REMINISCENCES

CONNECTED CHIEFLY WITH

INVERESK AND MUSSELBURGH

AND SKETCHES OF

FAMILY HISTORIES

BY THE

REV. W. H. LANGHORNE, M.A. CANTAB.

FORMERLY FIRST VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, STEPNEY, RECTOR
OF WORTON, OXON., CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COMPIÈGNE

'All these were honoured in their generations.'
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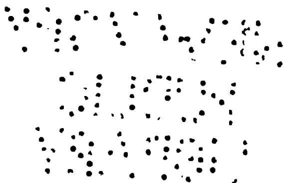

PREFACE

It is a frequent occasion of disappointment and regret to persons desirous of acquainting themselves with transactions of the past, in which they may be interested, that reliable information is no longer procurable, the records of them having either failed to be written or been lost.

A single generation may suffice to obliterate the memory of that immediately preceding, in places especially where from any cause the population has shifted to other localities.

Of this, a striking instance came a few years ago within my own cognisance. It was that of an extensive and wealthy parish, a considerable area of which had, half a century before, been appropriated for docks, and now inhabited by the labouring class. The ancient churchyard had been for many years closed, and a proposal was made for laying it out as a recreation ground for the parishioners.

No step could of course be taken to further the project, before consulting with the survivors of families who might desire to have their tombstones and mural monuments left where they had been placed, and notice was accordingly given in the leading newspapers with the unexpected and almost incredible result, that only one reply from a distant part of the country was received, expressing the writer's wish that the grave of his family might remain for the present untouched.

There must have been thousands of burials in the course of years, but beyond the names, in many cases illegible, upon the stones, their bearers were as 'clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind.'

The truth is, each generation is necessarily and almost exclusively occupied with its own affairs and interests, every day bringing with it calls that must be responded to, and there are few who care to disturb the ashes of the departed, mercifully permitted in many cases to moulder in oblivion.

The instance just mentioned might doubtless find a parallel in other localities. Improvements connected with the widening of old, and the laying out of new thoroughfares, and above all with the construction of railways, have frequently necessitated the removal of the entire contents of graveyards with their memorial stones.

There remain indeed the Church Registers, but these were often mutilated in the course of centuries, and are perhaps in certain places so ill-cared for as to be of little use, and it is much to be desired that they were transferred from their present receptacles to safer and more central repositories, where they might be referred to without entailing the necessity of a wide correspondence, or expensive journeys, as has been with great advantage done in Scotland, the Register Office in Edinburgh supplying on payment of a small fee, and by return of post, such information as may be in existence.

Irreparable mischief has also been occasioned within the present generation, by the removal, in so-called restorations, of memorials, which are in numberless instances the only available means of identifying persons or families whose descendants no longer reside in their original homes. In

some churches the mural tablets have been replaced at such a height under the tower or other dark spot, as to be undecipherable without the help of a ladder[1] and a lantern. I know of one church in which a clean sweep was made of them all, the stones being left in a heap outside, for the use presumably of masons in the repair of the churchyard enclosure.

Another instance occurs to me of an ornamental screen, which was erected by subscription thirty years ago to the memory of a former incumbent, being relegated to a cemetery chapel for the reason that it was out of keeping with the 'style' of the new chancel.

'Is it not distressing,' complains my old friend Mr. Norwood, Vicar of Wrenbury, in his spirited and forcible address at the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, held in London in the year 1885, 'that such vandalism should now be possible? . . . But some people are insensible to the resuscitating and realising power of monuments in education and religion, and to their aid in the right interpretation of history. I am reminded of Chaucer's Monk, who seems to have been no Antiquary—

"This ilke Monke let oldé things pace
And held after the New World the trace."

'My own experiences of this kind have lain chiefly among country scenes and country churches, and I declare, with the keenest pain, and in abject helplessness, I have seen them removed without number for forty years. We have lost our old village history, which was hardly preserved anywhere but in the fabrics, monuments, and heraldry of churches. Just think of what we have lost by sheer demolition!'

If one were to suggest that 'they do things better in France,' he would be liable to be assailed with ridicule. But foreign nations have in recent years taken steps for the

[1] The Rev. W. Woodward, vicar of Folkestone, has sent me an inscription on a tablet, to copy which he was obliged to use a ladder. This is only one instance out of many I have known.

preservation of buildings of antiquarian interest, by declaring them to be 'national monuments,' thus protecting them from the arbitrary treatment, to which, upon the strength of a 'Faculty' often granted without inquiry, upon the payment of a five-pound note, they have been subjected in England.

Particulars relating to persons and events, which are recorded in writing or stored in the memory of the aged, can scarcely fail, the objects being worthy, to be interesting and instructive. If left unnoticed, a few more years may suffice to consign them to oblivion, and it is to preserve such as have come within my own cognisance, that I have compiled these *Reminiscences.*

I have availed myself of an enforced leisure, to peruse a number of letters and documents which have come into my possession, referring to matters of which I used to hear much in early life from my parents and others.

An old clergyman, well known in Edinburgh for his historical writings, and who had been assistant in Fife to Bishop Low, one of the relics of the last century when Episcopacy was sunk in obscurity, was wont, in his frequent visits to my father, to discourse upon matters connected with that period, and upon old Scotch family traditions, and I have reproduced as much of what I heard him say, as I can recollect.

Sir John David Hope, with whom I was in correspondence until a few weeks before his death, also assisted me in certain parts of these memoirs. His unexpected departure warns me that no time is to be lost in gathering up the fragments that remain.

As regards other contributors, I may mention my elder brother, Thomas, Vicar of Elsfield, the Rev. William Bruce

of Dunimarle, Mrs. Robert Cunliffe (Lætitia Williams); Mrs. Wyer (Jane Russell), Mrs. Percival (Louisa Wedderburn), Mrs. Wedderburn Ogilvie (Cassie Ramsay), Miss S. A. Terrot, daughter of the Bishop, and Dr. Fleming.

The characters I have endeavoured to portray were a hardy, independent race of robust constitution, both of body and mind, and I look back upon them with a feeling of reverence and affection.

At a period when comparatively few books were printed, and there was scarcely a magazine in circulation, and newspapers costing fourpence were published once a week, and postage was too expensive for the luxury of much correspondence, and families were isolated by reason of the difficulties of travelling, men argued out questions for themselves which the present generation are often saved the trouble of doing, leaving that to professional writers in the countless magazines, reviews, and publications, which have recently come into existence. They were thus distinguished by an originality which is wanting in their descendants.

There was also greater simplicity in all classes, greater deference shown to the elders, and greater respect for parental authority. But childhood and youth happily see the better side of life, and age is seldom unmindful of the 'reverentia pueris debita.' As we become better acquainted with the world, we grow in suspiciousness, and doubt and hesitation take the place of confidence and trust.

I have in these *Reminiscences* adhered to what I know myself, or can state upon good authority, but, where biographies of friends have been already written, have availed myself of the information they convey as far as appeared necessary or suitable for my purpose.

Whether the reminiscences I have set down are 'memorabilia,' readers will judge for themselves. I might have let them pass had not two or three friends, to whom I related several of them, suggested that they would furnish material for a readable book. It is however scarcely to be expected that merely personal and youthful recollections should yield an interest except for a limited number; but as they cover a lengthened period, I have endeavoured to connect them with the history and characteristics of the times, and thus engage a wider circle of readers.

The press teems with biographies of persons more or less distinguished in their day and generation, some of undue length, which, unless they are enlivened with personal recollections, become heavy and laboured. Only for such as have taken part in events of general public import, can a spun-out 'Life' be a fitting monument; and even they are soon forgotten, and 'their memorial is perished with them.' An American gentleman's observation struck me as painfully true, that in every country, his own especially, the fame and reputation of to-day will have vanished to-morrow, except in rare instances.

Recollections, like the ever-changing figures in a kaleidoscope, are liable to run into and overlap one another. But I have as far as possible observed chronological sequence, although the recalling of persons and events suggests incidents which, though separated perhaps by years, cannot conveniently be separated in a record of this kind.

As allusion is so frequently made to the Scottish Episcopal Church, in which my grandfather and father served for a century, a sketch of its history will form an appropriate introduction, and this may involve also occasional reference to

the state of the country during the period these memoranda cover.

I should be lacking in that courtesy which our forefathers exhibited in a more conspicuous manner than their descendants, if I failed to acknowledge the readiness with which information has been supplied by persons with whom I have no acquaintance, but who I thought might have it in their power to correct or add to my own reminiscences, or to those which came down from the old time before me. I have received replies from different parts of the world where relatives are settled, from Australia, Virginia, Russia, Poland, and Scotland. 'Mark Twain' was believed in our family to be in some way connected, but not knowing where he was to be found, I wrote to him, addressing my letter simply, 'Mark Twain, U.S.A.' This was on the 26th of July. On August 18th, that is, three weeks later, I received his reply dated 'Bad, Nauheim, Germany,' of which the subjoined is a copy. I insert it for the sake of its touching close. 'I was named Langhorne from a valued friend of my father, but he was not a relative, but a comrade of my father's youth in Virginia. I merely served by my name as a remembrance of that loved and lost comradeship of a vanished day. Yours sincerely, S. Langhorne Clemens.' Let those who decry the Post Office make a note of this incident.

I ought perhaps to add, although this is a private matter, that I compiled these memoirs chiefly with my mother's assistance, as she liked to recall the friends and events of her early life, her only regret being that she had not taken note at the time, of circumstances of which I would have been glad to be more particularly informed, her excellent memory failing her in certain instances. She

formed a valued link between what is to the existing generation a distant past, and the present, when nearly everything has been changed.

As she has not been spared to read her own reminiscences, I dedicate them to her revered memory.

COMPIÈGNE, *December* 31, 1892.

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ERRATA

Page 92, line 1, *for* Signo *read* Signor.

Page 95, last line, *for* Radcliff *read* Bodleian.

Page 100, line 4, *for* being no *read* not being adequate.

Page 198, line 21, *for* lieutenant *read* chamberlain.

Page 238, line 9, *for* died *read* retired.

REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

THE Penal Laws against Episcopacy, which were in force for more than half a century, pressed with so much harshness and severity upon those against whom they were enacted as almost to threaten the existence of their Church in the northern kingdom.

These laws provided that every person exercising the function of a pastor or minister in any Episcopal 'meeting-house' without having taken all the oaths required by the Legislature, and praying for His Majesty King George and the Royal Family by name, should be liable for the first offence to suffer six months' imprisonment, and for the second to be transported for life. Every house in which five or more persons should assemble for divine service was declared to be a meeting-house within the meaning of the Act; and any person resorting to such, and failing to give information thereof to a magistrate, was liable to fine and imprisonment.

Readers of Scottish history need scarcely be reminded that the severity of these statutes was due to the relation between the exiled Stuart family and the Episcopal clergy, backed by a powerful section of the laity, who had adhered to the ancient order of Church-government.

When the Prince of Orange came to England he was desirous of favouring the Episcopal cause in the north, a large part of the population, especially in the Highlands, being inclined that way. As, however, the clergy had sworn allegiance to the Stuart King and his heirs, they deemed themselves disqualified to listen to his overtures, and were in consequence deprived of their benefices.

'I hope,' said the new monarch, in an interview he granted to Bishop Rose of Edinburgh, who happened to be in London at the time of his arrival, 'you will be kind to me, and follow the example of England;' to which the Bishop replied that 'he would serve his Highness as far as law, reason, or conscience should allow.' On which the Prince turned away and went back to his company.

A little later the Duke of Hamilton was charged to make known that nothing was to be done to the prejudice of Episcopacy in Scotland, in case the bishops could by any means be brought to befriend his interest. 'And he prayed us most pathetically, for our own sake, to follow the example of the Church of England;' to which the Bishop of St. Andrews replied that 'both by natural allegiance, the laws, and the most solemn oaths, we were engaged in the King's interest; and we were, by God's grace, to stand by it, in the face of all dangers and to the greatest losses.'

Shortly afterwards two hundred clergymen were driven from their parishes by the violence of the Covenanters. The Book of Common Prayer was publicly burned as being 'full of papistry and idolatry,' amid shouts of 'Down with Prelacy and superstition!' Six months afterwards 'Our Sovereign Lord and Lady,' with advice of the Estates then assembled, abolished Prelacy and all superiority of any office in the Church above Presbyters, and declared that they would settle by law that Church-government which was most in harmony with the inclinations of the people.

This way of stating the matter was not agreeable to the

General Assembly which met in October 1690, for they maintained that their Church-government was not only 'agreeable to the inclinations of the people,' but likewise 'founded on the Word of God,' 'of Divine right,' and further 'the true legal government of this Church, which had never suffered any alteration except in times of usurpation, tyranny, and great oppression:' a qualification which, though displeasing to King William, did not prevent him from investing the Presbyterian form with the authority of law.

Meanwhile, such of the Episcopal clergy as continued their ministrations could only do so in the most private and secret manner.

Some twenty years later, in consequence of representations made to Queen Anne that the penal statutes were oppressively severe, an Act was passed making it lawful for Episcopalians to worship in accordance with their own rites and ceremonies, and for a brief period their Church enjoyed a comparative amount of prosperity, which was manifested in new chapels being built in several towns.

Presbyterianism being now established, and its ministers thriving as well as the unsettled times permitted, could afford to relax some of its hostility towards a body which was now regarded as a fallen and feebly organised rival; and both sides, without drawing closer to one another, gradually recognised their respective positions, and a spirit of toleration arose among the Presbyterians.

This happy change, however, was not of long duration. King James III., as his adherents called him, but better known in England as the Old Pretender, and upon the Continent as the Chevalier St. George, urged on by the French Court—then swayed by Madame de Maintenon, who was very zealous for the interests of Roman Catholicism, King Louis being on his death-bed—and encouraged by such warlike bluster as the 'Oran na fineachan,' or 'Gathering of

the Clans,' which the Prince was deluded to believe was 'the voice of the Scottish people,' and which boasted that

> 'Duncan 's coming, Donald 's coming,
> Colin 's coming, Ronald 's coming,
> Dugald 's coming, Lachlan 's coming,
> Alister and a' 's coming,'

had been received on his landing at Montrose 'with a treasure-chest containing £3000, and a cargo of five hundred stand of arms, but not one officer of any military reputation,' by the Episcopal clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood, who presented an obsequious address, and accompanied him when he made his entry into Dundee in the year 1715.

James joined the Earl of Mar's army at Perth, and his coronation, in anticipation of which 'the ladies sold their jewels,' was fixed to take place at Scone on 23rd of January following: though even then his adherents were afraid to trust him, on their discovering that he had no intention to make any promises binding him to maintain the Protestant institutions of the country, and attended Mass, performed by the chaplains he had brought with him.

Meanwhile, the battle of Sheriffmuir sealed his fate, so that within a month from the day of his landing he was obliged to re-embark for the Continent, which he did just in time to avoid being taken.

Episcopacy was once more proscribed, and the privileges which had been accorded to it were withdrawn. The clergy were obliged to fly for their lives, and during the whole succeeding generation their form of worship lingered in a very low condition, no public evidence of its existence being permitted.

. . . .

Before proceeding, a few notes relating to the previous and subsequent history of this ill-fated Prince may not be without interest. In a *View of Paris, with an Account of*

the French Court and of the late King James, London, 1701, we read:—

'The next day I saw the pretended Prince of Wales, who is a handsome, sprightly youth. He performs all his exercises to perfection, and is one of the best marksmen in France. He delights so much in shooting, that when he is abroad he will make shift with any sort of victuals, and eat on the grass, without linen, perhaps on a sheet of white paper. He bears fatigue so well that he tires all his attendants with walking. He is not like the late King, but very much resembles the Queen. The King (James II.) is very much decayed, and always seems to force a smile.' (He died the same year at St Germain.)

After his father's death the Prince assumed the title and style of James III., and at the age of twenty-seven made the attempt already spoken of to recover his crown and kingdom. Concerning the Prince's subsequent life in Rome, the following particulars, extracted from an undated letter[1] from an English traveller to his father, may interest the reader:—

'Some days after, my friend and I went to take the evening air in the park called Villa Ludovici, when we met on a sudden the Pretender, his Princess, and Court. He was easily distinguished by his Star and Garter, as well as by an air of greatness which discovered a majesty superior to the rest. I remember his eyes fixed upon me, and not aware of myself, when pursuant to what the bystanders did, I made him a salute. He returned it with a smile which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance. As he passed by, I observed him to be a clean-made, well-fixed man. I had but one glimpse of the Princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her again. She is of a middling stature, well shaped, and her lovely features, wit, vivacity, and mildness of temper are painted in her looks. Then followed an invitation through Dr. Cooper, who was of the Prince's party, to a concert which was composed of the best musicians of Rome; and a plentiful and orderly collation was afterwards served. But the courteous and affable manner of reception was more taking than all the rest. We had a general invitation given us while we stayed in town, and were desired to use that palace

[1] *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, vol. i., Edinburgh, 1844.

as our own. Hence we were indispensably obliged to make a visit next day, in order to return thanks for so many civilities received; for such are due to a Turk! We were admitted without ceremony. The Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families, as knowingly as if he had been all his life in England. He told us some passages of his grandfather's death, and of his being a constant follower of King Charles I. and II. When I observed that I was surprised at his so perfect knowledge of our families in England, his answer was, that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire the knowledge of the laws, customs, and families of his country, so that he might not be reputed a stranger when the Almighty pleased to call him thither.

'These and the like discourses held until word was brought that dinner was served. We endeavoured all we could to withdraw, but there was no possibility after he had made us this compliment: "I assure you, gentlemen, I shall never be for constraining any man's inclinations; however, our grandfathers, who were very worthy people, dined often together, and I hope there can be no fault found if we do the same." There is every day a regular table, often of twelve covers, to which some of the qualified persons of his Court and travellers are invited. It is supplied with English and French cooking, and French and Italian wines; but I took notice that the Pretender ate only of the English dishes, and made his dinner off roast beef and Devonshire pye. He also prefers March beer, which he has from Leghorne, to the best wines. He spoke much in favour of our English ladies, and said he was persuaded he had not many enemies among them; then he craved a health to them. The Princess, with a smiling countenance, took up the matter, and said, "I think, then, sir, it would be but just that I drink to the cavaliers." Then the Pretender drank to the prosperity of all friends in England, which he addressed to me. I took the freedom to reply that, as I presumed he meant his own friends, he would not take ill that I meant mine. "I assure you, sir," said he, "that the friends you mean can have no great share of prosperity till they become mine, and, therefore, here's prosperity to yours and mine." After we had ate[1] and drank very heartily, the Princess told us we must go and see her son, which could not be refused. He is really a fine,

[1] The curious may like to hear how the Prince's favourite dish, the 'Squab,' was composed. Here is the receipt: A layer of apples at the bottom of a baking dish, then onions and suet, strewed with sugar, then a layer of mutton chops, with pepper and salt, and the same order repeated till the dish is full.

promising child, and is attended by English women, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us, saying that, as she believed he was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him brought up at their hands, and in the country where she was born there were no distinctions but that of honest and dishonest. These women, and particularly the Londoners, made such a racket about us to make us kiss the young Pretender's hand, that to get clear of them as soon as we could we were forced to comply. The Princess laughed very heartily, and told us she did not question the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under the necessity of making her the compliment that, being hers, he could not miss being good and happy.

'The Prince lamented the ill-treatment and disregard of the ancient nobility, rising from his chair and expressing his concern with fire in his eyes. Then addressing himself to an old English gentleman of the company, "I have been," he said, "told by several of the most eminent prelates, particularly the late Archbishop of Cambray (Fénélon), that it should never be my business to be an apostle, but more to become a good king to all my people without distinction, which shall be found true, if ever it please God to restore me." It being urged to him that the Roman Catholic clergy, the Jesuits, and friars are accused of being apt to start disputes to come by their end, and of a dangerous, encroaching temper, he answered that he had sufficient warnings before him, and that he was entirely of opinion that all clergymen, not authorised by the States of a nation, ought to be confined to the bare duties of their profession, and that if any of them should be found intermeddling with politics or public concerns, or creating disputes, to the prejudice of the good understanding that ought to be cherished between the king and his subjects, they ought to be removed out of the way of doing mischief. He averred that this would constantly be his maxim. Were he not the Pretender, I should like the man very well. I will, however, enter no more into arguments of this kind with him, for he speaks with such an air of sincerity that I am apprehensive I should become half a Jacobite if I continued following these discourses.'

It may be added that the Prince married, in 1719, Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince James Sobieski and granddaughter of John, king of Poland, who is described elsewhere as 'having been happy in all the charms of mind

and body her sex can boast of.' They settled in Rome, where the Pope provided them with a palace and a pension. The marriage was not a happy one. The Princess died in 1735, her husband surviving her thirty years.

They had two sons, Charles Edward, born in 1720, and Henry, commonly called Cardinal of York, born in 1725. The latter is described as 'a humane, polite man, affable towards people of every description, but too fond of retirement for the humour of the Italians, being never seen in any friendly society, and averse from whatever might afford merriment among the people.' He died in 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age, having in his later years enjoyed a pension from King George III., to relieve the poverty to which the excesses of the French Revolution had subjected him.

The following notice of the Princess, from a rare and curious 'Account of the Funeral Ceremonies performed at Rome in her honour,'[1] will be read with interest :—

> 'Her life was one continued scene of virtue, and the only material error she ever committed proved in its consequence an additional beauty to her character, for even those who blamed her hasty conduct agreed that she amply atoned for it by true repentance. She had a most agreeable person, and an affability that engaged all who approached her. Her charity was extensive, to a wonder, considering the narrow bounds within which her misfortunes had limited her power; and her gifts were bestowed with a grace that added to their value. Her piety was constant, sincere, and unaffected, and her behaviour in her last moments easy, courageous, and resigned. Her life was attended with that respect and affection which virtue, in spite of envy, must always command, and her death consequently with equal sorrow and regret.'

If the following proclamation, issued in 1718, be genuine, it would show that 'King James' had not relinquished the hope of some day being successful. But it is singular that he should have thought that the Came-

[1] *Spottiswoode Miscellany.*

ronians were disposed to join with the Episcopalians in espousing his cause. Here it is:—

'JAMES, by the Grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, to all and sundry whom these presents may in any way concern, greeting.—Whereas we are certainly informed that it hath pleased Almighty God so to touch the hearts of many of our people in Scotland, commonly called Cameronians, with a sense of their duty to us and their native country that they are ready to join in any undertaking which shall tend by force of arms to restore us to the throne of our ancestors, and our kingdom of Scotland to its ancient free and independent state: Therefore, that nothing reasonable may be wanting on our part to encourage them in a design so laudable and so worthy of Scotsmen, we hereby renew the promises we have already made in our former declaration, in relation to the unhappy union of our two kingdoms, which we thereby declared null and void from the beginning. And we further promise, that it shall always be our care to protect such of our people, commonly called Cameronians, as shall prove dutiful and loyal subjects to us, from all hardships and oppressions. Given at our Court of Bologne this 31st day of October, in the eighteenth year of our reign, 1718.

'By His Majesty's command, MAR.'

. . . .

But to proceed.

The Episcopal Church had hardly recovered from the blow which it had brought upon itself by its support of the rebellion of 1715, when the second, and even more ill-considered, attempt was made by Prince Charles Edward in the famous '45.

After the decisive battle of Culloden, the few Episcopal clergy who had remained were hunted out of their hiding-places. Some were imprisoned; others passed the Tweed or emigrated to France; while several crossed the Atlantic to escape the vengeance of their enemies, and seek the means of support for themselves and their families, their flocks being thus deprived of the ministrations of religion in the form they had been taught to regard as of apostolic authority.

A reduced remnant, however, contrived as before to conceal themselves, with the connivance of their supporters and friends. They had sometimes meeting-places in the recesses of obscure streets in towns; at others they were obliged to avail themselves of lofts of stables, to which access was obtained by means of ladders and trap-doors. In outlying places they used sheds or huts built of stone or peat, with holes in the sides the height of a man, so that people gathered round might join in the service.

The general practice, however, was for the clergyman to take advantage of the goodwill of such of the gentry as were staunch to their traditions, and in the character of private chaplain to discharge his office in the mansion of the estate, a select few of the worshippers being present in the room where the service was held, the rest standing in the lobby or hall adjoining.

. . . .

At one place we are told that, the congregation being large, most were obliged to remain in the open air, sometimes in rain or snow, there being only accommodation for a few 'gentles' within.

Mr. Skinner, father of the bishop of that name, officiated in his own house at Longside, and a ludicrous scene is recorded as having occurred on one of such occasions. He used to preach from a pulpit set up in an open passage, from notes written on loose sheets. A hen having found its way into the house, some of the congregation endeavoured to chase it out; but before they succeeded, it had made a dart at one of Mr. Skinner's note-papers and carried it off. The discourse was in consequence somewhat deranged, and Mr. Skinner from that day would trust no more to written sermons.

. . . .

He was the author of 'Tullochgorum,' 'John o' Badenyon,' and 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,' concerning which

Burns observed with delight to his son the bishop, 'O gin I had the loon that did it!' The first piece he cleverly parodied in Latin, using the same metre as in the original, a verse of which may be given :—

> 'Laus tibi sanè maxima
> Debetur nunc et gloria,
> Et dabitur per sæcula
> Ad finem sæculorum.
> Nam tali stylo scribere,
> Tali stylo, tali stylo,
> Tali stylo scribere
> Tot millia verborum,
> Nam tali stylo scribere
> Argutè tam et lepidè,
> Quis potuisset præter te,
> Doctissime doctorum?'

Mr. Skinner accepted his proscribed position with complacency, and it is presumed had abundant sympathy to sustain his spirits, which were naturally lively and hopeful, for the couplet,

> Non joca delectant semper, nec seria semper,
> Semper delectant seria mixta jocis,

was often in his mouth.

. . . .

Seasons of proscription and persecution are not at times wanting in humorous and fantastic incidents; and it is said that even Siberian exiles, in the midst of the privation and wretchedness which are usually their lot, are scarcely so overwhelmed with misery as not to experience occasional relief from the merry nature of one or other of their fellow-prisoners, who, like some of the light-hearted victims in the terrors of the French Revolution, were unable to resist a joke, which had sometimes the effect of saving their lives.

It is recorded that among the Episcopalian clergy arrested in 1746 were two who possessed the happy faculty

of extracting merriment out of their distress—the Rev. Mr. Greig of Stonehaven and the Rev. Mr. Troup of Muchalls.

They were confined together in the gaol of the former town, behind a window of which the former addressed his congregation, assembled in the street. He would take for his text such passages as 'In prisons frequent,' or 'In perils by mine own countrymen;' while Mr. Troup, who was a player on the bagpipes, never failed ('except on Sundays,' Mr. Lawson added) to regale his audience with 'O'er the water to Charlie,' 'Sow's tail to Geordie,' and 'Bonnie Charlie's noo awa',' and other like songs. From which we may gather that the keepers of the prison, as well as the townsfolk, sweetened their confinement with some consolations.

. . . .

As the clergy's visits to their flocks were like angels' visits, 'few and far between,' for they had to travel over extensive tracts of country, it came to pass that they had frequently to repeat the service several times on the same day, and Bishop Russell cites an instance of this having been done as often as sixteen times.

Meanwhile the bishops and clergy in England looked on but made no sign. A few of the Nonjurors sympathised with the Scottish clergy, and received them with hospitality when they crossed the Tweed; but the majority did not concern themselves with the affairs of a Church and country of which they had scanty knowledge.

The prevailing estimate of the Scotch by the Southerners at that time was that they were troublesome, thievish neighbours, much addicted to petty broils among themselves, and to raids and cattle-lifting along the Border. Few Englishmen then visited Scotland, and even at the time of Dr. Johnson's 'tour,' midway between that period and the present, a journey to Edinburgh from London was regarded in the way we should look upon a voyage to the

Antipodes, and, if it did not require so long a time, was attended with greater discomfort and certainly more danger.

Many Scotsmen, on the other hand, had travelled southwards on King James's removal to England, and long before his day had migrated to various parts of Europe, enlisting in foreign service, or engaging in trade, or pushing their fortunes in other ways. But before the union of the kingdoms they usually avoided England.

It is on record that Queen Elizabeth, having ordered the Bishop of London to make a list of all strangers within his diocese, had a return drawn up which showed that there were only fifty-eight Scotsmen in the city, and in a subsequent survey by Sir Thomas Rowe, Lord Mayor in 1568, from ninety to a hundred. Compare these figures with the Scotch population of London at the present time, which equals, if it does not exceed, that of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER II

It is not easy for those who have, since the completion of the railway system, been almost as familiarly acquainted with Scotland as with their own localities in the south, to realise the difficulties of every kind which, half a century ago, beset a journey to the northern kingdom, and more especially to the Highlands.

Letters now before me speak of two days and two nights spent in the journey between the two capitals by mail-coach; while by the smacks which plied between London and Leith the voyage might last a fortnight.

The condition of the roads before Macadam and Telford improved them was deplorable, repaired as they were with unbroken stones, thrown without concern into the hollows, or, where such material was wanting, abandoned to mire and mud axle-deep in wet weather, or to sand and dust in the summer. The Border country especially offered hindrances to travelling. It was not so long since watches were kept along the whole line by day and by night.

> 'Setters, watchers, searchers of the watchers, and overseers were appointed. The inhabitants of the marches, besides, were obliged to keep slough-dogs, or what are called blood-hounds. Persons who were aggrieved or had lost anything were allowed to pursue the *hot trode*[1] with hound and horn and hue and cry.
>
> 'The mosstroopers, who got their name from living in the mosses of the country, were the terror of the limits of both kingdoms, amounting as they did to thousands. The life and manners of these plundering thieves are well exemplified in the

[1] *Anglicè*, hot or fresh tread.

Confession of Georgie Bourne, who suffered when Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, was Warden of the Marches. He had killed seven Englishmen with his own hand, cruelly murdering and robbing them, and had spent his whole time in drinking and stealing and taking deep revenge for small offences.'[1]

Here is the description of an English tourist's first impressions of Scotland, taken from an old book[2] of my grandfather's.

He speaks of Berwick being a large and populous town and county of itself, with strong fortifications and an old castle with fosses, and he proceeds:—

'The town was always a bone of contention between the two nations whenever they were at variance.

'As soon as we got out of the town we entered upon Scottish ground, although in troubled times debateable land, and on that account but thinly inhabited, for the borderers of each kingdom often made inroads upon one another, and notwithstanding a great number of men at incredible trouble and expense kept watch every night, besides which there were watch-towers all along at proper distance. . . . The first place we came to, Mordington, a poor, sorry village, is almost as perfectly Scotch as if you were a hundred miles north of Edinburgh, and there is very little appearance of anything English, either in customs, habits, usages of the people, or in their way of living, eating, or behaviour.

'On the contrary, you have in the north of England abundance of Scotsmen, Scotch customs, Scotch words—nay, even the buildings in the towns all over Northumberland imitate the Scots. Witness their stairs outside of the houses, that one family may live below and others above without going in by the same door. Witness also their setting their corn in numbers of small stacks, not making use of barns, but only one particular building, which they call a barn, whither they take a stack at a time to thresh it out.

'The first town is called Ayton, three miles west of the small harbour of Aymouth or Eymouth, which the French held in Queen Elizabeth's time, and where supplies could be safely landed for the Queen-Mother.

'At Ayton the parish church was ruinous and quite destitute of a roof.

[1] Pennant's *Tour*.

[2] *Tour in Great Britain.* By a Gentleman. London, 1753.

'The heritors, being of different opinions, contributed but a little to the dilapidations: such as were Episcopally inclined being very backward in contributing their share, and the Presbyterians thinking it hard that the whole should lie upon them.

'However, the minister preached in a barn to the generality of the parishioners, and the Episcopal minister in the house of one of the neighbouring gentry.

'Claret I found in great plenty here, and very cheap, and the best of fish in abundance; but the cookery was so nasty, and also the women, that it was impossible to avoid loathing such Ikes as I found.'

Speaking of the Lowlanders, the same writer observes:—

'They partake much of the character of the French, occasioned by the long league between the two nations, their mutual commerce, frequent intermarriages, and custom of travelling into France to study the law and other sciences, and by their affecting to serve in the French armies. But since the Union of the Crowns, the English customs and ways of living have obtained much in the Lowlands, where English has been their language for 600 years, but still retains more Anglo-Saxon than French, which the Scottish antiquaries and historians account for by reason of the numerous English who came iuto Scotland at various times, but chiefly at the Norman Conquest, in the reign of Malcolm III., in company with Edgar Atheling and his sister Margaret, who afterwards married the Scots' king.'

Subjoined is Camden's description of the Highlands in the time of James I.:—

'These parts are inhabited by a people uncivilised, warlike, and very mischievous, who, being the true race of the ancient Scots, speak Irish and call themselves Albin-nich, in Braidalbin, a people that are of firm and compact bodies, of great strength, swift of foot, high-minded, inured to exercises of war, or rather robbery, and desperately bent upon revenge. They wear, after the manner of the Irish, striped mantles of various colours, with their hair thick and long, and live by hunting, fishing, and stealing. They wear a broad-sword, dirk, and pistol, and a target at their shoulder; and, being divided into families, which they call "clans," what with plundering and murdering, they commit such barbarous outrages that their savage cruelty hath made the law necessary which enacts that if one of any clan hath committed a trespass the rest shall

repair the damage, or whosoever of them is taken shall suffer death.'

. . . .

The learned Buchanan wrote about them a generation before, in Queen Mary's reign:—

'In their diet and apparel and household furniture they follow the parsimony of the ancients. They provide their diet by fishing and hunting, and boil their meat in the skin or paunch of an animal; while they hunt they eat it raw, after having squeezed out the blood.

'Their drink is the broth of boiled flesh or whey; their bread is of oats or barley, which they prepare very artfully. They delight most in clothes of various colours, mostly purple and blue. They make use of variegated plaids resembling heath in colour, that they may not be discovered when they lie in wait for their game; and wrapped in this garment they endure all the rigours of the seasons, and sometimes sleep covered all over with the snow.

'At home they lie upon the ground, having under them fern or heath, covered with a blanket. For the quality of heath being to draw out superfluous humours, when they lie down weary at night they rise fresh and vigorous in the morning. And if at any time they come into other places where there is better accommodation, they pull the covering off the beds, and lie down upon them wrapped in their plaids, lest they should be spoiled by their barbarous effeminacy.'

In those days superstition and credulity pervaded all classes, King James himself sharing in the common belief of the powers of the 'foul fiend,' exerted through human beings. Many poor wretches suffered horrible deaths for their alleged intercourse with him, and an account is given of a wizard who was believed to have been strangled in his own chair by some unseen hand to prevent him making a full confession of his crimes. Another story is told of a certain Molly Maclean, who pretended to foresee future events through the blade of a well-scraped shoulder of mutton. On one occasion she prophesied that five graves would shortly be dug—one for a grown person, and the

others for children, one of which was to be of her own kin; and 'So it fell out,' says the chronicler.

. . . .

Of another it is related that she was often consulted on the ordinary occurrences of life, and secured such a reputation as excited the envy of another woman living near, who gave out that her neighbour was a witch, while she herself had a good genius, able to baffle the arts of the fiend.

She accordingly so wrought upon the minds of the people that they resolved upon putting the bad witch to death, which they caused to be done by a parcel of children, who overpowered and strangled her, and, being too young to be punished, escaped the gallows—as they would not have done in London, as we shall see later on.

. . . .

In many extensive districts there were neither churches, nor ministers, nor magistrates, nor doctors.

Small-pox, pleurisy, and measles were rife, and the 'simples' employed for their cure consisted of infusion of the root of the carmel, wood-sorrel, and other herbs, which were held also to stay the pangs of hunger, from which many suffered when the crops, never plentiful, failed or were spoiled.

They made a kind of ale out of the tops of heather, which they mixed with a little malt, when they could get it. Notwithstanding such a hard life, and exposure to the elements, instances are recorded of persons living to a great age, and of women being able to run down a sheep when they had passed the Psalmist's threescore and ten. It was customary in some parts for the lairds to direct the pairing of their dependants; but widows were, it seems, protected by a statute of Alexander I., which enacted that 'Na widow shall be compelled to marry, gif she please to live without ane husband.'

A singular custom prevailed in Eskdale, which was the

property of the monks of Melrose, and which is supposed to have arisen while this Abbey was still flourishing, but had become too poor to supply clergy for the service of their estates. It was called 'hand-fasting,' and long survived the Reformation.

According to this usage, multitudes of both sexes repaired to the annual fair, where they mated themselves according to their fancy. The engagements thus made, however, were only binding for a year, and might be broken when the next fair came round. If both parties continued steadfast, the 'hand-fasting' became a marriage for life.

Rent of land was in those times mostly nominal, and where it existed paid in kind; and dealings in trade were carried on by barter.

At the beginning of last century the wages of a day labourer were about eightpence, and fifteen pounds a year was considered a fair income for a family of four persons working on a farm. These amounts were doubled by the end of the century.

At the time of the Reformation a clergyman's stipend varied from 100 to 300 marks. This was increased by a statute of Queen Anne, which empowered the bishop to appoint and seal a stipend not exceeding fifty nor less than twenty pounds a year. And this was probably the allowance of ministers when the Church was established in the Presbyterian form.

Adam Smith says that in 1755 the revenue of the Church of Scotland, including glebes and reckoning manses, amounted only to £68,500, which was divided between nine hundred and a thousand ministers.

. . . .

He estimated the circulation of the whole country about the same time at one million pounds sterling. Wheat was then to a great extent imported from England, in exchange for cattle and sheep—oats, barley, salted beef, and mutton

being the staple articles of the food of the people. But later on, the Scotch wheat was abundant enough to form an article of export.

There was a considerable trade, also, carried on with the south in horses, especially from Galloway and the Highlands; and with the Netherlands in wool, both raw and manufactured into plaids, curtains, and serges.

Mr. Spruel, described as an eminent Scotch merchant, speaks of the abundance of fish caught on the coasts, and its cheapness—cod being purchased at a penny and twopence apiece, and herrings at sixpence a barrel. In salt fish a very large trade was carried on both with England and foreign parts.

'Their salmon are accounted the best in Europe, and though their barrels be a third less than that of Berwick, yet they have yielded 10 livres more per barrel in France; partly because of their goodness, and partly because better cured, wherein the magistrates and town-council of Aberdeen take a very particular care. Salmon abound not only in the navigable rivers of Scotland, but in those which are less, in most parts of the kingdom; and they valued them so much formerly, that in several of their old Acts of Parliament they forbad selling them in England except for gold. Clyde abounds with salmon, for which the town of Renfrew has been famous; and Bishop Lesly, in his description of Scotland, says they used in his time to employ sixty vessels in fishing most of spring and summer; but it is much short of Aberdeen, where the same author says the rivers Dee and Don exceed all those of the kingdom for number and goodness of salmon: for which he assigns this reason, that they delight in clear streams, which occasions our rivers in Scotland to abound more with salmon than those of other countries, where the rivers are more muddy.

'Herrings abound on all the coasts of the kingdom, but especially on the Western Isles, which are reckoned the best and fattest, though not so large as those taken on the eastern and northern coasts. The Scots herring-fishing is accounted the best in the world, and the Dutch have got a great part of their wealth by it.

'Some Dutch families settled in the village of Stornoway, in the Isle of Lewis, soon after that Prince's restoration, and so

much improved the inhabitants in the fishing-trade during the small time of their abode there, that they still exceed all those of the neighbouring isles and continent. They brought the natives a great deal of money, likewise, for their sea and land fowl; but King Charles II. being prevailed on to send away the Dutch, it was a great loss to the country. Herrings are sometimes bought in the Isles for 6d. per barrel, and when cured and sent abroad yield from 25 to 40s. per barrel; and sometimes 36,000 barrels of white herrings have been exported to France from Clyde in a season, besides what were exported from Dunbar and other parts of the kingdom to France, and other nations: which may serve as a specimen to show how capable that trade is of improvement, especially considering the situation of the west of Scotland and the Isles, from whence they may be a month sooner at market with them, than from any part of England and Holland; and with the advantage of taking and curing them cheaper and sooner than the Dutch can possibly do, considering how far they have to sail backward and forward, what risques they run at sea, and what numbers of tenders they are obliged to send to and again, betwixt their own country and their doggers, with provisions, salt, etc., they might soon be outdone in that profitable trade by the inhabitants of Great Britain, who may be ashore at night, and land their fish as soon as caught, without any danger from tempests or enemies; many of those bays where the herring abound being very safe for ships to ride in.

'Whales in abundance frequent the islands of Fladden, Orkney, and Lewes. One hundred and fourteen ran ashore on the island of Orkney at one time, in the year 1691. Cod, tusk, and ling are caught in vast plenty, upon all their coasts.

'Pearl being the product of fish, it is proper to discourse of the Scots pearl here. Mr. Spruel, the merchant above mentioned, who understood the pearl-trade best of any man in that kingdom, having dealt in it above forty years, says he has sometimes given an hundred rix-dollars, which is near 25*l.*, for one Scots pearl, and that he had Scots pearl as fine, clear, and more transparent than any Oriental pearl. Though the latter be more easily matched, because they are all of a yellow water, yet foreigners covet Scots pearl. The more wrinkles there are in a pearl-shell, the better sign it is of the age and goodness of a pearl; for the smooth shells are young and barren: therefore he proposed that a law should be made to forbid the fishing of a young pearl; for the longer they stay in the water, the more valuable they are. So that he would have no shells taken up less than four inches in length, or two or three in breadth.

'Pearl is found in most places of the nation where salmon are taken; and once in twenty years he says there is a great pearl-fishing in Scotland. This does not hinder but that pearl-shells of the size he proposes, or larger, may be taken up at any time when found; and these are probably to be had among the unfrequented isles.

'Though the small pearl be not so useful for ornament, yet they may be of very good use in physic and make a fine article in the apothecaries' bills, being reputed the chief of all cordials and very good against the plague, violent and pestilential fevers, fluxes, heart-burning, giddiness of the head, trembling of the heart, etc.: which is sufficient to show, that the pearl fishery well deserves encouragement, since we may be supplied with it much cheaper at home than from the Indies.

'In general, their sheep and cattle are much smaller than those of England, especially in pasture lands, yet they are of a far sweeter and more delicious taste. The Highlanders bring great numbers of them yearly into the Lowlands, where some are fatted; but the bulk of them, and also many of those bred in the Lowlands, are sent into divers parts of England, especially to St. Faith's near Norwich, where they turn out to good account, as I have observed in its place.

'They have also very many hogs, and an incredible number of goats, particularly in the north and Highlands; the latter they eat themselves, but the former they for the most part pickle and export, as they likewise do vast quantities of salt beef. In the southern counties there are no deer except in gentlemen's parks, but everywhere else they are in great plenty. They breed great numbers of horses, especially in Galloway and the Highlands; small, indeed, but capable of great fatigue, especially if we consider that they are not only more proper for the saddle and other uses in that country, which being hilly will not admit in many places of teams and carriages, but are more hardy than horses of a larger size, and will thrive upon what would starve great horses. Nevertheless, in many places of the Lowlands, they can breed horses fit for war, coach, or carriage. Scotland has not only plenty of domestic fowl, such as are common to other countries, but many that are peculiar to themselves, especially in the islands, where they are in such multitudes that the inhabitants can neither consume nor vend half of them, but their trade for them still increases, as it has done since the Union. Their fowl and eggs afford a large fund of trade for food, and their feathers for bedding and other uses: their fat is made use of by the inhabitants, not only in many cases where oil is necessary, but likewise for physic.

'Flax abounds in Scotland, so that besides what they consume themselves, they export great quantities of linen, brown and whitened, which is one of the greatest manufactures of the kingdom, and, if duly regulated and encouraged, as it is more and more since the Union, might save a great deal of money in the island, besides what it may bring into it: for the Scots have much improved their linen manufacture of late; and besides fine linen, make very good holland, cambric, muslins plain and striped, calicoes, damasks, ticking for beds, etc., white and dyed threads, laces, tapes, etc.

'Mr. Spruel (in his Account Current betwixt Scotland and England) says he has known, out of a pound of flax of Scots growth, which cost but 12*d.*, six spangles of fine yarn spun, which was sold at Glasgow at about 4*s.* 8*d.* per spangle, which made the product of that 12*d.* to the spinners, 28*s.*; and, made into fine muslin, that same pound of flax amounted to ten or twelve dollars, which is 2*l.*, 16*s.* 3*d.*, or 2*l.*, 16*s.*, the charges of weaving and whitening deducted. He adds that from one pound of Scots flax, lace-makers have made lace to the value of 8*l.* sterling; which is sufficient to shew how much the linen manufacture may be improved there, and how many poor women who are not capable of employing themselves otherwise may get a livelihood by it, and what money it may bring into the nation.

'Their hemp is also capable of being improved, not only to save money in the island, which is exported for canvas, sail cloth, etc., but also to export, and to make nets for their fishery and other uses.

'The numerous and large flocks of sheep they have in Scotland, produce abundance of wool, from whence come manufactures of several sorts; as broad-cloth, coarse or housewife's cloth, fingrims, serges, bays, crapes, temmin, Glasgow plaid, worsted camblets, and other stuffs, and stockens, for home consumption and export; besides their tallow and skins. An instance of what great improvement may be made of their wool, we have from Mr. Spruel (in his Account Current), viz., that they make such fine worsted stockens at Aberdeen, that they yield 10, 15, 20 and 30*s.* a pair for women's stockens.

'The Scots plaids are a manufacture in which they exceed all nations, as I have said, both as to colour and fineness. They have of late been pretty much fancied in England for beds, hangings, window-curtains, and night-gowns for both sexes; so that attempts have been made at Norwich to imitate them, but they fall much short of the Scots in colour, fineness, and workmanship, as is evident at first sight. The greatest

trade for their woollen manufactures, and other commodities, has for many years been with the United Netherlands, where they have a conservator who serves both for a consul and envoy, to take care of the affairs of their trade, being part of the antient privileges they enjoyed by treaties with the Dukes of Burgundy and others, when sovereigns of the Netherlands. From this trade the towns of Rotterdam and Ter-veer have acquired considerable wealth; in return for which the Scots have been always well esteemed in those provinces, and the States allow them churches and maintenance for their ministers.

. . . .

'Oats are the most universal grain of the kingdom, and exceed those in England for all uses. They thrive very well everywhere, and are produced in such quantities as afford a considerable fund for export, both in grain and meal, and make very good bread and drink.

'Pears they have in great plenty, both for their own consumption and for exportation; and they are so good of the kind, that the labouring husbandmen make bread of them.

'Beans they have in great plenty for their own use and for export.

'Barley grows likewise very well in Scotland; but they sow more of that sort they call bear, which has four rows of grain upon an ear, whereas barley has but two: of this, they make good bread, broth, ale, and beer, and export great quantities.

'Rye grows also very well in Scotland, and makes good bread; but this they do not cultivate near so much as they do the grains above-mentioned.'[1]

[1] *Tour*, ut sup.

CHAPTER III

MENTION has been already made of the ruinous condition in which an English traveller found one church after crossing the border into Scotland. Here is what Pennant, from whom I have already had occasion to quote, writes on the general neglect shown to places of worship in his time (1774):—

'Reformation in matters of religion seldom observes mediocrity. Here it was outrageous, for a place commonly neat was deemed to savour of Popery, and to avoid the imputation of that extreme they ran into another: for in many parts our Lord seems to be worshipped in a stable. Many of the churches are thatched with heather, and in such bad repair as to be open at the top, so the people seem to worship, as the Druids did of old, in uncovered temples. It is but common justice to say that this is no fault of the clergy, who are generally bound to their people, with whom they consider themselves connected for life, but entirely of the landed interest, who, having at the Reformation shared the plunder of the Church, were burdened with the repairing and building of places of worship. It is too frequently the case, that the gentlemen cannot be induced to undertake the most common repairs without being threatened with a process before the Lords of Sessions, which is attended with odium, trouble, and expenditure to the poor incumbent. Most towns have seceders' chapels; these are for the rigid Presbyterians who possess their religion in all its original sourness, think their Church in danger because their ministers degenerate into moderation and wear a gown or vindicate patronage: to avoid which horrid innovations, they separate themselves from their imaginary false brethren, renew a solemn league and covenant, and preserve to the best of their power all the rags and rents bequeathed to them, which the most sensible preachers of the day are striving to darn and patch.

'Here (Dumfries) I first found, on this side of the Tweed, my good old Mother Church (Episcopalian) become a mere con-

venticle, and her chaplain supported by a few of her children disposed to stick to her in all conditions.'

. . . .

The condition of the Scotch churches was hardly, however, worse than that of many of the English, as appears from more notices than I have space to insert. I need only quote one passage from the homily upon the repairing of churches appointed by authority; and I do so for the purpose also of directing attention to the kind of language which was not thought unsuitable in the pulpit at that time, of which more hereafter:—

'It is a sin and shame to see so many churches so ruinous and so decayed almost in every corner. If a man's private house wherein he dwelleth, yea, if his barn be out of reparations, what diligence useth he to make it in perfect state again! And forasmuch as our churches are scoured and swept of the sinful and superstitious filthiness, wherewith they were defiled and disfigured, do ye your parts, good people, to keep your churches clean and comely. Suffer them not to be defiled by rain and weather, with dung of doves and owls, stores and choughs, and other filthiness, as is foul and lamentable to behold in many places of the country.'

. . . .

The style of preaching in those days was in harmony with the condition of the churches. Both King Charles's and King James's Governments offered the Covenanters vacant parishes on condition that they would not make their preferments occasion for stirring up the people to acts of rebellion. Such ministers as accepted livings with this limitation were called 'Erastians,' to distinguish them from the Episcopal clergy, who were styled 'Bishops' Curates.' A favourite text with the Covenanters was 'Tophet is ordained of old, yea, for the *King* it is ordained;' from which we may conjecture what turn the sermon would take. They objected not only to a set form of worship, but to the use even of the Lord's Prayer, as 'one not suitable for the present time, because there is not one word about

Christ in it, so that it can only be regarded as an *interim* prayer, between the old and the new dispensations.' A minister, preaching on the Ten Commandments, counted 750 ways in which the second might be violated.[1]

. . . .

England, however, had nothing to boast of in respect of the preaching qualifications of its clergy at the same period. Bishop Burnet, in his generally excellent *Treatise on the Pastoral Care,* recommends such preachers as could not afford to pay for a bishop's licence, which many were unable to do, to read a sermon by some approved divine.

His words are:—

> 'To furnish themselves with the excellent performances they may easily find in print. The trifling shows of learning in many quotations of passages that very few understand do no more flat (*sic*) the auditory. Pert wit and luscious eloquence have lost their relish. . . . The custom of an hour's length forces many preachers to trifle away much of the time, and spin out their matter so as to hold out.
>
> 'So great a length doth also tempt them to sleep, especially where, as is usual, the first part of the service is languid and heavy. . . . The nation has got into so good a taste for sermons, from the vast numbers that are in print, that a mean composition will be very ill heard; and therefore it is an unseasonable piece of vanity for any to offer their own crudities, till they have well digested and ripened them.'

The homilies, however, the Bishop omitted to recommend—because, perhaps, they were an hour's length or more (Dr. Barrow, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, used to preach for three or four hours), but more probably because their language hardly suited the 'good taste' that prevailed

[1] Lawson's *Archbishop Laud.* He adds: 'These divines gave scope to their imagination in depicting ideal instances of godliness or impiety. They could perceive idolatry in a lady's head-dress, or the adjusting of her clothes. To go on the Sabbath to the threshold, or walk through one's own house, for any worldly purpose, was held a deeper crime than murder.'

in Queen Anne's time. Here is a specimen against excess in apparel, which cannot, however, be quoted in full :—

'O thou woman, not a Christian, but worse than a Paynim, thou minister of the devil, why pamperest thou,' etc. etc. 'But perhaps some dainty dame will say that they must do something to show their birth and blood, or their husband's riches. . . . I speak not against convenient apparel, for every state agreeable, but against the vain delight to devise new fashions to feed pride therewith, and to spend so much upon thy carcase, that thou and thy husband are compelled to rob the poor to maintain thy costliness.'

. . . .

Zachary Boyd—of whom more presently, and who, like Milton, was not happy in his wedded life—used harder words than these in rebuking the vanity of the fair sex. In his paraphrase on the history of Samson he gravely writes :—

'Not like vain women who have greatest speede,
To curl the cockers of their frizzled head,
The pearles and rubies, they are set out,
Adorn their robes with fringe of gold about.
They are so vaine, each part of them decries
That cost and cunning strive to get the prize.'

And then he makes Samson say :—

'Four things I hate, and never could endure,
These are the four, they are most naughty sure :
Commanding wives, and base commanded men,
A cock that 's silent, and a crowing hen.'[1]

. . . .

Stranger expressions, however, than even these occur throughout the same book of pattern discourses, and one is inclined to wonder whether they were really ever read : where, for example, the Irish are spoken of as 'the wild Irishmen,' the House of Commons as 'the rude and rascal Commons,' and Roman Catholics and Dissenters as—the first 'of the old faith, a good Catholic father,' and the others as 'of the new sort, gospellers, new broached brothers;' and

[1] Dr. Dibdin's *Northern Tour*, London, 1838.

a 'lewd painter' is described as having 'painted the picture of the five wounds on a clout, which the rebels fear, while they fear not the flag or banner with the image of the plough painted thereon, with *God speed the Plough* written under in great letters.'

And again :—

'In our time, and here in our country, every shire should scarcely have one good preacher if they were divided. A true preacher is in very many places scarcely heard once a year, and somewhere not once in seven years, as is evident to be proved.'

And once more :—

'The great Turk that is now in Europe at the borders of Italy, at the borders of Germany, greedily gaping to overrun our country. . . . Above thirty years past the great Turk hath overrun twenty Christian kingdoms.'

. . . .

Archbishop Whitgift, towards the close of the sixteenth century, considered

'an orderly sermon once a month to come nearer the mind of the Apostles, than ranting discourses preached twice a day; for the clergy were not expected to take the people in their preaching by mysterious nonsense, or by stormy and sensible noises and uncouth tones and grimaces, whereby tumult and confusion are raised in the animal passions, scaring weak people almost out of their wits, as some ancient heretics used hard words and thundering noises to cause astonishment in the minds of the people; but by a rational and sober surrender of their minds to gain the hearers to truth and goodness.'

. . . .

England, however, could scarcely have produced the paraphrases of certain portions of the Bible composed by Mr. Zachary Boyd, already mentioned, which he styled 'Zion's Flowers, or Poems for Spiritual Edification,' the MS. of which is preserved in the library of Glasgow College, where he held the Hebrew Professorship in Cromwell's time. It is related of him that, when preaching in the Cathedral before the Protector, he took occasion to inveigh against his government, upon which Thurloe, the Secretary,

said he would pistol the scoundrel. 'No, no,' rejoined Cromwell, 'we will manage him in our own way.' He accordingly invited the preacher to sup with him, and concluded with a grace which lasted three hours.

. . . .

Subjoined is Mr. Boyd's dramatic paraphrase of the Flood, Noah and his sons being the speakers :—

'*Noah* loquitur.

'Shem, Ham, and Japhet, rouse yourselves anon,
Unto the forest let us all begone!

. . . . .

Be busy, sirs, it is not time to sit,
God's wrath owes haste, the work is also great.

. . . . .

'*The answer of the Scorners to Noah.*

'Tush, Noah, tush; you still have preached fears
Those hundred, and also those twenty years;
You threaten us, as though some slimy strands
Should break their sluices and drown all those lands,
And that the sea, with rage and great disdain,
Should overflow the fat and flowery plain.'

The fourth poem treats of the Tower of Babel, and the dialogue is carried on between the taskmasters and the servants :—

'*The Taskmasters* loq.

'Lads, go to work, bring brick and make good mortar,
That we may please our only liege and master.

'*The Servants.*

'From morn to e'en we drenched are with sweat,
We sweat for thirst, and get but little meat,
We're paid with frowns, and whiles with cunning smiles,
This world is now full of vain wicked wiles;
Though with great sweat we study you to please,
We are but fed with rotten beans and pease,
Our clothes are tattered and besmeared with clay,
With pain our bodies are consumed away.

'*The Taskmasters.*

'Goe quick to work, while you such things pretend
You falsely lie; if but your finger's end

But ache awhile, you beastly fret and frown,
Not caring that the heavens the world should drown.
You barbarous villains, to your barrows goe,
And heave the brick the highest walls unto.'

. . . .

The most fantastic speech, however, is that which he puts into the mouth of the prophet Jonah :[1]—

'What house is this? Here's neither coal nor candle,
Where I naething but fishes gutsies handle;
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawned, where sun did never shine.
The like o' this, on earth man never saw—
A living man within a monster's maw,
Burry'd under mountains which are high and steep,
Plunged under water hundred fathoms deep.
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For through a window he the light did see.
He sailed above the highest waves, a wonder;
I and my boat are all the waters under.
He and his ark might go and also come;
But I sit still in such a straitened room
As is most uncouth, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother,
Where I entombed in melancholy sink.'

[*The rest is unsuitable for ears polite.*]

Let not the reader smile at this free version, or imagine that Mr. Boyd meant to be otherwise than serious, instructive, and devout.

. . . .

Principal Robertson excused the clergy for their rude style of preaching on the ground that 'their piety was greater than their learning. Their productions were without elegance, and full of inaccurate expressions;' but, he adds,

[1] Mr. Lymburn, librarian of the University Library, Glasgow, writes to say that 'Zachary Boyd's MS. is no longer in a complete state in that portion from which your quotation is taken. . . . The words have disappeared along with the margin on which they were written.' Pennant says that he copied them on his visit to the library in 1772, adding: 'His verse was probably adapted to the intellects of his hearers—the only excuse for the variety of gross imagery,' etc.

'the pleadings of lawyers were equally loose, abounding in vicious forms of speech which are called Scotticisms.'

We may judge of the stamp of some of the ministers in Burns's time, in the west country, from what he says of them in 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and 'The Ordination,' which could not have been written unless they were true descriptions of persons and facts. The cap, however, fitted so well that Burns himself declared that 'they so alarmed the Kirk-session that they held several meetings to look after their spiritual artillery;' and Sir Walter Scott regarded the latter as 'a piece of exquisitely severe satire,' and doubtless 'sore diseases require strong remedies.'

. . . .

Scotland had in those days its Vicars of Bray, as was excusable enough when parsons encumbered with families held fast to their benefices through changes which did not touch vital questions, preferably to being cast upon a world that would do nothing for them by way of recompence.

In the churchyard of Annan there was, and perhaps still is, an inscription to the memory of Gavin Young and Jane Stuart his spouse, who held his benefice for fifty-five years, and had thirty-one children. He died in peace, having earned by his moderation and learning the respect of all parties. He was a Presbyterian when presented to the parish in 1617; on Episcopacy gaining the upper hand, used the Prayer Book; became an Independent in Cromwell's time; returned to Episcopacy at its restoration in 1660; and once more reverted to Presbyterianism on its re-establishment. The inscription on his tomb had these lines:—

> 'Far from our own amidst our own we lye,
> Of our bairnies thirty and one us by.'

One reason why the English bishops and clergy took no notice of the sufferings of their co-religionists in Scotland has been already given. But there were other causes which

lay deeper, for they still to a certain extent affect the relations of the two Churches, which, though in harmony so far as doctrine is concerned, are in other respects two distinct and separate communions.

When the deprived Bishop Rose, already mentioned, appealed to Dr. Burnet to use his influence to stay the violence with which the Government, as well as the Covenanters, were pursuing the Episcopalians, all the comfort he received was that the Bishop of Salisbury did not meddle in Scottish affairs.

The truth is, the English bishops were at that time, perhaps more than at any other, entirely dependent upon the Government for support. And this could scarcely be otherwise, when all their powers were needed to resist the assaults which were made against their Church, from which nothing but the strong arm of the State could protect them.

. . . .

I find among my papers a copy of 'Her Majestie's most gracious Speech on the Opening of Parliament on the seventh day of October 1705,' in which the following paragraph occurs:—

'I am willing to hope not one of my subjects can really entertain a doubt of my affection to the Church, or so much as suspect that it will not be my chief care to support it and leave it secure after me; and therefore we may be certain that they who go about to insinuate things of this nature must be mine and the kingdom's enemies, and can only mean to cover designs which they dare not publicly own by endeavouring to distract us with unreasonable and groundless distrusts and jealousies. I must be so plain as to tell you the best proofs we can all give at present of our zeal for the preservation of the Church will be to join heartily in prosecuting the war against an enemy who is certainly engaged to extirpate our religion, as well as to reduce this kingdom to slavery.

'I am fully resolved, with God's assistance, to do my part. I will always affectionately support and countenance the Church of England as by law established. I will do all I can

to prevail with my subjects to lay aside their divisions, and will study to make them all safe and easy.'

. . . .

The Scottish Episcopalians were indeed bound up with the Stuart family, but this was not their only *raison d'être.*

Like the Presbyterians, they believed and confessed that which both had inherited from pre-Reformation times, and is the only conceivably true notion of a divine and præternatural institution: that the Church is a kingdom of itself, founded and ordered by a heavenly Sovereign, and independent, in its origin, laws, and teaching, of earthly powers, and therefore not a mere adaptable, flexible organism maintained to support any particular secular authority.

It was scarcely to be expected that the English bishops and clergy, safe in the possession of their temporalities, should view the 'Establishment' in the same light—for that was the name the Church usually went by; and they may be excused, perhaps, for not having done so, from the consideration that their *raison d'être* was to exclude a rival ecclesiastical pretender, whose claims were still being pressed, which could only be attained by the course taken by Henry VIII. when he declared the kingdom to be an 'Empire,' and pursued by succeeding sovereigns: the subordination of the ecclesiastical to the civil power having been the principle acted on by the Emperor Constantine when he invested Christianity with the privileges of an established Church, as it was also by Peter the Great when he suppressed the ancient Patriarchate and made himself head of the Russian Church.

It is well that we should 'see ourselves as others see us.' Here, then, is what Mons. Sorbière, a learned and fairly impartial Frenchman, who visited England in King Charles II.'s reign, wrote on the Church of England:—

'The King here is accounted to be the head of the Church, and they mention him as such in their prayers. It must necessarily have come to pass, since the schism in the reign of

Henry VIII. withdrew the King from under the obedience to the See of Rome. Upon this resolution they retained what external face they could of the Catholic religion, and this is what the Puritans complain of to this day. The bishops have the honour and profit on their side, while the inferior clergy are mean enough, and cannot without great difficulty preach. The Presbyterians have great aversion to bishops if what men lay to their charge be true: that they abuse their jurisdiction by imposing penalties upon people for frivolous offences, by virtue of which they will refuse them burial in their churchyards. They lay also pluralities to their charge as being incompatible with their cures, and that those who have great benefices leave them to the care of their servants or other despicable persons. They also take notice of the differences between a bishop and a clergyman of inferior rank, that this last durst not speak nor be covered in his presence, and the bishops have so absolute a disposal of everything, that they neither consult with their chapter nor any other council about them.'

M. de Voltaire, who visited London in 1729, wrote thus to his friend M. Thériot on the same subject:—

'Though every one here is permitted to serve God in whatever way he thinks proper, that only in which a man can make his fortune is the Establishment. No person can obtain any public employment who is not of this communion. The English Church has retained a number of Roman ceremonies, and the clergy inspire their flocks with a holy zeal against dissenters. This zeal was pretty violent against the Tories in the few last years of Queen Anne, but was productive of no greater mischief than the breaking the windows of some meeting-houses. The Lower House of Convocation, wholly composed of the clergy, was in some credit at that time—at least, the members of it had liberty to meet. The Ministry, which is now composed of Whigs, does not so much as allow these gentlemen to assemble; so they are reduced to the occupation of praying for the prosperity of a Government they would gladly see overturned. With regard to the bishops, they have still seats in the House of Lords in spite of the Whigs. There is a clause, however, in their oath which they dislike, namely, that they shall be of the Church as by law of Parliament established, whereas they would hold their office *jure divino*. It is, consequently, mortifying to them to have to declare that they owe their dignity to laws enacted by profane laymen. The Lord B——[1] observed that it was proper they should derive their authority from Parliament, as this notion of

[1] Bolingbroke.

divine right would only make so many tyrants in lawn sleeves, whereas the law made so many citizens. With regard to the morals of the English clergy, they are more regular than those of France. They are not called to dignities till very late. We never see here youngsters made bishops immediately upon their laying aside the academical gown; and most of the clergy are married. Clergymen sometimes take a glass at a tavern, custom giving them a sanction on this occasion; and if they fuddle themselves, it is in a very serious manner, and without giving the least scandal.'

CHAPTER IV

From the observations which have been already made, it is clear that the idea of a Church as conceived in England differed from that held in Scotland.

In the first, the 'Establishment' was or constituted 'the Church;' in the other, the Church was separate from the temporal power.

> 'My lords,' said Bishop Horsley in the Upper House in 1830, 'as to the notion that a clergyman should be ordained by us to the ministry in Scotland, the thing would be contrary to all rule and order. An appointment to an Episcopal congregation in Scotland is no more a title to me than one to a church in Mesopotamia. Ours is a political, theirs a spiritual Episcopacy.'

. . . .

Archbishop Howley defined a 'Church' to be 'an established Christian community,' and a 'Sect' 'one not so favoured.'

Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, in the course of an address delivered a few years ago in Sion College, repeatedly insisted that

> 'the Established Church was a political institution, created and protected by law, and absolutely dependent upon Parliament. It was a provision made by Parliament for carrying religious teaching throughout the country, but what kind of religious teaching was settled for us by Parliament. From the fact that the Church was a national institution it followed that those who dissented from its formularies had, as Englishmen, an interest in it, a right to interfere with its constitution.'

. . . .

In contrast with such statements as these, let us see

what the Episcopal Church of Scotland says concerning itself. In the introduction to the Code of Canons adopted by the General Synod held in Edinburgh in 1862 we read:—

'The doctrine of the Church, being fixed and immutable, ought to be uniformly received and adhered to at all times and in all places. The same is to be said of its government, in all essential parts of its constitution. . . . But in the discipline which may be adopted for furthering the purposes of ecclesiastical government . . . this character of immutability is not to be looked for. In one country a pure Apostolic Church is found to be legally established, amply endowed, and closely incorporated with the State; while in another forming part of the same empire it is only tolerated by the State, and as to all matters of spiritual concern derives no support from the civil Government. Such is precisely the difference of situation between the Established Church of England and the unestablished, the merely tolerated, Episcopal Church in Scotland, which has no relation to such secular powers and privileges as are peculiar to a national Establishment, nor does it interfere with the rights of the temporal State or the jurisdiction of the Supreme Magistrate.'

. . . .

After this digression it is time to pass on. The war which issued in the independence of the United States afforded occasion for bringing the much-depressed Scottish Episcopal Church into notice in England, and perhaps so altering the judgment of the bishops in regard to its status as to bring some of them round to Bishop Horne's expressed opinion, that

'he had such an esteem for it as to think that, if the great Apostle of the Gentiles were upon earth again, he would probably give it the preference, as most like the people he had been used to.'[1]

Up to the time of the American War of Independence the clergy in the 'plantations' had carried on their ministrations without bishops; and as there could therefore be no canonical ordinations, they were supplied from England.

[1] *Memoirs of Bishop Horne.* By the Rev. W. Jones of Nayland.

At the close of the war, the new States having no longer any political connection with the Mother-country, the clergy of Connecticut sent over one of their body, Dr. Seabury, with the prayer that he might be returned to them with the impress and authority of consecration.

Questions at once arose as to the oaths which the law required bishops to take, and which would have been out of reason under the circumstances. Archbishop Moore, therefore, acting on the suggestion of Dr. Routh, tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, being unable to accede to the request, advised that application should be made to the Scottish bishops, with the result that the prayer of the American clergy was granted, and Dr. Seabury was duly consecrated at Aberdeen in 1784. In this way the Scottish Episcopal Church became the mother of the American, whose likeness it still retains.[1]

. . . .

About the same time (1788) the Young Pretender died at Rome, having survived his father twenty-two years, leaving behind him to represent his family his brother, the Cardinal of York, who followed him to the grave nearly twenty years afterwards.

. . . .

I am again tempted to diverge from my path to quote

[1] The English bishops, nevertheless, exhibited an unaccountable spirit of exclusiveness three years later, when in 1787 Bishops White and Prevost were consecrated at Lambeth by that distinguished successor of St. Augustine, Archbishop Moore, for Pennsylvania and New York respectively, 'but with the understanding that they should not join with the bishop of Scotch consecration until another person should have been sent to England to be consecrated, so that it could always be said that there were three bishops of the English line, who joined in the consecration which was to begin the line here. And this understanding was acted upon; for, although there were in this country in 1787 the three bishops of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New York, the two latter, true to the English prejudice, would not join with the former in perpetuating the succession until they were supplemented by another who was consecrated in England in 1790.'—*The Union of Divergent Lines in the American Succession.* By the Rev. J. Seabury, D.D. New York, 1884.

one or two passages bearing upon the Prince's life in his later years in Italy. He is thus described by 'A Lady' in one of her 'Letters from Italy,' dated 1776:[1]—

'His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval. He has a noble presence and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with gold. He wears a blue ribbon outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique as large as the palm of my hand, and wears the same Garter and Motto as those of St. George of England. Upon the whole he has a melancholic and mortified appearance. Two Irish gentlemen constantly attend upon him.'

. . . .

Later on, Swinburne, who wrote a book on *The Courts of Europe*, gives this description of him:—

'We went to the opera, where we beheld for the first time the poor, unhappy representative of the Stuart race. He always falls asleep at the end of the first act in the corner of his box, being generally intoxicated. His face is red and his eyes fiery, otherwise he is not an ill-looking man.'

. . . .

The Scottish Episcopalians, after their cause had proved to be hopeless, gradually accepted the new order of things, reinforced as their clergy had to a considerable extent been from England. A few of the native clergy remained faithful to the Stuarts, or rather to their memory; but long before the end of the century King George had been prayed for, and all active persecution had ceased.[2]

[1] *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, vol. i.

[2] 'The Jacobite principle was, however, in some instances too strong to be obliterated even by the extinction of all hope of restoring the former family. Bishop Low was accustomed to relate some striking instances. . . . Oliphant of Gask was inexorably mortified when the Episcopal clergy agreed to pray for King George. He had been long unable to attend public worship, but the clergyman was in the habit of coming periodically to read prayers in his house. Hearing, however, that this divine had acted in common with the rest, he packed up his surplice and sent it to him with a request that he would never come again to say prayers at Gask.' It happened that King George III. was seized with his illness soon after the Scottish Episcopal clergy began to pray for him. 'Ye see what

In 1792, accordingly, Parliament repealed the Penal Laws: manifesting, however, by one clause in the Act, its jealousy of the Scottish clergy, by absolutely forbidding persons who had been ordained by Scotch bishops from the exercise of their office in England.

Still later, in 1842, a statute was passed to permit such to officiate for two Sundays by leave of the bishop, but still denying them the privilege of holding any preferment; and it was not until 1864 that the validity of Scottish orders and their equality with English were recognised.

. . . .

The effect of the repeal of the Penal Laws was to place Episcopacy upon a lawful and secure footing, and to encourage the building of new chapels.

Later on, more ambitious structures began to rise, designed according to the approved 'Gothic' of the age, which was generally a poor imitation of mediæval designs, in which stucco and papier-maché were made to pass muster for stone and oak, and lathe and plaster ceilings and arcades for real masonry.

As wealth increased through the natural action of the Union with England, and taste improved, more genuine and durable edifices have been constructed. In this way the 'meeting-house,' as it was contemptuously called, became the 'chapel,' and the chapel has since grown into the 'church,' and in some instances the church into the 'cathedral.' In like manner the 'pastor' became the 'incumbent,' who has now blossomed into the 'rector.'

Bishops were always bishops though not lord-bishops, and were never more respected than in the days of their poverty, when they lodged in humble quarters—sometimes

ye 've done !' said an old stickler to his clergyman. Another old gentleman, to mark his disapproval, always rose from his knees during the State prayers.—Quoted from Blatch's *Memoir of Bishop Low.*

in 'a but and a ben'—and the breakfast-table was furnished with a single silver spoon.

In every other respect the Scottish Episcopal Church has made remarkable progress, and now presents as fair a picture of a 'free Church in a free State' as the most devoted lovers of 'primitive' order can desire.

. . . .

To the repeal of the Penal Laws and to the progress of toleration may be traced the improved condition of the Episcopal Church affairs, which owes much also to Sir Walter Scott. The old truculent Covenanting spirit, sour, overbearing, and fierce, although it had not spent itself in his time, was no longer dominant in the country; and it has since by degrees abated wherever common sense has asserted its sway. The fierce struggle between the Church of Rome and the Reformers had been hushed by lapse of time; and when the former was torn up by the roots, its officials expelled, and its churches destroyed, there was nothing to be apprehended in the future from its power.

Afterwards, when the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians and the nobles and the gentry had fought over the spoils of the old ecclesiastical property and secured them, each to its own partial satisfaction, little would seem to have been left to quarrel over. But this would have been contrary to the *perfervidum Scotorum ingenium*, and so matters of dispute took a new direction.

The men of 'light and leading' in the last half and the early years of the present century, who won for Edinburgh the picturesque title of the 'Modern Athens,' were now to have their turn. There was to be a truce to religious controversies and a give-and-take in theological disputes, which had led to no beneficial results, but tended rather to alienate the minds of the thoughtful even from religion itself.

. . . .

From the time that MacLaurin began to expound with unsurpassed lucidity the Newtonian philosophy, a succession of remarkable men appeared. Among them were Robertson, the historian, who shed a beneficent influence over ecclesiastical politics; Adam Smith, the founder of political economy; David Hume, the historian and philosopher; John Home, author of the tragedy of *Douglas*; Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician; and others. Gibbon celebrated them in the body of his great work in these words: 'On this interesting subject [the origin and progress of the present establishments in Europe] a strong ray of philosophical light has broke from Scotland in our own times; and it is with private as well as public regard I repeat the names of Hume, Robertson, and Adam Smith.'

. . . .

Dr. Blair and his works, after Professor Robertson—who left only one sermon, however, in print—represent perhaps the best example, so far as the treatment of religious questions is concerned, of the spirit of the time. His sermons are little read now, and they would have probably failed to produce the effect which he says in one of his rhetoric lectures, 'On the Eloquence of the Pulpit,' the celebrated Bishop Massillon produced upon King Louis XIV., who addressed him, after one of his discourses at Versailles: 'Father, I have heard many great orators in this chapel, and have been highly pleased with them; but when I have listened to you I go away displeased with myself, for you show me my own character.'

. . . .

But whatever may be said in disparagement of the pulpit oratory of Dr. Blair's school, he cannot be denied the merit of having been leader of that band who purged the pulpit of coarseness and vulgarity. People had grown tired of Puritanical ranting, as well as of an ecclesiastical rule administered by fanatical and half-educated preachers.

They had been 'thorough' in casting off the tyranny of the old Church, and revolted against a new 'yoke of bondage.' When matters are pushed to extremes, the common sense of mankind is aroused and calls 'Halt;' and this the Scotch were calling once more.

'The Scottish Presbyterians,' writes Mr. Köhl,[1] 'who would be regarded as models of the primitive Christians, have little of the humility, the love, and the gentleness which we recognise as essential features of Christianity. In external matters they may resemble the early Christians; but in the severity and strictness of their articles of faith, and in their claims to priestly power and privileges, they have a far greater resemblance to the Roman Catholics. In this respect they say theirs is an Apostolical Church. With the power of the keys they would assume that of the sword, and they battle for the integrity of this right against the encroachments of the Government, as zealously, unflinchingly, and determinedly as did ever the Pope against the encroachments of the Emperor.'

. . . .

It was against such a thraldom as this that sensible persons protested who wished to see an end put to religious wrangling; and so there was for a season a cessation of strife. 'I hope,' wrote Sir Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*—speaking, of course, his own sentiments by the mouth of Mr. Pleydell—'I hope a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them (points of doctrine and discipline) at all. Besides, *inter nos,* I am a member of the suffering Episcopal Church, the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so; but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, without thinking worse of the Presbyterian forms.'

Nor did the Presbyterians think worse of the Episcopalian forms as time went on, when, dropping their inherited prejudices, they occasionally frequented the Episcopal services, on such days as Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter, which here and there one found a parish minister express a

[1] *Travels in Scotland.*

lurking desire to see observed in his own Church, as impressive commemorations of Christian events on which important doctrines hang. The times were, in short, changed, and *nos mutamur in illis,* as most were agreed, except the irreconcilables of either wing, whose narrowness and bigotry, however, did not avail against the swelling tide of toleration and enlightenment.

The violence of the early Reformation had been well-nigh forgotten, and later controversies among Protestant bodies were receding into the dim past; and hence followed a general suspension of hostilities—perhaps an absence or decay of religious enthusiasm—while there was rising above the horizon a new luminary shedding a beneficent light upon subjects of human inquiry heretofore imperfectly studied, which has ever since risen with increasing splendour.

. . . .

Although, however, the spirit of toleration was making way, there were many—particularly in remote and isolated localities, which are always the last to be affected by any popular movement, as the land-locked bays and gulfs of the ocean to be invaded by the advancing tides—to whom 'Papistry' was offensive.

For the Episcopal clergy to exercise their functions in an obtrusive manner—as, for example, at burials in parish churchyards—would have been an injudicious if not a dangerous proceeding, the surplice not being at that time in common use within their own places of worship, and even in the North of England.

On this subject Canon William Wood, vicar of Cropedy, writes:—

'As late as the time of my boyhood, I remember hearing that at the funeral of a friend of an uncle of mine, then quartered in Dundee, the Church service had as a matter of course to be read indoors, as it might have provoked violence if the clergy had worn a surplice at the grave;' and he adds that 'on the occasion of the opening of a new church in a certain town

not far from the Tweed, some forty years ago, the services were attended by several of the domestics of the family who built it. On their return to the house the lady asked her maid how she liked the ceremony she had witnessed. "It may be a' very fine, my leddie," was the young woman's reply; "but that's surely an awfu' way of spending the Sawbath Day!"'

It was a similar spirit which prompted a rigid Presbyterian, who had stumbled into an Episcopal chapel, to express the opinion that 'they were a restless set, aye getting up and sitting down, but I did not mind that so much as their kneeling so often to the minister.'

The change which has come over the Episcopal Church is not, however, more remarkable than that which the Establishment has undergone. Barns have been superseded by handsome buildings, while stained-glass windows and organs, which even a generation ago would have been regarded as signs of 'Papistry,' have become comparatively common. There is in many quarters a desire to substitute a printed form for extempore prayers, as well as for a regular liturgy or communion service.

. . . .

Much of this change may doubtless be attributed to the æsthetic tendency of the times, and to the increase of wealth. Severe and bald simplicity has been discarded for that which is more pleasing to the senses and more congenial to a cultivated taste, not in churches and modes of worship only, but in every department of public and private life. Whether there is a deeper meaning in the change, not perceptible on the surface, remains to be seen.

CHAPTER V

THE early history of the Episcopal congregation in Musselburgh is, as historians commencing their narratives would say, veiled in obscurity. Tradition has it that their form of worship never failed in the town from the time that Mr. Arthur Millar, who was ejected from the parish church of Inveresk in 1688, continued his ministrations in private among such as chose to adhere to the Episcopal cause.

It is probable that during the ensuing century the services were often suspended for want of clergymen.

There stands in Inveresk churchyard a monument erected to the memory of John Christian and Janet Forbes, his granddaughter, described as the daughter of the Rev. William Forbes, Episcopal minister in Musselburgh, who died in the year 1818, at the age of seventy-four years.

Forbes is an honoured name in the annals of the Scottish Episcopal Church: Patrick having been Bishop of Aberdeen in the reign of James VI., of whom it is recorded that 'he was in all things an apostolical man, and used to go round his diocese without noise, and but with one servant, that he might be rightly informed of all matters, and held synod twice a year;' while William was first Bishop of Edinburgh in the time of Charles I., and, without mentioning others of the same name, the memory of Bishop Forbes of Brechin is still fresh. His brother, however, the late William Forbes of Medwyn, used to say that he could find no trace of any relationship between his namesake of Musselburgh and himself.

Mr. William Skinner, Town-Clerk of Edinburgh, has sent me an interesting printed memorandum concerning the family of the above-named John Christian, who was Collector of H.M. Customs at Fisherrow. His daughter Euphemia is therein described as having been

'a great beauty, and having had the honour of being presented to and kissing the hand of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, on his return through Musselburgh to Edinburgh, on the defeat of the English under Sir John Cope at Prestonpans. On that occasion the beautifully wrought banner in silk, on green ground, embroidered in gold on both sides alike, captured from the CIIIrd. Regiment, was presented to her, which now forms a cheval screen in the possession of her great-great-grandson, William Skinner, W.S., of Corra, J.P. and D.L., and grand-nephew of the Rev. John Skinner, M.A., Dean of Aberdeen, well known (as already mentioned) as the author of the words of "Tullochgorum," "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," and "John of Badenyon." Euphemia married the Rev. William Forbes, Episcopal minister of Musselburgh, in 1741; and, strange to say, such are the vicissitudes of life, in 1746, only one year after Prince Charles's victory at Prestonpans, her husband's church and parsonage were burned to the ground by the Duke of Cumberland's English troopers on their return from the battle of Culloden, where the Scotch army was defeated, after which Prince Charles sought safety by flight on the Continent.'

Concerning the last-mentioned incident, Mr. Robert Skinner, William's brother, wrote to the *Scotsman*, of date May 28th, 1892, to say that he remembered well Dr. Langhorne showing him a spot in Newbigging Brae where either his chapel or his house once stood.

What the fortunes of the Episcopalians of Musselburgh were during the succeeding thirty years cannot now be ascertained. A folio Book of Common Prayer—erroneously attributed to Archbishop Laud for the use of the Scotch Church, but which the people would have none of—well thumbed, with ragged corners, and used without doubt by the said William Forbes, afterwards kept as a relic in the vestry of the old chapel, and now in the library at Pinkie,

would go to show that the Episcopal form of worship was maintained as regularly as circumstances permitted.

Inveresk had from old times been celebrated for its salubrity, and was a favourite resort of families of the better class, who were mostly Episcopalians. Dr. Pitcairn called it the Montpellier of Scotland, and it is described in the old book now before me[1] as being

'very full of people, and there are in it several very handsome houses and gardens, which invite the citizens of Edinburgh to take lodgings there in the summer, as the Londoners do at Kensington, Hampstead, and Highgate.'

Just such a locality, therefore, as would be likely to be provided with an Episcopal chapel.

. . . .

Captain George Russell Colt, an old Loretto boy, who has written for private circulation an interesting account of his family, says that

'Mr. Oliver Colt, of Inveresk, was presented by King Charles I. to the livings of Inveresk and Musselburgh, in room of his father, in the year 1641. He shortly after conformed to Episcopacy, and retained his parishes under the archdiocese of St. Andrews. Whether as a clergyman or as a laird he was equally beloved and respected. He was famous for his ready wit, an instance of which, given in the Coltness papers, is as follows:—

'Mr. Leighton, minister of Newbattle, usually complained of the heavy charge he had of so many souls; and on uttering this complaint on one occasion in the hearing of Mr. Oliver, the latter replied that he had more than double that number, whereupon Mr. Leighton made reply: "Oh, brother! that is a load fitted for an ass rather than for a colt."

'"They are light-headed asses," said Colt, "that burden themselves with souls." According to the family version, however, the reply was more to the point, in making a pun upon Leighton's name: "The asses' heads would be light ones that would burden themselves with souls."'

The reader will pardon this digression in view of the

[1] *Tour by a Gentleman.* London, 1753.

circumstance that Captain Colt has discovered more of the history of Inveresk than was known, or at least recorded, in Dr. Carlyle's and 'Delta's' times.

After dealing with family matters he proceeds to describe Inveresk, of which his 'forebears' were the chief proprietors.

Speaking of the old house and grounds:—

'The whole of the top of the neighbouring hill was once an ancient Roman *Colonia*, the prætorium of which stood near the site of the present church; and thus from the same spot, says "Delta,"[1] Jove and Jehovah have alike in the sequence of centuries been worshipped. In 1565 a singular cave and altar were discovered during excavations there made, in which Queen Elizabeth took great interest, writing to Randolph, the English Ambassador at the Scotch court, more than once for information. According to his report the inscription on the altar was as follows:—"Apolloni Granni Q. L. Sabinianus, Proc. Aug., and dyvers short pillers sette upright upon the grounde, covered with tyle stones large and thyck."

'There was a covered way out of the camp and a series of Roman baths and vaults, specimens of some of which are still visible, as also the covered way, which passes some fifteen feet below the house, and finds its outlet in the old Roman wall. The drain-pipes of the house were laid along the floor of this passage, which is beautifully arched and paved, and high enough to enable one to walk upright.

'Many Roman remains have been found from time to time, including coins of silver, copper, and gold. I have in my possession coins of Augustus, Nerva, and Hadrian. A good deal of Samian pottery has also been found. Many battles have been fought in different parts of the hill, and relics of the "Pinkie" and the Cromwellian times—cannon-balls, for example, of stone and iron—have been found when trenching. Oliver Cromwell took up his headquarters in the house, the present library being the room where he wrote his "despatches." Prince Charles Edward, on his way to Dalkeith, paid the house a visit on November 1, 1745. Like most old houses, Inveresk has its stories of ghosts, and many strange and unaccountable circumstances have occurred, even within the writer's experience. About two hundred years ago a murder took place in the house—the murderer, one of the servants, afterwards committing suicide. A curious discovery was made in connection

[1] Moir's *Roman Antiquities of Inveresk.*

with the underground passage already alluded to. In 1789 the then laird, Robert Colt, on taking down some panelling, found the entrance to the long-forgotten secret way, and, on following it up at a point directly under the apartment used by Cromwell, came suddenly upon a Cavalier in full armour, in a sitting posture, with a keg of what appeared to have been gunpowder by his side; his right hand stretching towards what was doubtless once a fuse. Many conjectures have been made as to the identity of this unfortunate man, and his object—one being that he was attempting Cromwell's destruction when he was overtaken by sudden death.'

Of the other ancient mansions in Inveresk are 'The Lodge,' inhabited at the present time by General Sir William Hope, and formerly by the Wedderburn family; and adjoining it Halkerston. These were both said to have been religious houses before the Reformation.

In Sir Alexander Milne's grounds we used to be shown a monument which 'Delta' said bore strong marks of a Druidical origin, whatever that might mean.

'It is a circular table of stone, supported on pillars. The interior was filled with the teeth of animals, and around it were majestic antlers of deer.'

Here is Mrs. Oliphant's poetic rather than accurate description of 'Milnehill,' as she styles this beautiful residence:

'It stood upon the sunny brae of Inveresk, at no distance from the square barn church, ornamented by a pepper-box steeple, with which the taste of our ancestors had adorned that lovely little eminence. The garden on one side was surrounded by an old wall, mossed and grey, above which you could see nothing but the towering branches of the chestnuts, which in the early summer built fair their milky pinnacles of blossom over this home enclosure. The garden sloped, under their guardian shadows, open and bright towards the sea, though at the distance of at least two miles from the immediate coast. The wall on the lower side was low enough to permit a full view from the windows of the beautiful panorama. The little town of Musselburgh with its fishing suburb lying snug below; the quiet pier stretching its grey line of masonry into the sea; the solitary fishing-boat hovering by; the wide sweep of the bay beyond,

with the "Bass" in the distance lying like a turtle or a tortoise upon the water; and in the far distance the hills of Fife.'

. . . .

But to proceed. My grandfather, who had graduated in Edinburgh in 1771, when appointed to the Episcopal charge, built the house still known as the Parsonage, now in the possession of Mr. Kemp.

As it may interest some of my readers to hear what the 'Honest Town' was like in those days, here is a description extracted from the *Tour* already mentioned:—

'Musselburgh is an ancient borough of regality, where are many hands employed in the woollen manufacture, especially in coarse stuffs for the use of the poor. And they have continued many years successively this branch of industry without any rival. A little west of it lies Fisherrow, so called from a long row of houses mostly inhabited by fishermen, who were formerly more numerous than at present, for the mussel trade, which was reckoned very valuable, is now given over, and their chief business consists in catching cods, haddocks, whitings, and shell-fish. Nastiness seems here to be delighted in, as in other places which I have observed upon. The women, as if they trust to sex merely for recommendation, have dirty clouts tied round their shoulders, and peep out of pieces of boarded windows just big enough for their heads. The ale here is cheap, being a penny a choppin; for now the word quart is left off, and a pint is called a mutchkin. Their butter is loathsome both to eye and taste, which they turn into oil when they use it. The sailors are far cleaner cooks than the women. In short, the unpleasantness of their food makes one in danger of a surfeit, while their dirty beds cause one to apprehend the music called the Scots fiddle.

'But the glory of the place is Pinkey, which formerly belonged to Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, but now to the Marquis of Tweeddale, and stands near the sea just as we enter Musselburgh. In the court before the house stands a large stone well covered with an imperial crown, supported by pillars of the Doric order.

'The great hall on the right as you enter is adorned with views of the great cities of Italy; the great staircase on the left is balustraded with iron, and crowded with pictures. The first apartments consist of a dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-chamber, all very spacious, curiously wainscoted with oak, and

hung with the Seasons, in tapestry of the best sort; the bed is of crimson velvet in an alcove.

'The chimneys are of marble, and above that in the dining-room is painted the finest inside of a church anywhere to be seen. Prince Charles Edward lodged here after his victory at Prestonpans.

'The gallery is very long and spacious, the ceiling whereof is full of Latin inscriptions; there are fine altar-pieces which were saved from the plunder of the monasteries.

'Likewise pictures of the Earl of Strafford, the Duke of Lauderdale, and the Hays and Setons; also a genealogical tree of the family from the year 970 to the present.

'The parterre behind the house is very large, and nobly adorned with evergreens. The whole stands in a park three miles in circumference, well planted and walled round. Pinkey stands nobly, and has a commanding prospect not only over the adjoining country, but also of the coast of Fife over the sea, at nine miles distance.

'Near Pinkey was fought the battle of that name by Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, when he came to force the Scots into the marriage of their young Queen Mary with his nephew King Edward VI., which was doubtless a very coarse way of wooing. There was a great slaughter of the Scots; but although the English won the battle, yet they lost their prize, for the young Queen was privately embarked, carried to France, and afterwards married to the Dauphin, who became Francis II.

'Not far from this place eastwards was fought the battle of Prestonpans, on the 21st of September, 1745. Brigadier Fowke, with Gardiner's and Hamilton's dragoons, having joined Sir John Cope's army on the 19th, encamped at night on the west side of Haddington; and the next evening they reached Gladsmuir, the Highlanders appearing on the high grounds to the south of them, so that they were very near to each other. Some fighting passed during the night, and in the morning about three o'clock they attacked the King's troops; and the dragoons, breaking at the first fire, left the foot exposed to the Highlanders, by whom, after a short dispute, they were defeated, a considerable number killed, and the best part of the rest made prisoners, the few field-pieces they had being likewise taken.

'The country hereabouts is both pleasant and populous, and full of gentlemen's houses, among which is Salton, belonging to the Lord Justice-Clerk.

'There are also coal mines.'

. . . .

In those days, and for several years after Parson Smith came, the Episcopal service was held in the upper room of a house still existing in Newbigging.

Thither resorted on Sundays, but more especially on great festivals, the principal families of the neighbourhood—the Buccleuchs, the Lothians, the Tweeddales, who then lived at Pinkie—whose array of carriages at the door of the 'meeting-house' was long remembered in the neighbourhood.

The worship in so humble a chamber was conducted in the plainest and simplest manner.

It is not difficult to portray to oneself, from Mr. Lawson's description, the hardships and trials a clergyman had to endure in the days of trial and depression of his Church. Starting from his garret in the Lawnmarket or in one of the closes off the High Street of Edinburgh, early on a raw Sunday morning in winter, he would stealthily wend his way down by the Nether Bow to the Canongate, and passing under the Royal Porch, facing the not yet ruined chapel of Holyrood—for it still had a roof—by Parsons-green, Easter Duddingstone, Joppa, and Fisherrow, and, crossing the old Roman bridge over the Esk, reach his destination after a two hours' tramp on the rough roads then everywhere in existence.

The butler at Pinkie or one of the Inveresk houses has brought beforehand by a back way the communion vessels, hidden under his plaid, in order to avoid falling in with a covenanting bailie or other authority 'anent Episcopal meeting-houses.'

The parson dons the black gown, which hangs upon a peg in the entrance of the upper room. There is no music except what is supplied by the clerk, who leads a psalm from the collection appended to Laud's Book, composed in quaint metres, and set to square-headed notes. The sermon is directed against the depravity of the times, the negation of royal and episcopal authority, and the virulence of the

Covenanters; while the King and his family are duly prayed for, but not by name, though there can have been no pretence as to which King and Royal Family were meant.

Service over, the worthy clergyman is invited to refresh his inward man at the table of one or other of the members of the congregation; but, as he has probably an afternoon 'leet' at Dalkeith or Seton, he has little time to linger over his meal.

Such is the kind of service he is engaged in for—let it be added, to his credit—the satisfaction of his sense of duty rather than for any worldly profit he expects to reap thereby.[1]

. . . .

Parson Smith's father was Principal Clerk of his Majesty's Chancery, and in that capacity had charge of the Regalia of Scotland. His mother was Anne Drummond, heir of line of the Drummonds of Boreland and Concraig.

In an old memorandum now before me it is stated that Mr. Smith, fearing that this national treasure might fall into the hands of the rebel army, which had just won the battle of Prestonpans, went in haste to the Castle in order to prevent so great a misfortune.

Being a man of resolute temper and rapid in action, he disappeared from Edinburgh while Prince Charles Edward was holding his court at Holyrood, in order to avoid awkward questions, without letting any one know where he had hidden the jewels.

Here the family paper ends. But another hand has added an account of their discovery, which agrees with that given by Sir Walter Scott in his letters to the Duke of Buccleuch and to Messrs. Morritt and Croker in the year 1818, as related in Lockhart's *Life*.

There had existed a belief that the Regalia had been surreptitiously conveyed to the Tower of London, although the Treaty of Union forbade their removal; and no one

[1] Bishop Low's stipend was £30 a year.

seems to have known for certain what had become of them.

After much diligent search, however, they were found in a stout oak chest, which was forced open by Neish the blacksmith, in presence of the Commissioners appointed for that purpose,[1] and in which they had lain forgotten for so many years.

. . . .

It is curious to notice what Mr. Köhl, a German gentleman who visited Edinburgh in 1842, says about their strange history, as current at that time:—

'A walk from the summit of the Castle Hill down the High Street and Canongate to Holyrood House, with its beautiful garden in the valley, is one of the most interesting urban promenades that any one can enjoy. We begin at the top of the Castle with a view of the Scottish Regalia, which are preserved in an elevated little room in a part built by Queen Mary of Scotland. These Regalia have had a more singular fate than any other in Europe, excepting perhaps the crown of Hungary. They disappeared entirely for more than a hundred years, and no one knew where they had been placed.

'In the year 1707, the period of the union of Scotland with England, through the patriotism of some Scottish gentlemen they were packed in a chest and concealed in a wall of an upper chamber of the Castle, where they are now exhibited. This precaution, I heard, was adopted in the apprehension that the English might carry them off to London.

'Their place of concealment was afterwards completely lost sight of, until they were discovered in 1818, and after the breaking down of the wall exposed to daylight, or at least to wax-light, for the small low room in which they lie within a

[1] The late Sir John Hope thought I was mistaken in this matter, and considered it was the keys of the Regalia chest that Mr. Smith hid. In order to settle the question I wrote to an aged relative, his granddaughter, and received the following reply:—'I am sure we are right about the Regalia. Sarah Ann Wyville's mother heard it from her father, Dr. Wyville Smith, and she said her father had it (the Regalia) before him on horseback, and passed out at the south gate. His wife, to avoid being questioned, took her son Wyville with her, and went into a lodging for a week, neither husband nor wife knowing where either were.

'Why should Sir Walter Scott have been at such a loss to know where the crown was, if it had not been hidden?

'Holyrood Palace was certainly the more likely place.'

grating of iron is lighted by spermaceti candles, being quite inaccessible to the light of the sun.

'I was told that Sir Walter Scott possessed some account of their concealment, and contributed much to their recovery. This, indeed, appears to me a most remarkable circumstance, and seems to prove that, while the secret was in the hands of a few, there were others of the nobility who were in ignorance of the position of the Regalia, and who since the time of the Union looked upon them merely as interesting antiquities, and satisfied themselves that they were, together with the crown of England, in safe custody in the Tower of London, and would yet some time or other be turned to occasional use.

'That they were not disturbed in their dark concealment during the Rebellion of 1745 is explained by the fact that the Castle never fell into the hands of the Pretender Charles Stuart, who vainly besieged it.'

. . . .

It is time, however, to return to my grandfather. He had not been many years settled at the Parsonage when, as the prospects of Episcopacy were becoming brighter, a movement was set on foot for the erection of a suitable place of worship. The Penal Laws, indeed, were still in force, although their infringement had been for many years winked at by the authorities.

As Presbyterianism was firmly established, Episcopalians would have in future to be content with a tolerated position in the country. The bishops would be suffered, but not as possessing territorial jurisdiction, and the clergy allowed to exercise their office, but not as invested with the status of 'parsons' or parish ministers. Under such circumstances, the only course open to the Episcopal community was to observe prudence and forbear from stirring the embers of a contention which were gradually dying out of themselves.

In the carrying forward, therefore, of the project for a new chapel, plainness, privacy, and solidity seem to have been chiefly studied. A site was in the year 1784 obtained from the town, in an unfrequented street bordering upon the mouth of the Esk, and the chapel was surrounded with a

high wall. It was considered at the time a great undertaking, and no objection was made on the part of Dr. Carlyle, who was one of the most enlightened ministers of his time, and lived on friendly terms with my grandfather, their antiquarian and literary tastes being congenial.

The English Liturgy was used in the new chapel instead of Laud's Book, and the black gown was still worn. Parson Smith had the reputation of being an excellent preacher, without pretension or affectation, and a few of his sermons still remaining amply justify this estimate. His best sermon, however, was that commemorated upon his tomb, namely, his consistent life—as must be the case where the clergyman is brought into daily contact with his people, and mingles in their social gatherings. He was a diligent student, rising at an early hour, and spending great part of his time in his library.

I recollect hearing of Dugald Stewart, Adam Smith, Playfair, and other Edinburgh celebrities as being numbered among his friends. He was also an eager collector of folklore, and possessed a rich vein of humour and great store of anecdotes, which rendered him 'very good company;' and this was doubtless the reason that induced young Walter Scott, when he was living at Lasswade—being then attached as quartermaster to the Midlothian yeomanry, which had barracks near Pinkie—to cultivate his acquaintance.

My grandmother used to relate how 'Walter,' as she called the great man before he had penned a line of *Marmion* or of *Waverley*, would come over to the parsonage to enjoy a 'crack' with the parson, adding that he picked up stories wherever he could, and had a 'crap for a' corn.' In his earlier life Mr. Smith had met Robert Burns, when the poet came to Edinburgh to forward the publication of his poems; and that visit, she said, 'was the ruin of Robbie,' for he was made so much of that he fell into bad habits.

He had seen also, in early life, Dr. Johnson, on his visit

to Scotland with James Boswell in the year 1773, the great lexicographer being then sixty-four, and my grandfather twenty-five years of age. I mention these figures for the purpose of showing how near apparently distant times may really be if they can be connected with human lives. Dr. Johnson once told Boswell that he had been 'touched' by Queen Anne in his childhood, and described her 'as a lady in diamonds and a long black hood.' So that there are only two steps, so to speak, between myself, writing in 1892, and the time when Scotland possessed still its own Parliament.

From certain relics he possessed, it is probable that he was a Jacobite in sentiment, at least, as so many Scotsmen were who clung to their old traditions. His family, however, like many others, seems to have been divided upon the religious questions of the time, for his elder brother Andrew was ordained in the Establishment, and became minister of Langton and Gavinton. The relics consisted of a casket containing a lock of King Charles I.'s hair and a handkerchief stained with his blood, together with a facsimile of his death-warrant, still in the family. But such relics were not uncommon at that time.

. . . .

It is to be presumed that, with the opportunities he enjoyed in Edinburgh, he was well acquainted with events of the '45, which were still fresh in old people's memory, and which he would hardly have failed to communicate to Walter Scott in the course of their conversations. In his later years he used to be wheeled along the street in an invalid chair; and an old lady, long since dead, said that when he happened to fall in with any children or fisher people he would stop and speak a kind word to the former, and inquire of the latter of their welfare. He enjoyed excellent spirits, and when asked how he was would reply that there were only two things he feared—pain and danger. The same lady related of him that on one occasion, when he

was dining at her house, he said grace in so low a tone of voice that no one heard him. On being playfully taxed with this, his reply was, 'Never mind, my dear; I was not addressing the present company.'

The mention of Dr. Johnson recalls a story that used to be told of him. His affectation of superiority made him unpopular in many circles; and the Scotch were offended with his bluntness, especially as they desired to please him to the best of their power, and showed him more kindness and goodwill than he was disposed to repay. As the Doctor was addicted to addressing people as ignorant, it gratified them to hear that the great man had found his match in a humble cottager.

I tell the story as it came down to me, although it may be already public property. During the course of his tour the Doctor and Boswell fell in with a man whom the former, according to his custom, somewhat gruffly interrogated, asking him first whether he believed in God? The man, supposing the Doctor was a minister of the Kirk, replied in the affirmative. The Doctor: 'Who is God?' the man answering in the words of the Catechism, 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.' The next question was, 'Who made you?' The man: 'God created man after his own image.' Other questions followed, to which the barbarian replied so well that the Doctor congratulated him on his acquirements. The man thanked him for his good opinion, but, nettled at his interrogator's manner, begged to be allowed to put one question in return. 'Certainly,' said the Doctor. 'Well, then, sir, can ye tell me wha was your faither?' On which the Doctor rose from his seat and walked away. 'Ye'll no catch me,' cried the barbarian as he went out, 'havering again wi' the like o' you. My bairns can answer siclike hecklin'!'

CHAPTER VI

HAVING given a short account of Musselburgh and its neighbourhood in the middle of the last century, the reader may be anxious to learn some particulars relating to Edinburgh before the magnificent New Town was built, and by comparing its present condition and extent with its past be better able to estimate the remarkable changes and improvements which have taken place within two generations. I transcribe, therefore, some extracts from the *Tour* to which I have before referred :—

'Standing at a small distance, and taking a view of it from the east, you have really but a very confused idea of the city, because the situation being in length from east to west, and the breadth ill-proportioned to it, you view it under the greatest disadvantage possible; whereas, if you turn a little to the right hand towards Leith, you have a very handsome prospect of it; and from the south you see it to yet more advantage, because it is increased on that side with new streets.

'At the extremity of the east end of the city stands the Palace of Holy-rood-house, leaving which a little to the left, you come through a populous suburb to the entrance called the Water-port. From hence turning west, the street goes on in a straight line through the whole city to the Castle. It is above a mile in length, and is, perhaps, the largest, longest, and finest street for buildings and number of inhabitants in the world.

'From the Palace-door, which stands on a level with the lowest of the plain country, the street begins to ascend very gradually, being nowhere steep; but this ascent being continued for so long a way, it is easy to imagine that the farther part must necessarily be very high, for the Castle, which stands as it were on the extremity west, as the Palace does east, makes on all the three sides (that only excepted which joins it to the

city) a very steep and frightful precipice. Together with this continued ascent you are to suppose the edge or top of the ascent so narrow that the street and the row of houses on each side take up the whole breadth, so that which way soever you turn you go down-hill immediately, which is so steep that it is very troublesome, to those who have not very good lungs, to walk in those side lanes, which they call wynds. By this description you will perceive that the city stands upon the narrow ridge of a long ascending mountain.

'On the north side of the city, towards the west end of it where the Castle stands, is a lough or lake of water; which has a small brook that runs through it. There was formerly another lake on the south side of it, which being now filled up is built into a street, though much lower than the High Street. The town is so ancient that no history has recorded when or by whom it was built; yet it seems most natural to conclude that such a situation could not be chosen but for a retreat from the outrages and attempts of the Britons, Saxons, Danes, or other enemies; for, having an impregnable castle at the west end, and a lake on either side, the inhabitants had nothing to defend but the entrance at the east end.

'By this means the city lies under such inconveniences as are made a subject of scorn and reproach by some, as if the people delighted in stench and nastiness; whereas, were any other people to live under the same unhappiness of a rocky and mountainous situation, a throng of buildings from six to ten stories high, a difficulty of obtaining water (that little they have being to be carried up to the uppermost apartments), we should find a London or a Bristol as dirty as Edinburgh, and perhaps less able to make their dwelling tolerable, at least in so narrow a compass; for tho' many cities have more people in them, yet I believe there is none in the world where so many people live in so little room.

'But although I have made these excuses for the nastiness of this place, yet cannot the fact be denied. In a morning, earlier than seven o'clock, it stinks intolerably; for after ten at night it sounds very oddly in the ears of a stranger to hear all passers-by cry out as loud as to be heard to the uppermost stories of the houses, which are generally six or seven high in the front of the High Street, 'Hoad yare hoand;' that is, 'Hold your hand, and throw not till I am passed.'

'Every staircase is called a turnpike or land. The families of the best rank have generally but one floor, some only half a floor, and others less. The gentry take the first, second, or third; the middling and poor mount higher.

'The women here are many of them very handsome; generally light-haired, and fair but freckled. They are much more industrious than the men, taking laudable pride in having most part of what they wear the product of their own hands. They are great admirers of white-thread stockens (a fashion the English ladies are come into); nor are the women of either the north or south part of Britain half so shy as they used to be in this particular; their monstrous hoops have made them, we may very well say (harsh as it may sound), above shame. But this may be said in praise of the Scottish women which cannot of the English, that their white stockens are generally their own work. It is, indeed, a very great rarity to see a Scottish woman sit idle; nay, over the tea-table, that expensive time-waster in England, they are generally at work either upon the thread which makes them linen or plaids, or else knitting themselves stockens or gloves.

'On the north side of the city is a spacious, rich, and pleasant plain, extending from the lake, which joins it, to the River of Leith, at the mouth of which is the town of Leith at the distance of a long Scots mile. Here, were not the north side of the hill, on which the city stands, so exceeding steep that it is not only impossible for carriages, but can hardly be clambered up on foot, and were the lake filled up, as that on the other side is, the city might have been extended upon the plain below, and fine streets would no doubt have been built; nay, I question much, whether in time, the high streets would not have been forsaken, and the city, as I may say, run all out of its gates to the north. This might have been the consequence, if the city had been in a state of increase; for had their trade flourished, as was reasonably expected, if the business of Darien had succeeded, or upon the Union, the inhabitants would have likewise increased.

'Having thus considered the city in its outward appearance, and in its situation, I must next look into its inside, where we shall find it (notwithstanding all its discouragements and disadvantages) a large, populous, noble, rich, and even royal city. The main street, as above, is the most spacious and best inhabited in Europe. The buildings are surprising for their strength, their beauty, and their height, and are mostly of freestone; yet so firm, that though they stand so high, and in a country where storms and violent winds are so frequent, it is very rare that any damage is done here.

'From the Palace-gate westward the street is called the Canongate, where the canons of the Abbey formerly resided; which is a kind of suburb by itself, as Southwark is to London.

In this part of the street are several very magnificent houses of the nobility, built for their town residence when the court was here. Of these the Duke of Queensbury's, the Earl of Winton's, the Duke of Roxburgh's, the Earl of Panmure's, and the Earl of Murray's are the chief.

'At the upper or west end of this street, where it joins to the city, is a gate, which like Ludgate parts the city from the suburb but does not discontinue the street. This is the famous Nether-bow Port.

'Just at this gate on the outside are two streets, one of which is called St. Mary Wynd, and the other Leith Wynd: the first leads out of the city, south, into the great road for England, by the way of Kelso; and at the foot of it is a gate turning westward into the low street called the Cowgate, because the cattle are often driven through it to and from the great market-place: the other leads north into a suburb called the Calton; from whence there is a very handsome gravel walk twenty feet broad continued to the town of Leith, which is kept in good repair, at the public charge, and no horses suffered to come upon it.

'About mid-way between the Nether-bow and the Castle is the great church, which before the Reformation was Collegiate, and dedicated to St. Giles; but it was afterwards divided into several preaching places, and districts of the city were allotted to them, so as to be parochial. When King Charles I. erected a new bishopric at Edinburgh, which before that time was in the diocese of St. Andrews, it was made a cathedral; and the Dean was forenoon minister of that part of it called the New Kirk, which is the choir, chancel, or eastern part. In it is a gallery for the King or his Commissioner. Here also the magistrates assemble, and the judges in their habits in time of session. In a large chapel on the south-west part of this church the General Assembly hold their sessions.

'The great cross under the tower is called the Old Kirk, and the front or west part of the great church is divided into two parts; that on the south is called the Tolbooth Kirk, and that on the north Haddo's Hole, from the Laird of Haddo (grandfather to the present Earl of Aberdeen), who, being a great Royalist and anti-Covenanter, was kept prisoner in a vault there till he was beheaded.

'The steeple in the middle is very high and of good architecture; the summit of it resembles an imperial crown. Here they have a set of bells which are not rung out as in England (for that way of ringing is not known in this country), but are played upon by the hand with keys, like an harpsichord, the person playing having great leather covers to his fists, by which

he is able to strike with the more force. They play all manner of tunes very musically, and the town gives a man a yearly salary for playing upon them from twelve to one every day, Sundays and holidays excepted.

'On the south side of this church (formerly the churchyard) is a square of very fine buildings called the Parliament-close, the west and south sides of which are mostly taken up with the Parliament-house, the several Courts of Justice, the Council Chamber, the Exchequer, the public Registers, the courts for the Royal Boroughs to assemble in, the Lawyers' Library, the Post-office, etc. In the middle of the square is an equestrian statue of King Charles II., which is reckoned the finest of its kind in Europe.

'The Parliament-house is a stately, convenient, and large structure.

'This building in some measure resembles Westminster-hall, and, though not so large, has a much more curious roof. In the south or upper end, one of the ordinary judges sits every week in session-time, to hear causes in the first instance; but when Parliament sits, that court is removed to another part of the hall.

'Near the west end of the great church stands the Tolbooth, or common prison, as well for criminals as for debtors. It was formerly the place of residence for the Provost of St. Giles', as most of the adjacent houses were for the canons and choristers of that church.

'The great church and this prison, both standing in the middle of the street, the breadth and beauty of it is for some space interrupted; but those buildings past, the street opens again to its former breadth, and is now called the Lawn-market, from the linen-market being kept here. The part of the street extends west to a narrower one which leads to the Castle-hill. At the upper end of it is a stone building appropriated to several public offices of lesser value, called the Weigh-house, for below stairs are warehouses with public weights and scales for weighing heavy goods.

'Here the High Street parts into two, one of which leads to the Castle-hill as already noticed, and the other turns south-west, and descending gradually leads to the Grass-market, a place very like Smithfield in every respect, where is kept a weekly market for black cattle, sheep, horses, etc. This street, which is called the West Bow, is inhabited mostly by wholesale dealers in iron, pitch, tar, oil, hemp, flax, linseed, drugs, woods, and such like heavy goods. The markets here are very well supplied with all the necessaries of life, and are mostly kept in

distinct market-places walled in, and reserved for the particular things they are appointed for, such as :—

1. The Meal Market.	4. The Fish Market.
2. The Flesh Market.	5. The Corn Market.
3. The Poultry Market.	6. The Leather Market.

'Besides these there is a weekly market for all sorts of woollen manufactures and linen cloth, kept in that part of the High Street called the Lawn-market, just now mentioned. There is also in the same street, below the Cross, an herb and fruit market kept every morning, which abates before noon, so that it is no incumbrance. The market for black cattle, sheep, horses, and grass is kept in that large space of ground within the West Port called the Grass-market, as I have already mentioned.

'Near the Potter-row Port stands the College, or University. It consists of three courts, two lower, and one higher, equal to the other two. Eastward from the College is the High School, well endowed, and with proper apartments for one master and four ushers, who teach youth grammar and rhetoric.

'In Gray's-close, near the Cowgate-port, is the Mint-house, in a large court, with neat and convenient buildings, and other accommodations for the Master, officers, and workmen. It is now disused for that purpose, and is a sanctuary, or a place of privilege. At a small distance from the College are two neat hospitals, with pretty gardens to each of them; and a little farther is the churchyard of the Franciscans, or Greyfriars, the common burial-place for the whole city within the walls, where are a great many fine and curious monuments. It contains about two acres of ground. Adjoining to it is Heriot's Hospital, a large and stately building, the most magnificent of its kind in the world, adorned with a consecrated chapel, large walks, delightful greens, and pleasant gardens. It was built by the Rev. Dr. Balcanqual, to whom George Heriot, jeweller to King James VI., left near 17,000 pounds, to be disposed of in pious uses, which that worthy Dean did, by building and endowing this house, and giving statutes to it, which he ordered should be unalterable. 'Tis a nursery for an indefinite number of the sons of freemen, who are maintained, clothed, and educated in useful learning till they are fit for apprenticeship, or to go to the University, where they are allowed handsome salaries and exhibitions.

'An infirmary, called the Royal Infirmary, after the example of those in London, Winchester, etc., has been lately erected at Edinburgh, by the liberal contributions of many well disposed

persons; and there was so general a good-will to the work, that the like spirit had hardly ever been known anywhere. The proprietors of several stone quarries made presents of stone to it, others of lime, merchants contributed timber. The wrights and masons were not wanting in their contributions. The neighbouring farmers agreed to carry materials gratis. The journeymen masons contributed their labour for a certain quantity of hewn stones; and as this undertaking is for the relief of the diseased, lame, and maimed poor, even the day labourers would not be exempted, but conditioned to work a day in a month gratis to the erection.

'We next visited Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, which is a large and populous town, or rather two towns, for the river or harbour parts them; but they are joined by a stately stone bridge of one large arch, to which ships of burden may come, and at high water lay their sides close to the shore.

'Here is a very fine quay, well wharfed up with stone, and fenced with piles, able to discharge much more business than the place can supply, though the trade is far from being inconsiderable. At the mouth of the harbour is a very long and well-built pier, or head, which runs out beyond the land a great way, and defends the entrance into the harbour from being filled up with sand, as it would otherwise be, when the wind blows hard at north-east. There are also ranges of piles, or breakwaters, as the seamen call them, on the other side of the harbour, all which are kept in good repair; and by this means the harbour is preserved, and kept open, in spite of a flat shore and a large swell of the sea.

'On the other side of the bridge are the remains of a strong castle, built by Oliver Cromwell to command the port, which is not yet so far demolished but that a little expense would soon restore it. Here the rebel Highlanders in 1715 made a bold stop, and took possession of it for one night; but not finding their friends in the city in any condition to join them, and the troops preparing to attack them, they quitted it in the night, and marched off to the Earl of Winton's house, as I have already related.

'The town was once very strong; for the French held it for some years against the Reformers, but were at last driven out by an army which Queen Elizabeth sent from England to assist the Protestants. It is under the jurisdiction of the magistrates of Edinburgh, and is governed by a bailiff under them. Near the water at Leith is a good copper-mine.

'At Leith the Firth is seven miles over, and holds that breadth for five or six miles; but is narrower a little beyond

Cramond, and at Queens-ferry is reduced to two miles in breadth.'

. . . .

But to proceed.

My recollections of my grandmother, who died when I was a child, are associated with pleasant rambles with her upon the beach, picking up pebbles and shells, and listening to the old-world stories she used to tell us as we sat under a tree in the garden, in a tent made out of a table-cloth, which the children had prepared for her reception, with a table which she furnished with shortbread and ankerstock, which were duly served upon leaves, which passed for plates. I fear we teased her with questions, of which one was, What one would come to if he went very far beyond Falside Castle, which bounded the horizon on the south; and whether there was not a wall there, as round the garden; and, if so, what there could be on the other side of it? Or, again, supposing you sailed on the sea for a very long time, would you come at last to a precipice of water? to which she would reply that the world was round like a ball, and that the people on the other side had their feet opposite to ours. And when it was objected that that could not be, because they would fall off, she would urge that the Antipodes 'stuck on' just as we did; to which we rejoined that that was quite a different thing, for nobody can fall upwards, whereas they had their heads downwards. And, to close the argument, she would tell us that the time would come when we should understand all about these wonders. I recollect also a mirage where ships appeared to be sailing in the air, while there were other ships on the sea: which granny explained by saying that it was the same kind of appearance as a rainbow, only different. And this is about as far as we could get on that occasion.

She was an assiduous reader of the Bible, secluding herself for half an hour every morning that she might not

be disturbed. In those days people seldom travelled beyond their own neighbourhoods except for commercial business, and a journey to London was considered a very important undertaking.

. . . .

A passage from an interesting letter of hers on such an occasion, dated Clifton, April 10, 1816, and stamped by the Post Office 'a shilling and twopence to pay,' is worth transcribing. Here it is :—

'Our circle has been during the last week greatly interested by the very affecting circumstances which have occurred regarding little Laura Fitzroy, just twelve years old (Lady Southampton's second daughter). She was attacked with a white swelling in her knee some time ago, and every effort made to remove it proved ineffectual. A surgeon from London came down here for consultation, who at last decided that nothing could save her life but the amputation of the limb. Lady Southampton was at first quite overwhelmed with the thought of her child enduring such torture, and replied that she could not bring her mind to consent to it, and felt as if she could more easily part with her entirely than expose her to so much suffering.

'This afflicting conflict lasted for some days, when, divinely supported, her will was lost in the will of God, and her consent was fully given. Mr. Baynton, the surgeon here, a man of remarkably benevolent feelings, said he really could not undertake to apprize the child of the sad alternative. No! her mother replied, she would undertake that herself; and she was enabled to do it with the utmost unlooked-for calmness and composure. After addressing Laura in the most affectionate manner, she told her that to suffer amputation was the only alternative left to save her life. Laura listened without the least agitation and replied, "God demands my limb but not my life!" "Do you think me unkind, love, to have agreed to such a decision?" "Oh, no, mamma; what else could you have done? You know you have tried everything." "If you had it in your choice, would you prefer to die, as you must do if this operation is not performed?" "Oh, to die, mamma, to be sure, for then I know I should be happy; but then, you know, that would be taking my life into my own hands, and I could not expect God to support me on my death-bed. And to think if when suffering this I may be made to glorify God by being of

use to Mr. Baynton! I hope He will support me through it. Had this happened some time ago, mamma, I would not have been sure of going to heaven; but do you remember staying one Sunday from church and conversing a great deal with me about God, saying, 'My dear Laura, if you are to be impatient during illness, it may lead God to afflict you more'? Since then I have thought a great deal more about God. I like always to have you, and should wish you in the room at the time of the operation; but then, mamma, you must not, for it would do you harm. I would like to have Bird [the housekeeper] if it will not hurt her." This heavenly state of calmness was no sudden impulse, but every time Lady Southampton returned to her room she found her mind in the same delightful frame. Next morning about eleven o'clock the surgeon arrived, and she went to acquaint Laura that it was fixed for that day. On hearing that it was so near, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, "Oh, mamma, pray for me! I hope God will support me." Her former calmness soon returned, and she was taken out of her bed like a lamb, without the least expression of fear or agitation. When they wished to put a bandage on her eyes, she said, "Oh, no! you need not—I will shut my eyes; but if you wish it you may do it;" and they put on the handkerchief. She held a little nosegay between her finger and thumb when taken out of bed, and there it remained at the end of the operation, so still was her whole body. Not a scream was uttered but one the whole time. Towards the close Mr. Baynton was praising her for her fortitude, when she replied, "Don't praise me, for there should not even have been that Oh!" She then told him that the two texts which supported her during the operation were: "Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of heaven," and "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him," adding, "I am so happy it has happened this week [Passion week]; it makes me feel as if suffering with Christ." Emily P. saw her four days after, and found her in bed eating an orange, and altogether with so much childlike simplicity as if nothing had happened to call forth commendation in any way.

'She remarked, "I am so happy in my sick-bed: I would not for the world have my leg back again, for you know it is better to enter into life halt and maimed, than, having two legs, to enter into hell." I saw Laura some months ago; and so extremely volatile was she, that Lady Southampton despaired of making any impression upon her; but she has been the child of much prayer, as this story shows. Mr. Baynton said that in the course of his practice he had never witnessed a mind under

such extraordinary calmness, and that no operation ever gave his own feelings so much pain. How true is it that out of the mouth of babes God's will is perfected!'

It may be added for the satisfaction of the reader that a few years ago, curious to know what became of this interesting child, I communicated with the present Lady Southampton, who was residing at Aynhoe, in the neighbourhood where I was living. In reply she wrote that she 'had heard much about the case, but not all the particulars your extract gives, and which are most touching. I never learned what the nature of the disease was. The child died in early youth, and never really recovered from the effect of the operation.'

. . . .

My grandmother admired Burns's and Scott's poems, many of which she knew by heart, and possessed a talent for versification herself, which she showed in fugitive pieces my mother preserved. Her lines on the death of the Princess Charlotte afford a fair sample of her muse:—

'High were the hopes of this famed Isle:
A promised heir made Britain smile,
And cheered November's gloom.
Alas, her voice in woe is hushed,
Relentless death her hopes has crushed
And laid them in the tomb.

Oh! Claremont, scene of mutual bliss
Resembling that in Paradise,
How art thou clad in grief!
No more the sounds of joy are there,
Thy songsters mute—thy boughs how bare,
How withered every leaf!

A few short months will clothe thy fields
With all that bounteous nature yields
To deck thy fruitful plain;
But she, thy fairest, sweetest flower,
Cut off within a little hour,
Shall never bloom again.

Oh, Coburg! sacred be thy grief,
Let none intrude, with vain relief,
  On sorrow such as yours:
That God who broke the tender tie
Alone can soothe each heaving sigh,
  And calm these troubled hours.

Oh, may thy thoughts be raised to heaven,
And grace to thee be largely given
  To view beyond the skies
Where now thy babe and consort dwell,
Possessing joys no words can tell,
  And bliss that never dies.

The Shepherd marked them as His own,
And sent from high an angel down
  To guide them to the fold:
An earthly crown they have resigned
For glories of a better kind;
  Then weep not, Leopold!

But, hark! what solemn sounds are these,
That swell upon the evening breeze?
  The dismal minute-gun!
It comes again, and strikes the ear,
Commissioned direful news to bear—
  The funeral rite's begun!

An awful gloom hangs o'er the soul,
And sorrow reigns without control,
  In accents meek and mild:
Yon silver orb looks wane and pale,
And Britain's grief weeps in the gale
  For this, her favourite child.

Thou cherished gem of England's throne,
Art thou indeed for ever gone?
  And tolls thy funeral knell?
I thought the happy days t' have seen
When thou shouldst reign, our Island's Queen:
  But now . . . to all . . . farewell!'

. . . .

In those days my mother had relatives living in Gayfield Square, one of the comparatively modern parts of the new town of Edinburgh, and we used to be taken to see 'Aunty

Manuel' there. Whether the story was told in her house I cannot recall, but my mother went with some friends to the Manuels' to see the procession of George IV. on its way from Leith to Holyrood, and witnessed the incident from the corner of the square. It was this:—

The King had arrived in the *Royal George*, and an immense concourse of people lined the road along which the procession was to pass. Some Fisherrow fishwives had started early, carrying provisions with them for the day in the shape of gingerbread, or, as it was called, for some reason I never heard, parliament-cake, and took their stand somewhere in Picardy Place, which was close to Gayfield Square. When the King came by, escorted by cavalry, outriders, and the usual attendants upon the Sovereign, one of the fishwives, by name Meg Sibbald, supposing that the King was ill or hungry—for he had the appearance of a man dazed by the scenes through which he was passing—and, it was reported, cried out at a certain place, 'My God! this is too much!' rushed towards the royal carriage with the cake in her hand. The guards tried to prevent her, and a young trooper was holding her back, when she shouted, 'Ye shrimp of a lobster! wad ye daur? I hae borne three sons to the King's service, and wad ye keep me frae offering him a bite? Ye hae nae sense!' And it was reported that the King accepted the gift, with which he was more gratified than with the St. Andrew's Cross presented to him on landing.

There was another story told of a bailie or provost who, in order to see the procession to greater advantage, climbed into a tree by the wayside, and as the King passed became so excited that either he fell, or the branch on which he was waving his bonnet broke, amidst much jeering from the populace.

At that time Edinburgh was said to contain more Highlanders than the Highlands, the kilt being the costume which most wore, and the drinking booths were innumerable.

Cities and towns vied with one another in providing their provosts and bailies with suitable equipages to figure in the great show. It was, however, the spontaneous enthusiasm of the people which was believed to have most impressed the King, upon whom there was lavished the pent-up loyalty which had been accumulating since the Stuart cause had been abandoned.

. . . .

My mother's memory, however, extended far beyond George the Fourth's visit and the great fire in the Parliament Square, which took place two or three years later. She could recollect Sir Walter Scott visiting her father, and when the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated would recall that of George III., and the rejoicings that took place on the occasion. And even a few months before her departure, when the Duke of Clarence was being everywhere mourned for, she was reminded of the sorrow which pervaded all classes when the news of the death of the Princess Charlotte was announced: 'men shedding tears when they were told.' She had several uncles on her mother's side, most of whom, *more Scottico*, left their home in youth to push their fortunes in foreign parts. But of their history more hereafter.

CHAPTER VII

The name Langhorne has been indifferently spelled Langharn, Laugharen, Laughern, Laugharne; for our remote ancestors concerned themselves little about orthography, and a certain Rowland, master of a merchant company in the town of Haverfordwest, is called in one document of his guild, dated 1668, Laugharen, and in the next year Langharn, while he signs himself, as witness in the first, Rowland Langharne, and in the other Rowland Laughorn.

Fenton in his *History of Pembrokeshire* relates that one John de St. Brides' only daughter and heiress enriched the Langhornes. If the story is to be credited, a member of the family was wrecked in St. Brides' Bay, where the young lady found him, and in due course they became man and wife. However this may be, the Langhornes flourished at St. Brides' during a century and a half, a tablet in the Church commemorating their names, the last being John, who died without issue on the night of his election as a member of Parliament, in the year 1715, 'after which the estate was dispersed.'[1]

We possess a portrait of his father, presumably—also John—who represented the county in the year 1670, the date painted under his name in a corner of the canvas.

'The house at St. Brides',' says Fenton, 'formed at one time the side of a quadrangle enclosed by a high embattled wall, with a walk all round the top, having an arched gateway in front and another leading to a walled garden of considerable extent. In front was a paddock and fish-ponds, with fine trees. The ocean washes the walls of the enclosure, and nowhere are to be

[1] Fenton's *Pembrokeshire*.

seen remains of greater consequence, the episcopal palaces and castles excepted. . . . Langharne, with his father-in-law, joined the standard of Henry VII.'

The town of Laugharne is situated at the mouth of the river Taff or Tivey, and possesses an ancient castle. Mr. Wyndham says:[1]—

'We rode westward a few miles to the mouth of another river, which crossing in a ferry, we arrived at Laugharne. The ruins of a small but picturesque castle afforded us some entertainment here. They stand on a low rock, the foundations of which are washed by the tide. . . . The castle was held for King Charles I. during the Civil Wars, and in 1650, when there was a force levied in favour of Charles II. in South Wales, was commanded by General Langhorne and Colonels Poyer and Powell. Cromwell, repairing thither to defeat their purpose, laid siege to the castle, which did not capitulate till he had lain before it three weeks and made several breaches in the walls. After it was taken he ordered it to be burned, when the lead roof was melted.'

Several notices of the family in connection with these castles during the Civil War occur in the Historical MSS. In 1647, 'some castles were delivered to Langhorne on certain conditions.' In 1648,

'200 of Major Langhorne's soldiers are gone to Col. Poyer. They have relieved him, and taken all their ordnance and ammunition, and slain many. They have taken Tinby Castle, and also a ship that lay before Pembroke Castle, by name the *Expedition*, with all the men and arms.'

In the same year,

'Thomas Lauherne or Laughorne, a gentleman of South Wales, had served the Earl of Essex as a page in the Low Parliament (?). He was a captain in Sir John Merrick's regiment (Parliamentary), and deserted, in company with Poyer and Powell. Taken prisoners by Oliver Cromwell, in Pembroke Castle, 1648.'

In 1649,

'Col. Langhorne, with Poyer and Powell, were condemned to death for deserting to the King's army. Lots were drawn with these words on two tickets, "God giveth life," as

[1] *Tour through Wales.*

Cromwell did not wish them all to be shot. The blank fell to Poyers, who was shot.'

In 1656,

'Langhorne was shot, in having served under the Parliament, and now taken up arms with the enemy.'

Under the year 1669 we read:—

'Mr. Light of Ratcliffe deposes being in discorse with one Mr. Langhorne of the Medell Temple Barr (reputed a zealus papest) about February last. After some discorse on disscution of relidgon, he tocke him by the hande and s[d], "You expect great things, and think that Rome will be destroyed, but it will be London."'

The connection, if any, between the lawyer of the Middle Temple and the St. Brides' family cannot now be discovered. His portrait is in the possession of one branch of the family, and an engraving of Col. Langhorne in our own. But of the 'zealus papest' more shortly.

Mrs. Langhorne Appleton writes from America:—

'The first of the name in Virginia, Captain John Langhorne, settled in Warwick County about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was burgess from the said county in 1676. His descendants were numerous. . . . Owing to the destruction of the public records and of the family papers by fire in the house where he resided as a senator, knowledge of their contents has perished. The Bible containing what remained of them was lost at the evacuation of Norfolk in January 1776.

'The founder had brought with him his arms, painted on a panel which hung for several generations in the dining-room of his house on James River; but a degenerate member of the family deliberately effaced it, out of puritanical zeal. My uncle, Dr. Daniel Langhorne, has furnished me with the history of one Thomas Langhorne, a gentleman of South Wales, who was captured by Cromwell at Pembroke Castle, in 1648. This, with more, was taken from the *Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers*, reprinted in London in 1863. He is perhaps identical with your Colonel Langhorne. Carlyle in his *Cromwell* also gives his history. My uncle writes that he has a recollection of having read somewhere of a brother or near relation of the lawyer Langhorne, who was one of the victims of the Titus Oates plot, having emigrated to Virginia. John

was the only male of the name who came over, so far as we know. I am familiar with Lingard's account, and also with the history of Sir William Langhorne, of Charlton Manor.'

Subjoined is the said account:—

'Langhorne received an offer of pardon if he would confess himself guilty, and then if he would make discovery of the property of the Jesuits, with which he had become professionally acquainted. To the last proposal he assented. His books were restored, and from them he extracted a statement, which was forwarded to the King. The sum of £30,000 to £40,000 fell short of expectation. Shaftesbury informed him that the sum was not of sufficient importance, and he must disclose particulars of the plot, and then he should receive any reward he might ask. The honesty of Langhorne withstood the temptation, and he suffered the punishment of a traitor, asserting with others his total ignorance of the conspiracy.'

. . . .

As Richard Langhorne's history is of more than family interest, I have thought it well to relate it in brief from his own account, written in his own hand. He was one of the unfortunate victims—the others being Coleman, Grove, Pickering, aud Ireland—whose lives were wickedly sworn away upon the false testimony, as was afterwards conclusively proved, of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and Carstairs, in connection with the pretended plot to assassinate the King in the year 1679. A full account of the trial at the Old Bailey is recorded in the *Trials for High Treason for Three Hundred Years Past*,[1] from which it appears that the accused were insulted and browbeaten by Lord-Justice Scroggs and his fellow-judges in the most shameful manner. 'You have done, gentlemen,' said Scroggs to the jury, 'like very good subjects and very good Christians—that is to say, like very good Protestants; and now, much good may their masses do them!'

Langhorne left behind him the beautifully written memoir just mentioned, in a bound volume now before me, exposing the character of his traducers; complaining of his

[1] London, 1720.

long imprisonment without being furnished with any particulars of the charges brought against him until actually placed in the felon's dock; conclusively proving his own innocence so far as any negative can ever be demonstrated; and summing up in the second part of the book with a number of 'Prayers, pious Reflections, and Acts of Resignation,' not easily to be matched for their devout spirit and transparent sincerity, together with a lengthy 'Dissertation upon Death and Eternity,' being the mature and deliberate outcome of a calm, self-possessed, and reverential spirit, contemplating as close the mysteries of the unseen world.

Another hand has appended an account of his execution, which he underwent with calmness and resignation, once more protesting his innocence, and praying for his murderers: a victim to the miserable rule of a King to whom the mock epitaph was inscribed:—

> 'Here lies our mutton-eating King,
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> Nor ever did a wise one.'

Of the Charlton family a short account is given in Burke's *Extinct Baronetage,* which says that William Langhorne of London, an East India merchant, purchased the estate of Charlton, and was made a baronet in 1668. He was twice married, but, dying without issue in 1714, the title became extinct. Several notices of him appear in the Historical MSS., to which it is unnecessary here to allude. His brother, the Rev. Daniel Langhorne, author of several learned historical works in Latin, was vicar of Layston: his tomb, however, being at Charlton, where he was buried in 1681.

Other branches of the family are to be found in Bedfordshire, Herts, and Yorkshire, which may be traced to their home in Westmoreland, whither they had migrated at some unascertained period from South Wales. A vague surmise was to the effect that a certain lady of the Pembroke family,

on her marriage with one of the Lowthers, brought with her the relative who was the parent of the North of England stock, the title-deeds of the property still in their possession bearing date in the reign of Charles I. However this may be, the Langhorne family in Westmoreland for many generations supplied clergy for the service of the Church; the best known of whom were Dr. John, the poet, and his brother William, to whose parsonage near Folkestone he retired in 1760, after the death of his second wife, and where the brothers occupied themselves in translating Plutarch's *Lives*, —one of the few works of that period which retain their popularity by reason of the excellent, readable English into which the original is cast.

The Rev. Francis Wrangham, in the edition he put forth in 1809, says in the preface:—

> 'The translation by the Langhornes is almost the only one ever opened by the English reader; and had it not been marked by some slight incorrectness of version, especially in the poetical quotations (where the author of the *Flowers of Fancy*, with a licence pardonable perhaps in a poet, seems occasionally to have commuted accuracy for elegance), some few trivialities of diction, and some capricious omissions of paragraphs, the present writer would have shrunk from touching a work executed on the whole in so creditable a manner.'

. . . .

John was one of three brothers, sons of the Rev. Joseph Langhorne of Winton. His father dying during his childhood, he was educated at Appleby School, under the eye of his mother, to whose memory he wrote the lines:

> 'Her who, to teach this trembling hand to write,
> Toiled the long day and watched the tedious night,
> I mourn, though numbered with the heavenly host:
> With her the means of gratitude are lost;'

and composed the monody, dated 1775, commencing:

> 'Ah, scenes beloved! ah, conscious shades
> That wave these parent vales among!'

. . . . .

'. . . For her I mourn,
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow.

. . . . .

Source of my life, that led my tender years
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nursed my infant thought, and taught my
mind to grow.

. . . . .

O best of parents! let me pour
My sorrow o'er thy silent bed,
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed.'

William was Rector of Hawkinge and Folkestone, and is described as 'a man of very amiable character,' to whom on his death in 1772, the year after *Plutarch* appeared, his brother inscribed the epitaph still to be read (by aid of a ladder, writes the Rev. M. Woodward, vicar of Folkestone) in St. Mary and St. Eanswythe's Church:—

'Of Langhorne's life be this memorial given,
Whose race was virtue and whose goal was heaven,
Not thro' the selfish, drear, unfriendly road
Which ancient moralists and sophists trod,
But in an active sphere of Christian love
He moved himself, and willed mankind to move.
Enthusiast's confidence or sceptic's fear
Affected not his equable career;
With evangelic eloquence he warmed,
With reason won us and with meekness charmed;
Shewed in his life, his converse, and his prayer,
The friend's attachment and the pastor's care.
Oft would he, in the mines of ancient lore,
Historic truth and moral worth explore;
Yet was his aim to dissipate the night
Of pagan doubts by Revelation's light;
The Christian's steady plan to recommend,
Justice its source, and happiness its end.
Thus to his flock, whom here he left behind,
Thus to his neighbours, who were all mankind,
He gave example to pursue with zeal
His Saviour's steps to everlasting weal,

And in the moments of expiring breath
To gain a rest of endless joy in death.'

. . . .

It was not my purpose in these Reminiscences to enter into needless particulars regarding family matters, far less to play the ungracious critic; but one cannot but observe, when reading Langhorne onee again, how style and taste have since altered. It is a humiliating consideration that few works of literature or science long survive the admiration of the generation which witnessed their production. Few probably now read the pages of authors, the glory of their age, whose works serve to fill the shelves of standard libraries, having been squeezed out of circulation by other forms of literary expression, as the coats and gowns and bonnets of our grandparents have been discarded for new-fangled shapes and fashionable costumes. Such is, however, the decree of fate, which reserves but a score of enduring pedestals for its choicest instructors.

Langhorne had in his day detractors as well as admirers; and it may be observed that, while his poems frequently reflect the truth of nature, and are distinguished by elegance and polish—it being said of them that 'what he announced was expected with eagerness, and what he published was read with pleasure'—they are as often spoiled by the stilted formality and stiffness of the age in which he lived, when nature had given place to a redundant art, and strained phrases passed muster for living thoughts. The epitaph, for example, which the poet inscribed on his wife's monument in Blagdon Church, into which he fetches from Greek antiquity and Roman annals irrelevant examples with which to compare her unique perfections—

'With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
Lucretia's honour and Cecilia's art:
That such a one should die surprise can't give,
'Tis only strange that such a one should live'—

might be appropriate for a time when obelisks, urns, and reversed torches were considered fitting emblems of funeral sorrow. But the same poet could descend from his classic height and employ language that the humblest could understand. The epitaph to his brother William is happy and natural:—

> 'In life beloved, in death for ever dear,
> O friend, O brother, take a parting tear;
> If life has left me aught that asks a sigh,
> 'Tis but like thee to live, like thee to die.'

If the epitaph to his wife was a concession to the taste of the age as suitable for a marble tablet, his beautiful 'Verses' to her memory express his despair at her loss:—

> 'Wild, wretched wish! can prayer, can feeble breath,
> Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?
> Let Patience pray, let Hope aspire to prayer,
> And leave me the strong language of despair.
> Hence! ye vain painters of ingenious woe.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
> Far-sounding floods that tear the mountain steep,
> Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
> Round these dim towers,[1] and smites the beating waves:
> This soothes my soul, 'tis nature's mournful breath,
> 'Tis nature struggling in the arms of death.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
> Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
>
> . . . . .
>
> O lead me to your cells, your lonely aisles,
> Where Resignation folds her arms and smiles.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,
> And calmly feel the tutored passions die.'

During his residence, in the summer of 1773, at Weston-super-Mare, he met the much-admired Hannah More, then

[1] Sandgate Castle, where the poem was written.

verging upon thirty, who had resorted thither, like himself, for the benefit of the sea air. The two bards enjoyed one another's society on the beach. During one of their strolls,

'the Doctor,' says his biographer, 'traced with the end of his stick upon the sand:

'"Along the shore walked Hannah More,
Waves, let this record last!
Sooner shall ye, proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes be past."'

Miss More was not to be outdone in the field of impromptu:

'So she scratched with her whip underneath, with the same facility of genius,' gravely adds Mr. Chalmers:

'"Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse;
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse."'

Sir Walter Scott, as will be presently seen, had a warm admiration of Langhorne's genius. Meanwhile, an example or two of his lyric powers may be appended. The first is styled 'The Happy Villager':—

'Virtue dwells in Arden's vale,
There her hallowed temples rise,
There her incense greets the skies,
Grateful as the morning gale.
There with humble peace and her
Lives the happy villager;
There the golden smiles of morn
Brighter every field adorn;
There the sun's declining ray
Fairer paints the parting day:
There the woodlark louder sings,
Zephyr moves on softer wings,
Groves in greener honours rise,
Purer azure spreads the skies,
There the fountains clearer flow,
Flowers in richer beauty grow,

For with peace and virtue there
Lives the happy villager.
Distant still from Arden's vale
Are the woes the bad bewail:
Distant fell remorse and pain,
And frenzy smiling o'er her chain;
Grief's quick pang, despair's dead groan,
Are in Arden's vale unknown,
For with peace and virtue there
Lives the happy villager.
In his hospitable cell,
Love and truth and freedom dwell,
And with aspect mild and free,
The graceful nymph Simplicity.
Hail! ye liberal graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden's vale,
For with peace and virtue there
Lives the happy villager.'

Let us hope that Arden's vale is as delectable as its description.

The following was sent me some years ago by my friend James Murphy, from St. Petersburg, having been selected by *his* friend, the late Walter Thornbury, for insertion in a compilation entitled *Two Centuries of Song*:—

'TO THE REDBREAST.

'Little bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly dames of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy gleaming eye,
See thee, when thou'st ate thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou knowest the broken pane,

Ask of me thy daily store,
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befall.
Savage! he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast,
Then with solitary joy
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.'

Langhorne's prose works comprise a number of sermons and other compositions, of which *The Correspondence between Theodosius* (after whom he called his son) *and Constantia* (after whom he called his daughter), founded upon Addison's story in the *Spectator*, No. 164, and *Solyman and Almena*, a tale written apparently after the manner of Johnson's *Rasselas*, were most admired in their day.

Sir Walter Scott's acquaintance with his poems tempts me to transcribe a passage of interest from Lockhart's *Life*, especially as Burns was the occasion of its being written:—

'His youthful admiration of Langhorne has been rendered memorable by his own record of his first and only interview with his great predecessor, Robert Burns.

'Although the letter in which he narrates this incident, addressed to myself in 1827, when I was writing a short biography of that poet, has been often reprinted, it is too important for the present purpose to be omitted here:—

'"As for Burns," he writes, "I may say *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he first came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country—the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters were silent, looked and listened. The only thing which I remember was remarkable in Burns was the effect produced upon him by a

print of Bunbury's representing a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, and on the other his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written underneath :—

> "'Cold on Canadian hills, on Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,
> Bent o'er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years,
> The child of misery baptized in tears.'

'"Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure. . . . His eye was large and of a dark cast, and glowed—I say literally glowed—when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."'

It is singular that Dr. Robertson, the historian, who was Principal of the University when my maternal grandfather was a student, should have been the agent for conveying to Langhorne in 1766 the flattering intimation that the Senate had been pleased to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity[1] in token of their esteem for his literary 'performances,' more especially for an ode which he had composed a year or two before, entitled 'Genius and Valour,' in honour of the sister kingdom—a poem which evinces so intimate an acquaintance with the scenery, topography, and literature of Scotland as to leave little doubt that he had visited that country. Beyond Thomson—who, however, was rather a Londoner than a Scotsman—the Scotch poets were

[1] This is stated in Chalmers's *Biography*. His name, however, does not occur in the list of Edinburgh graduates. Another biographer says that the degree was conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

then as little known in England as at the present time. He speaks of him as

'The bard whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save.'

A few verses of this once celebrated poem are here appended :—

'Where Tweed's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath a lucid sky,
Long winding vales, where crystal waters lave,
Where blithe birds warble, and where green woods wave,
A bright-hair'd shepherd in young beauty's bloom
Tuned his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.

. . . . . .

His native plains poetic charms inspired,
Wild scenes where ancient fancy oft retired,
Oft led her fairies to the shepherd's lay
By Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

. . . . . .

In spite of faction's blind, unmannered rage,
Of various fortune and destructive age,
Fair Scotland's honours still unchanged are seen,
Her palms still blooming and her laurels green.
Freed from the confines of her Gothic grave,
When her first light reviving science gave,
Alike o'er Britain shone the lib'ral ray,
From Enswyth's[1] mountains to the banks of Tay.

. . . . . .

For James[2] the Muses tuned their sportive lays,
And bound the monarch's brow with Chaucer's bays.

. . . . . .

When taste and genius form the royal mind,
The favoured arts a happier era find ;
By James beloved, the Muses tuned their lyres
To nobler strains, and breathed diviner fires.

. . . . . .

In nervous strain Dunbar's[3] bold music flows,
And time yet spares "the Thistle and the Rose."[4]

. . . . . .

With bold Dunbar arose a numerous choir
Of rival bards, who strung the Dorian lyre

[1] Dover's. [2] James I. [3] W. Dunbar. [4] Name of the poem.

In gentle Henryson's[1] unlaboured strain
Sweet Arethusa's shepherd breathed again,
Nor shall your tuneful visions be forgot;
Sage Bellentyne[2] and fancy-painting Scott.[3]

. . . . . .

Hail! Anna, hail! O, may each Muse divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine;
Graved on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,
This verse more sweet than conquest's sounding strain:
She bade the rage of hostile nations cease,
The glorious arbitress of Europe's peace:
She through whose bosom rolled the vital tide
Of Britain's monarchs in one stream allied,
Closed the long jealousies of different sway,
And saw united sister realms obey.

. . . . . .

Auspicious days! when Scots, no more oppressed,
On their free mountains bared the fearless breast,
With pleasure saw their flocks unbounded feed,
And tuned to strains of ancient joy the reed.

. . . . . .

Glad industry the glorious stranger hails,
Rears the tall masts and spreads the swelling sails,
Regions remote with active hope explores,
Wild Zembla's hills and Afric's burning shores.
But chief, Columbus, of thy various coast,
Child of the union, Commerce bears his boast.
To seek thy new-found world the venturous swain,
His lass forsaking, left the Lowland plain,
Aside his crook and idle pipe he threw,
And bade to music and to love adieu.
Hence, Glasgow fair, thy wealth-diffusing hand,
Thy groves of vessels and thy crowded strand,
Hence round his folds the moorland shepherd spies,
New social towns and happy hamlets rise.

. . . . . .

O, favoured stream, where thy fair current flows,
The child of nature, gentle Thomson, rose.

. . . . . .

Mute lies his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,
And truth and genius weep at Thomson's tomb.

. . . . . .

[1] A pastoral poet. [2] Author of *Vice and Virtue*.
[3] Author of *The Vision*.

Boast, Scotland, boast thy sons of mighty name,
Thine ancient chiefs of high, heroic fame,

. . . . .

Souls that to death their country's foes opposed,
And life in freedom, glorious freedom, closed.

. . . . . .

O, may they bloom beneath a favouring sky,
And in their shade reproach and envy die!'

Langhorne was, considering the time, a travelled scholar. He knew well many parts of his own country, and had crossed the sea to the Continent. His poem 'written in a cottage garden at a village in Lorrain' is a happy effort of his muse:

'O thou, whom love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill.'

He was esteemed by several eminent contemporaries in Church and State, especially by Bishop Warburton, author of the *Divine Legation*, to whom he dedicated his *Letters between Theodosius and Constantia*, and by Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, who appointed him assistant-preacher of Lincoln's Inn: a selection from his sermons in the chapel being 'first published in consequence of the approbation of the enlightened auditory before whom they were preached,' and a second edition of the same, which, 'it is presumed, will not prove unacceptable to the public, having always been held in high estimation for their perspicuousness, as well as elegance of style,' appearing at Oxford in 1815.

The poem, 'The Justice of the Peace,' mentioned above, speaks volumes for the consideration Langhorne had for the poor and the oppressed. He describes in scathing language the treatment they often received from ignorant magistrates, and the neglect the fashionable gentry exhibited towards their dependants:—

. . . . .

'But chief thy notice shall one monster claim,
A monster furnished with a human frame,

The parish officer! . . .
Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear—
The voice of want is sacred to thine ear!
. . . . . .

See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair,
Soon to be sent with insolence away—
Referred to vestries and a distant day,
Referred—to perish! Is my verse severe?
. . . . . .

Would'st thou, then, raise thy patriot office higher?
To something more than magistrate aspire,
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth the friend of human kind.
. . . Swear by no pretence—
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.
When thy good father held his wide domain,
The voice of sorrow never mourned in vain.
. . . . . .

He left their interest to no parish care,
No bailiff urged his little empire there,
No village tyrant starved them or oppressed,
He learned their wants, and he those wants redressed.
. . . . . .

O, days long lost to man in each degree,
The golden days of hospitality,
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife
To fill the noblest offices of life!
. . . . . .

The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,
And lawgivers were supplements of law.
. . . . . .

Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,
And 'waste his sweetness' on the essenced air?
Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye scouring seas, and ye sulphureous springs.
And thou, Brightelmstone, where no cits annoy
(All borne to Margate on the Margate hoy),
Where, if the hasty creditor advance,
Lies the light skiff, and ever-bailing France.'

Langhorne's translations in verse from Bion on the Death of Adonis, of several of Petrarch's Sonnets, and of Mons. Gresset's poem 'On the Happiness of a Moderate Fortune,'

are examples of his versatility. In an address to Signo Mozzi of Macerata he thus speaks of Loretto, of which more hereafter:— . . . .

> 'Whether adventurous you explore
> The wilds of Appeninus' brow,
> Or, musing near Loretto's shore,
> Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow.'

. . . .

I conclude with some observations by Dr. Anderson, to whom the task of commenting upon Langhorne's works was assigned, as Dr. Johnson in his *Biographical and Critical Prefaces* did not touch upon contemporary poets:—

'As a poet his compositions are distinguished by undoubted marks of genius, a fine imagination, and a sensible heart. Imagery and enthusiasm, the great essentials of poetry, inspirit all his works, and place them far above the strain of vulgar compositions. The tenderness of love and the soft language of complaint were adapted to his genius, as well as elevation of thought, opulence of imagery, and the highest beauties of poetry. But the qualities for which he is chiefly distinguished are imagination, pathos, and simplicity, animated sentiment, pertinence of allusion, warmth and vivacity of expression, and a melodious versification. His sentimental productions are exquisitely tender and beautiful; his descriptive compositions show a feeling heart and a warm imagination; and his lyric pieces are pregnant with the genuine spirit of poetical enthusiasm; but his style, in the midst of much splendour and strength, is sometimes harsh and obscure, and may be censured as deficient in ease and distinctness. His chief faults are redundant decoration, and an affectation of false and unnecessary ornament. He is not always contented with that concise and simple language which is sufficient to express his sentiments, but is tempted to indulge in superfluous diction by the fascinating charms of novelty and harmony. By giving way to the luxury of words and immoderate embellishment, he sometimes, though rarely, violates simplicity, and becomes unavoidably inaccurate and redundant. His sentiments, however, are always just, often new, and generally striking. A great degree of elegance and classical simplicity runs through all his compositions; and his descriptions of nature, rural imagery, pictures of private virtue and pastoral innocence, have a judicious selection of circumstances, a graceful plainness of expression, and a happy

mixture of pathos and sentiment, which mark the superior poet.'

The poet's only son, John Theodosius, after taking his degree at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, became vicar of the very ancient and interesting church of Harmondsworth, Middlesex (of which the parochial records go back to the year 1321), on the north wall of which is affixed the following touching memorial:—

'In a vault beneath this tablet repose the remains of three lovely children, the son and daughters of the Rev. J. T. Langhorne, LL.B., vicar of this parish, and Garthside his wife, who within the space of three months fell victims to the malignant scarlet fever, aged respectively fifteen, nine, and ten years. (1807.) "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."'

He himself died two years after, in the forty-second year of his age.

Since the foregoing was in the publisher's hands, it has been suggested that an extract from Richard Langhorne's book, already referred to, might with propriety be inserted here. It was in my mind to print at some future time the whole of his MS., for which reason I put it aside for the present.

Here is an extract from the section entitled 'The Affections of my Soul, after Judgment given against me in a Court of Justice, upon the Evidence of false Witnesses:'—

I

'I am told that I must die!
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul,
And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour!
If he intended thy perdition,
Would he have laid down his life for thee?
Would he have expected thee
With so much patience,
And given thee so long a time
For repentance?
Would he have drawn thee
With so great force,

And crowned thee with so many graces?
Would he have called thee
With so much love,
And illuminated thee with the light of his spirit,
Would he have given thee
So many good desires?
Would he have set the seal of the predestinate upon thee,
And dressed thee in his own livery?
Would he have given thee his own cross,
And granted thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

II

'It is told me I must die!
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul,
Behold! thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon his cross,
There he extended his arms
To receive thee!
There he bowed his head
To kiss thee!
There he cried with a powerful voice,
"Father! receive him! he is mine!"
There he opened his heart,
To give thee entrance.
There he laid down his life
To purchase life for thee!

III

'It is told me I must die!
O happy news!
I shall no more suffer pain!
I shall no more be guilty of sin!
I shall no more be in danger
Of eternal death!
But I shall see, and I shall live,
I shall praise, and I shall bless,
And this for ever shall I do,
Without being weary of doing
What I always do.

IV

It is told me I must die!
    O what happiness!
I go to the place of my rest,
To the land of the living,
To the haven of security,
To the Palace of my God,
To the nuptials of the Lamb,
To sit at the table of my King,
To feed on the bread of angels,
To see what no eye hath seen,
To hear what no ear hath heard,
To enjoy what the heart of man
    Cannot comprehend!

V

'O my Father!
O best of all fathers!
Have pity on the most wretched
    Of all thy children!
I was dead, but by thy grace
    I am now raised again!
I was gone astray after vanity,
And am now ready to appear
    Before thee, O my Father!
Come now in mercy and receive thy child,
    Give him the kiss of peace,
Remit unto him all his sins,
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe,
Permit him a place at thy feast,
And forgive all those who are
    Guilty of his death!'

. . . .

It may be added that the late Cardinal Manning, to whom R. Langhorne's MS. was submitted, expressed the greatest admiration of its whole contents, and especially of the second part, from which the foregoing is taken. An imperfect copy of the writings he composed in Newgate was published some time after his death, and may be seen in the British Museum and the Radcliff Library.

CHAPTER VIII

My father had gone through his course at St. Bees College—at that time the only 'seminary of sound learning and religious education' in the kingdom for the education of clergy, except the two ancient Universities, in which theology was not obligatory—when he received at his home, near Kirkby Stephen, a letter from Dr. Ainger, at that time Principal, informing him that he had been asked by Dr. Gleig, Bishop of Brechin, to recommend for a vacancy in the North 'a young man of parts, and willing to take a charge in Scotland, and qualified by his talents and propriety of conduct to minister to the congregation at Musselburgh, who are almost all hereditary Episcopalians—the present minister being now infirm, having been above forty years in the pastoral charge there.'

Dr. Gleig and my father being put into communication, their correspondence concluded with the bishop's advising him to 'take the journey to Musselburgh, and see Sir John Hope and Dr. Walker. The mail coach will convey you from Carlisle to Edinburgh in eighteen hours.' He found, on arrival, that immediate help was required by his future father-in-law, and, as he was kindly received, accepted the offer made him of becoming assistant and successor in the charge.

A difficulty, however, arose, as his friends in England wished him to be ordained by an English bishop. He applied, accordingly, to Dr. Van Mildert, at that time Bishop of Llandaff, who, after an interchange of courteous letters,

expressed regret at being obliged to decline, as the law did not recognise the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Another English bishop was applied to, through Dr. Walker's intervention, with the like result. My father had, therefore, to choose between refusing the offer and casting in his lot with a Church which was practically disavowed by its English sister.

As time pressed, and no other course was open, deacon's orders were conferred upon him by Bishop Low, and priest's a year after by Bishop Gleig: Dr. Walker writing, to console him, that he had 'experienced similar rebuffs in his time, and had only been ordained, after twelve years' waiting, by a bishop who happened to be ignorant of the law. I feel most sincerely your disappointment; and it is on every account, indeed, most seriously to be lamented that they who are most attached to the Church should be treated as aliens, while a door is kept open for Scotch Presbyterians and sectaries, who are her worst enemies.' Bishop Sandford also wrote:—'It would be a comfort to me to be of any service to you in this matter. The first time you are in town, let me see you. . . . You are aware, no doubt, of our peculiar difficulties.'

If my father was not then cognisant of what these were, he soon learned, and in after years experienced the temporal disadvantage he had incurred, the repeal of the Penal Laws having come too late to be applicable to his case.

When, therefore, he had retired from educational work, and a little later from his pastoral charge, he felt it was a slur on his orders that they were not acknowledged in England; and as this was at a time when his efficiency was unimpaired, his services were lost to the Church, although he officiated when asked by friends. A gentleman who was unacquainted with the legal aspect of the case, although a lawyer, suggested his availing himself of the usual facilities open to persons desirous of purchasing 'presentations,'

which, he said, 'made him very angry,' as he had no mind to 'buy a practice.'

There was a comical side to the case, which did not escape us, as persons of more forwardness than knowledge were at that time upholding the unity of the two Churches, on the ground that they had the same book of Common Prayer, the same Articles of Religion, and claimed the same succession: all of which may have been true, but the fact remained that the authorities in England disallowed the exercise of their office by clergymen ordained in Scotland—the late Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham, even after the disabilities had been removed, forbidding them[1] to officiate in his diocese, without vouchsafing any reason.

I may mention that, while serving as curate at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, my parents being on a visit, my father and I had an interview with Mr. Disraeli, then residing in the parish, when the former explained certain points to which his attention had not been drawn in connection with the Duke of Buccleuch's bill for the removal of these disabilities, then before Parliament—which, by the way, was prepared by the late Mr. Hugh Hope. Mr. Disraeli had little knowledge of Scottish affairs, and was under the impression that there was no difference between the two Churches. But he saw the point in a few minutes.

. . . .

To return, however, to our history. Having entered the ministry at a time when Episcopacy was scarcely in evidence, Mr. Smith had conducted the service according to the custom of the last century; and when my father made some changes, they were considered an important advance, although they consisted only of wearing the surplice and providing an organ.

There was at that period a strong inclination towards whatever savoured of England and the English, which

[1] At a ruri-decanal meeting held in Belford in 1865.

showed itself in a variety of ways—notably, for example, in the pronunciation of the language. It was thought vulgar to speak with the native broad accent, as nearly all old people then did; and even Latin and Greek came unfortunately under the same ban. English was the fashion, and fashion is tyrannical.

This was occasioned partly by the influx of Southerners, and of Scotchmen at the expiration of their service abroad, into the New Town of Edinburgh, who came thither to reside for the education of their children; and partly by the extended intercourse with England.

The Scotch, although unwilling to confess to any lack of culture—for they possessed excellent colleges and schools—had perhaps taken to heart what Dr. Johnson had said of them, that 'every one in Scotland had a mouthful of learning, but very few a full meal.'

Though they were proud of having given England a King and of laying the foundations of the British Empire in India, they felt that the absence of a Court had not been favourable to their manners. Having become wealthier and more luxurious through the operation of the Union, those who travelled southwards could not fail to contrast the neatness of the towns and villages with the slovenliness of their own.

Since the Court had removed to London there had been a falling-off in refinement, which only a polite society can foster, but which the National Church, with its single order of clergy, shedding a powerful influence throughout the whole country, was scarcely calculated to promote.

England was too far off to be available for educational requirements; and when the author of *Waverley*, whose example was a precept, sent his second son to a tutor in England, he indicated by this step that the native style of instruction was defective on points he considered important. I shall have more to say about Archdeacon Williams in connection with the Edinburgh Academy, which was at that

period brought into existence in response to a general demand for improvement in education, the new High School not yet existing. It was felt, also, that native Episcopal clergymen were not obtainable, there being no means to train them for the ministry.

Dr. Robertson writes thus of the change which had come over the country through the removal of the Court to London:—

'At the time when other nations were beginning to drop the use of Latin in works of taste, and to make trial of the strength and compass of their own languages, Scotland ceased to be a kingdom. The transports of joy which the accession first occasioned were soon over, and the Scots, being at once deprived of all the objects that refine and animate a people—of the presence of their Prince, of the concourse of nobles, of the splendour and elegance of a Court—an almost universal spirit of dejection seems to have seized the nation. The Court being withdrawn, no domestic standard of propriety and correctness of speech remained; the few compositions that Scotland produced were tried by the English standard, and every word and phrase was condemned as barbarous. The English naturally became the sole judges and lawgivers in language, and rejected as solecisms every form of speech to which their ear was not accustomed. Nor did the Scots, while the intercourse between the two nations was inconsiderable, and ancient prejudices were still so violent as to prevent imitation, possess the means of refining their own tongue according to the purity of the English standard. On the contrary, new corruptions flowed in from every source. Thus, while during the whole seventeenth century the English were gradually refining their language and their taste, in Scotland the former was much debased and the latter almost entirely lost. In the beginning of that period both nations were emerging out of barbarity, but the distance between them, which was then inconsiderable, became, before the end of it, immense.

'At length, the Union having incorporated the two nations and rendered them one people, the distinctions which had subsisted gradually wear away; peculiarities disappear, the same manners prevail in both parts of the island, the same authors are read and admired, the same entertainments are frequented by the elegant and polite, and the same standard of taste is established.

'The Scots, after being placed a whole century in a situation no less fatal to liberty than to the taste and genius of the nation, were at once put into possession of privileges more valuable than those which their ancestors formerly enjoyed; and every obstruction that had retarded their pursuit or prevented their acquisition of literary fame was totally removed.'

. . . .

Shortly after my father had settled in Musselburgh he commenced receiving pupils, among the earliest of whom were, I believe, Earl Wemyss' and Sir John Hope's sons; young North Dalrymple of Stair, then living with his family at Campie; William Adam of Blair Adam, in time Governor of Madras, and many others.

He was then residing at Stoney Hill, an ancient house since taken down, enclosed by a gigantic buttressed wall, outside of which was a spot called the Bogles' Hole, reputed to have been the scene of the burning of witches. A few years later, his pupils increasing, he removed to Loretto, a place of historical interest, as will be seen in the next chapter, and well adapted, on account of the spaciousness of the rooms and its proximity to the links and the sea, for scholastic purposes.

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It is unnecessary to dilate upon the education imparted at Loretto. My father pursued the old-established system of laying a foundation in the Eton Latin grammar—for there were no 'modern sides' then—and of making his pupils learn much by heart. The school was awoke at seven o'clock by the ringing of a bell in all the passages. Prayers were read half an hour later, and there was an hour's lesson before breakfast.

He was partial to Sallust and Virgil's *Eclogues*, and a strict disciplinarian, but only showed anger when he detected duplicity or untruthfulness. The boys knew this so well that they rarely incurred his displeasure; for Mackendrick's chaise could be harnessed in an emergency.

Steel pens had not then been invented, but an ill-mended quill was not allowed as an excuse for bad writing.

My father was assisted by several excellent masters, among whom were the Rev. J. Little, afterwards head-master of the Edinburgh Institution and minister of Manor, and Mr. Gibson, editor of an annotated issue of Thomson's *Seasons*, and later on rector of the Bathgate Academy; not to mention French, German, and others, who attended daily from Edinburgh. The school hours were longer than they have in many instances since become, and the holidays shorter; but whether more work was done, it would be hard to say.

The following extract from Mr. Gibson's preface to the *Seasons* expresses what the view then was as to the importance of Latin as an instrument of education:—

> 'Formerly it was necessary for a man to learn Latin, else he was precluded from a knowledge of the transactions and course of the literary and scientific world, whose vehicle and depository it was. It was then styled the "Catholic" language, and its study, by way of eminence, "the Humanities." But the process of incorporation of Latin words and idioms into the variegated framework of the English tongue has been busily at work for more than two centuries. With how much greater force and truth, then, may it be predicated that it is necessary now to learn Latin in order to understand English—English, which is the august vestibule into the temple of science and philosophy, and which enshrines perennial monuments of genius, and of learned industry, that if they do not surpass, at least rival the elaborate trophies of classical antiquity? As the English tongue is rife in Latinisms, no amount of natural talent, no acquired tact, no fund of good sense or of sound understanding, will compensate for the want of scholarship, or supply its place. The best and the most natural, and in the long-run the most compendious, road to an acquisition of a knowledge of English literature is through the study of Latin.'

The boys, of course, attended the chapel, but once a year were taken to Inveresk Church in the afternoon. I believe my father intended by this to show respect to the Establish-

ment, and to his friend Mr. Beveridge, the much-esteemed parish minister. On these occasions the seat-holders in the gallery permitted their pews to be occupied by the School; and the townspeople manifesting interest and curiosity, the spacious building was well filled. As an instance of the friendly feeling which prevailed between the two denominations, Mr. Beveridge and his family occasionally attended the 'chapel' on Good Friday, the two clergymen being more charitable than their formulas. The even tenor of the services in the chapel was occasionally enlivened with what to the boys were highly interesting variations.

In those days there was an old clerk who, being a 'town officer,' wore a blue frock-coat braided with gimp and set off with a yellow collar and cuffs. His seat being under the reading-desk, behind which rose the pulpit, he was able to conceal himself from observation when seated, and it was suspected took a nap during the sermon. Occasions arose when the worthy old man was more than usually impressed with his own importance—as for example, when the yeomanry were 'out' in the summer, a few of whom attended the Episcopal place of worship.

There was an undefinable connection in our minds between this military force and a French fleet in the bay outside; for although the expectation of Napoleon's landing on the coast had died out, it was still spoken of with vivid remembrance. When Yeomanry Sunday came round the chapel was unusually well attended, and the town-officer clerk wore a new uniform. Solemn silence preceded the entrance of the warriors, which was at length broken by the clanking of arms in the porch. The double doors being thrown open, the clerk led the procession to the Duke's pew, returning to escort the clergyman with the air of a commander-in-chief, which he assumed whenever in the course of rising up or sitting down the swords of the yeomen jingled against the seats. But everything comes

to an end; and as the detachment marched out, the boys would make a rush after them in case there should be any firing of guns outside, there being a fancy that the French might hear them and a general engagement ensue, in which they would have joined heart and soul.

When my father was absent on Sunday or during the vacations, he was generally assisted by a clergyman who came from Edinburgh for the purpose. Being a shy person, and disliking the ceremonial march between the vestry and the desk, he would take his seat before the congregation assembled, and, as the custom then was to exchange the surplice for the black gown before the sermon, would wear his surplice over the gown, and, when the clerk had shut him into the pulpit, disappear for a moment, and reappear in the usual costume—a custom which I have since heard was common in those days.

There was an old lady who used to relate that one sultry Sunday afternoon, when the service followed close upon early dinner, and few were present, his voice became fainter and fainter, until it died away. The clerk had been equally overcome, and during the space of a few minutes nothing was heard but the sighing of the tide as it entered the mouth of the river, or the bray of a distant ass on the links.

The same worthy clergyman was noted for the dramatic manner in which he read the lessons, especially when they contained dialogue. In the chapter (1 Samuel xvii.) in which David's combat with Goliath is described, he threw himself with animation into the narrative, modulating his voice to suit the several speakers, and forgetful of everything but the scene itself, carrying the congregation with him. At the close, when Saul inquires of Abner, 'Whose son is this youth?' he turned round as if the general was present; and then facing the other way as he read in an altered tone, 'As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell;' the

king, 'Inquire, then, whose son the stripling is;' and concluding with David's reply in yet another tone.

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The games of that day consisted in running, wrestling, football, and golf. Cricket had not yet taken root in Scotland, and hockey was put a stop to, as it had been the occasion of numerous accidents. Our playground was chiefly the links, to which as a rule we had to keep. A droll character known as 'Tarty' frequented them, carrying a basket of mutton-pies, and taking his stand at the middle hole, opposite Linkfield House.

Some of the golfers who had been at Loretto in years gone by were in the habit of freely distributing the pies among any who might be near at the time. The only question ever asked was, 'Are you a Loretto boy?' and if the answer was 'Yes,' then the order went forth, 'Tarty, give that boy a pie!' and it is presumed that he drove a very good trade, especially when Lord Coventry was there.

There were also morning baths thrice a week when the tide served, which are more agreeable in the retrospect than they sometimes were in reality; for when, as was often the case, there had been a frost in the night, it required no small resolution to plunge into the briny deep and hear the ocean gurgling in one's ears. The ordeal, however, had to be passed through on pain of being 'ducked' by one of the masters, which nobody preferred. However, 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' as the French proverb has it; and, the first shock over, the bathing was enjoyable enough—at least no one liked to say it was not.

There were, on holidays, expeditions to Preston Tower, Cockenzie, Seton, Drummore, Falside, and the Carberry country, of the nature of Chevychases. But what the boys liked best was the annual gooseberry feast at Goshen, where for a small charge they might indulge their appetites to their hearts' content, the only condition being that

nobody should carry off any fruit except what he had consumed.

In those days the coaches to and from London and Newcastle passed along the high-road outside Loretto gate several times a day. There were two mails, two 'Unions,' and two 'Highflyers.' We always knew of their approach by the blowing of the guard's horn, and it was a brave sight to see the horses spanking along, the coaches enveloped in a cloud of dust in summer and smeared with mud or covered with snow in the winter.

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Our cousins the Forsters generally arrived from Newcastle by the early morning mail, and I recollect them entering the house enveloped in several greatcoats and stiff with the cold and confinement, and scarcely able to speak till after breakfast, when they retired for a few hours to rest. Their visits made a considerable stir, as Mr. Forster, being engaged in colliery business, had duties to discharge throughout the surrounding country. On one occasion he took two or three of us with him down one of the neighbouring pits, where we were initiated into the mysteries of the nether regions, and obliged in certain parts to creep on our hands and knees.

I recollect one evening a great fracas on the high-road. 'The coach is upset; they are all killed!' was the refrain of the caddies. The boys, of course, joined in the scamper; and on reaching the quarry at the foot of the links, there was the old 'Union' lying on its side, and the passengers in a state of great excitement. Dr. Moir soon after drove up, and took those who were injured to 'Forman's;' and in the course of an hour another conveyance was brought to convey them to Edinburgh. The cause of the accident was the chain of the shoe breaking, when the driver lost control over the horses, and the fore-wheels striking the curb of the footpath upset the coach. It was a wonder, indeed, that such accidents

were not of more frequent occurrence, as the drivers seemed to like turning sharp corners at a dangerous pace, especially when there were many passengers and trunks on the top, causing the coach to sway in an alarming manner; but it was thought they took pride in exhibiting their skill by counteracting the lurches of the vehicle.

In those days the boys were frequently invited to parties given by gentlemen in the neighbourhood—Sir John Hope, Mr. Aitchison of Drummore, Colonel Spens, and others. The late Sir Archibald Hope used to recall such a one at Pinkie, on the occasion of the Queen's accession, when the boys were treated to a variety of fireworks, and the grand old mansion was illuminated with Bengal lights, on which occasion an amusing incident occurred that was long remembered. One of the boys had his pockets stuffed with squibs and crackers, which accidentally caught fire, and he ran over the green exploding at every step, no one venturing to close with him, as, when he was on the point of being caught hold of, off went a volley of gunpowder, and his would-be pursuer had to beat a retreat. He happily escaped, on the magazine being exhausted, with a few burns, more frightened than hurt; and Sir John compensated him for his loss by giving him a fresh supply of squibs, with an injunction to be more careful.

The mention of Colonel Spens reminds me of his military figure in the 'chapel,' when he wore an undress uniform, braided over the breast. He was a tall man, and the pew he occupied presumably cramped his limbs, for he occasionally rose during the service and stretched himself. There was a young officer who made his appearance from time to time in full uniform, who took his seat behind the Colonel. He went by the name of Captain Bobadil, and attracted attention, as no one knew who he was or where he lived; but it was surmised he was on recruiting service. The singular way, however, in which he followed the Colonel's example in rising from his seat occasioned

no little observation; and it was supposed that, being new to his duties, he considered it proper to do as a superior officer did.

He was followed later on by another recruiting officer, a very tall young man, nephew of Sir Robert Peel, who occasionally came over to dine with the boys and join in their games. He said he never saw the great Minister, his uncle, when he went to London, but paid him the duty of leaving a card at his house. 'Fancy,' he used to say, 'leaving a *cawd* upon your uncle! Why, it's monstrous.' He was a favourite with the School, and was present when the drill-master came from Edinburgh, passing the regiment, as it were, in review—Sergeant Cassidy saluting him in military style, which we thought very fine.

I remember another party at the Manor House, when a Parsee was present whom Colonel Spens had known in Bombay, and wore a tall headdress of a peculiar shape and a long silken robe. He was a dark man, without expression in his sallow countenance, and spent the evening looking on with Eastern indifference. We were told that he worshipped the sun, and washed in the sinks of the house. A small theatre had been fitted up by the Colonel's daughters and granddaughter—afterwards Mrs. Ayckbowm, Mrs. Hugh Hope, and Mrs. Robertson; and the boys to whom characters were assigned being required to rehearse their parts several times before the play came off, there was no difficulty in finding actors, as they returned well supplied with cakes and fruit by the good lady of the house.

The entertainment concluded with an excellent supper and the recitation of a congratulatory epilogue. The return home was occasionally a serious consideration, as in those days cabs had not been thought of, and the ladies were often obliged to wait till the 'Noddy' was disengaged. This was a heavy, old-fashioned carriage, littered with straw, which had served as the 'stage' to Edinburgh before

it was discarded for the new mail, when the roads were improved by Macadam and coached by Croall.

On 'Peter' announcing the Noddy, there was a long confabulation in the hall while the ladies were putting on their cloaks, and as many adieux were exchanged as would have served for a year's leave-taking and a journey to London. The old Noddy bore the marks of an accident which had befallen it in years gone by, a passenger having carelessly let fall a lighted match among the straw, which occasioned great alarm and set fire to the cloth lining.

In those days the only alternative means of conveyance to Edinburgh was by 'the Innocent Railway'—so called from a tale in *Blackwood's Magazine* — which had been originally constructed for the conveyance of coals from the Pinkie and Drummore pits to Fisherrow harbour.

Some years later steam-engines were substituted for horses, and I recollect a woman who was travelling on the line the first time under its new conditions refusing to leave her seat when she arrived at St. Leonard's. 'I ken better nor that,' she cried; 'we canna be in Edinburgh yet!'

Another incident connected with the Edinburgh high-road reverts to my memory:—

A noble lord had ridden down to Loretto to see my father, and while they were closeted together his son mounted the horse which the porter at the lodge was walking up and down the avenue. No sooner had the animal reached the open gate than it bolted. The terrified porter rushed back to the house in great excitement, and the boy's father and mine ran to the inn, where they had the post-chaise horsed with the utmost speed. The boys joined in the pursuit, as did also several of the townsfolk—women at doors and windows crying, 'He's off to Edinburgh.' The lad happily stuck to his saddle, and reached his home without mishap: the circumstance which evoked most admiration—and, it should be added, thankfulness—being

the self-possessed and adroit way in which he 'ducked' his head over the horse's neck as it entered the stable door, which had been left open.

From thenceforward he was known as John Gilpin, and the lines,

> 'Away went Gilpin, and away
> Went post-boy at his heels,'

were of course applied to him.

> 'And all and each that passed that way,
> Did join in the pursuit.
> And now the turnpike gates again
> Flew open in short space,
> The tollman thinking as before
> That Gilpin ran a race;
> And so he did, and won it too,
> For he got first to town.'

The mention of the Queen's accession a few pages back reminds me of the School being taken to see her Majesty when, with Prince Albert, she visited Scotland for the first time. Having learned that the Royal party were to leave Dalkeith Palace on a certain day, arrangements were accordingly made, and the boys, dressed of course in their Sunday jackets and hats, raised a hearty cheer, which was graciously acknowledged. There were outriders in scarlet, but no military escort; and all felt much flattered when we observed the Duke of Buccleuch apparently telling the Queen and Prince who we were.

In those days Captain James Stewart, who was called by courtesy 'the Admiral,' lived at Trafalgar Lodge, a house he had built for himself on retiring from active service, and named after the last battle in which he had been engaged. He possessed several relics of Nelson, under whose orders he had served in many seas, with sketches of the hero, and of naval battles, and of his funeral car. He was kind to the boys, and invited them in the fruit season to come over to help him in getting rid of his abundant crops of

berries. He had a savage watch-dog chained up at the garden gate, and on one occasion the animal, getting loose, sprang upon one of the boys and bit him in the thigh. The Admiral took him into the house, and laved the wound abundantly with warm water, and then sent for Dr. Sanderson, who recommended that the dog should be shot. The boy soon got well, and the dog was spared; but I recollect hearing the old housekeeper say that it was a dreadful business, as the 'puir cratur' was sure to catch 'hydery phobery,' when he would have to be smothered between two feather-beds—that being the popular remedy for the disease, which was also reported to be an effectual cure for madness in the preceding generation.

The remembrance of this incident recalls another dog, a noble Newfoundland called Lion, who was on very friendly terms with the boys, and joined in their games, which he sometimes spoiled by carrying off the balls. When chained, he had an unconquerable aversion to fishwives, who used to come to the back gate with their creels over their shoulders. One fishwife my mother patronised, and of whom she painted an excellent portrait, without the woman's knowing it—a tall, powerful female—was Lion's particular abhorrence. One day he succeeded in breaking his chain, and with a rush upset her and her creel. But Peggy was equal to the occasion, for in a twinkling she took up a broom-stick that lay handy, and, seizing the brute in her iron grasp, administered such a beating that he never afterwards gave her trouble. Lion died a natural death, and the boys buried him in the shrubbery.

In those days two middle-aged gentlemen, accompanied by their attendants, used to frequent the links, and were understood to be under surveillance, although to all appearance there was no occasion. They frequently stopped to speak to the boys, who sometimes mischievously inquired of each whether he had seen anything of the other; to

which Mr. A., who was decidedly the more excitable of the two, always replied with perfect politeness that he had nothing to do with idiots! It was rumoured that their attendants occasionally conversed, but the gentlemen avoided one another. 'Davy' would sometimes appear with his great-coat buttoned at the back, no persuasion being sufficient to convince him otherwise; and a very odd figure he presented, as if walking backwards.

In those days gas, being considered dangerous, had not been introduced into houses, although it was used for illuminating the streets, and whale-oil or tallow candles were universally in vogue. Nor had lucifer matches been invented; but in their stead 'spunks' or strips of fir, tipped with brimstone or a preparation of phosphorus in a bottle, into which a stick was dipped, or a tinder-box with flint and steel for the production of a light, were employed. I can recall also a number of windows being closed with lath and plaster to save the expensive Government duty, and their being afterwards reopened.

CHAPTER IX

MUSSELBURGH was noted in the sixteenth century for its shrine of our Lady of Loretto, which enjoyed a transient notoriety, and as being the first religious house in Scotland from which its monastic inmates were forcibly ejected.

Its name was spelled Lariet, Allarit, and upon a tomb in Inveresk Church, inscribed to Richard Fisher in 1793, Lorgetto; while in Musselburgh the 15th of August was kept as St. Lauret's Fair.

Loreto in Italy is famous as possessing the *Santissima Casa,* or most holy house, which the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and the infant Saviour inhabited at Nazareth, and which, according to the legend, was transported by angels from Palestine when the Mohammedans overran that country, and was deposited first in Dalmatia and afterwards on the opposite coast of Italy.

In consequence of a quarrel between two brothers who owned the land there, it was again removed to its present inland site: a lady of the name of Lauretta and some Dalmatian peasants being witnesses.

But, whatever the origin of the tale, of which official mention is first made in a bull of Pope Leo X. in 1518, there stands the sacred house, thirty feet long, fourteen wide, and as many high, built of rough grey stone, blackened inside by the smoke of lamps kept continually burning.

The exterior is faced with a marble casing, ornamented with Corinthian pillars and sculptured panels. Above the chimney-piece is a statue of cedar of the Virgin; and over

the house and its casing a splendid church, designed by Bramante, one of the architects of St. Peter's in Rome, has been erected.

This miraculous dwelling soon attracted numerous pilgrims, and an establishment of priests was founded for its care and preservation, consisting of twenty canons, twenty chaplains, and twenty penitentiaries, selected from various nations and speaking as many languages, that they might be qualified to absolve the numerous pilgrims who resorted thither.

Joseph Addison, who paid it a visit early in the last century, speaks of the house in these terms:[1]—

'The riches in the holy house and treasury are surprisingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones.

'There will be, in a few ages more, jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its Princes continues in its present fervour. The last offering was made by the Queen Dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this treasury, since it lies so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded; but besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain that the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic.

'It would be indeed an easy thing for a Christian prince to surprise it, who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion; especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims, to secure a gate for him, for there had been sometimes to the number of 100,000 in a day's time, as is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration of the holy house, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the Catholick princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead and entombed in the midst of so much misery as reigns on all sides of 'em.

'There is no question, however, but the Pope would make use of those treasures, in case of any great calamity that should

[1] *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy.* London, 1736.

endanger the holy see, as an unfortunate war with the Turks or a powerful league against the Protestants. For I can't but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places in Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the Church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation.

'If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing country in Europe. The case of the holy house is most nobly designed, and executed by the great masters of Italy, that flourished about a hundred years ago.

'The statues of the sibyls are very finely wrought, each of 'em in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the prophets underneath 'em.

'There stands at the upper end of it a large crucifix, very much esteemed. The figure of our Saviour represents him in the last agonies of death, and amidst all the ghastliness of the visage has something in it very amiable.

'The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brass, with many Scripture stories rising on them in *basso relievo*. The Pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art; the spicery, the cellar, and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the holy house, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

'Whoever were the first inventors of this imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which stood on Mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay.

'Virgil has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in Manlius' time, 327 years after the death of Romulus :—

> "High on a rock heroic Manlius stood
> To guard the temple and the temple's God;
> Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
> The Palace thatched with straw."'—DRYDEN.

. . . . . .

'No vestige,' says a modern traveller,[1] 'now remains of this celebrated collection of everything that was valuable; rows of empty shelves and numberless cases only afford the treasurer an opportunity of enlarging upon its immensity and a tolerable pretext for cursing the banditti that plundered it.

[1] Eustace's *Classical Tour.* London, 1817.

'"Galli," said he, "semper rapaces, crudeles, barbarorum omnium Italis infestissimi."

'Adding by way of compliment to us, "Angli justi, moderati, continentes."'

. . . .

Miracle-working images and pictures have been copied from their originals in various countries, in times when they were believed to promote piety and devotion among the common people—as they certainly brought much profit to the treasury of the Church; of which a notable example has been afforded in recent years by the multiplication of copies of the shrine in honour of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The Loretto *Casa* is, however, an exception, having been rarely, so far as is known, borrowed as a pattern. Paris has one, built early in this century, most famous since for the 'Lorettes' who infest its neighbourhood.

The history of the Musselburgh shrine is well attested, and it would appear from a charter of King James v., dated in 1534, that one Thomas Duthy or Doughty was its founder. 'He was a monk of the order of St. Paul, first hermit of Mount Sinay, and obtained from the bailies of the regality a piece of stony ground for the erection of a chapel in honour of God the Omnipotent and of the Blessed Mary of Laureto.'

The *Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents* says:[1]—

'In this mene time, there come ane heremeit, callet Thomas Duthie, in Scotland, quha had bein lang Capitane befoir the Turk, as was allegit, and brocht ane image of owr Lady with him, and foundit the Chappel of Laureit, besyd Musselburgh.'

This image had the reputation of working miraculous cures, 'and of exercising a benevolent sway over the destinies of the sisterhood, and both at marriages and births her influence was zealously solicited through the medium of the priests who attended at the shrine.'

King James v. made a pilgrimage thither from Stirling

[1] See Paterson's *History of the Regality of Musselburgh.*

Castle on foot in 1536: at which time, it may be remarked, the Reformation was in full vigour under Luther's preaching in Germany, while Henry VIII. had commenced it in England. The example of King James was followed by many of his subjects, and for twenty years the Hermitage of Loretto enjoyed a great reputation—chiefly, as might be expected, among women.

. . . .

The exposure of a pretended miracle wrought at the shrine, however, about the year 1560, was the occasion of its well-merited discredit and subsequent destruction; and as this was the first attack upon a religious house in Scotland, the exposure is worth recording here.

The subjoined account is taken from Row's *History of the Kirk of Scotland,* and to render it more intelligible to ordinary readers I have turned it from Scotch into English:—

'In those times there was beside Musselburgh, St. Lorit's Chapel; and in the times of ignorance and superstition it was believed that miracles were wrought there. . . . Now, there was in Fife, Squire Meldrum, as he was commonly called (Robert Colville, Laird of Cleish), a gentleman of good understanding and knowledge, sound in the reformed religion, and most zealous and stout for the Reformation; but his lady was a Papist (Colquhoun of the family of Luss). She being in labour of child-birth, posted away her servant to St. Lorit's Chapel, with an offering of gold to the Lady and Saints of Loreto, with her shift, that she might get easily delivered.

'Her husband, as soon as he learned the matter, posted after his servant, to hinder such a superstitious offering; but did not overtake him till he reached the chapel, where he found the whole adjacent country convened to see a miracle wrought at the shrine; for the Papists, perceiving the Reformation to go on quickly, and fearing lest their religion should be abandoned, had resolved that the best way to maintain it was to work some miracle to confirm the people in the belief that Popery was the true religion; and, therefore, they caused a proclamation to be made in Edinburgh, that on such a day there was a great miracle to be wrought at St. Lorit's Chapel, for a man that was born blind, and had begged all his life, was to be cured and receive his sight.

'Therefore they willed that all the people should come and see the miracle wrought. And so, upon the appointed day, the very day, as it happened, that the Laird of Cleish came to hinder the superstitious offering intended by his lady, after certain ceremonies performed, the blind man was *cured* and received his sight. The man came down from the scaffold, rejoiced much among the people, and blessed God, Christ, St. Mary, St. Allarit, and all the saints that had cured him and given him sight; and then the people began to give him money. Squire Meldrum, Robert Colville, seeing and hearing all his deceitful work, laboured to do his best to find out the lurking deceit, whereby the people had been miserably deceived. Wherefore he cast himself to meet with the man, intending to go to Edinburgh, who asked money of him, as he had done from others; to whom Meldrum says, giving him money more largely than others, "You are a very remarkable man on whom such a miracle has been wrought; I will have you go with me to be my servant." The man was glad of such an offer, and so the squire caused him to ride behind his servant to Edinburgh. So soon as he came to his lodging, putting his servant to the door, and closing it upon himself and the man, he drew his sword and said to him, "Thou villain and deceiver of the people, either tell me the truth, or I will cut off thy head; for I am appointed a magistrate to do justice, and am sure that no priests, friars, and saints, not even the Pope himself, can work such a miracle as they have pretended. Thou therefore and they are deceivers; so either tell me the truth or I will put thee to death." The poor man trembling replied, "Dear sir, spare my life, and I will let their knavery be made known." "Well," said the squire, "then answer me, Wast thou born blind?" Answer, "No, sir." Question, "How cometh it, then, that thou hast been led about as if thou wert blind?" Answer, "Sir, when I was a lad, I was a herd, and kept the sisters of St. Catherine's sheep—in those days there was a nunnery of that order near Edinburgh; and in my pastime I used often to flip up my eyelids so that anybody would have said I was blind. As I often played this prank, the sister nuns sometimes saw me do it, and laughed at me. Then they sent word to Edinburgh to say that their shepherd lad could play such a trick with his eyes. The churchmen hearing of it, came and desired to see me, before whom I turned up the whites of my eyes and appeared as if I had been blind. They then advised the nuns to get another lad to take my place, and to keep me hid in their cellars, till they thought fit to bring me out and make use of me as they pleased. And so, sir, I was kept and fed for the space of seven or eight

years; then they brought me before them again, and made me swear a great oath, that I would feign myself blind." And after this discourse he played the trick before the squire, who kept him by him that night, and the next day he said to him: "Now, seeing you have glorified God in revealing this knavery, you must do something more to let the people know how these villains have deceived them, and enticed you for worldly purposes to lie." Answer, "Sir, I have revealed the secret to you, and will do anything you bid me." "Well," said the squire, "you must go with me to the Edinburgh Cross, and tell the people how you have been hired to feign yourself a blind man, and that you never were blind, and desire the people to be no longer deceived, but turn to the new religion. And after you have thus spoken, I and you shall quickly move down the close south of the Cross, where my servant shall be waiting for us with two horses; and then I shall defy all the churchmen of Edinburgh to overtake me till we be in Fife, where the lords of the congregation are in arms for the defence of the true reformed religion." The man undertaking to do as he was desired, they went to the Cross about eight o'clock on the forenoon; when the people who had seen him the day before at St. Loret's Chapel, on the scaffold, ran to hear what he had to say, and heard him utter the words the squire had told him. Then quickly the squire and he horsed, and went towards Queensferry. The report of this came speedily to the friars, who raged and foamed; but what would they do, for the man was gone?'

. . . .

Some time after this the chapel was destroyed, the last 'hermit' or priest being one Gavin Walker, in whose time the property reverted to the town. It was said by Dr. Carlyle that towards the close of the sixteenth century the materials of the ruined chapel were used for building or repairing the tolbooth, still existing. Of the chapel itself nothing now remains but an arched vault some twelve feet in length, over which is a mound planted with trees and shrubs.

The lintel of the door leading to the stair is carved with the letters M. L. in a monogram and the date 1647 in old cipher, and a coronet at the top, the device being interpreted to signify Earl Maitland of Lauderdale.

. . . . . .

In 1831, when the mound was altered to render it more shapely, several skulls were dug up, with a quantity of bones, which my father buried under the cellar floor; and some years later other remains were exhumed, on which occasion a gold chain and cross, either a rosary or a badge of office, was turned up, which was preserved as a relic under a glass case in the drawing-room. After it was missed, some one called to mind that a visitor had been incautiously shown up-stairs at a time the family were absent, and the theft was attributed to him. The mound was composed of the débris of the ruined chapel, and in very dry summers traces of foundations were visible upon the adjacent surface.

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The chapel is related to have suffered injury during the Earl of Hertford's ravages in 1544; but having been subsequently repaired, was not entirely demolished till after the Reformation, as already stated, for which act of sacrilege it was said that the inhabitants of Musselburgh were annually excommunicated by the Pope.

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The older part of the present house was built early in the seventeenth century, and stood then in an open space. 'Delta'—of whom more hereafter, and who took great interest in all antiquarian matters—used to say that it had at one time been converted into an inn, and, becoming afterwards the property of Lord Clive on his return from India, was enlarged by the existing wings and extensive offices; and that Sir Ralph Abercromby inhabited it for a season.

. . . .

In 1856, when several large additions were made to the School, some old foundations were laid bare of a very substantial kind; and in sinking a well for garden purposes the workmen came upon some planks of old oak, which upon being brought to the surface proved to belong to an ancient ship which had in ages long past been wrecked, and gradually

covered by deposits from the Esk and the sea, the spot being now half a mile from high-water mark.

This would show that vessels could approach at high tide within gunshot of the old Roman bridge, which they are said to have done at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, when several of the Scottish soldiers in their passage across were killed by the cannon-balls of the English fleet in the bay.

. . . .

This bridge, by the way, was used by Prince Charles Edward's army two centuries later, when on their march to Prestonpans. It was approached by a narrow street, 'in passing along which Charles bowed to the ladies who surveyed him from the windows, bending to those who were young or beautiful, even till his hair mingled with the mane of his charger.'

. . . .

In more recent times Dr. Almond has added extensively to the more ancient buildings; and since I commenced these Reminiscences a noble chapel a hundred feet in length has been erected for the School—a gift from his numerous pupils, to supersede the iron structure hitherto in use, the architect being John Honeyman, R.S.A.

Loretto has thus had its chapel restored to it, but under what altered conditions!

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It should be, perhaps, added that Parson Smith's historic building has been converted into an Episcopal school. An effort was made, under the auspices of Mr. Hamilton Colt and Colonel Elphinstone, many years ago, when my brother came from Oxford as assistant to my father, with the late Rev. F. R. Traill (vicar of Stanway), Dr. Rogerson of Merchiston Castle, and the late Mr. J. Brooksmith (subsequently of Cheltenham College) as masters, to rebuild it in a more central position. But, difficulties arising in the selection of a site, the scheme was dropped, and it was

reserved for Lady Archibald Hope to build within the walls of Pinkie the handsome new St. Peter's Church, which forms so great an ornament to the town.

The space, therefore, of little more than a century has sufficed for the raising of Episcopacy out of the obscurity which concealed it, when its adherents were obliged to content themselves with a mean upper room, to a conspicuous position.

CHAPTER X

I HAVE already mentioned the name of Sir John Hope in connection with my father's coming to Musselburgh. He was a powerful man, of commanding presence, and, from the position he held in the county, one of the notables of Midlothian. My earliest recollections of him are connected with his visits to Loretto, where he treated the boys in a kind, fatherly manner, offering each some bit of advice and getting a holiday for them on occasion. Later on, when he became member for the county, we saw less of him, except when the season for exercising the yeomanry cavalry came round, when he threw himself with his accustomed energy into the manœuvres. He was well known on all the roads of the district, along which he passed splendidly mounted at a leisurely pace, which enabled him to speak a word with the passers-by, for he was acquainted with and beloved by the whole population.

In early life he had made the grand tour, as a journey to Italy was then called, and attended the Cardinal of York, the last survivor of the Stuart family, at the Conclave of Venice in 1800, when Pius VII. was elected Pope; and later on was a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, who from time to time visited at Pinkie, and one of the stewards at the famous banquet in the theatre of Edinburgh at which the 'Great Unknown' revealed himself. He was much sought after in the transaction of the business of the county, and a zealous promoter of projects devised for the amelioration of the condition of the people. As Captain of the Ancient Royal

Bodyguard of Archers, he was in attendance on King George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh, and Queen Victoria mentions him in the Queen's *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, as walking on the left side of her carriage, in the procession from Leith to Holyrood.

Pinkie was in those days the resort of many distinguished persons, and Sir John took pride in its historical associations, as well as in continually improving the beautiful grounds of the enclosure. I can recollect a party at which a concert was the principal attraction, when Lady Hope presided at the organ, Miss Hope taking the part of principal singer, and an Italian teacher of music acting as conductor, whose loud bass voice overpowered the chorus. The house being full of company, there was some difficulty in finding sleeping accommodation for him; and Lady Hope having observed in his hearing that somebody would have to be put 'upon the pinch,' the obliging 'Signor' broke out in imploring tones, with his hands upon his breast, 'Ah, my good lady, place me upon the bench; I sleep well on a hard board!'

James Stewart, the old gardener, was a feature of Pinkie and of Musselburgh during two generations, and in all matters connected with forestry and plantations his word was law. It was he who adorned the river-sides with the lines of trees still growing there, and gentlemen in the neighbourhood would consult him in the laying-down of their lawns and the choice of the most suitable shrubs; and it was, I believe, at his instigation that certain improvements were made in the mound at Loretto, which was formerly an unshapely heap of building rubbish, being the débris of the ancient ruined chapel. A bust of the worthy old man was placed in the garden at Pinkie as a memorial of the respect in which he was held by the family.

Sir John Hope, though in general a man of few words, was fond of relating funny stories, and of course of listening to them; and he would occasionally stop friends, on meeting

them, for the purpose of telling such, and then abruptly move on in the merriest of moods. As he possessed strong common sense himself, he was impatient at the want of it in others, and could scarcely conceal his irritation. Being the chairman of several public boards, he was recognised as a kind of general governor of the district; and when, for example, he saw masons or carpenters, or men at work on the roads, doing things in what he considered a wrong or roundabout way, he would stop and give them what they called a 'dressing,' and if necessary would show them with his own hands how best to do it. There was a wright, by name Charles Gallie, a rough kind of person, but who knew his trade and somewhat resented Sir John's superior knowledge, and was not afraid of expressing his own opinion. He told Sir John point-blank that he 'didna ken how to put on a ruiff and fix the timbers as they ought to be;' but he afterwards confessed that Sir John was right, and that the hoisting of them into their places, as he had advised, had saved him much trouble, and from that time he had a great opinion of the baronet's knowledge.

Sir John told a story of a certain Divinity Professor in Edinburgh (Dr. Ritchie, I believe, early in the century), who began his course of lectures to his students after this fashion:—

'Gentlemen, you have come here to prepare yourselves for the sacred office of the ministry. Now, there are three qualifications which are necessary for the proper discharge of this important function. The first is, the sense of an inward call, to the exclusion of worldly occupations and profits; and I will assume that you have already made up your minds upon that point. The second is, that you should attain such an amount of learning as to qualify you to read the Scriptures in their original tongues, and to study with intelligence the great theological works of the various ages of the Church. Now, if you are attentive to the course through which you will be led here, I undertake that you will be prepared to deal with the intricate questions of divinity with an understanding mind. The last, though not the least, qualification is, that you should

possess plenty of common sense to preserve you from extravagance in the treatment of religious subjects—for there is no study in which persons of ill-balanced minds are so apt to lose themselves as in the mysteries of faith and in the controversies of theological disputants; and therefore, gentlemen, if any of you should feel that you lack judgment and common sense, my advice to you would be that you had better, for your own sakes and the Church's sake, embark in some other line of life in which deficiency in these is less mischievous.'

. . . .

Among my father's earliest friends, and whom I recollect in my boyhood, was Dr. M. Russell, afterwards Dean of Edinburgh and Bishop of Glasgow.

He resided at Summerfield, half-way between Leith, where his chapel was (or, as now called, church), and Piershill barracks, where he held the military chaplaincy for the Episcopalian members of the regiment.

He was a man of extensive learning, and the author of a number of theological, historical, and biographical works. Endowed with a gentle and genial nature, he was much respected and beloved by all classes; and after he became Bishop his Presbyterian friends felt as if they had a share in his elevation, and spoke of him as if he were their 'Right Reverend' as well as his own co-religionists'.

He was a friend of the Established Church, and deplored the controversy which issued in the famous 'Disruption.' On referring to a charge he delivered at Glasgow in 1842, he used, I find, these words:—

'In return for the toleration we enjoy, we owe to the Establishment the respect and support which are due to an institution which is sanctioned by the Legislature and by the consent of a large body of the people. We refuse, therefore, to participate in the designs of those who wish to limit her influence and means of usefulness.'

And these words exhibit the attitude of the Episcopalian body in Scotland, as I recollect it, towards the Kirk.

It was Dr. Russell who first described to us the wonders

of the new mode of travelling by railway; for, although we had tramways in our neighbourhood, there were as yet no locomotives. He spoke of the speed reaching twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and the coaches being large enough to hold thirty or forty people, each passenger having a roomy seat like an arm-chair, and of the motion as being so smooth that one could easily read a book or write a letter on the journey: all which seemed incredible.

. . . .

He had at that time returned from a visit to London and Oxford, at which places he was received with unlooked-for cordiality and invited to preach, which he did 'in his Episcopal robes.' In fact, he had been recognised as one to whom equal honour was due as to their Lordships of the Establishment—a circumstance which gratified him, not so much for his own glorification as because he felt that 'our much-depressed Church' would be encouraged by the sympathy shown it by its powerful and privileged sister in England.

He had gone to Oxford for the purpose of referring to books in the Bodleian Library, in view of a history he was at that time preparing, and while there lodged with Dr. Wynter, the President of St. John's, who procured his admission as a member of the College. The University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, upon which occasion he was placed among the noblemen and dignitaries both in the procession and in the theatre. 'In fact, if I had been Bishop of Oxford,' he would say, 'they could not have done more for me.'

Then came a sermon at St. Mary's; and, 'although I was rather nervous addressing such an assembly, all went off very well. It was probably the first time that a Scotch bishop had preached in Oxford since the Revolution.' The friendship the Bishop at that time contracted with Dr. Wynter led, a few years later, to my elder brother becoming

a member of St. John's, concerning which I recollect some amusing episodes.

Mr. Lawson, already mentioned as a frequent visitor at Loretto, was much elated by the account of the Bishop's visit to Oxford. Being of an enthusiastic temperament, and sanguine in everything connected with his beloved Church, he predicted great results issuing therefrom. If Episcopacy was not to become immediately established in Scotland, a hopeful commencement had been inaugurated. In future, however, the position of the Scottish Episcopal clergy was to be raised to the level of their English brethren. 'Now, sir,' he would say to my father, who was much amused with such outbursts, 'I do trust you will at once enter Thomas at St. John's. Just picture to yourself what is certain to be the consequence. There are all the deaneries and bishoprics of England open to him;' and then, turning to my brother, he would raise his hand and say: 'I am quite sure, and there can be no doubt whatever, Thomas, that you will become either Archbishop of York or Archbishop of Canterbury!' upon the strength of which ejaculation he would help himself to another glass to the health of the future prelate.

. . . .

Nothing distressed Mr. Lawson so much as the thought that the English clergy gave their brethren in the North the cold shoulder; 'for our orders,' he would say, 'are as apostolical, valid, and canonical as theirs;' and then he would quote a series of authorities, with names and dates, as if he were reading out of a book. 'There was Bishop Keith, and Bishop Forbes, and Bishop Skinner, and Bishop Torry, and Bishop Gleig, and Bishop Low,' upon whose ecclesiastical genealogies he would dilate, and seemed quite prepared, if time had permitted, to trace the descent of Bishop Russell from St. Paul, 'in the direct line, sir, no doubt about it,' and my father's from one of the apostle's companions.

. . . .

We used frequently to spend our Saturdays at the Bishop's, where we were received with overflowing kindness by Mrs. Russell and their daughter Jane, who introduced us to her friends. She was her father's secretary, librarian, and general factotum, reading over with him the printer's proofs of his numerous compositions, which she was very capable of doing with intelligence, as she was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and knew where to lay her hand upon any book that was required. Mrs. Russell left the management of the house and the entertainment of guests nearly entirely in her hands.

She writes to me:—

'My mother, much as she liked to have boys and children to cater for, left it to me to entertain and amuse them. My father, secluded at his work in the library, had to be kept from interruption of every kind until late in the day. He was partial to your family, and was pleased to listen to your talk about the Academy, and any reference to the rector thereof—Archdeacon Williams of Cardigan in after years. I have often thought how justly proud he would have been had he lived to see his first dux—in 1827, I think—rise from Archie Campbell Tait to be Archbishop of Canterbury. It was his much commented upon *Life of Archbishop Laud* that brought Mr. Lawson to the Bishop's acquaintance. If you could come to see me, I could talk to you about my dear father. We would work together so far as material is concerned, and you could ask questions. I have supplied several clergymen with fragmentary notices, and at this very time a memoir of him is being prepared by the Rev. Dr. Walker of Monymusk, who is also publishing a Life of Bishop Terrot. Many years ago I gave a sketch of him to Dr. Gordon of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, which was published in a work (biographical, I think) connected with that university. I saw it once in Professor Sellar's hands in Edinburgh.'

When we stayed over the Sunday we attended, of course, the Bishop's chapel, where the service was conducted in a very simple manner. I recollect that the pew behind Mrs. Russell's was occupied by the Cundell family, one of whom painted a striking likeness of the Bishop. The Bishop was

fond of questioning young people and telling them stories, in the midst of which he would take off his spectacles (I can see him now) and rub them with his apron; and one could observe that his eyes had a look of fatigue, as if he used them too much in poring over the folios and quartos which lay open on his library table.

The crown of his head was like polished marble, and his countenance suggested a calm and serene spirit. He encouraged pleasantry, though usually grave and serious, as if his mind was in his books; and was spare of his words in company, attentively listening to the observations of others, who seemed to be careful of what they said on subjects, at all events, which they knew the Bishop had studied. I remember him at Loretto when Mr. Beveridge was also at the table; and, as he was somewhat reserved, they left the talk to others.

I have already made one quotation from the Bishop's charge of 1842; here is another upon a matter which was at that time exercising the minds of a good many people of our acquaintance, namely, the famous *Oxford Tracts*. It indicates to what school of theology the Bishop belonged:—

'We, Scottish Episcopalians, have no immediate concern with what is passing in the English Church, because as a body we were free from the deteriorating influences which operated in the case of the Anglican Communion at the Revolution. Our bishops were not forced into latitudinarianism by the policy of a compromising Government, who attempted to carry Erastianism even into the doctrines of our most holy faith. Being cast off by the State, we escaped the malign influences to which I have alluded. The bishops and priests of our humble body remained entire strangers to the new school. Our people were taught to look over the heads of such puny divines to the divines of a former age, whose character and whose works will be had in everlasting remembrance.'

There was no instance at that time, so far as I can recollect, of clergymen inventing new forms of worship; for people were content with the old style of service, and

questions about eastward position, vestments, and genuflexions had not arisen. It is unlikely that Bishop Russell's mind would have gone with the innovations, which if they meant nothing he would have considered to be trifling and idle, and if they meant something would have hesitated before giving his sanction till he knew what they were intended to signify. 'Let all things be done decently and in order' was the rule he went by; and, if any changes are to be made, let them be made by authority.

I must, however, now leave this much-revered Bishop, regretting that I have been able to say so little of him, to Dr. Walker's projected biography. Some letters of his to my father have been preserved, on matters of little interest now, but I pass on.

. . . .

The Wedderburn family, of whom 'old Sir David' was the head in my early days, used, I recollect, to be spoken of as deeply implicated in the Rebellion of the '45.

Old Sir David's father, Sir John, was 'out,' but escaped the fate of his father (also Sir John), who was taken prisoner, brought to London, and hanged on Kennington Common in 1746. His grandfather, Sir Alexander, had taken part in the Old Pretender's attempt in 1715, and been appointed by the 'King' Governor of Broughty Ferry Castle, in consequence of which he found himself unpopular with the authorities in Dundee, where his ancestors had been the leading family for three centuries. Old Sir David's maternal grandfather, David, Lord Ogilvie, also took part with Sir John in the '45, as well as his two great-uncles—Robert Wedderburn of Pearie and Thomas of Cantra—but did not share his fate.

Sir David was a tall, striking figure, and lived with his sister at Inveresk Lodge, and, at the time I knew him, usually sat in an easy-chair overlooking the garden, in the library, and was glad to see visitors. As he liked to hear

what was going on, he would listen with attention, and then, as if he had been weighing all he had heard, would abruptly exclaim, 'I don't believe a word of it!' This persistent scepticism, however, neither discouraged people from reporting news nor diminished his fondness for listening to them, although the formula he wound up with remained unaltered —upon which, however, it was said he did not always act.

It was his half-brother and successor, Sir John, whom we of the younger generation knew best, and who resided at a beautiful place belonging to his nephew, the Earl of Hopetoun, in Haddingtonshire, where we were invited occasionally to spend the Christmas vacation—the old house of Keith.

. . . .

Sir John was a fine old gentleman, of the most genial and benevolent disposition, and very fond of young people, for whose entertainment he as much concerned himself as if they were the most important persons in the county.

I recollect an amusing incident occurring during one of our winter visits to Keith. A carriage had been sent to bring us from Longniddry station, where we found that Sir James Ramsay had travelled by the same train. It was a very cold, raw evening, and the drive a long one over a road covered with frozen snow. When the dinner-bell rang, all answered the summons except Sir James Ramsay. After waiting a while, a servant was sent to ascertain the cause of his absence, and, as no reply was made to the knock at the door, entered the room, where he found the worthy baronet in bed sound asleep, and the light extinguished.

Sir John, hearing of this, desired that he should be awoke and told that dinner was waiting; but Lady Wedderburn pleaded for his being left undisturbed, and on making his appearance next morning he was obliged to endure a good deal of bantering, which he took with the greatest good-humour.

'I thought it was bed-time,' he explained, 'and after warming myself at the fire turned in for the night.' If I recollect rightly, some one, on the evening of the same day, sang 'Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?' to the great amusement of the party.

Sir John Wedderburn had retired from the Civil Service of India after thirty years of office, and on leaving Bombay for the last time took his passage in the *Hugh Lindsay*, the first steamer employed on the overland route.

Lady Wedderburn and her daughters were universally beloved for the kindness with which they treated all with whom they had to do, and for their never-failing brightness.

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John, the eldest son, after his course at Loretto and Haileybury, had gone out to India, having been chosen to serve under Sir John (Lord) Lawrence—who was then Governor of the recently annexed province of the Punjab—and was for some time Deputy-Commissioner at Mooltan. He returned, after an absence of ten years, on furlough, and married. Three years later he went back to India with his wife and child, to take up the Deputy-Commissionership of Hissar, at which place he was residing when the Indian Mutiny broke out.

It so happened that I met him on his way to the newly opened railway station the day he left Musselburgh to join his family. He was then in excellent spirits, and little did I think I should never see him again. His tragic death was a terrible grief to his family, and every one who knew him lamented his sad fate. He was shot down by his own sentry at the door of his office, and his poor wife and child were at the same time cruelly murdered. He had refused to leave his post, although fully aware of the danger, for in one letter home he had written that 'the fate of the Indian Empire and the life of every European were at stake.'

. . . .

His younger brother David, after leaving Loretto, went for a while to Edinburgh University, where he greatly distinguished himself in Professor Pillans's and Professor Kelland's classes, and attended the lectures of Sir William Hamilton, and Professors Aytoun and Blackie. In 1854 he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship with perhaps too much ease, as his great talents and facility for acquiring knowledge, united with a certain diffidence, led him into courses of study too remote from the beaten track to be available in examinations, where precision and accurate acquaintance with the subjects laid down are absolutely essential for the higher academical honours. His studies were thus dispersed over too wide an area; for whether it was languages, or sciences, or history, or general literature, he would freely indulge his predilections.

On leaving Cambridge he went through a course of Roman law at Heidelberg, and on his return was called to the Scotch bar, but scarcely took kindly to it, preferring a variety of other pursuits, such as converse with the Speculative Society, travelling, and above all politics, to which he ultimately devoted himself. His tours ranged over many countries in both hemispheres, and his letters and diaries giving an account of his experiences were full of interest, as his powers of observation were remarkable.

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After his election for South Ayrshire in 1868 he resided in London, where I used often to see him; and if at any time I wished to be present at a debate he procured for me a pass to the Speaker's Gallery. The restraints of Parliamentary life were not congenial to his disposition, and he had too much independence to consent to be a mere item in a drilled regiment of voters, in which government by party, however, requires the most able to acquiesce.

It was an occasion of irritation to him to find the House take so little interest in Greater Britain and in India; nor

did he much heed what his constituents thought of his absenting himself from such or such a division, or giving his vote on what they might think the wrong side of the House. He would not adopt any course, either in politics or other matters, until he had thought out its bearings and consequences, which in the whirlpool of public business cannot be done; for in the affairs of life we have generally to be satisfied with what falls short of our ideal, and are obliged to put up with the best average attainable.

In conversation he was quick, well-informed, and entertaining, much addicted to speculative discussions and to framing schemes to improve the condition of mankind in a great variety of directions, but not allowing sufficient weight to the enormous *vis inertiæ* which, like a dead wall, blocks so many desirable reforms.

He was entirely free from jealousy or political rancour, as the moves on the world's board were, so to speak, outside of his personality, and which he looked upon as if they were so many natural phenomena. But, with all that, he was very open to the ridiculous side of things, and any laughable occurrence would amuse him for a long time.

Although he was an admirer and follower of Mr. Gladstone's, he used to feel hurt at the great man's apparent ignorance of his friends when he came into contact with them, which he accounted for by the absorption and consequent absence of what ought to be in the case of a great leader of men a present mind, and looked upon as a misfortune. 'He might at least,' he would say, 'meet his devoted followers with a nod of recognition, which, while it costs nothing, is always agreeable, and would repay their loyalty; but the G.O.M.'s is a splendid intellect, cold as the moon, and lacking in qualities of grace and human sympathy.'

In the last of the numerous papers he wrote he speaks thus of his eminent chief:—

'It is possible for a great man to have many attached personal friends, and to be the idol of the multitude, and yet to fail in securing anything like personal devotion among his immediate subordinates and supporters. To be in continual proximity to the chief without receiving the slightest indication that one is known to him by name, or even by sight, must chill the ardour of even the most zealous follower.

"And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names."

'Even when there is not the faintest suspicion that the mistake is intentional, there is a mortification to the follower in the discovery that he has no personal identity in the memory of his great leader—a memory which is almost præternatural in its retentiveness and grasp.

'The most successful leaders of Parliamentary majorities have always cultivated a knowledge of their supporters, as to character, opinions, and prejudices. Such a knowledge Mr. Gladstone does not possess, and the lack of it weakens him not a little in his capacity of Parliamentary leader; but it is perhaps natural, in a man of his earnest and conscientious temperament, that he should despise what may seem petty and insincere methods of acquiring personal influence in Parliament.'

It is possible that Sir David Wedderburn, without being aware of it, had something of the same quality in himself as he ascribes to his illustrious chief.

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When he resigned his membership of the Haddington Burghs by the advice of his medical attendant, one of his most devoted constituents wrote thus of him:—

'He never courted popularity, either by word or act. In the spirit of a true gentleman, manly and honourable in all his bearings, he expected those who concurred with the general tenor of his views to rally round him on principle, as their fit and proper representative, without ado on their part or the need of self-interested attention on his. While kind and courteous to all with whom he came into contact, and singularly obliging to any whom he could conscientiously serve, he never tried to sway the feelings of the electors by flattery or fuss of any sort. He had travelled too widely and thought too deeply to get into a gush or flurry over the shifting movements and uncertain issues of political life; and he seemed contented to

perform his duties to his constituents in a cool and dignified manner, leaving them to judge him purely by his quiet fidelity to public engagements, and by the fulfilment of his promises and the consistency of his career as a Parliamentary representative. A man of this type is not so likely to excite enthusiasm as to command respect and inspire confidence.'

Like his elder brother, he was beloved and admired by his intimate friends, who could not fail to recognise in him a rare example of honour, truthfulness, and integrity. His death was a blow to many of his friends, who were unaware of any illness likely to cut him off.

His life was written by his sister, Mrs. Percival, who has put upon record many interesting particulars which it would be scarcely possible to touch upon in this sketch. His younger brother, Sir William, entered the Civil Service of Bombay, and, after a distinguished career in India, is looking forward to extended usefulness by obtaining a seat in the House of Commons.

CHAPTER XI

ANOTHER of my father's early friends was Dr. Terrot, at that time Episcopal minister of St Peter's, and subsequently Bishop of Edinburgh, on the death of Dr. Walker. Dr. Terrot had been a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1812; and among his best-known contemporaries were Bishop Blomfield of London, Professor Sedgwick, Baron Alderson, Justice Maule, Archbishop Musgrave, Sir John Herschel, Dean Peacock, and Dr. Whewell. The Bishop was one of the most widely known and highly respected men in Edinburgh.

At St. Paul's he was famous, among the men of the Parliament House especially, for his closely reasoned and clearly delivered sermons; and I used to hear that some attended his ministrations for the special purpose of taking lessons in elocution, as well as in composition. I often heard him compared to Sir William Hamilton for the keenness of his intellect and the extent and variety of his acquirements. He felt great interest in young scholars, and took pleasure in drawing out their capabilities and probing them with questions. He set for me several mathematical papers when he heard that I was going to Cambridge, one of which I happen to have preserved—because, perhaps, it contained a problem on the doctrine of chances which I was unable to solve—and which he called a 'nut to crack.' If the reader should like to try his hand at it, here it is :—

'There are n locked urns, the keys of which are kept by n men, the probability of whose presence on any occasion are

$c_1, c_2, c_3, \ldots c_n$. If present, and each drawing from his own urn, the probabilities of drawing a white ball are $p_1, p_2, p_3, \ldots p_n$. What is the probability that on any occasion a white ball at least will be drawn?'

The Bishop was a plain, homely man, without stiffness or hauteur, and he had an aversion to being called 'My Lord.' It was said that when people began so to address him he felt inclined to button his pockets, as he was sure there was some motive of a mundane nature working in their minds. And the story went the round that when, his health failing, a coadjutor was appointed who had somewhat more exalted notions of his dignity than it was likely the Scotch would accord him, he called upon the old Bishop to pay his respects. The English footman, on announcing the coadjutor's arrival, gave his name as 'The Lord Bishop of Edinburgh,' which was duly conveyed to the old Bishop, who was, as usual, occupied in his library at the back of the house. 'Just tell his Lordship that Bishop Terrot will be pleased if he will step in,' was his message back.[1]

Of slight and delicate frame, his countenance beamed with intelligence, and he had beautiful and expressive eyes. As he walked along the street he seemed to be pondering over some problem, for he was much addicted to mathematical investigations—which, indeed, he was engaged in whenever one went to see him. He presented my father with a copy of his paraphrase on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, which was designed to clear up some passages 'hard to be understood' as they stand in the translation, and in which he was as successful as their nature permitted—his *Prolegomena*, relating to technical words and

[1] Miss Terrot writes to say:—'I think it was when my father called on his coadjutor, the manservant said (on his asking, "Is the Bishop at home?"), "His Lordship, the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Edinburgh is not at home;" and my father said, "Tell his Lordship the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Edinburgh that Bishop Terrot called." I think he felt such titles unmeaning, and scarcely worth contending against.'

expressions being exceedingly valuable. While firmly holding the principles of his own Church, he was no bigot, and lived on friendly terms with Bishop Gillis, then Vicar-General for the Edinburgh district, as well as with the Presbyterian ministers, with whom he was, naturally, brought into frequent contact. One of these, whom he had met on committees, called him 'a merry-hearted gladiator in the cause of righteousness,' while a few among the laity regarded him as in some sense their bishop as well as bishop over his own flock. For although, by the constitution of the Scotch Church, all ministers are equal, the carnal nature sometimes called the old Adam will step in and crave for dignities, principalities, and powers, as objects of admiration and desire; and if they cannot obtain what they want at home, seek for it outside, and like to feel that there is some relation between the lord-paramount and themselves.

There was a certain clergyman who had been under Bishop Terrot, and afterwards for conscience' sake joined the Church of Rome. One day he met one of the Bishop's daughters, and inquired how the Bishop was—for he never could, he said, call her father otherwise than 'my dear Bishop.' This young priest died shortly after, from fever caught in his devoted ministrations to the sick and dying of his poor parish.

. . . .

The Bishop had no objection to any of his family availing themselves of the ministrations of Presbyterian ministers if they desired it. When his daughter Charlotte was 'fading away,' she had a wish to see Dr. Horatius Bonar, minister of Kelso, the well-known hymn-writer, who had composed a book on *Tribulation*, which had been a comfort to her in her painful illness. The Doctor came, and, after he had prayed with her and for her, she observed that he need not have been 'afraid to pray for her as dying, for she was quite

prepared, and had no fears.' And the same day one of her last visitors was her father's friend, Bishop Ewing.

On this point Miss Terrot writes:—

'When Dr. Bonar visited my sister Charlotte the disruption had taken place, and Dr. Bonar joined the Free Kirk. He had married a young lady whom we knew well, and so became acquainted with us, especially with my sister Ellen. He called one day, and was shown into my father's study. My father was busy and did not recognise him, but waited to hear the object of his visit. The doctor said he had come to see Miss Ellen, and my father thought he had said "Miss Sellon" (a lady well known at that time in ecclesiastical circles), and answered hastily that he knew nothing of her. Dr. Bonar looked confused, and withdrew. My father being afterwards made aware of the mistake, on meeting him accidentally in the street apologised for his abrupt manner. . . . I do not think I can add much to what you have written in the paper you sent me. I am glad you have remarked upon two things which have not been noticed—namely, my father's fine voice, so powerful and yet so sweet and flexible, a beautiful and well-managed instrument; and also the varying expression of his eye, at one time sparkling with mirth, and at another beaming with benevolence. As regards your quotation from the *Bookman*, I daresay you do not know how my father came to know the Carlyles. He was located first at Haddington; and one day Jennie Welsh, aged fourteen at that time, who was sliding on the Tyne, fell, and my father ran forward to help her up, and this was their first introduction. She kept up intercourse with him after her marriage, coming frequently to see him, and writing, and being very friendly; but afterwards changed, probably through her husband's influence. Long years afterwards, in the early part of my father's illness, she wrote him a very beautiful letter expressive of much regard and sympathy, which was accidentally burnt soon after being received, though far better worth publishing than the smart letters edited by Froude.'

The Bishop was the last man in the world to be 'hurt' by any one's treatment of him, for he had a measure quite adequate for persons of all dimensions. I may add that, when his own end was drawing near, he said that 'Chattie's' example of patience and gentleness had been a strong support

and comfort, and desired that a short sketch of her might be written for the profit of others, which was done. In this booklet a funny story is told, worth perhaps a place in a record where even scraps of reliable information are acceptable.

The family had gone to the coast of Fife for the summer, when one evening the Bishop unexpectedly made his appearance in the lodging-house. There being no accommodation provided for him, he was put into the same bed with his youngest child, whom he was careful not to disturb. The Bishop, however, awoke her by his snoring, on which the child rushed into the passage crying out that there was a wild beast in the room. There was another story told of him, that on the loss of his daughter a well-meaning but ill-advised clergyman called to condole with him, interlarding his lamentations with expressions savouring of cant, on which the Bishop told him he must really forbear.

His mother, who lived to an advanced age, was, like her son, of exceedingly sharp intellect, and her son very much resembled her. She used to treat him as if he was still a boy, and 'Charles' was attentive to all her wishes. He was at that time an old man, and somewhat bent; and he used to tell with much glee of his mother's having sent him on one occasion to an optician's to get a pair of spectacles repaired, and to be sure to bring them back.

The Bishop executed his commission, but the optician desired to keep them for a day; on which the Bishop said that his mother had asked him not to leave them. The optician looked at him with wonder. 'Bless me,' he said, 'sir, you do not mean to say your mother is living?' He related a story of a conversation he had had with a lady who had opened her mind to him about the dangers of Puseyism, which was then being much discussed. The Bishop did his best to tranquillise her, but she insisted that Dr. Pusey was a Roman Catholic, for she had been assured that he wore a hair shirt. 'Not at all!' urged the Bishop,

'but, if you will not repeat it, I will tell you what he wears.' 'Well, what?' 'A flannel jacket, for I have seen the cuffs of it sticking out at his wrists!'

. . . .

The Bishop was addicted to laying down the law, but there were others occasionally present who had the same propensity. A story was told of Archdeacon Williams catching him up in a clever way. The Bishop had been inveighing against the multitude of 'isms' with which mankind were carried away. 'I mistrust them all,' he added. 'What do you say, Bishop, to baptism?' inquired the Archdeacon, on which the Bishop covered his face with his hand.

He could be sarcastic at times, but his sarcasm never cut deep so as to occasion soreness or resentment. He was a type of Churchman not uncommon then, who carried into practice the opening sentence of the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer, which speaks of its having been the 'wisdom of the Church of England to keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much easiness in admitting any variation from her formularies;' and he had as much distaste for unctuous phrases and manners as contempt for flippant pretensions to be 'wise above what is written.'

He had a catechism class every Sunday, which was largely attended by boys and girls—who sat on separate sides of the church—as well as by their parents and friends, whom he carried through a regular theological course, explaining every subject as it arose in a way that all could understand and remember.

He disapproved of clergymen taking liberties with the public services, or making alterations without authority; and, although in general mild and forbearing, yet when he administered an episcopal rebuke he did so with decision. He had written a poem in early life with the singular title of 'Common Sense;' and this quality perhaps was the

salient feature of his character. He would say, 'Do not drive principles so far as to bring discredit upon them in the eyes of the world.'

. . . .

He used to visit London in the summer, and on his return to speak about the notable persons he had met, among whom were Lord Brougham, Bishop Wilberforce, and Thomas Carlyle. One of such visits I find recorded in the *Bookman* of October 1891, by a gentleman signing himself ϕ; and as it contains other allusions to Edinburgh affairs, it may be well to reproduce it here, especially as ϕ evidently wrote from personal knowledge:—

'Conversation was soon in full flow, for she (Mrs. Carlyle) knew something of one's Edinburgh belongings. The first of her peculiarities which struck me was her Scotch accent. It was as marked as I soon after found her husband's to be, and differed from it not in degree but in kind, as Haddingtonshire differs from Dumfriesshire. She talked of Edinburgh, and listened with apparent interest to my account of a spectacle I had witnessed there. It was the impressive wending of a procession of some hundreds of ministers from their meeting-place at the old General Assembly to the hall of a new one. Many of the ministers were old men, and all of them had given up their livings and homes for conscience' sake, to found a Free Kirk, in which the accursed thing patronage should be unknown. Mrs. Carlyle declared that if she had been there she would have cried. *Apropos* of Edinburgh and Scottish clericalism, she gave us an amusing account of a recent visitor of hers, Bishop Terrot, a Scottish Episcopalian prelate. Mrs. Carlyle laughingly described the complacency with which he dwelt upon some sermon or other recently preached by him in London, to show Londoners what a Scotch bishop could do. If Carlyle had been there he would have been indignant, as he generally was—looking, in his wonted fashion, at the present in the light of the past, when the Scottish Episcopal Church was referred to. "Trodden under the beastly hoof of tyranny and oppression," was his summary description of Scotland when Episcopacy was predominant. But Carlyle was not there.'

On which I would only observe that in his later years the Chelsea Sage became more tolerant, having by degrees

cast his 'Covenanting' skin. His wife's death had perhaps chastened his spirit, and he was civil, at all events, to the clergy who knew him.

. . . .

An episode in the Bishop's life, of a touching character, as I have it from his daughter, I will not spoil by alteration:—

'I remember my father attending a young soldier, James Bell, who was condemned to death for shooting a sergeant at Piershill. It was said the sergeant was tyrannical, and some of the men conspired to kill him, and drew lots who should fire the shot; and the lot fell to young Bell, a lad of eighteen or nineteen. If this was so, he never betrayed his comrades. He expressed deep penitence for his past life, but not specially for the act for which he suffered, but for his whole thoughtless, godless course, saying "it was all of a piece." He was grateful and resigned, and met his fate with calm courage. My father did not go, I think, with him to the scaffold, where, I believe, some very painful blunder was made which prolonged Bell's sufferings. In the papers cried about in the streets it was said that the Rev. Mr. Terrot accompanied the prisoner, and, seeing that the executioner was blundering, with great presence of mind stepped forward and adjusted the rope. This was, I feel sure, a misstatement, though my father looked pale and agitated on his return, and never spoke on the subject, except to say how terrible it was to see a fine-looking lad stand in a military attitude, joining calmly and with evident deep feeling in prayer for grace and mercy, and think that his body would, within a short space of time, hang lifeless and dishonoured clay; and to express a hope that he would find the mercy he had so evidently solicited.

'On a later occasion, when the prison authorities asked him to send a clergyman to minister to an Englishman condemned to death, he thought the Rev. J. Ferguson, from his zeal and charity, the best fitted for the painful duty, and asked if he would undertake it. Mr. Ferguson did so, and became deeply interested in—indeed, attached to—the poor man; and, convinced that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and that the prisoner was not guilty of murder, he made every effort to get this proved, and gained for him a respite.

'On expressing his delight to my father, my father said, "Do not build too much on this respite, for the sentence may

yet be carried out." To which Mr. Ferguson said, "Bishop, if they hang —— they will kill me." And so it turned out. A message came to order the execution, and Mr. Ferguson had to tell the prisoner. He was terribly moved, and hesitated at the cell door; but the prisoner guessed the cause, and called out, "Come in, dear sir; I know what you have to tell me. Do not distress yourself; I hope to bear it." Mr. Ferguson ministered constantly to him till the day of his death, and remained with him the whole of his last night. Mr. Ferguson was a very delicate man, and on returning home, sad and exhausted, went to bed, and in a few days died, leaving three young children, the youngest just born.

'My father felt this event very deeply, so that when asked to preach at the funeral he felt he could not. Mr. Ferguson, and other young clergymen who were not strong, felt my father a true "Father in God" to them.'

So far Miss Terrot, as regards her father's tenderness of heart.

. . . .

Let us see him executing his episcopal office in that sphere where the Bishop is giving his clergy advice, as their superior set over them in the 'household of faith.' I quote a passage from a charge he delivered in Edinburgh in 1852, as expressing in small compass the general direction of this wise man's mind, as to certain questions at that time occupying attention, and which certain who 'are given to change' were urging in a generally light-hearted and perhaps intemperate manner:—

'The policy which I feel myself bound to recommend to you, as being the most likely to consolidate the unity and to increase the efficiency of our Church, is that which in civil politics is called Conservative in opposition to Progressive. At any rate, I must observe that those who profess and act upon the opposite opinion are bound to form in their own minds, and to express to those whose minds they wish to influence, a distinct notion of the point towards which the proposed progress is to be made. We have had, within the last few years, many lamentable instances of a progress terminating at a point which those who have reached it professed, up to the very moment of their reaching it, that they viewed with abhorrence. Their example

ought to be a warning to us. It may be, that to some minds it may appear that the policy of the Church ought to be retrogressive: that there was, at some time or other, a period when the Church was far more united than at the present day, and that to the system and practical working of the Church as it then existed, we ought to endeavour to return. I think I may safely deny that we possess any contemporary ecclesiastical history which warrants our coming to any such conclusion, and in the absence of accurate information on that head, it is impossible for us, on any reasonable grounds, to give a preference to any preceding age above our own.'

. . . .

It was about that time that Bishop Forbes of Brechin cast a bomb into the Episcopal body, in the form of a charge, which occasioned much commotion and pamphleteering. The subject was the ancient insoluble one of the nature of Christ's presence in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, concerning which my father deprecated public discussion as inopportune if not irreverent, and more likely to widen the breach than to heal it. He was quite content with the reply, attributed to the Princess Elizabeth, when questioned by Bishops Bonner, Tonstal, and Gardiner, on the mystery:—

'Christ was the Word, and spake it,
He took the bread, and brake it;
And what the Word doth make it,
That I believe, and take it.'

Beyond is the abyss!

Of Dean Ramsay we saw but little. He was very active in all that concerned the business of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and having a large and wealthy congregation at St. John's, enjoyed the power of ministering to its financial necessities, and of providing additional chapels and schools in the poorer parts of the city and country.

I recollect, when his very amusing *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* appeared, that many persons were surprised; for to those who knew him only officially

or at a distance, he presented a depressed aspect, and in general society was reserved. The late Sir John MacNeill, who lived on the Granton Road, a couple of miles from St. John's, at which he was a regular attendant, described the Dean's sermons as being 'most soothing to listen to:'—'he generally told us that although we were, on the whole, fairly good, we might still be a little better.'

There was a story told of him by a medical gentleman who had a seat near the pulpit, that, on one occasion, when the famous Dr. Wolff, who was at that time in Edinburgh collecting money for his Persian Mission, preached at St. John's, the doctor on leaving his chair in the chancel, to change his gown in the vestry, startled the Dean, who was reading the Communion Service, by lighting a cigar, for he was a confirmed smoker. The Dean disliked the smell of tobacco, and the fumes of it confused him when repeating the Nicene Creed, and having Dr. Wolff and Persia 'on the brain,' he slipped, and to the astonishment of those who were near enough to hear the *lapsus linguæ*, substituted 'Persia' in the article 'He descended into hell.'

The service at St. John's was the most popular one at that time, by reason chiefly of the excellence of the music, the organ being of remarkable quality, and the choir numerous and well trained.

. . . .

Other names occur to me of clergymen with whom my father was more or less intimate; such as Dr. Suther, a sturdy Episcopalian of the old school, afterwards Bishop of Aberdeen, of whom I recollect little more than we knew him a long way off from his scarlet woollen comforter, and as he lived near to the Academy, he often stopped us in a friendly way, to ask how we were getting on: and Mr. Garden, then assistant to Bishop Terrot and afterwards Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, of whom I saw much in London.

Of John Sinclair, as he was called, we heard a good deal from my father, and I helped him occasionally, both in the old and the new Kensington Church, when he became Archdeacon of London.

But I am travelling beyond the ground I had marked out for my boundary. It may be of some interest to observe, however, that the first time I preached during Lent, at his request, in the present splendid church, he said that whatever I had brought with me, I had better cut in half, as he found he had to do with his sermons, for the new building required a different style of delivery; and unless the preacher spoke slowly and clearly, his words became so intermingled, that the congregation only heard a confused noise of echoes. He observed on the same occasion, that the clergy of the period were indifferent readers, compared with those of the previous generation, and although he disliked 'intoning,' or 'monotoning,' as he connected it with novelties, which he mistrusted, he bore with it as suitable for his new large and lofty church.

CHAPTER XII

I HAVE already mentioned the name of Archdeacon Williams, and it is now time to say more concerning that distinguished scholar, whom Sir Walter Scott designated 'a heaven-born teacher.' He came occasionally to Loretto, with one or other of his charming daughters, from a Saturday afternoon to a Sunday night, when he would occupy my father's pulpit at the morning service.

He was one of the most engaging of men, although I was too young then to have taken the liberty so to describe him, but, having been subsequently his pupil at the Edinburgh Academy, and kept up friendly relations afterwards until he left Scotland, I may fairly now so represent him, especially as all with whom he came into contact were of the same opinion; for, however some might differ from him in political opinions and certain points of scholarship, no one could fail to admire the unselfishness and sincerity of the man, or to recognise his ingenuity, enthusiasm, and loving-kindness.

When it became known that the Archdeacon was to preach, many came to hear him who did not belong to the regular congregation, and he was listened to with great respect and attention, not unmixed with wonder and curiosity.

My father's style, to which the people were accustomed, was solemn, serious, and impressive, and in the service he wore, as many clergymen in those days did, black kid gloves. (Bishop Terrot, by the way, wore grey ones, and

Bishop Russell lavender.) Archdeacon Williams dispensed with them, and it was observed that the old clerk conducted him from his seat near the Communion table to the pulpit with unusual deference.

Whether it was his manner, or his matter, or his energy, or his voice, it is hard to say, as the causes which produce certain effects are often inscrutable, but he attracted every one's attention.

He would preach for nearly an hour with great earnestness, and I recollect his bringing in the Kelts to illustrate his subject, in connection especially with their early reception of Christianity. On all that concerned his native language and race, he was fond of dwelling upon every available occasion, and the story was told of him, that on a certain Sunday, when preaching at St. Paul's, he said the Lord's Prayer before commencing the sermon in what some supposed to be Greek, but was really Welsh. The congregation left the chapel with the sense that they had heard a discourse not likely to be soon forgotten.

At dinner, on the Saturday before, at which I recollect Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Hugh Hope, Dr. Moir, and other friends being present, the Archdeacon was always entertaining, and he had a propensity for starting topics, which excited the curiosity and provoked the combativeness of the company, leading to more or less warm discussion. A favourite subject was the iniquity of the Corn Laws, and as my father, as will be shown, and some others held the opposite view, the argument at times waxed warm, though good temper was preserved. So strongly did the Archdeacon feel upon this matter, that he took the very decided step of addressing a public letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury urging his Grace to advocate the cause of repeal in the House of Lords. This however, was only one of his subjects, for he had a quiver full of other warlike materials.

Whether the conversation turned upon geology, a science

at that time much studied, and of which Hugh Miller, editor of the *Witness*, was the chief exponent,—whom we used to see at Portobello,—a man of extraordinary genius and power,—or upon any other topic, he was never at a loss, and seemed to be left in possession of the field, neither knowing when he was beaten nor exulting over a fallen adversary. His discourse on Homer, which he was at that time editing, was highly interesting, for he would recite passages, as if he had the book open before him, in a way comparable only to Mr. Gladstone's fluency, of whom, however, he used to complain that the Oxford statesman had stolen from his *Homerus* to adorn his own,—'cribbing without acknowledgment,' he would add, with some fierceness and a tap on the arm. However this may be, when speaking of his beloved poet, he would lay down the law of the 'digamma' among other matters, in a very dictatorial and almost oppressive manner, pronouncing it as if between F and V, he would say.

But with all his despotism and fire no one could possibly be offended with him, as his good humour was proof against any petty irritation a sceptic or objector might occasion, and the impression he left was, that he regarded the grown-up company much in the same light as he did the Academy boys, for when he diverged into the region of the classics, there were probably only two or three who were able to keep pace with him.

Having been a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and the clergyman who read the burial-service at Dryburgh Abbey over his remains, the Archdeacon had many anecdotes to tell about his great departed well-wisher and supporter, and it was in some conversation they were holding together that he furnished the material for the novel of *The Betrothed.*

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It used to be said that his talk in the masters' lodge at the Academy was delightful, and I have heard one of them

say that he possessed a marvellous—I think the word used was 'pro-di-gious'—knowledge of everything under the sun. He would at the same time listen to and take note of whatever might be suggested for the good of the school, in cases especially where his authority might be suitably appealed to.

His treatment of the boys was in harmony with his open and unaffected character, which was perhaps the reason why he never had any trouble in keeping order, seldom, if ever, inflicting punishment, and, at the worst, pulling a boy's ears, or sending him out into the 'yards,' or to his home for the rest of the day.

We heard afterwards, although we were unaware of it at the time, that the rector's eye was often upon the boys when at play in the enclosure. By this means he became acquainted with their characters, which accounted for his occasionally making certain observations in the school, which were puzzling, as no one was able to guess how he came by the knowledge he possessed.

The 'Yards' was the place where fives and football were played, and the rector was the only one of the masters who, when the ball happened to come where he might be passing or looking on, condescended to give it a kick.

One day as he was leaving the lodge for his class-room, the ball chanced to bound towards him, when the spirit of youth came mightily upon him, and he rushed upon it, his gown flying in the air, and being a powerful man sent it over the railings into a carpenter's yard on the opposite side of Henderson Row. This was an acceptable incident for the boys, for they surrounded the janitor and clamoured for the opening of the gate, on the plea that it was the rector who had kicked the ball out of bounds. Now the janitor had lost an arm, and an artificial one was fitted to the stump, and at the end of it a steel knob, into which he could screw a knife, or other instrument, as might be

required, which was usually a hook for his keys to hang upon.

In the scrimmage one of the boys slipped the bunch off the hook, and while others were detaining the janitor, unlocked the gate before he was aware, when they all rushed across the street and invaded the carpenter's premises, to the astonishment of the workmen. We could see the rector looking on from a distance evidently not displeased, for he was a boy in heart and sympathy, and no doubt wished he was in the fray himself.

The janitor was very angry, but the rector said nothing, for, on the re-assembling of the class, he was in excellent humour as we could see by his rubbing down his knees with his hands, while chuckling to himself,—a custom he had when in a merry mood, and which issued in a fine polish like satin being imparted to his trousers.

I recollect an occasion when he continued this for a long time. A boy was 'up,' stumbling through his translation from one of the text-books, and a word happened to occur, of the meaning of which he had no idea, nor could be got to say a word. Being pressed for an answer, the boy nudged his neighbour to prompt him, when the other whispered, in pure mischief, 'anything you like,' which words the first boy uttered aloud. Upon which the rector broke into a hearty laugh, and, not content with the usual polishing of his knees, came down from his high desk and stood before the boy almost in fits of merriment.

The rest of the class of course joined, not knowing exactly why, but out of a kind of infection, for the discipline of the school was relaxed for a while; and to the end of the lesson the rector would revert to the incident with boyish glee. But these occasions were rare.

The only offence that seemed to make him angry was when false quantities were uttered, and then he would almost cry out as if in pain; nor could he bear heavy

stupidity, or idleness, or 'mumbling,' for which he would check a boy by reminding him that 'speech was given to man to make himself intelligible to his fellow-creatures.'

In such a case he would use banter, by dint of which he would elicit a reply of some kind, nevertheless he was careful to see that the backward boys did their best as well as the cleverer. When he found one of the latter really diligent and making progress, he evinced great satisfaction. If any one did well without shining, he would say, 'You may not be a great scholar, but I am sure you will be a good man.' In this way he stimulated his class, who felt that they had a master in whom they might confide without fear.

For the Christmas vacation he would give out a book of the *Æneid* to be learned by heart, and I recollect having had rather a hard time of it on these occasions. But as the task was required to be done, it was done more or less nearly to the order. This reminds me that he had a great dislike to the boys marking their books on the same page as the print, and so they generally had them interleaved with blank pages. He was an enemy also of 'cribs,' and of careless writing in the exercises he gave out to be done at home.

The public examination at the end of July, winding up with the distribution of prizes in the Hall of the Academy, was an occasion in which the rector appeared to great advantage, and his addresses to the successive Duces of the School, on receiving their beautiful gold medals, were happy efforts of oratory. He beamed, in fact, with delight. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to announce, amidst deafening applause, the honours won by former pupils at the Scotch or English Universities.

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Lord Cockburn, in his life of Jeffrey, says of the Academy that, 'if a correct account were taken it would probably be found, that independently of other colleges, more of its pupils had gained honours at Oxford and Cambridge, than

the pupils of all the other schools in Scotland since the school began.'

I recollect Dr. Tait, who had been one of the early duces, coming from Carlisle to examine the school, and the rector in the course of his address holding him up as an example of a successful Academy boy. It used to be said in after years, that when the dean became Bishop of London he confessed that he owed much to Archdeacon Williams' unsectarian Christian training, and the writer of a notice in an Edinburgh newspaper, on the announcement of his death, mentioned a case of an old pupil from Oxford, who had been baptized by a Presbyterian minister, consulting him as to whether the form of the sacrament had in his case been valid, for the question troubled him. 'We can conceive,' adds the writer, 'the mild and sensible expostulation the archdeacon would urge on the occasion.'

His mind was cast in an unsectarian mould, and while claiming to be a loyal son of the Church of England, he had neither disposition nor inducement to engage in religious or ecclesiastical controversies, which he considered waste of breath, and wherever he found good men belonging to different denominations, he welcomed them as fellow-workers.

His views upon religious questions were directed more towards a general survey of the moral government of the world, than to doctrinal strifes and sectarian differences. In fact, he was unawares a disciple of the immortal Cudworth's. A frequent subject of his, for example, was the proof, in history, of righteousness exalting a nation, and of sin weakening or destroying it. He taught that national punishment was the certain issue of national transgression, and that national judgments were messages from heaven, and the same was as true of individuals as of governments. The errors of rulers were visited upon the ruled, and therefore the purity and rectitude of princes should be jealously maintained.

To revert for a moment to the interest the rector and his

colleagues took in their former pupils. Some may remember that when Peter Guthrie Tait, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University, came out as senior wrangler, Dr. Gloag, of whom more hereafter, rushed to various Academy friends in a state of excitement far removed from his usual equanimity, crying out, 'We 've got a senior this time! Is not that a grand victory?' And, among other distinguished honour-men of or about the same time, were Professors Blackburn and Berry (now Sheriff) of Glasgow, Sellar of Edinburgh, Shairp, and Lewis Campbell of St. Andrews, and Clerk-Maxwell of Cambridge, among whom I may class also my late youngest brother, Charles James, a Snell exhibitioner of Balliol, whom Dr. Jowett accounted a fine scholar, although his health failing him through over-study he was debarred from taking his place in the final examination at Oxford.

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While writing the foregoing, Mrs. Robert Cunliffe, the Archdeacon's third daughter (Lætitia) has kindly lent me a bundle of memoranda relating to her father, which I will condense into a few short notices.

His numerous papers, with all his correspondence, which he had bequeathed to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Colquhoun Grant of Kidderpore House, Calcutta, were unfortunately lost in the wreck of the *Europa*, which sank off Corunna on its homeward voyage, so that his biography can never now be written, which is a loss to the world. Some circumstances, however, relating to his earlier and later career, will form a fitting conclusion to my own reminiscences of him.

His father was Vicar of Ystradmeurig, in Cardiganshire, where the Archdeacon was born in the year 1792. He is described as an intellectual youth, and so well advanced at the age of fifteen, as to win a scholarship at Balliol College, which led to his being placed in the first class of honours, Dr. Arnold, afterwards headmaster of Rugby, being in the

same list. The number of books young Williams 'took up was long remembered. Later on Dr. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, offered him the benefice of Lampeter, which issued in the establishment of the present Theological College there.

He was, while in that position, intrusted with the care of Mr. Charles Scott and Mr. William Forbes Mackenzie of Portmore, which was the origin of his Scotch connection, leading to his unanimous election in the year 1824 to the headship of the new Academy. 'Entering Edinburgh society, then distinguished for its *literati*, Mr. Williams soon made his mark, numbering Sir Walter Scott, John Gibson Lockhart, Lord Cockburn, MacCulloch, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Lord Jeffrey, Colonel Mure, Sir William Hamilton, Professor Wilson, Sir Daniel Sandford, Dr. Chalmers, and other distinguished men, among his friends.'

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On leaving Edinburgh he became warden of the newly founded Institution at Llandovery, in which position he promoted also the study of the language and literature of his native land by papers contributed to the *Transactions* of the Cambrian Institute, of which he was a liberal patron. He was also the author of several learned works, among them the Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar, and of a treatise called *Gomer*, described by those who could read it as a text-book of the Welsh language. Among other services he was instrumental in rendering to his beloved Principality, was the effectual opposition he promoted to the scheme, advocated in 1847 by the ecclesiastical commissioners for the suppression of two of the Welsh bishoprics, on the ground that their revenues were urgently needed for the new See of Manchester, and other populous places in England. This scheme roused his temper almost to fierceness, and he would exclaim, 'To think of rich Norman England robbing poor Keltic Wales of its historic British bishoprics!'

Towards the close of his career being then at Brighton,

he assisted his old pupil, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, who was then in failing health, and on whose death he preached a very touching funeral sermon, which so engaged the hearts of the congregation, that they requested him to supply the place of their deceased pastor as long as it might be convenient to himself, which he did.

The last conversation I had with him was about Cambridge as compared or contrasted with Oxford studies, and I have often since thought of his observation: 'Mathematics train the mind to accuracy, but it needs furnishing as well.'

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The *Times*, in the course of a review of the Archdeacon's work, observed:—

'To the cause of Welsh history and archæology of which he was always the most able and successful exponent, he is an irreparable loss; the peculiar feature of his character being an ardent love of his fatherland, of its people, language, customs, and traditions. No one ever laboured more zealously than he, not merely for the welfare but for the honour of Wales.'

A notice of the Archdeacon, published by the Council of the Cambrian Institute after his death in 1852, concludes thus:—

'His was truly a full life, presenting a wonderful variety of relations to scholarship, to history, to art, to politics, to religion, and to every great interest of human society. He united in a peculiar manner the erudite scholar and the lover of nature. Possessing an excellent temper and a cheerful disposition, his life was, notwithstanding many trials, one of great happiness. In every movement for the temporal, spiritual, and moral improvement of the human race he took great interest. His faith at the last, in his long and severe illness, was as simple and confiding as that of a little child. His remains were interred in Bushey Churchyard, Herts, in the presence among others of the Bishop of London, Sir David Davies, and Archdeacon Sinclair.'

Archdeacon Williams was assisted by several eminent masters, of whom the most notable, or rather the best known,

as all the boys passed through his hands, was Dr. Gloag. The others were Mr. Ferguson, who became Professor of Latin in Aberdeen University, Mr. MacDougall, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, Mr. Cumming, afterwards Inspector of Free Church Schools, and Mr. Carmichael, the author of the *Academy Greek Grammar*, and of a learned *Treatise on Greek Verbs*, to help in the preparation of which he enlisted his picked scholars. The amount of labour bestowed upon this book must have been very great.

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In those days the Academical course was the same for all the boys, whatever their future profession was to be. The study of modern languages, however, was not neglected, although it must be confessed that French and German did not rank with Latin and Greek, which were held to be of fundamental importance; and if it had not been that the mathematical master possessed a strong will of his own, it is possible that his classes might have failed to win the estimation they did. In the four junior classes the object was to bring the boys into a condition of scholarship which should qualify them to profit by the higher instruction given in the three senior ones by the rector. The system had the merit of being uniform and thorough, and the course went on as it were by clockwork. Since those days different ideas as to what education should consist in have prevailed. Having recently, however, had occasion to converse with a gentleman who has had experience of both the old and the new systems, his decided opinion was that no instrument is so effectual for the training of youth as the ancient classics.

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Dr. Gloag, already mentioned, a man of powerful frame, and a stern disciplinarian, was a notable figure in the school. The boys, however, liked him none the worse for his severity, for they regarded him as strictly impartial in his treatment

of them. Where he suspected any one of duplicity, he would brush the chalk off his gown and tap the board sharply with his pointer, crying out, 'Ha! boy! you are sleeping on my hands! Ha! I will tuck you up! Ha! boy!' And we all knew what that meant, and need not be here explained. He took infinite pains with dull pupils, but when he found any one trifling with a knife or a 'peerie,' or other of the indescribable articles boys carry in their pockets, he would pounce upon it, and without more ado pitch it into the fire.

He could on occasion be sarcastic: 'Ha! that fine watch-chain of yours!' he would say; 'is it a real watch you 've got there?' and sometimes angry; but he was kind to the boys when he came across them in the playground, and generally ready with a gruff joke, at which he would grin rather than smile.

The rector used occasionally to pay the class a visit, and take his seat on a form at the back of the room, and if it so happened that the boy who was 'up' was halting in his demonstration, would say, 'You stupid, don't you see it?' but Dr. Gloag would take the boy's part, and cry, 'Give him time, ractor, give the boy time!'

One day the doctor, nettled perhaps by some observation the Archdeacon had made, said, to the great entertainment of the class, 'Now, boys, we 'll give the ractor an equation to solve,' proceeding at the same time to cover the board with *x*'s, *y*'s, and *z*'s,—'Now, ractor!' But 'Punch,' as we somewhat irreverently though affectionately called him, was quite equal to the occasion, for his answer consisted in a very hearty laugh at being made a boy of again, attended by the usual rubbing of his knees, so that even the imperturbable Dr. Gloag was unable to resist the fun, and for a minute or two laid aside his sternness, eyeing the rector with a sardonic smile. The Archdeacon took his departure amid much cheering, and we heard him still laughing as he passed by

the open windows, where he could hear the doctor concluding the episode with the observation, 'Ha! boys, we tucked the ractor up there!'

There was never perhaps so good a school expositor of geometry as he, and many a university honour-man had reason to thank him for the pains he took in their early training, and his interest in them afterwards. If he did not make all his pupils take to mathematics, he won in the long-run their respect and regard.

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After Dr. Gloag retired from active work, I used occasionally to visit him in Duncan Street (now Dundonald Street), for which he was very grateful, as he was then much out of health and spirits. He said he sorely missed his customary occupation, and that to visit the Academy under its altered conditions was 'heart-breaking.'

His conversation showed that he was possessed of wider attainments than would have been suspected from what one knew of him only in the school, for mathematics admit of no commentaries or references to anything beyond the matter actually in hand. I recollect his expressing objections to the law which compelled young men, entering upon the ministry, to declare their adherence to certain theological formulas, which in after life and with more knowledge they might desire to see modified.

There were many at that time who held similar views on that subject. Whether in early life he had contemplated entering the ministry I know not, but there was some acerbity in the tone of his remarks, as if he had been disappointed. He was, however, a stout Presbyterian, with the liberal proclivities to which not a few of the Scotch clergy inclined, who chafed under the obligation to uphold certain harsh and unqualified statements in their confession, which they regarded as relics of a barbarous age, when people persecuted and burned one another for holding

different opinions from their own, upon a variety of metaphysical subtleties imported into theology.

To smooth over these difficulties they would adopt oblique methods of reconciling forms of words, which the rules of the Church compelled them to declare they *ex animo* received, with their own inward and conscientious disagreement with the same,—a process not at all conducive to the cultivation of a truth-loving and ingenuous frame of mind, but rather to a spirit of reservation and of subtle casuistry. The time is not far off, he would add, when the despotic method of dealing with such matters which prevailed three centuries ago would have to be modified. 'And indeed you suffer,' he would say, 'from the same cause in England, for what can be more repugnant to honesty and common sense than the arguments which have been urged for putting a new interpretation upon the Thirty-nine Articles?'

He was alluding of course to the 'Tracts for the Times,' which were attracting attention in Edinburgh, and were held, for I knew little about them myself, to be disingenuous if not immoral. People had been accustomed from time immemorial to theological disputations, but not to forcing a construction upon statements contrary to that which the words embodying them were obviously meant to convey.

CHAPTER XIII

One of my father's good friends was Colonel MacNiven, who, after many years of service during the wars, notably in Spain, of which he was never weary of relating his experiences, had settled in the town, which was I believe his native place. He was a bachelor of very hospitable disposition, and an excellent artist in water-colours, a taste which he continued to indulge until nearly the end of his life.

As he had made sketches in various countries, chiefly I recollect of architectural subjects, he spent his leisure in painting enlarged pictures of the same, some of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy shows in Edinburgh, where they were much admired.

The colonel had altered his old house in Fisherrow into the semblance of an Italian villa, which he named 'Tusculum,' and had converted a portion of the front garden into a pretty lawn, on which were placed at intervals busts set upon pedestals of the Roman Emperors, modelled after their well-known originals, while the lintel over the gate bore the inscription 'Restitutum,' with the date.

In the centre of the space a neat fountain had been erected within a miniature pond, which was supplied with water from the harbour close by, and a tame solan goose, which a fishwife fed with herrings, disported itself in the basin, paying an occasional visit to its master in his studio. Such a creature was not an uncommon pet in those days.

I recollect on one occasion accompanying Dr. Sanderson,

my father, and eldest brother, to one of the colonel's frequent dinner parties which were always entertaining, for he was full of anecdote. He missed no opportunity of talking of the battle of Talavera, or the siege of Badajos, or the lines of Torres Vedras, or of incidents concerning Wellington, Masséna, and Marmont, and would point out how certain strategic movements might have been better executed. He generally began with 'Ay, well, referring to that matter, ay, the doctor mentions, I mind, well (what can be the matter with the goose, that it is screaming so?) Ay, well, I mind I was under orders to procure forage for the regiment, etc.'

'The matter' to which reference was made had seldom any conceivable connection with the events of the Peninsular war, upon which, however, the colonel's mind was so intent that allusion to a recent game of golf or to the controversy on the corn laws, or the condition of the crops in Midlothian was sufficient to allure him to dilate on his favourite topic.

As it was, however, his well-understood whim, everybody humoured him, when he commenced with, 'Well, ay, I mind,' sometimes adding, 'What's become of John Buckcleish?' or 'Doctor, you're stopping the decanter,' ay! The mention of what you have been saying minds me, etc.'

This John Buckcleish was a well-known and estimable character in the town. He was, I believe, 'the minister's man,' and with his wife managed the ladies' bathing hut on the beach, he keeping watch, and driving back any intruders who might venture to come too near, and she entering the sea hand in hand with her patronesses in blue gowns, and when necessary, 'ducking' them and their children. One of his regular occupations was to officiate as occasional waiter at dinner-parties, where he would suffer no interference from the servants of the house, locking himself in the

dining-room when he was preparing the table for the guests, and after he had finished, locking the door on the outside, and taking the key with him,—and never opening his mouth to anybody.

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At the time I am writing of, the repeal of the Corn Laws was being discussed, and the newspapers and men's conversation were full of the subject. Lecturers also went the round of the country expounding the new policy at public meetings, where resolutions were passed in its favour in the midst of much excitement.

My father took the opposite side, and wrote, I recollect, a pamphlet in the form of a simple catechism against so hasty and sweeping a proposal, which an Edinburgh journal reprinted. Dr. Sanderson, on the other hand, advocated the measure, and whenever he and my father met, they had a pitched battle on the subject.

On the occasion in question, they debated the matter the whole mile to the Colonel's door, and although I have since, under changed circumstances, heard and read many arguments *pro* and *con*, yet nothing I think which they had not already hammered out, so far as the question was then understood, for it was felt to be a great experiment, the data of which were undetermined, and the result speculative. As I am able to recall many points of their conversation, it may not be amiss to reproduce it; if only as a record of the controversy as it was argued at that time, especially as I have a lurking suspicion that the last word thereon has not yet been spoken, and may not be for another generation or more, the subject being still far from clear.

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It was Dr. Sanderson who generally commenced hostilities by asking my father whether he had read Mr. Somebody's speech in the House of Commons, as of course he had. This formed the text.

My father maintained that the agricultural interest was and ought to be, the mainstay of every country, as being the most extensive, as well as the primal and heaven-bestowed source of national wealth, and that to weaken it was tantamount to seriously injuring not itself alone, but all others throughout the country ultimately depending upon it. The abolition of the corn duties would, he urged, inflict such injury by admitting foreign produce at a lower price than our agriculturists with their highly taxed land could raise it.

The profits, therefore, of husbandry would dwindle and perhaps eventually disappear, while the inducement to bring fresh land under cultivation which had prevailed all over the country since the commencement of the century, would no longer be operative,—ergo, less food would be produced at home, instead of more, and we should be obliged in an increasing degree to rely upon the foreigner for our supplies.

It was the first duty of every State, he maintained, to provide for its own people out of its own land, and would cite the case of ancient Rome as an instance of the mischief that ensued upon its becoming dependent upon Sicily and Africa for corn.

He advocated, therefore, the principle of maintaining such a rate of duty upon foreign food-stuffs, by some such means as a sliding scale as would secure the agricultural interest from incurring the ruin which he apprehended was sooner or later otherwise imminent, adding that such duty would not only be scarcely felt by the private consumer, but was a fair and appropriate source of revenue to the State.

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Dr. Sanderson, on the other hand, maintained that as we could distance the world in every kind of manufacture, we should become richer by commerce than was possible by agriculture, and although the opening of our ports to the free importation of grain might for a while affect the land-

owners by reducing their incomes, improved methods of farming would make up for the loss, for as two ears of corn had been made to grow where one did before, within living men's knowledge, why not four or six in the future?

Added to which was the consideration that cheaper food would bring with it a decrease in wages, and, by consequence, a reduction in the price of manufactured articles, so that, taking the different classes of the nation all round, the landowner would only suffer slightly; and for a while, until the produce was doubled, the farmer would adapt himself to the altered condition, and study to grow such crops as would amply remunerate him. The manufacturer too would be able to increase his out-put, and the labourer and artisan, as well as everybody else, would be much better off through the general fall in all articles of consumption.

Such is an outline of the controversy which was at that time raging in the country, and of which the doctor and my father never seemed to grow weary, for on every occasion on which they met, they resumed it with as much zest as if they had never gone over the same ground before.

There was a fixed opinion, I recollect, that once free trade was set on foot at home, other nations would follow suit as soon as they perceived the great advantages that accrued from its adoption, to which my father would reply, that such an anticipation was by no means to be depended upon, as if it had already come to pass, and that not until they had agreed to imitate our example the case would be altered, and further, that it was not sound policy so to stimulate trade and manufactures as to make them the sheet-anchor of national prosperity, for this would be making us too dependent upon foreign customers, who might or might not purchase our goods; and, supposing these were not disposed of, or were prevented from any cause, such as war or heavy duties, from being admitted into their ports, where should we be then? Besides which, it was conceivable that

foreigners might learn how to manufacture for themselves the articles with which we now supplied them.

To which the doctor would rejoin, that they could never compete with us in trade and commerce as they had neither coal nor machinery; and had not 'Buonaparte' called us the world's shopkeepers?—and was it to be supposed that they could rival us in our various productions? 'Never, sir, never!' and, as for war, that had not hindered us from selling at a profit our goods to the foreigner, or from obtaining whatever we required from abroad.

When the law repealing the corn duties was shortly afterwards passed, Dr. Sanderson greatly rejoiced, but I recollect my father observing that the measure had not been carried in a straightforward way, and that, according to constitutional usage, the sense of the country should have been taken on the question and a new Parliament summoned *ad hoc*: and that Sir Robert Peel's surrender, although it may have been the result of his altered convictions, was a betrayal of the principles upon which the Parliament had been elected, and therefore of his party, and he deplored that sound statemanship was yielding to popular clamour.

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On the occasion just spoken of, my brother and I listened respectfully to our seniors, and in due course we reached Colonel MacNiven's house, thinking they had by that time said as much as was necessary for the present.

But the doctor had not finished, for, on ringing the bell of the outer gate, John Buckcleish made his appearance with the solan goose at his heels. The doctor was still urging his point at the open door, saying that, 'you must take such or such a matter for granted,' which my father declined to do, for it was absurd, he said, to found serious measures upon considerations that were merely hypothetical, when, seeing the hopelessness of making any impression upon the doctor, he suggested that for the present, and in

order to come to some conclusion, it would be as well to refer their difference to the solan goose.

The doctor, who was always more open to a joke than to supporting even his favourite thesis, at once saw the appropriateness of such a solution, but desired to obtain first of all John Buckcleish's sanction. John, with his usual gravity, passed the question by, saying that the 'Kornel' was waiting, and the 'denner' was ready to be served. But the doctor insisting, he uttered a kind of grunt, to the effect that the gentlemen had better refer to the 'bird' themselves and straightway preceded us into the house with great dignity.

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Dr. Sanderson was an important person in the town, and a universal favourite, by reason of his unfailing good humour, his dependableness, and the many services he rendered to the community by his public spirit.

He was the instigator of various improvements that concerned mainly the public health; and in the offices he served as 'Bailie,' elder of the kirk, provost, or commissioner for numerous schemes connected with water supply, drainage or what is now called 'sanitation,'—he earned the gratitude of his fellow-townsmen.

One conspicuous benefit he conferred upon the locality consisted in his successful opposition to the feuing of certain parts of the links, which was at that time being urged, with the view of replenishing the municipal finances; for, as he pointed out, such a process would be like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the links being the greatest attraction to the town, their curtailment would injure its prosperity.

. . . .

He had served as surgeon during his early life in the Royal Navy, concerning which he had a fund of tales. As a boy, he had been at the old High School of Edinburgh,

under, if I mistake not, the rectorship of the famous Doctor Alexander Adam, of whom he was fond of telling the story that the rector was somewhat given to favour the sons of gentry, and especially of Lords of Session, who might happen to be in his class.

On one occasion a poor but clever boy who had given a wrong answer to a question, received a rebuke to the effect that he was fit for nothing, and could not even translate the motto of the City, 'Nisi Dominus frustra!' 'Yes, I can,' replied the boy: 'Unless ye're a lord, or the son of a lord, ye needna come here.'

He was an excellent golfer, and curler, and whist-player, but woe betide his partner on the links if he missed the hole when he ought to have putted the ball in, especially if his side was 'dormey,' or if he played a wrong card at whist. His enthusiasm for curling he imparted to the company he might be in, while at the supper which followed, at which I recollect a round of salt beef and curly greens were indispensable accompaniments to a haggis, he would enliven the party with some such appropriate song as—

'Rise, Curler, leave your bed sae warm,
And leave your coaxin' wife, man,
Gae, get your besom, tramps, and quoits,
And join the friendly strife, man.'

He used to tell a story of a dog that belonged to one of the numerous institutions which he had professionally to visit in the neighbourhood. This dog knew the days the doctor was appointed to call, and was always ready to receive him at the door with its tail wagging. On one of such occasions the dog had a leg broken, and the doctor bound it up in splints. What was his surprise at seeing the animal make its appearance next morning at his surgery door in the company of some of his poorer patients!

It had come of its own accord, he would say, as none of

the inmates of that institution ever visited him at home, nor did the dog. Morning after morning the creature came and the doctor dressed its leg and sent it away with a bone, until, the fracture being healed, it discontinued its visits. 'Was not this a sign, he would say, of canine reason or intelligence? Did not the animal know that I could cure it?'

He used to tell a story of a fishwife who did not like the new water that was brought into the town, because it had neither taste nor smell, but was 'wersh drinking.'

As he was passing along the street one day, a sweep rolled down from the top to the bottom of the outside stairs of one of the houses, apparently tipsy. On the doctor's running forward and inquiring whether he were injured, 'Not a bit, doctor, not a bit,' said the man, 'indeed I feel a' the better,' the man being afraid that the doctor would operate upon him, for he was known to use little ceremony with his patients, and, when a thing was needed to be done, he did it without waste of words. As, for example, when one came to him suffering from the toothache, he would ask, 'which is it?' and was no sooner shown the offending molar than it was taken out. 'Suaviter in modo,' he would say, 'fortiter in re' (ray).

He used to tell of a boy who had a certain deformity, which the Edinburgh doctors thought they could cure. The boy was accordingly taken to the theatre of the college that the students might witness the operation. After being strapped down upon a table, ropes and pulleys were applied to draw the limb into the natural position, but it was all in vain, as the muscles were set tight. 'Let me alane, let me alane,' cried the boy, 'I was aye that way!'

He said that in his younger days the poor had a strong prejudice against being taken to the hospital, as they feared being made subject to experiments when in life, and consigned to Surgeon's Hall if they died; and until they knew

a medical man in some other capacity first, they were afraid of him.

He used to say that in the early years of his practice smallpox was so common, that few people were to be seen who were not more or less pitted with it. Various cosmetics were in vogue to lessen the disfigurement thereby produced. There was an old lady who was more than usually marked; but, accustomed to her face in the glass, had no mind to make experiments. On the preparation being recommended, her reply was, 'Faith! afore I paint, I maun putty.'

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In those days the professors of surgery had difficulty in procuring 'subjects' for their demonstrations, which were supplied in a clandestine manner at an exorbitant charge, sometimes from abroad, and at others by the 'resurrectionists,' while for a season they were furnished by the notorious Burke and Hare, who murdered people for the purpose, and might have continued their diabolical traffic, had the discovery of their crimes not been made in consequence of the mysterious disappearance from the streets of a well-known Italian organ-boy which led to inquiry, and subsequently to Burke's being hanged, Hare and his wife, and Helen MacDougal admitted king's evidence.

. . . .

Dr. Sanderson possessed means independent of his profession. He kept open house for his large circle of friends, and in the middle of a party would receive a message requiring him to start on a call of duty, when he would at once put Alexander his son (departed since this was written) in his place, and probably not make his appearance again till the company was breaking up, if at all that night.

He was strict in requiring that his prescriptions should be faithfully adhered to, and where he had reason to believe otherwise, administered a severe rebuke.

About that time homœopathy was being introduced into the country and had a few believers. The subject could never be mentioned in his presence without occasioning an outburst of wrath. 'You may as well tell me,' he used to say, 'that you may pour a bottle of my medicine into the sea, and then take a dose of the mixture! why, sirs, infinitesimal doses are nonsense! and as for "similia similibus curantur!" who ever heard of such a ridiculous dictum? It is "Experientia docet," experience does it, experiment, sirs, experiment, and none of your theories that are against common sense and reason!'

About that time, a lecturer came to Musselburgh to exhibit the wonders of 'mesmerism' in the Town Hall. After the usual introduction, he invited any of those present to step upon the platform for the purpose of being experimented upon. Several accepted, when the Professor put certain medals into the palms of their hands, desiring them to look stedfastly upon them for the space of five or six minutes, the audience meanwhile keeping quite still. When the set time was expired, the Professor went to each of the 'patients' in turn, and while he sent some away, who had not been influenced, he retained the others on whom he would exhibit his power by making them believe whatever he told them. 'Mind that serpent,' he would say to one, and 'the police are after you,' to another. It was whispered however that the persons so influenced were in the Professor's pay, as they were unknown in the town.

Against all such exhibitions Dr. Sanderson set his face on the ground that they were generally rank impostures, or if there was anything real in them, they bordered upon what ought to be forbidden ground. 'There is quite enough of the devil already in the world, without inviting him to play pranks under cover of science,' he would say; 'O sirs, we are curiously and wonderfully made, and everything is full of mystery. I have been administering medicines all my life,

but if you ask me the *rationale* of their action, I cannot tell you further than what experience of their effect has taught. But to make idle experiments, which lead to no result beyond exciting a morbid curiosity, upon a delicate structure like the human frame, is folly, sirs, folly, and ought to be put down. I have seen some queer occurrences in my time, and "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Depend upon it, sirs, these so-called Professors are charlatans and rogues.'

. . . .

About that time the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic was making way under the lead of Sir James Simpson in Edinburgh. Dr. Sanderson was at first doubtful as to its lawfulness, and hesitated long as to its employment. When experience, however, had amply demonstrated its utility he became a warm advocate of its administration, always providing, he would add, that the subject was a suitable one for its application, for it was better to endure sharp pain than that life should be endangered.

Doctor Sanderson lived to a great age, and pursued his profession even after he began to be afflicted with a painful and incurable disorder, which, however, he bore with wonderful patience, regretting more the trouble he gave others than his own helplessness, and praying that he might be soon taken to rest, which was in due time granted.

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There lived in those days at Campie, a gallant old sailor, who was known as 'the captain,' a hearty, bluff, weather-beaten 'tar,' overflowing with good-humour, as Mrs. Williams was with hospitality. His brother was Archdeacon of Kingston, and, when he came home, took pleasure in assisting my father. It was impossible to forget his sermons, which were as original as his texts were singular. One was, 'Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs,' out of which he contrived to educe many interesting details

relating to the negro population of Jamaica, their manners and customs, and to expatiate upon the exquisite scenery of the island.

It was he, also, who took for his text, 'And Jacob worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff,' in which much was said about the staff,—'that staff which had been the aged Patriarch's support during the years of his pilgrimage,—*that particular staff*, which had accompanied him throughout his many wearisome journeys,—that staff with which he had passed over Jordan, and upon which he leaned at the close of his life.'

The Archdeacon's only son, who came over with him on the last occasion, for his education, went afterwards with me to Cambridge, where he took a degree among the wranglers, and having been subsequently ordained, was appointed to the curacy of Blackburn by Dr. Whittaker, a distinguished clergyman, who had been a friend of his father's. Young Williams devoted himself heart and soul to his clerical duties, which were, however, soon cut short, for, a fever raging in the town, he caught it and died after a few days' illness, to the great sorrow of his family.

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My friend, the Rev. W. Lyde, Vicar of Brough, who, with young Williams and myself, were fellow-scholars at Queen's, reminds me that the grief occasioned his father by his premature death, was intensified by the circumstance that it was at his express wish that young Williams declined the Head Mathematical Mastership of King Edward's Grammar School, Bath, for which he had been selected, in order to serve under Dr. Whittaker, Mr. Lyde occupying the post thus vacated, in order to liberate his friend from his engagement.

'The captain,' being too infirm to attend his nephew's funeral, asked me to represent him on that melancholy occasion, and to wind up, on his father's behalf, the little

affairs he had left unsettled in the town. It was a painful duty, but as everybody called him 'a noble fellow,' possessed with a very high sense of duty, this was a consolation to his father and uncle when I told them.

Before leaving Blackburn, I despatched his portmanteaus and books to Jamaica, but they were lost in the ill-fated *Amazon*, which was burned on the passage. It was altogether a sad story. Born and bred in a tropical climate, his constitution was unequal to the burden he laid upon it, for he was not only a diligent and conscientious student, 'getting up' his subjects with great labour for the examinations, but so enthusiastic an oarsman as to expose himself in the coldest weather and successfully contend with the best skullers on the Cam.

. . . .

There used to make his appearance in those days, about the fall of the year, a shaggy old square-shouldered, red-haired Highlander, clad in a primitive homespun kilt, and Kirkcaldy bonnet, leading a rough, unshod pony, which was roped to a cart, loaded apparently with fresh heather. He was a mysterious little fellow, and came no one knew whence, and left the town unperceived, as there was no trace of his putting up at any of the inns. He was known to call at several gentlemen's houses in the gloaming, and supposed to have some conversation with them upon the state of the country north of the Tay, which could scarcely, however, have been of much importance, as he spoke nothing but Gaelic. He was known by the name of Donald, and everybody welcomed him for some unacknowledged and undiscovered reason.

In those days there were numerous small stills in the recesses of the mountains for the manufacture of a much-esteemed liquor called 'Peat-reek,' and a suspicion prevailed that Donald was a partner in one of them, and generally forgot to pay the excise-duty. His ignorance of English,

however, shielded him from inquiry, and no one ever alleged that he was other than an honest trader, and as 'de minimis non curat lex,' the few 'greybeards' concealed among the heather were probably reckoned of no account.

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At that time there were custom-houses along the border, and I recollect the first time I went to Cambridge, travelling with a friend from Edinburgh, who was on his way to London. The railway had just been completed as far as Berwick. On our approaching the station, he asked me to be good enough, in case he should not be at hand, to see that one of his portmanteaus, which was unlabelled, was placed upon one of the numerous coaches provided to convey the passengers to Newcastle; as we might probably be separated till we joined the railway again. The luggage was examined by the customs officers, and transferred to the coaches waiting outside, all except my friend's portmanteau, which I engaged a porter to remove to the top of one of them. When we were together again, he explained that 'Usquebah' was very scarce in London, and he generally brought back with him a little supply among his clothes.

This reminds me of a similar story told of a woman, who some years after the duties had been equalised, concealed under her dress some bladders full of the precious liquor. For some reason that she refused to declare, she persisted in remaining in the cabin after the vessel from Leith had reached London. It transpired that she mistook the pier police for customs officers, and only went ashore when they had left for their dinner. So true is it, that 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth.'

CHAPTER XIV

ONE of my father's most valued friends was General Sir Thomas Makdougall Brisbane, whom we used from time to time to visit, both at Makerstoun and Brisbane. He was a stately old gentleman—'a noble character,' Professor Piazzi Smyth called him,—overflowing with loving-kindness and benevolence. He would accompany us to the 'Trows,' and point out the most likely spots for fishing. At that time he was President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in succession to Sir Walter Scott, and pursuing astronomical researches. He had observatories fitted with telescopes and a variety of other scientific instruments of the most costly description at both his places.

Lady Brisbane was the kindest of women, and their daughters Isabella and Eleanor, who were known among intimates as 'Minna' and 'Brenda,' were accounted the beauties of Roxburghshire. They both died, to the great sorrow of their parents and friends, in the bloom of youth. 'Often did the humble and grateful cottagers at Makerstoun,' wrote Miss Makdougall, sister of Lady Brisbane, in a memoir of the family printed for private circulation, 'say that such Christ-like grace and large-hearted benevolence proved them less pertaining to this world than to a better, so that they did not seem destined to be long here. And so it was.'

Thomas Australius, the only surviving son, who was a great favourite at Loretto, followed his elder sister in the same year (1849), at the early age of twenty-five. He had held a commission in his father's regiment; and, on his sister's death, came home to be with his family in their

sorrow. Towards autumn he accompanied his cousin Sir George Scott Douglas, who also held a commission in the 34th, on a visit to his regiment, then stationed at Gibraltar. They sailed in Sir George's yacht, and had arranged to return in November with his friend, the Rev. W. Tasker, by the first steamer passing the Rock on its way from India. The day came, but meanwhile Tom Brisbane had caught the Rock fever, and Mr. Tasker was obliged to sail without him. He never rallied, and his remains were brought home by the next ship. Three years after Eleanor joined them in the 'better land,' her last words to her aunt being that 'she desired rather to depart and be with Christ and her sister and brother, and was ready to go home.' As for their sorrowing parents, 'they opened not their mouth, because the Lord had done it.' 'As a poor Scotch woman expressed it, 'The Lord in mercy has taken home all their "flitting" ere he take themselves.' They resided then in Charlotte Square, and many sympathetic visits my parents paid them.

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Sir Thomas was at that time the oldest officer in the army, having entered it in 1790 at the age of seventeen. He fought his first battle under the Duke of York three years later. The year 1796 found him in the West Indies under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and in 1812 he commanded a brigade in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington, where he fought in six battles. But he will shortly speak for himself concerning the distinguished services he rendered to his country.

In the year 1819, some months before his appointment as Governor-General of New South Wales, he visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and the following record of the circumstance occurs in Lockhart's *Life* in the form of a letter from Sir Walter to his son, in which he says:—

'We had a visit from a very fine fellow indeed, Sir Thomas Brisbane, who long commanded a Brigade in the Peninsula. He

is very scientific, but bores no one with it, being at the same time a well informed man on all subjects, and particularly alert in his own profession, and willing to talk about what he has seen.'

. . . .

Sir Thomas used to relate with his characteristic keenness that the Duke of Wellington and he were walking arm in arm one day in Paris, and conversing on the idleness to which many of them would be shortly doomed, when he observed that he would gladly serve His Majesty in New South Wales, if no one were displaced to make way for him. Not long after, the Duke meeting him in the street, 'Do you know, Sir Thomas, what Lord Bathurst,' then Secretary for the Colonies, 'writes me this morning,—that he wants one that will govern, not the heavens, but the earth in New South Wales?' On Sir Thomas protesting that he had never suffered his scientific predilections to interfere with his military duties.—'Certainly not! certainly not!' retorted the Duke; 'I shall write his Lordship, that, on the contrary, you were never in a single instance absent, or late, morning, noon, or night, and that in addition you kept the time of the army.' And shortly thereafter he set sail, taking with him a supply of astronomical instruments.

His first care was for the improvement of the convicts, and the cultivation of the country. He discontinued the harassing punishments then customary, and allowed the colonists to hire prisoners on tickets of leave, by which not only was the expense of their maintenance saved to the Government, but the clearance of the land was doubled in the five years of his administration.

The more recent history of the colony is too well known to require notice here, but the unselfish, self-forgetting conduct of General Brisbane, though still remembered in Australia, has perhaps passed out of mind in his native country.

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When my father first knew him, he was in his fiftieth year of service, and had recently declined the command of the troops in Canada, as well as that of the Indian Army. Although verging upon seventy, he was full of vigour and enthusiasm, especially for his favourite science. He used to relate that he had fought in fourteen general actions, twenty lesser ones, and been present at eight sieges. He had crossed the tropics twelve times, circumnavigated the globe, and visited both the Americas. Here is an address delivered by him in Dublin in 1844, on the occasion of his reviewing his old regiment:—

'When I first joined the army, there was no officer who could give a sketch of a country. Now there are few regiments without several officers qualified, not only to delineate a position, but able also to construct field-works and undertake a siege. With regard to education, it was difficult to find a sergeant who could read and write or keep accounts; whereas now, almost every soldier in a regiment is so far educated, that 700 out of the 800 men of which the 34th is composed, can read and write. The period I allude to was when I was quartered in this city in 1792. I have had the advantage of serving in the first and second campaigns of the war with the Austrian and Prussian armies; and I may say that I have seen almost the whole of the European armies in motion on a large scale. And I consider that the British, in point of quickness and accuracy, stands foremost, and nobody will doubt that their physical strength and moral courage are superior to that of any other nation. It is all one to the British soldier where his enemy may be, whether in his front, flank, or rear; he will fight him as long as his officer orders him, as at Waterloo, where whole faces of the squares were swept away with round shot, still the British soldier was immovable. And although you may characterise him as a lion in the field, yet the most noble of all his traits, in my estimation, is his humanity after a battle, when the lion suddenly changes to the lamb; and I never saw an instance, in all my service, in which the British soldier committed an act of cruelty upon his fallen enemy. Next to the British, I consider the Russian soldier the most formidable while placed in position, although he cannot move; and I may instance the fact, in support of this, that at the battle of Borodino, the redoubts were five times taken by the French, and as often

retaken by the Russians. Napoleon, finding he could make no impression upon their iron front, made a flank movement with his army during the night and got betwixt them and Moscow. It is too much the idea amongst the Continental armies, that if their centre is pierced, or their flanks turned, the battle is lost, as at the unfortunate battle of Jena, which the Prussians lost, and which decided the fate of their country. The same may be said with regard to the Austrians, at the battles of Wagram and Aspern, which led to the occupation of Vienna by the French, and to peace. How widely different with the British soldier! While in Paris, in the year 1815, I had many conversations with officers of high rank, who argued strongly, that by all the laws of war, the English had lost the battle of Waterloo, as their centre had been pierced, their flanks turned, and their artillery were in possession of the French! Could these gentlemen have paid a higher compliment to the British army, although they wished to turn that compliment to their own account? When Napoleon saw the English army drawn up in position for the battle of Waterloo, he remarked to Marshal Soult, "There are the English; I have got them at last, and I think it is nine chances out of ten that I have them all before night!" The marshal, who had had a great deal of experience of the English while opposed to them in Spain and in the south of France, replied to the Emperor, "Your Majesty certainly sees the English army, but you will find them like trees, riveted to the ground." I may here mention, in confirmation of this, that when the Kremlin was re-occupied by the Russians, the portfolio of Berthier, the war minister, was found, giving a return of the French army in Russia, amounting to 400,000 infantry and 80,000 cavalry. There were also found secret reports from the French marshals opposed to the English in Spain, and addressed to Napoleon himself, stating that the French army could not be got to withstand the English when they came into close quarters! I have been long anxious to get the regiment to come to Scotland, particularly, as it is now ninety-eight years since it has been in that country. In the year 1746, the regiment fought at the battle of Culloden, and by a singular coincidence, my father fought with it in that action, as aide-de-camp to the Earl of Home. . . . I fear I have occupied good deal of your time, but I was anxious you should hear some of those important facts, from one who has passed above fifty years in the service, and circumnavigated the globe.

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."'

. . . .

In 1854, the 34th regiment being ordered for service in the Crimea, Sir Thomas bade them farewell, according to a newspaper account at the time, in these stirring terms—

'"Thirty-fourth regiment! I take an affectionate leave of you all! I commend you to the God of battles, who has covered my head in scores of battles. I cannot expect to meet you on earth again, but while I live your honour shall be dear to my heart, and you shall ever be present in my prayers." Colonel Kelly with bedewed eyes, the report goes on to say, though one of the bravest of the brave (for what eye was tearless there and then?) instantly gave the signal for three cheers for their venerated and beloved chief, to which the men responded by the raising of their hats, and with three times three, in which the vast assemblage of spectators joined, till the old castle re-echoed and rang again, at the close of which the band struck up the thrilling tones of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" As Sir Thomas Brisbane and his Lady drove off the ground, the cheering was renewed, and the band played the Scotch air—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint."

On the Friday following, the regiment left the castle on their way to India. Colonel Kelly led them on their march to the railway station through Charlotte Square, in which the general resided. They drew up before his residence, and like a father, rather than a commander, he again gave them a few words of counsel and kindness, and bade them good-bye. The whole city seemed gathered together looking on, and again expressed their grateful affection by loud and prolonged cheers.'

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Sir Thomas Brisbane was not more distinguished as a soldier than for his love of science and patronage of physical research, to which the bursaries founded by him in Glasgow University bear permanent witness. He took almost juvenile pleasure in showing us his splendid telescopes and explaining their several uses, as well as the methods of adjusting them, while his assistant taught us how to apply the tables of numbers to observations. It was with wonder and delight that we saw, for the first time, the mountains of the moon, Saturn and his ring, Jupiter with his belts, and some

of the principal nebulæ. We used to notice that when the family were retiring for the night, Sir Thomas would put on his cap and cloak, and, with a lantern in his hand, leave the house to spend the small hours in his observatory, in spite of which he was never absent from the breakfast table, and as we saw much of him in the course of the day, we used to wonder when he rested. He was at that time preparing for the press a catalogue of the stars,—a work he had commenced in Australia, as will be seen, when Governor of that colony, besides drawing up laborious meteorological and magnetic memoranda.

There was an ancient stone pillar intended for a dial in the garden at Loretto, from which the metal work had been at some remote period removed, and on my happening to mention this, Sir Thomas asked his assistant, Mr. Hogg, to draw a pattern of the hour lines for the engraver to work from, which has been preserved. He took pleasure in explaining the general principles of dialling, which he said was much practised in his early life when clocks and watches were scarce, and showed us also how to take altitudes with the sextant, and the use of the theodolite.

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The reader will, I daresay, bear with me, if I once more make an extract from the papers now lying before me. It is from the eloquent address by Sir John Herschel, on the occasion of Sir Thomas Brisbane being presented with the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, in the year 1828, for his services in establishing an observatory at Paramatta in New South Wales, and for the valuable Register he had compiled of the stars in the southern hemisphere: which medal he kept in a conspicuous place in the drawing-room under a glass shade. After a complimentary introduction the President went on to say:—

'Nothing can be more interesting in the eyes of a European astronomer than the Southern hemisphere, where a new heaven

as well as a new earth is offered to his speculations, and where the distance, the novelty. and the grandeur of the scenes thus laid open to human inquiry, lend a character almost romantic to their pursuit. A celestial surface, equal to a fourth part of the whole area of the heavens, which is here for ever concealed from our sight, or whose extreme borders, at least if visible, are only feebly seen through the smoky vapours of our horizon, affords to our antipodes the splendid prospect of constellations different from ours, and excelling them in brilliancy and richness. The vivid beauty of the Southern Cross has been sung by poets, and celebrated by the pens of the most accomplished of civilised travellers; and the shadowy lustre of the Magellanic clouds has supplied imagery for the dim and doubtful mythology of the most barbarous nations upon earth. But it is the task of the astronomer to open up these treasures of the Southern sky, and to display to mankind their secret and intimate relations. Apart, however, from speculative considerations, a perfect knowledge of the astronomy of the Southern Hemisphere is becoming daily an object of greater practical interest, now that civilisation and intercourse are rapidly spreading through those distant regions, that our own colonies are rising into importance, and that the vast countries of South America are gradually assuming a station in the list of nations, corresponding with their extent and natural advantages.

'It is no longer possible to remain content with the limited and inaccurate knowledge we have hitherto possessed of Southern stars, now that we have a new geography to create, and latitudes and longitudes without end to determine by their aid. The advantages, too, to be obtained even for the perfect and refined astronomy of the north, by placing nearly a diameter of the globe between the stations of observation, and taking up the objects common to both hemispheres in a point of view, and under circumstances so every way opposite to those which exist here, have been strongly pointed out by a venerable and illustrious member of this Society, in an elaborate paper published in its Memoirs, and which would alone suffice to justify a high degree of interest, as due to every well-conducted series of observations from that quarter. The observations of Halley at St. Helena had made known the places of a moderate number of the brighter southern stars, but it was reserved for Sir Thomas Brisbane to develop this important work, his appointment to the office of Governor of New South Wales affording him opportunities of the most favourable kind, which no private individual could have enjoyed.

'On his arrival in the Colony in 1821, the work was com-

menced, and, within a few years, a great number of stellar and other observations, such as eclipses and occultations were made, one of the most remarkable single results consisting in the re-discovery of Encke's comet, in its predicted place, in the year 1822. The history of this extraordinary body is well known, and its re-discovery must have been the occasion of delight to its celebrated discoverer, when he found the calculations on which he pledged himself thus verified, beyond the gaze of European eyes, and this strange visitant, as if anxious to elude pursuit, gliding into its primitive obscurity, thus arrested on the very eve of its escape, a trophy at once of the certainty of our theories, and the progress of our civilization. For these reasons the medal of this Society has been awarded to Sir Thomas Brisbane.'

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Sir Thomas was a devout man, and an assiduous student of the Bible, a copy of which he had in his observatory, but he was entirely free from everything that savoured of controversy, of which he deplored the existence. He used to address the Almighty as 'Great Father of heaven and earth,' when he said the family prayers, and to maintain, in opposition to certain opinions then in vogue, that there was not, and could not be, any real discrepancy between the discoveries of science and divine revelation. He was the founder of many charitable institutions, and of the Brisbane Academy at Largs. He died at Brisbane in the year 1860, aged eighty-seven.

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The following memoranda copied from Miss Makdougall's memoir will be accepted as interesting reminiscences of Sir Thomas's personal intercourse with the great Duke, noted down at uncertain intervals as memory served. They relate mostly to the period when both were with the army of occupation in Paris, after the treaty of Vienna in 1815.

'Here I may remark that no commander of ancient or modern times had such a power of instilling confidence into his troops as the Duke of Wellington. When we were marching into action, no individual, from the general down to the

drummer, ever entertained any other impression than that we were marching to victory.

'I heard the Duke at his own table in Paris ask, "What is the difference between Soult and me?" A general pause ensued, when his Grace said, "I will tell you the difference. I often bring my army into an infernal scrape, but it always gets me out of it. Soult often did the same for his army, and then he was left by it."

'As a proof of the Duke's most excellent memory, while I was in his Grace's house in Paris, a French lady wrote him a letter telling him that she was the widow of a celebrated astronomer, and that he had left a valuable clock which she wished the Duke to purchase. He put the letter into my hand, saying, "You know I know nothing about clocks; if you go and look at it and tell me it is a good one, I will buy it." I did go, found it a first-rate clock, and recommended him to purchase it. He never told me whether he had done so or not, but at a review many years afterwards in Hyde Park, at which he commanded the troops under William IV., I went up to his Grace before the review began, and one of the first things he said to me was, "You must come to Strathfieldsaye and see my clock; it is going remarkably well."

'On my arrival in Paris in 1815 from America, I had the honour of dining with the Duke of Wellington the following day. He spoke in the most feeling manner of his old army, namely, the cavalry, the artillery, the infantry, and the commissariat, and he summed up with these remarkable expressions, that when he broke up on the Garonne after the battle of Toulouse, he had commanded the most perfect army that ever was in existence. In confirmation of which I may mention that my brigade in the march through Portugal and Spain to the south of France, never was without its rations but one day.

'I have every desire to see ample justice done to the brilliant career of the great Duke, as England may never see again such a warrior or such a statesman.

'It has been said, I understand, that when the Duke was aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, and afterwards to Lord Camden, that he drank too freely, gambled, and became deeply involved in debt. Now I never in all my life, though night and day side by side with him, saw him unduly excited by wine, neither did I ever hear it alleged that he was given either to drinking or gambling. He always had his regiment (the 33d) in most excellent order. He was social in his habits in 1790, when I first became acquainted with him, but never given to excess. At this time his personal appearance and manners

were extremely neat and elegant. Such he was from 1790 to 1795, while I had constant personal intercourse with him, and during the interval till 1813, though separated in service, I had continual occasion to know his habits, and they were never otherwise. As an example of the discipline which the Duke maintained in his army, I may relate the following incident, which took place in 1813. During autumn we were near Bayonne, encamped upon a barren heath, where we could get no forage for our horses. My Brigade-Major came to me and said, "Sir, there are about three hundred Frenchmen at our advanced post; are we to let them in?" I replied, "We are not making war against the French inhabitants, only against the French army, therefore allow as many of them to come in as possible." They disposed of what they had brought with them, and were promptly paid. They went home and told their friends and countrymen how they had been received, and we never were in want afterwards all the time we were there, they even brought butter for us from Biscay in Spain. I remarked to Sir Thomas Picton, that the moral effect we had produced here upon the people was more important to us than any battle we had gained. We paid for everything in the same manner as we do in England. I was wont to send for my landlord after dinner to take a glass of wine with me, that I might discover his opinion in general respecting affairs. He informed me that not only the French officers, but also the French soldiers had told the French inhabitants not to quit their houses, but to remain at home, as they had nothing to fear from the British army. As we approached and entered their towns we were received with the waving of handkerchiefs, and every demonstration of confidence and welcome. I never heard a complaint from any inhabitant against our soldiers.

'His Grace maintained the strictest integrity in every transaction, and he instilled into every officer in the army the same principle of honour. In illustration of which, the late Sir Colin Campbell told me that it cost the Duke in Paris £15 per day for fuel for his house; yet though this charge was manifestly enormous, his Grace promptly paid it.

'In proof of the good understanding and courtesy that subsisted between the hostile armies in the Peninsula, when we were at Hasparren in Spain, we, of the third division, being driven from our position, the Duke immediately ordered up another division, which succeeded in driving back the enemy from the ground which they had taken from us. Through this ground a small stream flowed, and a bridge across marked the position of the two armies. Their works being first finished,

the enemy actually came over and helped us to throw up the works against themselves! This incident was well known to the division at the time.

'As the attempt on the Duke of Wellington's life in Paris in 1815 is perhaps not much known at home, I can give a correct account of it. I dined with his Grace on the very day on which it happened. When Monsieur de Cas, Minister of Police in Paris, came to examine the Duke's servants on the subject, it was discovered that the assassin had placed himself exactly where the sentry stood, and as the *porte-cochère* was so narrow that the sentries were obliged to fall back, and the carriage arrived at that point late in the dark night, the coachman and footman could see the face of the miscreant from the flash of the pistol. They testified that he had large *favoris* and moustaches. The bullet had passed over the carriage. I went down next day to see where it had struck. It was obliquely across the street, nearly thirty yards' distance; I distinctly saw the groove of the bullet on the wall.

'A few days after, as I was walking down Duke Street, St. James's, alone, I met the Duke of Wellington coming up. He was kind enough to take my arm and turn and walk back with me. In course of conversation I said, "I did not think a miscreant could have been found in this country, who would have raised his hand against your Grace, after all you have done for it." The Duke briefly replied: "Life was not worth possessing, if it was to be held on such terms." While in Paris the Duke asked me during the weary days of 1815, to make a calculation of the French weights and measures compared with those of England; the army of occupation being supplied according to the French standard. At the same time I calculated and drew out a table of foreign linear measures comparative with those of Great Britain. These the Duke caused to be printed at the army press.

'I may add that while with the army I always carried with me a pocket sextant, chronometer and an artificial horizon, which I have had round the world. I took altitudes of the sun when a halt in the march permitted and obtained the true time. When we got to Toulouse, I went to the observatory, and found the time agreed to within five seconds. In this way I kept the time of the army. On my return from America, the late Major-General Sir Manby Power, and the late Lord Kean informed me that they had written to the Duke of Wellington at Brussels, offering themselves for employment in the army which he was forming for Waterloo. His Grace replied that he should be very happy to comply with their request, but he could hold out

no promise to them until Sir Thomas Brisbane had received the division which he preferred. This I learned from the above-named Generals, but the Duke never mentioned it to me.

'I was indebted to His Grace for many kindnesses of which I never heard till long after, and that not from himself. It was he that procured for me the appointment to the Government of New South Wales from Lord Bathurst, then Colonial Minister, and spontaneously the Duke told him that he would be responsible for me.

'In respect to the religious character and habits of the Duke of Wellington, I may relate that while firmly attached to the Church of England, he had the most unsectarian regard for the convictions of others. From the beginning of our personal acquaintance he remembered the Sabbath, and embraced every occasion of public worship, both for himself and the army. It is well known that while commander-in-chief he carried out the regulation that while every soldier should on the Lord's day go to Church, he was at perfect freedom to choose which. The following incident is worth recording. When in India, an officer, dining at the mess where Sir Arthur presided, was sporting his infidel sentiments. Wishing to change the conversation, he said, "S——, did you ever read Paley's *Evidences*?" The reply was in the negative. "Well then," said Sir Arthur, "you had better read that book before you talk in the way you are doing." The occurrence passed away, and the conversation was soon forgotten; but the reference to Paley's work led Colonel S—— to inquire after it, and having obtained a copy, he read it with the most serious attention. He rose from its perusal with the fullest conviction of the falsehood of the system which he had formerly adopted, and of the divine origin of Christianity. But he did not stop here. He was determined to examine the book itself, which claims to be the Word of God, which he soon saw and felt to be a revelation from Him. The result was that he cordially received the Redeemer, having seen and felt his need of Him; believing in Jesus, he became a Christian not in name only, but in deed and in truth. All his words and actions, in so far as I saw him, were in accordance with this incident.

'As for me, his Grace was kind to the last. I had applied for a commission for the son of an old friend; the application reached him at Walmer Castle on the 13th September 1852: the late Lord Raglan's letter to me, granting it, was dated the 14th, the very day on which the illustrious warrior exchanged this world for, I trust, a glorious eternity.'

CHAPTER XV

HAVING had occasion to mention Dr. Moir, some reminiscences of him may here be recorded, as he was so prominent a figure in the town. He was formerly assistant to Dr. Brown, and as his family and mine were on friendly terms, we often saw them.

He was a tall, dignified gentleman, and those with whom he had only a professional acquaintance could scarcely have fully appreciated him. To the few, however, his repute as an author was equal to that which he enjoyed as a medical practitioner. In general society he was reserved, but when in congenial company his conversation was lively and instructive. He was at that time recasting Galt's *Ayrshire Legatees* and *Annals of the Parish*, and writing his *Life.*

His house was the resort of several Edinburgh celebrities, among whom I recollect Professor Wilson, whose countenance reminded one of the engraving of Jupiter Tonans in Adam's *Roman Antiquities.* The impression he made was such as one might imagine an ancient bard would produce upon a sympathetic audience, but I was too little informed then to understand him.

'Delta' would listen with fixed attention, but I recollect my father observing on the way home, when my mother said 'How wonderful!' that 'So it was, no doubt, but at the same time it would be hard to say what the great man had been driving at.'

The professor, when excited, would suddenly rise from his chair and pace the room with his hands behind his back,

and break out into poetical effusions. I recollect a discussion turning upon Ossian's *Fingal*, and whether Macpherson invented the poem or had seen the original, which Alexander MacDonald thought it worth while to translate into Latin hexameters, the only copy my father had.

Another subject of interest at that time, on which Mr. Beveridge had much to say, was connected with the 'Intrusion' and 'Non-intrusion' debate. My father, although not concerned, inclined to the former, on the grounds that legal rights ought not to be lightly set aside, and considering the tendency of many to forsake their church for reasons which he considered trivial, and the wrangling inseparable from the appointment of ministers by popular election, their nomination by an external authority was preferable, provided of course that patronage was exercised as a trust, and not to serve private ends. He hoped also that the dispute might be amicably settled, and a schism avoided. However, *Dis aliter visum est.* There was bungling somewhere, he said, and as neither side would yield, the 'Disruption' ensued, out of which arose the Free Church in the year 1843.

'Delta' had just then published his inimitable tale of *Mansie Waugh*, chapters of which he would recite with variations. Although Dalkeith was the ostensible abode of the worthy 'tailor,' Musselburgh was the interpretation of the parable, and he would give chapter and verse for the characters he delineated.

I recollect one night when he was reciting the passage in which the 'bailies' are described as mistaking cigars for sweetmeats, for that form of tobacco was in Mansie's time unknown in the country, he asserted that the incident occurred 'in this very room,' at a banquet given by Lord Clive to the magnates of the town. As the tale is now perhaps rarely met with, of which it used to be said that the late Duke of Buccleuch seldom went to bed without reading a portion of it, the passage may be inserted here:

'Well, ye see, some great lord, I forget his name, but no matter, that had made a most tremendous sum of money, either by foul or fair means, among the blacks in the East Indies, had returned before he died to lay his bones at home, as yellow as a Limerick glove, and as rich as Dives in the New Testament. He kept flunkies with plush small clothes and sky blue coats, with scarlet velvet cuffs and collars, and lived like a princie. The body, though as brown as a toad's back, was as prideful and full of power as old King Nebuchadnezzar: and how to exhibit all his purple and fine linen he aye thought and better thought; till at last the happy determination came over his mind to invite the bailies, deacons, and town council all in a body to come and dine with him. . . . Such a dinner! The landlord took the head of the table, the bailies right and left of him, the deacons and councillors were ranged along the sides like files of soldiers, and the chaplain at the foot said grace. . . . In the course of the evening his lordship whispered to one of the flunkies to bring in something, they could not hear what, as the company might like them. The wise ones thought that the best things aye come hindmost. So in brushed a powdered valet, with three dishes in his arms of twisted black things, just like sticks of Gibraltar rock, but different in colour. Bailie Bowie helped himself to a jargonelle, and Deacon Purves to a wheen raisins, and Mansie, very much to show he was not frightened, helped himself to one of the long black things, which, without much ceremony, he shoved into his mouth and began to chew. . . . Two or three more seeing that my uncle was up to trap, followed his example, and chewed away like nine year olds. Instead of the noxious little thing being sweet as honey, for so they expected, they soon found they had catched a tartar, for it had a confounded bitter tobacco taste. Manners, however, forbade them laying it down again, more especially as his lordship, like a man dumfoundered, was aye keeping his eye on them. So away they chewed, and better chewed, and whammelled them round in their mouths, first in one cheek and then in the other, taking now and then a mouthful of drink to wash the trash down, while the whole time their eyes were staring in their heads like mad, and the faces they made may be imagined but cannot be described. His lordship gave his eyes a rub and thought he was dreaming, but no, there they were, bodily chewing and whammelling and making faces; so no wonder that in keeping in his laugh he sprang a button from his waistcoat, and was like to drop down from his chair through the floor in an ecstasy of astonishment, seeing they were all growing sea-sick and pale as stucco images.'

. . . .

Dr. Moir, as already stated, was well versed in the antiquities of the town, and used to regret the loss of old St. Michael's Church. His description of the resurrectionists in the same tale had the effect of making us avoid the lonely churchyard after dark in a wintry night, especially when the wind howled through the openings of the steeple and swirled among the tombstones.

He was the author of a collection of 'Domestic verses,' several of which he wrote on the loss of children. There was one poem my mother admired, called 'Casa Wappy,' after the name by which his little Charles David had called himself, than which perhaps it would be difficult to find more touching sentiments in any language, and from which I extract a few verses :—

'And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond dear boy!
The realms where sorrow dare not come;
Where life is joy.
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
E'en by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye.
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die:
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight,
There dost thou glide before me still,
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till, oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

And though perchance a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth.
We miss thy small step on the stair,
We miss thee at thine evening prayer,
All day we miss thee everywhere,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then, for awhile farewell,
Pride of my heart,
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

Dr. Moir died, much lamented, in the year 1858, and in token of the esteem in which he was held, a statue was erected by his fellow-townsmen, the work of his friend Mr. Ritchie.

. . . .

About that time Father Gavazzi, the Italian Church reformer, came to deliver an address in the newly erected Free Church. He was announced to speak in his native language, and there was great excitement, for he aimed at nothing less than extinguishing the Popedom.

Mr. Glass began by delivering an address explaining the occasion of the monk's visit, alluding to the sincerity of his conversion, and hoping that a good collection would be made for the cause he had at the risk of his life espoused.

The Italian then rose, clad in the habit of his order, and for two hours electrified the assembly who, although they did not know a word of the language, broke out from time to time into plaudits. There seemed a kind of magnetic influence at work which supplied the place of understanding. The orator was never for a moment on the same spot. At one time he would rush to the edge of the platform, as if he

was about to leap into the midst of the people who shrank back; at another he would gesticulate like a person possessed, while the perspiration ran from his face. From time to time he sipped from a glass of water, in the midst of a general sigh or clearing of throats, expressive of the pent-up feelings of the audience. I have since heard many orators, both at home and abroad, but none to equal him.

The effect must have been similar to that produced by another Italian, whom I recollect my father speak of, when we told him what we had seen and heard, as taking the Edinburgh theatre by storm. Paganini would first play upon the four strings of the violin, and then cut one after the other until a single string remained, out of which he would bring such tones as filled the audience with amazement, while his appearance and attitudes were not 'canny.'

. . . .

The mention of Gavazzi recalls another scene of a similar kind which took place at the opening of North Esk Church, when Dr. Chalmers preached, but I can only recollect his venerable figure as he passed out in the midst of the crowd.

When the Disruption occurred there was great commotion, and extraordinary sympathy was exhibited towards the seceding ministers, and preparations were everywhere made for providing them with temporary churches. I recollect being present with my elder brother at one of the early meetings of the General Assembly, which were held in a large wooden building at Canonmills. The proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm, the audience often applauding the speakers, the leader of whom was Dr. Candlish. My father was silent, but shook his head.

. . . .

The name of Dr. Norman Macleod occurs to me in connection with this period. We used to meet him at Mr. James Murray's house in Eskbank. He possessed a very genial nature, and had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes.

Old Mr. Neaves, father of the late Lord Neaves, was frequently one of the party, of whom the story was told, that a brother lawyer, afterwards Lord Deas, having inquired whether the Neaves family were connected with the Nevilles, received for answer that they bore the same relationship that the Deases did to the devils.

Dr. Macleod had a large congregation, whom he entranced with his sonorous voice and fervid eloquence, and choirs being rare in those days, the singing at Dalkeith became a model for other churches.

. . . .

I am reminded of the Scott-Moncrieff family, whose residence was within the Duke of Buccleuch's park, and of whom some were with us at the Edinburgh Academy. The youngest surviving brother, Sir Colin, recently appointed Under Secretary of State for Scotland, has been for some years prominently before the world in connection with the irrigation works of the Nile, and the reconstruction of the stupendous dyke or barrage, by which its level is regulated, as well as by his commission from the Russian government to report upon the Murghab river at Merv, in Central Asia.

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff, father, was the trusted lieutenant of the Duke, and highly respected throughout the country. He was a grave man of few words and much occupied with business affairs. There was a story of His Grace and an English stranger, which was current about that time and occasioned some amusement.

The ducal stables and kennels being famous in sporting circles, admirers of horses and hounds frequently visited Dalkeith to inspect them. On the occasion in question, an English gentleman happened to fall in with the Duke as he was entering the Park, and, mistaking him for the head groom, asked leave to see the stables.

The Duke, who was very open to a joke, perceiving the misconception of his unknown interrogator, was careful not

to disabuse him, and assuming the respectful language and manners of a dependant, replied to the various questions put, as to the pedigrees, prices, and records of the animals, and so obligingly gratified his curiosity that in a short time the pair waxed confidential. He spoke of 'His Grace' as being an excellent judge of horse-flesh, observed that it was a pity the gentleman could not wait to see him, as he generally visited the stables about that hour of the morning, and 'would the gentleman be good enough to sign the visitor's book, as "His Grace" was particular upon that point?' There were other sights besides that strangers often came to see, the pineries, which were famous in Midlothian, and on the further side of the Park, the kennels, where 'His Grace' could show a pack of hounds, such as he (the groom) would back against any in the kingdom.

The stranger being pressed for time, and having seen all he desired, with many expressions of admiration slipped half a sovereign into the groom's hand, which he shook in the most confidential way, inviting him at the same time to the Inn, where he was putting up, and take a glass, as he would like to have some further talk with him. The Duke, with a touch of his hat, accepted the piece, but was obliged to decline the invitation, as 'His Grace' might come round at any moment. As soon as the visitor was out of sight he wrote him a polite note to say that, having incidentally heard he was at Dalkeith, he would be pleased to see him at luncheon. The meeting has no need of description, and concluded with the Duke's intimating that he would keep the half-sovereign as a souvenir of his agreeable visit.

. . . .

Having mentioned the name of Dr. Brown at the commencement of this chapter, it is due to him that his benefactions to the poor of the town and to the Episcopal Chapel, in which he 'founded' an annual sermon, should be mentioned. I can just recollect him, as a physician of the

old school, who wore a long coat and carried a gold-headed cane, and was an imperious man with his patients. He upheld the system of blood-letting twice a year, in spring and autumn, and at a collier village in the neighbourhood summoned such of the inhabitants as he had before selected to meet him at a certain time and place, to be operated on.

The cholera visitation drew forth all the skill and knowledge he possessed, and when it had abated, he printed a learned treatise on the subject, in which he endeavoured to show that the tortuous course followed by the disease corresponded with a sewer or waterway, which he urged the authorities to cleanse and cover over. He frequently visited Loretto, where tar was kept continually burning in various places, and my father and the masters took to smoking cigars, but he did not enter the house. It was an anxious time, as the mortality in the town was great. All the entrances were kept locked and provisions left outside the gates. Dr. Brown was, I believe, a Jacobite to the end of his life.

Dr. Brown's name was connected with a ludicrous incident which came down from the previous generation. In early life he was enamoured of a young lady, whom we knew in her old age and who died a spinster. Her father resided in a house bounded on the back by the mill-lead which was then unfenced. Desirous of being her 'first-foot' on a certain New Year's morning, he procured a plank on which to cross the stream and so approach her window. In the darkness, however, he missed his footing and fell in. The father hearing of it, exclaimed 'Served him right! Cool his love! Cool his love!'

. . . .

I have mentioned more than once the name of the Rev. J. G. Beveridge. He was a man of superior attainments, and a skilled musician, of which evidence is afforded in a hymn set to music, preserved among my memoranda, of his

composition. He succeeded Dr. Moodie in 1836, having come as his assistant four years previously. In a notice of him, cut from an Edinburgh newspaper, he is spoken of as

'warmly attached to the establishment principle, the carrying out of which he believed to be for the benefit of the country at large. As a preacher he was highly esteemed; his sermons being carefully prepared, and his language graceful and appropriate. To his other studies he added that of music, and it was therefore the less remarkable, that, conservative as he was in most things, he eagerly adopted the opinions of the late Dr. Robert Lee regarding the employment of instrumental music in divine service, and successfully advocated its introduction into his own Church. A moderate of the old school, he was no unworthy successor of Jupiter Carlyle, to whom, in dignity of manner, he bore a strong resemblance, and whose high estimate of the functions and position of a minister he thoroughly shared. In perfect sympathy to promote the health and material wellbeing of the community, he took a deep interest in matters relating to sanitary science, and did not think it incompatible with his other duties to instruct his people regarding the value of cleanliness, pure air, and abundant light in their dwellings, while attention to the many duties which the pastor of a large parish has laid upon him, the late minister of Inveresk will be best remembered for his assiduous attentions to the sick, the dying, and the bereaved. Ungrudgingly and unostentatiously, he laboured in this sphere, irrespective of rank or denominational distinction, and that these services were appreciated by his parishioners was shown on various occasions, when he was presented with gifts expressive of their esteem and affection. In his earlier days he contributed regularly to *Chambers's Journal*, being on terms of intimacy with Dr. Robert Chambers, who frequently resided in his parish.

'It is remarkable that Mr. Beveridge's immediate predecessors, Dr. Alexander Carlyle, and Dr. Leslie Moodie, were pastors of Inveresk for fifty-seven and thirty-four years respectively, thus making the time over which the three pastorates extended no less than 141 years. It has often been remarked that the first of these three incumbents was an eye-witness of the Battle of Prestonpans. Mr. Beveridge's illness was simply a gradual loss of strength.'

He died at the advanced age of eighty, in the year 1886, after a fifty years' incumbency.

CHAPTER XVI

A SHORT time before my father's retirement, the unsolicited honour of the Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow, as an acknowledgment of the services he had rendered to the cause of education in Scotland, the parchment being accompanied by expressions of the best wishes of the Senate conveyed to him in a kind and complimentary letter from Professor Ramsay.

This distinguished man and fine scholar he had known for some years, through, I believe, Bishop Russell, who had urged that one of his sons ought to endeavour to secure a Snell exhibition at Balliol College, and thus enable him to more easily carry out the desire he had often expressed that they should, after going through their educational course in Scotland, proceed to one or other of the English Universities.

The one who was thus successful at the Blackstone examination was my late brother, Charles James, who had had the advantage of an early thorough training at the Edinburgh Academy, under the exacting mastership of Mr. Carmichael, already mentioned.

Professor Ramsay stood at that time high in the estimation of classical scholars, and was known by various learned works, among which I recollect his annotated edition of *Ovid and Tibullus*, which he used in his class as a text-book, and his *Roman Antiquities*, as well as by his faculty for attracting students from distant places to attend his lectures, which many, however, could but inadequately appreciate, from lack of good school 'grounding.'

I have a lively recollection of the Professor, and of his class-room. My brother and I lived at some distance from the college, which stood then in hoary grandeur, in the High Street, in the midst of a somewhat squalid quarter of the city, the site of which has since been converted into a great railway station, and many a run we had on the dark and foggy mornings, to be in time for the half-past seven o'clock lecture, before the college-bell had ceased ringing, when the door of the class-room was inexorably shut by Faulds the porter. The chamber was a very spacious one, with a low ceiling, from which plain gas lustres depended, their light hardly penetrating, in certain states of the weather, the misty smoke-laden atmosphere.

There was an elevated platform at the farther end of the room, in front of which was the Professor's desk, and behind, a blazing fire, which, if it did not benefit us, at least suggested warmth, and made us forget that we were really shivering, in spite of the stout red serge gowns which all arts students were obliged at that time to wear.

In a little while, however, what with the heat of the gas, and the crowded assembly, and perhaps most of all, the warmth of the Professor himself, and the daylight, such as it was, struggling through the ancient sweating green-glass casements, we forgot our discomfort.

As the hour waxed, the Professor grew more and more lively and energetic, especially when any lad was 'up' who was doing his work satisfactorily, and whom he had called upon by his Latin name, for a perhaps ten minutes' spell, by some process of selection, which was always a mystery to the class. He would illustrate his lecture by quotations from many quarters, sometimes referring to one or other of the big tomes which were arranged in order before his desk, but generally reciting verses or phrases off-hand, in either case perplexing such students as could not keep pace with him, for they had to take notes as well as they could, in

case of being challenged next morning. He was very fond of poetry, and had a version of his own of 'Lesbia's Sparrow,' which was considered a facsimile of Catullus' ode, perhaps improved.

He would read also passages from Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, with a rolling modulation and fervid enthusiasm, which showed that he was enjoying them to the dregs. The *Lays* had recently been published, and the students knew them only by what they heard from the Professor, but the poems fired them with admiration, being in the ringing style youth admires, and learns by heart without effort, and reminding them of Scott's *Lays*, with which they were all more or less familiar, and of *Chevy Chase* and other border ballads of antiquity.

There were certain passages which the Professor recited *ore rotundo* with delightful emphasis, such as the one in the 'Battle of the Lake Regillus' (he pronounced the *g* hard), where:—

> 'All round them paused the battle,
> While met in mortal fray
> The Roman and the Tusculan,
> The horses black and grey,' etc.

and proceeding—

> 'But, like a graven image,
> Black Auster kept his place,
> And ever wistfully he looked
> Into his master's face.
> The raven mane that daily,
> With pats and fond caresses,
> The young Herminia washed and combed,
> And twined in even tresses,
> And decked with coloured ribands
> From her own gay attire,

[He was thinking perhaps of 'Cassie' and her pony at Ranagulzion.]

> Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse,
> In carnage and in mire.'

And that passage in the 'Horatius,' which he rendered with the utmost spirit:—

'But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.'
(He pronounced Rome, *Room*, and yellow, *Yallow*)

And then, a couple of stanzas farther on, he gave the impression that he was gazing across the Tiber flowing past his platform, and was about to leap into its surging waters—

'But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the Towers of Rome.
"Oh Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.'

It was a mighty relief to the class to find that the Professor was still alive on the Etrurian side of the water, for he had not left his platform at all, as he proceeded with a sepulchral intonation:—

'No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank.'

But perhaps the climax was reached when his voice became tremulous with emotion as he recited the verses, in which the poet describes the hero's reception at the river gate, and his reward, and the molten image set up in his honour.

'And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.'
(Strong accent on the word *brave*.)

'And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.'
(Stronger accent on 'brave,' and 'soughs' of a chorus through the class.)

'With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.'
('Brave' very strong, full chorus, and considerable 'ruffing' of feet.)

On verse days he would give out two or three stanzas for hexameters and pentameters, to which, by the way, he adhered, not encouraging other metres, which he thought waste of time, and likely to issue in mere knackishness and dexterity in the use of the 'gradus.' His illustrations from Roman antiquities were as ready and abundant as his quotations from classical authors, and he seemed to make the old Romans live again, in a way that enlisted the interest and curiosity of the students.

The dominant feature of his character was perhaps enthusiasm, which manifested itself in whatever he took up as a study, for we used to hear that he was keen upon photography, then in its infancy, and upon chemistry, for the pursuit of which he had a laboratory in his house.

He was very particular in having the exercises he gave out properly done and written, for he was impatient of careless penmanship, and revised and marked with red ink every theme or essay that was sent him. I recollect handing him a piece of Latin prose with two or three alternative ways of putting certain phrases. This he would not suffer, 'Make your choice,' he would say, 'and abide by it. This style of

work fosters indecision, and it is better to be wrong at once than right and wrong in the same breath.'

He was very sensitive as to 'quantities' of words, and would start where they were violated. I cannot remember that he was ever obliged to call the class to order, or that he rebuked any one for dulness, or slowness, as he gave it to be understood that he wished all to do their best, but not less than their best. He had a large flashing eye, and when it fell upon any one, it roused him.

Some of the Professors were occasionally jocular, and my brother used to tell of Mr. Buchanan, the Logic Professor, who was full of dry humour, sometimes accosting a lad, who might be restless in his seat, after a moment or two's pause, with the question, 'Is that individual there seeck?' which always raised a laugh, and of course awoke the peccant scholar from his reveries, and this became a saying in the class.

Professor Ramsay, however, was far too magisterial for a joke, and one might as well have looked for a relaxation of the features of the bust of the unknown sage of antiquity on the bracket on the wall behind him, as of his own. His dignity, however, was tempered with so much politeness and urbanity, that he was much beloved.

. . . .

In those days the Professors lived in a court adjoining the larger quadrangle of the College, each in his own handsome residence, and it was the custom of several of them to invite their students from time to time to dinner, or an evening party.

Professor Ramsay's were always held in much esteem. It was the fashion then for the host to drink wine with everybody all round the table. There was a lad, who had become a sub-apostle of teetotalism, which was being preached at that time, by, if I recollect rightly, Father Mathew, and when the host asked him to drink wine with him, the youth replied, 'Excuse me, sir, I do not taste.'

'Then I'll pledge you, Mr. Macalister, in a glass of *aqua pura*,' was Ramsay's rejoinder.

Among the company that used to assemble on such occasions were his brother, Sir James Ramsay, already mentioned, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John David Hope, the Principal and other professors, the Rev. Messrs. Routledge and Almond, the Episcopal clergymen, Archdeacon Aitchison, and several of the city ministers.

The professor had a fine library, filled from floor to ceiling with valuable books, which he took pride in showing, there being some fine specimens of typography and binding, to which he would direct particular attention. He had a collection, also, of coins, antiques and curios, which he would kindly explain to his admiring hearers.

. . . .

Since writing the foregoing, my brother has sent me a letter, dated in 1890, from an old friend, in which mention is made of Professor Ramsay. As it supplies information about Glasgow College at that time, which I did not possess, I have asked leave to quote from the letter.

'We were both, I see, "in Natione Loudonianá," and I look back with interest and pleasure to my days there. Sir Robert Peel, for whom I voted, was Lord Rector, and being a very small fellow, and able to worm myself through narrow spaces, I got close to the Rostrum, and within a few feet of the great man, during his fine inaugural speech; and in that class-room, under the old library at the singularly early hour of 7-30, I used to take much interest whilst Professor Gulielmus descanted upon the agriculture and care of cattle of the Romans, as described in Virgil's *Georgics*. How long, how long ago! it seems. I had a great regard for Ramsay. You remember his face? generally scholastically uniform, and not given to any manifestations of beaming joy. I remember, one day when it was reported his daughter was born,—Cassie Ramsay, who, in time, married Colonel Ogilvy of Ruthven. Well, the censor had called the roll, and Ramsay had kept check, when a great and sudden ruffing of the feet of the class took place. Ramsay looked surprised, and rather disagreeably perplexed, his sharp

face emerging out of his high collar, rapidly jerking his look from side to side, and then suddenly it changed into a pleased aspect, and at last he said :—"I presume, gentlemen, this is by way of congratulating me upon a domestic event which has just happened in my family. I thank you for any interest you may take in me and mine, and now we will go on with the business of the class :—I call upon Robertum Smith."

'I was Sandford's censor for a fortnight, not long before the end of the session, and not without a little perturbation, as he had been known about that time to "call" the censor, which he was generally expected not to do. How Glasgow is changed since then! The old college swept away, but, with the suburbs, said to be next to London in population. By-the-by, a namesake of mine, the Rev. Dr. Fleming, Professor of Hebrew, and afterwards of Moral Philosophy, was College Chaplain, preaching on Sundays in the Common Hall. . . I am very fond of looking into old book-shops, and some time ago I picked up a book by him, called *A Plea for the ways of God to man*, which the bookseller told me was a good deal spoken of thirty years ago; I have read it with particular interest, and many parts of it are of great value. In India, out of the basket of a book-hawker, I picked up a book called *The Life of James Halley, A.B.*, one which I had seen alluded to in his note to Haldane's Commentary on the Romans. He had been a class-fellow of Archbishop Tait at Glasgow, and first at the Blackstone examination, and was introduced to some one by Sir Daniel Sandford, as "the man who had beat Tait." He seemed to have been a youth of the most brilliant talents, and highest capacity, and carried all things before him, in all the classes, and in the great day of the Comitia, the 1st of May, when the highest University prizes were given, it was again and again announced, at the opening of the sealed letter by the Principal, that the successful competitor was Jacobus Halley, who went home loaded with the "Spolia Opima." It was said he could speak Greek as well as English.

'A review of Mitchell's *Aristophanes* appeared in two magazines about the same time, one by Sir Daniel, and the other by Halley, and it was said that the pupil's was a better performance than the master's. The seeds of consumption showed themselves in him, and though sent to Madeira for two successive seasons, he fell a victim to that fatal disease. . . . With you, I feel strongly all you say of this age of speculation and doubt, and so-called critical inquiry: for the fancies of which, and the theories thrown out, I can see no solid material furnishing reliable data either in time or space.'

But 'to return to our muttons.' Professor Ramsay took an especial interest in my brother Charles, and deeply regretted the failure of health which too close study had, as we believed, occasioned.

. . . .

I have since been in communication with Dr. Fleming, to ask him kindly to supply any further observations to incorporate with these 'Reminiscences.'

After some preliminary words of friendly recognition, he writes:—

'My sessions *in Universitate Glasguensi* were 1836-37, the last completed session of Sir Daniel Sandford, and thereafter I went to Edinburgh for the study of medicine. In those days the Principal was Duncan Macfarlan, D.D., a somewhat pompous individual, with, as they say in Scotland, "a vera guid conceit o' himsel'." He happened, however, to be perhaps the one man out of his own confidants, who, at an early date, felt certain that Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, was the author of the Waverley Novels. It came about in this way. Duncan had been tutor in the family of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan House, not very far from Glasgow, in the Lennox district. This Duke was Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and also master of the Horse to George III. This office entitled him to the use of one or two of the royal carriages, horses, harness, and liveries, and usual attendants. In those days, journeys from London to Scotland were accomplished by posting, and I have heard my mother say, that the Duke used to come down to Buchanan House in a royal carriage, and was a very great man in the country-side. The parish of Drymen was in his gift, and he made Duncan the minister of it. Well, it happened that Mr. Scott came thereabouts on a visit, and Duncan coached him all round. In passing through the village of Bucklyvie, he repeated to Mr. Scott these lines:—

> "Baron of Bucklyvie,
> May the foul fiend drive ye,
> And a' to pieces rive ye,
> For building sic a toun!"

'These lines, when *Rob Roy* came out in the year 1817, Duncan saw prefixed to one of the chapters, and, remembering the incident, felt certain that Scott was the author.

'In the College Green, somewhere, I think, down in a corner where the Molendinar burn was covered in, there was a small

rookery, the birds and their interests having a certain amount of protection from the College authorities; for at an early period of the session, the "Comitia" were held in the Common Hall, and the Principal read the Laws of the College *ore rotundo*, and there was one which generally excited some risibility, being somewhat in these terms—"Si quis lapides contra cornices jaceret, pœnâ afficitor!" and as a general rule the Principal was not a man to be trifled with.

'Professor Ramsay was a man for whom I had, and still have after many years, a great esteem, and I much enjoyed his class. He commenced the session with Virgil, and was fond of translating, session after session, "Concede mihi, Arethusa," "O Arethusa! indulge me in this my latest wish!" Afterwards he expatiated on the *Georgics*, after which we took up Horace. Ramsay was always the dignified Professor, and generally maintained a rigidly academical face. One day, however, I remember him fairly overcome. There was a stout country lad, I remember his name was Thomas Summers, who sat in one of the back benches on the Professor's left hand. He had been called up, and it fell to him to translate the Sixth Ode of the first book of Horace, which contains the words —"nec gravem Pelidæ stomachum," which he rendered, "the big belly, Pelidæ, of Achilles."

'The class of course went off, and so did Ramsay. But I fancy he was so tickled with the ridiculousness of the incident, that he could only get out, "Really, Mr. Summers, this is too bad!"

'I never saw Ramsay after I left the class. But in India I used often to think, that if I went home and he was within reasonable distance of me, I would certainly go and pay my respects to him.

'I was very partial to Sandford, and was his censor once for the usual time, a fortnight. When he was examining a student, if the question was not answered, he used to put it generally to a bench. I sat in the first bench on his left, and was always averse to answer a question thus generally put. I forget what we were reading, but he asked the student under examination for any reference to Mercury's relationship to Atlas from the Latin classics. He did not get any answer, and put the question to my bench. I knew it, but was unwilling to answer, and getting no response, he asked, "Can no student on the first bench answer the question?" And then he immediately proceeded to turn over his book, to see, I fancy, the character of the imposts of No. I. Matters looking serious, as the imposition of a "Pœna" on every occupant of No. I. was imminent, I brought out "Mercuri facunde nepos Atlantis." I think he had fully

resolved upon a "pœna," but he said something, in meaning at least, like "Ah! you have just saved your bacon!"

'After the New Year, we had three holidays at the end of each month, the Ults, the Penults, and the Ante-penults, and a deputation of boys from the Glasgow Grammar School always came to solicit them. One day, when the business of the class was going on, the door was suddenly opened, and a few boys came in, and standing in the passage below the bench said, "Nos, scholæ Regiæ Glasguensis auditores, solitas ferias pro discipulis tuis humillime petimus." Sandford with a benignant look and gracious wave of his hand said, "Conceditur," and the boys left "Logic" I did not attend, though I have been in the class. Mr. Buchanan, somewhat familiarly designated "Logic Bob," was a bachelor, very neat and precise in his dress, and I was struck with the kind of fatherly way he used towards his class in explaining. There was a vague impression that he had been a parish minister, but had struck off "The Reverend." Many years afterwards, sometime in 1870-72, we lived in summer quarters close to Peebles. Mrs. Fleming's brother, Mr. George Napier, was the Sheriff-principal of that county, and lent me various interesting books about it, on reading one of which I was surprised to see that Mr. Buchanan had been minister of Peebles about 1813 or '14.

'"Mathematics" was Professor James Thomson, father of Lord Kelvin, a steady, grave man. Meikleham, "Natural Philosophy," was not much known to us. Mylne, "Moral Philosophy," was a very old man, upon whom we used to look with doubt or awe; for, rightly or wrongly, he was suspected of Unitarianism. He had been a very advanced Liberal in the early part of the century, and it was said that the sons of great Whig noblemen, such as the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duke of Bedford, had been boarded with him. Macgill, "Divinity," I rarely saw. My uncle, the Rev. D. Fleming, minister of Carriden, West Lothian, was a great friend of his, and Mr. Macgill went, and introduced him to his charge.

'A few years ago I took the train from Edinburgh to see the old place, but not a relic of its former greatness, nor a shadow of its academic associations remains, and I was profoundly depressed at the contemplation of it. I sailed down the Clyde from the Broomielaw to Govan, to look at the large shipbuilding yards on its banks. It was low tide, and no Styx could have been blacker.'

. . . .

Professor Ramsay's later years were unfortunately

blighted by poor health, which must have been a trial to a man of his ardent temperament.

His daughter Mrs. Ogilvy (Cassie) writes from Rome to say, that he bore his trouble with unfailing cheerfulness and courage, occupying his time at Ranagulzion in the summer with country pursuits, and helping the neighbouring farmers with good advice as to the best way of treating their land and their cattle, for he possessed not only Virgil's 'recipes,' but could have given the poet useful hints as to the chemical nature of the soil, and what manures suit best for certain cereals and roots, in Perthshire at all events. How his agricultural Nestor, however, would have fitted dactyls and spondees to the barbarous nomenclature of phosphates, alkalies, guanos, and other coaxing compounds in use in modern husbandry, is not very clear.

The close of his life was spent between the Riviera and Rome. In those days there was a large cultivated circle of English and other nations resident in the Papal capital, who are now distributed chiefly over the south of France.

The Professor, his daughter says, entered with the delight natural to him into all the studies and recreations of the place, and I can picture him to myself sitting on a broken drum of an ancient column, surveying the forum or wandering over the mazes of the Colosseum or the baths of Caracalla, which were at that time covered with trees, or losing himself in the tangled bushes which had overgrown the palaces of the Cæsars.

He spent much time in the Vatican library, and frequented the company of such men as Gibson, Spence, and Cardwell, the sculptors; Severn, the consul, and friend of Keats; Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador, whose residence was within a stone's throw of the Tarpeian rock; and Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews. How one would have enjoyed a ramble with him over spots and scenes he had been all his life reading and lecturing upon, and which he

could have so richly illustrated out of the stores of his knowledge! It is as well perhaps that he never saw Rome in its new clothes, for although he would have been able to distinguish better the remains of the palaces and fora which have since been disinterred, he would certainly have regretted the disappearance of the dirty, evil-smelling, decayed though most interesting mediæval city.

He died, too soon for his friends, though not for his reputation, at San Remo in the year 1865.

While writing the foregoing I have communicated with Professor Ramsay's nephew, who succeeded him in the chair of Humanity. No life has been written of him, but he sends a sketch of his uncle, penned by an appreciative pupil, which appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for October 1891, in which he is described as 'an ideal Professor of Humanity, and a perfect type of an old Roman of the best kind,' and concludes with a sentiment, which his old students will heartily indorse, who were indebted to him for 'the first elements of literary taste, and their first insight into the treasures of the English language.'

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER Professor Ramsay came Professor Lushington among 'the men of light and leading' with whom I was connected, and who at that time adorned the University of Glasgow, but after him only as a junior follows a senior, for, although of a different type of mind and style of scholarship, there was no man in Scotland who was reputed to surpass him in that accurate acquaintance with the literature of the ancients and their language, for which Cambridge is distinguished.

Although Mr. Lushington had been assistant tutor of Trinity, he must have found it somewhat trying to succeed so famous a Professor as Sir Daniel Sandford, and to adapt himself to a class of students, many of whom entered the university inadequately equipped with the rudiments of the language he had to teach, and some not so amenable to the discipline he had been accustomed to in his own *Alma Mater*.

Professor Ramsay lectured standing before his desk. Lushington sat motionless in his professorial chair like a statue, and apparently as impassive, and showed little of that enthusiasm which was the characteristic feature of his colleague's mind. It was not clear by what means he kept his class, which could be turbulent enough elsewhere, in the order he did, and apparently without effort. The secret lay, perhaps, in their recognising in him a polished gentleman, not above the age of a good many of them, and an unapproachable scholar.

He was much esteemed by reason of his gentle treatment of the students, and of the way in which he corrected their

mistakes, or suggested better turns of phrases in the written exercises. This he would do in a manner which, while it really exposed their ignorance, left them with the feeling that they were tolerable scholars, and on the same intellectual platform with himself. They instinctively recognised that they were sitting at the feet of a young Gamaliel, with whom it was impossible to trifle, and whom it would be a shame to deceive. The consequence was that the Greek class was remarkable for the peace and quietness with which it was conducted, and of the serious attention paid to the business on hand.

The imagination, which governs the conduct of mankind, was struck by the facility with which the Professor brought parallel passages, from apparently the whole range of literature, to bear upon the meaning of the text, but of which it was impracticable to take satisfactory notes, for such copiousness overwhelmed even the best students. He would select a verb, for example, and quote instances of its use by various authors, with some of whom it had one sense, and with others another, and then dissect the tenses to their roots, distinguishing Ionic Greek, Attic Greek, New Testament Greek, and making excursions into Latin and English literature, dealing with phrases and other forms of expression in a similarly exhaustive manner.

I cannot recall him being jocular or sarcastic. He seemed wrapped up in his books, and gave one the impression of a person living among the sages of antiquity, and not at all attentive to ordinary sublunary concerns. But, high as his flights were, he would patiently bear with a good deal of very indifferent scholarship, and urge those who were backward to master the grammar and syntax, and such students as desired to have difficulties removed he would invite to remain with him after the class had been dismissed.

At Cambridge, several years later, I heard of his year having been a remarkable one, an *annus mirabilis,* I think

it was called. This was by reason of the distinguished men who headed the classical Tripos. These were (1) Lushington, (2) Shilleto, who became a famous private tutor in the University, (3) Dobson, afterwards Principal of Cheltenham College, and (4) Thompson, who became Professor of Greek, and, later, succeeded Whewell as Master of Trinity. It is gratifying to be able to add that Professor Lushington enjoys good health; and long may he be spared in his well-earned retirement! He is, I believe, the sole survivor of the professorial staff of his time at Glasgow College.

. . . .

Before leaving the classical halls of Glasgow University, the reader may wish to hear what Dr. Fleming has kindly further communicated out of his own recollections. I had forgotten what pronunciation of Greek and Latin was then in vogue. He writes:—

'Ramsay was a Cambridge man, but always used the Scotch or Continental pronunciation himself, although he tolerated both ways. I have heard him, however, break out on any student who used a mixture of both, for he insisted upon the unbroken and consistent use of either. As regards Greek, Sandford, though an Oxonian, steadily used the Scotch method. He was very particular about the long *e* [eta] being pronounced drawn out like "Eh!" A story was current which came to us from our seniors, that once an English student, reading the first line of Homer, said, *Meenin*. Sandford at once interfered and corrected him, saying, "Don't you know, sir, what a sheep says? Does an English sheep cry, *Mee, Mee*?" The pronunciation he desired was *Mehnin* or *Maynin*. He used to speak of the Romaic or modern Greek as "the most corrupt jargon of the day," although Blackie, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh, makes this the basis of the pronunciation of the Greek he taught. I do not know what Mr. Butcher his successor takes.

'There was a story told of Sandford, that one day he was prelecting to his senior class, on the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, and reading the chorus commencing (and pronouncing)—"Labby, Labby, Labby, Labby, Phrazoo," "Cape, cape, cape, cape, adverte animum! beware!" when the bell rang at 3 P.M. Some of the students, I fancy, had other classes to make for, and rose on their benches to leave. Sandford had got into a sort

of rhapsody, forgetful of everything but the subject in which he was immersed. Suddenly called to attention by the movement, he broke out, and said "he would rather tear his gown and scatter it to the four winds of heaven, than expatiate in the language to persons who could so little appreciate it." But almost immediately after, he realised the true state of the matter, recovered his temper, and courteously dismissed the class. He was once for a time in Parliament, but, not finding it congenial, he resigned his seat, and resumed the duties of his chair. Not long after, he proposed the House of Lords at the great banquet given to Sir Robert Peel on his election to the Lord Rectorship.'

. . . .

Of Professor Thomson I knew but little, though I met him occasionally at college receptions. He was of a retiring disposition, and of grave, though kindly aspect. The impression he gave one was that of a person absorbed in meditation, and, in his lectures, intent upon accuracy himself and demanding the same from his students; not suffering slovenliness, or what is called 'cram.' His career had been a remarkable one, and ran nearly on all-fours with that of James Ferguson, the famous self-taught astronomer and lecturer, of the latter part of the previous century. He had at an early age procured old treatises on geometry and algebra, and constructed in front of his father's house a dial with no fewer than seven faces.

Of the mathematician it may be as aptly as of the poet taken as an axiom,—'nascitur non fit,' for it would be as contrary to nature, that a person without an ear for music should be a Beethoven or a Mozart, as that one, lacking in mathematical genius, should successfully devote himself to the sciences of number and quantity.

Mr. Thomson first distinguished himself at the school of Ballynahinch in Ireland, under Dr. Edgar, whence he proceeded to Glasgow with a view of qualifying himself for the ministry, and while there, showed so great aptitude for his favourite study, as to lead to his appointment to the mathe-

matical lectureship in the Belfast Institution then recently founded, and in which his name is perpetuated in the bursaries he endowed. In this position he was able to create a taste for abstract and natural science, which had the effect of attracting students from many parts of the country; and his reputation earned for him the esteem of his University, in the form of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, which led to his appointment to the chair of mathematics at a time when the study had fallen to a low ebb.

An old pupil writing in the *Londonderry Standard* of Jan. 19, 1849, says—

'He found the mathematical class in a state of virtual extinction, and had not long been at the head of it when a thorough revival began, and in a short time the mathematical classes of Glasgow College were not behind any others in the British Empire.'

It used to be said that Dr. Thomson was a very 'dragon' for study, and allowed himself no rest with regard to any problem he had in hand until he had solved it, and such inquiries were perpetually cropping up, as his own investigations were extended, as must naturally be the case, as knowledge leads to more knowledge, and questions answered to ulterior questions demanding replies.

Another of his pupils writing in 1849, the year of his death, spoke of

'his zeal in the cause of science as incessant, and his industry as absolutely without bounds, while his mode of communicating abstract truths was inimitably clear and attractive.'

He turned out some fine mathematicians in the higher branches, some of whom afterwards greatly distinguished themselves at Cambridge, and I recollect it being said that he was very proud of 'my Willie,' as he called the future Lord Kelvin, when he appeared in the Tripos as second Wrangler and Senior Smith's prizeman.

. . . .

The career of his son was indeed a remarkable one, for almost immediately after leaving Cambridge, he was appointed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow College, in succession to Dr. Meikleham, so that father and son divided the scientific courses between them. The achievements of the latter do not come within my purview, but one cannot help taking note of his first public success, in connection with the late Cyrus Field's apparently wild project for laying a cable at the bottom of the Atlantic to connect Europe with America.

If any one incident relating to that Titanic enterprise is more likely than another to be remembered by a remote posterity, in the way, for example, that the ancients regarded Jason and his companions, or as we do the exploits of Columbus and his co-discoverers, it was the finding again, and the drawing up from the depths of the ocean, after the second cable had been laid, the ends of the first which was thought to have been lost for ever, thus ensuring a double communication between the old and the new worlds.

Sir William Thomson's later discoveries and inventions would require a long chapter, and besides, being already known throughout the world, do not belong to the category of Reminiscences. So I add no more, beyond expressing the satisfaction with which his old fellow-collegians heard of his elevation to the distinguished position of President of the Royal Society, and his more recent enrolment in the ranks of the Peerage; an honour which his many friends will perhaps value at a higher rate than his own modesty would put upon it, for it is the first occasion in which a purely scientific man has had conferred upon him so high a mark of distinction, as the Laureate was the first poet to receive a similar recognition,—Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Christopher Wren having been thought to be adequately rewarded by a knighthood, and Sir Walter Scott by a baronetcy, not to mention the distinguished men in medical,

and engineering, and artistic pursuits, who, in later times, have been similarly honoured.

. . . .

There was a very spacious Common-hall, already mentioned, capable of accommodating two thousand persons, with galleries on three sides for ladies and non-collegians, which used to be the scene of great animation on certain occasions, notably on the first of May, when rewards were presented to successful students.

In those days the prize-winners were chosen by the votes of their fellows, according to ancient custom, and it was understood that their awards were in accordance with the judgment of the several professors, as they were based upon the general behaviour of the rival competitors during the whole course of the session.

At these 'Comitia,' as they were called, the Professors would, each in turn, deliver a short address, reviewing the work which had been done, and as the prizemen were successively summoned to the high dais to receive their rewards, the Principal would speak a few words complimentary and encouraging to each, after which the assembly broke up, amidst cheering for the Principal, cheering for the Professors, cheering for the prizemen, and cheering for the ladies.

. . . .

There was no such corporate life in Glasgow as is to be found in the English colleges, but students lodged where they pleased, some I used to hear coming daily from a considerable distance. There were several clubs, and among them a debating society, which the juniors, however, only knew by hearsay, and a football club which played in the spacious grounds behind the college. The students, however, formed themselves into cliques, and I recollect suppers not of the most elegant kind, when a certain amount of the luscious concoction known as Glasgow punch was con-

sumed, and there was a song much in vogue at such gatherings, of which the chorus ran:

'He who drinks small beer, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves fall, and dies in October.
He who drinks strong ale, and gets to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly fellow.'

Drinking to excess, however, had by this time gone out of fashion, at least among the better classes.

. . . .

In those days watchmen were appointed to parade the streets during the night, supplied with lanterns and cudgels, and one of their duties was to call out the hours and half hours with a loud monotonous voice, proclaiming at the same time the state of the weather, and the occurrence of any event likely to be of interest to the community, in terms such as these:

'Half-past three of the clock,—
A snawy nicht.'
'Fowr o' the clock,—vera foggy.'
'Twa in the mornin',—
Fire in the Gorbals!'

I hear these calls now through the telephone of my memory.

At the time of which I have been writing, the railway between Edinburgh and Glasgow was in course of construction. The communication between the two cities was twofold, by road and canal, of which the latter was often preferred, as being less fatiguing and more commodious, while the time consumed was about the same, namely, six hours. There was great traffic also of merchandise, in heavy waggons and carts.

The canal basin was situated in the Lothian Road, and its wharves were piled with mountains of coal. The passenger boats consisted of long, narrow, shallow skiffs of sheet iron, roofed over and drawn by four horses at considerable speed.

I recollect on one occasion, and the same kind of accident, I heard, frequently happened, when the horses while turning a sharp curve which the boat was too long to take, were with their boy riders pulled backwards into the water, where they might have been struck by the bow of the boat, had the latter not bumped against the opposite bank, jerking the passengers out of their seats in a confused heap.

The coaches were generally crowded, and my brother used to tell of an experience he had while travelling in one of them, when he narrowly escaped a serious accident. There was a drove of pigs somewhere on the road near Linlithgow, and before the driver could pull up, the wheels of the coach had run over one or more of the unfortunate creatures, causing a series of such lurches as threatened a capsize. During the altercation which followed between the driver and the swineherd, the pigs took to such of their legs as remained, amidst a prodigious amount of squealing, and joined their companions as fast as their mangled bodies permitted.

From Glasgow we used in the spring to take very enjoyable trips down the Clyde, when occasion offered, in the well-appointed steamers, or up stream as far as we could conveniently row, on which days we tried our hand, with small success, however, at fishing. We made excursions also to Hamilton Palace, Paisley, Renfrew and the country round, as time and opportunity permitted.

The mention of steamers reminds me of a cutting from a Glasgow newspaper, of date 5th August 1812, which may be read with interest, as it relates to the first steamer that plied on the Clyde. Here it is:—

'*The* STEAM PASSAGE-BOAT, *Comet*, Capt. W. Mackenzie, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, *for passengers only*. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel, to ply upon the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, to sail by the power of wind, air, and steam, intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays,

Thursdays, and Saturdays, about mid-day, or at such hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide, and to leave GREENOCK on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the morning, to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel require only to be proved, to meet the approbation of the public, and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present fixed at 4s. for the best cabin, and 3s. for the second; but beyond the rates nothing is to be allowed to servants, or other persons employed about the vessel. —HENRY BELL.'

The Comet was of twenty-five tons burden, with an engine of four-horse power.

Contrast this with an account of a crossing from Dover to Calais ten years before, as described in a letter now before me:—

'We went on board the packet (Aug. 9, 1802) between eight and nine at night, and landed at Calais about eight the next morning, much disgusted with our voyage, being detained and tossed about by contrary winds the whole night. We had our choice of two evils, that of remaining on the deck, amidst the thunder, lightning, and rain, as I did, sleeping under a sailor's greatcoat, or encountering the intense heat, which I was obliged to submit to, of a cabin fourteen feet square, and containing twenty-eight persons, some in the different cots, one above another like cupboards, and the rest spread on the floor.'

Contrast this once more with the 'railway race' between the English and Scotch capitals which has ceased to excite surprise, although, when one thinks of the matter, eight to nine hours are a wonderfully short time to consume in a journey of four hundred miles, which in the year 1824 required fifty, and in 1770 from twelve to fourteen days by a stage setting out once a month. Arthur Young[1] in that year describes the road between Preston and Wigan as 'infernal,' and cautions 'all travellers who may purpose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil, for a

[1] *Tour in the North of England*, 1770.

thousand to one but they break their necks and limbs by overthrows and breakings down.'

. . . .

As I have in these 'Reminiscences' gone back to times now far remote, it may not be out of place to transcribe Pennant's[1] description of Glasgow as it was a century ago.

'The principal street runs east and west, is near a mile and a half long, but unfortunately not straight; yet the view from the cross where the two other great streets fall into this, has an air of vast magnificence. The Tolbooth is large and handsome, with this apt motto on the front:

"Hæc domus odit, amat, punit, conservat, honorat
Nequitiam, pacem, crimina, jura, probos."

'Next to that is the Exchange; within is a spacious room, with full-length portraits of all our monarchs since James I., and an excellent one by Ramsay, of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, in his robes as Lord of Sessions. Before the Exchange is a large equestrian statue of King William. This is the finest and broadest part of the street, many of the houses are built over arcades, but too narrow to be walked in with any conveniency. Numbers of other neat streets cross this at right-angles. The market-places are great ornaments to the city, the fronts being done in very fine taste, and the gates adorned with columns of one or other of the orders. Some of these markets are for meal, greens, fish or flesh; there are two for the last which have conduits of water out of several of the pillars, so that they are constantly kept sweet and neat. Before these buildings were constructed, most of these articles were sold in the public streets; and even after the market-places were built, the magistrates with great difficulty compelled the people to take advantage of such cleanly innovations.

'Near the meal-market is the public granary, to be filled on any apprehension of scarcity. The guard-house is in the great street, where the inhabitants mount guard, and regularly do duty. An excellent police is observed here, and proper officers attend the markets to prevent abuses.

'The old bridge over the Clyde consists of eight arches, and was built by William Rea, bishop of this See about four hundred years ago. A new one has been lately added of seven arches, with circular holes between each to carry off the

[1] *Tour in Scotland.*

superfluous waters in the great floods. This bridge deviates from the original plan, which was very elegant, and free from certain defects that disgrace the present.

'The city of Glasgow till very lately was perfectly tantalised with its river; the water was shallow, the channel much too wide for the usual quantity of water that flowed down, and the navigation interrupted by twelve remarkable shoals. The second inconveniency continually increased by the wearing away of the banks caused by the prevalency of the south-west winds that blow here, and often with much violence during more than half the year; thus what is got in breadth is lost in depth; and shoals are formed by the loss of water in the more contracted bed. Spring-tides do not flow above three feet, or neap-tides above one at Broomylaw quay close to the town, so that in dry seasons lighters are detained there for several weeks, or are prevented from arriving there, to the great detriment of the city. To remedy this evil the city called in several engineers; at length the plan proposed by my old friend, Mr. John Golburne of Chester, that honest and able engineer was accepted, and he entered into contract with the magistrates of Glasgow, to deepen the channel to seven feet at the quay even at neap-tides. He has made considerable progress in the work, and given the stipulated depth to within four miles of the place. For a present relief he has deepened the intermediate shoals, and particularly he has given at least four feet of water immediately below the quay, in a shoal called the Hurst, which was above a quarter of a mile long, and had over it only eighteen inches of water. Before this improvement lighters of only thirty tons burden could reach the quay; at present vessels of seventy come there with ease.

'Near to the bridge is a large almshouse, a vast nailery, a stoneware manufactory, and a great porter brewery, which supplies some part of less industrious Ireland; besides, there are manufactures of linens, cambricks, lawns, fustians, tapes, and striped linens; sugar-houses, and glass-houses; great roperies, vast manufactures of shoes, boots and saddles, and all sorts of horse furniture; also vast tanneries carried on under a company who have £60,000 capital, chiefly for the use of the colonists, whose bark is found unfit for tanning. The magazine of saddles, and other works respecting that business, is an amazing sight: all these are destined for America, no port equalling this for the conveniency of situation and speedily supplying that market. Within sight on the Renfrew side are collieries, and much coal is exported into Ireland, and into America. The origin of foreign trade in this great city is extremely worthy of attention.

A merchant of the name of Walter Gibson, by an adventure first laid the foundation of its wealth ; about the year 1668 he cured and exported in a Dutch vessel, 300 lasts of herrings which he sent to St. Martin's in France, where he got a barrel of brandy and a crown for each; the ship returning laden with brandy and salt, the cargo was sold for a great sum: he then launched further into business, bought the vessel and two large ships besides, with which he traded to different parts of Europe and to Virginia; he also first imported iron to Glasgow, for before that time it was received from Stirling and Borrowstoness, in exchange for dyed stuffs: and even the wine used in this city was brought from Edinburgh. Yet I find no statue, no grateful inscription, to preserve the memory of Walter Gibson!

'Glasgow till long after the Reformation was confined to the ridge that extends from the high-church or cathedral, and the houses trespassed but little on the ground on each side. This place (whose inhabitants at this time are computed to be forty thousand) was so inconsiderable in 1357, as not to be admitted into the number of the cautionary towns assigned to Edward III. for the payment of the ransom of David II. Religion was before that period the commerce of our chief cities, in the same manner as commerce is their religion in the present age.

'Some writers attribute the foundation of this see to St. Kentigern in 560, and make him the first bishop; others will give him no other rank than that of a simple saint. It is with more certainty that the cathedral was founded, or refounded, in 1136 by John, governor to David I., and who was the first certain bishop of the place; for it was not erected into an archbishoprick till 1500, when Robert Blackader had first the title. This fine church was devoted to destruction by the wretched ministers of 1578, who assembled by beat of drum a multitude to effect the demolition; but the trades of the city taking arms, declared that they would bury under the ruins the first person who attempted the sacrilege; and to this sensible zeal are we indebted for so great an ornament to the place. It is at present divided into three places for divine service; two above, one beneath, and deep underground, where the congregation may truly say, *Clamavi ex profundis.* The roof of this is fine, of stone, and supported by pillars, but much hurt by the crowding of the pews.

'In the churchyard is an epitaph on a jolly physician, whose practice should be recommended to all such harbingers of death, who by their terrific faces scare the poor patient prematurely into the regions of eternity.

'"Stay, passenger, and view this stone,
For under it lies such a one
Who cured many while he lived;
So gratious he no man grieved:
Yea, when his physick's force oft failed,
His pleasant purpose then prevailed;
For of his God he got the grace
To live in mirth, and die in peace;
Heaven has his soule, his corpse this stone;
Sigh, passenger, and then be gone.
DOCTOR PETER LOW, 1612.'

'Besides this church, are the College Church, Ramshorn, Trone, St. Andrews and Wint, the English Chapel, College Chapel, a Highland Church, three seceding Meeting-houses, a Moravian, an Independent, a Methodist, an Anabaptist, a Barony Church, and one in the suburbs of the Gorbels.

'The university was founded in 1450, by James II. Pope Nicholas V. gave the Bull, but Bishop Turnbull supplied the money. It consists of one college, a large building with a handsome front to the street, resembling some of the old colleges in Oxford.

'Charles I. subscribed £200 towards this work, but was prevented from paying it by the ensuing troubles; but Cromwell afterwards fulfilled the design of the royal donor. Here are about four hundred students, who lodge in the town, but the professors have good houses in the college, where young gentlemen may be boarded, and placed more immediately under the the professor's eye than those that live in private houses. The library is a very handsome room, with a gallery supported by pillars, and is well furnished with books. That beneficent nobleman, the first Duke of Chandos, when he visited the college, gave £500 towards building this apartment.

'Messrs. Robert and Andrew Foulis, printers and booksellers to the university, have instituted an academy for painting and engraving; and like good citizens zealous to promote the welfare and honor of their native place, have at vast expense, formed a most numerous collection of paintings from abroad, in order to form the taste of their *élèves*.

'In this street is the house where Henry Darnley lodged, confined by a dangerous illness suspected to arise from poison administered at the instigation of Bothwell. Here the unhappy prince received a visit from Mary Stewart, and took the fatal resolution of removing to Edinburgh. This sudden return of her affection, her blandishments to inveigle him from his father and friends, and his consequential murder, are circumstances unfavorable to the memory of this unfortunate princess.'

CHAPTER XVIII

AMONG my father's friends was the Chevalier Espinasse, a French gentleman of the old school, and the *enfant gâté*, as he called himself, of two generations of Edinburgh society, whose company was much sought, in consequence of his various accomplishments and attractive conversation, for he had the quality of throwing a halo of romance over the events through which he had passed in early life. He had entered the navy when Napoleon was First Consul, the year before he became Emperor. Although his family had suffered in the Revolution, and his early education might have been expected to attach him to the Royal family, he conceived such an admiration for the new ruler of France, that like many military and naval young men of that period, he became devoted to him heart and soul. After six years of service in the *Junon* frigate as a lieutenant, he was taken with his fellow-officers, on the capture of the vessel, to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and thence removed first to Crediton, and then to Jedburgh. At the end of the war he returned to his native country, but being unwilling to resume his maritime life under the restored monarchy, came back to Scotland, and settled in Edinburgh, where he opened a class, which was for many years famous, not only for the thoroughness with which the language was taught, but because it was also, in the opinion expressed by Lord Jeffrey, a school of philosophy and moral training, the Chevalier imparting to his pupils a tone of an exceptionally valuable kind, and illustrating his lectures by references to

maxims, which he gathered out of the great authors of his own nation, besides requiring of them a strict observance of honour and high principle. It is not too much to say of him that he tamed not a few of the rude spirits of the day, which no other Frenchman had been known to do. One of his lady pupils, who has now passed away,[1] said of him in a memoir she wrote after his death, 'His course of French conversation and literature was known through the whole of Scotland, as a sort of brilliant institution, of which people were proud, because they loved the man. It was often said of him that though he had given up the career of arms, he had never ceased to serve France, for by winning the respect and affection of the large circle who knew him in the land of his adoption, he exercised a powerful influence in leading many to understand, and to admire the great and good men of whom France is so justly proud,—her heroes, her orators, her statesmen, her philosophers, and her saints, and in reading her history, to put aside the prejudices of foreigners, so that many who remember his care, and have loved him from their childhood have said of him, "He taught me to know and to love France; he explained to me the charms of her social life, and to him I owe the never-ending enjoyment of her literature."'

The Chevalier died in the year 1870, at the advanced age of eighty-one, just before the Franco-German war broke out. I recollect his friends rather rejoiced at than lamented his removal, as they believed that the issue of the struggle would have broken his heart.

In after years the Chevalier during his summer vacations used to pay my family a visit in London, when on his way to or from the Continent, for the special purpose of showing respect to the memory of his mother, at her tomb in the Auvergne. Released from the cares of his professional engagements, he entered with the greatest zest into

[1] Mrs. Admiral Dunlop.

whatever was going on, calling on such of his old Scotch friends as had migrated thither, seeing the exhibitions of pictures, and undergoing an amount of exertion which would have fatigued many younger men.

He always carried with him Montaigne's *Essais*, De la Bruyère's *Caractères*, Molière's *Plays*, and Montesquieu's *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, which he read in spare half-hours, and were his companions in his bedroom in the early morning.

His conversation was lively and elevated, and although he had passed through many trials of various kinds, his natural buoyancy retained him in youth.

He did not believe in human depravity, and maintained that where confidence is shown, it is not likely to be abused. He had a proverb which ran, 'Cheat me once, you are guilty, cheat me again, I am guilty.' In paying cabmen their fares, or waiters their bills, he would place money in his hand and say, 'Take what I owe you, neither more nor less, I trust you;' adding to me, 'As I put them upon their honour, they are bound to treat me fairly, for no one, even the worst character but will abide by his honour, which is the last remnant of self-respect he will suffer to be impugned.'

The Chevalier may have carried this principle to an extreme, for deplorable experience leads most people at length to another opinion, and during his holiday rambles he may have discovered reason to show a less trustful disposition. As a general rule of life, however, he no doubt found his method answer, for, in the case of domestics, it would seem that, if you confide in them, they will be faithful to your interests.

The Chevalier was a devoted, though not a bigoted, Roman Catholic, and used to maintain that the outward profession had no relation either to goodness or its opposite, and although he was French to the backbone, he was a sincere friend to John Bull, whom he admired for those qualities

which he recognised his own countrymen did not possess in equal measure; for, he said, 'We have too much heart, which carries us off the true balance.'

He often spoke of the kindness which had been shown him in the land of his exile, and desired that the words might be engraven upon his tomb, 'Ma cœur à ma patrie et ma reconnaissance à l'Écosse,'—a wish which his family fulfilled.

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Among other men of note whose lectures I attended at that time were Professors Kelland and Forbes. Mr. Kelland had been senior wrangler and a fellow of Queen's College, and was a profound mathematician, having easy command of the various calculuses which, by the way, he considered his students ought to be able to master as readily as he himself had done.

His exceeding quickness was, however, a bar to this, for he would wipe off a demonstration from the board and proceed with another before the class had time to note down the first, and occasionally dispense with a diagram. Tracing a figure with his pointer in space, he would say 'join these two points and bisect this line,' moving, meanwhile, the pointer, 'and from this bisection describe a circle,' here he twirled the pointer, 'at this point in the circumference draw a tangent, etc.'; but by the time these several operations were completed, any figure that existed in the mind's eye had become obscured, and we had to give it up.

He was thorough in the examination of the papers which had been returned to him, and which were often found struck through with a dash of the pen in red ink, upon which he would cover the board with the proper solution.

He used clearly to demonstrate the process of constructing logarithmic tables, but did not allow of their being ignorantly used, merely in accordance with the rules laid down in the books of applied mathematics. He taught, in

short, how the tools of abstract science were made, but the students must find out for themselves how to use them.

He was much liked, as he was always in good humour, and kept the class in the same, who, notwithstanding the figures in the air, learned a great deal from his teaching.

In private life he was very genial, and I recollect visiting him, when he was recovering from the effects of a collision on the railway. He told me, that although mercifully he had escaped without broken bones or bruises, the shock to the system had been so severe, that he doubted whether he would recover. And this came true, as, although his cheerfulness did not forsake him, he felt the effects of the accident to the end of his life.

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Dr. James D. Forbes, Professor of Natural Philosophy, was a tall stately person of grave demeanour, and a well-known figure in Princes Street, along which he would stride at a rapid pace, with an umbrella on his shoulder, as if he had serious business on hand.

He was an accomplished lecturer, and was assisted by an equally skilful senior student, who brought out the various models of mechanism or other apparatus, which were required for the elucidation of the subject.

If Kelland was abstract, Forbes was concrete. There were no ideal figures in his class, but models of levers, screws, pulleys, toothed wheels, and various other engines. For the illustration of his lectures on hydrostatics he had water laid on to his platform,—and for optics, acoustics, magnetism, and electricity he possessed a choice collection of valuable instruments.

His experiments were often exceedingly striking, especially when, the shutters being drawn over the skylight, he showed the behaviour of the electric current under a variety of conditions. A day seldom passed without some manifestation of applause from his crowded audience, for

such it was, rather than an ordinary class, a few gentlemen of leisure attending the course.

Nothing perhaps satisfies the mind more than the finding of that come true in fact, which theory has previously shown must be so; and as his experiments verified the explanations into which he entered beforehand, they excited much interest in the process, and afforded delight at their conclusion.

He rarely examined the students *vivâ voce*, but expected that notes should be taken of his prelections, in view of the question-papers he set for home work.

Towards the end of the course he used to treat of glaciers, which he had studied during frequent visits to Switzerland, in company with several distinguished foreign experts, and, for the elucidation of which, had contrived special apparatus, such as long troughs sloping at various angles, some in zigzag fashion to imitate the course of bending valleys, and with obstacles of various forms to represent rocks or other obstructions in nature. When the troughs were in readiness on the spacious table, he would direct the assistant to pour in, at their highest points, a viscous mixture of whiting and water, and as the liquid ran slowly down, sprinkle it with black powder to show the course of the stream, and the disturbing effect of the obstacles, and thus he explained the motion of glaciers.

The Professor used to invite his students to parties in his house in George Square, which were always interesting, by reason of the celebrities we used to meet there. It would be difficult to name a more accomplished expositor of the natural sciences, or one who laboured more effectually for their advancement than the 'Founder,' as I used to hear him called, of the British Association.

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Of the other Professors of Edinburgh University at that time I knew little, but occasionally attended their classes.

Dunbar was then an aged man, as was also Pillans. Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, I used to meet at private houses. He was then engaged in connecting a clock in front of the Register Office, by means of an electric wire, with the standard time-keeper on the Calton Hill, and arranging for a noon-day gun to be fired off on the esplanade of the castle. He was reckoned a very exact calculator, having had much experience in the Southern Hemisphere, and a first-rate observer as well as a lucid expositor of his science. He earned a high reputation in connection with his romantic expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe, of which he gave a graphic account in the work he published on his return. His name has, however, in recent years, been chiefly connected with his exhaustive investigations into the secrets of the Great Pyramid, on the lines of the late Mr. John Taylor, and with his numerous contributions to the American *International Standard Magazine*. He claims indeed to have demonstrated what Mr. Taylor had surmised, that this wonderful structure was divinely inspired, and is a monument embodying not only abstruse mathematical and astronomical truths, and a system of cosmic measures of various kinds, but also prophetic in chronology of human history.

On one or two occasions I heard Professor Wilson lecture. It was a remarkable exhibition of oratory. He would burst forth like a volcano, then pause, till the crater became full, and the lava flowed again.

In after years I used to visit the college as rare opportunities offered, and recollect being present, with one of his students, at Professor Blackie's lecture. His reading of Homer, with the pronunciation of the modern Greeks, and plentiful illustrations from other writers, was a great treat. He reminded one of Professor Wilson's fire, and had the power of evoking in his students the same enthusiasm that stirred within himself. Many years afterwards when I was staying with my brother near Oxford, he took me to hear the

professor discourse in one of the halls of the new museum before a large and representative audience, when he pleaded for what he contended was the true pronunciation of the language, which came as readily to his lips as his mother tongue. The lecture created a sensation, and if he did not convince his hearers, he afforded them a genuine specimen of the 'perfervidum Scotorum ingenium,' from which they could not withhold their applause.

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The last time I paid a visit to Edinburgh College was in the year 1872, when I accompanied my cousin, Sir Wyville Thomson, to his lecture, at which there was a crowded attendance. I had not seen him since his appointment as chief of the scientific staff of H.M.S. *Challenger*. At that time he was much occupied with the duties of his class, and preparing for publication the vast collection of materials which he had accumulated during the voyage. He was in excellent spirits, but his animated conversation did not conceal the mental strain he had undergone, and his powers were evidently overtaxed.

We had known him from childhood when the family lived near Loretto, but our paths in life being diverse, we had seldom met. His father was a retired medical officer in the service of the East India Company, of high scientific acquirements. When, a year or two later, we visited him at Bonsyde, he was generally engaged with his son, from an early hour, in his study. While a child, Wyville began to form collections of eggs, shells, and plants, which he arranged according to a system of his own invention in a number of shallow cases made by himself, with the assistance of a carpenter, Buchan, at Musselburgh.

On leaving Loretto he was sent to Merchiston Castle School, and in due course to college, with the view of preparing for the medical profession; and when pursuing his studies there, we heard with surprise and pleasure, as he

had not come of age, of his appointment to the chair of Botany in King's College, Aberdeen. Two years later he removed to Queen's College, Cork, and twelve months after was appointed to the Professorship of Mineralogy and Geology in Queen's College, Belfast, where he was the prime mover in founding a School of Arts, upon which he bestowed the natural history collections which he had for many years assiduously gathered,—and on his leaving the town was presented with an illuminated address at a public meeting of his fellow-citizens and collegians, together with a set of silver table-ornaments, which he took pride in exhibiting whenever he had company at dinner.

He had, while still a student, given promise of future eminence by contributing papers to various scientific societies, connected chiefly with the zoology of the inferior orders of the animal creation, in which he expressed his profound conviction that in the depths of the ocean was to be sought the solution of numerous problems in vegetable and animal life, which had hitherto escaped discovery. He maintained further that an immense field of research and of knowledge, both physical and biological, would be opened up by such an investigation as he advocated, and, most remarkable forecast of all, that the causes and controlling powers of the climates and temperatures of the different parts of the globe were to be sought for in the vast system of circulation, which he apprehended permeated and throbbed through the whole of its many oceans. In this forecast he was partially confirmed by the proof of the existence of animal life at great depths, which had been doubted or denied; the organisms found by Professor Jenkins adhering to the electric cable between Sardinia and Bona, when hauled up to the surface for repair, and subsequent investigations elsewhere, showing that he was on the right track.

At that time Mr. Thomson was comparatively unknown to the world. In the year 1867 he prevailed upon his

friend Dr. Carpenter, a Fellow of the Royal Society, to solicit from the Government the loan of a ship, for the purpose of taking soundings in British waters, which resulted in the *Lightning* being placed at their disposal. Later on, the *Porcupine* was assigned for their use, after being fitted with suitable dredging apparatus, and the outcome of this experiment was Thomson's *Depths of the Sea*, a work which attracted much attention.

Meanwhile, Professor Allman died, and Dr. Thomson was appointed his successor in the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh University, to the satisfaction both of his friends and of the class. The year after, the *Challenger* was placed at his disposal, as already stated. He accepted the offer at great personal sacrifice, and only consented to undertake the charge which practically cost him his life, on being told more than once that he was the only man fitted for the post, which accordingly he considered it his duty to take. But he left home with some misgiving as to his state of health, to which he gave expression on a visit he paid us in London on the eve of his departure. The prospect of a prolonged absence from his family weighed also upon his mind. This was the crowning effort of his remarkable career.

On his return, after an absence of three years and a half, the Royal Society enrolled him among its Fellows, and he was admitted to the degree of Doctor by three Universities at home, and by two abroad. The Queen conferred upon him the order of Companion of the Bath, and the King of Sweden that of the Polar Star. He told us that the Emperor of Brazil had treated him 'like a brother,' both in his own country and when his Majesty visited Edinburgh.

Although much exposure had affected his health, he was able to discharge the duties of his Professorship for three years after his return, when an attack of illness compelled him to delegate his lectures to an assistant. Finding himself

still ailing, with the keenest regret he resigned his Professorship, although, when we visited him at Bonsyde, he feigned rather than really possessed his former happy spirits, and died a few months later at the early age of 52.

In private life he was very genial, and, while fond of company, remarkably temperate in his habits. His conversation, as might have been expected, was of the most varied and interesting description.

He had a handsome presence, and ladies were attracted towards him by the chivalrous politeness he showed them, feeling themselves not a little distinguished when they accompanied him in his walks. Although naturally of a robust constitution, the vicissitudes of the climates through which he had passed during his voyage round the world, and the labour and anxiety attending the processes of dredging at all hours of the day and night, undermined it, and the unremitting application he bestowed upon the results of his researches precluded the enjoyment of much-needed rest. A stained glass window was erected by his friends to his memory in Linlithgow church, and a marble bust in the University library. But his chief monument consists of the forty-eight large volumes of his *Challenger* work, printed at the expense of the Government, which have taken twenty years to complete.

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I ought not to omit the mention of two gentlemen, who attracted attention in Edinburgh about that time, and whom we frequently met at the hospitable board of Mr. John MacDonald of the Register Office, in his house in the Royal Terrace. They were known by the name of Stuart Sobieski, wore spurs, and the elder especially bore a striking resemblance to the well-known portraits of Charles I., from whom they claimed, I used to hear, to be descended.

Their society was much sought after, as they possessed attractive and highly polished manners. Singularly enough

they settled afterwards in the parish of which I was for some years a curate, and I renewed my acquaintance with them. I used to meet them also at the British Museum, where they were well-known frequenters of the new reading room. The wife of the younger brother, who was known as the Countess d'Albany, used frequently to come to see my mother.

Who they were we never knew,[1] but it was surmised that they were descended from the lady mentioned in the subjoined paragraph, which appeared in an old *Edinburgh Advertiser*, which I find among my papers:—

'It was imagined that on the death of the Pretender and his brother, the race of Stuart would have become extinct, but it seems now in a fair way of being continued by a lady whom the old Chevalier declared to be his legitimate daughter. Lady Charlotte, now Duchess of Albany, is a daughter of the Pretender by a Scots lady of great quality. She lived in St. Mary's Convent, Rome, on a pension granted her by her uncle the Cardinal of York. On the death of the Cardinal in 1807, the King of Sardinia became heir of line of Charles I. as the nearest descendant of his daughter, Henriette Maria.'

Edinburgh was in those days the centre towards which converged the rank and fashion of the country, as people had not yet learned their way to London, whither so many now flock. On a fine afternoon Princes Street presented a very animated appearance, with its crowds of ladies and gentlemen, many of the latter in kilts or military uniform. Opposite the Royal Institution a Highland piper used to stand entertaining the passers-by with his stirring pibrochs.

Early in winter the 'preachings' took place, when the schools and colleges were closed for several days, that the week might be given up to religious exercises. The aspect of the streets corresponded with the solemnity of the fast; for gaiety and merrymaking gave place to sobriety and devotion,

[1] Mr. Douglas informs me that the claim of these gentlemen was dealt with in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1847.

and crowds flocked to hear the preachers, the church-bells tolling as on the Sabbath. In those days the mail-coaches started from the space in front of the Register Office, a sight which generally attracted numbers of spectators. Most people, however, patronised the steamers to London, of which I recollect the *Trident,* when we were on a visit to Bishop Russell. It was regarded as a triumph of naval architecture, and its cabin was inlaid with marquetry and furnished in handsome style, which elderly people contrasted with the fittings of the old smacks; its speed was also commented upon, forty-eight hours being a marvellous advance upon the week or more previously consumed in the voyage to the Thames.

CHAPTER XIX

It is time I should add to what has been already said concerning my maternal grand-uncles, whose several histories were in many respects remarkable; as the seven were in early life successively drafted off to different parts of the world to seek, and, as it turned out, to find their fortunes. They belonged to the family of the Grants of Clan Allan, and branch of Auchernach, their ancestor being Sir Allan Grant, youngest son of Sir John Grant of Grant, who founded the house of Auchernach at the end of the fifteenth century.

My earliest recollections of them are connected with certain visits which a relative of Alexander, who settled in Russia in the reign of the Empress Catherine, paid to us and to her nephew, then at Loretto. Her own home was in Moscow, and although she had come to seek shelter from the excessive cold of her adopted country, she grievously complained of the changeableness of the Scotch climate, and of the chilliness of the rooms and passages, and would sit by the fire in a fur pelisse, piling coals upon the grate, and regretting the close stoves and double windows she had left behind her.

Being an exceedingly well-informed person and an accomplished linguist, she excited our juvenile curiosity as she told us all about Russia, and our relatives, several of whom in that far off country occupied positions of trust, superintending engineering works, and improving the navigation of the Volga and other rivers, and the excavation of canals.

She used to bring with her specimens of the produce of the country, such as preserved fruits and cranberries, reindeer tongues, and miniature kegs of caviare and sweetmeats, not to speak of knicknacks in malachite, chains and crosses of oxidized silver, paintings of saints set in metal plates, which she said the Russians hung up in their houses as a protection against danger, or carried with them when mounted as lockets, on their journeys.

The uncle with whom she was connected, had gone out to Petersburg, as already said, in the reign of the Empress Catherine the Great, who was then pushing on the reforms commenced by Peter, which her immediate predecessors were not concerned to carry out. At that time foreigners were much encouraged to settle in the new capital, and Scotland supplied not a few of the principal immigrants. The policy was to transform the empire from an Asiatic into a European State, which had induced Peter to remove his capital from the centre of his dominions to the dreary and desolate shores of the Gulf of Finland, a change which was often, and perhaps still is, deplored for a variety of reasons,—the insalubrity of the marshy waste and the five months' reign of ice in the Baltic, and the immense distance of the seat of Government from the Central and Southern provinces.

Of the Emperor Paul we heard some interesting particulars, for before his accession he had made many friends among foreigners, and had the reputation of never forgetting a kindness. Like heirs to the crown he was kept in the background, and treated with harshness and suspicion. He lived chiefly at Gatschina, the favourite country house of the reigning Emperor, where he could indulge his taste for sport. His means being restricted, he was often obliged to borrow wherever he could find a lender, and it is characteristic of him and of his race, that when he was in a position to discharge his debts, he did so with extravagant liberality.

When he came into power his eccentricities were more serious. He had a passion for building, and employed, even in the depth of winter, thousands of workpeople to execute his vast designs. The extraordinary palace, now barracks, which he raised in an incredibly short time, was perhaps the main cause of the conspiracy formed against him, for he compelled the courtiers to inhabit it before the walls were dry, the consequence of which was much sickness and mortality.

Hither also he caused to be brought costly treasures in sculpture, pictures, and ornaments of various kinds, from many parts of the world—which he was fond of exhibiting to strangers. Great offence also was given by the order that every one passing him in a carriage should stop, descend, and uncover until he had gone by.

The real history of his death was never certainly known. But the story went that three noblemen, the Counts O., B., and L. entered his room as if on ordinary business, and there and then demanded his abdication, on the ground that a revolution was imminent. The Emperor shouted to his guards, but it was too late, as they had been dismissed.

Among the surgeons who embalmed his body and painted his face, according to custom, was a young Scotchman, who told his friends that one of the said noblemen, being present with a loaded pistol in his hand while the operation was going on, he called to him, 'Put away that weapon, you have done your work too well to have any need of fear now!'

He had been a medical student of Edinburgh University, and selected by the Professor, to whom application had been made, to go out as 'dresser' to Dr. C., also an Edinburgh doctor, who was then practising in Petersburg. Young W. was appointed, soon after his arrival, as assistant surgeon to the Volhynian Regiment; and while in this position, a duel was fought between two of the officers, one of whom was a

friend of the Emperor's, and the young doctor was fortunate in saving the lives of both, although badly wounded.

Now it so happened about that time, that Baron B., the Swedish Ambassador, who had shown kindness to the Emperor, while as yet Grand Duke, fell ill, and although attended by the first medical men, his life was despaired of. When Paul was informed of his friend's condition, he inquired whether young W. had been consulted, and orders were accordingly given that he should be sent for. He at once changed the course of treatment, the first requirement being a supply of fresh air, but as this was objected to, he astonished the attendants by breaking a pane of glass with his stick.

The next demand was for an operation of a dangerous kind, to which the other doctors demurred on the ground that it would involve certain death. The Baron being informed, replied that, as he could die only once, he was willing to submit. No instrument, however, could be obtained suitable for the purpose, on which Dr. W. went direct to a cutler's and had one made under his directions, with which he performed the operation the same day, and in a few weeks the Baron recovered.

Not long after, Dr. W. happened to be spending the evening at a friend's, when a valet from the Palace was announced, commanding his immediate presence. This was a mode of summons at that time much dreaded. On his arrival he was ushered into the private apartments, where shortly after the Emperor, leaning upon the shoulder of an aide-de-camp, made his appearance.

Dr. W. made an obeisance, and the Emperor offering his hand addressed him,—'I am under great obligations to you, sir, for saving my friend's life, who has been more than a father to me, and wish to know in what way I can recompense you.' To which Dr. W. replied, that he had only done his duty, and desired no reward beyond his usual fee. 'But,'

said the Czar, 'you have done what all the other doctors failed in. Now, I intend to go to Moscow in the course of a week, would you have any repugnance to accept the position of Operator in my suite?' 'I should feel it an honour to place myself at your Majesty's service,' replied the Doctor. 'Thank you,' said the Czar, 'and you shall shortly hear from me.'

When the day for departure came, Dr. W. found that a court carriage had been provided, with all things necessary for the journey. In those days there were no roads in the country, which rendered travelling tedious and difficult, and two or three days were spent in the journey between the two capitals. The first night, the court were lodged at the best houses in the town of Novgorod and Dr. W. was shown into the best room of one of them, where, after supper, he was preparing to retire, when, to his astonishment, the Emperor entered with his servants, who were equally surprised to see the Operator warming himself at the fire.

The Czar demanded an explanation, on which Dr. W. protested that he was unaware that he was an intruder. The chamberlain being summoned, excused himself by saying that he had ordered this particular room to be reserved for the Imperator. 'I see how it is,' said the Czar, addressing Dr. W., they call me Imperator, and you Operator; well! there will now be two Imperators of Russia. Meanwhile, 'Strastwuite! Stupai fperjod! Good-night! Be off!' 'As soon as I have put my things together, your Majesty!' was Dr. W.'s reply, laughing. And from that day they were very good friends, and Dr. W. continued in favour with Paul's successors Alexander and Nicholas, the latter of whom obtained for him a baronetcy from King William IV. To complete the story, it may be added that the Doctor died at an advanced age, and left his large fortune to found an hospital in Petersburg, which perpetuates his name and fame, as he remained a bachelor.

There was at that period living in Edinburgh, an old gentleman who had retired from service in Russia, and was a friend of my relatives there. He used from time to time to be applied to, by his Scotch acquaintances in that country, to send out young men qualified for various professions, and not a few emigrated thither through his recommendation. It was at the time when steam-engines and other machinery were being introduced into Russia, and in many places Scotchmen were to be found erecting and superintending them.

To return, however, to the Emperor Paul. There was a Scotch merchant, then living at Petersburg, who set at defiance the Ukase ordering the stopping of vehicles. On one occasion the angry Czar sent one of his Cossack attendants to bring the merchant before him, which being done, Paul demanded an explanation. The prisoner was not minded to exhibit signs either of fear or of penitence. He told his Majesty that he meant no disrespect, as he was in a hurry, and besides, short-sighted. On which the Emperor, seeing the kind of person he had to deal with, told him that he had better wear spectacles for the future. 'I shall certainly do so, to please your Majesty,' was the reply; and thenceforth he wore a frame, void of glasses, as a memorial of his having been taken to task by the Czar, to the infinite amusement of the Russians, as well as of the Emperor, when he heard of it.

Paul had the reputation of being a very attractive person to those with whom he was brought into personal contact, but capricious and fitful, breaking out at times into uncontrollable anger, of which he afterwards repented.

He had engaged a Frenchman to bring over a company of comedians and singers from Paris, whom he would irritate by ordering plays which they had not rehearsed, at short notice, and then countermanding them. He would spend large sums upon scenery and apparatus, which were used perhaps only once, and if the subordinates of the

theatre gave the manager trouble, he would order the use of the knout, which he permitted his satraps in the provinces to employ even upon the backs of ladies and gentlemen. One instance out of many in this connection used to be told of a Lutheran Livonian minister's having been subjected to this punishment.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he was at length 'hoist with his own petard.'[1] It was also related of him, that desiring to test the absolute obedience of his troops, he withheld, as they neared a precipice, the command to halt, until several of them had fallen over.

On the accession of his son Alexander, a proclamation was issued, announcing among other boons connected with the release chiefly of prisoners, that the Ukase ordering people to stop their coaches when the emperor passed, would be withdrawn.

A characteristic incident occurred at the first Court he held. A great company was assembled in one of the halls of the Winter Palace, to pay homage to the new sovereign, when suddenly a rush was made to the windows overlooking the great square. Something wonderful surely had happened. It was only a man passing with his hat in its proper place upon its owner's head, instead of in his hand. 'Nothing,' adds the letter now before me, 'was to be seen but cheerful countenances and pleasant smiles, which made more impression upon the minds of the assembly than even the liberation of the prisoners. Such odd creatures are men!'

My relations resided in Russia all through the Napoleonic wars, and afterwards through the Crimean, without inconvenience, and among their fellow-countrymen were some who rose to eminence in the service of the State.

[1] The curious reader will find an interesting account of the death of the Emperor Paul in the *Dictée de Napoléon au Général Gourgaud*, vol. ii. p. 151, quoted in full in Las Cases' *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*, vol. ii., Paris, 1842.

I know not whether the story current about the Emperor Nicholas and Admiral Greig is in print. The admiral had joined the Russian navy as a boy, and rose to the command of the Black Sea fleet, which the emperor reviewed from time to time. On one occasion, the weather being fine, his Majesty expressed a wish to enjoy a cruise in the flagship. The admiral accordingly set sail, and all went well till one of those sudden tempests, for which that sea is noted, broke, and the ship was tossed about, to the great discomfort of the Imperial party. The emperor entreated the admiral to put back, but the wind being contrary he was obliged to submit, until, his sickness increasing, he peremptorily ordered an immediate return, to which the admiral replied that while he acknowledged the Czar to be ruler of all the Russians, he was Master on board, and 'you may tell his Majesty that his command cannot be obeyed.' The ship was accordingly driven within sight of the Asiatic coast, when the storm abating the admiral was able to discharge his autocratic Majesty's orders, who on finding himself safe on land again, begged the admiral's pardon for his impatience, and presented him with the traditional gold snuff-box set with diamonds.

Haughty and masterful as Nicholas was, he was as gentle as a child in private life, and a lady who had a house in Peterhof, not far from his own palace, related that he would visit her and her husband occasionally on a summer forenoon, and converse with them on a balcony overlooking the Gulf of Finland, expressing, before he took leave, his enjoyment of even an hour's freedom from the worry and cares of his position.

He was a great admirer of the English, and used to say they were the only nation who had respect for truth. He may have had in view two of his own courtiers, one of whom was a relative of his own,—the Count B., who was reputed to be the only Russian near the Emperor upon whose word

he could rely, the other speaking the truth only by accident.

This Count B. used to relate that, when the Petersburg-Moscow Railway was being discussed by the council of the Empire, all the members were against the proposal except the Czar and himself, their contention being that the scheme was impracticable as an engineering enterprise, unsuitable to the country and likely to prove a danger to the State. The emperor put an end to the deliberations by observing, that though all the wise heads were against him he had one fool on his side, and a question afterwards arising as to the cities and towns through which the line was to pass, he placed a ruler on the map between Petersburg and Moscow, and drawing a stroke with a pencil, left all towns outside.

Nicholas deeply regretted the Crimean war, the disastrous issue of which broke his heart. He found that he had been misled by his ministers, who persuaded him that Britain would never fight. This was affirmed by Baron Brunow, who, on his return to Petersburg from London after the declaration of war, took a house on the quay of the Neva, where he used freely to mix with the English colony, and frequently expressed regret that he had not seen the emperor in time to lay before him the true state of the case, which, had he known, the war might have been avoided.

Nicholas was brave even to rashness. He had in readiness at his private entrance a drosky, and in winter a sledge. There was an old German porter who had known him from childhood, and addressed him by his Christian name. He disapproved of the emperor's nocturnal excursions, and warned him that he might some time find he had been too venturesome. 'Better stay at home,' he would say, 'this stormy night!' or, when he was knocked up out of his bed on the Emperor's return, 'A fine hour for honest people to return home!'

He was in the habit of paying unexpected visits to

barracks, hospitals, and other institutions, that he might judge for himself how the inmates were faring. He went out on some such errand very early one summer morning, when having to pass through an unfrequented quarter, a man loitering on the road fired at him. In an instant the emperor had leapt out of the drosky, and thrown the would-be assassin under his feet in the vehicle. He ordered the coachman to drive to the next police station, where he gave the culprit in charge. The man, on being examined, protested, that although he had for weeks been lying in wait, he had no thought of killing the emperor, and that it was only gunpowder he had fired, in order to attract his attention. Further inquiry showed that the prisoner had been wrongly deprived of the promotion to which he was entitled, and which he soon after obtained, while the officials who had endeavoured to injure him were punished.

During the Polish Revolution of 1831, Nicholas, who, in order to crush it, went to Warsaw, was in the habit of walking unattended in the streets. On its being represented to him that he might be made the target for the bullet of an insurgent, he replied that he trusted the Poles, for, rebellious though they might be, they were not assassins. This coming to the ears of the people, they received him with acclamations whenever he showed himself.

He was very desirous of emancipating the peasantry, but the Crimean war intervening, hindered the carrying out of this intention. But Nicholas's plan was better than that actually adopted by his son Alexander, as the event has proved, which was, to bestow liberty on those who were able to pay a certain proportion of the price of their plots of land to the owners, the Government contributing the rest. This would have stimulated the whole class to industry, and fitted them by degrees for the proper use of freedom.

The emperor was addicted to masked balls, and would join in the frolics, although his great height could not hide

him. On one occasion, a young lieutenant was indiscreet enough to make him a low obeisance, upon which the Czar caught him by the ear, and without uttering a word, led him to the top of the nearest staircase, pointing with his finger to the bottom, to the discomfiture of the greenhorn, and the unspoken amusement of the onlookers. The young man, however, attended the next ball as if nothing had happened.

A story used to be told of the ubiquitary disposition of the Scotch, in connection with the Russians and the Turks, who in the year 1828 were at war on the Danube. Winter coming on, military operations were suspended under an agreement entered into by both Powers, and commissioners were nominated to arrange the terms of the armistice. They met upon a piece of neutral ground, both sides being attended by picked officers, who remained, however, outside the tent which had been prepared for the occasion. What was the astonishment of the two commissioners, when they discovered that they knew one another's families, and the story goes on to say that before settling to the business of the hour, they discussed their own private affairs, the Turkish emissary concluding the interview by sending his love to his Russian foe's friends at Cupar!

. . . .

Of the other maternal grand-uncles already mentioned, one, Isaac, settled in Italy, where he established a mercantile house, which developed into one of the great Anglo-Mediterranean firms of that period. Soon after the commencement of the wars with Napoleon, and the defeat of the Austrians at Marengo, which was followed by the conquest of Italy, Mr. Grant removed from Leghorn for safety to Porto Ferrajo, the principal town of Elba, an old Roman settlement, which had fallen into decay but had been rebuilt and fortified by Cosmo dei Medici, first Grand Duke of Tuscany, who excavated vast magazines for the storage of grain and other commodities.

A fine engraving of the town, showing the palace in which Napoleon was confined, remains in our possession. It contained a mixed population of 3000, composed of Italians, French, and Greeks, the only Englishman being my grand-uncle. The French had several times endeavoured to take the place, but been foiled by his foresight and skill. To protect his own and the Government property, he had raised an armed force and constructed an earthwork, still known as the English fort, to command the mouth of the harbour, the mountainous nature of the neighbouring coast preventing the approach of the French fleet at any other place.

The retention of Elba being of great importance, as its capture would have involved also the loss of Malta, which had capitulated the same year to Sir Ralph Abercromby, Mr. Grant received the thanks of the Government for his patriotic efforts, and the following letter, addressed to his father by Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, written on his return to England from his command in the Mediterranean, shows the esteem in which his services were held :—

'I should have written to you upon my arrival, if I had not concluded that my friend, your worthy son, Mr. Isaac Grant, had informed you of his welfare and situation overland. As that, however, does not seem to have been the case, I take the liberty of communicating to you, that your son has done himself the highest honour by his conduct in resisting the French in their unwarranted attack upon the garrison of Porto Ferrajo, and supported the character of the British nation with distinguished ability. By his assistance and counsel, the Governor, aided by a very incomplete and weak garrison, kept possession of the fortress, although besieged by a numerous body of the enemy and a large train of artillery, until the arrival of some British frigates and marines, which I had sent to Elba upon Mr. Isaac Grant's information of the situation of the place; and upon his application for further assistance, I followed in person, with the squadron under my orders, and threw in a corps of Swiss, Maltese, and emigrant Corsicans, and also introduced a very able officer, Colonel Airey. I furnished a considerable number of seamen and marines, and some British officers, and with this mixed and inconsiderable army, the town and harbour of Porto Ferrajo were defended for

upwards of six or seven months, and the enemy's principal battery taken and destroyed, and their troops repulsed. In all these enterprises your son bore a principal part, both in person in the field and in council, having acted as Commissary-general, and, by his personal influence with the inhabitants and people upon the coast, contributed to the successful defence of this very important point, but likewise to the honour of the British flag, and is esteemed by all to whom he is known. Upon the intelligence of the preliminary articles of peace being signed, the French Government despatched an express to me, thirteen days after its signature, and upon the receipt of another letter from General Murat, commander-in-chief in Italy, and brother-in-law to Buonaparte, a proposition was made by the French officer upon the Island of Elba for an armistice between the troops in the British service and ships of war, and the French employed in the siege of Porto Ferrajo, and it was agreed that each party should occupy their present positions until the definitive treaty between our respective Governments was known. This was signed by Generals Murat and Watrim, and Colonel Airey, Major Weir, and a Tuscan officer, and ratified on the seashore by me. Our troops, therefore, at present remain in possession of the place, and Mr. Grant, I believe, is at Ferrajo, to superintend the furnishing the army with supplies and regulate the affairs of commerce. His coadjutor or partner, Mr. Littledale, is gone in my old ship, the *Pomona*, with Colonel Airey to Leghorn, and, I fancy, to resume his station there, and obtain the sanction of the Etruscan Government for the British merchants and traders to recommence their occupations, and I flatter myself they will perhaps obtain several privileges in their favour from the present state of the country, as they have not been enabled to drive us out after two or three warm actions, or prevent our commerce flourishing on that coast. I fancy a letter addressed to Mr. Grant, or some banker at Leghorn, if he is not there, will be the surest mode of conveyance to wherever he may be. When I left the country he was in perfect health, and had permission and a passport from the French commanding officer to send Mr. Littledale upon commercial affairs into Tuscany. Whenever you write to your son, I shall be much obliged to you in sending my best regards and wishes to him. I fear the letter you will peruse is more likely to tire than amuse you, but I could not avoid explaining the above particulars to the father of a gentleman whom I esteem, and I have the honour to remain, etc.'

The letter is dated Stapleford Hall, Notts, Dec. 7, 1801. Isaac's younger brother, John, subsequently joined the

Leghorn firm, and ultimately succeeded to an estate in Sicily. His son, who early in life entered the Consular Service, is now Consul-General at Warsaw.

Two other brothers settled in London, and of the elder I saw much during my first curacy. He was then a hale old man, and regular in his attendance at his office in the city, where he was known as 'Honest Bob.' He told me that he had come to London as a boy in the year 1787, that is, seventy years before, and as he was fond of recalling old scenes, his conversation was full of interesting anecdotes. One Sunday evening, as we were returning from Church, our way to his chambers in Gray's Inn required us to pass along Newgate Street. It was one of those dismal foggy nights, common in November, when all who can, remain by the fireside at home. On reaching Newgate prison we fell in with a crowd of idlers, watching by the light of numerous torches the preparations for an execution next morning; it was a weird spectacle, and a shudder thrilled through me, as the men plied their hammers in erecting the gallows, and driving in posts for the barriers to fence it. My companion looked on unmoved, and after pausing for a few minutes, we proceeded on our way down deserted Holborn Hill, while he recalled a number of executions, of which he had been an accidental witness, and which were so frequent that he ceased taking notice of them. He mentioned, as we passed along, Fauntleroy hanged for forgery, and Green for murder. He had often seen women and boys on the gallows, and spoke of a certain Judge, who, in passing sentence upon a youth, observed that it was necessary for the public safety that he should be cut off, as a warning to others that tender years would not save them. He described the howling, cursing multitudes, thronging every available space below, and the 'fashionables' filling every window and roof above, making night hideous with their cries, and gloating over the horrible spectacle of miserable creatures 'turned off,' as the

phrase ran. 'The most appalling scene, however,' he added, 'was that of a woman burned in chains, which took place the first year I came.' On my expressing astonishment, 'You are not the only person,' he said, 'who has doubted this statement, for it is not so long since Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, in whose presence I mentioned the fact, called it in question, acknowledging, however, the next time I saw him, that I was right.' Some time after, on repeating this story at a meeting where the question of capital punishment was discussed, I was challenged to prove it, and as the Ordinary of Newgate, the Rev. H. G. Duffield, had been a fellow-curate, I called upon him to ask permission to look over the prison records. Under the year 1788, accordingly, I found the entry subjoined :—

'Phœbe Morris was barbariously (*sic*) executed, and burned before Newgate for coining. A well-made woman of 30, of pale complexion, and not disagreeable features. When she came out of prison she trembled greatly at the appearance of the stake, which was fixed half way between the scaffold and Newgate Street. She was then tied by the neck to an iron bolt fixed near the top of the stake, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, the steps on which she stood were withdrawn and she was left suspended. A chain fastened by nails to the stake was then put round her body, two cart-loads of fagots were piled around her, and after she had hung for half an hour the fire was kindled. The body hung by the iron chains, and the fire had not quite burned out by noon, in nearly four hours, that is to say. A great concourse of people attended on this melancholy occasion.'

The following entries I copied at random, out of a number of others, at the same time:—

'Sep. 16, 1823—Visited 16 men under sentence of death, among them a boy of fifteen years.' 'Sep. 19, 1823—26 in the condemned cells with a boy of 16.' 'Jan. 1825—Nine women now under sentence of death, and 3 children of 12, 13, and 13. A boy of 14 under sentence in the school.'

It was not until the year 1849, when Charles Dickens wrote a famous letter to *The Times* descriptive of the 'incon-

ceivably awful sight' in front of Horsemonger Gaol at the execution of the Mannings, that public opinion was roused, and the custom of hanging in public was discontinued.

'The horrors of the gibbet faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks, and language of the assembled spectators, and made my blood run cold. I am solemnly convinced that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be done in the same compass of time could work such ruin as one public execution.'

But enough of such horrors.

My uncle was present at St. Paul's at the funeral of Nelson, and described the scenes he witnessed in the streets, 'the immense crowds of people, feeling, as it were, like one man the loss which the nation had sustained.'

In the course of his residence London had become a new city, and been extended in every direction almost beyond recognition. When he first came, the limits in the west were the Toll Bars at Hyde Park Corner and Tyburn, and, in the east, Aldgate and the Tower.

The system of commerce had been so altered that he was unable to march with the modern methods. 'Commerce,' he said, 'had lost its stability, and the old honour was crushed out by unprincipled competition and reckless speculation, and people were no longer to be trusted. The breach between the rich and the poor had widened, for merchants lived over their offices, and tradesmen over their shops, whereas now they deserted their places of business for country houses, or mansions in the west-end, leaving their dependants to herd together and sink beneath their former level.'

He owned, however, that cabs and omnibuses were an improvement upon the old pair-horse coaches, which the public at large could not afford.

In those days Richmond and Kew were as far westward as the better class would travel on a holiday, and Greenwich or Woolwich eastward; while it was only the wealthy who spent their vacation at Brighton, or tripped to Margate or

Ramsgate, some few adventurous persons crossing over to Holland, till, after the battle of Waterloo, the rest of the Continent was open to travellers, but Scotland was a *terra incognita* except for Government officials and men engaged in commerce.

He could remember two former Royal Exchanges and the building of the Bank of England by Sir John Soane, and old London Bridge, with its meal and pumping mills moored close by in the river, and the wherries and the ferries and the fairs held on the ice.

He speculated, as people do now, upon the changes which might be in store, and apprehended troublous times, observing, however, that in his youth he could recollect old people making similar reflections, whose prognostications nevertheless had not been realised.

His younger brother I never saw, and only mention him in connection with the instrument which occasioned his death being common at that time. He was fond of gardening, and to protect his fruit from depredation had placed man-traps and spring-guns in certain parts of his premises. One night, hearing sounds proceeding from the vinery, he stealthily approached, under cover of a shrubbery, unwarily touched a trigger with his foot, and was shot dead on the spot.

A sixth brother crossed the Atlantic to Boston in 1776, the year of the declaration of the Independence of the United States, where his family still flourish.

USQUE ADHUC SATIS.

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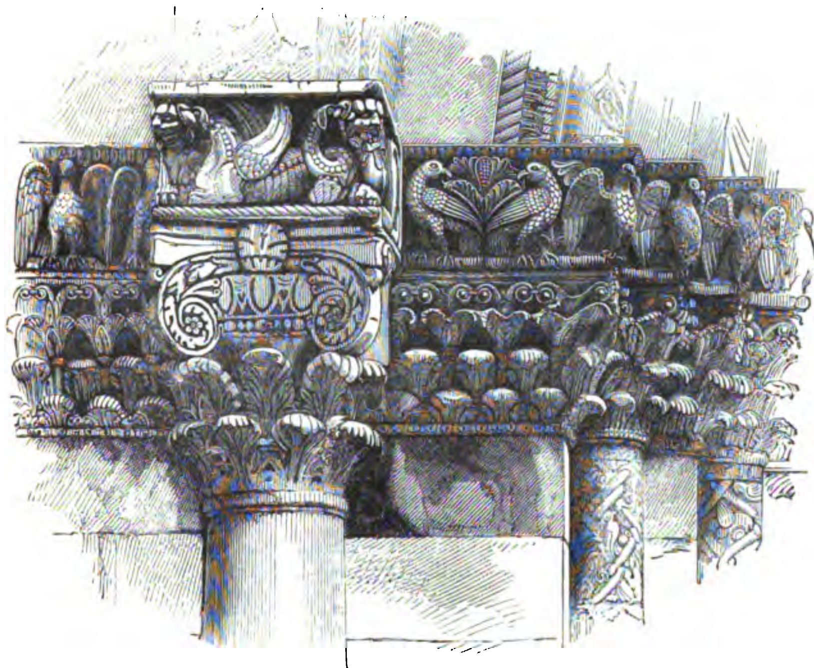

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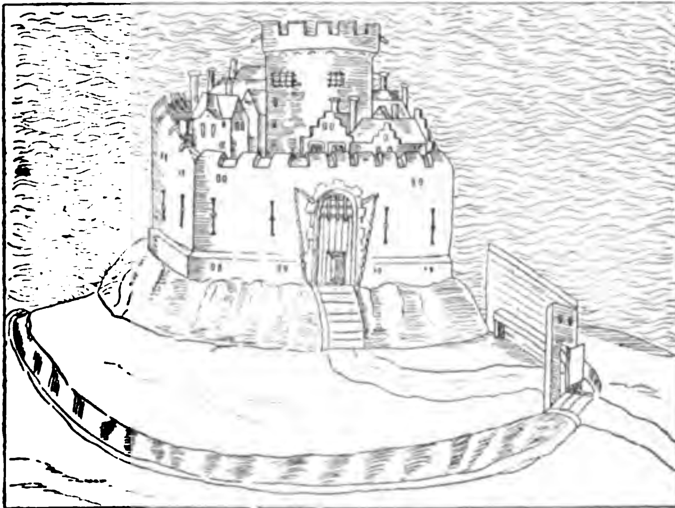

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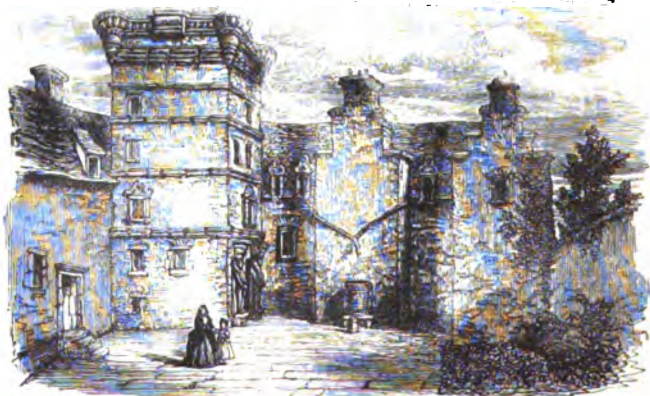

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