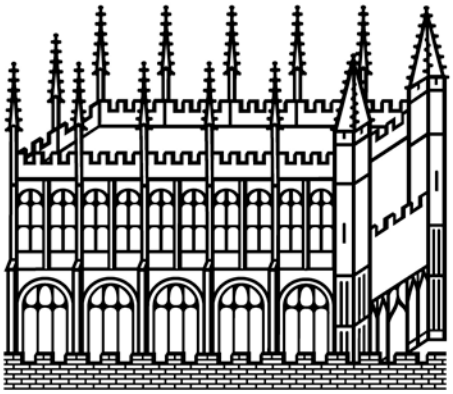

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Gough
Add.
Scotland
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THE LAND OF BURNS.

"All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth,
His fields and streams among.
They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries,—
The POET's tomb is there."

HALLECK.

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THE LAND OF BURNS,

A SERIES OF LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

THE SCOTTISH POET.

THE LANDSCAPES FROM PAINTINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK,

BY D. O. HILL, ESQ., R.S.A.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT,

BY PROFESSOR WILSON,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH;

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AUTHOR OF THE "SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," ETC. ETC.

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THE

LAND OF BURNS.

PORTRAIT OF BURNS.

"Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fulness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the elegance and symmetry of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant, who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and repelling intrusion. * * * His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humour—of the most extravagant mirth—of the deepest melancholy —or of the most sublime emotion." Such, according to his first biographer, was the least vulgar man of his day, in Scotland—the ploughman of the leas of Mossgiel.

Sir Walter Scott has likewise sketched Burns from a recollection of forty years. "His person was robust and strong; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the

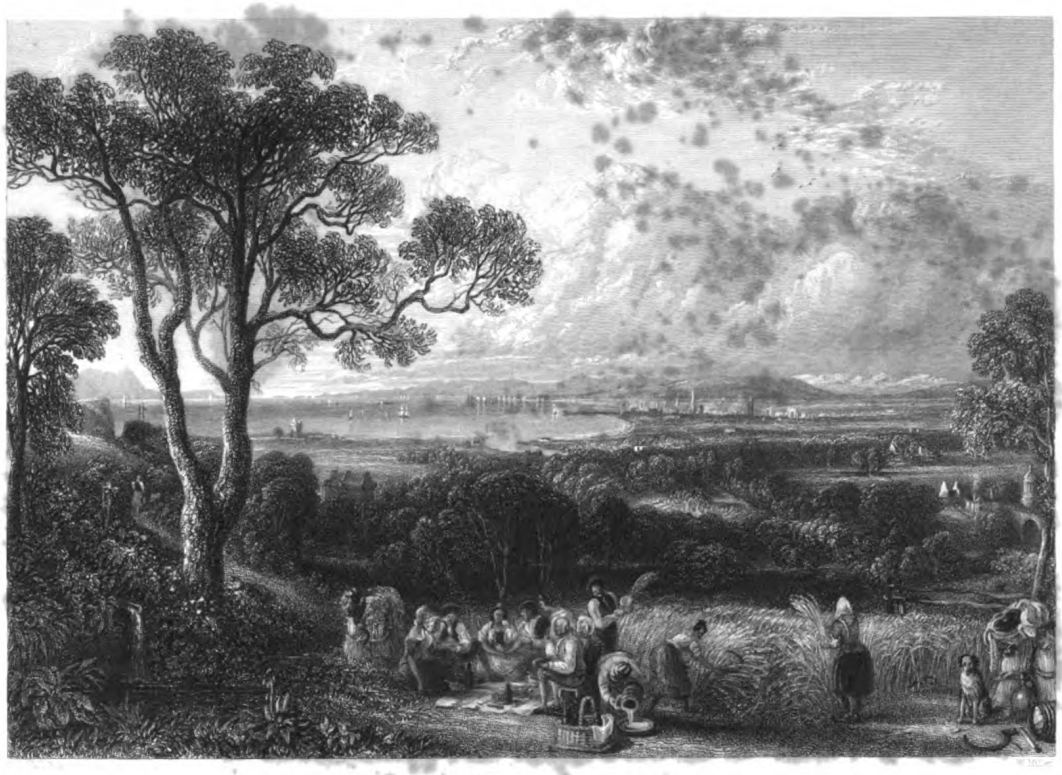
Poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, that is, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of strength and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say, literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

It is not sufficiently indicated in these descriptions that Burns had two aspects, the one totally different from the other, though they could be readily interchanged in accordance with the changing condition of his mind. In his ordinary moments, his countenance appeared heavy and unpromising, and when in company which did not rouse his mental powers, he would sometimes betray a gloomy studiousness and abstraction, approaching to sullenness, leaning his head upon his hand, and, with elbow on knee, musing on the ground for half an hour at a time. No two men could be more unlike than the Burns of this mood, and the Burns engaged in animated conversation. His countenance was then lighted up with the intellectual fire within; his eye shone, or, in Scott's more appropriate phrase, *glowed*, and he exhibited in succession the various expressions enumerated by Dr Currie. In the words of the late Dr John Mackenzie, of Irvine, his intimate friend, "He was more of *two men* than any man I ever knew;" in confirmation of which remark Mackenzie used to relate the following anecdote:—

A gentleman, on a visit to Dr Mackenzie, at Mauchline, having expressed a wish to see Burns, the doctor, to gratify him, walked with him to Mossgiel to call upon the poet. On the way, they met Burns; the stranger was introduced, and a short conversation took place, in the course of which the poet mentioned that he was that night to attend the Mason Lodge, and asked Mackenzie if he also designed to be present. Dr Mackenzie, with a view to gratify his visitor, promised to attend, and the poet then left them.

In the evening, Mackenzie and his friend proceeded to the Lodge, but, arriving rather late, the meeting was already constituted and pretty far advanced in jollity. After sitting for some time, the stranger whispered into the doctor's ear, "What has become of Burns?" "Become of him!" said Mackenzie; "don't you see him in the chair." "No," said his friend; "that is certainly not the man we saw in the forenoon." It was the Poet, nevertheless, under new circumstances.

A portrait of Burns was painted in 1787, by Mr Alexander Nasmyth, who still survives, the father of the art in Scotland. It was engraved by Beugo for the first Edinburgh edition of the Poems; and as the artist was a man of considerable talent, and had the benefit of some sittings from the poet, this engraving has often been referred to by the friends of Burns, as the most faithful transcript of his features with which they are acquainted. Another portrait, in oil, was painted by Mr Peter Taylor, an artist little known: it was engraved in 1830, by Horsburgh of Edinburgh, and published by Constable and Company, with attestations of its fidelity from various authoritative quarters. It represents the poet



with a more aquiline countenance than he possessed, and thus bears a striking resemblance to his brother Gilbert. Dr Mackenzie, the acuteness of whose mind, even at the age of eighty, was well known to the present writer, could never be brought to allow that Taylor's picture was a faithful resemblance of the poet. Public sentiment having, after all, reverted to Nasmyth's picture as the best, it has been adopted as the basis of the likeness engraved in the present work, in which an attempt is made to realize, in some measure, the aspect which the original wore when animated by conversation.

AYR,

FROM BROWN CARRICK HILL.

"Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient burgh rear'd her head;
Still as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace."—THE VISION.

THE extensive view embraced by this print is one of the most beautiful, of the softer kind, in the south-western province of Scotland, comprehending a finely harmonized association of sea and land, hill and valley. The spectator is supposed to be stationed on Brown Carrick Hill, an eminence rising immediately to the south of the efflux of the Doon, and taking its name from the hue formerly presented by its uncultivated surface, and from its conspicuousness in the eyes of the dalesmen of Kyle as a frontier to the adjacent district of Carrick, for the Doon, it will be recollected, forms a natural boundary between these sub-divisions of Ayrshire. The Brown Hill, like many other tracts abandoned by our ancestors to hopeless sterility, is now partially cultivated and planted; and the fore-ground has accordingly been filled by the artist with a characteristic harvest scene. The Firth of Clyde is seen on the left enlivened by many a sail, indicative of the mercantile activity displayed at Greenock and Glasgow. It bends here into a fine bay, marked by two projecting lines, the more remote of which is the point of Troon, a natural harbour serving as a landing place for the numerous steamers on the Clyde, and for the exportation of the Ayrshire coal to Ireland, and the transmission of the manufactures of Kilmarnock in various directions, that town being connected with Troon by a railway. The nearer of the projecting lines is the pier of Ayr, to the right of which may be discerned the shipping in the port, and, still further to the right, the more prominent features of the old burgh itself, particularly the spire of the Town Hall, and the Wallace Tower. On the left side of the picture, the eye, wandering past the two ruined towers of Newark and Greenan, the latter of which is perched on the verge of the sea, rests on the lofty and rugged mountains of Arran, which dimly repose in the distance.

In the middle ground of the picture, on the right, we survey the very cradle land of Burns and his genius. It was here that existence dawned upon him, here he wandered, a contemplative child, to "pu' the gowans fine" by Doon's immortal banks—and here that he endured all the earlier sorrows of his unhappy, but not unbrightened lot. Immediately under the slope of the hill, the Doon passes on its silent and shaded way towards the sea, where its embouchure is very distinctly marked. The bridge seen on the right verge of the print is not the old one alluded to in "Tam o' Shanter," but one of modern erection, and handsome proportions, about a hundred yards lower down the stream. Immediately beyond it, the monument erected to the poet by a too lately grateful country rises from a slight eminence. Close behind the extremity of the bridge, is a small villa, recently built by Mr David Auld of Ayr; near which may be discerned the spectral outline of Alloway Kirk, and a little farther back, near a group of trees, the cottage birthplace of the poet, now occupied as a way-side alehouse. This part of the view from Carrick Hill has a richness in natural beauty, in elegant and picturesque buildings, and in moral associations, which may very confidently be described as no where surpassed, if indeed any where equalled, in Scotland.

The hills beyond Ayr are those which rise in the parishes of Dundonald, Symington, Craigie, and Riccarton, on the northern extremity of the district of Kyle, the river Irvine descending beyond them to the sea. Among these heights there is a ridge named Barnweil Hill, which tradition has connected with the history of Wallace. When, in revenge for the treacherous slaughter of many of his friends, the hero had set fire to the barns of Ayr, in which were pent up many hundreds of the cruel Southronie, he retired towards the residence of his uncle at Riccarton. On gaining the height where Ayr is last visible, he turned about, and, observing the flames still glowing through the darkness, made a laconic remark, expressive of the deep feelings seated in his bosom on this terrible occasion —"The barns," said he, "burn weel." The popular tale represents the place as taking its name from this expression; but it is more likely that the name was the same before Wallace's days, as it belonged to a parochial division now suppressed, and was perhaps originally Bar-n-wild (Celtic, hill of streams), which is correctly descriptive of the nature of the ground. It would be quite in keeping, nevertheless, with the character of the age, if Wallace used the words attributed to him with a punning reference to the existing name of the ground, so that the anecdote may be substantially true. In the immediate neighbourhood of Barnweil are still to be seen the ruins of the castle of Craigie, an ancient seat of the family of the champion of Scotland. Below the eastern slope of these heights, a little to the right of the position of the town, are Tarbolton, Coilsfield, and Lochlee, all of them places identified with the Poet's history. The more shadowy range of eminences in the extreme distance is composed of the Galston Muirs—

"The rising sun o'er Galston Muirs
Wi' glorious light was glintin'."—Holy Fair.

BARSKIMMING,

ON THE AYR.

Among the scenes on the allegorical mantle of Coila, in "the Vision," the poet introduces one thus delineated:

> "Through many a wild, romantic grove,
> Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
> Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
> In musing mood,
> An aged judge I saw him rove
> Dispensing good."

Barskimming, and its proprietor, Thomas Miller, Lord Justice Clerk, were here in the poet's eye, and the compliment was merited by both.

The lands and mansion of Barskimming, occupy a more than usually romantic portion of the banks of the Ayr, between the villages of Tarbolton and Mauchline, and must have been much under the notice of Burns when he resided at Lochlee and Mossgiel. The river here steals its way through a long profound chasm in the new red sand stone of the district, the sides of which are in many places as perpendicular as walls, but, in every spot where vegetation is possible, clothed with the most luxuriant wood. A bridge, seen in the picture, stretches from the one bank to the other, at a dizzy height above the furtive and scarce seen stream, giving access to the mansion, which is situated on a height immediately above. In the precipices beneath the house, there are some artificial caves, accessible in the course of the pleasure walks connected with the mansion.

Lord Justice Clerk Miller, son of William Miller, of Glenlee, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was born in 1717, and received the most valuable part of his education under the celebrated Professor Hutcheson, of Glasgow. Entering at the bar in 1742, he rose through a series of offices to that of Supreme Criminal Judge, which he held from 1766 till January 1788; when he succeeded Sir Robert Dundas, as president of the Court of Session, and attained the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain. His utility in this high office was unexpectedly cut short, in the ensuing September, when he died, after an illness of two days, at his seat of Barskimming; "leaving," says his biographer, Mr David (since baron) Hume, "no good man his enemy, and attended with that sincere and extensive regret which only those can hope for, who have occupied the like important stations, and acquitted themselves as well."

The sketch of Sir Thomas's character, drawn by Mr Hume, fully justifies the praise of the poet. "He was a very social and hospitable man to his family and connections; and indeed, to all about him, full of gentleness, and kindness, and cordiality. * * * In a humane visit to the house of a servant or dependent, he equally pleased, and was as surely directed to the very things that were fit and acceptable to be said, as in his intercourse with those of his own rank. * * * He retained through life the highest relish of the

beauties of nature, and every year spent a considerable part of the recess of business in the enjoyment and improvement of the romantic scenes at his seat of Barskimming. It was not, however, to the object of beauty alone, that his attention at those seasons was directed, but also to the better management and substantial melioration of his estate. And this pursuit engaged him in very numerous and extensive operations, all of which he himself both planned and superintended the execution of, and successfully conducted; though, in the hands of most other men, having the same avocations of business, without the same activity, constancy, and ardour, they were more likely to have proved abortive, or even ruinous."*

Barskimming is at present (1837,) the property of Sir William Miller of Glenlee, Bart., only son of the above, a judge of the Court of Session, under the designation of Lord Glenlee.

A little farther up the Ayr than the point which forms the subject of the plate, and at the extremity of the Barskimming pleasure-grounds, a country road from Mauchline to Stair crosses the river by an old bridge, likewise of one arch, the situation of which is peculiarly romantic. In a grey October morning, when the present writer visited the place, the dark and copious stream, dappled with foam and fallen leaves, pressed on its way beneath the crush of green and russet foliage on either side, till a curve in its channel conveyed it from sight, while, far above the topmost boughs of the wood, the crows were seen fluttering and sailing through the dull sky. Immediately above the bridge, on the south side, stands Barskimming mill, the road to which has been cut through a vast mass of sand stone; and opposite to this is a little plot of ground, used as a nursery and garden by the Barskimming family—the *earliest* place on the banks of the Ayr. The meeting of the Lugar with the Ayr, a little higher up, is likewise a scene of great beauty, but not here visible. Immediately below the bridge, on the same side of the stream with the mill, there is a small level grassy plot, or holm, surrounded by lime and chestnut trees; this little holm is interestingly connected with the history of Burns, by the following circumstance, which has thus been related by a correspondent, from the words of the late James Andrew, miller at Barskimming mill. Close beside the end of the bridge stands a neat small house, at the time to which this anecdote relates, inhabited by an old man named Kemp, and his daughter. The old man, not originally possessed of the best of tempers, was rendered peevish and querulous by disease, and, in consequence of slight paralysis, generally supported himself on two sticks. His daughter Kate, however, a trim trig lass, was one of the leading belles of the district, and as such had attracted a share of the attentions of Robert Burns. One evening the poet had come from Mauchline to see Kate; but, on arriving at the house, he found the old man at the door in a more than usually peevish mode, and was informed by him that the cow was lost, and that Kate had gone in

* Account of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Miller, of Glenlee, Bart., Lord President of the Court of Session, F.R.S., Edinburgh. By David Hume, Esq. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. II.

D.G.HILL.S.A. T.Higham

quest of her, but she had been so long away he was afraid she was lost too. The poet, leaving the old man, crossed the bridge, and at the farther end, he met the miller of Barskimming mill, then a young man about his own age, whom he accosted thus: "Weel, miller, what are you doing here?" "Na, Robin," said the miller, "I s'ould put that question to you, for I am at hame and ye're no." "Why," said Robin, "I cam doun to see Kate Kemp." "I was just gaun the same gate," said the miller. "Then ye need gang nae farther," said Burns, "for baith her and the cow's lost, and the auld man is perfectly wud at the want o' them. But come, we'll tak' a turn or two in the holm till we see if she cast up." They accordingly went into the holm, and during the first two rounds they made, the poet chatted freely, but subsequently got more and more taciturn, and during the last two rounds spoke not a word. On reaching the style that led from the place, he abruptly bade the miller good night, and walked rapidly towards Mauchline. Next time the miller and he met, he said, "Miller, I owe you an apology for my silence during our last walk together, and for leaving you so abruptly." "Oh," said he, "Robin, there is no occasion, for I supposed some subject had occurred to you, and that you were thinking and perhaps composing something on it." "You were quite right, miller," said Burns, "and I will now read you what was chiefly the work of that evening."

The composition he read was "Man was made to mourn!"

AYR,

THE TWA BRIGS.

"Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got."—THE TWA BRIGS.

THE artist has here given a spirited representation of a piece of street scenery in Ayr, including the two bridges which Burns has thrown into so dramatic an attitude.

The river here, just before its junction with the sea, divides the burgh of Ayr from a district termed the Newton, corresponding with Southwark in the metropolis, and which possesses a separate burgal existence. The old bridge, seen in the centre of the picture, spans the river by four lofty arches of homely, but solid architecture, for the purpose of connecting these seats of population, as well as the corresponding districts of the country. As precision may be desired by some readers, it will not be superfluous to mention that the length of this ancient structure is about seventy double paces, and its breadth six, so

that the poet, or rather the genius of the new bridge, must be held to have used it rather unhandsomely in speaking of its

> —— "poor narrow footpath of a street,
> Where two wheel-barrows tremble when they meet."

It is accessible from the Ayr, or south side of the river, by a street of similar width, which contains to this day many houses of the fashion of the seventeenth century. At the north end, it descends rapidly to a street in the Newton, the first house in which, on the left hand, distinguishable in the print by its whiteness, is the "Simpson's" (namely Simpson's Tavern,) round which the poet wheeled the left about on his homeward way, on the night of his rencontre with the genii of the two bridges.

History notes not accurately the date of the old bridge. It is said, but upon no good authority, to have been built in the reign of Alexander III., (1249–1285,) or less than a century after the town of Ayr had acquired burgal privileges. Tradition states, that before its erection, the Doocote stream, a ford about two hundred yards farther up, afforded the best passage which was to be had across the river for a long way. In the poem, it will be recollected, the new bridge insinuates that there are men of taste who would still prefer this passage to that by such an ugly Gothic hulk as its elder companion; but in truth, an erection which saved the necessity of fording such a river must have been much appreciated in its day. As Burns has spelled the name of the Doocote stream in a very mysterious manner, it may not be amiss to mention that it is so denominated from its neighbourhood to a pigeon-house which belonged to one of the monasteries of Ayr. Tradition affirms that the construction of the old bridge was materially aided by funds supplied by a lady named Isobel Lowe and her sister, whose effigies were consequently carved upon a stone in the east parapet facing to the carriage-way. The faded remains of two such figures are still to be seen, and, when we recollect the interest taken by Queen Maud in the rearing of London bridge, it does not appear improbable that two affluent gentlewomen of Ayrshire, in an early age, should have employed their fortune in a similar work. The erection of bridges was regarded, indeed, amongst our ancestors, as almost a work of piety, and it used to call forth the zeal of eminent churchmen and other persons of distinction. The rarity of such buildings was another reason for their being valued. The time is not yet far distant when the bridges in Scotland, equal in magnitude to the old bridge of Ayr, could be reckoned in a breath: in the reign of James VI. they certainly were not more than twelve in number. And down to the middle of the eighteenth century, besides the old bridge of Barskimming, there was no other edifice of the kind across the Ayr, for fifteen miles, than that which figures in the present view.

At length the time came when this once esteemed structure was held to be no longer a safe or sufficient means of passage across the Ayr. It was at first proposed to repair it; but a committee of the town-council reported, that "Hugh Gemmill had, at their desire, narrowly inspected the bridge, and gave it as his opinion that the bridge might be repaired, but that it would cost much more expense than he at first thought, for the whole piers,

except the one next the Newton, must be taken down to their bases, and also the three arches next the town; and, upon the whole, he thought it more advisable to let the old bridge stand and build a new one." By the intervention of William Campbell, Provost, and John Ballantine, Dean of Guild, who went to London for the purpose, an act of Parliament was obtained for building a new bridge, and placing a toll upon it for the re-payment of expenses; and the work was accordingly commenced in May, 1786, and finished in November, 1788, the town-council advancing the necessary funds. It seems to be allowed that, for any public advantages derived from this structure, the community was chiefly indebted to Mr Ballantine, who was Provost during the time of its erection. To this gentleman, a banker by profession, Burns had been introduced by Mr Robert Aiken, his earliest Ayr patron; and Mr Ballantyne proved his sense of the poet's personal and poetical merits by generously offering to advance the sum necessary for printing the second edition of his poems. It was therefore for more than one reason that Burns inscribed to him "the Twa Brigs."* The new bridge was designed by Robert Adam. It has five arches. On the two central spandrils, on either side, are displayed the armorial bearings of the town. The two other spandrils, on either side, contain niches, in which are placed statues of heathen deities in lead, said to have been brought from the park of Duddingston House, in the county of Edinburgh, and to have cost the town the sum of three hundred pounds. Since the erection of this bridge, the Ayr has been, times without number, one lengthened tumbling sea; but as yet the building stands firm, and seems likely to do so for ages to come. In the meantime, the magistrates have made a sad commentary upon the manful boastings of the ancient edifice, by shutting it up as a means of passage for carriages, and condemning it to the restricted load imposed by occasional pedestrians.

The *Dungeon Clock*, alluded to in the poem, was placed at the top of an old steeple which stood till the year 1825, in the Sandgate, the street which is seen in the print opening from the farther end of the new bridge. Its connection with an ancient Jail of the burgh, removed at an earlier period, was what conferred upon the clock this ominous appellation,—

> "The drowsy dungeon clock had numbered two,
> And Wallace tower had sworn the fact was true."

The Wallace tower was an anomalous piece of old masonry which stood in the eastern part of the High Street of Ayr, at the head of a lane named the Mill Vennel, which leads to the Doocote Stream. In the fanciful but not inappropriate language of a preceding writer on the land of Burns, "the bottom was pure barn-work, the middle dove-cote, and the top steeple, presenting, in toto, somewhat the appearance of a willow double grafted on a squat thorn." The lower part was in reality one of those towers or *peels* which formerly stood at the entrances of many Scottish towns, for defence; and the wooden steeple above, containing a clock, and surmounted by a vane, had been, as appeared from indubitable circumstances, the addition of a comparatively recent era. Tradition represented this tower as the place in

* John Ballantyne, of Castlehill, Esq., died at Ayr, July 15, 1812.—Scots Magazine Obituary.

which William Wallace was confined, as stated by Blind Harry; but it is possible that the name, derived from some other circumstance, may be the sole origin of this dubious statement. Another popular report, scarcely more deserving of credit, assigns the Wallace tower as the town mansion of the Wallaces of Craigie. Having become ruinous, an attempt was made in 1830, to repair it, which ended in the complete demolition of the ancient structure, and the erection of a new one on the same site, the top of which makes a figure in the print immediately over the end of the old bridge. The new Wallace tower is a gothic building, 113 feet high, containing at the top the clock and bells of the dungeon steeple, and ornamented in front with a statue of William Wallace, executed, in consequence of a subscription among the gentlemen of Ayr, by Mr Thom, the well-known self-taught sculptor.

The poem of the Twa Brigs was one of those added in the second edition of the poet's works, published in Edinburgh. It seems to have been, like several others by the same author, suggested by a similar production of his predecessor Fergusson.

KIRKOSWALD,

AND TAM O'SHANTER'S GRAVE.

The parish-village of Kirkoswald, in Carrick, on the road from Portpatrick to Glasgow, becomes entitled to a place among these views, in consequence of Burns having attended school there, for some months, in the summer of 1778, and as the resting place of two of his characters—Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johnny. It is the place alluded to in the following passage of his autobiographical letter to Dr Moore:—

"A circumstance which made some alteration on my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at this time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of smuggling, riot, and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me: but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to run without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *filette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and sent me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *cosines* for a few days more: but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel, like

—— 'Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in this country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

"I returned home very considerably improved," &c.

Burns seems to have been sent to Kirkoswald school, in consequence of his mother's connection with the place, for she was the daughter of Gilbert Brown, tenant of Craigenton, within the bounds of the parish. During his attendance at the school, he lived with his maternal uncle, Samuel Brown, at Ballochneil, a little more than a mile from Kirkoswald, walking every morning to the little seminary and returning at night. Hugh Rodger, the parochial teacher of that day, enjoyed great local fame as a geometrician and practical land-surveyor; and to this fame, doubtless, we are to suppose it was partly owing that the poet was sent to study at the distance of fully twenty miles from his paternal home at Lochlee. It is not to be overlooked, that, while residing at Ballochneil, he was within a short distance of the farm of Shanter, the residence of a cluster of individuals whom he afterwards introduced into his inimitable tale of "Tam O'Shanter," and who will be specified in the chapter relative to that particular scene.

In the annexed view, the village is represented as it appears from a point near the south-west extremity of the church-yard. On the left of the picture is the old ruined church, said to occupy the site of one built by Oswald, a Northumbrian king of the Heptarchy, in gratitude for a victory which he achieved near the spot, and which, taking its name from him, gave it in turn to the village and parish. A small chamber, in the east end of the building, was used as the parish school till a period briefly antecedent to Burns's residence here, when, the building becoming ruinous, a new church was erected on a neighbouring height, and Rodger transferred his seat of empire to an apartment in one of the houses of the village. The place of worship then built is seen at the extremity of the street on the right side of the picture. The room called at the same time into use as a school, was the floor or lower chamber of the house, ranking third in the row, seen over the church-yard wall, being the main street of the village, and that along which the post road passes. On visiting Kirkoswald in October 1837, the writer was conducted into the place by an individual who had sat in it, the school-fellow of Burns: it is now occupied as a shoemaker's workshop. From behind this house, as from behind each of its neighbours in the same row, a small stripe of kail-yard (*Anglice*, kitchen-garden) extends about fifty yards along the rapidly ascending slope towards the ridge on which the new church is situated. When Burns went into the particular patch behind the school to take the sun's altitude, he had only to look over a low enclosure to see the similar patch connected with the next house. Here, it seems, Peggy Thomson, daughter to the rustic occupant of that house, was walking at the time, though more probably engaged in the business of cutting cabbage for the

family dinner, than imitating the flower-gathering Proserpine, or her prototype Eve. It was with curious feelings that the writer was conducted, fifty-nine years after the event, into the scene of Burns's passion, by a brother of the object of his admiration. Peggy became, by marriage, Mrs Neilson, and lived till a recent period in the town of Ayr, where some of her children still reside. She was the heroine of the "Song composed in August," beginning,

"Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather."

John Davidson, believed to have been the *Souter Johnnie* of "Tam O'Shanter," and whose residence was at Glenfit, on Shanter farm, now lies interred near the eastern extremity of the ruined church, where a monument to Ann Gillespie, his wife, is yet to be seen. Douglas Graham, the hero of the tale, rests, along with his wife, in a part of the burial-ground nearer the spot from which the view is taken. The artist has used the liberty to put his fictitious appellation upon his tombstone, and to represent his tailless mare and his dog drooping over his grave, while Kate sits, a "waefu' woman," on a neighbouring stone. His monument, the form of which is correctly delineated in the engraving, in reality contains the following inscriptions, which are certainly such as to make one recollect, with a very odd feeling, the verses descriptive of *Tam:*

"She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum," &c.

[EAST SIDE.]

"Erected by Douglas Graham, farmer in Shanter, and Helen his wife, in memory of their son, John Graham, who died, December 10, 1785, aged 18 years.

"Also Helen M'Taggart, his spouse, who died, December 2, 1798, aged 56 years. Also Douglas Graham, who died, February 14, 1811, aged 72 years."

[WEST SIDE.]

"The Lord of Life exalted stands,
And, loudly calling, spreads his hands:
He calls to thousand sinners round,
And sends a voice from every wound.
'I purge from sin's detested stain,
And make the crimson white again,
Lead to celestial joys resign'd,
And lasting as the deathless mind.'"

IRVINE.

THE handsome sea-port burgh of Irvine is introduced into these sketches, in consequence of Burns having resided in it for six months in 1781, when in his twenty-third year.

We are informed by Gilbert Burns that his brother, being at this time anxious to marry,

but hopeless of that consummation while pursuing the business of a farmer, resolved to attempt to settle himself in life as a flax-dresser, and actually wrought at this business in Irvine for six months, when he threw it up as neither agreeing with his health nor inclination. The scheme, when started, appears to have been subservient to one in which the whole family were concerned—namely, to devote the farm of Lochlee chiefly, if not entirely, to the raising of flax, while Robert should prepare it for the market. Such, at least, was the recollection of the late Mr David Sillar, the poet's early friend.*

The six months he spent in this town form the era at which a serious change was for the first time made in Burns's early habits of sobriety and decorum. He here "contracted some acquaintances," says his brother, "of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." He himself particularly alludes to "a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune," who had been a sailor, and possessed "a mind fraught with every manly virtue," yet whose levity on the subject of illicit love "did me a mischief." The tissue of Burns's thoughts and habits was a mixed one. He is found in Irvine, at one time amusing himself with disputes in church-yards on points of Calvinistic theology, at another enjoying the society of the loose characters of a smuggling sea-port, again bewailing his being jilted by a *belle fille* whom he adored, at another time entering upon a connection which ended in his enduring public censure before a congregation, and finally writing that beautiful letter beginning "Honoured Father," in which he expresses himself tired of the world, and transported at the thought that he shall soon be in a better. The date of that letter is December 27: who could expect, from its desponding and moralising tone, that, four days after, he should be engaged in the New-year merry-making, in the course of which his shop caught fire and was reduced to ashes? Thus terminated his residence in Irvine.

The view presents the ancient burgh in one of its most pleasing aspects. In the centre rolls the river Irvine, the stream on whose banks Wallace performed so many feats. Its embouchure forms the harbour of the town. The suburb of Fullarton, now included within the parliamentary bounds of the burgh, is on the left bank. On the right, connected by a handsome bridge, is Irvine proper, the seat of a population of about 5,000, and at one time the principal town in the district of Cunningham. The church and manse, the latter of which is at present in the tenantcy of the Rev. John Wilson, are seen almost in the centre of the picture.

Irvine, a little earlier than the time when Burns was connected with it, gave birth to two men of genius who still live—Mr James Montgomery, the excellent author of "the Wanderer in Switzerland," whose father was settled here for some time as a Moravian clergyman; and Mr John Galt, the author of the "Ayrshire Legatees," and "Annals of the Parish," in which works Irvine is made to figure somewhat prominently, though under a fictitious appellation.

* Burns learned his art with one Peacock, a half-brother of his mother, at Irvine. His shop appears to have been in the Glasgow Vennel, a narrow alley leading out of the main street of the burgh.

FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

"On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?"—CAMPBELL.

THESE lines most expressively justify the selection of the Field of Bannockburn as a scene in the "Land of Burns." His genius has, indeed, by deepening the feeling with which his countrymen regard the spot, presented an indisputable claim to be for ever associated with it.

The foreground of the print is about three miles almost directly south from Stirling. That ancient burgh, and its castle, are seen on the middle-ground, near the left side of the picture. Beyond them rise Demyat and the rest of the Ochils, beneath which runs the Devon, a stream celebrated in two of the lyrics of the Ayrshire bard. Some of the links of the Forth are seen in the middle-ground, near the centre of the picture; but it has been found impossible, at such a distance, to convey any adequate impression of the beauty of that singular river and its banks. The industrious villages of Bannockburn, Miltown, and St Ninians, are nearer the position of the spectator, but concealed by some high ground, which rises about a mile in front of the Gillies' Hill. The spectator looks towards the north-east, and the back-ground is occupied by the distant hills of Fife.

The battle of Bannockburn was fought (Monday, June 24, 1314,) on the part of the low ground where the principal light falls, in front of the Gillies' Hill. The Scottish army, thirty thousand in number, was drawn up in three divisions, in a direction from south-east to north-west, the right division being placed on the skirts of the Gillies' Hill, with its right flank resting on the natural defences of the rugged channel of the Bannock, while the centre occupied the low ground immediately to the east of the Gillies' Hill, with a morass in front, and the left division was placed on the eastern slope of Cockshot Hill, seen in the print swelling a little into light. The gillies (servant lads) belonging to the army, fifteen thousand in number, were placed behind the hill which still bears their name; and on the Caldam Hill, in front of the army, the Scottish king had planted his standard in a mass of granite, still called, from that circumstance, the Bored Stone. Thus posted, as a cover for Stirling Castle, the army of Bruce received the attack of an English host, said to have been nearly a hundred thousand strong, commanded by Edward II. in person. The English were at the very first thrown into difficulties by a series of small concealed pits which the Scotch had dug in their path; and when hard fighting was making them waver, their overthrow was accomplished by the sudden appearance, over the neighbouring hill, of a new and unexpected host, composed of the gillies who had been stationed in the rear, but who, becoming impatient, had resolved to advance into the conflict. The result was the permanent assertion of the independence of Scotland.

There is a Jacobite song (to be found in the first volume of Mr Hogg's Collection) consisting of a few rude, but animated stanzas, of which the following are specimens:—

"Here's to the King, sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, sir,
And to every honest man,
That will do't again.

Fill, fill your bumpers high,
We'll drink a' your barrels dry;
Out upon them, fie, O fie!
That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans,
They have done it mair than ance,
And will do't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
Tuttie taittie to the drum,
Up claymore, and down wi' gun,
And to the rogues again."

From an allusion, in a subsequent verse, to the proposal of the eccentric king of Sweden, to aid in raising a new Stuart insurrection in Scotland, it may be supposed that this song was written about the year 1717. The tune to which it is sung is called *Tuttie Taittie*, apparently in consequence of the introduction of those words into one of the stanzas, words seemingly designed to express the sound of the trumpet. If these surmises be correct, the reader will see how little probability there is in the tradition, which Burns says he had heard in various parts of Scotland, that the air of *Tuttie Taittie* was that to which the Scottish army marched at Bannockburn. Upon many other grounds, the fact that that air was played by the Scots on that eventful morning, appears doubtful. Frazer's hautboy, of whose magic we ourselves well recollect the impression, had often caused this tune to draw tears from the eyes of Burns. He probably entertained little doubt of the truth of the tradition. He gloried in the memory of Bruce, and in the recollection of his country's independence and liberties. "Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman," he says, in a letter enclosing Bruce's address to the Earl of Buchan, "I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man equally with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able (?) usurper, leading on the first army in Europe, to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or to perish with her.—Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable! for never canst thou be too dearly bought!" These thoughts, with some others on events of recent occurrence, working in the mind of the poet, led to the commencement of the composition of his immortal lyric during a stormy ride with Mr Syme of Ryedale, among the wilds between Glenken and Gatehouse, in Galloway, at the close of July 1793.

It is a curious fact in the history of this poem—for it is a poem which may well have a history—that, when submitted to Mr George Thomson, the proposal to attach it to *Tuttie*

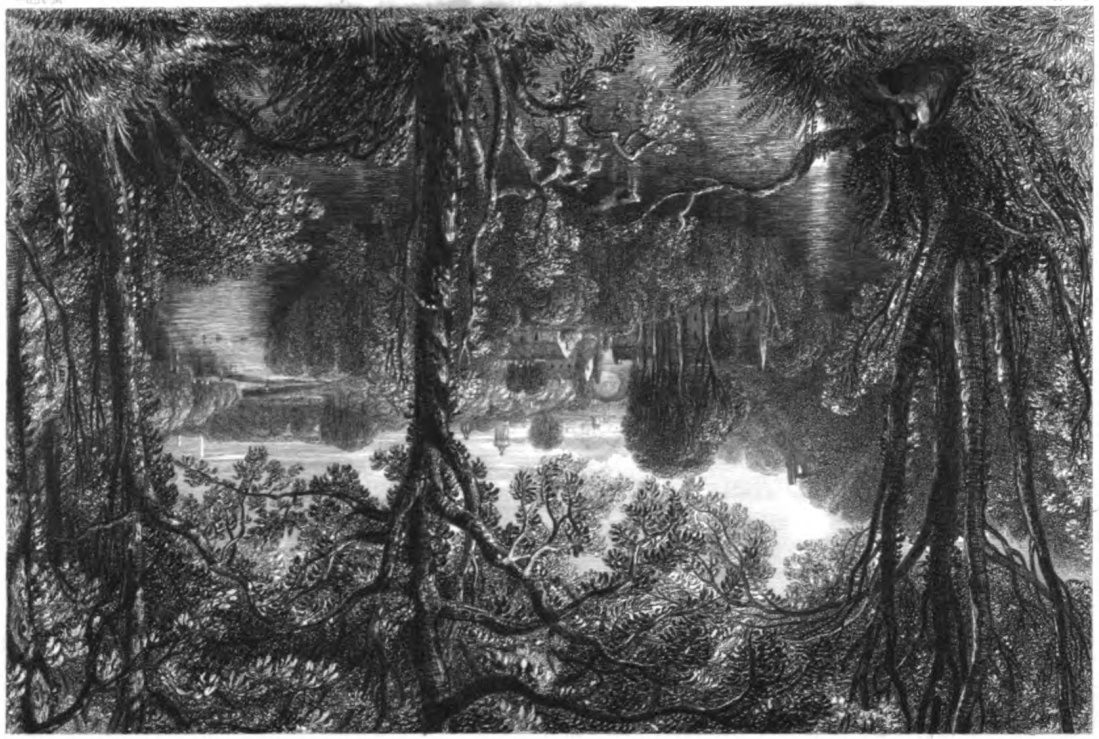
Taittie was unhesitatingly condemned by that learned and really skillful person, to whose mind, probably from the influence of association, this air appeared utterly contemptible. Mr Thomson proposed *Lewie Gordon* instead, and the lyric was actually for some years generally sung to that comparatively tame air, till at length the feeling of the nation restored *Tuttie Taittie*, and justified the taste of Burns. It is another remarkable circumstance in the history of this poem, that both Wordsworth and Mrs Hemans have confessed themselves unable to perceive genuine poetry in it. Wordsworth's declaration, somewhere recorded, is, that it is mere trash. The language of the most exalted passion, under the most exciting of circumstances, appears, we suspect, to many minds of the present day, as not poetry, if it want metaphor and glitter—as if anything but the most direct and energetic phraseology were ever heard in nature, on occasions of fervid emergency, like that of Bannockburn.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

Landscape-painting has few more difficult tasks than that of conveying an idea of the character of the banks of a famed river, especially if these banks, as so often happens in Scotland, be confined and bosky, and liable, along a certain extent, to considerable variation. The artist is then apt to find that what charms every one in the course of a short walk, becomes no proper subject for his pencil, and simply because he has to limit himself to a certain point, which may or may not be characteristic of the whole, and at the best is but a part of the scene he is called upon to represent. These difficulties are peculiarly besetting on the banks of the Doon, which, within a few miles of the bridges at Alloway, has almost as many various aspects as the *burn* so graphically described in "Halloween,"—

> "Whyles ower a linn the burnie plays,
> As through a glen it wimpl't;
> Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays:
> Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
> Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
> Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
> Whyles cookit underneath the braes
> Below the spreading hazel,
> Unseen that night."

By taking his station at a point in the grounds of Doonside where the river makes a bend, the artist has contrived to introduce two considerable reaches of this celebrated stream, comprehending some of its most remarkable characteristics, particularly the steepness of its banks at certain places, and the sylvan beauty which marks all the lower part of its course. The steeples of Ayr, the kirk, monument, and old bridge of Alloway, and the sea and the peaks of Arran, have also been introduced, and lend additional character to the picture. Altogether, it may be admitted that the best has here been made of a very difficult subject.



The point from which the view is taken is within the grounds of *Doonside*, the seat of William Crawford, Esq. The ruin of an elder house or castle of Doonside, is seen on the left side of the picture, perched on a red sandstone cliff, which literally overhangs the river. From a description of Carrick, written about the time of the Revolution, and which is printed in Mr Pitcairn's curious volume on the history of the Kennedies, it appears that the former name of Doonside House was Bridgend, from its proximity to the "Auld Brig." It is there spoken of as "a pretty dwelling, surrounded with gardens, orchards, and parks." The present house is situated behind the position of the spectator. It was as the gardener at Doonside house, that Burns's father made his first appearance in the neighbourhood of Kirk Alloway. Between the house and the river, there is a fine pastoral holm, or tongue of alluvial land, nearly encircled with trees, and by the stream itself, and forming one of the most strikingly beautiful points of scenery on the Doon. This piece of ground has apparently given name to a mansion on the opposite bank, *Doonholm*, the seat of Andrew Hunter, Esq. William Burns, while residing in his *clay bigging* at Alloway, acted for several years as gardener and overseer to Mr Fergusson of Doonholm, and, in 1766, took from that gentleman his first farm of Mount Oliphant.

The conspicuous buildings in the centre of the picture form a manufacturing establishment,* which bears the name of the Dutch Mill, in consideration of its having been established about two centuries ago by a native of Holland, the progenitor, it is said, of the individuals of the name of Gowdie, now numerous in Ayrshire. There is a delightful walk along the bank of the river by the Dutch Mill.

The farm of Mount Oliphant, above alluded to, is one of seventy-five acres, situated on a gentle slope which rises to the east of Doonholm House, the steading being about two miles from the Bridge of Doon. As the scene of the poet's existence between his seventh and seventeenth year, it is worthy of some notice. It is now called Mount Fergusson, and is the property of Mr Oswald of Auchincruive. Notwithstanding the inclination of the ground, it is still the wet, cold soil with which Burns's father struggled so hard. The steading, accessible from a cross-road by a devious willow-skirted way, has been renewed in recent times. Here the inspired son of Coila was called upon, by stern poverty, to take the flail into his hand, and work the work of a man, while as yet only in his thirteenth year. The place, however, has some peculiarities which might help to make a poet. It commands an extensive and most interesting prospect, having the banks and braes of Doon immediately beneath, the spires of Ayr on the one hand, and the hoary ruins of Greenan and Newark on the other, while the Firth of Clyde opens its vast expanse in the distance, backed by the ever impressive ridge of Arran, and leading the eye away towards the north to the far promontories of Cunningham and Renfrewshire, and the dim blue of the Argyleshire Highlands.

* For carding, spinning, and weaving wool into blankets, in which about thirty hands are employed.—NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND.

LUCY JOHNSTON.

Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston, of Hilton, Esq., was married, April 23, 1793, to Mr Richard Alexander Oswald, of Auchincruive, in the county of Ayr.

In the ensuing year we find Burns thus writing in Dumfries to his friend Syme: "I enclose you a song, which I composed since I saw you, and am going to give you the history of it. Among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honour to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, there is nothing charms me more than Mr O.'s unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman. Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the divine Giver of all good things than Mr Oswald? A fine fortune—a pleasing exterior—self-evident amiable dispositions—and an ingenuous upright mind, and that informed, too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune; and to all this, such a woman! but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate: in my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I in my first fervour thought of sending it to Mrs Oswald, but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors." What the Bard hesitated to do for himself, was afterwards done by Syme; but it has not been told how the lady received this rich tribute to her beauty.

The song was as follows:—

"O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

"Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

"How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

"The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

"Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy,
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

"My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

"O, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon!
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

"If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

"For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart."

Alas for beauty—fortune—affections—and hopes! This lovely and accomplished woman had not blessed Mr Oswald above a year beyond this period, when she fell into pulmonary consumption. A removal to a warmer climate was tried, in the hope of restoring health; but she died at Lisbon, in January 1798, at an age little exceeding thirty.

MAUCHLINE,

GAVIN HAMILTON'S HOUSE.

The village of Mauchline, twelve miles to the south of Kilmarnock, on the road from Glasgow to Dumfries, is peculiarly well entitled to a place among these sketches, from its connection with the personal and literary history of Burns. The years of his life between the twenty-fifth and twenty-eighth were spent at Mossgiel, a mile from Mauchline,—the years during which he wrote his principal poems, and when, to use the language of Mr Lockhart, "his character came out in all its brightest lights, and in all but its darkest shadows." As the chief seat of an assembled population in his neighbourhood, this village, all humble as it was, appropriated a large share of the notice of the poet, during this important era. To it he resorted, after labour, for the pleasures of society—there he presided in his debating club, or shone over his bowl, or addressed the daughters of beauty in that language which no man ever could use as he. Mauchline and its people, accordingly, are very conspicuous in his writings. It was the scene of the *Holy Fair*, and of the *Jolly Beggars*. Here dwelt his hosts, John Dow and Nanse Tinnock. His mistress, Jean Armour, was one of the "six proper young belles" of Mauchline, whom he celebrates. He proposes to meet Lapraik at "Mauchline race," or "Mauchline fair." Its minister was the unfortunate Daddy Auld, whom he has characterised so ungently; and one of its elders

was that Holy Willie into whose mouth he has put so remarkable an exposition of rigid Calvinism. And here was the residence of his friend Gavin Hamilton, to whom he inscribes a Dedication, and whose friendship was unquestionably one of the most important circumstances of his early life.

Mauchline is described, in the ordinary topographical authorities, as a neatly built village of upwards of thirteen hundred inhabitants, situated on the face of a slope, about a mile from the Ayr. The present minister, in his statistical account of the parish, states that it was formerly a burgh of barony, but that the charter was lost an hundred and twenty years ago, and has never been renewed.* We might at first suppose that a rustic population, like that of Mauchline, would form but a poor field for the descriptive and satirical genius of Burns. It is wonderful, however, how variously original many of the inhabitants of the most ordinary Scottish village will contrive to be. Human nature may be studied every where; and perhaps it no where assumes so many strikingly distinct forms as in a small cluster of men, such as is to be found in a town of a thousand inhabitants. In such a place, every individual luxuriates in his own particular direction, till the whole become as well individualised as the objects of inanimate nature; while in a city, the individual is lost in the mass, and no one is greatly different from another. In a small town, the character of every man is well known, so that every thing he says or does appears to his fellows as characteristic. One is a wag, another is a miser, a third exaggerates all that he has to relate, a fourth delights (but this perhaps is little distinction) in strong waters. Every one is more or less a humorist, and, as such, affords a perpetual amusement to his compeers. If Shakspeare could draw lively delineations of human character from such persons as the originals of Silence and Shallow, it may well be conceived that a genius like Burns must have seen as good subjects in many of the villagers of Mauchline. To give an idea of the taste for wit and humour which might exist in such a scene as this, we may quote what was said by a shopkeeper named D——, when on his deathbed, in reference to a person who had been to him and all the other inhabitants as the very sun and soul of fun for many years, and was recently deceased. Even in this melancholy condition, D—— said he accounted it no small consolation to reflect, that he had *lived in the same days with John Weir*. The mind of the honest trader might no doubt have been filled with reflections more fitting to his situation; but it is impossible to doubt that it was from such escapes of natural character that the very happiest touches of both Shakspeare and Burns were derived.

The church, seen in the view, is a recent substitute for a low ungainly building which existed in Burns's time. The burial ground surrounding the old edifice was more particularly the scene of the Holy Fair,—in other words, of the out-door preachings attending

* The church of Mauchline was a cell or appendage of Melrose Abbey. George Wishart, the celebrated martyr of the Reformation, was, in 1544, invited to preach at Mauchline kirk; but, on arriving at the place, found that the sheriff of Ayr, an opponent of the Protestant doctrines, had planted a guard on the church to keep him out. Some of the country people proposed to force an entrance; but he forbade them, saying, "It is the word of peace I preach unto you. The blood of no man shall be shed for it this day. Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church; and he himself preached oftener in the desert and on the sea-side than in the temple of Jerusalem." Then walking to the edge of the moor, on the south side of the town, he held forth to the multitude for upwards of three hours.

the ordinary celebration of the communion. Most readers will recollect the features of this scene, as so graphically touched by the poet—

"Then in we go to see the show:
On every side they're gatherin,
Some carrying deals, some chairs and stools,
And some are busy bletherin.

* * * *

"Here some are thinking on their sins,
And some upon their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyled his shins,
Anither sighs and prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screwed up, grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day," &c.

The house seen in the view to the right of the church, is a plain, but not uncomfortable inn, denominated the *Whitefoord Arms*. It was a favourite resort of Burns, who, on the back window of one of the upper rooms, scribbled an amusing epitaph on the host, John Dow, in which he made out the religion of that worthy to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors. From the same back window he could converse in the language of the eyes with his Jean, whose father's house was immediately behind, in the lane denominated the Cowgate. The reader will recollect an allusion to this lane in the Holy Fair. Common Sense, who, on the appearance of a particular minister in the tent, is said to have gone—

"Aff and up the Cowgate,"

was not, it appears, the abstraction usually so called, but the bodily form of Dr John Mackenzie, (afterwards of Irvine), who had carried on a controversy with Burns, under that assumed name. From a part of the church-yard opposite to that from which the view is taken, a back door opened into the hostlery of old Nanse Tinnock, in whose house the poet promises to drink the health of Pitt, "nine times a-week." Nanse is long dead and gone, but the door still remains, a memorial of the old days of tent-preaching in Mauchline. The design of this access was to enable the congregation to hold a more ready communication with the bread and cheese and foaming ale, which they required for the solacement of their physical system on these occasions. Mrs Tinnock is described as having been a true *ale-wife*, in the proverbial sense of the word—close, discreet, civil, and no tale-teller. When any neighbouring wife came, asking if *her John* was here, "Oh no," Nanse would reply, shaking money in her pocket as she spoke; "he's no here," implying to the querist that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to herself that he was not among her half-pence—thus keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and has a front towards the street by which Burns must have entered Mauchline from Mossgiel. The date over the door is 1744. It is remembered, however, that Nanse never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house "nine times a-week." "The *lad*," she said, "hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life." Nanse, probably, had never heard of the *poetical* licence.

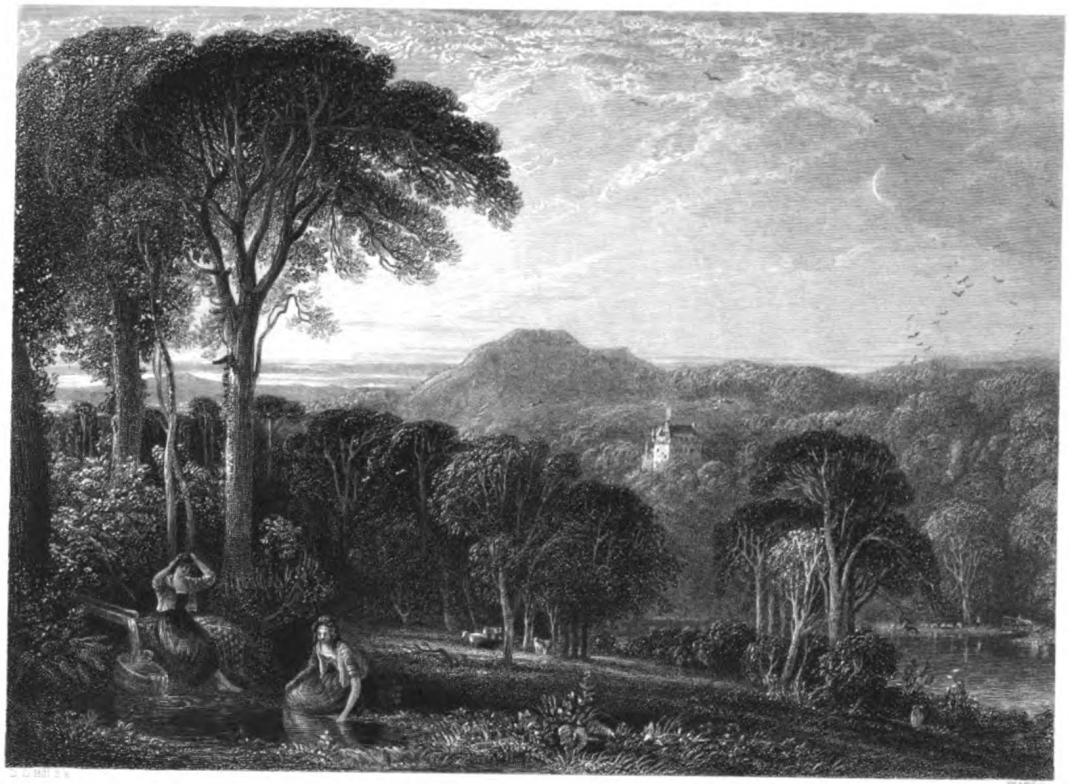
The house of Mr Gavin Hamilton, now possessed by his son, Mr Alexander Hamilton, forms the most conspicuous object in the engraving. The taller part of the edifice to the left, is a portion of the castle formerly connected with the Priory of Mauchline: the rest of the house is comparatively modern. Mr Gavin Hamilton was a writer, or legal practitioner, of highly respectable character—a man of spirit and intelligence, generous, affable and enlightened.* Unfortunately, his religious practice did not square with the notions of the then minister of Mauchline, the "Daddy Auld" already alluded to, who, in 1785, is found in the session-records to have summoned him for rebuke, on the four following charges:—1. Unnecessary absence from church, for five consecutive Sundays (apparently the result of some dispute about a poor's rate); 2. Setting out on a journey to Carrick on a Sunday; 3. Habitual, if not total neglect of family worship; 4. Writing an abusive letter to the session in reference to some of their former proceedings respecting him. Strange though this prosecution may seem, it was strictly accordant with the right assumed by clergymen at that period to inquire into the private habits of parishioners. It was fortunately, however, mixed up with some personal motives in the members of the session, which were so apparent to the Presbytery, to which Mr Hamilton appealed, that that reverend body ordered the proceedings to be stopped, and all notice of them expunged from the records. Prepossessions of more kinds than one induced Burns to let loose his irreverent muse in satire against the persecutors of Mr Hamilton: and the result was several poems, in which it is but too apparent that religion itself suffers in common with those whom he holds up as abusing it. About two years after, when Burns had commenced the Edinburgh chapter of his life, a new offence was committed by Mr Hamilton. He had, on a Sunday morning, ordered a servant to take in some potatoes which happened to have been left out in the garden after being dug. This came to the ears of the minister, and Mr Hamilton was summoned to answer for the offence. Some ludicrous details occur in the session-records. It is there alleged that two and a half rows of potatoes were dug on the morning in question, by Mr Hamilton's express order, and carried home by his daughter: nay, so keen had the spirit of persecution been, that the rows had been formally measured, and found to be each eleven feet long; so that twenty-seven feet and a half altogether had been dug. The Presbytery or Synod treated this prosecution in the same way as the former, and Burns did not overlook it in his poems. He alludes to it in Holy Willie's Prayer, when he makes that individual implore a curse upon Mr Hamilton's

——"basket and his store,
Kail and *potatoes*"—

and on several other occasions.

In Mr Hamilton's house, is shown the room in which Burns composed the satirical

* Mr Lockhart, in his Life of Burns, both editions, has given a somewhat incorrect account of Mr Hamilton, his family, and the causes of his quarrel with the kirk-session of Mauchline. His father was a son of Hamilton of Kype in Lanarkshire, and it was only by his wife that he was in any way connected with the district of Carrick; she being a daughter of Kennedy of Daljerrok. It is related of the laird of Kype that he was once paying a visit to the Duke of Hamilton, when his grace inquired in what degree he was related to the ducal house, and whereabouts in the family tree the race of Kype was to be found. "It would be needless to seek the root among the branches," answered the haughty laird, who perhaps had some pretensions to be of the principal stock of the Hamiltons, or knew at least that the claims of the ducal house to the chiefship were by no means clear.



poem entitled the Calf. He had called upon Mr Hamilton on his way to church, and found him confined with gout, but was desired by him to bring home a note of the text on which the minister should preach. Mr Hamilton's writing-room had then a back-door leading to the church. By this way Burns entered on his return, and finding a sister of Mrs Hamilton writing a note at the business desk, requested a pen, and, sitting down on the other side, scribbled in a few minutes one of the most bitter *jeux d'esprits* he ever penned. This room is further remarkable as the one in which the poet was married, that ceremony being rather of a legal than of a religious complexion. From the session-record, it would appear that the ceremony took place on the 3d of August, 1788, and that Mr Burns, being informed that in irregular marriages it was customary for the bridegroom to pay a small fine to the poor of the parish, gave a guinea for this purpose.*

CASSILLIS CASTLE AND CASSILLIS DOWNANS.

THE poem of Halloween opens, it will be recollected, thus—

> "Upon that night, when fairies light
> On Cassillis Downans dance,
> Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
> On sprightly coursers prance.

IN the accompanying print, this favourite scene of fairy sport is seen rising behind the ancient mansion from which it takes its name. The castle stands on a beautiful *haugh* on the left bank of the Doon, about a mile from the parish-village of Dalrymple.

The lands, and probably also the castle of Cassillis, appear to have passed, in the reign of David II., from a family named Montgomery, into the possession of Sir John Kennedy of Dunure, direct male ancestor of the present Marquis of Ailsa. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, it must have been the chief residence of this powerful race, as David, third Lord Kennedy, was, about 1510, created Earl of Cassillis. This nobleman fell at Flodden, with many of his followers; and there is still to be seen, in front of the castle, a very large plane tree, underneath whose melancholy boughs his surviving people are said to have spent several weeks in lamentation of their own and their country's calamity—for which reason, it bears the appellation of the Dule Tree. Tradition tells a tale of another kind in connection with Cassillis castle. While John, the sixth Earl, was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, his consort is said to have been seduced away from this house by a party of gipsies, supposed to have been headed by a lover in disguise; the consequence of which imprudence was her confinement for life in a tower belonging to her husband in the neighbouring town of Maybole. These circumstances are more particularly related in an old ballad, which is sung to a beautiful air; but it is

* Part of the above article appeared, for the first time, in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, No. 93.

proper to state that great doubt hangs over them. In a music book, known from unquestionable evidence to have been written before 1620, this very air is found, under the title of *Lady Cassillis's Lilt;* which evinces that it could not have been composed for the wife of the sixth Earl, (that lady having been born in 1607,) in whatever way the verses of the ballad may have taken their origin. However this question may be decided, it cannot affect the honour of the existing family, whose descent is traced from a younger son of an earlier possessor of the title. Cassillis castle continued to be the principal residence of the family till the extinction of the male line in 1759, when the titles were adjudged to Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Colzean, and that house, elsewhere noticed in the present work, became, in the language of old writs, the principal messuage of the Earls of Cassillis.

Cassillis castle, although deserted by its noble owner, has never been allowed to fall into decay. A few years ago, although not well furnished, it formed a superb and perfectly entire and unaltered specimen of the baronial towers of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, containing one large apartment in each floor, accessible by a spiral stair, and having walls in some places twenty-two feet thick. Lately, it has received a new front, in Gothic taste, containing a dining-room, and drawing-room, with other apartments, and is now occupied by a gentleman on lease. The *Countess's Room*—a small chamber in the upper floor, from which tradition represents the unlucky lady above-mentioned as compelled to behold her lover and more than a dozen of his companions hanging on the Dule Tree below—is still shown, but is reduced to be the sleeping-room of the servants. The grounds are laid out in a modern taste, and, with the Doon stealing its way through them, are eminently beautiful.

The Cassillis Downans are three or four small hills rising about a quarter of a mile to the south of the castle, near the road between Maybole and Dalrymple. The largest—that nearest to the house,—appears to be three hundred feet above the level of the Doon; the second is somewhat lower; and one or two others are greatly less marked. They are covered with green sward, through which, in some places, the rock may be seen; and hence Burns has described them, in a note, as "rocky." On the top of the highest there is a circular mound, with a breach in it to the west, as if designed for a means of access. It is probable that this was an early fort, more particularly as the farm on the slope of the hill bears the name of Dunree—obviously Dun-righ, the king's castle. The peculiar forms of these hillocks, and their rising in the midst of a generally level country, are circumstances which could not fail to excite superstitious ideas in an unlettered people. They were, accordingly, down to Burns's time, regarded as the work of fairies, and a peculiar scene of their midnight revels. In reality, they are masses of trap, and one of them at this moment supplies excellent "metal" for the repair of the neighbouring roads.

The scenery of this print must have been familiar to Burns, as he attended the school at Dalrymple for some time, during the residence of his father at Mount Oliphant.

COLZEAN CASTLE.

WITH THE FAIRY COVES.

THIS magnificent and picturesque mansion, the principal seat of Archibald, Marquis of Ailsa, (twelfth Earl of Cassillis), is alluded to in "Halloween:"

"Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassillis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colzean* the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams!
There up the *Cove* to stray and rove,
Amang the rocks and streams,
Unseen that night."

It is situated upon the verge of a great basaltic cliff, on the coast of Carrick, about two miles from the village of Kirkoswald. With marine sublimity on the one side, and the extreme of sylvan beauty on the other, it is scarcely possible to imagine a situation more worthy of the chief of whose ancestors it was said—

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

The lands of Colzean appear, in the early part of the fifteenth century, to have been the property of a branch of the family afterwards ennobled under the titles of Kennedy and Cassillis; they are distinguished in the family history as the *old* Kennedies of Colzean. Having probably reverted to the main line, these lands once more, in 1569, became the property of a branch of the family, in the person of Sir Thomas Kennedy, second son of Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis. The former castle or messuage connected with the lands, was built soon after by this individual. It is thus alluded to in a description of Carrick, left in manuscript by Sir James Balfour, Lyon King at Arms to James VI.:—"The House of the Cove, builded with greate coste and expensse, some 40 years agoe, by Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullzeane, Tutor of Cassillis. It is situated on a cove below, having a rocke above; quheron it is saitted, and [from which it is] denominatted. This cove is open to the sea, of ane large extent; within quhich formerly has been a werey strong hold, before closs with great windowes and grattes of irone, contening within about the space of a pair of buttes, with a fontane of freche vatter."* Another manuscript of the same period speaks of the "werey braiff zairdis," (very fine gardens) formed by Sir Thomas in connection with his mansion. An unfortunate misunderstanding between this powerful and able man, and an equally potent cadet of his house, the Laird of Bargeny, led to his being assassinated near the town of Ayr, May 12, 1602. The extraordinary machinations of

* See Mr Pitcairn's curious and interesting publication, Historical and Genealogical Account of the Principal Families of the name of Kennedy. 4to. 1830.

the Mures, elder and younger of Auchindrane, for the accomplishment of this base deed, have been made the subject of a drama by Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzean, great-grandson of Sir Thomas, is said to have acquired some notoriety as a *persecutor*,—namely, as an instrument of the government against the non-conformist presbyterians of the two last Stuart reigns. Tradition states, that after the Revolution, when the affections which had previously constituted the virtue of loyalty, were interpreted as the blackest guilt, Sir Archibald was sometimes obliged for his safety to the coves beneath his mansion. By his wife, one of the daughters of General David Lesly, Lord Newwark, he had four daughters, the second of whom, Susanna, was distinguished for a noble stature, and extraordinary beauty. One day, while walking in her father's gardens at Colzean,* a hawk, bearing the name and arms of the Earl of Eglintoune, alighted on her shoulder; which was held to betoken the probability of her ultimately having some connection with that title. She afterwards became the wife of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoune, to whom she bore a large family. In her youth she patronised Ramsay, who dedicates the Gentle Shepherd to her; and in her old age, she received a visit from Dr Johnson, at her dotarial seat of Auchans, near Dundonald.

On the extinction of the main line of the Cassillis family, in the person of John, the eighth Earl, in 1759, the title and family estates became the inheritance of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Colzean, who accordingly—though not without some litigation—became ninth Earl of Cassillis. It is related that the estates had nearly been disunited from the title on this occasion, and were only gained for the Colzean family, by Earl John privately executing a deed of entail in their favour a few months before he died, while his countess was attending a ball. It was now deemed necessary that the house of the Cove should be rebuilt in a style worthy of the main line of the race of Kennedy; and this task was accordingly commenced in 1777, by David, the tenth Earl, brother of the preceding. The plan of the new mansion was by Robert Adam. It presents, along the verge of the sea-impending precipice, a range of lofty castellated masses, with windows in a gothic taste, a splendid terraced garden in front, a bridge of approach, and offices in corresponding style, at a little distance to the left,—the whole covering an area of four acres. The impression conveyed by the mansion, on approaching it in the usual manner, through the far-spreading glades of an ancient park, is that of baronial dignity, affluence, and taste; surveyed from the sea, or, as in this print, from the beach, it suggests the idea of those eyrie-like fortresses of old, which took so much strength from nature as to appear to smile defiance at all the hostile efforts of mere human power. The interior of the castle is remarkable for an extensive and valuable collection of arms and armour.

The Coves, which have obviously been the means of introducing the print on the present occasion, are situated directly underneath the castle. They appear simply natural

* A description of Carrick, written about the close of the seventeenth century, and printed by Mr Pitcairn, speaks of these gardens in high terms. The house, says this authority, is "planted on the south with very pretty gardens and orchards, adorned with excellent terraces, and the walls laden with peaches, apricots, cherries, and other fruit: and these gardens are so well sheltered from the north and east winds, and lie so open to the south, that the fruits and herbage are more early than [in] any other place in Carrick."

chinks left in the basalt in the process of its volcanic formation. Burns, during his residence near Kirkoswald, must have often heard of their reputation as haunts of the fairies. They are six in number, and are thus described in the Rev. Mr Biggar's statistical account of the parish of Kirkoswald: "Of the three towards the west, the largest has its entry as low as high water mark. The roof is about fifty feet high, and has the appearance as if two large rocks had fallen together, forming a gothic arch, though very irregular; it extends inwards about two hundred feet, and varies in breadth. It communicates with the other two, which are both considerably less, but of much the same irregular form. Towards the east are the other three coves, which likewise communicate with each other. They are nearly of the same height and figure with the others; but their dimensions have not been ascertained. To the largest of the three westmost coves, [those immediately under the castle] is a door or entry, built of free stone, with a window three feet above the door, of the same kind of work; above both of these is an apartment, from which might be sent down whatever could annoy the assailants of the door." We have seen reason to surmise, that this mason work is as old as the former mansion of Colzean: it gives the place all the appearance of having been designed as a habitation, and one calculated to protect its inmates from hostile assault.

JOHN MOORE, M. D.

John Moore, M.D., one of the first men of established literary reputation who befriended the Ayrshire poet, was the son of the Reverend Charles Moore, minister of the gospel at Stirling. This gentleman, although born in Ireland, was a cadet of the Scotch house of Mure of Rowallan, in Ayrshire; his ancestor, Captain Alexander Mure, the son of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, and Anna Dundas of Newliston, having been slain in an action about the year 1648, with the rebels in Ireland, where his family continued to reside. The son of this gentleman was a military officer, who also served in Ireland under William the III.; and it was perhaps owing to the family connection with Scotland, as much as to his talents, and exemplary character, that the son of the last Captain Moore was, although an alien to the country, advanced in early life to the parochial charge at Stirling, where his son, Dr John Moore, the subject of the present notice, was born, in 1730.* His father died while Dr Moore was yet a child, when his mother removed with him to Glasgow, where she possessed some property, inherited from her father, Anderson of Dowhill, whose family, once in circumstances of great affluence in that city, had suffered

* The family of Mure of Rowallan is said to have been originally of the tribe of O'More in Ireland, so that Captain Mure's descendants in changing the spelling of the name, only reverted to the original orthography. Robert II., king of Scotland, married Elizabeth Mure, daughter of Sir Adam Mure of Rowallan, and from this marriage the royal family of Stuart is descended.—See Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallan, by Sir William Mure, knight of Rowallan.

much, according to Wodrow, the historian, from fines imposed in the reign of James the II., for their adherence to Presbyterianism; and the participation of the last laird of Dowhill, in the Darien expedition, reduced the family to comparative poverty. On a temperament such as that of the author of Zeluco, it does not seem unreasonable to conclude, that the position in which his earlier years were passed, may have exercised no inconsiderable influence in promoting those habits of industry and exertion, for which, in after life, he was eminently distinguished. At Glasgow, Dr Moore received both his elementary and academical education. So precocious were his talents, that in 1747, when only seventeen years of age, he was honoured with the especial patronage of Colonel Campbell, of the 54th regiment, afterwards the fifth Duke of Argyle, by whom he was introduced to the hospitals connected with the British army in Flanders, and brought under the notice of various distinguished officers, as a young man likely to be an ornament to the medical profession. At the conclusion of the war, he was for some time an *attaché* to the British Embassy of Lord Albemarle, in Paris. He afterwards settled in practice in Glasgow, as the partner of Mr Hamilton, the university professor of anatomy. While, however, the professional accomplishments of Dr Moore were never made the subject of doubt, a certain dislike to the drudgery of medical practice prevented him from enjoying that amount of public patronage to which he was entitled by his talents. It was therefore with no unwilling mind that, early in 1769, though for some years married and the father of several children, he agreed to take the charge of the young Duke of Hamilton, step-son of his first patron, a youth of fourteen, possessed of the most excellent dispositions, but whose health was such as to require the constant attendance of a physician. With this young nobleman, Dr Moore made one short excursion on the continent. But the connection was abruptly dissolved in July by the death of the Duke, upon whose tomb his affectionate attendant inscribed a poetical epitaph, testifying to the promise which was thus early blighted.

In the following year, Dr Moore was selected to attend the next brother and heir of the deceased Duke—the noted Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, now a sickly boy, and as yet innocent of the vices that ultimately clouded a career which talent and generosity had combined with almost princely rank and fortune to render illustrious. Dr Moore and this young nobleman spent five years in continental travel, finally returning in 1778 when his Grace had attained his majority. In that year Dr Moore removed his family to London, with the design of prosecuting his profession in a higher sphere than could be commanded in Glasgow. As yet, though advanced to middle life, he had given the world no decided proof of his literary talents; but this he now did (1779) by the publication of his "View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany,"—a work of so much vivacity and intelligence, that it instantly attained a great popularity in the author's own country, and was translated into French, German, and Italian. Encouraged by the success of his first literary venture, he soon after published a similar work on Italy, which was, however, less favourably received.

That he might not be supposed to have abandoned his profession in favour of letters, he produced, in 1785, a volume entitled "Medical Sketches," which treats, says one of his biographers, "rather in a popular than a scientific manner, on several important topics relative to health and disease, not without an intermixture of pleasant stories and humorous sarcasm—but, though it proved him to be a man of good sense, and one who had studied his profession, it does not appear that his practice in London ever extended beyond his particular acquaintance." It was at the close of the ensuing year that his attention was drawn to the poetry of Burns. Some expressions of admiration which he had employed regarding it, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, and which that lady transmitted to Burns, led to a correspondence between the learned physician and the comparatively unlettered bard, in which the one party appears kind without the least affectation of superiority, and the other respectful with as little display of servility. To Dr Moore, the poet, in the ensuing August, (1787), addressed a sketch of his own life, which was published in the front of Dr Currie's memoir, and has effectually associated the names of these very opposite men in our literary history.

Dr Moore, when on the verge of sixty, (1789), appeared for the first time as a writer of fiction. His novel of "Zeluco," which was then published, assumed, and has ever since maintained, a respectable place amongst works of that class, on account of the powerful moral painting which forms the most conspicuous feature of its composition. His subsequent novels, entitled "Edward," and "Mordaunt," respectively published in 1796 and 1800, were less esteemed. But before the first of these works was written, his attention had been engaged by the progress of the French Revolution. The interest he felt in the affairs of France, and probably some design of making them the subject of a book, induced him to proceed, late in the summer of 1792, to Paris. He there witnessed the insurrection of the 10th of August, the dethronement of the king, the terrific massacres of September, and the tremendous party struggles which marked the remainder of the year. He was consequently enabled to gratify the curiosity of the British public by a work under the title of "A Journal during a Residence in France, &c." which is allowed by his liberal contemporary, Dr Aiken, to be written with impartiality and discernment. A subsequent work, under the title of "A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution," closes the list of Dr Moore's publications. After several years spent in ease and retirement, at Richmond, he died at his house in Clifford Street, London, February 29, 1802. He left five sons, the eldest of whom was the gallant and lamented Sir John Moore.

Several likenesses of Dr Moore were painted at different times. There is a portrait at Hamilton palace, by Gavin Hamilton, which has been engraved in Anderson's edition of this author's works, but which pourtrays very imperfectly the intellectual features of one, whose name it may be permitted to hope, is destined "to live in his land's language." In Corswall house in Wigtonshire, the seat of his son, Mr James Carrick Moore, there is a fine portrait of Dr Moore, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; but both this portrait, and an en-

graved sketch, likewise by Lawrence, give the idea of a person far advanced in years, and of a broken and enfeebled constitution. We have therefore selected for this work, a portrait of Dr Moore painted about 1770, by William Cochrane, (known as Cochrane of Rome). This artist was born at Strathaven, in Lanarkshire, but went to Italy about 1761, where he acquired great celebrity, by several pieces which he executed, the most admired of which were his Dædalus and Icarus, and his Diana and Endymion. He returned to Scotland, where he died in 1785. The portrait, the subject of our engraving, is in the possession of Dr Moore's nephew, Charles Mackintosh, Esq. of Campsie.

GLEN AFTON.

One of the first persons of rank who became acquainted with Burns, was the late Mrs Stewart of Afton and Stair. According to the recollection of a surviving friend of the lady, the medium through which they became acquainted was a certain Peggy Orr, who had the charge of Mrs Stewart's children.* It is said that, seeing some letters and poems of Burns in that girl's possession, and being struck by their superior style, Mrs Stewart expressed a desire to see the poet, and he consequently waited upon her. Of the treatment he experienced on this occasion from Mrs Stewart, he thus speaks in a letter addressed to her, about the time he intended to go abroad:—"One feature of your character," he says, "I shall ever with grateful pleasure remember—the reception I met with when I had the honour of waiting on you. I am little acquainted with politeness; but I know a good deal of benevolence of temper and goodness of heart. Surely, did those in exalted stations know how happy they could make some classes of their inferiors by condescension and affability, they would never stand so high, measuring out with every look the height of their elevation, but condescend as sweetly as did Mrs Stewart of Stair."

It was in the old castle of Stair—the cradle of one of the most illustrious of our Scottish families, though, since their possession of it, it has gone through many hands—that this interview took place. Mrs Stewart, who was connected with that ancient mansion by her marriage, was, by descent, proprietress of another estate, situated in Glen Afton, in the parish of New Cumnock. With this vale Burns probably became acquainted in the course of his frequent rides between Ayrshire and Nithsdale, when about to settle at Ellisland. It is a remarkably fine specimen of the pastoral vale of southern Scotland. The Afton, which gives it a name, rises in the high grounds where the counties of Ayr and Dumfries and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, meet; and, after a course of ten miles,

* Peggy is pronounced by the same authority to have been the sweetheart of David Sillar, alluded to in the poet's epistle to that individual—

"Ye have your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean."

in a northerly direction, it joins the Nith at New Cumnock kirk. In the lower part of the vale, near New Cumnock, there are a few houses, but the general character of the vale is an almost primitive solitude. The writer of the statistical account of the parish, published by Sir John Sinclair, mentions that, at the commencement of his incumbency, in 1757, Glen Afton contained but one house. On entering it from the south, the eye is delighted with the fine mixture of wood and glade, which lies along the slopes, like the light and shade of an April day. At no remote period, the whole vale was probably overspread with wood, as Yarrow, and other vales now pastoral are known to have been. There is a tradition that the trees formerly grew so thick, that a certain laird of Craigdarroch, on one occasion, found his way from branch to branch, for five miles, without coming to the ground: such wonderful tales, even when not admitted as true in fact, show the strength of the impression which the real fact originally made on the popular mind. The vale now seems half-way between the one condition and the other. Birches, in great number—the ash—the mountain ash—the pine—together with numerous hawthorns, of great age and considerable size—constitute the materials of the woods of Glen Afton, the outskirts of which betray manifest tokens that they are rapidly sinking beneath the assaults of the sheep. Here and there, a hawthorn may be seen standing by itself on a green slope, the sole survivor of a goodly community of trees, all of which have long since perished. The whole scene is most characteristically Scottish, and, in spring, when the hawthorns are in bloom, it is extremely beautiful. As we advance along the vale, the woods lessen, and finally cease, and we then see only long reaching green uplands, swelling afar into the lofty bounding hills which separate three counties. Connecting the pastoral loveliness of this vale with his kind-hearted patroness, Mrs Stewart, Burns composed his exquisitely melodious song entitled, "Afton Water;" in which he imagined the proprietress of no small part of its soil, as a simple cottage maiden, and himself as her lover—a mode of compliment to gentlewomen which he seems to have preferred to all others, but which, we suspect, must have been in general much more pleasant to himself than to them:—

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

"Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

"How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd wi' the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

"How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow:
There, oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

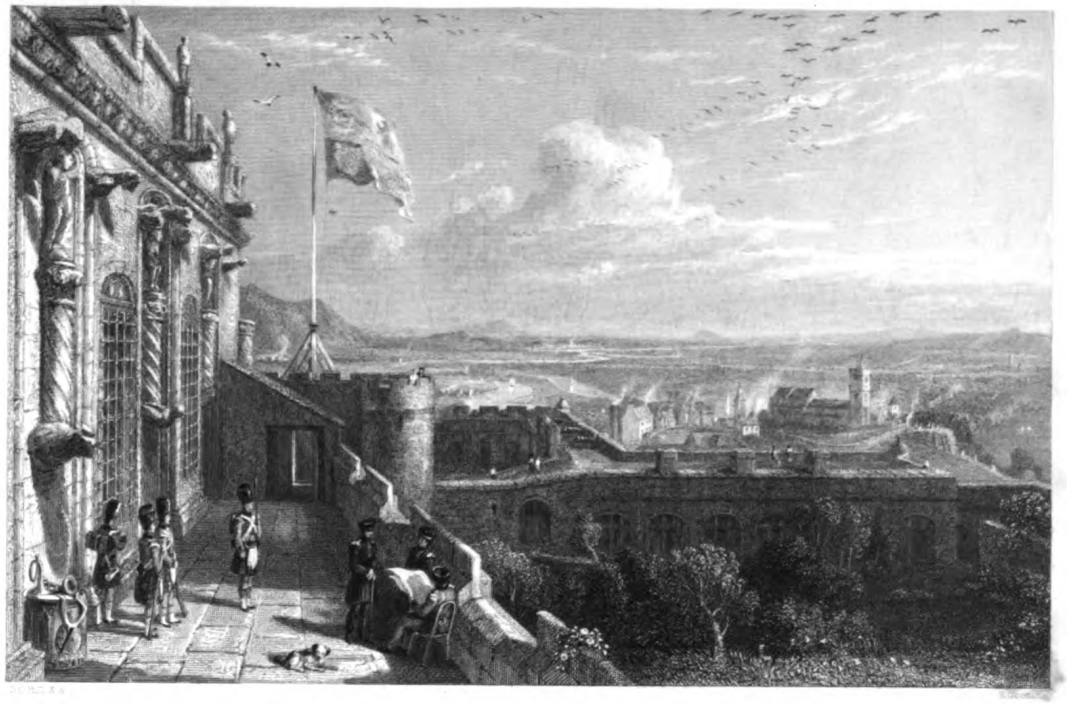
"Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

There is a riding track along Glen Afton, which crosses the hills into Galloway, being marked by cairns at regular intervals to direct the traveller. Queen Mary, on her retreat from Langside, is said by tradition to have passed by this track on her way to Dundrennan. On Dalhenna Holm, represented about the centre of the accompanying print, a cairn still bears her name, in consequence of her having paused for a short time on the spot to take some refreshment. Dalhenna is the property of a race of Campbells, who are the oldest lairds of that part of the country. Tradition relates a romantic story respecting one of them, which we shall give in the words of a correspondent:—

"On the Black Craig, a hill two thousand feet high, which looks over Glen Afton, there is a large opening called the Giant's Cave. It was occupied long ago by an outlaw of gigantic bulk, who lived by laying the neighbouring flocks under contribution, and who had a wife as remarkable for her gigantic stature as himself. On one occasion, for want of a more ready supply of victual, he laid hands upon a fat bull belonging to the laird of Dalhenna, and carried it off upon his shoulders to his cave.* Enraged at the loss of so valuable an animal, and being a man of great resolution, the laird mounted his grey mare and set out for the giant's habitation. He calculated that, immediately after the return of the outlaw to his cave, he would take some repose, while his wife would as certainly disembowel the animal, and take the intestines to be washed in the passing stream; nor was it less likely that she would have a pot of water boiling on the fire, to prepare a portion of either the meat or the tripe. Concealing himself therefore in the wood hard by, he watched till he saw the giantess leave the cave, and go down to the stream, as he had expected, carrying with her the offals of the bull. He then made an insidious approach, and, drawing his good broad-sword, entered the cave. All was as he had calculated. The giant lay snoring with open mouth beside the fire, and a large pot was just coming to the boil. He immediately poured the contents of the vessel into the mouth of the sleeping robber, and thus dispatched him. Leaving the cave, he had scarcely mounted his horse, when the giantess returned and perceived what had taken place. She immediately gave chase, and after a long run came up with him; but when, like Cutty-sark, she had caught his mare by the tail, he cleared himself by a sweep of his sword, which severed her hand from her body. She returned, and soon after died of grief, and the bodies of both giant and giantess repose in Lochbroughan Holm."

* There is nothing positively miraculous here, as, we believe, there is an authentic anecdote of Big Sam of the Sutherland Fencibles carrying a bullock's balk from a butcher's shop to Richmond barracks, on condition of getting it for himself.



STIRLING.

FROM THE OLD PALACE.

This view is taken from the south front of the palace of James V., so as to place a portion of that building in the foreground, and include the more conspicuous features of the town, and the beautiful scenery towards the east, through which the Forth pursues its devious way.

Stirling and its castle are of great, but unknown antiquity. The latter was an important fortress in the days of Bruce, when it was besieged by Edward I. in person, and reduced with great difficulty. During the reigns of "the Jameses," it was the favourite seat of Scottish royalty. In a room which still exists, James II., in 1452, stabbed the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, from rage at his refusing to give up a league which he had formed against the government. James III. erected a parliament-hall, and a chapel-royal, the former of which still survives. James V. was reared in this castle, under the care of Sir David Lyndsey, and, in mature life, added to the former building the palace above alluded to. Queen Mary also spent a portion of her youthful years in Stirling castle. Her son, James VI., who was baptized here, resided in the same palace, with his preceptor, Buchanan, during the whole of his minority. Prince Henry was also born, baptized, and reared in Stirling castle.

The palace of James V., here judiciously fore-shortened, is a curious memorial of the taste of the age. The general style of the architecture is heavy, and that of the decorative parts purely whimsical and grotesque. All round the building there is a series of oddly twisted buttresses or pilasters, bearing ungainly statues, chiefly of mythological personages, with much fantastic ornament besides. At least two of the images are not of the character stated, and one of these is the royal founder himself, a short, unprepossessing figure: another is an undressed female, usually recognised by the popular appellation of "the Modest Maid," and of whom it is related that she obtained this honourable and conspicuous situation in gratitude for her having once saved the royal family from being destroyed by a nocturnal conflagration, rushing to give the alarm in the condition in which she is here represented. There is not, as far as we are aware, anywhere in Scotland, any specimen of architecture in the same peculiar taste. Its inferiority is the more remarkable, as the parts of Holyroodhouse and Linlithgow erected by the same monarch, are very elegant.

The historical and antiquarian interest of Stirling Castle, great as it is, bears no proportion, in the eyes of most strangers, to the beauty of the views commanded from its battlements. Seated on a lofty mass of basalt, in the centre of a wide plain, with an ample river flowing beneath, and an amphitheatre of magnificent hills in the distance, Stirling Castle has an attraction for the lovers of the picturesque, such as few places in

Scotland can boast of. Looking forth from the walls towards the north-west, the eye, sweeping round from south to north, commands in succession the rugged fells of Campsie, the grand mass of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich, and Ben More,—beyond which it loses itself over the turbid Land-Sea of the Grampians, melting away into the faint blue distance. On the eastern battlements, with Demyat, and the other Ochils on the left hand, we have the rich, alluvial vale of the Forth, marked with town and grange, and manor and tower, and leading the eye along in delighted gaze till it dimly catches the remote outline of lofty Edinburgh.

Amongst the tourists who visited Stirling in the autumn of 1787, was Robert Burns, then on a tour to the West Highlands. We are told that the poet's national feelings were, on this occasion, greatly excited on beholding the roofless state of the parliament-hall of the Stuarts. Under the influence of this excitement, and of his habitual Jacobitism, he wrote the following extraordinary lines on a pane in the inn—

"Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotia's weal ordain'd;
But now unroofed their palace stands,
Their sceptre's swayed by other hands:
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost,
Who know them best despise them most."

A friend immediately hinting to him the imprudence of the act he had just committed, he said, "Oh, I mean to reprove myself;" and then walking to the window, added the following—

"Rash mortal and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel."

The original lines were certainly as strongly marked by an unworthy feeling towards the reigning, as by a generous affection towards the dethroned family; but the sin of writing them is unnecessarily aggravated by Mr Lockhart, when he says,—"The last conflict," alluding, in the coarsest style, to the melancholy state of the good king's health at the time, "was indeed an outrage of which no political prejudice could have made a gentleman approve." The king was not seized by his celebrated indisposition till October in the ensuing year. In that couplet—here, by the way, printed for the first time—Burns seems to have merely proceeded upon a prevailing impression of at least the Jacobite part of the community, respecting the intellectual character of the family of Brunswick-Lunenburg. How far the impression was from the truth, it would be ludicrous to advert to in serious terms; but it is curious now to perceive traces of the extent to which it animated a portion of British society in the past age. It appears that the impassioned peasant of Kyle was not, in the use of this rash and coarse expression, more guilty of lese-majesty, than another individual, who, though under the same political prepossessions, was certainly the last whom Mr Lockhart could have expected to be guilty of any such out-

burst. In a letter by Robert Forbes, bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church at Leith, to Bishop Gordon of London, and of which a copy, under Forbes's hand, rests before us, is the following passage—"You know the famous Dr Johnson has been among us. Several anecdotes could I give you of him; but one is most singular. Dining one day at the table of one of the Lords of Session, the company stumbled upon characters, particularly, it would appear, of kings. 'Well,' said the bluff Doctor, 'George I. was a robber, George II. a fool, and George III. is an idiot!' How the company stared I leave you to judge. It was far from being polite, especially considering the table at which he was entertained, and that he himself is a pensioner at £300 a-year." It is just, indeed, possible that no such saying was ever uttered, but much more likely that it was.

If Burns's guilt was great, it was soon repented of. Coming back in a few weeks, and finding that the verses had given offence, he broke the pane on which they were inscribed.

BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

The scene here depicted is that of the song entitled, "The Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle," with which a well-known anecdote of the poet is connected. In an evening of July, 1786, he had wandered out to these braes, "to view nature," he says, "in all the gaiety of the vernal year:* it was a golden moment for a poetic heart." He here saw, like a passing vision, a famed beauty, sister of the proprietor of the grounds, and the result was, that during his homeward walk, he composed his glowing stanzas—

"'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On ilka blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang.
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

"With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.
* * * *

"O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shade
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The lovely lass o' Ballochmyle."
* * * *

* Burns speaks thus in a letter of the ensuing November, when he had forgotten that the time was summer, not spring.

In the ensuing November, he addressed a letter to this young lady, in which he enclosed a copy of the song. It is added, by Dr Currie, that the fair heroine did not take any notice of the letter or its enclosure, and thus appears to have offended the self-love of the poet, who complains of her silence in his common-place book.

To these circumstances, which are familiar to the public from their being detailed in all the memoirs of the poet, we have to add a few particulars which may tend to satisfy any further curiosity which may be entertained on the subject.

The braes of Ballochmyle extend along the right or north bank of the Ayr, between the village of Catrine and Howford Bridge, and are situated at the distance of about two miles from Burns's farm of Mossgiel. They form the most important part of the pleasure-grounds connected with Ballochmyle House, the seat of Claud Alexander, Esq. of Ballochmyle. Bending in a concave form, a mixture of steep bank and precipice, clothed with the most luxuriant natural wood, while a fine river sweeps round beneath them, they form a scene of bewildering beauty, exactly such as a poet would love to dream in, during a July eve. A short while before the incident which gave rise to the song, Ballochmyle, its broad lands, and lovely braes, had been parted with, in consequence of declining circumstances, by the representative of an old and once powerful Ayrshire family, Sir John Whitefoord. Burns had sung this incident also, in a set of plaintive verses, referring to the grief of Maria Whitefoord, now Mrs Cranston, on the occasion of her leaving her family inheritance—

"Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle."

Caleb Whitefoord, who, if remembered for nothing else, would be immortal from Goldsmith's description of him, as "the best-natured man with the worst-natured muse," was uncle of Sir John Whitefoord; and the family has further claims to classic distinction, in consequence of an earlier representative, Colonel Allan Whitefoord, being the real hero of the circumstances related in the novel of Waverley, under the name of Colonel Talbot. Ballochmyle was purchased from Sir John Whitefoord, by Claud Alexander, Esq., a gentleman well connected in the west of Scotland, who had realized a large fortune as paymaster-general of the H.E.I.C.'s forces in Bengal.

Mr Alexander had recently taken possession of the mansion, when, one summer evening, his sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, a young lady distinguished by every grace of person and mind, walking out along the braes, after dinner, encountered a plain-looking man in rustic attire, who appeared to be musing, with his shoulder placed against one of the trees. The grounds being forbidden to unauthorised strangers—the evening being far advanced—and the encounter very sudden—she was startled, but instantly recovered herself, and passed on. She thought no more of the matter till, some months after, she received a letter from Robert Burns, recalling the circumstance to her mind, and enclosing the rich descriptive stanzas just quoted. The exact or direct purpose of

this letter has been disguised wilfully or mistakingly by Dr Currie, in consequence of the omission of a concluding sentence, in which the poet requested Miss Alexander's permission to print the verses in the second edition of his poems. If we advert to a letter of about the same date, to Mrs Stewart of Stair, [No. IX. in the General Correspondence in Dr Currie's Edition,] we shall see that this was an object to which the poet attached some importance, and that he regretted the want of a friend who might have mediated with Miss Alexander for the purpose of obtaining her consent to the dissemination of the verses. Probably despairing at length of gaining his point by this delicate means, and being then on the wing either for Jamaica or Edinburgh, he seems to have ultimately made up his mind to prefer the request in a direct form. We are therefore to consider his resentment of the lady's silence as not altogether based on the supposition of her having slighted his poetical powers. Burns would probably feel chagrined at not receiving either her permission to print the poem, or a statement of reasons for the contrary, besides, perhaps experiencing some mortification under the reflection that his talents did not appear sufficient, in the eyes of this young lady, even when employed in celebrating her own charms, to entitle him to the honour of her correspondence. Miss Alexander has been blamed by various writers for her reserve; and certainly it is now to be regretted that she was not so fortunate as to cultivate the friendship of the poet. But, when the plain fact is known, all such commentaries appear vain. Burns, though he wrote poetry which no contemporary, gentle or semple, approached, was, at this time at least, locally known chiefly for an unusual share of some of the failings of humanity. His character had been reported to Miss Alexander in terms which caused her to shrink from his correspondence, and while she did not fail to appreciate the beauty of his poetry, and the value of the compliment he had paid to her, she deemed it best, both for her own sake, and for the feelings of her poetical admirer, to allow the affair to rest at the point which it had already reached.

The heroine of the braes of Ballochmyle has since displayed no imperfect sense of the honour which the genius of Burns has conferred upon her. She preserves the original manuscript of the poem and letter with the greatest care; and she some years ago pointed out, as nearly as she could recollect, the exact spot where she had met the poet, in order that it might be distinguished by an appropriate ornament in the form of a rustic grotto or moss-house. The ornamented twig-work of this rustic monument, contains some appropriate devices; and on a tablet in the back there is inscribed a fac-simile of two of the verses of the poem, as it appears in the holograph of the author. The spirit which has dictated the construction and decoration of this grot is a right one. The lord of a piece of territory may justly value its fertility, its beauty, and its importance in his rent-roll; but what character can be attached to a piece of nature's soil, compared to that which the poet can confer upon it? Burns perhaps entered these grounds without the "bauld baron's leave," and was liable at the moment to be snarled away from them by some churlish minister of the baron's pleasure; and now the noblest and the proudest

of the land will come to visit them for his sake, and deem that, rich as they are in natural loveliness, and still further beautified by all the ornament that wealth can confer, they would have been nothing more than thousands of other river sides, if *he* had not been once there, to behold, to enjoy, and to celebrate them.

GEORGE THOMSON, ESQ.

Respecting this distinguished friend and correspondent of Burns, the following letter will probably be satisfactory to the reader:

Trustees' Office, Edinburgh, 29*th March*, 1838.

Dear Sir,

"I have been favoured with your note, in regard to a work which you tell me is about to appear, relative to *the Land of Burns*, in which it is proposed to give some memoirs of the Poet's friends, and of me among the rest. To your request, that I should furnish you with a few particulars respecting my personal history, I really know not well what to say, because my life has been too unimportant to merit much notice. It is in connection with national Music and Song, and my correspondence on that subject with Burns, chiefly, that I can have any reasonable hope of being occasionally spoken of; and I presume it is chiefly on my connection with the Poet, that you wish me to speak. I shall therefore content myself with a brief Sketch of what belongs to my personal history, and then proceed to the subject of Scottish Music and Burns.

"I was born at Limekilns in Fife, about the year 1759, as I was *informed*, for I can scarce believe I am so old. My father taught a school there, and having been invited in that capacity to the town of Banff, he carried me thither in my very early years, instructed me in the elementary branches of knowledge, and sent me to learn the dead languages at what was called the grammar school. He had a hard struggle to maintain an increasing family, and, after trying some mercantile means of enlarging his income, without success, he moved with his family to Edinburgh, when I was about 17. In a short time I got into a writer to the signet's office as a clerk, and remained in that capacity with him and another W. S., till the year 1780, when, through the influence of Mr John Home, author of Douglas, with one of the members of the honourable Board of Trustees, I was recommended to that Board, and became their junior clerk. Not long after, upon the death of their principal clerk, I succeeded to his situation, Mr Robert Arbuthnot being then their secretary; under whom, and afterwards under Sir William, his son and successor, I have served the Board for half a century; enjoying their fullest confidence, and the entire approbation of both secretaries, whose gentlemanly manners and kind dispositions were such, (for I never

saw a frown on their brows, or heard an angry word escape from their lips,) that I can say, with heart-felt gratitude to their memory, and to all my superiors, in this the 58th year of my clerkship, that I never have felt the word servitude to mean anything in the least mortifying or unpleasant, but quite the reverse.

"In my 25th year I married Miss Miller, whose father was a Lieutenant in the 50th regiment, and her mother the daughter of a most respectable gentleman in Berwickshire, George Peter, Esq. of Chapel, and this was the wisest act of my life. She is happily still living, and has presented me with four daughters, and two sons, the elder of the two being now a Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, and the other an Assistant Commissary general.

"From my boyhood I had a passion for the sister arts of Music and Painting, which I have ever since continued to cherish, in the society of the ablest professors of both arts. Having studied the violin, it was my custom, after the hours of business, to con over our Scottish melodies, and to devour the chorusses of Handel's oratorios; in which, when performed at St Cecilia's hall, I generally took a part, along with a few other gentlemen, Mr Alexander Wight, one of the most eminent counsel at the bar, Mr Gilbert Innes of Stow, Mr John Russel, W. S., Mr John Hutton, &c., it being then not uncommon for grave amateurs to assist at the St Cecilia concerts, one of the most interesting and liberal musical institutions that ever existed in Scotland, or indeed in any country. I had so much delight in singing those matchless chorusses, and in practising the violin quartettos of Pleyel and Haydn, that it was with joy I hailed the hour when, like the young amateur in the good old Scotch song, I could hie me hame to my Cremona, and enjoy Haydn's admirable fancies.

'I still was pleas'd where'er I went, and when I was alone
I screw'd my pegs and pleas'd myself with John o' Badenyon.'

"At the St Cecilia concerts I heard Scottish songs sung in a style of excellence far surpassing any idea which I previously had of their beauty, and that too from *Italians*, Signor Tenducci the one, and Signora Domenica Corri the other. Tenducci's 'I'll never leave thee,' and 'Braes of Ballenden,' and the Signora's 'Ewe bughts, Marion,' and 'Waly, waly,' so delighted every hearer, that in the most crowded room not a whisper was to be heard, so entirely did they rivet the attention and admiration of the audience. Tenducci's singing was full of passion, feeling, and taste; and, what we hear very rarely from singers, his articulation of the words was no less perfect than his expression of the music. It was in consequence of my hearing him and Signora Corri sing a number of our songs so charmingly, that I conceived the idea of collecting all our best melodies and songs, and of obtaining accompaniments to them worthy of their merit.

"On examining with great attention the various collections on which I could by any means lay my hands, I found them all more or less exceptionable, a sad mixture of good and evil, the pure and the impure. The melodies in general were without any symphonies to introduce and conclude them; and the accompaniments (for the piano only) meagre

and common-place:—while the verses united with the melodies were in a great many instances coarse and vulgar, the productions of a rude age, and such as could not be tolerated or sung in good society.

"Many copies of the same melody both in print and manuscript, differing more or less from each other, came under my view: and after a minute comparison of copies, and hearing them sung over and over by such of my fair friends as I knew to be most conversant with them, I chose that set or copy of each air which I found the most simple and beautiful.

"For obtaining accompaniments to the airs, and also symphonies to introduce and conclude each air—a most interesting appendage to the airs that had not before graced any of the collections—I turned my eyes first on Pleyel, whose compositions were remarkably popular and pleasing: and afterwards, when I had resolved to extend my work into a complete collection of all the airs that were worthy of preservation, I divided them in different portions, and sent them from time to time to Haydn, to Beethoven, to Weber, Hummel, &c., the greatest musicians then flourishing in Europe. These artists, to my inexpressible satisfaction, proceeded *con amore* with their respective portions of the work; and in the symphonies, *which are original and characteristic creations of their own*, as well as in their judicious and delicate accompaniments for the piano forte, and for the violin, flute, and violoncello, they exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and obtained the decided approval of the best judges. Their compositions have been pronounced by the Edinburgh Review to be wholly unrivalled for originality and beauty.

"The poetry became next the subject of my anxious consideration, and engaged me in a far more extensive correspondence than I had ever anticipated, which occupied nearly the whole of my leisure for many years. For, although a small portion of the melodies had long been united with excellent songs, yet a much greater number stood matched with such unworthy associates as to render a divorce, and a new union, absolutely necessary.

"Fortunately for the melodies, I turned my eyes towards Robert Burns, who no sooner was informed of my plan and wishes, than, with all the frankness, generosity, and enthusiasm which marked his character, he undertook to write whatever songs I wanted for my work; but in answer to my promise of remuneration, he declared, in the most emphatic terms, that he would receive nothing of the kind! He proceeded with the utmost alacrity to execute what he had undertaken, and from the year 1792, till the time of his death in 1796, I continued to receive his exquisitely beautiful compositions for the melodies I had sent him from time to time: and in order that nothing should be wanting which might suit my work, he empowered me to make use of all the other songs that he had written for Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, &c. My work thus contains above 120 of his inimitable songs; besides many of uncommon beauty that I obtained from Thomas Campbell, Professor Smyth, Sir Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, and other admired Poets: together with the best songs of the olden time.

"Upon my publishing the first 25 melodies with Pleyel's symphonies and accompani-

ments, and songs by different authors, six of Burns's songs being of the number, (and those six were all I published in his lifetime,) I, of course, sent a copy of this half volume to the Poet: and, as a mark of my gratitude for his excessive kindness, I ventured, with all possible delicacy, to send him a small pecuniary present, notwithstanding what he had said on that subject. He retained it after much hesitation, but wrote me (Letter 28, Currie's edition, vol. iv.) that, if I presumed to repeat it, he would, on the least motion of it, indignantly spurn what was past, and commence entire stranger to me.

"Who that reads the letter above referred to, and the first one which the Poet sent me, can think I have deserved the abuse which anonymous scribblers have poured upon me for not endeavouring to remunerate the Poet? If I had dared to go farther than I did, in sending him money, is it not perfectly clear that he would have deemed it an insult, and ceased to write another song for me?

"Had I been a selfish or avaricious man, I had a fair opportunity, upon the death of the Poet, to put money in my pocket; for I might then have published, for my own behoof, all the beautiful Lyrics he had written for me, the original manuscripts of which were in my possession. But instead of doing this, I was no sooner informed that the friends of the Poet's family had come to a resolution to collect his Works, and to publish them for the benefit of the family, and that they thought it of importance to include my MSS. as being likely from their number, their novelty, and beauty, to prove an attraction to subscribers, than I felt it my duty to put them at once in possession of all the songs and of the correspondence between the Poet and myself: and accordingly, through Mr John Syme of Ryedale, I transmitted the whole to Dr Currie, who had been prevailed on, immensely for the advantage of Mrs Burns and her children, to take on himself the task of editor.

"For thus surrendering the manuscripts, I received, both verbally and in writing, the warm thanks of the trustees for the family, Mr John Syme, and Mr Gilbert Burns; who considered what I had done as a fair return for the Poet's generosity of conduct to me.

"If anything more were wanting to set me right with respect to the anonymous calumnies circulated to my prejudice, in regard to the Poet, I have it in my power to refer to a most respectable testimonial, which, to my very agreeable surprise, was sent me by Professor Josiah Walker, one of the Poet's biographers: and had I not been reluctant to obtrude myself on the public, I should long since have given it publicity.—The Professor wrote me as follows: 'PERTH, 14*th April*, 1811. DEAR SIR,—Before I left Edinburgh I sent a copy of my account of Burns to *Lord Woodhouselee;* and since my return, I have had a letter from his Lordship, which, among other passages, contains one that I cannot withhold from you.' He writes thus,—'I am glad that you have embraced the occasion which lay in your way of doing full justice to Mr George Thomson, who, I agree with you in thinking, was most harshly and illiberally treated by an anonymous dull calumniator. I have always regarded Mr Thomson as a man of great worth and most respectable character: and I have every reason to believe that poor Burns felt himself as much indebted to his

good counsels and active friendship as a man, as the public is sensible he was to his good taste and judgment as a critic.' "Of the unbiassed opinion of such a highly respectable gentleman and accomplished scholar as Lord Woodhouselee, I certainly feel not a little proud: it is of itself more than sufficient to silence the calumnies by which I have been assailed, first anonymously, and afterwards, to my great surprise, by some writers who might have been expected to possess sufficient judgment to see the matter in its true light.

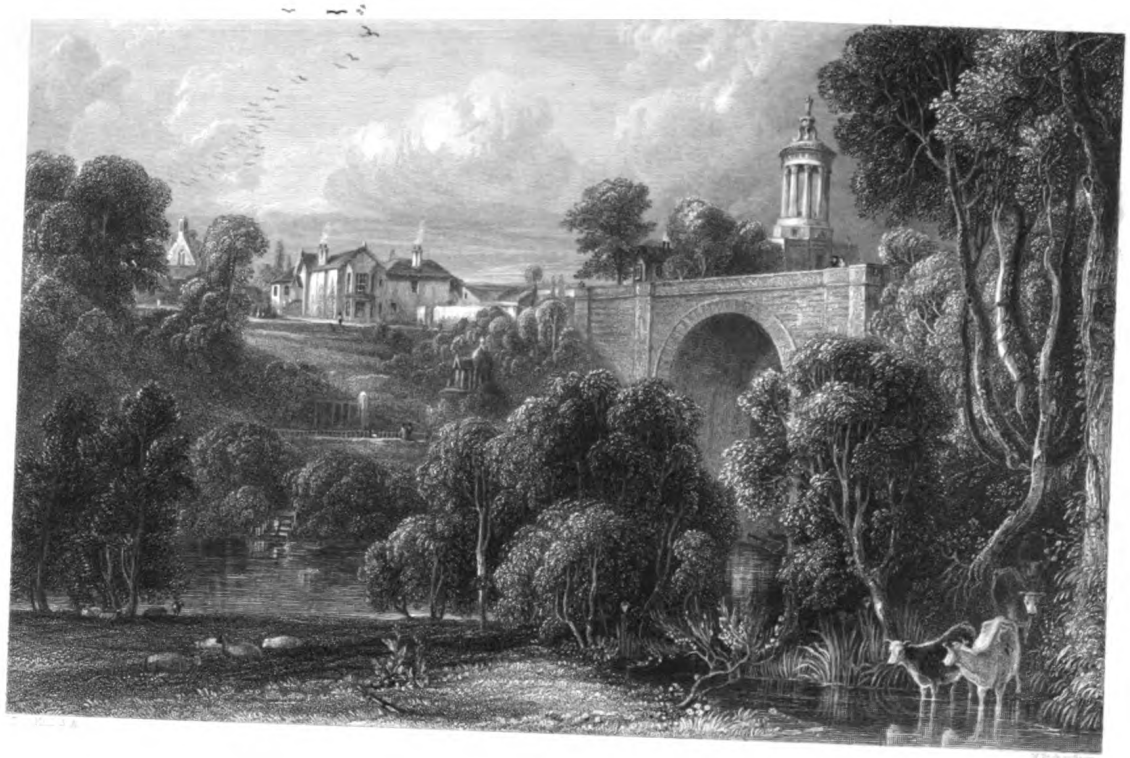
"To Robert Chambers, Esq., Waterloo Place."

To this letter of my excellent friend Mr Thomson, little can be added. His work, the labour of his lifetime, has long been held the classical depository of Scottish melody and song, and is extensively known. His own character, in the city where he has spent so many years, has ever stood high. It was scarcely necessary that Mr Thomson should enter into a defence of himself against the inconsiderate charges which have been brought against him. When Burns refused remuneration from one whom he knew to be, like himself, of the generation of Apollo rather than of Plutus, and while his musical friend was only entering upon a task the results of which no one then could tell, how can Mr Thomson be fairly blamed? If a moderate success ultimately crowned his enterprise and toil,—and the success has probably been much more moderate than Mr Thomson's assailants suppose—long after the poor bard was beyond the reach of money and all superior consolations, who can envy it, or who can say that it offers any offence to the manes of the unhappy poet? The charge was indeed never preferred but in ignorance, and would be totally unworthy of notice if ignorant parties were not still apt to be imposed upon by it.

NEW BRIG OF DOON,

WITH BURNS'S MONUMENT.

In this print the spectator is supposed to stand on the left or south bank of the Doon, immediately below the place where the river is crossed by the road from Ayr to Maybole. The "New Bridge" is one which has been built since the time of Burns, about a hundred yards below the Old: all the other artificial objects, except Alloway Kirk, are likewise modern. The cottage between the Kirk and the Bridge is one built within the last few years, and adorned with great taste, by Mr David Auld, of Ayr. Close beside the end of the bridge is a neat inn, also erected of late years, being designed for the accommodation of parties visiting this interesting place. Directly over the bridge, the Monument raises its beautiful form—and to this object the remainder of the present article is to be devoted.



The credit of originating a monument to Burns on the spot of his birth-place, is due to the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck,—a man who will long be remembered in his own country for his social and amiable character, his lively talents, and hearty sympathy with all that concerned his country's weal, whatever may be thought of the unfortunate circumstances which brought his existence to a close. Mr Boswell, (for he had not then attained his baronetcy), in concert with one other individual, being deeply impressed with the claims of Burns upon his countrymen, ventured to call a public meeting in Ayr for a particular day, to consider the propriety of acknowledging those claims by the erection of a suitable monument. The day arrived—Mr Boswell and his friend went to the place appointed—but, to their great surprise, not a single person came to join them. To all appearance, they had miscalculated the public feeling on the subject; and, under such circumstances, the most of men would have retired from the field, and thought no more about the matter. Mr Boswell and his friend thought differently; they believed that accidental circumstances might be in a great measure the cause of the failure of the meeting—that even in Ayr there was no want of feeling on the subject—but that, should local sympathy fail, there were Scottish hearts under all latitudes which would throb at the idea of rearing a suitable mark of the fame of Burns beside the banks and braes of bonnie Doon. Accordingly, Mr Boswell was voted by his friend into the chair: a resolution to commence a subscription for the monument was moved by the same friend, and passed, we need not say, unanimously—a minute of the proceedings was drawn up and signed by the chairman; and the meeting was then dissolved. It then depended entirely on the vigour with which the resolution was advertised, and the subscription pushed, whether the monument should be reared or not. Much was done for the object in Scotland by Mr Boswell, and still more in London and in the East Indies, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir James Shaw and Mr William Fairlie, both of that city. At the beginning of 1820, the sum of £1600 was collected, and it was resolved to commence the building on the anniversary of the poet's birth-day, that year.

On the appointed day, a number of masonic bodies, headed by Mr Boswell as Deputy Grand Master, marched in procession from Ayr to the place selected between the New and Old Bridges over the Doon, accompanied by a vast concourse of spectators. The foundation-stone bore a plate containing the following inscription: "By the favour of Almighty God, on the 25th day of January, A.D. MDCCCXX; of the Era of Masonry 5820, and in the sixtieth year of the reign of our beloved sovereign George the Third, His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales being Regent of the United Kingdom, and a munificent subscriber to the edifice, the Foundation-stone of this Monument, erected by public subscription in honour of the genius of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, was laid by Alexander Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck, M. P., Worshipful Depute Grand Master of the most ancient Mother Lodge Kilwinning, (attended by all the masonic lodges in Ayrshire), according to the ancient usages of Masonry. Thomas Hamilton, Jun., Edinburgh, architect; John Connel, Jun., builder and contractor." An address from Mr

Boswell and a prayer from the Rev. Hamilton Paul, of Broughton, concluded this interesting rite.

The Monument was finished on the 4th of July 1823, when Mr Fullarton of Skeldon, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of free masons and subscribers, placed the tripod on the summit, and delivered an appropriate address. The building recalls the purest days of Grecian architecture. It was meant by Mr Hamilton to be in some measure a revival of the celebrated monument of Lysicrates at Athens; and it also, we believe, bears some resemblance to the church San Pietro in Mantoris at Rome. The edifice consists of a triangular basement (representative of the three divisions of Ayrshire, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham), upon which rises a circular peristyle supporting a cupola. The peristyle consists of nine pillars, representative of the number of the Muses, thirty feet in height, and of the Corinthian order. They were designed from the three remaining columns of the Comitium in the Forum at Rome. Above the cupola rises a gilt tripod, supported by three inverted dolphins,—fishes sacred to Apollo, and hence selected as ornaments proper to the monument of a poet. The whole building, the cost of which was about £2000, is sixty feet in height from the platform within the peristyle. The view embraces not only Alloway Kirk, the Old Bridge, the banks of the Doon, and other objects consecrated by the genius of the poet, but a track of country of unsurpassed beauty and richness, and one of the noblest inland seas connected with our Scottish shores. About an acre of shrubbery surrounds the Monument; and it is not unworthy of notice that the gardeners of the district, led by an admiration of the genius of their gifted countryman, assemble once every year, and give this spot a day's labour. In the interior chamber, there are exhibited several articles appropriate to the place—a copy, by Mr Steven of Edinburgh, of the original portrait of Burns by Naismyth—a range of various editions of the poet's works—a snuff-box made from the wood-work of Alloway Kirk—eight chairs made from the beam which supported the bell in the old steeple of Ayr (the bell of "the Dungeon Clock")—and some oil illustrations of scenes in the poems of Burns. In a grotto hard by, are shown the two matchless statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, by Mr James Thom of Ayr.

Burns's Monument, beautiful in itself as an architectural object, and surrounded by so many things which a Scottish heart delights to ponder on, is a favourite place of resort for parties of pleasure of almost every kind. A Kilmarnock weaver brings his bride to it, by way of giving her a marriage jaunt. The gentry of Ayrshire bring their visitors to it, as to a place which no one would be within thirty miles of, without going to see. The trades lads of the neighbouring towns of Ayr and Maybole come to it to enjoy their weekly half holidays on the Saturday afternoons. Even the children learn to wander to "the Monument," and to point out scenes and spots, which have attained an importance in their eyes before they know for what. We have learned that, during the finer season of the year, there is a remarkable out-pouring of the "nations" of Kilmarnock to this place. They come in carts and in cars, twelve or eighteen to a party; and occasionally

no fewer than seven or eight such parties have been reckoned in a day. A gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood, one day observed an old webster lounging on the bridge, whom he believed he had seen at least twice before during that summer at the same place. He had the curiosity to inquire if he was correct, when he found that the case was as he had supposed. The weaver, being asked how he should think of coming three times over a distance of fourteen miles to visit Burns's Monument, startled the inquirer with the laconic declaration, "Man, it pays weel." It turned out that the honest man always came accompanied by a squad of sons and daughters, who were all of them employed in some departments of his business. As an inducement to industry and application, he held up before them a visit to "the Monument," which was to be at their command when they had wrought a certain quantity of work in a given time. And the old man said that "he never saw the lads and lasses, puir things, work wi' sic downright gude will, as when they had that ploy to look forward to." In all these circumstances, homely as they are in one point of view, who can fail to discern just another symptom of the influence which it is the right and privilege of genius to exercise over the human heart.

AYR—MARKET-CROSS.

This scene has been selected for representation as that of the opening of "Tam o' Shanter"—

> "When chapman billies leave the street,
> And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
> As market-days are wearin' late,
> And folk begin to tak the gate," &c.

It is a portion of the High Street of Ayr, of more than usual width, where much marketing of various kinds is carried on, particularly the traffic in fish. There is not now any part of the burgh which bears a more antique or picturesque air. The opening of the narrow street leading to the old bridge is seen in the centre of the picture. A little to the right, is a tall narrow building, originally the mansion of Chalmers of Gadgirth, chief of the name, and latterly of Mr John Mair, schoolmaster of Ayr, distinguished as author of various school books which have long been held in esteem. The foreground of the picture is the opening of an alley called the Isle Lane, on the corner of which the artist has, without injury to the general truth of the picture, presented an object which gives both spirit and character to the scene, though in reality placed a little farther up the street—a statue of Sir William Wallace, erected in the year 1810 by a citizen of Ayr, as commemorative of the connection of that illustrious person with the town. Tradition represents the house on which the statue is in reality placed, as occupying the site of one which, in the days of Scotia's ill-requited chief, was the court-house. It is said

that, when Wallace was taken in Ayr, after killing Lord Percy's steward, he was here imprisoned in a dungeon, where low diet and a severe malady soon reduced him to such a condition, that, when the gaoler went down to bring him up for judgment, he was supposed to be dead. According to Blind Harry's narrative—

"They gart servands withouten langer feid,
With short advice, on to the wall him bare,
They cast him ower out of that baleful stead,
Of him they trowit should be nae mair remeid,
In a draff middin, where he remainit there—
His first nourice of the Newton of Ayr
Till him she come, whilk was full well of reid,
And thiggit leave away with him to fare.
Into great ire they granted her to go.
She took him up withouten wordis mo,
And on a car unlikely they him cast
Attour the water led him with great wo
Till her awn house,"——

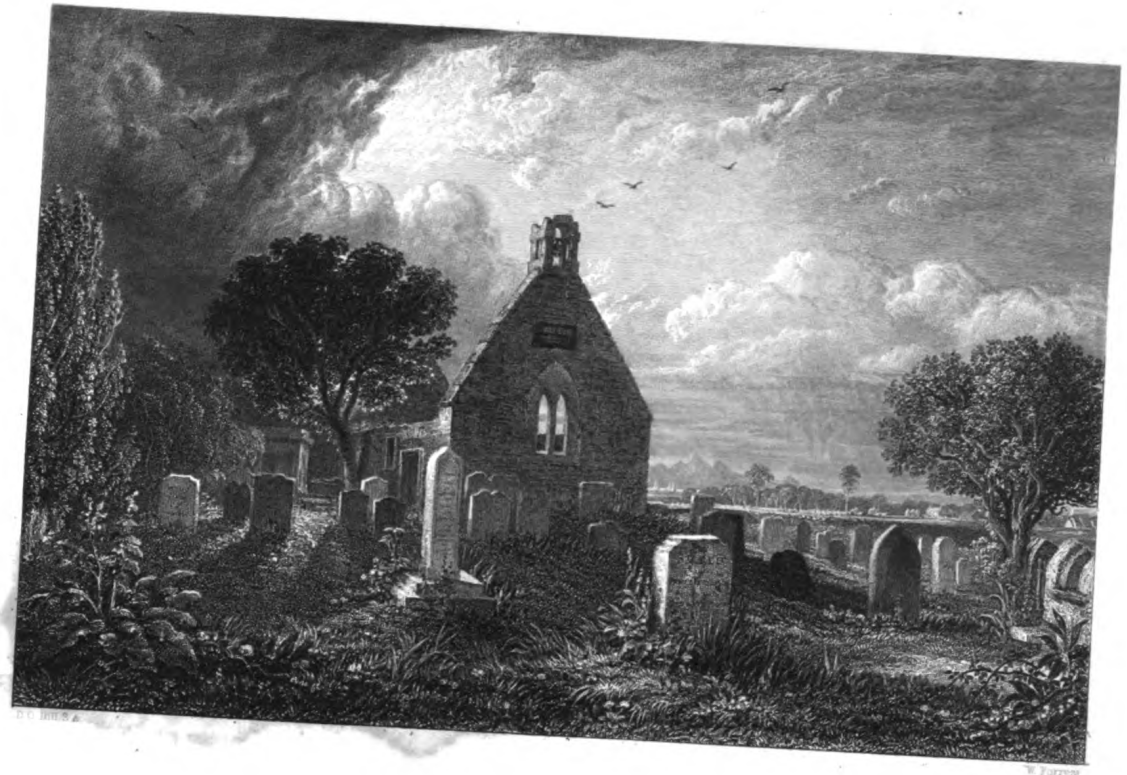
where he was revived by the milk of her daughter, and thus enabled to proceed in that remarkable course by which he "rescewit Scotland thryss."

We are informed in Livingstone's Memoirs, that at the end of the sixteenth century, when the celebrated Welsh, the son-in-law of Knox, went to officiate as minister in Ayr, these streets were frequently the scene of bloody tumults, similar to those which disgraced the streets of Edinburgh about the same time. All had their quarrels to avenge, and carried weapons wherewith to avenge them, so that a casual rencontre of hostile parties on the street was sure to lead to a conflict, in which other parties were apt to join, taking sides according to their inclinations. When Welsh heard any such broil commence, he used to put on a head-piece, and rush down into the thickest of the fight, and exert his utmost eloquence to restore peace. When he succeeded in quelling the tumult, he would call for a table, cause it to be spread on the street, and there invite the combatants to eat and drink together, and promise amity for the future. He then sung a psalm, and pronounced an exhortation, after which he allowed the crowd to disperse. By these exertions, joined to his ordinary ministrations in the pulpit, this singularly devout man is said to have effected a great improvement in the moral aspect of the town of Ayr in a very few years.

ALLOWAY KIRK.

Several centuries ago, Alloway was a separate barony and parish, had a moat* for the dispensation of justice, and a church for the services of religion: connected with the latter, there were also a manse and glebe, though the stipend of the minister was no more

* A pyramidal mount, with a level space on the summit, whereon the barons of old sat in the exercise of judgment. There are numerous specimens of these remains of antiquity in Galloway and Ayrshire.



than £32. About the end of the seventeenth century, the parish was united to that of Ayr, the stipend being divided between the ministers; and in the course of time the church, a plain small building, was allowed to go into disrepair. In the youthful days of Robert Burns, who was born about a quarter of a mile from it, Alloway kirk was a roofless ruin, surrounded by an unenclosed burial-ground, almost as much deserted by the dead as the church was by the living. It also enjoyed a high reputation as a resort of witches, and other supernatural personages, and one or two most terrific legends respecting "sights" which had been seen in it, were current. When reduced to ruin, a feeling of interest in behalf of an old familiar object began to take possession of the scattered inhabitants of the district; and William Burness, the father of the poet, in conjunction with several of his neighbours, petitioned the magistrates of Ayr for permission to protect the cemetery by a wall, designing to make that enclosure their own last resting-place. Leave being granted, the burial-ground was enclosed, but not in its original extent. When William Burness died at Lochlee, in another parish, his family, recollecting his attachment to Alloway kirk, conveyed his remains thither,—a distance of fully nine miles: it was also the wish of Robert Burns that his bones should rest in this place of sepulture, beside those of him "even whose failings leaned to virtue's side." At his death, two citizens of Ayr went to Dumfries with the design of effecting this object at their own expense, but, on arriving, they were informed by the poet's brother that preparations had already been made for laying him in St Michael's church-yard, and that it would be imprudent, for the sake of the surviving family, to disappoint the wishes of the inhabitants of Dumfries.

When Francis Grose visited Scotland in 1790, for the compilation of materials for his "Antiquities," he became acquainted with Burns at Carse-house, near Ellisland, and readily undertook, at the request of the poet, to admit Alloway kirk into his list of subjects (all unworthy as it must appear, on historic or architectural grounds, of that honour), on the simple condition that the Ayrshire bard should versify one of the superstitious legends which he had narrated respecting it, and permit the insertion of that versified legend in the book. Burns, anxious for the celebration of a spot endeared to him by so many pleasing memories, gladly yielded to the condition, and the consequence was his inimitable tale of Tam o' Shanter—wherefore, as Hugh Ainslie has said,

—— "Alloway, that night ye war
Hell's place o' recreation,
Baith heezed and dignified ye mair
Then a' your consecration."*

The circumstances, real and fictitious, on which the poet founded his tale, are adverted to elsewhere.

Kirk Alloway, with its burial-ground, still forms an interesting feature of that part of the environs of Ayr which includes Burns's birth-place, the brigs and braes of Doon, the Monument, and other famous objects. It has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved, and it still retains its bell at the east end. Upon the whole, the spectator

* Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns.

is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The inner area is now divided by a partition wall, and one part forms the family burial-place of the late Mr Cathcart of Blairston, better known by his judicial designation of Lord Alloway. The "winnock bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion, as seen in the accompanying print. Around the building are the vestiges of other openings, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hellish scene. Within the last few years, the old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire, but they have now been entirely taken away, to form, in various shapes, memorials of a place so remarkably signalised by genius. It is necessary for those who survey the ground with a reference to the poem, to be informed that the old road from Ayr to this spot, by which Burns supposed his hero to have approached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west of the present one, which, nevertheless, has existed since before the time of Burns. Upon a field about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk, is a single tree inclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered

——————— "the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn,"

and immediately beyond that object is

——————— "the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;"

(namely, a ford over a small burn which soon after joins the Doon); being two places which Tam o' Shanter is described as having passed on his solitary way. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well which trinkles down into the Doon, where formerly stood a thorn, on which an individual, called in the poem "Mungo's mother," committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk upon the west. These circumstances may here appear trivial; but it is surprising with what interest any visitor to the real scene will inquire into and behold every thing which can be associated, however remotely, with the poem of Tam o' Shanter. The churchyard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, including one to William Burness, (on the right in the print), a renewal of the original stone, which had been demolished and carried away in fragments. The churchyard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest in this doubly consecrated ground. Among these is one to the memory of a person named Tyrie, who, visiting the spot some years ago, happened to express a wish that he might be laid in Alloway churchyard, and, as fate would have it, was interred in the spot he had pointed out within a fortnight. Nor is this all: for even the neighbouring gentry are now contending for departments in this fold of the departed, and it is probable that the elegant mausolea of rank and wealth will here soon be jostling the stunted obelisks of humble worth and noteless poverty.

"AULD BRIG" OF DOON.

In the accompanying print, the spectator is presumed to stand on the south or Carrick side of the river Doon, looking towards the north, and commanding a considerably foreshortened view of the old-fashioned bridge of one arch which figures so conspicuously in the tale of Tam o' Shanter—

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they daurna cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,
And flew at Tam with furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail;
The carline caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

The old bridge, thus introduced to the notice of the public, and since visited and viewed by thousands with that peculiar interest which genius calls forth in favour of insensible matter, was, in Burns's day, and had long been, the chief communication between the districts of Kyle and Carrick, being on the highway leading from Ayr to Maybole, and nearly two miles from the former town. The age of the structure is unknown; but we may well suppose, from the appearance of the masonry, and the high sweep taken by the arch, that it is of great antiquity. Our conjectures on this subject receive a support of but little consequence, from our finding the bridge spoken of, in the history of the Kennedies, published by Mr Pitcairn, as existing at comparatively so recent a period as the beginning of the seventeenth century. "The laird of Bargany," says this curious history, "cumis to the Brig of Done, quhair he stayit; and calling all his friendis and seruandis thair togidder, he said in this sort, 'Sirs, I am here to protest before God, I am nocht to seek the bluid of me lord [Cassillis, with whom he was at feud, and who was waiting for him near Maybole], nor his dishonour in na sortt, but ryd hame to my hous, in peace, giff he will let me. And giff me lord be to pursew me, I hoip ye will all do your dewitteis, as becumis men; and he that will not be willing to do this, for my luif and kyndness, he will aither say he will tairy with me to the end, or leaff me now at this present.' And they all answered, 'we will all die in your defense, giff ony will pursew you.'" The remainder of the story is, that the Laird, a youth of five and twenty, was killed in an encounter with a large force under Cassillis, near Maybole. This event happened a short time before the departure of James VI. to take possession of the English throne.

The old bridge being, from its narrowness and height, not only inconvenient but difficult of passage, a new edifice, of more ample proportions, and perfectly level with the road, was latterly erected, and of which a view has been given in a preceding print. The old bridge was then left in disuse, and, if it had been a common piece of stone and lime,

it would probably have soon been reduced to a condition more picturesque than firm. The coping stones had already been thrown over into the river by unsentimental boys, and the whole edifice was, to all appearance, hastening to decay. But poetry can raise up friends even to old bridges. Mr David Auld, of Ayr, to whose public spirit and taste so much of what is pleasing in the external aspect of this part of the Land of Burns is owing, resolved to make an effort to preserve the venerable object to posterity. At his instigation, the Rev. Mr Hamilton Paul, of Broughton, editor of a collection of Burns's poetical works, wrote and forwarded to the proper quarter the following whimsical address:

"Unto the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads in the County of Ayr, the Petition and Complaint of the Auld Brig of Doon.

"Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle's, to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it! every tutelary power!
That guards my keystane at the midnight hour.
Forbid it, ye who, charm'd by Burns's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger out the day!
Let Nannie's sark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail,
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told, 'The Auld Brig is no more.'
Stop then, O stop, the more than Vandal rage,
That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your fathers last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
Nor ever let your children's children tell,
By your decree, the ancient fabric fell.

"May it therefore please your Honours to consider this petition, and grant such sum as you may think proper for repairing and keeping up the Old Bridge of Doon.

Signed) "——— ———,
For the Petitioner."

The eight or ten gentlemen, before whom this petition came, found that it was not within their powers to lay out any of the public money upon a disused road; but, amused by the manner of the document, and moved in feeling by its prayer, they instantly subscribed a sufficient sum to put the bridge into complete repair. Its further preservation may safely, we believe, be entrusted to succeeding generations.

SHANTER FARM AND BAY.

The engraving represents a portion of the Carrick coast, between Turnberry and Colzean, in the parish of Kirkoswald, with part of the slope forming the farm of Shanter, in the middle ground. It is designed at once to gratify curiosity by showing the residence of the renowned "Tam," and to communicate some notion of a romantic district with

D. O. Hill, R.A. W. Richardson

which Burns was familiar in early life, and the features of which, physical and moral, are understood to have had no small effect in the formation of his character. It was in his nineteenth year, (1777) while residing with his uncle, Samuel Brown, at Ballochneil, and studying geometry under Rogers, at Kirkoswald school, that Burns was introduced to the race of half farmers, half smugglers, who dwelt along the Carrick coast, of whom the gudeman of Shanter was a notable specimen. We are informed by the writer of the statistical account of the parish in Sir John Sinclair's collection, that the contraband trade was "at first carried on here from the Isle of Man, and afterwards to a considerable extent from France, Ostend, and Gottenburgh," the rude nature of the coast, and the thinness of its population, fitting it in a remarkable manner for the purpose, though no part of the shore of Britain is more dreaded by ordinary mariners, on account of its total want of sheltering inlets and harbours. The effect of such a trade upon the manners of a primitive pastoral people was most remarkable. Their simple modes of life were deranged by the occasional possession of luxuries which only the wealthy of cities usually enjoy, such as silks, teas, and the finer kinds of spirituous liquors. It is said that the family of what had once been a douce farmer, was on one occasion so much put out of its usual way by a landing of smugglers and their goods, that they were surprised one morning to find their porridge had been made with brandy, instead of the wonted lymph of the burn or well. On another occasion, after a party had been entertained for a considerable time within doors, with the best of all possible liquors, it was proposed, as the bringing of water was troublesome, that they should adjourn to the brink of the neighbouring spring from which the family was usually supplied, and there sip their punch from a bowl of nature's making. A keg of generous fluid was accordingly broached and emptied into the spring, round which the party sat for several hours, drinking the mixture out of caups and luggies, until the larger became too much for the lesser element. Once a quarter, the smugglers met the natives and other interested parties, in certain out of the way public-houses along the coast, for the purpose of squaring accounts; and on these occasions, there was always an unusual amount of festive indulgence. What with habits of nocturnal adventure, association with bold and desperate characters, and so much more than all the common convivialities of rural life, the farmers of the Carrick coast became a very peculiar set, retaining much of the external decencies of a church-frequenting people, much of the simplicity and superstition which then characterised all departments of Scottish society except the highest, and much of their primitive honesty of nature, but adding to all this, irregular, adventurous, and unsettled habits, and a love of "tipsy jest and jollity," which knew no reasonable bounds. Such was the school of life, which Burns was, if not precipitated into, at least brought in contact with, by his residence at Ballochneil. We have his own acknowledgment that it wrought some alteration in his mind and manners. "Scenes," says he, "of swaggering riot and dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble."

The part of the coast depicted in the engraving, being only about a mile from Ballochneil, Burns unavoidably became acquainted with its inhabitants, some of whom seem to have made a deep impression on his sense of the grotesque and ludicrous. At the farm steading of Shanter, marked in the print by a sole-surviving out-house on the extreme right, lived Douglas Graham, a stout hearty fellow, addicted to smuggling, but not perhaps in so great a degree as some of his neighbours, and withal fond of a social glass, and apt to return rather late from Ayr on market nights. His wife, by name Helen M'Taggart, of old descent in the parish, was subject in an unusual degree to superstitious beliefs and fears, and used to regard her husband's late return on market nights, as not only a violation of worldly propriety, but a tempting of the evil powers of a supernatural kind, which she supposed to influence the affairs of mortals. Then, at Glenfit, near the bottom of a hollow seen in the print immediately beyond Shanter, dwelt John Davidson, a shoemaker and tanner in a small way, whose wife, Ann Gillespie, had acted as nurse to the mother of Burns, on which account there was always a friendship between the two families. John, in the language of a local poet,

"—— was a gash, wee fodgel body,
Stood on his shanks baith tight and steady,
As gleg's a hawk, as tough's a widdy;
Had gabby skill
To crack a joke wi' wit aye ready,
Out ower a gill."*

At Damhouse, close beside the shore, and the birth-place, it is said, of Douglas Graham, lived at the same time Hugh Brown, a miller, and eke Jock Niven, a blacksmith, a pair drouthy in right of profession, as well as by accident of personal taste, and the subjects of the well known lines—

"That ilka meldar wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;"—

the usual scene of their libations being one of those demure little public-houses which as naturally rise near a smiddy and a mill in Scotland, as the cuckoo follows the titlin. This hostilrie, we believe, still exists, and figures amongst a group of houses represented in the engraving. With reference to the habits of these four worthies, our Maybole authority says happily enough—

"Near neighbourhood right weel assisted,
To souther friendship that consisted
In drinking jorums, when they listed
Their placks to jingle;
In ae short mile ilk might hae rested
At ither's ingle.

Gaun to the kirk, they whiles forgather'd,
And, warslin sair wi' conscience, swither'd.
Till wi' o'ercoming drouth sair bother'd,
The bell's last croon,
Gat them in Kirkton Jean's† fast tether'd,
A' snugly down."

Here, we suppose, to drink "till Monday."

* See a small publication, entitled "The Real Souter Johnnie," a poem, with Explanatory Notes. Maybole, M. Porteous. 1834.

† Kirkton Jean, (properly Jean Kennedy) was a woman of no vulgar extract or repute, who, in consequence of reduced circumstances, kept a tavern at Kirkoswald. In this village, called the Kirk-town, as the seat of the parochial place of worship, her residence is still pointed out, under the appellation of "the Lady's House."

The identity of Graham with Tam o' Shanter has been the subject of some doubt, in consequence of the *pretensions* of one Thomas Reid, a labourer, to this somewhat dubious honour. But the point has been settled by Mr John Smith of Swinridge Muir, who, in a letter of date January 13, 1829, addressed to Mr David Auld, states that he recollects meeting Burns at the house of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, when the poem being read in manuscript, and the question being afterwards put, who was the person represented by "Tam," the answer given by the poet was, "who could it be but the gudeman o' Shanter—a man well acquainted with the freaks and pranks of the infernal crew?" And, says Mr Smith, "in the course of conversation, I found this person to be Douglas Graham."

In Mr Cromek's collection, there is a letter by Burns to Captain Grose, communicating a series of witch-stories respecting Alloway Kirk, one of which must be considered as in some measure the ground-work of the poem. It describes a Carrick farmer going home late from Ayr market, and witnessing a dance of witches in the deserted church, one having a smock of somewhat scanty proportions. On his crying "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark," the whole legion sallied out upon him, and just as he was passing along the bridge on his retreat, one of the hags seized the tail of his mare, which came away in her hand, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning. The unsightly tailless condition of the poor animal proved to the latest day of its life, "an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets."

Apparently, this story was a mixture of Carrick recollections, some of which had been very faithfully impressed on the poet's mind. At least, we are led to this conclusion, as the only one by which we can reconcile the story with an extended detail of circumstances which has been handed down in the parish of Kirkoswald by a credible series of witnesses since the period of Burns's residence there, and which here follows: One day, when the scholars of Kirkoswald had been favoured with a holiday, Burns went upon a fishing excursion with a few of the natives, including John Niven, the son of Mr Niven of Ballochneil, and his own bedfellow. While they were out at sea, the wind rose, and gave token of an approaching tempest, which made the company very uneasy, and alarmed even the men who were accustomed to fish those seas. The young poet rallied them on their fears, and said he would stay where he was, while it blew off shore, although it should "blaw the horns aff the kye." They made nevertheless for the shore, and landed at the Maiden Heads, two large rocks which rise upon the beach near the farm of Shanter. As they proceeded homeward, the storm rose to its height, accompanied by thunder and deluges of rain. They therefore took shelter in Shanter farm-house, where they found that the goodman was absent at Ayr market. Kate received them frankly, and in the course of conversation launched forth into a lament about the habits of her husband, his toping with the miller, smith, and souter, and his late hame-comings from market, prophesying that

"—— late or soon,
He wad be found deep drowned in Doon."

Amongst other things, she spoke of Alloway Kirk, which she said he dreaded to pass at night, and yet he never on that account took care to come home an hour earlier. The poet and his friends staid with her till twelve o'clock, and then left her, still waiting, a waefu' woman, for the return of her husband.

The visits of Graham to Ayr were more frequent than those of his neighbours, in consequence of his supplying malt to a great number of public houses in that burgh, and on the road to it, it being then the custom for every person who sold ale to make the liquor at home. It was the business of the gudeman of Shanter to go there once a-week, not "on Monanday," like the mautman of old Scottish song, but on Friday, the market-day of the burgh. His friend Davidson, dabbling a little, as has been stated, in the business of a tanner, had wares to dispose of and money to gather on the same day and in the same place; so the two would proceed to town together. As Graham had to call for liquor at every customer's house, by way of showing respect and gratitude, he had much more of that commodity at his disposal than he chose to make use of himself; and he was accordingly very glad when the Souter or any other friend went in with him to partake of it. There was a particular taverner in Ayr, one Benjie Graham, a Carrick man, and possibly tracing some *Scotch* kindred to the gudeman of Shanter, who was always very hospitable to the pair, usually pressing them to dine at his own table. Animated by a due sense of Benjie's kindness, Douglas Graham and John Davidson resolved to give him a treat in return, and it was on a New Year's Night that it came off. Graham on this occasion went beyond all former excesses, and, riding home at a late or perhaps rather an early hour, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, his bonnet with the bank-notes he had that day drawn in the market laid into the flap of it, was blown off, as he was riding over Brown Carrick Hill, and carried he knew not where. With just sufficient sense to observe the place where this incident had occurred, he rode home, where he had of course to stand a strict investigation before his wife. To excuse a late return was usually no easy matter; but on the present occasion, he had also to apologise for the absence of his bonnet and its precious contents. The only expedient he could devise was to forge something that might be expected to pass with his wife, whom he knew to be credulous in at least one direction. He therefore trumped up a story of his having seen a dance of witches and warlocks in Alloway Kirk, of having been pursued by them to the Bridge of Doon, and of having there escaped from them only with the loss of his bonnet. There was little peace between the good couple for that night. Early in the morning, after awaking from a brief sleep, Graham was visited with a painful recollection of his loss, and rising from his bed, immediately set out on his good mare, to reconnoitre the road before many people should be stirring. On returning to the spot, and searching well in all directions, he found the bonnet lying in a plantation by the wayside, with the money undiminished within it.

At the next quarterly meeting for settlement of smuggling accounts, the story of the bonnet and the alleged vision of witches at Alloway Kirk were brought up against

Graham, and made the subject of endless merriment. Burns, whose mind was prepared for the humour by his recollection of the complaints of the gudewife of Shanter, was present on this occasion, and must doubtless have greatly enjoyed the joke. It was probably now that he learned the particulars given in his own prose version of the adventure, which he seems to have regarded as one which Graham actually supposed to have happened.* It is not unworthy of observation, that the poet, who was now studying Carrick life and character to such purpose, was regarded by the Grahams and Davidsons of the district as a heavy, sulky sort of fellow. No glimpse of the poet, either in his comic or pensive character, was revealed to them.

In the foreground of the print, the artist has introduced an assemblage of smugglers waiting with horses for the landing of goods from a lugger seen approaching the coast. Amongst these, Burns is represented on foot, in the act of conversing with a mounted figure, designed for Douglas Graham. The meeting takes place beside a tall, upright, unhewn stone, one of those monuments of early warriors so common in Scotland, and which is still to be seen upon the ground. Another memorial of aboriginal times and usages is seen in the middle ground near the site of Shanter farm. It is a *moat hill*, or artificial mount for the dispensation of justice, similar to one which has already been spoken of as existing near Alloway Kirk. The phrase, a *moot point in law*, still keeps in memory the cause of the appellation bestowed on these mounts. The chief of the district there sate, at particular times, to give judgment both in civil and criminal cases. It is said that the Moot of Shanter was used till a comparatively recent period, when the court of the bailliery of Carrick was transferred to Maybole.

MRS DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Mr Gilbert Burns, in a letter to Dr Currie, written near the close of the last century, has given an account of the acquaintance which subsisted for several years between this lady and the bard of Coila. "Of all the friendships," he says, "which Robert acquired in Ayrshire or elsewhere, none seemed more agreeable to him than that of Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop. * * He was on the point of setting out for Edinburgh, before Mrs Dunlop had heard of him. About the time of his publishing in Kilmarnock, she had been afflicted with a long and severe illness, which had reduced her mind to the most distressing state

* One other circumstance of an actual nature has been remembered by tradition as likely to have been in the mind of Burns while composing his poetical tale: Graham had, it seems, a good grey mare, which was very much identified with his own appearance. One day, being in Ayr, he tied the animal to a ring at the door of a public-house, where, contrary to his original intentions, he tarried so long, that the boys, in the meantime, plucked away the whole of the animal's tail, for the purpose of making fishing-lines. It was not till next morning, when he awoke from a protracted bouse, that the circumstance was discovered by his son, who came in, crying that the mare had lost her tail. Graham, when he comprehended the amount of the disaster, was, it seems, so much bewildered as to its cause, that he could only attribute it, after a round oath, to the agency of witches. This anecdote might be also drawn up against Graham at the quarterly meeting above-mentioned, and was probably what suggested the *castastrophe* of the affair of Alloway Kirk.

of depression. In this situation, a copy of the poems was laid on her table by a friend, and, happening to open on the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, she read it over with the greatest pleasure and surprise: the poet's description of the simple cottagers, operating on her mind like the charm of a powerful exorcist, expelling the demon *ennui*, and restoring her to her wonted inward harmony and satisfaction. Mrs Dunlop sent off an express to Mossgiel, distant fifteen or sixteen miles, with a very obliging letter to my brother, desiring him to send half a dozen copies of his poems, if he had them to spare, and begging he would do her the pleasure of calling at Dunlop House as soon as convenient. This was the beginning of a correspondence which ended only with the poet's life. The last use he made of his pen was writing a short letter to this lady a few days before his death."

Dr Currie adds: "The friendship of Mrs Dunlop was of particular value to Burns. This lady, daughter and sole heiress to Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and lineal descendant of the illustrious Wallace, the first of Scottish warriors, possesses the qualities of mind suited to her high lineage. Preserving, in the decline of life, the generous affections of youth; her admiration of the poet was now converted into a sincere admiration of the man; which pursued him in after life through good and evil report; in poverty, in sickness, and in sorrow; and which is continued to his infant family, now deprived of their parent."

These paragraphs, together with the numerous letters of the poet to Mrs Dunlop, published by Dr Currie and Mr Cormek, place the relation which subsisted between them in a sufficiently clear light. Here, therefore, we might stop, if it were not likely that, on the presentation of Mrs Dunlop's portrait, some particulars more expressly referring to herself might be expected.

Frances Wallace, the only daughter and ultimately the heiress of Sir Thomas Wallace, Baronet, of Craigie, in Ayrshire, was born about the year 1731, and at the age of seventeen became the wife of John Dunlop, Esquire, of Dunlop, in the same county. The statement of Dr Currie respecting the descent of the family of Craigie from the immortal defender of Scottish independence is not, we believe, strictly correct, although no doubt is entertained that the race are descended from the father of the hero.* The family of Dunlop is traced back to the year 1260, as the possessors of the estate in Cunningham, from which they take their name. Although Mrs Dunlop brought into her husband's family a very large fortune, together with the mansion of Craigie, beautifully situated on the Ayr, she was content to spend the whole of her married and dowager life, with the exception of occasional visits, in retirement at Dunlop. She there became the mother of five sons and five daughters, all of whom, except one, survived her. Her eldest son succeeded, under the name of Sir Thomas Wallace, to her paternal estate of Craigie, which, however, is not now the property of the family. Mr Dunlop settled his own estate upon the second son, James Dunlop, a Lieutenant-General in the army, and at one time

* The writer of the present memoir once casually saw the late General Dunlop, son of Mrs Dunlop, without knowing who he was, and was struck by his resemblance to the common prints of Sir William Wallace. He was of course not a little surprised on learning that it was General Dunlop of Dunlop. In this circumstance, which he is convinced was attended with no delusion on his own part, he cannot help seeing both a curious illustration of a natural truth, and some support of the authenticity of the portrait of Wallace.

representative of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in parliament, whose son, John Dunlop of Dunlop, is now (1838) member for Ayrshire. Mrs Dunlop died, May 24, 1815, at the ripe age of eighty-four.

Without the least tincture of the pretension and parade which too often distinguish literary ladies, Mrs Dunlop was a woman of highly cultivated understanding,—fond of books and extensively acquainted with them, and also disposed to be the kind and zealous friend of their authors. The fact that Burns's letters to her, are decidedly more natural and every way pleasing than those addressed to other correspondents, is strikingly indicative of something much above all that is common in Mrs Dunlop. While she treated him with uniform affability and kindness, there was an unaffected dignity in her whole character, which seems to have at once exercised a salutary restraint over him, and raised his mind, when in communication with hers, to the exercise of its best powers. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the basis of their friendship was laid in their common possession of the generous affections to which Dr Currie alludes. The mind of Mrs Dunlop, overflowing with benevolent feelings, delighted in those fine emotions of the Ayrshire poet which found expression in the verses to a Mouse, the stanzas on a Winter Night, and the noble poem which first attracted her attention to him. Burns, on the other hand, glowed at finding, in the heretrix of ancient family and historical honours, a heart as warm and philanthropic as his own.

The writer has been informed, by a lady to whom Mrs Dunlop herself mentioned the fact, that she never felt displeased with Burns but once. On a visit at Dunlop, he asked her advice respecting his going into the excise,—a step of which she decidedly disapproved. He argued the point with her very strenuously for some time; but at last, finding that he could not prevail upon her to look favourably on the scheme, he confessed that further discussion was vain, as he had his commission in his pocket. She could not help expressing some resentment; but soon forgave a mode of procedure only too characteristic of those who ask for advice.

After the death of Burns, Mrs Dunlop paid a visit to Dr Currie at Liverpool, in order to consult with him respecting the publication of the poet's works. Dr Currie had already perused a parcel of her letters to Burns, which he had found amongst the poet's papers; and he expressed an anxious wish that she would allow of their publication, in connection with those of Burns to herself. But Mrs Dunlop entertained an unsurmountable repugnance to all public appearances, and notwithstanding Dr Currie's assurances of the value of her compositions, both on their own account, and as rendering Burns's letters the more intelligible, she positively refused to allow them to see the light. She concluded her interview with the learned editor, by half jestingly *purchasing back* her letters from him one by one, laying down a letter of Burns for each of her own, till she had obtained the whole; and she then returned satisfied to Dunlop. It is believed that these letters still exist; but her family feel that they would not be fulfilling her wishes, if they were to allow them to come before the world.

TURNBERRY AND DUNURE CASTLES.

These relics of ancient times are not alluded to by name in the writings of Burns. They are introduced here upon a cumulative principle, as indirectly glanced at in several of his poems, and as characteristic features of that land identified with his genius. Turnberry, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of his nineteenth summer, was more especially the place

> "Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,
> And shook his Carrick spear;"

While Dunure and Turnberry, with Colzean Castle, may be held as perhaps the three most striking points of that terrible "Carrick shore," alluded to in "Tam o' Shanter" as the scene of frequent shipwrecks through the machinations, as was supposed, of a supernatural personage. We might further, without much license of interpretation, suppose these scenes to have been in the poet's mind when he depicted the mantle of Coila, albeit they are not in the district superintended by that fair genius—

> "By stately tower and palace fair,
> And *ruins pendent in the air*,
> Bold stems of heroes here and there,
> I could discern;
> Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
> With feature stern."

Turnberry, spelled in old writings *Turnbiri*, *Tornbery*, and *Turnbyrri*, was, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the principal house in Carrick, and the seat of a powerful race of native chiefs, derived from Fergus lord of Galloway, and designated Earls of Carrick, who possessed the supreme influence in this mountainous region previous to the rise of the Kennedies. The castle was situated on a rock at the extremity of a low peninsula, within the parish of Kirkoswald. The sea raged in front at the base of the rock, and even found its way, by a creek, into the interior of the fortress. Behind, the low territory just mentioned formed a pleasant domain, on which rose a small town, long since obliterated from the soil. The castle itself occupied about three-fourths of a *Scottish* acre, and must have been originally an impressive structure, especially seen from the sea; but only a few feet of the walls now remain.

The family of Bruce became connected with this castle and the district of Carrick by an incident which forcibly recalls the days of chivalry. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, the earldom had descended to a female, whose name is variously given as Margaret and Martha, and who married a gentleman named Adam de Kinconath. In 1268, this gentleman went to the Holy Land under the banners of Louis IX. of France, and died at Acre in Palestine, in 1270. In the ensuing year, a young knight, who had also been in Palestine, by name Robert Bruce, the son of the Lord of Annandale, was riding through the domains of Turnberry Castle, the residence of the widowed countess, who had now

D.C. Hill R.A. J. Horsburgh

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become a ward of the crown. According to the graceful narrative of Mr Tytler—"The noble baron, if we may believe an old historian, cannot be accused of having visited Turnberry with any design of throwing himself in the way of the heiress of Carrick; and indeed any such idea in those days of jealous wardship would have been highly dangerous. It happened, however, that the lady herself, whose ardent temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and falconers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce as he pursued his way through the forest, alone and unarmed. The knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants: and the countess herself, riding up, and with gentle violence taking hold of his horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty, forgot the risk which he ran, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. The hero remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately espousing the youthful countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king or of any of her relations. Alexander III., however, although at first indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, was a benevolent prince, and on payment of a large feudal fine extended his forgiveness to Bruce."*

The knight consequently became Earl of Carrick, and proprietor of large domains in the district. The eldest son of the marriage was Robert Bruce, subsequently Earl of Carrick, and ultimately King of Scotland. The second was Edward Bruce, Lord of Galloway, crowned King of Ireland in 1316. Three other sons and seven daughters sprung from this romantic union.

The latter Robert Bruce, who, if not born in Turnberry Castle, must have spent many of his youthful years in it,—when unsuccessful in his first attempts at establishing himself on the Scottish throne, and forced to take refuge in the isles, here, early in 1307, renewed his gallant efforts, under circumstances which have conferred much interest on this ancient ruin. From the island of Arran, on the opposite side of the Firth of Clyde, where he was stationed with a few hundred followers, he dispatched a trusty servant, named Cuthbert, to Carrick, to inquire into the state of the country, and ascertain the likelihood of success, and with instructions to light a fire on a point near Turnberry, as a signal for Bruce and his little army to come over, in the event of his finding that step to be advisable. Cuthbert found the country in a most unpromising state, the castle of Turnberry being in possession of a large English garrison, and the people afraid to make any movement; and he was preparing to return to Arran, when a fire accidentally lighted near the appointed spot caused the king to take shipping, and cross the sea to Carrick. Cuthbert, who had observed the fire and anticipated the result, met his royal master on the shore, to warn him to return; but Bruce, notwithstanding all discouragements, determined to proceed with the enterprise. It was night when he landed, and

* Lives of Scottish Worthies, I. 292.

before morning he made an attack upon the hamlet adjacent to the castle, where about two hundred English, taken by surprise, were put to the sword almost without resistance. He did not venture to attack the castle; but neither did its commander, Lord Percy, deem it prudent to sally out upon the invading party. Bruce therefore was able to draw his rents from his lands, and both to increase his army by fresh levies, and to improve its condition, until the approach of a large English host for the succour of Percy, obliged him to withdraw to the mountains. Good fortune did not immediately bless his exertions for the liberation of Scotland, and the establishment of his throne; but after this time he never left the country, or ceased to war with the English, until both these objects were secured.

Turnberry is not clearly shown, by any authentic documents, to have been further connected with the history of Bruce; but there can be no doubt that it continued to be his own peculiar property, and, excepting perhaps some intervals, that of his descendants, until the latter part of the fifteenth century. The figure which his Carrick tenantry made at the battle of Bannockburn is well known. It is here of importance to observe that Turnberry is recognised in those early times by the alternative appellation of the palace of Carrick, and is the place referred to in public documents of more recent date under that name. "Carrick" (meaning Turnberry) is still enumerated amongst the royal palaces of Scotland, the Duke of Argyle having the honorary office of its heritable keeper. It is now the property of the Marquis of Ailsa.

Dunure, situated a few miles to the north of Turnberry, and not far from the efflux of the Doon, appears to have been the first mansion of any consequence possessed by the family of Kennedy, whose early generations, down to their attaining the honours of the peerage about 1452, were all styled "of Dunure." It now appears as a tall empty tower, occupying one of the pinnacles of a ruggedly rocky and unpeopled coast, and a striking monument of the days when men of power were glad to pitch their residence in any situation, however desolate, which might promise more than the usual advantage over, or refuge from, the fellow-creatures with whom they lived in a state of perpetual warfare. We attach the more romantic ideas to this

> —— "ghastly castle, that eternally
> Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea,"

when we recollect the half-savage circumstances in which the Kennedies lived down to a period when the rest of southern Scotland was comparatively civilised. This castle was indeed, in 1570, the scene of a transaction more strikingly characteristic of the mediæval history of Carrick and its barbarous barons than almost any other that could be selected.

Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassillis, according to an old family chronicler, "was ane particular manne, and ane verrey greidy manne, and cairitt nocht how he gatt land, sa that he culd cum be the samin." This precious worthy, having a mind to obtain feus of the abbey lands of Glenluce, caused a monk to counterfeit the hand-writing of the recently

deceased abbot for that purpose, after which, to conceal the forgery, he caused one of his retainers to kill the monk,—after which, to conceal this second and greater crime, he caused his brother to accuse the murderer of theft and get him put to death. He had been in terms for a similar feu of the lands of Crossraguel, with his relation, the abbot Quentin Kennedy, when that individual was killed in the wars between the adherents of Mary and those of her son James. The succeeding abbot, by name Allan Stewart, refusing to complete the favourable bargain, Cassillis inveigled him to Maybole, near which town he beset him with a band of followers, and took him into honourable captivity. The Earl then conveyed the abbot to his lonely sea-tower of Dunure, when he entertained him courteously for three days, endeavouring to prevail upon him to surrender his lands. Finding at length all gentle means to be vain, he caused his guest to be carried by his baker, cook, pantryman, and other servants, to a separate part of the castle, known by the ominous name of the *Black Voute* (vault) *of Dunure*, where there was little furniture besides a large fire grate,—the Earl himself and his brother following, in order to try, as an old historian has it, "gif a collatione could work that which neither dennor nor supper culd doe of a long time." To pursue the horribly minute narrative of this writer,*—"The first cours was, 'My lord Abbot (said the Erle,) it will pleis you confess heir, that with your awin consent you remane in my company, becaus ye darre not committ you to the hands of otheris.' The abbot answered, 'Wald ye, my lord, that I shuld mak a manifest leising, for your pleasour? The truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am heir; neither yet have I ony pleasour in your company.' 'But ye sall remane with me at this time,' said the Erle. 'I am not able to resist your will and pleasour,' said the abbot, 'in this place.' 'Ye maun then obey me!' said the Erle. And with that were presentit unto him certane letteris to subscryve, amonges which there was a five-yeare tack and a 19 yeare tack, and a charter of feu of all the lands of Croceraguall, with all the clauses necessarie. * * * Efter that the Erle espyed repugnance, and that he culd not cum to his purpose be fair means, he commandit his cookis to prepare the banquett. And so first they fleed the scheip, that is, they took off the abbotis cleathes, ewin to his skyn; and nixt they band him to the chimlay, his leggis to the one end and his armes to the other; and so they began to bait the fyre, sometymes to his bottocks, sometymes to his leggis, sometymes to his shulderis and armes. And that the rost suld not burne, but that it might rost in soppe, they spared not flambing with oyle. (Lord luik thou to sic creweltie!) And that the crying of the miserable man suld not be hard, they closed his mouth, that the voyce might be stopped. In that torment they held the poor man, whyle that oftymes he cryed 'for Godis sake to dispatch him; for he had alsmekle gold in his awin purse as wald bye poulder aneuch, to shorten his paine.' The famous king of Carrick [a nickname for the Earl] and his cookes, perceaving the rost to be aneuch, commandit it to be tane fra the fyre, and the Erle himself began the grace in this manner, '*Benedicite Jesu Maria!* you are the most obstinit man that ever I saw! Gif I had

* Richard Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox. Vide Dalyell's Illustrations of Scottish History.

knowne that ye had bene so stubborne, I wolde not for a thousand crownis hav handled you so! I never did so to man, befoir you.'"

A narrative of the sufferer himself states that he submitted to the Earl's will in order to be relieved, and subscribed the tacks and charter; "which beand done, the said Erle caused the said tormentoris of me swear, upon ane Byble, never to reveill ane word of this my unmerciful handling, to ony person or persones." This happened on the 1st of September: on the 7th, not being satisfied with the validity of the subscriptions already obtained, the Earl came to the abbot and requested him to sign once more before notary and witnesses, which the latter refused. "And therefore he, as of before, band me, and put me to the same manner of tormenting, and I said, notwithstanding, 'He suld first get my lyfe, or ever I agreed to his desyre;' and being in so grit paine as I trust never man was in with his lyfe, I cryed, 'Fye upon you! will ye ding whingaris* in me, and put me off this world! or else put a barrell of poulder under me, rather nor be demaned in this unmerciful manner!' The said Erle, hearing me cry, bade his servant Alexander Ritchard put ane serviat† in my throat, which he obeyed; the same being performed at xi houris in the nyght; wha then seeing that I was in danger of my life, my flesh consumed and brunt to the bones, and that I wald not condescend to their purpose, I was relievit of that paine, wheirthrow I will never be able nor weill in my lifetime."

A rumour of this barbarous affair having gone abroad, the laird of Bargany, a high baron of the house of Kennedy, but no friend to Cassillis, gathered a host with which he attacked Dunure and relieved the Abbot. In the ensuing April we find that unfortunate titular addressing to the Privy Council a recital of the cruelties practised on him, and a complaint that Cassillis had taken possession of his lands. The government was then much too weak to have any power of redress, and the result was that the Earl maintained possession of the rich domains of Crossraguel, and handed them down to his posterity, granting only a small pension to Stewart, for his life.

Dunure Castle, which has been in ruins since the seventeenth century, now gives a territorial designation to a branch of the family of Kennedy, the present representative of which is T. F. Kennedy, Esq. of Dunure, formerly representative in parliament of the Ayr district of burghs.

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

When Burns, in the course of his tour of the north of Scotland, September, 1787, arrived at Aberdeen, he was introduced to a son of the Rev. John Skinner,—a name endeared to him from its connexion with what he perhaps venerated above all earthly

* Hangers or swords. † *Serviette*, table napkin.

things—Scottish Song. Mr Skinner, the pastor of a numerous flock of Scottish Episcopalians at Longside, near Peterhead, was the author of the excellent popular song to the tune of *Tullochgorum*, the *Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn*, *John of Badenyon*, and some others greatly in vogue, and which display all the spirit of the olden muse of Scotland. To Burns these were verses as familiar as household words, and when he learned that he had passed within a few miles of the residence of their author, he expressed the greatest regret for not having been aware of the circumstance, as he would have willingly gone twenty out of his way to see him. His regrets were mentioned to the venerable poet, and the consequence was an affectionate and complimentary correspondence between him and Burns, part of which has been published by Dr Currie, and the remainder by Mr Cromek.*

Mr Skinner was born at Balfour, Aberdeenshire, in October, 1721, where, under his father, then schoolmaster of the parish of Birse, he, at a very early period, displayed an uncommon genius, particularly for acquiring the knowledge of the Latin language. Having finished his academical courses at Marischal college, Aberdeen, he soon after became assistant to the schoolmaster of Monymusk. Here it was that, enjoying in the house of Monymusk every advantage for prosecuting his studies and improving his mind in the attainment of useful learning, together with the benefit of reading under the direction of a worthy Episcopal clergyman in that neighbourhood, he became a convert to the principles of Episcopacy, and united himself to the venerable remains of the old established church of Scotland. In 1740, when nineteen years of age, he went to Shetland, to act as preceptor in the family of Mr Sinclair of Houss and Scalloway, where he remained about two years. Already he had commenced acquaintance with the muses, and on the death of his employer in 1741, he embalmed his memory in an elegy, at the same time composing for him a Latin epitaph of such elegance and purity as to command the admiration of the learned Ruddiman.† The only Episcopal clergyman in this remote region was a Mr Hunter, a venerable and modest man, of whose condition we acquire some idea from his memorandum-book, still preserved at Scalloway, in which he mentions, year after year, the receipt of about five pounds as the "*encouragement*" (the word was used in no ironical sense) which was extended to him by his poor and scattered flock. Mr Skinner married the daughter of this truly primitive apostle, and, in 1742, on his return to Aberdeen, entered into holy orders, and became the pastor of Longside.

For the ensuing sixty-five years, Mr Skinner spent a laborious life in the pastoral charge of a numerous congregation, answering, almost literally, to Goldsmith's description of the village preacher,—

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had chang'd—nor wish'd to change his place."

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* In a publication entitled, "Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, with Critical Observations, &c. By Robert Burns; Edited by H. R. Cromek. 2 vols., London, 1810."

† No copy of these compositions was known to exist till August, 1837, when Mr John R. Skinner, W. S., Edinburgh, nephew of the author, chancing to visit Scalloway, discovered one in the possession of the existing proprietor, which he has printed privately.

Those who become acquainted with the apostolic church of Scotland through the medium of the handsome fanes which she has reared of late years in the principal towns, know in general little of the humble circumstances in which she exists in the various rural districts, where a remnant of her communion has been left. Mr Skinner's parsonage at Linshart, in the neighbourhood of the village of Longside, was simply a thatched cottage of the usual appearance. The fire-places, according to the usage of Buchan, contained no grates,—the fires, composed of peats, were kindled on the hearth. So lately as 1826, when the present writer visited the house, and found it occupied by Mr Skinner's grandson and successor, the Rev. Mr Cumming, it remained in this condition,—a striking and even affecting memorial, not only of the poet, but of the depressed Christian body to which he belonged. The bed and other chief articles of furniture were the same which had served Mr Skinner during his long tenancy of the house; and the walls were still ornamented with a set of family portraits, in chalk, the work of some wandering artist. It may be mentioned that the portrait representing himself, in that set, has furnished the basis of the present likeness, which is the only one ever published, and is allowed by his surviving friends to be a faithful representation.

The early part of Mr Skinner's career was chequered by evils much more severe than any which could arise from limited resources and a humble home. Although he was not personally a friend of the house of Stuart, he could not help being involved in the persecution which the unhappy insurrection of 1745–6 brought upon the Scottish episcopal communion. A military party came to his house when his wife was on child-bed, turned his family to the door, took away every thing that was valuable, or which could be conveniently carried, and demolished the little chapel in which he officiated. On one occasion, he was seized, and imprisoned in the jail of Aberdeen, for no other offence than that of preaching to more than four persons. During this residence in a common jail, and suffering all the hardships of a close confinement, next to a humble trust in the Divine goodness, his chief resource lay in the conversation of a few worthy friends, at the hours when they were allowed to visit him, and in the liberal supply of books which they had the means of procuring for him. These were his constant companions when all others were excluded; and he has been often heard to say, that no six months of his life ever passed away with so little interruption to his studies as the term of his legal imprisonment. The activity of his mind seemed to increase in proportion to his want of bodily exercise: and though he amused himself now and then with some lighter productions of a poetical turn; yet the general bent of his thoughts lay towards more grave and serious subjects, and he even employed himself, with philosophic tranquillity, in writing a treatise on the Hebrew Shechinah. For many years, in consequence of the severity of the statutes against Episcopacy in Scotland, he was obliged either to officiate to his congregation in *fours*, or to take four within doors, and allow the rest to overhear him, as they best might, through the open doors and windows.

The following extract, from the biographical memoir prefixed to the posthumous edition

of his works, conveys a delightful picture of the simplicity of his professional life:—"Would the reader therefore wish to see that reciprocally genuine attachment and regard, which ought to subsist between the christian pastor, and his flock, happily exemplified, he must be introduced to an Easter-day scene, in the humble Linshart Parsonage. Aware of the length of the sacred service on that solemn occasion, and many of them residing at such a distance, as to prevent them getting any refreshment at home, the good people of the congregation never failed, during the preceding week, to pour in upon the much loved Spouse of their venerable Pastor, such a quantity of provisions, as employed the house-maids for several days in preparing for the expected guests. And no sooner was the Morning Service of the festal day concluded, than every room in the house was filled with people from the chapel, to all of whom, without distinction, the utmost attention was shown, and plain, substantial fare of every kind distributed by two or more persons, in each apartment, whose office it was to see that every one of them did take a little. At this sober and serious entertainment, it is needless to say, what mutual love and harmony prevailed; and in what veneration all present seemed to hold the occasion of their thus assembling, as well as the worthy pair, under whose roof they were assembled! The countenance of the entertainer, when with brimful eyes he went from room to room, welcoming his people, and wishing them all the spiritual comforts of the season, bespoke him to have 'put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, and that charity, which is the very bond of perfectness.' The countenances of the entertained showed, that, from his 'ruling well, and labouring in the word and doctrine, they accounted their pastor worthy of double honour:' while both, when studied, as they deserved, would have served to melt the stony heart of unbelief, and to convey to the heavenly-minded christian a foretaste of that harmony, benevolence, piety, gratitude, and mutual love and esteem, which shall one day be found to pervade 'the general assembly, and church of the first-born.'"

Long before the close of his own professional career, his eldest son had become the bishop of his diocese, and a son of that gentleman had also taken holy orders. On one occasion, the three—grandfather, father, and son—officiated together in the chapel at Longside. Mr Skinner lost his wife in 1799, and when his son some years after met a similar misfortune, it was proposed that the old man should withdraw from the scene of his duties, and spend the remainder of his days with his son at Aberdeen. Accordingly, in June, 1807, he bade a tearful adieu to a flock over which he had presided for the greater part of a century, and which did not contain one individual whom he had not baptized. But the term of his life was approaching, and on the 16th of the same month he gently expired in his chair, after dining happily with three generations of his descendants.

He was buried at Longside, where a handsome monument has been erected to him. His miscellaneous works, including a variety of poems and songs, in Scotch, English, and Latin, were soon after published. He was also the author of an Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, and of various theological works, one of which attracted the praise of Bishop Sherlock.

SCENE ON THE GIRVAN.

Burns, in one of his songs, has this verse,—

"Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing."

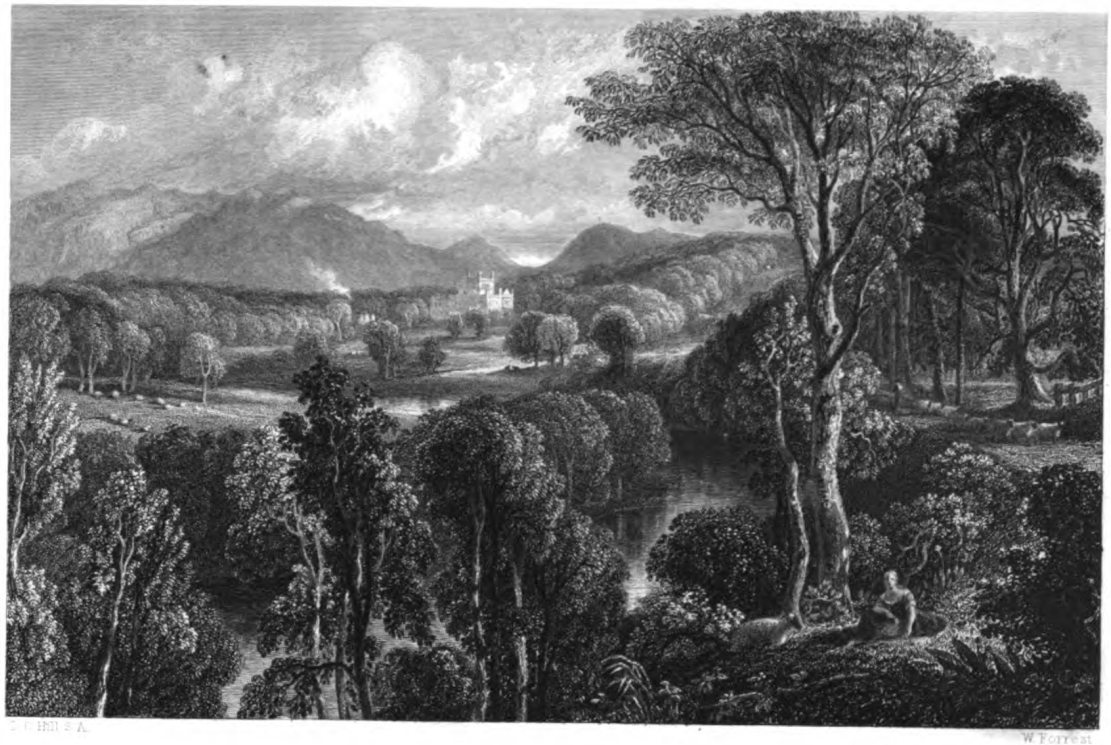
The epithet is no more than due to this beautiful vale, which intersects the brown region of Carrick like a green silken baldrick over a russet dress. In some vales, as those of the Clyde and the Ayr, there is such an extent of scarcely sloping country that the eye does not recognise them as vales at all. But the vale of the Girvan is one of that comparative narrowness, which comes before the eye at once as what it is. From the village of Girvan, where it falls into the Frith of Clyde, upwards by Dailly, Dalquharran, and Kilkerran, to Blairquhan, it is one uninterrupted scene of beauty, consisting of bold woody slopes, green holms, and hazel-embowered banks, under which the stream steals along in glancing rapids, or in dark foam-mottled pools. A view, taken in the park of Blairquhan, the seat of Sir David Hunter Blair, Baronet, has been selected as a characteristic specimen of this fine region, the pride of southern Ayrshire.

TARBOLTON.

Burns became connected with the parish of Tarbolton, in his nineteenth year* (Whitsunday, 1777), when his father removed from the farm of Mount Oliphant to that of Lochlea. The latter farm, where the family continued for six and a half years, being in the parish of Tarbolton, the village of the same name was to him, during all that time, a place of great importance; the resort on Sundays for attendance on public worship, on other days for business or for convivial enjoyments; the scene of his chief loves and friendships; in short, the centre of the little social vortex in which he moved.

In the latter part of the year 1780, when in his twenty-second year, he established in this village the *Bachelors' Club*, consisting of himself, his brother, and other five young men, and the object of which was to hold monthly meetings for mental improvement, by means of a debate on some particular subject, in which all could take an interest. David Sillar, and four or five others, were afterwards added to this fraternity, which met in a humble public house, and was limited, in the matter of liquor, to an expenditure of threepence each. The house, and two members of the club, Messrs Wright and M'Gavin,

* The period of his life, when this event took place, has been strangely misstated, Gilbert Burns making it his *seventeenth*, and Mr Lockhart his *sixteenth* year.



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were still in existence at Tarbolton, when the present writer visited the place in October, 1837. Mr Sillar thus speaks of Burns at this period of his life:—"His social disposition easily procured him acquaintance; but a certain satirical seasoning with which he and all poetical geniuses are in some degree influenced, while it set the rustic circle in a roar, was not unaccompanied by its kindred attendant, suspicious fear. I recollect hearing his neighbours observe, he had a great deal to say for himself, but that they suspected his principles. He wore the only tied hair in the parish; and in the church, his plaid, which was of a particular colour, I think fillemot, he wrapped in a particular manner round his shoulders. These surmises, and his exterior, had a magnetical influence on my curiosity. * * * After the commencement of my acquaintance with the bard, we frequently met upon Sundays, at church, when, between sermons, instead of going with our friends, or our lasses, to the inn, we often took a walk in the fields. In these walks, I have frequently been struck by his facility in addressing the fair sex: many times, when I have been bashfully anxious how to express myself, he would have entered into conversation with them with the greatest ease and freedom; and it was generally a deathblow to our conversation, however agreeable, to meet a female acquaintance. Some of the few opportunities of a noontide walk that a country life affords her laborious sons, he spent on the banks of the river [Ayr], or in the woods, in the neighbourhood of Stair, a situation peculiarly adapted to the genius of a rural bard. Some book he always carried and read, when not otherwise employed."

At a somewhat later period, probably after returning from his disastrous residence at Irvine (early in 1782), he became a member of the St James's Lodge of Tarbolton, a masonic fraternity which still exists, though in a decayed condition. Our artist has very properly animated his view of the principal street of the village by a procession of this lodge. Burns entered into free-masonry with all the enthusiasm which might have been expected from his social and philanthropic character. When the writer was at Tarbolton, at the time above referred to, he was favoured with a sight of the minute-book of the lodge, which he found to bear many conspicuous traces of this enthusiasm. The attendance of the poet appears to have been very constant, even after he had gone to Mossgiel, four miles distant; and such was his zeal for proselytising, that he would hold lodges at Mauchline, and even in his own house, for the purpose of admitting new members. At the meeting of July 27, 1784, he appears for the first time as Deputy Master, in which capacity he signs the minutes for several subsequent years—as *Burness*, till March 1, 1786, after which the name appears contracted into the form in which it is now known all over the world. The attendance of Professor Dugald Stewart is noted on one or two occasions. The lodge had its annual procession on the 24th of June, the day of the Nativity of St John the Baptist; and the anxiety of Burns to have it properly attended in 1786, is evinced by a versified note which he sent on that occasion to his friend, Mr John Mackenzie, surgeon, Mauchline, who had sometime before expressed a fear lest his duty to his patients should prevent his being present.

"Friday first's the day appointed,
By our right worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;
To get a blad of Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch of Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.
The Master and the Brotherhood
Would a' be glad to see you;
For me, I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin',
Inform him and storm him
That Saturday you'll fecht him.

MOSSGIEL, An. M. 5790. (Signed) ROBERT BURNS."

"The phrase, *Johnnie's morals*," says Dr Mackenzie, in enclosing this relic of Burns for the author, "originated from some correspondence Burns and I had on the origin of morals; and *Manson's barrels*, to the small beer of a very superior kind which the brethren got from their landlord at dinner." "Manson's," where the lodge then assembled, is a small one-story house, of two rooms, adjoining to the back of that in which the Bachelors' Club used to meet: it is not now a tavern. The author, on being conducted to it, could not view, without strange feelings, the little stifling cottage-room in which a brotherhood containing such men as Robert Burns and Dugald Stewart had met to profess the maxims of a boundless philanthropy—the place where the poet of human nature had taken that tearful farewell of his companions—

Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu,
Dear brethren of the mystic tie—"

when he conceived himself doomed to seek for the support of life on a strand where the life of another day is but the toss of a die. The books contain no notice of the farewell of Right-worshipful Deputy-master Burns; but John Lees, an aged shoemaker, informed the writer of these pages that he recollected it well. Burns came in buckskin breeks, out of which he would always pull the other shilling for the other bowl, till it was five in the morning. "An awfu' night that!"

When, after all, his destination became changed from Jamaica for the Scottish metropolis, Burns not the less kept in mind the endeared brotherhood at "Manson's." Unfortunately, the lodge has allowed many of his letters to escape them; but they still retain one, of which the following is a copy:—

"MEN AND BRETHREN,

"I am truly sorry it is not in my power to be at your quarterly meeting. If I must be absent in body, believe me I shall be present in spirit. I suppose those who owe us monies, by bill or otherwise, will appear, I mean those we summoned. If you please, I wish you would delay prosecuting defaulters till I come home. The court is up and I will be home before it sits down. In the meantime, to take a note of

who appear and who do not of our faulty debtors, will be right, in my humble opinion, and those who confess debt and crave delay, I think we should spare them.

"Farewell.

"Within your dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withering envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

(Signed) "ROBERT BURNS.

"EDINBURGH, 23*d August*, 1787."

The last entries of his name in the books are in May, 1788, when he attended two meetings at Tarbolton. He was then about to commence a settled matrimonial life at Ellisland.

The chief poem of Burns, with which Tarbolton is particularly associated, is "Death and Doctor Hornbook." J. W., the schoolmaster, whose power in argumentation provoked him to this effusion of comic fancy, lived in a house, which does not now exist, in front of the church,—not the steepled edifice seen in the print, but an old one which stood on the same spot. A certain lass, introduced rather unceremoniously into the poem, is said to have been an inmate of the Crown Inn, a pretty large building on the opposite side of the street. The scene of the supposed rencontre of the poet with the spectral foe of mortal life is at the east end of the village, on the road to Mossgiel.

"I was come round about the hill,
And toddling in by Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill," &c.

This was the mill of Tarbolton, situated on the Faile, about two hundred yards east of the village—then in the occupancy of William Muir, a friend of the Burns family, and hence called by the term used in the above verses. "The hill" is a remarkable mount, bearing on its summit traces of early fortification, and probably the origin of the name of the village—Tor-Beltein, the woody hill of the fire of Baal. The village is a purely agricultural one, neatly built, containing a population of about fourteen hundred souls, and situated at the distance of nine miles from Ayr. But every consideration respecting it sinks beneath the recollection of the man who has said, that he "felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe."

MRS BURNS AND HER GRANDCHILD.

We have here, from the delicate pencil of Samuel Mackenzie, S.A., what the present writer can testify to be a very faithful likeness of the widow of Burns in latter life, together with a portrait of one of his descendants, the child of his son, Captain James Glencairn Burns, of the East India Company's service. It is a trying situation for a face which has been so much celebrated; yet who would not rather see the lineaments of that face, altered as they are by age, than hear of the muse of so much fine poetry going from earth altogether undepicted?

An obituary notice of Mrs Burns, by Mr M'Diarmid, of Dumfries, informs us that she was born in the year 1765, and was consequently six years younger than her distinguished husband. She was the daughter of a respectable mason in the village of Mauchline, who had other children. She was just twenty when Burns became acquainted with her, a blooming girl of handsome figure, and amiable temper, the best dancer in the district, and as light-hearted "as ony lammie on the lea." The particulars of her history, about this period, are already well known. Her regular matrimonial life commenced at Ellisland in November, 1788, previous to which period she had twice borne twins to the poet, though all the infants were not then living. Five children, born subsequently, one of them on the day of their father's funeral, completed her family, of which, however, only three individuals reached maturity—Robert, William, and the James Glencairn abovementioned. A public subscription, the profits of the poet's works, and the kindness of several friends, enabled the widow of the poet to rear her family in the house which he had occupied at Dumfries; but her income, we are informed, never exceeded sixty pounds per annum, until the year 1818, when the good fortune and liberality of her children greatly increased it, and enabled her to spend the remainder of her days in comparative affluence. She survived her husband nearly thirty-eight years, and died of paralysis, on the 26th of March, 1834, in the 70th year of her age.

In Dumfries, and wherever she was known, the character of Mrs Burns was much respected. Without natural pretension to any superiority over the ordinary matrons around her, she had the merit of remaining quite unaffected by those circumstances in her situation which were accidental and extraordinary. She was simply a modest, kind-natured woman, nor could those who approached her in the absurd expectation of finding some lofty poetical character, be altogether disappointed when they became acquainted with her genuine worth and good sense. According to the report of Mr M'Diarmid, who had ample opportunities of judging, as he had known her intimately for many years—"Hers was one of those well-balanced minds, which cling instinctively to propriety and a medium in all things; and such as knew the deceased, earliest and latest, were unconscious of any change in her demeanour and habits, excepting, perhaps, greater attention

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to dress, and more refinement of manner, insensibly acquired by frequent intercourse with families of the first respectability. In her tastes, she was frugal, simple, and pure; and delighted in music, pictures, and flowers. In spring and summer, it was impossible to pass her windows without being struck with the beauty of the floral treasures they contained; and if extravagant in any thing, it was in the article of roots and plants of the finest sorts. Fond of the society of young people, she mingled as long as able in their innocent pleasures, and cheerfully filled for them the cup 'which cheers but not inebriates.' Although neither a sentimentalist nor a 'blue stocking,' she was a clever woman, possessed great shrewdness, discriminated character admirably, and frequently made very pithy remarks. * * * In ballad poetry her taste was good, and her range of reading rather extensive.* Her memory, too, was strong, and she could quote when she chose at considerable length, and with great aptitude. Of these powers the bard was so well aware that he read to her almost every piece he composed, and was not ashamed to own that he had profited by her judgment. In fact, none save relations, neighbours, and friends, could form a proper estimate of the character of Mrs Burns. In the presence of strangers she was shy and silent, and required to be drawn out, or, as some would say, shown off to advantage, by persons who possessed her confidence, and knew her intimately."

The remains of Mrs Burns were interred in the mausoleum in St Michael's churchyard, beside those of her husband, with many marks of respect, the funeral being attended by the magistrates in their public capacity, and by many gentlemen of local distinction.

SCENE ON THE DOON,

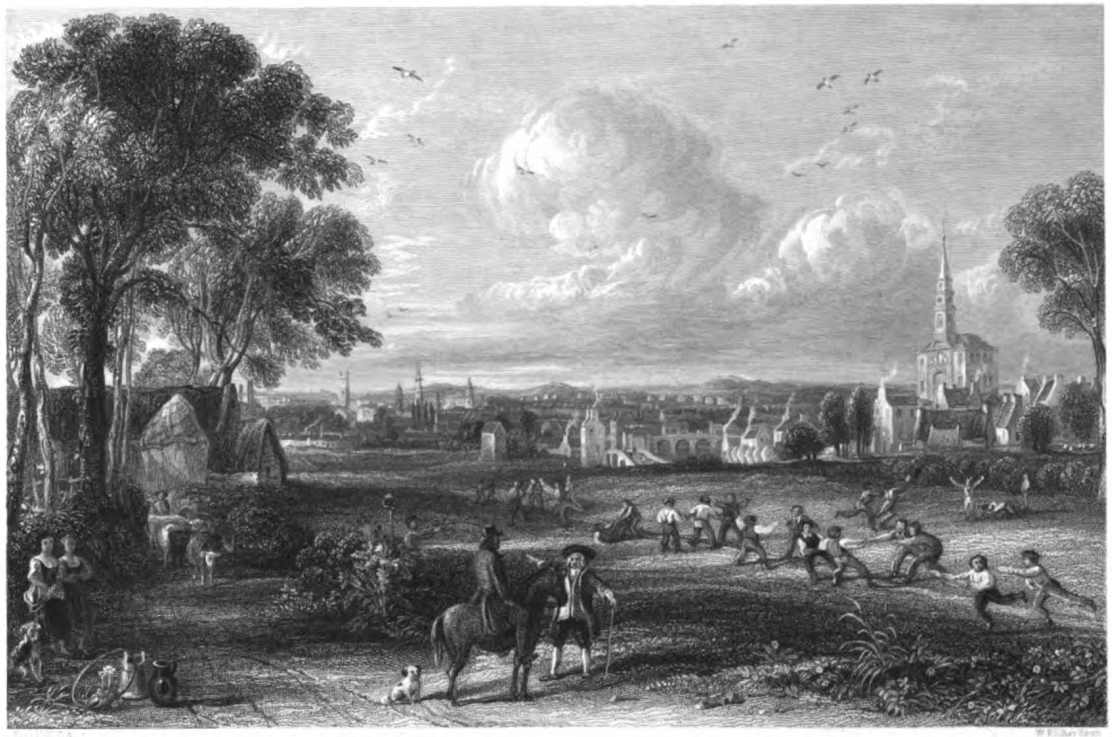
NEAR ITS SOURCE.

The Doon, probably the best known stream of its size in western Europe, takes its rise in a lake of the same name, about eight miles in length, which lies imbedded amidst a savage wilderness of moor and mountain, at the junction of the counties of Ayr and Kirkcudbright. Throughout a course of eighteen miles, which intervene between the lake and the sea, it forms a boundary between the hilly district of Carrick, and the comparatively level region of Kyle. The scenery on the river, immediately after issuing from the lake, is remarkably woody and picturesque, as may be seen from the accompanying specimen; and is a favourite holiday resort of the inhabitants of the county. It is particularly beautiful in the grounds connected with the mansion of Barbeth, the seat of Colonel M'Adam Cathcart, of Craigengillan.

* Burns speaks of the "native wood notes wild" of his wife; and we are informed by the above writer that her voice ascended with ease to B natural

Formerly, the river issued from the lake by a precipice of twenty feet in height, forming a fine cataract. Now, it evades this fall by two artificial sluices, which were designed to reduce the waters of the lake, with the view of recovering some of the ground which it covered,—a transaction which has diminished the extent and beauty of the lake, abolished the waterfall, and given only some useless stony acres to the authors of the scheme. Nevertheless, there is still much to interest the imagination in this lonely mountain lake, and in the rough sylvan glen through which its waters, for some space, force their way. After passing Dalmellington, the river is for some miles very tame; but when it approaches Dalrymple, it again becomes picturesque and interesting, which characters it retains throughout the remainder of its course, by Blairston, Doonholm, and Kirk Alloway, till it falls into the sea near the Heads of Ayr.

Loch Doon is remarkable for the ruins of an ancient castle of considerable strength, the remains of which may be seen on a small island near its upper or southern extremity. We have no doubt that the name of the lake, and consequently of the river—a name so endearingly treasured up in so many imaginations—arose from the castle, *Dun* (pronounced *Doon*) being the general appellation of such a fortress in the ancient Gaelic of the district. The castle of Lochdoon figured in the Bruce wars. When king Robert was defeated at Methven, June, 1306, his faithful friend and brother-in-law, Sir Chrystal Seton, took refuge in this secluded fortress, then in the keeping of Arthur, a relative of Sir Gilbert de Carrick, the progenitor of the family of Kennedy. The castle being surrendered by Arthur, Sir Chrystal was taken, and ruthlessly put to death, by command of king Edward, at Dumfries. It was a powerful fortress for its time, being of a huge twelve-sided figure, and protected not only by the waters of the lake, but by the wildness of the country around. Tradition represents it as having been possessed by Edward Bruce, the king's heroic brother, who on one occasion issued from it with a thousand men, and, passing along the *red road* by Kingswell to Strangashiel, attacked a party of English at Raploch-moss, and overthrew them with great slaughter. Fordun states, that, in 1333, when Edward III. had nearly re-completed the subjugation of Scotland, one of the few places of strength which held out against him was "the fortalice of Lochdoon, then called the Peel, the keeper of which was a brave man of common rank, named John Thomson." Lord Hailes conjectures that this was the same John Thomson who led the Carrick men in the army of Edward Bruce in Ireland, and who, after the overthrow and death of that prince at Dundalk, conducted the remains of his forces into the north of Ireland. Till a recent period, a large portion of this remote insular fortress was entire, and it contained a magnificent staircase of seventy steps. Its dilapidation is chiefly attributable to the bad taste of a late proprietor, who used its stones for the purpose of building a shooting-lodge —a lodge, after all, found too cold to be inhabited. Some years ago, opposite to the grand entrance of Loch Doon Castle, there were found, at the bottom of the loch, seven ancient boats or canoes, hewn out of solid oak, and twenty-four feet long by four broad; in one of which were a battle-axe and war-club, both apparently of great antiquity.



KILMARNOCK,

FROM A SPOT NEAR RICCARTON.

Kilmarnock, the principal seat of population in the county of Ayr, and one of the most active and successful of the manufacturing towns of Scotland, is connected with the history of Burns—from whose residence at Mossgiel it is twelve miles distant—by its being the scene alluded to in one of his principal satirical poems, the residence of his sporting hero *Tam Samson*, and the place where his poems were first printed.

Erected, in 1591, into a burgh of barony, under the family of Boyd, subsequently earls of Kilmarnock—whose chief residence, named Dean Castle, is in the neighbourhood—this town was distinguished early in the seventeenth century for efforts of a humble kind in the woollen manufacture. In the days of Burns, the making of blue bonnets for the peasantry, of carpets, and of boots and shoes, was practised in it to a considerable extent, which will enable the reader to comprehend the more obscure than elegant distich with which the poem of the *Ordination* commences. The town then consisted chiefly of a cluster of mean streets and lanes, the houses of which were small, and mostly covered with thatch; the population was not much above 3,000, and the carpet-weaving brought about £20,000 annually into the place. Now, Kilmarnock is a large and elegantly built town, of above 22,000 inhabitants, carrying on the carpet manufacture to the amount of about £150,000 annually, and the manufacture of shawls to the amount, for the same period, of about £200,000,* while the trade in leather and its manufactured products has also made a steady advance. Kilmarnock was also raised, by the Act of 1833, to the deserved rank of a parliamentary burgh of the first class, divided, for municipal purposes, into five wards, managed by a council of sixteen members, and taking the lead in a group of towns (inclusive of Port-Glasgow, Dumbarton, Renfrew, and Rutherglen), by which a member is sent to the House of Commons. Being situated in the centre of a rich and populous tract of country, it enjoys, besides all its manufacturing celebrity, a large retail trade; while the misfortune of inland locality, if a misfortune it be, is counteracted by a railway, connecting it with the excellent harbour of Troon on the west coast. It is not unworthy of notice, as indicative of the enterprising spirit of the place, that Kilmarnock was the first town in Scotland, after Edinburgh and Glasgow, to introduce a general lighting by means of coal-gas. Two weekly newspapers are published at Kilmarnock.

To quote the words of a local correspondent—"The rare merit of Burns was first discovered and patronised by some of the more affluent citizens of Kilmarnock. Messrs Muir and Parker, merchants, Mr Brown, manufacturer, Mr Samson, seed merchant, and a few others, were the first individuals who made the poet acquainted with a society superior to the humble rustic class amongst whom he had been reared. Several of his humorous and

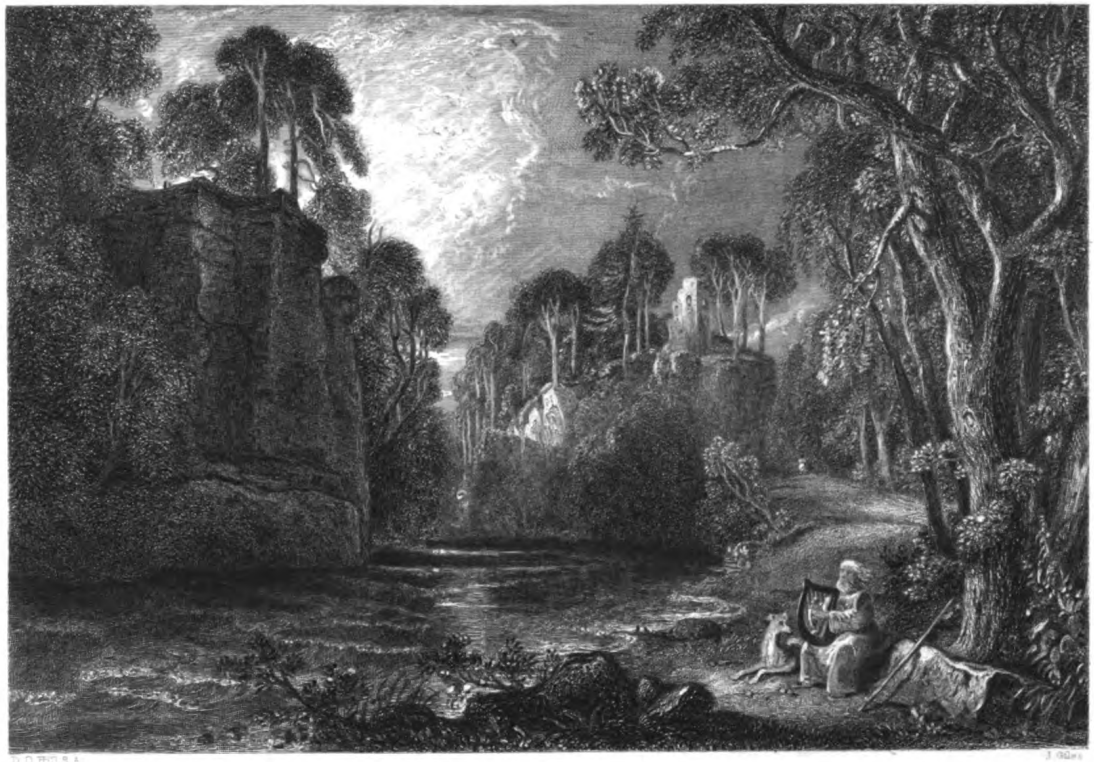
* These sums were the result of calculations formed in 1832.

satirical pieces were originated at the tables of those gentlemen, some of them altogether composed in their houses; and, through their assistance and countenance [mainly], his poems were, in 1786, first printed in a house at the cross here, by Mr John Wilson, whom the poet has immortalised under the title of *Wee Johnnie*, some difference having arisen betwixt them, probably regarding the 'consideration' for his work, a matter about which Mr Wilson was known to be very particular."

The Fenwick water, on the banks of which Kilmarnock is situated, joins the Irvine about a mile below. Near the spot of their junction, and on the south side of the Irvine, lies the parish village of Riccarton, the church of which makes a conspicuous appearance for many miles around. Riccarton is understood to derive its name from Sir Richard Wallace, brother to the father of the immortal saviour of Scottish independence, whose property lay in this neighbourhood. The castle of Craigie, the chief seat of the Wallaces, still stands, a gaunt ruin, amidst the moorish high grounds between Kilmarnock and Ayr. Another house of the family, close beside the village of Riccarton, has disappeared, and the site is understood to be now occupied by the farm-steading of Yardsides. In the accompanying engraving, Yardsides is placed in the foreground, to the left, and the green is appropriately occupied by a set of boys engaged in the game of *the Scots and the English*. According to Blind Harry, William Wallace was sent to reside quietly here with his uncle, Sir Richard, in order to elude the vengeance of the English for his first outrage, the killing of Selby at Dundee, when the following adventure took place, being the second in which he proved his remarkable bodily prowess. We somewhat modernise the spelling of the blind minstrel.

"So on a time he desired to p'ay,
In April the three and twentieth day.
To Irvine water, fish to take, he went,
Sic fantasy fell in his intent.
To lead his net a child forth with him gaed;
But he, ere noon, was in a fellon dread.
His sword he left—so did he never again—
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as then he was not slie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantlie.
Ere of the day ten houris could pass,
Riding there came near by where Wallace was,
The lord Percy was captain then of Ayr,
Fra *hyme* he turned, and could to Glasgow fa r.
Part of the court * had Wallace' labour seen
Till him rade five, clad into *ganand* green.
* * *
Wallace meekly again answer him gave,
'It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Wealth should be dealt in all place with free heart.'
He bade his child give them of our waithing.
The Southron said, 'As now of thy delying
We will not take; you wald give us ower small.'
He lichtit down, and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then, 'Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charitie.
An aged knight serves our lady to-day;
Good friend, leave part, and take not all away.'

* *Cortege*, company.



'You sa'l have leave to fish, and take you mae;
All these forsooth sall in our fitting gae.
We serve a lord; this fish sa'l till him gang.
W llace answered, 'You are in the wrang.'
'Wham does you, Scot? in faith you 'serves a blaw.'*
Till him he ran, and out a sword did draw.
William was wae he had nae wappins there,
But the pout-staff, the whilk in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took
With sae gude will, while off his feet he shook.
The sword flew frae him, a fur-breid on the land.
Wallace was glad, and *hynt* it soon in hand,
And with the sword an awkward straik him gave,
Under the hat, the craig,† in sunder drave.
By that, the lave‡ lichtit about Wallace;
He had no help, but only Goddis grace.
On aither side full fast on him they dang.
Great peril was git they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strake ane;
The shearing sword glade to the collar bane.
Another on th' arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and sword-baith on the field did lie.
The other twa fled to their horse again;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.
Three slew he there, twa fled, with all their might,
After their lord, but he was out of sight."

The scene of this gallant encounter is pointed out by tradition on the Monksholm, by Irvine water, about half a mile to the west of Yardsides.

SCENE ON THE LUGAR.

THE *Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn*, it will be recollected, opens thus:—

"The wind blew hollow from the hills;
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the yellow fading woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:

"Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

"He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time!
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!" &c.

As the nobleman here alluded to was not particularly connected with the district pervaded by the Lugar, and as, at the time of his death (January, 1792), the poet was residing in Dumfriesshire, we are to consider the scene of the poem as probably adopted under the influence of whim—or that as many of the Ayrshire streams as possible might be sung in verse, according to the wish expressed in the Epistle to William Simpson, of Ochiltree:—

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* Deserve a blow. † Neck. ‡ Rest.

"Ramsay an' famous Ferguson,
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

"Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best."

The artist has nevertheless judged it proper, and rightly so, to bring before the world a beautiful and striking scene on the Lugar, which must have been familiar to Burns, and which he probably had in his mental eye when he composed the fine poem, so honourable to his own, as well as his patron's character.

The Lugar is a tributary of the Ayr, which, as elsewhere mentioned, it joins a little above old Barskimming bridge. Like its principal, it pursues its way for some miles through a deep chasm in the red sandstone which forms the basis of the district. The scene selected is in the grounds connected with the mansion of Auchinleck, the seat of a family whose name has become familiar in our literature. The ruin on a pinnacle near the centre of the picture is that of the original and very ancient castle of the Auchinlecks, and afterwards of the Boswells of Auchinleck, which Johnson describes in his Journey to the Western Islands. "I was," says he, "less delighted with the elegance of the modern mansion, than with the sullen dignity of the old castle. I clambered with Mr Boswell among the ruins, which afford striking images of ancient life. It is, like other castles, built on a point of rock, and was, I believe, anciently surrounded with a moat. There is another rock near it, to which the draw-bridge, when it was let down, is said to have reached." On the opposite bank, not above two hundred yards from this castle, there was another fortalice, denominated Ochiltree castle, of which it is now just barely possible to trace a few mound-like remains amongst the brush-wood. It was of the proprietor of this castle—Sir Richard Colville—that Johnson tells the story following upon the above passage of his work. A quarrel having taken place between these near neighbours, Colville was at last provoked (anno 1448) to attack and kill Auchinleck in his castle; whereupon the famous William Earl of Douglas, whose dependant Auchinleck was, stormed Ochiltree castle, took it, and put to death all whom he found in it above the age of puberty. This transaction, being of some importance from its connection with other events, is fully related in Buchanan's history.

The banks of the Lugar are beautifully ornamented by wood, the planting of which, as we are informed by Johnson, was begun by Lord Auchinleck, the father of James Boswell. A few hundred yards below the site of Ochiltree castle, there is a remarkable natural curiosity, which aids in the picturesque character of the scenery—namely, a tall detached mass of sandstone, which springs from the bed of the river, and is partly clothed with shrubs. Bearing some resemblance to a piece of ruined masonry, it is recognised by the country people under the name of *Kemp's castle*,—Kemp, we believe, meaning *giant*.

Auchinleck is now the property of Sir James Boswell, Baronet, grandson of the biographer of Johnson.

ELIZABETH BURNET.

Among the eminent literary and philosophical personages who befriended Burns on his arrival in Edinburgh, was the kind and hospitable, though eccentric, James Burnet, author of the treatise on the Origin of Languages, and a judge of the supreme civil court of Scotland, under the designation of Lord Monboddo. This aged scholar, who had entertained Johnson and Boswell, at his country seat in Kincardineshire, on their journey to the north, was accustomed, at his house in Edinburgh,* to give suppers to the learned, in a style resembling that which obtained amongst the enlightened friends of Augustus. Burns, though the most unsuitable of guests for a classic feast, had no sooner arrived in Edinburgh than he was welcomed to these entertainments.

Lord Monboddo had at this time a second and sole unmarried daughter, who is described by all who recollect her, as the most perfectly beautiful creature that human imagination could conceive. Some time before Burns was known out of Ayrshire, a certain Hugh Chisholm, one of the seven "broken men" who had protected Prince Charles Stuart in 1746, was brought in extreme old age to see and be seen by several Jacobite friends in the Scottish capital, and, like many strangers of different descriptions, he was taken to the hospitable evening table of Monboddo. He sat silent in a sort of stupor for the most part of the night; but when at length the company rose to withdraw, and his conductor asked what he thought of Miss Burnet, he burst out with an exclamation, in his own language, to the effect that "she was the finest *animal* he had ever set eyes on,"—an odd phrase to an English ear, but which, if we reflect on its comprehensiveness, will appear as no common mark of admiration, especially coming as it did from a perfectly untutored, though not vulgar mind. The impressions of Burns we can learn from the verse and prose he has left behind him. In his *Address to Edinburgh*, he thus alludes to Miss Burnet:—

> "Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
> Gay as the gilded summer sky,
> Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
> Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
> Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
> Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine,
> I see the *sire of love on high*,
> And own his work indeed divine!"

"There has not," he says, in a letter enclosing a manuscript copy of this poem to a country friend, "been anything nearly like her [Miss Burnet] in all the combinations of beauty,

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* In St John Street, Canongate, the house marked No. 13.

grace, and goodness, the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence."

This lovely apparition was truly

——————————— Sent
To be a moment's ornament.

Consumption terminated her days, at Braid Farm, near Edinburgh, on the 17th of June, 1790. According to an elegant contemporary, Miss Burnet was "endowed with all her father's benevolence of temper, and with all his taste for elegant literature, without his whim or caprice. It was her chief delight to be the nurse and companion of his declining age. It is supposed she was the person who is elegantly praised in one of the papers of the *Mirror*, as rejecting the most flattering and advantageous opportunities of settlement in marriage, that she might amuse a father's loneliness, nurse the sickly infirmity of his age, and cheer him with all the tender cares of filial affection. Her presence contributed to draw around him, in his house, and at his table, all that was truly respectable among the youth of his country. She delighted in literary conversation, in poetry, and in the fine arts; without contracting from this taste any of that pedantic self-conceit and affectation which usually characterise literary ladies." Burns, who could never have forgot so admirable a creature as Miss Burnet, testified the depth of his feelings on the occasion of her death by the following elegy, written at Ellisland:—

"Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

"Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

"In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves
In vain ye charm—Eliza is no more!

"Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fenns;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

"Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

"We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

"The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare."

COILSFIELD.

Rather more than fifty years ago, at Coilsfield, the mansion of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, near Tarbolton, there resided a simple Highland girl, by name Mary Campbell, who acted in the humble capacity of a dairywoman. She was beloved and occasionally visited by a young man of her own rank from a neighbouring parish; and the lovers would sometimes meet under a thorn not far from the house. At length these young people agreed to be married, and the girl resolved, in anticipation of that event, to pay a parting visit to her relations in Argyleshire. She met her lover one Sunday of May in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where they spent the whole day in leave-taking, and in making professions of mutual attachment. At their parting, standing one on each side of a small brook, they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced a vow of eternal constancy. The bible, the property of the youth, was transferred to the maiden, as a keepsake, with two pointed texts against false vows inscribed on the blank paper. But this tender meeting was the last these fond lovers were ever to enjoy. At Greenock, in returning from her visit of filial duty, Mary Campbell caught an inflammatory distemper, and died.

Hundreds of such things have chanced before and since, and it may be asked why the particular tale of Mary Campbell is so well recorded?—why does an artist go to Coilsfield on her account to take a careful draught of its scenery?—why is that draught here published?—why are we now writing a minute narrative of the loves and fate of one who was only a poor serving girl at a country gentleman's mansion? The answer to all these questions is, that her lover was the most remarkable man of his age, the peasant poet Burns!

These, reader, it may be added, are the objects he apostrophised in the following verses, now as familiar to most British ears as the finest passages in Shakspeare:—

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

"Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary."*

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* The remainder of the tale of Mary Campbell and Burns is thus narrated in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 91:

"What turn might have been given to the fate of Burns, if he had been united to this amiable though humble person, and thus redeemed in all probability from many subsequent follies, it were vain to speculate. It is to be supposed, however, that he often had occasion afterwards, when 'musing on wasted time,' and perhaps writhing under a consciousness that the tenor of his life was neither innocent nor profitable, to say with Serjeant Bothwell, in his most touching record of early and unfortunate passion,

'Both heaven and earth might now approve me
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.'

Other attachments, including many less pure as well as less impassioned, afterwards possessed his breast; but the recollection of Mary seems to have ever remained with him, and even to have recurred more particularly when the consequences of those less worthy attachments were pressing upon him At the time when one of those was about to drive him into a degraded exile, he composed the following verses, which powerfully express the bitterness of his feelings on the occasion:—

"O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intensely surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

"Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

"No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

"No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast;
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more."

To pursue this affecting tale in the words of Mr Lockhart:—"That noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven*, was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September 1789 [at Ellisland], on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love. But Mr Cromek has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all the circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more prosaic edition of the history. According to her, Burns spent that day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses:—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Coilsfield house is about six miles from Ayr, on the road to Mauchline, and is considered one of the finest and most beautifully situated mansions in the county. The sketch involves the finest part of the domain, on the immediate banks of the rivulet Faile, where, in all probability, the last farewell of Burns and his Argyleshire mistress took place. The house and estate belong to the Earl of Eglinton, grandson of the gentleman who possessed them in Burns's time.

Some antiquarian interest attaches to the name of Coilsfield. Unvarying tradition points to the place as called after that same *King Coil*, who is supposed to have left his name to this whole district of Ayrshire, as well as to the rivulet of Coyl, and the parish of Coylton. The early unscrupulous historians of Scotland speak of Coil, or Coilus, as a king of the Britons, who, three hundred and twenty-five years before the Christian era, here fought a bloody battle with Fergus I. king of Scots, by whom he was overthrown and slain. In Bleau's Atlas, published in the middle of the seventeenth century, where the event is gravely related, it is mentioned that the plain on which the encounter took place retains the name of the unfortunate king, while Loch Fergus, in the neighbourhood, commemorates the site of the Scottish camp. This writer also adverts to the names of the rivulet and parish as monuments of the death of Coilus. On the other hand, George Chalmers scouts the whole story, and professes not to believe that such a monarch as Coilus ever lived. It is very certain that the date assigned to his existence, being so long antecedent to the dawn of genuine history in our island, must be fabulous; but we are disposed to pause before dismissing him altogether from the page of history. Some local circumstances appear to militate strongly against any such conclusion. A little rill which joins the Faile within the Coilsfield ground, still bears the name of the *Bloody Burn*, while a flat alluvial field, opposite its junction with the larger stream, is called the *Dead-men's Holm*. At a little distance to the north of the house, near the farm-offices, there is a circular mound, enclosed by a hedge, and planted with oak and other trees: on the top of this eminence, in its centre, are two large stones, masses of basalt, which, according to tradition, mark the spot where the remains of "old king Coil" were deposited. With the

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"Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

To wander through these woods of Coilsfield, and reflect that, as the residence of rank and affluence, they are as nothing, but derive immortal glory from the attachment of a ploughman to a menial servant, both of whom lived fifty years ago, fills the mind with reflections which we would vainly attempt to describe."

name of the man thus so fixed on the locality, and so many traces of the sanguinary battle in which he is said to have fallen,—with topography thus giving her voice so loudly in support of history,—it could never have appeared to us reasonable altogether to disbelieve the traditionary tale of Coil. It is less so now than before, in consequence of a discovery recently made respecting the supposed grave of the British king, of which the following account appeared in the Ayr Observer newspaper:—"On the evening of the 29th May, 1837, in presence of several gentlemen, the two large stones were removed. The centre of the mound was found to be occupied by boulder stones, some of them of considerable size. When the excavators had reached the depth of about four feet, they came on a flag-stone of a circular form, about three feet in diameter.

"The light had now failed, and rain began to fall in torrents; but the interest excited was too intense to admit of any delay; candles were procured, all earth and rubbish cleared away, and the circular stone carefully lifted up.

"The seclusion of the spot, the beauty of the surrounding lawn and trees, the eager countenances of the spectators, and above all, the light and voices rising from the grave, in which there had been darkness and silence [as supposed] for upwards of two thousand years, rendered the scene which at this time presented itself at Coil's tomb, a very remarkable one.

"Under the circular stone was first a quantity of dry yellow coloured sandy clay—then a small flag-stone laid horizontally, covering the mouth of an urn filled with white-coloured burnt bones. In removing the dry clay by which this urn was surrounded, it was discovered that a second urn less indurated in its texture, so frail as to fall to pieces when touched, had been placed close to the principal urn.

"Next day the examination of the mound was resumed, and two more urns filled with bones were found. Of these urns, one crumbled into dust so soon as the air was admitted; the other was raised in a fractured state. Under flat stones several small heaps of bones were observed, not contained in urns, but carefully surrounded by the yellow coloured clay mentioned above.

"The urns in shape resemble flower-pots; they are composed of clay, and have been hardened by fire. The principal urn is $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches in height, $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter, $\frac{5}{8}$ths of an inch in thickness. It has none of those markings supposed to have been made by the thumb nail, so often to be observed on sepulchral urns, and it has nothing of ornament except an edging or projecting part, about half an inch from the top.

"No coins, or armour, or implements of any description could be found.

"The discovery of these urns renders evident, that at a very remote period, and while the practice of burning the dead still prevailed—that is to say, before the introduction of Christianity—some person or persons of distinction had been deposited there."

We agree with the writer in his concluding remark—"The fact of sepulchral urns having been found in the very spot where, according to an uninterrupted tradition, and the statements of several historians, king Coil had been laid, appears to give to the traditionary

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evidence, and to the statements of the early Scottish historians, in regard to Coil [except with respect to the date], a degree of probability higher than they formerly possessed."

MILL MONACH.

ON THE COYL.

To the beautiful ballad, entitled the *Soldier's Return*, which Burns wrote at a comparatively late period of his life, in consequence of seeing a poor discharged soldier trudging wearily along the road near Brownhill, in Dumfriesshire, he has, with his usual piety towards his native district, given an Ayrshire locality:—

"A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coyl,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

"At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling."

The scene here depicted was in all respects real, though the incidents associated with it by the poet were imaginary. At a point on the road from Ayr to Ochiltree, four or five miles from the former place, the traveller has only to turn off about a mile along a parish road to the right, in order to find himself at the spot where the soldier is described as meeting his still faithful mistress. Coylton kirk and Kirkton are first passed, and then, about half a mile further up the little vale, we reach the trysting thorn and mill, as delineated in the accompanying engraving,—a scene of simple and by no means striking elements, yet pleasing, and a type to recall many other Scottish burnsides and mill sites,—"fit scenes," as Wordsworth has it,

—— "for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in."

A verdant, gowan-besprent holm, through which the burn finds a crooked way over its channelly bed,—"twa verdant braes," as Ramsay has it, forming the basin of the glen,—the old accustomed mill under the shoulder of one of these braes, a few elms and hedgerows, a few scattered cots, and the heathy mountains behind, from which the stream descends,—such are the component parts of this and a thousand other such spots in Lowland Scotland,—

how dearly treasured in the remembrance of many a manly heart all over the world! The mill, in the present case, bears the title of Mill Monach, or Mill Mannoch,—the *Monk's Mill*,—a circumstance which shows not only its being of at least as old date as the Reformation, but that it has existed since the early days when Gaelic was the language of the district. It is creditable to the honest swains who reside on the spot that, as yet, the tale of the Soldier's Return has not assumed the character of an actual circumstantial fact amongst them.

FALLS OF THE BRUAR.

The greater number of Scottish waterfalls take place in hollows formed by the descent of streams along the sides of steep and lofty mountains. Of this class, the falls of the Bruar form a distinguished example. This rivulet is poured through a chasm in the hills which bound the vale of the Garry on the north, about three and a half miles to the west of Blair, and near the line of the road between Perth and Inverness. In its descent, it makes two falls, or rather sets of falls, of which that delineated in the engraving is the *upper*. The whole scene, as it existed in the days of Burns, is thus described by Dr Garnett:

"Before we reached Blair, we passed the small village of Bruar, which takes its name from a turbulent stream, called Bruar-water, that rolls along its rocky bed under a bridge. We went up the left bank of this river, whose channel is the most rugged that can be conceived; the rocks which form it have been worn into the most grotesque shapes by the fury of the water. A foot-path has lately been made by the Duke of Athol, which conducts the stranger in safety along the side of the chasm, where he has an opportunity of seeing, in a very short time, several very fine cascades; one over which a bridge is thrown, forms a very picturesque object. This is called the lower fall of Bruar. The water here rushes under a bridge, and falls in a full broad sheet over the rocky steep, and descends impetuously through a natural arch, into a dark black pool, as if to take breath, before it resumes its course, and rushes down to the Garry.

"Proceeding up the same side of the river, along the footpath, we came in sight of another rustic bridge, and a noble cascade, consisting of three falls or breaks, one immediately above another; but the lowest is equal in height to both the others taken together. This is called the upper fall of the Bruar. Crossing the bridge over this tremendous cataract, with trembling steps, we walked down the other bank of the river, to a point from whence we enjoyed the view of this fine fall to great advantage. The shelving rocks on each side of the bridge, with the water precipitating itself from rock to rock, and at

last shooting headlong, filling with its spray the deep chasm, form a scene truly sublime." *Garnett's Tour, second edition*, ii. 44.

In the course of his Highland tour, September, 1787, Burns, after a brief stay with the Duke and Duchess of Atholl at Blair, visited the falls of the Bruar, in consequence of the recommendation of the Duke. At this time the great chasm, as well as the neighbouring hills, was destitute of wood, so that the effect was much tamer than it would have been, if the traveller's eye had caught the quivering cascades, in glimpses, through the tangles of a forest. Burns was much impressed with this idea, and in the course of a few days sent from Inverness his "Humble Petition of Bruar Water to the Noble Duke of Athol," inclosed in a letter to the Duke's family tutor, Mr Walker:

"My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Wo ne er assails in vain;
Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble Slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foaming streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

"The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

"Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a Bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

"Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

"Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

"The sober laverock, warbling wild
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

"This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm
And coward maukin sleep secure
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat.
From prone descending show'rs.

"And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care:
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

"Here, haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, gray;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swe ling on the breeze.

"Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-pending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

"So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
The social flowing glasses,
To grace be—'Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lassies!'"

The consequence was that the Duke lost no time in planting the banks of the Bruar. The whole scene is now, accordingly, much changed, and infinitely for the better. The Messrs Anderson, in their carefully prepared and most satisfactory *Guide to the Highlands*, thus describe the part above the lower falls: "—— the depth of the dell increases. Heather, in rich wreaths, hangs from the cliffs and jutting corners of the rocks; tall graceful larches shoot up their straight stems, and the rowan and aspen add variety to the foliage. Above we reach the second group of falls, five in number, the lowermost about thirty-five feet high; the others, taken together, about forty feet." These measurements, it may be added, are much beneath what are given in some other works; but they are probably the nearest to the truth.

ROBERT AINSLIE, ESQ.

The numerous letters written by Burns to this gentleman, and the fact of their having performed a tour in the south of Scotland together, must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the biography and correspondence of the poet. It is a circumstance which speaks loudly in behalf of Mr Ainslie, that he had just completed his twentieth year and had not yet finished his apprenticeship, when he recommended himself to this remarkable friendship with a man several years his senior, and whose mind no one will deny to have been more mature for his age, than that of most of the children of Adam. This friendship was formed in Edinburgh, in the spring of 1787, and seems to have shot up with that tropical rapidity of growth which belongs to generous natures. Some insight into its physiology is afforded by the following letter of Burns, dated from Mauchline, July 23, in the year just mentioned: "My dear Ainslie,—There is one thing for which I set great store by you as a friend, and it is this, that I have not a friend upon earth, besides yourself, to whom I can talk nonsense without forfeiting some portion of his esteem. Now, to one like me, who never cares for speaking anything but nonsense, such a friend as you is an invaluable treasure. I was never a rogue, but I have been a fool all my life; and, in spite of all my endeavours, I now see plainly that I never shall be wise. Now it rejoices my heart to have met with such a fellow as you, who, though not just such a hopeless fool as I, yet I trust you will never listen so much to the temptations of the devil as to grow so very wise that you will in the least disrespect an honest fellow because he is a fool. In short, I have set you down as the staff of my old age, when the whole of my friends will, after a decent share of pity, have forgot me." Again, in November of the same year, from his Edinburgh lodgings—"You will think it romantic when I tell you, that I find the idea of your friendship almost necessary to my existence. You assume a proper length of face in my bitter hours of blue-devilism, and you laugh fully up to my wishes at my good things. I don't know, upon the whole, if you are one of the first fellows in God's world, but you are so to me. I tell you this just now, in the conviction that some inequalities in my temper and manner may perhaps sometimes make you suspect that I am not so warmly as I ought to be your friend."

The subject of these eulogia closed his benevolent and useful life, April 11, 1838, in the 72nd year of his age. He was the eldest son of Mr —— Ainslie, who resided at Berrywell, near Dunse, in the capacity of land-agent for Lord Douglas over his lordship's Berwickshire estates. Of Douglas and Whitelaw, the only two brothers of Mr Ainslie, the latter became the author of an elaborate work on the Materia Medica of India, for which he was knighted by the late King William IV. Mr Douglas Ainslie, now the only surviving member of the family, occupies the situation once held by his father. Miss Rachel Ainslie, the only sister of these gentlemen, and whose personal elegance obtained

the commendations of the Ayrshire poet, is also dead. The subject of the present notice served his apprenticeship, as a writer to the signet, with Mr Samuel Mitchelson, in Carrubber's close, Edinburgh: the place is worth mentioning, for this was the individual at whose house took place the *haggis-scene* introduced by Smollett into his Humphrey Clinker.* We have heard Mr Ainslie dilate on the character of his master and fellow-apprentices, and the various circumstances under which he spent this pleasant part of his life. Mr Mitchelson, as a devout amateur of the musical art, was a leading member of the society which performed in the St Cecilia's Hall in the Cowgate. Mr Ainslie used to mention with great relish the indignant exclamation of an Italian whom these gentleman had engaged for a few nights, when some injustice, as he thought, was about to be done to him by the committee, in the settlement of their accounts—"Signor Tytleri and Signor Mitchelsoni, I vill make it known to every court in Europe!" Another Italian star, whose musical perceptions had not been very favourably impressed by these Scottish amateurs, being much offended one evening at some remark which one of them (a flutist) made to him, only answered, "Pooh, pooh, Signor ——, blow your stick!" Mr Ainslie and his brethren at Mr Mitchelson's desks, amongst whom was the late Lord Cringletie, afterwards kept up the remembrance of these early days by forming themselves into a little private association, the chief purpose of which was a weekly meeting in each others' houses by rotation—meetings which Mr Ainslie used to say had been pronounced by his wife as the most agreeable that ever took place within their mansion. The practice was not, we believe, given up till the most of the members were dispersed or dead. The acquaintance formed by Mr Ainslie with Burns, while still an apprentice, led to their making an excursion together in Berwickshire and Teviotdale in May 1787. Burns thus opens a series of memoranda on this tour: "Reach Berrywell—old Mr Ainslie an uncommon character; his hobbies agriculture, natural philosophy, and politics. In the first he is unexceptionably the clearest-headed, best-informed man I ever met with; in the other two very intelligent. As a man of business he has uncommon merit, and by fairly observing it, has made a very decent independence. Mrs Ainslie, an excellent, sensible, cheerful, amiable old woman. Miss Ainslie—her person a little embonpoint, but handsome; her face, particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good humour. She unites three qualities rarely to be found together; keen, solid penetration; sly, witty observation and remark; and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty. Douglas a clever, fine promising young fellow. The family meeting with their brother, my *compagnon de voyage*, very charming; particularly the sister. The whole family remarkably attached to their menials. Mrs Ainslie full of stories of the sagacity and sense of the little girl in the kitchen. Mr Ainslie high in the praises of an African, his house-servant—all his people old in his service—Douglas's old nurse came to Berrywell yesterday, to remind them of its being his birth-day." After spending two nights at Berrywell, the poet, accompanied by his young friend, proceeded to Coldstream, where, according to the recollection

* The house is in a little square at the bottom of the close—distinguished by a large representation of a *clam shell* over the door.

of Mr Ainslie, he expressed a wish to cross the Tweed, that he might for the first time stand on English ground. Here a remarkable scene occurred. Burns suddenly threw himself on his knees, and turning towards the side of the river which he had just left, poured forth the ardent apostrophe to Scotland which concludes his Cotter's Saturday Night—

"O Scotia, my dear, my native soil," &c.

A tour of ten days by Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Inverleithen, and Earlstoun, brought the pair back to Berrywell, whence they once more set out next day, proceeding by Berwick to Eyemouth and Dunbar. It was not till after a second return to Berrywell, that Burns parted with his young companion, and set out on his further travels by himself.

In the course of the same year, while Burns continued to reside in Edinburgh, he had frequent meetings with Mr Ainslie. The latter gentleman, in mature life, used to advert with peculiar satisfaction to one meeting above all others which they had at his lodgings in James's Square. He had then what he called a small wine-cellar—properly only a recess under a window-seat, *Scottice*, a bunker; and this bunker contained some two or three bottles of tolerable port, the remains of a half dozen which had been sent from Berrywell. He proposed to place these at the disposal of his poetical visitor; but Burns declined the treat. They had no need, he said, of wine to sharpen or brighten their wits. Rather let them go out to the King's Park, and have a quiet chat. Ainslie readily acceded to this sober proposal, and he used to say that he never enjoyed the conversation of Burns so much as during that walk and the undebauching tea which followed it after they had returned to his lodgings.

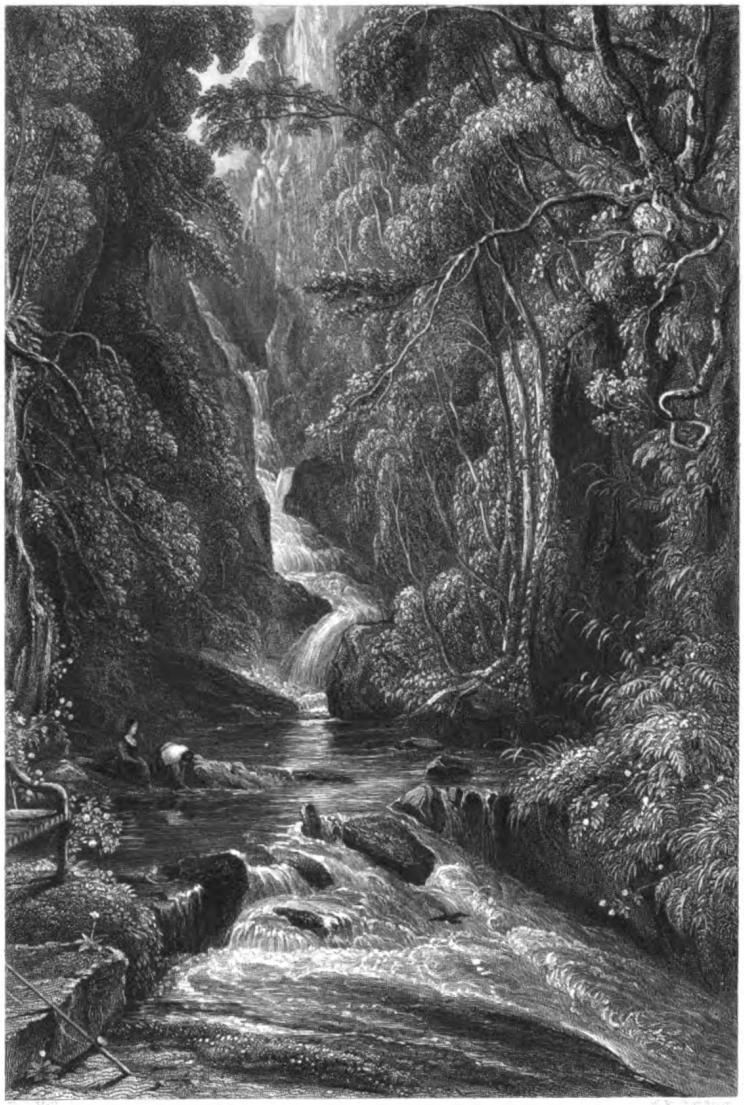
Burns, after his departure from Edinburgh, wrote many confiding letters to Ainslie, some of which have been printed. They also met once at Ellisland,—where the poet gave him a written copy of his *Tam o' Shanter*, which Mr Ainslie afterwards presented to Sir Walter Scott. Before this visit—in 1789—the subject of our memoir had become a member of the society of writers to the signet, and commenced business in Edinburgh. He prosecuted this calling with success, and, by a lady named Cunningham, the daughter of a colonel of the *Scots Brigade* in the Dutch service, became the father of a numerous family, of whom two daughters alone survive. Mr Ainslie had at all times of his life a taste for literature, and could write well, whether to a humorous or grave purpose. Of the former class of his compositions, some papers in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1824, on the reform of the Scottish judicatures, may be cited as a favourable specimen. Two little volumes, respectively entitled "A Father's Gift to his Children," and "Reasons for the Hope that is in us," both embodying the evidences of Christianity, are the principal examples of his grave style. He was for many years an elder in the Old Church, St Giles's. His personal deportment was remarkable for an unfailing flow of benevolent feeling and good humour. His conversation was cheerful, full of whimsical and well-told anecdote, and altogether untinctured by ill-nature or harshness. The accompanying portrait is a faithful representation of his features, as he appeared a few years

ago; but it would be difficult, by this art, to convey an adequate impression of the playful and benignant smile which usually sat upon those features,—the outward token of that delightfully tempered spirit which won the heart of Burns fifty years ago, and continued to attach to him most of the other eminent literary persons who successively arose in Scotland during his time.

ABERFELDY.

Burns, in the course of his Highland tour, September 1787, visited the celebrated waterfalls of Moness, in the neighbourhood of the village of Aberfeldy in Strath Tay. These falls, which occur in a deep and narrow chasm behind Moness House, are described by Pennant in language sufficiently complimentary—"an epitome," he calls them, "of every thing that can be admired in the curiosity of waterfalls." Another tourist speaks of them as a miniature of the Swiss Meyringhen. They comprehend not only the usual phenomenon of a rivulet dashing down a rocky recess in the side of a range of hills, but several accessory cascades, which pour down the precipitous sides of that recess, and unite their waters with those of the principal stream below. The visitor of this beautiful scene first enters a glen, called the Den of Moness, clothed with hazel and birch in great luxuriance. As he advances, the sides of this den become sheer precipices, of about two hundred feet in height, so near each other, that the trees shooting out from the respective sides almost intermingle their branches. To quote the accurate description of a recent observer, "The lowest (falls) consist of a series of cascades, formed by a small tributary rivulet pouring down the east side of the dell, and seemingly altogether about eighty feet of perpendicular height. These join the main burn at the base of a little fall, which forms a conspicuous object in the sweet view obtained from the channel of the stream. From the end of a clear pool, where the motion of the water is indicated only by the bells of foam gliding slowly down, the spectator sees, at the further extremity of a low narrow chasm of black moistened rock, the small waterfall, at such a distance that its noise reaches the ear in a soft lulling murmur. On either hand rise high sloping banks, adorned with trees. A sweep of one side of the dell terminates the opening with a steep face of wood. From the edge of the fall shoots up a long slender spruce, succeeded by straight elms, and lofty beech trees. Young drooping ashes from the opposite banks, dip their tapering branches in the pool; each little protruding rock is covered with moss, and curtained with pendent ferns. Through the trees the other streamlet is beheld descending in sidelong haste.

"Let the visiter, however, hasten on to the next series, for they demand particular examination. They consist of a succession of falls, comprising a perpendicular height of not less than a hundred feet, and occupying in length a space of more than the like number of yards. A prolonged sheet of descending water, alternately perpendicular and slanting, is



before us. From the edge of this lengthened cataract rise abrupt rocky acclivities, covered with moss and fern, whence shoot up tall slender ashes and elms. These partially veil two lichen-clad mural cliffs, converging towards the uppermost fall, above which they rear two high vertical lines: on the top of these cliffs, nod serried groves of pine and birch, while a row of airy birches wave on the slanting summit of the bank which closes in the rocky gap. The last and highest cascade is a perpendicular fall of about fifty feet, but possessing no particular interest."*

Burns, wishing to commemorate this fine place in verse, composed his well known song of the *Birks of Aberfeldy*. The form taken by the product of his muse, was ruled by a homely popular song, the air of which has been found in a musical collection of the time of the Commonwealth, and the theme of which is the invitation of a lover to his mistress to go with him to the Birks of Abergeldy—meaning a certain birch-bearing tract on the banks of the Dee in Aberdeenshire. Burns had only to alter a single letter in the chorus of this old ditty to make it suit his own song, which is here appended:

" Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

" Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

" While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

" The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

" The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

" Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie," &c.

When visited by Burns, the beautiful domain of Moness was the property of a gentleman named Fleming. For the last forty years, it has belonged to the Breadalbane family. It is annually visited by an unintermittent succession of tourists.

*Anderson's Guide to the Highlands, p. 443

AUCHTERTYRE.

Auchtertyre (or less correctly, though more generally, Ochtertyre)* is a place of famed beauty in Perthshire, situated on what may be described as the last and lowest terrace of the Highlands, with a view towards the more fertile south. By the readers of Burns it is to be carefully distinguished from another place of the same name, on the Teith, near Stirling, which the poet also visited, being then the residence of his friend Mr Ramsay. He visited Auchtertyre in Perthshire in 1787, apparently in the month of June, though this is a point on which we are somewhat uncertain. The proprietor, Sir William Murray, and his wife, lady Augusta Murray,† did all that lay within their enlightened and liberal natures to render the poet's stay in their house, which was of a few days' continuance, agreeable to him. In a letter to his friend Nicol, written from the house, he says, "I feel myself very comfortably situated in this good family; just enough of notice to make me easy, but not to embarrass me." There is some reason to think that the poet paid a second visit to Auchtertyre in the autumn of the same year; if such was the case, it would be doubtful if it was on this, or the second occasion, that the beautiful Euphemia Murray of Lintrose was present to add to the charms of one of the loveliest spots in Scotland. Certainly it was here that he met that young lady, who, as will be elsewhere more particularly indicated, was a near and favourite relation of Sir William, and frequently an inmate of his house. The muse of Burns was active at Auchtertyre. He celebrated the meek grace of Miss Murray in the song of "Blythe was she," and he poured forth the kindly feelings which he cherished for all that was beautiful and innocent in the lower walks of animated nature, by his "Verses on Scaring some Water-fowl in Loch-Turit,"—Loch-Turit, as elsewhere stated, being a wild and romantic scene in the hills of Auchtertyre.

The situation of Auchtertyre, on a richly wooded slope, on the sun-exposed side of Strathearn, about two miles from Crieff, is extremely fine. The present view is taken from a point on the east approach near the family mausoleum. In the lake, which is partly the work of art, there are several wooded islands, one of which bears the remains of an ancient fortalice, which perhaps the early proprietors found an useful defence against the freebooters of the neighbouring glens. There is good fishing in the lake, and excellent marle is found in it. The woods are of a noble character, both in extent and age, and are intersected by a vast number of carriage-drives and foot-paths, mostly the work of the late Sir Patrick (son of Burns's entertainer), who here lived for many years among his people, the very beau-

* Etymologically, *the carpenter's field.*

† This lady must have borne some interest in the eyes of our Jacobite bard, as one of the daughters of the Earl of Cromarty, who was out in the Forty-five, and had nearly forfeited his life on that occasion. When the unfortunate earl was condemned to suffer with Kilmarnock and Balmerino his wife made strenuous personal exertions in his behalf, throwing herself at the king's feet, and beseeching also the intercession of the female members of the Royal Family. Lady Augusta, born a few months after the pardon was obtained, was found to bear a strange memorial of the anxieties of her mother, in the form of an axe imprinted by nature upon her neck.

ideal of a country gentleman. These walks often lead to points commanding the most exquisite snatches of all varieties of landscape.

A small hill on the left may be mentioned particularly, as affording one of the richest prospects in Perthshire. It consists of a portion of the vale of the Earn near the village of Comrie, which reposes amid a profusion of beautifully wooded knolls, among which the silver windings of the river are alternately seen and lost, until they find an uninterrupted champagne, where they make a series of the most magnificent sweeps down to the bottom of the hill alluded to, and then lose themselves among the woods of Shewan. In this part of the foreground rises the singular and beautiful hill of Tom-a-Chastel, the site of the ancient castle of the early Earls of Strathearn,—a structure of which no vestige exists except in the name of the hill. It has been worthily replaced by an obelisk of northern granite, which Lady Baird of Fernton has, with equal piety and good taste, reared to the memory of her husband, the late General Sir David Baird. This beautiful column, surrounded and half-hidden by a grove of old Scottish pines, occupies the top of the eminence, the lower parts of which are also beautifully wooded.—In the left of the distance we can look far into the forests of Glenartney. The huge hills which rise in the centre of our print are the same which are seen behind the village of Comrie; while on the right, the eye, after resting with delight on a beautifully shaped hill on which there has been erected a monument to the first Viscount Melville, and passing to the picturesque rock called the Chair of St Fillan, penetrates into the youthful course of the Earn, and delights itself in wandering over the outlines of the mountainous distance in the neighbourhood of the parent lake. The centre of the view we speak of, is occupied by the patrician woods and almost Roman villa of Lawers, where the lover of landscape may regale himself in a realization of the beauties of Milton's Paradise. But it were idle to descant on the prospects of Auchtertyre: they must be visited to be felt.

This fine place is now the property and residence of Sir William Keith Murray, Bart., son of the late Sir Patrick. He is an amateur artist of great enthusiasm and acquirement, and the author of a series of outline Sketches of Scottish Scenery, in which are included views of many remote and not easily accessible places in the Hebrides and elsewhere, of which no other engravings have been published.

LOCH TURIT.

The present plate represents the wild, and, till lately, almost inaccessible glen, amongst the hills of Auchtertyre, alluded to in the preceding article. A trivial incident which occurred when the poet visited this scene—the starting of some water-fowl from the lonely tarn—gave rise to his fine burst of benevolent feeling:

"Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

"Conscious, blushing for our race
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

"The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But, man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

"In these savage, liquid plains
Only known to wandir'ng swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

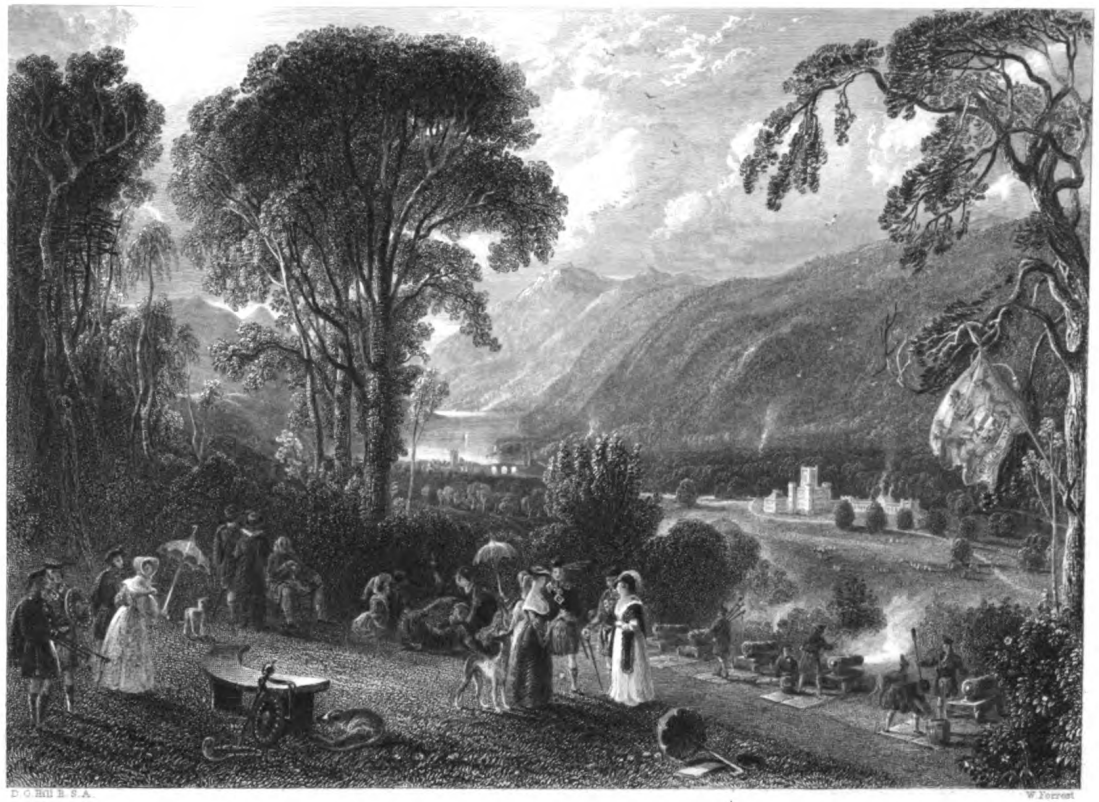
"Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn:
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave."

Our artist has well expressed the features of this savage wilderness,—the steep-down hills, filleted with mist—the stripe of plain, dotted with a few sheep—and the solitary lake, with its accessory rill exemplifying the usual law of curvature in discharging its waters through a piece of level ground.

EUPHEMIA MURRAY,

The "Phemie" of Burns's delightful song to the old tune of "Blythe was she."—

"By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.



D.O.Hill R.S.A. W.Forrest

"Her looks were like the flower in May.
Her smile was like a summer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earne
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

"Her bonnie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee;
The evening's sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee," &c.

As elsewhere mentioned, Burns became acquainted with this lady during a short residence at Auchtertyre, in the summer or autumn of 1787. She was the only daughter of Mungo Murray, Esq., of Lintrose in the county of Perth, and Cecilia Lyon of Brigton; the Murrays of Lintrose being cadets of the Murrays of Auchtertyre (see Douglas's Baronage), while the Lyons of Brigton are descended from the Hon. Frederick Lyon, third son of Patrick, ninth Lord Glammis and first Earl of Kinghorn.

In the bloom of youth and beauty (being now only eighteen), Miss Murray had obtained the appellation of the "Flower of Strathmore." Her father was first cousin to Sir William Murray* of Auchtertyre, and she frequently, about this period, resided in the house of the latter gentleman, with whom she was a great favourite. Miss Murray's countenance was of a pale and innocent cast, and her friends generally considered the verse beginning

"Her bonnie face it was as meek," &c.

as very expressive of her appearance and style of beauty. She was married, August 2, 1794, to the late David Smythe, Esq., of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, by whom she had several children.

KENMORE, AND TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, is one of those places which the revenue arising from princely possessions allows to be formed, in two or three instances, out of the natural magnificence of the Scottish Highlands. The proprietor of this house is the owner of lands stretching nearly a hundred miles to the westward, where they are bounded only by the Atlantic Ocean. He is the chief cadet of the great family of Campbell, which for several centuries possessed almost unbounded power in the western districts of Scotland, to the north of the Clyde. The castle is situated in a beautiful valley in Perthshire, at the eastern extremity of Loch Tay, the waters of which here begin to form the river of the same name. In the accompanying drawing, besides the house, and its splendid park, the eye catches the little village of Kenmore and its bridge over the young Tay—the lake, and the range of hills bounding it to the north-west, in-

* He was the father of Sir George Murray, formerly Secretary for the Colonies, and several times M.P. for Perthshire.

cluding the grand hill of Ben Lawers. Burns, who visited the scene, August 29, 1787, thus described it impromptu:—

"The outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride;
The palace rising by his verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fringed, in nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that Taymouth and Kenmore form a capital point in the tour of the Highlands, and are annually visited by multitudes.

The accompanying picture is taken from what is called the *vista-fort*, on the front of the hill to the south-east of the house: the foreground represents the celebration of some day of national or local importance. The front of the house is partly towards the spectator. It consists of a large modern quadrangular pile, with turrets at the corners, and terminating in an airy central pavilion. To the west, projects the remains of the former mansion, a strong tower built in the reign of James VI.; while to the east extends a range of out-houses and offices. The Tay passes behind the house, towards Aberfeldy and Dunkeld, skirted on each side by magnificent woods. Amongst these there is an avenue of limes extending to a mile, which is said to convey to most minds the impression of some more than usually august Gothic cathedral.

The Breadalbane family is descended from Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, a younger son of the first ennobled person of the house of Campbell: he was one of the knights of Rhodes, subsequently designated of Malta. The fourth in descent from this warrior, also named Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, built the original house just alluded to, the name of which was till a recent period *Balloch*, that is *bealoch*, a mouth or gap, expressive of the situation of the mansion at the opening of the valley of the Tay. Some one signifying surprise to Sir Colin that he should have built his house on the very verge of his extensive property, he slyly answered, "We'll brizz yont," (press onward,) a promise which his successors have in some degree fulfilled. In 1681, Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Breadalbane. He had married, in 1657, Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, the celebrated founder of Holland House, at Kensington. This young lady, having a fortune of ten thousand pounds, was esteemed one of the most desirable matches of her time. When Sir John Campbell, out of innumerable suitors, succeeded in gaining her hand, he retired with her to his Perthshire fastness in a truly primitive fashion. Upon one of the two Highland ponies which he had taken with him to London, he himself mounted, with his bride behind him: upon the other he disposed his ten thousand pounds; which was all in gold, and at each side of that precious horse-load he disposed a full-armed Highland gilly, who ran beside it as a guard. The strange cavalcade arrived safe in all its parts at Balloch; and a small room used to be shown in that old castle, which, for some time, formed at once the par-

DOBSON R.S.A. T.J.Kelley

lour and bed-room of the happy pair. This gentleman possessed great natural talents, which, with his rank and fortune, gave him considerable political importance. It was to him, after the rebellion of Viscount Dundee against the revolution settlement, that the ministers of King William entrusted the sum of twenty thousand pounds for the purpose of purchasing the peace of the disaffected Highland chiefs. His answer, when afterwards called upon for an account of the disposal of the money, is yet remembered: "Gentlemen—the money is spent, the Highlands are at peace, and that is the only way of accounting among friends." In 1716, when advanced to his eighty-first year, he was described by Mackay, a government spy, in these words—"he has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel." The late John, fourth Earl of Breadalbane, was created a British marquis at the coronation of William IV., in 1831.

The interior of Taymouth castle is remarkable for a fine picture gallery. Of the portraits of Jamieson, an eminent Scottish artist, of the reigns of James VI. and Charles I., the largest collection in existence is to be found here. There are also two beautiful Vandykes—the Earl of Holland and his brother, father and uncle of the lady above mentioned. Among the other pictures, a few pieces by Guercino and Annibal Caracci, are the most remarkable.

BURNS'S COTTAGE,

EXTERIOR.

The scene of the poet's birth was, as is generally known, a cottage about two miles from Ayr, on the road from that ancient burgh to Maybole, and at a little distance from Alloway Kirk and the "Auld Brig o' Doon." From the information of Gilbert Burns, Dr Currie gave the following account of the first settlement of the poet's father upon the place. It was while in the service of Mr Crawford of Doonside, that William Burnes (so he spelt his name,) "being desirous of settling in life, took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nursery-man and public gardener, and, having built a house upon it with his own hands, he married, in December 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet. Before William Burnes had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr Ferguson, who purchased the estate of Doonholm, in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer; and this was his situation when our poet was born. Though in the service of Mr Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family and little dairy, which consisted of two, sometimes of three milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766."

In this humble cottage, which, from its humble materials, was familiarly recognized in the district under the name of the *Clay Bigging*, Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759. It consisted of two apartments, that towards the south being the kitchen and usual residence of the family, while the other was a superior kind of room, such as is usually called in Scotland a *spence* or *ben-end*, with what was then a rare accommodation in such places, a fire-place containing a grate:—

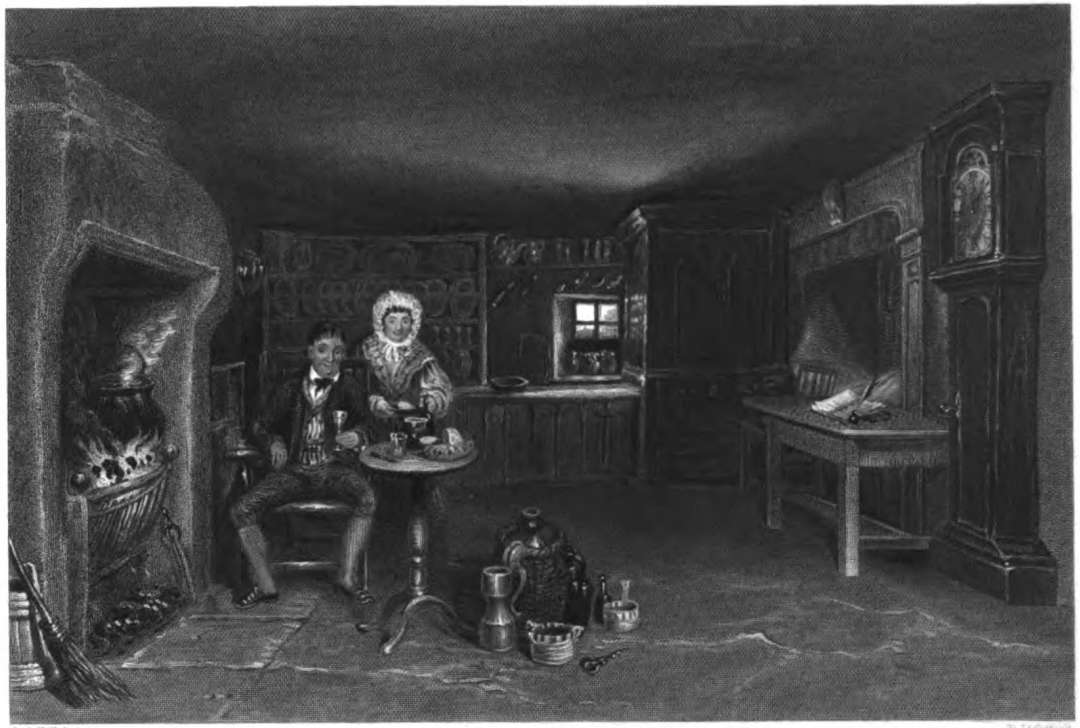
> "*Ben i' the spence*, right pensivelie,
> I gaed to rest,"
> THE VISION.

It was in the former of the two apartments that the poet was born. A view of its interior accompanies the present print, and will give all further information that is desirable, respecting the appearance of the place.

Two anecdotes, which would be trifling if they bore reference to a less distinguished person, but respecting Burns cannot be listened to without some degree of interest, have been related. One bears that, when the mother of the poet felt her time approaching, the father took horse, and set out, through the darkness of a stormy January night, for Ayr, in order to bring the necessary female attendant. When he approached a rivulet which crosses the road, and which was not then provided with a bridge, he found it so deep in flood, that a wayfaring female sat on the other side, unable to make her way across on foot. Notwithstanding his haste, he listened to the prayer of this poor woman, and conveyed her through the stream on his horse. When he returned with the woman of skill from Ayr, he found that the gipsey, as she proved to be, had made good her quarters beside his cottage fireside, where she was waiting anxiously for the happy hour of Agnes Burns. It is said that, on the child being placed in her lap, she inspected his palm, after the manner of her profession, and made the predictions which the poet himself has embodied in a whimsical song, not printed in most collections of his works:—

> "The gossip keekit in his loof,
> Quo scho, wha lives will see the proof,
> This waly boy will be nae coof;
> I think we'll ca' him Robin.
>
> "He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
> But aye a heart aboon them a';
> He'll be a credit till us a'—
> We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
>
> "But sure as three times three mak nine,
> I see by ilka score and line,
> This chap will dearly like our kin'
> So leeze me on thee, Robin."

While the reader must be left to give this story any degree of credit to which he may think it entitled, the other can be presented upon such authority as renders doubt impossible. Dr Currie had heard a report that the poet was born in the midst of a storm, which blew down a part of the house, and, hinting at this rumour in a letter to Gilbert Burns, he received an answer of which the following is a part:—"When my father built his 'clay



biggin,' he put in two stone-jambs, as they are called, and a lintel, carrying up a chimney in his clay-gable. The consequence was, that as the gable subsided, the jambs, remaining firm, threw it off its centre; and one very stormy morning, when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before day-light, a part of the gable fell out, and the rest appeared so shattered, that my mother, with the young poet, had to be carried through the storm to a neighbour's house, where they remained a week till their own dwelling was adjusted."

When the father of Burns removed to Lochlea, he sold his leasehold of the *New Gardens*, as his grounds were called, and of the *Clay Bigging*, to the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr, to whom they still belong. For the last thirty-seven years, the property has been leased, at the rent of £33. per annum, by a person named Gowdie, formerly a miller, and who has some recollections of Burns. Gowdie occupies the cottage as an ale-house, and his tidy spouse keeps it in a state of the most laudable cleanness. In the accompanying print of the interior of the kitchen, the honest pair are represented as sitting at their *twal' hours*, or lunch. The house is, as may well be supposed, in no want of custom. A correspondent had the curiosity to reckon up the number of names of strangers inserted in its album, during one month—September 1838—and found it to be three hundred and fifty. The accommodations have been extended since the poet's time, by the addition of a second cottage at the south gable, and by a barn at the opposite extremity; from which buildings it will be readily distinguished, in the print, by the *sign boards* which Gowdie has erected on the respective sides of the door. It is not unworthy of notice, that the thatched cottage opposite was that in which Murdoch taught his little school, when attended by Robert and Gilbert Burns.

BURNS'S COTTAGE,

INTERIOR.

The subject of this print has been described in the preceding article: it is the interior of the kitchen or inferior apartment of the clay cottage in which Burns first saw the light. The artist has so chosen his position, as to render very conspicuous a recess in the angle of the apartment, containing a bed. *The bed in which the poet was born, stood here.* According to the narrative of Mrs Gowdie, it was a square wooden conveniency, of the fashion still prevalent in Scottish cottages. In the course of time, it found its way to Brownhill Inn, in Dumfriesshire—probably through the connection of Burns with that district, and the sale of his property at Ellisland. When the furniture of the inn was on one occasion disposed of by roup, Burns's bed went for a trifle to the stable-boy; but

afterwards its value as a curiosity became appreciated, and the happy purchaser obtained twenty guineas for it.

MOSSGIEL.

The various letters of Mr Gilbert Burns to Dr Currie inform us that he and his brother took the farm of Mossgiel about the time when the affairs of their father were approaching the crisis of bankruptcy; that they entered upon the possession of it at Martinmas 1783 (some months before the death of their father); and that it consisted of 118 acres, at a rent of £90, and was stocked by the individual savings of the whole family, being a joint concern amongst them. The Earl of Loudoun was the proprietor; but the family of William Burns took the farm on a sub-lease from Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, who had attempted to cultivate it as a means of healthy recreation from the labours of his profession, and had built a rather superior house upon it, in which he designed partly to live. Mossgiel (originally Mossgavel) lies on the summit of a swelling piece of ground, somewhat more than a mile from Mauchline, and upon the road from that village to Kilmarnock. It not only is thus exposed to blasts, but has a cold wet till beneath it, so that ungenial weather is particularly unfavourable to its crops. From these causes, the first four seasons of the tenancy of the Burns family were unprofitable, and occasioned the loss of a considerable part of their original stock. Though the bard of Coila laboured upon it with untiring zeal, and was restricted (as was his brother) to a personal expenditure of only seven pounds a year, it is well known that the summer of 1786 found him a penniless and hopeless man. Gilbert, nevertheless, when relieved from immediate difficulties by part of the unexpected profits of his brother's poems, continued upon the farm for ten or twelve years more, when he removed to Dinning in Dumfriesshire, a farm belonging to Sir G. S. Menteath of Closeburn.

The farm-steading of Mossgiel is, by reason of its elevated situation, conspicuous from a great distance around. It is closely surrounded by a very tall hedge and some well-grown trees, the original purpose of which has evidently been to afford shelter, but which now confer ornament. The buildings have a quadrangular arrangement, with the manure-heap in the centre, much after the style of Glaud's steading in the *Gentle Shepherd:*

> "A snug thack house, before the door a green;
> Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;
> On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
> A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square—"

except that the various offices are of substantial masonry, and not thatched. A lane near by is said to have been a favourite walk of the poet: the field in which he turned up *the* mouse's nest with the plough is pointed out; and a tree is shown, underneath which he

loved to recline. The family accommodations of the farmer are contained in a building of the appearance of a cottage, containing only a kitchen and room—*Scottice*, a butt and a ben—besides perhaps some garrets. The room, or spence, though in all respects very humble, and partly occupied by fixed beds, does not appear uncomfortable. All observation, however, is absorbed in the visiter's reflections, that, within these four walls, warmed at this little fire-place, and lighted by this single little window, lived one of the most extraordinary men ever born in a rustic situation; and here, perhaps, wrote some of the most celebrated poems of modern times. The place has one touching recollection above all others—that it is the scene described in the opening of *The Vision*.

" —— whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

" There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

" All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

* * *

" When click! the string the sneck did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';" &c.

This spence, however, must have been splendour itself to the apartment in which Burns usually slept during his residence at Mossgiel. It can never be learned without sensations of pity and wonder inexpressible, that this great and ill-requited genius wrote many of those admirable poems which constituted his first publication in the *stable-loft* or garret of this humble Ayrshire farm. This loft—probably a narrow angular space in which it was impossible to stand upright—constituted the bed-room of Robert Burns. He occupied it in conjunction with the driver of his plough-horses, a stripling named John Blane, who survived in 1837 to detail these circumstances to the present writer. It contained one bed, and the only other piece of furniture was a small deal-table, in which there was a drawer. On this table, during the hours of night, Burns committed to paper, and corrected, the verses he had composed during his day's labours. They were stored in the little drawer—the poems that have since gone over the whole earth, and entered all hearts. The critical anxiety of the author of these stable-born strains to have them brought into the highest degree of verbal and musical polish was extreme. Blane, being a good reader, and, any how, having a different mind and voice, was often kept awake or roused from slumber by Burns, that he might con over the poems, verse by verse, and line by line, so as to enable the poet to detect weaknesses of expression, or defects in euphony. These particulars may well give

some surprise to those who have been accustomed to regard Burns as only a clever peasant, writing almost at random, and have not yet opened their eyes to the fact that he was an intellectual phenomenon, such as do not perhaps occur once in a hundred years, but, when they do occur, go resistlessly on to their bright destiny, whether their bodies at first reside in elegant halls, or in a wool-stapler's shop, or in a stable-loft like that of Mossgiel.

There is a particular passage of the poet's subsequent life, which gives no small additional interest to this homely farm-steading. When he left it in November 1786, to proceed to Edinburgh, he was known to a certain extent as a poet, but was steeped in poverty to the lips, and the doom of a degrading exile was not yet removed from him. His talents, though acknowledged by a few educated persons in his native province, were as yet unstamped with the approbation of the great dispensers of fame in the capital. The journey which he was undertaking, a far and toilsome one, though cheered by some rays of hope, was, in consequence of sheer poverty, to be performed on foot. But, on the 8th of June, in the ensuing year, he returned to Mossgiel, the admired of all his countrymen, enriched, comparatively speaking, by their patronage, and habited and mounted in a style befitting his new condition and prospects. The delight which his re-appearance on this occasion gave to a family who had never ceased to love him, notwithstanding all his follies,—the image, in particular of his mother, receiving him at the door, as we are told by Mr Cunningham, with the laconic language of the full heart, "Oh, Robert!"—are certainly among the most pleasing things in the poet's history—and these belong to Mossgiel.

THE CROSS OF KILMARNOCK.

In former times, every royal burgh and burgh of barony, was distinguished by what was called a *market-cross*—usually an ornamented pillar raised on a small pedestal—and this was always pitched in the most conspicuous and important part of the town. Of late years, most such structures have been removed; but the place where any one stood invariably continues, nevertheless, to be recognised by the appellation of "The Cross." The present view represents the Cross of Kilmarnock in this sense—namely a central spot where the market-cross formerly stood. The spectator looks southward, along a handsome street through which proceeds the road to Ayr. By an uncommon good fortune, most of the places which a stranger would be apt to enquire for in Kilmarnock, on account of their connection with Burns, come within this view. A conspicuous shop, facing the spectator, on the left-hand side of the opening of the street above mentioned, and now occupied by Mr Crawford, bookseller, was formerly in the possession of Mr John Wilson, bookseller and printer; and there did Mr Wilson, in July, 1786, publish the first edition of the immortal works of the Ayrshire poet. The office in which the poems were printed, is in a

lane to the left; and it is said that Burns corrected his proofs in the uppermost floor of the house next adjacent to Wilson's shop in the same direction—probably the residence of some friend. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that he waggishly lampooned his printer in the epitaph on *Wee Johnny*, which the little man printed without knowing that he was the person meant. In a narrow street to the right, a church and steeple are conspicuous. This is the *Laigh Kirk*, the local subject of the poem entitled the *Ordination*:—

"Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
And there take up your stations."

To the right of the opening of this street, we have the shop of Mr Thomas Samson, nursery and seeds-man, the subject of another of the early poems of Burns. The reader may be surprised to trace the name on a sign-board expressed in the engraving. This, he must be informed, is no anachronism, as the renowned "Tam" left a son, who carries on business in the same place. It is not unworthy of notice, that the epitaph jocularly suggested by Burns at the end of his mock-elegy on Mr Samson, is actually engraved on his tombstone, in the church-yard of Kilmarnock.

VIGNETTE.

LINCLUDEN, THE POET'S DREAM.

A PERUSAL of the separate article on Lincluden Church, and of the following extract from a letter furnished by our draughtsman, will sufficiently explain the meaning of this somewhat bold *capriccio:*

"* * * Perhaps you will say the picture should describe itself; but the subject is a *dream*, and the best dreams on record have after all required interpretations, and these were sometimes supplied by the dreamers themselves; under which high examples, as well as that memorable one afforded by the learned author of the Spanish Armada, a historical tragedy, when he found it necessary to interpret what Lord Burleigh meant by shaking his head, I take shelter, while I attempt to describe and interpret, the Poet's Dream at Lincluden.

"The architecture which forms the back ground of the subject, is the ruined and beautiful door-way and western window of the chapel at Lincluden abbey, near Dumfries, which I need not remind a devotee of Burns was one of his most favourite haunts. Its flattened arch, of extreme rarity in Gothic architecture, its beautifully designed sculptures, and its royal tomb, are well described by a recent tourist, * however heretical in his appreciation of its general effect; which certainly is of a character different from

* Dr Dibdin.

that of New-abbey, with which he contrasts it, but yet, amid its green pastures, its quiet waters, and its graceful and fantastic ash trees, is of a style of picturesque beauty perfect in its kind. Here, by the roofless tower, 'the stern and stalwart ghaist' of liberty appeared to the poet, and here, as he has recorded in his version of 'Ca' the yowes,' the fairies love to wander by the clear moonlight. I have supposed that the Bard has visited this beautiful seclusion, late on a summer night; that he has lain down on one of the verdant knolls before the ruin, and, whether from partaking too freely of the hospitality of the Lord of the abbey at Terregles, or that of the Laird of Carse, 'deep read in old wines,' I know not; but he falls asleep, and immediately supposes his head to be pillowed on the lap of Coila, the favourite muse of his youthful manhood, to whom, and to Doon's immortal banks, though he now lived where 'Nith ran proudly to the sea,' he was often transported both in sleeping and waking vision. In this situation he is found by the king and queen of the fairies, who with their train of elves, spunkies, brownies, kelpies, mermaids, &c., come to hold a night of high revelry in their favourite domain. They immediately recognize him as the child of song, who had celebrated their race, and resolve to gratify him with a vision of some subjects worthy of being by him immortalised. As on another 'mid-summer night,' a difference of opinion arises between the royal pair, in regard to the nature of the vision to be presented. The voice of the king is still for war, and he wishes to inspire the poet to sing of high and noble deeds. The queen gives her voice for gentler and humbler themes; and the poet accordingly profits by the dispute, for, instead of one class of subjects, his soul is gladdened with a varied series of spectral tableaux, which go to fit him for excelling in all the walks of his art.

"The figures in armour behind the advanced banner, 'auld Scotland's Bluidy Lion,' conjured up by the fairy king, are Wallace, Bruce, Douglas and Randolph—characters, it may be presumed, in the intended drama, founded on a portion in the history of the great restorer of Scottish liberty, which Burns long nourished the idea of writing, and which Sir Walter Scott regretted, and his countrymen may ever regret, he did not live to write. The tattered and mutilated warrior beside them is the son of Mars of the Jolly Beggars, keeping watch over the kettle of the kirk and state, illustrating the patriotic resolves which animated even the lowest of the people at the time of the threatened French invasion; so felicitously brought out by Burns in the song of his old hero, who, beggar as he was, declared himself ready to turn out, and 'rattle on his stumps to the sound of the drum.' The figures on the other side of the picture are several rustic beauties—a ruling elder, a clergyman, Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johnnie, the toil-worn cottar, over whose head death shakes his sand-glass, while the spectre is repelled by Hornbook, who with ready art holds in his face a potion phial, containing probably that universal specific, the sal-alkali of midge tail clippings. The old gentleman aloft, employed in the exercise of our serenely silent art, is Captain Grose, who was engaged in making drawings of Lincluden when he met the poet at Friar's Carse, to which rencontre we are indebted for the tale of Tam O'Shanter. The 'unco slight of caulk and keel' displayed by the military artist, has

arrested with surprise and dread a crew of witches, warlocks, and worricows, in their descent to join in the revelry below. The harper in the centre is the ghaist of liberty, proper to this locality; and I presume it is needless to be too minute in naming the more infernal minstrel with the bagpipes, who shows his unhallowed and 'reested phiz' from behind the door-way; or the somewhat too slightly draped lady who forms the apex of the pyramidal group in the unearthly galliard in the interior of the chapel. The fairies who are rifling the pockets of the sleeping bard, find one solitary coin there, indicating his poverty; the toad in the foreground personates one of those critics or biographers, whose blackened pages, throwing their shadows before, sometimes while the poet lived, clouded his serenity. In the present instance, a friendly fairy shields him from the venom of the reptile, and annoys it in turn by the application of a sprig of Scotch thistle; the moral of which is, that the countrymen of the bard will not permit even his frailties to be further drawn from their dread abode without administering the merited castigation. We are assured that through poverty, neglect, and detraction, the vision of his future fame never forsook him; and accordingly his monument is seen in the bright, though far distance. The whole phantasma is lighted up from the fire of a fairy distillery, which may be at once taken as allusive to the professional occupation of the exciseman, and as showing the nature of that spell of power which has conjured up the vision; namely, the very potent "but very natural necromancy of the punch-bowl."

It is but justice to Mr Hill to add, that much of the expression, and particularly the *national* expression, of his sketch, has vanished in the process of its transference to steel, notwithstanding the best skill of an excellent engraver.

END OF VOL. I.

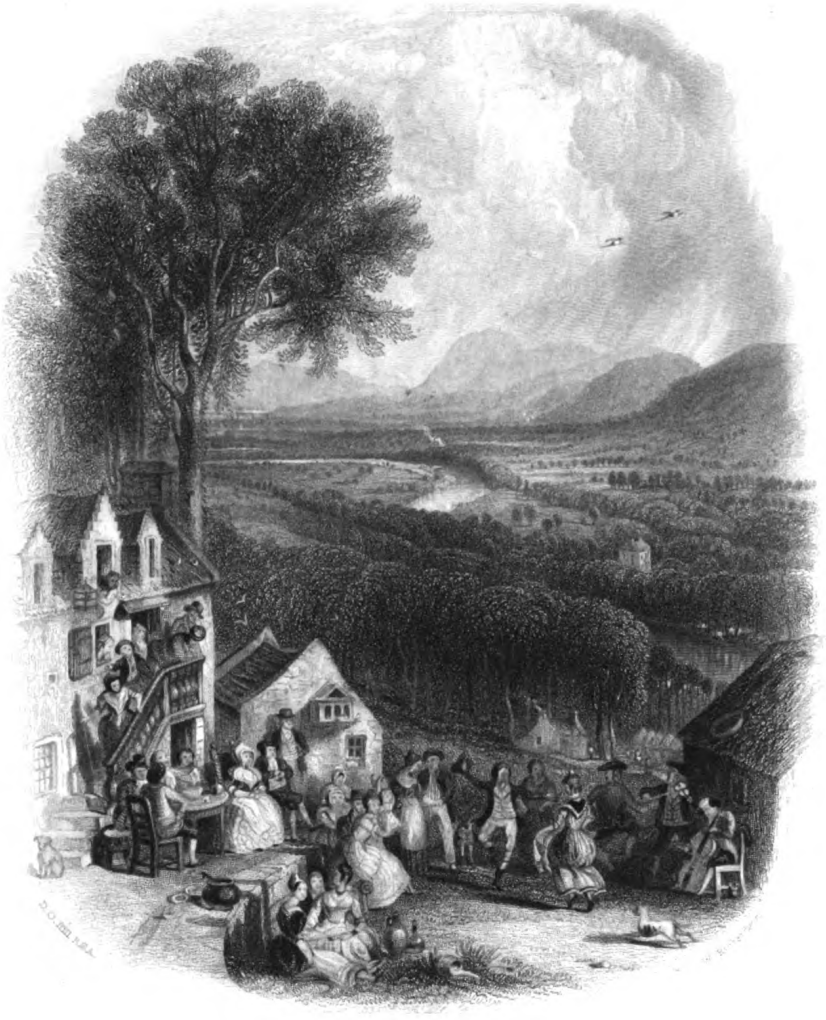
GLASGOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS, VILLAFIELD.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

"All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth,
His fields and streams among.
They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries,—
The POET's tomb is there."

HALLECK.

LAND O' BURNS



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ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH;

AND

ROBERT CHAMBERS, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF THE "SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," ETC. ETC.

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THE

LAND OF BURNS.

STATUE OF BURNS BY FLAXMAN.

The idea of erecting a monument to Burns in Edinburgh, originated about twenty years ago with the late Mr John Forbes Mitchell, of Bombay; and the object at first contemplated was a colossal statue of the poet, to be raised in the open air in some conspicuous part of the Scottish capital. A considerable sum was collected in India, chiefly through the exertions of Mr Mitchell, who, after his return to England, continued these exertions, and did not rest till he had placed the business in the hands of a respectable committee. At a meeting of this body, held in the Freemasons' Tavern, in London, May 26, 1821, it was found that funds to the amount of £1500 might be calculated upon, and a resolution was formed immediately to proceed with the monument—"Viscount Keith, Charles Forbes, Esq., M.P. (now Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe and Edinglasslie, Bart.,) George Thomson, Esq., of Edinburgh, John Deas Thomson, Esq., and John Forbes Mitchell, Esq.," being named a sub-committee to direct the work.

In July, 1824, these gentlemen made an agreement with the first British sculptor of his day, John Flaxman, Esq., P.S.R.A. not for a colossal bronze statue, as originally intended, but for a marble statue of the size of life, for which they were to pay fourteen hundred pounds. It is to be remarked, to the honour of the artist, that, at an earlier stage of the proceedings, when the issue of the subscriptions was less assured, he had proposed, from his admiration of the Scottish bard, to undertake the execution of the statue, either in bronze or marble, without any view to remuneration.

Amongst the gentlemen who took an interest in the promotion of the subscriptions in Scotland, the most conspicuous and indefatigable was Mr George Thomson, who performed the duties of secretary to the sub-committee. From a report (unprinted), made by Mr Thomson in this capacity in 1837, we have permission to make the following extract, relative to the execution of the statue:—"For enabling him (Flaxman) to transmit the features of the poet to posterity as faithfully as possible, I obtained from Mrs Burns, and sent him the portrait in oil painted from life very successfully by Mr Alexander Naismyth, Edinburgh, being the only portrait for which he ever sat to any reputable artist, as far as

I know: and, along with it, I sent the small engraving done from it by Beugo for the first Edinburgh edition of his poems; for Mr Beugo told me that he was frequently visited by Burns while at work on the plate, and thus had opportunities of examining his manly expressive countenance when lighted up by conversation: and though I recommended the painting to Mr Flaxman as his safest guide to likeness, I did not think it right to withhold the engraving, nor to omit telling him that Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, had expressed to me his marked approbation both of the painting and engraving.

"For the figure, or general appearance of the poet, the sculptor was necessarily guided by description, for which purpose, when he came to Edinburgh, to be informed as to this and other matters, I introduced him to several friends who had seen Burns much oftener than I saw him, and whose account of him could be more relied on than mine: and I think the statue, upon the whole, will be considered by all who remember Burns, a fair characteristic representation of his general appearance, as well as a capital work of art." It is to be added, that at the death of Mr Flaxman, December 3, 1826, the statue of Burns was one of those which he left unfinished: the work was completed by his brother-in-law and pupil, Mr Denman.

When the statue was ready to be put up, the committee, finding a surplus of about £1300 in their hands, resolved, instead of placing it in one of the public halls of Edinburgh, to erect a monumental temple for its especial reception; and the site chosen for this structure was one of the southern shoulders of the Calton Hill, a little to the east of the new High School. A design being furnished gratuitously by Mr Thomas Hamilton of Edinburgh, the building was commenced in 1831, and soon completed, but not until a further call upon the public had been honoured to the extent of £537. It is not unworthy of notice that the decoration of the interior of this structure, and the planting of the surrounding plot with laurels, hollies, and Ayrshire roses, were respectively done, gratuitously, by Mr Robert Buchan, house-painter, and Mr Eagle Henderson, nursery-man, both of Edinburgh. The total expense of the statue and its temple appears to have exceeded £3300.

The statue has now been shown for several seasons to the public, in the building erected for it; but it is to be regretted that the situation proves to be somewhat confined, so that the figure is not seen to full advantage, and also that, from the neighbourhood of several factories of various kinds, the marble is liable to be somewhat contaminated in the course of time by smoke. It is to be hoped that some step may be taken to avert a result which the public could not fail greatly to deplore, both on account of the beauty of the object as a work of art, and the homage due to the illustrious person whom it represents.

EDINBURGH CASTLE,

FROM THE GREYFRIARS' CHURCH-YARD.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat:
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labour plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here Justice from her native skies
High wields her balance and her rod,
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

* * *

There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar:
The pondrous wall and massy bar
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock.

* * *

——In these terms did Burns, on visiting Edinburgh, November, 1786, express the feelings which possessed him at the first sight of the objects forming a large and beautiful city. The accompanying view has been chosen as embracing one of the most conspicuous of those objects, and one which seems to have attracted the poet's particular attention, as it is the subject of the first descriptive verse in his poem. The foreground presents some of the details of the principal church-yard of Edinburgh. With a group of Covenanters, come to visit the tomb of the Martyrs; many of the individuals who suffered during the persecution of 1660 to 1668, having been buried in Greyfriars' church-yard. Burns once hearing a gentleman sneer at the sufferings of the people of Scotland, for conscience' sake, and call the solemn league and covenant of the lords and people ridiculous and fanatical—replied in the following verse:

The solemn league and covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

WILLIAM SMELLIE.

"Revered Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cocked hat, the gray surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night,
His uncombed grizzly locks, wild-staring, thatched
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatched;
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good."

In these graphic terms did Burns describe his Edinburgh printer, William Smellie—a man, like Burns himself, of extraordinary native talents, and original and eccentric character, with acquirements in learning and science, which the Ayrshire bard never attempted to form; like him, also, in no small measure, a misplaced and mis-directed man.

Mr Smellie, was born in Edinburgh in 1740. His father was a builder by profession: it is not unworthy of notice that he was the individual who erected the well-known monument in the Greyfriars' church-yard to the hecatomb of religious victims who perished in the Grassmarket during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, and were there buried in the nook devoted to the sepulture of common criminals. Young Smellie was reared as a printer; and it was during his apprenticeship to that art, that he laid the foundations of the learning for which he afterwards became remarkable. The term of his indenture had not expired, when he produced an edition of Terence, esteemed as "immaculate," or entirely free of error, and which gained for his masters an honorary prize offered by a learned society for the best edition of a Latin classic. Afterwards, while in the employment of Messrs Murray and Cochrane, and not yet twenty years of age, he was entrusted by them not only with the correction of their press, but the editorship of their monthly publication, the *Scots Magazine*. About the same time, this active-minded youth was deep in the study of botany, and employed his leisure moments in the collection of a large *Hortus Siccus*, and in writing dissertations on vegetable physiology, one of which obtained for him the professor's gold medal. All this time, he was, strictly speaking, a working-man, at sixteen shillings a-week. Nor had his condition in any respect changed, when, in 1764, he first acquired the notice of the celebrated Lord Kames. The Elements of Criticism, a profound philosophical work by that gentleman, was then passing through the press of Messrs Murray and Cochrane, and its sheets necessarily fell under the notice of Mr Smellie. The young printer not only ventured to controvert, in his own mind, some of the speculations of the aged philosopher, but was so bold as to communicate his sentiments to him anonymously. A correspondence took place between the parties thus oddly situated with respect to each other, and terminated in their becoming friends. A very few years afterwards, when Mr Smellie had become a master-printer, and required some advance of funds, the kind-hearted judge testified his esteem for his youthful critic, by becoming surety for a bank credit on his account to the amount of three hundred pounds.

While conducting business on his own account, Mr Smellie engaged in several literary

undertakings for which his ready literary talents and large fund of knowledge eminently fitted him. He was the editor and principal writer of the first edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, commenced in 1771, and completed in three volumes quarto. He translated Buffon, and wrote a large original work, of high reputation in its day, the *Philosophy of Natural History*. These productions recommended him to the friendship of most of the eminent literary and philosophical persons who then flourished in the Scottish capital —Blair, Black, Monboddo, Robertson, and Hope, all of whom readily recognised, in one whom the current of circumstances had made a printer, a man fitted by his faculties for a professional walk not less eminent than their own. A friend of the present writer recollects passing through the Parliament Square one day, when Sir John Dalrymple, author of the Memoirs of Great Britain, walking arm in arm with Edmund Burke, who was then spending a few days in Edinburgh, met the subject of this memoir,—stopped, and with the most formal respect towards both parties, said, "Mr Burke, allow me to introduce to you Mr William Smellie, one of the most learned men in Scotland."

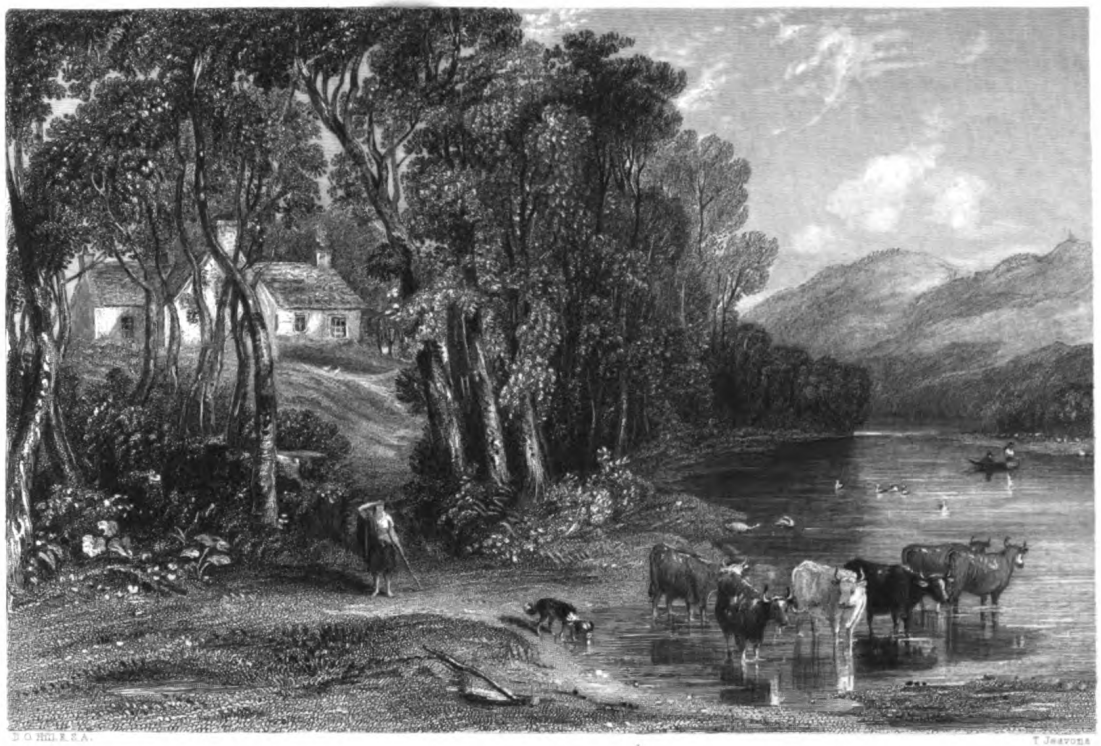
When Burns came to Edinburgh, November, 1786, Mr Smellie carried on his business as a printer under favour of a copartnery with Mr Creech, the bookseller, who, as is well known, became the publisher of the second edition of the Ayrshire poems. The volume was accordingly printed by Mr Smellie at his office in the Anchor Close, and an acquaintance was readily formed between men in so many respects congenial. At the head of the steep and narrow alley in which Smellie worked his types, there was a famous tavern, kept by a Highlander named Daniel Douglas, and the resort of the principal men then at the Scottish bar, as well as of an infinity of other bon-vivants of all waters, or rather abhorrences of water. The house was of antique structure and decoration, and was said to have once been temporarily occupied by Queen Mary,—possibly on the dismal night after her rendition at Carberry. A doorway, superscribed with some pious legend of the sixteenth century, gave access to a vestibule in which Mrs Douglas sat in constant and invariable state to greet her customers and give directions for their accommodation. As compared with his wife, who was a large and splendidly dressed woman, Douglas himself was little better than a Francis with his "anon, sir, anon;" but he sung a Gaelic song with feeling and effect, and on this account was sometimes invited into the company of his guests. One of his songs was the beautiful one of *Chro Challin*, the origin of which takes a conspicuous place in the traditions of the Scottish Gael. Chro Challin is *the Cattle of Colin*. In the song, a maiden, anxious to make out a favourable case for her lover, who is a hunter, describes him as possessing large herds, but does this in a metaphorical manner, so that in the long run it turns out that his cattle are only the deer of the mountains. Such is the account given by Mrs Grant, who has taken up the idea in a beautiful song of her own composition, published by Mr George Thomson. She further adds, that, when the maids, milking the cows in distant glens, sing Chro Challin, the deer, those very cattle of Colin, frequently draw near to listen. According to another Highland tradition, Colin was the owner of extensive herds, which were usually milked by his wife. The wife

died prematurely, to the great grief of her husband, and, not long after, her spirit was seen in the neighbourhood of the place where the cattle were kept, singing a song, in which she recalled the happy days when it was her pride to milk Colin's kine. The air, never before heard, was that which still charms the Highland ear under the name of *Chro Challin*. Such are the various romantic origins assigned, in the land of poetry and mist, to a melody, which, repeated in Edinburgh, about sixty years ago, to a band of convivial citizens, who had nothing of the romantic about them, caused them to adopt its name as their common designation. It was at the time when a voluntary arming was going on for the defence of the country, then oppressed with the dangers arising from the American war; and thus was suggested to our wits the idea of forming themselves into a pseudo-military body, with all the proper gradations of rank. Hence the appellation they took of *Crochallan Fencibles*. To this body Mr Smellie belonged. He is said to have borne two commissions in the corps of a not very consistent nature, being at once its recorder, or chronicler of proceedings, and its *hangman*. In the latter capacity it was his duty to subject each new recruit to a severe drilling of ironical badinage, by way of trying his temper, —a duty for which his externally rude manner and extraordinary command of caustic remark, eminently qualified him. By him Burns was introduced to the Crochallan Fencibles; but, though he was thus in a manner the patron of the poet, he did not fail to subject him to the usual test, and the contest of wit between the two, so opposite in previous habits, yet possessing so many natural qualities alike, is said to have been rich in the extreme. It afterwards became a favourite amusement of the club to pit poet Burns and executioner Smellie against each other, and enjoy the rough tilting in which they unavoidably became engaged. The verses at the head of this article not only describe the erudite printer, as he used to appear at the nocturnal parade, but confess that tremendous severity of wit from which their author suffered so much. At this period, the dignity of Colonel was held by Mr William Dunbar, writer to the signet, the gentleman who first made Burns acquainted with the writings of Spenser,—a hearty blade he must have been, if Burns has not belied him. He is the person in whose favour the Ayrshire poet revived the appellation of a former Roxburghshire musician—Rattling Roaring Willie—whose history has been related in the Border Minstrelsy. There is a song by Burns, of which the concluding stanza admirably describes a jolly fellow, seen as it were by a loophole peep, in the height of social glee—

"As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben;
Rattling roaring Willie
Was sitting at yon board en'—

"Sitting at yon board en',
And amang good companie:
Rattling roaring Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me."

Circumstances, alas! soon parted Burns from these scenes of inordinate merriment—the corps has been disbanded, and the house itself has long been shut up and desolate.



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After the poet retired to the country, he kept up a correspondence with Mr Smellie; but most of the letters have unfortunately been destroyed. There is one extant, in which Burns introduces his gay and accomplished young friend, Mrs Riddel of Woodleigh Park, to the rough old printer, in terms of much whimsicality, called up by a consideration of the very opposite characters of the parties. Mr Smellie died on the 24th of June, 1795, and a memoir of him was published in 1811, in two volumes, by Mr Robert Kerr.

ELLISLAND.

So early as January, 1787, little more than a month after his debut in Edinburgh, a proposal was made to Burns by Mr Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, respecting a farm on that gentleman's estate, on which he might settle for the remainder of his life. After fourteen months of various prospects had passed, the poet ultimately agreed with Mr Miller, March, 1788, for a lease of the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles from Dumfries. It was a beautifully situated, but uninclosed and unimproved piece of ground, measuring upwards of a hundred acres; and the poet undertook to pay a rent of fifty pounds for three years, and seventy for the remainder of the lease, which extended to four periods of nineteen years, or seventy-six years in all. Mr Miller at the same time agreed to allow the poet £300 for the purpose of building a suitable *onstead* (suit of farm buildings) and enclosing the land. The crop of that summer was also to be Burns's, while he was not to be liable to payment of rent till Martinmas.

The poet seems to have commenced his residence on the farm on the 12th of June, occupying a small smoky cottage on its outskirts, while his house was building. His recently wedded Jean at this time remained at Mauchline, with the one surviving child of four which she had already borne to him. At length, in December, the house being finished and furnished, his family was removed to it, and he for the first time commenced house-keeping as a married man.

The *onstead*, to which, while it survives, some interest must ever be attached, not only as his residence, but as in some measure a creation of his taste, is situated to a poet's wish. Through the centre of a fine alluvial plain skirted by mountains of considerable elevation, the Nith, a broad and copious stream, pursues its way to the Solway. The right or west bank here rises in a gravelly precipice about forty feet above the stream, while the opposite bank consists of a low holm or meadow, out of which, about a mile from Ellisland, rise the towers of Dalswinton. Burns's farm-buildings were situated near the verge of the precipice or *scaur* alluded to, in such a way that, as Mr Cunningham remarks, their "afternoon shadow fell across the river upon the opposite fields." A common minded farmer super-

intending the erection of an onstead in such a situation, would have placed the dwelling house with its back to the stream, and its face towards the approach from the public road. But Burns caused it to face the river, though that was to the north. Even in this little arrangement we can see something characteristic of the poet. The house was a simple parallelogram, of one story in height, about sixty feet long, by eighteen in breadth. Behind it a quadrangle was formed by a stable and cow-house on one hand (east), and a barn (somewhat too small for the farm) on the other (west), a straw-yard for cattle being behind the one, and a stack-yard—the stack-yard where the sublime hymn to Mary in Heaven was composed!—at the extremity of the other, and on the left hand, as we approach the house by its ordinary access. There is a separate garden a little to the east; but this is said to have been formed since Burns's time. From the front of the house, a path-way winds down the bank towards a little slip of holm here left by the river, a spot where children rejoice to weave rush-caps and begem the thorn with the gowan, and "lasses use to wash and spread their claiths," as old Allan says. Half-way down the pathway, a copious spring spouts out into a basin, for the supply of the family with water. There is a small separate building at the top of the pathway; but this was raised by the gentleman who bought the farm from Mr Miller, several years after it had been deserted by Burns.

The house itself has a projection towards the north, which has also been added since the days of Burns, being employed as a kitchen by the present occupants. The house built and possessed by the poet, consists expressly of the parallelogram above described, being divided into four apartments, besides dormitories for servants under the slates. At the west end, occupying the full breadth of the house, but enjoying no fine outlook in any direction, is the best room, spence, ben-end, or by whatever other name it might be called. A corresponding room at the east end, partly occupied by beds, was the parlour, or ordinary sitting room of the poet, the other being reserved for the reception of strangers who required to be treated with ceremony. The former room has a pleasant window to the east, commanding a view of the Nith downwards, and of the Dalswinton grounds on the opposite bank. Some of the panes yet (1838) retain traces of the poet's love of glass-scribbling, though many which he had written upon have been broken or otherwise removed. Upon one, is his favourite apothegm, "An honest man's the noblest work of God,"—an apothegm which he is said to have afterwards written upon dozens of windows in Dumfries. On another are the words, erased, "Home he had not—home is the resort." A third bears the names of Jean Lorimer, (the Chloris of his songs) and her early lover, John Gillespie, the former being probably written by the lady herself, as it appears to be in a female hand. Between these two apartments, is a space narrowed by the passage to the rooms, and divided into two small apartments, one of which adjoining to the ordinary sitting-room was Burns's kitchen (now used as a lumber-room), while the other was a bed-room. It is to be hoped the reader will excuse these details: the time may yet come when even more trivial minutiæ will be sought for respecting the high chief of Scottish song.

The details of Burns's life at Ellisland are given with such minuteness in the memoir by Mr A. Cunningham, that it is not necessary here to enter largely into them. The poet cultivated the farm during the seasons of 1788, 1789, 1790, and 1791, at the close of which last year, he removed to Dumfries. From the latter part of 1789, he also acted as an officer of excise, superintending in that capacity an extensive district of ten parishes, and usually riding two hundred miles a week. Here were born his sons Francis and William, and here he wrote his Tam O'Shanter, and some of the best of his songs. The place where he composed the verses to Mary in Heaven has been alluded to. Mrs Burns, who recollected the circumstances distinctly, stated that, on that day, (in September 1789,) she observed him grow sad towards evening. He went out to the stack-yard, to which she followed him out of concern for his health, as he had recently been complaining of cold. He was walking backwards and forwards, contemplating the starry sky. She intreated him to return to the house, and he promised compliance, but did not comply. She went again, repeated her intreaties, and still he promised to comply, but still remained where he was. When she next went out, she found him, says Mr Lockhart, "stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet that 'shone like another moon.'" He now yielded to her request, and, immediately on his return to the house, wrote out, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That loves to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn," &c.

Part of Tam O'Shanter, on the other hand, as befitted a comic effort, was composed as he sat astride upon a *feal dyke* near the house. This also was a recollection of Mrs Burns.

William Clarke, a respectable old farm-servant, at present residing at Enrick near Gatehouse, has some interesting recollections of the poet, which have been reported to us in the following terms by a correspondent:—"He lived with Burns as farm-servant during the winter half year, he thinks, of 1789–90. On being hired in the house of one Alexander Robson, who sold ale and spirits in the village of Duncow, Kirkmahoe, he was treated to a dram, and got a shilling as *arles-penny*—that is, earnest money. Burns kept two men and two women servants; but he unvariably, when at home, took his meals with his wife and family in the little parlour. [By this we are to understand that the servants did not dine with him, as the old fashion was in Scotland.] Clarke thought he was as good a manager of land as the generality of the farmers in the neighbourhood. The farm of Ellisland was moderately rented, and was susceptible of much improvement, had improvement been in repute. Burns sometimes visited the neighbouring farmers, and they returned the compliment; but that mode of spending time and exchanging civilities is much more in vogue now-a-days than it was then; and, besides, the most of the people thereabouts had no expectation that Burns's conduct and writings would be so much noticed afterwards, and the subject of so many wrangling disputes. Burns kept nine or ten milch cows, some young cattle, four horses, and several pet sheep—the latter were great favour-

ites with him. During the winter and spring-time, when he was not engaged with the excise business, he occasionally held the plough for an hour or so for Clarke, and was a fair workman, though the mode of ploughing now-a-days is much superior in many respects, and the land, by improved cultivation, is far more productive. During seed-time, Burns might frequently be seen early in the mornings in the fields, with his sowing sheet; but, as business often required his attention from home, he did not sow the whole of his grain. He was a kind and indulgent master, and spoke familiarly to his servants, both in the house, and out of it, though, if anything put him out of humour, he was 'gey guldersome for a wee while;' but the storm was soon over, and there never was a word of 'upcast' afterwards. Clarke never saw him really angry but once, and it was occasioned by the carelessness of one of the women servants, who had not cut the potatoes small enough, so that one of the cows had nearly been choked. His looks, gesture, and voice on that occasion were terrible, so that William was glad to get out of his sight; when they met again, he was perfectly calm. When any extra work was done, the men sometimes got a dram; but Clarke has lived with masters who were more 'flush' in that way to their servants. He has no hesitation in declaring that, during the six months he was at Ellisland, he never saw his master intoxicated, or incapable of transacting his ordinary business. In every sense of the word, he was the poor man's friend. It was rumoured that Alexander Robson, in Duncow, made a few bushels of malt in a clandestine way in an old barn. Some person, anxious for reward or favour, informed Burns of the circumstance, and, on the following night, rather late, a card was thrust under Robson's door, intimating that the exciseman would probably call at a certain hour next day,—a hint to the poor man to put his malt out of the way. Clarke recollects hearing Robson's son reading this card to a groupe of villagers, with whom it made Burns very popular: they unanimously declared him to be 'a kind-hearted man, who would not do any body harm, if he could help it.' Burns, when at home, usually wore a broad blue bonnet, a blue or drab long-tailed coat, corduroy breeches, dark blue stockings and cootikens [short spatterdashes]; and in cold weather, a black and white checked plaid, wrapped round his shoulders, such as shepherds and many other persons still wear. Mrs Burns was a good and prudent housewife, kept everything in neat and tidy order, was well liked by the servants, and provided plenty of wholesome food. Before Clarke left Ellisland, he was pressed to stay by his master, and when he came away, Burns gave him a certificate of character, which he has unfortunately lost, besides paying his wages in full, and giving him a shilling as a fairing. Clarke has seen the sculpture in Dumfries church-yard, but thinks it no correct representation of either the poet or the plough."

The testimony here given to the kindness of Burns's nature is striking and valuable, though it is far from solitary. According to a recollection of his son Robert, the poet gave shelter and succour at Ellisland for about six weeks to a poor broken down sailor, who had come begging in the extremity of want and wretchedness. The man lay in an out-house until he recovered some degree of health and strength, when, being able once

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more to take the road, he departed, leaving as a token of his gratitude a little model of a ship for the amusement of the poet's children. A female cousin of the poet, Mrs Fanny Burns, or Armour, now residing at Mauchline, has recollections to the same purpose. On the harvest field at Mossgiel, while binding behind his reapers, he was always anxious to cheer and assist the younger ones, especially those of the softer sex. When Gilbert, who was something of a severe disciplinarian, spoke sharply to them, Robert would interpose with, "Oh, man, ye are no for young folk," and never failed to lend a helping hand or a look of encouragement.* We have here a powerful trait of that tenderness for the feeble and the lowly, that *Jungenliebe*, as the Germans call it, which prompted the verses on the unhouselled mouse, those on "the owrie cattle and the silly sheep" in the Winter Night, and the indignant burst in behalf of the wounded hare.

Burns's expectations from Ellisland ended, as is well known, in disappointment, and, in December 1791, having sold off his stock, and much useless furniture, and having obtained a better excise appointment at Dumfries, he removed to that town with his family: thus abruptly breaking off, at a four years' experience, a lease which was to have lasted for more than the term of life assigned to man by the psalmist.

CRAIGIEBURN.

A VIEW of the mansion of Craigieburn is here given, in consequence of the poet having celebrated its surrounding wood in one of the sweetest of his songs.

Craigieburn is situated near Moffat, in Dumfriesshire. The lands connected with it, and the contiguous estate of Drumcrieff, † form a beautiful sylvan region near the bottom of the vale of Moffat, and on the sun-exposed side. The woods are believed to be a surviving portion of the ancient Ettricke Forest, and it is not many years since they contained many trees evidently old enough to have witnessed the sports of "the Jameses." The house of Craigieburn derives its name from a streamlet which rushes in a series of wild leaps down a chasm in the mountain side, to join the Moffat: so near to the brink of this burn is the house situated, that, when a flood prevails, its walls are washed by the tumultuous waters. A fine avenue of old trees leads up to the house, and a thousand feet of almost vertical wood rises behind it. ‡

The verses written by Burns respecting this beautiful place were, in their first form, (omitting a somewhat awkward chorus), as follow—

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* This pleasing anecdote is given on the authority of Mr Robert Carruthers, of the Inverness Courier.

† Drumcrieff was at one time the property and occasional residence of Dr Currie, the biographer of Burns. The house was afterwards occupied for some years by a man of different, but not less remarkable genius, the late John Loudoun Macadam, inventor of the new mode of forming roads. It is now the property of Dr Rogerson.

‡ Craigieburn has, in a short time, passed through many hands. It now belongs to the heirs of the late Thomas Proudfoot, Esq.

"Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn-wood,
And blythely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

"I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

"I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

"I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

"To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

"But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be me mine,
Say thou loes nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come,
I'll gratefully adore thee."*

He himself informs us that he wrote this song with reference to a passion which a Mr Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale, who had been born at Craigieburn-wood. This lady was the daughter of a substantial farmer, and extensive mercantile dealer, who, while Burns lived at Ellisland, occupied the neighbouring farm of Kemmis-Hall, and with whom the poet was very intimate. Jean Lorimer possessed uncommon beauty, from which hair of flaxen lightness in no degree detracted; her form was symmetry itself. Dr Currie states that Burns met her in the woods of Craigieburn, which were a favourite haunt of his; and local authorities point to a cottage in the wood, as the place where she lived, and where the poet visited her. We have some reason to suspect that on this point the excellent biographer of Burns was in some degree mis-informed—though the point is scarcely worthy of a minute discussion. Certain it is that the lady was born in that mansion, which her father had occupied as the lease-holder of the neighbouring grounds, and that she occasionally visited a family of friends at Drumcrieff, in its neighbourhood, during the years of her youth. Her subsequent history was a melancholy one.

Notwithstanding the sighings of Mr Gillespie, she became the wife of Mr Whelpdale, a young Englishman of profuse habits, who was soon obliged, by pecuniary embarrassments, to part with her. It was after returning to her father's house at Kemmis-Hall, and during the winter of 1794–5, that she became the Chloris of Burns's fine lyrics, eight of which, including "Sae flaxen were her ringlets," "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," "Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature," and "O bonnie was yon rosy brier," bear reference to her. The subsequent life of this unfortunate woman was one continued struggle with poverty, and latterly with infirm health, under which she sunk in September, 1831.

* The song was thus published in Johnson's Scots Musical Museum. The poet afterwards rendered it shorter and more elegant, but not more characteristic: and, in that abbreviated form, it is to be found in all the editions of his works.

MRS LEWIS HAY.

THE lady represented in the opposite plate eminently deserves a place in the present work. As Miss Margaret Chalmers, she was in early life one of the most valued of the friends of Burns, who composed upon her two songs, and addressed her in a number of letters, which are among the most interesting of his compositions of that kind which have seen the light.

She was the youngest daughter of James Chalmers, Esq., of Fingland. By her mother, Euphemia Murdoch, daughter of the last laird of Cumloddan in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, she was connected with the family of Burns's friend, Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. * Through this channel, the poet, during 1787, became acquainted with Miss Chalmers, whose personal elegance and accomplished mind appear to have made a deep impression on him. She was then the bosom friend of Miss Charlotte Hamilton, and in his letters he usually speaks of the two ladies together. For instance, in one dated November 21, he tells Miss Chalmers, that Charlotte and she are two favourite resting-places for his soul, in its "wanderings through the weary, thorny wilderness of this world." Lady Mackenzie, an elder married sister of Miss Chalmers, was another of this group of friends, and one for whom he seems to have entertained not less respect. He set himself with much goodwill, in the latter part of that year, to pay poetic compliments to Miss Chalmers, and the first consisted in the song—

"Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

"Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death."

Afterwards, he celebrated her in the following additional stanzas—

"My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

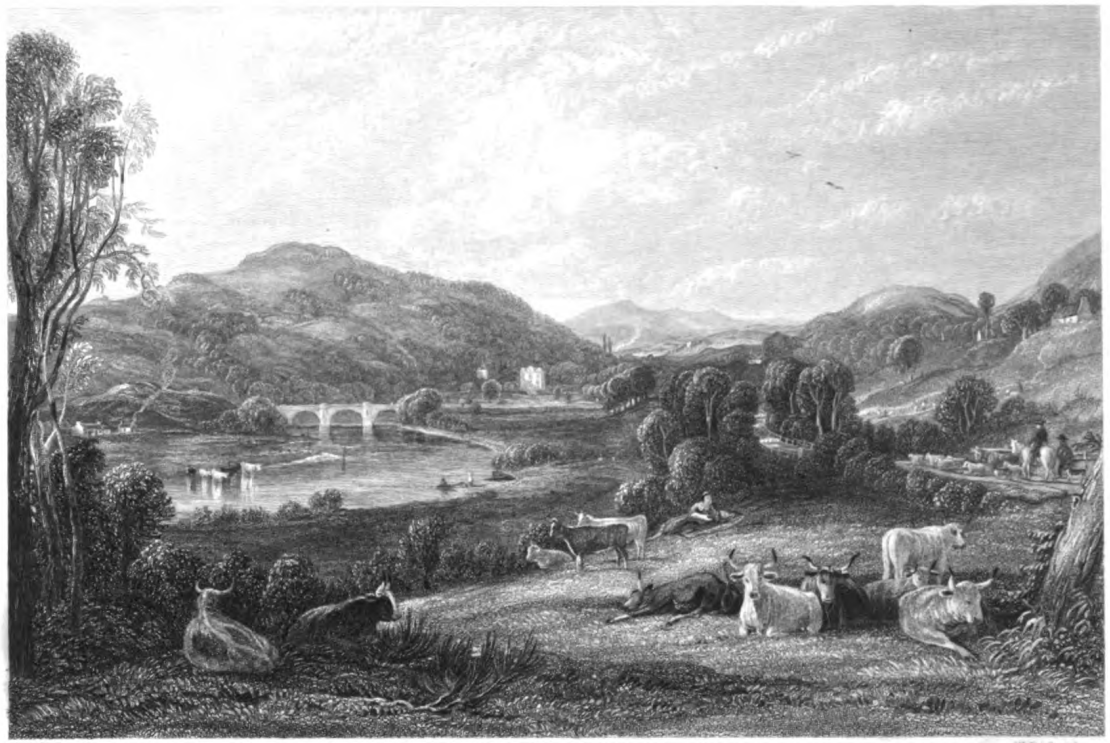
* Murdoch of Cumloddan was the descendant of one of three peasant youths, whom tradition represents as having obtained lands in Galloway, in consequence of their zealously and effectively befriending Robert Bruce, at a time when he roamed through that district, a king without a home or an attendant. By their mothers, Miss Chalmers and Gavin Hamilton were also collaterally related in a near degree to the celebrated Grizel Cochrane, who, after her father, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, had been condemned to death for his share in Argyll's rebellion, saved his life, by oftener than once robbing the postman who was bringing the fatal warrant from London,—thus delaying the execution till some means had been found of mollifying the king, and obtaining a pardon.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

"The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms."

On Miss Chalmers remonstrating, gently, as ladies will do, against these praises, Burns said—"The poetic compliments I pay cannot be misunderstood. They are neither of them so particular as to point you out to the world at large; and the circle of your acquaintances will allow all I have said. Besides, I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you? I will; so look to it. Personal attractions, Madam, you have much above par; wit, understanding, and worth, you possess in the first class. This is a flat way of telling you these truths, but let me hear no more of your sheepish timidity." In the ensuing winter, we have him writing to this lady, in a moment of misfortune and despondency—"I fear I am something like—undone—but I hope for the best. Come, stubborn pride and unshrinking resolution; accompany me through this, to me, miserable world! You must not desert me. Your friendship I think I can count on, though I should date my letters from a marching regiment." And in September, 1788, when residing in a hovel on his farm of Ellisland, (the house not being then built,) with the sense of being condemned to drudgeries for life and an everlasting banishment from all the refined society of which he had recently had a tantalizing taste, he writes in the following affecting strain to the same person: "I am here, driven in with my harvest-folks by bad weather; and as you and your sister once did me the honour of interesting yourselves much *à l'egard de moi*, I sit down to beg the continuation of your goodness. I can truly say that, all the exterior of life apart, I never saw two whose esteem flattered the nobler feelings of my soul—I will not say more, but so much, as Lady Mackenzie and Miss Chalmers. When I think of you—hearts the best, minds the noblest of human kind—unfortunate even in the shades of life, when I think I have met with you, and have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost any body I meet with in eight years—when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again—I could sit down and cry like a child!"

Miss Margaret Chalmers married, December 9, 1788, Lewis Hay, Esq., a partner in the banking-house of Sir William Forbes, James Hunter Blair, and Company, Edinburgh. For many years, she has resided at Pau in Bearn.



D. Hill R.A. W. Richardson

SCENE ON THE NITH, AT BLACKWOOD.

The intention of this plate is to convey an impression of a vale and river which have had the fortune to be the subject of much verse by Burns. The objects here presented are not, as it happens, alluded to by name in the poet's lays; but they combine to form one of the finest views which the vale any where presents, and one which is in some measure characteristic of the whole. The spectator stands on the north bank of the river. The nearest object is Auldgirth Bridge, an elegant modern structure, but nevertheless erected before the poet's time (1784); near it is Blackwood House, the seat of ——— Copland, Esq., and above rises Blackwood Hill, a beautifully wooded eminence, which commands a magnificent view both up and down the Nith.

The mansion of Blackwood is built in the manner of an ancient tower, in a rising series of arches, so as to be fireproof. The family, which has been settled in Dumfriesshire since before the middle of the seventeenth century, is descended from Sir John Copland, the Northumbrian knight who took King David II. prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346. In the approach to the house, there are some fine yews, under one of which formerly stood the cottage in which Mr Allan Cunningham was born—the father of this chief of modern Scottish poets having been the late Mr Copland's gardener. A correspondent, after telling us that we cannot speak too strongly of the beauties of Blackwood, adds—"The clear and quiet river—the fine woods cast over the low and rising grounds, the uplands studded with smiling cottages,—the tree-embosomed mansion-house, which only wants battlements to personate an old Scottish castle of the first class—the browsing cattle, the frequent way-faring shepherds, with their innumerable flocks, passing down from the pastoral regions in the upper part of the country, form incessant combinations of that species of rural scenery which Claude has made classic and immortal in his landscapes."

FRIARS' CARSE.

When Burns took up his abode at Ellisland, his nearest neighbour to the west was Mr Riddel of Glenriddel. Friars' Carse, the residence of this gentleman, is about a mile from Burns's farm-house, being, like it, situated immediately beside the Nith. Riddel was an antiquary of some note, and an agreeable friend; and Burns no sooner came to settle at Ellisland, than he was welcomed to Friars' Carse. He says somewhere of the worthy Captain and his lady, "At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings, than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together." For the anniversary of

the union of this couple, he wrote his song, "The seventh of November," the music of which is said to have been by Mr Riddel himself. With reference to a hermitage in the woods near the house, Burns likewise wrote his fine English verses:—

"Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the light:
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

"As youth and love with sprightly dance
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

"As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

"As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose,
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

"Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

"Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide.
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side."

In the mansion, on the 16th October, 1790, took place a bacchanalian contest, which makes a conspicuous figure in the poems of Burns, the object being the possession of a certain

ebony whistle, which had been introduced into Scotland by a Dane who came over in the train of Anne, the consort of James VI. Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton had gained the whistle from its original owner by overcoming him in drinking; but it was lost by his son to the ancestor of Mr Riddel. On the present occasion, Mr Riddel, Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, and Mr Fergusson of Craigdarroch, (father of the late R. C. Fergusson, Esq., M.P. for Kirkcudbright) contended for it, and

> "A bard was selected to witness the fray,
> And tell future ages the feats of the day."

It is scarcely necessary to particularise that "when six bottles a-piece had well worn out the night," Glenriddel retired and Sir Robert *fell* from the table, so that Mr Fergusson became the victor. The whistle is still in the possession of his family.

It was in Friars' Carse, moreover, that Burns formed the acquaintance of Grose, whose grotesque figure and antiquarian tastes he has so amusingly described in his verse. It is sad to relate that Mr Riddel, Mr Fergusson, and Grose, all predeceased even our short-lived poet.

The mansion of Friars' Carse is placed on the site of a religious building, which was a dependency of the Abbey of Melrose. In a lake hard by, there is a small island, formed on wooden piles, in which the religious kept their valuables in times of peril. At the Reformation, the lands fell into the possession of Kirkpatrick of Allisland or Elliesland. Grose has an engraving of the house in its ancient form; but this, we have been assured, was given by mistake, from a drawing purely fanciful, the composition of Mr Alexander Nasmyth. Friars' Carse now belongs to Mrs Crichton, the widow of a gentleman who has made his name for ever memorable in Dumfriesshire, by leaving a hundred thousand pounds to be applied to charitable purposes in the county—out of which fund an asylum for the mentally infirm has recently been erected, on a magnificent scale, at Dumfries.

The room in which the whistle was contended for is still an object of interest with strangers. In a preceding work resembling the present, * it has been thought worth while to mention that the window which is on the right of the door, when looking towards the house, belongs to this room, in which, it may be added, the original manuscript of the poem written on the occasion, and also a pane of glass from the hermitage, containing some verses by Burns, are still preserved. The hermitage itself has long been a ruin. It stands in a thick wood or plantation to the south-east of the house, and on the left in the accompanying plate. Fortunately for those who would wish to realise, as nearly as possible, everything connected with Burns, a drawing of it has been given in the work just quoted.

* Views in North Britain, illustrative of the works of Robert Burns, accompanied with descriptions and a sketch of the Poet's Life. By James Storer and John Greig. London, Stockdale, 1811.

JOHN SYME, ESQ.

The gentleman represented in the opposite portrait was one of Burns's most intimate friends during his residence in Dumfries, and one of his executors after his decease. He was a man of lively talents, social and benevolent character, and a style of manners that forcibly recalled the gentleman of a former age, when, in the midst of rougher pleasures than what now flourish in the higher walks of life, there were also forms of politeness somewhat more scrupulous than any which obtain in the present day.

The father of the subject of our memoir was a writer to the signet, in extensive practice, and the proprietor of the estate of Barncailzie in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Though Mr Syme in early life studied enough of the law to be afterwards an expert master of all common forms, he preferred the military profession, and, about the year 1773, entered the 72nd regiment with the commission of ensign. Soon after, abandoning this pursuit, he retired to his father's estate, and devoted himself to the life of a gentleman farmer, *improving* with all possible zeal, and spending much of his leisure time in field sports. But the disaster of the Ayr Bank, in whose ruin his father was involved, ultimately proved the means of depriving him of his home at Barncailzie, and in 1791 he removed to Dumfries, to fulfil the duties of a lucrative appointment which he had in the meantime obtained, that of Distributor of Stamps for the District.

The apartments which he occupied in this capacity formed the ground floor of a house of no fine appearance in what was then called the Friar Vennel, but now Bank Street, a few yards from the walk along the Nith. When Burns, at the close of 1791, removed from Ellisland to Dumfries, he became the tenant of the floor immediately above Mr Syme's office; and ere long a friendship of the warmest nature took place between these two individuals. Mr Syme, who was Burns's senior by a very few years, was enabled, by his gentlemanly connection in the district, to introduce the poet to many eminent persons. In July, 1793, they had a ride together through Galloway, in the course of which the Distributor took the bard to the residence of the Glendonwynes of Parton, Mr Gordon of Kenmure, (afterwards Viscount Kenmure), and the Earl of Selkirk. A letter by Mr Syme, descriptive of this little tour, is published in Dr Currie's memoir of the poet, and will be readily recollected by the reader as a composition much above the common style of gentlemen who write with or without ease. Mr Syme then, and during his whole life, kept a most hospitable table, to which men of all grades of rank, provided they possessed estimable qualities, were welcome; and here accordingly the strangest associations sometimes took place, a landed gentleman of princely fortune perhaps sitting beside his neighbour's head-gardener, or a party of majors and captains beside some sharp-witted Dumfries tradesman. The scene of these hospitalities was a stone-paved room in the villa of Ryedale, on the west side of the Nith. The wit of the host was as lively as his welcome was kind, and few men could be entertained there, as the present writer has had the happiness

of being, without long retaining a most pleasing impression of the whole circumstances. Burns was a frequent guest at Ryedale, and we have his own words attesting the esteem in which he held Mr Syme as a host:

> "Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
> Is proof to all other temptation."

Such is the language of an impromptu note written in December, 1795. At an earlier period of their intimacy, there had occurred an incident which has excited some controversy amongst the later critics and biographers of Burns. The incident itself is all that can be related here. One afternoon, as Mr Syme and Burns were sitting by themselves in the parlour at Ryedale, the former read his friend a lecture on temperance, which, without his meaning it to have any such effect, greatly incensed the poet, then probably not a little excited by liquor. In the heat of the moment, Burns half-drew the sword cane which he usually carried, as if to revenge the insult, when a rebuke from Mr Syme instantly disarmed him, and made him prostrate himself, in an agony of repentant feeling, on the floor. The affair seems to have been altogether too much of a piece of after-dinner mock-heroic, to be entitled to the notice it has received.

After the death of Burns, Mr Syme became the most conspicuous resident friend of the family, whose claims on the public he was indefatigable in urging. It was also at his pressing request, joined to that of Mr Gilbert Burns and Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop, that Dr Currie undertook the task of publishing the poet's works, and writing the requisite biographical memoir. Along with Gilbert Burns, Mr Syme proceeded to Liverpool, and spent three weeks in Dr Currie's house, for the purpose of giving information respecting the poet, and explaining whatever was obscure with respect to dates and allusions in his writings. So lately as November, 1829, he was able to write the following vivid description of the personal demeanour and aspect of Burns, in a letter to Mr Henry Constable of Edinburgh, who had requested his opinion of a portrait of the poet painted by a Mr Taylor:

"The poet's expression," says Mr Syme, "varied perpetually, according to the idea that predominated in his mind; and it was beautiful to mark how well the play of his lips indicated the sentiment he was about to utter. His eyes and lips, the first remarkable for fire, and the second for flexibility, formed at all times an index to his mind, and as sunshine or shade predominated, you might have told, *á priori*, whether the company was to be favoured with a scintillation of wit, or a sentiment of benevolence, or a burst of fiery indignation. * * I cordially concur with what Sir Walter Scott says of the poet's eyes. In his animated moments, and particularly when his anger was aroused by instances of tergiversation, meanness, or tyranny, they were actually like coals of living fire."

Mr Syme died at Dumfries, on the 24th November, 1831, in the 77th year of his age.

DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Not long before 1389, the barony of Drumlanrig, in the county of Dumfries, was given by James Earl of Douglas, the hero of Otterbourne, as a heritage to his natural son William; and the posterity of this individual continued to be styled *knights of Drumlanrig* till the early part of the seventeenth century, when they at length attained to the peerage, and became conspicuous figures in our national history. William, the third Earl and first Duke of Queensberry, rose to be a man of the first consequence in the kingdom, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and acquired great wealth, part of which he employed in substituting, for the old and narrow castle of his ancestors on Nith-side, the magnificent mansion which figures in the accompanying engraving.

This house, built between 1679 and 1689, is a quadrangle, having square turrets at the corners, and an interior court, accessible through an arched portal: its site, on a terrace overlooking the Nith, surrounded by fine woods, and backed by a range of lofty hills, is very imposing, and worthy of the great historical names connected with it.* In the neighbouring parks, there were formerly kept specimens of the original wild white cattle of Scotland, the only other place where such creatures existed being Chillingham castle in Northumberland: Pennant speaks of seeing some of these cattle here in 1769, and relates that they were exceedingly shy and timid, except when shot at, on which occasions they became furious. At the time when Drumlanrig Castle was built, it must have been the most superb mansion possessed by any of the Scottish nobility; yet, though the Duke who built it survived the completion of the structure six years, he never slept in it but one night. Being now old, he found the house too large for comfort, and complained that, in the event of his taking ill during the night, he feared he might die before any one could be apprized that he was ill. It is incomprehensible how this astute politician, being at all times of his life a frugal and money-hoarding man, should have been tempted to build so large a house. Certain it is, he felt ashamed of the extravagance afterwards, as was testified by a label found, in his own hand, on the bundle of accounts referring to the building—"THE DEIL PYKE OUT HIS EEN THAT LOOKS HEREIN!"

Drumlanrig acquired classical associations in the time of Charles, the third Duke—the *good* Duke, as he was called—whose wife was the

> "—Kitty, beautiful and young,
> And wild as colt untamed,"

of Matthew Prior, and the patroness, moreover, of John Gay. The author of the *Beggar's Opera* for some time lived under the protection of the Duke and Duchess in Drumlanrig Castle, while out of favour at court. At the time when Burns resided in Nithsdale, the main line of this family had become extinct, and the honours and estates were in the pos-

* Drumlanrig castle is situated on the right bank of the Nith, near the town of Thornhill, and seventeen miles from Dumfries.

D. O'Hill R.A. W. Richardson

D. O'Hill. R.A. W. Forrest

session of the late notedly profligate Duke of Queensberry (a cousin of the third Duke), who rarely visited any of his Scottish mansions. Drumlanrig castle was then partially occupied by his grace's chamberlain, or land-agent, —— M'Murdo, Esq., at whose fireside Burns became a frequent and welcome guest. The letters and poems of the Ayrshire bard testify in sufficiently forcible terms the contempt he entertained for the ducal master, and the affectionate esteem with which he regarded the chamberlain. The wife and daughters of the latter gentleman, being uncommonly elegant and accomplished women, came in for a share of his regard; the eldest daughter was the heroine of his delightful pastoral entitled "Bonnie Jean," and Miss Phillis is the subject of two songs in which her name occurs. Fond as the poet was of walking on the banks of the Nith, he saw with feelings of the bitterest indignation, the woods of Drumlanrig felled by order of the worthless Duke, in order to enrich a lady whom he presumed to be his daughter. This cruel proceeding drew from the pen of our bard a set of satirical verses, which have found their way into some of the later editions of his works.

At the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry in 1810, his chief titles, with the barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, as heir of line. In consequence of this event, the castle became honoured by the visits of a third poet, Sir Walter Scott, who was here occasionally the guest of both the late and present Dukes of Buccleuch and Queensberry. In the life of Scott, by Mr Lockhart, there is a striking passage, in which the author of Marmion is described as performing his part to admiration, as an agreeable member of the society collected at the Duke's table, while in his own private room his faculties were strained to agony by the intelligence he was receiving from the Messrs Ballantyne respecting the commercial embarrassments in which he and they were involved. Of late years, the internal accommodations of the castle have been much improved; and the woods are now nearly restored to their former beauty.

LINCLUDEN.

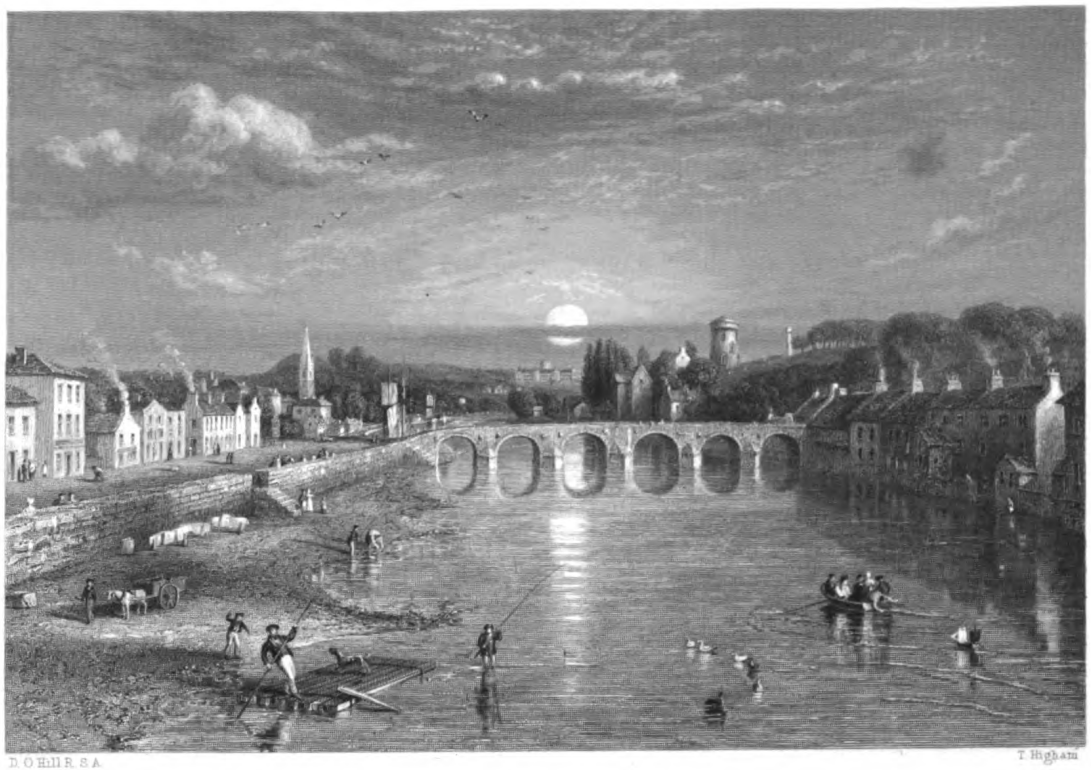
The ruins of Lincluden church, romantically situated about a mile from Dumfries, near the confluence of the Cairn or Cluden water with the Nith, were a favourite haunt of our poet during the latter part of his life.

The religious buildings on this spot were founded for Benedictine nuns in the reign of Malcolm IV., who died in 1165. About the close of the fourteenth century, Archibald Earl of Douglas, surnamed the grim, expelled these inhabitants—it is supposed on account of the impurity of their lives—and converted the establishment into a collegiate church, for a provost and twelve bedesmen; in which condition it remained till the Refor-

mation. The ruins, and the ground on which they stand, now belong to Mr Maxwell of Terreagles.

These crumbling Gothic walls, rising from a piece of slightly elevated ground beside the murmuring waters of the Cluden, in the midst of a country everywhere beautiful, and with the broad-bosomed Nith gleaming through the neighbouring trees, constitute a scene eminently calculated to invite the steps of a poet. The church, which has never been an extensive or majestic building, is now much dilapidated and worn down, though its general effect is good at a little distance, and it still contains some architectural details of an interesting nature. What makes the more conspicuous appearance in the accompanying view is the shattered remains of the provost's house, originally a lofty tower, overhanging the Cluden, and closely adjacent to the church. Near the buildings, there is a small mount, which was formerly laid out in parterres, as part of the college garden, but is now covered with a plantation. The western door of the church, depicted in the vignette to the first volume of the present work, is a flattened arch, esteemed a rarity in gothic architecture, and, in the present instance, of great beauty. Over it, in two long lines, is a sculptured representation of the birth and early history of Christ, the upper line consisting solely of angels, whose uniformly composed wings and clasped hands beautifully express the feeling with which they might be supposed to hail the advent of a world's Saviour. In the interior, on the left hand side, there is a finely sculptured recess, being the remains of the tomb of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert III. and wife of an Earl of Douglas who was son to the noble formerly mentioned. When Pennant visited the place, seventy years ago, the mutilated recumbent statue of this lady remained in the recess. It has long disappeared, while the bones once laid below have been taken out and dispersed. Over the tomb, "in the middle of the arch," says Pennant, "is the *heart*, the Douglas arms, guarded by three chalices set cross-wise, with a star near each. On the wall is inscribed, 'A l' aide de Dieu,' and, at some distance beneath, 'Hic jacet Dna Margareta regis Scotiæ filia quondam comitissa de Douglas Dna Gallovidiæ et vallis Annandiæ.' * * Near the tomb is a door-case richly ornamented with carvings, and on the top the heart and chalices, as in the former."

To stroll in the evening along the bank of the Nith, to lounge amongst the ruins of Lincluden, to linger there till the moon rose upon the scene, and then to ponder his way back again, formed a favourite recreation of Burns. His eldest son, who sometimes accompanied him on these occasions, pointed out to the present writer a little knoll to the south of the church, from which a view is obtained of the landscape beyond the Cluden, set as it were in a pair of picture-frames formed of two ruined windows. On this spot Burns used to fix himself, and gaze on the scene for many minutes at a time. Dr Currie states that the muse was favourable to him during these delightful walks. He has celebrated the banks of the Cluden in a pastoral song of great simplicity and sweetness; and, in his grand fragment entitled "A Vision," he has conferred immortal interest on these ruins.



D. O Hill R. S. A.

T. Higham

W TAYLOR

"As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air;
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

"The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

"The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

"The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

"By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

"Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

"And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of wo,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

"He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur'd in my rhymes."

It is sad to relate that the ruins, which generations yet unborn will be disposed to visit on account of these thrilling verses, are suffered not only to go on in their natural progress towards decay, but are left carelessly open to every injury which youthful wantonness or boorish ignorance can inflict upon them.

DUMFRIES.

TWO VIEWS.

"—— Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride enough."
BURNS.

DUMFRIES, as the residence of the poet during the last five years of his life, and the place where his mortal remains have found their final rest, is eminently entitled to a place in these memorials of his earthly pilgrimage and his genius. In the first of the

accompanying prints, it is drawn from a spot on the right bank of the Nith, looking towards the south-east, the steeple in the centre of the view (that of St Michael's) leading the eye to the spot where the ashes of the bard are placed. Situated on a fine river, navigable to this point, and containing many streets regularly built of the durable red sandstone of the district, Dumfries is a town of agreeable aspect. Less remarkable as a place of commerce or manufactures than as a great rural mart, and a place of residence for the gentry of the district, it boasts a greater degree of refinement than most towns of its size —the number of inhabitants being about nine thousand. Feeling that a minute account of the town would be out of place here, we shall merely remind the reader of the several circumstances in which Dumfries is connected with the life and poetry of Burns.

In the five Carlines, in which he allegorises a contest between Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall and Captain Miller younger of Dalswinton, for the representation of the parliamentarily united burghs of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Annan, Lochmaben and Sanquhar, he personifies the first town in the lines prefixed to this article. In this contest, which took place at the general election of 1790, Dumfries took the whig side:

> "For the auld gudeman o' Lon'on court,
> She did na care a pin;
> But she wad send the soger youth,
> To greet his eldest son—"

this, strange to say, being the side which Burns opposed, seeing that at this period of his life he was a thorough Pittite. He removed at the close of 1791 to Dumfries, and, as mentioned in the notice of Mr Syme, took up his residence in a street named the Friar Vennel, now Bank Street. His duties as an officer of excise, and the seductions of social life, prevented the period of his residence in Dumfries from being greatly distinguished by literary labour. Yet here he wrote his songs for Mr Thomson, besides some other compositions of less note.

The house in which he latterly lived, and in which (July 21, 1796) he died, is shown in a narrow street near the church: the place is now, with proper respect, named *Burns Street*. It is a small house of two floors, the upper of which contains the chamber in which the poet breathed his last. It is not unworthy of notice that in the town-hall, the spired building seen in the middle of the street in the second of the accompanying views, his body lay for some time, and was thence lifted by the funeral company which bore it to the grave. For thirty-eight years after his death, the same house was occupied by his modest and respectable widow; it has since been tenanted by his eldest son. We need not remark that few strangers visit Dumfries without paying a visit to this mansion of departed genius.*

* The life of Burns in Dumfries was unhappy, for, with a narrow income, derived from an office beneath his talents and character, he was forbidden by his narrow-spirited superiors to exercise the privilege most calculated to console such a man as he for all common evils—the privilege of thinking for himself. The gloom of his ordinary hours was only irradiated by the wild-fire gleams of occasional festive indulgence. This is to be lamented; but the pain and grief are past, and we now trace the tavern haunts of the Ayrshire poet with much the same feelings as if we were searching in Fleet Street for the Mermaid and the Mitre. The *King's Arms*, as the chief or sole

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LOCHMABEN.

"—— Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carline auld and teugh."

Such are the terms in which Burns, in his election ballad, refers to the ancient burgh of Lochmaben. The two stanzas in which the same place is afterwards referred to, are equally appropriate—

"Then slow raise Marjory o' the lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots blude was true;

"There 's some great folks set light by me—
I set as light by them;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wham I like best at hame."

Lochmaben, which, at that time, and till the Reform Act of 1832, voted with Dumfries, Annan, Kirkcudbright, and Sanquhar, for a member of parliament, is about seven miles from the first of those towns. Nine lakes, five of which are from fifty to two hundred acres in extent, surround the place so closely, that at a little distance a stranger would suppose it inaccessible except by a boat. While these objects, and all the other beauties of a highly cultivated and well-wooded country, confer great external grace upon Lochmaben, it is in itself merely a rural village, of very decayed appearance, containing about a thousand inhabitants. Its burgal privileges, which are supposed to have been conferred by King Robert I., have thus for ages been rather a subject of ridicule than a source of respect—as may partly be gathered from a passage in the last-quoted stanza. These privileges, however, it still retains (excepting that of voting with the other four towns for a member of parliament), being governed by a provost, three bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, and nine ordinary councillors, and containing moreover five incorporated trades, which annually elect deacons and other office-bearers.

A castle near Lochmaben, of which no vestiges now remain, was the seat of the Bruces, lords of Annandale, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and there did the celebrated

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hotel of its day, received Burns, of course, on all those occasions when he was sent for by gentlemen strangers, who wished to have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with him. But his own favourite haunt, when he wished to meet with his neighbours, was the *Globe Tavern*, an old house situated within a narrow close near the King's Arms, and still flourishing as it did forty or fifty years ago. The windows still contain several panes, marked with stanzas in the hand of Burns. One of these is the first verse of his song "Lovely Polly Stewart;" and the reader may guess with what feelings the present writer, on seeing the glowing and enthusiastic words, learned that the once lovely heroine of them, sunk from her original sphere of life, is now a poor *blanchisseuse*, working in old age for her daily bread, in the burgh of Maxwelltown. There is a small wainscotted room, which was formerly the bar. There the landlady, Mrs Hyslop, used to sit on one side of the fire, while the bard would sit on the other, for he was a friend of the family, and used to look in to ask how they did almost every day. The nook on the left side, where Mrs Hyslop's arm-chair was placed, is now, by mistake, called *Burns's Corner*, and shown as such to visitors. "Anna," the heroine of one of his most impassioned songs, was a sister of Mrs Hyslop, whom she assisted in the business of the tavern. There was another tavern of a humbler order, called the *Coach and Horses*, which the poet occasionally visited: it is nearer the east end of the High Street. There, the last time that Burns was out, not many days before his death, he called with his friend Mr Gabriel Richardson, brewer, and was furnished by the landlady, Mrs Baird, with a small quantity of mulled port. This house is also still a tavern.

king Robert first see the light. As a substitute for this fortalice, the family afterwards built a much larger and stronger castle on a promontory jutting into the lake, at the distance of about half a mile from the burgh. For a long time before the union of the crowns, a garrison of two hundred men was kept in this castle for the protection of the Scottish border. It is now a ghastly ruin, the exterior stones of the great ramparts having all been picked out to serve for modern buildings. King Robert, besides making his native village a royal burgh, settled a great number of his dependents on small pieces of land near by, where their descendants still live, virtually proprietors of their respective possessions, but nominally "the king's kindly tenants,"—a species of tenure, we believe, unexampled in Scotland. In the castle loch there are eleven kinds of fish, one of which, the *Vendace*, is known to exist no where else. It is a beautiful fish, resembling the herring, from four to six inches in length, and tapering gradually to the tail; when first taken out of the water, it has a bright silvery white appearance, with a slight tendency to a light blue along the back and part of the sides; upon the top of the head there is a heart-shaped spot, covered by a thin transparent plate, through which the brain is visible. Nothing is ever found in the stomach of this rare creature, every attempt to transplant which to other waters has failed.

Burns was on intimate terms with the Rev. Mr Jeffrey, minister of Lochmaben, and was often a guest at the manse in the course of his professional excursions. The song, "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen," was composed with reference to the daughter of this gentleman.

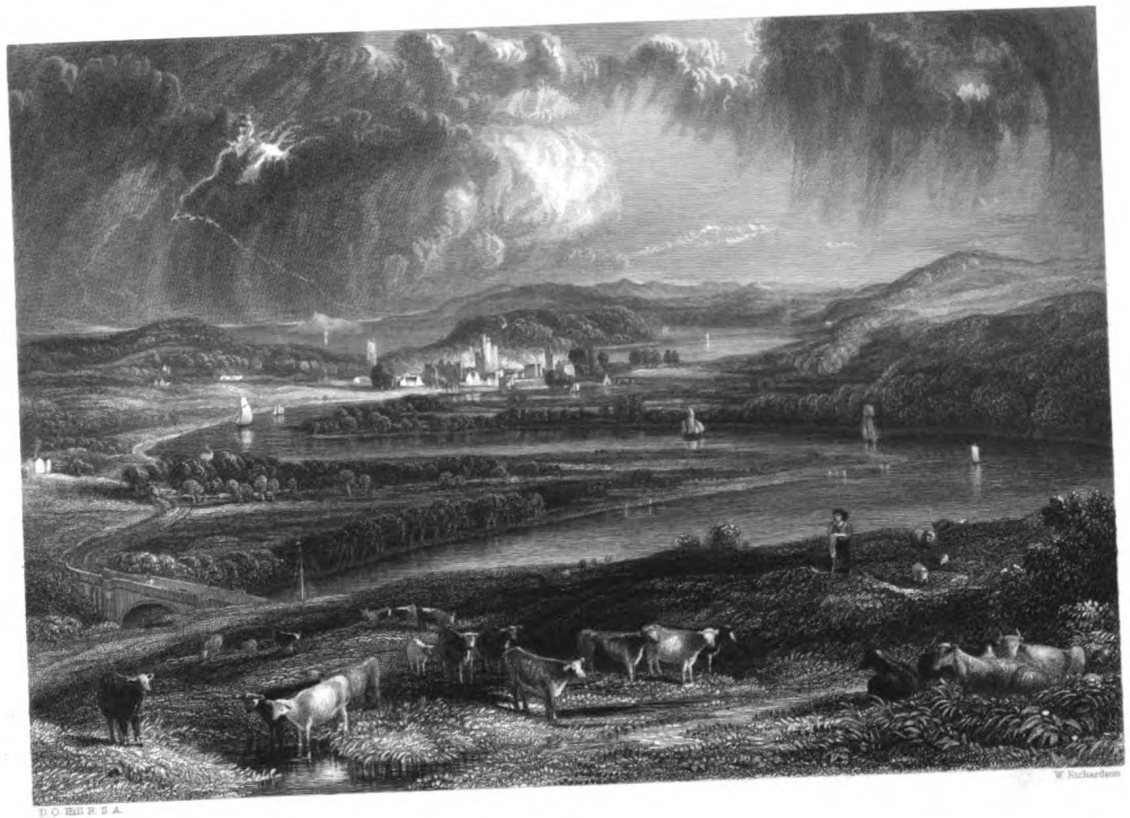
ANNAN.

——"Blinking Bess o' Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side."

A VIEW of this thriving town is introduced here for the same reason as the preceding plate, namely, on account of the figure which it makes in the allegory of "the Five Carlines." The conduct of the town-council of Annan in the contest there alluded to, is thus described:

"Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she would vote the Border knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

"For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried the Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again."



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Her partiality for Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, a neighbour of whose family she had felt the influence for centuries, was no more than what might have been expected.

Annan was the chief seat of the Bruce family before their accession to the throne. King Robert had a strong castle here, of which no vestige now remains. The town was endowed with the privileges of a royal burgh by James V., in 1538. Being situated on the river Annan, at a point where it becomes a creek of the Solway, the burgh has a small port, to which sixteen vessels at present belong: the population has been doubled since the beginning of this century, and is now about five thousand. Annan was the birth-place of the late Edward Irving.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

—— "Whisky Jean that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide."

In the contest above adverted to, Whisky Jean, as the poet calls Kirkcudbright, took the Tory side, in company with Annan. The maudlin pathos with which the old lady alludes to the recent mental alienation of the king, and the consequent desertions to the prince's party, is extremely amusing

"Then whisky Jean spak ower her drink,
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld gudeman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

"And mony a friend that kissed his cup
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean,—
I'll send the Border knight."

These are the sentiments which Burns himself entertained on this occasion.

Kirkcudbright, the chief town of the stewartry of the same name, is beautifully situated near the efflux of the Dee into the Solway. It is neatly built, and the general appearance from a little distance is by no means flattered in the accompanying engraving. It was erected into a royal burgh in 1455. The only remarkable event in its history is its having afforded refuge for some time, in the year 1461, to the unfortunate Henry VI., after the defeat of his party at Towton.

SANQUHAR.

"—— Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin."

Such is the description which Sanquhar obtains as one of the "Five Carlines." She was decidedly for the Whigs and Captain Miller:

"Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A carline stoor and grim,
The auld gudeman and the young gudeman
For me may sink or swim;

"For fools will freat o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn.

This burgh is situated in the upper part of Nithsdale, on the road between Dumfries and Ayr, and thus was frequently visited by our poet. It is a town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The burgal privileges were conferred by James VI. in 1596. The massive building in the foreground of the accompanying plate is the ruined castle of Sanquhar, at one time the abode of the family of Crichton, Lords of Sanquhar; whence the appellation, "Black Joan frae Crichton Peel," —peel being a term often used in Scotland for fortalice or castle. The personage usually known as *the Admirable Crichton* sprung from a branch of this family, residing in the adjacent castle of Elliock, where the room in which he first saw the light is still preserved in its original state.

CAPTAIN GROSE.

Francis Grose, the subject of more than one set of facetious verses by Burns, was the son of a jeweller at Richmond, near London, and appears to have been born about the year 1743. A good education, respectable talents, and an independency left to him by his father, enabled him to enter life with the happiest prospects; but these were soon overcast by the consequences of a too easy and self-indulgent disposition. Having become captain and paymaster of the Surrey militia, he is said to have kept no other accounts than his two pockets, receiving into the one, and paying from the other; at the same time, he had all the habits of a *bon-vivant*, as that style of life was practised at the period—the consequen-

ces of all which were, that he became a poor man and an extremely fat one much about the same time, and while still only about thirty years of age. To the poverty of Grose, however, was owing the subsequent celebrity of his name. Under the strong compulsion of poverty, he began a career as an artist and antiquary, for which his hitherto dormant talents were eminently fitted. Between the years 1773 and 1788, he had produced his "Antiquities of England and Wales," in eight volumes quarto, consisting of nearly six hundred views drawn by himself, and a large amount of letter-press; his "Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons;" and his "Military Antiquities, respecting a History of the English Army from the Conquest to the Present Time;" together with several works of a light and whimsical nature, inclusive of his well known Slang Dictionary. It was in 1789, while travelling in Scotland, for the purpose of drawing and chronicling the antiquities of that country, that he met with Burns at the hospitable table of Mr Riddel, in the mansion of Friar's Carse. The figure of the man, which was justly said to be the very title-page to a joke—his numberless droll remarks and stories—and, in perhaps a less degree, his great learning and shrewd penetrating sense—made a great impression on the poet; and, to use the words quoted on the occasion by Mr Gilbert Burns, the two became "unco pack and thick thegither." The intimacy was a memorable one for the admirers of Burns, for it led, as is well known, to the composition of "Tam o' Shanter," which first appeared in "The Antiquities of Scotland," published next year. The verses in which Burns sketched off the figure, character, and habits of the antiquary, can scarcely be omitted here, though they must be familiar, or at least accessible by other means, to nearly all:

"—— A fine fat fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel!
And, vow, he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

"By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

* * * * *

"He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

"Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

"Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

"But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O, port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

"Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee."*

* The following characteristic sketch of Grose, drawn "by his friend Mr Davis of Wandsworth," is inserted at the beginning of a posthumous publication of his minor writings, entitled, *The Olio*. As it makes out the figure and nature of the man with considerable spirit, we place it here as a pendent to the verses of the Scottish bard:

"Since, thanks to heaven's high bounty, free,
And blest with independency,
I taste, from busy scenes remote,
Sweet pleasure in a peaceful cot,
While other bards for interest choose
To prostitute their venal muse,
And offer incense, with design
To please the great, at Falsehood's shrine,
Suppose for pastime I pourtray
Some valued friend in faithful lay.

"Grose to my pen a theme supplies,
With life and laughter in his eyes.
Oh! how I can survey with pleasure
His breast and shoulders' ample measure;
His dimpled chin, his rosy cheek,
His skin from inward lining sleek.

"When to my house he deigns to pass
Through miry ways to take a glass,
How gladly entering in I see
His belly's vast rotundity!
But though so fat, he beats the leaner
In ease, and bodily demeanour;
And in that mass of flesh so droll
Resides a social, generous soul.

"Humble—and modest to excess,
Nor conscious of his worthiness,
He's yet too proud to worship state,
And haunt with courtly bend the great.
He draws not for an idle word,
Like modern duellists, his sword,
But shows, upon a gross affront,
The valour of a Bellamont.
On comic themes, in grave disputes,
His sense the nicest palate suits;
And, more, he's with good nature blest,
Which gives to sense superior zest.

"His age, if you are nice to know—
Some two and forty years ago,
Euphrosyne upon his birth
Smiled gracious, and the God of Mirth
O'er bowls of nectar spoke his joy,
And promised vigour to the boy.

"With Horace, if in height compared,
He somewhat overtops the bard;
Like Virgil, too, I must confess,
He's rather negligent in dress;
Restless, besides, he loves to roam,
And when he seems most fixed at home,
Grows quickly tired, and breaks his tether,
And scours away in spite of weather;
Perhaps by sudden start to France,
Or else to Ireland takes a dance;
Or schemes for Italy pursues,
Or seeks in England other views;
And though still plump, and in good case,
He sails or rides from place to place,
So oft to various parts has been,
So much of towns and manners seen,
He yet with learning keeps alliance,
Far travelled in the books of science,
Knows more, I can't tell how than those,
Who pore whole years on verse and prose,
And, while through pond'rous works they toil,
Turn pallid by the midnight oil.

"He's judged, as artist, to inherit
No small degree of Hogarth's spirit;
Whether he draws from London air
The cit swift driving in his chair,
O'erturned by precious sirloins load,
And frighted madam in the road,
While to their darling vill they haste,
So fine in Asiatic taste;
Or bastard sworn to simple loon;
Or sects that dance to Satan's tune.

"Deep in antiquity he's read,
And though at college never bred,
As much of things appears to know
As erst knew Leland, Hearne, or Stowe;
Brings many a proof and shrewd conjecture
Concerning Gothic architecture;
Explains how by mechanic force
Was thrown of old, stone, man, or horse;*
Describes the kitchen, high and wide,
That lusty abbot's paunch supplied;

* See Preface to his Antiquities, p. 11.

POUSSIN

W. Finden sculpt.

Grose had scarcely finished his last task, when he proceeded to Ireland, with the design of publishing the "Antiquities" of that kingdom. Here, however, a sudden death cut short his career. He died, of apoplexy, at the table of a friend in Dublin, May 12, 1791, in the 52nd year of his age.

KENMURE CASTLE AND LOCH KEN.

In the south-western province of Scotland, there is no tract of scenery more famed for natural and acquired beauty than the vale of the Ken, a tributary of the Dee, flowing through the upper part of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and expanded during a great part of its course into a beautiful lake. The *Glenkens* is the popular name of this fine district, which is divided by a tract of hills on the north side from Nithsdale, and on the south by another and higher range from the coast district of Galloway. Kenmure Castle, the seat of viscount Kenmure, overlooks this beautiful domain.

In July 1793, the poet, accompanied by Mr Syme, visited Kenmure Castle, where he was hospitably entertained for three days by Mr Gordon, now viscount Kenmure. The descent of this gentleman from a noble who had shed his blood on the scaffold for the house of Stuart, and his being himself, like Burns, animated by liberal feelings on modern and contemporary politics, caused the visit to be of great interest to the bard. The fine situation of the house also had its charm. "Here," says Mr Syme in his memoranda of the excursion, "is a genuine baron's seat. The castle, an old building, stands on a large natural moat. In front the river Ken winds for several miles through the most fertile and beautiful *holm*, till it expands into a lake twelve miles long, the banks of which, on the south, present a fine and soft landscape of green knolls, natural wood, and here and there a gray rock. On the north, the aspect is grand, wild, and, I may say, tremendous. In short, I can scarcely conceive a scene more terribly romantic than the castle of Kenmure. Burns thinks so highly of it, that he meditates a description of it in poetry."

It is not unworthy of notice that a few miles from the castle, on the right bank of the Ken, is a spot which also bore great interest in the eyes of Burns—namely, the place where Lowe composed his beautiful song of "Mary's Dream."

Of ancient structures writes the fame,
And on their ruins builds his name.

"Oh late may, by the Fates' decree,
My friend's metempsychosis be,*

But when the time of change shall come,
And Atropos shall seal his doom,
Round some old castle let him play,
The brisk ephemeron of a day;
Then from the short-lived race escape,
And please again in human shape."

* He was partial to the doctrine of transmigration.

November, 1773.

The family of Kenmure are descended from an early cadet of the great house of Gordon. William Gordon, second son of Sir Adam Gordon of Gordon, a contemporary of king Robert Bruce, got the lands of Glenkens from his father, who had acquired them from a gentleman named Maxwell in 1297. Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, the tenth in descent from William, was created viscount of Kenmure by Charles I., in 1633. William, the sixth viscount, was the chief person engaged in the insurrection of 1715-16, in the south of Scotland; for which unfortunate adventure he was beheaded on Towerhill, in company with the lamented Derwentwater. "He was," says Smollett, "a virtuous nobleman, calm, sensible, resolute, and resigned." It is said by tradition that, however favourably affected to the house of Stuart, he would not have taken up arms, but for the urgency of his wife, who was a daughter of the deeply dyed Jacobite family of the Dalzells of Carnwath, and a woman of uncommon spirit. "After her husband's execution, she posted down to Scotland by herself, and reached Kenmure Castle in time to secure the principal papers. When the estate was put up to sale, she, with the assistance of some friends, was enabled to purchase it; and being an excellent manager, by the time her son came of age, she delivered it over to him free of debt, reserving only a small annuity to herself. She died at Terregles, August 16, 1776, having survived her husband sixty-one years."—*Wood's Peerage.* The present Lord Kenmure, to whom the peerage was restored in 1824, is grandson of this remarkable lady.

GATEHOUSE.

The subject of this plate—a thriving burgh of barony, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright—is, like Kenmure Castle, introduced in consequence of its connection with the excursion made by Burns with Mr Syme, through Galloway, in July 1793. To quote the words of the latter gentleman, as set forth by the Liverpool biographer:

"We left Kenmure, and went to Gatehouse. I took him the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall; it poured in floods upon us. For three hours did the wild elements *rumble their belly full* upon our defenceless heads. *Oh! oh! 'twas foul.* We got utterly wet; and, to revenge ourselves, Burns insisted at Gatehouse on our getting utterly drunk.

"From Gatehouse, we went next day to Kirkcudbright, through a fine country. But

W. Richardson

here I must tell you that Burns had got a pair of *jemmy* boots for the journey, which had been thoroughly wet, and which had been dried in such a manner that it was not possible to get them on again. The brawny poet tried force, and tore them to shreds. A whiffling vexation of this sort is more trying to the temper than a serious calamity. We were going to Saint Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, and the forlorn Burns was discomfited at the thought of his ruined boots. A sick stomach, and a head-ache, lent their aid, and the man of verse was quite *accablé*. I attempted to reason with him. Mercy on us, how he did fume and rage! Nothing could reinstate him in temper. * * Well, I am to bring you to Kirkcudbright along with our poet, without boots. I carried the torn ruins across my saddle in spite of his fulminations, and in contempt of appearances; and what is more, Lord Selkirk carried them in his coach to Dumfries. He insisted they were worth mending."

Mr Syme afterwards adds: "I told you that in the midst of the storm, on the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army, along with Bruce, at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops:" and the writer appends "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." So remarkable a circumstance as the composition of this fine ode in connection with Kenmure, Gatehouse, and Kirkcudbright, would be sufficient to give these places an interest in the eyes of mankind for ever; but a regard for truth compels us to state that reasons appear for doubting the correctness of Mr Syme's statement on this point.

Gatehouse is situated on the Fleet, near the confluence of the river with the Solway; and it will probably be acknowledged that, if but slightly connected with the history of Burns, it at least forms an agreeable picture. Its environs in reality afford us a most characteristic specimen of that romantic mixture of hill, wood, river, and creek, which gives the coast scenery of Kirkcudbright its fame, and of which we have so many delightful sketches from the pen of the great master of modern prose fiction. The solitary tower, seen presiding over the opening of Fleet Bay, is Cardoness Castle, from which Scott is believed to have depicted Ellangowan. Cally House, the seat of Mr Murray of Broughton, and one of the principal show-houses in the stewartry, is situated in its splendid park to the left. We have an expressive proof of the rapid progress of this district in wealth and population, in the fact that, seventy years ago, Gatehouse consisted of what its name literally imports, namely, a single cottage at the gate of Cally House: it now contains two thousand inhabitants.

SCENE ON THE DEVON,

AT THE RUMBLING BRIDGE.

A short excursion which Burns made in August, 1787, in company with Dr Adair (afterwards of Harrowgate), introduced him to the well-known series of natural curiosities which mark the course of the little river Dovan, or Devon (as it is more generally but incorrectly called), in Clackmannanshire. To quote the narrative of Dr Adair, in Currie's Life of Burns:

"From Stirling we went through the romantic and fertile vale of Devon to Harvieston, then inhabited by Mrs Hamilton, mother of Mr Gavin Hamilton, the poet's Mauchline patron, with the younger part of whose family Burns had been previously acquainted. He introduced me to the family, and there was formed my first acquaintance with Mrs Hamilton's eldest daughter, to whom I have been married for nine years. Thus was I indebted to Burns for a connection from which I have derived, and expect farther to derive, much happiness.

"During a residence of about ten days at Harvieston, we made excursions to visit various parts of the surrounding scenery, inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and romantic interest; particularly Castle Campbell, the ancient seat of the family of Argyle; the famous cataract of the Devon, called the Caldron Linn; and the Rumbling Bridge, a single broad arch, thrown by the devil, if tradition is to be trusted, across the river, at about the height of a hundred feet above its bed. I am surprised that none of these scenes should have called forth an exertion of Burns's muse. But I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque. I well remember, that the ladies at Harvieston, who accompanied us on this jaunt, expressed their disappointment at his not expressing, in more glowing and fervid language, his impressions of the Caldron Linn scene, certainly highly sublime and somewhat horrible."

Dr Currie's note on this passage is as follows: "The surprise expressed by Dr Adair, in his excellent letter, that the romantic scenery of the Devon should have failed to call forth any exertion of the poet's muse, is not in its nature singular; and the disappointment felt at his not expressing in more glowing language his emotions on the sight of the famous cataract of that river, is similar to what was felt by the friends of Burns on other occasions of the same nature. Yet the inference that Dr Adair seems inclined to draw from it, that he had little taste for the picturesque, might be questioned, even if it stood uncontroverted by other evidence. The muse of Burns was in a high degree capricious; she came uncalled, and often refused to attend at his bidding. Of all the numerous subjects suggested to him by his friends and correspondents, there is scarcely one that he adopted. The very expectation that a particular occasion would excite the energies of fancy, if communicated to Burns, seemed in him, as in other poets, destructive of the

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effect expected. Hence perhaps may be explained, why the banks of the Devon and of the Tweed form no part of the subjects of his song.

"A similar train of reasoning may perhaps explain the want of emotion with which he viewed the Caldron Linn. Certainly there are no affections of the mind more deadened by the influence of previous expectation, than those arising from the sight of natural objects, and more especially of objects of grandeur. Minute descriptions of scenes, of a sublime nature, should never be given to those who are about to view them, particularly if they are persons of great strength and sensibility of imagination. Language seldom or never conveys an adequate idea of such objects, but in the mind of a great poet it may excite a picture that far transcends them. The imagination of Burns might form a cataract, in comparison with which the Caldron Linn should seem the purling of a rill, and even the mighty falls of Niagara a humble cascade."

The accompanying plate represents a portion of the scenes which Burns beheld with so little apparent emotion: it is that at the Rumbling Bridge—where, however, a new arch, with parapets, has for some years superseded the narrow ledgeless footway which existed in the days of Burns. Although descriptions of the Glendovan scenery must be familiar to many readers, it seems necessary to present one in this place. We select the judicious and accurate account given by Dr Garnett in his Tour, 1800.

"At the distance of about six miles from Kinross we left the road, in order to see some waterfalls on the river Dovan. The first we visited was what is not improperly termed the Caldron Linn, about eight miles distant from Kinross.

"Here the Dovan, which we saw murmuring along its pebbly bed, suddenly enters a deep linn or gully, and there, finding itself confined, by its continual efforts against the sides, has worked out a cavity resembling a large caldron, in which the water has so much the appearance of boiling, that it is difficult to divest oneself of the idea that it is really in a state of violent ebullition. From this caldron, through a hole below the surface, the water slowly finds its way under the rock into another circular cavity, in which it is carried round and round, though with much less violent agitation. This second caldron is always covered with a foam or froth. From this boiler the water runs, in the same manner, by an opening in the rock beneath its surface, into another, which is larger than either of them, the diameter of it being twenty-two feet. The water in this cavity is not agitated as in the others, but is calm and placid. From this cavern the water rushes perpendicularly over the rock, into a deep and romantic glen, forming a fine cascade, particularly when viewed from the bottom of the glen, to which there is access by a zig-zag path.

"This cascade is forty-four feet in height, and the rocks which compose the linn are about twice as high, so that it appears as if the water had worn its way from the top to its present situation, which most probably has been the case. It falls in one unbroken sheet, without touching the rock, and the whiteness of the dashing water is finely opposed to the almost black colour of the rocks, which are formed of coarse grained basaltes. While we were contemplating this beautiful scene, the sun happened to shine upon it, and the spray,

which arises from it to a considerable height, by refracting the rays of light, exhibited the appearances of a luminous vapour, in which the different prismatic colours were easily discernible.

"A few years ago, the following curious circumstance happened here. A pack of hounds were eagerly pursuing a fox: the animal led them along the banks of the Dovan, till he came to the boiling caldron; there he crossed; but the dogs, in attempting to follow him, and not being probably so well acquainted with the path, fell one after another into the caldron, and were dashed to pieces against the sides. This fact contributed not a little to confirm the reputation of reynard for cunning and sagacity, in the minds of the spectators.

"Leaving the Caldron Linn, we walked about a mile, or rather more, up the banks of the Dovan, and came to another linn, or ravine, over which an arch is thrown. The rocks on each side approach so near, that an arch of twenty-two feet span is sufficient to form a communication between the different banks of the river, but the depth from the bridge to the water is no less than eighty-six feet; and the want of a parapet prevents even the steadiest head from looking down this frightful chasm without a degree of terror. The water both above and below the bridge rushing from rock to rock, and forming a number of little falls, produces a constant rumbling kind of noise, which is much increased when the water is swollen by rains: on this account the common people call it the Rumbling Bridge.

"When this bridge is viewed from the river below, it is a very sublime object. The sides of the chasm are formed by bold irregular rocks, consisting of a kind of pudding-stone, which are in many places finely covered with brushwood: above the bridge the water is seen running along; in some places concealed from the eye by the jutting rocks and foliage, and in others appearing again. In short, the whole forms a very romantic scene.

"About 200 yards above the Rumbling Bridge, we came to another fall, though but a small one, with a kind of caldron, in which the water has the appearance of boiling. In this cavity, the water is continually tossed round with great violence, constantly dashing against the sides of the rock; this produces a noise somewhat similar to that made by a mill, and on this account it is called by the common people the Devil's Mill, because it pays no regard to Sunday, but works every day alike."

MRS BRUCE OF CLACKMANNAN.

Most of the admirers of Burns will have fresh upon their minds an interview with which he is described, in Dr Currie's memoir, as having been honoured at Clackmannan in the course of a short tour, by a Jacobite lady of venerable age, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood in sport, with a sword which had belonged to King Robert Bruce. For the sake of those who may not remember this adventure distinctly, the account of it given by Dr Adair, the poet's fellow traveller, is here subjoined:

"A visit to Mrs Bruce of Clackmannan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, interested his feelings more powerfully [than the sight of the romantic scenery of Glendevon, which he had just been visiting]. This venerable dame, with characteristical dignity, informed me, on my observing that I believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce, that Robert Bruce was sprung from her family. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the hero's helmet and two-handed sword, with which she conferred on Burns and myself the honour of knighthood, remarking, that she had a better right to confer that title than *some people*. * * You will, of course, conclude, that the old lady's political tenets were as Jacobitical as the poet's, a conformity which contributed not a little to the cordiality of our reception and entertainment. She gave, as her first toast after dinner, *Awa' Uncos*, or, Away with the Strangers. Who these strangers were, you will readily understand. Mrs A. [Charlotte Hamilton] corrects me by saying it should be *Hooi*, or *Hooi Uncos*, a sound used by shepherds to direct their dogs to drive away the sheep."

It will not be, we trust, without interest that the reader beholds a genuine portrait of this fine old country gentlewoman, engraved from a painting executed in 1777, when she was eighty-one years of age, and which is now the property of Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq., of Edinburgh.

Catherine Bruce was the daughter of Alexander Bruce, Esq., of the family of Newton, and in early life became the wife of Henry Bruce, Esq., of Clackmannan, the acknowledged chief of the family in Scotland. It is a pity that her superb boast as to ancestry is not supported by historical antiquaries. By these scrupulous gentlemen, the descent of her father, husband, and other landed men of the name, cannot be traced farther back than to a Sir Robert Bruce, who lived in the age following that of the restorer of Scottish independence, and whom King David II., in a charter bestowing on him the lands of Clackmannan and others, styles as his *cousin*. Douglas, indeed, in his Baronage, states that this first Bruce of Clackmannan was descended of John Bruce, a younger son of Robert, usually styled the Competitor, and consequently uncle of King Robert; but this, being unsupported by any authority, has been dropped by Wood: nor, even though proved, would

it make out the king to have been less than the chief of a race, of which the house of Clackmannan were cadets. There is little reason, however, to doubt that from Sir Robert, first of Clackmannan, were descended the families of Airth, Kennet, Kinnaird (of whom came the Abyssinian traveller), Kinloss (of whom are the Earls of Elgin), Kinross, Carnock (of whom were the Earls of Kincardine), and many other honourable houses, productive of eminent historical men.

On the death of Henry Bruce of Clackmannan, July 8, 1772, without surviving issue, the main line of his family became extinct. His widow continued to reside in the massive old tower of the family, situated on a hill at the west end of the town of Clackmannan, where she kept the sword and helmet said to have been worn by king Robert at the battle of Bannockburn. The vigour of body and enthusiasm of mind, which she retained in old age, are strikingly indicated in the fine erect carriage of the accompanying figure, and by the *white rose* planted in her bosom. She survived to the 4th of November, 1791, when she had reached the age of ninety-five. The sword and helmet then passed, by her will, to the Earl of Elgin, whom she had regarded as the chief of the family since her husband's death, and who still preserves these curiosities with great care at his seat of Broomhall. The tower where the family flourished so long, and where Burns was entertained, has, since the death of Mrs Bruce, fallen into ruin.

FOYERS,

FROM ABOVE THE FALL.

The fall, or rather falls, of Foyers, in Inverness-shire, were visited, and poetically described by Burns, September 5, 1787, in the course of his Highland tour in company with Mr Nicol.

The river Foyers, after a short course along the table land of Stratherrick, anciently the country of the Frasers, approaches the precipitous hills bordering Loch Ness on the south-east, down which it is thrown in two distinct leaps, a quarter of a mile apart, thus forming the natural curiosities which have given its otherwise humble name so much celebrity, and caused it to be visited every summer by whole hosts of tourists of all imaginable kinds.

The upper fall is about seventy feet high, but twice broken in its descent. Immediately below it, a bridge, two hundred feet above the surface of the stream beneath, connects the opposing rocks on the two sides of the ravine through which the river has forced its way.

D. O. Hill R.S.A. W. Forrest.

FROM ABOVE THE FALL.

Published by Blackie & Son Glasgow

According to Dr Garnett, writing in 1800, "The bridge was built about twelve years ago, before which time the only passage over this torrent was a rude Alpine bridge, consisting of some sticks thrown over the rocks, and covered with turf. It was crossed by the peasantry on foot, but must certainly have turned giddy the steadiest head unaccustomed to such scenes. About three years before the present bridge was built, a neighbouring farmer, on his way home from Inverness, had called at the General's Hut, to shelter himself from the inclemency of the storm, and drive out the invading cold by reinforcing the garrison in the stomach. Here he met with some old acquaintance, with whom he conversed of former times, without observing the frequency of the circulating glass. The snow continued to fall in thick flakes, and they were sitting by a comfortable fire: at last, when the fumes of the whisky had taken possession of his brain, and raised his spirits to no ordinary pitch, he determined to go home. When he came to this place, having been accustomed to cross the rude bridge on foot, he habitually took this road, and forced his horse over it. Next morning, he had some faint recollection of the circumstance, though the seeming impossibility of the thing made him suspect that it was a dream; but as the ground was covered with snow, it was very easy to convince himself: he accordingly went, and when he perceived the tracks of his horse's feet over the bridge, he was so much terrified at the danger he had escaped, [we should rather say, received such a nervous shock,] that he fell ill, and died shortly afterwards."

The upper fall is viewed to best advantage from the channel of the river below the bridge. "From this position," say the Messrs Anderson, in their excellent Guide to the Highland Scenery, "the appearance of the headlong and tumultuous mass of waters is very imposing; while the high and perpendicular rocks between which the river pours its noisy and troubled flood, and the aërial single-arched bridge, add much to the picturesque effect. Below the fall, the channel of the river is deep and rocky, and shelves rapidly down towards the lake: the mountain sides are clothed with luxuriant woods of birch; and the river, interrupted in its course by numerous masses of rock, is lashed into foam, and hurries impetuously forward for a quarter of a mile." Amidst the recesses of the overhanging precipices, there is a cave of considerable size, where freebooters used to shelter themselves in troublous times, and which had a way of escape towards the water in case of the main entry being invaded or beset.

At the distance which has been stated from the upper fall, occurs the lower fall, which is thus described in the work last quoted: "It [the river] then encounters a second abrupt descent, and is dashed through a narrow gap, or opening, over a height of about ninety feet, [Garnett makes the height 212 feet,] into a deep and spacious linn, surrounded with lofty, precipitous rocks. From one side of this gulf, a high ledge of rock, projecting in front of the fall, obstructs all sight of it from any point along the margin of the river. As we approach this greater cataract, the ground is felt to tremble from the shock of the falling water; and the ear is stunned with its sullen and ceaseless roar. A winding footpath strikes off from the public road, at the commencement of a parapet wall, and

leads down to a green bank, on the point of the projecting barrier, directly opposite to and on a level with the middle of the fall. Here the eye can scan the terrors of the troubled gulf beneath, the whole extent of the fall, and of the stupendous overhanging rocks, waving with birch, and partially covered with a rank mossy vegetation, forced into life by the volumes of vapour which float around. The accompaniments of wood, and rock, and mountain slope, are always attractive; but when the river is swollen with rain, the scene assumes the features of sublimity, and the spectator regards it with mingled feelings of awe and admiration. The living spirit of the waters wakens, with thundering call, the echoes of the solitude: every other sound is drowned, and all nature seems attentive to the voice of the falling element; and the mighty caldron is filled with shifting masses of spray, frequently illumined with the bright and lambent tints of a rainbow."

Dr Edward D. Clarke, on visiting the lower fall of Foyers, declared it to be a finer cascade than Tivoli, and, of all he had seen, inferior only to Terni. Burns described it in the following lines, which he wrote with his pencil, on the spot:

" Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends,
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils—"

* * * * * *

CULLODEN MOOR.

" Culloden, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers or verdure fair:
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air;
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallowed footsteps bore:—
The deeds unholy Nature viewed,
Then fled and cursed thee evermore.

* * * *

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell;
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your memory swell!
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has rolled the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme!' *

* These are the first and last stanzas of an ode on Culloden, by the late amiable Mr John Grieve, of Edinburgh, the friend and long almost the sole support of the Ettrick Shepherd, in whose Jacobite Relics the poem appeared.

D. O. Hill R.S.A. T. Jeavons

CULROSS MOOR.

Printed by W. & D. Duncan, Glas.

Published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow

This celebrated field is situated about five miles to the east of Inverness, near the shore of the Moray Firth. It is an extensive piece of mossy and broken ground, bounded on the north side by the plantations connected with Culloden House, and on the south by the river Nairn, beyond which rises a range of lofty hills. One poor little farm-stead, and here and there a wretched cottage, with a public road between Nairn and Inverness, slightly mark the surface of this dreary waste; and if the visitor look a little more narrowly, he will see at a particular spot a few tumuli, green amidst the general brownness, where he is told repose many who fell in the fight which decided the fate of the house of Stuart.

This battle, as is well known, took place on the 16th April, 1746, between the royal troops, about eight thousand in number, under the Duke of Cumberland, and the Highland clans, amounting to five thousand, under Prince Charles Stuart. The latter were drawn up across the moor, facing the east, with the view of protecting Inverness from the royal troops, which advanced from Nairn. It has been the wonder of all who have seen Culloden Moor, including, we well recollect, Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, how the Prince should have proposed, with light troops, destitute of horse and artillery worthy of the name, to wait on such an open plain the advance of a more numerous and better disciplined army, supported by both horse and artillery in considerable strength. The battle began about two in the afternoon, and lasted forty minutes. The right wing of the Highland front line made a gallant assault, under Lord George Murray, on the left wing of the king's troops, who were broke by its impetuosity; but the British regiments kept their ranks well, and in a little time destroyed or repulsed these assailants. The left wing of the Highlanders did not advance. A movement by cavalry on the right flank of the Prince's army decided the day. The clans fled or deliberately marched off the field, the Prince retiring across the Nairn to Stratherrick. The chief slaughter took place on the spot where the Highlanders broke through Barrel's regiment, on the left of the royal forces; and the green mounds above mentioned appear to be the graves of those who fell in that encounter. A great number of the Highlanders, who retreated towards Inverness, were cut down on the way by the British cavalry, and afterwards buried by the road side. The Duke of Cumberland allowed the wounded of the insurgent party to lie unrelieved on the field for three days, and then sent parties to put them out of pain. Some were placed in ranks, and shot by platoon. It is also an undoubted fact that a barn in which a considerable number had taken refuge was set fire to, and every person in it burnt or otherwise dispatched. Humanity yet shudders as she pronounces the name of William Duke of Cumberland.

Burns, in the course of his Highland tour with Nicol, September, 1787, visited Culloden Moor, and soon after contributed the following song to Johnson's Scots Musical Museum:

"The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

GORDON CASTLE.

The mansion of which a distant view is here presented, well known to be the finest house north of the Frith of Forth, is situated in the parish of Bellie and county of Banff, on the right bank of the Spey, and at the distance of about five miles from the efflux of that river into the Moray Frith.

The house lies in a beautifully wooded park, generally of level ground, and comprising ten or twelve square miles. The grand entry is by an arched building close beside the village of Fochabers; from which a road winds about a mile through a green parterre, till it is lost in an oval in front of the castle. The front of the building, 568 feet in length, broken into strong light and shade by the recession of some of its parts, and gaining dignity from a lofty tower surmounting the centre, is of that grandeur which suits to almost princely rank and influence. From the house the view outwards is equally fine. To borrow the description of an American tourist—"Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and the small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed near the thickets, or a lady with a flowing dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a game-keeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds

of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being! I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture." *

The ground thus described as so beautiful was originally a morass, named *Bogra-gbdhu*, "the windy bog," for it enjoyed a very free circulation of air from the frith and the west. The site of the castle was selected as a defensible position for the erection of a feudal tower, by George second earl of Huntly, who died in 1501. This house was accessible by a narrow causeway through the morass, and by a draw-bridge across a moat. It was called the House of the Bog, or *breviter*—the Bog, the name constantly given to it by Spalding in his many references to it in connection with the troublous affairs of the civil war. Each of the noble line who lived in it, successively earls of Huntly, marquisses of Huntly, and dukes of Gordon, was also popularly distinguished by the familiar appellative of *The Gudeman o' the Bog*. Additions and alterations took place at different times, until, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, George fourth duke of Gordon erected the present magnificent mansion—retaining, however, the original fortalice of the fifteenth century, towering high and proud over all the rest. With the fifth duke of Gordon, May 28, 1836, expired the main line of this great historical family, and Gordon castle, with the connected territory, to the value of £30,000 per annum, then became the property of the duke of Richmond, son of the eldest sister of the deceased duke. The representation of the family and the title of marquis of Huntly devolved at the same time upon George earl of Aboyne, descended from a younger son of the second marquis, who was beheaded in 1649.

George fourth duke of Gordon—himself a clever writer of verses—and his beautiful and witty duchess, Jane Maxwell, were, it is well known, fond of the society of literary men. Beattie was their frequent guest at this noble mansion, and an intimate correspondent of the Duchess. Burns, during the first winter of his residence in Edinburgh, was introduced to her Grace, whose name appears in the list of the subscribers to his first metropolitan edition, for twenty-one copies. In the course of his Highland tour with Mr Nicol [September 1787], coming to Fochabers, and presuming, says Dr Currie, on his acquaintance with the duchess, he proceeded to Gordon Castle, leaving Mr Nicol at the inn in the village. At the castle our poet was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and the family being about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at table as a matter of course. This invitation he accepted, and after drinking a few glasses of wine, he rose up and proposed to withdraw. On being pressed to stay, he mentioned, for the first time, his engagement with his fellow-traveller; and his noble host offering to send a servant to conduct Mr Nicol to the castle, Burns insisted on undertaking that office himself. He was, however, accompanied by a gentleman, a particular acquaintance of the Duke, by whom the invitation was delivered in all the forms of politeness. The invitation came too late; the pride of Nicol was inflamed into a high degree of passion, by the neglect which he had already suffered. He had ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, being determined to proceed on his journey alone; and they found him pa-

* Willis's Pencillings by the Way, III. 188.

rading the streets of Fochabers, before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion, for the slowness with which he obeyed his commands. As no explanation nor entreaty could change the purpose of his fellow-traveller, our poet was reduced to the necessity of separating from him entirely, or of instantly proceeding with him on their journey. He chose the last of these alternatives; and seating himself beside Nicol in the post-chaise with mortification and regret, he turned his back on Gordon Castle where he had promised himself some happy days. Sensible, however, of the great kindness of the noble family, he made the best return in his power, by the poem beginning,

"Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands:
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves,
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks, by Castle Gordon.

"Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil;
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

"Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonnie Castle Gordon."

Burns's own note in his memorandum book takes no notice of the impassioned brutality of Nicol, but marks how agreeably his faculties had been affected by his reception from the duke and duchess: "Cross Spey to Fochabers—fine palace, worthy of the generous proprietor—dine. Company—duke and duchess, ladies Charlotte and Magdeline [afterwards, respectively, duchess of Richmond, and lady Sinclair of Murkle], colonel Abercromby and lady, Mr Gordon, and Mr ——, a clergyman, a venerable aged figure—the duke makes me happier than ever great man did—noble, princely, yet mild, condescending, and affable; gay and kind—the duchess witty and sensible—God bless them."

T. Creswick R.A. T. Jeavons

LOCHLOMOND.

The queen of the Scottish lakes, as must be generally known, is situated chiefly in the county of Dumbarton, a small portion only belonging to Stirlingshire, which forms the greater part of its eastern boundary. Placed at the southern extremity of the Grampian range, it is enclosed every where except towards the south by lofty hills, the chief of which, Benlomond, rises beside its east shore to the height of 3240 feet above the ordinary level of its waters. The lake is about twenty-six miles long, and from eight to ten in breadth towards the south; but the northern moiety, confined between opposing hills, is for the most part only one mile in breadth. The superficies comprehends upwards of 20,000 acres. Fed at the north extremity by a small river, flowing through Glenfalloch, it receives several mountain streams from the west, and on the east the well known Stirlingshire river Endrick. At the south point, its waters form the river Leven, so celebrated by means of the beautiful ode of Smollett, a native of its banks. This natural drain of the lake has a channel of only about six miles, during which it descends about twenty feet: it joins the Clyde beneath the walls of Dumbarton Castle. Lochlomond contains ten islands, of considerable size, and more than that number of lesser isles, the greater number of both kinds being situated in the southern and more spacious part of the expanse. The depth of the lake is very various. In the southern part, it seldom exceeds twenty fathoms: north of Luss, where narrow and bounded closely by steep mountains, it is much greater. About a mile north from Tarbet, it is eighty-six fathoms, and a mile still farther north, opposite to Alt-garv, it is a hundred: from that point to the northern extremity, it gradually diminishes in depth.*

In point of picturesque beauty, Lochlomond is probably surpassed by few lakes in Europe. From its lying partly within and partly without the Highland boundary, it comprehends almost every variety of landscape, from the softest to the most savage and magnificent. In the southern and broader part, the wooded shores and islands, in association with the smooth expanse of water, afford a prospect of the richest beauty; while more to the north, the lofty mountains, precipitous and in some places naked of soil and vegetation, convey impressions of the utmost grandeur. Its various charms have been the admiration of travellers since ever fine landscape began to be admired in Scotland; and for some years past a small steamer (on earth if not in heaven yclept Euphrosyne) has daily, during every summer, conveyed a load of tourists of all orders and all countries from the lower to the upper extremity. The road from Glasgow to Inverary, passing along the west shore as far as Tarbet, affords other means of inspecting the beauties of Lochlomond. The shores of the lower part of the lake give situations for some delightfully placed mansions, but not nearly so many as might be expected in so lovely a region.

* Statistical Account of Scotland, 1796, xvii. 241.

The first island that occurs in sailing from the southern extremity of the lake is one named *Inch Murrin*, about two miles long, and one broad, the property of the duke of Montrose. It is described in Garnett's Tour as supporting two hundred deer, under the care of a game-keeper, who resides on it. At the west end of the island are the ruins of an old castle, once the habitation of the earls of Lennox, near which stands a neat hunting lodge, built by the duke of Montrose in 1793.* On this island, John Colquhoun, laird of Luss, with several of his followers, were barbarously murdered by a party of Hebrideans, who, under conduct of Lauchlan Maclean and Murdoch Gibson, in 1439, carried fire and sword through this part of Scotland.† The next island north of Inch Murrin, is *Grange*, about half a mile in length, covered with oak wood, and affording but little pasture. *Inch Tor*, or *Tor-Inish*, is the next: this island is about the size of the former, and is, like it, covered with oaks. It derives its name from the circumstance of its consisting of small hills or eminences, covered with wood. To the east of Inch Tor is *Inch Cailleach*, the island of the old women, so named from a nunnery which once flourished upon it. This island and the eight next to be named are in the Stirlingshire parish of Buchanan, which once had the name of Inch Cailleach, from this island, where the parochial place of worship was situated. Sir Robert Lang, parson of Inchcalzeoch, appears as witness to a grant in 1444.‡ The remains of a chapel are still to be seen on Inch Cailleach, surrounded by a cemetery, where the Macgregors buried their dead, and which is still used by some of the people of Buchanan parish. The island is inhabited, and produces good wheat and oats. From the high grounds at Killearn, its outline presents a striking appearance, bearing a strong resemblance to that of a corpse stretched out in its sepulchral dress. *Clar Inch* (flat island), at the end of which are to be seen the ruins of a castle a few feet under water, and *Inch Aber*, so called from being near the influx of the Endrick, are small and unimportant islands to the south of Inch Cailleach. To the northward of the same island, we find *Inch Fad* (long island), which is also inhabited, and affords good grain and pasture. In the letter-press to Bleau's Atlas, 1653, this island is described as abounding in fruit. *Inch Cruin*, about three quarters of a mile in length, and on which there is, or was at no distant date, an asylum for insane persons; *Buck-inch* (goat island); *Ardach* (high island); *Ellenhaona*, and *Ellanan-dorachan*, are comparatively unimportant islands near Inch Fad.

Inch Lonaig, immediately to the north of Inch Cruin, and about a mile long, is remarkable for its yews, which, in the days of bows and arrows, used to be in great request for the manufacture of the first of those articles. This island is now used as a deer park by Colquhoun of Luss. *Inch Conagan*, to the south of Inch Lonaig, is about half a mile long, and covered with oak and fir. *Inch Moan*, next to the south, is larger, but consists of little besides a peat moss, from which the neighbouring people are supplied with their ordinary fuel. *Inch Tavanach* (the isle of the monk's house) opposite the house of Camstradden, and near the west shore, is a lofty and beautiful island, composed chiefly of granite:

* Garnett's Tour, I. 39. † Pennant's Tour, 1772, I. 153. ‡ Nimmo's Stirlingshire, second edition, 746.

it is frequented by the roe-buck. *Inch Galbraith*, a smaller island near by, is spoken of by Pennant as containing a ruined castle, the haunt of the osprey. It is worthy of remark that the narrow sound or channel between Inch Tavanach and Inch Conagan, the average depth of which does not exceed two fathoms and a half, and where there is no perceptible current, was never known to freeze even in the severest winters, although all the rest of the southern and shallow portion of the lake is usually frozen in hard winters, and sometimes to such a degree that cattle and waggons can pass from island to island.

In passing along the road just mentioned, the first mansion which occurs is that of Cameron, a seat of the Smollett family, and the place where the Bramble party are described in Humphry Clinker as residing for some time with Commissary Smollett. The house is situated near, perhaps too near, the margin of the lake, but nevertheless commands a fine view. Belretiro, a little farther on, is another seat of the same family. The hill to the left at this place is Dunfion, or the hill of Fingal, supposed to have been one of the hunting seats of that hero. A couple of miles farther on, the road crosses the rivulet Fruin, the vale of which was, in 1602, the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the Colquhouns and Macgregors, the latter being the aggressors. The parties fought with great obstinacy till night parted them. Many were killed on both sides, but the greater loss fell upon the Colquhouns, whose chief retired to his castle at Rossdoe on the banks of the lake, but was closely pursued by a party of Macgregors, who broke in, and, finding him in a vault, put him to death with many circumstances of cruelty. This bloody combat was the cause of the proscription of the Macgregors, which did not altogether cease for nearly two centuries.

Rossdoe (etymologically *Ross dhu*, the black promontory) is a tongue of land projecting into the lake, and to appearance almost insulated. It is beautifully wooded, and the ancient tower and modern mansion of the Colquhouns of Luss make a fine contrast with each other. A little farther on is Camstradden, the seat of a branch of the Colquhouns, and near this are the village, church, and inn of Luss, delightfully situated at the embouchure of a mountain streamlet, which has formed a small alluvial plain jutting out into the lake. From Luss the road still verges along the side of the lake, which now diminishes in breadth very rapidly, while the hills become higher and more imposing. Passing the water of Uglas, which discharges itself into the lake, and continuing the route along the banks of the lake for several miles, the highway suddenly ascends to the top of a lofty promontory projecting far into the liquid expanse, and denominated the *Point of Firkin*. Although the ascent is difficult, abrupt, and tedious, yet the view from the summit, to every admirer of nature, amply repays the labour attending it. From this eminence, the whole surface of the lake, diversified with its numerous islands, is displayed to the eye. The shores in some places appear abrupt and precipitous; in other situations, they are covered with copsewood, interspersed with fields of corn and the houses of the inhabitants.*

* Beauties of Scotland, III. 331.

At *Tarbet*, a few miles beyond Firkin, there is a good inn, affording a very agreeable resting-place for those who visit the Lochlomond scenery. The road here turns off to the westward by Arrochar and Glencro to Inverary; but the remainder of the lake can be surveyed from a boat. The east side of the lake is not skirted by a road; but two or three points are occasionally visited. *Inversnaid Mill* forms a landing-place for such tourists as desire to pass from Lochlomond to Loch Katrine; and *Rowardennan*, where there is a little inn, is the starting-point for the ascent of Benlomond. The rugged ground for several miles along the lake at this place forms the estate of Craigroyston, once the property of Rob Roy, whose *cave*, a hiding-place he is said to have resorted to in times of difficulty, is shown to admiring tourists.

It is supposed to have been about Tarbet that Robert Bruce on one remarkable occasion was ferried over Lochlomond. After the battle of Methven, which temporarily dashed his hopes of sovereignty, leaving his consort and other ladies at Kildrummy Castle in Aberdeenshire, the heroic king, with Sir James Douglas and a few other trusty followers, crossed the country for the purpose of spending the winter in Kintyre. On this journey he came to the east shore of Lochlomond, probably at Inversnaid: the further particulars may best be given in the words of Barbour, with, however, a modernised orthography:

"The King * * * *
To Lochlomond the way has ta'en,
And come there on the third day:
But there about nae bait * fand they,
That micht them ower the water beir;
Then were they wae on great mannier,
For it was fer about to gae,
And they were into doubt alsae
To meet their faes that were spread wide:
Therefore, endlang the loch side,
Sae busily they soucht and fast,
Till James of Douglas at the last
Fand a little sunken bait,
And to the land it drew full hait,
But it sae little was, that it
Micht ower the water but threesome flit.
They send thereof word to the king,
That was joyful of that finding,
And first into the bait is gane,
With him Douglas. The third was ane
That rowit them ower deliverly,
And set them on the land all dry,
And rowit sae oft, to and frae,
Fetchand ay ower twae and twae,
That in a nicht and in a day
Coming out ower the loch are they,
For some of them could swoom full weel,
And on his back bear a fardel.
Sae with swimming, and with rowing,
They broucht them ower and all their thing.

"The King, the whiles, merrily
Read to them that were him by,
Romance of worthy Ferimbrace.

* * * *

"The gude King, upon this manner,
Comfort them that were him ner,
And bade them gamyn and solace
Till that his folk all passit was," &c.

* Boat.

Some natural peculiarities of a remarkable kind attach to Lochlomond. It was anciently said to be noted for three wonders—waves without wind, fishes without fins, and a floating island. First, as to the waves without wind. Always, before foul weather, a *blue belt*, as it is called, consisting of a curved stripe of rippled water, is observed upon Lochlomond. We are not strictly aware whether this phenomenon is identical with the agitations well known to appear sometimes on the lake of Keswick during calm weather, and which the country people thereabouts speak of as the result of a *bottom wind*. It is attributed by modern science, we believe, to the unequal agitation of the atmosphere in the vicinity of lofty mountains, which, it is said, produces a corresponding inequality on the surface of the water, some parts being gently ruffled by the air, while others remain quiescent.* At the moment of the occurrence of the great earthquake felt in many parts of Europe on the 1st of November 1755, and by which the city of Lisbon was destroyed, the waters of Lochlomond were affected in a very remarkable way. To quote the contemporary account of the Scottish journals—"On the 1st of November last, Lochlomond, all of a sudden, and without the least gust of wind, rose against its banks with great rapidity, and, immediately retiring, in about five minutes subsided as low, in appearance, as ever it used to be in the greatest drought of summer. In about five minutes after, it returned again, as high and with as great rapidity as before. The agitation continued in the same manner from half-past nine till fifteen minutes after ten in the morning,† the waters taking five minutes to subside, and as many to rise again. From ten to eleven o'clock the agitation was not so great, and every rise was somewhat less than the immediately preceding one; but taking the same time, five minutes, to flow, and five to ebb, as before. The height the waters rose was measured immediately after, and found to be two feet six inches perpendicular. The same day, at the same hour, Loch Long and Loch Katrine were agitated much in the same manner; and we are informed from Inverness, that the agitation in Loch Ness was so violent as to threaten destruction to some houses built on the side of it."‡ We may add that Pibley Dam, or Pond, in the county of Derby, if not other waters in South Britain, was agitated in the same manner at the same instant; but the waters there rose eight feet above their usual level, at one end.§ By the flow of Lochlomond, a boat was found to have been carried forty yards upon the land from its station on the lake.

The fish without fins are conjectured by Dr Stuart, the minister of Luss, in his account of that parish, to have been vipers which occasionally swam from one island to another. Such a viper, he says, was once killed when attempting to get into a boat passing along the lake. It is more likely that eels were the fish in question, and that the saying, as far as this matter was concerned, was only a little piece of rustic wit, invented to puzzle the uninitiated, and, not improbably, suggested by the previous wonder of waves without wind.

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* Dibdin's Northern Tour. 857.

† The first shock at Lisbon is described as taking place a little after nine; which must have been the same time precisely as the above, allowing for about four degrees of difference in the longitude of the two places.

‡ Scots Magazine, 1755, 593. § Gentleman's Magazine, 1755.

In Bleau's Atlas, this view is countenanced: "Les poissons qu'ils disent n'avoir pas de nageoires, qu'ils appellent vulgairement Paones, sont un espece d' anguilles, c'est pourquoy it ne faut pas s'en estonner."

"With respect to the floating island," says Dr Garnett, "at present there are none possessed of this property. There is indeed a small island near the west coast of Inch Conaghan, which is called the Floating Island; it is now, however, fixed, but that it may have once floated is certainly credible. In that case Dr Stuart supposes, with great probability, that it must have been a massy fragment detached by the waves from the neighbouring isle of Inch Moan, and kept together by the matted roots of coarse grasses, willows, &c.* In Loch Dochart, a lake in Perthshire, is a floating island, about fifty-one feet in length, thirty in breadth, and from three to four in thickness: this island seems to have been formed by the intermixture of the roots and stems of aquatic plants. It is frequently driven before the wind, and may be pushed about with poles. Sometimes, when it rests near the shore, the cattle, tempted by the verdure of its grass, venture upon it, and are often, by the sudden shifting of the wind, transported to the opposite side of the lake."† Another kind of floating island has in former times been seen upon Lochlomond, and has confounded the eye of the traveller: this was a sort of raft, which the inhabitants used to make of a considerable size, fastening the trunks of several pines together, and covering them with sods of earth. These rafts were useful on many occasions, but are now unknown, boats being much more manageable and commodious. But in early ages the raft seems to have been the first species of lake navigation: on it, the inhabitants transported their cattle, hay, and other bulky commodities, from one part of the lake to another. But the principal use of the raft was in times of alarm. When an adverse clan was laying waste the country, some poor man, on the borders of the lake, would shift his family and movables on board a raft, and running under the lee of an island would attach himself to it. This raft at a distance would appear part of the island itself, and be perfectly concealed. In the mean time he would rear a low hut of boughs and heath against the oak to which he was moored; and would eat his oatmeal, the only provision he carried with him, mixed with the water of the lake, till a time of security gave him liberty to return.‡

We may here appropriately notice a further wonder, connected with Lomond, but of an artificial nature. We are indebted for an account of it to the Rev. Mr Macgregor Stirling's curious and ample notes to Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire. Mr Stirling quotes from a manuscript by Mr Graham of Duchray, dated 1725, and preserved among the Macfarlane papers in the Advocates' Library. "On the north side of Lochlomond, and about three miles west from the church [of Buchanan], upon a point of land which runs into the loch, called Cashel, are the ruins of an old building of a circular shape, and in circumference about sixty paces, built all of prodigious whinstone, without lime or cement.

* Stat. Acc. XVII. 243. † Garnett, (I. 45) following Pennant's Tour, 1772. Whether this curiosity still exists the present writer is ignorant. ‡ Gilpin's Observations on several parts of Great Britain, II. 28.

The walls are in some places about nine or ten feet high, yet standing; and it is surprising how such big stones could be reared up by the hands of men. This is called the Giant's Castle, and the founder thereof is said to be Keith Mac In Doill, who is reported to have been contemporary with the famous Finmacoill, and consequently to have lived in the 5th century of the Christian era. This Keith, notwithstanding the great number of natural isles in the loch, was, it seems, so curious as to found an artificial island, which is in the loch at a little distance from the point on which the old castle stands, founded on large square joists of oak, firmly mortised in one another; two of which, of prodigious size (in each of which there are three large mortises), were disjoined from the float in 1714, and made use of by a gentleman in that country, who was then building a house.' The point on which the castle stands is called at this day Rownapean, that is, *Giant's Point.*"

The natural woods growing on the shores of the loch and its islands are enumerated by Garnett as chiefly oak, ash, birch, holly, mountain ash, hazel, aspen, alder, yew, hawthorn, and willow. The lake abounds in delicious trout, and the southern part is much frequented by salmon, though this fish is in general not fond of lakes; but the salmon here come up the Leven, cross part of the lake, and find their way up the river Endrick, of which this fish is remarkably fond.

Circumstances have long been remarked, leading to the supposition that the surface of Lochlomond is now, in its ordinary height, considerably above its former level. Across the river Falloch, at its efflux into the lake, there are stones fixed at regular distances, once evidently intended for enabling passengers to step from one side to the other, but now covered with four or five feet of water. Camden, in his *Atlas Britannica*, describes an island as existing in his day, between Camstradden and Inch Tavanagh, and named the island of Camstradden: he speaks of a house and orchard being upon it. No such island is now seen above the water, but in Camstradden Bay, in the situation described, there is visible, several feet below the water, a heap of stones, which is supposed to be the remains of the house mentioned by Camden. About five miles farther south, at a distance from the shore, there is a heap of stones in the like circumstances, said to be the ruins of a church, in proof of which a field is pointed out on the adjacent shore, called *Ach-na-haglais*, or the *Church-field.* These proofs of the rise of the lake were adduced long before geology had become a science: this science at once receives the fact as an additional illustration of one of its doctrines, and reflects light upon the fact. In all lakes, there is a tendency to *shoal* at the outlet, and in the long run to be altogether filled up, in consequence of the constant deposition of detritus from the neighbouring heights by means of the accessory streams. Unquestionably, from this cause, the Leven, at the point where it leaves the lake, is somewhat higher than it would be three centuries ago. Mr Lyell gives particulars respecting the similar filling up of the lake of Geneva, Lake Erie, the lake of Mareotis, and others.* It would be worth while, for the sake of this part of a most interesting science, to make

* Lyell's Geology, 3rd edition, I. 264, 323, 329.

some particular observations on the levels connected with Lochlomond. It is not unworthy of notice that Pennant, in 1772, speaks of the descent of the Leven to the Clyde as nineteen feet, while Garnett, in 1800, makes the height of the lake above the level of the sea twenty-two feet.

Burns visited Lochlomond in the course of a short tour in the West Highlands, June, 1787. Dr Currie extracts, from a letter by the poet to his friend James Smith, a short harum-scarum account of a series of very harum-scarum proceedings which seem to have taken place on this occasion. "On our return," says the evidently still unsobered bard, "at a Highland gentleman's hospitable mansion, we fell in with a merry party, and danced till the ladies left us, at three in the morning. Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid formal movements; the ladies sung Scotch songs like angels, at intervals; then we flew at *Bab at the Bowster*, *Tullochgorum*, *Loch Erroch side*, &c. like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or craws prognosticating a storm in a hairst day.—When the dear lasses left us, we ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six,—except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Benlomond. We all kneeled; our worthy landlord's son held the bowl; each man a full glass in his hand; and I, as priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense, like Thomas-a-Rhymer's prophecies I suppose.—After a small refreshment of the gifts of Somnus, we proceeded to spend the day on Lochlomond, and reached Dumbarton in the evening. We dined at another good fellow's house, and consequently pushed the bottle; when we went out to mount our horses we found ourselves 'No vera fou but gaylie yet.' My two friends and I rode soberly down the Loch-side, till by came a Highlandman at the gallop, on a tolerably good horse, but which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather. We scorned to be out-galloped by a Highlandman, so off we started, whip and spur. My companions, though seemingly gayly mounted, fell sadly astern; but my old mare, Jenny Geddes, one of the Rosinante family, she strained past the Highlandman in spite of all his efforts, with the hair-halter: just as I was passing him, Donald wheeled his horse, as if to cross before me to mar my progress, when down came his horse, and threw his breekless rider in a clipt hedge; and down came Jenny Geddes over all, and my bardship between her and the Highlandman's horse. Jenny Geddes trode over me with such cautious reverence, that matters were not so bad as might well have been expected; so I came off with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future."

W and F Holl.

REV GEORGE LAWRIE D.D.

DRAWN BY W BONNAR R.S.A.

FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESION OF THE FAMILY

Published by Blackie and Son Glasgow.

GEORGE LAURIE, D.D.

This name, it will be recollected, occurs in the memoirs and correspondence of Burns, as that of a respectable parish clergyman of his vicinity, who early perceived his talents, and became the immediate means of introducing him to the notice of an ultra provincial world.

Dr George Laurie, minister of Loudoun in Ayrshire, was born in 1729. His father, the Rev. James Laurie, minister of Kirkmichael, was the son of the Rev. John Laurie, minister of Auchinleck, both in the same county, the last being in his turn the son of the minister of Newton Stewart in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. As the son of the subject of our memoir was also a clergyman, and his grandson at this moment is so, it appears that six generations of this family have exercised the clerical function,—a circumstance probably of very rare occurrence.

Dr George Laurie received the usual education of a preacher of the gospel, and was ordained minister of Loudoun in 1764. His descendants preserve an interesting anecdote with regard to this appointment. James Earl of Loudoun, who ranks among the "Scottish Worthies," was obliged, during the troublous times of episcopal persecution, to fly to the continent, along with many others of the presbyterian party, and, among the rest, the Rev. John Laurie, minister of Auchinleck, with whom his lordship had previously been on intimate terms, having often met him on the hills and moors of Ayrshire, where devout men assembled to worship God according to their conscience. When the Revolution brought relief, Mr Laurie returned to his parish, and was the first presbyterian minister in the county of Ayr who resumed preaching in his church. The friendship of Earl James and Mr Laurie of Auchinleck, being reported to John fourth Earl of Loudoun, caused the latter nobleman to give the parish church of Loudoun to the subject of this notice, who continued on intimate terms with his excellent patron till the earl's death, as also with his lordship's successor, James the fifth earl, and with the daughter of the last nobleman, the present Marchioness of Hastings and Countess of Loudoun.

For a long course of years, Dr Laurie devoted himself with untiring zeal to the duties of his charge. He was distinguished as an able and eloquent preacher, an active and influential member of the church courts, and as an affectionate pastor, unceasing in his endeavours to promote the temporal and spiritual interests of his numerous flock. It will surprise no one who regards the fine face and head presented in the engraving, that he was a man of vigorous and well-informed mind—strong in judgment, prompt in thought, fluent in expression—that his conversation was marked not only by extensive knowledge and sound sense, but by keen and racy humour—that he possessed in an eminent degree the power of discriminating human character—and, moreover, was beloved for his many virtues, his great mildness and equanimity of temper, and his high sense of honour. He had a fine taste in polite literature, and had studied in a particular manner the early poetry

and music of the Celtic tribes residing in Scotland and Ireland. He was an intimate friend of Principal Robertson, Dr Hugh Blair, Dr James Macknight, Dr Blacklock, and several other eminent members of the republic of letters in his own day,—in itself no equivocal criterion of his talents and acquirements, as well as of his principles and tastes.

Dr Laurie married Mary, daughter of the learned Dr Archibald Campbell, Professor of Church History in the New College of St Andrews. A numerous offspring blessed the union, and the manse at St Margaret's Hill was the home of one of the happiest of families. Burns, chancing to become acquainted with Dr Laurie, here first saw and tasted the more refined intellectual and elegant enjoyments of social life, and here some of the finer susceptibilities of his extraordinary mind were first awakened and indulged. Gilbert Burns says—"The first time Robert heard the spinnet played was at the house of Dr Laurie, minister of Loudoun. . . Dr Laurie has several accomplished daughters; one of them played the spinnet; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests, mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept." These stanzas, we need scarcely say, were the following, usually printed in his works:

"O Thou dread Power who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

"The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

"She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

"Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

"The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!

"When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!"

A correspondent says, "I have repeatedly heard Dr Archibald Laurie, the late lamented minister of Loudoun, [son of Dr George Laurie,] speak of Burns, his appearance, his manners, his conversation, and his welcome visits at St Margaret's*. Dr A. L. remem-

* This gentleman married the only sister of Burns's friend, Dr James Mackittrick Adair, the husband of Charlotte Hamilton, who was the theme of some of the poet's most tender effusions.

bered the morning following the evening described by Gilbert Burns. The family were waiting breakfast: Burns had not come down. Young Mr Laurie was sent up stairs to see what detained him. He met him coming down. "Well, Mr Burns, how did you sleep last night?" "Sleep, my young friend! I have scarcely slept at all—I have been praying all night. If you go up to the room, you will find my prayers on the table." Mr Laurie did so, and found the "Verses left at the house of a Reverend Friend," the original of which is now regarded as an heir-loom in the family, and is at present carefully kept by Dr Archibald Laurie's eldest daughter.

The following letter from Burns to Dr Archibald Laurie, now printed for the first time, serves further to show the intimate terms on which the acquaintance of the parties at this time stood:—

"Dear Sir,

"I have along with this sent the two volumes of Ossian, with the remaining volume of the Songs.—Ossian, I am not in such a hurry about; but I wish the Songs with the volume of the Scotch Poets returned as soon as they can conveniently be dispatched. If they are left at Mr Wilson, the Bookseller's shop, Kilmarnock, they will easily reach me.

"My most respectful compliments to Mr and Mrs Laurie; and a Poet's warmest wishes for their happiness to the young ladies; particularly the fair musician, whom I think much better qualified than ever David was, or could be, to charm an evil spirit out of a Saul.

"Indeed, it needs not the feelings of a poet to be interested in the welfare of one of the sweetest scenes of domestic peace and kindred love that ever I saw; as I think the peaceful unity of St Margaret's Hill can only be excelled by the harmonious concord of the Apocalyptic Zion.

"I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"Robt. Burns."

Mossgiel, 13th Nov. 1786.

Dr Laurie, although no one will suppose that so excellent a man could look lightly on the wayward character and positive errors of Burns, regarded him with the esteem due to his talents and many good and generous properties, and felt deeply for him when the consequences of his imprudence were about to banish him from his native land. The worthy man, in his anxiety to serve the poet, had sent a copy of his Kilmarnock volume to Dr Blacklock, with a brief account of the author, strongly recommending him to the favour and approbation of the blind bard. Weeks passed on, and Burns had made all preparations for proceeding to Greenock, there to embark for the West Indies. Amongst other preliminary steps, he had paid a farewell visit to St Margaret's Hill. His return from that mansion has been particularly described. "In his way home," says Dr Walker, "he had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized

with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass, which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem—

"The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain:
The hunter now has left the moor,
And scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

"The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn,
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

"'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

"Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*."

At such a moment it was that an answer from Dr Blacklock to Dr Laurie's letter—dated September 4th, 1786*—came to arrest the poet on his miserable career, and preserve him for yet a few years longer to his country, though not ultimately to give him the station in life or the comfort which ought to have been awarded him.

After Burns had proceeded to Edinburgh, where it happened that Miss Laurie was at this time, it appears that the excellent pastor of Loudoun had thought proper to send him a letter of kind counsel. We may judge of its tenor by Burns's answer, which has been published by Dr Currie, but is worthy of being transferred to this memoir:

"To the Rev. G. Laurie, Newmills, near Kilmarnock.

"*Edinburgh, Feb. 5th*, 1787.

"Reverend and Dear Sir,—When I look at the date of your kind letter, my heart

* The original of this letter is in the possession of the Rev. Mr Balfour Graham, minister of North Berwick, who is connected by marriage with Dr Laurie's family. The conclusion, omitted by Dr Currie, is in these simple and affectionate terms: "with Mrs Blacklock's best compliments and mine to yourself, your spouse, and family, I remain, Sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant, Thomas Blacklock."

reproaches me severely with ingratitude in neglecting so long to answer it. I will not trouble you with any account, by way of apology, of my hurried life and distracted attention: do me the justice to believe that my delay by no means proceeded from want of respect. I feel, and ever shall feel, for you the mingled sentiments of esteem for a friend, and reverence for a father.

"I thank you, Sir, with all my soul, for your friendly hints; though I do not need them so much as my friends are apt to imagine. You are dazzled with newspaper accounts and distant reports; but in reality, I have no great temptation to be intoxicated with the cup of prosperity. Novelty may attract the attention of mankind a while; to it I owe my present eclat; but I see the time not far distant, when the popular tide, which has borne me to a height of which I am perhaps unworthy, shall recede with silent celerity, and leave me a barren waste of sand, to descend at my leisure to my former station. I do not say this in the affectation of modesty; I see the consequence is unavoidable, and am prepared for it. I had been at a good deal of pains to form a just, impartial estimate of my intellectual powers, before I came here; I have not added, since I came to Edinburgh, any thing to the account; and I trust I shall take every atom of it back to my shades, the coverts of my unnoticed, early years.

"In Dr Blacklock, whom I see very often, I have found, what I would have expected in our friend, a clear head and an excellent heart.

"By far the most agreeable hours I spend in Edinburgh must be placed to the account of Miss Laurie and her piano-forte. I cannot help repeating to you and to Mrs Laurie a compliment that Mr Mackenzie, the celebrated 'Man of Feeling,' paid to Miss Laurie, the other night, at the concert. I had come in at the interlude, and sat down by him, till I saw Miss Laurie in a seat not very far distant, and went up to pay my respects to her. On my return to Mr Mackenzie, he asked me who she was; I told him 'twas the daughter of a reverend friend of mine in the west country. He returned, there was something very striking, to his idea, in her appearance. On my desiring to know what it was, he was pleased to say, 'She has a great deal of the elegance of a well-bred lady about her, with all the sweet simplicity of a country-girl.'*

"My compliments to all the happy inmates of Saint Margaret's.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours most gratefully,

"R. B."

We are not aware of any future intercourse or correspondence between Burns and Dr Laurie, who, some years after this period, feeling the infirmities of age advancing upon him, demitted his charge to his son, as his assistant and successor, and retired to a beautifully situated cottage near Glasgow, where, in the bosom of his family, he passed the closing years of his life, in the quiet and meditation which befit old age. Here he died,

* The young lady here referred to was Christina, eldest daughter of Dr Laurie. She became the wife of Mr Alexander Wilson, son of the Professor of Astronomy in the university of Glasgow.

in October 1799, beloved and respected by all who knew him. His remains were interred in the church-yard of New-Mills, in the parish of Loudoun, where a handsome monumental stone marks his grave and records his excellencies. His wife survived him fifteen years, and died at the ripe age of 88.

An incident which occurred one day at table at St Margaret's Hill, when Burns was present, still remains vividly impressed on the memory of Miss Laurie, now the only surviving daughter of the subject of this memoir. Reference chanced to be made to the alleged error of a lady of family in Ayrshire, whose mournful and cruel betrayal had excited a great sensation throughout the country. It was the same lady, we believe, to whom Burns refers in his "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Strange to say, and contrary to the ordinary current of his feelings, he on this occasion took an unfavourable view of the lady's conduct. Mrs Laurie, having a great repugnance to censoriousness and detraction in all their abominable shapes, was displeased by the remarks of the poet, and in her usual firm and frank way rebuked him for them. It must have been done in a way, which, though friendly and courteous, yet made Burns feel deeply. He had promised a volume of old poems, which Mrs Laurie and the family were desirous to see; and when the book came, the following lines were found enclosed in it:

"Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find.

"Propriety's cold cautious rules
Warm fervour may o'erlook;
But spare poor sensibility
The ungentle harsh rebuke."

The late Miss Louisa Laurie, youngest daughter of the venerable pastor of Loudoun, had often, like her elder sister, charmed Burns by her performances on the piano-forte. His praises of these performances were poured forth in his usual ardent manner, and he would tell her that she knew "the magic way to a poet's heart." She also had the interesting remembrance that, in his dancing, he "kept time exquisitely." From Miss Louisa, a living member of the family obtained a scrap of verse in the poet's hand writing, apparently the mere scroll of something that never became any thing better than a fragment. "There can be little doubt," says this individual, "that the stanzas, such as they are, refer to the domestic circle and enjoyments of St Margaret's Hill. The locality corresponds perfectly—the old castle of Newmill's, visible from the manse windows in those days, before the trees were grown up—the hills opposite, to the south—and the actual scene of enjoyment, standing on the very banks of the Irvine. Some little poetic license must be allowed to the poet, with respect to his lengthening the domestic dance so far on in the night:"

TUNE—*Irvine's Bairns are bonnie a.'*

"The night was still and o'er the hill,
The moon shone on the castle wa';

The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang*
Around her on the castle wa'.

"Sae merrily they danced the ring,
Fra eenin till the cocks did craw;
And aye the ower-word o' the spring
Was Irvine's bairns are bonnie a'."

Burns and Blacklock were not the only Scottish poets whom Dr Laurie ranked in his list of acquaintance. In his early days, he had met with James Macpherson, and exerted himself usefully in getting the now far-famed poems of Ossian brought into public notice. We are fortunately able to give the particulars of this acquaintance, from a curious document by Dr Laurie himself. It appears that, many years after the two gentlemen had last seen each other, when Macpherson had risen to distinction and influence, and was a member of the House of Commons, Dr Laurie wrote to him on the strength of old friendship, requesting his best offices with reference to some troubles in which his brother had been involved in his capacity of governor of the Mosquito shore. The answer, of which the original is now before us, is as follows: "Sir—I received your letter, and have sent the enclosed to your brother. I do not at present recollect having the honour of your acquaintance; I should therefore be glad to hear from you, at your leisure, any circumstance to assist my memory on that head. Your brother's cause is so good, that it stands in no need of any feeble aid I could give it. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble servant, J. Macpherson. March 4th, 1788." Dr Laurie's reply was as follows:

"Memorial to James Macpherson, Esq.

"13*th March*, 1788.

"The first time ever Mr George Laurie saw or conversed with James Macpherson, Esq. was at Moffat, when he was there with his pupil Mr Graham.† Mr Laurie was then favoured with three or four translations of ancient Irish poetry, which, upon his arrival in Edinburgh, he showed to Dr Blair, who was just installed professor of rhetoric. He desired to see Mr Macpherson, and this was complied with; and he took Mr Macpherson's promise to send as many fragments as would be contained in a shilling pamphlet—about a dozen in number. Mr Macpherson, upon his return to the north, repented his promise, and wrote several lines to Mr Laurie, begging to be released from it—to use his interest with Dr Blair. Mr Laurie was too great an admirer of these works to undertake such a task, but rather pressed Mr Macpherson to adhere, which he did. And Mr Macpherson concludes his last letter with an imprecation that their blood might be on Mr Laurie's head. Mr Macpherson was soon engaged in a large circle of acquaintances. However, he sometimes spent an hour with Mr Laurie. The above is concisely the history of the correspondence with Mr Macpherson. Mr Laurie would rejoice at any opportunity of serving his friends or bringing to light works of genius and men of genius.——Memoriæ Sacrum Jacobi M. &c. &c."

* *Hang* is the Scottish preterite of the verb.

† The present Lord Lynedoch.—Ed.

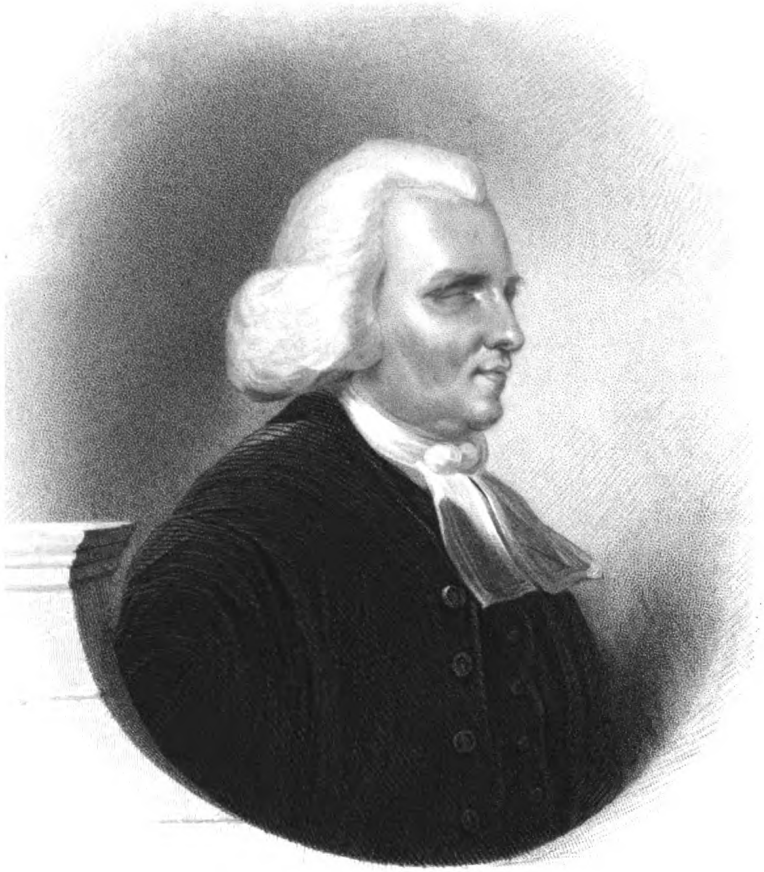
It thus appears that the subject of this notice chanced to perform exactly the same service for Ossian (or Macpherson) which he afterwards performed for Burns—a rather odd coincidence of events in one life.

One other simple anecdote of St Margaret's Hill remains, and, where so many have already been given, it would be a pity to omit it. Dr Laurie had a very worthy man in his family, John Brooks by name, who served as coachman, ploughman, every thing—in short, *the minister's man.* One day, when Burns was at dinner at St Margaret's, John failed to make his appearance, to render the usual services at table. Some interim excuse was given for John; but further inquiry was afterwards made. John's apology was strongly expressive of the terrific local reputation of Burns's satiric power. "Deed, Sir," said John, "I was jist fleyed to come in, for fear Burns should mak' a poem o' me!"

DR BLACKLOCK.

The various parties connected with the present publication deem themselves fortunate in having been enabled to include in it a portrait of Dr Blacklock, as, while there is not one of the friends of Burns more entitled to such commemoration, it so chanced that no engraving of the venerable blind poet's features had ever been published, nor at first did the publishers of the "Land of Burns" know that any painting of them was in existence.

It was chiefly owing to this amiable and talented individual, as already stated in our memoir of Dr Laurie, that the Ayrshire poet was prevented, after the first publication of his poems, from proceeding to the West Indies, where, in all probability, his melancholy history would have found a still more premature close than it afterwards did experience. Dr Laurie, from his residence at Loudoun, had transmitted to Blacklock, in Edinburgh, a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems, with some account of their author. The blind poet made himself acquainted with the contents of the volume—was astonished at the proofs of genius it exhibited—read and again read, always with increased admiration—and then transmitted to Dr Laurie a letter holding out such prospects of encouragement for the author in Edinburgh, that Burns immediately posted thither. "Blacklock received him," says Dr Currie, "with all the ardour of affectionate admiration; he eagerly introduced him to the respectable circle of his friends; he consulted his interest; he emblazoned his fame; he lavished upon him all the kindness of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing selfish or envious ever found admittance." The subject of our present memoir might thus be considered as also the more immediate means of obtaining for Burns that extraordinary amount of public patronage which befell the second edition of his poems, and which not only rescued his mother and other friends from pressing poverty, but enabled him to commence farming on his own account.



If the natural benevolence of Blacklock had required any prompting to such exertions, it would have found it in the recollection of his own history; for never had any man been more indebted to friendship for the means of advancing into life than he had been. Born of poor parents in the town of Annan, in 1721, he lost his sight by small pox before he was six months old. Nature had given him poetical and musical genius, with all the appropriate sensibilities; and it was therefore with more than common suffering that he came through the hardships inseparable from his lot, and those additional, and perhaps still more poignant miseries which were inflicted on him by the coarse drollery and coarser malignity of the vulgar natures by which he was surrounded. His father, though only a Cumberland bricklayer, had the ability and the tenderness to help the poor blind boy in his education; and by these means chiefly, Blacklock was made acquainted with the works of various poets, and had himself become a writer of verses, before he was twelve years old. At nineteen he lost his father, who was crushed to death, in the course of his professional avocations, by the fall of a malt-kiln. Hitherto he had been a totally dependent being, though most anxious to apply to any duty which might promise him bread, and for which his limited faculties might be suited. He was now threatened with something like absolute destitution, and seems to have seriously contemplated, as Burns afterwards perhaps less sincerely did, his falling into the condition of a helpless mendicant, exposed to hardships which his delicate frame was ill fitted to bear. It was suggested that his musical abilities might gain him bread; but he shrunk with horror from the idea of "prostituting his talents to the forwarding of loose mirth and riot." At this juncture, his peculiar case as a blind youth of superior intellect threatened with destitution, became known to Dr John Stevenson, a physician in Edinburgh, during the course of a professional visit paid by that gentleman to Dumfries. This worthy man immediately removed him to the capital, put him to a classical school, and then to college, and in short supported him through the whole course of study necessary to fit him for the clerical profession. It was probably through the same kind patronage that Blacklock was enabled to publish a volume of his poems at Glasgow in the year 1746. Stevenson was a Whig, so zealous as such that, when Edinburgh was threatened by the Highland army in September 1745, he sat for several days as a guard at the Netherbow Port, though so ill with gout as to require to be wrapped up in flannels. Blacklock also secured friendship in an opposite quarter, namely, in David Hume, who is said to have given him his salary as librarian to the faculty of advocates, having accepted that office chiefly for the sake of admission to the use of the books. Meanwhile the blind student experienced a more general patronage, by the publication of two new editions of his poems, one of which appeared in Edinburgh in 1754, and the other in London two years later, the latter containing an account of his life by Dr Spence, professor of poetry at Oxford. The condition of the author attracted great attention to these volumes. It was thought wonderful that one who never saw external creation should be able to speak of it in verse, or that he should even have any knowledge of the moral world. Unquestionably, this is a less flagrant wonder than the public of that day was prepared to

suppose; but the poetry itself was of a nature to entitle it, on its own intrinsic merits, to take a fair rank among the productions of contemporary and more favoured bards. It was composed with remarkable fluency: Blacklock was almost able to improvise in verse. It was a kind of sight for curious people to be admitted to, to see him standing up, and rocking to and fro, with sybilline contortions, dictate poetry to an amanuensis whose fingers were scarcely able to keep pace with him. From this, and from the fact of his acquiring, in the course of life, nearly every learned tongue ancient and modern, it may be inferred that the highest intellectual faculty enjoyed by Blacklock was that of language or expression, while from other circumstances it would appear that his other powers were only of a moderate order.

Blacklock obtained a license as a preacher of the gospel from the presbytery of Dumfries in 1759, and soon after the Earl of Selkirk obtained for him from the crown a presentation to the parish of Kirkcudbright. He now conceived he might with prudence gratify a long-cherished affection by marrying; but he soon found that this step was premature. The people of the parish to which he was presented, resisted his introduction to his charge, and that with such pertinacity that he was glad, after some years of litigation, to retire upon a moderate annuity out of the stipend. He then returned to Edinburgh, and set up a small establishment for the reception of boys attending school, whose parents lived at a distance. In this business he obtained a fair share of success, which enabled him to spend the remainder of his life in comfort. His home was henceforth a favourite resort of the friends of letters in Edinburgh, by all of whom he was beloved to an extraordinary degree. Mr Henry Mackenzie presents a delightful picture of his family circle.* No teacher, says he, "was perhaps ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Dr Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure for him the love and regard of the young people committed to his charge; while the society, which esteem and respect for his character and his genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. The writer of this account has frequently been a witness of the family scene at Dr Blacklock's; has seen the good man amidst the circle of his young friends, eager to do him all the little offices of kindness which he seemed so much to merit and to feel. In this society, he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which, at other times, it might produce. He entered with the cheerful playfulness of a young man into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humorous jest, that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, the gaiety of others.

* In a memoir of Blacklock published by him.

Several of those inmates of Dr Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at that early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, or distance of place, had ever estranged him."

This amiable man died at his house in Edinburgh July 7, 1791, and was buried in the cemetery of the St Cuthbert's Chapel of ease, where his widow erected a modest stone to his memory.

JEDBURGH.

This fine old woodland burgh is situated on Jed water, a tributary of the Teviot, at the distance of ten miles from Kelso and fifty from Edinburgh. While possessing some distinction as the head town of Roxburghshire, and a seat of the circuit court of justiciary, it cannot be considered as a manufacturing town; and the population scarcely reaches 4000. The abbey, of which the ruins still tower above all the existing domestic buildings, was founded early in the twelfth century; and even at that early time the town was of some note. In the time of Henry VIII. there were here a castle, six towers or bastile houses, and, if we can believe a dispatch of Lord Surrey's, twice as many houses as in Berwick-upon-Tweed. The importance of the town is supposed to have declined in consequence of the union.

The town occupies the slope of a hill, along which the principal street ranges, terminating in an eminence formerly the site of the castle of Jedburgh, but now that of the county jail. The ruined abbey is in the centre of the town. The only part of this structure of which any remains exist, is the church, which has been in the form of a cross, 230 feet in length. The nave, north transept, and central tower, are still tolerably entire, and form, in the opinion of the late Mr Archibald Elliot, architect, the most perfect and beautiful specimen of the Saxon and early Gothic in Scotland. The lower arches are all in the former style, while the upper, apparently of considerably later construction, are Gothic: a Norman door in the west end is much admired for its curious mouldings, and a St Catherine's wheel at the top of the same gable is a conspicuous feature. On the south side of the choir is a small chapel, once used as the parish school; it possesses some interest in the eyes of strangers, as the place where the poet of the Seasons obtained his elementary education. The environs of Jedburgh are extremely beautiful—sylvan and primitive. The Jed rushes down from its native moors under steep *scaurs* and hanging woods, the remains of the ancient forest of Jedburgh, from which the English borders were erst kept in trouble. Here a nodding tower, there an old corn-mill; here a beautiful glade, there a green brae; scarcely any town in the south of Scotland can be said to be more delightfully circumstanced.

Near Ferniehirst Castle, the decaying seat of the old Kerrs of Ferniehirst, so renowned in border story, there is a tree named the King of the Wood, and well so named, seeing that it is a hundred feet high, and fourteen feet in girth at three feet from the ground. On a haugh near by, there is another capital specimen of the old forest, named the *Capon Tree*, measuring twenty-one feet in girth, and bourgeoning out into a surprising complexity of ramification.

Burns visited Jedburgh, with his friend Mr Ainslie, May 10, 1787, in the course of his tour of the borders. In his memorandum book, he gives a curious gossiping account of the two days he spent in the town and its neighbourhood, during which he seems to have contrived to fall furiously in love with a Miss Lindsay—insomuch that he did not finally depart without some twistings of the heart-strings. He was introduced to Mr Somerville, the parish clergyman, author of two laborious works on British history, and who survived to be the oldest minister of the Church of Scotland in his day, dying in 1830, at the age of ninety, and when he had officiated as minister of Jedburgh for fifty-seven years. Dr Currie, in the extracts which he gave from the memorandum-book in his memoir of the poet, incautiously introduced Burns's reference to this respectable person—"a man and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning"—the effect of which was, that from that time Dr Somerville never uttered another pun. The magistrates gave Burns the freedom of their burgh, with its usual accompaniment of a treat at the inn. It is remembered in the town that, while this treat was in the course of being discussed, the poet, ever jealous of his independence, left the room, and endeavoured—need we add, in vain?—to prevail on the landlord to accept of payment of the bill. In his memorandum-book, he remarks the "charming romantic situation of Jedburgh, with gardens, orchards, &c. intermingled among the houses—fine old ruins—a once magnificent cathedral and strong castle. All the towns here," he adds, "have the appearance of old rude grandeur, but the people extremely idle—Jed a fine romantic little river." Some days after, at Selkirk, he recals the memory of these fine scenes in his mock lament for the absence of Willie Creech:

"Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!"

THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

JAMES, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, born in 1749, succeeded his father in that old, but now extinct Scottish title, in 1775. Of his private life little is remembered besides his benevolent exertions in behalf of Burns. As a Scotch representative peer, which honour he attained at the general election of 1780, he supported Mr Fox's celebrated India bill: from this circumstance we may readily judge of the side which he took in politics.

The foundation of Burns's acquaintance with Lord Glencairn was laid soon after the first publication of the Poems, by Mr Alexander Dalziel, factor on his lordship's estate of Finlayston in Ayrshire. "This gentleman," says Mr Cromek, "with a view to encourage a second edition of the poems, laid the volume before his lordship, with such an account of the rustic bard's situation and prospects as from his slender acquaintance with him he could furnish. The result, as communicated by Burns to Mr Dalziel, is highly creditable to the character of Lord Glencairn. After reading the book, his lordship declared that its merits greatly exceeded his expectation, and he took it with him as a *literary curiosity* to Edinburgh. He repeated his wishes to be of service to Burns, and desired Mr Dalziel to inform him, that in patronising the book, ushering it into the world, or treating with the booksellers, he would most willingly give every aid in his power; adding his request that Burns would take the earliest opportunity of letting him know in what way or manner he could best further his interests. He also expressed a wish to see some of the unpublished manuscripts, with a view to establishing his character with the world." It appears that Burns, very soon after arriving in Edinburgh, November 1786, was taken notice of by the Earl, his mother the Countess, and his sister, Lady Betty Cunningham. In a letter of December 13th, he speaks of these persons as among his principal avowed patrons of the *noblesse*, and of the Earl in particular as a man whose worth and brotherly-kindness he should remember when time should be no more. It was by the Earl's interest that the Caledonian Hunt engaged to take each a copy of his second edition, for which they were to pay a guinea, or four times the ordinary price. Lord Glencairn was also the means of opening the negotiation for that publication with Mr Creech, the bookseller, who had been, at an early period of life, his lordship's travelling preceptor.

The grateful feelings of Burns were powerfully affected by these acts. When his lordship's premature death took place, January 1791, the poet travelled from Ellisland to Ayrshire to be present at his last obsequies, and for some time he wore mourning for the deceased nobleman, as he would have done for a relation. His beautiful *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn* is well known.

MRS THOMSON,

OF DUMFRIES.

Near the close of Burns's life, a young lady, named Miss Jessy Lewars, was on terms of intimacy at his house in Dumfries, being much beloved both by the poet and his wife. This young lady was of agreeable person and manners, and much genuine kindness of nature. She tripped out of and in to the bard's humble home with the little ceremony customary in those days where there was much mutual regard, and was always ready to assist and sympathise with Mrs Burns, under the pressure of domestic duties, requiring to be performed under by no means the most favourable circumstances.

So much goodness under such a form could not pass daily under the notice of Burns without calling forth his warmest feelings. He one day told Miss Lewars, that he was going to make a song about her, and desired her to choose a tune to which it might be adapted. She in consequence named the *Wren's Nest*, an old Scottish air to which there were as yet only some fantastic and scarcely intelligible stanzas.* Burns accordingly composed, in her honour, and to this air, a few lyric verses, highly expressive of the almost paternal feelings with which he regarded her:

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a.'

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Afterwards he composed, in honour of the same young person, the much more poetic and impassioned song, which must last with the language:

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear:
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—*Jessy!*

"Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;

* The air, and these stanzas, are to be found in Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. V. p. 419. The fact, as above stated, is from authority which forbids all doubt on the subject.

'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

"I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

"I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c."

The sentiment of these verses is that of a lover; but the design of the poet was simply to simulate this character, in order that he might pay a poetic compliment to one whom he regarded as a friend.

Some smaller tributes of admiration for the same person dropped at intervals from his pen. One day, her name being mentioned in company where he was, he took up a chrystal goblet, and, with his diamond pencil, inscribed the following lines:

"Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast."

This goblet he afterwards presented to her. About the same time (early in 1795), on her complaining of a slight indisposition, he told her he would take care to have an epitaph ready for her in case of the worst, which he likewise wrote on a glass tumbler to make a pair with the other. The epitaph was as follows:

"Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.
R. B."

On her recovering a little, he said, "there is poetic reason in it," and wrote the following:

"But rarely seen, since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.
R. B."

"About the end of May, 1796"—to quote the words of Gilbert Burns, in his edition of the poet's works (1820)—"Mr Brown, an unmarried man, the surgeon who attended Burns on his last illness, happened to call upon him at the same time with Miss Jessy Lewars. In the course of conversation, Mr Brown mentioned that he had been to see a collection of wild beasts just arrived in Dumfries. By way of aiding his description, he took the advertisement (containing a list of the animals to be exhibited) from his pocket. As he was about to hand this to Miss Lewars, the poet took it out of his hand, and with some red ink [in reality, red chalk] wrote on the back of the advertisement the following

lines, exclaiming, as he returned it to Mr Brown, that it was *now* fit to be presented to the lady:

"Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight."

At a still later period, and within a month of his death, he presented Miss Lewars with a copy of the early volumes of Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, a work which he might be said to have edited, and which contains many of his most admired compositions. On a blank leaf he had written—

"Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard.*

R. Burns."

The young lady whom he had thus treated so much as a friend, fully proved herself worthy of the appellation after his death, when she might almost be said to have devoted herself to the duty of soothing and assisting his widow.

Miss Jessy Lewars was the daughter of Mr John Lewars, supervisor of excise. At the time of her acquaintance with Mr and Mrs Robert Burns, her father being dead, she resided with her brother, Mr John Lewars, an intimate friend and fellow officer of the bard. Miss Lewars afterwards became the wife of Mr James Thomson, writer in Dumfries, where she still resides (1840), not much past the bloom of life. Mrs Thomson preserves with sacred care one of her verse-inscribed goblets, the advertisement of the wild beasts, and the copy of Johnson's Museum presented to her by the bard.

BROW.

About the end of June 1796, Burns found himself reduced to a lamentable state of weakness, too surely ominous of the sad event which took place on the 21st of the ensuing month. His medical advisers recommended, as a last resource, sea-bathing, country quarters, and riding; and, to have the benefit of at least the first of these, "he took up

DOMESTIC

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his residence," says Dr Currie, "at Brow in Annandale, about ten miles east of Dumfries, on the shore of the Solway Firth."

In Dr Currie's memoir, there is a letter written by Mrs Riddel of Woodleigh Park, in which she gives an account of an interview which she had at this time with the poet, at a house where she resided, in the immediate neighbourhood of Brow. The particulars related by her are of such interest, that we may be excused for transferring them to this place. Being informed of his arrival, she invited him to dinner, and sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk. "I was struck," says Mrs Riddel, "with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied, that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a bad state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon; and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly expectation of lying in of a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from the teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion." The conversation was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom

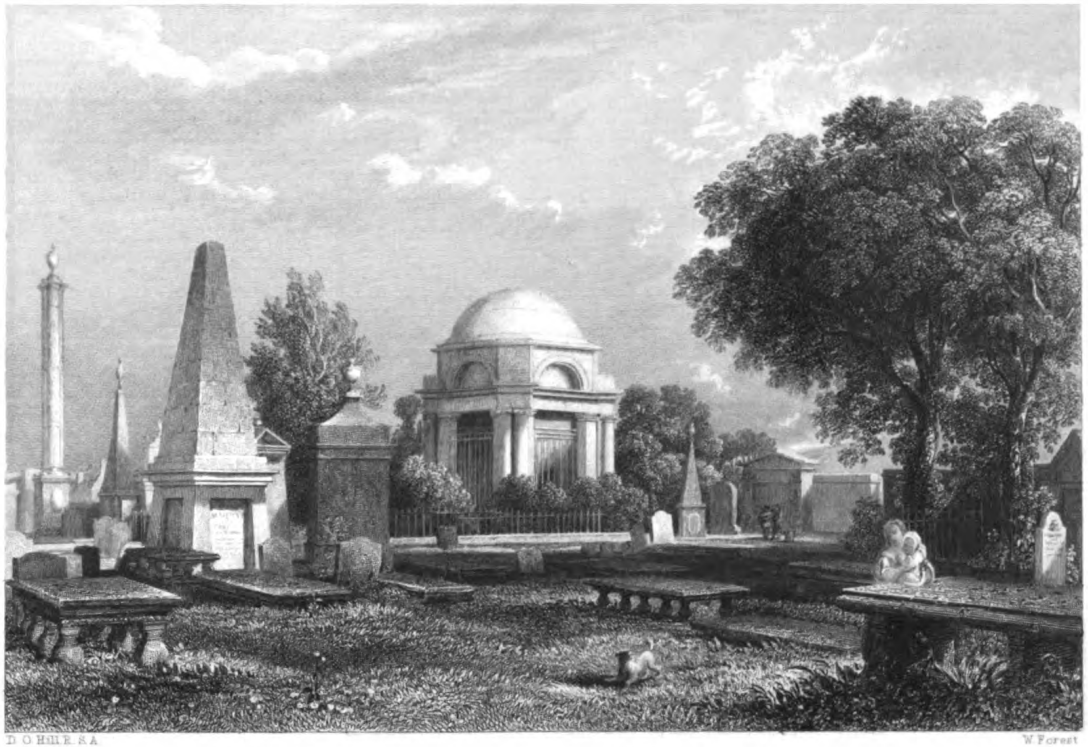
seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge. We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (July 5): the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more."

In Brow, the dying bard penned several compositions which no reader of his life and works can have forgot—particularly his letter to Mr Thomson, imploring five pounds, and communicating his last song, "Fairest maid on Devon's Banks"—his scarcely less piteous application to his cousin Mr Burness of Montrose for ten pounds—his letter to Mr Alexander Cunningham, stating his being without salary, and beseeching him to use interest with the Excise Board to get that important requisite restored—also a most touching note to Mrs Dunlop, bewailing her late alienation, and bidding her a tender farewell.

He seems to have been at Brow from the 4th or 5th of July, to the 18th. His health at first was slightly improved by bathing; the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever, and it was judged proper to take him back to Dumfries. A night or two before he left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig (now Mrs Henry Duncan) was afraid that the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said, "thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but oh, let him shine! he will not shine long for me!"* He returned on the 18th to Dumfries, and on the 21st breathed his last.

It has been thought that a pictorial sketch of even the humble rural watering-place where the above occurrences took place, might have some interest in the eyes of those who admire the genius of Burns, and take an interest in that melancholy tragedy which forms his life. Brow is a hamlet, consisting only of three or four cottages, situated in the parish of Ruthwell, on the bank of a rivulet which a little further on joins the Solway. The place is chiefly resorted to for a mineral well which springs in considerable force close beside the rivulet alluded to. In the accompanying print, this well is marked in the foreground, and the cottage which Burns occupied is the central one of three, which form nearly the whole village. Nothing of importance that we are aware of is remembered at Brow respecting the Ayrshire poet; but tradition connects a curious anecdote with the little knoll at the end of the house in which he dwelt. In the immediate neighbourhood of Brow, is Comlongan Castle, the ancient seat of the Murrays of Cockpool, and which afterwards passed by marriage into the possession of the Viscounts of Stormont, now Earls of Mansfield. It is said that, on this knoll, more than a hundred years ago, David Lord Stormont took leave of his younger son William Murray, then about to proceed to England to push his fortune at the bar, telling him not to return till he had become chief jus-

* Communicated by Mr Macdiarmid, of Dumfries, to Mr Lockhart, and inserted by the latter gentleman in his "Life of Burns."



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tice of the King's Bench—the honour which he actually did attain. This anecdote, though depending on no high authority, seemed worthy of notice in this place, as suggesting at least a pleasing train of associations.

BURNS'S MAUSOLEUM.

THE remains of Burns were originally interred in a small inclosure at the north corner of St Michael's churchyard at Dumfries: in the same grave two of his children were afterwards buried. The spot continued for many years to be undistinguished by any memorial of public feeling. It was covered only by a plain slab, which his widow, under the influence of a less inconstant sentiment, had procured from her slender funds, and caused to be inscribed in the following terms, touching by their unambitious simplicity:

"In Memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July 1796, in the 37th* year of his age; and Maxwell Burns, who died the 25th April 1799, aged 2 years and 9 months; also of Francis Wallace Burns, who died the 9th of July 1803, aged 14 years."

The erection of a public monument was not seriously contemplated till the year 1814, when, on the 6th of January, a meeting took place at Dumfries, and it was determined by those present, that "a mausoleum ought to be reared over the grave of Burns." A committee was at the same time formed, including noblemen, gentlemen, clergymen and some of the principal citizens of Dumfries, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and superintending the erection of the proposed building. Money being liberally forwarded, not only from the various provinces of Scotland, but from other parts of the united kingdom, from the East and West Indies, and from America, the committee were soon enabled to proceed to the more interesting part of their duty. A plan by Mr Thomas Frederick Hunt, of London, having been selected from those furnished by various competing architects, the foundation stone was laid by a masonic procession, on the 5th of June 1815, William Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, superintending the ceremony. The situation chosen for the building was different from that in which the remains of Burns had been laid. That spot being low, and confined in an angle of the church-yard, it was found necessary to assume a situation near the east corner, where, accordingly, the building has been erected, the form assumed being that of a plain Doric temple reared above a sepulchral vault. When the latter had been completed, the remains of the poet and of his two deceased children were raised from their original resting-place, and transferred thither (September 9) with as much privacy and as much delicacy as the circumstances of the case rendered possible. The building was completed in 1817, the whole expense being about £1500.

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* An error for the 38th.

Burns's Mausoleum has since then been visited by its annual thousands, on whose account it is kept constantly open, and in a state of the nicest cleanliness and propriety—a marked contrast to the many scarcely less elegant memorials reared near by to the objects of earth's common griefs, and immediately after left to neglect and desolation. As an architectural structure, it has been generally approved of; but a contrary feeling is excited by an unfortunate piece of sculpture placed against its back wall, the work of an artist named Turnerelli, and representing Burns at the plough, while his genius Coila, in very substance, is throwing an actual mantle of inspiration over him. From this specimen of art, the visiter turns with pleasure to the plain tombstone which domestic affection conferred upon the bard before the world had thought of trophying his grave with the classic graces of Greece—this stone having been of late years taken from the vault below, where it was placed in 1815, and fixed in the floor of the mausoleum. The remains of Mrs Burns were deposited in the vault beside those of her husband, in April 1834.

VIGNETTE TO VOLUME SECOND.

The scene here represented is the lower part of the vale of the Nith, taken from a point a little to the west of Dalswinton, on the north side of the river. The mansion of Friars' Carse—the residence of Burns's friend, Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, and the scene of the contest for the celebrated "whistle"—is immediately below, on the right. Beyond it is the fine piece of alluvial or carse land from which the house takes its name—skirted by a wood, near the extremity of which, and not far from the river, stood the Friars' Carse Hermitage, upon which Burns wrote some well-known verses. A little farther down the river on the same side, some rising smoke indicates Ellisland, the poet's farm. Dumfries is faintly seen in the distance on the left, and Criffel closes, with its vast bulk, the extremity of the picture on the right. On the foreground, the artist has set down a characteristic village revel.

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THE LAND OF BURNS,

Under the Patronage of

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HIS EXCELLENCY, EARL MULGRAVE, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CARLISLE.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BALCARRAS.
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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.
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