastrous period of the *Forty-five*—as it is emphatically called, the Celtic or highland portion of the Scottish population was divided into septs or clans—each with its chief, on whose discretion in time of peace, and talents in the field, they reposed with filial confidence. To him they professed allegiance as their sovereign, and, in return, looked for sympathy and protection in cases where the laws of the country stood opposed to them. Thus, mutually dependant, the strength of the chief consisted in the number of his retainers, and the security of the latter in the merits of their chief, whose name—common to the

whole clan—conferred upon each the nominal distinction of ‘*gentleman*’—in a somewhat similar manner as the attainment of a certain standing in the Russian army of the present day confers nobility. Among his followers, the territory of their chieftain was parcelled out in diminutive farms, each held on certain terms of military service—a tenure which secured general independence, and always insured to their leader a certain prompt and disposable force. During such times, however, the soil was neglected—the sword usurped a haughty dominion over the plough—private pique induced public calamity—the intervals of petty warfare were consumed in indolence, or engaged in preparations for some fresh exploit. A scanty provision of barley and oats concluded their harvest. Their cabins, constructed in alternate layers of turf and stone, were warmed with peat—the fuliginous clouds of which, by obscuring the apartment, and tanning the “human face divine”—gave the scene a literally Cimmerian aspect, but did not extinguish the hospitality, nor banish the legend, the song, and the dance, which often enlivened their secluded existence. Strangers, whom chance or necessity threw in their way, always returned from these natural fastnesses with the most gratifying testimony of a “Highland welcome,” and a hearty suffrage in favour of the people. Of their music, pastimes, enterprises, feuds, superstitions, and family legends, numerous traits and anecdotes will be found in the present work.

It has been often wittily objected to Scotchmen—in proof of their migratory propensity—that they are to be found resting or rooted in every soil under heaven, and often prospering where the industrious of more favoured nations would despair. A point so near the truth, and in which there is so much more of real compliment than intentional sarcasm, it is needless to question. Scotchmen are, beyond doubt, widely scattered over the earth’s surface; and as they were early instrumental in transmitting the benefits of civilization to other countries, they have established a sort of hereditary right to continue in the same course. It is but just, say they, that the country which boasts of an Iona—the bright and solitary lamp of obscure ages—should still continue to send forth her delegates into every land; and where she formerly carried the light of science and religion, should still inculcate, by every practical illustration, the manly virtues of industry, patience, and intrepidity.

To us who have also travelled—though not with the faculty of communicating but for the facility of acquiring, knowledge—it is pleasing to add our own testimony to the alleged *ubiquity* of Scotchmen.\* They are to be found in various capacities in many of the German and other continental courts, from the official situation of *hof-mareschal*, down to that of gardener and groom. In

\* They marshal his ships, assist at his counsels, and, with a power as despotic as his own, prescribe a code of health to which even the Autocrat of all the Russias professes obedience.

the east they are proverbially known ; in the west they form distinct colonies : and wherever they are finally settled—or only located by circumstances, they generally, or with very few exceptions, enjoy the enviable talent of making themselves both respected for their example, and courted for their advice.

“ Little more than a century ago,” says an elegant and experienced writer,\* “ Scotland was considered by her southern neighbours as only partially civilized : the violence of the early reformers was still remembered as more allied to savage than to social morality. Latterly, however, if it has not received adequate respect from others—which we are far from affirming—it has done ample justice to itself, in the number, merit, and universal influence of the great characters which it has produced, and is still producing. In this respect—considering its very limited population—it may freely challenge comparison with any other nation. Scotchmen—whether invidiously designated as adventurers, or, more justly, as practical moralists—by their intrepid spirit of adventure—perseverance—suavity—and inflexible integrity, have extended the influence of civilization and humanity over the vast empire of Russia—have imparted to the Americans much of what they possess of moral honesty and civil refinement—and, in almost every country on earth, given examples of probity, industry, and knowledge ; while their poets, historians, and philosophers, have amused, instructed, and enlightened the higher ranks in every civilized nation of Europe. ”

While touching upon this subject, it is pleasing to add to the testimony already cited on the score of moral and chivalrous characteristics, the following elegant tribute from an English poet.

“ Breathe there a race that from the approving hand  
Of nature more deserve, or less demand ?  
So skilled to wake the lyre or wield the sword—  
To achieve great actions, or, achieved, record ?  
Victorious in the conflict as the truce—  
Triumphant in a BURNS as in a BRUCE !  
Where'er the bay—where'er the laurel grows,  
Their wild notes warble, and their life-blood flows !  
There truth courts access, and would all engage,  
Lavish as youth, experienced as age ;  
Proud science there, with purest nature twined,  
In firmest thralldom holds the freest mind ;  
While Courage rears his limbs of giant form—  
Mocks the rude blast, and strengthens in the storm !  
Rome felt—and Freedom to their craggy glen  
Transferred that title proud—the Nurse of *Men* !—  
By deeds of hazard, high and bold emprise,  
Trained, like their native eagle, for the skies !

\* Author of *Sketches of the Present Manners, Customs, and Scenery of Scotland*.



“Long, Scotia stern! thy bugle note resume—  
 Grasp thy claymore—thy plaided bonnet plume!  
 From hill and dale—from hamlet, heath, and wood,  
 Peal the wild pibroch—pour the battle flood!  
 ‘In Egypt, India, Belgium, Gaul, and Spain,’  
 Walls in the trenches—whirlwinds on the plain!—  
 This meed accept from Albion’s grateful breath—  
 Brothers in arms—in victory—in death!”

A reputation like this is a pearl of high price, and such as every true-hearted Scot will appreciate as the best of all passports; seeing that it will serve him in every climate—will command respect even from enemies, and be left, at the close of his journey, as the proudest legacy to surviving friends. They who have known the world intimately, and enjoyed a free intercourse with the high—or even highest, grades of society, will uniformly admit that the man, however humble, whose integrity is sound and piety genuine—and whose patriotism is a fixed principle of his nature, is the true *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν* among his fellows.

Taking it for granted that, in a work of this nature, we address a class of readers of young and buoyant mind—ready to take on impressions either friendly or inimical to their future happiness in the career of life—we have stepped aside for an instant, in order to point the attention to that which alone can bring true honour to their country, and confer upon themselves imperishable distinction.

Having thus far, though very superficially, adverted to the natural genius of the people, we now turn to the natural scenery of the country. This, like the orders of architecture, so various in its character, features, and combinations, seems, nevertheless, perfect or imposing in all. On one hand it presents the simplicity of the Tuscan, till, having passed through each of the intermediate stages, it assumes all the richness and beauty of the Corinthian, and then merges into the wild and rude magnificence of the Cyclopiian. To exemplify these, and justify our comparison, we have only to enumerate the several stages and gradations of Scottish landscape, from the quiet cultivated vale, with its sober look of repose, and rustic population; the swelling upland, strewn with woods and intersected by streams; the bold and elaborate outline of forests, intermingled with rocks, and varied with feudal towers; then the inhospitable moors, with their dark solitary lakes, sepulchral cairns, treacherous morasses, the hunter and the shepherd’s cabin, the scattered flock, the haunt of the red deer, and the province of the grouse and ptarmigan: lastly, the frowning rocks—bursting like famished skeletons from their scanty shells of vegetation, patched with heath, sprinkled with firs, scathed by storms, and shaken by the impetuous rush of cataracts—here cleft into gigantic fissures, which collect the tribute of a thousand



torrents, and as they proceed, expand into lakes—lakes, which are but their halting-place, so to speak, and where, diffused and weakened, and subsiding for a time, they again proceed with modified speed, and descending, as it were, step by step, accomplish their destination.\*

Of all these varieties—including what we have not enumerated, as respects coast and river scenery, as well as that which, under the head of ancient and modern architecture, is calculated to illustrate the history of the people and the progress of civilization—we shall gradually present such specimens as, from actual survey, and the discriminating judgment of some of the most skilful artists of the day, seem best suited to fulfil our own engagements, and to meet the public taste and expectation.

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## BERWICKSHIRE.

Quanta CALEDONIOS attollet gloria campos !  
 Cum tibi longævus referet trucid incola terræ  
 Hic suetus dare jura parens ; hoc cespite turmas  
 Affari ; nitidas speculas, castellaque longe  
 Adspicis ? ille dedit cinxitque hæc mania fossa.

STATIUS, SYLV. lib. v. 142.

THE natural division of SCOTLAND † is into three peninsulas—the first of which extends from the southern border to the estuaries of the Forth and Clyde, the second to Lochness, and the third to Pentland Frith : artificially it is divided into thirty-three counties ; eighteen of which lie south of the Forth, and fifteen to the north. The great popular division, however, is formed by the Grampian range into two unequal parts—the lesser comprehending the mountain districts, or HIGHLANDS ; and the greater that of the southern provinces, or LOWLANDS.

\* The beautiful arrangement of Providence is here strongly marked, and cannot but strike the most casual observer. By this means the most destructive phenomenon of mountain regions is disarmed of half its power, and rendered comparatively harmless.

† “Scotland was known to the Romans by the name of Caledonia, because,” says Sir William Temple, “the north-west part of Scotland was by the natives called CAL-DUN, signifying hills of hazel, with which it was covered ; from which the Romans—forming an easy and pleasant sound out of what was harsh to their classic ear—gave it the name of Caledonia. The derivation of the name of *Scotland* has given occasion for much plausible disquisition, but is hardly worth dwelling upon. The latest conjecture on the subject favours its *Scythian* origin.”

Owing to local circumstances, expressive of such peculiarities of soil or distinctions of character as first led to their adaptation, each county is divided into certain districts, and these again into parishes, townships, and baronies.

The three great subdivisions of Berwickshire are the MERSE, LAUDERDALE, and LAMMERMOOR; each possessing distinct natural features, and differing from the others in the number and value of its internal resources, the fertility of its soil, the recent introduction of manufactures, and the progress of rural economy in all its branches. In the first of these districts—long celebrated for its plentiful harvests, rich scenery, and industrious population—the face of the country has undergone many additional improvements,\* all indicative of that extraordinary impulse by which, in common with the more southern portion of the island, the minds and the labours of men have arrived at such unprecedented refinement, and communicated to every object around them so much fresh evidence of united power and perseverance. Numerous mansion-houses, and villas of pleasing architecture, encircled with plantations† tastefully arranged, and fields bearing the stamp of diligent cultivation and extraordinary fertility, form a rich and animated landscape, and awaken in the tourist, at his first entrance into Caledonia, a most favourable impression of her Border population. Many of the farm-houses, lately constructed, have been finished in a style which does honour to the munificent views of the landlord; and being kept up by the tenant with scrupulous and corresponding taste, present an appearance as if each were the fixed residence of the proprietor.

The second district, that of LAUDERDALE, is less extensive and less productive than the former—which is the natural granary of the county—but more variegated, bold, and attractive in scenery, and affording excellent pasture. Rising in gentle acclivities from the banks of the Leader, whose classic stream divides it into nearly equal portions, it reaches the heights of Lammermoor on

\* The principal improvements which have taken place during the last thirty years, down to the summer of 1834, may be thus enumerated:—better parish and turnpike roads; superior accommodation in farm buildings; more attention to the culture and cleaning of the land; agriculture more systematically pursued; a more extensive and more skilful method of draining; a more useful kind of farm-horses; greater facilities afforded for threshing and marketing grain; a wider breadth of turnips sown, and heavier crops raised; and as a consequence of these, a greater quantity of stock fed, and fitted in a shorter time for market.

† As one of numerous instances corroborative of the great advantage of planting, it is mentioned that about sixty years ago, upwards of a hundred acres of *waste* and *marshy* ground were planted on the estate of Lord Douglas with Scotch firs, interspersed with larch and spruce trees. Part of this plantation has been cut down, and the produce has been found to yield a greater profit, after deducting the expenses of planting and raising fences, than the *best land* of the same extent. Acting on the same enlightened views, this nobleman has for several years past planted to a considerable extent on his Lammermoor property.—*Agricult. of Berw. Stat. 1834.*

one hand, and those of the Lothians on the other, and occupies a space of about one hundred and thirty-six square miles. Within the last fifteen years the plough has gained very considerably upon the pastoral and hilly parts; where, in several instances, tracts of unprofitable heath have been converted into corn-fields. Plantations have been also multiplied, and thus continuing to shelter and diversify the more bleak and exposed acclivities, the landscape of twenty years since has acquired a fresh and daily accession of picturesque as well as profitable consideration, and had a pleasing disguise thrown over the stern, and generally sterile features of its former self.

LAMMERMOOR forms the third and northern division of the county, and comprises, as the name intimates,\* an extensive sheepwalk. In point of soil, it is much less favoured than the preceding districts; the hills—isolated *laws*—reach an elevation of 1500 feet, or upwards; and, according to the exposure, present a variegated surface of heath, peat-bog morass, and furze—striped here and there with bright green, where the track of the summer torrent has formed an occasional groove in their sides. Along the base of the hills, and following the course of rivulets, vegetation is fresh and abundant; and the labour of husbandry employed with considerable and increasing success. Within the last three years, however, agricultural speculation, which had been carried, apparently, to excess, in several parts of the border counties, has by no means realized the anticipations of the spirited individuals under whose auspices and example it had acquired such well-merited importance. The cause of this, however, is evident—and the consequences, we trust, only temporary; although it is probable that, in several instances where new territory has been thus added to the plough, the naturally superficial soil, and the variable character of the seasons, will never yield even a moderate return to the cultivator.

Of the several rivers which water and embellish these districts, each has given its name to song; so that the Tweed and Leader, both closely associated in pastoral ballads with the Ettrick and Yarrow, both remarkable for their connexion with historical facts, and the illustrious individuals who have so often selected their banks for a retreat—as well as for the beauty and fertility which they communicate to scenes which have been justly entitled the Scottish Arcadia,† have been long a legitimate theme for the native muse.

The earliest authentic records which we possess of this Border territory, date from the eleventh century, when the districts now mentioned, that of the

\* *Lünmer*, Sax.; *Lammer*, amber, Scot.

† “On Leader haughs, and Yarrow braes,  
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,

To hear the mair melodious sounds  
That live on our poetic grounds.”—RAMSAY

Merse excepted, were covered with wood, and presented, in their rude aspect and scanty population, a picture such as might have led their Roman invaders to confer upon the country the distinctive name of Caledonia.\* During the two following centuries, a successive influx of settlers, who had obtained grants of land from the crown, and adopted the new country for their fixed residence, effected a speedy transformation in its appearance and produce, and became themselves the founders of Border aristocracy. But at that early period, the art of agriculture was little understood, and limited to a very inconsiderable portion of the land now under tillage; while the resources and occupations of pastoral life sufficed for all the wants of a people whose ambition was rather to live free than to die rich, and who attached more importance to a sense of native independence, than accumulation of property.†

Till the beginning of last century, little had been done to improve the face of the country by extended tillage and plantation; but at length a national spirit manifested itself, and a new system of rural economy, introduced by several of the leading proprietors, opened a new era in the history of agriculture, and spread rapidly over the whole county. At the head of this patriotic association were, Mr. Swinton, of Swinton, Mr. Home, of Eccles—some time later, Lord Kames—under whose judicious management the system prospered, and thus inspired others with confidence and resolution to dismiss ancient prejudices, and make trial of the new process by the test of experiment. From that time, the improvement of their estates became a principal and favourite occupation among the resident landlords; and from this growing and generous emulation the happiest consequences were ensured. Clover and grasses were successfully introduced at Kames, and various other estates in the county, about 1750; previously

\* The general name applied to all the inhabitants to the northward of the Friths of Clyde and Forth, was *Caledonii*, Latinized by the Romans from *Na Caoilldaoin*, the men of the woods, (GRANT'S Origin and Descent of the G  el,) who were looked upon as so formidable, that the Romans kept *two* legions on the north frontier of their province, Valentia, while *one* was sufficient to keep all the rest of the Britons in subjection.—(DIO. lib. v.) A curious passage from the “Scotichron,” (lib. iv.) derives Scot from SCOTA, the daughter of Pharaoh! and the Gael, from GADELUS, the son of Neolus, an Athenian king: “Sed et exitus eorum de Egypto sub primo rege Gathelo, filio regis Neoli Atheniensium, et uxore ejus Scota,” &c. The most probable, however, of all the conjectures on this subject, appears to be, that Scot is derived from *Scuit*, or *Scaoit*, which signifies *moving bodies of people*—in reference to the universal custom among the mountaineers, to remove annually (as in Switzerland at the present day,) from their winter habitations in the valleys to their pasturages among the mountains; and in further confirmation of this, some weight is to be attached to the words of Arrianus Marcellinus, “*Scoti per diversa vagantes*.”—See Note, p. 12.

† “Oh, hou Freedom is noble thyng!

For it maks men to haif lyking.

Freedom all solace to men givis:

He livis at eis that frelie livis

A nobil heart may haf na eis,

Nor nocht als that may it pleis,

If FREEDOM fale! . . .



to which, the cultivation of turnips had also made great progress, and offered a new and most important resource as winter provender for the sheep and cattle.

Following in the same track, and forming a due estimate of the labours and discoveries of his predecessors, Mr. Fordyce, of Ayton, gave a fresh impulse to the progressive tide of improvement, and, to the useful adding the ornamental, laid out a great part of his estate in plantations so distributed as to improve the landscape, while they served the still more important end of affording shelter to cultivation. Mr. Fordyce had also the satisfaction to see his recommendation of the cabbage-plant fully acted upon by the farmers of Berwickshire, and extensively introduced into their husbandry. In addition to the distinguished names already mentioned, that of the celebrated Dr. Hutton is entitled to honourable notice in the list of county benefactors. As a practical geologist, he was so far prepared to discriminate in those qualities of soil on which he was to operate as a practical farmer; and, to a series of experiments, tending to promote agricultural interest, he had the pleasure to witness the most favourable results, and the free adoption of his principles in this and the neighbouring counties.

From the period here stated, as that of the first effective introduction of agriculture into Scotland, down to the present year, its progress has been rapid and uninterrupted, and the benefits thence resulting to the proprietors and rural population, incalculable.\*

But, as no great measure of public utility is to be carried without some temporary sacrifices; so, in conversing with the labouring class, the stranger is often reminded, with a sigh for the good old times—when a share of the “common” was the poor man’s inheritance, and the whole country endeared to him by association with that little spot of garden or potato ground, from which he had long supplied his table with a simple, unpurchased meal. Such feelings are natural to the human mind—and the expression of them at least may be respected, even where the sentiment is not recognized. Few of those who, after long absence, revisit the scenes of infancy, ever find in them the same enchanted ground they left; but seeing, as they gaze around them, the vast improvements

\* It is much to be regretted, however, says Mr. Edgar, that agriculture is at present, and has been for some years, in a depressed state, owing to the low price of agricultural produce, especially grain. No man who has at heart the welfare of his country, and who is acquainted with the character of our farmers for skill, industry, and enterprise, but must lament that a state of things should have occurred to deteriorate the condition of such a respectable and useful class of the community. They have undoubtedly fallen upon evil days, and their prospects are far from encouraging. They are not much in the habit of complaining, and for this they deserve credit; yet it must be evident, that their condition is the very reverse of prosperous.—This description applies but too closely, it is feared, to the same interest in every part of the empire.—See also a future page.—*Stat. Agricult. Berwicksh. 1834.*



which a few years have introduced—the heaths that have disappeared—the harvest-fields that succeed—the plantations that have sprung up—the old things that have every where passed away, and the new that fill their place—they tacitly feel the force of the Swiss metaphor which says—“I would rather look on the snows of my native St. Gothard, than the fairest garden on the Seine!”

“ Dear shall that river's margin be to him,  
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb;  
But more magnetic yet to memory,  
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh—  
The bower of love, where first his bosom burned,  
And smiling passion saw its smile returned.” CAMPBELL.

THE MERSE.—Observing the same natural divisions as already laid down, and describing each object as it successively presents itself in our progress westward, we shall diverge, as occasion requires, into the lateral valleys of the Tweed, and select such specimens of local scenery, and such particulars of history and statistics, as possess prominent interest, and seem most in unison with our subject as a work of illustration. In a field so fertile and diversified, and offering so many rival attractions to the poet, the painter, the historian, and antiquary—the very abundance of materials renders selection difficult; we trust, nevertheless, that, so far as our circumscribed limits permit, the tour will embrace every predominant feature as it now appears, and include an impartial summary of such reminiscences, hints, and reflections, as the prolific track on which we have entered, may suggest.

The town of BERWICK-ON-TWEED, although no longer connected with the county to which it gives name, was a station of great strength and importance in early times, and is still a place of general—and in many respects peculiar—interest. In a political sense it was the chief bulwark on that great line of demarcation—the Border frontier, and, like the continental pass on the Rhone, long

“ Held the key that could unlock a kingdom.”

The first impression which it makes upon the traveller from the south, is the striking resemblance which it bears to the smaller fortified towns of the Netherlands; and although dismantled, and in several respects modernized and embellished, still its original character of sullen strength and defence appears through every disguise—like the mail of an ancient warrior glittering through the flimsy materials of a modern uniform.

In all its buildings, piers, bridges, public edifices, and private residences, the same pervading aspect of massy structure and prison-like security predominates, and furnishes a still vivid notion of those times when, in situations like this, no town could be considered beautiful that was not impregnable. The castle of Berwick, the theatre of so many stormy assaults and secret stratagems, is now a mass of unheeded ruins, with a windmill rising from its centre, as if to proclaim the triumph of more peaceful times, and serve as a fitting comment on the perishable nature of human strength and grandeur. Nothing could be more appropriate; and it were well for the inhabitants of other countries if the pomp and circumstance of war were replaced by the same unequivocal emblem of peace.

It was in the hall of this castle that Edward I. determined the competition for the crown of Scotland, which afterwards led to those projects of conquest on his part, by which so many lives were sacrificed, and so many calamities entailed upon the country. All his ambitious schemes, however, though prosecuted at an enormous cost in blood and treasure, and during a period of thirteen years' intrigue or war, only held Scotland in subjection for four months.

In the *Freirs of Berwick*, a tale supposed to be written by the early Scottish poet Dunbar in 1539, the opening lines give so correct, brief, and graphic a sketch of the town, its monastic institutions, and its 'ladies fair of face,' that we subjoin the whole passage.\*

The scenery of the Tweed, which opens on the view as we quit Berwick and continue our progress through the Merse, is only equalled by the high state of cultivation and productive qualities of the soil, which so eminently distinguish this garden of the Border, which is rendered doubly interesting by contrast with its early history, when "he who sowed knew not who should reap."

\* "As it befell, and hapint upon deid,  
Upon ane rever, the quhilk is callit Tweid;  
At Tweidis mouth thair stands ane NOBLE TOUN  
Quhair many lords hes bin of grit renoun,  
And mony wourthy *ladies, fair of face,*  
Quhair eke fou mony frische young galand was.  
Into this toun the quhilk is callt, BERWIK,  
Upon the se, it hes na uther lyk,  
For it is wallit weill about with stane  
And dowbil stankis cassin mony ane.  
And syne the *Castell* is so strang, and wicht  
With staitlie tours, and turrats hè on hicht,  
With kirkis clost most craftilie of all;  
The Portculis most subtilie to fall,

That, when they list to draw it upon hicht,  
That it may be into na mannis micht  
To win that hous by craft or subtiltie,  
Thereto is it most fair allenerlie:  
Unto my sicht, *quhair ever I have been,*  
*Most fair, most gudelie, and all best besene.*  
*The toune, the Castell, and the pleasant land:*  
*The sea wallis upon the uther hand;*  
*The grit croce kirk,<sup>1</sup> and eik the Masondew<sup>2</sup>*  
The freiris of Iacobinis whyt of hew,  
The Carmelites, Augustins, Minors eik,  
The four ordours of freiris ware nocht to seik,  
And all into this wourthy place y dwelling."

<sup>1</sup> Church of the Great Cross

<sup>2</sup> Maison-Dieu, or Hospital

The village of Paxton, and the elegant mansion-house \* of the same name, are the first objects that arrest attention. The first, as the *locale* of the popular song of "Robin Adair,"† and the second as possessing a gallery of choice paintings by Italian and Flemish masters, will form an agreeable incident to the lover of Scottish song, and offer attractions to every admirer of the fine arts. The trees in this quarter of our route present a scene of great luxuriance. Broad-meadows, Spittal-house, and Tweed-hill, are severally fine objects in the landscape: the first, by its light Grecian style of architecture, and the fine white freestone of which it is built, is particularly attractive; while another and important feature has just sprung up in the form of a handsome parish church.

The Old Hall, crowning a precipice over the Whittadder, in the opposite side of the parish, is a rare specimen of Border fastness, and probably the most perfect relique of the order to which it belonged.

The new iron suspension-bridge over the Tweed at this point, is one of the greatest acquisitions the country possesses, and at the same time one of the finest specimens in existence of modern invention employed as a medium of social and commercial intercourse. The daily inconvenience—besides serious accidents and loss of life—to which the inhabitants were so long subjected, has thus been completely remedied; it admits two carriages abreast, affords the usual accommodation for foot passengers, and has proved of incalculable benefit to the public. The whole of this light and elegant structure is composed of malleable iron, measures 360 feet in length, weighs only a hundred tons, and was erected in 1820, under the skilful and scientific directions of Captain S. Brown, of the royal navy.

To the readers of the Border History, it is proper to mention, that the learned editor of that work, of which his brother, the minister of Stitchell, is understood to have written the greater portion, was a late incumbent of Hutton parish—and it would have been difficult to have selected a better station for the arrangement of the vast fund of materials which it must have taken so many years of laborious research to accumulate. Hutton is also to be noticed as the birth-place of Andrew Foreman, who became conspicuous in the early part of the sixteenth century as bishop of Moray, archbishop of Bourges in France, and at a later period archbishop of St. Andrews—dignities which were showered upon him as the reward of his great political talents, and the judicious employment of them. He

\* It was here that the late Mr. G. Home, of Wedderburn, the friend of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, Lord Craig, and other celebrated contemporaries, spent many years of his life, and divided his time between the society of eminent men and the active duties of public life.

† *Vide* Chambers.

enjoyed the favour and confidence of two Scottish monarchs, two popes, and a king of France—from each of whom, as it appears, he obtained many benefices, and served the high office of Scottish ambassador at the French court. Of this prelate, however, or his family—noticed in Dr. Henry's history as the Foremans of the Merse—no memorial is left, except a small field, which, as if in mockery of mortal ambition, says Mr. Edgar, still retains the name of "Foreman's Land."

About six miles farther is the royal ford, where James IV. crossing the Tweed at the head of his army, and finding himself in great danger of being swept down by the current, made a pious compact with "Our Lady," that if she would deliver him safe on the opposite side, a handsome altar should perpetuate his gratitude. The vow was accepted, and the royal suppliant, having again set foot on land, erected the church of Ladykirk as a monument of his adventure. This ford, in days of mutual aggression, when bridges would have been a fatal accommodation, was the only point at which the armies of the two countries could effect an invasion, and in several instances was more destructive than the sword of the enemy. An adjoining field is still shewn as that in which the interview between Edward I. and the Scottish nobility took place relative to the disputed succession between Bruce and Baliol.

Swinton, on which antiquity has set her seal, and with which are connected many warlike traditions, is the next object. The lands, it appears, were bestowed by royal grant upon the founder of the family, as an acknowledgment of his services in clearing the district of the herds of wild swine with which in those primitive times it was overrun. At a later period, one of the same family exhibited a striking instance of hereditary spirit in the disastrous battle of Homildon, in 1402, where, having attempted to rally the broken ranks of his countrymen, and lead them back to the charge, he was struck down by an English shaft, and expired on the field.

Coldstream, which gives name to one of the bravest regiments in the service—the Coldstream Guards, is a pleasant little town, and wears a look of much local prosperity. The great thoroughfare introduced by the modern bridge of five arches, has proved an excellent substitute for the ancient ford, whose capricious channel, it is said, has often detained the kings and queens of Scotland in their progress southward for days together, waiting the fordable moment. The small antique inn, where these and other illustrious personages are said to have been lodged under such circumstances, affords a striking picture of the times; but it seems not unlikely that the rich priory of Cistercian nuns, which then existed, had accommodation better suited for the reception of the royal *cortege*. But of this priory, except a vault, no vestige remains; even the ruins have





T. Allom

H. Griffiths

CONTEMPORARY SCOTLAND THE ENGLISH SIDE

The English and the Scots

disappeared; and the only indication of its site is some luxuriant garden ground, where nature and cultivation have united to mystify the ancient sanctuary.

It was here that General Monk matured his designs for effecting the Restoration, and where the gallant regiment—whose meritorious services were lately published—was raised in the winter of 1659. Here also, in December, 1491, a truce was concluded between the two countries for five years, in which several original and salutary stipulations were introduced; among others—That the ships, sailors, merchants, and other subjects, in passing or repassing by land, sea, or freshwater, whether in the cases of their conversing, sailing, suffering shipwreck, or sojourning, should in every respect have such treatment and reception as used to be given in former times: but, as an exception to these, that, to do justice to malefactors and truce-breakers, the said offenders should be severely punished in form and manner, as had been anciently established, &c. A clause is also introduced, suggesting a remedy for the inconveniency of allowing particular persons to *redress their wrongs at their own discretion and by their own power*.\*

A short distance from Coldstream, and above the ruins of the old church of Lennel, is the mansion-house of the same name—distinguished as having been the residence of the celebrated Patrick Brydone, whose letters from Sicily and Malta have so long enjoyed an established reputation in modern literature. Hirsel, the princely seat of the earl of Home, is finely planted at the foot of the neighbouring *Law*, and presents in its style and artificial embellishments the beau ideal of a patrician residence. In passing through Eccles, so called from the number of its ancient chapels or other religious edifices, there is much to interest and detain the traveller, though less noticed than others in the neighbourhood. It is the birth-place of Lord Kames, whose long established reputation, so familiar to every reader, precludes any necessity of biographical notice. Here, in the enjoyment of his literary solitude, most of his philosophical works were composed; and here the great improvements which, as already stated, he afterwards introduced into the agriculture of the county, underwent the first test of experiment. Here also, in 1759, while uniting literary fame with the studies and occupations of a practical farmer, on his estate of Kames, he had the pleasure of receiving Dr. Franklin and his son on their visit to Scotland—an event which was attended with much mutual gratification. The village of Birgham, where, according to tradition, a bridge over the Tweed formerly united the two kingdoms, is noticed in Border history as having been a point where several political questions were decided. In 1188, when the contemporary monarchs of England and France had resolved on

\* Border History. James IV. A. D. 1491, p. 461.

levying a heavy tax for the purpose of fitting out a new crusade, Hugh, bishop of Durham, was delegated on the part of England to see the same carried into effect in Scotland. On reaching the frontier, the prelate was met at Birgham\* by William the Lion, attended by a numerous retinue of bishops, earls, barons, and many other vassals of the crown; and after some conference, in which the English ambassador was informed, that the clergy and laity could not be persuaded to furnish the *tenth* demanded, the interview closed. Here also, in March, 1290, when Edward I. had obtained from Pope Nicholas IV. a dispensation for the marriage of his son, Prince Edward, with Queen Margaret of Scotland, a great assembly of the Scotch estates took place for the purpose of expressing by letter their satisfaction at the approaching match—provided security were given them by Edward, relative to certain matters connected with the existing state of the country. Another assembly, vested with still greater powers, was held in the same place in July; but the premature death of the young queen in one of the Orkneys, during her passage from Norway, cancelled all further negotiation, and defeated a measure which had appeared so desirable to many as a guarantee for the independence of Scotland.†

About a mile north of the village is an ancient cross, consisting of a column inserted through a base or pedestal into the earth, but without date or inscription.‡ The local tradition is, that a governor of Hume castle was killed on the spot: and the place where it stands was, till lately, called Deadriggs, in consequence of a battle, in which the slaughter, according to tradition, was so great that the Liprick, a rivulet close by, ran with blood for twenty-four hours!

About three miles to the north-west, Hume Castle presents a commanding feature in the landscape; and, although chiefly modern, and reconstructed on the ruins of the ancient family fortress of that name, the effect in the distance is bold and picturesque. Its embattled outline, and other feudal accompaniments, are in good taste and strict keeping with the wild scenery by which it is flanked, and the many warlike associations with which its beacon towers are connected. In the disturbed periods of Border history, nothing could have been better planted either as a watch-tower or a place of strength.

\* Ben. Petrol. p. 514. Rymer, tom. ii. p. 448.

† Ridpath, pp. 104—166.

‡ The north face presents the sculpture of a cross, Calvary, with the upper part surrounded by a kind of shield; and on the west an escutcheon and St. John's cross—the south similar to the west, but with the addition of a double-handled sword—the east, a circular expansion at top, with a cross; and below, the naked figure of a man and a greyhound. It is by some conjectured to have been raised in memory of one of the Percy family; but Mr. Robertson refers it, more plausibly, to the close of the second crusade, and supposes it to have been erected in honour of the father of Sir John Soules, viceroy to John Baliol.—*Statist. Eccles.*



During the period of threatened invasion, it was one of the chain of signal stations by which the inhabitants were to be apprised, when any cause of alarm manifested itself from the sea; and the mistake into which, in common with the rest, it was so innocently betrayed, is a pleasant incident in beacon-history. The circumstance which so unwittingly summoned the Border spirits to their standard has been variously explained; but, without attempting to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the cause, we shall only say a few words in illustration of its effects:—The sentinel, at the corresponding station of Habchester, erected close to the ancient encampment of that name, and commanding the German Ocean, having mistaken a blazing fire on one of the inland heights—supposed to have been caused by the burning of furze, a common practice in the higher districts—for the signal of an invading army, quickly seconded the alarm, by lighting his own beacon-fire. This, being observed from the manse windows by the former incumbent, was instantly communicated to the villagers of Ayton, many of whom being volunteers, were at their posts in a moment, and ready to repulse the invaders. The alarm spread like the fire-cross of former days, and old and young starting forth at the summons, sprang to arms. The different troops of county yeomanry, and companies of volunteers, were accoutred in an incredibly short space of time, and set out in quick march to the general rendezvous at Dunbar. The same note of alarm having been rung in Edinburgh, town and country were thrown into a state of the greatest excitement, and several distressing circumstances ensued—but which must have been seriously multiplied, had not the officer commanding the first of the shore stations, at St. Abb's Head, prudently abstained from repeating the signal, although he saw it distinctly. But, being a thorough-bred naval officer, he understood his duty better than to depart a hair's-breadth from his instructions—which were, to communicate by signal only what he observed at sea\*—so that the panic subsided as rapidly as it commenced, and served as a most convincing experiment of the loyal and patriotic spirit by which the descendants of the ancient borderers were fired, as they marched to the tune of

“Wha daur meddle wi' me.”†

In our progress westward we enter the parish of Gordon, watered by the small river Eden, and, though not mountainous, presenting an undulating, or

\* This event, which took place in 1803, has been introduced with great effect into “The Antiquary.” It is believed to have been occasioned by what is termed in Scotland a *house-heating*. The people attending the beacon of Howman-law, in Roxburghshire, mistook the festive light which proceeded from a house undergoing that process near Dunse, for the beacon on the top of Dunse-law; and, on Howman-law being lighted up, Dunse-law took up the alarm which it was guiltless in giving, and all the rest lighted in their turns.—CHAMBERS.

† REV. GEORGE TOUGH of *Ayton's Par. Stat.* 1834.



rather hilly, surface. It is noted in history as the first local settlement of the GORDON family, who received the lands in return for services similar to those already mentioned in our notice of Swinton, and from which several other distinguished families, north and south of the Tweed, derive their patents of nobility. This settlement dates so far back as the reign of Malcolm Canmore; and a small eminence is still pointed to as the site of the ancient Castle; but the residence of that illustrious family has been long transferred, with its hereditary honours, to the more princely residence of Gordon Castle, in the Highlands. Huntly, a second title of the same chief, was also the name of a small hamlet in this parish, but which, like many others now desolate from similar causes, has lately passed away, and left but a solitary tree to mark the spot.\* Greenknow Tower, "hanging in doubtful ruins round its base," is another chronicle of former times, and carries us back to that stirring epoch, when Pringle, its intrepid owner, rendered himself conspicuous under the banner of the Covenant—in days

....."Ere quenched red persecution's torch!  
And—incense most accursed!—when Christian hands  
Heaped on a brother's head the blazing brands!"

Greenlaw, the county town since 1669, and a burgh of barony, subject to the proprietor of Marchmont, is pleasantly situated in a valley on the Blackadder, over which are two bridges. It is a thriving place, and in the interval between 1821 and 1831 raised its population from 765 to 895. The county hall, just finished, is an elegant building in the Grecian style, of handsome dimensions—sixty by forty feet—adorned with four fluted columns and Corinthian capitals, and presenting a beautiful vestibule in front, surmounted by a dome, so constructed as to form a safe and commodious depositary for the county records.† This noble edifice was built at the sole expense of the late Sir W. P. H. Campbell, Bart., of Marchmont, and presented by him to the county, now represented in parliament by his son, Sir H. P. H. Campbell, Bart. Every thing in this town indicates an advance in the comforts and elegancies, as well as a progressive improvement in all the arts, of social life. Regular markets are now established.

At the confluence of the Blackadder and Faungrass are the remains of an encampment: the camp called Black-castle Rings, is on the southern side of the river, and exactly opposite another entrenchment running south. In opening a quarry in the line of this trench, about two years since, a number of gold and silver coins of the reign of Edward III. were found slightly imbedded under the

\* The cause of this depopulation is the custom latterly so prevalent, of throwing several small farms into one, and thereby setting the redundant population adrift upon the world.—Vide *Annals of Phil.* vols. i. ii.—Scottish Stat.

† Vide *Statistics of Greenlaw*, by the REV. J. PATERSON—Art. *Antiquities*, 1834. Blackwood

turf. Several cairns are observed in the upper division of the parish, one of which, being lately removed, a human skeleton was found so placed as to lead to a belief that the body had been cut through the middle, and the one half placed over or above the other. An old wall, or earthen mound, long known by the name of Harit's or Herriot's Dike, crosses the parish, and could once have been traced fourteen miles eastward, and proceeded, according to tradition, as far as Berwick. The tract is still visible to the north of Westruther.

Marchmont House, built by the last earl, and embosomed in rich plantations, is a plain but stately mansion, and is approached by one of the noblest avenues in the kingdom. An anecdote is recorded of the noble founder, who, in answer to some critical friend who objected to the exterior rubble-work as unworthy of so fine an edifice, replied, that he intended to live in the *inside*, and not the outside of his house—a consideration, says Mr. Chambers, which is perhaps too little attended to in Scotland. The rooms contain an extensive collection of family and historical pictures; a fine portrait of Charles XII.; a relic of some furniture presented to the family by William III.; a holograph of Queen Elizabeth, addressed to the earl, and expressing her satisfaction with his services in promoting the union.

There is a family tradition,\* which relates that Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth,† afterwards earl of Marchmont, being obliged, in consequence of political persecution, to quit Redbraes-house—the original name of the above mansion—and cross the country a little above Greenlaw, met with a man of the name of Broomfield, the miller of Greenlaw-mill, who was repairing a *slap* or breach in the mill *caul*. Sir Patrick, addressing him by the occupation in which he was engaged, said,—“Slap, have you any money?” upon which Broomfield supplied him with what was considered necessary for his present exigency. Sir Patrick, it is added, was obliged to pass over into Holland, but when he came back with King William, did not forget his former benefactor in need. It is not stated what return he made him, but the family were settled in a free house as long as they lived, and ever after retained the name of *Slap*.

Polwarth is one of those poetical localities which so frequently arrest the traveller's attention on the frontiers, and exert such pleasing or impressive influence on the fancy—the effect of past association rather than the force of existing circumstances or scenery. Polwarth church, and Polwarth “Thorn,” present very different pictures in their legendary connexions: the first by portraying,

\* Stat. Civil Hist. of Greenlaw, p. 42. note.

† Polwart, the antagonist in *Flying of Montgomery*, was, according to Dempster Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth

in the interesting tale of its late lord, a striking example of patience foiling persecution; the second, by again opening upon us those Arcadian pastimes and rural enjoyments which are reported to have caught additional fervour under its wizard shade—and both by severally offering to the mind's eye, such contrast as we observe between the gay scenery and laughing groups of a Teniers, and the characteristic gloom of a Salvator.

The circumstances of local interest to which we allude are briefly these: In the vault of the parish church Sir Patrick Hume, in order to elude the pursuit of his political enemies, lay concealed for six weeks, surrounded by all those gloomy relics of mortality which had accumulated for ages in this charnel house of his ancestors. While he was sitting one night, says our authority, by a small table with a light, engaged in the perusal of Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms—the whole of which, it is said, he had committed to memory during his concealment—his eye was suddenly attracted to a human skull at his feet, which, on more minute observation, appeared to move slightly and at short intervals. Although of strong mind, and convinced that it was either the effect of optical delusion, or that of an imagination powerfully acted upon by the objects around him—still he was not a little perplexed how to settle the question in his own mind—and, continuing to observe it with increasing interest, the motion at last became so obvious, that the skull seemed as if animated, and left no subterfuge for his incredulity. The knight, however—with a coolness and composure which did credit to his philosophy, and resolved to ascertain, by still more palpable evidence, the actual state of the matter—applied the point of his cane to the ghastly relic, and by a sudden jerk turned it over. This done, the nervous suspense was instantly relieved, and a *mouse*, that had been banqueting in the once warm brain of some departed Yorick, sprang from its burrow, and left the knight to exclaim, in words suited to the occasion—

“To what base uses we may return, Horatio!”

There is a similar story which we have heard somewhere abroad—and known, perhaps, to some of our readers—which states, that in a domestic chapel, belonging to a certain château, a mysterious sound was heard nightly for a considerable time, to the great alarm and annoyance of the inmates, and ultimately discovered to proceed from a *skull*, which performed a rotatory march along the floor of the chancel—resting and recommencing the movement at short intervals. The construction at first put on this phenomenon is obvious; but the secret spring was not discovered for some time; till the skull, becoming stationary, was found on examination to contain a rat, which

had so greatly increased in bulk during its residence in the deserted temple of genius, that the porch through which it first entered refused the same means of retreat. It was, therefore, during the hard struggle for emancipation that the refractory skull was thrown into such wonderful attitudes; while the *rat*, it may be added, was suffered, from superstitious motives, to retain possession of his unhallowed tenement, till a rigid fast having succeeded to days of feasting, should enable him to make his exit as he had made his entrance—and leave him once more—“as poor as a church-rat.”

But apologizing for this digression, we now return to the popular tradition concerning “the nuptial-tree”—the trunk of which is still preserved in Marchmont-house.

Polwarth—like its neighbour Fogo, of which but a vestige now remains, has greatly fallen off, and presents not a tithe of its early population and local importance. A few scattered cottages are the sole representatives of the rural hamlet, and three modern thorns enclosed within a small ring in the centre of the Common, mark the spot where the minstrel tree—consecrated by so many generations, had witnessed so many fêtes, and been the subject of so many pastoral effusions—formed a rallying point for the celebration of rural pastimes.

The legend of the “Polwarth Thorn” is founded on the following circumstance connected with the ancient family of Sinclair, to whom this estate originally belonged. In the fifteenth century, it is said, the male line having become extinct, the inheritance devolved upon two daughters, co-heiresses of the family, whose favour became an object of no small ambition among the Border chivalry. After many proffers and matrimonial protocols on the part of knight and squire, two sons of Home of Wedderburn, it appears, became the thriving wooers, and at length succeeded in their capture of the double prize. Previously, however, the young ladies had been removed by their guardian—a suspicious uncle—to his stronghold in a neighbouring county, where, for some time, the smooth current of their affections was ruffled with doubts and disappointments. But the Homes of those days were not men to be easily blinded, or baulked of a good bargain, and this was a prize which promised to be worth a hundred raids beyond the Tweed; so setting themselves strenuously to work, they contrived to establish a set of signals, by which the fair damsels, held in such unmerited durance, were gradually prepared to expect an early visit and rescue.

Accordingly, one morning betimes, the two gallants, accompanied by a body of troopers from the Merse,—men accustomed to the law of reprisals, drew up in front of the uncle’s castle, to the great delight of the imprisoned sisters, and the no small dismay of their gaoler. “What want ye, Men of the Merse?” exclaimed



the master of the castle; "come ye hither as foes or as friends?" "As friends, if friend thou be, and only foes when met by foemen—" answered the heir of Wedderburn. "But your purpose?" resumed the uncle. "Fair and honourable, as thou shalt see;" pointing at the same time to the two young ladies who were already on horseback, and preparing for their triumphal progress to the Merse. This was a farewell signal; and the knight wheeling to the south, and leaving the uncle to reflect how "Love laughs at locksmiths," was soon at the head of the joyous cavalcade, and the master of as fair a prize as ever crossed the Soltra.

On their arrival at Polwarth the two marriages were celebrated in due form, and the rural dances which succeeded under "the Thorn"—were the first to commemorate an event propitious alike to the houses of Wedderburn and Polwarth. From that date the custom was introduced of holding all marriage festivals at "Polwarth on the Green."

In the neighbouring and more elevated parish of Westruther there are three localities, each remarkable as having been the site of an ancient religious edifice. That at Wedderlie remounts to a period anterior to the thirteenth century, according to various documents respecting it which have descended to our own day. Almost the only part, however, of the ruins which now remain, is a vault which, according to local tradition, the monks, when alarmed at the progress of the reformation, selected as a stronghold for the reception of their reliques and other treasures, till a more auspicious moment, as they hoped, should summon them back to their deserted shrine. That at Spottiswoode, called Whitechapel, has entirely disappeared, and its holy ground, desecrated by the march of secular improvement, is now occupied by domestic offices. It dates from the reign of David II., and was founded by the lord of the manor as a place of worship appropriated to his own family and retainers. A baptismal font is the only surviving relic of this rural sanctuary—upon which few can look with indifference who believe in that life-giving influence of which it is the symbol.

The chapel of Bassendean has been more fortunate than the preceding, by occupying, to a certain extent, its original position; and still serving as a place of sepulture to the present family, whose ancestor, Sir James Home, of Coldenknows, obtained possession of the church lands and vicarage by a deed of conveyance from the last incumbent, which was confirmed in 1573 by royal charter. Several of those fastnesses, once so frequent in the March districts before the Union, were striking features in the landscape of this neighbourhood; but the stern representatives of that period are now reduced to one solitary tower—that of Evelaw, or Ively, which is a very fair specimen of the style, and must have been in its day a place of great strength and security. The lower part of these

towers, as our readers are aware, was appropriated for the cattle, a practice still common in the Alps, whether bred, or imported in successful foray; and were perforated by numerous loopholes, for the double purpose of admitting air, and discharging missiles on the approach of an aggressor. The upper part was distributed into family apartments, which offered a most singular and striking contrast to those of later times. Some idea of the rapacity with which the *reiver* warfare was carried on in this quarter, may be formed from the fact, that, in Westruther alone, five thousand sheep, two hundred oxen, and thirty horses, were driven off in one night by a party of marauders.

In breaking up some ancient pasture grounds by the plough, several stone coffins have been discovered, and coupled with the fact of others having been found in various parts adjacent, it seems probable that these heights have been, what tradition reports, the scene of remote but sanguinary conflict between the natives and their invaders. The skeletons, thus accidentally exposed, were, in many instances, almost perfect; the sarcophagi in which they lay were formed of broad flat stones, and arranged with great order and regularity. The same battle-field is remarkable for the *Twinlaw-cairns*, or stone-tumuli, consecrated by local tradition as the resting-place of twin brothers, chiefs of the adverse armies, who, ignorant of their relationship, and, anxious to spare the effusion of blood, undertook, like the Roman champions, to decide the question of victory by single combat—a trial in which both were mortally wounded.\*

Of the distinguished individuals and families who have shone conspicuous in the history of the country at large, we may cite those of Spottiswoode and Bassendean. That of Spottiswoode has had a local habitation and personal influence in this district from the earliest records down to the present time. The representative of the family still resides the greater portion of the year on his hereditary estate, where a magnificent mansion, now in progress, promises to vie in scale and execution with the finest specimens of architecture in the south of Scotland.† John Spottiswoode, says a biographical notice,

\* This story has been beautifully narrated in a ballad, which has only appeared within the last twelve months, although known in the district for upwards of a century, and which the reader will find in the New Statistical Account.

† It is in the old English style—the public rooms are splendid—it is surrounded by a very handsome terrace, three hundred feet in length, ornamented by equally handsome balustrades, pedestals, and vases—the corridor is lighted by a well-proportioned tower in the centre of the building, and the tower itself, over-topping the tall trees, has a very striking effect when viewed from a distance. This new house is connected with the old family mansion, which has undergone very important alterations, so that the whole will have a very unique appearance.—*June, 1834.*

was superintendent of the Merse and Lothian in the early days of Presbytery in Scotland, an office which he discharged with advantage to the church, honour to himself, and benefit to posterity. His son, the archbishop, it may be remembered, had the honour of placing the Scottish crown on the head of Charles I. at Holyroodhouse, and was afterwards vested with the official dignity of Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom.\* His son, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, attained the high distinction of Privy Counsellor, Lord of Session, and, subsequently, President of that Court. The prominent part, however, which he assumed in the cause of royalty, gave deep offence to the Presbyterian party, and excluded him from the benefits of the Act of "Oblivion," in 1641. After a short imprisonment, and having found security for his future conduct as respected "the peace and quietness of the kingdom," he was made Secretary of State in 1643; but while personally engaged in the duties of that office in Scotland, he was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, tried by parliament at St. Andrew's, and sentenced to be beheaded at the market cross. John Spottiswoode, another member of this family, was the first Professor of Law in the University of Edinburgh, and the author of several excellent works on jurisprudence. A fourth distinguished himself as a general in the service of George II., and died while Governor of Virginia.

The Homes of Bassendean have long held a patrician station among the families of the Border. George Home, a zealous Protestant at a time when zeal was indispensable for the consolidation of the new doctrine, was proscribed in consequence of the active part he had taken, in conjunction with Polwarth, Torwoodlee, and others, to secure for their countrymen freedom of conscience, and the uninterrupted exercise of their religion. Thus rendered obnoxious to political persecution, officers were despatched to apprehend him, and were only foiled by his seeking refuge in a vault contiguous to his own house at Bassendean. Here, watched for a time by the tender assiduities of his wife, he at length found means of escape to Holland, the sanctuary of Scottish patriots, and thence had the happiness of returning to enjoy, on his paternal estate, the precious fruits of that revolution which he had sacrificed so much to establish. James Bassantin, a learned progenitor of the same family, became so famous as a mathematician in the time of James IV., that he was invited to a chair in the University of Paris, where his lectures were attended by students from all parts of Europe. Quitting, however, this high

\* He was so keenly affected, it is said, by the uncompromising resistance with which every effort to introduce the *liturgy* into Scotland was met, that he died of grief; and was honoured with the last mark of public distinction—a grave in Westminster Abbey.

scientific station, he returned in 1562, to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* in the retirement of his patrimonial estate.

As one among numerous instances that might be adduced, in proof of the vast progress that has latterly been made in the cultivation of waste lands in this district, it may be stated on authority already quoted, that on the Spottiswoode estate alone, *thirty miles* of drains have been dug, variously interspersed from five to seven, and even thirteen feet in depth. Besides these, several thousand roods of open cuts, averaging from ten to twenty feet wide, and from five to seven feet deep, discharge a large body of water on the eastern side into the Blackadder, and on the western side into one of the tributaries of the Leader. The advantages of this extensive system of draining are incalculable; it has brought into a state of tillage, pasture, and thriving plantation, many hundreds of acres which were formerly overflowing with water—added much beauty to the landscape, greatly improved the salubrity of the climate, and afforded shelter to the cattle. It is but justice to add, that these spirited improvements have been effected under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Black, so favourably known by his *Essay on Draining*, for which a silver cup was awarded him by the Highland Society.

The Rev. John Veitch—brother to the justly celebrated minister of that name who has lately found a biographer in one of the most elegant and powerful writers of the day—was the first Presbyterian incumbent of Westruther; and, by the numerous and excellent qualities of head and heart which here distinguished his ministry, his name forms an important epoch in its parochial history. In consequence of the multitudes who resorted to his preaching from a distance—Edinburgh, and even Fife, many of whom were of the first respectability—the charitable collections then made, and afterwards accumulated, were of the greatest service during the severe dearth and scarcity of 1800, and are still considerable as a fund in reserve for the distressed poor of the place. The Rev. John Home, author of “*Douglas*,” has also, by a temporary residence in this neighbourhood, contributed a pleasing association to its other attractions. It was while wandering in solitary musing in the woods of Flass, surrounded by desert heaths and gloomy morasses, that he composed the greater portion of that celebrated tragedy, in which a description of the locality seems to have been embodied in the fine soliloquy, beginning—

“ Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom  
Accords with my soul’s sadness,” &c.



LAUDERDALE. This district was, in ancient times, a separate Regality, or nearly independent jurisdiction, under the name of a Bailiary.

The first object of prominent interest, is Thirlestane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, situated on the banks of the Leader, and surrounded by a magnificent park, which has lately been much enlarged and enhanced by numerous embellishments. The castle is spacious and massy, and contains in its state apartments an excellent specimen of the style prevalent in the reign of Charles II. It is believed, traditionally, to have been founded by Edward I. during his invasion of Scotland, and was long designated by the title of Lauder Fort. It was, in a great measure, however, rebuilt by Chancellor Maitland, who, it may be remembered, attended James VI. in his matrimonial excursion to Denmark, and there became intimately acquainted with Tycho Brahe. The Chancellor is represented as an able and upright statesman: he was highly instrumental in promoting, by his influence, moral and political, the best interests of the national church; and at the close of his career, an epitaph, composed by his learned sovereign, bore testimony to the high estimation in which he had been held.

In the park of Thirlestane, there is much fine timber, and several trees of extraordinary dimensions. One elm, at three feet from the ground, measures fifteen feet in girth, and with others of the same kind, is supposed to be little short of two hundred years old.

The town of Lauder\* is the only royal burgh in the county; and on its old charter from James IV., in 1502, being destroyed, had it renewed in 1633. The line of a Roman road has been distinctly traced through a considerable part of this parish, and is still perceptible. On Lauder hill are the remains of a military station; at Blackchester the vestiges of an oval camp; and on Tullius hill, another of similar form, but larger dimensions. Various Roman, Spanish, English, and native coins, have been found from time to time. On Lauder-moor, the scene of remote conflicts, many tunuli are still observable, and numerous fragments of swords, bows, and arrows, have been taken from the soil. The arrows were pointed with flint-heads tapering from the juncture, and about an inch in length.

From the monastic chartularies, and various title deeds of estates, it appears that Lauder, and certain lands adjoining, were granted by David I. to Sir Hugh Moreville, Constable of Scotland, who presented those of Thirlestane to one

\* In July 1482, when James III. and his army were encamped in the vicinity of Lauder, the nobles held in the old church their celebrated conferences, which terminated in the murder of six of the king's minions, whom they hanged over a bridge which formerly crossed the Leader a little below the castle.

of his friends, whose granddaughter, the heiress of Thirlestane, married Sir Richard Mautaland, founder of the noble family, to which the greater portion of the parish now belongs. On this estate, several hundred acres of new plantations, all tastefully laid out, have been recently finished, and appear to thrive luxuriously. At Chapel, also, in the southern part of the parish, nearly a hundred acres are occupied with wood—principally of oak, beech, ash, and fir, the two former of which are of vigorous growth, and all extremely conducive to shelter, as well as enriching to the scenery. The climate, although variable, has of late years greatly improved in salubrity: ague, once so prevalent, has entirely disappeared; while the proportion of consumptive cases has considerably diminished. During the spring, cold east winds generally prevail, but throughout the rest of the year, they are succeeded by those from the south and south-west. It has been observed, that the clouds, in a dry summer, after collecting above the higher districts of the Tweed and Ettrick, are attracted by the Lammermoor hills on the north, and the Cheviot on the south, and, diffused on one or other of these, leave the intermediate and lower region in a parched state. This is a source of much disappointment to the agriculturist; but without this beautiful process in nature for replenishing her exhausted fountains, the streams that sparkle from those green acclivities would soon disappear, and famine succeed fertility; in this manner, great and lasting benefits are secured at slight privation. The Leader, which has its rise in Lammermoor, winds for nine or ten miles to the south-east through this parish, the largest in the county, and falls into the Tweed at Drygrange. Its course in several points is rapid, and much frequented by the lovers of fly-fishing. Isaak Walton himself would have been delighted with its finny pools and fords, while Sir Humphrey Davy might here have united fishing and philosophy, and enriched his “*Salmonia*,” by a sojourn on the Leader.

In this part of the county there is little on the subject of geology worth remark. On the south-west of the river, an abundant supply of whinstone serves the double purpose of building the houses, and macadamizing the roads.\* The arable land is light and dry, and well suited for turnip crop: a considerable portion is clayey, and others of a rich loam, with a bottom of sand or gravel. The population of the town and parish of Lauder has increased in ten years; namely, in the interval between 1831 and 1834—from eighteen hundred and

\* In the neighbouring hills, the rocks are of the trap formation, with the strata dipping uniformly to the south. Beds of fine red sandstone, fit for building, are found in the channel of the Leader, and strata of fine gravel and sand, at considerable elevations, on the slope of the hills; while a deep layer of peat is found wherever the hills present a flat surface.

forty-one to two thousand and sixty-three—a proof of the increased demand which agricultural improvements and road-making have caused in this district.

Retracing our steps to Ercildoune, or Earlston, according to modern orthography, the mind is suddenly roused into vivid recollections of the poetry, romance, legendary and antiquarian lore, which have all been employed to embellish, mystify, and illustrate, this celebrated locality—the birth-place of Thomas the Rhymer, and the scene of his fatidical history. Independently of this, however, the immediate vicinity of Dryburgh and Melrose had long conferred upon Earlston that distinction which no other circumstance could have bestowed. The banks of the Leader, where it meanders between the hills of Carolside, and through the classic grounds of Cowdenknows, are eminently beautiful, and a well-known theme in Scottish song. The house of Carolside is one of the sweetest rural retirements that peace and philosophy could select. The deep, yet cheerful tranquillity of the surrounding vale—the hills, which in summer afford shade, and in winter shelter, and partly shut out the tourist's too familiar look—the deep shadowy verdure in which it is embosomed, and the classic scenes over which it ranges—all contribute to fascinate the eye, soothe the mind, and recall to memory the emphatic—“*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet.*”

Here the dread bolts that scare a prostrate world  
Thunder unheard: bright on the Leader's wave  
The sunbeam slumbers; and the leaves scarce curled  
By the cool breeze, their verdant tresses lave  
Translucent through its tide.—Here song has breathed  
Its spell—and peace her halcyon olive wreathed.—*MS.*

Cowdenknows is the seat of Dr. Home, one of the first medical authorities living, whose scientific qualifications as a philosopher, have been long familiar to the ears of learned foreigners; while, to his own immediate circle, he is endeared by a happy union of the social and domestic virtues. The pastoral melody so long cherished, under the name of “The Broom of the Cowdenknows,” has conferred a poetical sanctity on the place, which has lost nothing of its strength by the lapse of many generations. It is still frequented, as of yore, by numerous pilgrims, and receives its due share of homage from all lovers of the minstrel's art. The ancient tower, and its dungeon, belonging to the same estate, are the subject of much legendary matter, which has wound its romantic annals inseparably with the place.

Not many years since, an ancient thorn-tree, in which, according to tradition, the destinies of the people were involved, was always pointed out to travellers



with superstitious discrimination. It grew near the western extremity of the village, in the enjoyment of a green old age, till, at length, a storm threw it prostrate, and broke the spell by which, for centuries, it had remained firmly rooted to the soil, and interwoven with the superstitions of the village. Its station is now occupied by a handsome edifice, lately erected by a gentleman of the legal profession, which has added a feature of no small ornament to the place, and literally abolished superstition by law.

As the birth-place and abode of the Weird Thomas, to whom a great portion of Ercildoune had come by inheritance, the village has enjoyed a celebrity unrivalled in the south of Scotland—a celebrity to which the rich and fertile imagination of SCOTT has given enduring interest. The extraordinary attributes with which posterity has invested this mysterious personage, represent him as half minstrel, half magician—one to be loved for his songs, and feared for his sorceries; and whose eye, penetrating the dark veil of futurity, read the destiny of kingdoms, and saw those momentous epochs in the fate of his country, his friends, and family, which are now the subject of history. So far in advance of his contemporaries on the path of literary refinement, and in an age when poetry was viewed as an art of incantation, it is by no means surprising that he should have been so gratuitously invested with the art of magic. He appears to have lived during the greater part of the thirteenth century. In 1232, when his romance of Sir Tristrem seems to have been well known, and was quoted by Gottfried of Strasburg, he is supposed to have been about thirty years of age, and was still living on the death of Alexander, in 1286. The date of the undermentioned charter, however, is 1289; so that he must have died previously to that period, and hence the part which he is made to act in the adventures of Wallace, in 1296, by Henry the Minstrel, seems apocryphal.

While the kings and nobles of England were entertained by stories of chivalry in the French language—by the *lais* of Marie, the romances of Chretien de Foyes, or the *fableaux* of the *trouveurs*; the legends chaunted in Scotland—which could happily boast of having till then maintained a sway unsullied by foreign conquest—were composed in that Anglo-Saxo-Pictish measure, known by the name of *Inglis*, or English. Although French was no doubt familiarly understood at the Scotch Court, it seems never to have been spoken by the king or his nobles, while the *Inglis* continued the standard language among all classes of the people. The English did not begin to translate the French poems of their conquerors till 1300, nor to compose original romances in their native language, till the reign of Henry III.—nearly a century after. But

Thomas of Ercildoune\*—and, probably, others of his countrymen, whose names and works are lost—was already famous as the author of *Sir Tristrem*, in 1230-2, and was quoted in terms of high compliment, both by Gottfried of Strasburg, and Thomas de Brunne. From this it appears that the first classical English romance was written in this part of Scotland, and by a native of Ercildoune:—“Thomas of Britannia, master of the art of romance,” as Rymour was styled by the Rhenish minstrel; and from this epoch the minstrels of the “north countrie” rose into credit and reputation, and in their heroic ballads established a precedence in the art. Chaucer, therefore, though much admired in Scotland, from the fact of the language in which he wrote having become familiar through native channels, was not, as it has been stated in his biography, “as much the father of poetry in Scotland, as in England;”—on the contrary, the successful cultivation of poetry in Scotland is easily proved to have commenced at least a century and a half anterior to the period in which Chaucer flourished.

During the reigns of Mary and James VI., a collection of prophetic rhymes, both in Latin and English, appears to have been familiarly known in Scotland, and ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune. Among the enlightened orders of society who gave testimony in favour of these prophecies, the learned bishop Spottiswoode is especially mentioned, as having admitted that the said Thomas “did divine and answer truly of many things to come.” In support of this oracular talent, Boece relates, that the day after the death of Alexander III., the Earl of March inquired of a prophet, named Thomas Rymour—What weather it should be on the morrow? “To-morrow, before noon,” answered the prophet, “there shall blow the greatest wind that ever was heard before in Scotland.” On the morrow, accordingly, when it was near noon, and the sky quite calm and settled, the earl sent for the prophet, and reproved him for having prognosticated a tempest of which no symptom had appeared. To this, Thomas made little answer, but said—“Noon is not gone.” Immediately thereafter a man came to the gate with news that the king was slain. Then said the prophet, “This is the wind that shall blow to the great trouble and calamity of all Scotland,”—an allegorical turn, which, in the opinion of the times, verified the prediction, and bore the seer triumphant.

Numerous other instances have been recorded in proof of his oracular powers;

\* The question as to the name of *Lairmont*, usually appended to Thomas, seems fairly settled in a charter granted by the poet's son and heir to the convent of Soutra, in 1289, in which the latter is expressly called *Filius et hæres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoune*; so that his real name appears to have been neither Lairmont, nor Thomas the Rhymer, but simply THOMAS RYMOUR. For more evidence on this point, see “*Lives of Scottish Poets*,” vol. i.

but the bard of Ercildoune was only wise above his time, and—like others, viewed through a superstitious medium—as little of a prophet as Virgil was of a necromancer.

In the west extremity of the village, Rhymer's tower, part of the poet's residence, is still pointed out to the inquisitive stranger; and in the parish church, built into the wall, a stone is inscribed, with

“ Auld Rymer's race  
Lies in this place.”

Earlston has also, in later times, been the residence of men whose distinguished merits have been justly appreciated, and who have had more to do with the stern realities than the romance of life. As the chief of these, we may quote George Baillie, of Jerviswood, the son of the venerable patriot who fell a sacrifice to that tyrannical violence which disgraced the reign of the second Charles. Driven into exile, but latterly filling offices of high distinction in his native land, his life and principles, under every circumstance, were marked by an elevation of mind, a fervency of religious feeling, and a strictly conscientious discharge of social and public duties. The wife of this distinguished patriot was the celebrated Lady Grizzle Baillie, whose filial tenderness and vigilant precautions, while yet a child, preserved the life of her father, the earl of Marchmont, when compelled, as we have already stated, to screen himself from the living, by taking shelter among the dead. Every night, when darkness and silence had lulled suspicions and left a free path to the churchyard, she carried the necessary supply of food to the dreary vault where her father lay concealed, without the secret of his lurking-place having ever transpired.\* In her conjugal and maternal duties, this lady manifested the same greatness of mind; and through the numerous trials of her fortitude and christian principles, which afterwards assailed her, maintained a course marked by every estimable quality, and at its close, left one of the brightest examples on record of the noble union of piety and heroism. The memoirs of this lady, now published, are full of deep and varied interest.†

\* In addition to the usual terrors of the place, a watch-dog, belonging to the manse, is said to have rendered these visits doubly precarious, by continuing to bark with violence while she was engaged in the pious errand, and thereby making her tremble for a discovery. This sentinel, however, who was evidently in favour of the arbitrary party, was at length silenced; a report was ingeniously circulated that he had been bit by a mad dog, and was therefore a dangerous retainer. The suggestion was improved by the master, and the dog having disappeared, the amiable little messenger between the living and the dead continued her midnight walks without farther molestation.

† The same admirable principles were exemplified by another member of this family, the late Mrs. Baillie, of Jerviswood. Although confined to her bed during the last thirty years of her life, her active benevolence suffered no diminution; every day was charged with the performance of some good work, and no



From Bemersyde hill,\* we obtain a various and most imposing view of all the striking features for which the banks of the Tweed, at this point, are so remarkable. Hills, valleys, fertile fields, wood, and water—all combine in the landscape, and form a rich and variegated picture. The suspension-bridge over the Tweed, two hundred and sixty-one feet in length, was the munificent gift of the late earl of Buchan, and has the twofold merit of great elegance and utility. A small eminence at the end of the bridge is crowned with a circular temple, dedicated to the muses, which evinces the classic taste of the same patriotic nobleman. The workmanship is of a superior order, the position well chosen, and the effect of the building, as viewed in association with the surrounding scenery, extremely agreeable. At a short distance, on the face of the adjoining hill, a colossal statue of WALLACE, erected by the same liberal patron, is remarkable as the work of a native chisel, which had never received a lesson in the art of sculpture. From the Jedburgh road, this statue forms a most striking and appropriate feature in the landscape.

But the chief and lasting object of attraction here, is Dryburgh Abbey,† a name familiar to every reader of Border antiquities. So deep, however, is the interest with which it has been recently invested, that the tombs of Arqua, Ferrara, Ravenna, and even the immortal groves of Posilippo, have scarcely, within so brief a space, witnessed so many distinguished votaries as here crowd around that spot which the dust of our poet has consecrated. What in another place, and among another people, has been said of Posilippo, and the tomb of Virgil, may be applied with no little force and fidelity to the hallowed precincts of Dryburgh—once a favourite scene, and now the sepulchre, of SCOTT.

duty omitted, on the plea of illness, which in the pride of health she had been accustomed to discharge. Her delight, says the worthy minister of the parish, was to employ a messenger of kindness, whose office was to search out cases of distress, that to the indigent and helpless, the ignorant and thoughtless, to the sick and dying, to widows and orphans, she might communicate timely and effectual relief. 1834.

\* Concerning this estate, Thomas of Ercildoun, as the reader will remember, pronounced the well-known prophecy,

“Tyde what may betide, Haig shall be laird of Bemerside.”

† This abbey is of great antiquity, and quotes in the history of its abbots the name of St. Modun, who flourished in the middle of the sixth century, and was among the earliest christian missionaries in Britain. The new abbey was founded in the middle of the twelfth century, by Hugh de Morville, lord of Lauderdale, and his wife Beatrice de Beauchamp,\* and confirmed by royal charter in the reign of king David I., who may be distinguished as the monastic monarch of Scotland, from the number and importance of the religious edifices which he founded and endowed. Dryburgh was burnt during the wars of Robert Bruce with the English, but subsequently restored; and after many vicissitudes, prosperous and adverse, shared at last in the destruction with which, in common with the other temples of a falling hierarchy, it was visited during the great moral cataclysm of the Reformation.

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\* Bel'campo, Beauchamp, Campobello, hodie, Campbell.



A. 1840. 1841. 1842. 1843. 1844.  
1845. 1846. 1847. 1848. 1849.

The poet's song and sanctifying dust  
 Here left, and living, stamp upon the soil  
 The seal of immortality; though bust  
 Nor monument of man's elaborate toil,  
 Nor precious bronze, nor sculptured urn encrust  
 The haunted precincts: what no time can spoil  
 Nor man impair—traits of immortal mind—  
 Claim for that dust the homage of mankind.

It is the perfect freedom from all the alloys of genius that makes us turn with such delight to SCOTT, whose mighty mind was unsullied by a single example of envy, hatred, or jealousy. Placed on an eminence to which all eyes were directed, even the Argus optics of envy could discover no blemish in him. Unspoilt by praise, and unscathed by censure, his was indeed a brilliant career, and the admiration accorded to the author seemed but to increase the affection felt towards the man. . . . What a profound knowledge of human nature did he evince, when, for years, he concealed that he was the author of the *Waverley Novels*! The praise so justly—so universally bestowed on these admirable works, could not have failed to raise up a host of jealous foes against an avowed author, however faultless his life, and however brilliant his genius. But Scott fought for, and won the high guerdon of renown, like the heroes of chivalry, with his visor down; and the victory was won before the victor was known. . . . Scott had no need to look for consolation from posthumous fame; the whole of Europe were his admirers, and his admirers could not fail to be his friends.\*

The following particulars, abridged from an account of the funeral procession from Abbotsford to Dryburgh, as recorded by an eye-witness, will be read with melancholy interest by all admirers of the illustrious author.

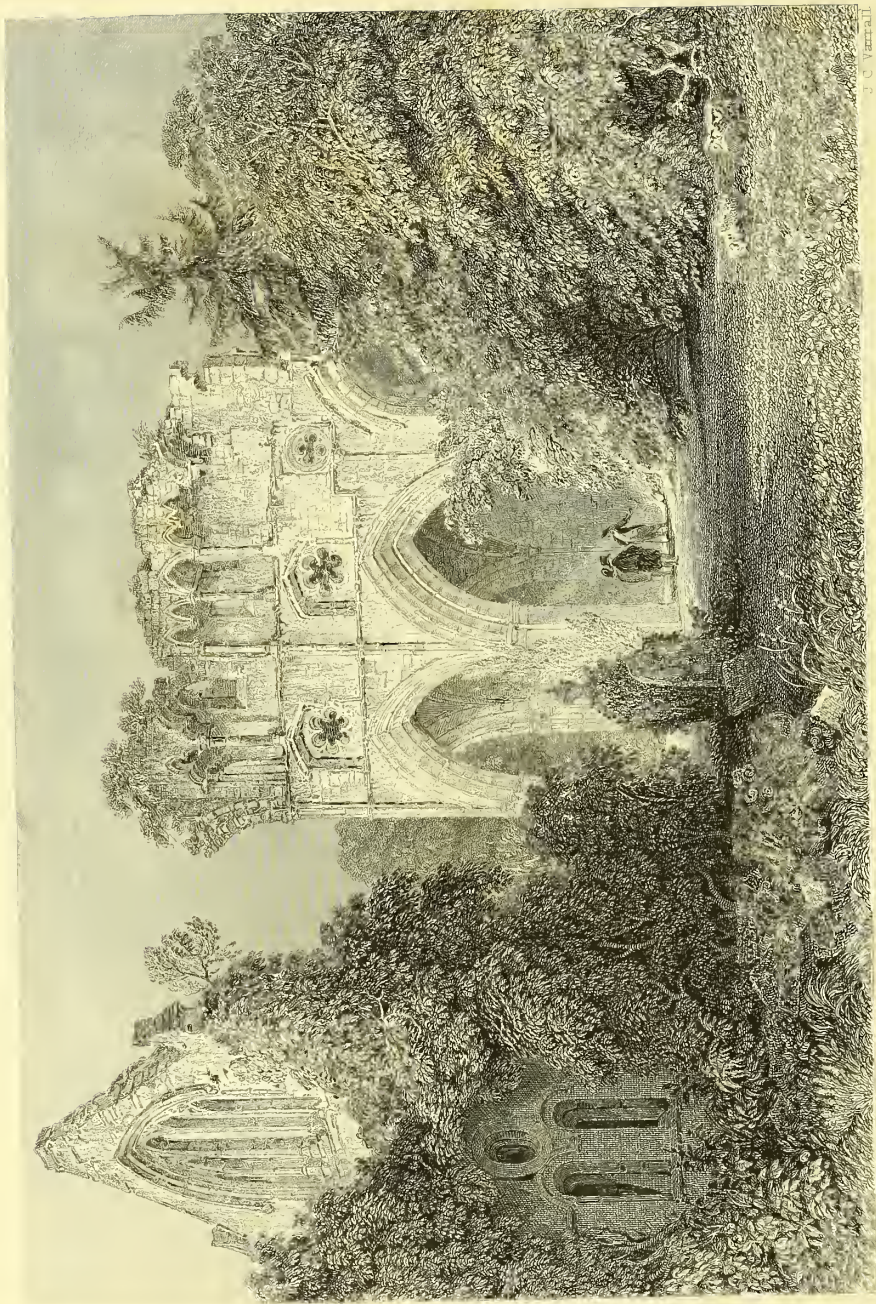
When all were in their places, the bearers moved slowly forward, preceded by two mutes in long cloaks, carrying poles covered with crape; and no sooner had the coffin passed through the double line formed by the company, than the whole broke up and followed in a thick press. There was a solemnity, as well as a simplicity, in the whole of this spectacle, which we had never witnessed on any former occasion. The long robed mutes—the body, with its devotedly attached and deeply afflicted supporters and attendants—the clergyman, whose presence indicated the christian belief and immortal hopes of those assembled; and the throng of uncovered and reverential mourners, stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that

\* "*The Two Friends*," by the elegant and accomplished author of "*Conversations with Lord Byron*"



which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their existence only in the superstitions of Scotland. The ruins of Dryburgh glimmered at intervals through the trees as we slowly approached its western extremity. Here a considerable portion of vaulted roof still remains, opening to the sides in lofty Gothic arches, and defended by a low rail of enclosure; and here was the place of sepulture selected by the poet for himself and family. At one extremity of it, a tall thriving young cypress rears its spiral form. Creeping plants of different kinds, with "ivy never sere," have spread themselves very luxuriantly on every part of the abbey. These, probably, were, in many instances, the children of art; but, however this may have been, nature had herself undertaken their education. In this spot, especially, she seems to have been most industriously busy in twining her richest wreaths around those walls which more immediately form her poet's tomb. Amongst her other decorations is a plum-tree, once a prisoner, perhaps, chained to the solid masonry, but which, having been long since emancipated, now threw out its wild pendent branches, laden with purple fruit, ready to drop, as if emblematical of the ripening and decay of human life. Here the coffin of Sir Walter Scott was set down on trestles, placed outside the iron railing; and here that solemn service, beginning with those words so cheering to the souls of Christians, "I am the resurrection and the life," was read with great effect by the Rev. J. Williams. The manly, soldier-like features of the chief mourner, on whom the eyes of sympathy were most naturally turned, betrayed at intervals the powerful but inefficient efforts which he made to overcome his emotions. The other relations who surrounded the bier were deeply moved; and, amid the crowd of weeping friends, no eye and no heart but were entirely absorbed in that sad and impressive ceremonial which was so soon to shut from them, for ever, the poet who had been so long the common idol of their admiration—the man who had so long shared their best affections. Here and there, indeed, we might have fancied that we detected some early and long-tried friends of him who lay cold before us, who, while tears dimmed their eyes, and whilst their lips quivered, were yet partly engaged in mixing up and contrasting the happier scenes of days long gone by, with that which they were now witnessing, until they became lost in dreamy reverie; so that even the movement made when the coffin was carried under the lofty arches of the ruin, and when dust was committed to dust, did not entirely snap the thread of their visions.

It was not until the harsh sound of the hammers of the workmen, who were employed to rivet those iron bars covering the grave to secure it from violation, had begun to echo from the vaulted roof, that some of us were called to the



J. C. Verrall

T. Allom

DRYBURGH ABBEY, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

(The burial place of Sir Walter Scott.)



full conviction of the fact, that the earth had for ever closed over that form, which we were wont to love and reverence; that eye, which we had so often seen beaming with benevolence, sparkling with wit, or lighted up with a poet's frenzy; those lips, which we had so often seen monopolizing the attention of all listeners, or heard rolling out, with nervous accentuation, those powerful verses with which his exuberant fancy was ever teeming; and that brow, the perpetual throne of generous expression and liberal intelligence. Overwhelmed by the conviction of this afflicting truth, men moved away without a parting salutation, singly, slowly, and silently. The day began to stoop down into twilight; and we, too, after giving a last parting survey to the spot where now repose the remains of our Scottish Shakspeare—a spot lovely enough to induce his sainted spirit to haunt and sanctify its shades—hastily tore ourselves away.\*

The town of Dunse, the emporium, though not the capital, of the county, contains an industrious and thriving population of three thousand, or upwards. The new town-house, surmounted by a tower of elegant design and proportions, is highly ornamental to the place. The ancient town, which extended from the small lake along the southern skirt of the Law, has entirely disappeared with the progress of manorial embellishment, and become a part of the castle park. One relic, however, has survived, in a large stone, which is now built into the wall, and points out the spot where the house of Duns Scotus is traditionally reported to have stood.†

Dunse Castle,‡ the princely seat of Hay of Drumelzier, is a modern structure, erected on the remains of the ancient fortress of that name, which passed from the family of Randolph, earl of Moray, by the marriage of his daughter, the

\* For a more copious detail of this ceremony, the reader is referred to an excellent paper in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine—a periodical of great talent and popularity.

† This prince of logicians, it will be remembered, became famous in consequence of his two hundred arguments advanced against the positions of Alberto Magnus. According to Paul Jovius, he was buried in a fit at Cologne, in 1308, and was afterwards found to have *turned in his coffin*! Dr. Grainger, the well-known author of "The Sugar Cane," was also a native of Dunse.

‡ The interior decorations are splendid; some of them, curiously beautiful. The Gothic style prevails both in the architecture and furniture. The staircase is exceedingly fine; one of the galleries is lighted by a window of stained glass, the most brilliant, probably, in Scotland. Mr. Hay has collected many original portraits, and possesses the best of the Seton Gallery. One of the latter, the first Viscount Kingston, drawn as he appeared on alighting after the flight of Worcester, is worthy of particular notice.—*Chambers*.

A few miles south of Dunse, is the ancient seat of the Homes of Wedderburn, well deserving of a visit. The park contains a monument to the memory of George, one of the heroes of "Polwarth Thorn," who fell in resisting an attack "made upon him while at dinner," from the English border.



renowned Agnes, with Cospatrick, earl of Dunbar. It was the head quarters of General Leslie while the Scottish army lay encamped on the neighbouring hill in 1639. The apartment where he dined, with his staff, is with good taste suffered to remain in the same state in which it was left.

The summit of Dunse Law still shows evident traces of the encampment to which we allude ; but a forest of broom-wood has long thrown its bright green mantle over the surface, and restored to nature and pastoral tranquillity what had been usurped for less hallowed purposes. But never, perhaps, did an army of twenty-six thousand men meet in the same camp, who exhibited such a picture of religious harmony and orderly deportment. The best spirit of the first Crusaders seemed to have infused itself into every order and condition among them. The sounds of worship had replaced the shouts of war and wassail ; and the tents of the officers, and the turf-cabins of the soldiers, were hourly hallowed by devotional exercises. Every company had their colours flying at the tent door, emblazoned with the arms of Scotland, and this motto, " For Christ's crown and covenant." The sanctity of the cause in which they had armed, and the confidence with which they reposed on Divine aid, had awakened a religious enthusiasm which pervaded all ranks, and made each ambitious to prove himself a champion worthy of the cause he had espoused, and the religious toleration to which he so ardently aspired. It was one of those scenes which no combination of circumstances can ever again produce. The Covenanters, like the Crusaders, are now extinct ; but they have left a due proportion of traits which must ever command the gratitude and admiration of their successors, and exalt the men for the sake of the motives which called for their exertions.

While the army of the Covenant were posted on the hill, the royal standard was waving within sight on the opposite side of the Tweed ; and after three weeks of mutual threats and defiance, both camps were broken up on ratification of the short-lived treaty entered into between the king and his subjects.\*

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\* The melancholy fate of Tillibatie,\* though familiar to most readers, may be here introduced as illustrative of a ferocious period of Border history. As vice-regent of Scotland, during the duke of Albany's absence in France, although but a short time in power, he appears to have given promise of a vigorous administration ; but in the exercise of the trust and authority reposed in him for the maintenance of public order, he had the misfortune to draw upon himself the vengeance of those whose violence he had checked by the strong arm of the law ; so that, what did him honour as a magistrate, became fatal to him as a man. Having occasion to hold a justice court at Dunse, he set out from Holyrood under the safe conduct of the lairds of Sessford and Phernihirst, who had pledged their word to re-conduct him in safety

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\* Not De la Beauté, as it has been written; the French title and name being that of a small town in the department of the higher Alps—*La Bâtie*, Sir Anthony D'Arcy, sieur de la Bâtie—commonly *Tillibatie*.

Of LAMMERMOOR our limits will only permit us to present a few additional features. Eyemouth, once so conspicuous in the “annals of contraband,” is still a port of considerable activity. Close to the harbour is the house of Gunsgreen,\* built by a wealthy smuggler, and in allusion to which, a member once observed in the senate, that smuggling was here carried on to such an alarming extent, that one man had been enabled from its gains to erect a splendid palace. For the better security of his contraband traffic, this proprietor had various secret store-rooms constructed within or near the mansion; and some of which, it is conjectured, still remain, with their precious commodities, as a prize for some future discoverer. A few years since, a pair of horses were nearly swallowed up in consequence of the roof of one of these secret ware-rooms giving way, while the plough was passing over it in a neighbouring field. The house and grounds are now in possession of the venerable and retired pastor of Ayton.† Halidon hill, already mentioned as one of the battle-fields in which right and might have so often striven for ascendancy, is a prominent object in this neighbourhood.

The ancient Priory of Coldingham, though reduced and mutilated in all its beauty and dimensions, is still worth a pilgrimage. Its straggling fragments and consecrated pavements, now abandoned to the plough; and the Saxon arch, the last of its royal palace, are still sufficient to justify the belief of its early magnificence, and to illustrate the history of what, reputedly, was the first asylum of christian missionaries in Scotland. About fifty or sixty years ago, the skeleton of a nun was found standing erect in a niche of the wall,

to the capital. The laird of Wedderburn, however, bearing him a strong grudge, as agent in the duke of Albany's cause, watched his opportunity, till, finding him at a little distance from his attendants, he took no pains to conceal his murderous intentions. Tillibatie feeling that he was ensnared, put spurs to his horse; and being well mounted, hoped to have escaped by the fleetness of his steed: but being a total stranger, and ignorant of the locality by which he pursued his way towards the castle of Dunbar, his horse foundered in a morass, and there his enemies came upon him in his helplessness, and foully assassinated him. He wore his hair, says the chronicle, long, platted, and flowing from his neck, by which Sir David Home of Wedderburn, fastened the head to his saddle bow, a trophy not of valour, but barbarity—

“As vile a stroke  
As ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.”

\* A distillery, now in full operation here, is capable of making one thousand five hundred gallons of *aqua* weekly, and most of which is sold in London for the support of the “gin palaces.”

† The reader acquainted with this locality, will regret to hear that the house of Ayton, so long the prominent object from the London road, and remarkable for the beauty of its grounds, was accidentally burnt to the ground in the course of last year. It is the castle of which Ford, in his dramatic chronicle, alluding to the siege by Surrey, general of Henry VII., says, “This strongest of their forts, old Ayton Castle, was yielded and demolished.” It was founded by a Norman, named De Vescie—afterwards, De Eitun, and fell into the possession of the Homes about the commencement of the fifteenth century.

where, in expiation of some breach of her vows, she had been built up alive. Of the dress in which she had been consigned to her doom, the shoes, and their silk latches, were all that remained. Discoveries of this nature lessen our regret that the power and place where such atrocities could be perpetrated, have, in this country at least, vanished together and for ever.\*

About four miles from Coldingham, is the celebrated foreland of St. Abb's Head, consisting of two abrupt hills, separated by a deep ravine from the adjoining portion of the promontory, and occupied, respectively, by the ruins of a monastery, and a station of the preventive service. A spiral path conducts us to an esplanade on the summit of the eastern hill, where the remains of St. Abb's church are slightly traced on the undulating surface. Here a very few stones still remain upon each other—a small enclosure like a low turf fence—the apparition of a deserted burying ground, sporting upon its withered breast a ghastly nosegay of hemlocks and nettles; the sea, in front, to which the eye can discern no shore; and a savage scene spreading as far behind, are the characteristics of a place resorted to twelve hundred years ago, for the performance of christian rites by the Pict, the Briton, and, perhaps, the Roman. The ruins lie within ten yards of a precipice, three hundred feet in depth, covered over with sea-fowl, and at the bottom of which the ocean roars and boils without intermission.† It might have served as an original for Shakspeare's Cliff—

“ How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below !  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles.”

Fast Castle, a baronial fortress well known in history, crowns the adjoining promontory, to which it gives name; and like St. Abb's church, built in tottering suspense over the brink of a precipitous rock,

“ Puts toys of desperation.  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.”

In 1410, Patrick Dunbar, one of the younger sons of the earl of March,

\* Coldingham occurs in history as early as A.D. 661, at which Abbe, or Ebba, sister to Osy, king of Northumberland, was abbess, and entertained St. Cuthbert, prior of Melros, for several days. Eight years later, Etheldreda, queen of Egfred, king of Northumberland, became a nun of this house. In 709, it was destroyed by lightning, in punishment, it is said, of the dissolute lives of its monastic inmates; and after a long interval, was re-founded by king Edgar, in 1098, and dedicated to St. Cuthbert.

† Mr. Robert Chambers, to whose popular work the reader is referred for the Legend of St. Abb.





# FAST CASTLE.

(Berwickshire.)

THE ROYAL SQUADRON CONVEYING HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV. TOWARDS LONDON, 1801.

supported by a hundred resolute followers, surprised this fortress, and captured its governor, Holden, who had long infested the neighbouring country by his predatory excursions and systematic oppression. At a later date, that of the Gowrie conspiracy, this fortalice belonged to Logan of Restalrigg, whose fate, or rather that of his family, is so well known. Several years after his death, he was tried and condemned for having been engaged in that conspiracy,\* and his estates bestowed upon the earl of Dunbar. As a curious fact resulting from this *post-mortem* trial, it is mentioned that a notary in Eyemouth, who had produced some treasonable correspondence between Gowrie and Logau, was afterwards rewarded by a public execution in Edinburgh.

Between this bleak promontory and Dunglass, the country is high, and intersected by several deep ravines, whose sides rise abrupt and precipitous, and by corresponding indentations warrant the conclusion of having been the result of remote convulsions. The most remarkable of them is that called the Peaths, which is spanned by a bridge of greater altitude, probably, than any other in Europe, being two hundred and forty feet in height, by three hundred in length.† In ancient times this was a pass of easy defence, and was one of the outlets blocked up against Cromwell, who, after the affair at Dunbar, described it in his despatch, as a pass “where one man to hinder, was better than twelve to make way.” A little beyond this is another ravine, commanded by the tower of Colbrandspath, and which, like the Peaths, served as a kind of sluice by which the tide of war could be loosened, or confined at pleasure. To the westward of this, is Dunglass, the seat of Sir James Hall, bart., embowered in an extensive and richly wooded demesne. The site of the present house is that of the ancient castle, which was occupied in the early part of the civil war by the Covenanters, and blown up, it is stated, by a page, who set fire to the powder magazine, when the earl of Haddington, and eighty others, were killed. Here, also, James VI. was twice entertained in his progress north and south.‡

St. Bathans § is a place of great antiquity. In the early part of the seventh

\* See a subsequent page of this work.

† The centre bridge of the *Via Mala*, in Switzerland, is estimated at three hundred feet above the torrent; and the *Pantenbrücke*, in Glaris, at two hundred; but their length is much inferior to that of the Peaths, or Pease-bridge, according to the latest estimate.—*See Switzerland Illustrated*.

‡ Cranshaws Castle, also in this neighbourhood, is conjectured to have been the original of Ravenswood, in “the Bride of Lammermoor.” It is, comparatively, a small building, in form an oblong square, forty feet by twenty-four, and forty-five feet high, and used in Border warfare as a refuge against the sudden incursions of marauders. Of the Castle of Scarlaw, which served for similar purposes, very little now remains.

§ St. Bathans claims the honour of giving birth to David Hume, of Godscroft, the intimate friend of the celebrated Andrew Melville, and who held a conspicuous station among the miscellaneous writers of the seventeenth century. He was a master in ancient and modern languages, theology, politics, and history, and preminent for his skill in the composition of Latin poetry.

century, a church was built here, and dedicated to the saint whose name it still bears. Like that of Coldingham, it was destroyed more than once by fire—a calamity which, owing to the churches being constructed of wood, was of frequent recurrence upon any hostile incursion. About the end of the twelfth century, a convent of Cistercian nuns was founded here by Ada, daughter of William-the-Lion, and wife of Patrick, earl of Dunbar, where, by numerous donations, it realized, in the course of years, a princely revenue. About the time of the reformation, the lands were alienated by the prioress and nuns, principally to Lord Home, for payment of annual feu-duties; and on the final suppression of monasteries, the benefice itself was conferred on a lady of the same family. In the north wall of the present church, which is very ancient, is an arched door, which formed the communication with the nunnery: the fine Gothic oriel is still in partial preservation. Between the church and the river, the remains of the Priory, though visible a few years ago, have now, for the sake of the materials, been removed. The buildings must have been of considerable extent; and, what is worth notice, the nunnery was supplied with water by means of leaden pipes, portions of which are from time to time dug up. South and east of the church, lay the priory gardens—the whole encircled by a wall, composed of three tiers of stone; and on the east of these, another walk of considerable breadth, distinguished as the Bishop's Loan. Various other relics of antiquity are still pointed out; among these, the ruins of the chapel; and about a mile westward, those of the church of Strafontane, have given place to the plough. It is a favourite notion among the inhabitants, that a subterranean passage still exists, leading from the nunnery of St. Bathan's under the bed of the Whitadder, by which the nuns—

“ At that sweet hour when song and sun-set meet—  
When stars are kindling, and the vesper chime  
Gathers the worshipper from every street,”—

went to be confessed by the holy brotherhood at Strafontane.

A short distance from the church, St. Bathan's Well—where the pilgrim of other times was wont to repair for the cure of his malady, whether of mind or body—still gushes fresh from its wooded nook, and, according to popular belief, never fogs, nor freezes, and prevents even a mill-stream, into which it flows, from being clogged up with ice in the winter.\*

\* Veins of copper ore having been discovered on this estate; it was let, in 1828, but abandoned after a single experiment. A similar mine was worked at Hoardweel, about sixty years ago.



As one instance, in recent times, of the extraordinary strength and stature for which the ancient Borderers were so generally famed, it may be mentioned, that the late Mr. Bookless, schoolmaster of Hutton, was seven feet four inches high. He was a man of mild and amiable disposition, and fond of social intercourse; but being extremely sensitive, and shrinking from the idea of being considered a spectacle, his delicate mind was often wounded by the intrusion of curious individuals. The strength of his constitution, also, little corresponding with his stature, he fell an early victim to disease, from which his herculean frame seemed at first to have promised an exemption.\*

In some parts of Berwickshire, there are persons still living who remember when, in the farmers' houses, one knife and fork for the master's use were all the carving apparatus introduced at table, and when the whole parish of Westruther could only boast of three tea-kettles. It is needless to add, that the latter utensil is now to be found in every cottage; and that the farmers' table of the present day presents a liberal specimen of modern luxury and domestic comfort, enhanced by that hearty spirit of hospitality which distinguished their forefathers.

The peasantry in general are intelligent and acute; few of them are without a small collection of books—mostly those old manuals of divinity, which, by prescriptive right, have been so long their favourites, and by which their religious principles are habitually fostered and confirmed. A taste for reading, and the facilities for its indulgence, are gradually on the increase; and with their sober, moral habits, and sound modes of thinking, it can hardly fail to produce a salutary influence on the minds and habits of the people. Crimes are seldom heard of amongst them: in the parish of Hutton, for example, not one instance in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has occurred, where an individual was tried on any capital charge. The prevailing offence, and to which their frontier position gives many tempting facilities, is against the game and excise laws—offences which nothing short of some new legislative enactment can wholly prevent.

Of their religious feelings and deportment, one of their pastors, many years resident among them, offers the most pleasing testimony. The great majority, he observes, are attached to the Established Church, and regular in their attendance on its public ordinances. The Sabbath is observed with reverence,

\* Bookless seems to have had a contemporary in Melchior Thut, a native of Glaris, in Switzerland, who measured seven feet three inches; and in 1801, the period at which Dr. Ebel saw him, was considered as the last descendant of a race of giants, whose bones are still occasionally found in the valley of Tavetsch, the highest habitable point of the anterior Rhine.

and instances of its desecration by idleness or dissipation, very rare. The labouring classes are generally well acquainted with their Bible, and habitually accustomed to its perusal.\* Deriving their religious knowledge from that pure and holy source, they are for the most part well informed concerning the principles and duties of Christianity; and in all the leading doctrines of the church, their notions are sound and correct. Their religious faith is practical and salutary in its effects, and demonstrates its excellence by the influence it produces on their lives. Many of them still attend to the ancient and wholesome, but too much neglected, duty of family worship; and devote the Sabbath evenings to the instruction of their children in the elements of christian truth and moral duty. Their religion affords them support and consolation amidst the hardships of a laborious condition; and under the trying vicissitudes and afflictions of life, they feel it is their best friend, and the only source of true happiness.

Of the customs and amusements more or less peculiar to this county, it may be mentioned, that, some years ago, the barbarous practice of cock-fighting was indulged in for the celebration of Fasten's eve; but this, like other characteristics of a rude age, has been happily exploded for more humane pastimes. Football was a healthy and exhilarating game, well calculated to preserve the ancient border character, and occasionally summoned upwards of two hundred combatants to the field; but this, also, is passing into oblivion, and the *thinking* man in the present day has taken precedence of the *athletic*. Penny-weddings, the scene of so much rural mirth and festivity among the last generation, have been interdicted by the ecclesiastical courts; so that, with the exception of local fairs, the labouring classes have few, if any, stated amusements to which they may look for a day's relaxation and diversion; but along with the means, the desire of such indulgence seems also to have vanished, or given place to objects of higher ambition.

In the earlier history of the Upper districts, primitive simplicity of manners and superstition seem to have been closely allied; the latter was particularly evinced in all that related to the preservation of their cattle. In almost every stable, stones which had any natural hole in them, were suspended as amulets; and it was not unusual to see a herd of cattle grazing in the field, each with a

\* There are few children above eight years old, even in the rural districts, who cannot read; and with two or three exceptions in a parish, all the adults can do so,—as well as write. They fully appreciate the benefits of education, and are anxious to educate their children in a manner suitable to their circumstances—a duty never neglected, unless under the most pressing hardship. Ample means of education are happily provided, parish libraries are generally established, and children of the poorest class educated gratuitously

piece of red tape and mountain ash fastened to the left horn, as a spell to ward off disease. At times, however, this superstition manifested a darker character; and an instance is recorded of a horse having been burnt alive at Flass, in 1726, with the almost incredible persuasion that the sacrifice would arrest the mortality at that time prevalent among the cattle. But, with many changes, much improvement has every where taken place; superstition is fast passing away, and reason and intelligence daily gaining strength.

The houses of the hinds and labourers in the hilly part of the county seldom consist of more than one apartment. The fire is lighted on the hearth, as in France; but there being no outlet for the smoke, but a rude crevice made in the unceiled roof, the room is almost constantly filled with a dense cloud, which hovers at the height of five or six feet above the floor, and, proceeding from peat, is often offensive to those unaccustomed to its smell and pungency. Fifty years ago, all wearing apparel was manufactured in the family; the women's dress was of various coloured woollen stuffs; the men's was spun at the winter hearth, sent to the weaver and dyer, and then converted to use by tailors, who, travelling from house to house, pursued their calling under the roof of their customers. But home-spun has now disappeared; even the blankets, manufactured in former times from the adjoining fold, are bought at market, and cheaper, probably, than they could now be made by the most skilful housewife.\*

The common food of the working class consists of different preparations of oatmeal, porridge, cakes, also barley cakes, baked very thick; pork, tea, and the more attainable products of the dairy. Previously to the introduction of potatoes, it was customary to lay up a provision of herrings for the winter; and for this purpose the people went annually, in bands, about Michaelmas, to Dunbar, where that fish was prepared for market.

A curious local custom connected with marriage is still kept up by the young people of Eccles. Once a year, or oftener, according to circumstances, all the young men who have been married within the preceding twelvemonths, are *creeled*. This ceremony consists in having a creel, or basket, suspended from the individual's shoulders; and while he runs with all his speed from his own house to that of his next new-married neighbour, he is pursued by all the bachelors, who endeavour to fill the basket with stones, while his wife following,

\* In the parish of Earlstoun are two manufacturing establishments, one of gingham, merinos, shawls, muslins, &c. &c.; the other of plaidings, blankets, and flannels. In the first, fifty weavers are employed; in the latter, upwards of forty—the men generally gaining 12s. 6d., the women 2s. 6d. a week.—1834.



armed with a knife, strives to relieve her husband of his burden, by cutting the rope which attaches the basket to his shoulders.

It is worth mentioning, that in St. Bathans, a society has been formed for securing to each member, during illness, the benefit of medical assistance—an excellent method, of trifling expense to the individual, and yet remunerative to the practitioner. In another parish is a society, by the rules of which, when any of its poor members have had the misfortune to lose their cow, another is purchased out of the society's funds.

The fishing stations on the Tweed are numerous; and the men employed a robust, healthy, and industrious class. The method of fishing, which may be new to our continental readers, is as follows:—Men are stationed at particular places of the river, where the water is shallow, to watch the fish coming up; and so expert has habit rendered them in the art of reconnoitring, that they know by the least ripple in the water when even a solitary fish is making its progress upwards. When the salmon are thus discovered, an alarm is instantly given to the men at the *shiel*, or house where the fishermen lodge. Immediately a one-oared boat is pushed off with great celerity, having a net attached to it, ready prepared for dropping gradually into the water—one end of which is fastened to the boat, and the other dragged with a rope by the men on shore—and by taking a considerable sweep, an endeavour is made to surround the fish, which, thus discovered in advance, seldom escape. The salmon caught here are packed in boxes of ice, and shipped from Berwick for London, where, during the prevalence of cholera, it was almost without purchasers, and sold at from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per lb.—one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the trade. For some years past, salmon have been unusually scarce in the Tweed, a fact for which no adequate cause has been assigned, but which has been severely felt by the salmon coopers who carry on the trade.

This county, with few exceptions, may be considered highly salubrious, and with a daily progress in those causes which, by ameliorating the soil, purify the atmosphere, and prolong and invigorate human life.\*

\* In 1830, nevertheless, small-pox and scarlet-fever were very prevalent, though not fatal, in Eccles. In Earlston, scarlet-fever has appeared but rarely during the last fourteen years, while glandular and cutaneous complaints have greatly diminished. In Greenlaw, no epidemic has appeared for many years; and being sheltered by the surrounding hills, the air is mild and salubrious. Several mineral springs are found here, but not sufficiently important to call for special notice. In Harelaw Moor is a chalybeate spring, much resorted to in former times for its imputed virtues. Its credit, however, is now gone; and like the still more famous Dunse Spa, has given place to more distant competitors. At the Leet, near Eccles, is a chalybeate well, the supply of which is copious; spec. grav. 1·00237, and summer temp. 48°. It

On the northern division of Greenlaw, and across the moor, runs an irregular gravelly ridge, called the Kaimes, like a horse-shoe, with the hollow towards the hills, fifty feet broad at the base, thirty or forty in height, and extending upwards of two miles. It may be observed, in explanation of this natural production, that the stones scattered over the fields towards the Tweed, consist mostly of greywacke—the *traumate* of French geologists—which a current of water, setting in from the north towards the south, must have detached, and carried from the Lammermoor hills into their present situation. The Kaimes, consisting of similar materials, much reduced in size, may be referred to the same probable origin. Dugden Moss, the great reservoir for winter fuel, and producing *peat* little inferior to coal, contains a surface of five hundred acres, with a depth of ten feet, resting on a bed of fine sand.

Among the rarer species of birds which frequent this district, is the *turdus vescivorus*, which has only become known within the last three years. Notwithstanding the high state of cultivation, upwards of three hundred and sixty *phenogamous*, or flowering plants, grow within the limits of a single parish, that of Eccles. The Tragopogon, which hitherto has been confounded with the *T. pratensis*, was first added to the British Flora in 1831, by Dr. R. D. Thomson. The hills to the north are clothed with heaths—the *calluna vulgaris*, *erica tetralix et cinerea*, moor grasses, the reindeer lichen, *cenomyce rangiferina*, &c. The *hyosciamus niger* grows wild on the coast at Ayton; as also the *Scilla maritima*, and *Astragalus glycyphyllos*—all recent discoveries.

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## THE DISTRICT OF Lothian.

Lothiana, non ita pridem, a *Lotho* rege Pictorum nomen habebat.—BUCHANAN.

“ From where the TYNE through corn-fields waving fair,  
Hurries from Fala to the sea.” . . . . .

“ From where DUNEDIN, on her throne of rule  
Sits queen, and sways her sceptre o’er the land :  
And where LINLITHGOW, seated by her pool,  
Yet glories in the good king Loth’s command.”—TENNANT.

UNDER the general name of the Lothians, are comprised the counties of Edinburgh, Haddington, and Linlithgow; which, with the metropolis for contains sulphate of lime, muriate of soda, and carbonate of iron. Near Birgham are springs originating in the calcareous sandstone; and being impregnated with bicarbonate of lime, leave a deposit by which, when they drop upon plants, elegant masses are formed.—*Statist.* 1834.

their centre, and estimating their extent, population, and fertility, form the most important district in Scotland. It is here that the pomp, and power, and natural resources of the kingdom are especially concentrated; where science and art, and agriculture and commerce, have reached the highest pitch of cultivation; and where historical and classical associations are brought more immediately home to the spectator's eye, and to the mind and partialities of the reader. Here, at one sweep, the view takes in a bold and varied panorama—embracing the finest points of coast and river scenery, pastoral hills, fertile plains, cities, towns, and hamlets alternately crowning the steep, or scattered along the richly cultivated champaign.

“ Dic, hospes, postquam externas lustraveris oras  
Hæc cernens, oculis credas an ipse tuis ?”

HADDINGTONSHIRE, more generally known by the local distinction of East Lothian, from its forming the eastern frontier of the kingdom, is bounded by the German Ocean on the east, the Frith of Forth on the north, on the south by Berwickshire, and on the west by the county of Edinburgh—the central division of the same great district of Laudonia. The north coast, from its projecting into the Frith, assumes a peninsular shape, and along its curvilinear shore presents numerous small bays, promontories, and indentations, which give constant variety to the scenery, and exhibit the charms of sea and shore in beautiful alternation. Here, a dilapidated fortress frowns, in shrunk proportions, from the steep; and there, a richly cultivated farm stretches, in fertile fields or verdant pastures, to the waters' edge. Thriving villages, linked together by intermediate cottages, line the undulating margin of the sea, and give birth and occupation to a race of men, who are second to none in the successful application of industry to national improvement, and the hardier enterprises of a seafaring life. Here, if we may so express it, the sail and the ploughshare come into immediate contact, and present at one view the progress of agriculture, and extent of commerce—the best symbols of national prosperity. Numerous mansions of the nobility and opulent classes are thickly distributed over the county, and are well calculated to interest the stranger. They form distinct features of embellishment in the landscape, and present, in their several combinations, the splendid relics of baronial antiquity, contrasted with the peaceful structures of modern times. Royal and monastic ruins still point out the favoured spot, hallowed by the residence of sovereigns, or consecrated to the service of religion; and are still eloquently characteristic of that dynasty, and hierarchy, which they have long survived, and over whose departed sway what was once a triumphal arch crumbles at last like a sepulchre.





T. Allen.

W. R. Smith.

THE GREAT BRITISH ISLANDS.

(Continued.)

London: Published by W. R. Smith, 1851.

But such the stamp and sport of destiny ;  
 Power hath its dawn, and zenith, and decay ;  
 Earth has no more : the forest's stateliest tree  
 Sheds but its numbered leaves, then wastes away.  
 The loftiest mound of man's prosperity,  
 The tombs of Egypt piled on Pharaoh's clay—  
 Back to the earth, by heaven's dread law impelled,  
 Behold them crumbling like the dust they held.—*Heliotrope.*

These general features we shall briefly particularize as we proceed. Crossing the Lothian frontier at Oldhamstocks, the first important objects on the coast are the ancient town and castle of Dunbar, the latter of which, from the prominent station given to it in history, is entitled to take precedence of every other in the county. The town was erected by royal charter anno 1369, and during a period of four hundred years has experienced every vicissitude of peace and war. It has been the scene of stirring exploits, sieges, and privations, which have won the partial ear of posterity. The castle dates from a much more remote era, and is mentioned as having been burnt by the Scottish monarch, Kenneth, in 858. For many centuries it was justly considered as one of the keys of the Lowlands, in the security of which that of the kingdom was involved. On the approach of the English army, in 1333, it was dismantled, as a safe measure of policy, by Patrick, earl of Dunbar, but again restored, at the expense of that nobleman, by command of Edward III. and garrisoned by English troops.

Of the various epochs in its history, that to which national partiality more particularly reverts, is the romantic bravery exhibited in its defence by the heroic countess of March, commonly distinguished by the name of Black Agnes, and in whose veins the blood of the immortal Bruce flowed uncontaminated. The siege, directed by the earl of Salisbury, was vigorously commenced, and apparently under favourable circumstances, as the governor himself was unavoidably absent in his country's service. His lady, however, far from manifesting the weakness of her sex, took his place in the defence, and, by patriotic exhortation, personal example, and contempt of danger, obtained entire ascendancy over the minds of the garrison. When the battering engines had commenced operations, and stones were hurled against the battlements, the countess, in ridicule of the besiegers, ordered one of her female attendants to wipe off the dust with her handkerchief, gaily observing, that it was scarcely handsome on the part of Salisbury to throw dust in a lady's eyes.

Determined, however, to carry the siege, the earl had recourse to an enormous engine—resembling the ancient *T'estudo*—filled with men ; and, in the hope of



intimidating the countess into a surrender, had it erected close under the ramparts. The Scottish Camilla, however, met this additional bravado with the strong figurative expression, that "Salisbury's 'sowe'—(the name of the engine)—should speedily be made to cast her pigs," and suiting the action to the word, gave the signal for a huge rock to be precipitated from the battlement, which, by its fall, demolished the engine, and killing or scattering those within, verified her prediction to the letter. Thus foiled in his last resource, and feeling the insufficiency of mere iron, the besieger tried the effect of gold, and succeeded, as he believed, in bribing the keeper to leave one of the gates open at a certain hour in the night. Elated with his apparent success, the earl repaired, at the hour concerted, with a chosen body of his followers, and finding the gates open, felt assured that all was now in his power. Copeland, one of his officers, either by accident, or in his eagerness to profit by the occasion, took precedence of his lord, and, passing first under the arch, was mistaken for his master, and suddenly caged by the fall of the portcullis. Agnes, who had been duly apprised of the treacherous attempt, and was now a spectator of the scene, addressing the earl, jeeringly, exclaimed—"So, so—Montagu—we had hoped to-night to have received the noble Salisbury as our guest, and consulted him on the best means of defending a Scottish fortress against an English army; but, as my lord declines our invitation, we will e'en take counsel of ourselves. Good night, Montagu! with truth within, we fear no treason from without."

Mortified at this defeat, the siege was now converted into a blockade. Closely environed by sea and land, all supplies cut off, and with no chance that the castle could hold out beyond a certain day, a surrender was confidently anticipated. The greater the confidence, however, the greater the disappointment—and where the dream of conquest was premature, the reality of defeat fell doubly heavy. Alexander Ramsay, fully apprised of the extremity to which the heroic countess and her devoted garrison were reduced, solemnly pledged himself to her cause, and, embarking at midnight, with forty men of determined courage, skilfully eluded the English vigilance, and, rowing immediately under the castle ramparts where they communicated with the water, were joyfully received by the countess and her intrepid band. This succour was most opportune, and converted the dread of famine into the shouts of triumph; for Ramsay, thinking his mission but half fulfilled so long as the enemy lay in front, took instant measures for its completion, and sallying forth, at the head of his comrades, slew and disarmed their advanced guard, and returned to lay the spoils at the countess's feet. Discouraged by nineteen weeks of wasted strength and defeated stratagem; and confounded by this last, and most unlooked for,



exploit on the part of the besieged, Salisbury was compelled to abandon his operations, retire to the frontier, and leave the heroic Agnes the honours of a triumph.

After the assassination of Rizzio, in 1565, Queen Mary found a temporary asylum in this castle, where she was joined by her friends and adherents. Two years later, also, when, accompanied by Bothwell in her flight from Edinburgh, she was so hotly pursued by a party of horse under the command of Lord Hume, as narrowly to escape, she took sanctuary in the same fortress. When Bothwell's friends and dependents had mustered in her cause, she placed herself at their head; but only left Dunbar to witness their defeat on Carberry hill, where the queen of Scotland became the captive of Lochleven.

The same year it was taken and dismantled by the regent Murray, and its heavy ordnance transferred to the bastions of Edinburgh castle. From that time down to the present, its warlike importance has passed into oblivion; and the only sound which now disturbs its slumbering echoes is that of the ocean, as its thundering waves sweep through the rocky cavern, and sap those stately battlements under which so many armies have encamped, and which—now their occupation's gone, and hope of “honourable scars”—

“Are left for th' owls to roost in.”

Independently of its suburbs and historical associations, the town of Dunbar has little to interest the stranger. The panoramic view, however, which it commands from several points, is of great beauty, extent, and variety. To the east, the bold promontory of St. Abb's Head, overlooks the land and sea; to the south, the high grounds of Whittingham and Beil, and groups of undulating hills, are observed gradually swelling till they become incorporated with the pastoral range of Lammermoor; to the west, the isolated summit of Duppenderlaw, Earlston hills, and the more volcanic North Berwick-law, form striking points in the landscape, and on the north are succeeded by the broad expanse of the Frith of Forth, the richly variegated shores of Fife, the gigantic rock of the Bass, and the romantic Isle-of-May—

“Like nereid palace, buoyant on the brine.”

Notwithstanding its local exposure to the bleak and boisterous east winds which so frequently agitate this coast, the salubrity of the climate has sufficient vouchers in the robust form and ruddy complexion of the inhabitants—many of whom arrive in health and contentment to an almost patriarchal age.

The harbour of Dunbar — excavated at much labour and expense, and to which Cromwell made a contribution of three hundred pounds for the construction of the east pier—has undergone many alterations and improvements, though still of insufficient accommodation, and difficult access, on a coast of such stormy celebrity. But as the trade consists mostly of fishing craft, the dimensions of the harbour are a consideration of less moment. In every age, indeed, Dunbar seems to have derived its importance, not from commerce, but from the strength of its castle.

The two prominent objects in the town are a handsome new national church, and an old venerable seat belonging to the Lauderdale family. The ancient church was converted from its condition of parochial into that of a collegiate church so early as 1342, and was the first of that rank in Scotland. The sepulchral monument erected here to the memory of Sir George Home—afterwards earl of Dunbar and March—is, probably, the richest and most elaborate marble specimen of the kind in Scotland.

Two monastic establishments of Mathurines and Carmelites once flourished here, with goodly revenues, which at the reformation passed into secular hands, and left the brotherhood little, save their beads.

The immediate neighbourhood of Dunbar has witnessed, on various occasions, remote as well as modern, the struggle of conflicting armies—one inflamed with the lust of conquest, the other with the love of country—and both victorious or vanquished in turn. The first engagement which proved disastrous to native independence, was that between Edward I. and Baliol, in 1296; the second, after an interval of nearly four hundred years, was the victory gained by Cromwell over the Presbyterian army, under general Leslie, in 1650. The scene of this fatal rencontre extends between Spott and Dunbar; and, like other battle-fields, excites no common interest in minds imbued with a knowledge of the men and measures of that eventful period.

On his retreat from Edinburgh, and with the Scottish army pressing hard upon his rear, Cromwell reached the coast with difficulty, and encamped near the church of Dunbar. Here he caused a trench to be dug between that point and Doon Hill, where general Leslie, ready to seize the favourable moment for an easy victory, had taken up a strong position. Crippled in their resources, hemmed in by the sea, disheartened by retreat, and menaced by a powerful army in front, the English force became every instant more critically circumstanced. The Scotch, on the contrary, too confident to be cautious, too invincible in their own estimation to be vigilant, and listening rather to their clerical than to their military leaders, prepared to give the enemy a fatal advantage. Impatient of





T. Allen

J. B. Allen

TUNINGHAM HOUSE, HADDINGTON

(The Seat of the Earl of Haddington)



delay—though delay itself would have insured the surrender of Cromwell, by completely cutting off his supplies—they descended the hill in the easy order of men who had nothing to fear, and by their want of discipline, rendered their superior force an encumbrance. This the experienced eye of Cromwell instantly detected, and continuing to watch their movements, he exclaimed in exulting phrase, “The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!”—a prediction which was too speedily verified in the slaughter, capture, or dispersion of the entire army.

The road through Linton, the modern Prestonkirk, crosses, and, for a considerable way, skirts the river Tyne, whose classic banks are diversified with much fine scenery, and embellished with stately mansions. In one of these, Hailes Castle, the earls of Bothwell and Morton are said to have conspired the death of the unhappy Darnley—a deed which was perpetrated two months thereafter, under such atrocious circumstances. The castle was demolished in later times by Cromwell, and at last came into the possession of lord Hailes, whose work, “The Annals of Scotland,” will transmit his name to the latest posterity.

Haddington, the county town, is a place of great antiquity, well built, and agreeably situated on the banks of the Tyne, which divides it into nearly equal parts; but which, on more than one occasion, has inundated and destroyed great part of the town and suburb of Nungate.

Of its architectural features, the most ancient and attractive is the Franciscan church, invested in former times with so much sacred splendour, as to justify its epithet of *Lucerna Laudoniæ*—the lamp of Lothian.

In 1244, a remarkable conflagration laid the town in ashes—remarkable, because, in the same night, the towns of Roxburgh, Stirling, Lanark, Perth, Forfar, Montrose, and Aberdeen, were visited by a similar calamity—a fact which involves much reasonable suspicion as to its cause. But at that period, when the domestic edifices were constructed principally of wood, and thatched with straw, or heath, calamities by fire were of frequent recurrence. In those days, the destruction of a town was only the work of an hour; a circumstance which was readily taken advantage of on any sudden invasion. Eleven years later, the town, monastery, and church of the Franciscans, were again burnt to the ground by Edward III., but against whom, as it was believed, the vengeance of heaven manifested itself in the wreck of his fleet, as it approached the Scottish shore, freighted with supplies for his army. But another and better cause is assigned, namely, that “Our Lady” of Whitekirk—having been plundered of her jewels by some sacrilegious stragglers from the ships, raised a storm sufficient to strand the royal navy—and no wonder, for where—

it may be asked—is the lady, maid, or matron, who would not storm at the loss of her jewels?

In 1548, while garrisoned by foreign troops under Sir James Willford, Haddington was beleagured by a numerous Scotch army, assisted by a strong reinforcement of French, under Dessè. In this camp, a parliament being suddenly convened for the occasion, consent was obtained for the young queen's marriage with the Dauphin, and authority for conducting her education at the French court. After numerous expedients, alternately employed, baffled, and repeated on both hands, and the execution of many daring exploits on the part of the French commander—in one of which the English governor, Willford, was taken prisoner—the siege terminated by the earl of Rutland marching with a powerful army upon Haddington in the night, and removing the garrison, guns, and ammunition, to Berwick, after having demolished the ramparts, within which the plague had already commenced its ravages.

A few years later, at the close of the sixteenth century, the town was again reduced to ashes—the effect, it is said, of negligence on the part of a maid-servant. In memory of this a crier perambulates the streets every night at eight o'clock, reminding the inhabitants of the catastrophe by sound of bell, and a warning in rhyme:—

“ Slake your hearth-lights, maids and dames !  
 Keep your lives, and fear the laws !  
 Twice the fierce and midnight flames,  
 Have wrapt our ancient borough wa's !  
 Twice the flood has stemmed her street,  
 And twice the fire !—but if again  
 That flood and fire their waes repeat,  
 The *third* shall leave ye stick nor stane !”

The principal inundation here alluded to, took place on Christmas-eve, 1358, when villages, houses, and bridges—as well as many individuals, and much cattle, were swept away. The suburb of Nungate was deluged, and greatly, if not entirely, demolished. The same destiny seemed to await the Abbey of Haddington; but a nun, says the chronicle, hastily seizing an image of the Virgin, threatened to plunge it into the flood unless her hand interposed to stay the invading torrent, and respect the sanctity of her own shrine and servants. The nun wrestled successfully—the flood, at some mystic sign, retired—and, like the lava-torrents from Vesuvius, so often stemmed at the sight of San-Gennaro's statue, shrunk insensibly into its ancient bed! In October, 1775, the Tyne again rose suddenly to the height of seventeen feet—the effect of a water-spout in Lammermoor—and damaged or destroyed every thing within its course,



W. H. WOOD

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THE GREAT BRITISH EMERALD

THE GREAT BRITISH EMERALD



but happily without loss of life, as the flood began early in the afternoon, and expended its fury before night.

Returning to the coast, the hill of North Berwick-law forms an imposing feature in the landscape. From its isolated position, and conical shape, it has very much the appearance, if not proof, of volcanic origin, and long served as a beacon-station in times of war. The country around is highly cultivated, populous, and productive; and bordering the sea—where the storm-defying Bass looks like an invincible out-post, planted amidst the waters for the protection of the coast—is at all seasons full of beauty and historical interest. The town, itself a royal borough although with only a village population, was a place of no small importance in ancient times; and in the present, keeps due pace with its neighbours in local improvement.

A short distance westward, and crowning a gentle eminence which commands one of the finest views in Lothian, are the remains of a Cistercian Nunnery, founded and liberally endowed by Duncan, Thane of Fife, in the early part of the twelfth century. In the opposite direction, the Castle of Tamtallan, renowned for its strength, remarkable for its position, and long considered, *par excellence*, as the “impregnable,” is highly deserving of a visit. Its ruins are calculated to make a strong impression upon every one conversant with the times and purposes when such structures were indispensable, and supplied—not only the means of security, but too frequently, also, the means of oppression. It is pleasing to contemplate such places, independently of their picturesque effect, gradually sinking into the earth, like that despotism which they were raised to support. It evinces that happy change in the social system, when good faith is no longer measured by the strength of the fortress; and when the vassal and his lord are alike the subjects of the law, and are punished or protected—not with forbearance on one hand, and severity on the other, but with rigid regard to personal desert, and impartial justice. This is the triumph of humanizing principles, the glory of our own times, and proclaims the difference between an age of barbarism and an age of refinement. Few who have travelled much, but have remarked, that, in all countries where such fortresses are numerous, and scrupulously preserved, mankind either are, or deserve to be, slaves. The first step to freedom is to break the chains, and that line of dilapidated fortresses which still frown along the coast, are but so many broken chains which so often enslaved the people, and raised the standard of rebellion against the prince. What tales of treason, suffering, and oppression, have been concerted, inflicted, and endured, within such ramparts as these! It is pleasing, we repeat, to witness such monuments in decay.

The Bass, one of the boldest features on the coast, attractive from its singularity, and soaring in isolated grandeur above the surrounding waters, is a scene no less remarkable for its history than for its peculiar character as the "fragment of a former world." It is the point which more especially fixes the eye of every stranger; and in connexion with the *law*, already mentioned, and the other points which give such a castellated appearance to this romantic coast, forms a picture which, in colour and combination, is only to be found on the magnificent estuary of the Forth.

As the state prison, or Bastile, of former times, its rocky battlements have contained many prisoners of distinction. Here treason to the crown, and zeal for the Covenant, have expiated in solitary duration the charges severally advanced against them by proof or imputation. It is a St. Helena in miniature—combining with its peculiarities as a prison, some of the necessary qualifications as an island; and, with a well of excellent water, furnishes pasture for twenty or thirty sheep.

Here, in primitive times, St. Baldred is said to have fixed his hermitage, till those pious credentials, of which he was the bearer, were recognized; and his christian mission prospered on the coast. A more sublime station for the exercise of devotion, and spiritual communion with heaven, it were difficult to find. But here, too, extremes have met. St. Baldred's sanctuary has been profaned; not only by the voice of the captive, but by the boisterous mirth of buccaneers and marauders, who, in the wane of the national strength, made its caverns and rocks the receptacle of plunder. This desperate band, concealing, under the specious cover of loyalty, a system of piratical adventure, made the Bass their head-quarters, from which they could sally at any given moment, and safely deposit their lawless spoils when the adventure favoured. At last, however, the hour of retribution arrived: the galley that had gone forth, as usual, for plunder, found either its match in some heavier metal, or foundered at sea, for none of the crew returned. The outlaws, therefore, who were left in charge of the rock, seeing no chance of bettering their condition, and on the point of suffering from famine, struck their Jacobite flag, and, surrendering at discretion, were, probably, the very last who were disarmed in the Stuart cause.

The vast quantity of "solan" geese which inhabit the Bass, during the season of incubation, may be compared to a shower of snow. When they take wing from any sudden alarm, and again alight, they contrast well with the "blue above and the blue below," and cover the rock like a white sheet. Like the quails of Capreae, in the bay of Naples, they pay a considerable tribute to the

proprietor, and were, no doubt, welcome visitors, even in the time of St. Baldred, since the legitimate fare of the monastic *cuisine* were both at hand—fish in the net and eggs in the nest.

Owing to this circumstance, Dr. James Johnson has pointedly remarked, that with so many geese in her neighbourhood—*Tarpeiæ quondam custodia rupis*—the Scottish “Capitol” has little to apprehend from surprise.

The village of Preston-pans holds a conspicuous station in the catalogue of provincial celebrity. Here the “battle of Gladsmuir”—that prosperous beginning to a disastrous end, and the theme of many a song—was fought in 1745. The short-lived success which here crowned the ill-starred heir of the Stuarts, resembled one of those bright, cloudless, mornings which lure the inexperienced mariner out to sea—flatter him with a prosperous voyage, then change to a hurricane, scatter his convoy, and leave him on rocks and quicksands.

This was the first important action which introduced the campaign. The moment that Prince Charles’s arrival at Lochhabar was confirmed, Sir John Cope, who held the chief command in Scotland, received instructions from government to concentrate his entire force; and, by acting with vigour and decision, to crush the rebellion while it was yet in embryo. His failure in the accomplishment of this mandate allowed the Prince and his daily increasing adherents to direct their march upon the capital, where the royal adventurer met with a friendly reception, and took up his quarters in the palace of his ancestors.

In the mean time the English army, having arrived by sea and advanced from Dunbar to Haddington, took up their position within sight of the Highland camp. The eve of the battle was spent by both armies in bivouac—nearly equal in number, but very differently armed and appointed, circumstances in which the force under Cope had greatly the advantage. At day-break the Highland columns were in motion, and pressing eagerly forward, challenged their antagonists to the combat. The right wing, with the duke of Perth at its head, comprised the regiments of Clanronald, Glenco, Keppoch, and Glen-gary; the left, commanded by Lord George Murray, consisted of the Camerons, Stuarts of Appin, Macgregors, and Drummonds. The celerity with which the Highlanders responded to the signal, and rushed to the charge, was highly characteristic of their native impetuosity—a feature which modern discipline and a disuse of the broadsword have, in no small degree, softened and restrained. Marching in rapid order up to the very mouths of the cannon, which now played upon them, they discharged their muskets, and threw *them* away as an incumbrance; then drawing their claymores, and falling upon the



enemy, with a tremendous shout, made such "lightsome room," that in ten minutes they were masters of the field.

Panic-struck at this novel system of warfare, which allowed neither room for manœuvring, nor time for reloading their muskets, but brought the English bayonet and the Highland broadsword into immediate contact, the soldiers of Cope were thrown into complete disorder; and, broken at all points, fell, fled, or surrendered, in every direction. To attribute the result of this brief conflict to the cowardice of one and the courage of the other, would be equally rash and unjust: for the troops which fled before the Highlanders at Prestonpans had conquered on the fields of Dettingen and Flanders, and were justly considered among the bravest and best-disciplined in Europe. Nevertheless, says the chevalier Johnstone, they threw down their arms, that they might run with more speed; thus depriving themselves of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself—terror had taken entire possession of their minds.

Of their unfortunate general, the most contradictory reports were set afloat, and much invention employed to rouse the spirit of the country against him. It was confidently reported that he had promised his army eight hours' pillage in the capital, as a prospective reward for their defeat of the Rebels. But this, like various other charges preferred against him, is supported by no credible testimony; and on an impartial review of the evidence afterwards produced in court, it cannot be disputed but that many of the king's officers—and particularly Cope himself—had done their duty. But skill and experience on the part of a commander are nothing, when met by a refractory spirit on the part of the commanded; and though many of the latter, as we have stated, were veterans, and well schooled in the wars of Marlborough, they but too well illustrated a saying of that great captain, that the courage of no man, however brave, is, on all occasions, a thing to warrant implicit reliance. Rymer, it appears, was the only officer present who had ever witnessed the system of Highland warfare, opposed to that of regular troops, and felt justly apprehensive of the result. The first charge realized his worst fears; and when the line was broken, and all order subverted, he scorned to retreat, and fell, like his friend Gardiner, "with his feet to the foe."

The fate of the latter, "the gallant and good," was sincerely lamented by both parties. He had taken leave of his family at Stirling only a few days previously—but with a fatal presentiment, it is said, of his approaching fall. Observing his wife more than usually affected at the moment of separation,

he inquired the reason; and on her assigning the natural cause, instead of offering her the consolation he had usually done on such occasions, he only replied, "We have an eternity to spend together." "Honest, pious, bold Gardiner," says General Wightman, in a letter to the lord president, "died in the field, and was stript, it is said, very near his own house. I believe he prayed for it, and got his desire; for his heart was broken by the behaviour of the dogs he commanded." Deserted by his own squadron, and suffering from two shot and sabre wounds—one in the shoulder, the other in the forehead—he still attempted to rally a party of infantry, but in vain; and was cut down from behind, by the stroke of a scythe—a weapon with which many of the Macgregors were armed.

As one of many anecdotes illustrative of the true Highland character, it is told, that when Macgregor of Glengyle, son to the famous Rob Roy, was advancing to the charge, he received five wounds—two of them from bullets, which, according to the phrase, had let in the light at both sides—and sank exhausted on the field. Raising himself on his hand, however, and sternly fixing his eye on his advancing clansmen—"Look ye, my lads," said he, "I am not dead! By — I shall see if a man of you does not do his duty."

In the midst of victory, Prince Charles maintained a spirit of exemplary moderation and humanity. He gave particular orders for the relief of the wounded who had opposed, as well as those who had served him, and did not quit the field till late in the day. He then proceeded to Pinkie House, where he slept, and next day returned to Holyrood Palace—"but there," says a French poet, "the pleasures of Edinburgh proved a second Capua."\*

When the six field-pieces which composed the English battery were stormed and carried by the Camerons under Lochiel, and the Stuarts of Appin under Ardshiel; *one* officer, with sword in hand, though deserted by those under his command, still remained, to guard, with unflinching intrepidity, the fatal post committed to his charge. A shew of resistance, under such circumstances, struck the Highlanders with admiration and surprise; but there

\* The passage may be new to most of our readers:—

"CORE d'abord chargé d'arrêter ses progrès  
En vain, à Preston-Pans, s'oppose à ses succès;  
Bientôt ce général contraint à la retraite  
Laisse aux fiers Montagnards la victoire complète!  
Mais, soit par imprudence, ou par fatalité,  
EDOUARD ne sut jouir de sa prospérité:  
Et, nouvel Annibal, de qui le sort se joue,  
Pour ce Prince, Edimbourg est une autre Capoue."—*Lénoir*.

was little time for parley. "Surrender!" they exclaimed, "in the name of thy lawful sovereign!" "Never!" replied the officer, with vehemence; and, suiting the action to the word, made a deadly lounge at the speaker, who caught the sword in his target. At the same instant, fired by this ungenerous return for proffered quarter, a Highlander was on the point of inflicting summary vengeance with his battle-axe, when, at length, the officer was prevailed on to surrender to Mr. Stuart of Invernahyle, who took him under his immediate protection, and finally obtained his liberty. This officer was Colonel Whiteford, of Ballochmyle, whose loyalty to the House of Hanover had placed him that day in conflict with his countrymen. The incident forms a delightful contrast to the barbarous policy pursued by the opposite party, whose frequent execution of such straggling officers of the Highland army as misfortune threw in their way, served only to foment those feelings of exasperation which a conduct more in unison with humanity would have greatly softened, if not disarmed. But the policy of the times encouraged extremes, and trusted, perhaps too much, to the terror inspired by a system amounting almost to extermination, as the best means of crushing the progress of rebellion.

It is pleasing to add, that after the final struggle, when the clans were routed on Culloden, and the generous deliverer of Whiteford was himself a prisoner—destined for the scaffold—the latter, after vainly suing every officer of state for the pardon of his friend, applied at last to the duke of Cumberland, on whose favourable consideration he had the claims of acknowledged merit and efficient service. The duke, however, was inexorable. "No, Whiteford," he replied, with his peculiar emphasis; "had you asked promotion, your plea might have been heard. Pardon a rebel with arms in his hand! The very request is an imputation against your loyalty." "He saved my life," calmly interrupted Whiteford, "and thereby restored me to the honour of serving my king. If, therefore, I have acted under your royal highness the part of a good soldier, let the life of my friend—compared with which all promotion is but as dust in the balance—requite my service, and be the monument of your royal highness's clemency." "Clemency!" hastily interrupted the duke; "ay, that is the word! It is my well-known clemency that has overwhelmed me with all these petitions!"—pointing to a table covered with writings. "In a word, the rebel in whose behalf you appear, must pay the forfeit,—Whiteford, the forfeit; he must die! my *clemency* must not interrupt the course of justice."

"Then," said Whiteford, taking a paper from his breast, and laying it on the table where the duke was seated, "permit me, Sir, to make this tender of my commission; and, with your royal highness's sanction to retire from a



service in which I have long gloried—in which I have gained some credit, but which now fills me with grief and disgust to find that it has ceased to temper severity with mercy, and denies me the life of a fallen enemy, to whose generosity I owe my own!”

“Nay, nay,” said the duke, struck at the soldier’s manner, and observing him for some seconds, as if he doubted his sincerity,—“take it up; take back your commission; no time for discharging veterans.” The colonel remained silent, and for some seconds made no attempt to resume either the subject or the commission, but, retiring a step or two, made a profound obeisance, and then said,—“If not for the husband and father, suffer me to implore your royal highness’s compassion on behalf of his wife and children,—they, at least, are guiltless!”

“Stuart, you say—Alexander Stuart?” inquired the duke; “few loyal subjects of that name! Nevertheless”—he hesitated—“nevertheless, I engage to intercede with the king in their behalf; take back your commission.” “But the house and property,” said Whiteford, cautiously advancing one step.—“The house and property, the wife and children,” said the duke, touched with the firm, but respectful, manner of his petitioner, “are *safe*.” The thanks that followed were few and brief—the words of the soldier smothered by the feelings of the man—and Whiteford rushed from the presence of the duke to pour out his heart in instant communication to his friend, for whom, if he had not obtained the promise of life, he had at least obtained protection for that which was still dearer—the sanctity of his hearth—where his wife and children might still find refuge from the hand of violence, and the pangs of hunger—calamities which were now, in fearful excess, visiting the sins of the husband upon the wife, and the guilt of the fathers upon their children.

While Stuart’s family and substance was respected, however, he was himself the object of keen pursuit; and only eluded the lynx-eyed troopers stationed on his property, by concealing himself, like Hume of Polworth, and many others, in a cave, where his food was brought to him by one of his children, a girl of eight years old. In this state of suspense, wounded in the late disastrous battle, and dejected in mind, he spent upwards of three weeks—and so near the sentinels, that the watchword was distinctly audible. On one occasion, his escape was effected as if by miracle; for the soldiers having removed their quarters, he had ventured to the house during the night, and was returning at day-break to his hiding-place, when he was seen and shot at by the patrol, but happily without effect. On this evidence, the family was charged with harbouring traitors, and threatened with the penalty attached to such offence;

when an old woman observed very opportunely, that "the man the king's gentlemen had spied that morning, was only the shepherd." "Shepherd!" rejoined the officer, "why then did he not answer when challenged by the sentinel?" "Waes me! poor man," said the woman, "he's as deaf as Ailsa-craig!" "Let him be summoned instantly," resumed the officer; "we will investigate the question." The shepherd was accordingly produced, and having received his cue by the way, personated the deaf man to the satisfaction of all present, and lulled suspicion.

We have only to add, that the laird of Invernahyle was soon after restored to liberty, pardoned under the act of indemnity, and died, as he had lived, one of the finest specimens of Highland chivalry that ever drew a claymore in the Stuart cause.—But returning from this digression, we proceed to notice a few of those localities celebrated as the birth-place or residence of men of genius. Among the latter,\* Athelstaneford is one of those rural pilgrimages which all who admire the poetic genius of Robert Blair and John Home—authors of "the Grave," and "Douglas," and successively ministers of the parish—consider as indispensable.

The manse in which these distinguished individuals spent their incumbency has given place to a new structure; but, in the garden, an apple tree is still pointed out as having shaded the parlour window where Blair—the gifted minstrel, and no less gifted minister—pursued his studies. Here, while his mind was stored with the inspired writings of the prophets, and his time occupied in dispensing the important duties of his office, he composed that deep, vigorous, and thrilling poem, which has placed his name among the first and most successful masters of the art. As a poem, the "Grave" is unique: there is a startling truth in the pictures which wakens reflection in the most thoughtless, excites the callous, and compels the most cursory observer to pause, meditate, and admire. The picture of the schoolboy, "tripping o'er the long flat stones," and drawn from the window of his study, which opened upon the church-yard, has been so often transferred to the pencil and burin, as to have become familiar to every one. But that of the "Widow" is given with no less force and tenderness of feeling.†

\* See Supplement, and Table of References, annexed to the present work.

† "The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,  
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:  
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,  
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek. . . .

Leading the retired life of a country minister, and preferring the conscientious discharge of his sacred and domestic functions to the allurements of fame, few particulars of his private history have survived. He was a serious, impressive, and animated preacher, and universally respected for a life and conversation in strict unison with those principles of which he was so zealous an advocate. He died of fever at the premature age of forty-six, and left a numerous family—one of whom, Robert, was late Lord President of the Court of Session, and died in 1811; a man whose clearness of intellect and uncompromising integrity were held in the highest estimation.\*

John Home, already mentioned as successor to Blair, in this parish, occupied his pulpit for ten years. But the fame of his drama having rendered him obnoxious as a minister, and excited strong party feelings against him, he chose the only alternative left, and resigned the living to avoid the too probable chance of ejection. Thus, what the tragedy of “Douglas” contributed to his fame, it detracted from his fortune; and while it brought him the friendship or acquaintance of some of the first spirits of the age, it alienated the affections of many who loved him as a minister, but shrank from him as a “writer for the stage;” for, by an act of the General Assembly, it was ordained, “that every presbytery should take special care that none of its members should, on any occasion whatever, be present at theatrical exhibitions.” Those times, and the necessity for such severe enactments, have passed away—more liberal sentiments prevail; and we smile at the austerity of our forefathers, who could think of deposing a clergyman, only because he had written a good tragedy! But we should smile with better reason, could we ascertain that the indulgence and patronage subsequently extended to dramatic exhibitions, had made the authors

Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man  
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory  
In barbarous succession musters up  
The past endearments of their softer hours,  
Tenacious of its theme! Still, still she thinks  
She sees him; and, indulging the fond thought,  
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
Nor heeds the passenger that looks that way.”

\* In adverting to the author of a poem which has been pronounced by competent judges as second to none since the days of Milton, it is a fact worth notice, that the manuscript, though offered to the London booksellers through the personal influence and recommendation of Dr. WATTS, was declined by all, and returned to the author, to become the subject of posthumous fame! This occurred in 1741—five years previous to his death.

Thus of the craft, how oft the tale is told—  
They grasp the tinsel, and reject the gold!



and spectators either more exemplary Christians, or more loyal and peaceable citizens. Those unenlightened views and prejudices of which we so freely complain in the church policy of our ancestors, were, probably, among the very safeguards of the national faith—around which it became necessary, from the scarcely yet consolidated spirit of the times, to plant jealous watchmen, lest the service of the altar should be infringed by the indulgence of secular studies. If there was any fault with which the guardians of church discipline could be charged, it was the result of zeal for the Church's integrity—a desire that her ministering servants should illustrate, in their own persons and labours, the character of their high vocation; and renouncing worldly fame, direct and concentrate all their energies in one sole object—the building up of that great moral temple for which the blood of so many ancestors had been spilt.—But to advance arguments for the extenuating of such a charge here, is a work of supererogation. What was then considered an act of great illiberality on the part of the Scottish clergy, is *now* practised in some of the most enlightened districts of Switzerland, where theatrical exhibitions are strictly prohibited, and where the finest dramatic fiction from the pen of a clergyman would still be received as objectionable evidence against him as a pastor, and excite doubts of his competency for the sacred office. He, who had once bound himself under a solemn obligation to dispense the word of truth, and yet stepped forward as a candidate—no matter how brilliantly—in the walks of fiction, would be reasonably suspected as either disaffected to, or morally unfit for a cause, whose duties, once shared with a rival, are neglected, and to which he who devotes not all, says an ancient Father, devotes nothing.\*

Out of the many distinguished names to which the district has given birth, we may give due precedence to that of JOHN KNOX. Destined to introduce a new era into the hierarchy of his country—to be the terror of princes—the scourge of the priesthood—the unshrinking advocate of truth—the fearless exposor of superstition—and the founder of a new church, on the very graves of her martyrs—his career as a reformer was the most extraordinary on record;

- \* The Church, a jealous mistress, bids thee pause,  
Nor lightly barter heaven's, for man's, applause;  
Religion brooks not that her servants choose,  
The sacred name, but court the secular muse:  
The holy priesthood, and the poet's art,  
Are dangerous rivals, and must reign apart.

It is a curious fact, nevertheless, as the reader may observe by reference to the Book of Discipline, that plays, in modern Europe, originated with the (Catholic) Church; and that even the General Assembly of Scotland had formerly admitted of theatrical exhibitions—provided the subjects were not scriptural.

and bearing the stamp of Divine authority, carried him through his Herculean task with all the honours of a triumph. By his preaching and declamation, he wielded the full strength of popular impulse; and by convincing the mind, maintained an entire ascendancy over the will. Feeling, in all its intensity, the truth and importance of the embassy in which he was engaged, his language was framed with that freedom, force, and even coarseness, which were little relished by courtly ears, but which silenced every antagonist, and consolidated the strength of his own party. That very zeal which at times carried him almost beyond the limits of discretion, was indispensable for the maturing and perfection of his plan. The multitude whom he addressed—long abused by the lukewarm harangues of the feeble or designing—accepted his very violence of speech and gesture, as the test of his sincerity. Every popular leader must, at times, adopt the language of popular prejudice; and Knox, who was as keen an observer of human nature as he was a conscientious advocate of its best interests, well knew how to excite, restrain, or modify the impulse of popular feeling, so as to make every discordant principle subservient to the great ends of the Reformation. With all the tact and higher qualifications of Luther he knew how to clothe his sentiments in the language of his audience; he had courage to attack vice in the highest places; and, wherever he made an impression, perseverance to complete the work. Whatever may be objected to him as a man, as a Reformer, he possessed every necessary endowment to fit him for the task. Pungent argument, bitter sarcasm, pointed raillery, and stern rebuke, were the sole arms by which he foiled his enemies, and strengthened the cause of reform. Where a point was to be gained, neither fear of his superiors, nor complaisance towards his friends, nor the threats of his enemies, nor the denunciations of the law, could force him to retract or extenuate one word of that evangelical doctrine which he was called on to promulgate. His moral courage was equal to every trial; and where the gentle Melancthon, or the erudite Erasmus, would have shrunk abashed, he resolutely maintained his ground, and obtained, by the mere force of perseverance, what could not be achieved by the force of eloquence. It is not to be denied, however, that excesses were committed with his apparent sanction; and that several monuments of national grandeur were defaced or even demolished during the reign of popular fury to which his preaching gave rise. But such were unavoidable; he had called up a spirit which he could not lay; and still smarting from the spiritual despotism by which they had been enthralled, and excited by the abuses which were daily brought to light, the people argued thus:—Let their temples remain, and they who served will again return. It is not sufficient that we have routed

the enemy, while their forts are left. Dismantle their strongholds, said they, and the fear of reaction is neutralized; but unless you do so, the priest will return to his idols, the soldier to his entrenchments, and that destruction at which we now hesitate, be visited upon our own heads. No, they concluded, to keep the wolf from the fold, we must unroof his lair.

Actuated by such reasoning, it is no wonder that so many of the monastic edifices of Scotland were delivered to the flames, or otherwise mutilated of their fairest proportions. The character of Knox, however, will be always interpreted according to the religious tenets of his biographer; but we have less to do with his personal character than with the great revolution which he accomplished. The mere question of what he *was*, is best answered by what he *did*—and what he did, who else could have done?\*

The poet Dunbar was also a native of this county—but of his family, birth, or education, nothing is known. The first character in which he is met with, is that of a travelling novitiate of the Franciscan order. His chief productions were, “The Thistle and the Rose”—a beautiful allegory, in honour of the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor—and “The Golden Terge.” Although a great favourite at court, he appears never to have reached preferment, but to have languished over his sole inheritance, the “lyre,” and died neglected about 1535.†

The prelate and historian, Burnet, born at Edinburgh, and afterwards so distinguished in the great leading events of his time, was several years rector of Salton, where he first engaged in the clerical functions. His principal work, the “History of the Reformation of the Church of England,” in addition to a high and well-established fame as a writer, procured him the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. His popularity, however, soon changed to suspicions which led to his temporary expatriation in Italy, Switzerland, and Holland;

\* He died at Edinburgh, in November, 1572; and, at his funeral, the earl of Morton, whom he had often censured with peculiar severity, pronounced this eulogium upon him as he was committed to the earth—“Here he lies who never feared the face of man.”

† In his piece called the “Flying,” Kennedy tells Dunbar,—

“Thy geir and substance is a widdy teuch  
On Saltoun Mount, about thy craig to rax;  
And yet Mount Saltoun’s gallows is ower fair  
For to be fleyt with sic a frontless face.”

Dunbar in the same piece says, in proof of his nativity—

“I haif on me a pair of *Lowthiane* hippes”



but from which he returned with the new sovereign, at the revolution—recovered his station in the Church—and died bishop of Salisbury in 1714.\*

Andrew Fletcher, of Salton, a pupil of Burnet, distinguished himself about the same period, by his strenuous opposition to the arbitrary and despotic government of Charles and James, and his ardour in the cause of liberty. He was the confidant of Lord Russell, a principal leader in Monmouth's expedition, and distinguished in the Scottish parliament as an able orator on the great question of the Union.†

Lord Milton, a nephew of this patriot, and latterly elevated to the high official dignity of Lord-justice-clerk, has thrown additional lustre on the same place of nativity. His exemplary moderation, dispassionate exposition of the law, and patient investigation of the cases brought before him, at a time of great public excitement, made him justly venerated as one of the best of men in the worst of times. Uninfluenced by party feeling—unbiassed by the prejudices of the day—and labouring to dispense equal justice to all, he drew those delicate discriminations between absolute crime and party accusations, which spared the misled, and acquitted the misrepresented, while they detected the real culprit, and exposed the sanguinary motives of those who would have degraded the tribunal of public justice by sanctioning acts of private revenge. With nearly the whole weight of Scottish affairs upon his mind, he seems never to have lost sight of humble individuals; and to have had the happy talent of reconciling the high functions of office with the claims of friendship, and the duties of a private citizen.

Of the many fine manorial mansions and villas with which the resident nobility and other opulent families of the county are identified, our notice must be brief, and necessarily imperfect. The subject would of itself form a volume; and the variegated lore with which history and superstition have invested them, must be left for materials more immediately on our route. Seton House,‡ the once princely residence of the earls of Winton, has been long superseded in

\* In 1711, he presented twenty thousand merks, Scotch, to the parish of Salton, for the education and clothing of thirty children, and payment of their apprentice fees—for the relief of the indigent—and to make an annual purchase of books for the minister's library.

† His character of the Highland clans is rather frankly, than fairly, pronounced. "They are all gentlemen," says he, "only because they will not work; and in every thing are more contemptible than the vilest slaves, except that they always carry arms, because for the most part they live upon robbery."—*Struthers' Hist.* vol. 1. p. 120.

‡ The state apartments were on the ground floor, very spacious, nearly forty feet high, superbly furnished, and covered with crimson velvet, laced with gold. When James VI. revisited his paternal dominions, in 1617, he spent his second night in Scotland, at Seton. Charles I. and his court also reposed here during a royal progress through Scotland.—*Chambers.*

the list of sumptuous edifices. After the attainder of the noble proprietor for the part he took in the rebellion of 1715, the rich furniture, and other costly materials, with which the mansion was profusely supplied, were sold by the agents of government, and the walls stripped of their magnificent collection of paintings, some of which, as already stated, are now part of the gallery of Dunse Castle.

Gosford House, a seat of the earl of Wemyss, is a commanding object in the distance—particularly from the sea, which gives fine relief to the white marble-looking *façade*—and is in every respect a structure of elegant proportions, and great architectural solidity. Its internal decoration and arrangement correspond with its imposing exterior, and afford a striking specimen of the country residence of a Scottish nobleman.\*

Lethington, the seat of Lord Blantyre, is a *mélange* of ancient and modern architecture. Of the former, its time-enduring tower presents a rare specimen of the domestic fortress, at a period when family security depended less on the good faith of treaties, than on the strength of its walls, and number of retainers. It was long the fortified residence of the Giffords, from whom it passed, by purchase, to the Maitlands, about the end of the fourteenth century, and continued to be their principal seat, till John, duke of Lauderdale, selected for his residence the more princely domain of Thirlestane Castle.

The park, for which this mansion claims precedency over so many of its neighbours, is said to have been enclosed by the proprietor, in answer to a question put to him by the unfortunate successor of Charles II., namely—"Whether the report were true that the poverty of Scotland denied the luxury of a deer-park?" The royal duke, then projecting a visit to Scotland, was invited to judge for himself; while Lauderdale, piqued for the honour of his country, hastened home, and had upwards of three hundred acres enclosed by a wall,

\* Important alterations, however, either in contemplation, or in progress, have been rendered necessary by the discovery of dry-rot, a disease which has made alarming progress in some of the finest buildings in the kingdom.—The dry-rot in houses is a parasite of fir, called *voletos lachrymans*; the fungus appears to grow on the timber, and extract its cohesive property. The same disease in ships is a large leather-like fungus, with the characteristic name of *Xylostroma giganteum*.

Taken alphabetically, the principal residences, with the exception of those under notice, are Amisfield, seat of the earl of Wemyss; Archerfield, that of the Nesbit family; Anderston, remarkable as a place of remote antiquity; Ballincrieff, the seat of Lord Elbank; North-Berwick House, that of Sir H. D. Dalrymple, Bart.; Broxmouth, belonging to the duke of Roxburghe; Congleton, Grant; Dirleton, Nesbit; Fountain Hall, Dick; Gilmerton, Kinloch; Newheath, Baird; Ormiston Hall, earl of Hopeton; Pencaitland, Hamilton; Salton Hall, Fletcher; Spott, Hay; Tynningham, earl of Haddington; Wemyss House, a third seat of the earl of Wemyss; Whittingham, Hay, of Drumelzier; Yester House, marquis of Tweeddale with various recent structures of beauty and elegance.

twelve feet high. Thus, a triumphant reply was furnished to the royal querist, the park stocked with deer, and the serious calumny refuted!

The place, however, derives few pleasing associations from the mere circumstance of its having been the *berceau* of Duke John; but is interesting as the residence of his ancestor, the "blind baron," Sir Richard Maitland, to whom posterity has assigned a niche in the temple of genius. He was born in 1496, and finished his studies in France. On his return home, he was received into much favour by James V., and served the queen in some office of trust, as appears from a poem addressed to the unfortunate MARY, on her landing in Scotland—a poem in which he also expresses his own private calamity—the loss of sight.

"Madame, I was true servant to thy mother,  
And in her favour stud ay thankfullie,  
And thoch that I to serve be nocht so abill  
As I was wont, *because I may not see . . .*"  
Yet "that I heir thy people with hie voice  
And joyful hairtis, cry continuallie—  
Viva! MARIE, trè nobil Reyne d'Ecos!"

Sir Richard married a daughter of Thomas Cranston, of Corsly; and from the distich composed by their son, the chancellor, it appears that she expired on the same day with her husband.\* His writings are all on the side of virtue; and he reprobates, with just severity, the practice of those who make the divine language of the muses a vehicle for slander and detraction.†

The well-known Maitland Collection, consisting of two vols.—one begun by Sir Richard in 1555, and continued up to his death, in 1586, and another in the hand-writing of Mary, his third daughter—is that by which he has rendered especial service to posterity. It contains authentic transcripts from many preceding and contemporary poets, whose names, snatched from oblivion, are thus restored to their proper rank in the lists of native genius. These,

\* "Unus hymen, mens una: duos mors una diesque  
Junxit: ut una caro, dies cinis unus erit."

† His rule is—

"Put not in writ what God or man may grieve;  
All virtues love; and all vices reprove, (reprove);  
To steal ane manis fam is greater sin  
Nor ony gear that is the world within."

The last couplet is remarkable, as expressing the same sentiment as Shakspeare's "Who steals my purse," &c. It is by no means probable, however that the bard of Avon had access to these productions of the Scottish muse.



and other MSS., were presented by the duke of Lauderdale to Samuel Pepys, Esq., founder of the Library in Magdalen College, Cambridge, bearing his name, and now form part of its rare and valuable contents. It is proper to state as a fact that may account for the flatness, or, at least, absence of fervour, which prevails in Sir Richard's poetry, that he only devoted himself to the muses in his sixtieth year—an age at which, in general, the warmth of imagination subsides into matter of fact, and when men are better fitted for legislators and philosophers, than for poets. The charge preferred against him by Knox, as the principal abettor in the escape of Cardinal Beaton, has never been substantiated; and the mere suspicion is sufficiently answered by the testimony of Sir Ralph Sadler, who throws the responsibility of that unfortunate act to the secret orders communicated to Lord Seaton by the Regent.

Yester Castle, the ancient fortress of the Giffords, now represented by the marquis of Tweedale, is remarkable for a capacious cavern, which long enjoyed the reputation of being the work of *magic*, and known in the country by the appropriate name of Hobgoblin-hall. A stair of twenty-four steps leads down to this spacious apartment, the roof of which is strongly arched; and from the floor, a second flight of thirty-six steps communicates with a dungeon, from which an outlet is again effected to the Hope-water—a stream which partly surrounds the castle. This fortress has attributed to it the credit of having been the *last* that surrendered to the Protector Somerset, during the operations which followed the battle of Pinkie.

About half way between Haddington and Gifford stands the old mansion-house of Colstoun, long the seat of the Broūns, a family of French extraction, and located at Colstoun from an early period of the eleventh century. Its founder is supposed to have been one of the leaders of those auxiliary troops who came over from France in 1073, to assist Malcolm Canmore against William the Conqueror. Upon the death of Sir George Broūn,\* the second baronet,

\* Sir Patrick Broūn was raised to the baronetage by James II. for "zeal in promoting his service, manifested on all occasions; as also on account of the firm fidelity of the ancient family from whom he was sprung, and whom he represented." Walterus le Brun was one of the barons who witnessed an instrument of inquisition respecting the possessions of the See of Glasgow, made by David, prince of Cumberland, prior to the year 1116. From this document, one of the oldest now extant, it appears that Glasgow was the seat of the bishop of Cumberland, the see of which comprised at that time a great portion of the south of Scotland, and gave title to the royal heir apparent. The family has produced various men eminent for their abilities, among whom may be mentioned Dr. John Broūn, author of "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," 1756. William Broūn, Director of the Court of Chancery, Lord Colstoun, &c. For these particulars, which our limits do not permit us to enlarge, we are indebted to a genealogical manuscript, by Richard Broūn, Esq. (eldest son of the present baronet,) a gentleman well known for several excellent papers on subjects of political economy.—For the tradition of the

who married a daughter of the earl of Cromarty, and died without male issue, the family split between the heirs-male and the heirs of line; of whom the former are represented by the present Sir James Broūn, Bart., and the latter by the countess of Dalhousie. The tradition of the "Colstoun Pear" is no doubt familiar to most of our readers.

It was enchanted, says the legend, by the celebrated necromancer, Hugo de Gifford, baron of Yester, in 1250, and came into the Colstoun family as part of the dowry presented by Lord Yester, on the marriage of his daughter with George Broūn, the laird of Colstoun. Her successor, however, the lady of the second baronet, and daughter of the earl of Cromarty, dreamed on the very first night she slept at Colstoun, that she had eaten the "enchanted Pear!" This was considered a bad omen: but ladies will have their dreams, as some people will have their jokes, without respect or reference to consequences, which, in the present instance, were fatal to the heirs male, and left a wide *hiatus* in the succession, till restored in the person of the present baronet, Sir James Broūn. The pear is kept in a fortified part of Colstoun-house, and locked up in a gold box, which the town of Haddington presented for that important custody; and so long, continues the legend, as the pear is thus preserved, prosperity will follow the name, and neutralize at last the temporary mischief occasioned by a "lady's dream!"

Among the first objects of attraction on the Midlothian frontier are Pinkie and Carberry-hill, both celebrated in the military annals of the country as the scene of two battles fought there during the life of the unfortunate Queen Mary. The causes which immediately led to the first are briefly these:—The alliance which had been proposed by Henry VIII., but foiled by the intervention of Cardinal Beaton, and followed by the battle of the Borough Muir, was succeeded, on the death of this monarch, by renewed proposals of alliance between his son, Edward VI., and Mary of Scotland. To intimidate the Scotch into compliance, the duke of Somerset entered the country at the head of a powerful army. In addition to the land force, amounting to 18,000 men, the invasion was supported by a fleet of thirty ships of war, and the same number of transports; while the hostile aggression was excused by reference to certain plundering incursions on the Borders, in which many Scotch leaders were implicated, and the old pretension of English supremacy revived. It was urged that nature obviously intended the whole island for one empire, by

"Pear," as well as for other particulars connected with several remarkable sites in this county, the reader is again referred to Mr. Chambers' "Picture of Scotland"—the "Statistical Account"—"Border History"—"Caledonia," &c.—and the local authorities

cutting it off from all communication with foreign states; that the language and customs of the people concurred with nature in this intention; that, under one royal head, hostilities would give place to amity; and that both nations, when once released from the necessity of maintaining a warlike posture towards each other, would vie only in the arts of peace, and in the ambition of forming one great, united empire. These plausible reasons for merging the crown and independence of Scotland with those of a powerful rival, were listened to with distrust; and the reluctance of the people, supported by the prejudices of the queen dowager, Mary of Guise, put an end to the negotiations, and left the question as before, to be answered by the sword. Well remembering their sufferings and defeat during the late disastrous invasion in the same cause, the Scotch were doubly anxious to retrieve their warlike reputation, and to retaliate upon the aggressors. With this view, they took up so strong a position on the field of Pinkie, that the English general was induced to offer conditions which would have spared much effusion of blood and mortification of feeling to the Scotch leaders, had their prudence equalled their valour. But misconstruing the terms upon which Somerset offered to withdraw into a sense which flattered their own military prepossessions, and lessened their opinion of him as a general, the Scotch resolved to give battle, and resolutely pressed forward to the attack. The troops, however, were no sooner in motion, than the English gun-boats, anchored in the bay, opened a destructive fire upon them as they crossed the bridge of Musselburgh. This, though attended with serious loss and some disorder, produced exasperation rather than dismay; and the Scottish columns, headed by their nobles, were speedily in front of the enemy. Here they were opposed by the heavy cavalry, under the command of Lord Grey, who, having charged without orders, were speedily rendered useless by meeting with swampy ground, and the formidable hedge of spears bristling in front, upon which no cavalry could make any impression. Grey himself was dangerously wounded, and the cavalry being broken and discomfited, the day appeared to favour the Scotch arms. But Somerset, rallying the squadron as they fell back, and supporting the renewed attack by a powerful artillery, the companies of arquebusiers, and a galling and continued shower of arrows, the Scotch, who had no cavalry, began to lose ground, faltered, and at length fled in total confusion towards the capital. The retreat was one of the most disastrous on record: the dragoons, who had been the first to fly, were now the swiftest to pursue, and put to the sword all who fell in their way. The priests, who were accused of being the principal instigators of the resistance made to all overtures on the part of the English government, were indiscrimi-



nately slaughtered. The loss, according to the historians of the time, is stated at ten thousand killed, and one thousand five hundred prisoners, on the part of Scotland; and this at an expense of less than two hundred on that of England.\* The field is often visited by strangers, who take an interest—and who does not?—in contemplating a scene with which are incorporated so much noble blood, and so much heroic dust. But to such as are less moved by such associations, the beauty of the surrounding scenery will afford ample indemnification for the time spent in walking over the ground.

The last conflict with which this district is so closely identified, and that which awakens a keener sympathy than its predecessor, is the affair of Carberry. By this the Scottish realm was annexed to that of England, and the fairest and most unfortunate sovereign that ever wore its crown, transferred from a throne to a prison—from a prison to a scaffold—and thence to an immortality in which the evil she had done must ever be viewed as greatly disproportionate to the wrongs she endured.

“ A crown and rebel crowds beneath her ;  
A lofty fate—a lowly fall !  
She was a woman—and let all  
Her faults be buried with her !”

The spot where she sat to view the battle as a queen—but retired as a captive—is now a wooded height, and the general face of the country changed by many recent embellishments; but enough of its primitive features still remains to give the stranger a correct and vivid idea of the relative position of the rival armies. On the eminence, which is now dignified with the epithet of Mary’s Mount, she held a conference with Kirkaldy of Grange, who had been commissioned for that purpose by the confederate lords; and in the interval thus occupied, Bothwell found means to effect his escape from the field. Assured of *his* safety, for whom she had sacrificed her own, Mary suffered herself to be conducted into the presence of Morton, and the confederate nobles, by whom she was received with marked respect and loyalty. But the sceptre had virtually dropt from her hand; and she could now only expect from courtesy, what she could once command. She soon felt that the guardians of her person were no longer men to be won by promises—intimidated by threats—softened by the

\* It is not a little remarkable, that, on a field so nearly contiguous as that of Preston, and *after* an interval of almost two centuries, victory should have declared itself as decisively in favour of the Highland chiefs, as, in the present instance, it was against them; and that, in both instances, it should have been the result of panic.

sweetness of her voice—the suavity of her manners—or the still more powerful eloquence of her beauty; and in this conviction, perhaps, she felt a bitter foretaste of the trials that awaited her, and to which her own obstinacy, and a too credulous reliance on evil counsel, had paved the way.

The preceding locality, and its scenery, have been so correctly embodied in an anonymous poem, entitled “*Mary’s Mount*,” that we feel pleasure in quoting the following lines, as a graphic illustration of the subject.

“ Who, standing on this rural spot,  
With groves above, and gardens round,  
Would e’er indulge the chilling thought  
That blood had drenched the hostile ground—  
Or trumpet’s clang, and steed’s career,  
And War’s wild tumult revelled here?  
Or think this leafy screen enfolded  
A Being of as tragic fate—  
As lovely and unfortunate  
As nature ever moulded?  
Traced like a map the landscape lies,  
In cultured beauty stretching wide;  
There, PENTLAND’s green acclivities;  
Here, Ocean, with its azure tide:  
There, ARTHUR’S-SEAT; and gleaming thro’  
Its southern wing, DUNEDIN blue!  
While, in the orient, LAMMER’s daughters,  
A distant giant range, are seen;  
NORTH BERWICK-LAW, with cone of green,  
And BASS amid the waters!  
Wrapt in the mantle of her woe  
Here agonized MARY stood,  
And saw contending hosts below  
Press forward to the deadly feud.  
With hilt to hilt, and hand to hand,  
The children of one mother-land,  
For battle met! The banners flaunted  
Amid Carberry’s beechen grove;  
And kinsmen braving kinsmen, strove,

Undaunting, and undaunted!  
Silent the QUEEN in sorrow stood,  
When Bothwell, starting forward, said—  
‘ The cause is *mine*!—a nation’s blood,  
(Go, tell yon chiefs,) should not be shed!  
Go—bid the bravest heart advance  
In single fight to measure lance  
With me—who wait prepared to meet him!’ . . .  
‘ Fly, Bothwell, fly! It shall not be!’  
She wept—she sobbed—on bended knee  
Fair Mary did entreat him!—  
. . . ‘ I go,’ he sighed, ‘ the war is mine—  
A Nero could not injure thee:  
*My* lot is sealed on earth—but *thine*  
Shall long, and bright, and happy be!  
This last farewell—this struggle o’er—  
We ne’er shall see each other more! . . .  
Now, loose thy hold . . . thou broken-hearted!’  
She faints—she falls.—Upon his roan  
The bridle reins in haste are thrown.  
The pilgrim hath departed!  
Know ye the tenour of his fate?  
A fugitive among his own  
Disguised—deserted—desolate—  
A weed upon the torrent thrown—  
A Cain among the sons of men—  
A pirate on the ocean—then  
A Scandinavian captive, fettered  
To die amid the dungeon gloom!\*

The parish of Inveresk, in the immediate neighbourhood of Musselburgh, abounds in picturesque scenery; and by the intermingling charms of wood and water, the magnificent view which it commands of the estuary of the Forth, and the cultivated shores of Fife, never fails to attract numerous visitors from the capital, and the adjacent counties. The “*hill*,” which here forms the general point of rendezvous, exhibits numerous traces of having been chosen by the

\* See “*Literary Coronal*.”

Romans as a prætorian station. The air is considered of a quality so salubrious, as to have acquired for it the distinctive appellation of the Lothian Montpellier.\*

A chapel of great antiquity, dedicated to Our Lady of Loretto, but now replaced by a less hallowed edifice, appears to have been much resorted to in former times by pilgrims as a shrine of uncommon sanctity, and where absolution was to be purchased on more advantageous terms than any where else on the coast. But the Reformation, which spared neither the shrine, nor respected the numerous vouchers in favour of its holy confessors, denounced it as a pernicious haunt of superstition, and converted its materials to the more useful accommodation of a prison! For this rash act, the good people of Musselburgh are said to have been for some time afterwards annually excommunicated by the court of Rome; but which, on the contrary, ought to have commended an act which transformed the chapel into a place of real, instead of imaginary, penance; and which, if less attractive to the pilgrim, imposed, at least, a salutary restraint upon the licentious. If several chapels, now so much frequented by the idle and superstitious of other countries, were to undergo a similar transformation, the true interests of society would be promoted, and the broad catalogue of ignorance and fanaticism happily abridged.—But this is a subject with which it is not our province to interfere.

The principal antiquities discovered in this vicinity, are various coins, an altar with the inscription "*Apollini Granio*," and a bath of Roman construction. A causeway, also, leading in the direction of Borthwick, but now obliterated by the plough, gives further testimony to the place as having been a favourite port and station long occupied and embellished by the Romans.

Of the numerous mansions and villas with which the banks of the Esk are so strikingly ornamented, as well as of the beautiful scenery which they command, and the local and historical interest with which they are all, more or less, connected, our account must necessarily be brief. On some of these, however, time, history, and tradition, have thrown so many peculiar attractions, that we turn at once to the classic localities of Roslyn and Hawthornden, as to the more striking features of a landscape over which the genius of poetry and romance has shed hereditary charms. Roslyn Castle—the subject of the fine national melody of that name, crowns a small peninsula over the Esk, and presents, in its isolated and precipitous site—greatly enhanced by the romantic scenery of which it forms the centre—one of the most beautiful and

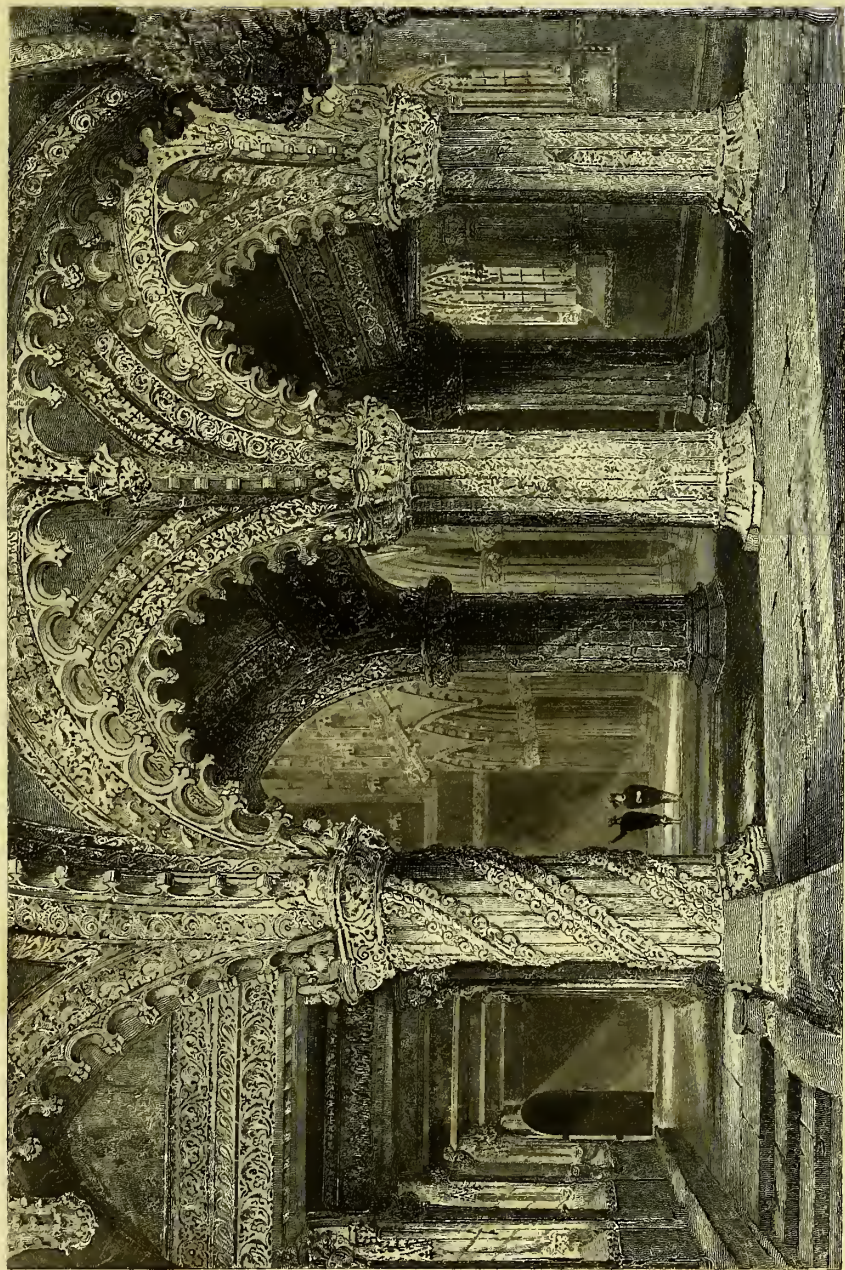
\* Notwithstanding this long-established opinion, however, the cholera occasioned a deplorable mortality in these parts within the last two years; but this, it is to be observed, prevailed only in the lower divisions.



picturesque ruins in Scotland. It is supposed to have been built early in the twelfth century; but neither the name of its founder, nor the immediate purpose of its erection, have survived the long and prolific interval which separates its first and last proprietors. In the reign of James the Second it is mentioned, for the first time in history, as the fortress where Sir William Hamilton was imprisoned for the part he had taken in the Douglas conspiracy against that monarch. It was long the family seat of the St. Clairs, earls of Caithness and Orkney, who shone so conspicuous in the history of the country, and on whom the Sovereign conferred the honorary distinction of patrons and grand masters of masonry in Scotland. During the invasion of 1554, it shared the fate of Craigmillar, and several others, which the troops of Henry VIII. burnt in their march towards the capital. Since that period, it has continued a graceful and "haunted ruin," to which every succeeding year, while it saps its strength, adds more romantic beauty, and renders it a still fitter subject for the painter, and every lover of the picturesque.

Weeds fringe its ramparts : o'er the crumbling walls  
In gay festoon the clustering wild flower falls :  
The creviced arch conceals the falcon's nest—  
The bristling thorn waves o'er its stately crest :  
The owl at midnight, and the merle at morn—  
The chiding stream—the hunter's early horn—  
Are all that stir those slumbering echoes, where  
Strength sat in state, and Beauty flourished fair!

On the rising ground to the north of the castle, is the beautiful Gothic chapel, so long the subject of general admiration, and particularly so to those who are best qualified to pronounce upon its merits as a precious relic of ecclesiastical architecture. The period of its erection is stated at 1446; an age at which the arts were cultivated with such success as to rival some of the finest models of Greece and Rome; and when several of these venerable monuments, of which England and the nations of the continent are now so justly proud, were receiving the last finishing strokes from the great masters of the day. The dimensions of this chapel are sixty-nine feet in length, by thirty-four feet in breadth, and forty feet in height; with an arched roof, supported by two rows of pillars, elaborately carved. Among the sepulchral monuments which attract the attention of strangers, are those of George, earl of Caithness, and another carved in stone, supposed to be designed for Alexander, earl of Sutherland, grandson of king Robert Bruce. The design for this chapel, according to tradition, was from the hand of a Roman architect; and to ensure its being



INTERIOR OF ROSHAN CUMB.  
(Mid Lodging.)



properly executed, the noble founder is said to have caused barracks to be erected for the use of the workmen, and to have allotted to each, according to his abilities, a portion of land, with an annual salary of ten pounds in money, and forty to the master mason. By these acts of liberality, the services of the most skilful workmen were secured, and the building carried on under the best auspices. Before its completion, however, the founder died, leaving his eldest son to finish the pious undertaking—a task which he faithfully accomplished about the close of the century.

During the progress of the building, it is said, some doubts having arisen in the master's mind as to the execution of certain parts of the design, he found it necessary to proceed to Rome for advice. His apprentice, in the mean time, who had been left in charge of the work, carried it on with so much success as to overcome the very difficulties which had staggered his master; and a fine fluted column, richly ornamented with wreaths of flowers and foliage—all delicately carved and in prominent relief—is still shown as the pillar on which the genius of the apprentice was too fatally developed; for, on his return from Rome, continues the legend, the jealousy of the architect was kindled to such a degree at the sight of this masterpiece, that with a blow of his hammer he slew the apprentice—but left the pillar as his monument.

The “Apprentice's Pillar,” thus described, is a specimen of singular ingenuity in the art of sculpture. On the base it has several dragons, in the strongest, or first kind of *basso relievo*, as the fingers may be easily inserted between their coils and the stone. These dragons are chained by the heads, and intricately twisted into one another; while four wreaths of the most curious sculpture of flower-work and foliage—each different from the other, and so exquisitely fine as to resemble Brussels lace—wave round the column in a spiral form from base to capital. The ornaments of the capital represent the story of Abraham offering up Isaac; a man blowing on a Highland bag-pipe; and on the architrave, joining it to the smaller one on the south wall, is the following inscription, in Gothic characters:—FORTE EST VINUM: FORTIOR EST REX. FORTIORES SUNT MULIERES: SUPER OMNIA VINCET VERITAS.

At the front of the third and fourth pillars is the entrance to the family vault of the St. Clairs, where ten barons of Roslyn now repose. “These barons,”\* says Mr. Hay, in his MS. in the Advocates' Library, “were all buried in their armour without any coffin,”—a practice still observed in some parts of Germany.

\* For the legend connected with one of these, the reader is referred to the popular account; and for the architectural notice, to Mr. Britton's able work on the subject.—*Architect. Antiq. of Great Britain*, III. 49.



“ No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.”

The founder of this chapel, according to the authority already quoted, lived in great state at his castle of Roslyn: he kept a good court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver. The Lords Dirleton, Borthwick, and Fleming, were officers of his household, and in their absence served by deputies. The halls of the castle were hung with richly embroidered silk, and every other apartment furnished in a corresponding style of costly magnificence. His consort, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, fifty-three of whom were daughters of noblemen, “ all clothed in velvets and silks.” In all her journeys she was attended by two hundred gentlemen on horseback; and if it happened to be dark when she entered Edinburgh, eighty lighted torches were carried before her, to “ her lodgings, at the foot of Black Friars’ Wynd.” This nobleman flourished in the reigns of James the First and Second; and in addition to his other titles, enjoyed that of duke of Oldenburg, with a princely revenue and territory.

The vicinity of Roslyn is famous as the scene of three engagements, of which the annexed may serve as a brief outline. Ralph Confrey, treasurer to Edward I., having, in violation of the existing truce, entered Scotland at the head of thirty thousand men, divided them into three distinct bodies, and took up the same number of positions in the neighbourhood of Roslyn. Informed of this sudden and unexpected invasion, the Scottish generals, Fraser and Cuming, assembled with what haste they could a body of troops, amounting, at the highest estimate, to ten thousand men, with whom they encountered and routed the first division of the enemy, near Biggar. In the midst of their victory, however, and while dividing the spoil, the Scotch were again summoned to arms; and after a severe conflict with the second division, were a second time victorious. But they had scarcely time to congratulate themselves, when a third army bore down upon them, as if to annihilate their wasted strength and diminished numbers. But the previous fate of the day had acted in the two-fold capacity of discouraging the invaders, in the same proportion as it animated the Scotch; and the latter, flushed with the hope of a final victory, and forgetting their fatigue, opposed once more the fresh battalion of the enemy; and after an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, remained masters of the field.\*

\* A circumstance so extraordinary is only to be accounted for by viewing it as the result of bad generalship on the part of the English leader, who committed the unpardonable error of dividing his forces in





The scenery between Roslyn and Hawthornden is proverbially celebrated as one of the most picturesque and romantic localities in Britain, and in many points may vie with the softest features in Swiss landscape. The river, overhung by richly wooded acclivities, and murmuring over its rocky and winding channel, occupies nearly the entire space between the opposing cliffs; while, at intervals, through the deep and variegated foliage, isolated rocks present their fantastic forms—here, resembling the wreck of some feudal ruin, and there, covered with moss, and flowers, and lichen, and pouring from their grey crevices a silvery tribute into the stream beneath. The path, which serpentine under the cliff, and along the very brink of the river, is one of the most delicious summer walks that the imagination can paint; while all the charms with which nature has so profusely invested the *pass*, acquire additional beauty and lustre from their immediate association with the classic solitudes of Hawthornden.

On the precipice which overhangs the southern bank of the river, the house of Hawthornden—embowered in trees, and undermined by caves, salutes the stranger on his approach, and awakens many pleasing recollections of the poet Drummond, and the traditions of Pictish kings.\* It was in this beautiful retreat that Drummond received with kindred spirit the celebrated visit from Ben Jonson, who had walked from London on foot in order to pass a few weeks with the Scottish poet, in his Scottish Tybur.†

On one of the streams which run into the South Esk, are the extensive ruins of Borthwick Castle, the ancient residence of a powerful family, whose ancestor is said to have accompanied Queen Margaret from Hungary to Scotland, in

the country of an enemy whom he had not yet vanquished in the field. The whole of that day's fighting, says the historian, was evidently a series of blunders on the part of the invaders; because, after the first division had given way, the two remaining divisions ought obviously to have united their strength before they encountered an enemy already elated with victory, and consequently possessing more than usual intrepidity and discipline.

\* There are various conjectures as to the origin of these artificial caverns. Dr. Stukely was of opinion that they were used as one of the strongholds of the Pictish kings; and, accordingly, one cave is called the king's gallery, another the king's bedchamber, and a third the guard-room. The most probable opinion, however, is, that they were intended to serve as places of refuge during the destructive wars that so long subsisted between the Scots and Picts, or English and Scots. Detached from the principal caves is a small one, called the Cypress Grove, where Drummond is said to have composed many of his poems. It was in these caverns that the famous Sir Alexander Ramsay, who performed so many memorable exploits during the contest between Bruce and Baliol, used to elude the pursuit of his enemies; and where he was attended by the young and patriotic warriors of his day, among whom it was an object of high ambition to belong to his band. On the summit of the precipice adjoining these caves, a seat is invitingly placed so as to command an enchanting view of the river and its banks.—Vide *Statist. Account*.

† The reader will find some highly interesting particulars in a late edition of the *Poems of Drummond* edited by Mr. Cunningham, jun. See Appendix to this work.



1057. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, Sir William Borthwick, who had distinguished himself in various important negotiations at foreign courts, was elevated to the peerage, and obtained a license from the sovereign to build a castle, of which the present ruins are the original, and in style and strength, afford a correct notion of the baronial fortresses of those days. The form of the building is square; seventy-four by sixty-eight feet within the walls; of hewn stone within and without, and near the foundation thirteen feet thick. Besides the sunk story, the height from the adjacent area to the battlement is ninety feet, or, including the arched roof, one hundred and ten feet. In one of the lower apartments was an excellent spring well. On the first floor were the state apartments, approached by a drawbridge. The principal hall, forty feet long, had its music gallery, lustres, tapestry, and richly painted ceiling; while its capacious chimney retains the marks of having been elaborately carved and gilded. Previous to the invention of artillery, this fortress must have been impregnable, and might have remained to this day without a scar, had not the cannon of Cromwell made an experiment upon its walls. It was here that Queen Mary retired for some time with Bothwell, previously to her final separation from him at Carberry.

On the 18th of November, 1650, Lord Borthwick, who, under every political vicissitude had remained firmly attached to the royal cause, was summoned by the Protector to surrender; and after a short resistance, in which he had no prospect of relief, capitulated, and received permission to remove his family and property unmolested. The title is now claimed by Mr. Borthwick of Crookstone.

In following the course of the South Esk, the principal objects in the form of manorial residences are Arniston, the seat of the Melville family, Dalhousie Castle, and Newbattle Abbey. Further down is the House—or, as it is more usually styled, the palace—of Dalkeith, erected about the beginning of the last century, by Ann, duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth, and which, in addition to the many illustrious guests who have sojourned within its princely halls, had latterly the honour to receive our lamented sovereign, George IV., on his visit to the Scottish capital. The park, in which this princely mansion is situated, is estimated at eight hundred Scotch acres; it presents every variety of rich and diversified scenery, and is daily receiving fresh embellishments from the hand of taste. It is completely walled in, stocked with every vegetable production compatible with the climate; intersected by the windings of the North and South Esk, which unite at a short distance below the house; and with all the mingling charms of wood and water, seems to realize the dreams of a terrestrial Eden.

Dr. Smollet has well observed, that in every part of Scotland which he had seen, there was an incredible number of noble houses. Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and Lord Hopton's—"all of them within a few miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in any one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease." Since that time the number has greatly increased; and although of less spacious and imposing architecture than those named, the modern edifices display a minute attention to comfort and elegance, with an almost inviolable observance of the rules of architecture and good taste. What is particularly deserving of notice is, the great improvement which has recently taken place in the arrangement of park and pleasure grounds, and the profusion of exotics which are now successfully introduced into the lawn as well as the gardens and green-houses. Plants that, fifty years ago, were supposed incapable of undergoing the rigour of a Scottish winter, are fully acclimated, and found to flourish as in their native soil. Great and increasing attention is given to the botanical department in these villa residences. Flower gardens and greenhouses, enriched with many names to which the last generation were strangers,\* prove how far in all these, as in the human mind, education and habit may overcome natural temper and prejudice, and extract the most beautiful product from the most unpromising soil.

The town of Dalkeith, beautifully situated at the confluence of the North and South Esk, is well built, and, in point of commercial activity, population, and extent, may be considered as holding the third rank in the county. It is celebrated for its weekly markets, and is the chief *emporium* of this wide and fertile district. Manufactures have not hitherto become a source of industry, but retail shops of every description are numerous, and a spirit of enterprise and its happy fruits every where apparent. Among its buildings of a public nature, the church—in ancient times the castle chapel, and in 1406, collegiate, but now ruinous—is the only surviving monument of interest in the town—and that chiefly from its containing the "confined chiefs" of the Buccleugh family. Its position in the middle of the town, with its walled burial ground, still serves as a chronicler of the past, and an impressive monitor of the present.† The public school of Dalkeith has been long and justly

\* Professor Dunbar, with infinite taste and industry, has made a collection of heaths—the most extensive, perhaps, in Europe—and with many other rare plants and flowers, accumulated during a series of years and experiments, has so embellished his villa near Edinburgh as to render it an object of especial curiosity.

† A prosperous Dalkeith merchant, says Mr. Chambers, having for many years excited the envy of his neighbours by his rapid purchases of property, till, at length, he had made almost the half of the street his own, died just as he had acquired the house adjoining the burial-ground; whereupon it was wittily remarked, "that there was no getting beyond the grave!"

celebrated, and counts among the number of its *élèves*, the late Lord Melville.

It is worthy of remark, that, during a visit of three weeks to the earl of Douglas, (successor to the "gallant Graham,") at his castle of Dalkeith, Froissart, the French historian, collected materials for his glowing description of the fight at Otterbourne, and other gallant exploits of the Scottish chivalry.

The following story, as recorded in a well-known repository of the marvellous,\* may serve to illustrate the superstitious creed of our ancestors. In 1638, during the residence of the earl of Traquair, as lord high treasurer of Scotland, in the castle, one James Spalding, charged with homicide, was found guilty, and condemned to be executed. Having failed in his prayer for a remission of the sentence—"Oh, why," he exclaimed, "was I not condemned to lose my head like a man, and not sentenced to die like a dog!" On the scaffold, continues the same authority, he prayed that the "soul might never quit his body till he had obtained a remission of his crime." This done, the science of the executioner was completely defeated—nothing could strangle the prisoner—and at last it was resolved to bury him alive! But even the accomplishment of this desperate resource of the astonished functionary was foiled; and, fearful to relate, there was "such a rumbling and tumbling in the grave, that the earth was moved, and the *mules* (mould) so heaved up, that they could hardly keep them down!" From that time forward his house, at the east end of the town, was haunted by a spectre.

The extensive coal-field around Dalkeith has been wrought for several centuries, and seems to have been employed for domestic use in this country† much earlier than on the continent, where at Liege, Charleroi, and various other districts, it is raised in great quantities under the name of *houille*, in honour of Houille, its first patron in Belgium.

To this discovery the manufacturing districts of the present day owe their prosperity; and in proof of this, in every district in France where coal mines are wrought, manufactures have been established, and industry received a most gratifying impulse. In Lyons, which, in its smoky prosperity resembles London, this fact is particularly exemplified; and hardly less so in Rouen, and other coal districts: but in France, there is much more coal than inclination on

\* Satan's Invisible World Discovered.

† Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, when Æneas Sylvius visited Scotland, the poor people, he observes, who begged at the churches, received for alms pieces of *stone*, with which they went away contented; and this stone, says he, impregnated either with sulphur, or some other inflammable matter, burns like wood. Boetius, at a somewhat later period, mentions "black stones dug out of the earth, which were very good for firing, and of such intense heat as to soften and melt iron."





the part of the government to work it; for if wrought to its full extent, the numerous forests and legions of char-burners, which now yield an immense annual revenue, would be set aside, while those vast piles of *bois-de-chauffage* which are met with in every town, would be transformed into coal-sheds, and Paris itself made to resemble the purlieu of Westminster.

In approaching toward the capital, we traverse the ancient Borough-moor, the scene of many brilliant reviews and bloody skirmishes. Here was decided, in 1335, the rencounter between the Scotch, and Guy, Comte of Namur: and here, in 1513, James IV. reviewed his army previous to his ill-starred expedition to Flodden. In former times, this tract was covered with a gigantic oak forest,\* which afterwards supplied timber for a great portion of the city, where it still affords abundant evidence of its durability.

Craigmillar Castle, which occupies no inconsiderable space in the annals of the kingdom, as well as in the more limited county history, is spacious and commanding. From whatever point its fine mass of ruin is observed, it cannot fail to impress the stranger by its venerable exterior, and to awaken many historical associations. It was the prison of the earl of Mar—the suburban palace of James V. during the pestilence—and the occasional retreat of his unfortunate daughter, Queen Mary. In ascending the stair of the great tower, we were shown a small apartment under the south-east turret, in which, it is believed, the fair and unfortunate Queen slept during her residence in this fortress. Here, also, she spent some gloomy weeks during the celebrated conference respecting her divorce from Darnley. The village in which her French guards were quartered, acquired the corresponding name of Petty France.

The arms of the Prestons, ancient lords of this princely fortress, are observed in various family quarterings, but in a style corresponding with the rude age in which a crest and supporters were the badge of feudal despotism, and too often coveted as a sufficient substitute for the absence of ennobling virtues. From the battlements the view is truly bold and comprehensive; and with some fine trees still lingering around its walls, as if to shelter them from decay, it forms a beautiful subject for the artist. But the numerous objects which here solicit attention are far beyond the compass of our present undertaking; and however pleasing to linger in such localities, and resuscitate the feats and chivalry of other times, we can afford only a brief recognition of general features—where each, like a familiar friend, presses us to stay, and cheers our sojourn with song and legend. Leaving the suburban villas and baronial for-

\* Antiq. Soc. Edin. Transact. vol. 1.

tresses for another occasion, we now introduce the reader at once to the heart of Midlothian. How many thousands who never before, perhaps, gave Scotland or its history a thought, now start at the association, and behold the city—"its palaces and towers"—peopled with creations that bid them "welcome" in the voice and garb of old acquaintances, whom the genius of SCOTT first conjured up and introduced to universal favour.

But as it is from the chronicler that we must here extract our chief materials for the sketch of Edinburgh, we turn at once to that source, and taking our station in the fortress of its ancient kings, select from the memorials of the past such subjects, as, in the briefest space, may inspire the most interest or novelty. In this view the Castle is fully entitled to precedence.

Like many subjects which the acknowledged difficulty of the task has rendered a theme for ambitious description, the Castle of Edinburgh has had many able historians, and in almost every new visitor a new eulogist. But of what has been so often and well described, an entire stranger can only form an imperfect notion. To be admired as it ought, it must be seen—and once seen, the magnificent panorama which opens from its ramparts, will remain impressed upon his memory through life. The view from the north-east bastion, like that from the Calton-hill, has been compared to the view from St. Elmo, on the Bay of Naples.\*

The prospect of Edinburgh, said Sir Walter Scott, commands in its general outline a close-built high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon—now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But in illustration of "mine own romantic town," Dr. James Johnson has employed a still more recent simile. "Edinburgh," says he, "resembles two aged parents, surrounded by a fair and flourishing family of children and grandchildren, of whom the Castle and High-street may represent the former—the new town and southern district the latter. The ancient pair are eyeing, with something like disdain, if not disgust, the finery, foolery, and fashions of their effeminate

\* Those who draw this comparison, are supposed to class the features of resemblance thus :—the Castle-hill with the heights of St. Elmo—the Estuary of the Forth with the Bay between Naples and Salerno—North Berwick-law with the cone of Vesuvius—the rock of the Bass with the rock of Capri (Capræ)—Inchkeith with the islet of Nisita—Inchcomb with the Castle of Baiæ—and the wooded shore of Posilippo to that which stretches westward from Newhaven—but here the resemblance fails: and admitting that the one view is sufficiently like to remind us of the other, the spectator will readily observe, that the respective features of resemblance are *reversed*, and that the objects to the *right* hand in the Scottish view, correspond only with those on the *left* in the Neapolitan.



offspring; while the young folks on the other hand can hardly dissemble their contempt for the narrow prejudices of the *Wynds*, the barbaric *hauteur* of the Castle, and antiquated style of the Cannon-gate. The frowning battlements of that fortress on the rock sigh to every breeze over their fallen greatness, and their country's degeneracy—so rarely do their portals open to receive a captive prince or a lawless usurper! Even that awful symbol of our religion," continues the same spirited author, in a *serio-comico* sarcastic vein—"the Cathedral, no longer exhibits within its sacred precincts the animating spectacle of a patriot beheaded, a chieftain hanged, or a witch incinerated! In the royal palace itself, a crowned or uncrowned head may sleep with safety, if not contentment—a queen may be regaled with a *conversazione* or a *sonato*, without having her supper interrupted by an assassination, or her Paganini of the day massacred by a royal bravo! No—all is changed!—no 'Porteous mob' to poise the beam of justice when a privy council had kicked the balance in favour of homicide! The yawning ravine that separates the parent from the youthful city is no longer an impassable gulf. Along those stupendous mounds\* of earth—bridges without rivers—still ebbs and flows the great tide of human existence. The claymore and dirk have long been converted into the ploughshare and sickle—the plaid and feather into the cap and gown—while the masculine intellect that either lay uncultivated, or was only roused into activity by feuds, *raids*, and rebellions, is now directed to mighty exertions in the cause of literature, art, and science, which flow from these rugged rocks in all directions, and fertilize every land from the rising to the setting sun. Those who bask in the sunny bowers of Minerva, on the banks of the Cam and the Isis, may affect to condemn the peripatetic and uncloistered philosophy of a Caledonian university; but they who have wandered over the world, explored the busy haunts of man, and permeated the various grades of society, can well appreciate the extended sphere and powerful influence of that practical information which is zealously inculcated and imbibed in these humbler *emporia* of knowledge. When learning is placed within the grasp of only a few—and those few of the upper classes, much good soil is lost for its culture. It is like sowing grains on the hills and uplands of a country, while the plains and valleys are suffered to lie waste. The Nile may be *majestic* through the Nubian

\* This mound of earth, thrown across the North-loch, or sheet of water which anciently served as a moat to the castle, was made passable for carriages in three years. The quantity of earth above the surface is 290,167 cubit yards; but as one-third of the mass is concealed from view, it may be estimated at 435,250 cubic yards, equal to 1,305,780 loads in all; and which, at the most moderate calculation of 4*d.* per cart-load, must have cost 32,643*l.* 15*s.* The originator of this immense undertaking was G. Boyd, a Tartan-drapier, in the Lawn-market.—See *Hist. of Ed. Statist.*



W. H. Bartlett.

H. Griffin.

# EDINBURGH FROM THE CASTLE RAMPARTS.

(With the great gun Mons-Meg.)

THIS PLATE IS DEDICATED TO THE COMMANDER, HAN. BY. & II. OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

terms which, (although rejected by Margery herself,) banished every saint from my recollection, and made me eager to inflict a little salutary chastisement upon him for his audacity. But how to quit my perch, so as to present myself to Margery in an unmutilated state, greatly perplexed me; for I felt that, if perchance I got a broken limb or two in my descent, I should be as unfit to make love as to make prisoners. I determined, therefore, to think twice, as the saying is, before I leapt. One fine night, however, as I paced the ramparts, I had a clear peep, as I thought, into my destiny; for I saw a couple of lovers strolling suspiciously under the rocks, and the devil tempted me to believe that . . . but I fear," interrupting himself, "I fear I shall be tedious." "Rightly said," replied Randolph; "soldiers should be brief in speech, and slow only to surrender. Tell me what thou hast, trippingly; for, sooth to say, I've little taste for tales of gallantry, with yonder proofs of our common degradation before my eyes. One good spearman now were better than a thousand prozers. Hast thou, with so much of thyself, nothing to say of thy country?"

"Hear me, my chief," resumed the soldier; "to my country the story has reference. The tempter, as I have said, urging me to believe Margery false, and her gallant my sworn enemy, I resolved to quit the rock at all risks; and, employing the remainder of the night in various inventions, hit upon one, which I soon put in execution. I made a rope-ladder, and the following night, fastening it securely to an iron cramp in the balustrade, lowered myself inch by inch over the jutting precipice,—groping my way from one crevice to another—here suspended over the chasm, and there clinging to the rock that often crumbled in my grasp, I reached the ground, I know not how, and flew, as I thought, to take my revenge . . . But I will not stay to relate particulars, nor what pleasing inducements I had to repeat my expedition; suffice that I did repeat it, and so often, that your nimblest sailor climbs not the mast with greater facility than I learned to climb yonder precipice."

"Thou art a bold fellow, Franks—and hast not forgot the path?"—"No; and before sun-rise I will show you, my lord, how far my science in scaling a rock may serve your purpose.—Give me thirty men, and I will lead the expedition." "Take thy choice—and myself as the first," said Randolph. "Thou hast inspired me with such hope, that methinks I see the outstretched hand of St. Andrew beckoning us forward. At midnight, then!" . . . "At midnight!" repeated Franks.

At midnight, accordingly, the men were at their post—silent, but resolute, and moving with steady pace towards the precipice. Franks led—Randolph



followed—and the supporting file, gradually creeping from the weeds and brushwood that favoured their design, struggled upward, but—pausing every few seconds to assure themselves that they were not overseen—could hear the tramp of the sentinel above, and the plash of the loosened fragments of rock, as they rolled down into the loch beneath them. They looked silently at one another, and not without suspicion of their leader; but their chief was before them: they were too familiar with danger to fear it in any shape; and, certes, its present shape was in no respect inviting. The dislodging of a rock, or the loss of a step, would have inevitably led to their discovery or destruction.

The first portion of the escalade finished, they halted for a few seconds on a small platform, over which the superincumbent mass of rock threw a partial screen, and masked their little battalion. Here Randolph enjoined them to firmness—reminding them that the success of their enterprise would soon compensate for its hazard. But while he expressed this by signal rather than words, a stone was hurled from the rampart, followed by an exclamation from the sentinel—“ So, so! there you are—I see you well!” A momentary consternation ensued, while the rock, bounding over their heads, and thundering down the precipice into the lake, seemed to leave no doubt of their plot being discovered.

For some time they remained in perfect silence, pondering the consequences, and deprecating the foolhardy project in which they were apparently entrapped. They listened with breathless anxiety for some more audible proof of detection, and were surprised that the sentinels continued their rounds, and all remained silent as before. Reassured by this, and cautiously emerging from their shelter, Franks continued his advance—the band closely following. Unseen, unheard, they reached the buttress of the rampart; and the next instant Franks gave abundant proof of his old acquaintance with its height and capacity. Placing his hands and feet in their accustomed rest—crevices from which the mortar had been detached—he soon rose above the heads of his comrades, fastened the ladder to its hold, and drawing his claymore, sprang lightly upon the bastion. This done, he was instantly followed by Sir Andrew Gray, Earl Randolph, and the others, as fast as they could mount; but before the full band could muster, the sentinel gave the alarm in good earnest, and the cry of “ treason” brought every man to his post. The constable, heading his garrison, made gallant use of its strength, and pressing upon the adventurers, shouted to his men to hurl them down the precipice. But his men were compelled to disobey orders; Randolph had no mind to retrace his steps, and with every stroke of his sword

made a fresh step in advance. The conflict, however, was vigorously sustained; and the earl himself was in great personal danger, till the constable having fallen, and his men either slain or dispersed, the flag of "auld Scotland" waved once more from her ramparts.\*

In the reign of David Bruce, when, to prevent its reoccupation by the English, the Castle had been dismantled; Guy, comte of Namur, following in the wake of King Edward with a body of armed followers, directed his march upon Edinburgh. The tidings having preceded him, he was met on the Borough-Moor—the usual field of strife—by the royal troops, under the command of Earls Moray and March. A general engagement ensued; the Belgian discovered himself an adept in military skill, which was met by an equal portion on the part of the Scotch nobles; and where both were brave, the battle became necessarily obstinate and sanguinary. The armed knights, keeping aloof from wasting their strength and steel on ignoble objects, sought each his antagonist from the ranks of chivalry. One of these having singled out a Scottish squire, of the name of Shaw, the challenge was eagerly answered, and mutually transfixing one another in the charge, both were dismounted by the shock, and expired together. What added greatly to the interest of this heroic incident, was the discovery that the visored stranger who had so nobly challenged the Scot, was a female—a young Amazon who had come to share the perils of her lover, and "die for love."

The battle continued with no abatement, till a fresh detachment crossing the Pentland Hills to support the Scotch, the fate of the day was decided; and the invaders retreating towards the city, succeeded in gaining the castle, and there, by killing all their horses, so as to form barricades, endeavoured to hold the post. But the certain prospect of famine made the ruined fortress untenable, and surrendering at discretion, they were generously permitted to quit the kingdom, on condition of never again abetting the enemies of Scotland.†

On another occasion—when this fortress, so often changing its garrison, was once more in the hands of the English—a skipper, who represented himself as the liege subject of King Edward, and just anchored at Leith with a cargo of choice French wines, craved an interview with the governor. Being shown

\* "A more desperate adventure than this," says Barbour, "was never achieved since Alexander the Great leaped headlong among his foemen from the wall of the town he was beleaguering."

† A large stone used to be shown in the street of Candlemaker-row, which was said to have been broken by a stroke from the battle-axe of Sir Alexander Ramsay, while engaged in annoying the retreating enemy. According to the traditionary account preserved in Edinburgh, the knight slew man and horse, and split the stone at one stroke!—Homer's heroes could hardly have done more. But, in regarding the feats of ancestry, we look through the mist of ages, and are more likely to see them magnified than diminished.

into his presence, the governor interrogated him strictly as to the purport of his visit. "Having just landed," he said, "after a successful voyage from Bordeaux, and having several casks of excellent wine and other precious commodities on board, I thought it my duty, before offering them to the public, to lay specimens of them before your excellency—for sooth to say, these Scotch are as degenerate in taste as they are shallow in purse; so that unless I obtain the patronage of your excellency, I fear I may again put to sea."

"Show me thy wares—ha! the grape of Picardy—well I know its flavour!—and this—and this—all old acquaintances!—Why, thou shalt be purveyor to the king, and manage our commissariat to boot." "I knew," answered the wily skipper, "that your excellency was of exquisite science in the grape, and I chose my market accordingly." . . . "True—I have had a little experience; and well I mind me when we lay encamped among the vineyards of Beauvais . . . But no matter—send me instantly a hogshhead of each—be expeditious—and count upon me as thy future customer."

The skipper, with grateful obeisance, retired, and hastened to execute so flattering an order. Next morning, therefore, presenting himself at the gate with twelve of his crew, (among whom was Douglas,) staggering, apparently, under the weight of the casks, the sentinel immediately withdrew the bolts, admitted the skipper, and again shut the gate. But the next instant the casks and bales were thrown to the ground—a broadsword gleamed in the skipper's hand—a well-known bugle startled the garrison—the mariners were transformed to men at arms—the sentinels secured—and the gate thrown wide open to Douglas, knight of Liddisdale, and two hundred resolute Borderers, who were anxiously waiting the result of the stratagem. The governor, who little thought that wine would have produced such sudden strife, was surprised by the rush of armed banditti, as their motley garb and accoutrements at first proclaimed them; but recognising the crafty smuggler at their head, and bestowing a hearty malediction on his ingratitude, surrendered his sword to the Douglas, and, with six officers of his staff, made room for a new constable.

The history of this castle, however, presents many painful retrospects, as well as romantic incidents; and in its triple capacity of palace, fortress, and prison, would supply materials for a volume.\*

\* In 1556, it became the residence of Queen Mary, and the birth-place of her son, James VI. In 1651 it sustained a siege from Cromwell; and again, in 1689, under command of the duke of Gordon, held out for King James, and in both instances surrendered by capitulation. At the union of the two kingdoms it became the depository of the Stewart Regalia, long locked up, but latterly exhibited to the public; and in the disastrous rebellion of 1745, maintained an effectual resistance against the Highland army.

Since that period it has been, so to speak, put on half pay—employed as a barrack—and only required





E. Allart

C. Cousen

THE FLOW, EDINBURGH - CONDEMNED COVENANTERS.

Descending the Castle-hill—a walk much frequented by the citizens on account of the view, to which, in point of beauty and extent, it would be difficult to find a parallel in Europe—we enter the Lawn-market, the buildings of which carry us back to the olden times.

Continuing to descend, we perceive the West-Bow on our right, a steep, narrow, and curving street, which forms the passage of communication between the grand thoroughfare of the High-street and the Grass-market—a name which, in spite of its rural and peaceable designation, will awaken in its behalf some unpleasing but exciting interest, and, we may add, painful associations.\* The Grass-market was the place of public execution, and the West-Bow the avenue through which the dismal *cortège* descended from the ridge of the mountain city into the “valley of the shadow of death.” No sudden and extraordinary change was presented in modern times by the aspect of this street. The criminal, walking in his grave-clothes between two ministers, bade farewell with a sinking heart to the well-known closes, the over-hanging balconies, the black and mouldering walls—the haunts, perhaps, of his profligacy, and the witnesses of his crimes. He did not know—and would little have cared had he known—that, in an earlier age, those lofty and uncouth edifices were the dwellings of a very different grade of society. The iron crosses in some of the walls had no power of association to bring before his mind’s eye the shadows of their ancient denizens—the “knights Templars,” and the “knights of St. John of Jerusalem.” But emerging at length into the more open area of the Grass-market—a wide oblong square, surrounded by lofty but mean-looking houses—an object, near the further end, arrested his eye, and, perhaps, at that moment, closed its sense against every other in this world; it was the gallows-tree—tall and black—surrounded by a scaffold, with a ladder placed against it for his ascent. The scene, overshadowed by the bare, rude, mountainous rock which forms the eastern termination to

to present a “report” on the mornings of national festivals. Under these circumstances it may be allowed to resume its old title of “*Castellum Puellarum*.”—“Ce château s’appelle le château des Pucelles, parce que c’était le séjour des jeunes princesses du sang Royale des Pictes!”—*Allain Manesson*, 1686. The castle was the principal residence of Alexander III. His queen, Margaret, daughter of Henry III., complained of it “as a solitary place, without verdure, and unwholesome from its vicinity to the sea.” A physician was sent from her father’s court to visit her; but it did not appear that the castle was unwholesome, whatever the youthful queen of a youthful husband might feel, or feign.—*M. Paris*. The famous piece of ordnance, *Mons Meg*, is considered the *palladium* of the castle; and after being carried away as a trophy, was again welcomed, some years ago, to the citadel, by a triumphant procession. The carriage on which it was hitherto supported, (Oct. 1835,) lately gave way with an alarming crash, so as to startle those within hearing; and from the delay which attends the business of repair, *Mons Meg* seems to be no longer recognised “as connected with the glory and independence of Scotland!”

\* SCOTT AND SCOTLAND, by *Leitch Ritchie*, 1835,—a work replete with graphic illustration.



them to our respect; but they were teachers and fathers, and demand the sympathy, veneration, and gratitude of their posterity.—But to return:—

The High-street, though still exhibiting in its antique features and grotesque architecture an imposing vista to the stranger, has gained considerably by modern improvements, and the removal of such objects as were formerly an obstruction to the thoroughfare itself, or offensive to good taste. Among the greatest of these may be considered the removal of the Tolbooth, where the last parliament at which royalty presided was held in July, 1633, immediately after the coronation of Charles I. ;\* when, among other splendid exhibitions got up for the occasion, “there stood upon the west wall of the Tolbooth, a vast pageant, arched above, with the portraits of one hundred and nine kings of Scotland. In the cavity of the arch, Mercury was represented bringing up Fergus I., who delivered to his majesty, as his successor, many precious advices.”†

The Cathedral Church of St. Giles—a massy gothic structure, and remarkable for its spire surmounted by an imperial crown—contains under the same roof four different congregations, where divine service may be celebrated at the same time. The chief of these occupies the ancient Choir of the Cathedral, where the lord commissioner presides at the annual meetings of the General Assembly, and the senators attend service in their robes of office.

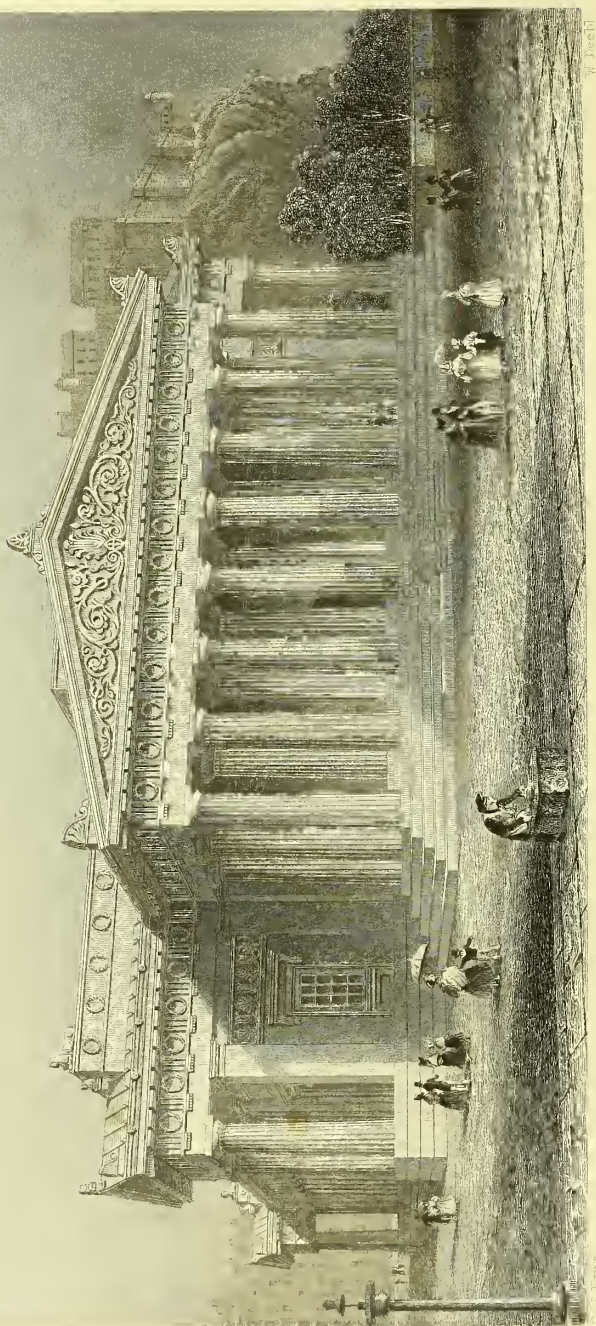
The appearance of this church has been much improved by the demolition of numerous buildings which formerly, like parasites, gaining importance by fastening themselves to some illustrious patron, lost sight of their own insignificance under the immediate countenance of so magnificent a fabric. It became a collegiate church in the reign of James III., previously to which it was a parish church, in the gift of the abbot of Scone, and comprised among its deans the celebrated Gavin Douglas, the translator of Virgil, and afterwards bishop of Dunkeld. The justly venerated and eloquent Dr. Hugh Blair was many years minister of the High Church; and Webster, the well-known founder of the Widows' Scheme, and Henry the historian, were also ministers of two other divisions under the same roof.‡

\* Soon after that epoch it was converted into a jail, and employed for that purpose till replaced by modern improvements. It would be superfluous to remind the reader of its *rôle* in the popular work already named—viz. “The Heart of Midlothian.”

† History of Edinburgh.—For minute particulars, see SPALDING'S *Diary*.

‡ Here are interred the remains of the Regent Murray, brother of MARY—the gallant marquis of Montrose—and Lord Napier, the celebrated inventor of Logarithms. This church measures in length two hundred and sixty feet, and in breadth in the centre, one hundred and twenty-nine. Its figure is cruciform; and the quadrangular tower, ending in a pointed spire of exquisite workmanship, rises to the





THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR IN THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS

Near this is the venerable edifice, the Scottish House of Parliament, externally modernized, but preserving in its interior all the primitive features which characterize its age and destination. Here the Courts of Session, Justiciary, and Exchequer—the three supreme courts of Scotland—hold their sittings.

Some of the private buildings in this square—the Parliament-Close—are five stories above, and five or six below, the level of the pavement; and thus, on the side of the Cow-gate, reach the extraordinary elevation of twelve or thirteen stories. This peculiarity arises from the great inequality of the ground on which the houses are built, and which originally must have been as rough in surface as the Tarpeian rock. The fine equestrian statue of Charles II., in this square, is justly admired, but by what artist is unknown.

Under the three halls of justice is the Advocates' Library, founded by Sir George Mackenzie, in 1680. It is exceedingly rich in scarce printed works and manuscripts, in almost every language and department of elegant literature, art, and science, as well as in coins and medals. It belongs, as the name imports, to the celebrated Faculty of Barristers to whom, with the late Sir Walter Scott at their head, the country is indebted for so large a portion of her literary fame. A few steps from this is the Library founded by the Writers to the Signet,—a modern edifice of chaste exterior, and daily acquiring fresh additions to its already extensive and well selected contents. Both these libraries are open for the inspection of strangers; and, from the many curious documents they contain, are of great advantage to authors engaged in the investigation of national history, literature, and science.

The University of Edinburgh, for the last century, has been justly celebrated for the ability of its professors, and the concourse of students thus attracted to it from all parts of the world. Its “fame is abroad in all the earth;” and most Scotchmen who have travelled—particularly those who have been in the habit of visiting foreign Universities—will recall with pleasure the high encomiums pronounced on the professors of their *Alma-Mater*.

This college was one of the first monuments which announced the establishment of the Reformation in Scotland. It was so far advanced in 1582, that, in the same year, the royal charter was obtained from James VI., and in twelve months after it was opened for the reception of students. Three years

height of one hundred and sixty-one feet. Charles I. created Edinburgh into a bishopric, but the new prelate survived his consecration only two months.—1633.

On the 17th of February, 1598, while James VI. was in this church during the ceremony of its partition into four distinct places of worship, an eclipse of the sun took place, which greatly terrified both king and congregation.—BIRREL'S *Diary*.

later, the irruption of the plague in Edinburgh, where its ravages continued from May till the following January, gave a temporary check to the University; but as soon as this terrible visitation had subsided, the magistrates resumed their labours with energy. In the spring of 1586, it was enclosed within high walls, and additional professors of law and philosophy introduced. Thirteen years later, when King James returned from his court at Westminster to Holyrood, he was highly gratified with the progress which had been made during his absence. A public hall, a school for theology, and various other apartments, had been completed, and inspired his majesty with so much satisfaction, that he intimated his intention of honouring the college with his presence at a public disputation in philosophy. This, however, was unavoidably postponed till the court had arrived in Stirling, where, on the twenty-ninth of July, 1617, in presence of the king, the nobles, and many of the learned men of England and Scotland, assembled in the chapel royal, the disputation took place, and lasted three hours, during which the king himself bore no inconsiderable part in the discussion. Highly pleased with the ingenuity and learning evinced by the Edinburgh professors during the debate, his Majesty, after supper, addressed them in a strain of *punning* panegyric\*—a species of wit which, in a royal personage, could not fail to command the most loyal applause. Having now given his name to the college, the king was not unmindful of his “god-child,” but added also the gift; and his example being followed by numerous benefactions on the part of individuals, the institution soon rose into celebrity and independence.

The Botanic Garden belonging to the University, and covering a large space of ground north of the city, is unrivalled in point of judicious arrangement and rare productions. “The gardens of the Hesperides,” says a poetic eulogist, “could hardly have presented a more beautiful or varied assemblage of plant and flower—quos mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber.”

Among the men who, prior to the establishment of presbytery in Scotland, belonged to this University, and were distinguished for their genius and learning,

\* Being afterwards transmuted into rhyme, the concluding verse ran thus:—

“To their (the professors’) deserved praise have I  
Thus played upon their names;  
And wills their college hence be call’d

THE COLLEGE OF KING JAMES.”—*Hist. Poet. in Scot.* p. 159.

One of the *puns* attributed to his majesty on this occasion is thus stated:—One of the royal suite intimating to his majesty that he had taken no notice of Mr. Henry Charteris, principal of the college, a man of exquisite and universal learning, but who had “no knack of speaking before so august an assembly,” the king replied, “Well does his name agree with his nature, for *charters* contain much matter, but say nothing.”—*Ibid.*



we may cite the names of Andrew Ramsay, an elegant Latin poet,\* and John Adamson, principal of the college, and contemporary with Drummond of Hawthornden. After the Restoration, also, the Rev. Dr. Monro—(a name with which, in later times, the fame of its medical school has become so closely identified)—was principal of the college, and had a *congé d'élire* in his favour for the see of Argyll. The chairs of the different departments continued to be filled by men eminently qualified for their office during the Commonwealth; and among these was the celebrated Robert Leighton, afterwards archbishop of Glasgow, whose moderation and dignified composure in the midst of popular excitement gave him a lasting title to respect and veneration.†

During this stormy period, when the calm pursuits of literature were so often interrupted and chilled by political dissension or party violence, Cromwell, to evince the interest which he felt in the prosperity of the University, endowed it with an annuity of two hundred pounds sterling. This munificent example was followed by William, prince of Orange, in an additional grant of three hundred pounds, to be paid out of his treasury and bishops' rents in Scotland; but this bounty being cancelled by the policy of his successor, Queen Anne, a professor and fifteen poor students were thereby left destitute, and discharged from the short-lived benefaction.

“ And why? That courtly sycophants might reap  
The sage's mite—and friendless merit weep !”

Having thus given a general *coup-d'œil* to the rise and progress of the University,‡ we need not prosecute the subject further, nor attempt to show how, in modern times, it has accumulated strength, and wisdom, and honour—shone preeminent in all the departments of literature and science, and justified its proud title as the throne of an intellectual city—“ *Urbs addicta Minervæ.*”

\* His poem on the “ Creation” is that from which—according to Lauder, in his “ Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his *Paradise Lost*”—the “ divine bard so liberally culled the loveliest flowers to adorn the garland which shades his venerable temples.”

† When it was proposed to him by some of his friends that certain topics of a political tendency—and particularly, “ the solemn League and Covenant”—should be more generally dwelt upon, and commended in addresses from the pulpit, he replied, that every one might insist on that matter as they should be directed; but that for his part, and so far as God should enable him, his main scope should be to preach “ Christ crucified.”—It were well if “ political” pastors would profit by such an example.

‡ The University comprises thirty-one professors; and with a magnificent and richly stored museum, a library of more than fifty thousand volumes, and the buildings now completed in a noble and classic style of architecture, is one of the most sumptuous temples of learning in Europe.

“ Here still, as time rolls on, with brighter ray  
 May science beam ; and learning’s ripening day  
 Fling new effulgence o’er that sacred Dome,  
 Where Truth is shrined, and Freedom guards her home !”

The High School, the Edinburgh Academy, and various other seminaries of education for which the capital is so happily distinguished, are ably conducted in all that relates to ancient and modern learning, as well as the inculcation of religious principle and social duties. But in this “modern Athens”—a name given to it not more from its external than its intellectual resemblance to the ancient capital of Attica—not a street could be pointed out in which learning has not established her sanctuary,\* however humble or obscure.

The facility of acquiring, under these circumstances, an excellent education, ensures its easy transmission. Where personal merits are measured by the weight of personal acquirements, a healthy emulation is kept up among the young, and a desire on the part of the old that their sons and daughters may be early imbued with what their own experience has told them was better than the gifts of fortune.

In respect to establishments for the poor, and the means afforded for the recovery of health, Edinburgh enjoys a happy preeminence over most other capitals in Europe. This is the consequence, partly, of her celebrated School of Medicine, which leaves so much talent at the disposal of charitable purposes and persons; and partly to the patriotic spirit which has so often manifested itself in liberal donations and bequeathments for the alleviation of suffering and privation.† The County Hospital, or Royal Infirmary, has been long celebrated for the skill and humanity of its medical officers, to which every succeeding year contributes some fresh testimony.‡

Heriot’s Hospital—a magnificent and richly endowed institution—reminds us, in point of external design and embellishment, of some of the more elaborate structures of Italy. It was built by George Heriot, a native of Haddingtonshire, and goldsmith to James VI., at an expense of thirty thousand pounds.§

\* Among the higher institutions of a similar tendency—namely, the diffusion of general knowledge—are the Wernerian, Natural History, the Speculative, the Royal Medical and Physical, Caledonian, Horticultural, Scottish Academy, Highland, and Astronomical Societies, with thirty others of various importance.

† For many interesting particulars, the reader is referred to “Walks in Edinburgh;” “Keith’s and Arnot’s Hist.” “Traditions of Edinburgh,” &c.

‡ To this may be added, the Public Dispensary, the Lying-in and Surgical Hospitals, the Lunatic Asylum, Charity Workhouse, Trinity Hospital, Asylum for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb Institution, Magdalen Asylum, the Bridewell, &c.

§ The reader will remember the *sobriquet* applied to him by King James, as *Jingling Geordie*, in “The Fortunes of Nigel.” He died in London, at his house in St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, universally respected.



T. Allan.

W. Weddell.

HENRIOT'S HOSPITAL FROM THE GREY FRIARS CHURCH YARD

(Edinburgh.)



One hundred and eighty boys, sons of burgesses of the city, are here maintained and provided with an education suited to their future prospects, or the natural aptitude which they may severally evince. The style of the building, after the plan of Inigo Jones, is princely, not only in its costly architecture and accommodation, but in the munificent and liberal scale on which its domestic affairs are conducted. The education is liberal in all respects; and what is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of charitable institutions, the expenses of a university education are defrayed for such of the meritorious pupils as desire it. On their setting out in the world, a sum is provided for their assistance; and, on proof of good conduct, an additional sum to establish them in business.

Among other establishments combining similar advantages with the preceding—but each possessing specific recommendations for the class entitled to admission—we may enumerate Watson's, Merchant Maidens', Trades Maidens', Gillespie's, and the Orphan Hospitals; the first of these is conducted on the same liberal principles as Heriot's.

Among the numerous churches\* which severally arrest the stranger's attention in Edinburgh, we might collect much interesting materials did our limits permit. But “to write of the cities of our own island,” says Johnson, “with the solemnity of a geographical description, as if we had been cast on a newly discovered coast, has the appearance of very frivolous ostentation.” With this caution, therefore, we shall only observe, that the ecclesiastical architecture of this city, within the last fifteen or twenty years, has undergone a striking change, and been enriched by several elegant specimens, where the florid Gothic has been revived with great effect. Of these, two of the seven episcopal, and one of the catholic chapels, afford striking examples, and are highly ornamental to the city.

As an edifice upon a Grecian model, and very appropriate as a public building, the stranger will remark the County-Hall, situated in the Lawn-Market. The School of Arts—another specimen in the same style, and intended as a Scottish *Louvre*, was first opened to the public in 1826, and by its position on the Earthen-mound has a commanding effect. The halls of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, whose “Transactions” have conferred lasting benefits on the country, are each entitled to notice. In the Museum of the latter, open on Tuesdays and Fridays, is seen the *maiden*, or Scottish guillotine, introduced by the regent Morton, for the decapitation of state criminals, and first exercised upon his own neck; so in ancient times the inventor of the

\* The city and its dependencies are divided into sixteen parishes, with the same number of churches, nine of which are *collegiate*. The total number of places of worship is seventy.

“brazen bull” made the first experiment upon that new and ingenious instrument of torture, in his own person.

The Canongate, as familiar in ancient records as in modern romance, and comprising that quarter where the ancient nobility and officers of the court resided, abounds in antiquarian subjects, and in every thing that illustrates most forcibly the transmuting influence of political change. As the great avenue between the Castle and Holyrood, it has been, in turn, the scene of triumphal procession, and popular commotion; the hot-bed of faction, and the scene of national festivity; the field of secret treasons, and the sanctuary of loyalty; the theatre where the demagogue has incited the populace to rebellion, and the disciples of Calvin launched the thunders of the Reformation. From yonder antiquated, projecting window, the eloquence of Knox has rivetted the by-standers, and, by the pungency of his argument, made converts of those who had come only to scoff at the “new creed.” Here, every passion that could dignify or debase the character of man has been called into action, and found abettors. There, the gallant Montrose—a nobleman whose romantic genius approached nearest to that of the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome—perished on the scaffold;\* and here the less noble felon was burnt at the stake.† But here, too, let it be remembered, exiled sovereigns have found shelter—the injured, prompt redress—and the friendless stranger, a generous hospitality.

The union of the two kingdoms proved fatal to this ancient suburb. It removed the royal court, the native nobility and foreign ambassadors, whose stately mansions and habitual residence had hitherto maintained it in continued prosperity. Their dilapidated dwellings are now occupied by a very different class of tenants, and the house that could once accommodate a lord of session, is now transmuted into a barber’s shop.‡ These changes were followed by others, which, by throwing the Canongate out of the Leith road, completed its degradation.

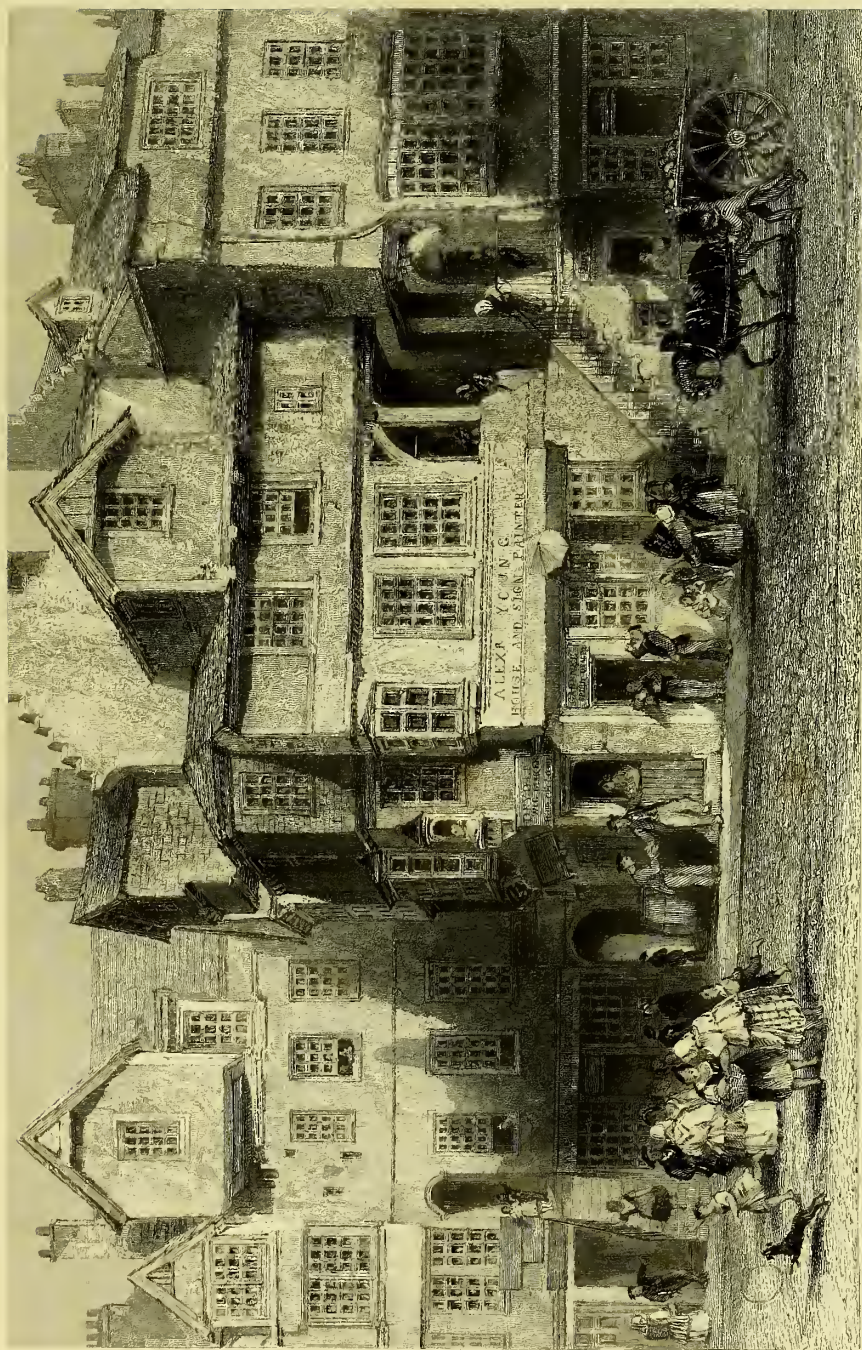
After passing the Nether-Bow, once the finest entrance into Edinburgh, the street suddenly narrows, and the ancient features of the Canongate crowd thickly upon the eye. Many of the private mansions, still bearing the names of their owners, were partly of wood, hewn from the stately oak forest which

\* See his character, by Cardinal de Retz.

† Birrel’s Diary, p. 49.

‡ Like the hôtels of the old French noblesse, Lothian House, Queensberry House, and others belonging to the Scottish nobility, had an insulated character, very distinct from those of the wealthy citizens. But so striking were the changes in the last century, that the house of a former Lord-Justice-Clerk was possessed in 1783 by a teacher of French; Lord President Craigie’s, by a saleswoman of old furniture; and Lord Dromore’s was left by a chairman for want of accommodation!—*Statist.*





T. Allart.

E. Radcliffe.

THE HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX.  
(High-street Edinburgh.)



once overspread the Borough-moor, so that when fires occurred in this district, their progress was rapid, and consequences most disastrous. We remember one of these—the most terrific in appearance that can be imagined, and like the conflagration of some vast *bûcher*. But this calamity has been followed, within the last few years, by one still more extensive, in which—as if to give melancholy confirmation to the ancient prediction\*—much that was venerable for its primitive character has disappeared.

The Canongate Church, though considered handsome in its day, is no longer so. Later times demand a more elaborate architecture; and the deer's head sculptured on its front is rather "an ambiguous symbol, when found on a consecrated edifice." In this church-yard is the tombstone erected to the memory of Robert Ferguson, by Robert Burns!—names that awaken the proudest recollections of all that is most beautiful and lasting in Scottish song.

In passing the Girth-cross—the place where so many crimes have been expiated on the scaffold, or at the stake—we shall briefly advert to the marquis of Montrose, the last noble victim who here sealed his loyalty by an ignominious death. Betrayed where he had trusted his safety, and carried prisoner to Edinburgh, after the defeat at Invercarron he was met at the Canongate by the magistrates,† and, pinioned by the executioner and exposed on an open cart, conducted to the common jail. While thus paraded bareheaded to the gaze of the rabble, the marquis of Argyll—whose no less ignominious doom was silently approaching‡—sat with his friend on a balcony opposite, to witness and sanction by his presence the degrading spectacle. But the sympathy of the people, as they surrounded the melancholy pageant, and observed the dignified demeanour with which the fallen hero met the gaze of his exulting

\* In former times much superstitious terror used to be excited by the occurrence of fires in the Canongate. "In one of these," says Sir Walter Scott, "when the flames were at their height, the tumult which usually attends such a scene was suddenly checked by an unexpected apparition! A beautiful female, in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the flames, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom—'Ance burned—twice burned—the *third* time I'll scare ye a'!' The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that, on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety manifested lest the apparition should make good her denunciation."—See the mysterious tradition, with its attendant circumstances, in a note to "Rokeby."

† While the magistrates were preparing to receive Charles II. they went out, accompanied by the hangman, to introduce the great Montrose, who was executed at their Cross with every circumstance of brutal exultation.—*Arnot*, p. 129–131.

‡ On the 27th May, 1661, Argyll was sentenced to be beheaded as a traitor, and his head affixed to the same place where that of Montrose had formerly been exposed.—"In a word," says his biographer, "this nobleman had piety for a Christian, sense for a counsellor, fortitude for a martyr, and soul for a king." Both, indeed, met their fate with the most heroic indifference.

enemies, vented itself in the deepest sorrow and indignation. The following day he appeared before his judges, and after many bitter invectives and personal insults, received sentence in terms highly characteristic of a barbarous age and policy.

The elergyman, whose duty it was to attend him during the brief interval between the sentence and its execution, dwelt much upon its terrors, and endeavoured to elicit repentance and confession; but his ghostly arguments were met by the same imperturbable spirit which raised its possessor so much above his fate. "No," he replied, "I am prouder to have my head affixed to these prison walls, than to have my picture in the king's bed-chamber; and far from being troubled that my limbs are to be sent to your principal towns, I only regret that my body cannot be so dispersed through every town in Christendom, as to attest my unshaken loyalty and attachment to my king."

Being observed to take great pains in dressing his hair, he was admonished by Johnston of Warriston (himself the future victim of party) to reflect upon his situation, and instead of wasting the little time that was left on his person, to devote it to his spiritual affairs. "I thank thee," said Montrose, "for thy well-meant counsel; but so long as this head is my own, I will dress it as heretofore: to-morrow it will be yours, and then you will treat it as you think fit."

In this state of intellectual repose he spent the night, and with such perfect self-possession, as to record his religious sentiments in a copy of verses, which are mentioned by Hume as no despicable proof of his poetical genius.\* Next day he appeared on the scaffold in a rich habit, and, with a serene and undaunted countenance, addressed the spectators in vindication of his resolution to "die unabsolved by the church, rather than justify an invasion of the kingdom during a treaty with the estates." Additional insults were now heaped upon him; and when the public executioner fastened the history of his exploits round his neck, he smiled at this pitiful display of rancour, and observed, "that he wore this new badge with greater pride than he ever wore that of the garter." He then spent some time in prayer; and demanding, as he rose, if any fresh indignities remained to be inflicted, met his fate with undaunted courage, in the prime of life, and in possession of faculties which would have done honour to any age or country.†

\* They were written with a diamond on a pane of glass in the prison window.—See LAING's *Hist.*

† "The great Montrose—the good Montrose—what horrors met thee there!

A bright career, a bloody close, a scaffold of despair!

But thine the eye that calmly viewed death's most appalling form,

And thine the free-born fortitude that triumphed in the storm.

'The

The great fault of Montrose seems to have been a propensity to vast and desperate enterprise, without regard to mature deliberation, and the means necessary for its accomplishment. As he was destitute of personal fears, and acted rather from a chivalrous impulse than from the cool dictates of prudence, he was too prone to embark in schemes of which he had little calculated the issue. But whatever may have been his faults as a subject, they were sufficiently atoned for by his death; while his virtues as a man—and these were many—were nobly exemplified in the great moral fortitude which converted his ignominious sentence into a triumph.

We now enter the sacred precincts of Holyrood House, where new and impressive scenes open upon us. Again the actors in its long departed dramas present themselves to the mind's eye; and from the days of the pious King David down to the last of the Stuarts, the Scottish sovereigns pass in review before us. Their deeds have left a record on every object around, and identified their royal line with every stone in the hallowed enclosure.

There, in those voiceless halls, the sceptred chief—  
The factious noble—and the beauteous Queen  
Upon whose heart, like canker in the leaf,  
The worm of many sorrows revelled keen—  
All fill the passing vision.

The present structure, raised on the foundation of its monastic predecessor, was one of the earliest specimens of Italian architecture introduced into Scotland. It was built in 1674, after a design by Sir W. Bruce, of Kinross, and, with the exception of the towers, occupies the whole of the area enclosed by the ancient palace of James V. The modern edifice forms a square of ample dimensions, built of hewn stone, having its inner court surrounded by a piazza. It fronts to the west; and its north and south angles, projecting into double towers, give it the air of an antique fortress.\*

The south wing contains among others the great Council Chamber, where the sixteen Scottish peers meet for the ceremony of an election. The state apartments on the east front, comprising part of the south wing, are those

The bravest is not he who courts death in the battle-shock;  
'Tis he whom conscious truth supports to scorn him at the block!  
'Tis there, unchafed in passion's stream, the inborn strength appears,  
And martyred valour leaves a theme for triumph—not for tears!'—*MS.*

\* The front, much lower than the other sides of the quadrangle, presents an elevation of only one story above the ground floor, surmounted by balustrades, and covered with a flat roof. In the centre is the portico; over this a small cupola with an imperial crown; on either side a female figure recumbent, and beneath, the royal arms of Scotland. The whole is supported by double columns of the Doric order.



occupied by the Comte d'Artois; and again, after a long interval, by the same personage, as Charles X. The north wing forms the long portrait gallery of Scottish kings, from Fergus downward. Next to these are Lord Dunmore's apartments, and those appropriated to the duke of Hamilton, as hereditary keeper of the palace. The latter are remarkable as having been those in which Queen Mary resided during the period so fatal to her peace, and fertile in the perpetration of crimes—the murder of Rizzio, and the more mysterious, though not less certain, murder of her husband Darnley.

The former of these—an oft-told tale—we shall here recapitulate with all possible brevity. It was about eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, March the 9th, 1566, when Mary, at that time within three months of her confinement, was sitting at supper with the countess of Argyll, and others\* of her court. The approaching event, on which depended the stability of the throne, gave to the presence of majesty a still more sacred character, and rendered her the first object of national solicitude; but this could not protect her against the appalling spectacle which brutal jealousy and revenge had now brought to maturity. Rizzio, it is related, was tasting, in the closet adjoining, some dishes previous to their being served to the queen. Suddenly, a panel of the wainscot close to the floor burst open, and through this the king entered, supported by Ruthven in full armour, whose ghastly countenance—the result of long sickness—and glaring eyes, told their bloody purpose. A band of assassins followed, and the passage was soon filled with the instruments of premeditated violence. The Queen and the countess, little dreaming of such a visit, shrieked, and started from their seats! “Why,” exclaimed her Majesty, addressing Darnley,—“why this breach of privilege—this unceremonious and armed intrusion upon our privacy?” To this demand none replied, till Ruthven, pointing to the secretary, said—“Our business, madam, is to remove that insidious alien from the royal presence!”

Rizzio, appalled by this sudden, though not unexpected intimation,† rightly interpreted its fatal purpose, and with looks of mingled terror and supplication,

\* Her natural brother, Robert, commendator of Holyrood House, Beton of Creich, master of the household, and Arthur Erskine.

† . . . “Yet,” says Sir James Melvil, (the faithful and long tried counsellor of the Queen,) “this Rizzio wanted not his own fears: therefore he lamented his estate to me, asking one day my counsel how to behave himself.” After much excellent advice, such as none but one long versed in court policy, and a man of strict prudence, could have given, Sir James concluded with a personal anecdote for Rizzio's example. “I told him,” says he, “how I had been in so great favour with the Elector Palatine, that he caused me to sit at his own table, and that he used frequently to confer with me in presence of his whole court; whereat divers of them took great indignation against me; which, so soon as I perceived, I requested his highness

implored the aid of his royal mistress. The queen's interposition, however, only accelerated the catastrophe. The sacred character of majesty was insulted; and, whilst the victim of a ferocious faction clung to her as to a sanctuary, the "chill of their deadly weapons crossed her breast." One of the assassins, Ker of Faldonside, presenting a loaded pistol, audaciously commanded her to shake off the reptile that thus dared to shelter its baseness in the royal ermine. But the queen, meeting the proposal with a feeling of indignation proportioned to its audacity, continued to interpose the frail barrier of her person between the doomed suppliant and the daggers of his assassins. Neither her authority, however, as a queen, her influence as a wife, nor her approaching claims as a mother, could avert the blow. Revenge and jealousy had blinded them to personal consequences, and rendered them deaf to that eloquence of beauty which, till now, had never pleaded in vain. The hands of the victim, convulsively grasping the royal robe, were forcibly unclasped, and, bleeding from a thrust already inflicted by Douglas—and it is believed with Darnley's dagger, he was dragged from the royal presence, and dispatched by fifty-six wounds, corresponding with the number of conspirators, who thus testified their personal concurrence in the deed.

Sir James Melvil in his "Memoirs" gives the following personal recollection of Rizzio on his first introduction to the queen at Holyrood:—"Now," says he, "there came here in company with the ambassador of Savoy, one David Rizzio, of the country of Piedmont, who was a merry fellow, and a good musician. Her majesty had three valets of her chamber, who sung three parts, and wanted a base to sing the fourth part; therefore they told her majesty of this man, as one fit to make the fourth in concert. Thus he was drawn in sometimes to sing with the rest; and afterwards, when her French secretary retired himself to France, this David obtained the said office. And as he thereby entered into greater credit, so he had not the prudence to manage the same rightly; for frequently, in the presence of the nobility, he would be publicly speaking to her majesty—even when there was the greatest convention of the states. Now, all this made him to be much envied and hated; especially when he became so great that he presented all signatures to be subscribed by her majesty, so

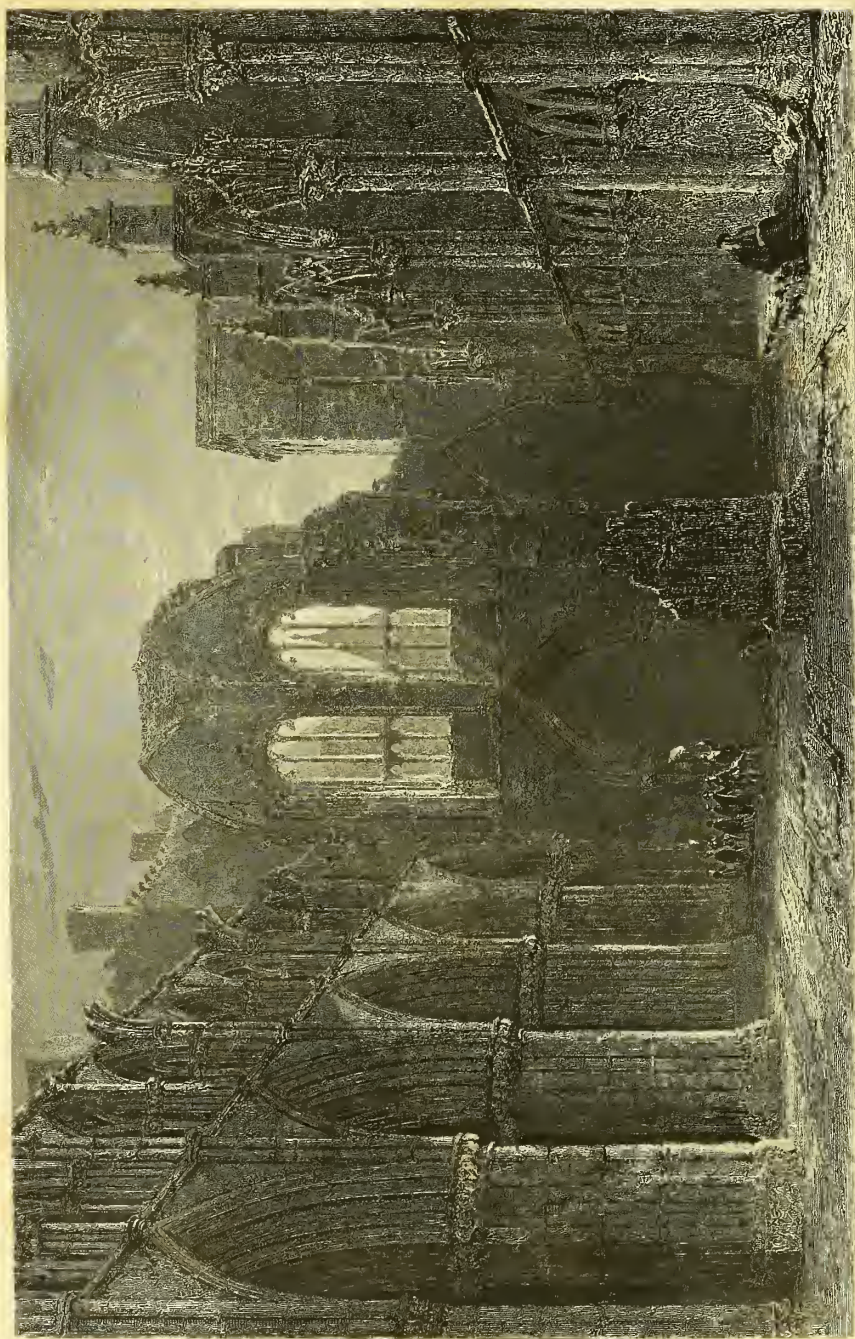
to permit me to sit from his own table with the rest of the gentlemen, and no more to confer with me in their presence, but to call me by a page to his chamber, when he had any service to command me; seeing otherwise he would prejudge himself and me, both by giving ground of discontent to his subjects in too much noticing a stranger, and expose me to their fury. This favour I obtained; and in that way my master was not hated, nor I any more envied. I advised Rizzio," continues Sir James, "to take the same course, if he was resolved to act as a wise man; which counsel he said he was resolved to follow, but afterwards told me that the queen would not suffer him, but must needs have him carry himself as formerly."

that some of the nobility would frown upon him; others would shoulder and shoot by him when they entered the queen's chamber and found him always speaking with her."

From this time the ruin of the favourite became inevitable; and Melvil, availing himself of the queen's former command, to "forewarn her of any circumstance in her carriage which he thought might tend to her prejudice," took occasion to enter on the subject. "I represented to her," says he, "in the most humble manner, what, upon rational consideration, I did conjecture would be the consequences of the too public demonstrations of favour she gave to Rizzio, a stranger, and one suspected by her subjects to be a pensioner of the Pope's. . ." "For the nobility would most certainly take it as a high affront upon them to see her so visibly more countenance a stranger than them. I told her majesty the advice I had given to Rizzio: I reminded her what displeasure had been procured to her by the rash misbehaviour of a French gentleman named Chatellier (Châtellar).<sup>\*</sup> I told her majesty that a grave and comely demeanour towards strangers, not admitting them to too much familiarity, would bring them to a more circumspect and reverent carriage; and how necessary it was that she perfectly noticed all her actions, seeing those of her subjects who were not of her religion were easily alarmed with any thing that could be therein misrepresented. She answered me, that Rizzio meddled no further than in her French writings and affairs, as her other secretaries had done; and that whoever found fault therewith, she would not be so far restrained, but that she might dispense her favours to whom she pleased. . . ." "With regard to the rest, she thanked me for my continual care evinced in this free advice, and engaged to take such order in reference thereto as the case required." But, notwithstanding this frank and conscientious performance of the duty with which the queen had

<sup>\*</sup> Châtellar was a gentleman of family in Dauphiny, and a relation of the Chevalier de Bayard. He had been presented to the queen by the Sieur Domville, heir of the house of Montmorency. Polished manners, vivacity, attention to please, the talent of composing gallant verses, and an agreeable figure, were his recommendations to court favour. These accomplishments made him necessary to all parties of pleasure in the palace, and so far drew upon him the notice of the queen, that he was repeatedly selected for her partner in the dance. He entertained her with his wit and good humour—made verses upon her beauty and accomplishments, till the indulgence with which he was listened to, converted the respect and reverence of a subject into the fatal enterprise of a suitor. Impelled by frantic passion, he intruded himself by stealth into the queen's chamber, and there secreting himself, was discovered at an unseasonable hour, and dismissed with severe censure. The same attempt, however, was repeated with still greater assurance, so that his offence could not be again overlooked, and Châtellar was condemned to lose his head. His last moments were in strict character with his past life; he declined all ghostly consolation, and, fortifying his mind with stanzas from his gay compatriot, the poet Ronsard, laid his head on the block, with these words—"Farewell to the most beautiful and most cruel queen that ever lived!"—*Hist. Scot. Art. in Vita Rons.*





ROBERTSON CHAPEL

(Continued)

charged Melvil as her adviser, affairs at court continued as before, and hastened the catastrophe which we have just recorded.\*

Adjoining the palace is the Royal Chapel—the only remains of the abbey of Holyrood, which flourished for so many centuries, and, till the Reformation, was the richest monastery in Scotland. The vaults are now shut up; but various bones, once “fenced round” with the sinews of royalty, were, not many years since, exhibited among the relics of the place. The monument and statue of Lord Belhaven† are the only specimens of sculpture left, where the dust of so many saints and sovereigns has been accumulated—where Fergus, lord of Galloway, retired from the infelicities of life; and where John, bishop of Candida Casa, found an asylum from the persecutions of a censorious world. The vicissitudes which its history presents are numerous and striking.—The monastery was plundered by Edward II.: in the church Edward Baliol held his parliament: it afforded an asylum during his exile to the duke of Lancaster: four years later, it was again burnt by Richard II.; but when Henry IV. advanced to Leith, he generously spared the sanctuary that had afforded refuge to his father. Robert III., when in Edinburgh, resided partly here and partly in the castle; but James I. held his court exclusively in the abbey, where his queen, Joanna, was delivered of male twins; one of whom, James, his successor, was crowned, married, and buried, in the abbey of Holyrood. Although James III. spent, also, a considerable time in the abbey, it remained for James IV. to build a palace, distinct from the monastic structure, in which, says Chalmers, he

\* The age, character, and attainments of Rizzio have been represented under the most contradictory colours; but that he had not a face “which limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon,” is sufficiently clear. Buchanan’s expression, however strong—“Non faciem cultus honestabat, sed faciem cultus destruebat”—is supported on the testimony of various authors. “Le livre de la mort de la Reyne d’Ecosse, 1587,” represents him “disgracié de corps;” and (adds Caussin, ap. Sebb. p. 37) “Elle traittoit ordinairement avec David Riccio, son secrétaire, homme âgé et prudent, qui possedoit son oreille.” “Rizzio,” says Keith, p. 124, “was skilful in games of hazard, and always ready to be a partner with the queen in these innocent pastimes, which fill up the listless intervals of life.”

† Of this nobleman, Robert Lord Belhaven, who died in 1639, the following characteristic anecdote is recorded by Bishop Burnet. When Charles I. sent the earl of Nithsdale into Scotland with a power to take the surrender of all church lands, those who were most concerned in such grants met at Edinburgh, and agreed, that, when they were called together, if no other argument could prevail to make the earl desist, they would fall upon him and his party after the good old Scottish fashion, and knock them all on the head. One of these chiefs, lord Belhaven, who was blind, desired them to place him next one of the king’s party, of whom he would make sure. At the conference, he was accordingly seated next the earl of Dumfries, whom he held so fast during the conference that the other was induced to request an explanation of this sudden proof of attachment. “My good lord,” said Belhaven, “ever since I became afflicted with this sad blindness, I have such fear of falling, that I involuntarily lay hold of whatever is nearest me!” He had all the while, however, a poniard concealed in his other hand, with which he would certainly have kept his word had any serious disorder ensued.



received Margaret of England, on his marriage in August, 1503. On the invasion by the earl of Hertford, both the abbey and palace were given to the flames; and, three years later, after the battle of Pinkie, Somerset "having sent commissioners for that purpose," the lead was removed, and the "two bells taken down." The church had originally various altars at which service was performed by different chaplains. At length, on the twenty-ninth of June, 1559, both abbey and palace were demolished and plundered during one of those fanatical ebullitions which too frequently disgraced the citizens of that period.

On her return to Scotland in April, 1561, Queen Mary fixed her court in the abbey, and five years afterwards was married to Darnley in the church—but her marriage with Bothwell was celebrated in the *hall*—of the palace. Two years after her imprisonment, it was suppressed and stript by the earl of Glencairn, but afterwards repaired and fitted up as the parish church of the Canongate. In 1617, James VI. gave orders that statues of the Apostles should be erected in it; but while the English artists were thus employed, the populace, mistaking the motive, observed such "idols" with a sinister eye, and the king's advisers, dreading its effects on a people still under the influence of strong party feeling, recommended the discontinuance of the work, and the carvers and their "graven images" were accordingly withdrawn. "Strange," said the king, chagrined at the measure recommended—"strange indeed, that prejudice cannot discriminate between ornament and image—between the incitement to devotion and the adoration of an idol!" In the reign of Charles II., the church was finally withdrawn from parochial use, and splendidly fitted up, with an organ and other decorations, as a chapel for the sovereign and knights of the Thistle, to whom, on the twelfth of July, 1687, the key was ordered to be given up. But all this renovated splendour was crushed at the revolution by the zeal of insurgency.—A last attempt was made to restore the desecrated fabric by covering it with a ponderous stone roof; but the unskilfulness of the architect and the state of the walls, already shaken by the storms of six centuries and often "tried in the fire," rendered such a project madness in the attempt and ruin in the end. Shortly after its completion the massy roof fell in,\* and, destroying or greatly damaging all the internal decorations,

\* On this occasion, what had escaped the mob at the Revolution now became their property. The church was ransacked, and every thing carried off which could be converted into money. Of the bones of the illustrious dead, some were removed, and others left exposed—a sad and mortifying spectacle. The head of Queen Margaret, which was entire, and even beautiful, and the skull of Darnley, were purloined—Darnley, the haughty, the imperious, but fascinating lover of the unfortunate MARY. The thigh bones of this ambitious noble, on inspection, fully corroborated the testimony of authors as to his heroic—or rather gigantic, stature of seven feet.—*Bord. Ant. Hol. Abb.*



left the chapel what it now appears—with the exception of some recent repairs—one of the most beautiful and picturesque ruins in Scotland.

Here sleeps the sovereign in his shroud—the warrior in his mail—  
 The saint to holy vigils vowed—the faithful and the frail!  
 There, though the weeds have warped the shrine, the Rose of Guelder prayed  
 There, daughter of St. Louis' line, thy bridal couch was made!—  
 The virgin's blush—the mother's joy—the royal widow's wail,  
 And earthly pomp, and earth's alloy, have here their varied tale  
 And there is she—a gliding ghost—where, as the moon-beam falls,  
 Yon frantic maiden keeps her post 'neath its sepulchral walls . . .  
 And long she watched, and wept, and sung strange ditties to the gloom—  
 Long to the senseless marble clung that closed her hero's tomb!  
 At night, as wont, her voice was heard in wild complaint and prayer;  
 But, mute at morn, no echo stirred—no mourner sorrowed there!  
 They found her drooping, cold, and dead!—and, scattered where she lay,  
 The last wild flowers her hand had shed upon her lover's clay.—*MS.*

The legend connected with the foundation of this monastery is thus gravely narrated by Scottish historians. King David, while hunting in the forest of Drumselch, now Drumseuch, in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, was attacked by an enraged stag, and dismounted. In this position he commended himself to heaven; whereat, a cross or *rood* descended from the sky, with which miraculous emblem in his hand, the monarch, springing to his feet with the courage of a second Constantine, put the antlered savage to flight. Full of gratitude for his deliverance, he founded the monastery of Holy-Rood, and ensured its prosperity by many rich endowments. Among other specific privileges, he conferred upon it those of trial by duel, and the ordeal by fire and water—execrable rites—which continued in force till abolished by the progress of reformation.

The King's Park, which surrounds the abbey, and includes the hilly ground in the immediate vicinity, was first enclosed by James V. as a pleasure demesne for the new palace. A more striking combination of the beautiful and romantic in landscape it would be difficult to imagine. Within a few minutes' walk of the palace, the pedestrian finds himself in as much apparent seclusion from the world as if in the centre of a Highland glen—with not a human habitation nor a trace of human industry around him. But let him shift his position for only a few steps, and the Canongate lies stretched at his feet—the castle soars in all its strength and stateliness—the bay extends before him studded with ships—the richly cultivated gardens on the shore, and the “golden-fringed coast of Fife,” reverse the picture, and transport him from a seeming desert to the riches of Nature, and the busiest haunts of industry.

In the valley between Salisbury Craigs and Arthur's Seat, are the remains of St. Anthony's Chapel, overhung by a rocky precipice, and covering the most remarkable spot within the whole circle of this wild and romantic landscape. The view which it commands—particularly at sunset, when the atmosphere is clear—is of unrivalled beauty: it is a view in which every pictorial accessory seems brought into the richest and most efficient combination. The hermit who first chose this for his solitude must have had the eye of a painter and the soul of a poet, as well as an innate predisposition to sanctity. But in his day, probably, the glimpses of the “glorious west” were only to be caught through the natural vistas of the original forest, which has long since disappeared. Traces of the hermitage are still visible, but so indistinct, that were it not for tradition they might readily escape observation. Farther down is the celebrated “St. Anton's well,” immortalized by its introduction into one of the most expressive and plaintive melodies that ever enriched the language of Scotland.\*

St. Leonard's Craigs†—an irregular ridge with a slight vegetation, in the south-west boundary of the King's Park—and the adjoining valley, celebrated in their day as the Scottish “Chalk-farm,” or “Bois-de-Boulogne,” were formerly much resorted to for the adjustment of affairs of honour. The practice of duelling was not confined to the upper class of society, or those who by law were entitled to carry arms, but was often appealed to by the very lowest as the proper tribunal for settling disputes. About the end of the sixteenth century, a case is recorded in which a barber and chimney-sweeper fought with swords near this spot; the rencounter proved bloodless; but the king afterwards ordered the unfortunate barber to be executed for having presumed to demand the “satisfaction of a gentleman.”‡

Muschat's Cairn, so conspicuously introduced into the popular romance already named, is a heap of stones collected on the spot where a murder was

- \* “I leant my back against an aik—I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bowed and syne it brak—sae my true love's forsaken me.  
Oh! Arthur's-seat shall be my bed; the sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me,  
St. Anton's well shall be my drink, sin my true love's forsaken me!”

† Here, in the “Heart of Midlothian,” was the cottage of David Deans—“douce David.”

‡ One of the most remarkable duels of this period was that fought by “royal license,” on Barnbogle links, the demesne of Earl Roseberry, between Adam Bruntfield and James Carmichael. It took place in the presence of “five thousand gentlemen,” and appears to have been rather a gladiatorial exhibition than a duel.—*See Birrel's Diary*, pp. 40—42.—“Sir,” said a French gentleman to his daughter's suitor—“it is not yet time to marry: first, if you would be accounted a brave man, kill in single combat two or three rivals—then marry; and if you have the same number of children, the world will neither have gained nor lost by you.” Such were the maxims of that day.—*See Hamilton's “Scotland.”*

committed in 1720, at the extremity of the path called the Duke's Walk, under very aggravated circumstances.

The vast and varied prospect which is obtained from the summit of Arthur's Seat is proverbially fine, and such as no description can do justice to. The views of the city of Edinburgh, though differing according to the station, are all striking. From Arthur's Seat, which combines all the prominent features both in the fore and back ground—the Pentland ridge to the west, and the Grampians in lofty development to the north—the view is grand and imposing, and will appear so even to those who have seen all that is most celebrated on the continent. On the south, and immediately under the natural ramparts of Arthur's Seat, are Duddingston Loch, the stately mansion of Prestonfield, and the elegant Grecian villa belonging to the Marquis of Abercorn.\* The scene on which the eye reposes is as graceful as wood, water, high cultivation, modern mansions, and feudal ruins can render it. The mouldering turrets of Craig-millar Castle are particularly striking from this point.

The Highland army was encamped, in 1745, to the east of Duddingstone, from which they marched to victory at Preston Pans. At a later period the hill was occupied by the Seaforth Highlanders during the mutiny which arose on their being ordered to India. One morning, while at drill on Leith Links, the whole corps—as if suddenly moved by an evil spirit—shouldered arms, and setting off at quick march, neither halted nor looked behind them till they reached the top of Arthur's Seat. There they fixed their head quarters. No reasoning, nor promises, nor threats of punishment, could induce them to return to their duty—all expedients were useless, till the lords Dunmore and Macdonald, on whose honour they could depend, having entered into a parley, matters were at length adjusted to the satisfaction of the Gæel. The latter, however, had one small favour to ask, namely, “leave to shoot Finnie,” the adjutant of the corps—a favour which was “politely declined.”

The scene was highly picturesque—as a Highland bivouac always is, but most so in a situation like the present, while the tartan of the clan waved wild and warlike, and the shrill notes of the bagpipe screamed defiance to every breeze. The refractory Macraas were shortly after embarked on foreign service; but in this expedition the adjutant declined to assist, fearing, as well he might, that “leave to shoot Finnie” might not be always asked with so much good-nature—or only asked, probably, when the deed was done.

\* “Duddingstone-house,” after a plan by Sir W. Chambers, was erected in 1768, at an expense, including external embellishments, of 30,000*l*.



The Hanging Rocks, or "Giant's Ribs," as they are called, consist of vast prismatic columns of basalt, similar to those in Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Causeway. The district is peculiarly rich in subjects of botany and mineralogy. The hill alone contains four hundred species of plants. From the beginning of summer till the latter end of December, Duddingstone Loch is covered with flocks of coots, wild-duck, and teal; while the swan, taking just precedence, and "fashioning her neck into a goodly curve," swims gracefully forth with her brood. In winter, when frozen over so as to admit of the pastime of curling, this lake presents one of the most animated pictures imaginable. The skating-club, composed of the *élite* of fashion—generally young men of the university, but often comprising veterans in every department of the state—here meet for the exhibition and practice of their art. The evolutions performed by the more skilful on those occasions, present a variety of attitudes which the statuary might consult with advantage, and which never fail to surprise the stranger who is only familiar with winter as it passes in the south. Cars and sledges, occupied by ladies, are whirled along by the skaiters—groupes of experimenters glide cautiously along the margin—the more adroit venture farther—while the forward often present ludicrous pictures of the punishment attending all who enter upon such slippery paths without the necessary forms of initiation. The borders of the lake are surrounded by well-dressed company, booths are erected for shelter and refreshment, and a liberal supply of native music gives zest to the treat. The skating scenes so often represented by Dutch painters, will convey a very accurate idea of the winter festivities on Duddingstone Loch.\*

The Calton-hill, with which we close this bold panorama, is by many preferred to every other point of view in Edinburgh or its vicinity. The principal objects which it commands are thus described in a manuscript poem on the subject, a few extracts from which may illustrate the text.†

\* An amusing work, by R. Broun, Esq., under the title of "Curliana," has recently appeared, from which the stranger, unacquainted with this national pastime, may derive much information and amusement.

† . . . Afar to the eastward directing the eye  
Mid the tumult of waters the Bass we descry,\*—  
A fortress—a prison—a giant in form,  
With battlements towering aloof in the storm;  
Through its caverned recesses the hurricane raves,  
And howls to the boisterous dance of the waves.

[ And

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\* See vol. i. p. 60, of the present work.



# THE CALTON HILL.

(With Nelson's Monument.)

Printed and Sold by W. H. Bartlett, 10, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.

For a distinct view of the architectural magnificence of the Calton-hill, which has been styled the Capitoline—or, according to others, the Acropolis—of the North, there is, perhaps, no better station than the centre of the North

And lo, where the turbulent hordes of the Dane—  
Like a dark cloud of locusts invading the plain,  
Lay fiercely carousing, till victory saw  
Their glory laid waste on the green Berwick-law;\*  
Their warriors of Odin—their worship of Thor—  
The victims, and scoff, of the Scottish claymore . . .

A range of blue hills intercepting the eye,†  
Now swell in bold outline—now melt in the sky,  
And sprinkled with hamlet, tower, fortress, and fane,  
In sylvan declivities sweep to the main—  
There, landscapes that teem with the treasures of life—  
Here, fields where the harvests were gathered in strife!  
And, rich with the tales and traditions of yore—  
Embellish and brighten Bodotria's shore.

Herd—flocks on each hill, and ripe harvests below;  
Each hamlet a port, where the mariner's prow  
Returns with its traffic, and, freighted again,  
Resumes the wild track of its perils—the main.

With fleets on its bosom, and towns on its brim—  
And islands that seem on its surface to swim,  
That main is instinctive with life.—Where the sail  
With joyful expansion embraces the gale,  
Begirt by the billow, and sprinkled with foam,  
Lo, the shattered remains of monastic INCHCOLM!

But oft has the plunderer rifled its form,  
And long has it weathered the shock of the storm,  
Since, wrecked by the tempest and pale in despair,  
A monarch found shelter and loyalty there,—  
When its barefooted hermit knelt down on the strand,  
And proffered his cell to the king of the land!

In token of succour, thus timeously given,  
Yon temple was raised to religion and heaven;  
Strength—sanctity—beauty—distinguished the pile,  
And piety's votaries crowded the isle.  
There penitence, shunning iniquitous strife,  
Resolved on the fruits of a holier life:  
And they who had sailed on the tide of the world  
With the standard of pleasure flung free and unfurled,

\* See vol. i. p. 59.

† The whole line of coast from Portobello and Musselburgh to North Berwick-law, forming the southern boundary to the numerous smaller bays and inlets on this part of the German Ocean. In the extreme distance, Gosford House forms a striking object.—See our notice of East Lothian.



Bridge, where it opens on the Register House. Here all its striking features burst on the spectator at once, and in such number and combination as to arrest the most careless observer. The monuments to Professors Stewart and

Here learnt at the shrine of devotion to bow,  
And numbered each bead with a tear and a vow—  
A tear for the past, and a vow to begin  
The life that partakes not of sorrow and sin.

Though lost in the vortex of time's fatal tide—  
Unknown, unrecorded its beadsmen have died;  
Yet oft from the region of spirits they come  
To visit the shrines of their desolate home!  
The mariner, steering his timorous bark  
O'er the wave on its border, bewildered and dark,  
Beholds the blue tapers that gleam from the pile,  
And the tall hooded friars that chaunt in its aisle!  
He listens—he looks—and by terror unmanned  
Shrinks back in his shallop, and strains to the land!

Now lucid—now lost in Cimmerian shroud,  
Lo, the Pentlands, whose crest seems to pillar the cloud!  
How sweet are the slopes that embellish the chain—  
Here waving in woodlands, or teeming with grain:  
A thousand fair dwellings give life to the scene,  
As they glance on the eye from their arbours of green;  
Where the glimpse of the sunbeam enlivens the rill  
As it fades on the westernmost verge of the hill,  
And folds of light vapour invading the blue,  
Involve the perspective, and sober the view!

Around me, where Salisbury closes the chain,  
And Arthur's proud summit o'ershadows the plain,  
A city expands; where each object is rife  
With a thousand details from the dramas of life!—  
There, turret and cupola crowd on the eye,  
And fortress and temple seem traced on the sky!  
The mountains their bulwark—their mirror the sea—  
And fair as a land of enchantment may be!  
Say, stranger, what clime of the south hast thou seen  
So meet for a poet—a painter—a queen!

But the curtain of twilight o'ershadows the shore,  
And deepens the tint on the blue Lammermoor;  
The tints on Corstorphine have paled in their fire,  
But sunset still lingers with gold on its spire;  
The Roseberry forests are hooded in grey,  
And Night, like his heir, treads impatient on Day.—  
And now, gentle stranger, if such be thy mood,  
Go, welcome the moonlight in sweet Holy-Rood! . . .

Playfair, Nelson's Tower, the New Observatory, and the gigantic columns of the National Monument\*—rising in splendid gradation, crown the eminence, as permanent records of the nation's prosperity. In this respect, indeed, the Calton-hill may be considered as the common pedestal to a series of trophies—*opera haud ignara Minervæ*.

On the left of the new approach leading along the south side of the hill to Waterloo-bridge, is the monument erected in honour of the poet Burns. It occupies a position just where the hill, by a rapid declivity, merges into the Canongate. The site, although much less elevated than that of the other monuments, is sufficiently conspicuous for him who, having a temple in every Scottish heart, can afford to have his monument even in a corner.

The High School is another magnificent structure, erected in the same locality. It is composed of a centre and two wings, with a lodge at each extremity. The centre is a portico of six columns of the Grecian Doric, to which the wings are joined by a colonnade of the same order. The other monuments within sight, are those of George IV. and Pitt—at the intersections of George-street with Hanover and Frederick-street—and the Melville column in St. Andrew's-square. The Register House, the Bridewell and County Prisons, are individually noble specimens of modern architecture. The two last of more recent construction, and overhanging the precipice in the castellated style, produce an effect in fine keeping with the adjoining scenery. The governor's house, overlooking the prison, and situated on the rocky ledge of the hill, is singularly bold and picturesque. With respect to the capricious style observed in these structures, and to which some have objected, it may be stated on a great authority,† that if the Gothic style could be any where adopted with propriety, it is certainly in subjects like the present, where the gaol of the metropolis, built on the very verge of a precipice, overhangs the buildings beneath like an ancient citadel.

Nearly opposite Aberdour are the sacred ruins of Inchcolm—as noticed in the preceding sketch. The monastery on this island, the ancient *Æmonia*, belonged to the canons regular of St. Augustin. It was founded by Alexander I. of Scotland, in 1123, and dedicated to St. Columba, Abbot of Iona, by whose interposition the royal founder was supposed to have escaped shipwreck. The tradition reports that the king, while crossing the frith at Queensferry,

\* The similarity of the Calton-hill to the Athenian Acropolis, suggested the plan and architectural proportions of this temple, for which the Parthenon was adopted as a model. The foundation was laid with great ceremony on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Scotland in August 1822.

† Prov. Ant. of Scot. by Sir Walter Scott, vol. i. p. 48.

was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and driven upon this island, where he was received by a hermit, in a small chapel or cell, dedicated to St. Columba, and compelled by stress of weather to remain three days, with no better fare for himself and suite than the milk of a single cow, and the shell-fish picked up among the rocks. The buildings cover a very considerable space of ground. The strong vaulted roofs are still partly entire; the cloister and small octagon chapel adjoining have suffered least. The square tower overlooking the other compartments of the ruin resembles that of Iona.

In 1335 this monastery had attained great celebrity; but, along with its reputed sanctity, it was known to possess considerable wealth, which, serving as a bribe to the English fleet sent into the frith by Edward III., occasioned its plunder and desecration. Among the spoils carried on board the English ships, was an image of St. Columba, held in peculiar veneration. Soon after this act of sacrilege, the fleet was nearly cast away in a violent tempest, which was looked upon as a manifestation of Divine wrath against the impious perpetrators of the deed. So intimidated were those who escaped the waves, that they presented the church and monastery with a valuable peace-offering of gold and silver—a circumstance which went far to propitiate the saint, to pacify the monks, and deter future plunderers from a similar outrage on the sanctity of Inchcolm.

Alanus de Mortuo Mari—the Lord Mortimer of Aberdour, who attended Edward III. in his Scotch expedition—bestowed half of his lands on the monks of this island, on condition of being allowed a burying-place in the church for himself and his posterity. The island is now the property of the earl of Moray, whose beautiful mansion of Dunibrissal overlooks the scene.

Inchkeith, another striking feature in the panorama, is a small rocky island situated nearly in the middle of the frith, said to derive its name from the gallant Keith, who, in a remote period of Scottish history, distinguished himself in the battle fought against the Danes at Barry, in Angus. This insular spot was taken possession of and fortified by the English in the reign of Edward VI., but which, after a gallant defence, they were obliged to evacuate. For some time the fort was kept in repair, but at length dismantled by act of parliament, to prevent its being again employed by any enemy as a post of offence. At the close of the fifteenth century, it was converted, by order of the privy council, into a lazaretto. It affords excellent pasturage, produced from a thin layer of soil; and on the summit of the rock a fine spring of fresh water. No evidence exists of its ever having been employed as a permanent habitation; but in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis, it is surprising that so little has been



done for the embellishment of a spot which a few individuals of taste and affluence might convert into a second "Capri." Being a point from which the adjacent coasts and capital are seen to the greatest advantage, it is a favourite resort for water-parties during the summer months. The most prominent feature on the island is the lighthouse, with revolving lamps, a structure which has proved of incalculable benefit to the safe navigation of the Frith. Inchkeith was selected by James IV. for an experiment which serves to illustrate the excessive credulity and superstition of that age. In order to discover the primitive language of the human race and the first formation of speech, he caused two children to be shut up with a dumb attendant in this island, where it was believed that, on arriving at maturity, they communicated their ideas in pure *Hebrew*—the language of Paradise.

The town and harbour of Leith\* have largely participated in the improvements which, during the last twenty years, have made such progress in the capital and its vicinity. Several new streets and densely peopled suburbs afford pleasing evidence of the good taste and commercial activity by which the port of Edinburgh is so happily distinguished. The great increase of trade having called for numerous and important changes, most of them have been promptly carried into effect. New wet-docks have been excavated on a magnificent scale, and the ancient port rendered more commodious and accessible. The dense forest of masts, displaying the colours of every commercial nation, from the white cross of Denmark to the crescent of the east, speaks well for the extent of trade. Ships of war in the offing, the constant arrival and departure of steamers, with the bustle of landing and embarkation, give a vivacity to the picture which is not to be met with in any other port of the empire. The *Pier* of Leith, carried to a considerable distance into the sea, offers a delightful promenade; and, while it affords the citizen all the benefit of fresh sea-breezes, forms also a fine belvidera from which he may enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Frith, such as it appeared in all its richest development—

" When MARY turned her wondering eyes on rocks that seemed to prop the skies,  
On palace, park, and battled pile ; on lake, on river, sea, and isle :  
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew, to distant mountains wild and blue,  
And thought the isle that gave her birth the sweetest, wildest, land on earth !"

\* The harbour of Leith was granted by Robert I. to the community of Edinburgh in 1320. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Mary of Guise, in her zeal to check the progress of reformation, introduced subsidiary troops from France, and fortified the north side of the harbour for their reception. This fortification, having fallen into the hands of the lords of the congregation in 1560, was razed to the ground. On its site Cromwell afterwards built a citadel—for some time his head quarters, and which, when in a

Leith is remarkable as the "royal port" of Scotland. Here, on the nineteenth of August, 1561, Queen Mary set foot on her native shore, to assume a crown entwined with many thorns. Elizabeth having refused her a safe-conduct from the shores of France, the English ships of war, it is said, had orders to intercept the widowed queen in her voyage. Owing to continued fogs, however, Mary's galleys escaped observation and arrived safely at Leith. The preparations for her reception had been hasty and imperfect, and the equipage provided for herself and suite was so poor, when contrasted with her brilliant establishment in the French capital, that she appeared deeply affected by the sudden transition. As she landed, her subjects crowded the beach and rent the air with their acclamations. She was scarcely yet nineteen years old; and softened by the recollection of her early misfortunes—charmed with the excellence of her mien, the dignity of her deportment, and the delicacy of her unrivalled beauty—they were almost overpowered by the mingled feelings of joy, sympathy, and admiration. On her arrival in the palace of Holyrood, two or three hundred native musicians assembled under the windows of the royal apartment and commemorated her welcome by a serenade, which, by her desire, was repeated the following night.\*

" For Mary's heart, to nature true, the powers of song and music knew ;  
But all the choral measures bland, of anthems sung in southern land,  
Appeared an useless pile of art, unfit to sway or melt the heart,  
Compared with that which floated by—her simple *native melody*."

The landing of his late Majesty, George IV., in the same port, after an interval of two hundred and sixty-one years, forms, in all its attendant circumstances, a most striking contrast to the preceding. Having already introduced passages from several of the ancient chronicles, a few "picturesque features" selected from the "modern pageant" may not be unacceptable to the general

ruinous state, was occupied by Macintosh of Borlam, one of the prominent chiefs in the rebellion of 1715. Over this military post, however, commerce has now spread her mantle, and the space once occupied by the cannon of discordant governments has been at last converted into the docks already named. A strong battery still exists for the protection of the port and its anchorage.

The imports of Leith are wines, brandy, and fruit, rice, sugar, rum, and dyeing materials. The principal trade is with the Baltic. The chief manufactures are glass, sugar, ropes, sail-cloth, and ship-building. It contains several banking establishments. One of the principal public buildings is the Custom-house, the seat of the board of customs for Scotland. The town is divided by the harbour into North and South Leith. The industrious portion of the inhabitants is subdivided into mariners, maltsters, traders, and traffickers, who are incorporated by charters.—*Vide Appendix.*

\* It is to this circumstance attending Queen Mary's arrival in Holyrood Palace, that we are indebted for the justly celebrated poem of "The QUEEN'S WAKE," by James Hogg.

reader—the more so, as the “royal visit to Scotland” is now matter of history; and, however trivial in some of its details, was regarded at the time as one of the most important events in the late reign.

### EDINBURGH DURING THE KING'S VISIT.

“ The news has flown from mouth to mouth,  
The North for aince has bang'd the South;  
The de'il a Scotsman's die o' drowth—  
Carle, now the KING's come!”\*

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, on the fifteenth of August, 1822, a gun from the royal yacht announced that the king had entered his barge. The signal was followed by long and continued acclamations from the thousands assembled on the “pier,” the houses, and every accessible point in the vicinity. The cannon from the ships and the battery repeated their salutations, and every pause was filled up by the combined voices of the multitude. The royal barge was preceded by that of the admiral, and followed by others from all his Majesty's ships on the station. An immense number of private boats, gaily trimmed, brought up the rear; the whole forming an aquatic procession such as had never appeared in the harbour of Leith. As soon as the king's barge came within hail of the pier, the royal standard was hoisted on the lighthouse, and a simultaneous shout from the multitude proclaimed his welcome. As it swept past the pier-head, several young gentlemen of Leith, timing their music to the occasion, struck up a popular air on the great Scottish bagpipe, and the pibroch, mingling with the rapturous acclamations of those around, gave a strictly national tone to the ceremony, which was acknowledged by the king in a manner that gave fresh spirit to the performers. As the barge advanced in a line with the Custom-house, the band belonging to the Canongate struck up the “national anthem,” while the magistrates, deacons, and trades, advanced and lowered their standards. When his Majesty approached the landing-place, three distinct well-timed cheers were given by the tars who manned the shipping in the harbour. On shore, every house seemed covered with spectators; hats and handkerchiefs were waved in such profusion from the scaffoldings, windows, and roofs, as completely to shade the multitude beneath, accompanied by shouts as hearty and prolonged as ever greeted the ears of a monarch. His Majesty appeared deeply affected by these manifestations of loyalty, and

\* From one of the numerous loyal effusions published at the time. The present was written by Sir Walter Scott, in the language and to one of the most popular airs of Scotland.



acknowledged them with a grace and cordiality which drew fresh acclamations from his subjects. A little past twelve o'clock, the king was received at the landing-place by the port admiral, the magistrates of Leith, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Baron, the Lord Clerk Register, the Lord Advocate, Sir Thomas Bradford, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished individuals appointed for this duty.

After the due performance of much imposing ceremony, the king having the port admiral and senior magistrate on his right, proceeded with a firm step along the platform, and path strewn with flowers to his carriage. Here he was again saluted with deafening peals, while the highland chief Glengarry, penetrating the dense multitude in performance of his office, drew up in front of the royal liege, and proclaimed, "Your Majesty is welcome to Scotland!"

After a short pause, the procession set forward, and was extremely showy as it spread out. The earl of Kinnoul, as Lord-lyon, curvetting and caprioling his handsome charger in front of a cloud of heralds and cavaliers—his golden coronet—crimson mantle flowing to the ground—his brodered boots and golden spurs, would have been irresistible in the eyes of a dame of the twelfth century. Sir Alexander Keith, as Knight-marshal, with his grooms and esquires; and Sir Patrick Walker, as "White-Rod," with his equeries, made a splendid appearance—second only to that of the Lord-lyon. A long alternation of cavalry and infantry, city dignitaries, and highlanders, followed. At the end of the vista—surrounded by the royal guard of archers, Glengarry and his household retainers, and a whole galaxy of starred and scarlet aides-de-camp and generals—was seen the king, wearing the uniform of a British admiral.\* After some delay in going through the ceremonies of receiving the city keys and listening to speeches, the train moved round by the foot of the Calton-hill towards the palace, in allusion to which, says an elegant writer who witnessed the procession, "I have been a seeker of sights—not of mere shows—all my life. No man is more immovable to the glories of gilt coaches and trumpeters laced to the gorge. My delight has been where the magnificent of Nature combined with some strong excitement of man. I have seen an army marching over mountains, and spreading glen and crag with expanded banners and glittering steel; I have seen an army hurrying to battle through a huge ancient city that had every roof and window clustered with people listening with 'white lips' and in dumb suspense to the roar of the cannon outside their gates; I

\* His Majesty was dressed in an admiral's uniform, with a thistle and sprig of heath in his hat, and on his breast the St. Andrew's Cross, which had been presented to him the previous day by Sir Walter Scott, in the name of the ladies of Edinburgh.—*Historical Account*—Appendix to this Work.

have seen a bombardment at night; I have seen a whole city startled from its sleep by the news that the enemy was at hand; I have been in a fortress whose immediate assault was expected—the burgher-guard hastily and sadly gathering to the ramparts—the houses emptied of all their pale population into the streets, and every sound caught as if it were the trumpet of the enemy; yet above all these—in all but the pain of interest—was the progress of GEORGE IV. to the palace.”

When the king alighted in the court of Holyrood, a salute was fired from all the batteries. This was the finest moment of the day—the *coup-d'œil* was incomparable—it had all the magnificence of a battle without its terror. Discharges of cannon from the brow of two noble hills opposite—the sides of the valley between covered with a vast fluctuating multitude—the air ringing with glorious clamour of bugle and trumpet—troops moving backward and forward below—the hills surmounted with tents and royal standards—the palace, crowded with the glitter of arms, at one end of the view, and at the other, the castle towering through smoke and fire. These were a few—and only a few—of the features in this magnificent spectacle.\*

After the conclusion of a long list of ceremonies, such as in ancient times greeted the most prosperous of Scotland's monarchs on their arrival at Holyrood, his Majesty set out, escorted by a squadron of the “Scots Greys,” for the palace of Dalkeith. In the evening the bonfire on the summit of Arthur's Seat blazed forth anew. At the west end of George-street a display of fireworks was exhibited, such as Edinburgh had never before witnessed; whilst Leith, in brilliant participation of the day's festivities, displayed a vast profusion of lamps and transparent devices. But on the king's return from Dalkeith the following day, all this was far eclipsed by the general illumination of the capital, when all ranks vied with each other in giving full effect to the scene. Inscriptions, architectural and classic ornaments, devices and emblems, were exhibited in dazzling variety. Although the general effect—so greatly enhanced by the picturesque locality—was every where striking, still there were certain points

\* That the manner of his reception was as grateful to the king as it was solemn and impressive to the spectators, derives full confirmation from a remark made to the gallant Lord Lynedoch after he arrived at the palace. “I had often heard,” said his Majesty, “that the Scots were a proud nation; and they have reason to be so, for they appear to be a nation of gentlemen. I myself am proud of them.” When the king landed, an English nobleman of the household was so much struck with the gorgeous ceremony and enthusiastic loyalty evinced on the occasion, that he exclaimed, “Never before, surely, did monarch meet with a reception so grand as this!” The multitude who this day witnessed the procession, cannot be estimated at less than three hundred thousand.—See Blackwood's Magazine, the Herald's official account, the other public documents of that year, and the list of Authorities annexed to this Work.

from which the scene was contemplated with peculiar advantage. "When viewed from the Calton-hill, the mind was lost in wonder at the absolute profusion of splendour which riveted the eye upon Waterloo-place, and then forced it to seek relief in the more mild and chastened lustre of Prince's-street, reflected upon the conterminous dark abyss of the North-loch." The gigantic outline of the castle—as in the great annual illumination of St. Peter's and St. Angelo, at Rome—was rendered visible by numberless torches which blazed on its battlements, and in fitful flashes opened up to view, amid the darkness of the night, the various embrasures and fossés of the ancient fortress, and cast a lurid glare from the base to the summit upon the immense superficies of the rugged rock on which it reposes. "All around and below looked like a city in conflagration. Here a sullen glow, and there a broad burst of fire—dark and ridgy roofs edged with light—steeple and pillars that, as the flame flashed partially upon them, seemed yielding and wavering to their fall—the sky, a lurid smoky arch, that brightened and darkened with every change below; and, far above roof and tower, Arthur's-seat, 'like a minor volcano,' throwing up a column of flame into the very heavens."

On Saturday, the 17th, the king held his first levee in Holyrood-house, where upwards of two thousand representatives of the talent, wealth, and title of Scotland appeared in court and state uniforms. On Monday a second levee was held, at which the public bodies came in procession, and the Commission of the General Assembly complimented the king in an appropriate and classic oration. Besides the sovereign, many chieftains of clans, noblemen and gentlemen appeared in the highland garb, among whom were observed the dukes of Hamilton and Argyll, the earl of Breadalbane, Lord Gwydir, and Lord Glenorchy.\* On Tuesday, the long-deserted saloons of Holyrood-house were enlivened by a drawing room—one of the most brilliant assemblies of beauty, high birth, and fashion, that ever flattered the eye of a monarch. Not less than two thousand six hundred of the nobility and gentry were present.

"Brighter than the gems they wear,  
Strewn star-like in their night-dark hair,  
There shone the eyes of Scotland's fair—Carle, now the King's come!

"The loveliest of the lovely flowers  
That bloom in Scotia's birken bowers,  
Smile—'Welcome to our loyal towers!'—Carle, now the King's come!"

\* Sir William Curtis, also, appeared in the same attire: and it was remarked, whenever his Majesty and the worthy alderman met, that neither could refrain from smiling—probably at the singularity of their appearance in the "garb of the Tartan Confederacy."—*Hist. Acc.*



The king, who had, perhaps, more taste in such matters than any of his contemporaries, confirmed the impression made on those around him, by adverting to the beauty which had that day thrown sunshine upon his visit to Scotland. The demeanour of the Scotch ladies, says an observer, was extremely characteristic as they moved towards the state apartments—their eyes motionless, yet keen with intelligence—dignified, but betraying by the timidity of their advances the invincible modesty of their nature. The appearance of the ancient palace, whether viewed in contact with the glittering equipages that crowded its passages, the youth and beauty that occupied its courts, or the gorgeous and antique apparel displayed on the occasion, was splendid. Such a scene may never again occur in Scotland—and out of Scotland no similar spectacle can occur; for that which gave it novelty and spirit, was its pure and primitive character, and the strictly national observances which rendered it a *fête* peculiar in all its aspects, and presenting such infinite combination of features as no other circumstances could have effected.

The tartan plaid and sable plume of the North were never displayed to greater advantage. The ladies, attended by their fathers, their husbands, or brothers, advanced with delicate but proud submission, to receive the royal token of recognition on their blushing cheek. The young and timid, shrinking insensibly back as they approached the Sovereign, required the repeated promptings of matronly reminiscence to entice them forward into the circle. But this important step once achieved, and the stated number of courtesies performed, with what pleasure, (says a lady,) they opened their eyes upon the mighty Rubicon they had just passed!—examined their robes, the trains of which, as the first step towards the presence, had been unlooped by the page in waiting—then, retiring slowly, tried to fix the royal features in their memory—tried to recollect their own feelings, whether they had performed each step within the right time, and with the legitimate etiquette. But in nine cases out of ten the whole scene appeared like a dream, and it was only on meeting with their friends at the exit, that they felt assured of having performed one of the most important *rôles* in a young lady's career—a first presentation at court. Could the young *débutante* on the eve of a great drawing-room-day depict her nervous anxiety, it would seem quite as formidable as the picture left us by Mrs. Siddons of her first appearance on the boards of Drury-lane.

George IV., however, had as happy a tact of restoring self-possession to the timid, as he had of humbling the over confident. The slightest assumption of

familiarity received its reprimand by a look which at once restored the balance and preserved the distinction of station inviolable. He felt and acted as a king, and thus set an example for the direction of his subjects. Some of the latter, however, either from ignorance of the royal character or of their own duty, displayed a well-meant but ill-timed officiousness—at once detected in the king's expression, which, though long and well tutored, became more and more, as he advanced in life, the index of his mind. Displeasure, however, was rarely if ever felt at any violation of the mere forms of court etiquette, unless where it was evident the individual ought to have known better, and erred rather from disregard than ignorance of the "majesty that doth hedge a king." In several instances, where the rough but manly highlander approached him with the frank greeting of a loyal subject rather than the grace of a finished courtier, he was occasionally amused by the contrast, and would have laughed heartily "had he not been a king."

As the old Celtic chiefs, in plaid, and philibeg, and flowing tartan, passed in review—each with the badge of his clan—the dress that had distinguished his name for centuries—colours that had been so oft paraded in those very apartments—the picture was full of martial show and animation.\* The basket-hilted sword—the Ferrara of other times, the hereditary palladium from father to son—recalled the party feuds and patriotic struggles in which it had been so often displayed as the sole arbitrator from which there was no appeal. The richly inlaid pistols, generally of the famous Doune manufactory, and the dagger of Damascus metal—all arranged in the girdle, gave the wearer more the aspect of a corsair prepared for a cruise, than of a courtier in the presence of his sovereign. But the native beauty, on which they were here only as knights-attendant, threw a hallowing lustre over the scene, and where wounds were to be inflicted, reserved that privilege to itself.

A profusion of military and other orders sparkling on the scarlet and tartan uniforms, told many a tale of service done "i' th' deadly breach"—the morning and the midnight bivouac. Family badges that had not seen the light for centuries, were here made available. *Bijouterie* that had been worn, perhaps, to welcome the first James, was now burnished up for the reception of George IV. Some, while they offered the meed of loyalty to their lawful sovereign, thought with bitterness on that unhappy prince who, in the last generation, had here received their family allegiance, and in his own ruin involved so many illustrious followers.

\* The national costume and badge were still more general at the levee than on the present occasion.

It was an interesting feature in the scene to observe here and there a Scottish noble earnestly explaining to his daughter some one of the many royal portraits with which the walls of the picture-gallery were covered, and emphatically reciting the passage of history in which his family was associated with the ancient kings of Scotland. What a fund for reflection did not these portraits of the 'Scottish kings' supply, as their descendants, moving in procession before them, halted here and there as if to present their homage! With the noblest of their ancient lieges within, and the highland pibroch pealing from without, it appeared as if *they* too held their levee, and still lived in the hearts of their subjects.

One individual, in particular, appeared in the retiring circle as "the observed of all observers." At every step he was delayed by some fresh salutation—the familiar greeting of friends, or the formal recognition of less privileged acquaintances. Wherever he halted, though but for an instant, a circle was formed round him, and his simplest phrase caught and repeated as an oracle. Strangers pressed forward; and as the whispered name passed from lip to lip, a smile of congratulation brightened every countenance, and those who had knelt to the king turned, with a different, but no less hearty homage, to Walter Scott. He was in high spirits; and, in the scene which surrounded him, perfectly at home. The "beauty and chivalry" which here met his eye seemed to realise the visions of his own brilliant imagination. Of the national characters which had received the master touches from his hand, many of the originals might here have been pointed out, and the truth of the resemblance verified by an appeal to nature. The marked attention shown to this gentleman by the king, was at once a proof of good taste and a flattering compliment to native talent. Much of the arrangement for the reception and entertainment of his Majesty had been delegated to Sir Walter; and to his genius, zeal, and discrimination, the visit was indebted for some of its most brilliant features. Eminently conversant with all the ancient usages of court, the national partialities, the natural facilities of the place, and the effect that must result from certain combinations, he cheerfully undertook to see his "own romantic town" arrayed in her loyal uniform. Whatever he recommended was adopted, and what was adopted did honour to the recommendation.

But we proceed with the days of gala—days which converted the city into a continued scene of festivity. On Thursday, preparations for a public procession having been made on a grand scale, the king proceeded in state through the principal streets of the capital. The High-street—the most remarkable of its kind in Europe, and the classic ground of Scottish history—was lined by a full muster of the various corporations in their uniform. No similar display had



taken place since the days of the Stuarts. Wherever a few feet of space could be had, stages and scaffolding were erected; and on these, and crowding the windows and balconies on either side, dense masses of well-dressed people watched the progress of the royal cortège. The king advanced in a close state carriage. "The High-street was now bright with the blaze of day. Its parapets and pinnacles—the height, and wildness, and high antique confusion of its architecture, winding and sweeping away down the hill—had the look of the most beautiful and impressive object that architecture ever gave the eye"—the interior of some vast cathedral, when seen at its full.

"Squire and knight and belted peer—  
Lowland chief and mountaineer—  
The best, the bravest, all are here,—Carle, now the King's come!"

The procession commenced at half-past two, and moved from Holyrood-house under a roar of congratulation. But the sky had promised rain, and its promise now began to be amply fulfilled. The glory of the open galleries was shadowed in a moment, and never was popular good-will more severely drenched. Still the procession ascended, through waving handkerchiefs and applauding hands, till it reached the Castle-hill, where the entrance of the multitude was forbidden, and the pageant, unpressed by the crowd, expanded in all its beauty. Heralds, squires, and chieftains—the hereditary officers of the throne, bearing badges and batons—followed in glittering succession, with intervening guards of highland clans and lowland cavalry. Old Froissart would have dwelt with delight on the stately bearing of these "mirrors of chivalry," and some novelist in after times, when all who figured in the scene are beyond the reach of tale or tournament, will tell of "the crimson coat that flowed down to the golden spurs of the lyon-king-at-arms—the green velvet tunic, gold embroidered—the golden *rigol* round the cap of crimson—the enamelled staff, flowered with golden thistles—and the Arabian that he 'caracoled and caprioled' with such knightly dexterity."

The sword of state—an enormous two-handed blade—worthy of the grasp of Arthur or Wallace, was borne by the earl of Morton, in a modern uniform that looked humiliated beside the superb barbarism of the old costume. The sceptre—a short staff with a large head of crystal—was carried by the Hon. Morton Stuart, dressed in simple green; but his plaid, his splendid arms, and the beautiful charger on which he sat with peculiar grace, made him conspicuous. The duke of Hamilton, in the dress of a courtier of the first Charles—the velvet hat, satin slashed doublet, and deep vandyked collar—bore the crown. The king



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J. G. G. G.

Edinburgh, Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1822.



was escorted by the archers, and the earls of Hopetoun, Elgin, and Errol—the latter as high-constable—and the commander of the forces, Sir Thomas Bradford. On arriving at the gate of the castle, the king was received according to ancient form; the Marchmont herald, with the trumpeters who preceded him, announcing his Majesty's approach and the presentation of the keys by the governor. In a few minutes after, the king appeared on the battlements. The day had been sullen, and it had now grown wild and gusty—but sunshine might have made the spectacle less magnificent. All before the eye was the tossing of plumes and the bowing of standards, which, in that lofty and exposed situation, could scarcely be held in the hands of the bearers; troops massed under cloaks of every hue, long lines and groups of scarlet, and blue, and tartan. But the noblest sight was the castle, with its ranges of wall and embrasure from the ground, crowded with the garrison; and, above all, on the brow of the highest battery, stood the king, alone! “The moment of his appearance was sublime: he was hailed with a general shout—a clangour of drums and trumpets—a grand universal uproar of triumph. What might be the feeling—the proud and delighted exultation of heart in a being to whom every voice of this homage was sent up, and who saw from that superb stand, the sea, the land, and the people—all his own—is reserved for a king only to know! After a short interval, the castle commenced the royal salute, and between the discharges, his Majesty, though the rain fell heavily, was seen waving his hat in answer to the acclamations from below.\* His heroic stature from this position was seen to great advantage. Above him was nothing but the royal standard whirling in the blast like a disturbed cloud. The battery at his feet hid him from time to time in bursts of smoke, that suddenly gave way and restored him to view. Lower and lower still, the parapets and ports were filled with soldiery.”—The king's portrait, says the authority above quoted, “should have been taken from the half-moon battery of Edinburgh Castle”—and if so, it should have been by Martin's pencil.

Returning to the palace by the superb route of the Calton-hill, an accident had well nigh thrown a gloom over the day's festivities. On coming down the great staircase, the king missed a step; but at the instant, Sir Hilgrove Turner, whose eyes were on the alert, interposed his person, and the king, recovering himself, replied to this well-timed interference—“Sir Hilgrove, you have saved me!” In another age, such an occurrence would have been made a question of serious import as a state omen.

\* Some solicitude being expressed lest the king should get wet—“O, never mind,” he replied, with great animation, “I must cheer the people;” and taking off his hat, he waved it repeatedly, and gave three cheers, which were acknowledged by enthusiastic acclamations.



On the Friday following, one of the most splendid military fêtes ever witnessed in Scotland, took place on the fine beach at Portobello, a field well suited for such a "wappenshaw." In this review, the pride of the highlands and much of the strength and chivalry of the counties "on both sides of the Forth"—comprising the whole volunteer cavalry of the principal lowland districts—met in warlike array. Such juxtaposition in former times might have been a hazardous experiment. By universal consent, Sir Walter Scott acted as adjutant-general to the "Tartan Confederacy," which never presented a more brilliant spectacle than on the present occasion.\* Independently of the regular forces, numerous troops of yeomanry, from nine or ten counties adjacent, were on the ground, at whose soldier-like appearance the king was heard to observe, that "he had always placed much confidence in the 'yeomanry corps,' but that now his confidence was much increased." The day was peculiarly favourable for this imposing spectacle; upwards of a thousand equipages—many of them splendid—and fifty thousand spectators, were on the beach. The military bands were never better arranged—

" And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel."

The next exhibition of national loyalty was the ball given to his Majesty by the PEERS, in the great Assembly Rooms in George-street, which had been superbly decorated for the occasion. At nine o'clock, the principal saloon was filled by the rank, beauty, and fashion of Scotland, and these for the most part in full court dresses. The scene was one of such extraordinary splendour, as to bewilder the sober-minded spectator, and quite in unison with the other expressions of loyalty prepared for the king—"rich, beautiful, and orderly."

\* Among these deputed specimens of the Highlands, were the Braidalbane men:—*arms*, broad swords; *dress*, dark green; *badge*, a yellow plume in the bonnet, and a crest on the right arm; *military march*, "The Campbells are coming;" *commander*, earl of Braidalbane. Celtic Society:—*arms*, swords, partisans, and targets; *dress*, various tartans, belted plaid (superb and half barbaric); *commander*, duke of Argyll. Strathfillan Society:—busked and armed *à la Celta*; tartans as above; *chiefs*, Stewart of Ardvairlich, Grahame of Airth. To these succeeded the clan Gregor, under their gallant chief Sir Evan Macgregor, dressed in red tartan, with a branch of mountain fir in the bonnet. Glengarry, attended by twelve gentlemen of his house, among whom was his brother, Colonel Macdonnell—(whose intrepid conduct at Hougoumont is so well known)—Barrisdale, and other cadets of this ancient line—their attendants carrying, besides the broadsword and buckler, muskets of extraordinary length. The Sutherland Highlanders, headed by Lord F. L. Gower, wearing the plaid, scarf-fashion and *trews*, but with no other arms than the broad-sword. The Drummonds (sent by Lady Gwydir) with sword and targe, and sprigs of holly in their caps. To these would have succeeded the clans under the dukes of Atholl and Gordon; Macleod of Macleod, the earl of Fife, Farquharson of Invercauld, Clanronald, and other high chiefs, had it not been very properly thought that their numbers would occasion inconvenience.—*Hist. Acc.* abridged; see Appendix.

And Scotland's—

“ Capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell—  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell !”

On the forenoon of Saturday, the Regalia of Scotland were conveyed in great ceremony from the palace and deposited in the crown-room of the castle. The procession was composed of the Macgregors, who, as indicated by their armorial bearings—a sword displayed, supporting an antique crown—had been connected with that important trust from time immemorial. On the same day, a splendid banquet was given to his Majesty by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh, in the Parliament-house, the antique grandeur of which gave ample effect to the modern splendour with which it had been prepared for the occasion.\* Seats were prepared for about three hundred guests, all of which were occupied. The appearance which the company presented was deeply interesting, and brought under the eye the whole dignity of the state—the sovereign, the public functionaries, judges, and magistrates, in their official robes—and naval and military officers, in their various uniforms.†

Under the impression that, while we continue the observations on the king's visit, we describe the character of Edinburgh and its enlightened population better than we should otherwise do, we continue a few more particulars illustrative of the subject. On the 25th of August, the king attended divine service in the metropolitan church of St. Giles, which was, probably, the first time he had ever been present at a Presbyterian form of worship. When he set out from the palace, and till he reached the church, the appearance of the street was most imposing and characteristic of a Scottish Sabbath. As he proceeded, the people reverently took off their hats, but not a voice was raised to hail his appearance. Great as their exultation undoubtedly was thus to behold

\* One of the candelabras alone cost 2000*l*. The tables were literally covered with massive plate.

† During dinner, the wine-glasses, furnished for his Majesty's use by Sir Walter Scott, were two centuries old, and of a massive antique form. During, and immediately after dinner, the band struck up several favourite Scotch airs, as “ Roy's Wife”—“ I'll gang nae mair to yon town”—“ The Campbells are coming”—“ Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.” The king beat time with great emphasis; but the “ Cameronian's rant” amused him most.—An anecdote related by Sir Walter of the origin of the Howisons of Braehead, in which one of the kings of Scotland was rescued from the effects of a *gallant* adventure, afforded much amusement.—See the Historical Account, p. 234.

their sovereign in the midst of them, still the sentiment of piety predominated; and of the great multitude assembled, not one for a moment forgot the divine command—"To keep holy the Sabbath-day." "There did not reign in the most sequestered glen of Scotland a more profound silence than was now observed in the heart of the capital. Once, and only once, a few boys, as the king approached, took off their hats as if to cheer him; but some old men waved their hands in disapprobation, and the signal was instantly obeyed." This trait was much noticed by the king, and no part of the behaviour of his Scottish subjects was more admired than their conduct on this solemn occasion. On his return to the palace, after an admirable sermon by the Rev. Dr. Lamont, the same reverential silence was observed, and now perfectly understood; but at first setting off in the morning, it was said, the "voiceless" welcome was rather embarrassing.

On Monday the 26th, the king made a private visit to the palace, and, attended by the housekeeper, went over all the apartments, listening with great attention to all the "legendary lore" with which the good old lady illustrated each room. In the apartment of Queen Mary he lingered for some time, expressing the deepest interest in every thing around him; but the monotonous harangue with which the several objects were described occasioned no little amusement. In the evening, the grand ball given by the Caledonian Hunt afforded his Majesty another opportunity of witnessing the national loyalty and taste as manifested in the arrangements for its advantageous display. In accepting the invitation to the Hunt ball, his Majesty had stipulated for "an abundance of Scotch reels and strathspeys;" "I dislike seeing any thing in Scotland," said he, "that is not purely national and characteristic." The stipulation was most strictly observed; and, with music that put "life and mettle in their heels," the dancers elicited from their sovereign the most flattering testimonies of the pleasure the scene afforded him.

The following day, Tuesday, the 27th, a most imposing ceremony was performed in laying the foundation-stone of the great National Monument on the Calton-hill, at which all the masonic lodges, preceded by the Grand Master, the Duke of Hamilton, assisted. In the procession, all the rank and talent then assembled in the capital were united; and with the numerous badges displayed on the occasion, produced an effect, as it moved slowly along the verge of the hill, at once solemn and picturesque. "This ground," observed the Grand Master, "was broken on the King's birth-day: and the foundation laid by commissioners acting in the name and on behalf of his Majesty, on the anniversary of the day when christian slavery was abolished, the captive's



bonds broken, and the prisoners set free by British valour under the walls of Algiers!—thus gloriously terminating the achievements of our gallant countrymen, to whom this tribute of national gratitude is so justly due.”

On the same day, his Majesty honoured Lord Viscount Melville by a visit to his noble mansion,\* when the Midlothian cavalry, with which he had lately expressed so gratifying an opinion, were drawn up on the lawn. On his return to town in the evening, the king appeared at the theatre. In the pit and galleries, the audience were so closely packed that it would have been difficult, says an observer, to have introduced even the point of a sabre between any two. The boxes were filled with a dazzling galaxy of the rank, wealth, and beauty of Scotland. The waving of plumed bonnets and tartan scarfs produced a perfect hurricane of acclamation. The play, commanded by his Majesty in honour of the country, was “Rob Roy.”†

On Wednesday the 28th, the marquis of Lothian was honoured by a visit from his Majesty at his seat of Newbattle Abbey,‡ on which occasion a new approach was opened and styled the King’s Gate, in commemoration of the event. The fine avenue leading to the mansion was lined with the staff of the Edinburgh militia and a long retinue of the marquis’s tenantry, all testifying their loyalty by voice and gesture.

The time during which his Majesty resided in Scotland had been one continued round of magnificent processions, rejoicings, and festivities. These were now fast drawing to a close; and Thursday the 29th being fixed as the day for his departure, his Majesty selected Port Edgar, near Queensferry, as the most eligible

\* Melville Castle, near Lasswade—a building of great architectural elegance, and surrounded by a finely wooded park, of which the king expressed much admiration.

† The passages at which the “king laughed heartily” were those, where the Baillie displays his prowess with the *het poker*, where he says to Frank Osbaldiston, “Nane o’ your Lon’on tricks!”—where he mentions the distinguishing appellation of “auld Nick and young Nick;”—where he testifies his distrust of Major Galbraith, who has “Mair brandy than brains;”—where he says of the highlanders, “They may quarrel among themselves now and then, and gie ane anither a stab wi’ a dirk, or a slash wi’ a claymore, but tak my word on’t, they’re aye sure to join in the lang run against a’ wha hae purses in their pockets, and breeks on their hinder ends;”—and when he says to the boy who returns him his hat and wig, “That’s a braw callant, ye’ll be a man afore your mither yet.” Though greatly pleased with the Scotch music generally, the popular ditty—“I’ll gang nae mair to yon town,” seemed to be the king’s decided favourite.

‡ Situated on the South-Esk, about a mile or little more from Dalkeith. This sumptuous mansion occupies the site of the ancient abbey of Newbattle, founded by the pious King David—that “sair sanct for the crown”—as a monastery for the Cistercian order, of which the ancestor of the present marquis was the last abbot. The mansion contains many fine paintings, and is surrounded by an extensive park, interspersed with trees of gigantic size, among which, says Scotstarvet, the deer have displaced the monks. It was dissolved at the Reformation, and erected into a temporal lordship in favour of Mark Ker, Master of Requests to James VI., and in whose person, in the extravagance of superstition, the above writer relates an extraordinary tale of witchcraft.

point for embarkation, on account of its vicinity to Hopetoun House, to the noble owner of which he had promised a visit on that day, and where preparations had been made in a style and splendour that well corresponded with the occasion. For ten days previous to the royal visit, nearly a hundred workmen had been employed on the picturesque road which winds along the right bank of the Forth, and opens on this magnificent mansion. Under the two colonades which connect the wings with the centre of the house, ranges of tables were fitted up and covered with the choicest viands. On the north side were the West-Lothian cavalry, and on the south, the tenantry resident on the Hopetoun estate. In the park was an extensive range of tents, tastefully decorated with laurel and other evergreens, and furnished with every variety of refreshments which the best larders and wine-vaults in the kingdom could supply. The eastern division was set apart for the company invited to meet his Majesty, amounting to about four hundred. The other division was destined for the Royal Archers, and in the intermediate space were green bowers for the accommodation of bands of music. Detachments of the "Scots Greys," the county yeomanry, and about a hundred of the earl's tenantry, well mounted, and stationed at intervals among the multitude assembled on the lawn, produced a highly animated and picturesque effect—reminding us of the scene in the "Thane of Fife:—"

" All these, with all the various bands from all  
 Their coasts, with banners spread, and trumpet's blast,  
 To meet their king—"  
 " Congratulant in sounding tumult past . . .  
 And with the gleam and gairishness of war  
 Emblazing half the soil that swarms with life afar."

In the mean time, the king having left Dalkeith House and passed through Edinburgh, under salutations from the guns of the Castle; entered the grounds of Dalmeny—followed by continued acclamations of loyalty from the crowds of spectators that lined the road.\* This manor was acquired in the reign of

\* Dalmeny Park is alike remarkable for the beauty of its position and the richly diversified scenery of which it forms the centre. Its bold waving surface; pleasant pastures, fringed with long ridges of rocks, shaded by trees of luxuriant growth; the majestic Forth, studded with islands, and seen commencing its serpentine course at the base of those mountains which form the august boundary of the Highlands; the rich and rugged scenery on either side; the ancient castellated buildings upon the coast—nodding to their foundations, but rich in the "traditions of eld"—presented a scene from which both painter and poet have drawn inspiration. From Monshill in this neighbourhood the panorama takes in a portion of sixteen different counties, and is entitled to a place among the finest prospects in Europe. In this neighbourhood is "Barnbogle Castle, once the noted seat of the gallant *Mowbray*,"

Charles II. by Archibald Primrose, who was created Viscount Primrose in 1700, and three years later, earl of Roseberry. The Queensferry sent forth its joyous acclamations as the king approached, and the vessels composing the royal squadron at anchor off the pier, exhibited their masts gaily festooned with flags of every nation and colour. The cavalcade as it entered and winded along the great avenue, assumed a still more royal appearance; and now, augmented by an additional escort, presented a picture of the most novel and imposing features. Never, perhaps, did sovereign meet with a reception more worthy of the royal dignity, more honourable to his noble host, or more creditable to the loyalty of his subjects. But as our limits do not permit us to indulge in minute description, we shall conclude the subject with a very few remarks.

Early in the afternoon, the king took leave of the Hopetoun fête\*—the most strikingly novel and impressive, probably, of any that had yet hailed his arrival. Attended by a retinue of nobles, he entered his barge manned with eighteen rowers; while a royal salute, fired by all the ships of the squadron, and answered from the opposite shore by the guns at Broom-hall, the seat of Lord Elgin, announced the king's departure from Caledonia. His embarkation on board the royal yacht was similar in many respects to the gorgeous scene already displayed on his first landing at Leith. The yacht was soon under weigh, and, followed by the rest of the squadron, bore down for Leith "roads." At six o'clock, a third salute was given from Leith Battery, the Castle, Calton-hill, and Salisbury Crags, announcing that the royal squadron was fairly at sea, and the national pageant concluded.

" Then sons of the mountain and sons of the vale  
Return to the roar of the forest and flood;  
And whether the tartan be purple or pale,  
Be brothers in spirit, as brothers in blood!"

The official expression of the King's sentiments towards Scotland and its inhabitants, as published the same day, concludes in these terms:—"His Majesty's residence in Scotland has proved to him a source of unalloyed satisfaction. It has confirmed every favourable impression which he had previously entertained of the character and habits of the people; and it has afforded to him that

\* While at Hopetoun-house the king gave a flattering proof of his esteem for native merit, and of his zealous desire to encourage the fine arts, of which he had always been an ardent admirer and a generous patron, by conferring the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Henry Raeburn and Captain Adam Ferguson—names too well known to the public to call for any notice in this place.



which must ever constitute his chief gratification—the opportunity of witnessing the happiness of his subjects, and of receiving the most convincing proofs of their faithful attachment and loyalty. He takes leave of Scotland with the most cordial feelings of affection towards her people, and with the deepest anxiety to promote their welfare.” The same flattering sentiments are expressed in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, of which the annexed is a copy:—“The king wishes to make you the channel of conveying to the Highland chiefs, and their followers, who have given to the varied scene which we have witnessed so peculiar and romantic a character, his particular thanks for their attendance, and his warm approbation of their uniform deportment. He does justice to the ardent spirit of loyalty by which they are animated; and is convinced that he could offer no recompense for their services so gratifying to them, as the assurances which I now convey of the esteem and approbation of their Sovereign.”\*

We now close our brief, and necessarily imperfect, account of the King's Visit to Scotland, and prosecuting our tour westward, revert to the scenery of West Lothian, of which Hopetoun-house, with its immediate landscape, forms one of the most striking features. The building was commenced by Charles, first earl of Hopetoun, in 1696, after a plan by the celebrated architect, Sir William Bruce of Kinross, and completed within the last century by Mr. Adam, to whom the country is indebted for many specimens of correct taste and classic architecture. The great natural advantages of the spot selected for this baronial edifice contributed most materially in giving effect to the labours of art. Every embellishment, to a certain extent, was made to harmonize with those beauties which nature with liberal hand had scattered around. Under the direction of skill and taste, the lawn, gardens, and shrubberies, were planned so as to enhance the general effect without hurting any of its proportions; and present single points of view and combinations of scenery which excite universal admiration. The house crowns a gentle acclivity, gradually rising from the water's edge, and from its magnificent terrace commands a prospect which the united testimony of all northern travellers has rendered proverbial. The Frith, whose broad estuary partakes at this point of the combined character of ocean and river—but during a storm assumes all the distinctive grandeur of the former—may be traced in all its sinuous crystal “links” to the base of the mountain chain from which it descends. From the more elevated points the spectator takes in at one view the whole valley, and

\* Both letters dated Edinburgh, August 29th, 1822, and signed,—“*Robert Peel*.”

its extended mass of waters, from "Strevelin's towers" to the sea-girt Bass—with all the towns, abbeys, hamlets, and villas, on its—

" Coasts so rife  
Of villagery, and fringed with townships so ;"—

its busy harbours, the islets that seem to float on its surface, the bold Grampians on the north, and the Ochil hills on the west, backed in the extreme distance by the "lofty Benlomond." But Hopetoun-house is not more remarkable for the scenery it commands, than for the noble and imposing features which it imparts—meeting the spectator at a great distance on both sides of the Forth, and continuing long in view. Dr. Cririe thus apostrophises it—

" Fair Hopetoun, seated on thy spreading lawn—  
In princely state . . .  
Nor can Italia vaunt a brighter scene—  
Nor generous Britain boast a better lord."

The town of Queensferry,† so greatly improved within the last twenty years, derives its name and origin from the following historical fact:—After the fatal battle of Hastings, which placed the Norman dynasty on the English throne, Edgar Atheling, with his mother Agatha and his sisters Margaret and Christina, in their flight from the Conqueror, being driven by stress of weather into the Frith of Forth, landed at a small village called the Binks, at the west end of the present burgh, where a ready asylum was offered to the royal fugitives, and their numerous retinue of Anglo-Saxons. Margaret, having afterwards become the queen of Malcolm Canmore, in grateful remembrance of her first reception on the Scottish shore, procured for this village the privileges of a burgh of regality. Edgar Atheling, who the very next year was once more forced to consult his safety by flight, landed at a rock a little further to the westward, which has since borne the name of Port Edgar, and was selected, as already stated, by his late Majesty for embarkation. The town of Queensferry‡ has been repeatedly honoured in later times by the visits of princes,

\* Sir James—son of the eminent Sir Thomas Hope, who was appointed a senator in 1649, by the designation of Lord Hopetoun—was the ancestor of the earls of that title, created in 1703. The present representative is the wealthiest peer connected with the county.

† In 1215, Pope Gregory confirmed to the Abbey of Dunfermlin—'Dimidium passagii sanctæ *Margaretæ* Reginæ.'

‡ A singular custom prevails in this burgh, which may have had its origin in some circumstance connected with the landing of Edgar, his mother, and sisters. It is this:—On the evening preceding the annual fair, the boys choose two of their number as king and queen. These puerile representations of

among which was that of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, now king of Belgium, when on a visit to the earl of Hopetoun.

On the right, "old Garvey's castled Cliff"—a small fortified rock, rising abruptly from the waters of the Frith, forms a fine and picturesque object; while, on the opposite shore, as celebrated by Cririe—

" Rosyth across the brine  
Lifts high her towering head, in ruins now,  
Of noble Stuarts once the fortress strong."

In this castle, according to tradition, the mother of Cromwell, a lady of the Stuart family, was born. The "Protector" is said to have visited the castle during his operations in Scotland. Near the western extremity of this borough is part of a church, the only remains of the Carmelite monastery, founded here by the laird of Dundas early in the fourteenth century, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. But of the many religious houses that once flourished in this county few vestiges remain. Dundas-hill is well deserving of the attention of geologists for the remarkable range of basaltic columns which it presents. These are between seven and eight hundred feet in length, two hundred in breadth, and nearly perpendicular. Between five and six miles to the westward is the royal and once important fortress of Blackness castle. It stands on a narrow point of land running into the Frith, and was well adapted for the purposes of a state prison, to which it was formerly applied. According to the articles of the Union, it is one of the four garrisons ordered to be kept in repair. This was the ancient harbour of Linlithgow—

" Where Rome's strong galleys found a safe retreat,  
And commerce moored her richly freighted fleet"—

till Borrowstounness, which succeeded as a sea-port, became the most frequented. At the commencement of the present century, however, the importance of the latter being overlooked in its turn, the fluctuating spirit of commerce transferred its favours to Grangemouth. The pier, basin, and docks cover about two Scotch acres; the access is easy, and with a depth of water in spring-tides of seventeen feet or upwards. In 1792, the trading vessels belonging to this

majesty have then their heads and faces covered with woollen caps, on which, as well as on every other part of their dress, *burs* (the pods of the burdock) are stuck in profusion; and in this grotesque guise—relieved by farther decorations of flowers and feathers—they are paraded through the streets amidst the boisterous cheers of the citizens. Port Edgar has lately been most substantially improved—the rock is, covered by a commodious quay and breakwater, among the most perfect in the United Kingdom.—*Statist.*



port amounted to one hundred and sixty-five. The neighbouring territory abounds in coal and freestone, and, gently sloping to the shore,

“ Villa and hamlet, tower and sheltering wood,  
Reflected gleam in Fortha's winding flood.”

About three miles inland is the ancient capital of the district, the venerable town of Linlithgow, the favoured retreat of her sovereigns, and one of the most happily situated towns in Scotland. The interior is a rich treat for the painter and antiquary. The houses—where they have escaped the mutilations of modern improvement—exhibit a style of architecture still to be seen in the old towns of Saxony, the picturesque wooden structure, with its carved panels, jutting porticos, massy balustrades, and projecting roofs; but which are all fast disappearing in Scotland, where the freestone quarry has long superseded the forest in the way of domestic architecture. The houses are dark, and in many respects inconvenient, but they talk intelligibly of generations past—of the sorrow or sunshine to which they afforded shelter or display—of the thousand guests that each, like a caravansera, has lodged for a time, and then dismissed to that lowlier mansion from which no tenant returns. The very names, symbols, and initials—the one supplanting the other as race followed race—give an interest to the ancient log-tenements of Linlithgow which no modern architecture could awaken. In its palmy day, while enjoying the partial favours of a court, and the accumulating riches of a prosperous trade, it was much more populous than at the present date, when its original advantages have been usurped by younger colonies,

“ That, rising into fame and enterprise,  
Ostrival her who taught them first to rise.  
While wan, and widowed of her former state,  
The Queen of all the land lies desolate.”

Among the ancient features of the place, the original gate is not the least interesting for the stratagem by which it was thrown open to the Bruce. This took place about the same time that the castle of Edinburgh, as already stated, was surprised by Randolph. The English garrison, then in the castle or *pele* of Linlithgow, were in the habit of receiving their supplies of forage from a peasant in the environs, named Binnoch, who, though willing to convert the produce of his fields into money, could not forget that his country groaned under a foreign yoke, and that he who with one hand paid him for his provender, brandished in the other the ensigns of oppression. Having loaded his wain

as usual, he proceeded to the gate, following the sturdy bondsman who drove the team, as if merely to see the forage safely delivered. His person and business being already familiar to the sentinel on guard, required no passport. The gate was thrown open and the wain passed on, till Binnoch,\* watching the moment, and rushing up to the beam, severed the main-trace by a single blow of his axe, while the horses springing forward left the wain under the centre of the arch. Binnoch at the same moment striking the porter to the ground, vociferated the watchword, when eight well armed accomplices leapt from the middle of the hay and rushed to the assault. The alarm was spread; and a strong body of the garrison hastening to the spot endeavoured to shut the gate, but in vain. They then attempted to drop the portcullis, but nothing could be done; the wain, which occupied the centre of the gate, prevented alike the closing of the doors and descent of the portcullis; while the armed Scotch, pouring in from an ambush where they lay waiting the result of the experiment, spread a panic among the troops, and forcing a passage through the street, took immediate possession of the castle.

“ And then the watchword of the Bruce once more  
Rang from the pele to Forth’s resounding shore.”

Whether Linlithgow be the Lindum of Ptolemy is a question not yet decided; but sufficient evidence exists to prove that it is a place of great antiquity. On the site of the Roman camp, according to Fordun, Edward I., during the campaign of 1300, erected a castle or *pele*, which, being surprised in the manner already stated, was demolished some years later by order of Bruce. It was afterwards rebuilt and enlarged, at various epochs, until it assumed the form and importance of a royal palace. The front and porch were erected by James V., and the north side by his successor. In point of sculpture the east side is extremely interesting, and presents a striking specimen of the ornamental architecture of that period. The west side forms a strong contrast in this respect, being little better than a dead wall, and indicating rather a prison than a palace; for in those days of stratagem and distrust security was the first consideration, and the best sanctuary of royalty was in the heart of a fortress. The magnificent description in “Marmion” is highly coloured; and although little remains to verify the poetical picture, those who visit the palace with minds enriched by historical associations will find in its deserted halls a prolific source of melancholy enjoyment. The ground on which this venerable ruin

\* The family of Binning trace their pedigree to this peasant—the William Tell of his time. Their motto is—“Virtute doloque.”

stands, rises in the form of an amphitheatre, overlooking its mirror-lake, and exhibiting the time-worn structure to great advantage. It appears to have been chiefly appropriated as a residence for the dowager-queens of Scotland. When James II. married, in April 1449, he settled on Mary of Guelder, as her dower, the palace, lake, and park of Linlithgow; which, on the marriage of his successor, were again confirmed to Margaret of Denmark; and lastly, on the union of the "thistle and the rose," in 1503, James IV. settled the palace, its jurisdiction and privileges, on his queen, the Lady Margaret. During the greater part of the reign of James V. Linlithgow was the "Versailles" of Scotland, to which the court retired to seek relaxation from the "graver concerns of government," and in the palace, gardens, and lake, to indulge those pastimes which best became the beauty and chivalry of the age. When Mary of Guise was conducted from Stirling to this palace, she expressed her admiration of the place in terms highly complimentary to her royal consort and the country, and appears, by the partiality afterwards evinced for Linlithgow, to have felt what she expressed. Its praise is also sung in Latin—

" Nobile Limnuchum est, Pario de marmore templum  
Hic nitet, impensæ non mediocris opus."

The chamber, or rather the hall, where Mary Stuart first caught the light, is now the most interesting portion of this once splendid edifice. It was here that she was seen by the English ambassador, Sadler, who, in his Letters, speaks of her as "a fine infant." From this period, however, the palace became the frequent scene of political intrigue; treason and espionage were every where fostered by a profuse dissemination of English gold; and in the following year, alarmed for the safety of her daughter, the queen collected an army, and under its protection transferred her residence from Linlithgow to Stirling castle.

The great church, occupying a space between the town and the palace, is a vast Gothic structure, dating from the reign of the pious King David. One half of this venerable pile is now sufficient to accommodate the modern congregation. It is kept up with patriotic feeling and good taste, in regard to its sculpture and carved ornaments; and is now one of the most entire and striking monuments of sacred architecture in the kingdom. It was in this church—in St. Katherine's haunted aisle—while engaged at vespers, and "making his devotion to God, very sad and dolorous," on the eve of his fatal march to Flodden, that James IV. was accosted by a spectre—

" In a low voice—but never tone  
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone."



“Sir king,” said the unearthly monitor, “my Mother hath sent me to desire thee not to pass at this time whither thou art purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well on thy journey, nor any that passeth with thee!”\* It had been well for the country and his distracted queen, had the headstrong monarch availed himself of this well-timed counsel. His mind, however, though deeply tinctured with superstition, was too chivalrous to retract the challenge already proclaimed. He guessed, perhaps, that the voice he had just heard was only that of his unhappy consort communicated through a new medium—warning him to pause before he rushed upon an enterprise in which so many were doomed to perish. But the king only retired from vespers to marshal his host; while Margaret, secluded in her cheerless “bower,” watched his progress, and “wept sore for him who should return no more.”

The fountain in the centre of the court appears to have been what historians describe it—a work of elaborate design and execution; but it is now a mass of ruins, and those stones on which the chisel of the sculptor had been so long and ingeniously exercised, and whose progress had been watched by the presence of the sovereign, are now displaced and shapeless fragments. In 1745 it was made to run wine in honour of Prince Charles; but these Jacobite libations were its expiring symptoms of loyalty, for on the arrival of the king’s troops the following year, the fountain was demolished, and the whole building “purged” by fire. The accompanying plate presents a vivid idea of the conflagration which exposed to the bitter blast the last habitable portion of the building. What renders this catastrophe the more painful is that the dragoons quartered in the royal apartments are said to have been the incendiaries. If so, their sacrifice of the palace showed what they had in reserve for the people—

“When the glens of the Highlands their march should proclaim,  
Giving life to the sword and the roof to the flame.”

Till this disastrous event, the side of the square rebuilt by James VI. had been kept in good repair.

On the many political events of which Linlithgow has been the theatre, the limited nature of this work will not permit us to dwell. But the tragic fate of the Regent Murray is so identified with the place, that,—although the open balcony where the deed was perpetrated no longer addresses us audibly as we saunter through the street and its double row of antiquated dwellings—

\* See the account as detailed with minute and graphic simplicity by Lindsay of Pitscottie



INTERIOR COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

T. Allin



the scene is still brought immediately before us in the mind's eye. Murray, who knew how to avail himself of the important means which the battle of Langside had placed at his disposal, showed great moderation in the exercise of his authority as regent. To many who had been doomed to death after the battle, and had their lands confiscated, his clemency was manifested by a well-timed pardon. Of this number was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who, with many others of his name and family, had been made prisoner. But although his life was spared, a separate property on which his wife resided had been given to one of the regent's favourites. The newly invested barbarian, in his eagerness to take possession, expelled the unhappy wife from her chamber, where she had not yet recovered from the perils of childbed. Driven from her own threshold, half naked, and under the greatly aggravating circumstances of a tempestuous night; her delicate frame and critical state of health—the personal insult to which she had been exposed—the shock inflicted upon her wounded pride and female delicacy, and with no prospect of relief or rescue, threw her into such an agony of despair, that before morning she was a confirmed maniac.\*

Informed of this inhuman outrage—inflicted at a time when its unoffending object had a double claim on the protection and sympathy of our common nature—and having been brought up in a school which inculcated revenge as a virtue and a duty, Hamilton vowed destruction on the author, and took his measures accordingly. Wherever the regent moved, he hovered in his wake—watching the fatal moment when he might avenge his own wrongs and those of the faction goading him on. At length, being at Stirling on his way to the capital, the regent had to pass through Linlithgow—a circumstance which Hamilton resolved to take advantage of for the perpetration of his unhallowed purpose. Having laid his plans with great secrecy and precision, he continued to haunt the spot, and waiting impatiently for his unconscious victim, took his station in a house, from the gallery or outer apartment of which he could command a full view of the procession. The wall behind he had hung with black cloth, and the floor covered with feather mattresses, so that neither sound nor shadow

\* With hair dishevelled to the breeze,  
Beneath yon leafless tree,  
There oft belated pilgrim sees  
The 'rose of Woodhouselee!'  
And blighted on its mother's breast,  
And bathed with many a tear,  
She strives to sing her babe to rest,  
And dreams of succour near.

But ruthless hearts were in her bower;  
Above, an angry sky;  
To soothe the anguish of that hour  
No friendly voice was nigh!  
The midnight winds around her rave,  
And freeze the falling tear—  
She shrieked—she kissed her babe—then gave  
Her bosom for its bier!—*MS.*



might betray the lurking assassin. As the regent approached the gate, a warning, for the second time, reached his ear that treason was at work; but he only smiled incredulously, and, treating the whispered omen as an invention by which his enemies sought to intimidate him into concessions, continued his progress. Apprehensions for his safety now circulated more freely; even the house where the ambuscade was suspected was pointed out; but, although it occasioned a momentary hesitation as to the route, the cavalcade proceeded. In the mean time, Bothwellhaugh stood in the fatal gallery—a brass carbine raised to his eye, a lighted match between his fingers, watching every undulation of the crowd, and already exulting in his unhallowed triumph. The acclamations of the people, and the waving of plumed helms and bonnets, met the regent at every step of his progress; but could he have read them aright, they would have sounded more dismal than any welcome that had ever met his ear. Arrived in front of the house, he was in the act of replying to the salutations, and sat uncovered on his steed; when a sudden flash from the gallery, followed by a loud report and curling smoke, confirmed the worst apprehensions—and the regent sank under the shot of an assassin.

His attendants, thrown into momentary consternation, could only gaze at the point where the murderous volley had left its witness; but the next instant they rushed to the door—the windows—the gallery, and every accessible point. But these were proof to manual strength, and too strongly barricaded to give way to their impatient efforts; while every avenue communicating with the building was stuffed with thorn or furze. Bothwellhaugh, having seen his victim fall, mounted a fleet steed in waiting behind the premises and was already on his way to Hamilton, followed by several of the regent's vassals, who had tracked him from his starting post, and were now in hot pursuit. The mettle of his steed, however, carried him out of danger, and receiving the congratulations of his clan, mixed with the curses of his baffled pursuers, he repaired subsequently to France, where he engaged in military service under the Guises.

Queen Elizabeth, who had lost a faithful cooperator by the death of Murray, expressed her horror of the deed, and resolved to avenge his fall. For this purpose, an English army invaded the country; and, after destroying the town of Hamilton, burnt the duke of Chatelherault's house in Linlithgow, his palace of Kinneil, the mansions of Pardovan, Bynnie, Kincavel, and the chapel of Livingston. We now revert to another important epoch.

The "battle of Linlithgow" was fought on the 4th of September, 1526, with the design of rescuing James V. from the domination of the earl of Angus. Lennox, the friend of the sovereign, arrived with his host in the neighbourhood

of Kirkliston; and Angus rushed from Edinburgh to support Arran; while Sir George Douglas, bringing with him the young king in person, followed with the citizens of the capital. Observing the king's reluctance to proceed, as the continued roar of artillery announced the engagement—"I guess your majesty's thoughts," said he, sternly, "but do not deceive yourself: for if your enemies had hold of you on one side, and we on the other, we would tear you asunder rather than quit our hold." This ferocious declaration made a lasting impression on the king's mind, and afterwards, perhaps, prompted the strong measures of which, for a time, this daring noble became the victim. On reaching the field of battle, they found that victory had declared for Angus. Lennox, who had the love and esteem of the country in his favour, had been taken prisoner, and after quarter granted, slain by Sir James Hamilton, whose turbulent and sanguinary temper thus gratified his revenge at the expense of his honour. Arran was seen mourning beside the victim: "Here," said he, pointing to the dead body of his nephew, over which he had spread his scarlet mantle, "here, of Scotland's worthies, the wisest, the bravest, and the best, lies slain!" A cairn, or sepulchral mound, to which every pilgrim contributed a stone in testimony of his abhorrence of the deed, long continued to mark the unhallowed spot, but at length disappeared in the course of local improvements.

The memorials of hostile conflict, however, are comparatively few in this district. Vestiges of feudal sway are variously indicated by mouldering fastnesses, but which are now generally replaced by structures that announce a happier era.\* Antiquities are few, unless castles and romantic ruins be considered as such, but which are only interesting so far as chronology renders them instructive.† Tumuli, cairns, battle-stones, or other sepulchral memorials, are observed in various parishes, particularly in Torpichen, the ancient seat of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, on the hills near Lochcoat and the river Amon.

\* Among these baronial seats are, Barnbogle, Kinneil, Livingston-peel, Abercorn, Niddrie, Meidhope, Turtrean, &c. The present family residences, besides those already enumerated, are Blackburn, Duddingston, Dundas, Foxhall, Hallyards, Houston, Newliston, Polkemet, &c., the mere description of which would fill a quarto, and will be found in Sibbald's County History.

† During the reign of the Antonines, a wall was built under Lollius Urbicus, from the Clyde, near old Kilpatrick, to the Forth at Carriden. Entering Linlithgowshire it crossed the Avon at Back-end, proceeded thence to Inver-Avon, and then eastward to Kinneil. The track of the rampart may be faintly traced to the House of Grange, beyond which it proceeded further to the east, and ended, probably, at Carriden. About the middle of last century, axes, pots, and vases evidently of Roman workmanship, were discovered at this point. A military way accompanied the wall through its whole extent. From the Roman station at Cramond a military road proceeded westward along the shore to Carriden, crossed the Amon, entered this shire, passed thence by Barnbough-hill, crossed Ecklin Moor, where it is still visible, and only terminated with the wall.—*Chalmers, Art. Antiq.* Ray's *Rel. Antiq.* 163. *Sibbald*, 19, 20. *Bede*, c. xvi.

Among the learned or otherwise illustrious individuals to whom this district of Lothian has given birth, were the accomplished Hamilton of Bangour, and Wilkie, author of the “*Epigoniad*.” John, earl of Stair, so eminent as a soldier and statesman, resided long in this county, which he “improved by his example.” With respect to the agriculture of West Lothian, this illustrious individual, on retiring from the bustle of public life, was the first to improve the old by the introduction of new maxims of husbandry. By steady practical experiments, he showed the vast benefits resulting from the new system; and his example being imitated by the patriotic earl of Hopetoun, others followed in the same track, till, with little interruption, the system reached the high state of perfection which it now presents. The art of horticulture and a taste for gardening and botany, appear to have been cultivated early in the reign of James VI. Ray, in his “*Itinerary*,” mentions that he had seen in Baillie Stewart’s garden divers exotic plants\*—some of them such as he had not before met with—and “more,” says he, “than one could have hoped to find in so northerly and cold a country.” Next to agriculture, the traffic in coal employs the greatest number of hands. Cotton manufactories, breweries, distilleries, soap boiling, the salt pans and fisheries along the Forth, tanneries, and bleaching fields, are the principal sources of domestic trade and industry. The linen manufacture, for which Linlithgow was once famous, has been superseded by the less durable but more lucrative fabric of cotton, for the encouragement of which every facility has been afforded.

Mineral springs of various efficacy are found in this county, but have lost their early attractions. Silver and lead mines were formerly wrought in the parishes of Linlithgow and Bathgate, but as the expense exceeded the produce, the work was discontinued. Lime has superseded the use of shell and stone marl, in which the district abounds, and, with brick and potters’ clay, red chalk and fullers’ earth, comprises the useful class of minerals with which nature has enriched the county. The public roads are all excellent—the Bathgate road proverbially so. The soil is various, but generally of a rich loam, and highly cultivated, interspersed with thriving woods, and yielding abundant harvests. Of the liberal and enlightened system of public education so happily adopted throughout the whole district of Lothian, Linlithgow has an ample share. Parish schools and private academies, conducted under the same discipline as in the capital, afford every facility for the acquisition of the ornamental as well as useful branches of study. At the Reformation, the school of Linlithgow was taught

\* A list of these will be found in Sibbald’s history.



by Ninian Winzet, the polemical antagonist of John Knox; and at the Revolution by James Kirkwood, under whose care John, earl of Stair, received the early part of a classical education. Kirkwood, it will be remembered, was the author of a keen satire, entitled “The twenty-seven Gods of Linlithgow”—a “History” which provoked the town council, and led to the author’s expulsion.

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## STIRLINGSHIRE AND THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

“ Regia sublimis celsa despectat ab arce  
 Pendula sub biferis mœnia structa jugis.  
 Regum angusta parens, regum nutricula natis  
 Hinc sibi regifero nomine tota placet.  
 . . . . Discordia tristis,  
 Heu quoties procerum sanguine tinxit humum.  
 Hoc uno infelix, at felix cœtera, nunquam  
 Lætior aut cœli frons, geniusve soli.”

THE shire of Stirling has been the theatre of several of the most important events recorded in the annals of Scotland. Every field, and town, and hamlet, and fastness, is rich in the traditions of those remote struggles from which it derives its name, and in which patriotism has withstood oppression, and waved the standard of independence over the scene of her achievements. As we pause on the history, how many pitched battles, sudden skirmishes, bloody combats, and midnight *raids*, pass in review before us! How many successive armies, mustered on its fields of strife, proclaim by their varying ensigns the power and ambition of those who at different epochs have laboured for its subjugation. From the Roman legions, who compensated for the humiliation of conquest by introducing among the conquered the arts and habits of refined life, down to the hostile movements which terminated with the last field of Falkirk, freedom has acquired fresh life from the blood of her sons. How different, too, the character of those conflicting armies, and the means and method of warfare!—some with bow and battle-axe, and spear and javelin; others with the destructive engines of modern invention; all have successively met in the same field—as if only to leave fresh memorials of the woes that spring from the ambition of princes or the turbulence of faction. To the contemplative mind, almost every scene

on this Highland frontier presents some theme of intense interest. The phantoms of history become embodied, and the lengthened battalions, in hostile attitude, assume their stations as in the day of conflict. The mutual defiance, the impetuous charge, the clang of trumpets, and the clash of encountering steel, strike upon the ear! Anon the scene is changed!—the din of battle is hushed; the field is covered with dead; the standard of liberty waves in triumph; but the very hour of its triumph is marked with the tears of widows and orphans! But years roll by; the mourners have dried their tears, or joined those whom they deplored. The field that blushed with the blood of its victims is restored to its pastoral destination, or ripens in harvests, till the march of conflicting armies again halts upon its fated soil, and the combat rages with renewed fury. Once more its natural hues are effaced, and the conqueror and the conquered are “shovelled together” under the same turf, where now—as the ploughshare unsepulchres the relics of heroes from their shallow bed, the peasant rejoices in the happier destiny to which his country has at length arrived—a destiny in which the humblest of her children participate.

Those battle-fields which have entailed so much glory on the descendants of the victors, and established an independence which nothing but their swords could achieve, must ever continue as places of national pilgrimage, at which the youth may imbibe the first glow of patriotism, and the old revive the fervour of youth. It is by revisiting such localities that the love of country is kept alive—for in such places only the genius of freedom is to be invoked; her most appropriate altar is on that battle-ground where her votaries have wrested their country from the oppressor, and left an example for posterity through all ages, that freedom waits on the “*resolution to be free.*” With the names of Leuctra and Marathon, Morat and Morgarten, every friend of liberty will associate the fields of this hard-debated frontier; and when he hears of the oppression which yet wastes and paralyzes a once proud and independent nation, he will remember the ardent apostrophe of the “poet of liberty”—

“ O, yet again to Freedom’s cause return  
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!”

For the last fourscore years this district has enjoyed the fruits of that internal repose and industry which ensure prosperity, and made extensive progress in all those measures which enrich and embellish a country. Those who only remember Stirlingshire as it appeared even twenty years ago, can form little idea of its actual condition—a condition which, in spite of the depressed state of agriculture, evinces the most agreeable picture of moral as well as physical

improvement. The great advantages which nature has here disclosed to the enterprising spirit of man, have been diligently cultivated, till the very surface has assumed the appearance of one vast garden spreading itself over a soil rich in mineral treasures.\*

On crossing the Avon, in our advance towards Stirling, we catch many beautiful views of the Forth and the Ochil hills, bordered with a rich and highly variegated foreground. Falkirk, which gives its name to two of the hostile engagements referred to, is a large thriving town, and derives no small advantages from the celebrated *trysts*, or cattle-markets, of which it is at several periods annually the scene. In the churchyard are the memorials of Sir John the Graham, and Sir John Stewart, who fell in the first battle of Falkirk. The memory of the Graham, Wallace's staunch supporter in many a patriotic struggle, is thus honourably recorded :—

“ Mente manumque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates  
Conditur hic Gramus, bello interfectus ab Anglis.”†

The first of the battles alluded to was fought on the 22d of July, 1298. The Scottish army was divided into phalanxes, with their lances lowered obliquely over each other, and so dense as to resemble, says an English historian, “a castle walled with steel.” These spearmen were the flower of the army, and commanded by Wallace in person, who at the onset of battle addressed them in these expressive terms :—“I have here brought you to the ring, dance as ye best can.” The archers under Sir John Stewart, whose fate has just been mentioned, were drawn up between the different masses of infantry, and were chiefly from Selkirk forest. In the rear was the cavalry, amounting only to about one thousand men. The earl marshal of England having begun the action by charging the Scottish front with his cavalry, became involved in a morass

\* Being plentifully supplied with coal-mines, the following lines seem not inapplicable to Stirling, though intended by the author, Johnston, for Newcastle.

“ Rupe sedens celsa rerum aut miracula spectat  
Naturæ, aut solers distrahit illa aliis ;  
*Sedibus ætheriis quid frustra quæritis ignem*  
*Hunc alit, hunc terra suscitât ista sinu,”* &c.

† The popular version of the epitaph is well known :—

“ Of mind and courage stout, Wallace's true Achates,  
Here lies Sir John the Graham, felled by the English baties.”

After a long interval, Sir Robert Munro, of Foulis, was killed on the same field in the battle of 1746, and has a monument in the same enclosure.



which intervened. The bishop of Durham, who led the other division of the cavalry, was wheeling round on the east, but observing this misfortune, became irresolute, and inclined to wait for support, when Ralph Basset, of Drayton, tauntingly exclaimed, "To mass, bishop—to mass!" and charged with the whole body. This was accomplished with such impetuosity, that the Scottish men-at-arms left the ground without crossing a lance. The infantry met and sustained the shock for a time with unflinching courage; but in the struggle that followed, Sir John Stewart was dismounted and slain among his faithful archers. Thus discouraged and exposed to incessant showers of arrows, without the means of defence or retaliation, and thrown into disorder by the fall of one of their leaders, the Scottish troops gradually fell back, and at length betook themselves to flight. The rout was complete; and the few who survived, owed their lives to the shelter of the neighbouring forest. The body of Stewart was found among those of his Ettrick and Selkirk bowmen, who were distinguished from all others with which the field was covered, by their manly stature and fair complexions. Macduff, and Sir John the Graham, as already mentioned, perished in the same disastrous field, which, according to popular report, was lost by treachery and collusion between King Edward and the earls of Dunbar and Angus.\*

The second battle of Falkirk, fought on the 17th of January, 1746, was preceded and attended by very different circumstances. On arriving, General Hawley encamped with a force of six thousand men near the very field rendered so memorable by the disaster recorded. The Highland army in the mean time not only kept their ground, but prepared to attack the general in his camp; and crossing the Carron at Dunipace, were within two miles of Falkirk before their design was suspected. The English force, apprehending nothing like a surprise, were busied throughout the camp preparing dinner; while the general himself had gone to dine with the countess of Kilmarnock—although, from the fact of her husband holding at that time a command in the prince's army, her attachment to the opposite cause might have been suspected.† At

\* This suspicion is strengthened by the disgraceful flight of the Scottish cavalry. But the defeat is sufficiently accounted for by the great superiority of the English archers, both as to numbers and expertness in their art. The Scottish spear was invincible in close quarters; but the well-feathered shaft of England carried death into the distant ranks, and was superior to the arquebuse or musket of the present day, inasmuch as the marksman's aim was unimpeded by that smoke which collects over a modern field of battle.

† From the testimony of a person then in the house of Callander, it appears that the earl, as well as the countess of Kilmarnock, entertained General Hawley on this occasion; and that the earl, stepping out of the dining room, had taken his arms, mounted his horse, and leaving his lady to do the honours, joined the prince's army.—*Hist. of the County, Append.* p. 758.

length the Highlanders appearing in sight, the alarm spread, and Howard, the second in command, repaired to Callander House to report to the general and receive his orders. Hawley made light of the matter, and merely replied, that the troops might keep on the alert and put on their accoutrements, but that there was no occasion for remaining under arms. The officers, nevertheless, thought it expedient to prepare for the worst, and formed the troops in front of the camp. When the general arrived, three regiments of dragoons were ordered to take possession of a hill towards which the Highland infantry were advancing in quick time, and ultimately took the lead of Hawley's cavalry. Here Prince Charles's army drew up in order of battle, forming two lines, with a reserve in the rear. On the particulars, as it respects those in command of the different divisions, we need not dwell. About three, P.M. both armies stood within a hundred yards of each other, when Hawley ordered his dragoons to charge. This was obeyed with alacrity, but a volley from the Highlanders under Lord George Murray, and the attack with broad sword and target that immediately followed, told so severely, that several troops of horse, little accustomed to the Celtic mode of warfare, galloped right off the field. This left the infantry exposed; and the Highlanders, seizing the advantage, fell upon them with the broad sword, and put them to the rout. A tempest of wind and rain, which at the time blew directly in the faces of the royal troops, blinded their eyes, and by wetting the powder, rendered their muskets almost useless; while, on the other hand, it neither blunted the claymore, nor impeded the Highlanders' advance. The battle was maintained for some time with vigour; but at length resistance being only partial, the king's forces were driven back on Linlithgow, and the rout complete. Their artillery, ammunition, and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors; but the tents were set fire to by order of Hawley, who, though not formally condemned for his generalship in this affair, became highly unpopular, and was superseded by the duke of Cumberland, of whose qualifications, "moral and military," we shall have further occasion to speak.

The banks of the Carron, though much celebrated in history and tradition, and not deficient in picturesque features, are best known in modern times as the seat of those immense forges from which has issued so large a portion of the cannon employed in the late war, and of the domestic implements in daily

Callander house stands about a mile east of Falkirk, in a magnificent park, containing four hundred Scotch acres, and is altogether a princely residence. A room is shown in which Queen Mary, who, having come to be present at a baptism in the noble family to which it originally belonged, passed the night; and another which had afforded repose to Prince Charles Edward on the night of the 15th Sept. 1745.

use over the whole kingdom. Dr. John Roebuck, having visited many places in Scotland, to ascertain the practicability of an iron foundry, fixed at last on the situation of the present Carron works. The date of the establishment is 1760: the company is chartered, and has an original capital of fifty thousand pounds. This foundry is, without dispute, the most extensive in the world. There are five blast furnaces, producing nearly two hundred tons of iron weekly: of air furnaces and cupolas, there are twenty, capable of melting double the quantity for foundry purposes. Mortars, cannon, and carronades (so named from the foundry) are cast solid, and bored in a perpendicular position. About two thousand people used to be employed on the premises. The consumption of coal, which is obtained from the mines adjoining, is about two hundred tons a-day. The iron is brought from the West by the great canal, and from the coast of Fife by the Forth. The works employ from fifteen to twenty of the company's vessels to London, Liverpool, &c. There is easy access to both seas; and, from a private canal from within the buildings, the lading is carried in small craft to the Carron wharf. The Forth and Clyde Canal, which had its commencement, joined by the Union Canal, at this point—forms altogether one of the boldest enterprises of modern times.\*

Behind the church of Larbert is the handsome monument of cast-iron erected to the memory of Brucc, the Abyssinian traveller. The Carse of Stirling, like that of Falkirk, is cultivated with the neatness of a garden, and seems as productive; while new mansions, embosomed in thriving plantations, and adding many pleasing features to the general landscape, afford evidence of the daily improvements which are here extending their influence in every direction. Many of the Roman *præsidia* and *turres*—particularly Castle Cary, Rough Castle, and Camelon, are still traceable in this district. In the latter of these, Agricola is supposed to have wintered previous to his sixth campaign, and to have made the Camelon Causeway. Near the Carron, that ancient boundary of

\* The Great Canal, connecting the Clyde with the Forth, appears to have first suggested itself in the reign of Charles II., but was not acted upon till the summer of 1768. In 1790 the navigation was opened from sea to sea, by a great popular solemnity of pouring into the Clyde a hogshead of the water of the Forth. The greatest altitude of this canal is one hundred and fifty-six feet; the medium breadth at surface fifty-six feet; at bottom, twenty-seven feet; with an uniform depth of eight feet. Vessels of nineteen feet beam, sixty-eight feet keel, and drawing eight feet of water, can navigate its whole length, about thirty-five miles. It is crossed by thirty-three draw-bridges, passes over ten considerable aqueducts, besides thirty smaller tunnels. The great aqueduct at Kelvin, eighty-three feet high, and crossing a valley upwards of four hundred feet wide, is magnificent. The canal has six reservoirs, covering above four hundred acres. In 1810 the duty upon it, arising chiefly from grain and timber, amounted to forty thousand pounds. (*County Hist. Appendix*, p. 718.) This splendid enterprise has since been joined by the Union Canal from Edinburgh, already noticed.





the Roman sway, ran the great wall built by Urbicus in the middle of the second century, and named, as already noticed, after the Emperor Antoninus. By the natives it is called "Graham's Dyke," in compliment, it is supposed, to the illustrious warrior whose castle is still shown near the source of the river.

The situation of Stirling and its castle, which in many respects resembles that of Edinburgh, is one of the most striking in the kingdom. It appears to have been a frontier town from the fifth till the end of the tenth century; and in consequence of the daily struggles between the rival parties to gain possession of so important a station, is supposed to have acquired the name of *Striveling*, modified in the course of time to Stirling. Of the first erection of the fortress there is no certain account; but it is probable that the Romans had a station here, and Boetius affirms that Agricola raised fortifications upon the castle rock, where an inscription formerly recorded that the second legion held their daily and nightly watch at that point. But without halting to investigate a subject of but little importance in a work where the chief feature to be kept in view is the picturesque, we cheerfully wave antiquarian disquisition, in order to present a few of those stirring scenes of which the town and castle of Stirling have been the theatre.

In the tenth century, when informed that the Danes had invaded his dominions, Kenneth III. appointed Stirling castle as a rendezvous for the army, with which he afterwards gained a signal victory at Luncarty. Two centuries later, the castle became a fortress of great importance. In 1178, along with the three other principal forts of the kingdom—namely, those of Edinburgh, Roxburgh, and Berwick—it was delivered into the hands of the English, as part of a ransom for William the Lyon, who had been taken prisoner during an unsuccessful expedition across the Border, and detained a year in captivity. This was the first great ascendancy obtained by England over the independence of Scotland, and happened in the reign of Henry II. His son, however, Richard I., generously remitted what of the ransom money remained unpaid, at his accession to the throne, restored the fortresses, and renounced all claim to the superiority of Scotland.

The Scottish monarchs—although they did not make it one of their stated residences till after the accession of the Stuart family—often held their court and parliament in Stirling castle. It was the birth-place and occasional residence of James II., and is notorious as the place where he perpetrated the rash deed which has left so indelible a stigma upon his reign. The royal apartments were then in the north-west corner of the castle, and are now partly the

residence of the fort-major. The closet where the murder was committed is still shown as the "Douglas's room." This powerful noble—who, even after the expiration of his delegated power as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, was a most formidable rival of the king—had caused John Harris, a gentleman of eminent loyalty, to be executed on account of a private quarrel, and in open defiance of the king's prohibitory mandate. He had also entered into a league with the earls of Crawford and Ross, obliging all parties to mutual support in case of need. He had forced into an engagement of attendance, even against the crown, the greater part of his own vassals; and when Maclellan, a near relation of Lord Gray, offered some objections, he had him seized and forcibly conveyed to Douglas castle. Whilst there, Sir Patrick, Lord Gray's son, arrived with a mandate from the king to save the captive vassal, and was convivially entertained by the earl, to whom Sir Patrick showed the royal letter. Douglas received it with every mark of reverence, and having read it, said, "I am indebted to you for having been the bearer of so gracious a letter from his majesty: the demand shall instantly be granted, and the more readily for your sake." He then took his guest by the hand, and led him to the castle-green, where something lay with a cloth thrown over it. Removing the cover, "Sir Patrick," said he, with affected concern, "you have come a little too late; this is your sister's son, but he wants the head.—Take his body, however, and do with it what you will." "My lord," replied Gray, in an agony of grief, "since you have taken the head, I leave you to dispose of the body also." Then, calling for his horse, and mounting, "If I live," said he to Douglas, "the merit of your present labour shall not pass unrewarded." A hot pursuit was the consequence; and Gray only escaped the fate of his relative by the fleetness of his horse.

Informed of this atrocious outrage, the king summoned a select council to deliberate as to the course to be adopted respecting Douglas; and it was resolved to invite him to court, with a promise of oblivion, on condition of good behaviour for the future. With this pledge for his personal safety, Douglas repaired to meet his sovereign in Stirling castle, where he was invited to sup on Shrove Tuesday. After supper, taking him aside into a recess or closet, where only some of the privy council and the guard were in attendance, the king told him that he was fully apprised of the illegal compact which had been entered into between himself and certain factious nobles, and desired him to break loose from such disloyal engagement. Douglas, however, not only refused to break off the connexion, but upbraided the king with having driven him to the very adoption of the measure. "Well," said the king, irritated by past recollections,





FIG. 10. - Battle of Sam Houston, 1836.

FIG. 10. - Battle of Sam Houston, 1836.

as well as the present obstinacy of his subject, “if you will not break this league I shall;” and drawing his dagger as he spoke, he struck it into the Douglas’s heart. Sir Patrick Gray, who commanded the guard, inflicted a mortal wound with his battle-axe, thereby unexpectedly fulfilling the threat which he had uttered on discovering the murder committed by Douglas on the body of his relative Maclellan.

James III. evinced his attachment to the Castle of Stirling by making it his chief residence; and so completely did he surrender himself to the seclusion of the place, and to the society of a few favourites collected around him, that the old and privileged nobility were very seldom admitted to court. He erected several new structures, besides repairing and embellishing others that were falling into decay. The noble hall, called the Parliament House, one hundred and twenty feet long, was built for the accommodation of his court, as well as “for other solemn purposes.” It is covered with an oaken roof, of exquisite workmanship, and is still very perfect. The same monarch instituted a college of secular priests in the castle, and erected for them the chapel which afterwards gave place to the present Chapel Royal, founded by James VI. To support the new Chapel in becoming splendour, he annexed to it the rich temporalities of the priory of Coldingham—a measure which deeply offended the Lords Home and Hailes, and gave rise to those civil commotions which only terminated with the battle of Sauchie, or Field of Stirling. On the morning of the fatal day to which we refer, the two armies met in a tract of ground occupying the east side of a brook called Sauchie-burn. The king, against whom the gates of the castle had been treacherously closed by Shaw, the governor, had only this alternative left—either to betake himself on board Admiral Wood’s fleet, then stationed in the Forth, near Alloa, or to engage the rebels, headed by the prince, his son, with what forces he had collected. Although naturally timid, and greatly averse to hostile intervention, he adopted the latter, and resolved to face the danger. Casing himself in complete armour, he mounted a stately charger, presented to him by Sir David Lindsay, who told him that he might at any time trust his life to the animal’s agility and sure-footedness, provided he could keep his seat.

The royalist troops at first gained considerable advantage, and repulsed the rebel lords; but their first line, being quickly supported by the Borderers, not only recovered their ground, but drove the first and second lines of the royalists back to the third. Panic-struck by these symptoms of approaching discomfiture, James put spurs to his horse, and galloped off the field in the direction of the fleet, which lay within sight, and, as it is conjectured, with the intention of taking shelter on board the admiral’s ship. As he was on the

point of crossing the Bannock-burn, at the village of Milltown, about a mile from the field, a woman happened to be drawing water, and, being alarmed at the sight of a man in full armour galloping towards her, hastily flung away the pitcher and ran off. Startled by this sudden manœuvre, the horse sprang aside and threw his rider, who was so bruised by his fall, and the weight of his armour, and so overcome by terror, that he fainted away. Being carried into the cottage and somewhat recovered, he asked for a priest, to whom, as a dying man, he might make his confession. Being asked who he was,—“Alas,” he replied, “I was your king this morning!”—Some of the rebels who had observed his flight now came up, and were passing on, when the miller’s wife, wringing her hands, entreated that if there were a priest in company, he would stop and confess his majesty. “I am a priest,” said one of them—“lead me to him.” Being introduced forthwith, he found the king lying in a corner of the mill, covered with a coarse coverlet, and, approaching on his knees under pretext of reverence, he asked him whether his majesty thought he could recover if skilfully treated? James replied in the affirmative; when the remorseless ruffian, drawing a dagger, stabbed the unfortunate sovereign to the heart.\*

The prince, who before the battle had given strict charge regarding his father’s safety, heard the rumour of his death with emotions of poignant sorrow and remorse. The truth, however, did not reach him till some days after; for if the fact was known among the confederate lords, it was carefully suppressed, and a story substituted that the king had taken refuge on board the fleet, and was safe. But the admiral, on being called before the young king, declared that he had seen nothing of his late master. So little, it is said, had the prince been accustomed to the society of his father, that when Wood appeared before him, struck by the stately appearance of the veteran, or by some possible resemblance—“Sir,” he eagerly inquired, “are you my father?” To which the admiral, bursting into tears, replied, “I am not your father, but I was your father’s true servant.”

But, resuming our notice of the Castle of Stirling, it appears to have acquired most of its artificial embellishment from the taste and munificence of James V. who, as well as his Daughter, was crowned here, and built the royal palace—a square building of hewn stone, with much statuary and sculpture, surrounding a small court where the king’s lions are said to have been kept, still familiarly

\* The place of this tragedy is known by the name of Beaton’s Mill, and although somewhat mutilated and converted into a dwelling house, its identity is still so sufficiently preserved as to render it an object of popular attraction. In detailing the circumstances we have followed the popular version, which differs in no important particular from that of the most accredited historians.



known as the "Lion's Den." The palace comprised many large and elegant apartments, of which those on the lower story are converted into barrack-rooms, and the upper into lodgings for the officers of the garrison. Opposite the palace on the north stands the chapel, built, as already mentioned, by James VI. for the christening of his eldest son, Prince Henry. Of this pageant, one of the most extraordinary on record, a few particulars may here be not unacceptable as characteristic of the monarch and the times, when "spectacle" was employed for state purposes as well as for pleasure. The despatches to foreign courts, announcing the birth of a son and heir to the throne, on the 19th of February, had been so well received, that ambassadors extraordinary arrived from the king of Denmark, the queen's father—from Brunswick, Magdeburg, Holland, France, and England. The latter was represented by the earl of Sussex; and with presents and congratulations, all had met at Stirling by the end of August. In the meantime the preparations were going on under the personal superintendence of his majesty, while the ambassadors were entertained at court in the most sumptuous manner. The chase, and other field sports, or amusements within the palace—were the business of the day. The evenings were spent in balls, masks, and banquets. Tournaments and tilting were practised in the "valley," which was lined with guards in splendid new uniforms. On one side, a scaffolding was erected for the queen, her ladies, and the foreign ambassadors; and to this constellation every performer on entering the arena made a profound obeisance.

On the 30th of August, the ceremony of baptism was performed with a splendour and pomp never before witnessed in Scotland. The new Chapel Royal was hung with the richest and most costly tapestries, with every attendant embellishment of costume and ceremony which could heighten the effect.\* When all the necessary preparations were completed, his majesty, attended by the nobility and privy councillors, entered the chapel, and took his place on the throne. The foreign ambassadors then repaired to the prince's chamber, where they found the royal infant laid upon a bed of state, the furniture of which was embroidered with the "labours of Hercules." The ascent to the platform on which the bed stood,

\* The eastern part was enclosed so as only to allow the king to pass, along with others specially engaged in the ceremony. On the north-east corner was placed a chair of state for his majesty; and on the right, at a small distance, another chair, reserved for the French ambassador, who had not yet arrived. Next to this was a seat for the English ambassador extraordinary, with a red velvet cushion on a desk before him, and a gentleman usher on either side, and so on, each ambassador accommodated according to the rank of the sovereign or state he represented. In the midst of the rail stood a pulpit, hung with cloth of gold, and inside the balustrade all the pavement was covered with fine tapestry. . . . The passage from the prince's chamber in the palace to the door of the chapel was lined with a hundred musqueteers in state uniform, and mostly young burgesses of Edinburgh.—*Historical Account*.

was by steps covered with tapestry wrought in gold. A large cloth of lawn covered both bed and steps, and reached a good way over the floor. As soon as the ambassadors and other officers had assembled, the dowager countess of Marr approached the bed, and making a low obeisance, took up the prince, and delivered him into the hands of the duke of Lennox, who immediately presented him to the English ambassador, whose office was to carry him into the chapel. After a variety of minute ceremonies, too tedious to recapitulate in this place, the procession set out in magnificent order, preceded by the lyon-king-at-arms, and the other heralds in their state uniforms, all the nobility and foreign ambassadors, and was received in the Chapel Royal, where a sermon was delivered by his majesty's chaplain, and followed by an appropriate address in Latin, spoken by the bishop of Aberdeen. The king, leaving his seat, and followed by the ambassadors, advanced towards the pulpit, while the duke of Lennox, again receiving the prince from the Lady Marr, delivered him to the English ambassador, who held him in his arms during the performance of the sacred ceremony. The child was christened by the names of Frederic Henry, which were no sooner pronounced than they were thrice repeated aloud by the lyon-king-at-arms, and confirmed by the inferior heralds with a flourish of trumpets. Various other ceremonies being duly performed, the royal family, attended by the same gorgeous retinue, retired to the great hall, or "Parliament House," already named, under continued salvos of artillery from the castle, answered by volleys of small arms from the troops lining the ramparts. When the procession halted, the duke of Lennox, again receiving the prince from the English ambassador, presented him to the king, who dubbed him a *knight*, the earl of Marr touching him with the spur. He was next created a duke,\* with various other ancient titles attached, all of which were proclaimed by heralds at an open window of the hall, and followed with the usual flourish of trumpets. The prince was then carried by the English ambassador to his chamber in the palace, where all the guests of distinction now approached with their baptismal offerings, styled *propines*.† The ceremony concluded with that of knighting a great number of gentlemen present, and was succeeded by a sumptuous banquet at eight

\* The king placed upon the infant's head a ducal coronet, and the lyon proclaimed—"The right excellent, high and magnanimous, Frederic Henry, by the grace of God, knight and baron of Renfrew, lord of the Isles, earl of Carrick, duke of Rothsay, prince and great steward of Scotland."—*Hist. Stirling*.

† Melvil records several of these as presented by the foreign ambassadors. From Queen Elizabeth was a cupboard overlaid with silver, and some cups of massy gold. The States presented a gold box, inscribed, "Gift to the prince of five thousand (pounds) a year," accompanied by two cups of the same precious material, and "so weighty," says Melvil, whose office it was to receive them, "that I could hardly lift them and set them on the table."—*Melvil's Memoirs*.

o'clock, at which their majesties presided. Here, however, we must omit many curious particulars. When the first course had been removed, the company was surprised by the whimsical spectacle of a *Moor*, harnessed by numerous gold chains to a triumphal car, with which he advanced to the sound of trumpets and hautboys.\* The chariot bore a table richly covered with fruits and confectionary, and attended by six damsels, three of whom were robed in white satin, three in crimson satin, covered with gold and silver spangles, a garland on the head, the hair flowing luxuriantly over the shoulders, and bedecked with feathers, pearls, and jewels. In front stood Ceres, holding a sickle in one hand, and a bunch of corn in the other, and surrounded by numerous emblematical and allegorical figures, each with classic costume and well selected devices. The precious dessert which freighted the celestial wain was distributed by the damsels in silence to the great nobility in immediate attendance.

After this a second spectacle, equally original, entered the hall, consisting of a ship full rigged, placed upon wheels, moved by invisible springs, and having a length of eighteen feet in the keel, with a breadth of deck of eight feet. The highest flag, which was lowered on passing through the door of the hall, was forty feet; the masts were red; the tackle and cordage silk of the same colour; and the pulleys of gold. Her brass ordnance consisted of thirty-six pieces, elegantly mounted. The sails were of white taffety, and the anchors tipped with silver. In the foresail was a compass, with this device—*quouscunque per undas*. On the mainsail were painted the joint arms of Scotland and Denmark. All the sails, flags, and streamers, were embroidered with gold and jewels. The mariners, six in number, were clad in variegated Spanish taffety. The pilot, dressed in cloth of gold, moved the ship at will; and fourteen musicians, with Arion and his harp, performed their dulcet office on board. Upon the forecastle stood Neptune, clad in Indian silk embroidered with silver, holding his trident, and wearing a crown. Next stood Thetis, with her mace; and at her right hand, Triton, with his shell and the scroll—*Velis, votis, ventis*. Around the vessel were three Syrens, accommodating their gestures to the music, and repeating classic verses. The vessel was decked with pearls, corals, shells, and other marine productions. At sound of trumpet, the ship moved majestically forward into the hall, making sail at the blast of Triton's shell and the pilot's whistle, and discharging her ordnance, till she had reached the table.

\* The machine had been so artfully contrived as to appear to be moved by the Moor unassisted. At first it was designed that a lion should draw it; but fearing lest the living savage might alarm the ladies, or, startled by the profusion of lamps and torches, commit havoc without distinction of sex, it was deemed preferable that the trophy should be drawn by the more tractable biped, as described.

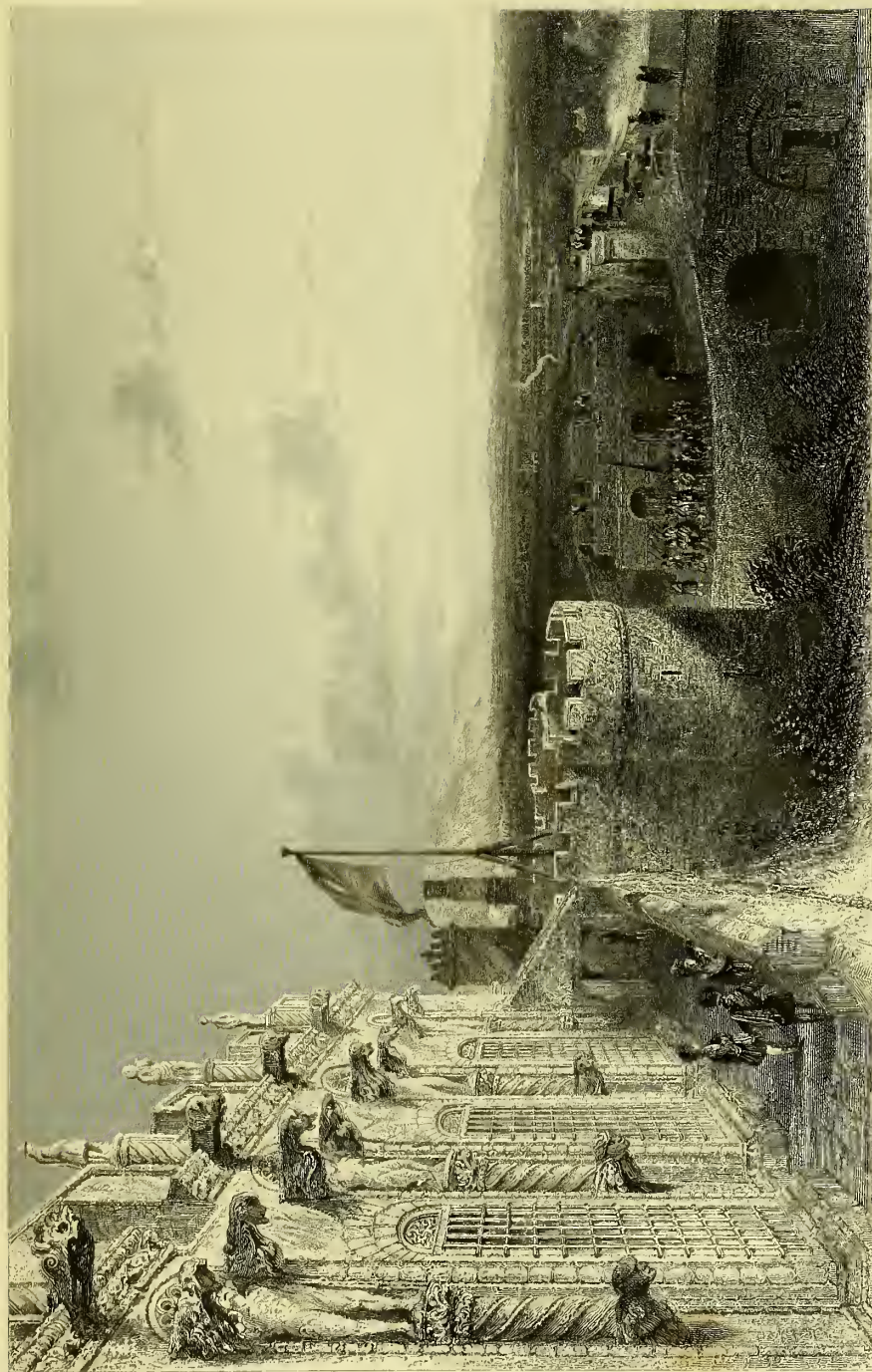


Certain officers of the court received the cargo of sweetmeats in crystal vessels, curiously painted with gold and azure, and representing various fishes. While the mimic ship was unloading, Arion, sitting upon the prow, shaped like the fabled dolphin, struck his harp, at which hautboys, violins, and flutes continued to join, till the music deepened into a full concert. When the banquet had ended, thanksgiving was pronounced by the bishop or chaplain; then the 139th Psalm was sung, in seven parts, by fourteen voices; and finally, at the sound of Triton's shell and the pilot's whistle, the ship weighed anchor, and made sail, till she had got outside the hall. Such was the concluding scene of this brilliant, but strange mixture of christian devotion and pagan pantomime. The hull of the vessel is still preserved in the chapel, now the armoury of the fortress. It is impossible, on perusal of this gorgeous but whimsical ceremony, not to observe the painful contrast it offers to that which accompanied the monarch himself, when his ill-fated mother presented him at the same altar.

It was on the 11th of December, 1566, that Mary arrived in Stirling to arrange the ceremony, and to encourage, by her presence, the pomp and circumstance which were to attend the baptism of her infant son, born on the 19th June previous. Darnley had already preceded her; and ambassadors from England, France, Savoy, and Piedmont, were in waiting, to present the congratulations of their several courts. Cardinal Laurea, the Pope's nuncio, was also to have been of this number, and had already set out on his way to the Scottish court; but the queen, fully aware of the danger to which the public tranquillity might have been exposed, had the minister of his Holiness appeared at a crisis of so much religious excitement, found means to evade the reception, and the cardinal proceeded no further north than Paris.

The preparations for this solemn pageant\* were concerted by Mary with a splendour which rather alarmed than gratified the minds of her Protestant subjects, and was much more in accordance with the gorgeous shows in the palace of the Tuileries, than with the grave sobriety which now characterised the Protestant ritual. The Earl of Bedford, who arrived in Stirling with a splendid retinue on the part of Queen Elizabeth, presented a font of gold in her name, and enhanced the offering by a jocular message, that the font, having been ordered by his mistress on the first announcement of the Prince's birth in June, might now be too small for so thriving a child; but if so, he added, by way of compliment, it might be reserved for the next scion from

\* The excessive expenses and superfluous apparel, says Knox, which were prepared at that time, far exceeded all that ever had been devised or set forth in this country.



THE CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE  
AS IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1660



the royal stem. The Countess of Argyll was appointed to stand the royal proxy for Queen Elizabeth, as godmother; for at this advanced season it was not thought expedient to send a representative from among the ladies of the English court, particularly as the Countess of Argyll stood high in the favour of Queen Mary, and the selection might be received as a compliment.

Till the day fixed for the ceremony of baptism, the ambassadors and their suites were entertained with a continued round of courtly festivities, in which were blended the characteristic features of the Scottish and French courts. But, where so many were assembled, the force of national jealousy and antipathy was occasionally exemplified. At one of the great banquets a mask was got up by a French servant of Queen Mary's, named Sebastian—a man who enjoyed among his companions no small reputation for his wit and ingenuity. The pantomime, contrived for the occasion, was in the shape of a large table, which, on the doors of the banquet hall being thrown open, moved in of its own accord, and exhibited a profusion of delicacies, of which the guests were invited to partake. A band of musicians, dressed in female costume, and accompanying various instruments with a vocal chorus, surrounded the pageant. In front a number of men—furred and painted in imitation of satyrs—with the classic appendages of a shaggy skin and cloven feet, and with whips in their hands, kept up a grotesque dance round the table, to the great amusement of the guests assembled. But the jealousy, which had hitherto slightly manifested itself between the respective retinues of the English and French ambassadors, now seized the opportunity of expressing itself by less equivocal symptoms; for the satyrs not only continued their gambols according to the rules of classic fable, but had the audacious effrontery to wag their tails in the faces of the English courtiers—so at least the latter construed the act—which so exasperated them, that one of their number, declaring that it was done in despite of the open preference shown by the queen for the English gentlemen, vowed that, saving her Majesty's presence, he would have sent his dagger to the heart of that French knave Sebastian, who had made his dumb-show the vehicle of such personal insult. This spirit of animosity, which might otherwise have led to serious consequences, attracted the timely observation of the queen and the Earl of Bedford, who, thoroughly convinced that the whole was a mere farce, succeeded in allaying that party spirit which had more than once in both kingdoms disgraced the festal board with bloodshed.

Of these festivities, however, Mary was condemned to a melancholy participation. Darnley, retiring with sullen reserve from the festal scene, had shut himself up in his private apartment, resolved to take no share in



the banquets given in honour of his son, or in the sacred rite of baptism by which they were to be followed. To aggravate his displeasure,—already great by his previous dissensions with the queen's ministers,—Bedford and his suite, it is said, had instructions to address him not as King, but as Henry Stuart, the Queen of Scotland's husband; for Elizabeth had not forgotten the contempt which he had expressed for her authority at the time of his marriage, and adopted the present as a fitting and conspicuous occasion to show her resentment. But, in addition to these, other circumstances concurred to throw gloom and disappointment over that hour which ought to have been the happiest, and brightest, to a mother and a queen. The ceremony of baptism was to be performed according to the ritual of the Catholic Church, an announcement which alienated many of the principal nobility, who did not venture to compromise their authority with the reformers by so public a sanction of the opposite party. Denied the presence of her husband, and unsupported by the nobility on whose loyalty she calculated, Mary was doomed to encounter a trial of fortitude and forbearance to which, perhaps, none of her sex and station was ever before subjected. Of the twelve earls and numerous barons then present in the castle, only two of the former and three of the latter had the resolution to appear in the chapel of a Catholic sovereign. The clergy of the reformed church had denounced the ceremonial, and entailed a severe penance upon those of their own congregations who, by their presence, should countenance its celebration. During the ceremony, the Earl of Bedford remained also at the door of the chapel; and even the Countess of Argyll, although a king's daughter, and the sister of their sovereign, had afterwards to make spiritual compensation before the general assembly of the church for the part she had undertaken at the desire of Queen Elizabeth. The ceremony took place between five and six o'clock on the evening of the 19th of December, in presence of the Catholic nobility, and was performed by the Archbishop of St. Andrews—afterwards so ignominiously put to death—assisted by the Bishops of Dunkeld, Ross, and Dunblane. Mary gave her son the name of Charles, in compliment to the French king, and that of James, because her father, she said, and all the good kings of Scotland, his predecessors, had borne that name. The compliment conveyed by Bedford was verified by the experiment; and the gold font, it is said, was too small for an infant which, the French ambassador Le Croc relates, made even his "gossips feel his weight," as they carried him to the ceremony.\*

\* Mary was very proud of her son, and from his earliest infancy the establishment of his household was on the most princely scale. The lady Mar was his governess; Mistress Margaret Little, spouse of

The captivating grace with which Mary conducted herself during this scene of mingled triumph and mortification, and the kindness and affability shown to all around her, made a most favourable impression on every mind and heart. The ambassadors spoke of her in terms of admiration, and quitted her presence with regret; and to this regret they added the feeling of gratitude, for each was dismissed with some special mark of her regard. To Bedford in particular, says Melvil, she gave a chain of diamonds; and to others comprising his suite chains of pearl, rings, and pictures. The whole period of their visit was one continued effort on her part to appear happier than she felt—to conceal the inward sorrow by the outward ceremony—to give her smiles to the public, and her tears to the hours of privacy. “She showed so much earnestness,” says Le Croc, “to entertain all the goodly company in the best manner, that this made her forget in a good measure her former ailments;” . . . but he adds—“She sent for me yesterday, and I found her laid on the bed weeping sore!” Those who recollect the many sorrows which now environed her, will admit that she had good cause to weep—and that, too, at a moment when the humblest mothers among her subjects would have had cause to rejoice.

In the month of July following, when Mary had signed the resignation of her kingdom, the nobility, gentry, and burgesses, assembled at Stirling, to invest her son, then thirteen months old, with the ensigns of a monarch. From the castle, where they had arranged the solemnity, they went in procession to the church, and there, after a sermon by John Knox, the infant king was anointed by Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and the crown, which he was afterwards to wear, held over his head. A solemn obligation was then pronounced on behalf of his majesty by the earls of Morton and Home, that he should maintain the reformed religion, and govern the kingdom according to its doctrines. On their return to the castle, Marr carried the infant sovereign, Morton the crown, and Glencairn the sword of state.

During the royal minority, Stirling-castle was the fixed residence of the court; and here James completed his education, under the celebrated George Buchanan,

Alexander Gray, burghess of Edinburgh, and who had afterwards a life-rent of certain lands in Fife in return of her good services, was the head nurse; and under her were four or five others as “keepers of the king’s clothes.” Five ladies of distinction were appointed to the honourable distinction of “rockers of the prince’s cradle.” In his kitchen he had a master cook, a foreman, and three assistants, or “servitors”—one for his pantry, one for his wine, and one for his ale cellar; three chalmers-chields, or valets; one furnisher of coals, one confectioner or pastry cook, and five musicians or “violars.” To support the establishment there was a fixed allowance of bread, beef, veal, mutton, capons, chickens, pigeons, pottages, wine, and ale; thus upon the life of the infant the comfortable support of a reasonable number of his subjects depended.—*Bell’s Life of Queen Mary*.—*Chalmers*, vol. ii. p. 176.

David Erskine of Dryburgh, and Adam Erskine of Cambuskenneth. The first parliament summoned to Stirling, after James had taken the government into his own hands, assembled in the great hall already mentioned. After eighteen years' residence in England, as sovereign of the two kingdoms, James once more returned to visit the scenes of his infancy, and in the Chapel Royal at Stirling held the great philosophical disputation alluded to in a former page of this work.

During the pestilence of 1654, Stirling, though noted for its salubrious climate, afforded little immunity from this terrible visitation. From July till October of that year, the town-council held their meetings in the open fields, called the Cow-park. For the infected, tents were erected on the adjoining Sheriff-moorlands, and every method employed that could administer relief; but still the calamity swept off great numbers of the inhabitants. Six members of the council, who had rendered themselves conspicuous on this melancholy occasion, fell victims to their humanity.—South-west of the castle is the royal deer-park, where, in ancient times, the kings and their chivalry sought relaxation from court ennui in the animating pastime of the chase. At the eastern extremity of the park were the canal for the royal barge, and the court gardens; but of these, some slight vestiges of walks and pastures, and the mouldering roots of trees, that once supplied the royal table with fruit “pleasant to the taste,” are all that now remain. In the same neglected spot is a circular mound of earth, in the form of a table, with sod-benches around it, where, according to tradition, the court presided at the *fêtes-champêtres*. This “table” is of great antiquity; and here, it is conjectured, the pastime called “the Knights of the Round Table” was exercised, to which the Scottish sovereigns, and particularly James IV., were so very partial.\*

In the Castle-hill is a place called the “Valley,” apparently of artificial excavation, where, in its palmy day, Stirling sent forth its rival knights for joust and tournament, and where the victor received his reward from the hand of Beauty. The sanguinary tournament, which James I. had laboured to suppress, was here revived and encouraged by his successor. The place is remarkable as the scene of the following combat. In Lent 1449, two noble Burgundians, named Lalain, and the Squire Meriadet—all worthy to have served in the ranks of “Charles the Bold”—had challenged two of the Douglasses, and Halket their squire, to combat with lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger. The combatants, cased in complete armour, were severally knighted by the

\* Gough (edition of Camden, 1789, vol. iii.) mentions, that long before he wrote, a similar mound or table existed at Windsor.



king, as a solemn preliminary to the scene of bloodshed that was to follow. This done, the signal was given for the rencontre. The rival knights commenced with the lance, but the latter weapon was soon thrown aside for the battle-axe, a more deadly instrument, and better suited for close quarters. This was wielded with such effect by the Burgundians, that one of the Scottish champions, little practised in its use, was laid prostrate on the field; and the king, seeing the combat unequal, threw down his baton as the signal to stay the combat. The surviving Douglas and Lalain had now rushed upon each other, and presented more the appearance of a wrestle than of a combat, in which skill, and not strength, was to decide. Of all their arms a dagger only remained in the grasp of Douglas, but whose wrist was so firmly clenched by his antagonist, that he could neither disengage his hand, nor use his weapon. His left arm was pinioned in the same manner by the right of Lalain, and thus, each struggling for the mastery, they whirled each other round the lists for a considerable time, like mailed knights in a waltz.

In the meantime, the younger Lalain and Halket, though both powerful men, were unskilled in warding the axe, the blows from which soon crushed their helmets, and shivered their weapons and mail. Meriadet, being attacked by Halket's lance, parried the thrust so adroitly as to disarm his antagonist by a blow from the butt-end of his axe; and before the latter could disengage his own weapon he was laid prostrate with his companion. The fall, however, was not fatal; for on recovering strength he sprang to his feet, and renewed the combat; but the struggle was now of short duration—the axe was again wielded with an effect which ended the conflict; and, by the death of Douglas, added another trophy to the Burgundians. At that period, the prowess of the Burgundian chivalry was almost proverbial—a distinction, however, which, little more than twenty years after this date, lost its imposing lustre in the disasters of Grandson, Morat, and Nancy.

About fifty years later, a very different exhibition was made in the “Valley of Stirling” by an Italian, who, pretending to great knowledge in the occult science of alchemy, had flattered the Scottish sovereign James IV. into a belief that, by a certain process, his majesty might obtain possession of the philosopher's stone. In consequence of this, it is said the adventurer was promoted to the abbey of Tunland, in Galloway; and in acknowledgment of the royal favour and confidence, resolved to exhibit a signal proof of his skill as an aéronaut. For this purpose he had ample wings constructed, with which he was to have made an aérial voyage from Stirling to the French capital. When all was ready, he took his flight from the battlements of the castle; but

the feat cost him a broken limb. This, however, as he ingeniously contended, arose not from want of skill on his part, but from the ignoble quality of certain portions of the feathers which composed his wings; for the said wings, he averred, being partly formed of the plumage of mere barn-door fowls, by an irresistible sympathy, tended earthward; whereas had they consisted of eagle's feathers, his flight, like that noble bird's, would have been high and heavenward. The argument was allowed its full weight by the public; and it being difficult, perhaps, to obtain a sufficient quantity of eagle's feathers, the experiment was not repeated. The fact is but one instance, among many, of the extreme credulity of the times; but it appears equally certain that the alchemist was himself the dupe of his own excited imagination, and what was attempted by the winged "Freyre of Tungland" has been occasionally revived in modern times, though with no better success. The poet Dunbar, who had witnessed this crafty foreigner raised to a preferment to which he had himself so long and so vainly aspired, commemorates the fall of the rival Dædalus in a strain of characteristic ridicule.\*

Closely adjoining to the Valley, on the south, is the Ladies' Hill, a rocky eminence, where formerly the royal family and ladies of the court sat to witness the exhibitions of chivalry, and from which they could observe the various actors, as if from the upper circle of an amphitheatre, while the valley itself represented a fine spacious arena. Another noted locality is that opposite the castle, on the north, and known as Gowlan-hill, at the extremity of which is a small mount, called Hurley-Hawkey,† encircled with an earthen parapet, and showing other remains of artificial arrangement. On this spot Duncan, the aged Earl of Lennox, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, some time regent, and his younger son, Alexander (the elder having suffered in like manner the previous day), were beheaded in May 1425, but for what crime is not recorded. The last distinguished personage who suffered in Stirling by the hand of the public executioner, was John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews,‡ who had

\* See "The Fenyet Freyre of Tungland," "Some held he had beene Dedalus," &c.

† A compound term, which perpetuates the ancient pastime of sliding down the declivity on a *cow's skull*, an inverted stool, or other smooth substance, used by school-boys.

‡ To the gibbet where the ill-fated prelate paid the forfeit of his deeds, some one, with classical sarcasm, affixed the following distich:—

"Cresce diu, felix arbor, semperque vireto  
Frondebis, ut nobis talia poma feras."

Which on the following night was answered thus:—

"Infelix pereas arbor; sin .orte virebis  
In primis utinam carminis auctor eat."

performed the ceremony of baptism, already mentioned. He was the zealous partisan of Queen Mary, and secret abettor in the assassination of the Regent Murray in the street of Linlithgow; a crime to which he afterwards acknowledged his privacy.

The view from the Castle-hill is proverbial for its beauty and extent, and the great number of historical scenes over which it ranges. Among the latter twelve battle-fields are pointed out in the landscape; and of the four great actions for which it is more especially celebrated, three were fought in the vicinity. The view towards the east, as seen in the engraving, extends over a plain nearly eighty miles long and eighteen broad—

“ Commanding all the vale where Forth’s pure waves  
Sea-ward, in sinuous stripes of silver pass.”

On the left are Alloa and Clackmannan; and in the centre, Falkirk, the Carse, the Frith of Forth, and the rich and populous district of Lothian, with the rock-built Castle of Edinburgh tracing its bold outline in the diminished horizon. The Forth, as if unwilling to quit the delicious fields and gardens by which it is bordered, forms many a “lingering link”—curved and twisted into numerous windings, like the “glittering coils of a snake.” Its meanders are so numerous as to enclose in their graceful circles many beautiful peninsulas; on one of which, immediately under the eye, stands the tower of the ancient Abbey of Cambuskenneth.\* The Links of Forth† are of classic celebrity, and often employed as a subject of poetry as well as painting. Some idea may be formed of these fantastic windings by mentioning that the short distance of six miles by land makes twenty by water. The river is navigable up to Stirling for vessels of seventy or eighty tons burthen; but it is the only navigable river in Europe, perhaps, where the vessel, if depending on its sails alone to reach its destination, would require, in the space of a few miles, wind from every point of the compass. The different features presented by these

A wish which, it is said, was speedily accomplished by the death of the author and his son-in-law on the same tree; and is thus recorded:—

“ Crevit, ut optabas, ramis felicibus arbor,  
Et fructum nobis te generumque tulit.”

\* Founded by David I. and formerly one of the richest religious houses in Scotland. At an early period of the Reformation a great portion of this venerable sanctuary was destroyed by popular fury, and the ruins resorted to as a quarry for the use of the neighbourhood.

† The Links of Forth; or, a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling; a poem, by Hector Macneill, in which all the striking features of the landscape are embodied in rich Scottish verse.



vessels as they pass up and down the river, tacking to right and left, are highly picturesque.

The Castle-wynd is peculiarly interesting, on account of the many picturesque groupings and antique features which it presents; among these, the ruins of a remarkable edifice, called Marr's Wark, are conspicuous. It was built in 1570, by the Regent, earl of Marr, out of the wreck of Cambuskenneth Abbey, the carved materials of which are here profusely employed as ornaments for a structure very different from that of their original destination. "Argyll's Lodging" is in the immediate vicinity of this "sacriligious fabric;" and not far from these is an ancient square building, with central court, and "extinguisher turrets" shooting up from the interior angles, which belonged originally to the earls of Stirling, and afterwards to the Argyll family. Near the first of these domestic palaces is the Gray Friars, a handsome gothic church, built by James IV., and to which the chancel was added by Cardinal Beaton. Here, it is said, the royal founder spent habitually much of his time in compunctious exercises for the part he had so unhappily taken in the events which occasioned his father's death. As one of the acts of penance and mortification to which he voluntarily subjected himself on these occasions, he is represented to have limited his diet, during the season of Lent, to bread and water, and to have received the allowance upon his knees. This church is remarkable as the scene of various historical events.

The town of Stirling contains a population of about nine thousand, and is honourably distinguished by the number of its charitable institutions for the support of decayed tradesmen, guild brethren, and their children. It is said, however, that these institutions are prejudicial to the growth of industry, and serve rather as premiums for indolence, among a certain class, than as incentives to diligence and frugality. They who have a public provision laid up for old age or misfortune, are less likely to make the same exertions during the season of youth and health than those who have no prospect of comfortable maintenance but what their own personal earnings may secure. Stirling, however, is a thriving town, and, with its rich suburbs, enlightened citizens, and industrious mechanics, presents many features on which the stranger will reflect with pleasure; and not a few which might be selected as models for imitation.\*

\* This county is remarkable for the number of ancient families who have flourished, and continue to flourish, within its limits. Those who had risen into note previous to the thirteenth century, and afterwards became more particularly distinguished, were the Levenax, the Callendars, the Livingstons, the Erths, the Mores, the Stirlings, the Buchanans, the Drummonds, and the Napiers. The Grahams, the Erskines, the Elphinstones, the Murrays, and the Hays, who, at a later period, settled in the shire, had been all previously distinguished in other parts of the country. Of the Edmonstons and Alexanders—the first had



T. Aldrich

W. Deane

CARTER, WINE, FARM, AND COUNTRY.

(Burling)



Although the limits of the present notice are full, and we reluctantly pass over many facts and anecdotes in the civil and military history of Stirling—which the reader will find detailed with various interest in the national history, and in chronicles of the town and castle\*—still, as a description of Stirlingshire without a glance at the field of Bannockburn would be like that of Attica without its Marathon—Bœotia without its Leuctra—or the mountains of Switzerland without their Morat and Morgarten—we annex a brief chronicle of that glorious day, and regret that we cannot, like the patriotic Swiss at the anniversaries of their battles, pronounce the names of every combatant with the eulogium it deserves.†

The field of Bannockburn, conspicuous from the Castle ramparts, is situated between the village of that name and St. Ninians; but without indulging in any minute description of the locality, we proceed at once to the facts of the day—the theme of many bards, and that which inspired the immortal lyric of Burns.‡ To the magnificent description in which the achievements of the day have been more recently embodied by Sir Walter Scott, in his “*Lord of the Isles*,” it is superfluous to advert. In that poem the subject may be considered as having received its last touches from the hands of a master—one who was essentially the poet of chivalry.

In preparing for the momentous conflict in question, Bruce had to provide against three great disadvantages.§ Of these, the first was his great deficiency

been repeatedly allied to the royal family, and the latter was descended from the Lords of the Isles. Among the names more prominent in science, literature, or intellectual acquirements, several are deserving of honourable mention; but of these none are more universally known than those of George Buchanan, Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, Dr. Moore, and JAMES BRUCE, the Abyssinian traveller. The latter was born at Kinnaird, on the 14th December, 1730. To his *Travels*, which produced so extraordinary a sensation in the literary world, it would here be superfluous to do more than simply advert. His death was the result of a sudden and melancholy accident; while handing a lady down stairs, he slipped a foot, and was precipitated from the sixth or seventh step to the floor, and died the following morning. His monument, as already noticed, is in the churchyard of Larbert, and is one of the most ingenious works ever executed in this or any other country.

\* In her national and provincial records, Scotland has long felt the irreparable blank occasioned by the loss of her state documents. When General Monck reduced this fortress in 1651, he became master of the principal registers of the kingdom, which, on the surrender of Edinburgh Castle the year before, had been conveyed to Stirling. By Cromwell's orders they were afterwards forwarded to London, and deposited in the Tower, where they remained until the restoration of Charles II., when, by the royal mandate, they were stowed into numerous hogsheads and shipped for Scotland; but the vessel being overtaken in a violent tempest, was cast away, and its precious cargo consigned to the deep.—*Vide County Hist.*

† The Swiss, it will be remembered, give additional interest to these solemnities, by reading aloud the names of those who fought and fell in the struggles for liberty: thereby preserving their names from oblivion, and stimulating their descendants to imitation by keeping their example fresh before their eyes.

‡ The well-known song, “*Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*,” &c.

§ Sir Walter Scott.



in cavalry, which—more especially the men at arms, who were arrayed in complete steel—was accounted by far the most formidable, or rather the only efficient, part of a feudal army. His second difficulty lay in the inferiority of his archers, whose formidable shafts, as previously felt at the battle of Falkirk, constituted the artillery of the day. The third disadvantage with which he had to contend in the great contest before him, was the vast disparity in numbers; for as many of the great barons—among whom was the earl of March—continued to profess the English interest, his commands to assemble an army were but partially obeyed, and his utmost exertions only enabled him to bring into the field an army of thirty thousand men, with about a third of that amount in camp-followers. For this inferiority in numbers, however, Bruce, like an able general, resolved to compensate by the superiority of his tactics. He chose his ground in such a manner as to compel the enemy to narrow their front of attack, and prevent their taking advantage of their numerous forces, by extending them in order to turn his flank. In that part of the field adapted for the manœuvres of cavalry, he caused many rows of pits, three feet deep, to be dug so close together as to suggest the appearance of a honeycomb with its ranges of cells. In these pits sharp stakes were strongly pitched, and the apertures so carefully covered over with sod as to escape observation. Caltrops, or spikes contrived to lame the horses, were also scattered in various directions.

The rendezvous took place in Tor-wood on the twenty-third of June, 1314, where, surrounded by his army, and having stated the merits of the contest in which they were speedily to engage, the king made proclamation that all who felt any reluctance to abide the consequences, and were unprepared to conquer or die with their sovereign, had his free permission to withdraw. An enthusiastic shout answered his address, and thousands of uplifted hands invoked Heaven to witness that not a man would desert his post.\*

BRUCE had hardly completed the distribution of his forces when the advance of Edward and his tremendous army was announced:—

“ The splendour and the horror of the war,  
Revealed, expanded in the morning light  
Ridges of gloomy foot extended far ;  
*Turns* of helm'd horsemen, frowning in their might,  
Sharp wedge, consolidated phalanx strong,  
And Mars's bridges firm, and furrows rough and long.”—TENNANT.

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\* About half a mile south from St. Ninians, upon the top of an eminence called Caldam-hill, and close by the way side, is a large block of granite called the *Bored Stone*, having a hole in the top, in which the Scottish king inserted his standard.

A detachment of eight hundred horse had been despatched by the English king, in order to turn the flank of the Scottish army and throw itself into Stirling. This manœuvre was entrusted to Sir Robert Clifford; but the eagle eye of Bruce observing a line of dust, with the glancing of spears and flashing of armour, in the direction of Stirling, pointed them out to Randolph—"There," said he, "thus the enemy pass where you keep ward. Ah, Randolph, a rose has fallen from your chaplet!" Wounded by the reproach, and supported only by a few scores of spearmen on foot, Randolph advanced against Clifford with the resolution to retrieve his error, or forfeit his life in the attempt. He speedily overtook the furtive squadron, and throwing his men into a circle, the front kneeling, the second stooping, the third standing erect, and all presenting their spears like a wall of steel, received the charge of the cavalry. To those who viewed it from the main body of the army, the combat appeared so unequal, and Randolph so inevitably lost, that Douglas exclaimed, "Ah, noble king, my heart cannot suffer me to see Randolph perish for lack of aid—command me to fetch him off." "It may not be," said Bruce, sternly; "Randolph must pay the penalty of his indiscretion." Douglas, however, knew the heart of his sovereign, and resuming his suit, obtained a tacit permission to carry relief to Randolph and his intrepid band. But instead of wanting relief, they stood like a rock in the waves, from which the enemy's cavalry, like a repelled tide, were recoiling broken and discomfited. "Halt!" exclaimed Douglas—inspired by a sentiment which, remembering that Douglas and Randolph were rivals in fame, forms one of the bright touches which illuminate an age in which blood and devastation are the predominant character—"halt! we are come too late! Let us not lessen the victory they have won by affecting to claim a share in it."

The same evening was rendered memorable by another event no less ominous of the next day's engagement. While Bruce, mounted on a small horse, and distinguishable alike to friend and enemy by the golden coronet he wore on his helmet, was attentively marshalling his army, Sir Henry de Bohun, a knight of the English vanguard, that now made its appearance, recognised the king's person. Thinking the present a favourable occasion for gaining immortal distinction by ridding his master of a rival, and laying the spoils of Scotland at his feet, he couched his lance, and trusting by the strength of his charger and the length of his weapon to bear him to the earth, spurred his steed furiously to the spot where Bruce, as if calmly expecting the shock, stood to receive him. But the instant before the apparent contact, the king, suddenly moving his palfrey to the left, eluded the unequal rencontre, and, with a well-timed stroke of his battle-axe, shivered his helmet, and laid the gallant knight dead at his feet. The few minutes

that this scene had occupied filled the spectators on both sides, particularly the Scotch, with agonizing suspense. But when the deed was done, and his nobles earnestly remonstrated with him on the hazard to which he had exposed his own person and the prosperity of Scotland, Bruce, making no attempt to justify or extenuate the fact, only looked thoughtfully at his weapon, and replied,—"That blow has broken my good battle-axe!"

On the following morning, the 24th of June, Edward, putting his vast army into motion, advanced to the attack with a personal guard of four hundred men at arms. Immediately around him was the flower of English chivalry—all veterans, and men of tried valour and experience. As the Scottish king and his patriotic adherents saw the imposing array of the enemy's columns rolling towards them like a succession of multitudinous waves, they invoked the God of battles to grant them fortitude in the contest equal to the justice of their cause. The abbot of Inchaffray was seen walking along the Scottish line, and the soldiers at his approach kneeling to receive his benediction. Edward, who kept his eye earnestly fixed on the Scottish van, and observed the act of genuflexion, exultingly exclaimed, "See, they kneel—they crave mercy!" . . . "Yes," answered Sir Ingram Umfraville—an Anglicised Scotchman, in immediate attendance upon Edward—"They crave mercy, but it is from heaven, not from your highness: on that field they will win or die."—Hereupon the charge was sounded, and Edward hastened to prove the truth or fallacy of Umfraville's prediction. The earls of Gloucester and Hereford, with their men at arms, charged the Scots on the left wing, which was commanded by Edward Bruce; but, having advanced with more impetuosity than discretion, their charge was a failure. Unable to force the deep ranks of the spearmen, their horses were thrown down, and their riders left at the mercy of the enemy.

" A thousand spears, thrust forth all pure and bright,  
Tarnished with death's red dew, returned back;  
A thousand swords that waved aloft in light,  
Falling, were dimmed with life's unseemly wrack;  
And arrows, shot aloft with hissing flight,  
In gore alighted from their gleamy track;  
And cries arose of triumph and of pain,  
And shouts, and thrilling shrieks, of slaying and of slain."

The other three divisions of the Scottish army attacked the English infantry, who met the charge with unflinching courage. Their archers, as at the battle of Falkirk, made fearful havoc among the Scottish spearmen, till Bruce commanded Sir Robert Keith, the marshal of Scotland, to put himself at the head of four



hundred men-at-arms, reserved for that express object, and charge the bowmen in the flank. This order was executed with such celerity and effect, that the whole archery, who had no protection against a squadron of horse, were dispersed, trampled, or cut down, almost without resistance. The battle now raged to the manifest disadvantage of the English. Their infantry suffered severely from the galling shafts of the Scottish archers, who were now become more formidable by the dispersion of their rivals. But the chief cause of Edward's defeat may be attributed to the impossibility of bringing any part of his immense centre or rearguard to the support of those in front, who had to support the full shock of the engagement. Bruce, observing the confusion, now placed himself at the head of the reserve, and addressing Angus, Lord of the Isles, in these emphatic words—"My hope is in thee!"—rushed into the thickest of the engagement. The effect of this well-timed manœuvre was decisive: the firm began to falter—the irresolute gave way; a retreat was commenced, and that retreat was speedily converted into a complete rout, which neither authority nor personal example could arrest. At this critical conjuncture, too, the camp-followers of the Scottish army suddenly appeared on the ridge of Gillies' Hill, in front of which extended the line of battle. There, displaying horse cloths and camp furniture on the ends of poles, they presented the appearance of a fresh army under floating banners, ready to crush all further resistance. The effect was like that of an apparition upon a weak and guilty mind—paralysing its energies, and supplanting the last spark of courage by some inexplicable dread. The van rushed back upon the centre—the centre on the rear; and the dreadful confusion that succeeded, was hardly less fatal to the enemy than the weapons of their pursuers. The deep ravine of Bannockburn was almost choked and bridged over with the slain; for here the fugitive horsemen, being retarded by the difficulty of the ground, fell victims to the lancers who readily overtook them. Others, in the blindness of terror, rushed into the Forth, and there perished in great numbers. No less than twenty-seven barons lay dead on the field, and at the head of this fatal list was the earl of Gloucester. Young, brave, and high-minded, when he saw the day was lost, he rode headlong upon the Scottish spears and was slain. Sir Robert Clifford, renowned in the Scottish wars, was another distinguished victim. Two hundred knights, and seven hundred esquires of high birth and blood, and representing the noblest names in England, headed the list of slaughter, which was filled up with thirty thousand of the common troops. Edward, among whose weaknesses cowardice could not be numbered, was reluctantly forced from the field by the earl of Pembroke. The noble Sir Giles d'Argentine, considering it as his duty, attended his sovereign till he saw him in personal safety; then

observing, that "it was not his wont to fly," rushed back to the field, shouted his war-cry, galloped boldly against the victorious Scots, and died, as he had resolved, with his face to the enemy. By a rapid flight through a country in which his reverses must have changed many friends to enemies, Edward at length gained the castle of Dunbar, where he was hospitably received by the earl of March; and thence, almost alone, escaped to Berwick in a fishing-skiff, having left behind him the finest army a king of England ever commanded.

The loss sustained by the army of Bruce was very small: Sir William Vipont and Sir Walter Ross were the only persons of consideration slain, but to the latter of whom Sir Edward Bruce was so much attached, that he exclaimed, "Would that the battle had remained unfought, so Ross had not died!"\*

Such, briefly, was the battle of Bannockburn, the "Marathon of the North," the parallel between which is so remarkable, that it is surprising it has not been often drawn. With the preliminary struggle at Thermopylæ, observes Dr. Johnson,† may be compared that between Randolph and Clifford on the left wing, where the fourscore spearmen resisted and broke the cloud of cavalry that came galloping forward to trample the earl of Moray and his little band in the dust. Randolph, however, was more fortunate than Leonidas; he lived to see the issue of the grand struggle, where Bruce, like Miltiades, dispersed the southern host, compelling Edward, like Xerxes, to fly for his life; and like the Persian monarch, too, to embark his broken fortunes in a solitary skiff, in order to regain his own dominions.

In June, 1814, being the five hundredth anniversary of the battle, the Field of Bannockburn was made the scene of a great national festival.

\* Sir Walter Scott.—Barbour.—Lord Hailes. And for an interesting description of the battle-field, Chambers' "Picture of Scotland," and the "History of Stirling."

† See the "Recess, a Tour to the Hebrides," by James Johnson, M.D. &c. 1835.



W. H. Bartlett

P. Henry del.



## AYRSHIRE—THE LAND OF BURNS.

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### APPENDIX TO VOLUME I.

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By the following distribution of the illustrations, the present work has been arranged so that the first volume may comprise the Lowland and Border scenery, and the second volume the Highland scenery, of Scotland; each presenting a distinct series of the more remarkable features of these two great divisions of the kingdom.\*

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The rich and populous county of Ayr winds along the Irish Channel on the west, to an extent of nearly eighty miles from north to south, having a breadth of twenty-nine miles, and a population of one hundred and fifty-six thousand. It is divided into three principal districts, or ancient bailiwicks, namely, Cunninghame, Kyle, and Carrick—names familiar to every reader of Scottish history. In the sixteenth century considerable tracts of forest still existed, but these being cut down, it was not till within the last fifty years that the county began to resume its sylvan honours under the patriotic spirit and taste of its resident proprietors. As the aristocratic demesnes are numerous, and these all more or less deeply sheltered in thriving woods, the general aspect of the county is in many places luxuriant; while the small lakes and rivers by which it is watered have their banks richly clothed with plantations, mingled with scenes in the highest state of cultivation. In these classic valleys art and nature are often so pleasingly contrasted in their operations, as greatly to enhance the beauty of the landscape. In many of the higher grounds, which in former times were used exclusively for pasture, agriculture has driven her plough afield, and, where at first it found only heath, has at length elicited rich harvests for its reward. This county has shared liberally in all those improvements which have so changed the

\* The views here introduced were all taken on the spot early in the present year, and may be considered most faithful delineations of the Land of Burns—a title by which the county of Ayr is emphatically known to every reader of the poet, by whose genius so many of its scenes have been immortalized.

face of the west country, and literally, in some districts, transformed the furze-clad moor into fields of wheat. But as the county abounds in hills, its pastoral character still remains a source of native wealth. In every district, coal, lime, and iron, are found in abundance, with quarries of granite and freestone—circumstances of the greatest importance for the encouragement of manufactures, and the progress of arts and agriculture.

The ancient town of Ayr, (Erigena,) is agreeably situated on a level peninsula, formed by the rivers Ayr and Doon, where they unite with the Frith of Clyde. The history of the town dates from the twelfth century, at the close of which a new town and fortress were erected on the water of Ayr, and raised shortly afterwards to the dignity of a royal burgh by the founder, William the Lion. During the competition wars between Bruce and Baliol, and the invasion by Edward I., the town of Ayr appears to have been considered by the latter sovereign as a post of the greatest importance in the prosecution of his designs of conquest. It is closely associated with the brilliant names and romantic valour of that period, and, in its local history, contributes largely to the national annals. The modern town is handsome, very favourably situated for trade, and presents numerous improvements in the appearance and condition of the people. The public buildings, particularly the courts of justice and the new town-hall, are of elegant design and execution, and give an almost metropolitan air to their respective streets. The Ayr Academy has been long distinguished among the best classical seminaries of the kingdom; and has its character established on the surest of all grounds—the great abilities of its teachers, and the liberality, zeal, and judgment, of its patrons and supporters.

The two Bridges of Ayr, respectively distinguished as the Auld and New Brigs, have been long familiar to every reader of Burns' poems. The old bridge is said to have been built so far back as the reign of Alexander III., "by two maiden sisters, who devoted their whole fortunes to this patriotic purpose, and whose time-worn effigies are still visible upon a stone in the eastern parapet, near the south end of the fabric. Like all old bridges, it is very narrow, consisting of several low-browed arches, and affording only a foot-passage. For the new bridge, which is not much more than a hundred yards below the old one, the citizens of Ayr are mainly indebted to the patriotic exertions of the late Mr. Ballantyne, provost of the town, an intimate friend of Burns, and in whose honour the poet wrote the clever *jeu-d'esprit*, in which the two structures are made to canvass their respective merits in so amusing and sarcastic a manner. On visiting the Auld Brig, the stranger ought to remark, that the inn at the northern extremity is the same which is mentioned in the poem as



W. H. Bartlett.

THE TWA BRIGS, Ayr.  
OR THE OLD AND THE NEW BRIDGE.  
(Ayrshire.)





ALL OWA, CALLED MC WITH EUBENS' MOUNTAIN.

‘Simpson’s.’ The ‘dungeon clock,’ which tolled the hour in the ear of the poet, has, unfortunately, been taken down, along with the ancient jail, of which it formed a part; but the ‘Wallace’ tower’ still remains, and may easily be distinguished from the circumstance that it is the only steeple which Ayr possesses.\* It was in this tower, according to tradition, that Wallace was confined.” And how often in this district is that name recalled by some attesting relic—how often may we exclaim—

“ Robore, mente, animis ingens, ingentior ausis,  
Quem tibi, quem dederint secula prisca parem !”

“ Arrived at Ayr,” says an observing tourist, “ we called for a friend, to whom we had previously written respecting our excursion in the ‘Land of Burns,’ but heard that he had gone at an early hour with his fishing-rod to the water of Doon. Thither we hastened, and keeping the river’s edge from the low to the high bridge—a most delightful walk—we found him throwing the ‘delusive fly’ in his favourite stream, but without the satisfaction of even a ‘glorious nibble,’ as Franklin has termed it. He readily agreed to wind up his fishing tackle, and at once accompanied us to the monument of BURNS, where we had long desired to do homage to the memory of the bard. The day was bright and serene; the birds were carolling on every tree; the bushes that overshadow the river were springing into leaf; and although the roses had not yet opened their crimson folds, we were almost persuaded to believe, with our friend, that the birds sang and the roses bloomed more sweetly on the banks of the Doon than in any other place. On our way, we passed ‘The thorn aboon the well,’ and in a few minutes stood within the roofless walls of ‘ALLOWAY’S auld haunted Kirk.’ Here we were half disposed to indulge that superstitious feeling with which the place has been invested by Burns’ powerful and unrivalled imagery. The sacred ruin is surrounded by a small plot of burying-ground; and here, among others of less note, we found the grave of the poet’s father. But the stone which marked the spot and recorded his death, has been levelled to the ground, and purloined piecemeal by the sacrilegious hands of relic-hunters. We now approached the MONUMENT, which consists of a three-sided rustic basement supporting a circular peristyle of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a cupola, the decorations of which are in strict accordance with the finest

\* “Wallace’s tower” seems to have been originally one of the tall rude towers which were the only fortalices of our Gothic ancestors: but its warlike appearance has been as materially altered by the said spire having been engrafted upon it, and by the clock-dials which have been stuck around and under its battlements, as would that of a stern veteran knight, if his helmet were taken off, and the snod cocked hat of a decent baillie clapped on in its stead.—*Chambers*.



specimens of Grecian art. The substructure is very massy, and forms an appropriate basement, the monument being so placed that each side is respectively opposite one of the three great divisions of Ayrshire. The interior of the basement affords a circular chamber, upwards of eighteen feet in diameter, and sixteen feet high, lighted by a cupola of stained glass. Opposite the entrance is a large semi-circular recess, supported by columns of the Grecian-Doric order, the entablature of which is continued round the whole apartment. Between these columns it is proposed to place a statue, or at least a bust, of the poet. A staircase, entering from the interior, leads to a gallery above, which commands an extensive prospect of varied landscape, including many of the scenes described or alluded to in the poetry of Burns.\*

“The monument is surrounded by a handsome cast-iron railing, of a triangular form, which gives breadth to, and greatly relieves, the substructure; and the whole is inclosed by a stone wall. The grounds are tastefully laid out in gravel walks; they contain a richly sculptured sun-dial, the gift of a lady; and are planted with all sorts of plants and shrubs, of which two are sapling plants from Shakspeare’s famous “mulberry-tree” at Stratford-on-Avon. The monument contains an excellent portrait of Burns, painted by Stevenson, from the original by Nasmyth. It contains also various editions of the poet’s works, some curious and richly mounted *quaihs* (drinking-cups) and snuff-boxes, made from the roof-timber of Alloway kirk, and is furnished with a massive oaken table and chairs, all of which were presented by admirers of his genius. In a grotto, apart, are now placed the celebrated statues of ‘Tam O’Shanter, and Souter Johnny,’ executed by Mr. Thom, the self-taught sculptor, which were some years ago exhibited in London, and the principal cities of the United Kingdom.”†

\* On the top of the basement, and exactly above the entrance on the one side, and above each of the niches upon the other two sides of the monument, is placed a very massive tablet, with a rich scroll ornament, in the centre of which is a representation of the mountain daisy, so beautifully apostrophized in one of the finest poems of the bard. The superstructure is composed of nine columns, corresponding to the number of the Muses; and the frieze of their entablature is richly decorated with chaplets of laurel. The principal cornice, and also the highly sculptured ornaments surrounding the dome, are of a character similar to those of the Athenian monument of Lysicrates, which the architect fixed on as a model. He has, however, made some important deviations, such as adopting the design of the columns from that of the temple of Jupiter Stater, at Rome, which is by far the finest specimen of the order now extant, and which, so far as we know, had not previously been imitated in this country. An ornament of considerable magnitude, upwards of seven feet high, wholly composed of various kinds of fruit, flowers, and foliage, and supported by three dolphins, pointing to the three different angles of the base, surmounts the dome, and forms an appropriate pedestal for a richly gilt tripod, six feet high.

† We have been more particular in our description of this interesting building than may seem necessary to those of our readers who may already have had the pleasure of seeing it; but we would plead, in excuse, that many of the admirers of Burns are not aware of the attractions which this monument presents. In





W. A. Barrett

PANES OF THE WATER OF AY  
 (Near Ballochmyle)

S. Fisher.

Printed and Published by W. A. Barrett, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

The "banks of the Ayr" are every where consecrated by some rich effusions of the poet. In a natural point of view, they are characterized by scenes, softly picturesque and even romantic; deeply hung with luxuriant woods, or projecting into bold cliffs, whose rocky precipices start up in striking contrast through the dense foliage, under which the stream is only discovered by its murmurs. "Ballochmyle" is that portion of the river landscape on which, in a special manner, the poet has conferred immortality, and for which every stranger inquires on his arrival in the land of Burns. The origin of that beautiful lyric, "The Lass of Ballochmyle," and the evening scene on the Ayr, are thus recorded in the poet's own words: "I had roved out," he says, "as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard; and frequently turned out of my way, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Such was the scene and such the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I espied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye—those visionary bards excepted who hold converse with ærial beings. . . . What an hour of inspiration for a poet! It would have raised plain historic prose into metaphor and measure. The enclosed song," he adds, "was the work of my return home, and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene."—The inspiring vision here alluded to, was Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle.

Within a short distance of the scene above noticed is the Brig o' Doon, where Tam o' Shanter's mare—pursued by the witches whose orgies the hero had so rashly interrupted in Alloway kirk,—

"Brought off his master hail,  
But left behind her ain grey tail."

This inimitable story, which contains more wondrous variety of genius within small compass than any other poem in the language, was struck off at the

point of architectural beauty, it stands unrivalled by any other edifice of this kind in the kingdom; while the surrounding country—rendered classical by the genius of the poet—may, upon its own merits, be styled the garden of Ayrshire. Here, as it were, all nature harmonizes with those feelings of mingled admiration and regret which the remembrance of the poet inspires; and here the effusions of his muse, which every Scotchman reads with increased delight in the closet, are dwelt upon amid the associations of this bewitching ground with indescribable zest and admiration.—See "Brown's Scottish Scenes."



first heat of the poet's fancy, and for its ground-work chose the following popular tradition, as recorded by his biographer:—One stormy night, amid squalls of wind and blasts of hail—on such a night, in short, as the devil would choose to take the air in—a farmer was plashing homewards from the forge with plough-irons on his shoulder. As he approached Alloway kirk he was startled by a light glimmering in the haunted edifice, and walking up to the door, he saw a caldron suspended over the fire, in which the heads and limbs of unchristened children were beginning to simmer. As there was neither fiend nor witch to protect it at the moment, he unhooked the caldron, poured out the contents, and carried his trophy home, where it long remained in evidence of the truth of his story.—We may observe in the poem the fine use made by Burns of this Kyle legend. Another story supplied him with two of his chief characters:—A farmer having been detained by business in Ayr, found himself crossing the “old bridge of Doon” about the middle of the night. When he reached the gate of Alloway kirk-yard, a light came streaming from a Gothic window in the gable, and he saw with surprise a batch of witches dancing merrily round their master, the devil, who was keeping them in motion by the sound of his bagpipe. The farmer stopped his horse, and gazed at their gambols; he saw several old dames of his acquaintance among them; they were footing it nimbly in their smocks. Unfortunately for him, one of them wore a smock too short by a span or so, which so tickled the yeoman, that he burst out with, “Weel luppen, Maggie wie the short sark!” but suddenly recollecting himself, he turned round his horse's head, and spurred and switched with all his might towards the Brig o'Doon, well knowing that “witches dare not cross a running stream.” When he reached the middle of the arch, one of the hags sprang forward to seize him, but nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which gave way to her grasp, as if touched by lightning.\* We now proceed to the coast scenery.

The serrated outline here presented by the hills of Arran, in the back-ground, the bold coast on which we stand, the broad sea stretched below, and the

\* “In a Galloway version of the tradition,” says Mr. Cunningham, “it is recorded that the witch, seizing the horse by the tail, stopped it in full career in the centre of the bridge, upon which the farmer struck a back-handed blow with his sword, that set him free, and enabled him to pass the stream without further molestation. On reaching his own house, he found, to his horror, a woman's hand hanging in his horse's tail; and next morning was informed that the handsome wife of one of his neighbours was dangerously ill, and not expected to live. He went to see her: she turned away her face from him, and absolutely refused to say what ailed her: upon which he forcibly bared her wounded arm, and displaying the bloody hand, accused her of ‘witchcraft and dealings with the devil.’ Thereupon, it is added, she made a confession, and, according to the laws of the time, was condemned and burnt as a witch.”—*See* “Life of Burns,” p. 248.





W. H. Bartlett.

G. A. Richardson.

BRIDGE OF DONE.

*from a sketch*

DEDICATED TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

*(The Biographer of Burns)*





numerous vessels that ply with sail, and steam, and oar, skimming it in all directions, give a fascinating character to the picture, as viewed from Greenan Castle, while it acquires an additional charm from the numerous legendary and historical recollections with which every feature in the landscape is more or less closely associated.

“Crowned with dense mists that shine like Alpine snow,  
Lo, Arran’s hills their rocky summits show.  
’Twas here the Bruce and Douglas lurked concealed,  
Till called by victory to the crimson field.  
Far look thy mountains, Arran, o’er the main,  
And far o’er Cunninghame’s expanded plain;  
From Loudon’s hill and Irvine’s silver source,  
Through all her links they trace the river’s course;  
View many a town in history’s page enrolled;  
Decayed Kilwinning, and Ardrossan old,  
Kilmarnock low, that mid her plain retires,  
And youthful Irvine.\*”—CLYDE.

On a rocky angle of the coast, where it makes a bend towards Girvan, the ruins of Turnberry Castle present an interesting field of contemplation to the stranger. The massy fragments of this ancient strength, hallowed by many patriotic records, arrest special attention, and cause the pilgrim to linger with peculiar interest among its storied and crumbling ramparts. The walls, levelled by the violence of war and the wasting hand of time, are now moss-grown. Those bastions, where mailed sentinels strode, and standards waved, are now abandoned to the shepherd and his flock:—

“No trumpet’s clang  
Startles the ear; but o’er the rocks that hang,  
Beetling above the wave, the bleating lamb  
Frolics, unscared, beside its fleecy dam.”

The original castle—the extent and strength of which may be estimated by these massive fragments—was the feudal stronghold of Alexander, earl of Carrick, who died in the Holy Land, leaving an only daughter, Martha, heiress to his title and possessions. In one of those hunting excursions, to which the nobles of the time devoted their intervals of peace, it happened that Robert Bruce, earl of Annandale, continued the chase to the neighbourhood of Turnberry Castle, where he was invited to partake of the young countess’s hospitalities. This circumstance laid the foundation of mutual esteem and admiration, and was soon after followed by marriage in 1274. The son of

\* Irvine, remarkable as the birth-place of two admired living authors, James Montgomery the poet, and Galt the novelist, was for some time the residence of Burns.



this union was Robert Bruce,\* the hero of Bannockburn, to whom we have so often referred in the present volume.

During the invasion of Edward the First, Turnberry Castle was garrisoned by English troops. At this epoch of national adversity, Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, had taken shelter in Arran, waiting the favourable moment to vindicate his country's liberty, by dislodging the invader from her strongholds. With this view he dispatched from his retreat in the island a trusty servant, to ascertain how his vassals in Carrick stood affected to his cause. It was concerted that, if circumstances were found in favourable crisis, the spy should give a signal to that effect by lighting a fire on an eminence overlooking the castle of Turnberry. From the earliest dawn of the morning, Bruce had stood with his eyes intently fixed on the Carrick shore, anxiously looking for the signal which was to summon him from his retreat. At length, when the morning had passed away, a beacon-fire† blazed suddenly forth on the distant height. Followed by his associates, he rushed to the beach, and springing into a well-appointed barge, pushed for the Carrick shore; but day failing them in their adventurous course, the beacon light served as a compass, while dreams of recovered freedom nerved every arm, and urged on the barge with redoubled impulse. On reaching the shore, the only man that received them was the messenger, who reported the entire failure of his mission. On reaching his destination, he found that Carrick was entirely subjected to the invader; that Percy, in command of a powerful garrison, occupied the castle; and thus overawed and narrowly watched, the men of Carrick durst not espouse the cause of independence, to which their sovereign invited them. "Traitor," exclaimed Bruce, at this mortifying

\* His daughter, Marjory, espoused Walter, steward of Scotland, whose son, by this marriage, Robert Stewart, ascended the throne on the demise of his maternal uncle, son of "the Bruce." From these alliances sprang the Stewart dynasty, which so long swayed the Scottish sceptre, and from which the reigning family of Great Britain derives its right to the throne. The present DUCHESS-COUNTESS of Sutherland is a lineal descendant from the Bruce.—*Vide* Vol. II. of this work, p. 163.

† The only tradition now remembered in Carrick of Bruce's landing, relates to the fire seen by him from the isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that for several centuries the flame rose yearly at the same hour, of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; while some go even so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, the fire would be seen still. That this superstition is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called *Bogle's Brae*, (the ghost's hill side,) beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown, a spunkie (jack o'lantern) could not have been seen across the Frith of Clyde between Ayrshire and Arran, and that the messenger was Bruce's kinsman, and never suspected of treachery.—*Letter from Mr. Train to Sir Walter Scott*. "Lord of the Isles," cant. 5, where the reader will perceive what admirable use the poet has made of this tradition. The less poetical explanation, we may add, ascribes the beacon to a limekiln.



AILSAC CLIFFS FROM TUNBRIDGE WALK

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announcement, "why then, if things be in the state thou sayest, why didst thou make the signal?" "I made no signal, my liege," replied the messenger, "but observing a fire on yonder eminence, I feared it might mislead you, and therefore I made all haste to meet and warn you from the coast." Bruce stood for a moment as if stunned by this unlooked for intelligence. He questioned the messenger strictly regarding the strength and vigilance of the enemy, the disposition of the people, and their resources. The answers to these questions were far from encouraging. Bruce, however, who had been thus mysteriously induced to embark, listened to nothing but the dictates of his own invincible spirit, leaped ashore, and by a sudden advance, charged the enemy's outposts, carrying terror and destruction to the very gates of the castle. Percy heard the din of conflict, but not knowing the force he might have had to encounter in a sortie, kept his men within the walls, and left Bruce to follow up his present advantage. During three days the royal leader marched in triumph over the Carrick shore, finding at every step a fresh adherent where he had so lately met a foe. But reinforcements having soon poured into Turnberry from the garrisons adjacent, and enabled Percy to act with greater decision, Bruce was compelled to retire into the mountains, and thus escaped the chance of being overwhelmed by numbers.—Some years afterwards, he returned under better auspices, and taking the castle by storm, dismantled it so completely, that it was never afterwards garrisoned, or even repaired. Little more than the foundations now remain, with an outline of the moat, and part of the buttresses of the drawbridge and bastions. From the lower apartments a subterranean passage opens upon the sea. The ruins enclose a wide area, and command beautiful views of the Frith of Clyde, with a rich plain of six hundred acres on the land-side, bounded by a range of soft, undulating, pastoral hills.

In front of this castellated promontory, the basaltic rock of Ailsa—floating like a vast iceberg in the sea—presents a most singular and imposing feature. It is the "Bass" of the western coast; and, towering in isolated grandeur to the height of nearly a thousand feet above the waves, forms the great object of attraction from the Carrick shore. If Staffa may point "the finger of contempt at the puny imitation of her temples on Iona, Ailsa may well smile in pity on the pyramids of Egypt!" It produces a powerful effect upon the senses. It unites the sublime and the beautiful, by combining vastness of dimensions, simplicity of form, and variety of features—all under the control of an almost architectural regularity—and all comprehended in one grasp of the eye. There is nothing which we are obliged to infer or conjecture—no unattainable point to wish for, whence it might appear to the greatest advantage; at one view we are over-



whelmed with its magnitude, and struck by its sublimity and elegance, while we are entertained with the beauties of its natural and stupendous masonry, with all the variety and playfulness of its details, and with the exquisite harmony, both of its general and its local colouring. Space will not permit us to indulge in a more particular account of this colossus of the Carrick sea; but in Dr. James Johnson's "Recess," and M'Culloch's Letters, the reader will find the subject described with equal beauty and fidelity. It was off this coast that "Thurot's defeat" took place, while the powers of Ocean are described by the poet, as sitting upon the rock of Ailsa,\* spectators of the fight—

"Till sinking slow, the mimic thunders fall,  
And Elliot's genius triumphs o'er the Gaul."

Crossregal Abbey, the view of which will be new to most of our readers, is one of those sacred relics of the olden time which recal monachism and the mass—that gorgeous worship, which in every corner of the island has left its stately monuments and its pious traditions; and in all, enduring proofs of the temporal, no less than the spiritual, sway of its hierarchy. This abbey is a fine specimen of that architecture which, within the last twenty years, has been partially revived and imitated in some of our ecclesiastical edifices; but it will require many years before the modern can approach the ancient in boldness of design and delicacy of execution. This religious structure—comprising a church, cloisters, the abbot's residence, and the chapter-house—though greatly dilapidated, is still sufficiently entire to give the stranger an accurate notion of its original extent, style, and decoration. It was founded in the middle of the twelfth century by Duncan, son of Gilbert, Earl of Carrick, and, under its pious and learned abbots, who had the enjoyment of a princely revenue, rose into considerable distinction as a religious fraternity.†

The town of Maybole is pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence, surrounded by a screen of hills, which shelter it on the north and east, in form of an amphitheatre. It was erected by royal charter into a burgh of barony early in the sixteenth century, in favour of the house of Cassilis. The collegiate church of St. Mary's, now in ruins, was founded in 1441 by Kennedy of Dunure,

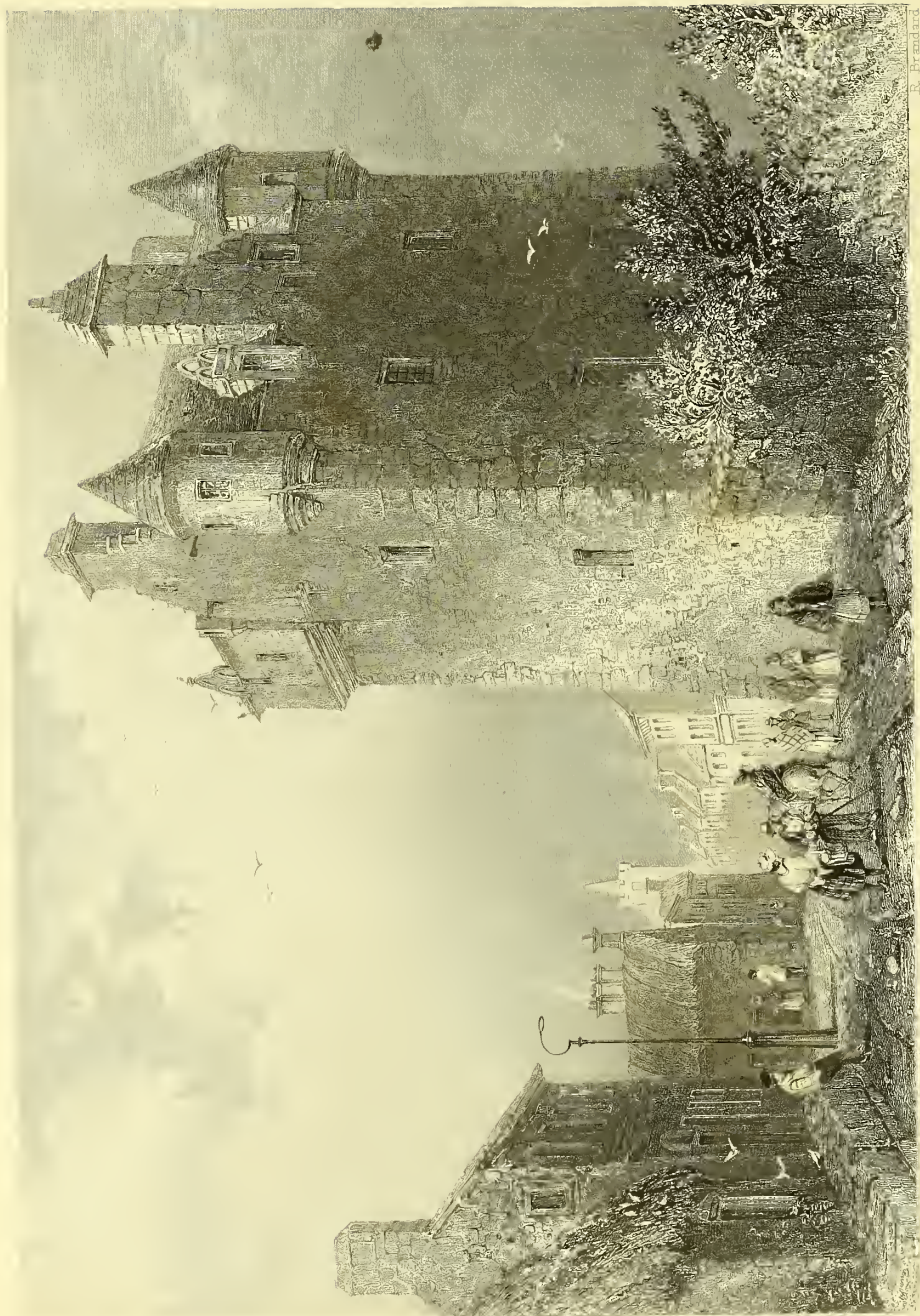
\* From this rock the Marquess of Ailsa takes his title; that of Baron Ailsa was a second title of the Earls of Cassilis. Few titles stand on so strong a foundation.

† Some years after the Reformation, George Buchanan had a pension out of the revenues of this abbey. It is a well authenticated fact, that the Earl of Cassilis of that day, impelled by a diabolical rapacity, seized the commendator, who enjoyed the principal part of the revenues of Crossregal; and, in order to make him sign a deed in his favour, roasted him, says Chambers, before a slow fire, till pain obliged him to comply. Buchanan, hearing of this horrible exertion of feudal power, placed his person under the protection of the state, lest he should have been caught, and scorched on the same account. It was with one of the abbots (the last) of this establishment that Knox held the famous public controversy in Maybole.



Amiens Cathedral, France. (Engraving by W. H. Bartlett, 1832.)





R. Proctor

W. H. Lister

THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE OF DUNDEE

(After the original)



ancestor of this family, for a provost, a rector, and three prebendaries. It has shared the fate of most other religious buildings of that period, and is now only used as a sepulchre for the pious founder's posterity, the chief of whom is the noble family\* above mentioned. Maybole is considered as possessing great salubrity of climate, and noted for instances of longevity. In former times it was the winter rendezvous of all the neighbouring gentry, whose somewhat stately domiciles are still surviving chronicles of those primitive times. Of these family mansions—once no less than twenty-eight in number—the most remarkable is the "Castle," here represented. It is one of the finest existing specimens of its order, and affords a clear idea of the style and accommodation necessary for a nobleman's establishment of that epoch. With this fortalice, the well known story of "Johnny Faa," and the catastrophe which followed, are so closely associated, that we shall be readily excused—especially by our continental readers—if we annex the popular version, concerning which the reader will find some curious particulars in the *Waverley Anecdotes*.

John, the sixth earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, and of whom it is remembered, that "he would never permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense," obtained the hand of Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of the first earl of Haddington. The match, it is said, in extenuation of her subsequent conduct, was contracted without the lady's consent, whose affections had been previously engaged by a Sir John Faa, a neighbour of her father's in Dunbar, who was neither "grave nor solemn," like his rival, but young, handsome, and debonair. The marriage, nevertheless, was solemnized, and the lady accompanied her lord to the family mansion of Cassilis, which still forms one of the chief attractions on the banks of the Doon. The union was crowned by the birth of three children, one of whom was afterwards married to Bishop Burnet. But this lady, it appears, though a mother, was still haunted, in imagination at least, by the gallant knight of Dunbar, whose admiration had suffered no abatement, and at length betrayed him into the wild scheme of carrying her off. Favoured by the temporary absence of Lord Cassilis, who was in England on some public mission, the moment was seized for effecting the abduction. Sir John, supported by a band of desperate accomplices, all disguised as gipseys, presented himself at the castle gate, and announced his arrival and intention, by an expressive serenade. And

\* The ancient power and possessions of the Kennedies is perpetuated in the following proverb :—

" From Wigton and the town of Ayr,  
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,  
No man may think to prosper there,  
Unless he court with Kennedie."

“so sweetly they sang,” says the ballad, that “our lady came tripping down the stairs,” and threw herself into the arms of the gipsy troubadour, who bore her off with all expedition. The triumph, however, was short: what the song had won, the sword was to restore; for the earl arriving shortly after, and hearing the strange news that his lady had eloped, mounted his “coal-black steed,” and summoning his household, rushed forward to the rescue. The fugitives, fifteen in number, were overtaken at a ford on the Doon, still called the “Gipseys’ steps,” and, after a sharp conflict, were all sacrificed\* except one, who only survived to tell their disaster, in the words of the ballad.

Colzean Castle, the chief hereditary mansion of the Ailsa family, is one of the noblest of its kind in Europe, both in point of situation and in baronial magnificence. So striking is its position, and so well adapted is its castellated architecture to this great natural advantage, that it would be difficult to suggest any artificial measures by which the general effect could be improved. Its battlements, and towers, and minarets, harmonize well with the solid rock which they crown, and command, in extensive perspective, all the blending beauties of sea and shore. It has always been considered the noblest residence in the county, in which the houses are those of a numerous and powerful aristocracy, whose ancestral halls are proverbially celebrated as the “Eyes of the West.” In the sea-view from these battlements, Ailsa Craig forms an imposing feature.

“Hoarse round his rugged roots the ocean roars,  
And high above the clouds his summit soars.”

This modern structure, of great solidity and sumptuously furnished, was built about sixty or seventy years ago by the Earl of Cassilis. Underneath the castle, the rock is hollowed into extensive caves, where, according to popular superstition, the beings of the nether world celebrate their midnight orgies. An ancestor of the family who, after the revolution, still adhered to the fortunes of the exiled sovereign, and thereby rendered himself obnoxious to the new government, found in these subterranean wave-worn labyrinths a cool but secure retreat. As a more detailed notice of Colzean, in connexion with other castellated mansions of Scotland, is likely to appear in the course of the ensuing

\* Another version says, that they were only made prisoners at the ford, brought back to Cassilis, and, along with the luckless paramour, suspended from a tree in front of the castle. The frail countess, after being compelled to witness the tragic scene from a window opposite, was confined for life in the castle of Marybole, the staircase of which, in commemoration of the event, was ornamented with carved heads, representing those of the unhappy Faa and his comrades. The earl married a second wife, by whose offspring the regular family line was continued.—*Chambers. Wav. Anec. Statist.*





W. H. Barrett.

## COLZAN CASTLE -

(Ayrshire.)



season, we forbear pre-occupying the ground, and refer our readers in the mean time to the statistics of the county, and other descriptive works. In taking leave of Ayrshire, we are encouraged to hope that, in the specimens here presented, a fair though desultory view has been given of its most remarkable scenes; and, that what we leave untouched, will be taken up by others who have taste, talents, and inclination to do it justice.

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## COUNTIES OF DUMFRIES AND ROXBURGH.

“ There’s als much vertue sonce and pith  
 In Annan, or the water o’ Nith  
 Whilk quietly slips by Dumfries,  
 Als ony water in all Greece.”—CLELAND, 1697.

THE county of Dumfries, like that of Ayr, is divided into three principal districts—Nithsdale, Annandale, and Eskdale—which form the southern, or Solway frontier of Scotland. It comprises part of those “debateable lands” concerning which so much has been written, and which kept the wit and weapons of their inhabitants so long on the alert. Its hills and dales, its rivers and lakes and morasses, speak forcibly of the past, and, with history, legend, and tradition, furnish a rich treat to the inquisitive stranger. Its uplands, still furrowed with the intrenchments of ancient Rome, whose standards once floated on their high places; its dales, sprinkled with the decayed strongholds of ancient chiefs; its lakes, reflecting those massive ruins in which the BRUCE once marshalled his Border chivalry; its rivers, flowing in strength and beauty, shaded with woods, enlivened with towns and villages, and adorned with noble mansions, are all “known to song and story.” Its mosses,\* covering the tract of primeval forests, or the deserted bed of the sea, reveal from time to time those arcana of nature, and those relics of human art, which carry the mind to times where history is lost in

\* The Lochar Moss, a space of ten miles in length by three in breadth—and now under the operation of the STEAM-PLOUGH—rests upon a deep stratum of sea-sand. In this, not only shells and marine deposits abound, but fragments of ancient shipping, with iron grapples or anchors, have been repeatedly found; also some ancient canoes or boats—one, in particular, is formed out of the trunk of a large oak, hollowed apparently by fire. A fine specimen of this kind was lately found on the Sussex coast, and is now in the British Museum. As an example of “moving moss,” we may mention the inundation of the “Solway Moss,” which overwhelmed a fertile tract of eight hundred acres. It is one of the most remarkable phenomena on record—similar to those in Switzerland—and popularly known as the “Solway Flow.”

conjecture. Its moorland districts—the territory of the shepherd and his flock—have also their records in the circling fosse, the sepulchral cairn, and the “grey stone,” commemorating the site of ancient camps, the fall of warlike chiefs, or the grave of pious confessors. Here, the Border *slogan* has often startled the ear, and there, the sudden “mounting” for the midnight foray, the baffled enterprise, or triumphant return, have alternately roused the people to violence, or soothed them down into a temporary calm. But these localities speak of more than the reverses of petty warfare; they remind us of national triumphs, and national disgrace—of the “battle of Sark” and the “raid of Solway Moss;” of the Scottish sovereign, who, on hearing the “rebel-flight” of his army, sickened and died. There also, on the opposite shore, the ambitious Edward “breathed his vengeance, and expired.”

Every prominent feature—every tower that now rears its roofless walls along the Solway, is a historical landmark. Each has its “massy more,” its “haunted chamber,” where accusing spirits, says superstitious “eld,” pointing to some deed of blood, call for vengeance; and where the belated peasant—startled by unearthly sounds—hears the “greeting bairn,” sees the sheeted spectre gliding near the ruin, or blue-lights glimmering from the deserted loopholes.\*—But we have no space for dilating on the numerous features, moral and physical, which render the Solway frontier a rich field of research and observation. The subject, however, including the whole of the southern border, is likely to be brought forth in a new and separate form, and containing an original fund of local traditions.

Our illustrations of this county are limited to a very few of those scenes which are endeared by their associations with modern genius or ancient story; but from Sanquhar to the river Sark, from the Solway to Loch-skene, the scenes that are continually unfolding themselves present almost every description of landscape between the extremes of high cultivation and cheerless sterility. From these the painter might select an ample portfolio—each view enriched by traditionary relics, which exemplify the progress of arts, and contrast their primitive features and rude landmarks with the vast improvements now introduced by agricultural and commercial enterprise, and the use of steam navigation. We begin with the west frontier of the county, the warlike and poetical Niddisdale.

On a fine eminence of this district, overlooking the valley of the Nith, stands Drumlanrig Castle, the ducal residence of the Douglasses of Queensberry, and now descended to the duke of Buccleuch, whose possessions extend over a great

\* Comlongon and Carlawerock Castles; towers of Spedlins, Blackethouse, Stapleton, Woodhouse, Amisfield, and many others more inland. That of Woodhouse is said to have been the first house in Scotland in which Bruce took refuge when flying from England. Most of these are “haunted ruins.”





DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

(Dumfriesshire.)





portion of the Border counties. The founder of this sumptuous mansion was James, duke of Queensberry, whose judicious advice and strenuous cooperation in effecting the union\* between the two countries, are honourably recorded in the history of that important crisis. The style of its architecture will be best understood by reference to the annexed engraving, which affords also a correct notion of its extent and proportions. The sums expended in the external building—exclusive of its interior embellishments—are said to have been immense. Its spacious gardens, park, and pleasure grounds, are on a scale suitable to the castle, which is justly considered the finest baronial mansion in the south of Scotland.

The Vale of the Nith, extending from this point to Dumfries and the Solway, is a tract of great beauty and fertility, blending with every landscape some characteristic feature or historical fact which brings back the days of remote crusades, of civil discord, or the wars of the “Covenant.” Over this district the Douglasses and the Maxwells long exercised feudal authority, and at the head of their numerous retainers held a prominent station in the chances of Border warfare. They have left many honourable representatives in the district.

The ruins of Lincluden College, which form a chief point of attraction in the tourist’s chart, crown a gentle eminence on the bank of the Cluden, at its confluence with the Nith, and still retain indubitable evidence of their former magnificence. The college was originally a Benedictine nunnery, founded in the reign of Malcolm IV. by Uthred, father of Rolland, lord of Galloway, whose ashes repose under its sanctuary. Some time afterwards, however, the reputation of the nuns being sullied by the breath of scandal, they were sent adrift, and their costly altars converted into a collegiate church for a provost and twelve beadsmen—a change, which enabled the earl of Douglas to make suitable provision for the younger branches of his family, some of whom were as good saints in the cloister as they were swordsmen in the field. The provosts of this college were generally persons of distinction, and filled high and important offices under the crown. Over the door of the vestry, his own armorial bearings, and those of his lady, the heiress of Bothwell, still mark the spot where the “grim” earl lies buried. In the church is the tomb of Margaret, daughter of King Robert III., and wife of Archibald, earl of Douglas and first duke of Touraine. The tomb is in the form of a shrine, of elegant design and elaborate workmanship. The choir of the church, part of the south wall, and a portion

\* In 1707, James, the second duke of Queensberry, acted as the royal commissioner from Queen Anne to the Scottish parliament on that memorable occasion, and was afterwards created by her Majesty duke of Dover, marquess of Beverley, and baron of Ripon.



of the provost's house, are all that remain; but these convey a clear idea of what Lincluden must have been in its best day. Subterraneous passages are said to have enabled the inmates to keep up an intercourse with the neighbouring monasteries of Dumfries and Holywood; in which case they must have been carried, like tunnels, under the bed of the river. Burns alludes to this "roofless tower," in his well-known lyric, the "Vision."

Dumfries is the handsomest town in the south of Scotland, and the favourite residence of families and individuals to whom a healthy climate, great facilities of education, and the enjoyment of cultivated society, are objects of consideration. It combines most of the advantages of a large capital; and, by its daily intercourse with Edinburgh, and its position on the great road to the south and west, possesses many recommendations as a residence.\* The streets are clean and airy, well paved, flanked with cheerful, and, in many instances, handsome edifices, and lighted with gas. Dumfries, like Ayr, has its "twa brigs,"—the old and the new. The Nith is here a magnificent river, and having had its channel deepened, vessels of considerable tonnage are now brought up to the very doors, to receive and discharge their cargoes, which gives the town the advantages of a sea-port.† The environs abound in picturesque scenery, and command extensive prospects in every direction. On the south, flanked by Criffell on the right, shut in by Skiddaw in front, and the Solway Frith flowing between, the Cumberland coast and mountains are beautifully defined. On the west and north, and partly on the east, the prospect is bounded by an undulating chain of hills, which form part of the "Scottish Arcadia." The intervening space is one of the richest and most variegated dales in Scotland.

The earliest historical fact on record regarding Dumfries, is the erection of a Franciscan monastery, by Devorgilla, mother of Baliol, in the cloisters of which the Red Comyn, lord of Badenoch, was slain by Robert Bruce, as already noticed in this work. Here Edward II. received the homage of the Scottish nobility. The town was several times burnt by the English, but signally avenged in the last instance by Lord Maxwell, who crossed the Frith with a small body of resolute followers, entered the town of Penrith, and reduced it to ashes. Dumfries was

\* Among the public buildings are the two parish churches, the Academy, several Dissenting meeting-houses—two of which are new and handsome; an Episcopalian and a Roman Catholic chapel; a poor-house, an infirmary, a town-hall, the work of Inigo Jones; the trades' hall, the court-house, the bridewell and county prisons; a handsome suite of assembly-rooms, and a theatre. The population (about twelve thousand) suffered greatly during the cholera, to which upwards of four hundred fell victims within a very short period.

† The only foreign trade is with America for timber; the other vessels are coasters. A steamer sails regularly from this port to Whitehaven and Liverpool.





THE TOWN OF DUMFRIES.

(Dumfries-shire.)



THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF ST. JAMES, LONDON.



twice honoured with the presence of Queen Mary, who, on the first occasion, repaired hither in order to ratify a peace with England; and, in the latter, to reduce to obedience the disaffected lords of Argyll, Murray, and Rothes, who headed a strong force in the neighbourhood, but, at the queen's approach, escaped to England, and left Dumfries and its castle at her disposal. Seven years after this, the town and fortress were again taken and plundered by the English, under the earl of Essex and Lord Scrope. James VI., on his return to London from a royal progress through Scotland, was received at Dumfries with every demonstration of loyal attachment. In acknowledgment of this cordial reception, he presented the incorporated trades of the burgh with a miniature gun, in silver, to be awarded from time to time as a prize to the best marksman. This has given rise to the well-known poem of "The Siller Gun," by the late Mr. John Mainie, in which the competition is described with characteristic humour, talent, and vivacity.

These, however, are mostly points in which the general reader may feel little interest. But there is one object—one amongst the many which here solicit attention—that never fails to draw the traveller aside, to rouse his sympathy, and direct his steps to the mausoleum\* of BURNS—"high chief of Scottish song." This is the commanding feature in the church-yard of St. Michael's. Daily, nay, hourly, the pilgrim may be seen on his way to this shrine of departed genius—there to present his offering of mingled sorrow and admiration. No provincial cemetery in the kingdom presents such a number and variety of elegant sepulchral monuments as this.† Here the legislators of their country, the martyrs‡ of religious persecution, the undaunted patriot, the virtuous citizen, the representatives of the wealth, and power, and talent of past generations, are all mingled together. Here the sculptured memorials of their lives and pedigrees—the classic tablet and the skilful panegyric—the record of their services and sufferings—all combine to engage, for the dust they consecrate, the stranger's sympathy, their country's gratitude, the respect and veneration of posterity. But while even these are passed unnoticed, "while simple virtue, splendid rank, and even respectable learning and glorious achievement are forgotten like nine-days' wonders, Burns's

\* This monument is chiefly remarkable for a piece of sculpture by Turnerelli, representing the genius of Scotland finding the poet, as "Elijah found Elisha," at the plough, and throwing "her inspiring mantle over him." The cost of the monument is stated at £1450.—*Stat. Acc.*

† Mr. Macdiarmid, the talented Editor of the Dumfries and Galloway Courier, calculates in his "Sketches from Nature," that the value of the monuments in the church-yard is little short of one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

‡ Their graves are marked by plain slabs of freestone, with rude inscriptions: but a more suitable monument is about to be erected on the spot, in proof of the respect in which the memory of these martyrs—"witnesses to the truth"—is held by their grateful countrymen.



mausoleum\* is the object of perpetual attention, and exhibits a constant freshness." To him—the "inspired peasant," "the poet of the people"—posthumous honours have been most liberally awarded: a fair monument is raised to him on the "Braes of Doon;" a noble statue, from the chisel of Flaxman, stands in Edinburgh: Burns-clubs celebrate his birth-day in the chief towns and cities of Britain: on the banks of the Amazon, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Indus, and the Ganges, his name is annually invoked and his songs sung. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Campbell, have celebrated him in verse; statues are made from his chief characters; pictures are painted from his vivid delineations: even the rafters of Alloway-kirk have been carved into ornaments for the necks of ladies, and *quaighs* for the hands of men. Such is the influence of genius.† To that genius Burns' last biographer has done ample justice.

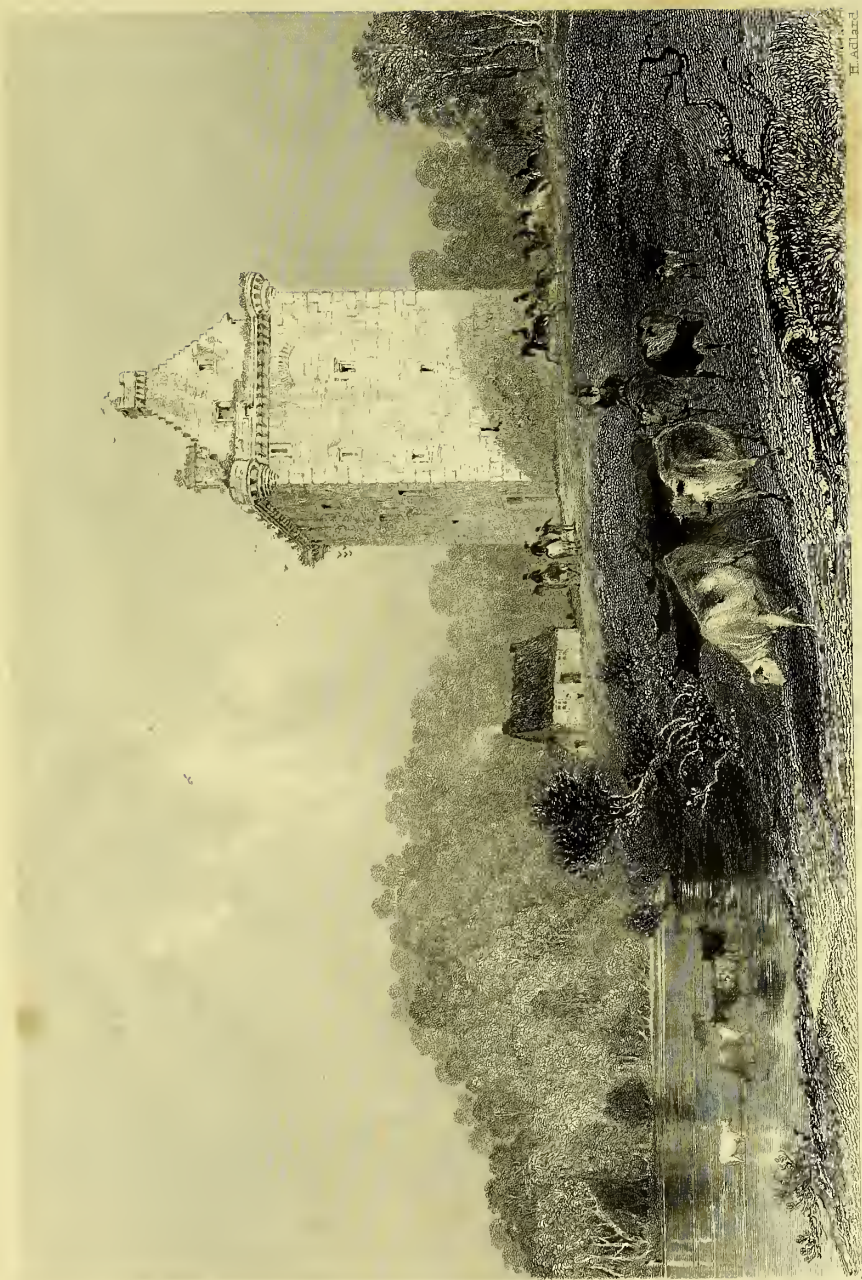
Following the order of illustrations, our next subject carries us from the Banks of the Nith, and the tomb of Burns, to the stronghold of the Border outlaw—the laird of 'Gilknockie Ha.' The scenery of the Esk‡ is proverbial for its beauty; and that portion of it which surrounds this ancient tower presents one of the most picturesque landscapes in the kingdom. The building consists of an oblong square, the area of which measures sixty feet by forty-six, with a height of nearly seventy-two—the usual proportions of these frontier *peels*, already described, the security of which consisted, not in breadth of base, but in the height and massive strength of the walls. At the east and west angles it is furnished with turrets and loopholes, from which the freebooter and his retainers could precipitate their destructive missiles against any assailant who sought plunder or "restitution of property." In such cases liquid lead, boiling water, and stones discharged like shot from the battlements, were generally the first expressions of salutation vouchsafed to any suspicious guest, who might have rashly trusted to his "spear for a passport."

The last *raid* of this celebrated freebooter is matter of history, and affords a tragi-dramatic picture of the times. When James the Fifth undertook his famous

\* Burns was originally buried at the north-east corner of this cemetery; but after having lain there nineteen years, his remains were translated, in June 1815, to the spot where the monument now stands. This ceremony was accompanied with many interesting circumstances, which are minutely recorded in the periodicals of the day. When removed, the coffin was found partly dissolved away; but the dark curling locks of the poet were as glossy, and seemed as fresh, as on the day of his death. The funeral of the poet's widow, which took place here about three years ago, was one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the precincts of St. Michael's.

† Allan Cunningham's "Life of Burns," vol. i. London, 1834.

‡ The debateable land, a perpetual source of contention between the two kingdoms, lay between the rivers Sark and Esk. In 1552 it was divided by a commission of both nations; the upper or western part assigned, by mutual consent, to Scotland, and the lower to England.



GLENCOE - OR JOANNY ARMSTRONG'S TOWER.  
(Dumfriesshire.)

expedition against the Border outlaws, an evil genius, or, according to others, the traitorous invitation of some courtier, prompted the laird of Gilknockie "to present himself" before King James, with a body-guard of thirty-six horsemen, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. He approached the sovereign with high expectations of favour; but James, indignant at this display, and eyeing the borderer and his retinue with a jealous scrutiny, sternly observed—"What lacks this knave that a king should have?" and ordered him and his men to instant execution. Armstrong, who had a "safe-conduct," was confounded by this sentence and breach of faith, and endeavoured to soften it by expressions of loyalty to the king's person. He offered, if the sentence were revoked, to support the royal authority with a company of forty gentlemen, serving at their own cost; and "engaged that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but whom, at a given day, he would produce before the king, dead or alive." But seeing that James remained inexorable, the Borderer, with sarcastic bitterness, exclaimed, "What a fool was I, to expect grace at a graceless face! . . . But," he added, "had I suspected this, I should yet have lived upon the Borders in spite both of King Henry and King James; and Henry, well I wot, would down-weigh my horse in gold, to know that I were this day condemned to die." The king's orders were instantly obeyed; Armstrong and his gallant troop were all hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlinrig Chapel, and buried in a deserted church-yard, where their graves are still shown.

That James V. accomplished much for the public safety by his summary justice in this expedition, is perpetuated in the proverb, that "he made the rush-bush keep the cow:" but, at the same time, it cannot be denied that, in some striking instances "might overcame right," and that he was the open abettor of that very system of cruelty and oppression which he professed to condemn and punish. A strong instance of this occurred to the ancestors of the present writer.\*

\* The extensive possessions in Eskdale Moor, now belonging to the duke of Buccleuch, were, from time immemorial, the exclusive property of the Beatties, (*Border Antiq.*) who took a prominent part in the battle of Arkinholm, in 1455; and at this early period are described (*Scott, Hist. Scotland*, vol. i. 304), as a "numerous and bold people." Their last chief, Beattie, the "galliard," fell in conflict at a place near Langholm, which still retains the name of the "Galliard's haugh." (*Border Antiquities*, vol. ii. Append. XII.) This border *sept* appears to have settled here soon after the first Crusade, (*MSS. "Beatti."*) They were stripped of their Eskdale possessions in the following manner. In 1537-8, when Lord Maxwell and Cardinal Beaton returned from France, after concluding a treaty of marriage between James V. and Mary of Guise, Maxwell was presented with the lands comprehended under the five kirks of Eskdale (*Statist.* 400-1), and summoned the Beatties to acknowledge him as their feudal superior. This they resolutely declined, and prepared to resist the royal grant as unjust. Negotiations were attempted, but failed. Roland Beattie, then chief of the clan, represented to Maxwell the danger of persisting in his claim. Maxwell saw the personal risk in which he was involved but as the muster on both sides had already commenced, and swords were drawn, immediate flight was the only hope left for the new "seigneur."—



ROXBURGHSHIRE—the poetical and warlike Teviotdale—occupies the largest central proportion of the southern border, between the Solway Frith and Berwick-on-Tweed. The general appearance of the district is mountainous, but intersected by many beautiful valleys, and watered by innumerable streams, which maintain freshness and fertility, and, in many instances, figure in that poetry and romance which have lent their lasting charms to the Liddel, the Teviot, and the Tweed.\* The middle and northern districts are tolerably fertile, greatly improved by judicious cultivation, and embellished with many noble mansions. The country is traversed by a ridge of hills—part of the “Cheviot range”—from the highest of which the spectator may descry both the eastern and western seas. The hills and valleys that so richly diversify this territory, as well as its monastic ruins and feudal towers—are all familiar in Border minstrelsy.

Of the monastic antiquities which were once the glory, not only of this county but of the whole kingdom, we have selected for illustration those of Jedburgh, Melrose, and Kelso. In their flourishing state, the monasteries of Scotland are believed to have equalled, if they did not surpass, in wealth and splendour, most establishments of the same kind in the other countries of Europe.† Their lands and domains equalled in extent the possessions of the most powerful barons, and were the richest and best cultivated in the kingdom. The members of their communities were, for a long period, revered as the learned instructors and spiritual guides of the people, the indulgent masters of numerous vassals and

Beattie, therefore, anxious to prevent bloodshed, offered his “white mare,” an animal remarkable for its fleetness, for Maxwell’s immediate escape. The offer was accepted, and the rider, mounting in haste, never drew bitt till he alighted at Scott’s of Branzholm. Here he was secure; but, forgetting Beattie’s generosity, and determined to avenge himself by selling what he could not occupy, offered the king’s grant to this ancestor of the Buccleuch family, for an equivalent. His offer was readily accepted. Scott, then warden of the Middle Marches, and holding a numerous force at his command, mustered his full strength, attacked, slew, and expelled the diminutive force of the Beatties—seized their possessions, (*Bord. Ant.*) and divided between forty and fifty of their estates and farms among his followers, viz. the Scotts of Harden, Davington, Johnston, Raeburn, Rennelburn, Baillielee, and Branzholm. (*Paroch. Stat.* by the Rev. Dr. Brown.) The Beatties, after this “legalized plunder,” retired partly to the north of Scotland, to Ireland, and Galloway, (where they gave their name to Dalbeattie,) the English Border, &c. With the exception of Beattie of Meikledale, (*Sir Walter Scott*, vol. vi. p. 22,) and two or three others, they have regained no hold in their ancient district—“Batti veteris sacrum sepulchrum.” *Catull. Ad. Lesb.* l. 6.

\* Of this county three of our most admired poets are natives—Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld; James Thomson, author of “The Seasons;” and Dr. John Armstrong, whose poem on “The Art of preserving Health” is so justly admired. To these may be added the name of Elliot—afterwards ennobled—whose admirable defence of Gibraltar, and other heroic actions, have assigned his name so distinguished a place in the martial annals of his country.

† See “MORTON’S *Monastic Ruins of Teviotdale.*” Hanc antiquam Scotorum religionem sat indicat templorum magnificentia et splendidissimus eorum apparatus, &c. &c.



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retainers, and the kind benefactors of the poor. Their churches and conventual buildings, raised with consummate art and skill, and profusely adorned with carving and painting, were the chief architectural ornaments of the country. Their halls were the seats of splendid hospitality, where princes and distinguished persons were entertained, and where minstrels and professors of the liberal arts were ever welcome guests.\* The example of the order and economy of their establishments must have had a beneficial influence on domestic life. The deference and respect which they were bound to observe towards each other, could not but contribute greatly to soften the harsh manners of a rude age, to introduce elegance, and to disseminate urbanity and politeness throughout the intercourse of society. History presents few changes of fortune more sudden and complete than that which befell the monastic communities at the period of the Reformation. Within a few years, their wealth, their honours, their avocations, their establishments, were swept away. The unfortunate monks, often perhaps deeply wronged—though many of them were doubtless loaded with some just accusations—were driven from their ancient seats; their magnificent edifices—if the chance of war had not already desolated them—were either demolished by the blind rage of the populace and the barbarous ignorance of the government, or left to crumble into premature decay.

Jedburgh Abbey, when entire, must have been one of the finest buildings in Scotland. It appears from its remains to have formed a large cross church, comprising a nave with side-aisles, a cross with transepts, and a choir with chapels. The altar, or east end of the choir, is completely gone, as well as the cloisters and chapter-house, which appear to have extended to the south side. Three or four different styles of architecture are observable in these ruins, each characteristic of the period when it was employed, and exemplifying the peculiar taste of the age. In the choir there are massive Saxon columns, or piers, with deep splayed circular arches; and over these the Norman style is employed. Again, in the superstructure of the nave we have the old English character, beautifully exemplified in the long range of narrow pointed windows, and in the blank arches at the west end. Over the cross rises a lofty square tower, with angular turrets and projecting battlements. The west end of the nave has been barbarously remodelled into a parish church, which has completely destroyed the character of this part of the edifice. At the west end, the principal entrance to the church, in the south wall of the nave, are two

\* In monasteriis ea vigeat charitas, et hospitalitas, ut omnes sine discrimine ad ea diverterent; in quibus tanto ordine omnia erant disposita, ut, sine religiosæ disciplinæ impedimento, non modo principes viri, sed et ipsi Scotiæ reges in illis subinde hospitarentur.—*De Ant. Christ. Rel. apud Scotos.* MORTON.



magnificent Norman doorways, of great richness and beauty, and among the finest of that style in the kingdom. The only decorated Gothic architecture in the remains of this edifice is seen in the windows of the north transept, which appear to have been renewed during the prevalence of that style. This abbey never recovered from the destruction it suffered from the enemy in 1544; and the establishment being suppressed at the Reformation, its revenues were afterwards annexed to the crown. The church was dedicated to God, under the invocation of the Virgin Mary. How powerfully Delille's description applies to these ruins!—"Tout parle, tout émeut dans ce séjour sacré!"—

Melrose Abbey, so long the object of universal admiration, is said to have been re-founded by the pious King David, in the early part of the twelfth century, and about three hundred years after the destruction of old Melrose. Here a community of Cistercian monks, whose order was then first introduced from Rievall, took up their residence. The site of this establishment, to which the name of Melrose, so venerable for its antiquity, was transferred, is near the foot of the Eildon Hills, on the right bank of the Tweed, and in the centre of that beautiful and classic valley enclosed between the Eildon and Gatton heights. The style of architecture, so conspicuous in this gorgeous edifice, is the richest Gothic—such as it was when that style of religious building had attained its highest perfection. In its dimensions, the building falls short of many other sacred edifices—York Minster, for example—but the strength of its masonry, the boldness of its sculpture, the exquisite finish of its most minute embellishments, and that majestic beauty so impressive in a sacred edifice, are unsurpassed—we might say, unequalled—by any existing remnant of its class and character.\* Here the zeal, industry, and genius of the indefatigable Cistercians found abundant exercise during the space of five centuries. Besides being strict in their monastic discipline, this brotherhood had the wisdom to inculcate industry upon their order, as a virtue, and as a preservative against the seductions of vice: hence they were the liberal patrons and diligent promoters of learning and the fine arts—virtues which are sufficiently testified by the existing monuments of their order in every part of the continent. Is it not probable, then, that many of the resident monks may have employed themselves in the pious work of erecting and embellishing so sacred an edifice? that the masterly pieces of sculpture which adorn its windows, walls, capitals, pinnacles,

\* The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the ruins, are all richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture; but of these statues the greater number have been demolished. Melrose Abbey was reduced to its present ruinous state, partly by the English barons in their hostile inroads, and partly by the ill-judged and intemperate zeal of the reformers.—See various notes to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."







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J. Lewis.

WINTON ABBEY.

(Wiltshire.)



key-stones and buttresses were executed by their own hands?\*

In the French and Italian monasteries, the manual and ingenious labours of the brotherhood are often shown and applauded; and as many of the monks secluded in Melrose were, probably, men who had been educated in countries where they had been familiar with the highest state of the arts, it may be inferred that the more elaborate finish of Melrose Abbey was the result of a long-continued effort on the part of its religious inmates, and not emanating from the liberality and taste of the royal founder. Always ambitious of adorning their habitations with great architectural works, the designs were frequently made on a scale of magnificence far surpassing their means, so that their completion was the labour of many successive generations. Hence those deviations in style and execution which are so often observed in religious houses, in which every century is characterised by its own peculiar features. The monastic chronicle of Melrose—continued from the middle of the eighth to near the close of the thirteenth century—is the most authentic record now extant of early Scottish history.

In this vicinity, the banks of the Tweed are richly embellished with villas and stately mansions. Of these, Abbotsford, already presented in this work, is no less famous for its present than Melrose for its ancient glory. Both are places of daily pilgrimage, and closely associated with all that is wonderful in the achievements of art, or admirable as the productions of genius. From this seclusion, the emanations of Scott's mind went forth to surprise and delight the world. Here his happiest hours were spent, and here every object wears the stamp of his genius, and seems to address us in his own words.

Kelso is proverbially known as one of the most attractive spots in Scotland. The beauty of its scenery, the cultivated state of its society, its historical associations, fertile soil, and genial climate, have been the subjects of frequent panegyric among those who have founded their observations on a personal residence. Charmingly situated near the confluence of the Tweed and the Teviot, the town commands a luxuriant and picturesque landscape, many features of which conjure up the lays and legends of other days, and thus captivate the mind and eye with a twofold charm.†

\* The monks of Tiron, in France, who improved upon the rules of St. Benedict, were far from passing that life of indolence so often ascribed to them. In order to preserve them from the corrupting power of idleness, and to provide, at the same time, by useful industry, for the general support of the establishment, "it was required that each of the brotherhood should practise, within the convent, whatever mechanical art he knew.—*Monastic Annals*, MORTON. *Statist. Acc. Melrose*, THOMSON. The monks of Kelso were of this reformed class of the Benedictine order.

† One of the most approved points of view in which this enchanting landscape is seen, is from the bridge—itself a noble and perfect work of architecture.

Here, again, another gorgeous “relic of monastic times” rises in isolated majesty over the subject buildings, and confers an importance and solemnity on the whole scene. This Abbey is a noble specimen of the solid and majestic style of architecture, called the Saxon, or early Norman. Over the intersection of the cross, in the centre of the building, rose a lofty square tower, or lantern, upon four spacious arches, in the pointed style, with six windows in each of its sides, and open galleries within. Only the south and west sides now remain, but these are the grandest and most striking parts of the ruin. The Scottish reformers had no hand in the demolition of this church ; for having been burnt by the duke of Norfolk in 1542, and occupied as a place of defence by the townspeople, during the invasion of Earl Hertford three years after, it was destroyed by the enemy. From the state of the ruin, it may be inferred that the cannon employed in battering it down, were directed against it from the north-east. The monks of Kelso—as stated in the preceding *note*—were of a reformed class of the Benedictine order, first established at Tiron, in France, A. D. 1109, and hence called TIRONENSES. We cannot conclude this brief notice of Kelso in any thing more appropriate than the well-known verses of Leyden :—

“ Bosomed in woods where mighty rivers run,  
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun ;  
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,  
And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell.  
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,  
And Tempé rises on the banks of Tweed ;  
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,  
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise.”

END OF APPENDIX TO VOL. I.