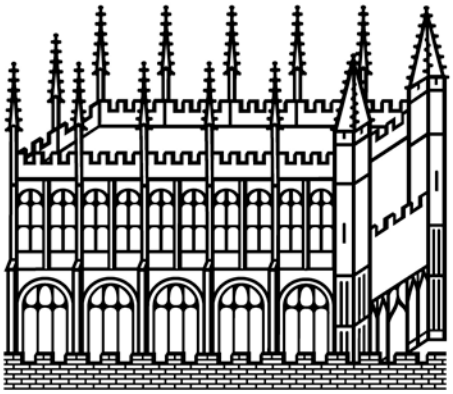

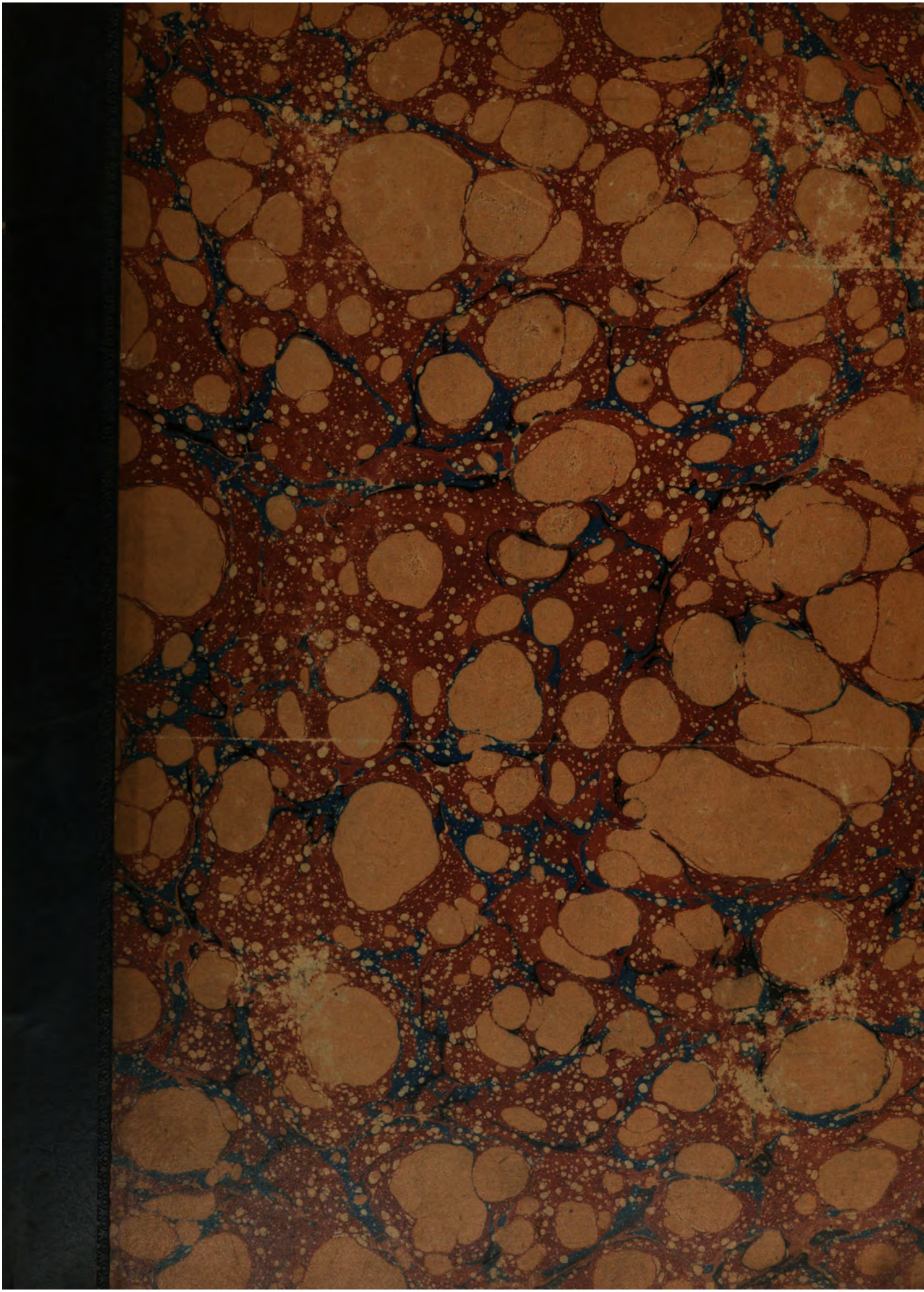

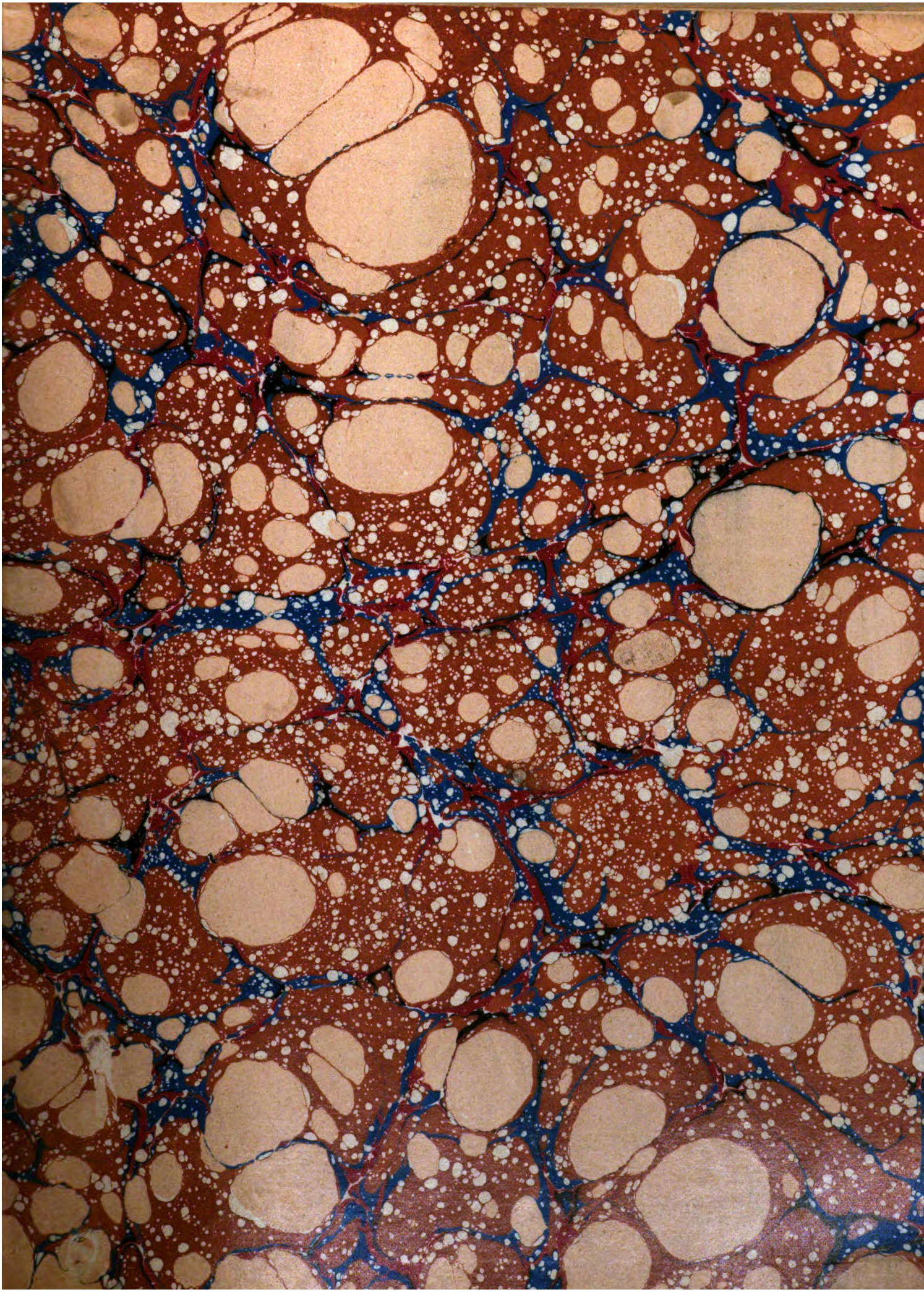

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SIR Walter Scott, BART.

LANDSCAPE - HISTORICAL

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

SCOTLAND,

AND

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS:

FROM DRAWINGS BY

J. M. W. TURNER, PROFESSOR, R. A.

PALMER, BENTLEY, CHISHOLM, HART, A.R.A., HARDING, Mc.CLISE, A.R.A., MELVILLE, &c. &c.

Comic Illustrations by G. Cruikshank.

DESCRIPTIONS BY THE REV. G. N. WRIGHT, M. A., &c.

"O CALEDONIA! STERN AND WILD!
"MEET NURSE FOR A POETIC CHILD,
"LAND OF BROWN HEATH AND SHAGGY WOOD,
"LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN AND THE FLOOD."

VOL. I.

FISHER, SON, & Co.
LONDON, PARIS, & AMERICA.

PREFACE.

THERE is no class of society in civilized Europe on which the writings of Sir Walter Scott have failed to produce a lasting impression. In Scotland his memory is cherished with a lover's fondness; in England, with the highest respect and admiration. Foreign countries so fully appreciate the rational and virtuous tendency of his works, that they have caused the whole series of the Waverley Novels to be translated into their respective languages: universal applause cannot be more unequivocally expressed. Amongst the peculiarities of these inimitable fictions are, the delineation of national character with a fidelity the most exact, and the description of scenery with a picturesqueness almost unequalled. Many of the characters and incidents of his tales are derived from real life: others are the legendary offspring of minds darkened by ignorance and superstition; while obsolete codes of belief furnished fragments still capable of contributing to the beauty of a greater structure. These characters and incidents have supplied the subjects of our *Historic* Illustrations.

Perhaps Scott's greatest powers are displayed in scenic descriptions—his haunted glen, his ruined abbey, and deserted hall, are all sketched with the hand of a master. The originals of these he studied, from early life, in his native land: and whenever it was possible to ascertain the precise locality which constituted the original of the Novelist, our *Landscape* Illustration has been designed from it; exhibiting, therefore, at the same moment, a true and characteristic View in Scotland.

A reference to the Illustrations will supersede the necessity of laudatory language here: in speaking of Scottish scenery, our author has evinced the most unconfined topographical knowledge, and wandered, with the most varied fancy, over the romantic portions of every county in Caledonia; so that Illustrations of Scott may be considered identical with those of Scotland. To borrow the language of one of his countrymen, our author has touched on "every place that derives an interest from historical associations, or enjoys a reputation from poetry and song. Wherever man has fought or loved—where human nature has appeared in circumstances of extraordinary pain or peril, innocence or degradation—where talent has shone, virtue flourished, magnificence dwelt, or misery endured—the fanes of religion, the scenery of passion, the graves of the good." All these spots in the picturesque chart of Scotland, he has touched with a pencil of light, and imparted to them a brightness that will continue undiminished for ages yet to come. Higher authority may yet be added, to confirm the resolution of those who either doubt the fidelity of the poet or the painter, or distrust the compensation a tour in Scotland would afford:—"I have no dearer aim," says Burns, "than to make leisurely journeys through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles—to wander on the romantic banks of her streams—and to muse by the stately towers of venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes."

The Publishers assume the merit of having been the first to illustrate the scenes of mirth, of merriment, of humour, that often sparkle on and relieve the calm and beautiful narratives of human life which fill the pages of the Waverley Novels; and of having insured the success of the attempt by the quality of the talent employed in its execution. Some of Mr. Cruikshank's *Interiors* may suggest rather strange notions of Highland hospitality, but in this representation he does not stand alone.

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland Welcome." BURNS.

LIST OF PLATES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the son of Walter Scott, Esq. writer to the signet, Edinburgh: his mother was the daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of the practice of medicine at the University of that town; and the poet was born on the 15th August, (the birth-day of Napoleon,) 1771. He was the third child, but second son,* of a family consisting of six sons and one daughter, all distinguished by peculiar brightness of fancy and strength of mind. Thomas, the next brother to Sir Walter, possessed such a fund of anecdote, knowledge of Scotch character and customs, that for some time *he* was supposed to have been the author of the Waverley Novels. It has often been remarked, and gallantry is auxiliary in obtaining the concession, that talent, when apparently hereditary, is derived from the female line.† Of this, Sir Walter and his family afford an illustration; his father, an industrious professional gentleman, possessing gentleness, and benevolence of character, was in no way distinguished by natural abilities, while Mrs. S. was endowed with mental powers of a very high order, had early shown a devotion to literature, and possessed the most fascinating conversational powers. No matter which way this point shall be decided, with the actual gift of great natural genius, and a soul for poetry and romance, the magician of the North was born in "his own romantic town," on the third flat of a house, at the head of the College Wynd; from thence his father removed to George's square, and the old house was pulled down some years after to make way for the New College. At an early age, owing to infirmity of constitution, Walter was removed to the country, and placed under the protection of his paternal grandfather, at Sandyknow, close by the banks of the Tweed, and in the vicinity of Smailholm Tower, a deserted border fortlet. It was here he first indulged in that love of legend, which influenced the bright current of his future thoughts; and, around the well-trimmed hearth of Sandyknow, at evening time, each one

> "Skill'd in legendary lore,
> The lingering hour beguiled."

The scenery of this vicinity is introduced in one of his first ballads, "The Eve of St. John," and the inspiration of early recollections burst forth in his Marmion with inconceivable beauty—

> "Thus while I ope the measure wild,
> Of tales which charmed me when a child;
> Rude though they be, still with the chime
> Return the thoughts of early time:
> And feelings roused in life's first day,
> Glow in the line, and prompt the lay;—
> Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
> Which charm'd my Fancy's wakening hour."—*(Introd. to Canto III.)*

* Of second sons Horace Walpole observes—"William Pitt, Lord Chatham, was a second son, and became prime minister of England. His rival and antagonist was Henry Fox, Lord Holland, a second son likewise. Lord Holland's second son, Charles Fox, and Lord Chatham's second son, William Pitt, were also rivals and antagonists."

† Napoleon, R. Brinsley Sheridan, &c. support the justly popular view of this delicate inquiry—

> "And if I sought
> Think'st thou no other could be brought."

Our poet's first introduction to systematic literature was at the school of Mr. Luckman; his name appears in the registry of the High School, in 1779, when he, with his elder brother, attended the class of Frazer, a sound scholar and disciplinarian, but with less advantage to the pupil than might have been hoped from the possession of such talents. Dr. Adam, his next instructor, delivered his eloquent and learned lectures to young Walter with more effect, and the benefit of his instruction was always warmly acknowledged by his amiable pupil. Here, again, the legendary propensity of the future romancer developed itself, and, in his Autobiography, he says,

"Were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but, I believe, some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holydays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without even thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craigs, Maid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and the recollection of those holydays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

Leaving the High School with the rank of eleventh only in the rector's class, he passed (1783) to the University, and matriculated for some of the classes. Perhaps the first poetic effort of his genius was made while at school, it was a little stanza on a Thunder Storm, and with which his mother was delighted: maternal countenance and approbation seem always to have been anxiously sought; and as the giant acquired fresh strength from contact with his parent earth, so did our poet gather additional enthusiasm in the presence of his affectionate parent. She one day complained to him of the continued drizzle that *damped the ardour* of a pleasure party in the mountains; to which he answered, "Mother, it is only Nature weeping for the barrenness of the soil." "Time rolled his ceaseless course," and

"When boyhood, advancing into youth, required more serious studies and graver cares, a long illness, (arising from the bursting of a blood-vessel,) threw me back (says the poet) on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. There was at this time a circulating library, (Sibbald's,) founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of Chivalry to the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot,—accordingly, I believe, I read almost all the old romances, old plays, epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and, no doubt, was now seriously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed."

Here "increase of appetite did grow by what it fed on, and the mind did grow to large increase." After his fourteenth or fifteenth year, his health became "extremely robust," and, in defiance of his lameness, he frequently walked thirty miles in a day. Having in some degree conquered, by the aid of Providence, those incapaciting circumstances for an active life, he passed Advocate, and was admitted to the Scottish bar on the 10th of July, 1792.

Being left by his father in affluent circumstances, he was enabled to sustain a becoming professional rank, and reside in a fashionable part of the town; but his mind was too elastic to be confined to the forms of pleading, and too liberal, possibly, to be occupied merely by the pursuits of law; besides, to

borrow his own explanation, "The goddess Themis is of a peculiarly jealous disposition; she will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but a certain air of business in the midst of total idleness." For these, amongst other reasons, Sir Walter did not succeed in obtaining a sufficient share of general business to obliterate the recollection of Fancy's early smiles and promises.

Our poet next appears in the characters of soldier and politician; in the former, as Quarter-Master of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, few of his own imaginative knights could have exceeded him in graceful and manly deportment. His social qualities, his unfailing good-humour, endeared him to his military friends, and he evinced his gratitude by composing a war-song for the corps; of its merits these heroes never became sensible, until their judgments found a correction, on its publication in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Many an interesting event of his life must here give place to the strongest leading facts and most marked features of his biography. Having abandoned an union in which he had no happiness, he threw himself into the arms of the first object of his affection and earliest ambition, and turned once and for ever to literature. He first plunged into the deep mines of German romance, and brought up new treasures to the day. In this pursuit he was encouraged by *Monk* Lewis, (a frequent visitor to Scotland, and to whom he was introduced by Lady Charlotte Campbell,) who had drunk deeply at some unearthly fountain; and, resigning Percy's reliques, one of his youthful associates, sought a companionship with Lewis on his unusual path to fame. It was at this crisis of our author's life that he had the pleasure to hear Bürger's "Lenore" (Taylor's translation) read by Mrs. Barbauld at the house of Dugald Stewart, (1794); and when she repeated the well-known stanza describing the ghostly knight bearing away his mistress with whirlwind speed,

> "Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
> Splash, splash, along the sea;
> Hurra! the dead can ride apace,
> Dost fear to ride with me."

he could no longer endure the want of an original copy, which he soon obtained, and completed a translation of his own.

A literary life now entered on, he published his translations of Lenore and of "Der Wilde Jäger," The Wild Huntsman; a speculation which proved a dead loss, as the greater part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunkmaker. Failing in this class of composition, he resolved to attempt ballad poetry next, and produced Glenfinlas, and the Eve of St. John; the scenery of the latter was that of his boyish years, and the ballad was composed at the request of Mr. Scott of Harden, who promised, in return, to preserve from intrusion the remains of Smailholm Tower. The happier fortune of his ballads obtained for him the friendship of John, Duke of Roxburgh, and also an unrestricted access to that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburgh Club derived its name.

At this period (1797) Mr. Scott was united in marriage to Miss Carpenter, daughter of J. Carpenter, of the city of Lyons, Esq., a lady of much beauty, highly accomplished, and possessing an annuity of £400 per annum. Upon this worldly change he withdrew to Lasswade Cottage, on the Esk, five miles from Edinburgh, where he received the visits of his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart, who has touched with so much delicacy and feeling upon the domestic happiness and economy of his friend's "cottage home."

In December, 1799, he was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, to which a salary of £300 per annum was attached; and, being now passing rich, removed to Ashiesteil, on the banks of the Tweed, which continued to be his residence until exchanged for his last retired home, Abbotsford. "My profession and I," adds the poet, "came to stand nearly upon the same footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with being established with Mrs. Anne Page, 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.'" Having buckled himself resolutely to the toil by day, the lamp by night, and producing with little effort the greater part of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," he submitted his poem to the judgment of two literary friends: how he interpreted their silent commentary, may be concluded by his committing the MS. to the flames. He was, however, induced to re-write the whole, and obtained for his labours (in 1805) the sum of £600, besides the nobler reward of the universal approbation of his countrymen. It was probably consequent upon the literary reputation acquired by this popular poem, that he obtained the clerkship of the session, worth about £1200 per annum. From this period his imagination teemed, and his pen flowed with works of fiction—ballads, Lyrics, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Rokeby, Lord of the Isles, and editions of the works of the most celebrated English poets and essayists.

Having done so much for poetry, he felt he still owed an allegiance to her humbler sister; and, whether his faithful Mentor prompted that the hour was come, or the popularity of Miss Edgeworth's Irish Tales induced, or Byron's rising star dazzled, he dropped the *plectrum*, and took up the *style*. Waverley, his first-best prose-work, had long before been subjected to the too cold criticism of a friend,* and actually thrown aside and lost, and only recovered accidentally by its author while searching an old desk for some fishing-tackle for a friend.

"I happened to want some fishing tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and in looking for lines and flies the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it according to my original purpose. It has been said that the copyright (of Waverley) was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London, at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it while in the course of printing, which, however, was declined, the author not choosing to part with the copyright."—(Autobiography.)

Perhaps no novel was ever as popular, and this without the recommendation of a name; in a very short period 12,000 copies were disposed of. To this lasting monument of his genius succeeded Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Tales of My Landlord (1st series), Rob Roy, Tales of My Landlord (2d and 3d series), The Monastery, Abbot, Kenilworth, Pirate, Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well, Red Gauntlet, Woodstock, Chronicles of the Canongate (two series), Anne of Gierstein, Fourth Series of Tales of My Landlord; amounting to the enormous total of seventy-four volumes of fictious prose works.

The fame of Sir Walter, if measured by his popularity, was now full; his pecuniary compensation was uniformly liberal, and his king (George IV.) conferred upon him the distinction of Baronet of the

* "Appreciation belongs to strangers, and words of praise are ever spoken by strange lips. Our friends are the last to discover and the first to deny our merits: our success takes them by surprise, and that surprise usually cools down into envy: but much of this last, and natural consequence, Sir Walter's frank kindliness averted;" for he was

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

United Kingdom, in 1820. When the same monarch visited Scotland, in 1822, Sir Walter was deputed by the ladies of Caledonia to present his Majesty with a rich jewelled cross of St. Andrew, to be worn by him as an emblem of their country. The welcome ambassador was graciously received on the quarter-deck of his Majesty's yacht, at anchor in Leith roads, having first had the happiness to hear his King exclaim, "Sir Walter Scott! the man in Scotland I most wish to see."

The spring and the summer of Sir Walter's life were now nearly passed, and the evening began to let fall her gloomy canopy. While his Memoirs of Napoleon were in the press, Constable, his publisher, failed, implicating Sir Walter for engagements exceeding £60,000. This must always remain a subject of deep regret; there can be but one feeling or opinion in society respecting the event, and his own commentary is the most beautiful and honourable that it admits of—"It is very hard thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise: but, if God grant me health and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem all." When asked where he could possibly expect to find assets to meet such an onerous demand, pointing significantly to his head, he answered, "*here.*" Now, at the age of fifty, he sat down in a house in David-street, Edinburgh, to write, not for himself, as he said, but "*for his country,*" with the resolution taken and fixed of liquidating a debt of £100,000, and soon produced a Life of Napoleon, for which he obtained £12,000. Circumstances connected with Constable's bankruptcy led necessarily to the disclosure of the secret of "who was the author of Waverley?" and, at the annual public dinner in Edinburgh of the Theatrical Fund Association, Lord Meadowbank, in proposing the health of the chairman (Sir Walter Scott), unmasked the Magician of the North, unveiled the Great Unknown, and proclaimed the Minstrel of his native land. In returning thanks, Sir Walter said, "The wand is now broken, the rod is now buried, and, allow me to say, with Prospero, 'Your breath has filled my sails.'" In the Chronicles of the Canongate, which appeared soon after, he repeated this confession.*

Many of his minor works, his contributions to periodicals, reviews, and journals, there is no opportunity of noticing here; nor did his political character assume a form so decided as to call for either approval or regret, in so slight a sketch as the present. Devoted mental exertion, the atmosphere of life now clouded by misfortune, weight of years made heavier by sorrow, he withdrew from official duties, but not before he had drunk too deeply the cup of bitterness to relish the evening as he had done the morning of existence. He now had to grapple with disease, to which he had long been a stranger; and the Christian resignation with which he supported bodily suffering, may be gathered from his private correspondence: "I sign with my initials, as enough to express the poor half of me that is left; but I am still much yours, W. S." Again, "Dr. A. threatens me with death if I write so much, and I must, I suppose, if I give it up suddenly; I must assist Lockhart a little, for you are aware of our connexion, and he has always shewed me the duties of a son," &c.†

* In the year 1817, at a dinner party, consisting of an eminent tragedian still living, Charles Matthews the comedian, Sir Walter Scott, and a nameless guest, a match of "story-telling" was regularly entered for, in which Sir Walter came off victorious. Matthews told the story of the Builders of the Light-house that were *not* drowned, and Sir Walter related the awful tale on which the Bride of Lammermoor is founded, adding, that he intended some time or other to make it the subject of a novel.

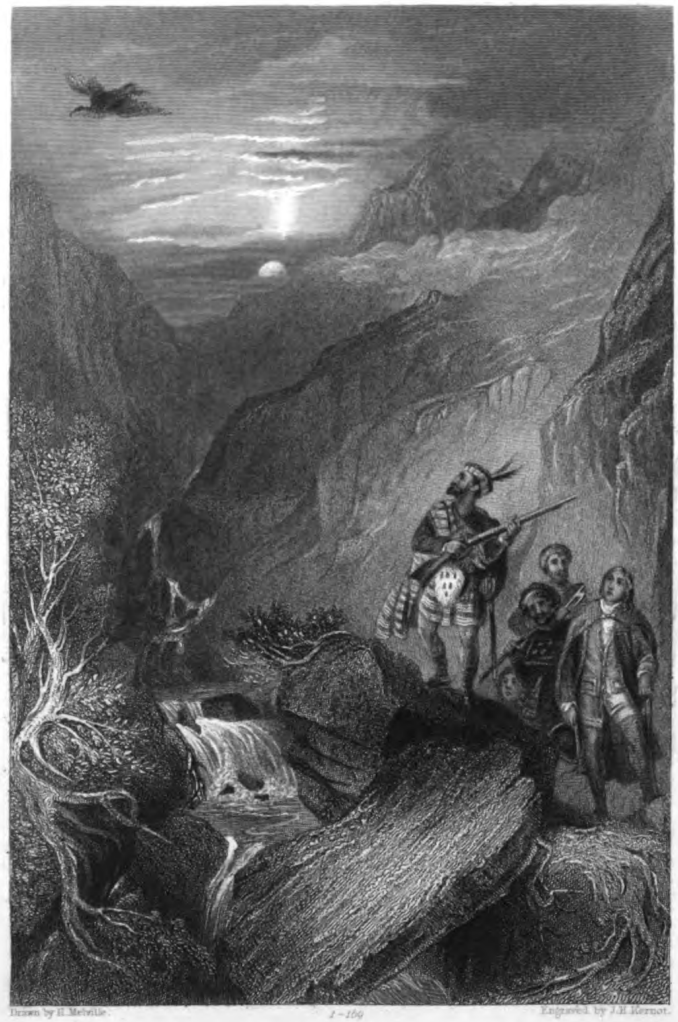
† Lady Scott, whose marriage has been already spoken of, died on the 15th May, 1826, leaving two sons and two daughters. Of the latter, Sophia-Charlotte, the elder, was married (in 1820) to J. G. Lockhart, Esq. advocate, a gentleman who, even in Sir W.'s lifetime, occupied a lofty pedestal in the "Palatine Library," and is now editor of the Quarterly Review. Anne, the younger, was unmarried at the period of her father's decease. Charles, the younger son, is attached to the legation of the King of the Two Sicilies, and the present Sir Walter Scott is a major in the British army.

His physician having recommended a visit to Italy, Captain Basil Hall employed his influence to obtain for him a passage in the Barham frigate, then commissioned for a voyage to Malta, and upon this occasion, his departure for the Mediterranean, he added those remarkable farewell words to the 4th series of Tales of My Landlord; the last he was ever to address to his countrymen, and too truly prophetic of the destiny that awaited him.

Setting sail from Portsmouth on the 27th October, he reached Malta, visited Naples, proceeded to Rome, where, feeling that his lamp of life was flickering to its wane, he resolved upon returning to his native country while he retained bodily strength sufficient for the undertaking. The voyage to London was speedily and successfully accomplished; and if the kindness of affection could have alleviated suffering, his continuance there might be considered a suspension of his consuming malady. He felt, however, in his latest moments the same love of country that characterized his youth, and which he had himself so beautifully expressed—

> " Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,—
> This is my own, my native land;
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
> As home his footsteps he had turn'd,
> From wandering in a foreign land?"

He quitted London on the 7th July, reached Newhaven on the 9th, whence he was conveyed to his native city, and after two days of rest removed to Abbotsford. When within sight of the creation of his fancy, he could hardly be restrained from rising in the carriage to catch a well-known view; but after he had reached his home, nature was exhausted, and he neither knew nor remembered any one except his friend Laidlaw, whose hand he warmly shook, murmuring, " Now I know that I am at Abbotsford." The inroads of decay after this became rapid; mortification set in in several parts of his body; and on the 21st of September, at half-past one in the afternoon, the author of Waverley expired without a sigh. On the 26th of the same month, his mortal remains, attended by his sorrowing family and friends, including upwards of 300 gentlemen from various parts of the country, were removed to the ruined abbey of Dryburgh, and deposited within the consecrated area appropriated originally as the burying-place of the Halyburtons of Merton, of whom Sir Walter's paternal grandfather was a descendant. On few such melancholy occasions was more real sorrow evinced. The affectionate father, the kind master, the benevolent friend, was followed to the tomb of his ancestors by his sorrowing countrymen, borne to its sad precincts by his grateful servants, and laid in the grave by the hands of his children. What father, master, or benevolent member of a Christian community, does not hope that " his last end may be like his." The eldest son of the poet, (Major, Sir Walter Scott,) succeeded to the inheritance of the greatest name, perhaps, that was ever known in Scotland.



Drawn by H. Melville. I-169 Engraved by J.H. Kernot.

SCOTLAND,

AND

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE PASS OF BALLY-BROUGH.

"THIS is the pass of Bally-Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan of Donnochie against a hundred of the Low Country carles."

The group of figures in the foreground consists of Waverley "making an excursion into the Highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had excited a wish to penetrate beyond them," conducted by Evan Dhu Maccombich, an ambassador from Fergus Mac Ivor his master, to the Baron of Bradwardine, touching the lost cattle. The individual carl occupying the rock that hangs over the brook, was a stout dark young man of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, shewed his sinewy and clean-made limbs, the goat-skin purse flanked by the usual defences, a dirk and steel-wrought pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a *Duinhé-wassel* (sort of gentleman,) a broad-sword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. The other figures are a gamekeeper and two wild Highlanders, one bearing on his shoulder a Lochaber-axe, (a hatchet with a hook at the back fixed on the end of a pole,) the other armed with a long ducking-gun. This martial escort was not necessary for the safety of the visiter, it was merely a guard of honour, after the manner of the Highland chiefs, as Evan fully explained by his reply to Waverley. "Ah, if you Saxon Duinhé-wassel, i.e. English gentleman, saw but the chief with his tail on!" meaning his usual followers. The hero of Waverley, induced by curiosity, and urged by his host, the Baron of Bradwardine, set out from Tully Veolan on a tour of discovery and recovery to the Den of Donald Bean Lean, a sort of Highland Cacus, in search of the baron's stolen cows, and their way is represented as lying through the sublime pass of Bally-Brough. In the most gloomy spot of the defile Evan makes a display of his powers of vision, and amongst other things kens an eagle: "See, there is an earn, which you Southrons call an eagle; you have no such bird as that in England; he is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine's braes, but I'll send a slug after him."

It might gratify curiosity to point out the exact locality of the scenes here alluded to by the author,—the seat of Tully Veolan, the pass of Bally-Brough, and the hold of the Highland robber. The first is applicable to many, but peculiar to no individual mansion. The delighted imagination of the readers of Waverley determined to establish an identity the author never meant, and applied the description first to Warrender-house, upon Burntsfield Links; secondly, to Old Ravelston, the seat of the Keith family; also, to the House of Dean, near Edinburgh, as well as to that of Grandtully. The garden of Ravelston corresponds exactly with the description given of that at Tully Veolan. To this list of originals, with which the author was made acquainted, have been added Craig Crook Castle, (the seat of Francis Jeffrey, Esq.,) which is in the "Pepper-box Style" of Bradwardine mansion and Traquair House, a close representation in all respects.

It is a matter of as much difficulty to determine upon an original portrait for the Baron Bradwardine, as to say which was his actual mansion; a deep-rooted suspicion, however, attaches to Alexander, Lord of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, a man highly beloved and esteemed by his countrymen, and whose erring judgment led many respectable gentlemen into the fatal consequences of espousing the cause of the exiled prince. This amiable, patriotic, and popular man assembled 150 well-mounted gentlemen around his banner, and at the fatal termination of the contest escaped to France: the supporters of his lordship's arms were bears—animals held in much esteem by the Baron of Bradwardine.

The adventure of the cattle, (or one precisely similar,) which occasioned the visit to the cave of Donald Bean Lean, Waverley's destination in Bally-Brough, occurred to the grandfather of the present speaker of the House of Commons. When Mr. Abercromby, of Tullibody, settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were frequently driven off by Rob Roy or his followers; and, finding less remonstrance vain, he actually visited the chieftain in his cave, as Waverley is said to have done to Donald. He was courteously received, treated with collops from his own cattle, and dismissed with the most entire safety, having been persuaded to agree to the future payment of a small black mail.

If the author had any precise mountain glen in his "mind's eye," when he described the Pass of Bally-Brough, his picture is such an exact copy of a dark defile in the wild vale of Glencoe, that, in conjunction with popular opinion, we have concluded this gloomy spot must have been his original. Let the description be compared with our illustration, which is faithful to nature, and the identity will immediately appear. "The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock, on the right hand the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood, with which some pines were intermingled." The vale of Glencoe is situated in the northern part of Argyllshire, district of Lorn, and traversed by the military road between Fort William and Tyndrum It opens to the north of the solitary little inn called the King's House, and extends, in a north-westerly direction, to Ballachelish, or Ballachulish, on a

creek of Loch Linne, where extensive slate quarries are worked: by means of this public line of road it is accessible to tourists, and the sublimity of its scenery is justly admired. A narrow defile, overhung and enclosed by precipitous hills, that rise often in mural cliffs to a height of 2000 feet, continues its grand scenery for ten miles. A single cottage interrupts the stern solitude during the whole length of the vale; and the murmuring of the waters of Cona, that escape from a small lake in the centre of the valley, and hasten towards a channel more unconfined, alone disturbs the stilly solemn effect.

On the banks of the Cona, Ossian is said to have been born; and allusion is made to this little mountain torrent in several of that bard's poems. "Why bends the bard of Cona," said Fingal, "over his sweet stream?" "The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell like the banks of the roaring Cona." It was near to this lonely fountain,

> "That dark Breadalbin, murder's favourite son,
> "With certain aim pronounc'd the race undone,
> "When night's dark curtain o'er the world was spread."

The massacre of Glencoe is too remarkable an event not to be generally known and remembered; it will be sufficient, therefore, to mention, that it was within a short distance from the original of our Bally-Brough that Mac Ian, chief of the Macdonalds, and many of his clan, were massacred in cold blood by a party of military, their houses burned, their cattle and effects carried off, and the helpless widows and children of the murdered men turned out naked, in the snow, that was stained with the blood of these victims to a bad man's enmity. The desolation that was caused by the dagger of the assassin continues unchanged, and Glencoe seems scorned and shunned and solitary, as if the deeds of by-gone days were never to be forgotten.

MAC MURROUGH'S CHANT.

The Highland feast in the hall of the chief of Glennaquoich affords a happy opportunity of illustrating graphically those manners and customs of the ancient Scots which the novelist has portrayed with such accuracy and expression. Waverley arriving at the seat of Fergus Mac Ivor, the descendant of "Ian-nan-Chaistel," (John of the Tower,) was invited by the chieftain to partake of a banquet in the hall of his fathers; an invitation, resulting partly from the accustomed hospitality of the times, but in this instance slightly tinged with vanity on the part of the chieftain, to display the number, discipline, and attachment of his clansmen before the Saxon, whom he could not regard without some feeling of rivalry, if not of suspicion.

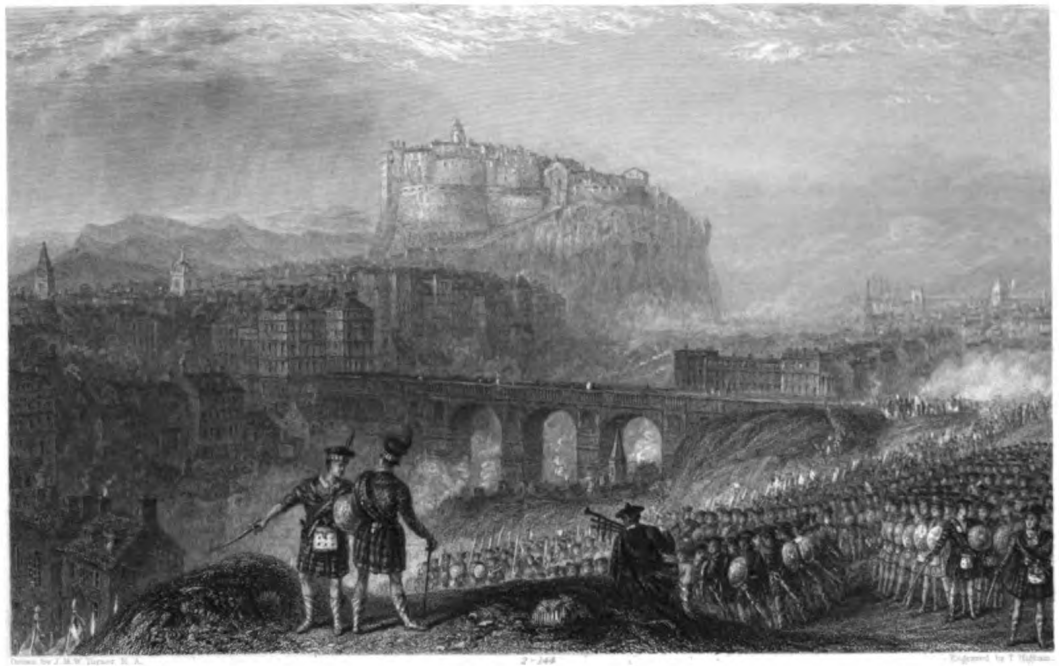
The mansion of Glennaquoich consisted of a high rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is, a building of two stories, which the chieftain's grandfather had left as a monument of his magnificence: surrounded by scenery wild and desolate, rather than grand and solitary, yet such as it was, no genuine son of "John of the Tower" would have changed the domain for Stow or Blenheim.

"The hall in which the feast was prepared occupied all the first story of the original erection, and a huge oak table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness; and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table sat the chief himself, with Waverley, and two or three highland visiters, of neighbouring tribes, the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate, as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Beyond this long perspective, upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, might be seen a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer and the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round the extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree: all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece."

The classification of guests and actors in this festive scene, was not more distinct than the arrangement of the dishes that were placed before them, in which due respect seems also to have been paid to feudal and aristocratic separations. "Pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish and game, which were at the upper end of the table; lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef; the central dish, however, was a yearling lamb, 'a hog in har'st,' roasted whole; lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality: broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivor who feasted in the open air."

Nor, in the distribution of the liquor, were the patrician and plebeian prerogatives disregarded: claret and champagne were supplied to the chief's immediate neighbours, whiskey and strong beer refreshed those who sat near the lower end—every one present perfectly understood that his taste must be formed according to the rank he held at table.

The banquet was just drawing to a close, and the satisfied guests about to retire, when the chief made a signal for the piper to cease, and said, aloud, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac Murrough cannot find it? The *Bhairdh* took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase: he had at first spoken with eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around, as if beseeching, and anon, as if



commanding attention; and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures." He seemed to Waverley to lament the dead, apostrophize the absent, exhort, and entreat, and animate those who were present. "The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience; their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands upon their swords." *

This moment of action, of excitation, of enthusiasm, the artist has chosen for illustration: the motion and life, given to each character in the novelist's animated description, he has endeavoured to express by the different, but hardly less powerful, means that belong to his art. The hall seems crowded, without confusion; the "long perspective" introduces to the spectator the chieftain's *distant* relations, who reel, and set, and cross, upon the sunny green. And in the lighting up of such a countenance as the bardic enthusiast's may be supposed to have been, perhaps the painter has the advantage of either romance-writer or poet.

EDINBURGH.†—MARCH OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers!

"When Waverley had surmounted a small craggy eminence, called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of Highlanders preparing for their march. The rocks which formed the back-ground of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum‡ and bustle of a

* "As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew." BURNS.

† Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, is situated 377 miles N. from London. Here Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771; but his death occurred at Abbotsford, on the 21st of August, 1832. See page 8.

‡ "From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The *hum* of either army stilly sounds." SHAKSPEARE—*Henry V.*

confused and irregular multitude, like bees* alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military manœuvres; their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the result was order and regularity: a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained. While getting into order, they exhibited a changing, fluctuating, confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering-word of each clan. At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the vale." The leading men of each clan were armed with broadsword, target, and fusee, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol; but while the leaders, and the van in general, were well armed, the rear resembled actual banditti:—"here was a pole-axe; there, a sword without a scabbard: here, a gun without a lock; there, a scythe set straight upon a pole: some had only their dirks and bludgeons, or stakes pulled out of hedges."

While the column remained stationary in the streets of Edinburgh, glittering in arms and thirsting for the Saxons' blood, an iron gun, the only piece of artillery possessed by an army that meditated such an important revolution, was discharged as the signal of march. The voice of "Musket's-Mother," as the Highlanders uniformly called a great gun, was instantly obeyed, and communicated motion to the entire line. A wild cry of joy from the advancing battalions rent the air, and was then lost in the shrill clangour of the bagpipes, as the sound of these in their turn was partially drowned by the heavy tread of so many men put at once into motion. The banners glittered and shook as they moved forward—

"Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines."

"The horse hastened to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and push on reconnoitring parties, to ascertain and report the motions of the enemy. They vanished from Waverley's eye as they wheeled round the base of Arthur's Seat, under the remarkable ridge of basaltic rocks which fronts the little village of Duddington."

No drawing can be more correct, no filling-up more perfect, no colouring more warm or deep: the calm scene of nature is exquisitely touched; the continuous motion of the legions advancing solemnly towards the field of battle powerfully narrated; the sound of the departing feet seems to vibrate on the ear. The painter, finding his art incompetent to convey ideas of sound, has devoted his attention to those of sight with greater assiduity, borrowing the prudent practice from the deaf and blind. Whatever

* "As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees,
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps, the driving *bees*,
Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud." HOMER.

Drawn by T.M. Richardson. 2-360. Engraved by J. Carter

graces the high and castle-crowned rock of the ancient town, the dim and distant and ever-living hills, the tapering towers, the gorgeous palaces, the noble viaducts of modern times, can lend to the illustration of the historic page, have here been all most happily united: beneath, and surrounded by these stately monuments of civic pride, that seem wrapped in air, the multitudinous array is seen, not breaking the calm and perfect arrangement of the composition, but rather contributing to its integrity.

NOTE.—The military phalanx in the historic design of "The March of the Highlanders," represents the army of Prince Charles Stuart marching to the battle of Preston, or rather Tranent, fought on the 24th of September, 1745, between two thousand of the king's troops, under Sir John Cope, and two thousand four hundred Highlanders, led by the Chevalier; in which the former, although supported by artillery and cavalry, were totally defeated. Cope fled with his dragoons through Preston village, while the infantry were almost all killed or taken prisoners. Amongst the slain was Colonel Gardiner, whose life has been written with so much feeling by Dr. Doddridge. Tranent is situated ten miles east from Edinburgh; and near it, in a space called Mill-burn Meadow, stands the only survivor of the ill-contested field of Preston—an aged thorn: of this solitary and conspicuous object, Cope availed himself as a *point d'appui*; here, at this precise spot, Colonel Gardiner fell, and around the trunk of this still abiding trophy, numbers of the slain lie buried.

CARLISLE CASTLE.

EXECUTION OF FERGUS MAC-IVOR AND EVAN-DHU.

"There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the castle and the high sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. 'God save King *George*,' said the high sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, 'God save King *James!*' These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak." After this brief but solemn pause, which is represented in the accompanying illustration, "the procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal. The dead march was then heard; and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on: the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone."

The execution of Fergus Mac-Ivor is one of those closing scenes in which the author of Waverley is perhaps without a rival: these he seems always to sketch with a firm, yet delicate hand; and they are, as Fergus laughingly described his own, "well got up." The melancholy procession was arranged within the court-yard of the castle, where the sledge was prepared on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about one mile from Carlisle. "The sledge was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking

fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand. At the other end, next the horse, was a seat for two persons. Through the deep and Gothic archway, that opened on the drawbridge, were seen, on horseback, the high sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette between the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther." Such was the first act of this miserable tragedy; of the last, the novelist was too accomplished an artist to give a palpable representation.

The ancient city of Carlisle is situated in the ward and county of Cumberland, and nearly encircled by the rivers Eden, Pettrell, and Caldew; 301 miles from London, and 13 from the Scottish border. It was called Caerleyl, or Caer Leol, (or, perhaps, *Caer lua-ail*, the city on the beautiful waters,) by the Britons, and Lugewalleom by the Romans, i. e. the city near the wall. In the reign of the emperor Nero, the Scotch fired the place, and in the time of Agricola it was fortified by the Romans, as a frontier town, against the violence of the Picts and Scots. So durable are the works, that notwithstanding the recorded desolation of the city by the Danes, and very many sieges, much Roman masonry remained, particularly on the east side, until within a few years back. In 685 the citizens accompanied St. Cuthbert to view the walls, and visit a well of curious workmanship that had been enclosed by the Romans. From the destruction of the city by the Danes in 875, it lay prostrate until after the Norman conquest; but in 1072 it was again strongly fortified. The castle was founded by William Rufus, who visited the city in 1092, and colonized it from the south of England; but David, king of the Scots, enlarged and strengthened the defences, and heightened the walls, in 1136. In 1344 the great hall, turrets, kernels, and gates were repaired at an expense of £800. In the reign of Elizabeth the walls of the dungeon tower, (12 feet thick,) were rebuilt, and in the middle of the following century the castle was strong enough to stand a siege of several months.*

This ancient and massive structure stands at the north-west angle of the city, and is singularly designed. It consists of two wards; the outer of which is in the form of a square; the inner in that of a triangle, and containing the keep or dungeon tower, a square building, part of the original edifice built by William Rufus. The other parts of the castle are more modern, the result of additions made in the reigns of Richard the Third, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth. In the British Museum a drawing is preserved,

* Carlisle was besieged and harassed in 1138, by David, king of Scots—in 1173, by William, king of Scots, and, in 1216, by Alexander—conceded to the English, in 1217—attacked by the Earls of Buchan and Monteith, in 1296—summoned by William Wallace, in 1297—besieged by Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, in 1315—by the Scots, in 1337, 1345, 1380, 1385—the suburbs were burned by the Scotch adherents of Henry VI., in 1461—it was attacked by Nicholas Musgrave, in 1527—by W. Scott, Lord of Buccleugh, in 1596, in order to release William Armstrong, a noted borderer, celebrated in ballad poetry by the name of "Kinmont Willie"—during the civil wars, it was besieged in 1644—by Leslie and the Scotch, in 1645, when the garrison endured hardships, sufferings, and privations, resembling those recorded of the siege of Derry—surprised by Sir Philip Musgrave, for the royal cause, in 1648, and surrendered to Cromwell in the same year—received the Pretender in 1745, and was surrendered by the rebels again in the same year to the Duke of Cumberland.

Drawn by G. Palmer. 3-87 Engraved by J. B. Allen.

representing this fine specimen of military architecture precisely as it appeared in the reign of the last of these monarchs; while the accompanying view exhibits its rude aspect in 1836, with the exception of the drawbridge, which, however, is a faithful copy from an original elsewhere. The ancient gothic portal still survives, as well as the vast keep that towers above it: and even in the imaginative part of the illustration,—armour, costume, &c.—historic truth has been respected; the description of bill-axe with which the sheriff's band is armed, still continuing to be borne by the civil power, at executions, here and in the border districts.

The situation of Carlisle rendered it at an early period, and continued it to a late one, an object of contention between the neighbouring kingdoms. Its military history, therefore, presents events, greater in importance and number, than are recorded of any other fortress in Britain; and no city in the kingdom can reckon so many illustrious and eminent men amongst its visiters, benefactors, and masters.

DIRK HATTERAICK PURSUED BY THE SLOOP-OF-WAR.

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes,
Her white wings flying—never from her foes.
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife:
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck." BYRON.

"On gaining that part of the ruins which commanded the most extensive look-out, they saw a lugger, with all her canvass crowded, standing across the bay, closely pursued by a sloop-of-war, that kept firing upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her stern-chasers. 'They're but at long bowls yet,' cried Kennedy, in great exultation, 'but they will be closer by and by,—he's starting his cargo! I see the good Nantz pitching overboard, keg after keg!—that's an ungenteel thing of Mr. Hatteraick, as I shall let him know by and by.—Now, now! they've got the wind of him! that's it, that's it!—Hark to him! hark to him!, now, my dogs! now, my dogs!—hark to Ranger, hark!'" The chase is supposed to continue during this *spirited* apostrophe to the kegs of Nantz. "The lugger being piloted with great ability, and using every nautical shift to make her escape, had now reached, and was about to double, the headland which formed the extreme point of land on the left side of the bay, when a ball having hit the yard in the slings, the mainsail fell upon the deck. The sloop-of-war crowded all sail to pursue, but she had stood too close upon the cape, so that they were obliged to wear the vessel, for fear of going ashore, and to make a large tack back into the bay, in order to

recover sea-room enough to double the headland." The lugger being able to keep closer in-shore than the majestic object that pursued her, doubled the cape even after the accident,—

> " Already doubled is the cape,—our bay
> Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray,"

but, losing steerage, fell out of sight behind the promontory.

The chase here described with so much animation, is represented as having occurred in Solway Firth, a navigable estuary that indents the western coast of Great Britain, and separates the stewartry of Kircudbright and shires of Dumfries and Wigton (in Scotland) from the county of Cumberland (in England). It extends about fifty miles in length, and thirty in breadth at its embouchure, that is, between Burrow Head in Wigtonshire, and St. Bees' Head in Cumberland. Its waters are deeper on the Scotch than near the English border; and the counties of Galloway and Dumfries are indebted to its navigable qualities, for the commercial prosperity they have so long enjoyed. The Esk, the Sark, and many other streams, whose beauties and irregularities are celebrated in border ballad and legendary lore, throw themselves into the bosom of the Solway Firth. Spring-tides here rise twenty feet, while ordinary tides reach but twelve; a fact, however, less remarkable than the exceeding impetuosity of the waters at ebb and flow, especially during the prevalence of south-west winds—

> " I long woo'd your daughter,—my suit you denied ;
> Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide." *Lady Heron's Song.*

The borderers are in the habit of crossing the sands of the Firth, from shore to shore, at low water; a perilous undertaking, and not unfrequently attended with fatal consequences. The most experienced have sometimes been overtaken by the " rushing of many waters," which always send a fearful sound before them, " as of waters falling down;" a warning voice, too late, alas! for the hapless being they are about to engulf. An active horseman and courageous traveller, who happened to be surprised by the tide in crossing from the Cumberland shore, owed the preservation of his life to his gallant steed, which carried him safely to their usual place of exit from the sands, swimming almost the whole breadth of the estuary. Above the cliffs that enclose the waters of the Firth, and on the northern shore, rises the headland here called the Point of Warroch, from whose summit the luckless Kennedy was hurled, and which has ever since been called the " Gauger's Loup." The *littorale* of the Solway, and the districts that retire a little from it, have often been described by the Author of Waverley, and adopted as originals for some of his best pictures. Annan, Caerlaverock Castle, Cannobie, and Strong Caerlisle, are not far removed from its wave-beaten shores: and " Solway Moss," situated within the " Debateable Land," lies only a few miles from its eastern extremity. This great morass, or collection of liquid turf, began to move from its absolute place on the 17th of November, 1771, and rolled in a dark deluge over lands and houses, polluting an area exceeding four hundred acres: nor did the black eruption cease to flow, charged with fragments and pieces of wreck, until its impetuosity was checked in the

Drawn by H. Melville | P. 237 | Engraved by P. Staines

river or the sea. In the vicinity of this moss it was (in 1513) that the Scottish nobility, led on by Oliver Sinclair, sustained a defeat dishonourable to their arms, the news of which hurried the sensitive and youthful king of Scotland from the proud elevation of a throne to the lowest chamber of a monument.

THE SPIRITED NAG.

"On, on they hastened—and they drew
My gaze of wonder as they flew."

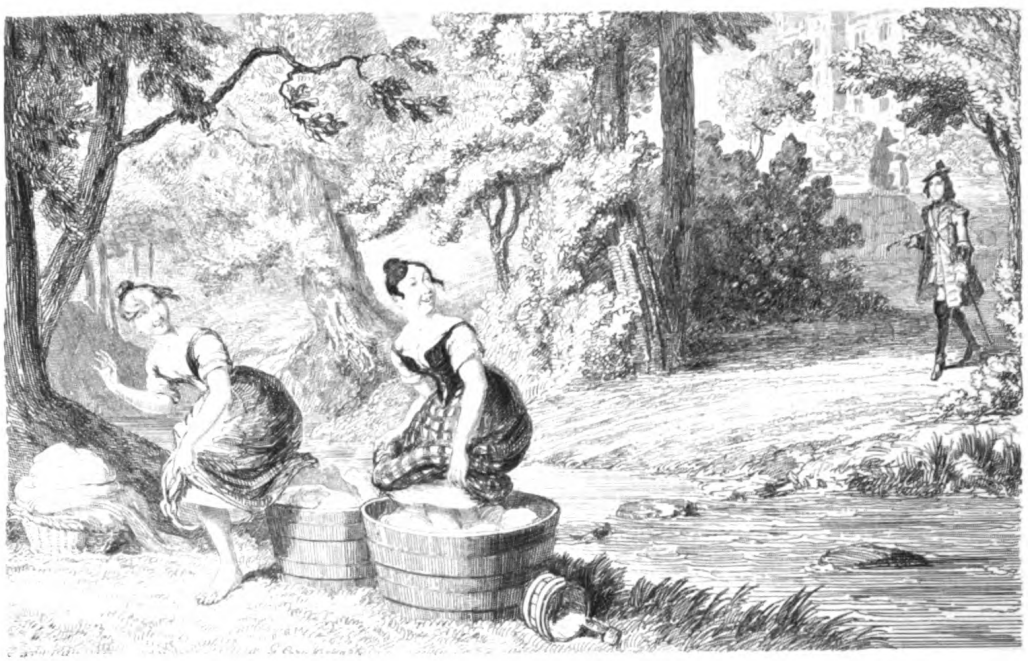
"'De'il a fear, man,' answered the proprietor (Dandie Dinmont), 'Dumple could carry six folk, if his back was lang eneugh; but, God's sake, haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for.' Brown (Harry Bertram) was of opinion that this apparition of five or six men, with whom the other villains seemed to join company, coming across the moss towards them, should abridge ceremony: he therefore mounted Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing with much dexterity to choose the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed."

The reader of Guy Mannering will recollect the congress that was held, at the little inn of Mumps' Ha', between some of the principal actors in the fiction. As each character in that group had an original portrait, so the alehouse and the surrounding moors were sketched from nature. The Waste of Cumberland, or, more correctly, of Bewcastle, is situated in the ancient district of Gilsland, and in the Ward of Eskdale, about eleven miles from Brampton, and twenty from Carlisle. Being part of what was termed "the debateable land," the inhabitants of which were liable to lose their substance by occasional incursions of bordering enemies, their morality became as questionable or "debateable" as their territory. Cattle constituted their chief property, and robbery, from familiarity, amongst them assumed the character of fair reprisal: "they were gentlemen of the night—minions of the moon." Their cheerless land, sometimes styled, "Spade-adam Waste," occupied the north-eastern angle of the county, and was anciently included in the manor of Bewcastle. Brown is supposed to have taken the road across the heath in preference to one more public, in order to visit the Roman wall, the paved causeway, and the numerous traces of military architecture which adorn and give interest to the vicinity of Bewcastle. Mumps' Ha' (Beggar's Hotel), stood near to the Gilsland Spa of modern times; and the adventure of Dandie Dinmont with the footpads, on the Waste of Bewcastle, with only an alteration of names, formed a real scene in the life, or in the character enacted by a stout border yeoman, whose soubriquet was "Fighting Charlie of

Liddesdale," but *true* discriminative appellation, "Armstrong." The other peculiarities in the generous disposition of Dandie Dinmont, of Charlie's Hope, and the accompanying circumstance of his possessing a breed of terriers, whose generations he distinguished merely by a prefix little distinctive, "Auld Pepper, Auld Mustard—Young Pepper, Young Mustard—Little Pepper, Little Mustard," and so on through succeeding descendants, have contributed to the selection of Mr. Davison, of Hindlee, as the actual prototype of the novelist. So wide had the reputation of this gentleman, or rather of his terriers, spread, after the publication of Guy Mannering, that an English lady of rank was not only desirous of obtaining a couple of the Mustard and Pepper family, but was resolved upon imagining that their owner must be a real personage, and accordingly addressed her request (by post) to Mr. Dandie Dinmont, of Liddesdale. Mr. Davison acknowledged the fidelity of the portrait, and returned a brace of his favourite attendants. The death of this blunt, honest, country gentleman took place in the year 1820.

The possession of Bewcastle fortress, like that of Smailholm tower, with which the readers of Sir Walter Scott's ballads are familiar, was an object of jealousy to all border garrisons, time immemorial. The Romans fixed a station on the spot afterwards occupied by the castle-keep: and at the period of the Norman conquest, Both or Beuth Castle was the lordship of the chief whose name it bears. Henry II. granted the manor to Hubert de Vaux (Vaulx or Vallibus), which, after several lapses, forfeitures, and restorations, was conferred by Charles I. upon the Grahams of Netherby, in which family the proprietorship still continues. The outworks of the castle were razed during the civil or parliamentarian wars: the keep alone is perfect. At an early period this desolate tract participated in the neglect of all "debateable" lands; and the son-in-law of Hubert de Vaux, Thomas de Multon, lord of Burgh, his own domains being in a state of perfect cultivation, "suffered his tenants and vassals there to go with their cattle, in the summer season, into the large waste and mountainous part of Bewcastle."* The eastern district of the ward of Eskdale was formerly called Gilsland, from Gils-Bueth, a claimant of the lordship, who was treacherously slain by Bueth, at an interview to which he had invited him for the purpose of adjusting their dispute about boundaries. Across this ancient territory, the Roman causeway, called "The Maiden Way," passes. Some parts of this venerable work are perfect, and highly instructive to the scientific or practical inquirer; its mode of construction, by three strata of different-sized stones, being perfectly obvious. Rugged as the surface of such a worn and weather-beaten causeway must have been, Dandie Dinmont congratulated both his nag and its burden upon their safe arrival on the classic ground. "I am glad we are out o' that moss, where ther's mair stables for horses than change-houses for men; we have the Maiden-way to help us now, at any rate." It is uncertain how long this relic of that powerful people may have enjoyed its present appellation, "Maiden," which is, most probably, only a corruption of the Saxon compound, "Maj-Dun," the Great Hill, or Fort.

* Vide Nicholson and Burn's History of Cumberland and Westmorland.



"EH, SIRS!"

Waverley, Vol. I. p. 85.

"The pleasure-grounds * were laid out in terraces, which descended rank by rank from the western wall to a brook, that served as a boundary to the garden; after which, assuming a rapid and fierce character, it escaped from the eye down a deep and wooded dell. The margin of the brook, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow, or *haugh*, as it is called, which formed a small washing-green; the bank which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees."

"The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the Gardens of Alcina; yet wanted not the 'due donzellette garrule' of that enchanted paradise: for upon the green aforesaid, two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger, (Waverley,) dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and with a shrill exclamation of 'Eh, Sirs!' uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprang off like deer in different directions."

"LADY WAVERLEY!—TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!"

[Waverley, Vol. II. p. 355.

"Convinced he might trust this man, as he could make it his interest to be faithful, Edward (Waverley) communicated his present situation and future schemes to (Bailie) Macwheeble. The wily agent listened with apprehension when he found Waverley was still in a state of proscription—was somewhat comforted by learning that he had a passport—rubbed his hands with glee when he mentioned the amount of his present fortune—opened his huge eyes when he heard the brilliancy of his future expectations;—but when he expressed his intention to share them with Miss Rose Bradwardine, ecstacy had almost deprived the honest man of his senses. The Bailie started from his three-footed stool, like the Pythoness from her tripod; flung his best wig out of the window, because the block on which it was placed stood in the way of his career; chucked his cap to the ceiling, caught it as it fell; whistled Tullochgorum, danced a Highland Fling with inimitable grace and agility, and then threw himself, exhausted into a chair, exclaiming, 'Lady Waverley! Ten thousand a year, the least penny! Lord preserve my poor understanding!'"

"The performer in this humorous climax is Mr. Duncan Macwheeble, who had escaped proscription by an early secession (desertion) from his party, as well as by his insignificance. Waverley found him in his office: before him was a large bicker of oatmeal porridge, and at the side thereof a horn spoon and a bottle of twopenny: a pot-bellied Dutch bottle of brandy, which stood by, intimated either that this honest limb of the law had taken his *morning* already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive. His face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes—his fingers with ink up to the knuckles."

* The taste of the North Britons for landscape gardening, was precisely what is here represented; and such a garden may yet be seen at Ravelston, the seat of Sir Alexander Keith.

"PRO-DI-GI-OUS!"

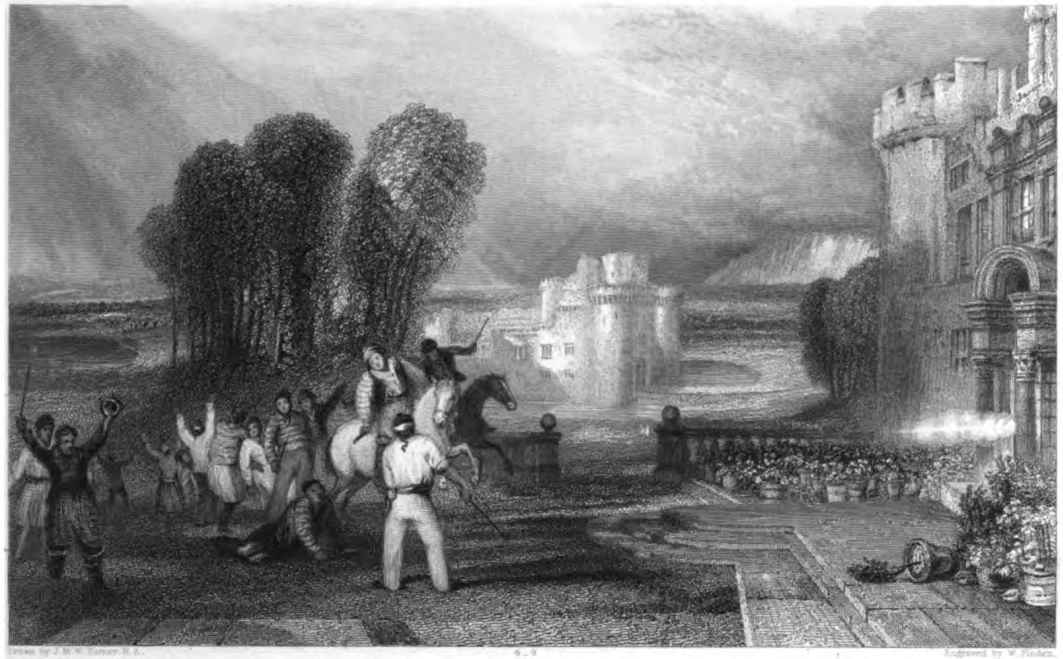
[Guy Mannering, Vol. I. p. 74.

Mrs. Bertram "prayed Dominie Sampson to undertake the task of watching little Harry in his rambles: the Dominie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own success in having already brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early prodigy of erudition being carried off by the gypsies, like a second Adam Smith, was not to be tolerated: and accordingly, though the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen stalking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into a hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie chased by a cross-grained cow—once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping stones—and another time was bogged up to the middle in the slough of Loch-end, in attempting to gather a water-lily for the young laird. It was the opinion of the village matrons who relieved Sampson on the latter occasion, 'that the laird might as weel trust the care of his bairn to a potatoe bogle.' But the good Dominie bore all his disasters with gravity and serenity equally imperturbable, and the only ejaculation ever extorted from this much-enduring man, 'cum placidum caput extulit undis,' was, 'Pro-di-gi-ous!'"

"GAPE, SINNER, AND SWALLOW."

[Guy Mannering, Vol. II. p. 221.

"Sit down there," said Meg Merrilies, pushing the half-throttled preacher against a broken chair, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o' the kirk, that ye are!—are you fou, or fasting?" "Fasting from all but sin," answered the Dominie. Meg meanwhile went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault (the kaim of Derncleugh) which, if the vapours of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was the savour of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moor-game, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks, and, from the size of the cauldron, appeared to be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. "So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savourily with salt and pepper. "Nothing," answered the Dominie, "*Scelestissima!* that is, gudewife." "Hae then," said she, placing the dish before him, "there's what will warm your heart." "I do not hunger—*Malefica*—that is to say, Mrs. Merrilies;" for he said unto himself, the savour is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Ericthae. "If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt I'll put it down your throat wi' the cutty-spoon, scaulding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow." A savoury stew, or *potage a la Meg Merrilies de Derncleugh*, has been added to the *Almanach des Gourmands* by Monsieur Florence, cook to Henry and Charles, late Dukes of Buccleugh.



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 4.9 Engraved by W. Finden.

COL^L. MANNERING, HAZLEWOOD, AND THE SMUGGLERS.

[Guy Mannering, Vol. II. p. 9.

"Colonel Mannering observed them getting hatchets and crows to assail the hall-door, and called aloud, 'Let none fire but Hazlewood and me; Hazlewood, mark the ambassador.' He himself aimed at the man on the grey horse, who fell on receiving his shot. Hazlewood was equally successful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted, and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began to turn round their horses: and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions."

The field of battle is the lawn of Woodburne, a seat which Colonel Mannering, by the mediation of Mr. Mc-Morlan, had been able to hire for a season. It was a large comfortable mansion, snugly seated beneath a hill covered with wood, which shrouded the house upon the north and east: the front looked across a plateau adorned with geraniums and rare plants, upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees: beyond were some arable fields extending down to the river, which was seen from the windows of the house. An old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked dove-cote, and a moderate quantity of land, rendered the place suitable, as the advertisements have it, "for the accommodation of a genteel family;"

Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beach and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers,
Its tide a far-fam'd river pours;
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculan of rural ease! WARTON.

"The vicinity of Woodburne was favourable to the illicit commerce of a set of desperate men, from the Isle of Man, which was nearly opposite; they were numerous, resolute, and formidable, and became the dread of the neighbourhood when any one interfered with their contraband trade. The revenue officers had seized some of their packages, and escaped with them to Woodburne, the nearest as well as the most probable place to find an asylum and protection; but the smugglers procuring reinforcements, pursued them, and made a desperate but unavailing attack upon the Colonel and his little garrison, for the recovery of the goods."

Such horrid wretches, such savage ruffians, as the band of smugglers, were then but rarely seen: notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trousers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. Their horses were reeking with the speed at which they had ridden; and their furious exclamation of rage and disappointment, when balked of their prey, would have shocked any but the intrepid and experienced. The gentleman on the grey horse, with the red handkerchief bound about his brow, assumed the title of Lieutenant; and a fellow with his face blackened with gunpowder, and having a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, undertook the office of mediator, and demanded a parley;—with what success, we have already seen.

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.—COMMON OF ELLANGOWAN.

[Guy Mannering, Vol. II. p. 312.

"'What keeps you here?' said Meg, (Merrilies,) exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice: "Why do you not follow? Must your hour call you twice? Do you remember your oath?—were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial:" and she held high her shining forefinger in a menacing attitude. Bertram turned round to his terrified companions, "Excuse me for a moment, I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman." "Engaged to a mad woman?" said Julia, (Mannering;) "or to a gipsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you!" said Lucy, (Bertram.) "That was not spoken like a bairn of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders." "In short, I must go," said Bertram: it is absolutely necessary: wait for me five minutes on this spot." "Five minutes," said the gipsy, "five hours may not bring you here again." "Do you hear that," said Julia, "do not go!" "I must, I must—Mr. Dinmont will protect you back to the house." "No," said Meg, "he must come with you, it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi' hand and heart: and weel his part it is, for redding his quarrel might have cost you dear." Bertram pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with anxious looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her long dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path by which passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions, and at length reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Derncleugh."

Caerlaverock Castle,* the original of Ellangowan, in the parish of Caerlaverock and shire of Dumfries, stands on a tongue or prong of land, the natural boundaries of which are the Solway Frith, Lochar Water, and the river Nith, about eight miles from the town of Dumfries, and a less distance from the little ports of Kelton and Glencaple.

"How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping vales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom." BURNS.

The ruins, which are still massive and picturesque, stand on a level plain, overhung by a conical mountain, and on the eastern bank of the *debouche* of the Nith. It was originally the chief seat of the Maxwells, an influential and powerful family of Dumfries, who were also wardens of the Western Marches. In the year 1300, Edward I. in

* The name Caerlaverock signifies either the Castle of the Lark, (Caer Laverock,) or "the castle with swelling buttresses," or "the castle on the prong or fork" of the rivers.

Drawn by H. Melville. Engraved by J.H. Kernot.

Carlaverock Castle_The Common of Ellangowan *Château de Carlaverock_Communs d'Ellangowan*

person conducted the siege of this important place, and, having obtained possession, appointed three great barons to be its keepers. A very remarkable murder was committed here in the year 1357. James Lindsay was hospitably entertained and feasted in the Castle of Caerlaverock, by its proprietor, Roger Kirkpatrick: in the dead of night, urged by jealousy at the successful rivalship of his host in marriage, Lindsay arose, and poniarded the unsuspecting laird as he slept.

"He louted down—her lips he prest—
Oh! kiss foreboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
A deep and deadly blow.
"Sair, sair, and meikle did he bleed;
His lady slept till day;
But dreamt the Firth flowed o'er her head,
In bride bed as she lay."

Lindsay mounted his horse, and rode off at full speed from the ruin his hand had wrought; but guilt, remorse, and fear so bewildered him, that, after riding all night, he was arrested at early dawn, not three miles from the castle gate, and executed soon after by order of king David.

This tragic tale is said to have been connected (prophetically) with the murder of the Red Cumine, regent of Scotland, by Robert Bruce, in the Dominican church of Dumfries, in the year 1305. Bruce, attended by two barons (Lindsay and Kirkpatrick) devoted to his cause, entered the church, plunged his dagger into the victim of his hatred, and, rushing out with the point still dropping blood, exclaimed, "I *doubt* I have slain the Red Cumine." "Doubtest thou?" said Kirkpatrick, "I mak sicker;" and accordingly the two barons and their adherents, forcing a passage into the sanctuary, completed the work of blood. The body of the murdered chieftain was watched all night by the friars, and the solemn rites and deep requiem usual in those ages of superstition celebrated over it: as midnight approached, however, their vigilance forsook the whole brotherhood, one aged father excepted, who heard a voice, weak yet clear, resembling that of a wailing infant, exclaim, "How long, Lord, shall thy vengeance be delayed?" to which a low and awful tone replied, "Endure with patience until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." That was the very day on which Lindsay slew Kirkpatrick in Caerlaverock Castle, and the slayer and the slain were the sons of the two barons whose respective names they bore, and who had aided in the death of the Red Cumine.

Caerlaverock was subjected to as many vicissitudes as usually befell the well-stored border castles, previous to the union of the crowns of North and South Britain. At length (1651) it was captured by Oliver Cromwell; and at that period, according to the inventory and receipt of furniture taken and acknowledged to his master by one Finch, the castle contained, amongst other articles of furniture, eighty beds. After this period it is no longer spoken of as a tenable fortalice; its treasures and furniture were speedily removed, and its unroofed but massive walls left to contend with the elements.

Jean Gordon, a sort of gipsy queen, has been discovered by the inquisitive, and acknowledged by the author, as the prototype of his Meg Merrilies. The traits and

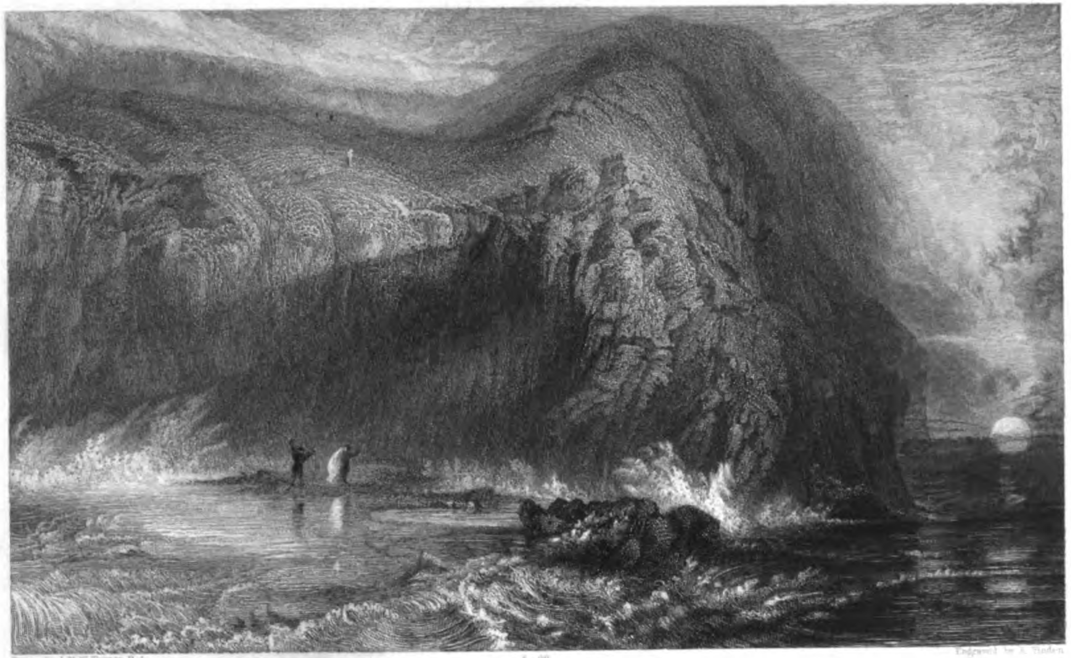
propensities of the original, and of the fictitious character, establish an identity. They both possessed the virtue of fidelity, spoke in the same vehement didactic manner, assumed similar attitudes in addressing superiors, and both wore the gipsy costume. Jean Gordon was born at Kirkyetholm, in Roxburghshire, the metropolis of Scottish gipsies, about the year 1670, and was married to Patrick Faa, a gipsy chief, by whom she had twelve children. In the year 1714, one of her sons was murdered by a gipsy, named Robert Johnson, who had eluded the grasp of justice for ten years. Jean pursued the murderer, and, with a keenness more resembling the scent of a bloodhound than the acuteness of humanity, traced him first to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she caused him to be seized, and conveyed back to Jedburgh. There her vengeance was satisfied by seeing the murderer of her child executed on the Gallows-hill. Jean's earthly toils were not yet ended; a more bitter draught of misery was still preparing for her. It is said that all her sons were condemned to die at Jedburgh on the same day; the jury were equally divided, but a friend to justice, who had slept during the discussion, waking suddenly, exclaimed, "Hang them a'." Jean, who was present, only uttered these words, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!" Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of unusual brutality and unmanliness. Happening to be present at a fair in Carlisle, after the year 1746, when political partisanship was at the highest, she there confessed her Jacobite partialities in language loud and strong, to the unpardonable offence of the zealous rabble of that city, who, seizing poor Jean, inflicted on her the penalty of ducking her to death in the river Eden. During the performance of this dastardly deed, the hapless victim, though old yet stout, struggled desperately with her murderers, and, when at intervals she succeeded in getting her head above water, continued to exclaim, "Charlie yet! Charlie yet!"

BALLYBURGH-NESS.

"There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep." SHAKSPEARE.

[The Antiquary, Vol. I. p. 94, 99.

"The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and a falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming, out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting." With a mind employed in admiration of this romantic scene, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one rocky promontory after another, and found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices that defend, in most places, that iron-bound coast,



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A. 5..99 Engraved by E. Finden

Bally-burgh Ness *Pointe de Bally-burgh*

when suddenly the disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had sunk below the horizon, and a lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight: the moaning sound of the rising storm was heard for some time before its effects on the bosom of the ocean became visible. The dark and threatening mass of waters began to lift itself in longer ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

While the raging waters were thus advancing, and claiming from Sir Arthur and his daughter the narrow space of beach that yet remained, Edie Ochiltree arrived, almost too late to guide them round the Halket Head, and save them from a death, the approach of which would have been, most probably, painfully prolonged; and without the guidance and encouragement of the sturdy mendicant, it would have been impossible for them to have found their way along these shelves. Edie himself acknowledged, that, although familiar with suffering and danger, he had never witnessed "sae awsome a night." "It was indeed a dreadful evening: the howling of the storm, mingled with the shrieks of the seafowl, sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent up between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging sea and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each moment did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them: still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes towards the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. The signal of safety was lost amongst a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice. . . . The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek; and 'God have mercy upon us!' which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur: 'My child! my child!—to die such a death!'"

Amongst the characters introduced in this scene, the most interesting, as well as the most real, is Edie Ochiltree. His prototype, Andrew Gemmels, had been a soldier in his youth, and recounted the dangers he had undergone in a manner so agreeable as to ensure him a cordial welcome at every shepherd's cot or farm-shading that lay in the range of his extensive wanderings. He was usually borne on a high-bred steed, preferred sleeping in an out-house, stable, or byre, returned regularly once or twice in each year to the same house; and, although hung round with rags, used to attend the country fairs and race-courses, where he was seen to bet and dispute with the lairds and gentry with independence and pertinacity. He allowed that begging *had* been a good trade, but that it had sadly declined in his latter days. He was supposed to have saved and concealed some treasure; but, with the exception of a farm which he stocked for his nephew, no substantial proof of his wealth was ever afforded. He died at Newton in the year 1793, having attained the advanced age of 105 years, and was interred in Roxburgh kirk-yard.

THE ANTIQUARY AND LOVEL.

[The Antiquary, Vol. I. p. 160.

"'Come, let us jog on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night.' Thus saying, he (the Antiquary) led the way to the sands. Upon the links, or downs, close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high up on the beach, lent the odoriferous vapours of pitch, melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish, and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. 'What are you for the day, your honour?' she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck; 'Caller haddocks and whitings; a bannock-fluke and a cock-paddle.' 'How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-paddle?' demanded the Antiquary. 'Four white shillings and sax pence,' answered the Naïad. 'Do you think I am mad, Maggie?' 'And div ye think,' rejoined the virago, setting her arms a-kimbo, 'that my man and my sons are to gae to sea in weather like yestreen and the day, and get naething for the fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives.' 'Well, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give you for them.' 'Na, na, Monkbarns, de'il a fit. I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for though you're near eneugh, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip. I'll gie ye them (in a softened tone) for three and saxpence.' 'Half a crown, then, Maggie, and a dram.' 'Aweel, your honour maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller, now the distilleries is no working.' 'And I hope they'll never work again in my time,' said Oldbuck. 'Ay, ay, it's easy for your honour, and the like of you gentlefolks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fire-side; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o'cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?'"

Our readers are presented with a sketch from the romantic coast of Aberdeen, in the vicinity of the supposed site of Monkbarns, thereby imparting to the illustration as much reality as it is susceptible of. Whether Oldbuck himself had any original beyond the graphic sketch of the novelist, is doubtful, although he has often been compared with Mr. Davy Wilson, of snuff-taking and book-collecting propensities. This gentleman purchased the "Game of Chess, 1474," the first book ever printed in England, at a stall in Holland, for two-pence, and sold it to Osborne for about £40, who resold it to Dr. Askew for 60 guineas; after the Doctor's decease, this rare volume was disposed of to Royalty itself for no less a price than £170!!

Drawn by H. Melville. S. Bell. Engraved by J. C. Bromley.

Mrs Hawkbane & Mrs Shortcake. Madame Hawkbane & Madame Shortcake

My good friends "faveto linguis." Mes bons amis "faveto linguis."

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON, & PARIS, 1836.

MRS. HEUKBANE AND MRS. SHORTCAKE.

——————— "A letter from him
Of such contents as you will wonder at." OLD PLAY.

[The Antiquary, Vol. I. p. 202.

"'Show me! show me!' quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters, in Macbeth, upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager, and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman; she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe, to have her share of the investigation. 'It's frae him, sure eneugh,' said the butcher's lady; 'I can read Richard Taffrail on the corner; and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end.' 'Haud it lower down, madam,' exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required; 'haud it lower down: div ye think naebody can read hand-o'writ but yoursell?' 'Whisht, whisht,' said Mrs. Mail-letter, 'there's somebody in the shop:' then aloud—'Look to the customers, Baby!' Baby answered, in a shrill tone, 'It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letter to her.' 'Tell her,' said the faithful post-mistress, winking to her compeers, 'to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken; we have na had time to sort out the mail letters yet: she's ay in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town.'

"Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope deferred."

"MY GOOD FRIENDS—'FAVETE LINGUIS.'"

[The Antiquary, Vol. II. p. 297.

"'God save the king!' exclaimed the Antiquary, at the first glance of the contents of his packet; and, surprised at once out of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he skimmed his cocked hat in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in the fall by a branch of the chandelier. He next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the beaver, had not Edie stopped his hand, exclaiming, 'Lord's sake, he's gone gyte—mind, Caxon's no here to repair the damage.'

"Every person now assailed the Antiquary, clamouring to know the cause of so sudden a transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his rapture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and, ascending the stairs by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he addressed the astonished audience as follows: 'My good friends, *favete linguis*—to give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and therefore, with your leaves, I will retire into the library to examine these papers; but be of good cheer till my return, which will be *instanter*.'"

THE PRIORY OF ST. RUTH.

" But now the sacred sound is heard no more,
No music floats the dreary aisles along;
Ne'er from its chancel soars the midnight prayer,
The stillness broken by no earthly thing,
Save when the night-bird wakes the echoes there,
Or the bat flutters its unfeathered wing." ANONYMOUS.

[The Antiquary, Vol. II. p. 63.

" When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow on which it stands, Dousterswivel could perceive the torches which had caused him so much alarm issuing in regular procession from the ruins, and gleaming their light, like that of the *ignis fatuus*, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space, with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished. 'We aye put out the torches at the Halie-cross Well on sic occasions,' said the forester to his guest; and accordingly no farther visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dousterswivel, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course."

During the fraud of Dousterswivel (which has its original in the case of a silver mine attempted to be set on foot near Innerleithen, by the Earl of T——,) the funeral of the Countess of Glenallan arrived at the priory, accompanied by ceremonies with which those ancient walls were once familiar, but now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. The remains were laid out in the sacristy, when Dousterswivel peeped through the grate-work, " where was an open grave, with four tall flambeaux, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners; a bier, having a corpse in its shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tressels at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred. A priest, dressed in his cope and stole, held open the service-book; another churchman, in his vestments, bore a holy-water sprinkler; and two boys, in white surplices, held censers with incense. A man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning: others, in lugubrious dresses, stood around the walls of the vault, ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. The priest recited, with a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, the solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic church has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust; and a loud Alleluia, which pealed through the deserted arches of St. Ruth, closed the mournful ceremony."

Arbroath, or Aberbrothock Abbey, the original of St. Ruth Priory, is situated close by the village of the same name in Forfarshire. It was founded by William the Lion, in 1178, and the building was consecrated to the memory of Thomas à Becket. It was furnished with Tyronensian monks from the abbey of Kelso, who observed the rule of St. Benedict. The abbot wore a mitre and other pontificals, and was permitted to grant minor orders to the clergy of the convent. The monks of this venerable institution erected and

Drawn by H. Melville | 6 .. 63 | Engraved by G. Presbury

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FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, & PARIS, 1836

Oldbuck at Elspeth's Hut

Oldbuck à la cabane d'Elspeth

maintained a pier or jetty on the sea-shore, and erected a bell on Inchcape Rock, which was rung by the lashing of the waves at high-water, and in this way warned the mariner of his danger. The ingenuity and science of modern times have placed on this site, now called the Bell Rock, one of the most valuable light-houses on the eastern coast of Scotland. It is related in the vicinity, that a Dutch pirate stole away the bell for the value of the metal, and that on a stormy night, not long after, his vessel struck on the Bell Rock, where he and his crew, as a retribution for their crime, perished in the waves.

" The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock,
Had placed the bell on the Inch-Cape Rock.
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung:
When the rock was hid by the tempest swell,
The mariner heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

A convention of the Scottish nobility was held in Arbroath Abbey in 1220, at which a remonstrance was drawn up against the pretensions of Edward II. and forwarded to Rome by one of the monks of the abbey. Until the Reformation, few ecclesiastical structures in Scotland exceeded that of Arbroath (St. Ruth) in beauty, extent, or riches; but the zeal, the enthusiasm, the rage of the reformers, spared not even what time had consecrated; and an infuriated mob fired the interior, and pulled down as much of the substantial part of the building as they were able, during the continuance of the frenzy.

OLDBUCK AT ELSPETH'S HUT.

" Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley." OLD PLAY.

[The Antiquary, Vol. II. p. 257.

" 'No, wretched Beldam,' exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, 'they drank the poison that you and your wretched mistress prepared for them.'

" 'Ha, ha!' she replied, 'I aye thought it would come to this; its but sitting silent when they examine,—there's nae torture in our days; and if there is, let them rend me! Its ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats.'

" 'Speak to her, Edie,' said the Antiquary, 'she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily.'

" 'We shall mak naething mair out o' her,' said Ochiltree; 'when she has clinkit herself down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we came in. However, I'll try her once mair, to satisfy your honour. So you canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed?'

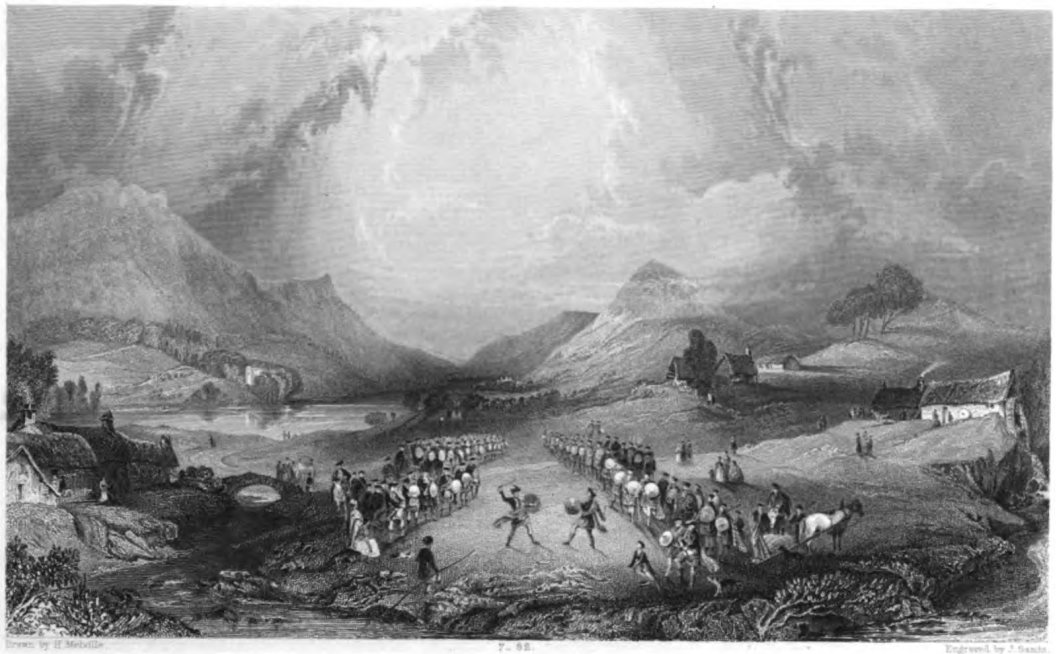
" 'Removed!' she exclaimed, for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her, 'then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle: tell them

to let Lord Geraldin know we're on before them.—Bring my hood and scarf—ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy, and my hair in this fashion?

"She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly: and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner, 'Call Miss Neville. What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Eveline Neville—not Lady Geraldin—there's no Lady Geraldin;—tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale. Teresa—Teresa,—my lady calls us!—Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a yule midnight.—We are coming, my lady!' With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor. Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, 'Its a' ower, she has passed away even with that last word.' Nothing was more certain, she had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips; and all that remained before them were the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined to all the distresses of age and poverty.

The object of Oldbuck's visit to Elspeth's hut, was to inquire into the mysteries connected with the house of Glenallan, mysteries in which Elspeth was known to have been initiated, and crimes in which she had participated. Edie Ochiltree was necessary as a familiar medium of conversing with the obstinate old woman, as well as from his having on one occasion been despatched by her with a message to the Earl of Glenallan; and the reason Oldbuck assigned to his nephew for bringing him along with him was, "I would willingly have a sensible witness with me—so, for fault of a better, Hector, I must be contented with you."

The circumstance and manner of Elspeth's death have their original in an incident that happened at the funeral of John, Duke of Roxburghe. The only assistant his grace employed for many years, in taking down or replacing the volumes of his library, was a livery servant, named Archie, who knew the position and exterior of every book, as the shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by a species of head-mark. To secure Archie's attendance, a bell was hung in his room, which was not used on any occasion, except to summon him individually to the Duke's study. In 1804 his grace died, at his residence in St. James's-Square, London; and his remains being removed to Scotland, were deposited in the family vault at Bowden, after having lain in state at his mansion of Fleurs. Archie, at this period in the last stage of a fatal liver complaint, resolved on accompanying the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully attended. Contrary to the advice of his physician, the poor invalid attended the mournful procession to Fleurs, where he became so totally exhausted, that he was obliged to remain in bed, in a stupor that announced speedy dissolution. On the morning of the day fixed on for the removal of the Duke's remains to the place of burial, the bell, which had never been used except to summon Archie, rang violently; and Archie, roused by the well-known sounds, rose up in bed, faltered in broken accents, "Yes, my lord duke—yes, I will wait on your grace instantly;" and with these words on his lips fell back and expired.



Drawn by H. Melville. P. 88. Engraved by J. Sands.

BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

" The Braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws." BURNS.

[Rob Roy, (Introduction,) Vol. I. p. 82.

" In the last years of Rob Roy's life, his clan was involved in a dispute with one more powerful than themselves. Stewart of Appin, a chief of the tribe so named, was proprietor of a hill-farm in the Braes of Balquhidder, called Invernenty. The Macgregors of Rob Roy's tribe claimed a right to it by ancient occupancy, and declared they would oppose to the uttermost the settlement of any person upon the farm, not being of their own name. The Stewarts came down, with two hundred men, well armed, to do themselves justice by main force. The Macgregors took the field, but were unable to muster an equal strength. Rob Roy, finding himself the weaker party, asked a parley, in which he represented that both clans were friends to the *king*, and that he was unwilling they should be weakened by mutual conflict, and thus made a merit of surrendering to Appin the disputed territory of Invernenty. Appin, accordingly, settled as tenants there, at an easy quit-rent, the Mac Larens, a family dependent on the Stewarts, and from whose character for strength and bravery it was expected that they would make their right good, if annoyed by the Macgregors. When all this had been amicably adjusted, in presence of the two clans, drawn up in arms near the kirk of Balquhidder, Rob Roy, apparently fearing his tribe might be thought to have conceded too much upon the occasion, stepped forward and said, that where so many gallant men were met in arms, it would be shameful to part without a trial of skill, and therefore he took the freedom to invite any gentleman of the Stewarts present, to exchange a few blows with him for the honour of their respective clans. The brother-in-law of Appin, and second chieftain of the clan, Alaster Stewart of Invernahyle, accepted the challenge, and they encountered with broad-sword and target before their respective kinsmen. The combat lasted till Rob received a slight wound in the arm, which was the usual termination of such a combat when fought for honour only, and not with a mortal purpose. Rob Roy dropped his point, and congratulated his adversary on having been the first man who ever drew blood from him. The victor generously acknowledged, that without the advantage of youth, and the agility accompanying it, he probably could not have come off with advantage.

" This was probably one of Rob Roy's last exploits in arms. The precise date of his death is not known, but he is generally acknowledged to have survived the year 1738, and to have died 'full of years.' When he found himself drawing to his final change, he expressed contrition for particular acts of his life. Helen, his wife, laughed at his scruples of conscience, and exhorted him to die like a man, as he had lived; but he rebuked her for her violent passions, and the counsels she had given him.

" You have put strife," he said, " betwixt me and the best men of the country, and now you would place enmity between me and my God."

While laid on the bed of sickness and of death, he was informed that a person with whom he had long been at variance, proposed to visit him: " Raise me from my bed," said he, " throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols—it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy Mac Gregor defenceless and unarmed." The foeman (one of the Mac Larens) having paid his compliments, during the maintenance of a cold aud haughty civility on the chieftain's part, retired from the house. As soon as he was gone, Rob Roy calmly observed, " Now, all is over; lay me again in my bed, and tell the piper to play *Cha teil mi tuile te*, i. e. I shall never return,—and not to cease until life shall be extinct." Being immediately and punctually obeyed, he expired before the song of war was concluded.

Rob Roy was rather below the middle size, but displayed an appearance of strength and muscular power, that made an impression as of one much taller and more robust. His arms were so long, that when dropped down, his fingers touched his garter below the knee; and they were so strong, that he could seize and hold a deer by the horns: nor could any man wrench whatever he determined on retaining in his grasp. His complexion was a dark red; his features large and handsome, expressive of magnanimity. His eye was stern, his lip contemptuous, and the contour betraying a continued subjection to injuries of lesser minds, and an unceasing habit of revenging them. He combined in a remarkable degree the calm steady sagacity of the Caledonian, with the intrepid hardihood of the mountaineer.

Rob Roy left five sons, concerning three of whom there remains nothing remarkable to record, but James seemed to inherit his father's martial spirit, and Robin Oig was publicly executed on the 14th of February, 1754, for the forcible abduction of Miss Jean Wright from her own dwelling.

The parish-village of Balquhidder, that is, the village in the centre of five glens, is in the parish of the same name and shire of Perth, not far from King's-House and Callander. It is seated at the east end of Loch Voil, and, in addition to the picturesque character of its accompanying braes, is remarkable as the last residence of Rob Roy, who was interred in the kirk-yard of the parish, where his tombstone is only distinguished by a rude attempt at the figure of a broadsword graven upon it. The grave of the Highland chieftain, and the romantic scenery of what are termed the Braes, appear to form powerful attractions to the Southron, who visit this wild district in numbers periodically. The parish of Balquhidder lies in the very centre of the Grampian hills, is altogether mountainous and pastoral, and includes the beautiful lakes called lochs Doine, Voil, Lubnaig, Earn, and others inferior in picturesqueness and aqueous surface.

Drawn by W. Harvey. P. 65 Engraved by R. Staines.

Osbaldistone Hall. Château d'Osbaldistone

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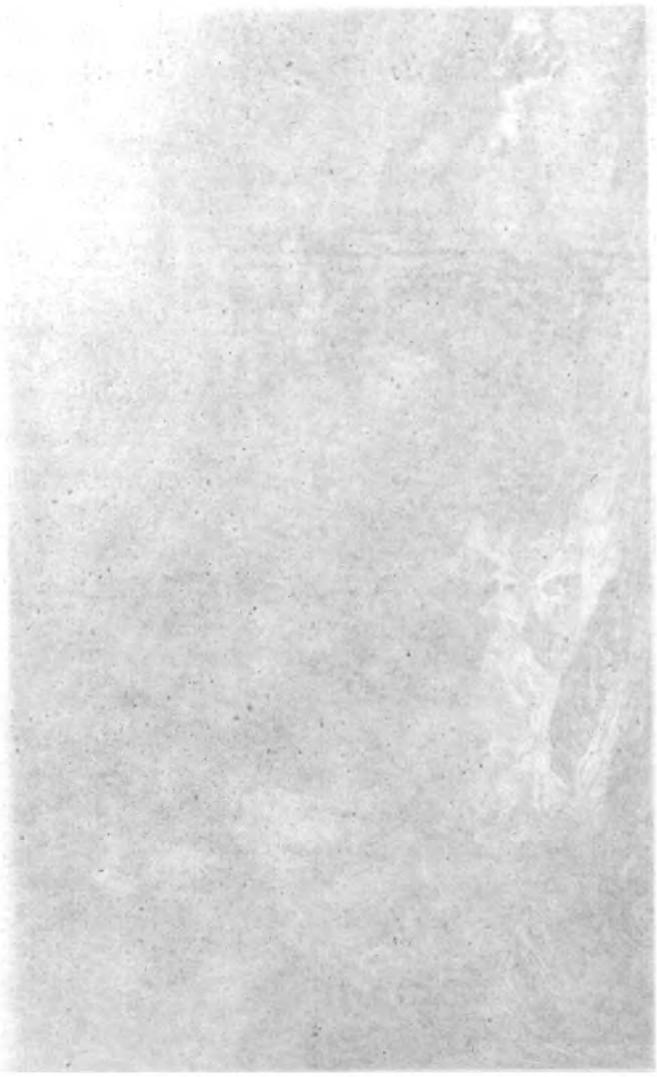


OSBALDISTONE HALL.

"How melts my beating heart, as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed, that sweeps along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in the extended vale below." SOMERVILLE.

[Rob Roy, Vol. I. p. 65.

"One of the young men (Thorncliff Osbaldistone) whom we had seen, approached us, waving the brush of a fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion. 'I see, she (Diana Vernon) replied, I see; but make no noise about it: if Phœbe,' she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, 'had not got amongst the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting.'

"They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me, and converse a moment in an under tone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something, which he declined, shily, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying, 'Well, well, Thornie, if you wont, I must, that's all—Sir,' she continued, addressing me, 'I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiry of you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard anything of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?"

The noble seat of his ancestors, which Frank Osbaldistone had now approached, and where the first interview occurred between Miss Vernon and himself, was at the base of the Cheviot hills, which rose in frowning majesty above it; not with that sublime variety of cliff and rock which characterises primitive mountains, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining by their extent and desolate appearance an influence upon the imagination, as a desert district possessing a character of its own. The hall of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was situated in a glen or narrow valley, which ran up among the hills; and although the vast estates which once belonged to the family had been dissipated by the misfortunes or misconduct of the proprietors, enough was still attached to the old mansion to give the occupier the title of a man

of property. The Hall itself, a large antiquated edifice, peeped out from a druidical grove of huge oaks, just rose in the distant prospect of the young visitor of the house of his forefathers, and occasioned a desire to reach it more speedily than was agreeable to his tired steed, when a vision passed, that interrupted his reflections. This was a young lady,* the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise—mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit: her long black hair streamed in the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon that bound it. Some broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and served as an apology to Frank Osbaldistone for riding up to the fair Amazon, and making a tender of his assistance; a proposal acknowledged by a smile, that encouraged him to put his horse to the same pace, and keep in the immediate neighbourhood of the fair huntress, until she was able to recover her companions in the chase.

They crossed the stream which divided the little valley, when the headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack in full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman, and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of reynard with unerring instinct; and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. They were tall, stout young men, well-mounted, and dressed in green and red, the uniform of a sporting association formed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone. My cousins, thought Frank, as they swept past. His next reflection was, what kind of recreation he was likely to find amongst these sons of Nimrod? and how improbable it was, that he, knowing nothing of rural sports, should find himself at ease, or happy in his uncle's family. These sombre reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Miss Vernon, whose conclusion as to the place in society to which his cousins were entitled, may be ascertained from her character of Thornie. "There he goes, the prince of grooms and cock-fighters, and blackguard horse-coursers."

* The Miss Vernon of real life, whose animated portrait our author has painted in this novel, was a scion of the noble house of Cranstoun, and sister of one of the most eminent of the lords of the session. She married the Austrian Count Purgshall, and never revisited her native country after, though she seems up to the last moment of her existence to have been impressed with the strongest attachment for the land of her fathers, as well as for the circle of early friends she left behind.

F. Osbaldistone at Squire Inglewoods F. Osbaldistone chez l'Ecuyer Inglewood

FRANK OSBALDISTONE'S UNEXPECTED VISIT TO SQUIRE INGLEWOOD.

[Rob Roy, Vol. I. p. 114.

"Tired of waiting for some one to announce me, and finding my situation as a listener rather awkward, I (Frank Osbaldistone) presented myself to the company just as my friend Mr. Morris, for such it seems was his name, was uplifting the fifth stave of his doleful ballad. The high tone, with which the tune started, died away in a quaver of consternation, on finding himself so near one whose character he supposed to be little less suspicious than that of the hero of his madrigal, and he remained silent, with a mouth gaping, as if I had brought the Gorgon's head in my hand. The justice, (Squire Inglewood,) whose eyes had closed under the influence of the somniferous lullaby of the song, started up in his chair as it suddenly ceased, and stared with wonder at the unexpected addition which the company had received while his organs of sight were in abeyance. Mr. Jobson was also commoved, for, sitting opposite to Mr. Morris, that honest gentleman's tenor communicated itself to him, though he wotted not why."

FRAY IN JEANIE MAC ALPINE'S PUBLIC-HOUSE.

[Rob Roy, Vol. II. p. 170.

"I (Frank Osbaldistone) put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected mettle: as he saw the gigantic Highlander about to confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabble*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-hot coulter of a plough, which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance, till he could get it extinguished. Andrew Fairservice, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, vanished at the very commencement of the fray; but his antagonist, crying fair play! seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Osbaldistone's aim was to possess himself of his antagonist's weapon, but he declined from closing with him through fear of a dirk which he held in his left hand. The Bailie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his own passion, were rapidly exhausting his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeping Highlander, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant, exclaiming, 'Her nainsell has eaten the town bread at the cross o' Glasgow, and by her troth sh'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the clachan of Aberfoil.'"

THE PASS OF ABERFOIL.

" 'Woe to the vanquished!' was stern Brenno's word,
When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword.
'Woe to the vanquished!' when his massive blade
Bore down the scale against her ransom weighed:
And on the field of foughten battle still
Woe knows no limit save the victor's will." THE GAULLIAD.

[Rob Roy, Vol. II. p. 211.

"The attack which he (Captain Thornton) meditated, was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. 'Stand!' she said, with a commanding tone, 'and tell me what ye seek in Mac Gregor's country?'

"I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty: though now imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

"'It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife,' said the Bailie, in a whisper of considerable alarm; 'and there will be broken heads amang us or its long.'

"'What seek ye here?' she asked again of Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to the reconnoitre.

"'We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy Mac Gregor Campbell,' answered the officer, 'and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment.'

"'Ay,' retorted the Amazon, 'I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame. My mother's bones will shrink aside in the grave when mine are laid beside them. Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us. Ye have taken from us all—all! The very name of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives.'

"'I seek no man's life,' replied the Captain; 'I only execute my orders. If you are alone, good woman, you have nought to fear: if there are any with you so rash as to offer useless resistance, their own blood be on their own heads,—move forward, serjeant.'

"'Forward,' said the non-commissioned officer, 'Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head and a purse of gold!' He quickened his pace into a run, followed by six soldiers:

Drawn by C. Bentley. 8. XII. Engraved by J. Redaway.

but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen firelocks from various parts of the pass, parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The serjeant, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after one desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers, three fell, slain or disabled: the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded."

"'Grenadiers, to the front!' said Captain Thornton; the four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to support them, and adding, 'Look to your safety, gentlemen,' gave in rapid succession the word to the grenadiers, 'Open your pouches — handle your grenades — blow your matches — fall on.'"

"The whole party advanced with a shout, the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault: a continued spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled fusees of the grenades, and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the huzzas of the soldiers, and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists, added wings to the desire of Dougal and the Bailie to reach a place of safety. The Bailie having ascended about twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping, as he straddled from one huge fragment of a rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the deacon, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding coat, supported him in mid-air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in the Trongate, or to the coffin of Mahomet, which remains suspended between heaven and earth.

"In a few minutes the cause of terror ceased, for the fire, at first so well sustained, now sunk at once, a sure sign that the conflict was ended. It terminated in the defeat of Captain Thornton. His party, about twelve in number, after most of them were wounded, being exposed to a murderous and well-aimed fire, at length laid down their arms, by order of their officer, who perceived that the road in the rear was occupied, and that protracted resistance would be only wasting the lives of his brave followers."

The celebrated and romantic Pass of Aberfoil forms the principal line of communication between the Highlands and Lowlands, in Perthshire. It is situated in the parish of the same name, which extends a length of eleven miles, and varies in breadth from a narrow avenue or entrance to five miles across. Its boundaries are, on the north, Callander; on the east, Monteith; on the south, Keppin and Buchanan; and on the west, Stirlingshire. The most interesting attraction of this district is the chain of lakes which beautify the vale, and stretch their silvery length along the narrow and shadowy bottom. The village or clachan was the scene of some of Rob Roy's adventures mentioned elsewhere; and in the Pass, which is only a little distance from it, a serious and real tragedy was enacted by Rob's kinsmen, headed by Helen Mac Gregor. The precise

spot on which this brief but sanguinary struggle occurred is a narrow defile, the highest part of which rises abruptly over Loch Ard head, above which Ben Lomond raises his graceful form. A similar ambush, and equally successful, was laid in this part of the pass for the soldiers of Cromwell, who were here set upon and repulsed with considerable loss by a party of Highlanders, commanded by the Earl of Glencairn.

The clachan of Aberfoil is twenty miles from Stirling, five miles from the port of Monteith, five miles from the Trosachs, and enriched by scenery rendered classical by the genius of the first of modern novelists. The Duke of Montrose, the principal landed proprietor here, has erected a handsome inn in the village.

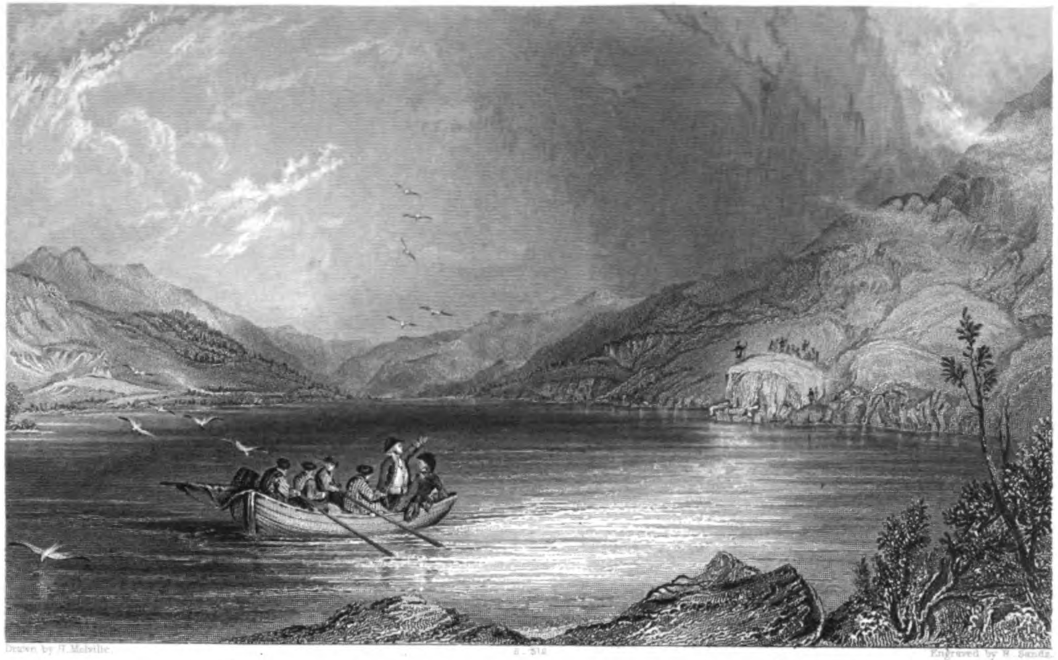
LOCH LOMOND.

" Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke." SCOTT.

[Rob Roy, Vol. II. p. 319.

" With these assurances of mutual aid and continued good will, we (Bailie Jarvie and Frank Osbaldistone) bore away from the shore, and took our course for the south-western angle of the lake, where it gives birth to the river Leven. Rob Roy remained for some time standing on the rock from beneath which we had departed, conspicuous by his long gun, waving tartans, and the single plume in his cap, which in those days denoted the Highland gentleman and soldier, although the present military taste has decorated the Highland bonnet with a quantity of black plumage resembling that which is borne before funerals. At length, as the distance increased between us, we saw him turn, and go slowly up the side of the hill, followed by his immediate attendants or body guard."

The magnificent scenery of Loch Lomond, the Lausanne of Caledonia, is thus described by Frank Osbaldistone, upon the occasion of his visit to Rob Roy's retreat. " The lofty peak of Ben Lomond, here the predominant monarch of the mountains, lay on our right hand, and served as a striking land-mark. I was not awakened from my apathy until, after a long and toilsome walk, we emerged through a pass in the hills, and Loch Lomond opened before us. I will spare you the attempt to describe what you would hardly comprehend without going to see it. But certainly this noble lake,



Drawn by H. Melville. Engraved by R. Sands.

boasting innumerable beautiful islands, of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost amongst dusky and retreating mountains—while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature. The eastern side, peculiarly rough and rugged, was at this time the chief seat of Mac Gregor and his clan, to curb whom a small garrison had been stationed in a central position betwixt Loch Lomond and another lake, (Loch Katrine,) an establishment which seemed rather an acknowledgment of the danger, than an effectual means of securing the country against it."*

Loch Lomond is situated between the shires of Stirling and Dumbarton, which are separated by an imaginary line passing adown the centre of the lake, and is considered the noblest and most picturesque of all the Scottish lakes. It extends twenty-three miles in a direction north and south, and varies in breadth from five miles to a trifling admeasurement, when it narrows as it flows up the vale of Glenfalloch. The depth of the water at the southern extremity seldom exceeds twenty fathoms, but at the northern, where it never freezes, it is in some places one hundred fathoms. The total aqueous area covers 20,000 English acres, or thirty-one and a quarter square miles. Its picturesque beauty is much increased by nearly thirty islands and islets, of various forms and sizes, the greater number situated at the southern or widest end. The waters of this magnificent lake are refreshed and renewed by the influx of numerous rivers and rivulets; the principal are, the Uglass, the Luss, the Fruin, the Falloch, the Snaid, and the Endrick. A communication is opened with the estuary of the Clyde by the channel of the river Leven, from which the lake itself derived its former name of Loch Leven. The most interesting, extensive, and picturesque view of the lake and its accompanying scenery is obtained from Stonehill, an eminence rising a little to the north of the village of Luss. From hence the broad expanse of the waters is taken in at a single glance, where,

> "From her proud bourn behold the distant isles,
> And the rude masonry of rocky piles;
> Grotesque and various, from the deep they rise,
> And catch, by turns, new forms to mock the eyes." LESLIE.

Some of the little islets are clothed to the water's edge with luxuriant woods, of various tints; others exhibit a beautiful combination of rock and copse; some, like plains of emerald, raise their level verdant surfaces scarcely above the silvery surface; while others display rude rocks, rising into precipices, and destitute of vegetation. Towards the south, the Leven appears meandering through the beautiful vale to which it lends its name, overhung by those mountains that shut out the more distant

* In the year 1792, when the author of Waverley passed this station, a garrison, consisting of a *single* veteran, was maintained at Inversnaid. The venerable warden was engaged in reaping his barley croft in the most entire peace and tranquillity; and when Sir Walter asked admittance to repose himself, replied, "that he would find the key of the *fort* under the door." (*Introduction.*)

valley of the Clyde, while the castle-crowned rock of Dumbarton is conspicuous in the distance. The vale of Endrick is adorned with seats, halls, parks, and other embellishments of art and civilization, besides a slender pillar that rears its tapering height towards heaven, and commemorates the worth and services of the amiable and lamented Buchanan. Northward, the waters insinuate themselves between the deep openings of the mountains, which ascend with abruptness to their culminating point, the summit of Ben Lomond. "Loch Lomond," says a popular topographical writer, "is the pride of the Scottish lakes, exceeding all others in variety, extent, and splendour, and uniting in itself every style of scenery that is found around the other Highland pools." It is superior to Loch Katrine, which, notwithstanding its dazzling beauties, wearies and fatigues the eye, rather misleading the judgment than continuing to satisfy it after long familiarity. It nowhere exposes that poverty of aspect which attaches to the scenery of Loch Shin and others, and even throws a dark mantle over a great part of Loch Katrine and its shores. The scenery from Luss to the upper extremity of the lake presents views superior in composition, though much resembling those around Loch Awe, Loch Lubnaig, and Loch Earn; and in the immediate vicinity are many landscapes similar in character, but more beautiful in feature, than the best passages of the Trosachs. The lower extremity presents landscapes of a style and character unknown to any other part of Scotland: this consists in the numerous isles, of varied forms, colours, and elevations, that sparkle on its broad expanse, and give to Loch Lomond a charm, beauty, and variety, that leave it without a rival in the stern romantic land of Caledonia.

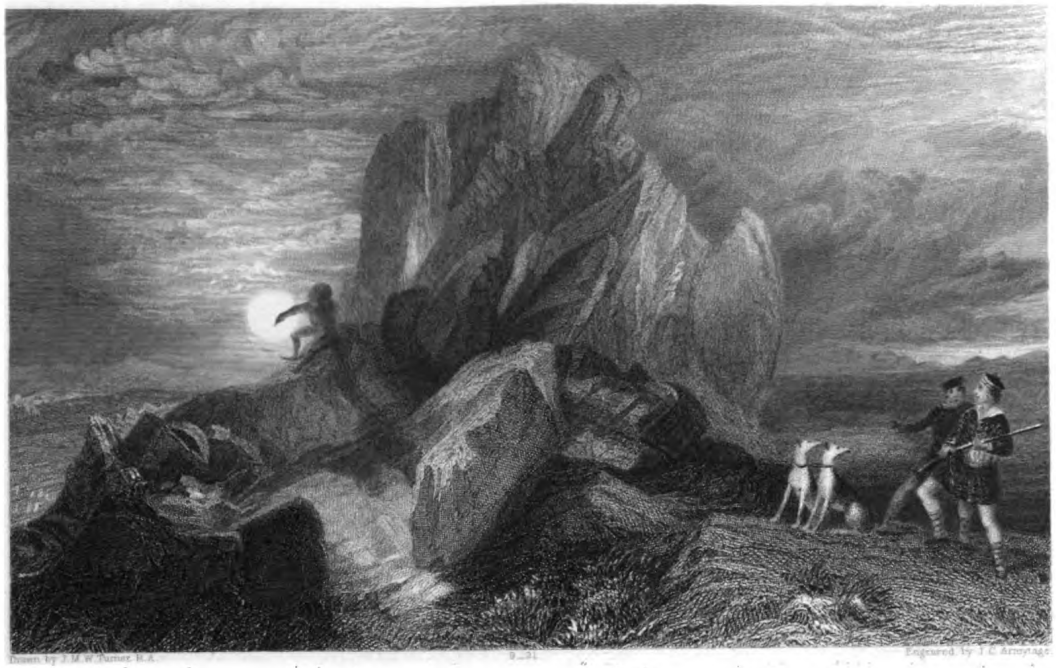
IT'S AULD AILIE HERSELL!

"Brown dwarf, that o'er the moorland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell!

[Tales of My Landlord, (Black Dwarf,) Vol. I. p. 20, 21.

"Gude preserve us, Earnscliff, what can yon be?"

The object which alarmed the young farmer (Hobbie Elliott) in the middle of his valorous protestations, startled, for a moment, even his less prejudiced companion. The moon, which had arisen during the conversation, was, in the phrase of that country, wading or struggling with the clouds, and shed only a doubtful aud occasional light. By one of her beams, which streamed upon the great granite column to which they now approached, they descried a form, apparently human, but of a size much less than ordinary, which moved slowly among the large grey stones, not like a person intending to journey onward, but with the slow, irregular, flitting movement of a being who hovers around some spot of melancholy recollection, uttering, also from time to time, a sort of indistinct muttering sound. This so much resembled his idea of the motion of an apparition, that Hobbie Elliot making a dead pause, while his hair erected itself


Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
9...21
Engraved by J.C. Armytage

Painted by H. B. Davis. p. 260. Engraved by J. Carter.

upon his scalp, whispered to his companion, 'Its Auld Alie hersell! shall I gie her a shot, in the name of God?'—'For Heaven's sake, no,' said his companion, holding down the weapon, which he was about to raise to the aim; 'for Heaven's sake, no; its some poor distracted creature."

FESTIVAL OF THE POPINJAY.

"——— Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows,
The mast Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
Their living mark, at which the arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance." VIRGIL, *Æneid V.*

[Tales of my Landlord, (Old Mortality,) Vol. I. p. 260.

"The sheriff of the county of Lanark held the *Wappen-schaw* of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a heugh, or level plain, near to a royal borough, on the fifth of May, 1679. When the musters had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popinjay, an ancient game, formerly practised with archery, but at this period with fire-arms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay, or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

"The ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, or barouches, were unknown in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight *insides* and six *outsides*. The insides were their graces in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot, and an equerry to his grace ensconced in a corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short swords, and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board

behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacqueys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for reasons assigned, was rather select than numerous.

"Near to the enormous leather vehicle just described, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, was seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in the widow's weeds, which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

"Her granddaughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, appeared beside her aged relative, like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared, to set her forth to the best advantage."

The amusement of the popinjay, or pepingoe, appears to have had its birth when archery ceased to be practised by the standing army of the kingdoms of western Europe. The bow was much in use in the reign of Edward III. and the battles of Crecy and Poictiers prove that archery must have been successfully cultivated by the English at those eventful periods. Richard II. kept up a numerous corps of archers; and in the year 1397, as the members were leaving the parliament house, "a greater stir was made than usual, whereupon the king's archers, in number *four thousand*, compassed the parliament house, thinking there had been some broil or fighting, with their bows bent, their arrows notched, and drawing ready to shoot, to the terror of all that were there: but the king coming, pacified them."

The Scots felt the power of the long-bow at the battle of Hallidown-hill in 1333, where "Lord Percie's archers did withall deliver their deadly arrows so lively, so courageously, so grievously, that they ranne through the men of armes, bored the helmets, pierced their very swords, beat their lances to the earth, and easily shot those who were more slightly armed through and through."* The last memorable occasion on which the English bowmen, with their yard-long arrows, dealt death around them, was at the celebrated battle of Agincourt, in 1415, from which period it has gradually grown into disuse as a means of warfare, and is now more cultivated as an amusement than a military exercise.

James the First of Scotland, on his release from captivity in England, established several companies of royal bowmen in his own kingdom, so much was he struck with the gallantry and spirit of the English archers. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Charles I.,—and II., were all attached to this amusement, and subsequent monarchs graced the meetings of amateur archers with their royal presence. One ancient society, the Finsbury Archers, has survived to the present day, and within the last twenty years more than twenty similar societies have been formed in Scotland and in England.

* "One side pierced quite, the weapon rested not,
But making way, through armour—bones—it flies,
Death leaving in its rear: the fatal shaft
Behind its wounds a ready passage opes." LUCAN, *Lib. III. E. P.*

Geo. Cruikshank. 9. 70.

"Not again — not again!" "[illegible] pas deux fois!"

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS 1836.

Geo. Cruikshank. 10. 311.

"Whiles at orra times!" "Quelquefois — à l'heure des repas"

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1836

At the village of Kilwinning, in Scotland, three miles from Irvine, the custom of shooting at the popinjay (pepingoe) is still preserved, and was the original of the scene here described by the novelist. This place is remarkable, as having been the first settlement of Freemasons in Scotland. Some time in the twelfth century, a party of those accomplished men arrived here from the continent, and employed themselves in erecting the sumptuous monastery of Kilwinning, founded by Hugh de Moreville, lord of Cuninghame, for Tyronesian monks. Of this once majestic building the only remains are a gable, which has been repaired by the earl of Eglintoun, and one lofty tower. In the month of June, in each year, the ancient society of archers assemble here, when a bundle of feathers, arranged to look like a peacock, and called a pepingoe (a bird known in heraldry,) is set on the end of a pole, on the top of the ruinous tower, at an elevation of one hundred and twenty feet from the ground; and whoever shoots down this extraordinary mark is styled Captain of the Pepingal.

THE BLACK DWARF AND HOBBIE ELLIOTT.

"Though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand." SHAKSPEARE.

[Tales of my Landlord, (Black Dwarf,) Vol. I. p. 70.

"The Dwarf turned his rage on the young farmer, and by a sudden effort, far more powerful than Hobbie expected from such a person, freed his wrist from his grasp, and offered the dagger at his heart. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the incensed recluse might have completed his vengeance by plunging the weapon in Elliott's bosom, had he not been checked by an internal impulse, which made him hurl the knife to a distance. "No," he exclaimed, as he voluntarily deprived himself of the means of gratifying his rage; "not again—not again!" Hobbie retreated a step or two in great surprise, discomposure, and disdain, at having been placed in such danger by an object apparently so contemptible, exclaiming," "The Deil's in the body, for strength and bitterness!"

CUDDIE TAKING LEAVE OF JENNY.

"——— Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say, good night, till it be morrow." SHAKSPEARE.

[Tales of my Landlord, (Old Mortality,) Vol. II. p. 311.

"Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended, perhaps, to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan, "Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes; an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny: ye'll think o' him now and then?"

"Whiles,—at brose time," answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee, or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected, —caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse, and trotted after his master.

"Deil's in the fallow," said Jenny, wiping her lips, and adjusting her head-dress, "he has twice the spunk o' Jam Halliday, after a'.—Coming, my leddy, coming.—Lord, have a care o' us,—I trust the auld leddy didna see us!" "Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, "was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem on the morning Claverhouse came there?"

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Being unable to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and—lied.

TILLIETUDLEM CASTLE.

"Embattled high, and proudly tower'd,
Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lowered
The portal's gloomy way.

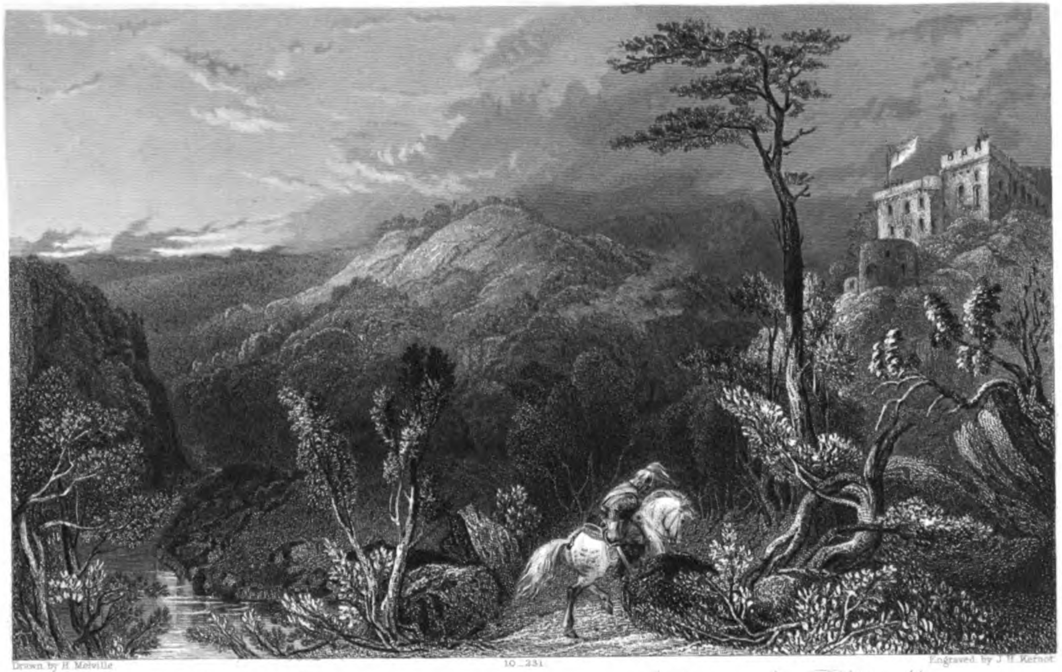
Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The 'scutcheon'd emblems that it bore
Had suffered no decay:

But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And down in recent ruin rent,
In the mid torrent lay.

Else, o'er the castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or time
Unfelt had passed away." *Bridal of Triermain, Canto III.*

[Tales of My Landlord, (Old Mortality,) Vol. II. p. 231.

"The morning, being the first after the battle of Loudon Hill, had dawned upon the battlements of Tillietudlem, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-guards: and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly showed that he was sick or wounded. The wicket was instantly opened to



Drawn by H. Melville — 10_231 — Engraved by J. H. Kernot

[illegible]

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON, & PARIS.

receive him, and lord Evandale rode into the court-yard, so reduced by loss of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape."

Craignethan, or Draphane Castle, which has furnished materials to the author of "Old Mortality" for his picturesque description of Tillietudlem, stands on an elevated rock at the confluence of the rivers Nethan and Clyde, in Lanarkshire, twenty-two miles from Glasgow, and three from Lanark. It was once an extensive and almost impregnable fortress, built and occupied by sir James Hamilton, called also "the Bastard of Arran," a man noted for his sanguinary character in the reign of James V. It consists, at this day, of two square and massive buildings, one of which is totally ruinous, but the other is in tolerable preservation: the style of the whole, which is uniform, belongs to the age in which the fortress and mansion were first united under the powerful barons. A small part of the building is of the time of Charles II., and the whole is enclosed by a fosse and by a lofty embattled wall.

Within the more ancient and dilapidated part of the building, an apartment is shewn, in which queen Mary found shelter and concealment for a few days, immediately after her escape from the Castle of Loch Leven. This is called queen Mary's room; and the castle, at the period alluded to, was in the possession of the Hamiltons, the friends and protectors of the unhappy queen during the interval of her escape from Loch Leven and the disastrous conflict of Langside.

The scenery in the vicinity of Craignethan Castle is an association of beauty with sublimity, the bold rocks that sustain the lordly towers frown over a vale of surpassing richness and extreme cultivation, adorned with waving orchards, and beautified by the windings of the Nethan. Below what are called the *Fruit-lands* is the magnificent modern mansion of Mauldslie Castle, the village of Dalserf embosomed in woods, and, a little further still, the palace of the dukes of Hamilton raises its giant form above the district and town of Hamilton, to which it gives much interest, from the intimate connection of that noble house with the history of North Britain.

The Castle of Avondale has, but with less claim from the description given in the Tales of my Landlord, been considered the original of Tillietudlem. It was formerly the residence of the dowager duchess of Hamilton, who dwelt there up to the year 1716, and since whose decease it has not been inhabited, but has suffered, unresistingly, the attacks of time. The ruin may still be seen, a few miles only from Loudon Hill, and at the entrance of the moors which the troops of Claverhouse crossed over in their march to the battle of Drumclog.

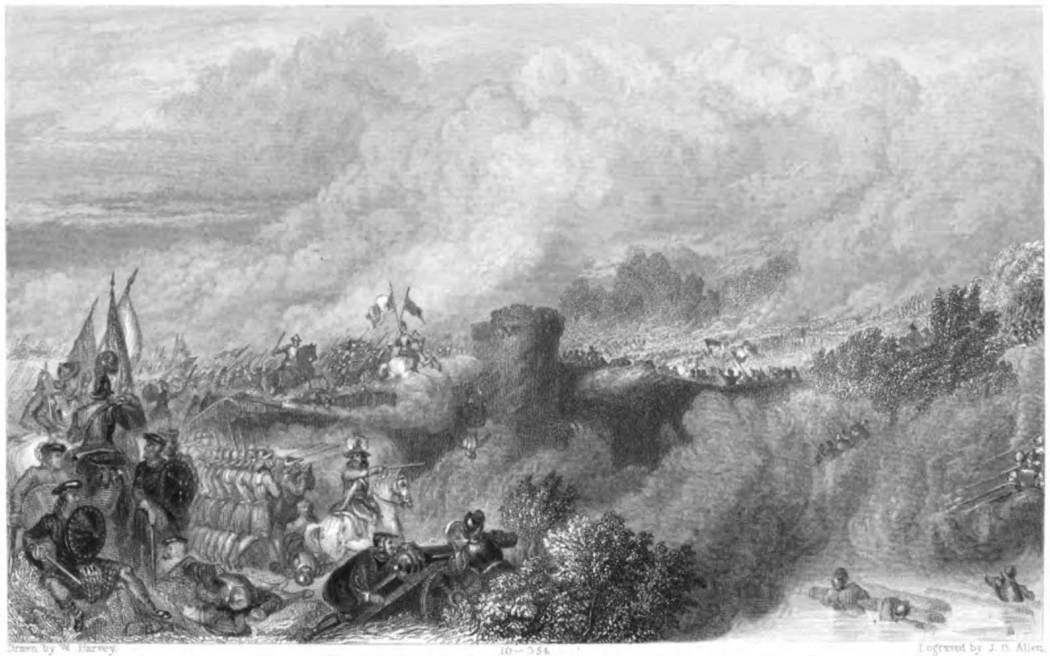
THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

" Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
Oh! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair. *Marmion, Canto VI.*

[Tales of My Landlord, (Old Mortality,) Vol. II. p. 354, 355.

" Ere Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of foot-guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed at it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious."

" Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the Presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copse-wood along the bank of the river, or stationed in houses, fought under cover; while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal



Drawn by W. Harvey. 10—354. Engraved by J. D. Allen.

The Battle of Bothwell Bridge. *Bataille du Pont de Bothwell.*

generals began to fear it might be ultimately unsuccessful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and rallying the foot-guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of Loch-sloy.

"The ammunition of the defenders began to fail; fear, consternation, and misrule had gone abroad among them; and while the post, on which their safety depended, required to be instantaneously and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey."

Bothwell Bridge, the scene of the sanguinary conflict here so powerfully described, is thrown across the river Clyde at the distance of nine miles from Glasgow and three from Hamilton. On the 22d of June 1679 the Covenanters were defeated at this pass with the loss of four hundred of their most devoted adherents, by the duke of Monmouth, supported by Graham of Claverhouse and Dalzell. The ancient bridge ascended with an acclivity of about twenty feet perpendicular height to a causeway of twelve feet in breadth, paved with hewn stone, after the manner of the Roman roads in North Britain. At one end stood a gateway and lodge for a Bridge-ward, and from their position it may be concluded that the bridge and its accompanying defences were originally constructed for the convenience of the lords of Hamilton and the inhabitants of Avondale. These ancient, marked, and rather interesting features have within a few years been wholly effaced. The gateway, defences, keeper's lodge, have been removed; the narrow paved causeway enlarged by lateral expansion to a breadth of thirty-four feet; the *moor*, occupied by the forces of Monmouth on the fatal day of conflict, is transformed into a fertile mead; and the ill-contested field, where the Covenanters deployed, presents a surface chequered with richly cultivated enclosures, and with many flourishing plantations. The precise spot where Monmouth reined in his "gallant grey," and whence he directed the fire of dread artillery, is now the site of a tasteful villa surrounded by shrubs and evergreens, that seem to have endured through many winters of the north.

The meadows that extend along the north-east bank of the river are called Bothwell-haugh, and once constituted the patrimonial estate of David Hamilton, the assassin of the regent Murray. A farm-stead now marks the site of the family mansion. The match-lock with which the murder was committed, was long preserved in the family of Bothwell-haugh, was finally presented to the duke of Hamilton, and still remains in the palace of that noble family.

THE BLACK LINN OF LINKLATER.

" Between two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is formed beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Naiads, and exclude the heats.
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls." DRYDEN.

[Tales of My Landlord, (Old Mortality,) Vol. III. p. 100.

"When he (Morton) looked round him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and, pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it, (for hearing and speech was now out of the question,) indicated that there lay his farther passage. He gazed at her with surprise, for, although he well knew that the persecuted Prebyterians had in the preceding reigns sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the covenant, who had long abidden beside Dobs-linn on the wild heights of Polmoodie, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Creehope-linn, in the parish of Closeburn, yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene, which he now saw, had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of nonconformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

"As breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzling, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Envying, for a moment, the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton, nevertheless, resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the flash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the further side of the torrent.

"The inhabitant of this secluded retreat was Balfour of Burley, with whom Morton was desirous of renewing an acquaintance which had been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge. As Morton advanced, he beheld him standing erect in his cave, disfigured by the addition of a grisly beard, holding his clasped bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal, seemed

Drawn by A. Chisholm. R. 100. Engraved by T. S. Fuglehear.

The Black Linn of Linklater. *Le Linn Noir de Linklater.*

that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium; and his gestures and words, so far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular.

The closeness of pursuit and severity of persecution compelled the Covenanters to take shelter in the most inaccessible retreats: caves, grottos, dens, were their frequent abodes, where they had to contend not only with the dangers that affect mortality, such as damp, darkness, and famine, but with less real though not less distracting conflicts, with the evil powers, by which, in their disordered imaginations, they believed all such places to be haunted. The most romantic of the numerous retreats of the Covenanters, the exact locality of which is still distinctly known, is called Creehope, or Creekhope Linn, in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfrieshire. The river has cut a deep, regular open through a freestone hill, so narrow and so exactly formed, that little activity is required to leap across. After a short course in this formal, natural channel, it falls down a precipice, between two vast cliffs a few yards asunder, to a depth of ninety feet.

"Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock:
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
Its boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream." *Lady of the Lake.*

This is undoubtedly the dell, waterfall, and cave alluded to by the author of Old Mortality, as the asylum of Balfour of Burley: it is in the immediate vicinity of Brownhill, and of Closeburn Castle, the seat of the Menteath family.

"Morton and his guide stood nearly opposite the water-fall, and in point of level about one quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height over the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points, the first shoot, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied, were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from one, was eddying in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at scarce three yards' distance from the cataracts, an old oak-tree, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of fearfully narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. A strong red light that glimmered from behind the projection, and glanced in the waves of the falling water, tinged them partially with crimson, and imparted a strange, preternatural, and sinister effect, when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendour could not gain the third of its full depth."

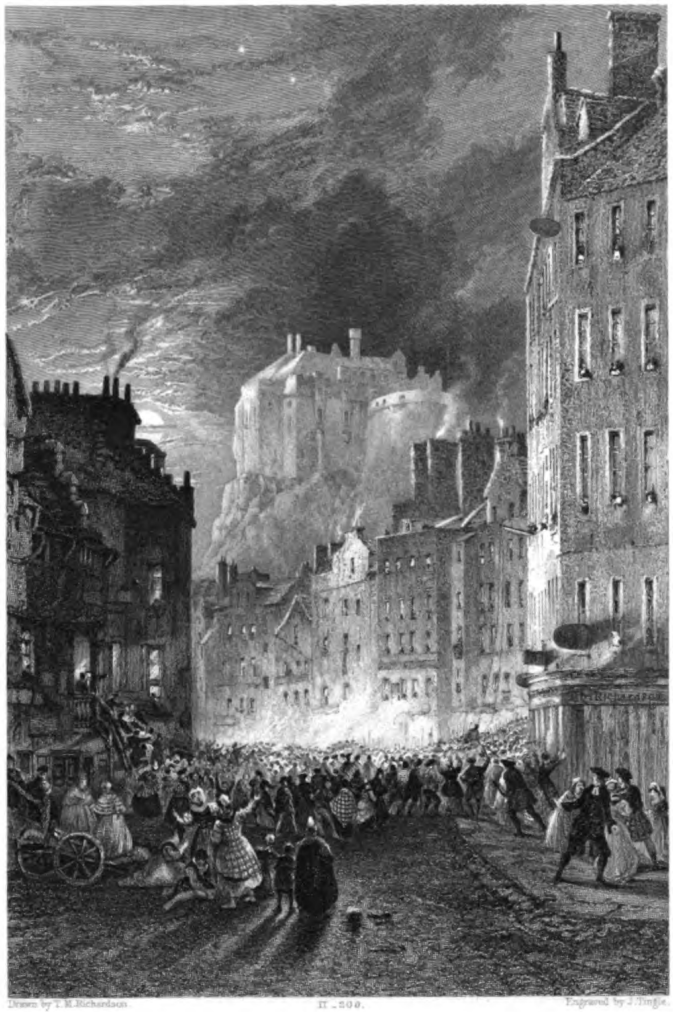
THE DEATH OF PORTEOUS.

"The evils you teach us, we will execute." SHAKSPEARE.

[Tales of my Landlord, Second Series, (The Heart of Midlothian,) Vol. I. p. 262 & 269.

"To the Grass-market with him!" echoed on all hands. "Let no man hurt him," continued the speaker; "let him make his peace with God, if he can: we will not kill both his soul and body." "What time did he give better folk for preparing their account?" answered several voices. "Let us mete to him with the same measure he measured to them." But the opinion of the spokesman better suited the temper of those he addressed, a temper rather stubborn than impetuous, sedate though ferocious, and desirous of colouring their cruel and revengeful action with a shew of justice and moderation. For an instant this man quitted the prisoner, whom he consigned to a selected guard, with instructions to permit him to give his money and property to whomsoever he pleased. His last arrangement being concluded, they led, or rather carried along, in a determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, until they reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime, and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be designated conspirators) endeavoured to remove the stone which filled the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its awful purpose: others sought means of constructing a temporary gibbet, the place in which the gallows itself was deposited being reported too secure to be forced without much loss of time. Butler (the clergyman) endeavoured to avail himself of the delay afforded by these circumstances, to turn the people from their desperate design. "For God's sake," he exclaimed, "remember it is the image of your Creator which you are about to deface in the person of this unfortunate man! Wretched as he is, and wicked as he may be, he has a share in every promise of the Scripture, and you cannot destroy him in impenitence, without blotting his name from the book of life.—Do not destroy soul and body: give time for preparation." "What time had he," returned a stern voice, "whom he murdered on this very spot? The laws both of God and man call for his death."

"But what, my friends," insisted Butler, with a generous disregard to his own safety,—"what hath constituted you judges?" "We are not his judges," replied the same person; "he has been already judged and condemned by lawful authority. We are those whom Heaven, and our righteous anger, have stirred up to execute judgment, when a corrupt government would have protected a murderer." "I am none," said the unfortunate Porteous: "that which you charge upon me fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of my duty."



Drawn by T. M. Richardson. H. 200. Engraved by J. Tingle.

"Away with him,—away with him!" was the general cry: "why do you trifle away time in making a gallows? that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide." The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot, without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler, then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and, by the red and dusky light of the torches, he could discover a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with Lochaber axes and partisans. The sight was of a nature to double his horror, and to add wings to his flight."

The incidents of this fatal riot, or conspiracy, are detailed by the novelist with the most exact fidelity. It is perfectly true that a person of Butler's profession was pressed into the service of the mob, for the purpose here stated. They met him at the head of the West Bow, when they had accomplished half the distance between the Tolbooth and the Gallows. The wretched victim of the conspirators was twice drawn up and let down before life was extinct, first for the purpose of securing his hands, and next to cover over his face. His body was found the next morning by the public functionaries, and interred on the same day in the church-yard of Gray Friars, which is adjoining the Grass-market. When Arnot published his history of Edinburgh, more than forty years had elapsed from the date of Porteous's execution, yet no person had ever been found out against whom an accession to the murder had been charged. It is said, however, that an aged man, who was apprenticed in the Flesh-market of Edinburgh, about seventy years since, was aware that two brothers of the name of Cumming were the leaders of this remarkable riot; that they were, for many years subsequent to the event, fleshers in the Cow-market; and that they died, without molestation, at an advanced age. They were reported to have been tall, handsome, and powerful men; are believed to have dressed themselves in women's clothes for the occasion, and supposed to have been the first to leap through the flames that consumed the prison-door, in their eagerness to secure the victim of the people's rage. The accompanying illustration represents the Grass-market, as it now appears, with the opening to the Cow-gate, on the right, or south side, just beyond which, on the same side, Porteous was hanged: the ancient fortress of Edinburgh castle occupies the summit of the lofty rock that rises so precipitously above the houses of the "Old Town."

VISIT OF THE LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES TO JEANIE DEANS.

[Tales of My Landlord, 2d Series, (Heart of Midlothian,) Vol. I. p. 321.

"The poor girl (Jeanie) no more expected he could muster up courage to follow her to St. Leonard's Crags, than that any of her apple-trees or cabbages she had left rooted in the "yard" at Woodend would, spontaneously and unaided, have undertaken the same journey. On his arrival, however, he assumed as nearly as possible the same position in the cottage at St. Leonard's, which he had so long and so regularly occupied at Woodend. He was no sooner seated, than, with an unusual exertion of his powers of conversation, he added, "Jeanie,—I say, Jeanie, woman"—here he extended his hand towards her shoulder with all the fingers spread out as if to clutch it, but in so bashful and awkward a manner, that, when she whisked herself beyond its reach, the paw remained suspended in the air with the palm open, like the claw of a heraldic Griffin—"Jeanie," continued the swain, in this moment of inspiration, "I say, Jeanie, it's a braw day out-by, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose."—"The deil's in the dridling body," muttered Jeanie between her teeth, "wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?" she also threw a little of this ungracious sentiment into her manner and accent: for her father being abroad, and the "body," as she irreverently termed the landed proprietor, "looking unco gleg and canty, she didna ken what he might be coming out wi' next."

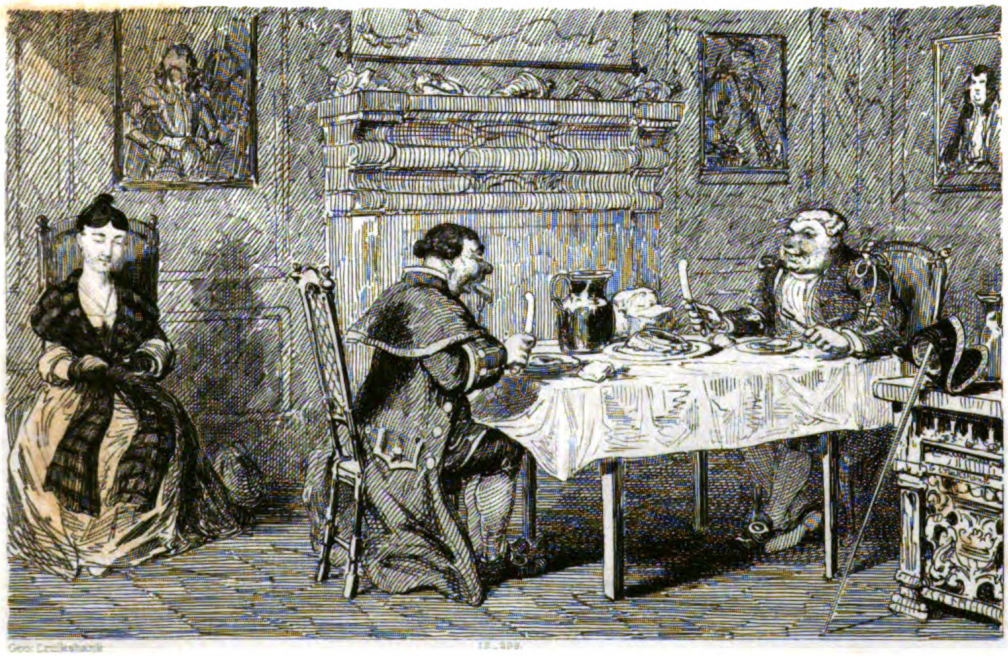
"*SUMMAT*" TO EAT AND DRINK.

[Tales of My Landlord, 2d Series, (Heart of Midlothian) Vol. II. p. 299.

"When Mr. Stubbs and Jeanie entered the apartment (a sort of steward's parlour), Tummas, as a matter of course, offered, and, as a matter of course, Mr. Stubbs accepted a "summat" to eat and drink, being the respectable relics of a gammon of bacon, and a *whole whiskin*, or black pot, of sufficient double ale. To these eatables Mr. Beadle seriously inclined himself, and (for we must do him justice) not without an invitation to Jeanie, in which Tummas joined, that his prisoner or charge would follow his good example. But although she might have stood in need of refreshment, considering she had tasted no food during that day, the anxiety of the moment, her own sparing and abstemious habits, and a bashful aversion to eat in company of the two strangers, induced her to decline their courtesy. So she sat in a chair apart, while Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Tummas, who had chosen to join his friend, in consideration that dinner was to be put back till the afternoon service was over, made a hearty luncheon, which lasted for half an hour, and might not then have concluded, had not his reverence rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, to save himself the labour of a second journey, he announced the arrival of Mr. Stubbs with the other *madwoman*, as he was pleased to designate Jeanie, and returned with an order that they should both be instantly ushered up to the library."

Geo. Cruikshank.

"Jeanie I say, Jeanie, woman." "Jeannette écoute, Jeannette, ma fille."



Geo. Cruikshank

Drawn by H. Melville. 12.18 Engraved by R. Staines.

St. Anthony's Chapel. Salisbury Crags. Chapelle St. Antoine, Rochers de Salisbury

SAINT ANTHONY'S CHAPEL—SALISBURY CRAGS.

"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble." *Macbeth, Act III.*

[Tales of My Landlord, 2d Series, (Heart of Midlothian,) Vol. II. p. 8.

"As our heroine (Jeanie Deans) approached this ominous and unhallowed spot, she paused and looked to the moon, now rising broad on the north-west, and shedding a more distinct light than it had afforded during her walk thither. Eyeing the planet for a moment, she then slowly and fearfully turned her head towards the *cairn*,* from which it was at first averted. She was at first disappointed—nothing was visible beside the little pile of stones, which shone grey in the moonlight. A multitude of confused suggestions rushed on her mind. Had her correspondent deceived her, and broken his appointment? had some strange turn of fate prevented him from appearing? or, if he were an unearthly being, as her secret apprehension suggested, was it his object to delude her with false hopes, as she had learned was according to the nature of those wandering demons? or did he purpose to blast her with the sudden horrors of his presence, when she had come close to the place of rendezvous? These anxious reflections did not prevent her approaching to the cairn with a pace that, though slow, was determined.

"When she was within two yards of the heap of stones, a figure rose suddenly up from behind it, and Jeanie scarce forebore to scream aloud at what seemed the realization of the most frightful of her anticipations: she constrained herself to silence, however, and, making a dead pause, suffered the figure to open the conversation, which he did, by asking in a voice which agitation rendered tremulous and hollow, "Are you the sister of that ill-fated young woman?—"I am—I am the sister of Effie Deans!" exclaimed Jeanie, "and, as ever you hope God will hear you at your need, tell me, if you can tell, what can be done to save her!"—"I do *not* hope God will hear me at my need," was the singular answer, "I do not deserve—I do not expect he will:—you see before you

* *Muschat's cairn.* Muschat, a young surgeon, while studying at Edinburgh, made an unsuitable match with a person in humble life, named Margaret Hall; repenting of the step, he attempted to divorce, forsake, and even poison her; but, failing in these, he at last formed the desperate resolution, to relieve himself of the incumbrance by cutting her throat. The day previous to the enactment of the horrid tragedy, he feigned a return of his first affection, and persuaded his victim to accompany him on an evening walk to Duddingston; when nearly at the end of the "Duke's Walk," he threw her on the ground, and, after a violent struggle, effected her death, under circumstances of the most appalling character. He was executed in the Grassmarket, and hung in chains on the Gallowlee, sometime in the year 1720. A cairn of stones marks the exact spot where the murder was committed.

a wretch, predestined to evil here and hereafter." "For the sake of heaven, that hears and sees us," said Jeanie, "dinna speak in this desperate fashion! The gospel is sent to the chief of sinners—to the most miserable among the miserable."—"Then should I have my own share therein," said the stranger, "if you call it sinful, to have been the destruction of the mother that bore me, of the friend that loved me, of the woman that trusted me, of the innocent child that was born to me. If to have done all this, is to be a sinner, and to survive it is to be miserable, then am I most guilty and most miserable indeed." This extraordinary confession and moonlight meeting, between Jeanie Deans and Robertson, is represented as having occurred in the desolate tract that surrounds St. Anthony's Chapel and hermitage, near to the town of Edinburgh. The ruins stand in the depths of the valley behind Salisbury Crags, over-hung by the mountain called Arthur's Seat. A more appropriate site for a hermitage could scarcely have been selected; the chapel, encircled by rude and pathless cliffs, lies in a desert, although in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous, and even tumultuous capital; and the civic hum might mingle with the orisons of the recluses, yet produce effects as unheeded as the splashing of the waves at the base of the isolated rock. The ancient chapel extended forty-five feet in length, with a breadth of twenty; from the western end rose a tower, twenty feet square, to the height of forty feet; all of which were entire in the times of Maitland and Arnot the historians. The remains of the chapel are insignificant; but the cell may yet be distinctly traced, a few yards west from the former, and measures sixteen feet in length by twelve in breadth. The monastery to which this ancient cell and chapel were attached, was situated a little to the north-west of the present church of South Leith, upon the west side of the lane still denominated, St. Anthony's Wynd; and the seal of the monastery is preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. At the foot of a precipice, below the site of the hermitage, the waters of St Anthony's Well gush forth: this was once a favourite walk of queen Mary, and her name is still associated with many a legend, the scene of which is laid in this vicinity. These hallowed precincts are much visited on Sunday evenings, and are endeared to the recollection of many by their introduction into one of the most touching, tender ballads in the whole range of Scottish poetry.

"I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love's forsaken me.

"Oh! Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Sin' my true love's forsaken me."


Painted by J. Linnell.
12 - 286.
Engraved by G. Presbury

MADGE WILDFIRE AND JEANIE DEANS.

" Le trait qui fait le sujet de cette histoire est vrai : l'imagination n'invente point des actions si touchantes, ni des sentimens si généreux : le cœur seul peut les inspirer."—MADAME COTTIN.

[Tales of My Landlord, Second Series, (Heart of Midlothian,) Vol. II. p. 285.

"As Jeanie had no mind to enter the congregation in such company, she walked aside from the pathway, and said in a decided tone, "Madge, I will wait here till the church comes out; you may go in by yourself, if you have a mind." As she spoke these words, she was about to seat herself upon one of the grave-stones. Madge was a little before Jeanie when she turned aside; but suddenly changing her course, she followed with long strides, and, with every feature inflamed with passion, overtook and seized her by the arm. "Do you think, ye ungratefu' wretch, that I am gaun to let you sit down upon my father's grave? The deil settle you doun :—if you dinna rise, and come to the interpreter's house, that's the house of God, wi' me, but I'll rive every dudd aff your back!" She adapted action to the phrase; for with one clutch she stripped Jeanie of her straw bonnet and a handful of her hair to-boot, and threw it up into an old yew-tree, where it stuck fast. Jeanie's first impulse was to effect her escape, but on reflection thought it wiser to consent to follow her frantic guide; the meek intimation of which decision gave another direction to the train of Madge's wild ideas. She held Jeanie fast with one hand, and with the other pointed to the inscription on the gravestone, and commanded her to read it. Jeanie obeyed, and read these words: 'This monument was erected to the memory of Donald Murdockson of the King's XXVI. or Cameronian Regiment, a sincere Christian, a brave soldier, and a faithful servant, by his grateful and sorrowing master, Robert Staunton.' 'It's weel read, Jeanie, its just the very words,' said Madge, whose ire had now faded into deep melancholy, and, with a step which, to Jeanie's great joy, was uncommonly quiet and mournful, she led her companion towards the door of Willingham Church. This venerable edifice was one of those old-fashioned gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are perhaps any where to be found in the Christian world."

The English reader is doubtless familiar with many interesting Christian scenes which can supply him with an original of Willingham Church; they constitute a peculiarly beautiful feature in English landscape, and indicate a long-established reign of morals and civilization. And which of us, alas, is unconnected in feeling with some ancient sepulchral ground, where all that reflected honour on his race and name are laid in sleep until the final summons. The scene itself then appears to be too truly original, and the actors that are introduced by the novelist are believed also to have had a veritable existence. Of Jeanie Deans it is asserted, with every appearance of truth, that the prototype was a female named Helen Walker; she had been left an orphan at an early age,

with the charge of a sister many years younger than herself, whom she educated and maintained by her individual exertions. What must have been the feelings of this honest and amiable woman, when she was informed that this her more than sister must be tried by the laws of her country for *child murder*, and that she herself would be called upon as the principal witness against her. The counsel engaged to advise and defend the unfortunate prisoner, explained to Helen, that if she would only swear that her sister had given her some intimation of her condition, or that she had observed her making such preparation as the delicate occasion would naturally require, that statement would be sufficient to save her sister's life. But Helen remained immoveably fixed in the determination of not taking a false oath, and declared that "whatever would be the consequence, she would give her evidence according to her conscience." The trial came on, and Helen's evidence, or rather ignorance, led to the conviction and condemnation of the prisoner. During the removal of the criminal from the bar, she was heard to exclaim, "O Nelly, ye hae been the cause o' my death!" to which Helen Walker replied, "Ye ken I bade speak the truth." The period allowed between the sentence and execution of the criminal (six weeks) gave Helen time to mature and accomplish her plan for the preservation of her sister's life. On the very day of her condemnation, the original Jeanie Deans had a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and on the evening of that day set out on foot from Dumfries for London, without even one letter or note of recommendation. Arriving in the capital of civilized Europe, she waited at the door of the duke of Argyll during three successive days, and at length, just as he was stepping into his carriage, advanced, attired in her highland costume, and presented her petition in person. The duke paid Helen that attention that her virtues and energies entitled her to; and having examined into the facts of her story, obtained the pardon of her sister and sent Helen back to Dumfries at his own expense. Helen Walker resided on the romantic banks of the river Clouden, near to the spot where that beautiful streamlet is crossed by a bridge, on the line of road between Sanquhar and Dumfries; she attained the great age of eighty-five years, having had the happiness to see her sister Sibby united in marriage to the individual whose attachment had placed her life in peril, and was buried in the churchyard of Irongrey in the year 1787.

Drawn by H. Melville. 33-51. Engraved by J. Stephenson.

Dunbarton Castle *Château de Dunbarton*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS 1836

DUNBARTON CASTLE, AND THE FIRTH OF CLYDE.

" The battled tower, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone:
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light."

Marmion.

[Tales of my Landlord (2d Series) Heart of Midlothian, Vol. I. p 46-50.

" 'Is yon castle the duke's house?' said Jeanie Deans. 'Lud help thee,' replied Archibald, 'that's the old castle of Dunbarton; the strongest place in Europe, be the other what it may. Sir William Wallace was governor of it in the old wars with the English, and his grace (the duke of Argyll) is governor just now. It is always entrusted to the best man in Scotland.' 'And does the duke live on that high rock, then?' demanded Jeanie. 'No, no, he has his deputy-governor, who commands in his absence: he lives in the white house you see at the bottom of the rock: his grace does not reside there himself.' 'I think not, indeed,' said (Mrs. Dutton) the dairywoman, upon whose mind the road, since they had left Dumfries, had made no very favourable impression, 'for if he did, he might go whistle for a dairywoman, an he were the only duke in England. I did not leave my friends to come see cows starve to death upon hills, as they be at the pig-sty of Elfinfoot; or to be perched up on the top of a rock, like a squirrel in his cage, hung out of a three-pair-of-stairs' window.' Archibald coolly replied, that the hills were none of his making, nor did he know how to mend them; but that they would soon be in a house of the duke's, in a very pleasant *island*, Roseneath, where they went, to wait for shipping to take them to Inverary, and would meet the company with whom Jeanie was to return to Edinburgh. '*An island*,' said Jeanie, who had never hitherto quitted *terra firma;* 'then I am doubting we maun gang in one of these boats: they look unco sma', and the waves are something rough'—'And,' said Mrs. Dutton, interrupting her, 'I will not consent; I was never engaged to leave the country, and I desire you will bid the post-boys drive round the other way to the duke's house.' 'I am sorry I cannot oblige you, madam,' said Archibald, 'as Roseneath happens to be an island.'" Mrs. Dutton, however, persisted in her determination, neither to leave her country, nor go to Roseneath by water. During this rational argument, a pinnace belonging to his grace approached, and cast anchor off a small hamlet of fishing huts. It was more gaily decorated than the shallops that lay moored around it, having a flag which displayed a boar's head, crested with a ducal coronet, and on board were three seamen and as many highlanders. Archibald handed Jeanie out of the carriage, and, not without

some tremor on her part, she was carried through the surf, and placed in the pinnace: he then offered the same civility to Mrs. Dutton, who maintained not only her fixed resolution, but her place in the carriage, from which she protested no power should ever remove her into that there painted egg-shell, pointing to the pinnace. "Archibald did not give himself the trouble to make further remonstrance, which indeed seemed only to aggravate the damsel's indignation, but spoke a few words of Gaelic to the highlanders; on which the wily Celts, approaching the carriage cautiously, and without giving the slightest intimation of their intention, at once seized the recusant so effectually fast, that she could neither resist nor struggle, and hoisting her on their shoulders in nearly an horizontal position, rushed down with her to the beach, and through the surf; and, with no other inconvenience than ruffling her garments a little, deposited her in the boat, in a state of surprise, mortification, and terror."

"Embarked, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
How much had *Dutton's* memory to review!"

The men jumped in themselves: one tall fellow remained till he had pushed off the boat, and then tumbled in upon his companions.

"Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge." BYRON.

The little crew seized their oars, pulled from the shore, spread their sail, and drove merrily across the Firth."

The Clyde, at the precise spot here alluded to, assumes the character of an estuary, or firth, and is navigable by vessels of the largest burden; on one shore it is overhung by noble hills, rising abruptly from the waters; on the other it is adorned by less lofty hills, with the addition of the picturesque towns of Greenock and Port Glasgow reposing at their feet. It is considered one of the most beautiful, and has proved one of the most valuable, rivers of Scotland. Having its source in the mining district of Leadhills, 1300 feet above sea-level, after a course of a few miles becomes an important river: and, urging on its clear, rapid, and romantic career, expands into an arm of the sea, where our heroine was compelled to trust to its blue waves. On the banks, if yet they are entitled to the name, of the infant Clyde, and in the hamlet of Lead-hills, Allan Ramsay, one of the poetic children of Caledonia, was born.

"Of Crawford-moor, born in Lead-hill,
Where mineral springs Glengonar fill,
Which joins sweet-flowing Clyde,
Between auld Crawfurd Lindsay's towers,
And where Daneitre rapid pours
His stream to Glotta's tide:
Native of Clydesdale Upper-Ward,
Bred fifteen summers there." ALLAN RAMSAY.

The castle of Dunbarton (Dun-Britton) occupies the summit of a lofty rock, which shoots up its fantastic form to a height of 250 feet above an alluvial plain to the north, and commands the afflux of the river Leven with the estuary of the Clyde. The base of

the rock measures one mile in circumference, and the summit, like the ancient Parnassus, is double-topped. In the same geological region, several similarly-formed basaltic eminences are observable, from one of which, Dunbuck, a magnificent prospect may be enjoyed, comprehending the whole Firth of Clyde, with its bounding line of lofty mountains, and the castle and town of Dunbarton filling up the foreground.

The fortress, which occupies the Rock of Dunbarton, is entered by a gate at the foot of the steep front, within which and the rampart that defends it, is a guard-room for an officer and company: from this to the interval between the two summits of the rock, the ascent is by a flight of steps. The interval itself is occupied by a battery, barracks, &c. and a reservoir always supplied with water. The lower of the two summits is also strongly fortified, and the cannon mounted on it command the river up and down. The works are kept in the highest state of readiness, and the fort is regularly garrisoned and governed. These warlike erections would rather add to the bold character of the rock itself, which appears to possess a species of natural military character, if it were not for the repulsive alloy of the governor's house, which has been forced into the rock, in a position and manner most calculated to detract from the fine composition of the rock, castle, and river.

It is tolerably well ascertained that military works have been established on this rock for upwards of eighteen centuries. The primitive inhabitants of the northern regions respected its natural strength, so well calculated to assist their rude warlike efforts: its craggy heights afforded a seat for the desultory government of the Attacotti Britons of Strathclyde: the Romans raised a pharos on its highest pinnacle, whence the beacon-light flared on the deep-flowing waters; and the hardy Britons, that held it in 756, only submitted to the Northumbrian monarch when subdued by famine. In the middle ages it fell into the hands of the Lennox family, then all-powerful in West Scotland, and finally it became a royal fortress. During the competition between Bruce and Baliol, this fortress was delivered up to Edward I., and, in 1292, resigned to Baliol. In 1305, having a second time fallen into Edward's power, it was governed by Sir John Monteith, of despised memory, who held it until taken by Bruce in 1309. Here, William Wallace, after he had been betrayed by Monteith, was immured for some time, previous to his removal into England. An ill-executed effigy is shewn, at the head of one of the flights of steps by which the fortress is approached, said to represent Sir John Monteith in a paroxysm of remorse for his betrayal of Wallace, tearing out his own eyes and lacerating his countenance. The donjon in which the Scottish chief was confined still bears the name of Wallace's tower; the loftiest point of Dunbarton Rock is distinguished by the title of the Hero's Chair; and a two-handed sword, which none but the chieftain himself could ever have brandished, is fondly preserved and ostentatiously displayed to visitors. In the year 1481, an English fleet besieged Dunbarton, but were repulsed by the bravery and skill of Andrew Wood, of Leith; for which valuable service he was rewarded soon after by a grant of the lands of Largo, in Fifeshire. On the fall of James III., the castle was placed under the care of the earl of Lennox; but the earl and his son, having broke out into rebellion, sentence of forfeiture was passed on them. The earl of Argyll

vainly attempted to obtain possession of Dunbarton for his royal master; but, after a second siege of six weeks by a powerful army, headed by the king in person, it surrendered. The young king (James IV.) immediately converted it into a sort of naval station, whence he made occasional excursions to the Hebrides and Western Highlands. It was constituted a naval depôt, where stores were landed from France by the duke of Albany, during the minority of James V., who landed here in 1540, after circumnavigating all his insular possessions.

After the battle of Pinkie, the youthful Scottish queen was conveyed to Dunbarton castle, whence she sailed for France. Some few years after, on a tour into Argyll, she paid a visit, dictated purely by feeling, to the place of early but friendly imprisonment. Dunbarton was afterwards held, most obstinately, for the same dethroned monarch, by lord Fleming; and it was resolved by her friends to have concealed and protected her within its walls, even after her flight from Loch Leven castle. The history of this ancient and almost impregnable fortress may be concluded with the recital of an extraordinary act of treachery. In the year 1572, in the month of May, Captain Crawford, who was employed in besieging, or rather reconnoitering the castle, succeeded, by bribery, in inducing two of the garrison to point out the place where the rock might be ascended: he was singularly successful in the escalade, took the castle by surprise, and caused the archbishop of St. Andrew's, who was found within, to be hanged, without trial, at Stirling.

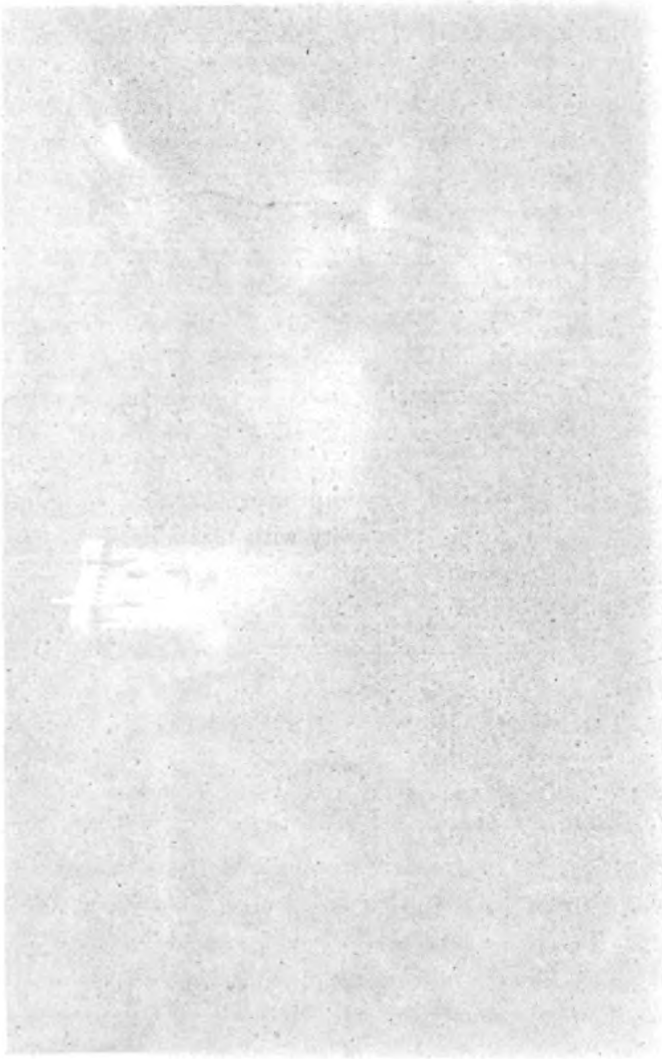
Dunbarton Castle is still garrisoned, kept up with necessary strength, and placed under formal military government, in conformity with the Articles of the Legislative Union between England and Scotland.

THE TOWER OF WOLF'S CRAG.

"Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height." BYRON

[Tales of My Landlord, 3d Series, (Bride of Lammermoor,) Vol. I. p. 362-3.

"But yonder is Wolf's Crag," said Ravenswood, "and whatever it still contains is at your service, Bucklaw." The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliff, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyrie. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff, that beetled on the German ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow court-yard, encircled on two sides by low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the



quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, built of a greyish stone, glimmering in the moonlight like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows successively dashing against a rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye,—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror."

"Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of any living inhabitant about this forlorn abode: one, and one only, of the narrow and stanchelled windows which appeared at irregular heights in the walls of the building, showed a glimmer of light." This was from the lamp of his faithful Caleb. A narrow road, admitting one horse at a time, led along an isthmus on the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated. With extreme caution in effecting the transit, the wild hold of the master of Ravenswood was reached in safety by himself and Bucklaw; but his efforts to arouse Caleb, who had fallen asleep in his chamber, proved ineffectual for a length of time.

"He reached his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within; and all was night around.
He knocked, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh;
Hark, the portal opens—a well-known face." BYRON

In selecting from the different scenes, possessing the bold and desolate character of Wolf's Crag," two originals are particularized by the most intelligent tourists, and most devoted admirers of our author—the one Tantallon Castle, in the vicinity of *Tyne Sands*, which for several reasons appears to have less claim to the beautiful description in the novel, the second Fast Castle, in Berwickshire, eleven miles from Dunbar, but in the immediate vicinity of St. Abb's Head and of Eyemouth, the situation of which corresponds, in the most minute particulars, with the account of the wild home of the master of Ravenswood, and this we have also taken as the prototype.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Fast Castle was a seat of the Logan family, rendered famous by the part they took in the Gowrie conspiracy; and it was the intention of the conspirators, had they got possession of his person, to have conveyed the king to this impregnable fortalice. Margaret of England, after her marriage at Lamerton, and on her way to join her husband, James IV., at Edinburgh, lodged one night at this Castle; on the following day she reached the nunnery at Haddington, and the day after saw the king, for the first time, at Dalkeith. Fast Castle appears to have belonged to the Hume family before it came into the possession of the Logans. In the year 1410 it was surprised and taken by Patrick Dunbar, son of the earl of March, when Thomas Holden the governor was made prisoner. Patrick Hume, of Fast Castle, was one of the negociators of the truce between Henry VIIth and James IVth. Cuthbert Hume, also of Fast Castle, fought under the standard of lord Hume, at the battle of Floddenfield. Sir William Drury, marshal of Berwick, with 2000 English, attacked Fast Castle, then (1570) belonging to lord Hume, whom they obliged to surrender.

When Logan the conspirator was master of this fortress, he became possessed of the idea that considerable treasures were concealed somewhere within its walls, and he actually employed Napier of Merchiston, a man of comprehensive mind, to search for the supposed riches by the aid of divination. It is hardly necessary to add, that his genius proved unequal to the task.

THE CAPTAIN OF KNOCKDUNDER AT PRAYERS IN THE KIRK OF KNOCKTARLITIE.

[Tales of my Landlord, (2d Series). Heart of Mid Lothian. Vol. I. p. 109.

"So soon as the congregation were seated after prayers, and the clergyman had read his text, the gracious Duncan, after rummaging the leathern purse which hung in front of his petticoat, produced a short tobacco-pipe made of iron, and observed almost aloud, "I hae forgotten my spleuchan—Lachlan, gang down to the clachan, and bring me up a pennyworth of twist.' Six arms, the nearest within reach, presented with an obedient start, as many tobacco pouches to the man of office. He made choice of one with a nod of acknowledgment, filled his pipe, lighted it with the assistance of his pistol-flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole time of the sermon—only an hour and a quarter; and which David Deans termed a short allowance of spiritual provender. When the discourse was finished, the captain knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in its sporran, returned the tobacco-pouch or spleuchan to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention."

This irreverent demeanour of Knockdunder occasioned several frowns, groans, and murmurs on the part of David, who said, "Reuben Butler is na the man I take him to be, if he dinna learn the Captain to puff his pipe some other gate than in God's house, or the quarter be ower."

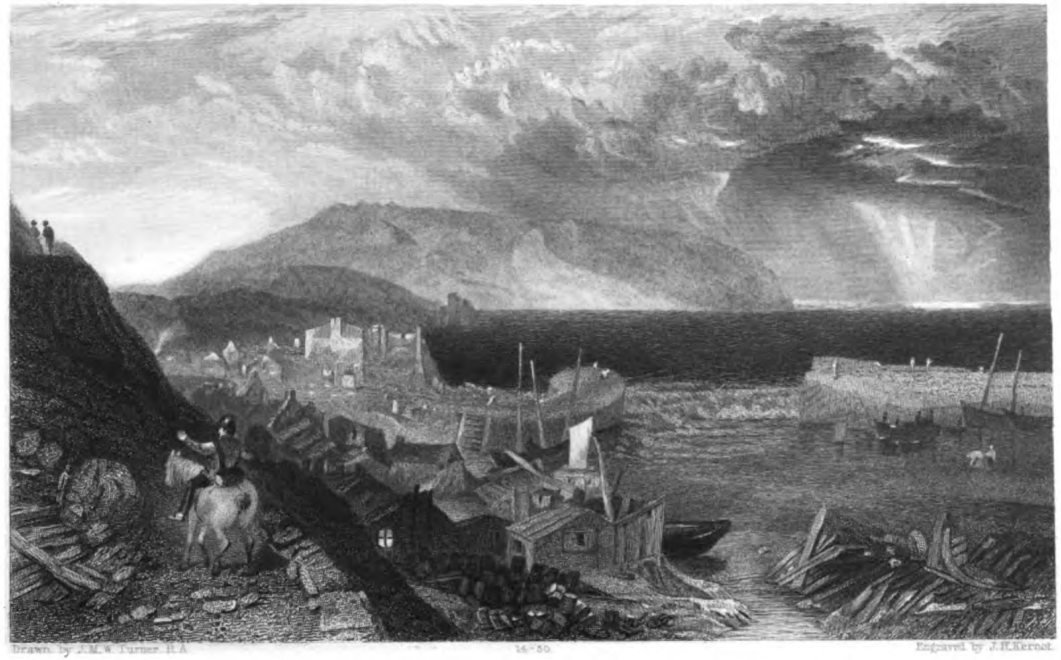
CALEB BALDERSTONE CATERING FOR "WOLF'S CRAG."

[Tales of my Landlord, (2d Series). Bride of Lammermoor, Vol. II. p. 65.]

"Dame Lightbody was preparing a feast for a number of guests, invited to the christening of her bit wean, when Caleb entered in search of a supply for his master's board. There bubbled before him on the bickering fire, a huge cauldron stewing with beef and brewis, while before it revolved two spits, turned by the cooper's apprentices, seated in the opposing chimney-corners; one loaded with a quarter of mutton, the other graced with a fat goose and a brace of wild ducks. The sight and scent of such a land of plenty almost overcame the drooping spirits of Caleb. He turned for a moment to reconnoitre, (the mother and grandmother hastened to attend the hero of

Geo: Cruikshank.

Geo Cruikshank.



Drawn by J.M.W. Turner, R.A. 1850 Engraved by J.H.Kernot

the evening in a remote corner, leaving the coast clear,) and took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution. 'Cauld be my cast,' thought he, 'if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild-fowl this night;' and then addressing the elder turnspit, a boy of about eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, 'Here is twal pennies, my man: carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mill wi' snishing, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime, and she will give you a gingerbread snap for your pains.' No sooner was the elder boy departed, than Caleb, looking the junior turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild-fowl, of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it. The face of the little boy, sole witness of Caleb's infringement upon the laws of property and hospitality, resembled the spectral appearances he had heard told of on a winter's evening. He became motionless, forgot his own duty, allowed his spit to stand still, and added to the misfortunes of the evening by suffering the mutton to burn as black as a coal. He was only recovered from his trance by a *heavy* cuff on the ear from Dame *Light* body."

WOLF'S HOPE. (HAVEN.)

"Oh, Father, send not hence my bark,
Through wint'ry winds and billows dark.
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer."

MOORE

[Tales of My Landlord, 3d Series, (Bride of Lammermoor,) Vol. II. p. 10.

"The little hamlet straggled along the side of a creek formed by the discharge of a small brook into the sea, and was hidden from the castle, (of Wolf's Crag,) to which it had been in former times an appendage, by the intervention of the shoulder of a hill forming a projecting headland. It was called Wolf's Hope, i. e. Wolf's Haven, and the few inhabitants gained a precarious existence by manning two or three fishing-boats in the herring season, and smuggling gin and brandy during the winter months. They paid a kind of hereditary respect to the Lords of Ravenswood; but, on the difficulties of the family, most of the inhabitants of the hamlet had contrived to get free-rights to their little possessions, their huts, kail-yards, and rights of commonty, so that they were emancipated from the chains of feudal dependence, and free from the various exactions with which the Scottish landlords of the period, themselves in great plenty, were wont to harass their still poorer tenants at will. They might be, on the whole, termed independent, a circumstance peculiarly galling to Caleb (Balderstone,) who had been wont to exercise over them the same sweeping authority

in levying contributions, which was exerted in former times in England, when "the royal purveyors, sallying forth from under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, instead of money, brought home the plunder of an hundred markets, and that could be seized from a flying and hiding country, and deposited their spoil in an hundred caverns."

A spirit of resistance to authority, even to the requests of their former feudal lords, had become fully established at Wolf's Hope, and was strengthened and confirmed in its obstinacy by the advice and knowledge of Davie Dingwall, the writer; changes which had shut against the purveyor from Wolf's Crag all resources from this "El Dorado" and its purlieus. Caleb vowed that he would never set the print of his foot within the causeway of this refractory village again, and kept his promise with the most exact punctuality, until the duties of his situation, and the honour of the house of Ravenswood, imperatively demanded the aid of his valuable purveying services, in furnishing a dinner for a guest who had unexpectedly arrived at the castle. Labouring under impressions of a humiliating, in fact of a degrading, nature, he directed Mr. Lockhard to Mrs. Sma'trash's change-house, where a din, proceeding from the revels of Bucklaw and his party, sounded half-way down the street, while the red glare from the window overpowered the gray twilight which was now settling down, and glimmered against a parcel of old tubs, kegs, and barrels, piled up in the cooper's yard. Caleb himself, with foot as heavy as lead, and yet far lighter than his heart, passed on through the unequal street of the straggling village, meditating the attack, which he finally directed, against the well-supplied habitation of Gibbie Girder, the man of tubs.

The village of Eyemouth with its little haven secured by a pier, the foundation of which had been laid by the eleventh Lord Ravenswood, surnamed the Skipper, afforded our author the original of this faithful description. The peculiarities attached to the place, or rather to the inhabitants, will be found fully detailed in our description of the Links of Wolf's Hope.* The additional object of interest introduced into this illustration, St. Abb's Head, completes the topography of that wild and very interesting district of Eyemouth, where the novelist found suggestions for painting his Wolf's Castle, (Fast Castle,) and the Village and Links of Wolf's Hope.

The noble, bold, and precipitous foreland which adorns the coast of Berwickshire, about four miles to the north-west of Coldingham, is denominated St. Abb's-Head. Parnassus-like, it elevates two lofty pinnacles, separated naturally from the rest of the promontory by a deep ravine, which the Picts are said to have rendered deeper still, with the intention of detaching "the Heads" altogether from the main land. A speculatory belonging to the preventive-guard service occupies the apex of the western head, while the ruins of the church and monastery of St. Abb adorn and give interest to the eastern summit, or Kirkhill. A winding path conducts the inquirer to the spacious plateau on the top, where the traces of the religious edifices may be observed, and whence a sublime marine prospect may be enjoyed. The chapel occupied the very edge of a precipice about four hundred feet above the sea: the surface all round is desolate, and singularly

*Vide page 67.

unproductive; and the eye, however fatigued by the uniformity of barrenness and sameness of an ocean-view, finds little relief by being permitted to turn towards a dismal and forlorn cemetery, the only object that breaks the monotonous character of the view, where all things rank and gross in nature wave over the melancholy emblems of mortality that strew the unapproachable enclosure.

The establishment of a religious house at this place is dated at a very early period: legend attributes its dedication to the pious character who has bequeathed her name to the mighty promontory which projects into the ocean, and shelters the hope or haven of Eyemouth. The monks of this "Mount Athos" of North Britain, being one day occupied in witnessing the heavings of the ocean, and reflecting upon the causes that made "the waters rage and swell," when they observed a little boat, evidently bearing two figures, surrounded by the foaming billows, yet holding on its course with undeviating steadiness for the sandy beach beneath the Kirk-hill, where alone a landing could be effected with safety. The monks descended hastily to the landing-place, where they found a female, of the fairest face, most graceful form, and splendid attire, extended on the sands, apparently exhausted by recent fatigue; but the boat and second figure were nowhere to be seen. With all becoming humanity, they removed the weary stranger to their home, and used every means to restore her strength. As soon as she became capable of replying, the monks inquired for her companion, and were inconceivably surprised at her declaration, that she had not been accompanied by any one. She added, that she was daughter of a Northumbrian prince, that misfortune had obliged her to fly from her country, and that she had trusted herself to the treacherous element that bore her thither, without any guide or protector but a kind Providence. On her voyage a storm arose, yet, in the midst of all the horrors of a tempestuous sea, without rudder, sail, or pilot, she felt no fear, and escaped, as they saw, to thank the Being that preserved her. The monks assured her that they had seen a figure seated at the helm, guiding the bark to the accustomed haven, and that they felt convinced it could have been none other than an angel deputed especially to conduct her to their home; and her preservation, they concluded, was an obvious miracle. The princess herself was amongst the first converts to this belief: the impression of her miraculous voyage, escape, and reception shed their influence over her mind, and induced her, in gratitude, to devote herself ever after to the service of her all-merciful Protector. She immediately took the veil, became subsequently abbess of the priory that stood on the highest point of the promontory; and after her death, which happened in the seventh century, was admitted amongst the then rapidly increasing catalogue of saints.

THE LINKS OF WOLF'S HOPE.

" Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slackened bit, and hoof of speed?
The foam that streaks the courser's side,
Seems gathered from the ocean tide.
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
The rock is doubled, but the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more."

BYRON.

[Tales of my Landlord, (3d series,) Bride of Lammermoor, Vol. II. pp. 367-368.

"Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, whence he could easily see his master riding towards the sands as fast as his horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on his mind, that the lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay betwixt the tower and the links, to the northward of Wolf's Hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass further. Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower for the arrival of his antagonist. The sun had now risen, and showed its broad disk above the eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman that rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Caleb Balderstone, who came from an opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned; it only appeared that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksands, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitated haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands at the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his fate appeared: a large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

"The inhabitants of Wolf's Hope were now alarmed, and crowded to the place; but their search availed nothing. The tenacious depths of the quicksand retained its prey."

Drawn by H. Melville. 16.367-8 Engraved by R. Staines.

The village of Eyemouth, in Berwickshire, was the original of our author's Wolf's Hope, or Haven. It is an ancient little sea-port, seated at the embouchure of the river Eye, about seven miles from Berwick, and early enjoyed the distinction of a burgh of barony. Its proximity to England encouraged a contraband trade here for many years; but this unenviable notoriety has been gradually diminished, by the assimilation of laws, by more energetic conduct on the part of the revenue servants, and by improved habits of society generally. Eyemouth now enjoys an honourable and profitable export trade, and affords a safe and sheltered asylum to shipping, against which all other ports along that line of coast may happen to be closed by either tide or wind. "The town, however, has still a dark, cunning look, is full of curious alleys, blind and otherwise; and there is not a house of any standing, but seems as if it could unfold some tale of wonder." A stranger would form an erroneous estimate of the magnitude of this place, if derived from its superficial contents alone, for it is supposed that "there is as much of the town below as above ground." The villa of Gunsgreen, occupying the site of Restalrig's Castle, on the opposite shore of the Eye, built from the profits of smuggling, is peculiarly suited to the continuance of that trade, and was alluded to in parliament as an illustration of the success of illegal commerce in North Britain. Eymouth Fort, which once gave importance to the vicinity, stood a little north of the harbour, or Hope. It was first erected by the Protector Somerset, demolished by the Scots, rebuilt by Mary of Lorraine when regent, but a second time razed to the ground at the instance of the English. It occupied the summit of a promontory in the German ocean, and hung boldly over the waters: extensive grass-grown hillocks, and mounds, still indicate its site with sufficient certainty.

The consummation of the misfortunes of Ravenswood, as indeed the whole legend of Lammermoor, is founded on fact, although it is uncertain whether the prototype of the "last heir of Ravenswood" perished in the links of Eyemouth, or elsewhere. It is generally believed that the principal events or facts in the tale are derived from the story of Lord Belhaven, a protegè of the duke of Hamilton: others, with much confidence, assert that the family of the earl of Stair are the true claimants to the melancholy notoriety which such a narrative confers; but that the author himself was fully persuaded of the truth of the principal events in the novel, there is every reason to be convinced of.

THE PASS OF LENEY.

"No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.
Where'er thou windst, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still."

SCOTT.

[Tales of my Landlord, (3rd Series,) a Legend of Montrose, Vol. III. p. 13—14.]

"It was towards the close of a summer's evening, during the anxious period of the attempt to establish Presbyterianism in England, that a young gentleman of quality, well mounted and armed, and accompanied by two servants, one of whom led a sumpter horse, rode slowly up one of those steep passes, by which the highlands are accessible from the lowlands of Perthshire. Their course had lain for some time along the banks of a lake, whose deep waters reflected the crimson beams of the western sun. The broken path, which they pursued with some difficulty, was in some places shaded by ancient birches and oak-trees, and in others overhung by fragments of huge rock. Elsewhere, the hill which formed the northern side of this beautiful sheet of water, arose in steep but less precipitous acclivity, and was arrayed in heath of the darkest purple. In the present times, a scene so romantic would have been judged to possess the highest charms for the traveller; but those who journey in doubt and dread pay little attention to picturesque scenery.

"They had not advanced above half way up the lake, and the young gentleman (Lord Menteith) was pointing to the spot where the intended road turned northward, and leaving the verge of the loch ascended a ravine, when they discovered a single horseman coming down the shore, as if to meet them. This solitary stranger was mounted upon an able horse, fit for military service, and for the great weight he had to carry, and his rider occupied his war-saddle with an air that showed it was his familiar seat. He wore a bright burnished head-piece, with a plume of feathers, together with a cuirass thick enough to resist a musket-ball. These defensive arms he wore over a buff jerkin, along with a pair of gauntlets, the tops of which reached to his elbow; at the front of his saddle hung a case of pistols, nearly two feet in length, and carrying bullets of twenty to the pound. A buff belt with a broad silver buckle sustained on one side a long straight double-edged sword, with a strong guard, and calculated either to strike

Drawn by H. Melville. 16-18. Engraved by S. Fisher.

or pusn. On the right side hung a dagger of about eighteen inches in length: a shoulder-belt sustained at his back a musketoon, and was crossed by a bandalier containing his charges of ammunition. Thigh-pieces of steel, called taslets, met the tops of his jack-boots, and completed the equipage of Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwachet. This redoubtable warrior was above the middle size, and of strength sufficient to endure conveniently the great weight of his offensive and defensive arms: his age was then above forty, and his countenance that of a resolute weather-beaten veteran, who had witnessed many hard-fought fields, and from which he had borne away more than one defacing token."

The reader will remember that Captain Dalgetty had just returned from the service of "the Lion of the North, the Terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious;" and that he is borne by his favourite horse, Gustavus, named after the invincible hero, his late master.

The meeting of Lord Menteith is supposed to have occurred in the romantic pass of Leney, one of the most picturesque defiles in the whole range of mountain scenery, of which the beauties have been immortalised in the poem of the Lady of the Lake. It is a narrow opening, about one mile west from the village of Callander, affording access from the low country, which terminates here, into the wildest recesses of the mountains. This sublime entrance may be said to commence immediately beyond the village of Killmahog, (i. e. the Cell of St. Hugh, or St. Chug,) where stands a tall pole, with a bell on the top of it, which is generally tolled during the passing of funeral processions. The river, in accomplishing its course through the pass, is interrupted by a series of falls, until it descends at least two hundred feet: the road next winds round the base of Benledi, and, still ascending, at a distance of three miles from Callander, discloses Loch Lubnaig, the source of the rapid-falling river that meets the traveller, sleeping beautifully at the feet of the giants of the highlands. The north shore of the lake is skirted by a mountain road; steep, and rugged, and wooded banks confine the view on every side; and a long ledge of rock, projecting from Benledi's base, terminates in a dark precipitous cliff, that overhangs, in a bold and awful manner, the surface of the lake. The distance, in this exquisite panorama, is occupied by Benmore, rising over the parish and village of Balquidder, where the ashes of Rob Roy have slept since his spirit has ceased to disturb his countrymen. Ardchullery, on the margin of Loch Lubnaig, was the residence of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, and there he is said to have arranged his MSS. for publication.

CAPTAIN DALGETTY AT ARDENVOHR.

[Tales of my Landlord, 3d Series, (A Legend of Montrose) Vol. XV. p. 135—136.]

"The distance of the galley and the beach was so short as scarce to require the assistance of the right sturdy rowers, in bonnets, short coats, and trows, whose efforts sent the small boat to the little creek in which they usually landed, before any one could have conceived that it had left the side of the birling. Two of the boatmen, in spite of Dalgetty's resistance, horsed the Captain on the back of a third highlander, and, wading through the surf with him, landed him high and dry upon the beach beneath the Castle Rock. In the face of this rock (Ardenvohr) there appeared something like the entrance of a low-browed cavern, towards which the assistants were preparing to hurry our friend Dalgetty, when, shaking himself loose from them with some difficulty, he insisted upon seeing Gustavus, his horse, safely landed before he proceeded one step further. The highlander could not comprehend what he meant, until one who had picked up a little English, or rather Lowland Scotch, exclaimed, 'Hout! it's a' about her horse, ta useless baste.' Farther remonstrance on the part of Dalgetty was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Duncan Campbell himself, from the mouth of the cavern, for the purpose of inviting Captain Dalgetty to accept of the hospitality of Ardenvohr, pledging his honour, at the same time, that Gustavus should be treated as became the hero from whom he derived his name, not to mention the important person to whom he now belonged. Notwithstanding this very satisfactory guarantee, Captain Dalgetty would still have hesitated, such was his anxiety to witness the fate of his companion Gustavus, had not two highlanders seized him by the arms, two more pushed him on behind, while a fifth exclaimed, 'Hout awa' wi' the daft Sassenach! does she no hear the Laird bidding her up to her ain castle, wi' her especial voice, and isna' that very mickle honour for the like o' her?'

"The Captain, thus impelled, cast a look towards the bark that contained the partner of his toils, and entering the dark passage to which the low-browed cavern conducted, muttered, half aloud, "The cursed highland salvages! what is to become of me, if Gustavus, the namesake of the invincible Lion of the Protestant league, should be lamed among their untenty hands?' 'Have no fear of that,' said the voice of the Laird himself, who was nearer to him than he imagined, 'my men are accustomed to handle horses, and you will soon see Gustavus safe as when you last dismounted his back. The Captain had scarcely entered the reception room of this Celtic fortress, 'this pretty defensible sort of a tenement," when his ears were saluted with a shout from the salvages below, and looking down from the window to the foot of the precipice, he exclaimed: 'I see they have got Gustavus safe ashore—Proper fellow! I would know that toss of his head amongst a whole squadron, I must go to see what they are to make of him."


Geo: Cruikshank.

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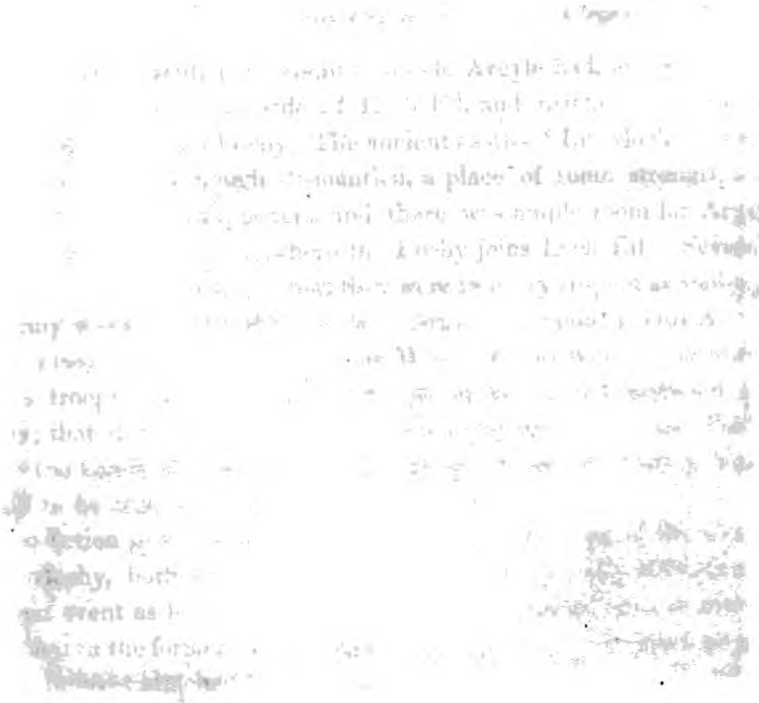
Drawn by H. Melville. 15. 269. Engraved by S. Presbury.

Castle of Inverlochy — Château de Inverlochy



INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

"I heard the thuds and saw the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man." BURNS.

[Tales of My Landlord, 3d Series, (A Legend of Montrose,) Vol. III. p. 269.

"While Montrose executed the counter-march, Argyle had, at the head of his gallant army, advanced up the southern side of Loch Eil, and reached the river Lochy, which combines that lake with Loch Lochy. The ancient castle of Inverlochy, once, as it is said, a royal fortress, and still, although dismantled, a place of some strength and consideration, offered convenient head-quarters, and there was ample room for Argyle's army to encamp around him in the valley, where the Lochy joins Loch Eil. Several barges had attended, loaded with provisions, so that they were in every respect as well accommodated as such an army wished or expected to be. Argyle, in council with Auchenbreck and Ardenvohr, expressed his full confidence that Montrose was now on the brink of destruction; that his troops must gradually diminish as he moved eastward through such uncouth paths; that if he went westward, he must encounter Urrie and Baillie; if northward, fall into the hands of Seaforth; or should he choose any halting place, he would expose himself to be attacked by three armies at once."

There is no fiction in the author's account of the gathering of the Campbells or the battle of Inverlochy, both have a real existence, and the only difference between the narrative of that event as found in a "A Legend of Montrose," and in more serious performances, is, that in the former there is more effect, greater enthusiasm given to facts and persons, higher interest attached by description to localities, and that Argyle is treated by the author of Waverley, as Æneas was by the Mantuan bard, much too leniently. Loch Lochy is situated at the south-western extremity of the great vale that traverses Inverness-shire like a cross-belt, and terminates the series of lakes converted, at the national expense, into a valuable line of inland navigation. Its solitude is striking, and probably made more remarkable by possessing but one object, the lonely little inn of Letter-Findlay, to break the stillness and desolation of the view. Near to the west end, but in a hollow retiring from the grand opening of the vale itself, Auchnacarrie house is seated, the residence of the gallant Lochiel before his ill-fated espousal of the exiled prince's cause

in 1745. The navigation called the Caledonian Canal descends from the level of Loch Lochy, by a series of locks called "Neptune's staircase," into the creek or estuary of Loch Eil. At this point the glen expands, and admits a greater variety into the prospect: the river Lochy, conveying the overflowings of the lake of the same name, here contributes its impetuous waters, to resist the tide-flood of Loch Eil; and beyond this debouche, or afflux, Ben Nevis, the loftiest point in Britain, rears his gigantic front over the deep vale of Glen Nevis, that seems retiring from his vast side into the solitudes of Lochaber. From this vicinity tourists usually commence the ascent of Ben Nevis, a height of 4375 feet above the sea, and a labour seldom accomplished, even by the most active and experienced, in less than the space of an entire summer's day.

The battle of Inverlochy was fought at the opening of Glen Nevis. The Campbells lay encamped in their fullest strength of numbers, on the plain in front of Inverlochy Castle; and Montrose, making forced marches during the night, came suddenly upon his foes in the morning, through the great pass of Glen Nevis. When Argyll became fully assured that Montrose conducted the attack in person, his courage forsook him, he yielded to the prudent advice of the most devoted of his adherents, and, withdrawing on board a galley which floated on Loch Eil, beheld from that secure position the slaughter of fifteen hundred of his dispirited clansmen.

Inverlochy Castle is a spacious and massive quadrangular building, enclosing a large court yard, now employed occasionally as the cattle *bawn* of a farmer. In early Scottish history it is spoken of as an important place; it is said that king Achaius here signed a treaty of friendship with Charlemagne. It was subsequently, according to the same authorities, the site of a flourishing maritime city.